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Pax Romana

Livia's Coronation: The Final Chapter

Story and art by RedfiredOg



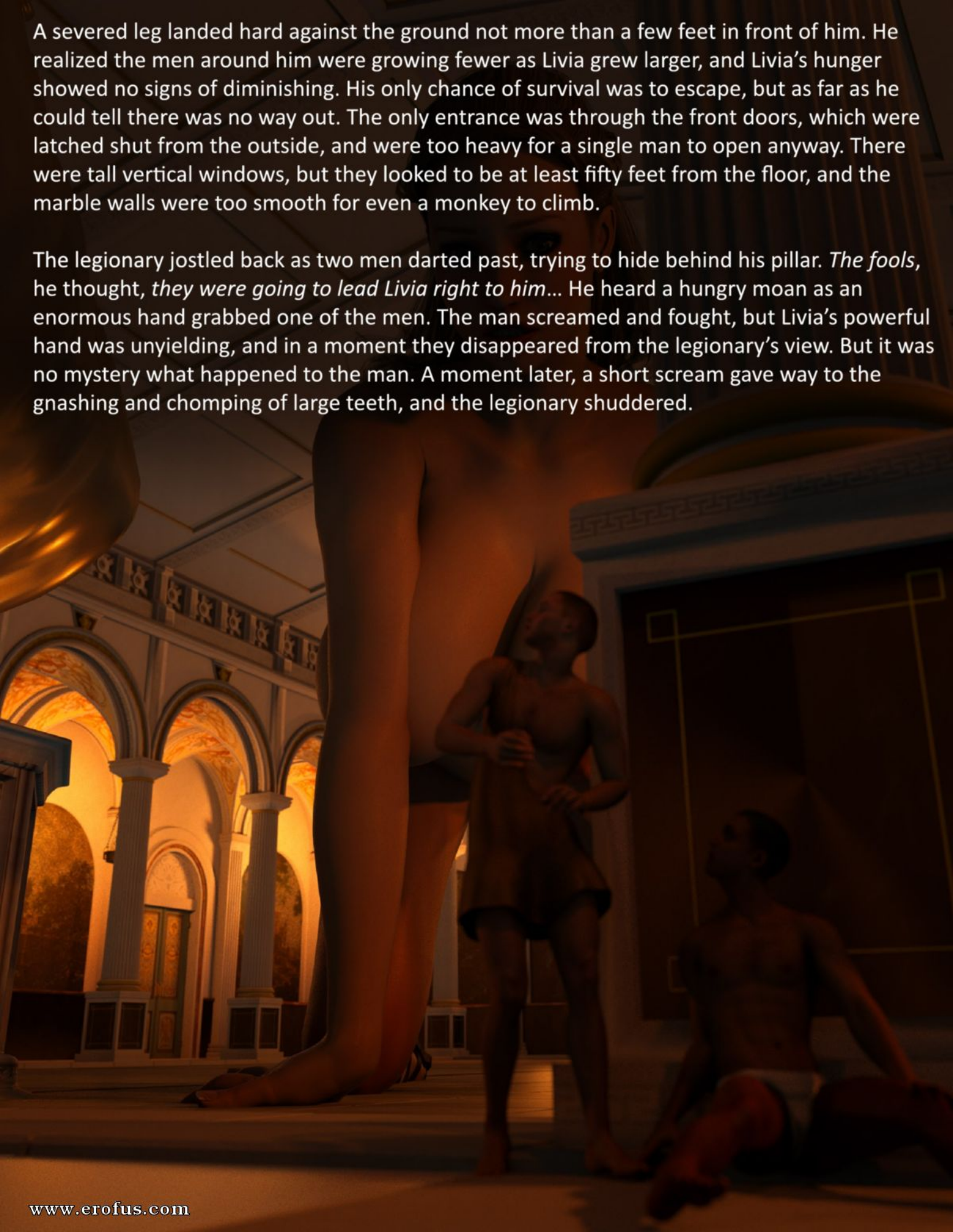
A disgraced legionary huddled in the corner, shrinking back fearfully behind a great marble column. This princess was proving to be every bit as rancorous as he'd heard the royal twins to be. He kept his eyes closed, though a part of him longed to see her; his fear overpowered his curiosity. But he could hear her, and he heard the sounds of slaughter echoing through the long temple hall: tearing flesh and cracking tile, cries for mercy and howls of pain cut short by the gnashing of teeth. Now and again he heard predatory cries so bestial, he had to remind himself that they were coming from a woman and not a beast.

