

**THE
WARRIOR
WOMAN**

J. D. TUFTS



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The emperor was amused when he first heard the stories. She was supposed to be a woman who was stronger than any man. The idea was absurd, and even as the peasants told their tales about gods and monsters, this was the most farfetched tale he had yet to have heard. He wondered where it had originated from but gave it as little notice as he would most fantastical tales.

Then it became persistent. It seemed as if the stories were not going to fall by the wayside like these stories usually did. More and more tales of this woman's impossible feats began to pour in, and finally the emperor heard it told by one of his most trusted commanders.

"We encountered her when we had gone to arrest a deserter outside of the capital. We knew that he had been spotted in a cottage just outside the city, and I had gone with six of my best men to try and round him up. When we got to the cottage there was a woman sitting outside the house. I told her we had come for the man called Fenyx, and she looked at us with a haughty sneer.

'Fenyx is under my protection,' she said. 'I want you to leave and never come back.'

I laughed at this woman's arrogance. I could not believe anybody would say this to one of the emperor's commanders, but especially a woman.'

"What did this woman look like?" the emperor interrupted. He had heard numerous descriptions of the woman before but wanted to hear it from a man that he trusted.

“At first, I thought she was fat,” the commander began. “She was dressed in robes, and they were very voluminous, obscuring her body. It was obvious that she was very large, but not apparent where her size actually came from. She had a very pretty face though, and yellow hair. I was struck by how blue her eyes appeared, even as I was annoyed by her insolence.”

“Go on with your story.”

“So, I responded to this woman. ‘We have come to arrest Fenyx and we will arrest you too if we have to. Tell us where he is and stand aside, or that will be the outcome.’

Now it was her turn to laugh. She laughed at me, and it was a beautiful laugh, melodious even as it was insolent. ‘You’re going to have to get past me.’

‘Draw your weapons,’ I said to my men, but one of them spoke up.

‘We aren’t going to hurt a woman?’

‘She is in defiance of the orders of the emperor,’ I said. ‘We are to treat her just as we would treat any man.’

Then the woman interrupted me. ‘Who is the strongest of the men you have with you today?’ she asked.

One of the men I had brought with me was Baulchus, a large muscular man who stood six-feet-five inches. I pointed to him and told her, 'Baulchus is one of the strongest men I know.'

'If I can defeat him in a feat of strength will you leave?' she asked. 'If I fail then I will submit to you and tell you where Fenyx is hiding.'

I laughed again. I realized that this woman must be crazy. She thought she could beat Bauchus in a feat of strength? Yet, I did not want to have to end this dispute in violence if I could avoid it, so I agreed to her challenge.

'If you win, we will leave,' I told her. 'I will even allow you to pick the challenge.'

'Very well, wrestling,' she said. 'If your man can pin me in a wrestling match then I will submit to you.'

I was too stunned to laugh this time. I had assumed that she was planning some kind of trick, but this was obviously not the case. She wanted to have a direct test against Bauchus, and I turned to the big man and he nodded at me. He saw no reason why he shouldn't accept this challenge from a woman. He walked to her, and she stood up to greet him.

There was a moment in which I was stunned. When the woman got to her feet it was obvious that she was almost as tall as Bauchus. I had never seen a woman that tall before, and though the robe covered her body, it looked as if she was possibly as big as he was as well. Bauchus was surprised to be looking this woman in the eye, I could see it by his expression.

‘You need to remove your armor,’ the woman said. ‘There is no need for us to wrestle naked like they do in the Olympics, but I refuse to wrestle with a man covered in the garbs of a warrior.’

Bauchus did what she asked until he was only clad in his undershorts. The woman merely watched as he stripped down. Bauchus looked even larger once he had taken off his clothing, and most men would have been intimidated to wrestle a bear or a man such as himself. The woman looked at him with a cold indifference, waiting for her own moment to intimidate.

