The ground rumbled. An enormous figure could be seen moving deep in the shadows. As she approached her huge form gradually became more clear. She was, in a word, big. Bigger than anyone else Agron had laid eyes on so far, and that was saying quite a bit. If Princess Julia towered so tall that even the perpetually-angry overseer bowed to her whims then this… thing was something else entirely. As light came over her body it was easy to see the blindfold she wore. Such a huge woman was all the more intimidating when her expression could not be read.

She didn’t speak. The only sounds she produced were a low, rumbling growl that reverberated through the metal grate that kept her separated from everyone else. She snorted, sending a hot blast of air from her nose as she sniffed the air like a beast searching for its prey.
She focused in on those in front of her, taking deep breaths as she did so. There was some scent in the air that intrigued her, and with an explosion of movement she lunged forward.

CLANG! Iron chains stretched to their limits before snapping back into position as the giant woman smashed her entire body into the gate. A pair of huge breasts swung over the woman struggling to get away as the beast sprung into action. It was clear she did not like being caged up, and grasped the bars keeping her trapped. Huge fingers coiled around the metal and squeezed tight, a horrific noise filling the air as the metal that had seemed so solid and strong to Ava and Agron began to twist and bend under her strength.

Their only solace was quickly being lost. The bars were spread apart as the angry beast possessed so much strength she would not let the barrier stop her. It wasn't long before the beast was able to push her face through, her hunger driving her to bring her mouth closer and closer to the people below. Her feral, primitive mind saw the people before her as little more than prey.

The giant woman had barely exerted herself as she forced the metal gate open, pushing and twisting as she forced steel apart in the only way she knew how. There was a complex system of levers and gears that would have allowed the gate to open with even a normal-sized person, but she was too big to need it. Her raw strength would more than suffice.

Agron stared, dumbfounded. He looked to the gladius he held, feeling more like a toothpick in his hands than a weapon of war. He wasn't sure why he even bothered continuing to hold this stupid, blunt blade. It had done him no good so far, and the overseer's skin alone had been strong enough to parry his fiercest blows. Against a monster… a beast like the one he was currently facing down it was less than useless. She could have plucked it from his hands and bent it in half using only two fingers! He doubted even her soft spots would have taken much damage with the thing.

But he still clung to it. It was his only means of protection. Other than the pathetic strips of leather adorning his body that the Romans had the gall to call armor, it was his only possession. And he would be damned if he was letting that thing go. He would find a way to make this work!

“IS THIS- IS IT NECESSARY TO BRING A GLADIATRIX OUT, PRINCESS JULIA?” The overseer shouted, backing away from the gigantic beast slowly making her way free from her confines. Something in the air had agitated the giant woman into an enraged state. Her head twisted wildly as she forced the great iron bars open even further while she took deep, labored breaths.

The overseer herself was at a loss. She was confident that the combined efforts of everyone else in the arena would have been unable to even slow her. Not even the insolent one who’d decided to take a sip of the sacred spice to grow herself. But the beast was another story entirely. She watched as the minuscule woman who had narrowly avoided being swallowed finally made it through the grate, and crawled away on the floor. She was tempted to throw her back into the beast’s chambers in the hopes of satiating her.

Rending steel bent and twisted as the beast slowly inched her way out from her confines. She could have ripped the entire thing to scrap in seconds flat, but she kept twisting her head around as if there was something she was specifically targeting. She wasn't moving simply because there were things for her to eat here.
The poor slave who had narrowly avoided a ruinous demise inside of the beast's gut had only just barely managed to climb to her feet. She looked up at the towering woman who she knew would soon be the death of every last one of them. They couldn't even hide! It was obvious the huge beast didn't depend on sight to track her meals, and there was no place to retreat to!

“HEY!” The overseer shouted, drawing the beast’s attention in her direction. She intended to prove her worth to Julia, thinking she could draw the beast’s attention in her direction, then toss the slave back at the beast to get her back under control.
It was a foolish plan. No sooner had she shouted did the beast turn and stretch an arm forward to reach for her. In an instant the chains keeping the beast’s manacles attached to the chamber cllinked, uncoiling to give the giant woman even more reach as she came dangerously close to grabbing the overseer where she stood. The arrogant woman near-instantly regretted her decision, raising her arms defensively in the hopes that it would be enough.

With a loud CLANG the innumerable chains wrapped around the beast's body reached their limit, preventing her from moving further. The beast roared in anger as she twisted her body around in an effort to break free from her bonds, but to her frustration, the chains held.
Though not nearly as securely as one would hope. Even the beast herself, with what limited salience she still clung to could sense it. Her bonds were strong, but they were not unbreakable. The strength she held in her arms alone would suffice if she put a bit more into it.

“GET OUT OF THE WAY!” Agron shouted. The slave girl dropped to the floor, barely avoiding a dangerous swipe of the beast as her hand searched the floor for something. Without sight they still had something resembling an advantage, however slight it was.

In a bit of heroics that would make his family proud, Agron tightened his grip on his sword. Well practiced with the blade he intended to drive the iron edge under the beast’s fingernail, distracting her to allow those in her immediate vicinity time to move. It could very well end his own life, but it would be a more suitable end than dying under one of the gladiatrix’s huge feet, or swallowed alive by her as little more than a snack.

He would ultimately be denied his moment of heroism. With a shout of rage it was Ava who launched a powerful, surely bone-shattering kick at the beast’s wrist moments before Agron could drive his blade into her skin.

Though Ava was strong, fit, and undeniably huge next to everyone else, her attack did not seem to phase the gladiatrix in the slightest. Instead the giant woman turned her attention down to the figure that had attacked her. Something between an angry snarl and an expression of joy rang out through the arena as the giant woman's hand slammed onto the ground.

Huge clouds of dust were kicked up, followed by another CLANG as iron chains struggled to hold the giantess back.

But again, the chains held.

“Are you alright?!” Agron shouted, turning to look at Ava. The woman didn’t seem to acknowledge him, while the lowly fodder-slave was on the run again. Agron thought of charging forward again to hopefully find some way to keep this beast down. Perhaps he could find the strength to drive the gladius into one of her fingers, pinning the digit to the floor? It seemed unreasonable, but there had to be something!

Ava did nothing. She merely continued to stare, unable to believe what she was looking at. Her breath came in short, sharp gasps. She seemed to realize something at the same instant the beast herself had.

Another roar of anger filled the arena. Laughter from directly above was mixed into the cacophony of noise, making it clear the observer was enjoying what little of the show she was able to see. The beast launched herself forward, once again feeling the bite of the chains on her flesh as she was stopped. Once again snorting in anger as she knew they would not hold forever.
She kept her hands extended this time. She tracked the pitter-patter of tiny feet just ahead of her as Agron and the slave ran just out of range. Ava herself had scurried back as best she could while the beast's fingers dug into the soft earth below, pouring more strength into the chains that kept her contained with a fury that none of them had ever seen before.

It started a soft clinking sound. Then another. And another. Half a dozen quick clinks followed before the beast slumped forward, hitting the arena's floor with a powerful thud. The beast merely snorted, then rose onto her hands and knees again, whipping her body from side to side to shake herself free from her bonds and finally allow her passage out from the cage.
Agron, Ava, the slave, and even the overseer herself were at a loss. They continued to back away, while the beast sniffed at the air, then whipped her head straight up.

Goddesses of the Arena
Part V

Though the movement of those in front of her were what had initially drawn her out from the cage she seemed to stop suddenly. She sniffed loudly, wrinkling her nose as she twisted her head around, seemingly catching the scent of something on the wind, before whipping her head to face down Julia.
The beast's teeth bared and she growled. She continued to breathe deeply, filling her lungs with whatever had caught her attention.

“Oh, I see.” Julia said, smiling from her perch. “The beast wants a drink, does she? Shame. You’ll not find that which you crave here. Perhaps you are merely smelling what is already on my breath?” She asked, before exhaling plainly.

The beast’s nostrils flared as the scent of the princess’s breath seemed to agitate her even further. Her hands balled into great fists so tight that anything caught in them would surely perish. She snorted, sending small clouds of dust out from around her face as she looked ready to try and turn on her own master.

“Pathetic.” Julia said, nonplussed. “Tell you what, pet. If you put on a good show for me, I may see about getting you a small sampling of that which you crave.”

Agron had, up until now believed the best to be totally mindless. A violent vessel of rage and fury that would fight, kill, and act until forcibly subdued. But her behavior changed after that statement from Julia. Her teeth clenched tightly, her hands flattened out again, and she whipped her head back towards him, and the women trapped in here with her.
Another roar so loud and powerful it sent spittle flying out from the beast's mouth echoed in the arena. With fresh determination she charged forward, instantly covering the distance that they had managed to create between themselves.

Julia watched it all from her elevated position, bemused at the terror her pet so casually brought to these small fools. She made a mental note to see if something could be done to neuter her pet's greatly-enhanced sense of smell, as her ability to perceive the spice she still had with her could be… troublesome in future excursions.
"Such a weak-minded nuisance." She muttered, nevertheless smiling as she was eager to watch the show continue.

The beast didn’t seem to be aware of what was taking place before her. Nor did she care. Her great palms struck the ground with immense force, kicking up enormous clouds of earth as she charged forward, catching up to her running prey near-instantly. The numerous footsteps on the arena’s floor were a bit disorienting for her to process based on sound alone, but they ran in near-unison in the same direction, simplifying things considerably. It was time for her to earn a reward from her mistress.

The great beast’s belly rumbled. Her food had gotten away earlier, but there was more prey available to her now. They would not be enough, but they would slake the painful rumblings inside of her belly.

Agron looked back as the slave who'd already narrowly avoided being devoured by the beast was falling behind. She was malnourished, and smaller than any of them. He considered trying to aid her in the escape as well, but his heart wavered at the thought. There was too much that could go wrong if he so much as stepped out of line while running away.
Another ear-splitting roar nearly brought him to his knees. The beast was within striking range! His heart leapt to his throat as she lunged forward, stretching an arm as far ahead as she could, and…!

CLANG.

One chain held firm. Arguably the biggest and the heaviest, it reflected in the hot sun as it could finally be seen by the others. The great beast snarled at the resistance, jerking her leg forward suddenly. Iron clanged against iron like a blacksmith striking an anvil, but they managed to hold firm. Though for as mighty as these chains were one thing was obvious.

They would not hold for long.

With a mighty THUD the chains forced the gladiatrix back onto the ground. The slave who had narrowly avoided being devoured was still well within range, but looked as if she would thankfully be spared. With the beast more focused on freeing herself from the binds keeping her locked down the comparatively minuscule woman quickly scrambled to her feet, hoping to put as much distance between the two of them as humanly possible.

Agron wanted to shout a word of encouragement her way, but knowing that the giant woman temporarily stopped right in front of them depended solely on sound for sight he thought better of it.

Frustration soon gave way to anger. The beast was so close to her meal she could smell it. She sensed their position and wanted nothing more than to lunge forward and devour them all. Anything to fill her aching belly. But she was stuck. Lacking the logic required to turn around and yank on the chain with both hands she continued to try pushing herself forward, hoping that her leg alone would be enough to break the bonds.

Agron, for all of his bravery and might, was at a loss. He had to admit that he was out of his element here, and hadn't the foggiest idea how to combat such a foe. He turned to Ava, and the overseer. Hoping that they would have some idea only one of their far more impressive size could employ.

“What do we do?” The overseer asked, looking down at the rest of them. She was not used to being quite so frank, but the situation had completely spun out of her control. She was no longer in charge here, and was in need of survival just as much as the rest of them.
Ava said nothing. Her expression softened, but the language barrier would continue to be a problem with organizing a plan involving her. Agron wanted to contribute, but the exact thing he was attempting to avoid had just happened.

The overseer's words had drawn the beast's attention in her direction. The chain clasped to the giantess's ankle was drawn drum-tight, but as a look of acknowledgement formed on the giant woman it was clear that she suddenly remembered what was at stake. Her mouth turned upside down as her fingers gripped the floor tightly and she growled beneath her breath.

"No…"

The beast only roared in response again, her vocal chords clearly growing hoarse from the strain. More spittle sprayed all over the group as she pushed herself forward slowly.

Iron bent, and stretched far more than it was meant to. The chain did its best to hold, but it was obvious from the get-go that it was a losing battle. With an angry cry the beast wrenched her leg forward, stretching the chain to its absolute limits. She snorted again, pounded the ground with both fists, and surged forward with every muscle in her gigantic body.

Finally, the chain gave in.

With a heavy thud the heavy iron bindings snapped like they were made from straw. An oversized broken chain struck the arena's floor, kicking up a huge amount of dirt all its own. The gladiatrix shook her leg from side to side, wiggling it to confirm she was now free. She snorted in acknowledgment that the chains seemed to be gone, turning back to her prey.

Then she lunged forward again.

No one was able to hold their cries back this time. Every one of them shouted in surprise as their last bit of hope had failed, and the beast was loose once again. The giant woman's body lurched forward as she readjusted her position, sealing the gap between herself and the group again.

"No… NO NO NO NO!" The slave screamed, as the beast's mouth opened wide directly above her. She froze in place, terrified out of her wits. What cruel fates would rescue her from her initial fate, only to send her falling back down the beast's throat moments later.

