



THE BRIDE

J. D. Tufts



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This particular story was inspired by coming across the Chinese bodybuilder, martial artist, and cosplayer Yuan Herong. I quickly became obsessed with this beautiful and amazing woman, and so I created a story for her. In a perfect world, I would have been able to use an image of Yuan Herong for the cover of this story, but because that was impossible I had to settle for an image that was less than perfect for what I wanted to portray. Images of Yuan Herong can be found on the internet however, and since this story was directly inspired by her, I wanted to share that inspiration with my audience who may not be familiar with this incredible muscular goddess.

“I never thought I would be divorced,” Donald was saying. He had just gotten divorced at the age of thirty-five after seven years of marriage. “I gave Deena everything and none of it made her happy. We have two wonderful kids and she wants to throw it all away.”

“I told you that she was trouble when you first started dating,” his friend Jimmy answered. The two were at the bar of one of the hotels that Donald owned. Jimmy had come right away when Donald’s divorce was final, and he needed a shoulder to cry on.

“You did say she was trouble,” Donald agreed. “Thank God for the prenuptial agreement. I’m still getting screwed in child support, but that will at least go away when the kids turn eighteen.”

“You always go for the wrong kind of women, Don,” Jimmy was saying. “I’ve been telling you that since we were kids.”

“You got lucky with Mei, that’s for sure,” Donald said.

“Luck had nothing to do with it. I married her because she came to this country at sixteen. She was raised in a traditional Chinese family. They still know how to teach a girl to please her husband. American women get told the exact opposite.”

Donald laughed. “I dated an Asian chick in college. That was not my experience.”

“I didn’t say date an Asian chick. I said you need to date a traditional Chinese girl, somebody who was raised in China.”

“Well, good luck finding one of those,” Donald said as he drank his beer.

“I know somebody who can help you,” Jimmy said. “I’ll have her give you a call.”

“One of Mei’s friends?” Donald asked.

“Nothing like that,” Jimmy said. “They call her a marriage broker.”

Donald got a call from the marriage broker the next day while he was at work. His secretary told him that a Ms. Diaz was on the line, and that she was a friend of James Freeman. “Put her through,” Donald said.

“Mr. MacLeod, I was told you were looking for a wife,” Ms. Diaz said. From her voice Donald would have guessed she was roughly sixty.

“That isn’t completely accurate. I just got rid of one. I am back on the market however.”

Ms. Diaz laughed. “Well, I can definitely help you if you would like to arrange a meeting.”

“Sure, why not?” Donald said. “Would you be free tomorrow?”

She was, and he scheduled a meeting with Ms. Diaz right after lunch. She was in his office waiting for him when he got back. He was right about Ms. Diaz’s age, but he could also tell that when she was younger, she had been an exceptional beauty.

“Mr. Freeman told me that he thought you might be interested in Chinese girls, but I also have girls from Ukraine, Russia and South America.”

Donald nodded his head. “I’ll take a look at what you have.”

Ms. Diaz passed him an enormous binder. He started to leaf through it.

He started with the women from South America. All of them were pretty, and the Brazilian women were especially so. They all had some information about them, and a few pictures. Donald noticed there was a section on each of them on their language proficiency.

“Do these woman speak English?” he asked.

“All of them speak some English,” Ms. Diaz said.

As Donald kept flipping through the women, he took some paperclips from his desk and marked the pages he found especially interesting. He marked three Brazilian women and a Chilean woman, all four of which spoke, “Intermediate English.”

The Russian and Ukrainian women also included a few that peeked his interest, and he marked them too, but they also all said that they spoke intermediate English. He had marked ten women before he got into the Chinese girls. While many of them were definitely cute, he found that none of them were really speaking to him, until he came to a page of a woman named Lian.

Donald thought Lian was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She looked like a porcelain doll with the most hypnotic eyes he had ever gazed at, and this was just from a picture. She had three pictures, two that were headshots, and the other a casual picture where she was dressed in bulky clothing, but he knew he wanted to meet her.