When it came we were all astounded. She removed her robes and revealed her body to us. She was now in only a pair of shorts as well, her large beautiful breasts exposed, but that was not the thing that caught my eye, nor most of my men; It was the physique on display that none of us could look away from.

The woman had gigantic muscles, bigger than Bauchus, but also much more defined and chiseled than my biggest guardsman had. I could see the expression on his face when he looked at her. He was suddenly afraid to wrestle her, though I know if he was questioned on the subject, he would surely have denied it. There was no way that he would admit to being afraid of wrestling a woman, even this incredible specimen.

She noticed the way we were all staring at her, and she laughed again. She flexed her enormous biceps in order to intimidate further, and then said, ‘I think we should get down to business.’

I don’t think I need to tell you that the wrestling match did not last very long. She easily defeated Bauchus. There wasn’t a doubt about who was superior from

the moment the match began. Bauchus had hoped that despite her superior size and definition that she was all for show and it would not result in superior strength. If anything, the woman was stronger than she looked.

Bauchus came at her and she grabbed his arms and forced him to his knees in one swift motion, before trapping him in a hold. I could tell that Bauchus was in pain, but he did not want to cry out. He was probably grateful when she took him down to the ground and pinned him so easily in seconds.

‘Now I want you to leave,’ she said to me. I had no choice but to honor my part of the bargain, even though I had been counting on the idea that she couldn’t possibly have won.”

The emperor had been listening to this tale with great interest. He considered his commander a trustworthy man, and if this was the version of events that he told then he had to believe this is what had happened. Still, the idea of a woman of such strength seemed a hard one to swallow. There seemed only one thing for him to do.

“I want you to go back to this woman and request she come to the palace and speak with me,” the emperor said.

“I have a feeling she would refuse such an offer, sir,” the commander said.

“I half suspect that is the case as well,” the emperor said with a nod. “Try to appeal to her through flattery. Tell her that I have to meet a woman of such strength and that I may have some work for her.”

“She protects a deserter,” the commander reminded him. “She seems to have little respect for the empire and might not want to take any work from you.”

“I will not hold it against you if you fail,” the emperor said. “I merely want you to try and get her to come here. If it does not work, then I will make other arrangements in order to meet her. I want her to come to the palace. I expect that you will make your best effort.”

“Understood,” the commander said.

“You are dismissed.” Once the commander was gone the emperor could be alone with his thoughts. Before, he had dismissed the idea of such a powerful woman, but now that he was starting to accept the possibility, she was real, all kinds of thoughts were filling his mind.

He had not married, much to his advisors’ chagrin. They thought that producing an heir was necessary to keep the empire from devolving into chaos upon his death, but he had never found a woman he deemed suitable for marriage. He had his concubines, of course, but they were fleeting lusts that would pass him by. What he felt now was different.

He was inflamed by the very thought of this woman that he had never laid eyes on. He found the tale the commander told to be not just curious but arousing. What would he think if this woman stood before him? He wanted to see her, needed to see her. He had never been a patient man, but as he waited for his commander to return, he paced back and forth, a nervousness he had never felt before overtaking him.

A few hours later he received word from one of his guards. “The woman that you have requested is in the palace.”

The emperor struggled to conceal his excitement. “Have her meet me in the throne room,” he said.

The emperor himself was not a tall man, only standing five-foot-six, but when he sat on his throne, he was above all who stood before him. His personal guard stood on either side of him as the warrior woman entered, flanked on either side by two additional guardsmen. She was dressed in the garb of a soldier, a red uniform and a helmet, that could not obscure her pretty face, nor striking blond hair. She walked to stand before him with confidence, and in her eyes, a bit of defiance.

He regarded her body as he looked at her. Of her muscles he could only see her bare arms, but he could not contest that she had bigger biceps than any of the men in his guard, who were some of the strongest and most capable warriors in the empire. He also took note of her large shapely breasts, which despite her muscles would make it clear to anybody that she was indeed a woman.

He looked into her blue eyes and saw the hardness there. She was waiting for him to speak, but he knew that whatever he said, he could expect her to not treat him as most people with sense did. She might defy him outright. What a curious creature she was.