The beast's moves were not calm. Not dexterous. Not calculated. She pushed her entire body forward, not even bothering to rise as she knew her prey would be low to the ground. Her mouth opened wide as her sharp ears pinpointed the source of the most familiar of the screams before her. They came from a slightly lower position than the rest. One that would easily fit into her maw, and slake her hunger at last.

"STAY BACK, YOU…!" Agron shouted, not even sure what to say. He'd heard Julia address the thing as her pet earlier, but she was so clearly a woman of enormous size. And after seeing the Overseer, and Ava grow before her it seemed obvious to him that she could have once been normal like the rest of them.

It wouldn't matter. A second later the parted lips descended over the screaming slave, clamping down over her tiny, naked body. Muffled screams could be heard as the comparatively puny legs kicked wildly over the situation they'd just found themselves in, hoping to be freed. Great globs of saliva dripped from the beast's slavering maw as she tilted her head back to ease her tiny prize into the back of her throat.
"PUT HER DOWN!" Agron shouted, failing to realize that appealing to the beast's sense of decency was a fool's errand.

“I’LL NOT STAND BY WHILE YOU DEVOUR HER!” He screamed, rushing forward. His feet kicked up sand as he moved so quickly he didn’t have time to think. He just didn’t want to see another in the arena meet their end at the hands of one of these accursed giant women.

As he slipped under the beast’s chin, he was all at once in awe of her scale. The overseer, and Ava towered over him easily, but saying that the beast was taller than him felt inaccurate. She was on such an entirely different scale that comparing their heights seemed like an absolute joke. She may as well have been a living mountain, and he a quivering rodent in its shadow.

Still, he held onto some kind of hope. He was not resigned to die here just yet! Ava and the overseer watched silently he gripped his gladius tightly with both hands. Sweat poured all over his body as he ran up to the beast's throat. Against any normal foe this would surely be a killing blow.
Against someone this big… all he could do was hope that her soft bits were soft enough!

“RELEASE HER **AT ONCE!”** Agron screamed, thrusting his blade up into the beast’s throat with as much force as he could muster. He had hoped on some level that his strength would overcome the bluntness of his weapon, and pierce her skin. Hoped that he would leave behind a grievous wound that would leave her on death’s door mere moments after he pulled the blade free.

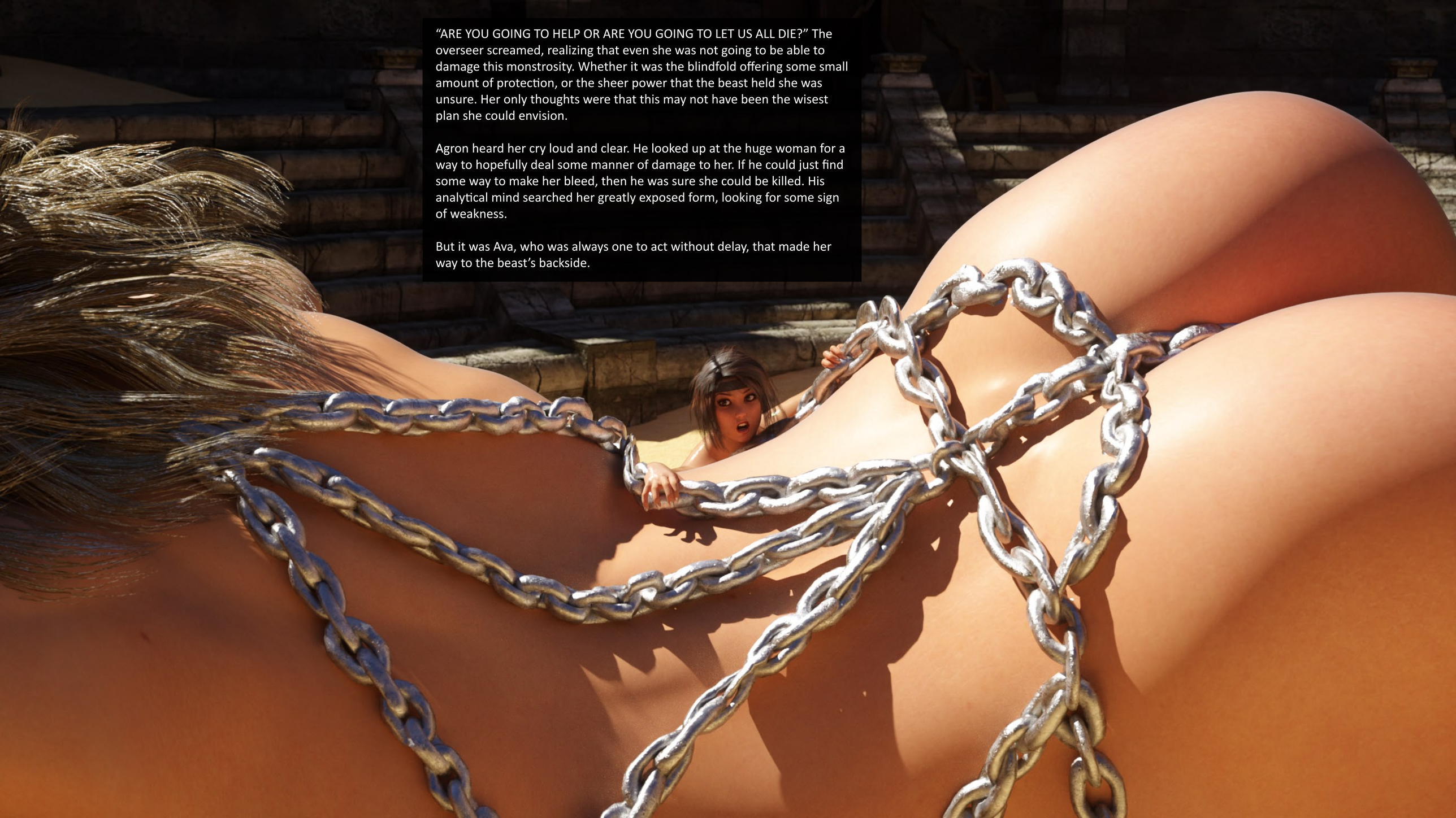
Sadly, that did not seem to be the case. The pointed tip merely pressed into the skin, striking true and sinking deep… but not enough to actually pierce it. Moreover, the pliancy of the beast’s skin was such that the weapon merely bounced back as soon as he made contact, nearly throwing him from his feet.

But before he could fall, he watched as his strike was not entirely for naught. Her lips parted as she gave a light cough, just enough to free the slave that was moment’s away from death.

Agron looked up, thinking this would be the end. He had saved the girl, and could only hope that the beast would be distracted while tearing his body to pieces for long enough that her and everyone else might find some means of escape.
Once again, he was denied his heroic sacrifice.
“HEY, YOU GIANT BITCH!” The overseer shouted as soon as the slave was dropped. Though the beast’s salience was limited, she was aware enough to know that those words had been spoken with malice. A low rumbling growl echoed through the arena as she focused on the source of the offensive words.
The overseer only raised both hands in self defense.

With a thunderous clap the enormously muscled woman slammed both of her hands onto the giantess's face, directly into the small cavities that were sure to contain her eyes. She grunted with the effort as she pulled an arm back and delivered another strike to the same spot, followed quickly by yet another. Each thunderous blow was far more powerful than anything Agron could have hoped to achieve and the sounds of her palms striking the giant woman echoed throughout the arena.

The beast herself did not seem to be particularly pained by them, however. She merely snorted, turning her head slowly up at the much-smaller woman pounding at her face with reckless abandon.



“ARE YOU GOING TO HELP OR ARE YOU GOING TO LET US ALL DIE?” The overseer screamed, realizing that even she was not going to be able to damage this monstrosity. Whether it was the blindfold offering some small amount of protection, or the sheer power that the beast held she was unsure. Her only thoughts were that this may not have been the wisest plan she could envision.

Agron heard her cry loud and clear. He looked up at the huge woman for a way to hopefully deal some manner of damage to her. If he could just find some way to make her bleed, then he was sure she could be killed. His analytical mind searched her greatly exposed form, looking for some sign of weakness.

But it was Ava, who was always one to act without delay, that made her way to the beast’s backside.

“DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF CHALLENGING ME?” The overseer continued to shout, resolved to simply try and hold the beast back at this point. She was able to just barely move the giant head around, but it took the straining of every one of her massive muscles to do it. Blood pumped through all of her veins as she wielded her great size as best she could. She did not care if any of the others survived, and would happily throw them into the beast’s maw herself if she felt it would save herself. She was an engine of pure rage, operated on malice and the intention of proving that she was capable of stopping the gladiatrix.
But deep down she knew. She was the one forced to stare down the giant woman’s blindfolded face. As soon as the beast decided to actually strike back, she would be the one to face her full wrath first.

“WHY DON’T YOU LET ME SEE WHAT YOU’RE HIDING UNDER THAT BLINDFOLD?!” The overseer shouted with swagger and confidence as she dug her hands under the great sheets of leather blocking the beast’s vision. She did so in the hopes that maybe a direct strike to the eyes would work, as nothing else seemed to.

Ava was in the midst of her own attempts to neuter the wild giantess currently plaguing them. She had ascended the beast’s back using the chains her body was still wrapped up in, and moved to the back of her neck. Perhaps she’d hoped that she could take the reins from the beast’s back, and commandeer her like a wild animal. Or that she could find some way to tighten the chains, suffocating her in her own bindings. The enormous iron links were heavy for even a woman of her great size, but with a bit of effort she heard the clinking chains begin to move.

Taking a deep breath, she yanked as hard as she could and was ecstatic to find the beast's head rear straight up.

"I'M NOT LETTING GO THAT EASILY! YOU OVERSTEP YOUR BOUNDS, BEAST!" The overseer continued to shout, letting Ava know that her moment of triumph was little more than coincidence. The attacks on the giantess's eyes contributed more to her sudden shift in posture than what Ava herself was doing.

Agron felt like a fool. A pathetic specimen wielding his blade like little more than a dull twig in the hopes that he would find some undiscovered weakness. And for what purpose? Did he hope to impress the giant woman eager to watch him die?

“I’VE GOT YOU NOW!” The overseer snarled, rage obvious in her voice. She was not going to let some mindless brute defeat her in a test of combat and skill. She may have needed help to do so, but it would be she who dealt the killing blow. All to satisfy the whims of the hedonistic princess who had thrust her into this scenario in the first place.

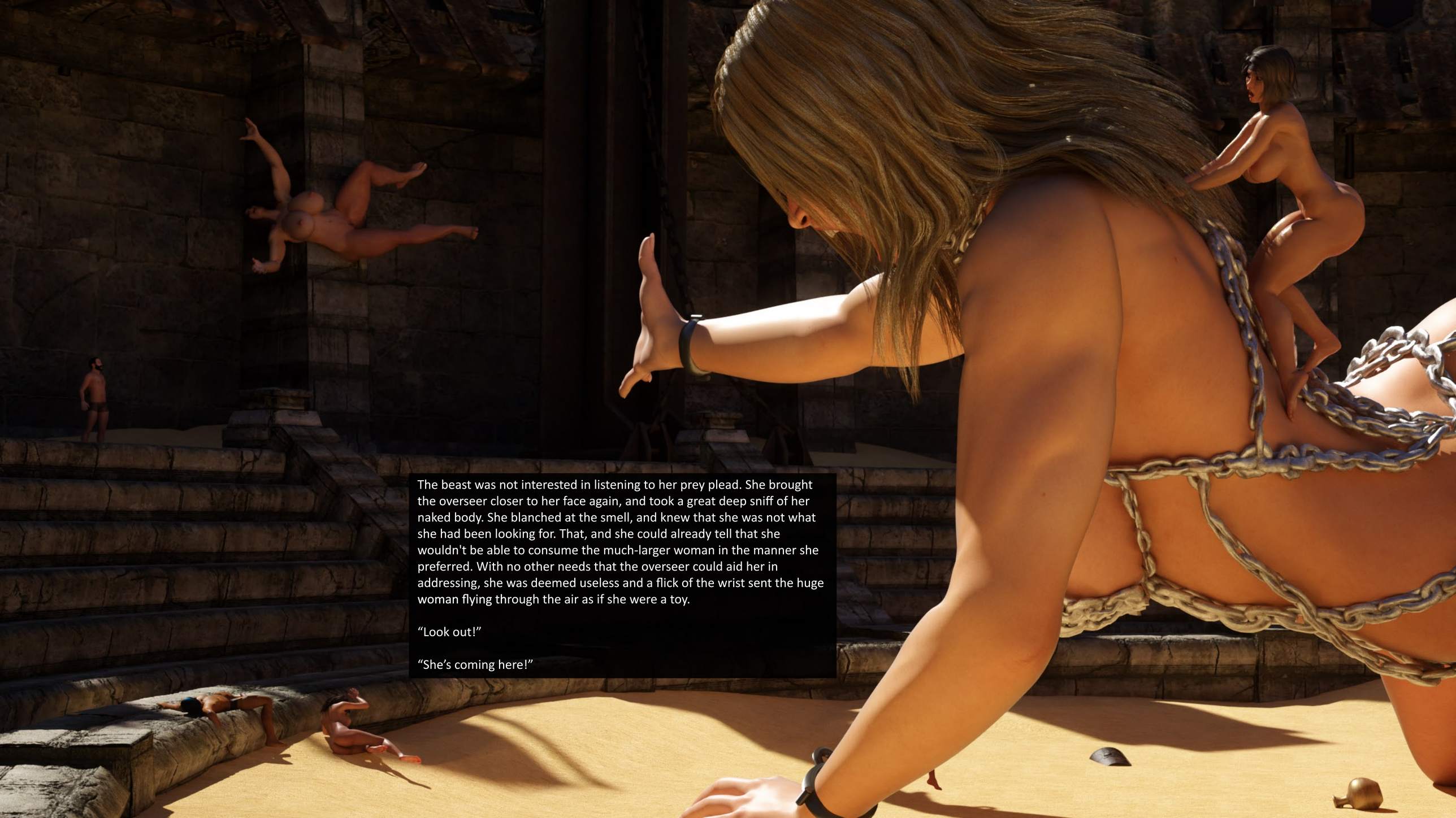
“YOU’LL NEVER BE RID OF ME!” The overseer continued to boast, digging her mighty fists into what she was sure had to be a weak point. “RUN AWAY LIKE THE WILD ANIMAL YOU ARE, AND YOU MAY BE SPARED!”

