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MARAUDER

ART BY DINNER-KUN

STORY BY REDFIREDOG

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The Northern woman trodded her way the woodlands, her hips swaying as she strode along the dirt trail in her heavy iron boots. These woods were dangerous, but she walked confidently and made no attempt to stay silent. Her heavy iron boots thudded loudly with each step she took.

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The war drug on, and the King's men were busy fighting the war elsewhere. The countryside was lawless. Most who came these woods travelled in caravans, so they'd at least have safety in numbers. Bands of highwaymen preyed on wary travelers, and those who traveled alone were considered easy prey. This woman, however, preferred to travel alone.

Young, beautiful and scantily clad, she seemed like a perfect target for highwaymen. Her attire was practically begging for the wrong kind of attention. Her ludicrous bikini armor put her breasts and ass on full display. But that, perhaps, was by design. She was no helpless waif when it came to defending herself. In her right-hand was a gigantic steel warhammer, one that most warriors would struggle to lift with both arms. And yet here she was, casually holding it in one hand like it weighed nothing.

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The highwaymen watched from a vantage point, hiding among the bushes.

"So," Topknot whispered, "looks like the beauty is traveling alone. Should be easy pickings. You ready, Slade?"

"I'm not so sure," Slade replied with a whisper, "She looks like she can handle herself. Just look at the way she's carrying that hammer, the thing has got to weight a ton!"



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"Quiet, you idiot!" Cyril said, as he emerged from the shadows. The diminutive leader pointed at her and whispered to the others. "You're lucky she didn't hear us. That hammer looks like it's worth something. You can all have your turn with her, but worry about that after you take her down!"

Slade demurred. "I really don't know, Cyril. The way she's holding that hammer, she might be tougher than you think. I've heard stories about what the Nordic girls can do. I don't want to see her swinging that thing at us, boss..."

"Well if you're too craven to fight a woman, I suppose we can try take a different approach first. She's an outsider. She doesn't know the land. We'll pretend to be soldiers, ask her a few questions. Then when she lets her guard down, get in close and take her down!"

"No need," Slade said. "You let me talk, and she'll hand over everything she's got without a fight."



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"Not that it's your business, but mah name's Dasha. Dasha Bronstrom."
"Dasha, it's an honour. And where do you hail from? Something tells me you're not from around here."
"Aye, I'm on my way from Scotland. Tryin' ta make some extra change, get some experience. Fightin' for whoever will pay me. And if no one'll pay me, I'll just fight."
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A smile crept across Dasha's face. "So that's the deal today. You can pay me, or I'll fight ya'. I've fought crews that were one 'ell of a lot tougher than your lot, and I ain't died yet. So ya' can pay me twenty gold, or I can bash yer heads in. What do you say?"
"What the--no!" little Cyril screamed in his high-pitched voice. "You can't rob us, that's not how it works! We're the highwaymen! We rob people, we don't get robbed! Brutus, Topknot, get her!"
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"Get her! Come on, what the hell do I pay you for?" Cyril yelled again. But Brutus, Topknot and Slade were too afraid to make the first move.
"Get her..." Cyril repeated again in a defeated tone, as Dasha strode confidently towards them. Slade was stunned. As she neared them, they realized just how huge she was. She was taller than even Brutus, and there was something else, a raw power that you could almost feel radiating off her. She casually twirled her hammer around in her hand, as if it weighted nothing.
"What's wrong," she said, "are ya' big lads too scared to fight one little lass?"
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"Brutus not scared!" Brutus said as he stomped towards Dasha.
The others were smart enough to back away. Slade, never one to get into a fight he might lose, sprinted away as fast as he could.
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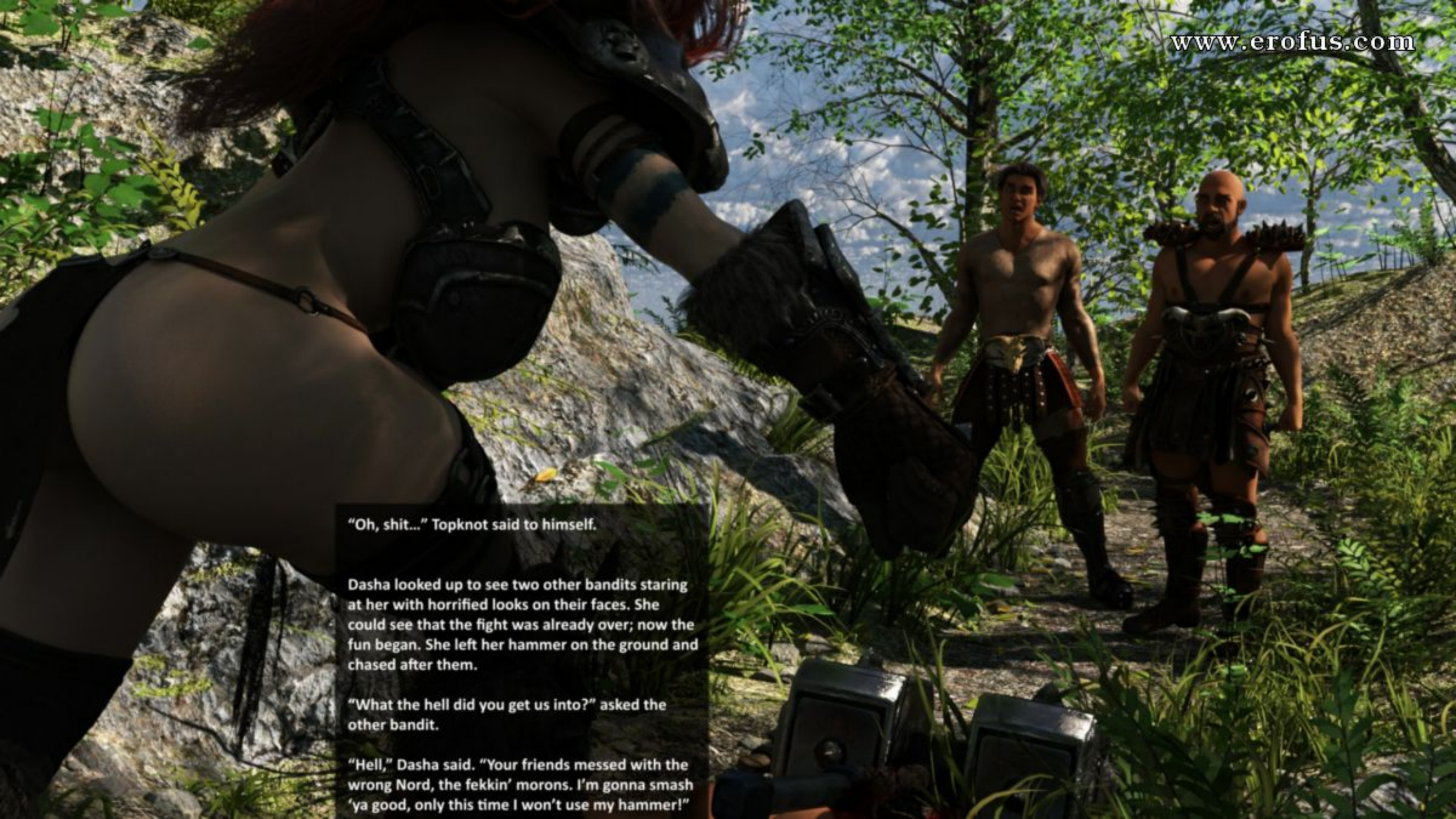
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"You're lucky that hit my chestplate. If you cut my tits I'd be really mad!" Dasha said, the axe still lodged in her chestplate. With a mad look in her eyes, she swung her enormous hammer into the air.
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With a single hand she lifted the enormous warhammer high above her head. She swung it around her head several times, building up momentum. Brutus stood in disbelief, still trying to dislodge his axe.
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"My turn!" Dasha yelled, as the hammer reached its apex. Brutus looked up just in time to see the huge steel warhammer swing down towards him.
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Dasha's hammer smashed the man's head like a watermelon. The force splattered not just Brutus's head, but his entire upper body. Her hammer landed sideways and wedged into the soft dirt. Dasha chuckled to herself with delight.
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"Oh, shit..." Topknot said to himself.
Dasha looked up to see two other bandits staring at her with horrified looks on their faces. She could see that the fight was already over; now the fun began. She left her hammer on the ground and chased after them.
"What the hell did you get us into?" asked the other bandit.
"Hell," Dasha said. "Your friends messed with the wrong Nord, the fekkin' morons. I'm gonna smash 'ya good, only this time I won't use my hammer!"