“So, we finally meet,” the emperor began. “I had heard many tales of your feats, but I had dismissed them at the very least as hyperbole. It wasn’t until I heard from one of my own commanders that I knew you were real.”

The woman said nothing but continued to stare at him in a way that made him uneasy. It was a feeling that he was not accustomed to. No man had ever made him feel this way. Now, this woman was accomplishing it with nothing more than a look.

“What is your name?” he asked her.

“Cassandra,” the woman answered. She gave no family name, or hint of her lineage.

“Why do you protect a deserter?”

“It is sometimes the duty of the strong to protect the weak when they can. He is a good man. He was not fit to be a soldier, yet he was forced to be one, as many women who are fit are denied the privilege.”

“You wish to be a soldier?” the emperor asked.

The woman gave him a wry smile. “I am a soldier. I serve myself and not the empire. I help those who are in need from injustice. If I was one of your soldiers, I might put all your men to shame, and we wouldn’t want that.”

If a man had spoken to him with such insolence, he would have ordered him imprisoned, if not executed. Yet, listening to this woman talk to him this way

sent a shiver of excitement through his body.

“Do you not fear the consequences of defying the decree of the emperor?” he asked.

She gave a small shrug. “I have yet to see what these consequences might be.”

The emperor wondered what might happen if he ordered his guards to arrest this woman. She was unarmed. Would she fight back? It would be suicide for anybody to do so, yet he felt that she would resist. Even more intriguing, he thought that she might win.

“I want you to come to meet me in my private chambers,” the emperor said boldly. “You can refuse this invitation, and may go, but I hope that you will accept it.”

The woman did not react, her face remaining placid. “I am honored for the invitation,” she said after a pause. “I will consider it.”

With that, she turned and walked out of the throne room. The two guards who had led her in accompanied her, and the emperor was left alone with his thoughts. He was suddenly afraid to meet with this woman, and a small part of him hoped she would decline the invitation, but overall, he was powerfully aroused. He wondered what this woman might possibly say to him when they were alone, or what she might possibly do to him.

When he stepped from the throne the captain of his guard approached him. “Sir, permission to speak candidly.”

“You have my permission, Captain.”

“It is not safe to meet privately with this woman. I would strongly advise against it.”

“I meet privately with beautiful women all the time, Captain.”

“None, have ever been this dangerous.”

The emperor laughed. “I am the emperor. There is constant danger of someone attempting to put a knife in my back. There have been attempts at this even among my concubines. There is nothing new in the threat here. You have made sure Cassandra is unarmed?”

“We have, sir. That is not the issue. I’m afraid this woman poses a substantial threat to you even with her bare hands.”

The captain’s words sent a shiver up his spine. “I have taken your concerns into advisement, Captain,” the emperor said. “Perhaps Cassandra will not come, and all this worry will be for nothing.”

The emperor retreated to his private chamber and waited for Cassandra to appear. It took over an hour. He was practically hysterical by the time it reached the hour mark. Why had he given her the option to refuse? He was the emperor! He should have just ordered her to come to his chambers.

Yet, he did not feel comfortable ordering this woman around. She exuded power like nobody he had ever met before, and he craved that power. By the time Cassandra appeared he craved it desperately. When the door opened, and she entered, he felt that his heart would explode from his chest in the elation he felt.

She was dressed just as she had been before, the helmet even still on her head. He looked at her curiously, wondering if she knew what a private meeting such as this meant for a beautiful young woman. Of course, she knew. How could she not know? So, her refusal to remove her helmet could only be a subtle act of defiance.

“Why don’t you remove your helmet?” he asked her. He reached for the valise on the table near where he sat and poured two glasses of wine. “Come and drink wine with me.”

Cassandra did not smile, nor react in any way to his invitation, as most women did. She did remove her helmet. She took it off and shook out her rich mane of blond hair. It cascaded down her shoulders beautifully. The emperor was struck by what a great beauty she was. Her face was one of the loveliest he had ever seen, and that was amazing when coupled with the astounding body she possessed.