He told himself he'd been through worse, not quite believing it. The legion he served in had been ambushed in not two weeks earlier. Hundreds of Roman legionaries had fallen around him. He didn't know see what had ambushed them; as soon as the fighting started, fear overtook him, and he found himself running until his legs failed him. It wasn't until hours later, when he was out of danger, that he regained some meager sense of duty. And so he made his way back to Rome, and told the Empress what had happened. And for his reward, he was brought to Livia's coronation, where he would be a part of her coronation feast. The Empress sometimes had an odd way of thanking people.

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A severed leg landed hard against the ground not more than a few feet in front of him. He realized the men around him were growing fewer as Livia grew larger, and Livia's hunger showed no signs of diminishing. His only chance of survival was to escape, but as far as he could tell there was no way out. The only entrance was through the front doors, which were latched shut from the outside, and were too heavy for a single man to open anyway. There were tall vertical windows, but they looked to be at least fifty feet from the floor, and the marble walls were too smooth for even a monkey to climb.

The legionary jostled back as two men darted past, trying to hide behind his pillar. *The fools*, he thought, *they were going to lead Livia right to him*... He heard a hungry moan as an enormous hand grabbed one of the men. The man screamed and fought, but Livia's powerful hand was unyielding, and in a moment they disappeared from the legionary's view. But it was no mystery what happened to the man. A moment later, a short scream gave way to the gnashing and chomping of large teeth, and the legionary shuddered.



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Another desperate man ran up to him, trying to hide behind the narrow pillar. It was scarcely wide enough to hide one man, let alone two. The legionary tried to signal the man away, but he soon realized it was no use. Trying to force the man away would be worse than useless, as any struggle would only help to catch Livia's attention. Instead, he stood there uncomfortably, as a man with crazed eyes breathed rapidly, his body pressed against the legionary.

"She saw me," the man said to himself. "She saw me--" and with that, a giant hand came reaching around the pillar. "Stay still," the legionary whispered to the other man. "Stay—" but it was too late. The hand fumbled around, grabbing at the crazy-eyed man. The madman's eyes went wide as the fingers slowly closed around him.



The legionary did his best to quiet his breathing, staying quiet and still, even as the enormous fingers grabbed the man in front of him. But just as the hand was about to close around the crazy-eyed man, the man struggled violently, and narrowly managed to squirm away. The hand felt its way around pillar, fingers brushing against the both of them. The legionary felt an enormous pinky finger brush against his leg, and for a moment he was sure she'd found him. But as the hand closed around the other man, pulling away, he breathed a silent sigh of relief.

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His relief was short lived, though. He could hear the screams of the other man as Livia took him, begging for her to take someone, anyone else. “Gah! Please, don’t kill me! There’s another man behind that pillar! Take him instead!”

Without thinking, the legionary peeked around the corner. He saw Livia swallowing the man whole, head first. Then, he something far more terrifying two plate-like eyes staring back at him. He scurried back behind the pillar, but he now knew: *She had seen him. It was too late.*

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Not more than a few seconds later the legionary felt another hand wrapped around his body. She saw me, he realized as the powerful fingers closed around him, but it was too late to do anything now. The soldier looked up with awe at Livia's incredible body, and at her marvelous face, a face consumed with hunger.

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He knew from watching the others how useless it was to fight against her, not that he'd ever been much of a fighter anyway. He closed his eyes, knowing that he'd die as a sacrifice to the new Goddess, as had so many others. And he felt two enormous lips engulf his body, a wet tongue rubbing against his skin, before he slid down her throat and his his vision went black.