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Dasha let her foot down, and the man's skull shattered under her heel. "You brits squish so easy. Like little bunnies, ya' are!" She twisted the heel of her boot, grinding his skull into dust. But before she could finish the job, Topknot charged her from behind.
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Dasha was caught-off guard. Before she could turn around, the bandit buried a hatchet in her back. Dasha grunted in pain.
"I got her!" the bandit yelled, "come on guys, finish her off!"
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"You got the strap o' my breastplate, ya' lackwit!" Dasha exclaimed. "But it still hurt! Now I'm mad, and you're standing right behind mah backside!"
With that Dasha jumped backward. Her backside slammed into Topknot, knocking him off balance.
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Topknot landed on the ground and looked up just in time to see Dasha's face about to land on him. Before he could move out of the way Dasha smashed onto the ground, arse-first. It was just a little fall for her, but to him the impact was something else entirely. She felt a crunch as her backside landed on his head.
"Did I smash him with my arse? That's a new one," Dasha said. "Didn't even mean to do that."
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"That's right, ya dumb fucks, I weight a solid ton with this armor! Better think about that next time before ya' end up under my arse!"

Dasha turned back and surveyed the scene. The other two bandits were nowhere to be seen.

"I'd say I smashed that one good," she said to herself with a laugh as she picked his pockets. "Can't tell his face from my arse no more. What a fookin' rush... Pockets are full o' nothin,' but at least I had some fun with the little cunt," Dasha said before she kicked his body out of the way.



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Finally, the growth slowed. Dasha looked down at herself. In a matter of seconds, she'd grown several feet. But another shot of adrenaline went through her veins, and she knew she wasn't done growing yet.
"Hadn't grown like that since I won my first fight. Surprised these weaklings were enough to make me grow an inch, let alone like that!"
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Dasha looked down in awe as her body expanded outward. Her breasts fattened, her hips become wider, as her magic armor struggled to keep pace.


When her growth finally stopped, Dasha looked in amazement at her body. Her muscles were bigger now, and her ass had grown. But the first thing that drew her attention was her chest, which had grown truly massive.
"Holy crap, my tits are fekkin' huge now! Lookit 'em! Christ on a cracker, they're huge now! I can't wait to see what these murder puppies can do!"
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It took Dasha just a few steps to catch up to him, and she grabbed him from the ground just as easily. With one arm wrapped around his head, Dasha lifted him up and placed his head against her breastplate.
"Your head looks like a walnut next to my tit. I wonder if I could smash it?"
"Don't be an idiot. I can pay you!" the little man said. "Gold, jewels, --whatever you want, I can get it for you!"
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"Aye, nice try lad," Dasha said, "but I'm a simple woman. I've got cheap tastes: booze, fokken, and smashin'. And you ain't hot enough for the last one, so right now I want to see how much smashin' these murder puppies can do!"
"Wait, you fool! There's money buried in the woods, and only I know where it is!"
"Do ya' really think I'm that stupid? You're a clever man. You think that makes you better 'n me? Let's pit your clever little head against my breastplate, and see who wins!"
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Once again, Dasha was disappointed to find nothing of value in the bandit's pockets. His clothes were too cheap to bother taking.

"That's not the last of 'em, is it?" Dasha said, as she searched the woods for survivors. "There should be one more somewhere right... around... here!"

Dasha leaped ahead. Right in front of her was Slade, cowering pathetically in the bushes.