Looking at her information he was delighted to see that it said she was fluent in English, and that she was twenty-four years old. Another stat made him pause. Under height it said she was five-foot-two, but her weight was listed at one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

Donald studied her third picture again. Could she be hiding some weight under those clothes. The slightness of her frame made this seem impossible to him. She looked so small and delicate. He assumed that the weight must be some kind of mistake caused by a mistranslation from the metric system.

Donald turned to Ms. Diaz and handed her the binder. “I want her,” he said.

Ms. Diaz was taken aback. “The next step will be to open communication with the girls. I can arrange video sessions with as many girls as you want.”

“Just her,” Donald said.

There was a long silence. “I must tell you that the girls make the final decision. If they decide they want to marry you I will arrange everything for a fee. We haven’t even discussed price yet.”

“If it gets me that girl its worth any price you ask,” Donald said.

On Saturday morning, Ms. Diaz set up a video chat with Donald and Lian. With the time difference, Donald had to get up very early, and fortunately it was not his weekend with the kids, so he could schedule his life around the video call. Waiting for Lian to appear, Donald was very nervous. When she finally appeared on the computer screen he was overwhelmed by her beauty. Somehow, she looked even more stunning than her picture.

“Hello Lian,” Donald said awkwardly. “I’m Donald, nice to meet you.”

Lian giggled. “Nice to meet you too, Donald. Sorry, if my English is not so good.”

“Your English is fine,” Donald said. He could understand her perfectly despite her accent. “How long have you been speaking it?”

“I learned English while very young, in school. I don’t get a lot of time to speak it, so I worry about how my words make sense.”

Donald found her charming immediately. “You sound wonderful, Lian,” he said. “Lian is such a beautiful name.”

“It means Lotus in English,” Lian said. “Like the flower.”

“That’s appropriate,” Donald said. “You look like a lovely little flower.” Lian blushed immediately. “I’m sorry if I embarrassed you,” Donald said.

“Is okay,” Lian responded. “Nobody has ever said anything like that to me before.”

“I find that hard to believe,” Donald said. “Haven’t your boyfriends said things like that to you?”

Lian blushed again but not as dramatically. “I haven’t had any boyfriends,” she said. “No men. You would be my first.”

Donald could hardly believe what he had just heard. Did Lian just say that she was a virgin? There was a thrill in that he couldn’t describe, but he didn’t want to continue the subject if that embarrassed her.

“Why do you want to come to America?” Donald asked her.

Lian’s face lit up. “I have always loved America. I’ve wanted to visit since I was a little girl, it would be a dream to live there.” Here she paused for a moment and then blushed again slightly. “It would be a dream to marry a handsome American man.”

Donald could hardly believe it. The most beautiful woman in the world had just called him handsome. Not directly, but in her own way. He was already swooning over her.

The conversation continued for five hours and would have gone on longer but Lian was very tired. It was very late at night in China by the time they finished. The two talked about a variety of things. Lian was very intelligent, and she knew much about the arts, politics, history, and even science. Donald could hardly believe his luck.

Once they arranged a second conversation Donald knew he wanted to pop the question. Two hours into his second video chat he asked Lian, “Do you want to marry me?”

“Yes,” she said, and he could see the excitement and relief in her eyes. “I wanted to marry you the first time we talked. I was hoping you would choose me.”

“You’re the only girl I talked to,” Donald said.

“Really?” Lian asked. “How do you know you are sure?”

“I knew it when I first saw your profile in the book Ms. Diaz gave me,” Donald said. “Now let’s start making plans.”

The two discussed her journey to the United States and living conditions once she was there. One thing that Lian insisted on was a gym membership. “Exercise is very important to me,” she said.

“There is a gym in my building where I live in Manhattan,” Donald told her. “It is a very fancy place. I have a feeling you’re going to love it.” He wanted to spoil this woman, and to give her all the things she ever wanted.