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Livia woke up the next morning in a cold sweat. Sunlight filtered down through slits in the high ceiling of the enormous temple. Her temple, she realized. She sat up, looking around. The temple was empty, eerily so. The night before was a haze, but Livia remembered that there had been hundreds of people crowding the temple. Now there was no one… *Did I really… All of them?* She rubbed her stomach… it didn't feel particularly full. But then she felt her hips, and realized what had happened: she'd already digested them. Her body had grown bigger, her curves thicker… *More power… but at what cost?* She forced herself to say, out of obligation more than anything. She knew she should feel some kind of remorse, a pang of guilt for having caused so much violence. Yet in the bright morning light, she felt nothing, save the pure, refreshed feeling of waking after a good sleep.

Here and there were tattered bits of clothing, a sandal here, a torn robe there. There was scarcely any blood, besides the blood that stained the tattered clothes. And what blood there was one the smooth tiles had been badly smeared. *I must have licked it off*, she realized. And she realized something else: she had grown even more than she remembered. The once enormous temple seemed cramped now. The floor beneath her had sunken into the ground, and many of the tiles had splintered. Sitting down, she gazed up at the golden statue of herself, which had towered over her the night before, and realized that she must be taller than it now. Livia wasn't even sure if she could stand up in the temple any more, and the entryway door that had seemed so enormous earlier now seemed so small that she wasn't sure if she could fit through it.

She crawled towards the entrance of the temple, stone tiles cracking under her knees and knuckles. Making her way to the door, she shoved the heavy wooden doors open as if they were nothing, letting in the blinding light of the morning sun. Indeed, the doorway was too small for her now… but there was no other way out, and she couldn't very well spend the rest of her life inside of the temple.



Squinting her eyes, she pressed forward. As her eyes adjusted, she saw that there were guards standing in front of the doorway. A dozen or so guards; aside from them, the square looked to be empty. They stared up at her, eyes wide open, their jaws dropping clear out of their helmets. “My goddess,” one of them said, as he stared up at her body. Livia glanced down at herself, suddenly remembering that she was naked.

“I--oh... I,“She stammered for a moment, before remembering her position and assuming a more regal bearing. “Guards, you stare upon the body of a goddess. Need I remind you what the punishment is for such actions?”

The guards suddenly turned their heads down, gazing at their own feet. “N-no, my Goddess.” one of them said. “Please, forgive us!” cried another.

“I will consider sparing you this time, but to stare upon my body without permission is a capital crime. I will not tolerate such disrespect in the future.” Livia looked across the shamed soldiers. It was hard to make out their faces behind their helmets, but they looked young and fit, and attractive enough. “Now if I grant you permission, that’s another matter entirely... But I digress. Clear out of the way, I’m coming through!”

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The guards scrambled away, ducking to the sides of the doorway. Livia was started to feel claustrophobic in the now-cramped temple, and she wasted no time making her way through the narrow temple doorway. But her hips had grown too wide for the door frame, and she found herself stuck. She pushed forward, thrusting her hips through forcefully, stones bursting from the wall and shattering the thin marble facade, yet she still had not yet broken through. Livia swung her hips into the air, knocking down much of the temple's front wall in the process.

One of the guards, hearing the commotion, decided to ignore orders and see what was going on. He had been hiding behind the tall temple doors with some of the other guards, but he ran in front of the doorway to survey the scene and make sure Livia was unharmed. He ran out just in time to see Livia tumbling forward, her chest swinging through the air. Her enormous, naked breasts flew up in the air, swinging like pendulums as her body flew towards him. Finally, her huge breasts landed hard against the ground, slamming into the tile just in front of him. The impact sent dust into the air. The guard stared up in awe, mouth agape. Had her breasts gone a few feet farther, he would have been crushed as flat as the tiles he stood on.

Livia opened her eyes. To her annoyance, she saw the guard staring up at her breasts. "What did I say about viewing my body without permission? You're lucky I'm a merciful goddess."

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Livia didn't notice the other, less fortunate guard, whose lower body had been crushed under her enormous breast. The ill-fated guard, with his last bit of energy, tried to call out, but the wind has been pressed out from his lungs.

The other guard staggered back. "Yes, of course, you are truly merciful," the lucky guard said, as he got back on his feet. The guard backed slowly away, saying nothing, and trying not to look as the crushed guard bled out. He knew better than to contradict a woman who had just killed someone with their breast, accident or no.