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"Wait, wait, don't kill me!" Slade begged, as he dangled in front of her chest.
"Aye, if you want me to live, give me one good reason why I shouldn't smash yer' head in right now."
As he dangled precariously in front of Slade did the one thing he knew how to do: talk.
"Look, my name's Slade. You look very angry right now, and I understand why. It's got to be insulting, having a crew like these guys thinking they can take on a girl like you. I knew from the start that we didn't stand a chance against someone as strong and beautiful as you."
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"Shut up, weakling," Dasha said as she made her way towards Slade.
Slade spoke like his life depended on it. It did.
"I've never seen a fighter like you. Or a woman like you. I know this area. The lay of the land. You and me, if we teamed up, we could really be something. And for you, there'd be... other benefits..."
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"Like I'd fook a weaklin' like ya'. You've got long hair like a girl, and you're weak an' skinny like one too. Downright pathetic..."

She wanted to shut him up now, but she couldn't decide whether to punch him in two, smash him against her chestplate, or just crush his skull in her palm.

As Dasha prepared to do all three, the man's screaming made her pause for a second.

"Wait!" Slade yelled, "There's a village not too far from here! They need someone to protect them like bandits, they'll pay good money for a fighter like you! I can show you how to get there!"

"How do ya' know?" Dasha asked.

"I know because Cyril was planning on raiding them, and he said they didn't have any protection. You could help them out... or take them for everything they're worth. And then maybe we could find a nice bed, and I could bend you over and show you a good ti-- hey!"


Dasha slammed his head against her breastplate, just hard enough to give him a good knock on the head.
"Nobody bends Dasha over! If I'm fookin' ya, I'll be the one on top smashin' ya till ya' break!"
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"...Not that I'd [illegible] anyhow. But at least you're not quite as ugly as the others," Dasha said, dropping Slade down. He quickly got back on his feet.

Dasha pointed at Slade and smiled. "You do what I say, little man, or I'll crush you like I did yur' friends."

"I don't know if I'd really call them friends," Slade said. "Just a crew of idiots that I spent the last couple of weeks with. Worst band of highwaymen I've ever seen. And Cyril was an ingrate. Did you..."

"Smashed his head in, right here on my tit. He tried to get tricky on me. You seem like a tricky little thing too. Now show me how to get to this town, and no little tricks this time."

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"None whatsoever," Slade said to her. "I know these woods like the back of my hand. Follow me."

Slade took Dasha on a shortcut through the woods. They backtracked, and soon they were walking past Cyril's body.

"Is that--"

"Same thing I'll do to ya', little man, if you try n' trick me."

Slade gulped. "I'll take that into advisement. You know, of all the guys, Topknot wasn't such a bad guy. You didn't hurt him too bad, did you?"

"Smashed 'em with my arse. Little bugger was dead in a second."

"Something tells me that with you, that's about all the mercy he could have expected."

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They walked through the woods for nearly an hour before they made it to the main road. The sun was lower now, and the air had grown cooler. They'd been walking in silence for some time, and Slade decided to break the quiet spell.

"So," Slade asked, maybe my eyes are playing tricks on me, but I don't remember you being this big when we first met."

"Aye, that's our power. Us clanswomen, we get stronger when we fight. Supposin' we kill them, that is. And then that strength builds up inside of us, until the power is just too much. And just like that, I grow. Somethin' about that fight set it off. Now I'm near as tall as my mum, and and almost half as thick."


"Holy hell, I need to meet your mom..."
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"If you ever talk that way about my mum again, I'll break ya' in half." Dasha didn't look like she was joking.
"Of course," Slade said to her, changing the conversation. "It's just that... I've heard stories about your kind. The Old Norse. A whole tribe of strong, beautiful women, and not a man to be seen. You probably spent your whole life wondering what it was like to see a man..."
"Ha, if only! There were men about everywhere, most as small and weak as you. My father was one of them. My mum took 'em in one of her raids to Scotland. Spoils o' war he was. Picked him up and carried him all the way back to Bjørgvin. He raised me, cooked and cleaned, while my mum went out an' raided."


"So that's where the accent from. Well I've never thought of myself as the domestic type, but for you, I might be happy to oblige."
"Ha! I have standards, ya' know. I've got the whole pick o' England, ya' know. You Englishmen are a weak lot, and I'm strong and fast. Ya' can't run from me, and ya' can't fight. So the most handsome man I find I'll take back with me, even if he's kickin' an' screamin'."
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"If you take me back with you, you'll be the one kicking and screaming."
Dasha glared back. Again, Slade wasted no time changing the subject.
"Say, you didn't forget your hammer, did you? That looked pretty expensive..."
"Nah, it's enchanted, just like my armor. That's why my armor still fits me. It's made to grow when I do. The hammer, I cane make it shrink when I want it to. RIght now the hammer's the size of a thimble. Like Thor's hammer, Mjolnir, it gets bigger when I rub it."
"Oh Jesus Christ. You know, I have something that gets bigger when you rub it--"
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Dasha turned towards him and grunted in anger.
"You really want to fuck me, is that it? Well let me give ya' a little taste!"
Dasha pulled down the left half of her chestplate, exposing her enormous right breast.
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Dasha grabbed Slade once again, lifting him into the air by his hair. Suddenly, Slade realized that he may have gone too far.
"Look, I didn't mean to rush you or anything. We can take this more slowly if you want, just don't--mmph!"
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"You like that, do ya? You fookin' like that?" Dasha said, pressing his head against her nipple. "If this is how you punish people, I need to get on your bad side more often!"
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Dasha smashed his head into her chest once again, smothering him in her sweaty tit-fat.

"You like that? You fookin' like that? I'm not yur' plaything, lad. I'll smother ya' dead if I feel like it!"

Slade realized she wasn't joking. He tried to scream, but his words were muffled under her breasts. He grabbed ahold of Dasha and shook her, but her grip on him only got stronger.

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"Ya' wanted to fuck me, lad? Well I was doing ya' a favor. I've fucked little twink like ya' right in half, and that's before I grew! Here's a little taste of what it's like tryin' ta' survive a night with Dasha Broström!"

Dasha mashed Slade's face deeper into her tit. He kicked and flailed, and tried to scream, but he was helpless. Dasha wanted to smother Slade and she was far stronger than he was, so her will was all that mattered. As he fought in vain to escape, Slade could feel his consciousness fading.