Immediately Donald told Ms. Diaz of his decision. She seemed surprised but also delighted at how quickly he had become taken with Lian. Donald paid her the fee, and she began to make arrangements for Lian to enter the US. With her assurances of a timeline, Donald began to plan the wedding.

Donald continued to talk to Lian as much as possible, and nothing about their interactions made him feel his decision was being hasty. The more he talked to her, the more captivated he became with her beauty, and the more impressed he became with her intelligence and sense of humor. He could not remember ever dating a woman who could pull him into a conversation the way she could. He knew it was very fast, but he was falling in love.

It took almost a month for Ms. Diaz to get approval for Lian’s visa, and by then

Donald ached to be close to his soon to be bride. “It is so strange to miss somebody so much who I haven’t even met,” he said to her.

“I feel the same way,” she said. “I never thought that I could find such an amazing man.” Donald felt that he was floating on air.

Finally, Lian came to the US. The wedding was planned for the following week, because Ms. Diaz has assured him that it would take no more than five weeks for Lian to enter the country. Donald wanted them to be married as soon as possible, so he had taken the gamble on the wedding.

It would be a small ceremony, with just some friends and close family. Lian had told him that she had no family in China, her parents dying when she was very young, and there being nobody else to look after her but her grandmother, who had passed away a few years ago.

Her first night in the country Donald took Lian to dinner. This was their first real meeting, with Donald coming to the hotel that Ms. Diaz had set up for her. Lian came out in a traditional Chinese dress, bright green. It covered all of her body, but still showed off her figure.

“I’ve waited so long to meet you,” Lian said when he first came to her room.

“It’s felt like forever,” he answered.

After dinner he dropped her off. Donald knew it was old-fashioned, but they

would wait to consummate the union until after the wedding. He settled for their first kiss, a very chaste meeting of their lips, that nonetheless sent an excitement through him like he had never felt before.

The next night, they went to dinner again, and Donald introduced Lian to his children, both of whom would be in the wedding. Again, she wore a dress that covered her body, which Donald chalked up to her modesty.

The children absolutely loved her, and he seemed to like them as well. Donald dropped her off again that evening, and again they shared a sweet kiss. “I hope I can be a good stepmother,” Lian said.

The rest of the week was exactly the same. They would have dinner and Lian would greet him in a modest dress that covered most of her body. Again, they would share a chaste kiss. When the wedding came, it was the first time that Donald had seen her dress. She had cloaked herself in a traditional Chinese dress that covered all of her, and at the alter they shared another innocent kiss.

Donald’s desire for Lian had been growing out of control because he had so little outlet of it. The reception was a blur to him because he just wanted to get away with his wife. Finally, it ended, and he whisked her away to his penthouse apartment. Once they were at the door, he decided on one more tradition.

When he opened the door Lian almost stepped though, but Donald stopped her. “Wait,” he said. “I want to carry you over the threshold.”

Lian looked immediately alarmed by this. “No,” she said, and placed her hands gently on Donald’s shoulders.

Donald ignored her, and he stopped down to try and lift her. At five-foot-eleven inches, Donald was much taller than Lian, and so he had to bend way down. It was when he tried to get back up that he started to have a problem.

Donald grunted and heaved Lian. He was surprised how hard the back of her thighs felt, and something else seemed off as well, but he had little time to think about it. As he tried to lift her up, he almost toppled over, and ended up setting her back down.

For a moment, they both looked embarrassed, but it was Lian who spoke first. “I am much heavier than I look,” she said. “Last time I weighed myself I weighed almost eighty kilograms.”

Donald blinked for a moment. “I’m sorry, is that a lot?” he asked.

Lian giggled. “It is over one-hundred-and-seventy-five pounds,” she said. “I forget that Americans use that system.”

“One-hundred-and seventy-five pounds?” Donald exclaimed in shock. He looked at his tiny new wife in her wedding dress. She looked so slim and delicate. He couldn’t believe it. “How is that possible?”

Lina giggled again. “I think it will become clear very soon,” she teased. “Why don’t you show me the apartment?”