The beast opened her mouth to scream in frustration again. The sound her vocal chords produced was so loud that the overseer’s grip actually faltered.

That was all it took.
With the brief reprieve in discomfort the beast managed to overcome the unending assault the overseer launched on her senses. She brought a hand up, easily wrapping it around the waist of the overseer who cried out in surprise as she got a personal reminder that for all of her might, she was nothing before one of the Princess's chosen pets. A gladiatrix.
"LET ME… GO!" She screamed, trying to kick at the huge figure holding her. "FIGHT LIKE… A WOMAN!"

With a jerk of her hand the overseer was plucked from her perch. Her heart sank as she was pulled away, until even her mighty limbs could no longer reach the beast's face. She stared in terror at those lips as they slowly parted, suddenly confronted with her own mortality. Math was never the cruel woman's forte, but there was no way she could fit inside, right? No way to meet a fate intended for a slave. To be shoved down the gladiatrix's throat as little more than a commoner, was there?

"HOLD! I AM ONE OF YOU! I AM A ROMAN!" The overseer shouted, her mind reeling as she struggled to plead with the beast. "LEAVE ME BE, IT IS THE OTHERS YOU WANT. I WILL TAKE THEM RIGHT TO YOU IF YOU DESIRE! JUST PUT ME-"


The beast was not interested in listening to her prey plead. She brought the overseer closer to her face again, and took a great deep sniff of her naked body. She blanched at the smell, and knew that she was not what she had been looking for. That, and she could already tell that she wouldn't be able to consume the much-larger woman in the manner she preferred. With no other needs that the overseer could aid her in addressing, she was deemed useless and a flick of the wrist sent the huge woman flying through the air as if she were a toy.
“Look out!”
“She’s coming here!”

With a resounding CRACK the giant woman's body slammed into the stone pillars that lined the arena's construction. Whether the crack was from her own body or the stone she was not sure, as all the wind was ejected from her body in the same instant. Breathing was intensely painful, but she found that she was still able to move through it all.

"YOU… DISOBEDIENT…!" The overseer screamed, arching her back as best she could to nurse her wound. A throw like that would surely have ended the life of an ordinary woman, and it was only the overseer's great size that allowed her to endure. She may have been stunned, and unable to move for the time being, but she was still breathing!

With the distraction disposed of the beast was ready to resume what came naturally to her. She ignored the woman on her back doing her best to rein the giantess in, instead focusing on the figures directly before her. There were two of them. Each distinct in scent and sounds they made. Each equally tiny, and capable of servicing her hunger with relative ease.
Picking which to go after first was easy. Though both would find their way in her belly before day's end, she wanted to first feast on the one who had gotten away. The scent she recognized, and the shrill screams of the prey that had only narrowly avoided being consumed by her shortly before. Her mouth was already watering at the thought of finally tasting that which she had been denied while moving a hand closer.

“No, NO! SOMEONE SAVE ME!” The slave screamed, unable to contend with her terror. She had managed to evade certain death inside of the gladiatrix’s quarters! And for what? Just to be captured by the same giant beast a few moments later out in the open air? With the bright sun illuminating it all so she had to face her demise directly?

“S-STAY BACK!” she continued, her panic obvious. She searched desperately for someone to carry her from danger this time, but it did not seem as if there was anyone to do so. The giant woman who appeared to be on the same side as her had mounted the gladiatrix’s back, and the useless man was too dumbfounded by what was happening to act. She could only watch the fingers move closer, knowing what would happen if they grabbed her.

Her prayers for a sudden rescue went unanswered. The fingers clasped around her body, and began to lift her.

“PUT ME DOWN! DON’T! SOMEONE STOP HER! HELP!” the shrill slave squealed. The gladiatrix was undeterred, simply opening her mouth wide and bringing the comparatively tiny woman closer. The slave’s screams took on an echoey sound as she was carried up to the giant woman’s mouth.

Ava tried to help from where she was. She thought that maybe she could yank the chains and force the giant woman to drop her soon-to-be snack. But the chains were heavy, and they were many. She could do little more than clink them together in her attempts to save the doomed woman.

“DON’T EAT ME! I’LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE!”
The gladiatrix bore no empathy for the woman, and moved her small head fully inside of her open mouth. Hot breath buffeted the slave’s face as she was set to meet her end unless a miracle occurred. Unless something completely out of the ordinary happened at exactly this moment to rescue her from certain death…! She wailed and cried and hoped for a sudden shift in the world around her. A new combatant, a second gladiatrix, even Julia herself calling the woman back!

She was not to be so lucky.

With a messy crunching, meaty sound the beast's teeth came down. An explosion of blood filled the giant woman's mouth. Blood she eagerly slurped down as her huge teeth chewed the morsel she had been gifted to bits. The shrill screams stopped in an instant, and the slave woman's arms fell limp by her side.

With a satisfied growl, the gladiatrix swallowed, sending part of the slave away forever.

The beast gave no recognition to the slave as a person. She treated her as little more than a squirming piece of meat that she'd silenced with her first bite. This was quickly followed by tossing the rest of the body into her mouth, and tilting her head back to feel it slide down her gullet. The sensation was pleasurable, awakening an excitement in the giant woman. The thrill of the hunt was getting to her, and sating her hunger in this way always did one thing.

It put her in the mood for more. She was only reminded of just how hungry she truly was when she received an inadequate amount to feed upon.

To an outsider the scene would not have raised any eyebrows. Treating the slave like a snack the gladiatrix stuffed the entire body into her mouth, before beginning to chew. Pops and cracks followed as what was left of the woman's body was ripped to shreds by huge, hard teeth that exerted enough pressure to crush through a dozen people at once. Bones were powdered, flesh was minced, and a giant woman was satisfied with the beginnings of her meal.

Blood dripped out from between the giant woman's lips. Blood she took care to lick away, so as to best savor every bit of it. A satisfied gurgle came from within her body as she was allowed to once again enjoy the taste of living prey. With a final, satisfied swallow she sent away what was left, and sighed pleasurably..

Satisfying as that was, she needed more than a single measly person to consider it a proper meal. And conveniently enough for her there was another of roughly the same size nearby. With a unique scent she recognized as belonging to a man. Rare from the women she normally had to contend with. She knew as little of him as she did the one she'd just swallowed. Not that it would bother her. Licking her blood-stained lips clean she searched her immediate surroundings again, trying to find where her other snack had gone. For a moment she considered forgoing the smaller one in front of her to focus instead on the one she'd tossed away. The nuisance that she'd so easily disposed of just now. That was, until a tug on her chains reminded her that there were more still she had ignored.

The beast had rid herself of only a single nuisance. There was still an annoying sensation on her backside, rattling the chains that were wrapped around her throat. Without any mind for planning or strategy she intended to repeat her earlier tactics. To throw the woman away in much the same way she had the overseer.

Ava cried out in surprise, having hoped that she would have more time to figure out the chains and the locking mechanisms that kept them in place. Instead she found the giant woman's hand coming straight for her, and hoped that her size would not prove a hindrance in evading her.

The beast’s enormous hand reached back for her… but failed to find its mark.
Ava breathed a sigh of relief. Ever the spry and dexterous fighter she had hoped that her new size would make it so she would not be ripped from her perch as the mindless beast would not be able to simply reach for her. She returned her attention to the chains, hoping to decipher their secrets. Trying her absolute best to ignore the frustrated growls rumbling through the gladiatrix’s body beneath her feet.

The beast, not happy with her inability to grab the woman atop her back, flew into a rage. She began slapping her hand to wherever she could reach, rattling the chains and making things more difficult for Ava. It was not long before the smaller woman came upon the realization this was not as safe as she had previously anticipated. Though she was able to avoid being grabbed outright, if even a single one of her limbs were caught they could have been crushed in the beast's mighty grip with ease rendering her fight useless.

When the hand reached for her again, she made the only evasive move she saw as viable. Taking a deep breath, she let herself fall, shouting as she did so to make it appear as if she'd been struck. She braced herself for impact, though found she was remarkably unhurt on her landing. She would need to regroup, and come up with a new plan!

“YOU’LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU’VE DONE, WRETCHED BEAST!” Agron screamed at the top of his lungs, charging forward with his gladius. Both hands gripped the hilt tightly as he saw an opportunity to perhaps strike the beast where he could do some damage. Maybe, if he was lucky, even put her down once and for all. He’d been burned more than once before on this exact same thing, but if he did not cling to some kind of hope he may as well lie down and wait for death to take him!

His target this time was the gladiatrix’s veins. Small blue and red lines visible beneath the manacles clasped to her arms. That told Agron that the skin there was thin, and if he could pierce there he would surely deal a crushing blow to the giant woman’s ability to so easily overpower them.

His blade swung so swiftly through the air it produced a whistling sound. On contact he hit the giant woman’s wrist so hard he could feel it vibrate through the sword and into his own body.

But her skin was still not pierced.

“What manner of-”

Before Agron could finish his thoughts a shadow fell over him. He turned his head up, heart sinking into his stomach as he was greeted with the same sight that had undoubtedly been met by the slave the gladiatrix had so cruelly devoured in front of him moments prior. He raised his weapon high to defend himself, only to watch as her uncaring fingers ignored it entirely.

As the giant woman’s hand wrapped around his waist he refused to give up. He didn’t care how big this woman was! He would show her what a man was capable of, and he would not meet the same end the slave had! He raised his blade again, driving it into the sides of the fingers directly below.

The beast responded by opening her mouth.Blood-tinged saliva connected her tongue to the roof of her mouth for a moment before she roared angrily at the insolent figure that continued trying to attack her even now. The sheer power behind her voice was enough to make Agron drop his sword once and for all to cover his ears for protection.

"Now *this* is more like it." Julia said, swishing the goblet of wine she'd just been handed. She had, of course, lied to the gladiatrix about not bringing any more with her. She always carried an ample supply with her when making these excursions to the arena. Watching as a woman was granted size to crush her opponent more easily, or best her oppressor was always a thrill. A bit of spice to what could otherwise become dull, rote affairs in combat.

"I trust you can bring more of today's special concoction forthright, slave?" She asked, looking at the sparkling red liquid in her glass. A unique concoction some of the royal alchemists had concocted for her. The latest in well over a hundred attempts at finding a way to eke ever more growth from the spice that had long since lost its potency on her. For every failure she found it enjoyable to crush the brewer who provided the beverage, and was eager to see if this one would turn out any different. Either way there was bound to be something enjoyable awaiting her in the near future.

"Yes mistress, the wine is ready."

“Then bring me more.” She said, swirling the liquid in the golden cup again. Though the spice had not affected her in quite some time she found she still enjoyed the taste of it. The flavor it added to what would normally be a fairly ordinary jar of wine was worth it. That, and if she would not be allowed to grow any further she would instead delight in taking some of the precious resources from others who wished for nothing more than to usurp her.

Smiling, she brought the goblet up to her lips, tilted it back, and began to drink. The liquid was cool in the hot summer’s afternoon, only adding to the luxury and enjoyment she got out from this show. The unique flavors coated her tongue, and she swished the liquid around in her mouth for a bit before swallowing.

Julia had been so preoccupied with her drink that she stopped paying attention to the proceedings. In her mind this was perfectly justified, as there was little that could happen during that instant. Had she been paying more close attention she may have noticed the gladiatrix suddenly perk up as the spiced wine swirled in her cup. Its subtle fragrance spreading throughout the arena's open air.

Agron's certain death was spared. For the moment at least, as the enormous beast felt that familiar aroma dance upon her nose. A scent she'd longed for so often. Her lips ever so slightly curled into a grin as she confirmed that she wasn't just imagining things. It was here.

And it was close.

“Hmm…” Julia mused, swirling what little of the liquid remained inside of the cup. It tasted as good as any other blend she’d tried recently. Now all that determined whether the servant who had come up with this concoction got to live or die was to wait. To see if she would grow beyond a size she believed to be woefully inadequate for a woman of her standing.
The liquid coursed through her body, sending tingles through to the tips of her fingers and toes. It was pleasurable, but not unexpected. The sensation that normally precluded a fresh growth spurt, but she’d been burned before. She would not celebrate until she could actually see her point of view change.