Dasha felt Slade's body go limp. She wanted to make sure he wasn't faking it. She pulled his body away from her breast. She wasn't sure if she was happy or disappointed, but he didn't gasp for breath. He just hung from her hand like a limp fish.
"Slade?" She asked. She shook his head, and he dangled below her, totally limp.
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"Maybe I got carried away there. Almost a shame," she said to herself. "I kinda liked that little fucker. Oh well. Already know where to go, so I don't really need 'em anyway." She tossed his limp body over her back and started back on the road.
"May as well take 'em with me. He's still fresh, might come in handy if I get hungry..." Dasha said to herself as she made her way down the road.
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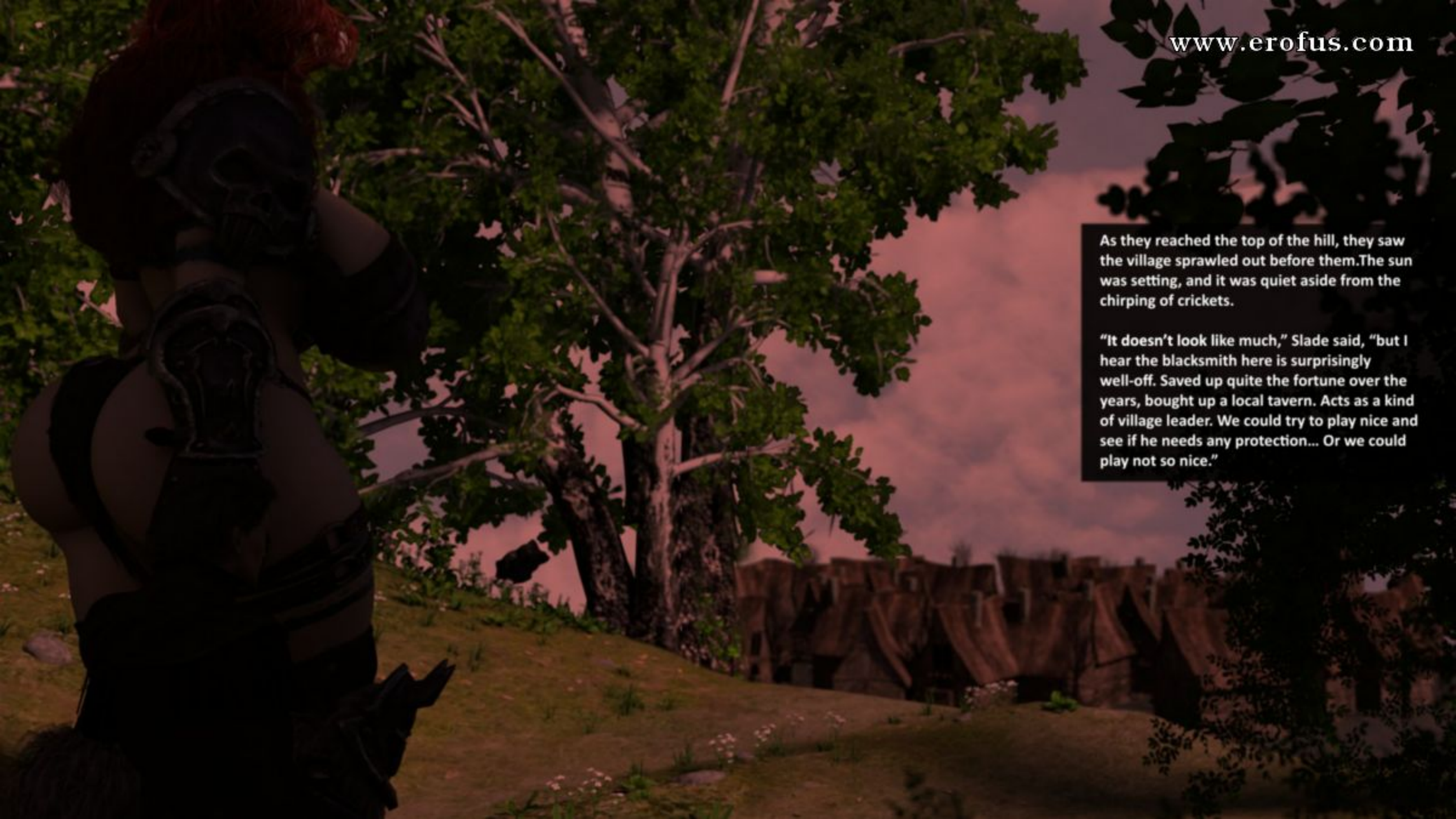
Minutes seemed to stretch on for hours, as Dasha hiked over the endless hills that made up the path. “Eh, this trip is boring alone. It was nice having some company, even if he was a weak little cunt. He was almost kind of ‘andsome, for a little twink lad anyway.”

That’s when Dasha felt something move on her shoulder. She picked Slade up and inspected him. To her surprise, he was still breathing.

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"You little fucker," Dasha muttered as she rolled Slade over. "You've been playin' possum this whole time, haven't ya'!"
Dasha plopped Slade carelessly onto the ground. He quickly got back up and walked next to her.
"I'm sorry, it's just--well--you were going to kill me!"
"Aye, that. Well, you should learn to guard your tongue around pretty little lasses such as myself."
"So we're okay now?"
"Good. And one other thing... You weren't really planning on eating me, were you?"
"Of course not. I'm not nearly hungry enough for that yet. And besides, it looks like we're here!"
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As they reached the top of the hill, they saw the village sprawled out before them.The sun was setting, and it was quiet aside from the chirping of crickets.

"It doesn't look like much," Slade said, "but I hear the blacksmith here is surprisingly well-off. Saved up quite the fortune over the years, bought up a local tavern. Acts as a kind of village leader. We could try to play nice and see if he needs any protection... Or we could play not so nice."

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"I've been nice enough for one day," Dasha said.

"Nice?" Slade asked. "When were you ever nice?"

"Just now," she said, "when I didn't put my foot up yer' ass. Now let's raid some fookin' villagers!"



MARAUDER

STORY - REDFIREDOG

ARTWORK - DINNER-KUN

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DASHA BRØSTSTROM

AGE: 19
HEIGHT: 7'8" (AND GROWING)

EYE COLOR: BLUE

HAIR COLOR: RED

SPECIAL ABILITIES: SMASHIN' PEOPLE CAN MAKE HER GROW, BY ABSORBING THEIR POWER. HER ARMOR GROWS TOO BUT HER CHESTPLATE CAN'T ALWAYS KEEP UP...