Donald gave Lian a quick tour of her new home, and explained to her where things were, though he also told her that if she wanted to rearrange anything they could discuss it. The place was quite large, so it took a while, but it ended in the bedroom.

“Now, I think it is time for me to show you,” Lian said with another giggle. Donald was standing by the bed, and she playfully pushed him down onto it. Donald was amazed by the strength with which she was able to move him, but he thought that it was probably because she had caught him by surprise.

Lian walked off to the bathroom that adjoined the bedroom. “I will be out in just a moment,” Lian said playfully, and then she closed the door.

Donald waited on the bed, overcome by excitement and anticipation. This woman he had been desiring for all this time, she was finally going to be his. He did have some worries about Lian’s lack of experience. He didn’t want things to be awkward for her, but she seemed to know exactly what she wanted right now, and that was definitely a good thing.

After about a minute, that felt much longer, the bathroom door opened and Lian stepped out. She was wearing a lacy white bra and panties, barely leaving anything to the imagination, but while this likely would have excited Donald regardless, the body that was on display was nothing like he had imagined.

Despite Lian’s delicate doll like beauty, she was the most muscular woman Donald had ever seen. Powerful, beautifully defined muscle bulged under her skin as she walked out of the bathroom. Her arms were incredible, with lemon sized biceps bulging out when she wasn’t even flexing. Her thighs were enormous and looked like they could trap and overpower Donald easily. Her stomach was a like a cobblestone road of abdominal muscles.

Suddenly, Donald understood why Lian had weighed so much more than he expected. He had thought before that he had wanted her more than any woman he had ever known in his life, but now looking at her incredibly muscular form, his hormones were beyond overdrive. He was experiencing a level of desire that he had never thought possible. All this despite the fact that he had never lusted for muscular women before.

There was another emotion welling up inside him, fear. He found that he was actually afraid of her in that moment, because looking at that body there was no doubt that this woman, who he had been thinking of as small and delicate, was stronger than he was, and could overpower him. The fear mixed with the desire and made for a potent cocktail of lust like nothing he had ever felt.

“Do you like it?” Lian asked, still standing outside the bathroom. She had a look of concern, while Donald was gawking at her incredible body.

“You look incredible,” Donald said, and then he got to his feet. “Lian, I had no idea that you were so...,” he paused for a moment. “I didn’t know you were so muscular.”

Lian had a coquettish expression on her face, but Donald sensed that she was proud. “I’ve worked very hard at building my athletic prowess since I was very young,” she said. “I thought you would like it. I thought in America, it is valued that a woman be strong.”

Donald was standing close to her now. “I’ve never seen a woman strong the way you are. I’ve never seen a body like yours.”

“Really?” Lian asked. She turned around slowly, and for the first time he saw her ass. It was incredible huge, round and powerful looking. Her glutes were some of the most impressive muscles on her incredibly impressive body. He wanted to drop to his knees to caress and kiss her amazing ass.

“Oh my God,” Donald said.

Lian beamed at him, pleased with his reaction. “I’m glad you like the way I look, husband,” she said.

There was an awkward moment, in which the two just gazed at each other. Donald was nervous about officially beginning the wedding night, but finally he knew that he would have to act. He moved toward Lian, and bent down to kiss her, which she reciprocated.

As Donald felt her body close to him, and her arms wrapped around him, he could immediately feel the formidable strength of her muscles. She wasn’t gripping him very hard, but he already felt as if he could never escape her grasp if she did not want him to. He was hard immediately at the thought of that, and the rippling muscular power of her body.

“I love your muscles,” Donald said, without really thinking about it. He had already embraced the idea that his wife was stronger than he was and craved her power.

“Do you want to know how strong I am?” Lian asked him.

“Yes please,” he said.

Lian gave him a sexy smile and then she bent down slightly, reaching her right arm down, while keeping her left hand gently touching his face. She lifted him, easily, without any sign of visible strain and in one swift motion. He was being held up in the air by this beautiful woman, using the power of just one of her arms.

