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Aaaagh!!!

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Well, Aureus, it looks like it's your lucky day. Can you hear that? Those barely audible, muffled screams coming from my belly? I ate a slave just a few minutes ago, swallowed him whole. I can feel him wriggling around in my stomach, still fighting to breathe...
If I was a better aim, and a bit more sober, you'd be suffocating with him in my stomach. Instead, you're wedged between my tits! And I'd say that you must be feeling very comfortable indeed, if that teensy little pinprick I feel on my left breast is any indication...
Yeah, so, about that...
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That's really not very considerate of you, slave. First you wedge yourself, naked, between my delicate little breasts, without even asking my permission. Then you dare to prick me with your little cock?
I could crush you right now as punishment. Squish you into goo between my tits, like the disobedient little slave you are. It does sound like a pleasant idea, squishing your little body between my tits... But you do speak Latin, and I could use some company, what with my wife out of town for the night...
Ugh! Too tight... Can't breathe...
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I have a better idea. You know, you're kind of cute... I think I'm going to have some fun with you. And some of the other slaves... Well, they might not be so lucky...
Ulp...
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What's wrong? Do you think I'm ugly? Am I not hot enough for you, little slave?
Of course not, mistress. It's just that, well, I'd been planning on surviving the night on one piece...
Oh, don't be such a pussy. I'm sure the experience will be every bit as enjoyable for you as it will be for me.
You're about to have the best night of your life. And if you're lucky, you might even survive the experience.
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Oh god... I'm taking things too fast again, aren't I?
I do this every time... One minute, I meet someone, and the next minute I'm shoving someone I barely know into one of my orifaces... I need to slow down. Savor the little things, instead of rushing for the big finish...
Let's retire to somewhere a bit more intimate. The great hall, beautiful as it is, isn't exactly what you'd call private. We'll take things slow, drink some wine, eat some slaves... Well, I will, anyway.
mmmmmph...
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Gasp
I can...
gasp finally...
breathe...
Oh, was I suffocating you? I must have gotten carried away, I didn't even notice.
I swear, I lose more slaves that way... Next time, say something, okay?
I did!
I begged you to let me go! I was screaming as loud as I could!
Oh... Well, I guess that over the years I've gotten used to tuning out screams of mortal terror.
Try not to die, will you?. It's always a shame, to lose a good slave before you're done with them...
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Ugh!
CRUNCH

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Now who to crush first?
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CRUNCH


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CRUNCH
CRUNCH

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Shit, looks like I might've squished him! Damn it, I swear this happens every time I get a decent slave....
Hey, Aureus? You still alive under there? My tits weren't too much for you, were they?
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Ugh.. Kind... of...
Good, I was starting to wonder what I'd do for entertainment!
I'm glad you're alive, but do try and be more careful next time, will you? These things can be a bit dangerous... as you may have noticed.