Then her point of view shifted.
Julia was so surprised the goblet slipped from her hand as a wide smile creeped over her face. This was really happening! It had been so, so long! She thought she would never experience this again! She even took a moment to look at the floor, just to ensure that she hadn’t shifted position without even realizing it. A low, sultry laugh slipped from her lips as she thought of what this could mean for her. Would this formula work on *anyone*? If so, she should keep it a secret, shouldn’t she?

Julia imagined what this could mean for her. Imagined herself towering bigger than even the beasts she kept as pets. Imagined them beneath her feet, curling up next to her affection, demure as pups cozying up to their owner. She thought of being able to snack on them as easily as they consumed the pathetic masses who had been denied access to the spice.
She knew right away she needed more. She needed this produced on as wide a scale as possible while ensuring that it all went to her. No one else would be allowed to imbibe this as long as she was around!

The goblet clattered to the floor. The remaining wine spilled out onto the floor, its fragrant scent drifting up to Julia's nose. She thought of the beast who had detected that same scent in the wind earlier, and of how much that mindless beast would love to get her hands on some for herself.
Spice withdrawals. A side-effect those who, like the Gladiatrix, had a violent, uncontrolled reaction to the spice. One that divine royalty such as herself would never fear. Julia looked out into the arena, watching as her pet continued to fight against the pathetic curs she shared a ring with. Oh, the giant woman would love to slurp up even the small amount of the spiced wine that had spilled onto the floor near her toes. She kept a small amount of it on hand to keep the beast loyal, but this special blend would need to be withheld.

“SLAVE! WINE!”

“R-RIGHT AWAY, MISTRESS!”

Julia scoffed. Useless little things. On many occasions she would gift some of the female peasants a small taste of the spice to better serve her with bodies that were far less fragile, and comely. But when taking her visits to the arena she enjoyed bringing a male along to feel as big as possible. A taste of what the rest of the royalty, as well as the beast herself were sure to feel.

The tingling sensation gradually began to fade. All too quickly. She would have been disappointed had she not immediately been reminded of how little of the spice she had on hand she’d actually consumed. There was plenty more where that came from, and her throat suddenly felt parched from excitement over getting to grow even more before day’s end.

The tingling sensations slowed to a stop. With it the growth stopped as well, leaving Julia enthused to see how many changes had been made. Her curves had grown. The slightly heavier breasts and wider hips were welcome additions, but it was her gain in height that excited her the most. With more size came more strength, and even if her proportions themselves didn't grow her sheer scale would ensure she dwarfed all comers regardless.

"SLAVE!" Julia scolded, turning back. "My patience wears thin. If you're not here quickly I may find my wine tastes better with a little bit of man's blood mixed into it."

"C-COMING MISTRESS!" The man shouted, struggling to carry in his hands the oversized jug Julia had brought along for the trip.

Julia turned back to the arena, watching the action continue to unfold. Interesting as it was to see the gladiatrix do her thing, she was not afforded a very good view from this angle. The cowards in the arena had hurried to the opposite end, meaning she was unable to see much at all with her pet's body in the way.

Still, she could tell that the man-slave who had foolishly continued to attack the gladiatrix with his sword was about to meet his grisly end. With her hand balled into a fist and raised up to her mouth, Julia could only close her eyes, and listen. Waiting for that meaty crunch of teeth tearing through bone and sinew as easily as she would bite into a piece of bread.

"One day…" She whispered, placing a finger to her lips. "One day soon, that will be me." She smiled.

“Mistress! Your wine!”

Julia looked down at the man who carried the jug with both hands. His feeble legs trembled under the weight of the thing as he looked up at her from her new height. The difference may not have been quite as pronounced as she would have liked, but Julia delighted in how much smaller he appeared beneath her.

Not that she made any of that delight clear.

“Fill my cup.” She ordered, motioning to the discarded golden goblet nearby.

"Y-Yes Mistress Julia! Anything you say!" The slave said, repositioning the heavy jug in his hands and beginning the slow, arduous walk over to the cup. Again his tiny arms shook as he struggled to carry the massive container. It would have been easier to simply place the jug onto the floor then bring the goblet over to it, but Julia was very particular about how she wanted things done. The slave's job was to carry the wine, not the cup. Doing things in a different manner could upset her, and the last thing he wanted was to upset the woman. Dropping the wine to pick something else up would be a bad idea.

So he trudged past Julia, over onto the edge of their balcony. The thing was constructed so large there were no protections for a person of his size to stop from falling over. He moved slowly, taking careful steps until the front of his worn sandals got stuck into a gap between two stones.

Before he could do a thing about it, the entire jug wobbled and sloshed in his hands. He felt his heart sink as a vast amount of the wine spilled out over the edge, and into the arena itself.

The huge amount of red liquid dropped from on high, splashing onto the ground a moment later. The slave managed to tilt the jug back up after only a second, but the deed was done. The puddle gradually spread over the sand, soaking into it and dying it a deep red. He looked up at Julia, fearful of what she may do to him.

But it was not she who first took notice of the spilled wine. The gladiatrix, mere moments away from devouring Agron stopped when she heard the sound of something hitting the floor behind her. Thinking it may be a threat she listened for a moment, ready to turn and strike if need be.

But then the smell hit her.

As if the great beast's mind was reset, her entire body began to quiver. Her shaky fingers dropped Agron, letting him plummet to the floor in front of her. She could still kill him in the blink of an eye, but what little sentience she still possessed had been overridden by a single desire.

There was spiced wine nearby. Immediately the beast began to writhe, her entire body feeling as if it was on fire. It *demanded* she find the wine, and imbibe it herself. Her hair stood on end as she looked ready to go completely mad with desire to get the wine she so craved.

Agron slammed into the floor with a hard crunch. He groaned, thinking this would be his end. A true warrior's death. Slewn in battle against a foe mightier than any his kind had ever faced. He welcomed it in his own way, waiting for whatever was sure to come for him. The arena rumbled as the great beast moved her entire body, and Agron awaited his demise.

It never came.

Tilting his head up, he wondered what was going on. The one advantage he assumed to being killed by this gladiatrix was that she would not draw it out. She had killed the slave earlier for no reason other than sustenance, and she would not kill him for any reason other than being a threat, he was sure.

But the gladiatrix had more important things to tend to. Like a great rampaging monster she turned around and crawled at rapid speed to the place where the wine had spilled. She breathed deeply, filling her massive lungs with the scent that hung heavy in the air, pinpointing where exactly it had spilled before her.

Then like a drunk desperate for a buzz she pressed her face into the floor. Her great tongue snaked out from between her lips, llicking at the spice-soaked sand to consume as much of the drink as she could. As the long-denied taste greeted her taste buds she could feel some of her rage beginning to quell. For the first time since she'd appeared some semblance of peace came over the great rampaging beast.

It wasn’t enough. The gladiatrix slurped up every drop of the wine in an instant, but she needed more. Her face pressed deeply into the floor, breathing in the scent of the spice lingering in the air as she sucked the sand like a hungry leech. After a certain point she was essentially just coating her tongue with the coarse stuff but the traces were still there. And she needed more.

Agron and Ava could only watch, stunned at what was happening before them. The damn beast was downright rabid in her desire for more of the liquid.

The beast pushed herself up to her hands. For once there seemed to be a calm over her as she remained where she stood. She made no sounds, not even the low rumbling growl that she'd kept up the entire time until now. A complicated series of sensations were running through her body. She felt strange. Good, but strange.
“GET BACK!” Agron shouted, waving to Ava to get her attention. The taller woman was already on the move, scrambling backwards as they had both seen what happened to the overseer when she drank the crimson liquid. If something as big as the gladiatrix did, they just knew they wanted no part of it.

The beast trembled as her entire body expanded outwards in every direction. The foreign sensation of the ground spreading out beneath her triggered something deep in the recesses of her broken mind. A feeling she'd not experienced in so long she had forgotten how enjoyable it was. The calm from imbibing the spice also seemed to clear her mind to some degree.
But it was not to last. Mere moments after it began the sensations began to fade. Her growth stopped, and she could feel a rage bubbling beneath the surface begin to rise again. Her teeth clenched as she tried to focus on something. **Anything**.

“WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?” Julia shouted, noting that her pet had not yet finished her job. The gladiatrix pushed herself up with her hands, before turning to look up at Julia again. She snorted, balling her hands into fists as she looked up.

Then her nose wrinkled. She took a deep breath, detecting a faint trace of the spice in the air. Her head pressed into the ground again, making sure she’d gotten everything. After coming up dry she turned her head back up to Julia, knowing that she had to be the source.

“Hmph. Typical.” Julia spat as the gladiatrix crawled up to her perch, whimpering with need. The giant woman smiled smugly at her pet’s obedience, looking down at the small amount left behind in the cup she’d spilled onto the floor. “Always looking for more, aren’t you. Can never get enough of the stuff?”
The gladiatrix moved her face closer, knowing that it was nearby.
“But, I suppose… if it’ll get you back on track.” Julia said, sighing in irritation. “Then I’ll give you some more. Just a taste.”

“SLAVE!”

“YES MISTRESS JULIA!”

The gladiatrix’s head whipped to the right, unaware of the man who had been silent up until this point. Now aware of his presence she could tell he was holding onto something. In his hands… whatever it was he was holding contained more of the spice. She was tempted to reach forward and rip the man from the balcony then and there to drink more, and had the spice not already calmed her considerably she would have done exactly that.

“Come, my pet.” Julia said, reaching down to pick up the slave. He fell into an immediate panic when he watched the huge fingers wrap around him, expecting her to slam her big palm down and crush the life out of him for the wine he’d spilled earlier. Or to perhaps rip him in two to repay for the immense value of what he had spilled.

Instead she moved gently, making sure to not spill any more of the wine from the jug he tightly grasped with both arms. He looked up at his owner fearfully, hoping that this wasn’t a precursor to a punishment he would surely not survive.

"I brought a special blend of the spice with me here today." Julia explained, gently tugging the container out from the slave's hands. "But I'm afraid my useless little servant here spilled it out onto the floor and you took far more than I ever intended you to have."

As she spoke she swished the remaining liquid in the jug around, getting a feel for how much there was. She could feel her own belly begin to rumble at the thought of finishing off what was left, but she had other things to tend to. Like a lowly little slave who had wasted some of this most precious of resources.

"Come closer, pet." Julia said, stepping to the edge of her balcony and looking down at the huge face below. "Before I give you what you desire, I need you to do something for me. I have a slave that needs to be punished."

"W-What?! Mistress Julia, I-"

Julia only squeezed her hand, snapping a few of the puny man's ribs under her powerful fingers easily. He cried out in pain, but Julia was not deterred. She simply moved her left arm forward, reaching over the edge of the balcony.

“Open wide.”
The gladiatrix did as told. Her lips parted, and the man who could do little more than wheeze painfully after his grievous wounds looked fearfully at the giant maw below, and back to the giant woman who casually held him over it.
“Tell me, slave. What is the punishment for wasting spice?”

“M-Mistress Julia, please! The jug was so heavy, and I haven’t gotten to eat all day! I’m so weak! If I could just have a little-”
Julia let go.
The small man fell from her grip, descending straight into the gladiatrix’s mouth. She even went so far as to detect the movement directly above, slightly readjusting her position to make sure he would land straight inside. The slave screamed all the while, begging and pleading for Julia to reconsider.

“I did not ask for your excuses, slave.” Julia spat, watching as the man descended past the gladiatrix’s full lips. A moment later they closed around the tiny morsel, sealing him into darkness as his malnourished legs kicked wildly in terror outside of the mouth.
“I ask you again. What is the punishment for wasting spice?”
“MISTRESS JULIA! PLEASE-” He cried out, his voice muffled, yet echoey inside of the beast’s mouth.

The gladiatrix's teeth came down next, stopping him from kicking any further. It was not her intention to outright kill him with them, but her sheer strength meant that even attempting to stop his movements produced great purple bruises in the shape of her teeth along the backs of his legs. He cried out in pain, trying desperately to avoid the impending death that awaited him.
"The punishment for wasting spice…" Julia mused, smiling from above.

"...is death."

The beast swallowed, sending more of the man down her throat. His cries for help had completely vanished by this point, and his legs went with them a moment later. The gladiatrix did not chew on him, ensuring that he would be forced to live out a slow, painful demise inside of her body. Broiled alive in the pitch black hell that was her stomach.

Julia only smiled, watching as the slave vanished from view entirely. She did not care for him. She did not care for any of her slaves. Every last one of them was expendable. Both in her eyes, as well as the eyes of Roman society. Perhaps she may have spared a modicum of empathy for a female slave who could be forcibly converted into one of these beasts to serve as another pet, but a male? With no chance of the spice having any effect on him a male was *worthless*.

“Good job.” Julia said, smiling.
The gladiatrix climbed slightly higher up onto the balcony, eager for her reward. She could smell the spice still in the air, and longed for it. The burning sensation inside of her body was becoming increasingly difficult to suppress.
“What. Do you want something?”
The beast continued to wait.
“Oh. Did you really think you would get some of this? After you’ve wasted all this time? No. I think not.” Julia said, smugly. Just for good measure she swished the jug around, making sure that the gladiatrix’s acute hearing could not possibly miss the sound.