“You’re so light,” Lian said with a giggle. Donald’s cock was pressing against her muscular body, and she could feel it. “I see you like it when I hold you,” Lian said.

“I can’t believe how strong you are,” Donald said breathlessly.

“Men have always been intimidated by my strength,” Lian said. “I was afraid that you wouldn’t like it that I was stronger than you.”

Lian held up and right leg, and then she sat Donald on her huge muscular thigh. She was able to easily hold him up that way. His cock was pulsing. His hands reached down to caress the incredible muscles on Lian’s huge thigh, and she held him up for balance.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” Donald said. “You’re like nothing I’ve ever seen.”

Lian looked as if she was about to blush again. "I knew that I would be stronger than you, but I never thought I would be this much stronger." She pulled him close to kiss him again, making him feel how weak he was in comparison to her. She kissed him slowly and sensuously, while still holding him up with her powerful thigh. "Let's go to bed," she said.

She carried him to the bed and dumped him onto it. Here, she undressed him, swiftly and deliberately, so that he felt like he was being stripped almost against his will. Yet, Donald wanted this, he wanted it desperately, to be overpowered.

Finally, he was down to his boxer shorts, him laying flat on the bed while his muscular wife lorded above him. His cock was fully hard, and it was pointing straight at her. She was looking at it curiously. "I've never held a man's penis in my hands," Lian said, and then she reached out to grip it.

Donald moaned at her touch. Lian smiled at him again. "I see you like that," she said.

"I do," Donald answered breathlessly.

"I want to bring you pleasure," Lian continued. "That is a good thing for you, because I can do whatever I want to you." She looked into his eyes, a blazing fire behind hers. "I'm so much stronger than you that you never could stop me."

Donald was going crazy at that moment, and things were about to get a whole lot more exciting. Lian grabbed his arms and then she pulled them over his head before pinning them to the mattress. Donald was practically panting from excitement at the ease that his wife was able to overpower him.

“Try and resist me,” Lian commanded. Donald pulled against her grip and tried to rise up, but he couldn’t budge. “Are you trying as hard as you can?” Lian asked.

“Yes,” Donald said with a grunt.

“I can barely feel you,” Lian said with a giggle. “You are so weak compared to me.”

Donald’s cock began to pulse against Lian’s thighs, and he knew that she felt it. She glanced down at it briefly, and then she brought her attention back to her immobilized husband.

“Let’s make it a little more sporting and see if you can do it with one hand.”

Lian held Donald’s wrists down with one hand, and again he struggled against her. Neither of them had any doubts about the outcome, they only wanted to see it. Lian was easily able to push Donald down with one of her hands and completely incapacitate him.

Lian released him, and then she bent down to kiss him. She was putting a lot of her weight on his body, and he was excited by both the hardness and heaviness of her body as it pressed against her. She looked so small and delicate with her clothes on, yet underneath she was a bulging mass of muscles and strength. The contrast was the sexiest thing he could ever imagine.

They continued to kiss, and he allowed his hands to explore her body. With each slight movement, her muscles bulged underneath her skin, and he moved his fingers over them, feeling the power underneath. His hands went over her arms, her back, down to her sculpted stomach, and gigantic thighs. He lingered most over her muscular ass, caressing and cupping her powerful glutes for so long that he was sure that she would put a stop to it, but she never did.

Finally, she did break their kiss. "I've never been with a man before," she told him. "You've never been with anybody so strong. We both have to be careful. I don't want to hurt you."

"Part of me wants you to hurt me," Donald heard himself saying. "I want to feel your power. I want you to break me in half."

A strange expression appeared on Lian's face as she regarded him. "I wouldn't break you," she said. "I want to keep my little toy forever."

Donald reached up and behind Lian's back to get at her bra. She let him unhook and remove it, revealing her beautiful breasts. Then she reached down and started to slide her panties off.