HOBBIES: DRINKIN,' FOOKIN,' EATIN,' SMASHIN'

PERSONALITY: DASHA IS USUALLY FUN-LOVING AND EASY-GOING, BUT HAS A VERY SHORT TEMPER. SHE'S NEVER MET A VICE OR A DEADLY SIN THAT SHE DOESN'T LIKE.

FAVORITE DRINK: BEER,ALE, STOUT, PORTER, BROWN ALE


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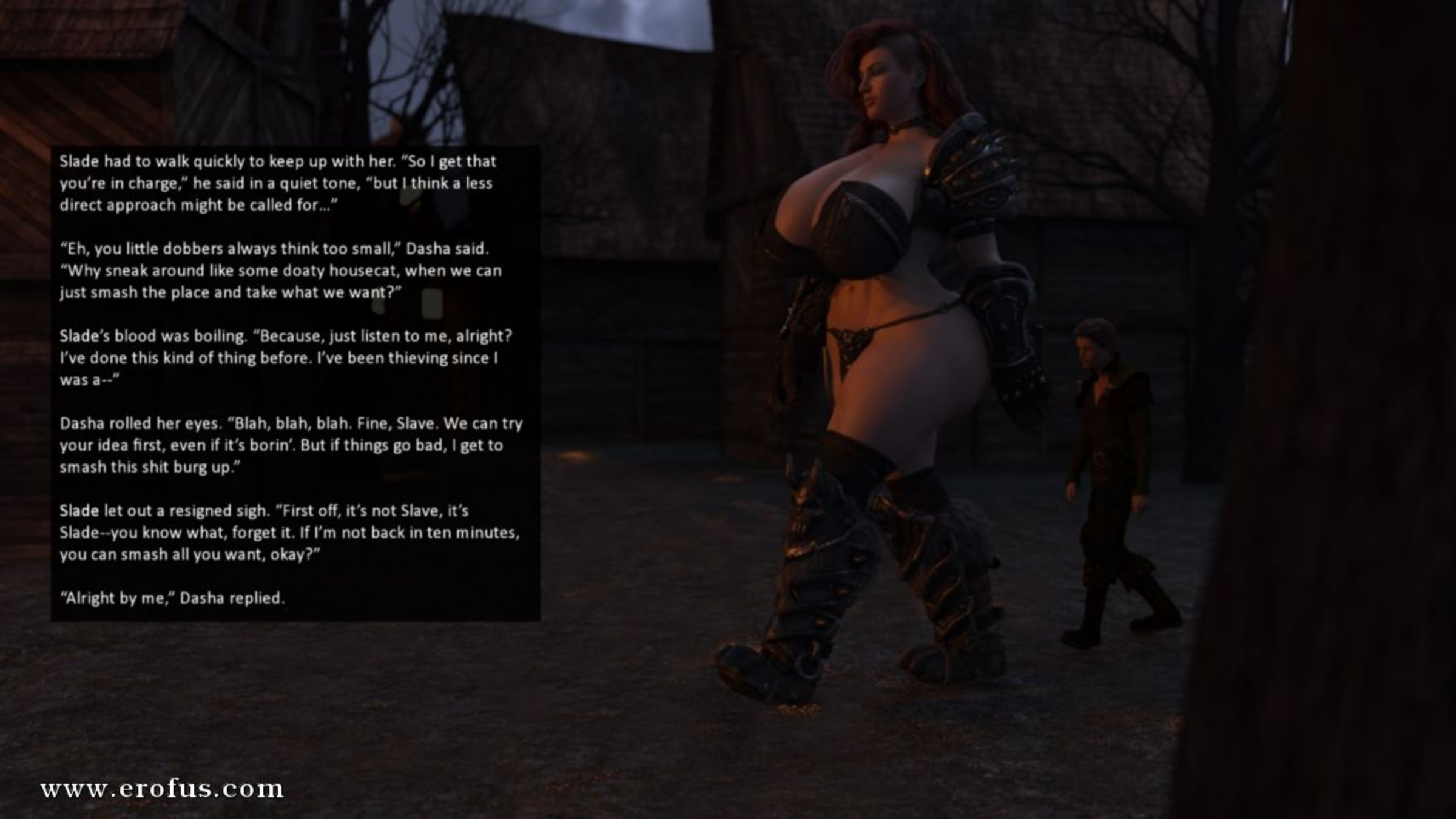


Slade and Dasha crept around the outskirts of the village. The two outlaws planned on robbing the town, but needed to case it first. So fa[illegible] was usually short-lived with Dasha.

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“Looks like everyone’s asleep,” Slade said as he surveyed the town. “Should be easy pickings. So, I was thinking you could wait outside town while I case the place. If I run into trouble I’ll call with a--hey, wait!”

“Fook it, I’m not keen on waitin’!” Dasha said, almost shouting. She shoved past him, and strode confidently towards the town square.



Slade had to walk quickly to keep up with her. “So I get that you’re in charge,” he said in a quiet tone, “but I think a less direct approach might be called for…”

“Eh, you little dobbers always think too small,” Dasha said. “Why sneak around like some doaty housecat, when we can just smash the place and take what we want?”

Slade’s blood was boiling. “Because, just listen to me, alright? I’ve done this kind of thing before. I’ve been thieving since I was a--”

Dasha rolled her eyes. “Blah, blah, blah. Fine, Slave. We can try your idea first, even if it’s borin’. But if things go bad, I get to smash this shit burg up.”

Slade let out a resigned sigh. “First off, it’s not Slave, it’s Slade--you know what, forget it. If I’m not back in ten minutes, you can smash all you want, okay?”

“Alright by me,” Dasha replied.