“Leave. **Now**.”
The gladiatrix heard the order. She could smell the spice. It was right there. And she could hear the malice in Julia’s voice. She snorted, growling again. She had been trained to receive a reward from this person when doing as told. She’d done as told.
She was going to get that reward.

“WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE-”
Julia backed away, narrowly avoiding the gladiatrix’s hand as it swiped at her. Fury clouded her vision at the display of insubordination. She wanted to teach her pet a lesson in obedience, and would not hesitate to use anything at her disposal to do so!
But it was the glint of red in the light that sent her over the edge. The normally-composed woman watched as the bottle she held slipped from her hands, falling to the floor below. She thought to dive down and retrieve it herself, but the enormous woman blocking her path kept her from doing little more than watching it fall.

Though the gladiatrix was full of fury over the betrayal her keen senses detected something falling through the air. She thought nothing of it at first as things often fell apart and cracked around her, particularly when she swiped wildly, but this object carried with it what she was looking for.
The scent of the spiced wine. Even just smelling the stuff sent her into a frenzy. She was well within grabbing range of Julia, and could have taken her revenge easily. But that accursed wine compelled her to stop what she was doing immediately, and head straight for it.

"Oh no." Agron whispered, watching as the bronze jug clattered to the floor uselessly. The wine still inside spilled out onto the floor, forming a red puddle underneath as he could feel his very psyche gripped with terror. More of that accursed drink! If the beast got a hold of that, then...!

He had to do something! Though he no longer held a weapon he broke into a run, ready to do whatever it took to get rid of that stuff. Even if it meant drinking it himself!

But no sooner had he taken his first step did the lithe Ava break into a dead sprint. Her feet pounded the sand as she moved far quicker than a woman her size seemed she should be able to. Though her target was clearly the jug, she kept her eyes locked onto the giant gladiatrix nearby, knowing that it would spell trouble for her to be captured.

“WOMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!” Agron shouted. Though Ava seemed to be working towards survival the same as him, he had to admit that even his heroic heart felt something resembling fear. Fear of the unknown. Of what would happen if the woman drank more and more of this. Beasts like the gladiatrix couldn’t possibly have been born that way, right? They had to be created.

Ava had nearly made it to the oversized bottle when the giant beast moved to go after it herself. It instantly became a race to see who would collect the precious substance first, with neither wanting the other to win.

From up on high Julia merely scoffed, irritated at how this was playing out. She spat at her pet as its attention was finally elsewhere, offering her a brief reprieve. She'd already made up her mind that this one would be very rightly punished for her actions today. Until then she would resume observing, content with letting the beast attempt to have its prize. It didn't matter to her what the giant woman did so long as she didn't make another foolish attempt at her life.

Despite the gladiatrix's absurd size advantage, it was Ava who succeeded in grabbing the valuable jug first. She picked it up from the ground mid-run, a smile forming on her face as she felt the weight of it in her hands. Despite all that had already spilled there was a considerable amount in here!

The gladiatrix, by contrast, could sense that something had gone wrong. The feet rushing towards her had stopped abruptly, and her keen ears focused on what her target could have been doing. She heard the container being manipulated, and with that… the sloshing of a liquid.

Ava brought the jug to her lips, hardly aware of the world around her. It was rare for the accomplished woman to drop her guard in this manner, but the situation demanded it. The only thing that mattered was getting as much of that precious wine into her body as fast as possible.
The jug that the slave had struggled to carry with both of his tiny hands was brought to her lips as she tilted it backwards. She was excited over the idea that she almost certainly would not have been able to lift this so casually before. It was her size that allowed her to do this. And she felt the cool rush of liquid flow through the stem as the huge hands around her moved to strike.

Ava turned her head up, suddenly realizing the danger she found herself in. The beast's enormous body rose above her, teeth bared as her sharp senses honed in on the object she was carrying. The one thing the beast desired above all. With rage and fury unmatched she clenched the floor with her right hand, drew her left back, and struck.
The woman had but a moment to act. She jumped to her feet, scrambling backwards in desperation to avoid the oncoming hand. She feared her commitment to drinking from the container as quickly as possible may have caused her to overreach, placing herself in danger unnecessarily.

"RUN!" Agron shouted from the side, unable to do much more than offer moral support. He'd hoped that the woman's exceptional speed would mean she was able to evade the gladiatrix, but his hopes were dashed upon the rocks of reality when the giant hand found its mark. The woman's legs were lifted from the floor as casually as a child would pick up a doll, and brought closer to the gladiatrix's mighty maw.

Ava struggled to move the jug back to her lips, hoping that she would be able to drink from it before the significantly-larger woman could have it all for herself. Defeating the giantess may not have even been in the cards at the moment, but if they could slow, or even stop her entirely that would be ideal…!

But the swift movements proved too much for even Ava's enhanced form to withstand. Her arm was forced to stretch as she tried stopping herself from dropping the jug entirely, before the ascent abruptly stopped. Disoriented, she shook her head to clear her vision as she found herself staring at the gladiatrix's enormous, blindfolded face. The huge mouth that had effortlessly swallowed two already opened wide, blasting the woman with her hot breath.

It was too late. Ava realized at the last possible moment that the gladiatrix was so singularly focused on getting the spice that she had no qualms about how she got it. There was no effort made to pluck the jar from the woman's hand, and drink its contents. Instead her entire mouth moved over the jar itself, as well as the arm that was holding it.

“NO!”

Ava was not fluent in Latin, but she knew enough to get this across. She tried to yank her arm back from the inside of the mouth, only to feel those teeth come down, stopping her in place. Her free hand came up to try and break free, wanting to avoid letting go of the spice at all costs.

The gladiatrix was less interested in her desire to save herself. Opting to ensure that she was the one who got the drink, she clamped her teeth down.

Ava prepared for the worst. Prepared to have her arm ripped clean from the socket, and chewed to mushby the giantess. She felt the teeth sink into her skin, sending pain shooting through her entire body. For all of Ava’s enhancements this was a blow even she would not be able to endure for long as she screamed in pain and tried desperately to free her arm.

Had the beast had enough salience to think strategically she would have capitalized upon this opportunity. She would have ripped the tiny woman in her hand limb from limb, and feasted on her flesh to ensure that the nuisance would never bother her again for the rest of her days.

But she had gotten what she came for. The cool liquid splashed out onto her tongue when Ava was unable to hold it any longer, bringing her back to what she had been fighting for all along. With the prize secured she pulled Ava away, and began to chew, crushing the jar to ensure not a single drop went to waste..

Satisfied, the gladiatrix was uninterested in dealing with Ava any longer. Instead she waited for the effects of that most potent of substances to hit her. To fill her with the feelings she so longed for. To scratch the itch that gnawed away at her every waking hour.
Ava knew none of this. Her only thought was that a miracle had occurred as she was spared certain death at the giant woman's hands. Even when she was tossed aside she could only think of how much more violently the beast had thrown the overseer. She should count her blessings that this wasn't a move intended to kill.

Skidding across the sand Ava landed near Agron, who had watched the whole thing unfold. He hated feeling useless, and wanted to contribute to this fight, but he had been outclassed long ago. He thought himself little more than a pest who would be swatted aside as easily as a fly, and meet a grisly end in the process. His male pride was wounded, but he was still breathing and thought maybe a fresh opportunity would present itself.

It was perhaps dangerous of him to approach the giant woman who could barely speak the same language as he, but he did so anyway. Even if she'd been critically injured, and he was less than useless in battle, they were still on the same side. Enough that he would do whatever he could to help ease the woman's pain.

A sudden convulsion ran through the gladiatrix's body. The sensations of the spice coursing through her were welcomed once again as she nearly fell flat on her face while trying to process it all through her fragile psyche. Her mouth opened not to roar in anger or anguish once again, but to gasp as her entire body was consumed with a pleasure so intense she couldn't hope to withstand it.

The great beast coughed as the fiery warmth of the spice reached her extremities. She panted as if she were only now realizing how hot it was out today, before her entire body shook violently.

Ava turned her head up just as the gladiatrix started to grow. The woman had thought herself a capable fighter of sorts when she'd managed to work around the tremendous size advantage the overseer had over her, but the gladiatrix's new size was simply obscene. It would take an army of able-bodied men to hope to subdue her, and that was only if they could hope to deal damage to her more quickly than she exterminate them in return.

Her only solace came from the fact that the beast seemed uninterested in finishing what she'd started. The giant woman's teeth clenched as she snorted so powerfully it seemed as if steam were visible in the process. Her wild hair fell over her face as she seemed to be enduring a mixture of pain and pleasure all at once.

The gladiatrix sat up, leading Ava to panic. She saw the look on the giant woman's face change, and thought her time was up. The smaller woman's strong legs kicked at the sandy floor beneath her in the hope that she could back away, all the while nursing her injured arm.
But rather than move closer to Ava, the beast stopped. Her rate of breathing increased, and she began to convulse again. The poor souls trapped in the arena with her could only watch in awe as once again.

Once wasn't enough, it seemed. The beast produced a sound that was surprisingly human as the spice continued to work its magic on her body. Along with her growth came more changes, as her already-massive bust began to swell within its increasingly-inadequate confines. The chains wrapped around them gradually began to tighten, biting into her flesh as the growth appeared to slow down.

Though the growth seemed to slow to a stop, it was only a moment later when the beast began to pant heavily, her chest pushing the chains to their limits. She was again consumed by an internal heat so hot it threatened to scorch her insides. An overwhelming sensation as a body once sensitive to the spice was rocked by its transformative properties again. She'd been through this before. The first time she'd overdosed on the stuff. The time that brought her to where she is now.

“Hmph.” Julia whispered, watching as her pet continued to grow. Subduing this beast was going to prove more troublesome than she'd initially anticipated. The holding cell was already far too small after these latest growth spurts and she had a distinct feeling it was going to take more honeyed words than usual to get the feeble-minded oaf to obey orders.

Still, she continued to observe. For from her lofty perch she had nothing to fear. Everything that opposed the beast lay out in front of her, waiting to feel her wrath.

“I could go for another cup of wine right about now…” She whispered, more irritated at the loss of her servant to fetch her things than anything.

The beast's body exploded outwards in growth yet again. Every part of her enormous form filled out even more while the chains clinging to her bust in particular were pushed to their breaking point. Agron considered himself a powerful man capable of great feats of strength, but solidly-constructed iron chains were able to tow great boats, or keep even a crowd of prisoners at bay. A team of his village's strongest wouldn't be able to break a single one of the iron links.

Even then he'd never seen chains this large. Each link looked as if it had to weigh more than most fully-grown men. The sheer scope of her dress, if it could even be called that, boggled the mind. Iron hewn by experienced blacksmiths squished her mighty breasts inward, leading to the gladiatrix beginning to wheeze. And… for a moment. Just a moment. He considered a possibility. One where he would win this battle.

Her hefty clothing continued to tighten around her body. If things kept going like this, she may grow too big for it entirely. With the chains unable to be broken by normal means, she could end up strangling herself in her own clothes, too flexible and sturdy to snap before her growth. All while she was too consumed with the pleasure of growth to even try to stop it!

That was until the sharp, high-pitched sounds of iron reaching its breaking point rang through the arena. As the gladiatrix's expansion continued unabated her breasts proved too mighty for the feeble construction of her clothing, and broke them apart in multiple places at once. In an instant the slight bit of pressure compressing the giantess's chest was released, and she took a deep breath in relief.

"No… what are… what are we to do against a foe like this?!" Agron shouted, furious at the cruelties being forced upon him and his fellow prisoners. This wasn't right! If he was to be forced into combat in this manner the bare minimum they should do is allow him a fighting chance! Otherwise it's just an extended execution!

But the beast's growth wasn't done quite yet. Even after Agron's little outburst she continued to expand. While the chains covering her breasts themselves fell apart very quickly, the rest were under less pressure from her expanding curvature.

A fresh series of pops rang out into the open air as huge metal chunks smashed into the floor all around the growing woman. One such piece exploded so violently it zoomed past Agron's face, narrowly avoiding taking his entire head off in the process.

All the while the gladiatrix continued to slow her breathing, enjoying the freedom granted to her without the tight confines she'd been wrapped up in. She raised her arms one after another, noting how the tinkling of the chains colliding with one another had been almost completely muted. Something resembling a smile formed on her face at the lack of sound and resistance.

“I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR GIFT!” Julia lied, hoping to trick the simple-minded fool into believing she’d let her have the jug intentionally. “GIVE ME A GOOD SHOW NOW, PET!” Julia shouted, smiling smugly at the survivors.

“COME DOWN AND FACE US WITH HONOR!” Agron shouted back, picking up a discarded gladius and pointing it at the giant woman. “OR DO YOU LACK THE COURAGE TO DO SO?”

“Honor?” Julia asked, smiling cruelly. “You are a fool, gladiator. You exist to fight, and bring me pleasure by dying in a most enjoyable manner. Your childish insults do not bother me. Now kill them, pet. All of them.”

The beast seemed to consider the sounds she was hearing, then rose to her hands and knees. Her massive breasts jiggled freely without the heavy chains around them. Even with that increase she felt lighter than she had in years. Taking a deep breath she opened her mouth wide, and roared at the two who stood defiantly before her. Not out of any courage, but because they had no choice.