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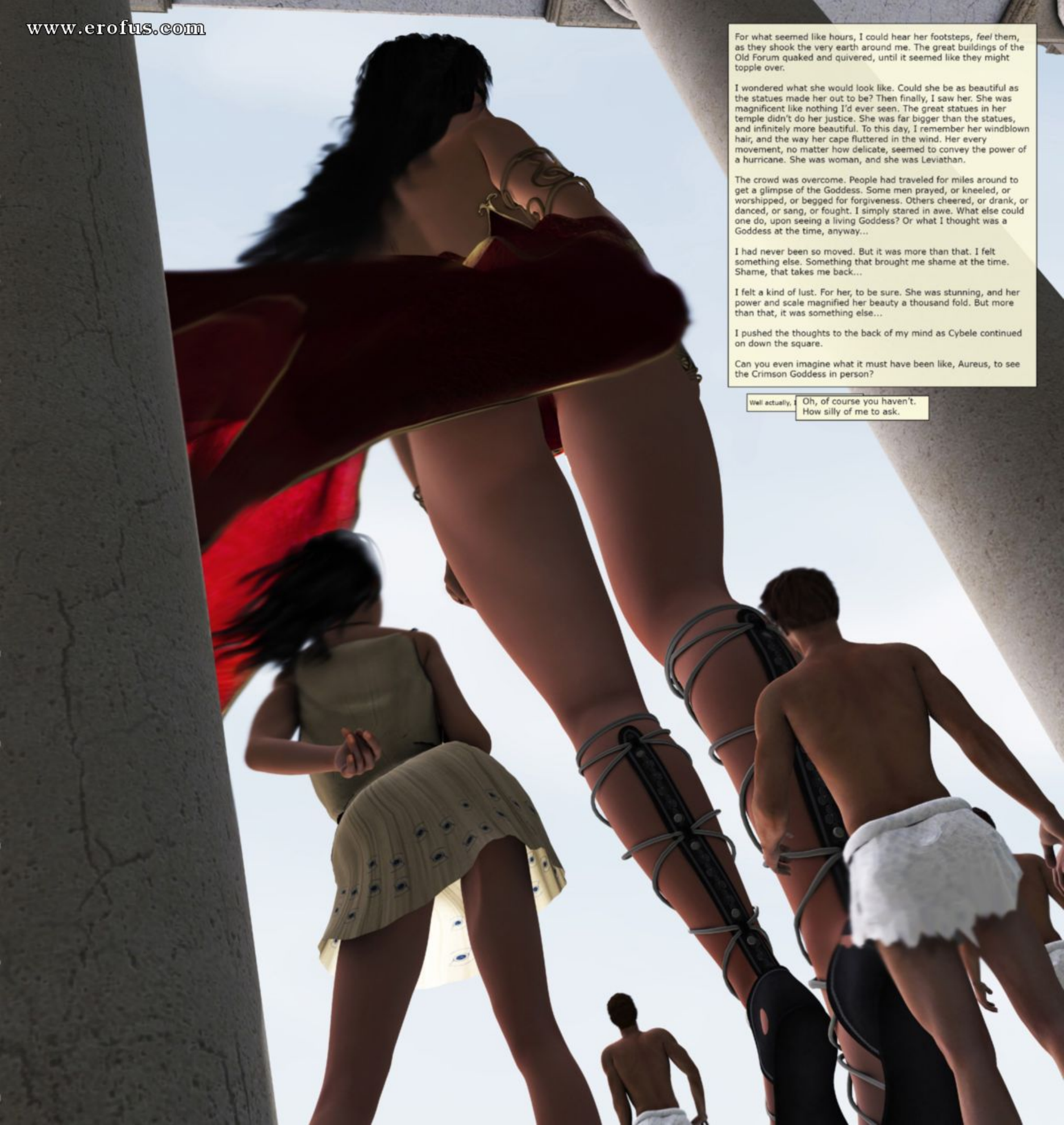
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It was Cybele's first public appearance in what seemed like ages. The streets were crowded, full of ecstatic onlookers, noblewomen and slaves, all together. I dressed in the best middle-class fineries I had, and I even took my slaves with me to the outing. At the time, my family could only afford a few dozen slaves. How times have changed...

Most of the crowd had never before glimsed the Empress. I'd never seen her before, but I'd heard the stories from the priestesses. They said that she was the only daughter born of Juno, the first goddess. That she was powerful, and righteous, and smote the wicked, and derserved endless worship. And I believed it. Every bit of it. Like the good little girl I was.



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The crowd soon grew out of control. Men spilled onto the streets, as fights and mad revelry broke out. There were dozens of men in Cybele's path, not more than a few strides away, and yet she simply marched on, never bothering to look down at the little men in front of her.

Each step brought her nearer to the crowds, until she was but a single step away from them. Most of the crowd scampered out of the way, just in time; but dead in the middle of the street were two quarreling drunks, too concerned with themselves to notice that the leviathan above them.

Then suddenly, the two of them looked up in awe and saw her. Terrified, they tried to flee, but it was too late. I still remember the looks on their scared little faces. One of them was lucky, the other... less so. A moment later, her foot came down upon him, and it was over. Killed by am act of god... a god who couldn't even be bothered to step out of the way.



I watched, mouth agape, as the little helot was crushed like a bug under her sandal. It was the first time I had seen a man die. Perhaps it should have filled me with fear, or shock, or horror. And I did feel those emotions, just a bit... but they were overpowered by something else.

It's hard to put into words, but there was something about the way she did it... her power, and her nonchalance. The ease at which she dominated him, crushing him as if he were an insect, so insignificent she scarcely even noticed him under her feet...

The Empress never paused. She simply kept walking at the same pace, still swaying her hips as she slinked along. Except something about her was different. Though she tried to hide it, I knew somehow that she was smiling.

I had lived a sheltered life up to that point. I had heard stories about what happened in the Palace, but I assumed they were just that: stories. And now I saw firsthand the cruel indifference that true power brought. I felt horrible, and yet that only made the feelings all the more impossible to ignore. Transgressive pleasures are always the best pleasures, aren't they?

I didn't want to just bask in Cybele's power; I wanted that kind of power for myself, like nothing else I had wanted before. I wanted to treat men like toys, to use them for my pleasure, and discard them when I was done with them. I wanted to feel like a goddess.