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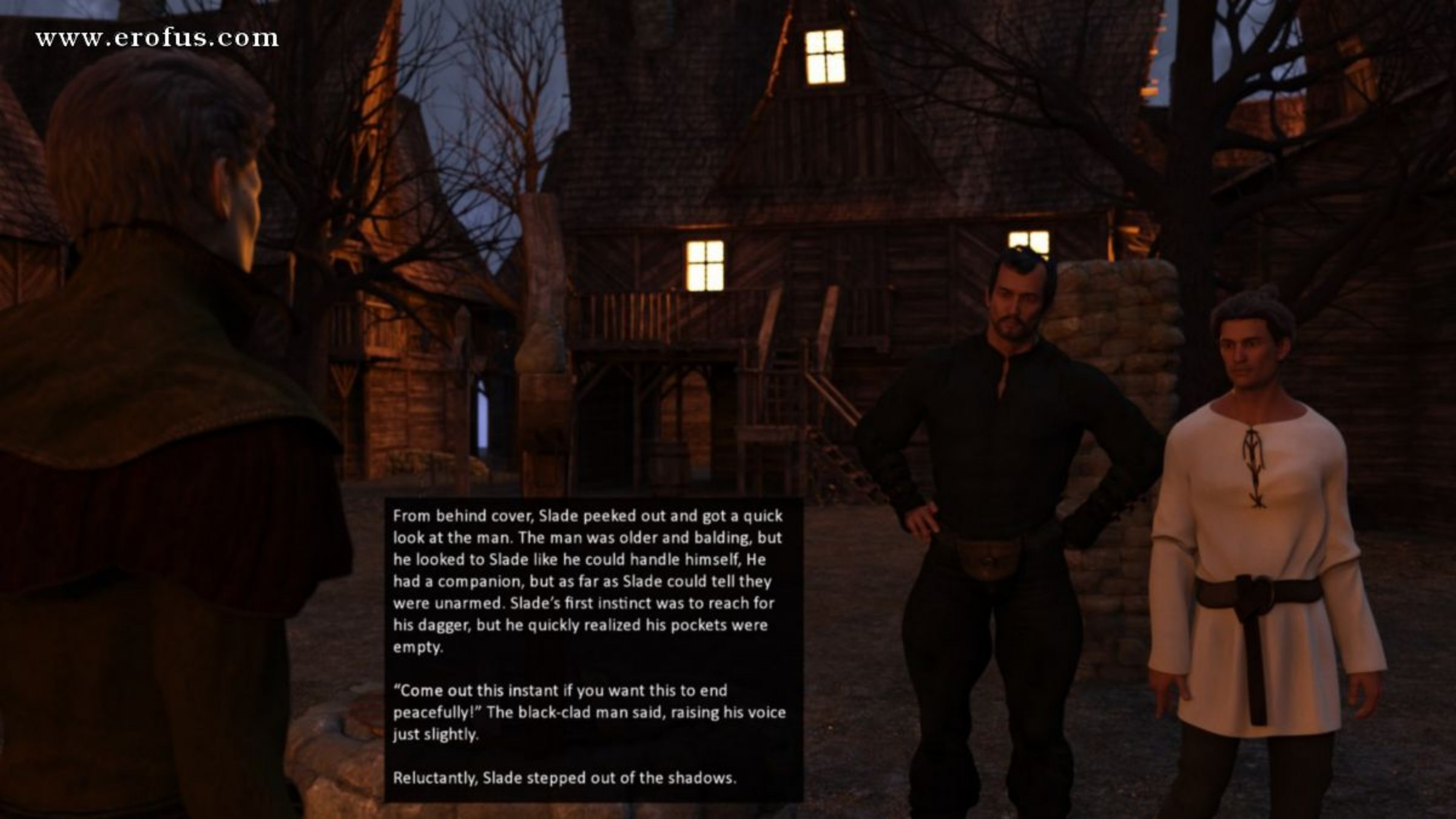
The large building in front of him still had the lights on, but it was built bigger and better than any of the surrounding buildings. If there was anything of value in the town, that was probably where it would be. All he had to do was find a good hiding spot, then sneak in once everyone was asleep.

But Slade was not as stealthy as he thought he was.

"Halt! Who goes there!" called a voice from the distance. Slade ducked behind a nearby wall.

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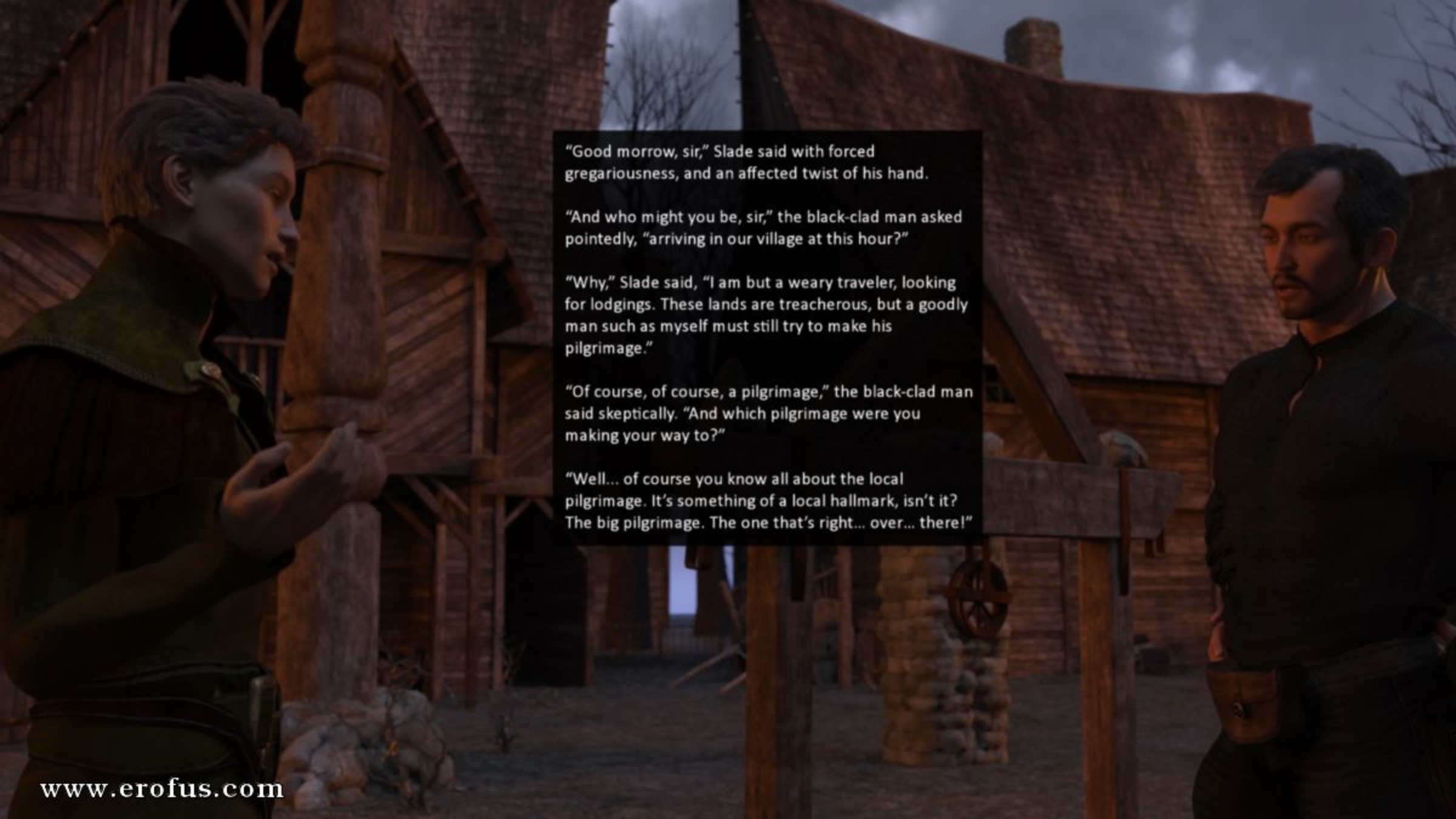
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From behind cover, Slade peeked out and got a quick look at the man. The man was older and balding, but he looked to Slade like he could handle himself, He had a companion, but as far as Slade could tell they were unarmed. Slade's first instinct was to reach for his dagger, but he quickly realized his pockets were empty.