Livia knelt up, unaware of the blood that now covered her left tit. She rose, placing her left hand on the tall temple door to steady herself. But the huge doors were now swinging on their hinges, having been all but thrown aside moments earlier by Livia's hips. As she leaned on it, the heavy door detached from the wall completely, slamming hard onto the ground. Several guards, who had been standing behind the door, jumped out of the way just in time. One of them, however, was not so lucky. The door slammed onto the ground, crushing him flat under its weight.

Livia turned in shock, horrified by how easy it was to crush a man by accident. If anything, she was lucky it had been just the one. If the other men didn't have such quick reflexes, they could have been flattened as well. Blood ran down the crevices, flowing between the tiles, and Livia simply stared, before she snapped back to her sense. Looking at the other guards, who were still trembling, she realized that she should say something. "I'm sorry..."

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“Sorry about what?” A pleasant female voice interrupted her. It was Anastasia, rounding the corner. She walked across the fallen door, ignoring the little guards who stood in her way. They lept out of the way, avoiding her steps. She gazed up at Livia, a smile creeping across her face.

“The door… I crushed one of the guards…”

“Oh, my goddess, don’t worry about that! You killed far more last night, but that’s not worth troubling yourself over either. You are what matters… Look at yourself! You’ve grown huge, and you look like a true goddess now! Not even Cybele herself grew so large on her Coronation! We’ll have to widen that doorway… Not that you’ll be expected to show up there anyway, except for the major feasts. Of course, you’re welcome to stop by anytime, if you want to accept tribute from your worshipers. Or not at all, if it pleases you. All is for your pleasure.

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‘You woke up earlier than I anticipated. Usually so much Red Wine will give you something of a hangover if you’re not used to it. Speaking of which, I wonder how your sister is doing...”

“My sister?” Livia said to herself. Of course, how could she forget about her sister? As huge as Livia had grown, Julia must have grown even bigger. Dread once more overcame Livia, as she pictured her sister smashing through the roof of her temple, laughing madly as she revealed her enormous size.



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As if caused by Livia's thoughts, a clamour rang out from Julia's temple. Livia craned her neck, but she couldn't tell what was going on inside of the other building. A moment later, a small woman walked timidly through the crack between the huge doors. The woman stared at Livia, gazing at her with wide eyes. Then, loud footsteps. Julia's. The guards standing outside of Julia's temple backed away in fear. The footsteps stopped, and the doors opened wider. Livia grimaced in anticipation, wondering how huge her sister must be now. She pictured Julia as a hulking monstrosity, smashing down the temple as she made her way through those doors.

Julia's voice carried far, when she wanted it to, and Livia could make out her words without too much trouble. "So much blood everywhere… Must have been one hell of a night. Shame I can't remember any of it. How many jars of wine did I drink, slave? Well?"

"Oh? Yes, the wine." the tiny woman looked flustered by Julia's question. In fact, she looked flustered in general. "At least t-ten gallons," she stammered, "I'm sure."

"Ten? Do you doubt me, slave? It must have been twenty, easy."

"Oh… I'm sorry, your grace. Please forgive me."

"And how many men did I devour?"

"Perhaps ten, or fifteen… I mean, more than I could count, your grace. And you crushed far more."

"You know, slave, you look rather tasty yourself…"

"I beg your mercy… But, if… if that is your will, so be it--"

“I’ll save you for later, but first, let’s see how little sister is doing. The little bitch probably didn’t even finish her wine, I doubt she’s grown at all. I can’t wait to see how pathetic she looks now! But… fuck, there’s nothing worse than the morning sun after a bad hangover. Alright, here goes…”

Finally, the doors swung wide open, and Livia couldn’t believe her eyes. Julia, nude, walked out the the double doors, barely bending over to make her way through the tall doorframes. Her body was all but caked in dried blood, but her face and hair were conspicuously clean. She was scarcely any bigger than she had been before; still huge by a normal man’s standards, but no more than forty feet tall. She made her way outside, stretching out her arms as she walked slowly, her feet coming close to landing on several of her guards as she walked. “Aah, good morning… sister?”



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Julia's gaze turned towards Livia. She stared in disbelief, her mouth wide open. "How did you… you freak! You… This is all wrong! This is all… WRONG!"