“I…” Agron began, swallowing audibly as he clenched the hilt of his blade so tight he feared he’d draw blood. “I… am not afraid.” He tried telling himself, all while facing down the onslaught of the beast’s voice alone. His heart raced, while his survival instincts told him his only good option was to run. He’d seen so many already die in this arena today, and the giant woman watching the show made it clear that he was not intended to walk out of here alive.
His breathing began to quicken. His muscles tensed. Adrenaline coursed through his veins.
“DO YOU HEAR ME, BEAST? I AM NOT AFRAID!” He screamed so loudly he felt his throat sear with pain afterwards.

“QUIET, SLAVE!”

Agron turned to the side, surprised to see that the overseer had recovered from her earlier attack. Though she walked awkwardly and kept a hand pressed to her lower back she looked to mostly be in one piece, and able to move of her own volition.

“Just what do you think a lowly man can hope to do in this fight?” The giant woman spat, looking at the pathetic figure beneath her. “If there is any chance of winning this day it will be thanks to me, not you. You’d do well to remember that. Once I claim victory you will be returned to slave duties, and I will owe you nothing.”

Somehow, Agron was more afraid of the overseer than of the beast herself.

"YOU!" The overseer shouted, pointing straight to Ava. "What are you waiting for? You have a weapon! Use it!" She barked, shouting orders the way a general would to his men.

Though Ava's understanding of the language was limited, the violent pointing and accusing look told her all she needed to know. She looked at the small spear she held in her hand, frowning at the blunted tip. On top of that her dominant arm had been injured by the gladiatrix. It would take a miracle for this to work, but it wasn't like the situation had left them with many options.

Raising her left arm made the right sting. She winced, closing her eyes as she tightened her grip on the spear. She was an accomplished fighter, used to handling ranged weapons of all kinds, though she'd never before handled a spear this small. She searched the giant rampaging beast for a weak point, before settling on one.
"THROW IT ALREADY!"

Ava hurled the spear with as much force as her weaker arm could manage. Despite that the heavy chunk of iron whistled through the air as it soared up straight to the great beast's throat. It was a spot that was sure to kill if it worked, but it was blocked by innumerable links of heavy chains.
But Ava was not satisfied. She continued nursing her arm as she waited for the inevitable. She was not a fool. She'd been through this song and dance many times today.

What would have been a great weapon of war in the hands of a normal man was more akin to a barb before the gladiatrix. A nuisance. Ava's aim was true despite her handicap, and even with the dull edge it flew forward with enough force to effortlessly impale a half-dozen armored men, ripping them in half if they were lined up correctly.

So accurate was the woman's attack that the spear managed to squeeze into the gap between some of the chains' massive links. The swiftly moving projectile actually managed to stick into the flesh, straightening out after making contact.

For Agron who had again been relegated to observer it became the sweetest sight he'd ever seen. He waited for drops of crimson to travel down the weapons shaft, and drip onto the floor in front of them. They'd dealt a mighty blow, and could exploit this going forward! They still had a chance!

Then the Gladiatrix shifted. Slightly. Her head barely moved, as the attack almost didn't register at all. What little damage the spear managed to make onto her bare skin was overpowered near-instantly, and the weapon lost its tenuous grip on her body.

The beast snorted, then clenched her teeth. The attack did not hurt. If not for her enhanced senses it was entirely possible she may have not even noticed it. But it reminded her that there were still those who wished her harm in this very arena. As the spear clattered to the floor without having come close to achieving its purpose the giant woman could only slam her palm onto the floor as the spice's calming effects began to fade, leaving her with an immutable anger that demanded to be sated.

“What do we do now?” Agron asked, still holding his sword.
“There is no we, weakling.” The overseer said, huffing at the insolent man who’d addressed her. “Remember this, though we may face the same opponent, we will never be allies.”
That didn’t comfort Agron in the slightest. He looked back to Ava, hoping that she would show some sign of recognition over their plight, but she was singularly focused on the threat facing them. He wanted to place his trust in the giant woman, but he had no idea what would be going through her head right now. For all he knew she looked down on him as much as the overseer did. She just wouldn’t be able to communicate that thanks to her limited knowledge of the language.

“PET! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?”

“HOLD ON!” The overseer shouted, as the beast continued to growl. “I THINK YOU’VE MADE YOUR POINT, MISTRESS JULIA. I’M DEEPLY SORRY FOR ANYTHING I MAY HAVE DONE TO OFFEND YOU, AND WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES! PLEASE, WHATEVER IT IS YOU MAY ASK OF ME, I WILL DO IT IN EXCHANGE FOR SAFE PASSAGE OUT OF THE ARENA!”

Julia looked down at the woman addressing her. She considered the overseer’s plea, thinking it over. In a way she would have enjoyed seeing the overseer have her way with more puny, pathetic slaves. Her body held a high amount of appeal to Julia and her obsession with muscular, curvy physiques. The woman had, after all, been selected for today’s battle for a reason.

“Overseer.” Julia said, shaking her head. “You brought yourself into this situation with your incessant delays. Your need to find the battle enjoyable despite my desires. You will not see the outside of this arena.” She said coldly. “At least… not in one piece.”

The words echoed through the arena, ringing true in the overseer's ears. She knew what the princess was referring to, though she did not think it fair to characterize her actions in such a way. Had she known that the princess was low on patience she would have squelched the pathetic opposition in no time flat, making the show extra bloody for her ruler.
But she had toyed with them as she had known the princess so often enjoyed. And for that, she was to be punished…? Her mind reeled at the indignity of it all. She had been a loyal servant for years now! She had broken, both mentally and physically many a slave to ensure that the greatest empire the world had ever seen never ran low! She had hand delivered countless custom-trained slaves to the princess herself that never saw the light of day again! And now after one bad call she was to be executed like the rest of this **filth**?!

The beast roared, and lunged forward. The overseer took a step back, breathing a sigh of relief when it was clear that the giantess was moving to attack the female slave who was competing in the ring initially. The monster's enormous breasts flattened out against the floor, making it more difficult for her to simply scoop up the tiny thing into her mouth than would be expected, offering the others a moment to react.

Agron's grip tightened on his blade, ready to attempt again. The overseer, by contrast, waited. She did not care one iota for the woman's fate, but she knew that if the great beast would lower her head slightly further she could make an attack of her own.

“STAY BACK, FOUL BEAST!” Agron shouted, moving to the gladiatrix’s throat with his sword. In that time the giantess had managed to reorient herself, opening her now much-bigger mouth wide over Ava’s prone form. The comparatively small woman screeched in terror, not wanting to relive the experience of having any part of her inside the giant woman’s maw.

She pushed both her hands up against the face, trying to stop it from lowering any further. Her feet came up as well, trying to push the gladiatrix away. In doing so her toes slipped over the soft, moist lips and right inside of the mouth. Again Ava shrieked as she thought the teeth may come down again and shatter her leg. Images of herself dangling from between the gladiatrix’s pursed lips like a wounded animal filled her with mind-numbing terror as she launched countless attacks at the gladiatrix’s exposed face.

“I… SAID…!” Agron shouted, getting into position. Though this spot was dangerous with how wildly Ava’s legs were kicking, he knew a thing or two about slaughtering a wild animal. A slice just under the chin would undoubtedly lead her to bleed out, and the mindless monster had made that spot incredibly easy for him to strike.

He knew his blade to be dull, and he knew this had not worked at least once before. But in the moment he was not thinking clearly. Survival and fear drove his actions, and the terror of the rampaging giantess kept his senses sharp. He clenched his arms so hard it felt like his veins were going to burst. Then, with all of his might he re-oriented himself, searching the throat directly overhead. Excess saliva that had pooled inside of the gladiatrix’s mouth was swallowed occasionally, making slight bulges visible from his perspective. Small movements that would have been enough to send one of his size to a murky demise deep in her stomach with no chance of recourse if he were targeted.

He held onto hope, though. Teeth clenched, he treated his sword like a hook, jamming it at an angle straight into the giant woman’s throat. Rather than tearing it open and showering him with an ocean of blood he instead found the sword to slide along the skin leaving nary a mark, much less a wound. He grunted, lowered the weapon, and struck the same spot again with even greater ferocity.
Again, his weapon glided across her skin like a razor moving to shave her. He kept stabbing, over and over and over and over. In the hopes that his repeated attempts at sawing the area would eventually lead to it being sliced open. As he did he could feel the throat swallow from the external stimulation, forcing his weapon lower every time she did so.

“ENOUGH OF THIS!” The overseer screamed, having finally come to a decision. She looked at the head lowered in front of her, judging it to be an easy object to scale at her current size. Parts of her mind continued begging her to do as she’d always been told. To uphold the fealty she’d sworn to the giant woman who so sentenced her to this cruel demise. But she wore her pride first and foremost, and she was not to be made a fool of. She did not care who the order came from!

She did not get to her position by playing nice. She got there by showing no mercy to those who crossed her. By reminding all below her that there would be consequences for raising a hand against her, Princess Julia, or even the empire in any manner. And while the pathetic slaves she would have happily killed for her mistress would be meeting their own ends in just a moment, she decided that the threats against her well-being would not be allowed to stand.

The giant woman leapt from the sand, reaching an arm up to the top of the beast's head. Though her frame was massive and she weighed quite a bit, she was also **incredibly strong**. As such it was easy for her to grab onto a handful of the gladiatrix's long, messy hair and use it to pull herself up.

It wasn't long before the gladiatrix noticed what was happening, but the overseer was utterly determined in her actions. Her hands tightened around the hair she held, while her feet scrambled to push her up even higher. There was no turning back from here. Even a moment's hesitation could lead to her fall, which would undoubtedly be shortly followed by her grisly end.

Her only regret was that this distracted the gladiatrix. The messy end of the two pathetic slaves would be delayed for a moment longer, it seemed.

“STAY, BEAST!”

The enormous woman whipped her head up suddenly, freeing Ava’s foot from her maw as she tried to shake the annoying thing clinging to the top of her head away. The sudden violent movement was almost enough to knock the overseer from her perch but her powerful body was able to maintain a hold. Even if it did put her dangerously close to that mouth she knew to be an always-looming threat.

“You’ll get what’s coming to you!” She shouted as the enormous woman shook her head from side to side. The location of the attack seemed to catch the gladiatrix off-guard as she tried to shake the annoying nuisance away.

As the gladiatrix fought to free herself the situation below had changed drastically. Ava, once in mortal danger as her very legs had found their way inside of the beast's mouth was now freed, able to watch from a relatively safe distance as the ever-angry overseer dangled from the giantess's head.

But it was Agron, who only a moment prior had been jabbing a dull blade into the giant woman's throat who now found himself in fresh danger. As the giant woman lifted her head so too did the rest of her enormous form rise. She huffed, and snorted, making the enormous breasts swinging free from her chest wobble enticingly in front of Agron.

The man considered himself a powerful fighter. A hero, even, under the right circumstances. But he was still a man who appreciated the sight of a beautiful woman. One who had been struggling with this throughout his entire time in the arena… only to find it impossible to ignore all of a sudden.

Enthralled with the absolute largest pair of breasts he felt he, or any other would ever lay eyes on he was understandably surprised when the giant woman lurched forward. In an instant the enormous chest went from an enticing visual spectacle directly before him, to a pair of soft, heavy boulders that cloaked him in shadow. Soft mounds of flesh gently slapped against one another from the movement of their giant owner remained well within attacking range.

Even a man as brave as Agron had his limits. As soon as the gladiatrix had moved forward one of those enormous breasts had bumped into him, knocking the blade from his hands completely. He raised both arms in terror he'd not felt in quite some time. He did not want to die here, but his fate was out of his hands, and placed squarely in the movements of the giantess who settled her impressive weights onto him.

Agron couldn’t see the giant woman’s movements any longer. He couldn’t even see the sun from underneath her, either. He could attempt to discern her actions through the subtle shifts in the breasts pressing him into the sand, but it was foolish to try and do so. He thought to turn and run, but he was frozen with nerves.

“STAY… DOWN, BEAST!” he could hear the overseer scream from above.

With that shout the breasts fell precipitously. He again squealed in a manner most ladylike as he was beset by an avalanche of soft flesh that buried himself into the sand. He had a moment of reprieve where he attempted to scurry out from between the huge things, but he was quickly defeated when the gladiatrix settled even more of her weight down. The soft orbs flattened out against the sand, completely burying Agron under a literal mountain of flesh that could crush him if the pressure grew too high.

“WOMAN! HELP ME!” he shouted, thankful that at the very least his head was still free. He attempted to wave his arms to get the slave girl’s attention, but she paid no him no mind. She was thoroughly focused on the scene of the overseer and the gladiatrix locked in combat. The image of the overseer scaling the giantess’s head for reasons she had not yet determined. Surely she knew how simple it would be for even the mindless monster to grab hold of and throw her away in this situation, right?

Ava could only assume the overseer to be stupid. She knew herself to be a far greater fighter than the giant oaf, and did not mind if she had chosen to throw her life away. Particularly if it allowed her a moment to try and find some alternate method of stopping the gladiatrix herself. Or to get more of the spice, as she had a feeling that the princess carried yet more of it. She had been too casual about letting that prior jug just fall to the ground, otherwise. She would have likely jumped into the arena to take it for herself if that was truly all that remained.