"Come out this instant if you want this to end peacefully!" The black-clad man said, raising his voice just slightly.

Reluctantly, Slade stepped out of the shadows.

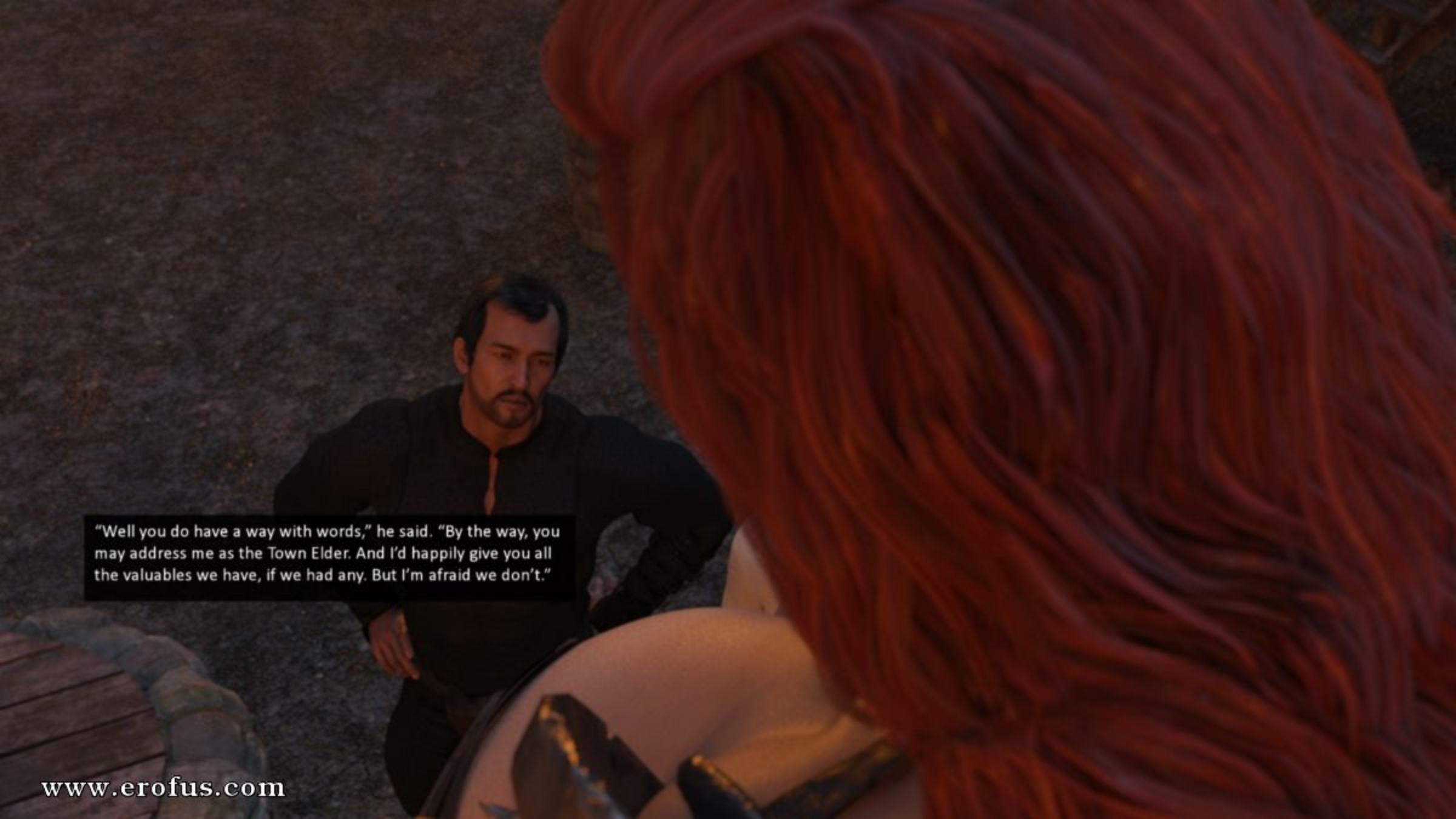


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"Quiet, Slave," Dasha commanded. "I'm in charge now. I come here to take what I want. Balding Man, tell me where ya' keep your shiny stuff, or I'll smash your fookin' head in."