The emperor got to his feet and held out the wine to Cassandra. She came to him, taking the wine cup from him gently, their fingers briefly touching. It was the first time he had stood next to her, and it was apparent how much she

towered over him. He was looking way up into her eyes, and it was only then that she smiled at him, a slow and predatory smile. He had invited her into his private chambers, and he now realized that she had him exactly where she wanted him.

“Please, have a seat,” he said, and gestured for her to sit down next to him.

Cassandra sat down very close to him, as he had intended her to be. Either one of them could have reached out and touched the other without having to rise from their seat, only a small table between them to set their wine.

Cassandra crossed her long legs, and the emperor’s eyes were drawn to them. She wore high boots, and leggings that covered them, but the muscle and power in those legs could not be concealed. He wanted to reach out and touch her bulging calves, while he marveled at that thickness of her thighs. They could no doubt have broken him in half if Cassandra wrapped them around him and started to squeeze.

Cassandra drank her wine. “What usually happens when you invite women to your private chambers?” she asked with a smirk. ‘I mean, I know what probably happens, just how do you go about it?’

The emperor was taken aback. “I’m not sure what you mean,” he said.

“Sure, you do,” Cassandra replied. “How do you seduce women who you take to your chambers?”

“It would depend on the woman.”

She took another sip of her wine and then leaned toward him. “Let me be even more direct. How do you intend to seduce me?”

The emperor looked into her eyes and felt something he had never felt while gazing into a woman’s eyes before. He felt vulnerable. “I really don’t know,” he told her.

She nodded, accepting his candor. “Take your clothes off for me,” she said. He hesitated and then she said, “I don’t want to have to ask you again.”

The emperor stood up before this woman and began to take his robes off. He had never undressed like this in front of a woman. In most cases he never got fully undressed at all. It was the woman he expected to undress for his pleasure. There was a certain thrill he got from doing this and Cassandra watching him, but he was also afraid. What would she think of him once she had seen him naked? Would he measure up?

Finally, it was done. He stood before the woman nude, he still standing and she still sitting in front of him. She looked him up and down and casually sipped her wine, saying nothing for an excruciatingly long time. He could not tell if she was pleased or not, but finally she was done with her wine. She placed her glass upon the table and stood up.

He had not stood next to her until this moment, and as she rose above him, he felt dwarfed. His eyes were about even with her large breasts, but he looked up into her eyes. Her body was powerful, and her shoulders much wider than his,

her arms thicker, nearly everything bigger. The fact that he was naked in front of her underscored his helplessness.

“You’re used to being in control,” she said to him. “That won’t be the case with me.” She looked down at his member, and he realized that his dick had gotten instantly hard while looking at her. “Not bad for such a little man.”

She reached for it and gripped his penis in her hands. He gasped at the feeling of her strong hand on his dick, and as she ran her fingers up his shaft, he let out a small moan.

“I’ve never felt like this before,” he said.

“How do you feel?”

“Powerless,” he admitted.

She smiled at him. “This was all it took. You haven’t even experienced my power.”

With that she let go of his penis, and he felt like crying out in protest, but knew he couldn’t. He wanted her to touch him again, desperately, but she was in charge. That was obvious from the moment that she had entered the room.

Cassandra began to take off her uniform, first by removing her boots, and then by taking off the rest of her outfit. She was standing naked before him within seconds, and she was even bigger undressed than he had even imagined her. Her muscles bulged with power as he gazed at their beauty and definition. She rose her arms up and made a double bicep pose. Giant mountains rose from her arms, and her chest and huge round breasts struck out even more.

“What do you think, little emperor?” she asked with a laugh. “Do you feel powerless right now?”

“Yes,” he said in almost a whisper. “I feel as if you could do anything with me that you wanted to.”