Agron could not believe his misfortune. Nothing he'd done since stepping into the arena seemed to matter, and now he would be crushed in a manner most unbefitting a man of his stature. He had thought earlier of how he felt like little more than a fly to be swatted amongst all these giant women. And now here he was, ready to be crushed without the gladiatrix even going out of her way to do so. Little more than an insect who'd wandered where it shouldn't.

The overseer herself managed to scramble to the gladiatrix's head in one piece. It was rough going moving on such a big target that moved about wildly, but her strength was impressive and allowed her to stop from falling over. As she crawled over the back of the head she could hear the impatient growling sounds from below as she knew the enormous beast would not willingly take this for much longer. It was perhaps just luck that the sheer surprise of her movements had allowed her this moment to capitalize.

She looked out at the road presented before her. It seemed clear to her how this would work. A run down the back of the beast's neck, down her spine, up her prodigious rear end, and from there a simple leap should be enough to carry her to victory.

"STAY DOWN!" She screamed, hoping the authority in her voice would be enough to quell the beast's rage. "AND YOU TWO! DO SOMETHING FOR FUCK'S SAKE!"

The gladiatrix could have easily reached up and thrown the overseer free from atop her head. She could have crushed the comparatively small woman's body in her fingers without even straining herself, or torn her in two like a strip of parchment. Though the overseer thought it to be a sign of her inherent dominion over the weak-minded giantess, the truth was quite different.

There were other slaves in the arena. Those who had stayed by the sidelines up to this point, and now found themselves well within the gladiatrix's range after her newest size increase.

While the figure straddling her head was indeed annoying, it was the four feet running across the floor right next to her that had the gladiatrix concerned. Without sight they had evaded her attention up until now, and looked to be running past her body. They were pathetically small, frail, and should not have been a threat in the slightest.

But what few memories the beast held onto told her a different story. Despite their size, men like these were who had always been sent to subdue her. Keep her locked up in a cage to keep her from a comfort as simple as being allowed to stretch her limbs. On top of that, she'd since felt the taste of the spice upon her lips once again, and would not willingly give that up. Not for any reason.

Her giant hands balled into fists as she spun to face the men running away.

“NO! WHAT’S SHE DOING?”
“WHY’S SHE GETTING UP?!”
The unfortunate slaves had no affiliation with the gladiatrix’s handlers, or the royal family themselves. They were simply two men unfortunate enough to find themselves convicted of crimes with sentences forcing them here. Their attempts to find a new hiding place were suddenly eclipsed by the great gladiatrix rising to her knees, reminding them of just how little they were in her world.
Atop her head the overseer held on for dear life as another eardrum-shattering roar escaped the giant woman’s throat.

Taking no chances, the gladiatrix rose over the two men running away, slamming her gigantic backside onto them. The entire arena shook, dust shaking free from the stones as she did so while great plumes of sand exploded outwards in every direction. The muffled squelching of two fully grown men exploding into viscera underneath her could hardly be heard over the aftershocks of her body settling into the sand.

There was no such thing as overkill for the giant woman, though. While Agron and Ava could see clear as day that the hopeless men had been pulverized the instant the giant woman sat onto them, the gladiatrix held no sympathy. She ground her backside into the ground like a pestle, turning even their crushed remains into little more than a paper-thin organic film to spread over the floor. She kept this up for some time, at some point beginning to enjoy the sensations as she leaned forward to grind her nethers into the floor as well.

The overseer was having a difficult time of things. She didn't care that the beast had crushed those two worthless slaves. Had things not turned out this way she would have done so herself. And happily. Her only concerns were keeping a hold on the giant woman's head to avoid the same fate. She was powerful, and would certainly put up a greater fight, but she knew there was no way she would win in a direct confrontation.
But with what the beast perceived to be the primary threat disposed of, she was more concerned with the much-larger figure clinging to her head. Huge teeth clacked together as she sat up suddenly, bringing a hand to rip the nuisance free from her head. Were it not for the gladiatrix's hair providing such excellent handholds she would have instantly collected and crushed the tiny woman in her grip.

But the overseer held strong. Even as the giant woman moved down to try and shake her loose she clung to the hair like a persistent insect, swinging free as she was brought so low her toes actually brushed against the ground. The stubborn refusal to let go only seemed to enrage the giantess even further as her movements became more wild and frenzied.
“DON’T JUST STAND THERE! HELP ME!” The overseer screamed at the two standing by idly. They didn’t need to know she would have thrown them to the wolves at the first opportunity to do so. They just needed to keep the stupid beast subdued long enough for her to finish her task.

“Right away!” Agron shouted, charging forward with his useless weapon again. The sudden sound stalled the gladiatrix for a moment as she considered what was happening before her just long enough for the overseer to finish her ascent and reach the nape of the beast’s neck.

“Idiot.” She whispered, before looking up the length of this giant beast’s body. The angle was more steep than the one she’d considered before, but the chains that still stubbornly clung to her enormous form would make this easy. While the small-minded fool below continued to uselessly bounce his weapon off the face of the gladiatrix in a vain effort to help, the overseer made her move.

Walking along the beast's back proved much easier a task than anywhere else. The skin was more taut, allowing her to actually run at a decent pace. Far easier than she was able to move even in the sand of the arena itself. For all of the great size and power that even the latest sip of the spice had given the overseer she was in awe of the sheer size of these chains. Perhaps with all of her strength she may have been able to break one link, but they looked so well made even that was uncertain.
She tried not thinking about this as she reached the beast's lower back. The chains all converged here, making it more difficult to move quickly. And unfortunately for the overseer, she was never the most nimble of runners.

Strength had always been the woman’s forte, a quality that the spice itself seemed eager to enhance. She could lift entire merchant carts over her head, tear fully grown men and women alike in her bare hands, and break through heavy stone walls. Nothing ever stood in her path for long if she was determined enough.
But when it came to running she relied mostly on her size to bring her an advantage. More size meant a greater stride, and having to adjust after every time her size shifted. While running she positioned her feet in ways that would have worked before the spice she’d had today, only to step awkwardly onto a heavy chain and lose her balance.

She fell. Her face turned red in a mixture of humiliation and embarrassment. Though she would surely not have been injured in the slightest by falling onto the chains themselves, she landed somewhere much, much softer. As she placed her hands onto the warm, inviting flesh of the gladiatrix's backside she thought of how this same rear end had effortlessly crushed two men not so long ago.

"Should have been me." She muttered to herself, a look of determination flashing through her eyes as she was reminded of her goal.

The sheer size of the gladiatrix was overwhelming for even one of the Overseer's considerable stature. She stared down the enormous backside she could have comfortably lay upon with room to spare, and just looked down below. She would have given *anything* to be granted such great size. Well, *almost* anything. Losing her mind as this great beast had was a bridge too far for even the power-hungry woman. If she was going to be that big and powerful, she would prefer getting to force her will upon others with her full mental faculties in check.

She thought back to Julia, and what she was in the middle of doing. A pure hatred burned in her heart for the woman's complete and utter lack of loyalty to anything but herself. A conceitedness that even made the overseer herself fume with rage. She clenched her hands into fists, pushed herself up with her hands, and locked eyes with her target.

“Enjoying yourself down there, overseer?” Julia laughed, mocking the woman’s plight. “Was this your goal all along? Are you attracted to my lovely pet’s wonderful assets? It’s okay if you are. I made sure she became one of my pets for good reason.”
“Princess Julia! Call the beast back at once!” The overseer shouted, holding onto the soft, pliant cheeks as best she could. “I am not one of these slaves and I should not be participating in this battle. Let me up by your side so I may serve you as we both enjoy the show!”
“You speak out of turn, overseer.” Julia scoffed, before transitioning into a silky laugh. “There will be no mercy for you on this day. You may enjoy yourself with my pet’s backside for as long as you please, however. Maybe you can even crawl inside of her yourself to make things more enjoyable for her! I’ve no doubt it will not aid you, but you’re free to do as you wish. As royalty I can grant you that right.”

The overseer carefully climbed to her feet, staring up at the smug woman above her. She thought of what she was about to do, and how her life would change irreparably from such an action. It was a scary feeling… but if she did nothing, then what? She dies with her pride wounded at the hands of a slavering beast? A mindless oaf too stupid to realize what a great asset her incredible size was?
The overseer made her choice. She crouched on the soft surface, and stared at the princess continuing to laugh haughtily in her direction. Athletic as she was, she did not think she would be able to leap over the spiked gate separating the balcony from the arena itself, and she did not foresee herself getting another opportunity at this.
“So be it, Princess Julia. I would say it has been an honor, but your decision has soured my feelings towards you.”

“What?”
Without answering, the overseer leapt forward. Launching herself off of the soft cheek like a frog she soared over the open air, heading straight for the princess. Julia’s smug look of superiority quickly transitioned into shock as she could hardly believe what was happening. Was such a lowly thing actually making a threat on her life?!
She didn’t have time to contemplate. With a heavy thud the overseer’s huge body slammed into the bottom of the balcony, leaving her hanging from the lip with both hands.

“YOU INSOLENT LITTLE! YOU DARE RAISE A HAND AGAINST YOUR PRINCESS?! I’LL KILL YOU MYSELF, IN THAT CASE!” Julia screamed, voice full of outrage and fury. She was so preoccupied with what she assumed to be a failed attempt at attacking her that she failed to notice that this was not actually what the overseer had planned.

Julia turned down to look at the woman who appeared to be dangling from the ledge. She raised a foot slightly, intending to drive her heel into the woman’s skull and throw her back into the arena to die with those she despised most. Or perhaps she could crush the little one’s fingers individually, crippling her so she could not even attempt to try such a stupid thing again. Maybe she should grant the overseer the opportunity to stand against her in combat, even? Dragging her up onto the balcony to break her body in a manner similar to the way the smaller woman would have done to the pathetic slaves herself.

All thoughts that ran through her mind as the overseer’s arms took advantage of her momentary distraction, grabbing hold of the giant woman’s right ankle.

The spice may not have had as drastic an effect on Julia as it had the rest of her family, but she was still very, very big. She towered effortlessly over the worthless masses so easily she often made games of “accidentally” crushing a couple when on regular walks throughout the city. She was an intimidating figure to even the overseers who served below her. Women who made breaking slaves a living. Women who dropped to their knees in her presence, lest they offend her.

But she was not so big that she could resist the pull of gravity. The overseer was smaller than she, but large enough that the attempt to pull her down near-instantly threw her off-balance. She screamed in a manner most unbefitting a woman of her stature as she was quickly dragged under the wrought iron gate at the edge of her balcony.

“LET ME GO!” She screamed, attempting to grab onto the gate itself to stop her fall.

The grate that separated the balcony from the arena itself was spiked. For many reasons, but most importantly was that it made Julia look all the more powerful, and intimidating. An enormous woman surrounded by dangerous implements that could easily end lives all their own. While they served as an excellent visual metaphor, she would find herself regretting this decision now.

While slipping out of her safe area the giant woman managed to grab hold of one of the spikes. But her immense weight combined with the awkward shape meant she completely failed to keep herself up in an instant. With an angry shriek her hands slipped down the smooth iron rod, unable to stop the inevitable.

The overseer grinned with delight as she saw Julia slip underneath the metal grating. Her dress caught on the bent spikes, ripping the bottom half away cleanly and leaving her exposed in the open air as she fell into the arena. She was going to be very, very excited to see what that traitorous woman thought of finding herself in this horrid situation. Justice would be served today, even if it was not likely to be by her own hands.
Of course, the overseer was never one to fully think out her plans. Though she was successful in managing to throw Princess Julia into the ground, she failed to take into consideration where both she, and the considerably larger woman would actually land. As she struck the hard stone of the arena's floor she could only watch as the naked lower body of the much-larger woman descended straight for her at great speed.

The overseer slammed into the ground hard. It was not a big fall but she was an exceptionally big woman, and her weight meant the hefty stones under her cracked on impact. Thankfully, her body was also very durable, and she was not seriously injured despite how dramatic the whole thing appeared. She would have even been able to stand right after, if not for Julia's far-bigger body crashing onto her a split-second later.

The overseer was big, but Julia was massive. Her curvature may not have been as exaggerated as most of the women who got to taste the spice, but she was still well over twice as tall as the woman who served as her landing cushion. In an instant two of the overseer's ribs were cracked, leading her to cry out in pain far greater than any she'd felt in her life.

“Oops.” Julia said, wiggling her backside over the smaller woman. The bottom of her dress had been torn thanks to her slide down the balcony, leaving her nethers bare and resting on the overseer’s chest. She considered sliding forward and grinding the small face between her legs in an effort to get off and further punish her… but she was not interested in stalling any longer.

“I hope that didn’t hurt too bad.” Julia whispered, sitting up. The simple act redistributed her weight sent the overseer’s cracked ribs grinding against one another. Fresh torturous screams from a woman who hadn’t felt real pain in years came from directly below Julia. She sighed, enjoying the power she held over this insolent little whelp, before addressing her once again. “You’ve made a poor choice today, Overseer. You could have died with dignity. Provided me with a show I would have greatly enjoyed. Now I will have to punish you myself. You are, after all, the same size to me as the slaves you so often brutalize are to *you*.”