"I think it's time to start the wedding night," Lian said. Then she was taking Donald's underwear off, and he knew that he all hers.

She tried to be gentle, but Lian's incredible strength made it hard for her to keep from getting carried away. Once she had inserted Donald inside of her, it was as

if she was overwhelmed with sexual desire.

First, she rode him, pushing his weaker body down on the bed. The entire bed shook and banged against the wall with each thrust. Donald tried to move his hips with her, but even with that effort, it was still painful to feel her powerful body riding him. He was somewhat grateful for the pain mixing with the pleasure because it kept him from coming right away.

Lian worked herself toward her climax, and then exploded on top of him. She let out a loud sexy cry as she finished, and every one of her incredible muscles flexed as she writhed with pleasure on top of him. Her hair fell in front of her face, and she was quiet for a few seconds, before she bent down and kissed him.

“So, that was sex,” she said. He was still hard and inside her. “I see that you are still ready to go,” she said.

“I didn’t want to come before you were finished,” Donald said.

“How courteous of you,” Lian said with a laugh. Then she scooped Donald up and stood up on the bed, while he still remained inside her. Again, she was holding him in the air with minimal effort.

“I thought I would try something different,” Lian said, and then she stepped onto the ground. Donald felt like he was on the verge of exploding from the excitement of it, but somehow, he remained right on the edge.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” he said.

Lian laughed, and then she pressed him against his bedroom wall before she grabbed his hair and pressed her lips to his. She pressed rock hard body against him as hard as she dared. Any harder and she might have hurt him, but she somehow knew what would be just enough. Hard enough for him to know how much she could hurt him if she wanted to.

His cock exploded inside her while she held him in the air and his legs were wrapped around her. He had never had an orgasm like that. It was as if he was coming with every part of his body, as if his very essence was being emptied out inside of Lian. He started to feel lightheaded at first, and then everything went black.

When he woke up, he was in his bed alone. Sun was coming in through the windows, so he knew it was morning. He looked around for Lian, and then he thought it had all been a dream. Of course, that amazing night couldn’t have possibly been real. Then Lian walked into the bedroom.

“Oh you’re awake,” she said looking pleased. “I made breakfast.”

Donald could not believe it was actually real. Lian was standing wearing a pair of tiny blue shorts, and a small white top that really only covered her braless breasts, with her stomach completely exposed. All that muscle was there just as it had been last night.

“Were you working out?” Donald asked.

“Of course, I was, silly,” Lian said, and then she struck a double bicep pose. “It takes a lot of work to build all this muscle.”

Donald got to his feet. “You look amazing. Sorry, I passed out.”

“I gave you quite a workout,” Lian said mischievously. “Now, go and get some breakfast. You are going to have to keep your strength up if you want to keep up with me.”

Donald went to kiss her, which she returned, and then he walked out of the bedroom to the kitchen. There was a plate already set out for him. “It is jianbing,” Lian called after him. “It is a Chinese breakfast dish. You’ll like it.”

Donald ate like he was starving. It only took him a few minutes and then he put his plate in the sink. Lian stayed in the bedroom the whole time, and once he was done, he went in to find her. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, her beautiful muscular legs crossed, waiting for him.

“How was it?” Lian asked.

“It was delicious.”

“Good,” Lian said with a smile. “I think we need to get a few things straight about our marriage.”

Lian stood up and grabbed Donald, pulling him to the bed on top of her. Even though he was on top, she held him in her powerful grip so that he couldn't move. Donald was instantly hard, and his cock was rubbing against Lian's firm muscular thighs.

"I don't think there is any dispute over which of us is the stronger," Lian said.

"No, there isn't," Donald said.

"So, there shouldn't be any dispute which of us is in charge," Lian said.

"No, there shouldn't be," Donald answered her. Lian grinned at him.

"Oh Donald, this is like a dream come true," Lian gushed. She kissed him while squeezing him with her powerful arms and legs, just enough for Donald to feel some pain. He couldn't have agreed with her more. He had finally found his perfect woman.