“I can,” she announced. She reached out and grabbed him then, lifting him up and then inserting him inside her. He called out as she did so, and she grabbed the back of his head, pushing his face into one of her breasts with ease. “Suck on my nipple,” she commanded.

He did what he was told, and as he did so she began to pump him in and out of her, while effortlessly holding him up off the ground. She moved his body like he was a toy to use for her pleasure, and as she pumped him, her own excitement increased.

“Feel my body,” she commanded. “I want you to feel my power.”

He once again complied, his fingers roaming over and feeling the grooves and ridges of her spectacular muscles. He placed his hands on her biceps as she was pumping him in and out, feeling the incredible strength that was there. Her

biceps were so big and so hard. He wondered how he could ever have been excited by normal women when this goddess existed. He realized it was merely because she was beyond his own imaginings.

The excitement was too much, and he came suddenly while she pumped him. He took his mouth away from her nipple and screamed. He had never experienced pleasure like this before. It was as if his dick was erupting every bit of liquid from inside his body, leaving him feeling dried and hollowed out afterward.

“I did not give you permission,” Cassandra said to him while he clung to her powerful body.

“I’m sorry,” he said, but she grabbed his hair again, this time yanking him hard.

“I’m afraid you aren’t as sorry as you’re going to be,” she said, “There needs to be some punishment.”

She pulled him out of her, his cock now becoming soft. She threw him to the ground roughly, and he cried out in pain as he hit the floor. He looked up at her barely believing what was happening. He had angered this powerful woman, and now she was looking down at him with blazing anger in her eyes. He was at her mercy.

Cassandra grabbed him by his arms and then proceeded to drag him across the floor to his bed. He would normally be delighted by this turn of events, but he wasn’t sure what she had in store for him.

“I need to get my satisfaction somehow,” she said. “So, that’s going to come first.”

She pulled him up as they got to the bed and then she sat down, positioning him onto her lap. She held him firmly in place so that he could not move and then she spoke. “I am going to lay back on this bed, and I expect you to pleasure me with your mouth.”

“I have never done anything like that before,” the emperor admitted.

Cassandra laughed. “Of course, you haven’t, but you will learn to do it.” She lay back on the bed, still holding him tightly in her arms, and then began to slide him down her body. “Between my legs little one,” she said.

The emperor did what he was told, and when he did put his face into her pussy, she wrapped her powerful legs around him. He was helpless, and he wanted to cry out, but he knew it would do no good. “Lick,” she ordered, and he had to do what she wanted. He was relieved when she started to moan with pleasure.

It took him a long time to satisfy her, and she ordered him to lick in specific rhythm, in the direction she pleased, but he thought it took at least thirty minutes before she would cry out in pleasure, and then squeeze him gently to let him know that she had climaxed. She reached down and pulled him up to her and kissed him passionately after he was done.

“You did well, little one, but that doesn’t mean that you can escape punishment.”

“Please, don’t hurt me,” the emperor begged. He could not believe that he was begging another person like this, but he was all the same. She laughed at him again, with delight in her eyes.

“You have learned who owns you so quickly,” she said. “That is a good thing. Perhaps the punishment need not be so severe. Maybe, you will enjoy this.”

She took her left hand to her mouth and inserted two of her fingers, moistening them, before removing them and moving her hand around his back. He wasn’t sure what was happening at first, and then he felt it. She had inserted two fingers into his rectum. He did cry out, softly when she did this, and he gripped her powerful muscular body as she probed inside of him. With this violation he thought that he was going to cry, yet he felt pleasure at the same time. His dick began to harden again.

Suddenly, she stopped and removed her fingers. He continued to hug her and rest his head on her powerful shoulder. She reached up with her right hand to run her fingers through her hair. “There, there, little one, I went easy on you. I could destroy you with this body, and you know that.”

“Yes,” he said. He moved his hands over the bulging ridges of muscles in her back. “You could do whatever you wanted with me.”

“It is time you learned how to worship me,” she said. “I want you to oil my body and I will teach you about all the muscles that I possess.”