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Right then, I grabbed the nearest slave and used him to pleasure myself. I held him down, and made him suck on my pussy.
I told the slave not to stop until I told him to stop. I was insatiable; He sucked my clit for what felt like hours. There were hundreds of people all around me, just staring at me, but I didn't care.
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I was in ecstasy. The slave would gasp for air now and again, and I usually let him have it, but he never stopped sucking my clit. I must have came a thousand times, and when it was over, I wanted more.

I'd never truly dominated someone before, not even a slave. It was like a drug, better than a drug. That feeling of complete power, it was like nothing I'd ever experience before. I wanted more. I needed more.





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Well? Make up your mind!
Aaah!!!


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"So," the giantess asked, "how do you want me to do it? I could swallow him, or sit on him, or smash him between my--oops!"

The thief slipped out of her hand and tumbled into the woman's cleavage. Her enormous breasts dwarfed the tiny thief.

Aurueus got a mischevious look on his face. "Well, *those* would certainly do the trick."

"Yes *they* would," she said hungrily.





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The thief struggled and squirmed, but it was no use. The giantess effortlessly held him in place with her enormous, heavy breasts. The slave called out for mercy in a strange tongue, but his terrified pleas only served to amuse the giantess.

"What's wrong, thief," she mocked, "do you not want to end up as a red stain between my tits? Then maybe you worthless little slaves shouldn't have tried to steal my jewlery! I'm going to press my soft, delicate little breasts together, harder and harder, until you splatter all over my chest. It's so easy, and so satisfying...

I can't even count how many slaves I've killed this way. Hundreds? Thousands, maybe? Say what you will about foreign slaves, you things are fun to kill, you're cute, and you're cheap. What more could a girl ask for on a lonely night?"

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The giantess pressed her breasts tighter together. Her gigantic breasts rolled over the thief, enveloping him, until his body seemed to disappear beneath her. His face vanished under her soft breasts, smothering him and muffling his screams.

The giantess squeezed her arms together, feeling the power as her heavy breasts rolled over the slave, cutting off his air supply, slowly crushing him. She could let him die like this, slowly, painfully... but where was the fun in that? No, she would squeeze tighter, so that his blood would splatter across her chest. But that didn't mean she had to rush things. She took it slowly for a moment, savored the powerlessness of the slave, and how complete her control over him was.


Few things pleased the giantess more than killing slaves with her huge, soft breasts. She wanted to savor the experience, to draw it out for as long as she could... but patience wasn't one of her virtues. No, she wanted to feel the satisfaction of crushing him, and she wanted to feel it now.
She pressed her breasts together, tighter and tighter, until it was almost painful. She could feel bones cracking, but she needed more. She pressed as hard as she could.
The force was enough to destroy the tiny thief in an instant. He let out a scream, but it was quickly cut short. Blood sprayed in all directions, splattering across the giantess's enormous breasts.
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It was done. At last, she was satisfied. The thief was no more, reduced to the nothingness that he deserved. She sighed with relief, enjoying the pleasant sensation of warm blood running between her cleavage. Then she remembered the other slave, the one who was watching her. Aureus.
"Well, slave," she said, not bothering to look up at him. "How did you like seeing me crush another little slave between my tits? Did it get your little dick hard?"
"Well, yeah. Wow. That... That was incredible."
"To say the least." The giantess relaxed her arms, letting her breasts fall back to her sides.


Aureus saw the slave, or what was left of him. He was barely recognizable, a broken, bloodied mess. It was strange, to think that something so beautiful could cause such destruction, that something that was supposed to give life could cause such a violent death. And how quickly he could meet the same fate, if his capricious captor decided she didn't like him anymore. He tried to push these thoughts out of his mind.
"So," said the giantess, "that was a nice appetizer, but now I'm hungry for the main course. I'll take you back to my private quarters. I have some wine there, a good vintage. Not to mention plenty of slaves and food... but I repeat myself.
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"Your private quarters? I should be so lucky. I can't wait to see what you have prepared. But I was thinking, before that, maybe you could clean off..."
"Clean off? Are you calling me dirty, you pitiful little slave?"
"No, of course not, I just meant you could clean off the blood--"
"Then mind your tongue, unless you want to end up as another blood splatter on my chest. But I suppose you're right. Yes, I'll rinse down on the way back. If nothing else, I should take care of... this." She picked up the dead slave from between her cleavage, tossing him aside.
"Now let's go. I have so many things I want to do tonight..."
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