Julia didn't even care about the beast's rampage taking place in the arena anymore. She simply rose to her feet, looking down at the pitiable figure lying on the sand before her. The overseer's face was twisted into a mask of hatred and pain as she struggled to even wheeze from the damage she'd sustained. The beast's attack against her prior had been lazy. Unfocused. Julia, by contrast, had struck her chest like a great hammer striking an anvil. Even with the pressure relieved breathing was a painful chore, and she could hardly produce a single sound.

"Tell me, overseer." Julia said, taking a step closer to the prone woman on the floor. Her sandals crunched the sand as she did so, making the scene feel all the more visceral. "Do you remember what the punishment for *treason* is?"

“No answer?” Julia asked, as the woman beneath her could only wheeze softly, occasionally stopping to rub her hands over her chest. “Very well, maybe you just need a reminder.”

With that said, Julia raised her right sandal over the woman, casting her in shadow. A smug smirk formed on her face as she looked over her own body for a moment. The proof of her superiority was right there. Aside from her torn dress she was still completely put together, and uninjured.

“You did no damage, overseer. You only succeeded in hurting yourself during all this. I am so far above you that you will never harm me. Not in all of your days, or if you were given years to prepare.” She spat, slowly lowering her foot and twisting the worn sole onto the woman’s face.

The overseer tried to speak, but her lungs felt like they were on fire. She still held that same rebellious spirit in her eyes, though. Anger at Julia for sentencing her to death in this arena even though she'd done nothing wrong. She'd been radicalized by the cruel situation she'd found herself in, and that was something Julia could see.

It was something she needed to snuff out of the woman lest it spread to any others.

"WHAT'S WRONG?!" Julia screamed, raising her left foot and slamming it onto the overseer's head. The smaller woman's head bounced off the hard stone under the sand as she cried out in pain again. "WHAT HAPPENS TO SCUM WHO BETRAY THE EMPIRE?" Julia asked again, stamping her foot onto the side of the overseer's face while grinding on her cheek for good measure.

“Pathetic. To think a worm like you was ever granted such status.” Julia said, looking down to the pitiable figure below her. She’d hardly exerted herself at all and already the overseer was looking to be on death’s door. Her nose was bloodied but she hardly minded as her arms were still wrapped around her broken ribs. She thought of crushing the little thing’s stupid ugly face where she stood, and feeling her head mashed into goo under her sandaled feet.

An intriguing, and exciting thought, but it was too easy. A cruel smile formed on the giant woman’s face as she reached for her prone target. No, the overseer did not deserve to meet her end at the feet of royalty like Julia. She deserved a death no better than those of the slaves that she had so happily sacrificed to her own lust.

The overseer was a brutal woman, but she typically only dealt with those smaller than herself. She was completely helpless in the presence of someone who completely overpowered her, and had her wits about her. Against royalty she may as well have been little more than a man. Exactly as useless in comparison, and far too weak to fight back. Her entire head radiated pain from the brutal assault, and the once-proud woman who called herself a warrior couldn't help but wince in fear as the princess's huge hand came down for her.
"I will not die on the this day." Julia said, easily lifting the enormous woman from the ground with a single hand. "My playthings respect, and fear me. I'm afraid you've wasted your time in this effort to get her to turn on me." As she spoke Julia dragged the injured overseer along the sand, moving closer to the spectacle still taking place in the arena.

“But you…” Julia said, walking up to the still bending-over gladiatrix. She felt a twinge of jealousy upon realizing that even while on her knees she did not stand as tall as the gladiatrix’s enormous backside. And it was that anger that fueled her to smash the overseer’s face into the chains separating the gladiatrix’s nethers from the outside world.
“GET IN THERE!” She screamed, her voice nothing but sound and fury. “YOU LOVED DOING THIS TO SLAVES, DIDN’T YOU? GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN’T GRIND YOUR FACE INTO HERE UNTIL MY PET CLIMAXES!”

The overseer made a sound. She did not speak a full word, as she was not able to, but Julia interpreted it as yet another act of rebellion. Her anger spiked again at the idea that the little worm was still trying to talk with someone so high above her own standing. She tightened her grip on the back of the overseer's head, and slammed it into the iron links over and over. She kept going until she saw a string of viscera connect the overseer's face to the iron when she pulled it away.

"FUCK YOU!" She screamed, tightening her fist around the overseer's wrist to snap the weak little bones inside. More cries of pain followed, before she finally pulled her hand away, dangling the woman by her broken arm.

Julia smiled as she watched the fight continue. Agron had been brought to the ground as the gladiatrix roared in anger down at him. He would not survive much longer, Julia thought. As for the woman who'd managed to get her hands on some of the spice earlier… it appeared she was still doing her best to hold her own in the dangerous situation, but Julia knew the day would end with her as dead as all the others. Perhaps swallowed alive, to wallow in despair in the darkness of her pet's belly. Or maybe even crushed beneath one of the gladiatrix's huge feet like the insect she was in comparison.

"I suppose I should thank you for one thing." Julia said, addressing the woman she dragged like a child would a doll. "All of the action so far has been on this side of the arena. I'll have a much better view from inside." She said, smiling.

“In a way, I envy you, overseer.” Julia spoke as her actions had finally led to the gladiatrix turning around. Her immense mouth opened wide as she caught the scent of the overseer’s bloodied face, and could sense that it was Julia presenting an offering to her.

“You will, after all, have the best view in the arena.” She said, bringing the woman’s body up higher. The overseer cried out in pain as more pressure was placed onto her broken wrist, while at the same time she tried to stave off the enormous mouth she was being carried towards.

“UNHAND ME!” The overseer finally managed to cry out, right as the gladiatrix’s lips passed over her head. Her one good arm swung wildly, landing blows that would outright kill a normal man in an instant all over the gladiatrix’s face, but the giant woman remained unphased. Slowly the lips closed over the smaller woman’s head, sealing her in darkness as Julia’s grin widened even further.

“Shut the fuck up.” She said, before giving the gladiatrix a friendly slap on the cheek.

Understanding what that motion meant, the gladiatrix clamped her teeth down. Pained cries were instantly muffled by the mouth surrounding the smaller woman as the teeth broke through her body with a violent explosion of blood. Massive, powerful legs kicked wildly in the air as the woman they were attached to was beset by a much, much larger opponent eating her alive.

Julia stepped back to better let her pet finish off the horrid creature she’d just had to deal with. She smiled as the gladiatrix seemed to have no qualms about this offering in relation to any other. The overseer was far too big to conveniently fit into her mouth as every other meal she’d been given was, but a meal was a meal. Her powerful teeth made short work of the overseer’s powerful muscles, converting the living, breathing woman into a state that was easier to swallow.

Geysers of blood exploded from around the gladiatrix's teeth as the woman proved to be extremely durable despite their size differences. For a surprisingly long time those legs continued to kick with life as more and more of her body made its way past the giantess's lips. All while her limbs and upper body were being ground to bits. Julia only watched, enjoying such an up-close view of the smaller one meeting a grisly end.

There was a part of her that felt a twinge of jealousy over the beast's capabilities. The enormous thing remained under her control thanks to a bout of quick thinking earlier, but she wished it hadn't been necessary at all. She wanted to dominate this stupid, giant thing. Have her obey willingly as she would know the utter dominance the princess held over her on the only level she understood. Physicality.

Still, despite the earlier outburst, she felt a surprising amount of joy watching the woman be devoured kicking and screaming before her.

For Agron and Ava, who could only catch glimpses of what was happening, the scene was utterly horrific. They'd seen how big, intimidating, and strong the overseer was firsthand. If not for her penchant for torture they'd have met their ends at her hands seconds after stepping into the ring, and she wouldn't have even broken a sweat. She was so utterly confident in her superiority she'd chosen to taunt, and toy with her opponents for her own enjoyment.
But before the might of the gladiatrix she was like a mewling kitten. And now she was being finished off. Devoured alive in a most brutal fashion. The sounds would surely haunt them for the rest of their days, providing they had any remaining after today. And they were a grim reminder of how brutal the Romans, and this society were.

The overseer held on until the very end. Until little more than her knees were sticking out. She'd stopped making sounds some time ago, but her legs still twitched with either the remnants of life, or a woman in her death throes. Julia slipped a finger between her legs, aroused at the sight and wanting to use her own great size to her advantage some more.
"HURRY UP, PET!" She scolded, her patience wearing thin. She wished to see the others meet a similar fate, but that could not happen until the bigger, and far more substantial meal was finished off.

The gladiatrix seemed to acknowledge the order, tilting her head back to help the overseer's remnants slide into the darkness of her body. Eventually the only sign of her from the outside world was a pair of bare feet just poking out from between the lips. Her mighty masseters continued to crunch through flesh and bone as easily as a normal man's would a piece of bread. A low rumbling moan of approval echoed through the arena.

Julia wondered what it would be like to eat a human herself. She couldn't imagine that they tasted particularly good, but given how enthusiastic the gladiatrix was over this offering she was beginning to have doubts. Perhaps she should arrange to have a slave to be fed to her sometime. She wouldn't be able to do them all at once, but it could prove to be… interesting.

The last of the overseer finally vanished between the gladiatrix’s lips. THe remaining crunches of what was left of her body being pulverized by those strong teeth were muffled, but the big, meaty swallows that followed shortly after were heard clear as day. Everyone inside of the arena watched in awe for a multitude of different reasons.

Agron and Ava were of mixed opinions. They'd known the overseer was not their ally, and that she would have willingly sentenced them to the same grisly fate she’d just experienced if she thought it would save her skin. But that just meant the numbers had been evened out. It was two on two, now.

Only it wasn't fair in the slightest. Agron stood lower than Julia's knees, while Ava wasn't even half her height. And Julia herself was absolutely dwarfed by the gladiatrix, who sighed in pleasure after the meal she'd just been given. Her hot breath came out in satisfied gasps while she took the time to lick her lips a few times, enjoying the flavor of the blood that had spurted out onto her lips.
Julia watched her, noting that she was still hungry. She'd seen that look before. Her pet only panted like that when she wanted more.

“Typical.” Julia scoffed. “Always so ravenous. That’s why I’ve always liked you.” She said. The gladiatrix seemed to listen intently to those words, but only turned her head down. Julia, assuming this to be an act of submission, ran her hand through the blonde woman’s hair as a reward.
“No worries. There are more for you. And you’re free to do as you wish to them… after I have my fun first, mind.”

Julia sauntered past the gladiatrix silently, looking towards the two remaining slaves. The two who had watched this happen, willing and unable to do anything about it. A man and a woman. The woman who had gotten a taste of the spice and had grown significantly, but was still utterly dwarfed by the princess. And the man. Lowly, weak, and small-minded. As all men were.

She was eager to have her fun with them, and was almost thankful to the late overseer, in a way. Without the dress to cover her nethers they glistened from her excitement under the hot sun, making her arousal obvious.

“And where do you think you’re going?” She asked, walking through the arena. She looked at the dead bodies littered around the place, making note of them so the gladiatrix could dispose of them later. She walked up to the opposite end of the arena, catching up to the small pair who stood near the entrance.

They looked to be trying to make their way out, but the gate was locked. THe only way through would be if the guards let them, or if someone much, much bigger smashed the gate down. Julia knew herself to be entirely capable of doing so, but the puny couple before her stood no chance unless they were willing to be besieged upon by a dozen armed guards.

“Cowards!” She shouted, her voice indignant. “Turn around and face your deaths willfully!”

Julia continued to walk up to the entryway, cornering the two slaves. Her pussy moistened at the idea of having her way with them… and the possibility of so much more.

“You’d need to be at least twice as big to make it through the guards on the other side of that gate.” Julia explained. “You may be strong now, but at your current size you would be skewered in an instant. If only you had… say, some of the spice I still had up on the balcony with me.”

As Julia taunted the pair, the gladiatrix’s ears twitched with recognition. Her limited mind struggled to make sense of what she’d just heard, honing in on the mention of more spice. She tried hard to focus as angry thoughts clouded her ability to think.

But she knew she had heard a mention of spice, and that Julia had brought it with her. She sniffed deeply, but couldn’t sense it anywhere. It had to be hidden.

And Julia knew where it was.

“Now, which of you do I play with first?”

Julia’s moment of triumph lasted but a second. The entire arena rumbled violently , and an immense presence was felt behind Julia. She turned to see the gladiatrix staring down at her, teeth bared. The princess’s face twisted into a mask of anger at the disobedience.

“STAY DOWN!” She shouted.

The gladiatrix didn’t listen.

“I ORDER YOU TO LEAVE!” She screamed, her voice filled with anger.

The giantess didn’t move.

Julia could feel her confidence waver. Already her pet had tried attacking her once, but after getting some of the spice she'd been more loyal! Unless…

She thought of how it was withholding the spice that had seemingly compelled her pet to attack earlier. How she didn't kill the female slave and instead dropped her once she had the wine on her tongue. How she honed in on the scent of it whenever it was nearby.

And how she had foolishly just mentioned having brought even *more* with her.

END OF
PART 5

RFD COMICS

ONE SUBSCRIPTION.
HUNDREDS OF GIANTESS COMICS.

PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG

OR GET INDIVIDUAL GIANTESS COMICS AT

GUMROAD.COM/REDFIREDOG

DELETED RENDER

RFD COMICS

TONS OF GREAT 3D GIANTESS COMICS!

PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG

GUMROAD.COM/REDFIREDOG