The emperor stepped out of his chamber and ordered the guard to retrieve the oils and lotions he required. He returned within minutes, and his goddess stood

before him, ready to feel his hands on all over her. He was still amazed by her size. How could anybody be so big? He could never love another woman after being with her.

“Start at the bottom,” she said.

He did as she asked, starting first at worshipping her feet, and then moving up to her calves. She flexed them for him, and he marveled at how huge they were, bigger than the size of an apple each of them, and hard as stone.

Oiling her thighs was a great pleasure. They were each thicker than he was in the waist, and he had already felt their power. “Is it true the stories I have heard about you?” he asked her.

“What stories are they?” she asked with a giggle, and then she said, “It doesn’t matter. I think that they couldn’t possibly have exaggerated my strength and power.”

“I don’t think so either,” he said. “You’re the most powerful person on the planet.”

“Not quite yet,” she said. “Soon I will be.”

He moved on to her glutes, feeling her mighty ass with his hands, and his dick was almost as hard. She had the ass of a mare, powerful and muscular, with an incredible round shape. He stopped and kissed it briefly, and Cassandra laughed

at him. “You have to move on,” she said. “You can’t get too obsessed with one part of my body.”

He moved up to her abs, like a cobblestone row of muscles under his hands, she had a fully defined eight pack. He had never seen anybody with muscles like these, and he marveled at them as he rubbed the oil into her hard stomach. He ached to be inside her again, but he wouldn’t dare express this desire until after he had done his duty.

He rubbed the oil over her back, a part of her that he had moved his hands over many times while he had been with her. It was incredible broad, and he thought that it might be the strongest part of her. When she flexed her muscles there, he thought there was more power than there was in his entire body.

He hesitated at oiling her breasts, and she noticed this. “They are magnificent, aren’t they, little one,” she said.

“I have never seen such amazing breasts as yours,” he said to her.

“Nor as big,” she said with a laugh. Then she flexed her right arm for him. “Now it is time for the real show.”

She flexed her huge arms and he oiled them for her, spending time running his fingers over the hard biceps and triceps. “I have heard so many stories of your strength,” he said.

“Would you like a demonstration?” she asked. He stared at her, not sure if he should answer to his greatest desire, afraid of what she might do. She laughed. “It is okay, little emperor. I don’t intend to demonstrate my strength on you.”

He relaxed, and she pulled away from him, walking toward the back of his chamber where a stone statue of his own likeness was erected. He watched her walking, enjoying the way that her muscles danced all over her naked body. She was truly a sexy beast of a woman.

When she got to the statue, she knelt down at its base, and then reached down to hoist it in the air. The statue was made of solid marble. It had taken six men and a cart to get it into his chamber when it was made, but Cassandra lifted it as if it were nothing. She held it in the air, smiling at him, and not seeming to have any strain before putting it back down again.

“How much does that statue weigh?” she asked.

“Almost three thousand pounds,” the emperor said in awe.

She was walking back toward her. “You weigh much less,” she said.

When she was upon him, she scooped him up again and held him off the ground, while she kissed him passionately. He kissed her back, hardly believing what was happening. She spun him around and threw him to the bed. “I’m going to have my way with you again,” she said.

She pounced upon him with the elegance and agility of a large jungle cat. She was rough with him, throwing him around, and even gently biting him, as she used him for her pleasure. He, of course, loved it. This woman had conquered him, and there was no way he could go back to his usual concubines.

When she was done with him, they lay together on his bed, and that was when she said the thing that was on both of their minds. “When I said I was not yet the most powerful person in the world, I was only thinking of what power I might have when I am empress.”

He was holding onto her big body and thought that he might weep at hearing her say these words. “There is nothing I would love more than to marry you and be your full-time slave.”

She put her hand to his face and laughed. “You will be my slave. There is no place for you but at my feet, and there is no place for me but to rule the empire.”

As she spoke these words the emperor knew they were true. He had been waiting to marry her, for the empire to be ruled by her, and for him most of all.