Julia turned towards a cluster of her guards, who were cowering together. She grabbed two of them, picking them up. She squeezed both of them as hard as she could, crushing them as blood ran between her fingers. Then, enraged, she threw their bodies at the floor. One of her other guards was backing away. With a single step, she came down upon him, crushing him under her bare foot.

Julia breathed deeply, suppressing her deep rage. She turned towards Livia, doing her best to calm herself. Julia's guards trembled, and her tiny "slave" woman was shaking more than any of them.



“Livia.” she said, malice dripping from her words. “I didn’t think you’d have the stomach for killing. It looks like you had some fun with the men, yes? Well don’t think this means you’re not still weak.” Julia made her way towards Livia, all but shaking with anger.

Livia didn’t know what to say, what to do. She tried to compose herself. “Perhaps I’m not as weak as you think I am, sister.” Words that Livia didn’t believe. For the first time, her sister didn’t tower over her. She was the strong one now. And yet, as large as she had become, she still feared her sister. Julia was still walking towards her, clearly overtaken with terrifying anger. Livia wanted to cower away, to beg her sister for forgiveness. But she told herself that the dynamic had shifted. She would stand up to Julia, now.

Livia lifted herself up. She felt uncertain at first; her body was so much more massive now. Every small motion seemed huge, and carried far larger momentum than she was used to. But slowly, as the tile cracked beneath her, Livia made her way to her feet, and she gazed with amazement down at the world around her.

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Julia seemed almost tiny now. A third of Livia's height, perhaps less. Julia was like a child to her. A forty-foot child, but a child nonetheless. And yet that "child" was deeply cruel, and knew precisely how to manipulate Livia's emotions.

"You freak," said Julia, staring up at her sister angrily. "You useless, worthless bitch. How dare you try to do this to me. How dare you try to take away my birthright! As if mother would be foolish enough to make you her heir, just because you had some growth spurt."

Julia eyed several of Livia's guards, then looked back up at Livia with malice. She stepped forward with heavy footsteps. Livia was frozen, stammering. She couldn't hurt her sister, not unless she wanted to provoke far worse. Julia wasn't bigger than her anymore, but she was still stronger in other ways. Stronger, and crueler. Even if Julia couldn't hurt Livia directly anymore, there were still other people Julia could hurt. People Livia cared about.

Livia backed up, until she found herself butting into the front of her temple. She turned back to her sister. "Julia, I don't want to fight you. But..."



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“But what, you bitch?” Julia stepped up towards Livia. One of Livia’s guards ran up to defend his goddess, stepping in front of Julia. Without a second thought, Julia swiftly kicked him in the stomach, breaking his spine and throwing him into the temple wall.

Julia grabbed a piece of the door that had broken off, a long, sharp section that was the size of a dagger to her. She waved it around wildly, jabbing the air with it. “You stay away from my birthright, you cunt!”

“No, you stay away!” The warning came not from Livia, but from Anastasia, who stood her ground between Livia’s legs. Julia stared down, her mind racing, unable to respond. “Do not speak that way to my Goddess!”

Julia knelt down to meet Anastasia closer to her own level. “So, you’re Livia’s new High Priestess, are you? Well, I guess you’re going the one fighting Livia’s battles from now on. Well, let me tell you how things work. You do not speak to me as an equal. You do not order me around. And if you do, you’ll die like every other worthless piece of shit who insulted me!”



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“You will not speak that way to MY servants!” Livia was suddenly animated by rage of her own, which had finally overtaken her fear. “How dare you kill one of my guards! I’d return the favor on your guards, If you weren’t so indifferent to the lives of everyone except yourself. So instead, I’ll give you a choice. You can leave, now, or I’ll be forced to defend myself.”

Julia stood up defiantly, with an expression that betrayed just a bit of fear.

“I said NOW!” Livia stomped on the ground next to Julia. The ground shook, sending a shockwave through the city square. Julia stumbled back, her balance thrown off. She fell onto her feet.

Julia dusted herself off, and stood up, doing her best to look tough. “You get too upset. Calm down, sister. It’s all in good sport, remember?” And with a menacing grin, she turned and walked off.





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