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"I've heard that one before," Dasha said with a lilting voice. "Ya' think I'm dumb, dontcha? But me nose works, and I can smell yer' bullshit two bogs over. So let me tell ya' how this goes down, Balding Man. Ya' tell me where your gold is, or I put your head in twixt these tits o' mine, and I squeeze until the goo comes outta yer' head. Understand?"



"Okay, okay, you've got me," he said with a sigh. "I'll tell you where the gold is."

"Okay, urm, go on," Dasha said, with a mix of confusion and disappointment on her face.

"For the last few days we've been raided by bandits. To my shame I tried to pay them off, to stop them from attacking, but they just asked for more. If you track them down, you can have all the gold you find. And if you and you friend take them out for us, we'll give you what little we still have. Gold, food, beer, lodgings, all of it. If you're interested, the bandits should be off in that direction..."

"Eh, fook it, I could use some beer. You'd better have an ale ready when I come back with the dead bandits."

Without another word, Dasha turned on her heel and walked away, in the direction that the Elder pointed out.

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"Dasha, wait!" Slade yelled, but she kept walking as if she couldn't hear him.

"That's... not how I expected this to play out," Slade said to the Elder. "I suppose it could have gone worse. At least the view isn't bad," Slade said with a snicker, as he eyed Dasha' ass. "So, elder, is any of that story true, or did you just send her on a wild goose chase?"

"There are bandits in the woods," the Elder said. "And they have our gold. But I have no idea where they are, or how far away they are right now. The last we saw of them was two weeks ago; they broke into the storehouse and took everything they could before we chased them off. For all I know they could be a hundred miles away by now."

"So you lied to her."

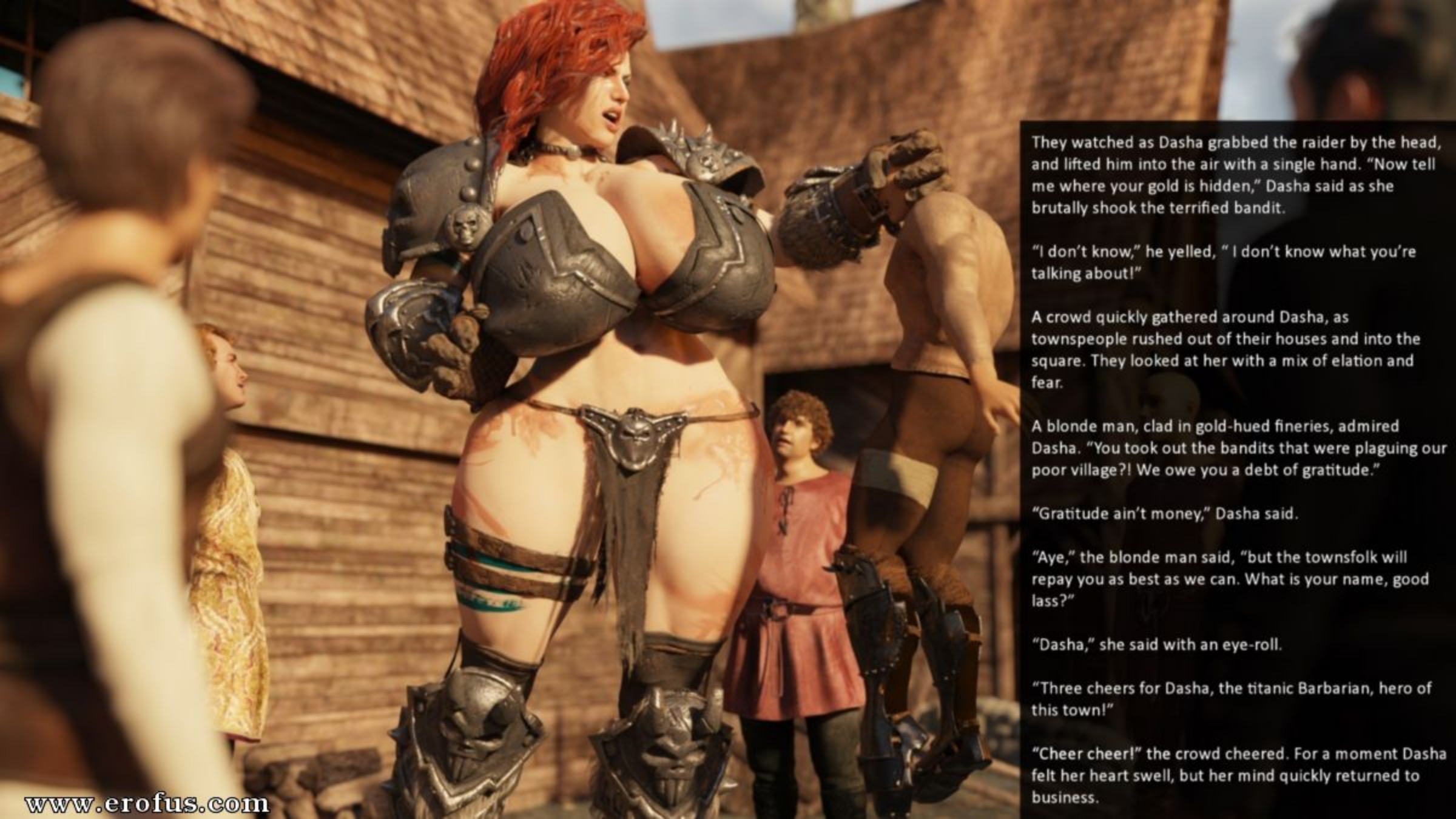
"Can you blame me? That girl is a monster in the shape of a woman. She's trouble. Big trouble."

"No," Slade said, "you made a big mistake. Because when she realizes you were lying to her, there's going to be hell to pay."


It wasn't much past sunrise when she came back, as promised. She was soiled with some mix of mud and blood, a bandit slung over over her shoulder.
"Is that it? It's just the twelve of 'em that's been giving you all this trouble?"
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They watched as Dasha grabbed the raider by the head, and lifted him into the air with a single hand. “Now tell me where your gold is hidden,” Dasha said as she brutally shook the terrified bandit.

“I don’t know,” he yelled, “ I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

A crowd quickly gathered around Dasha, as townspeople rushed out of their houses and into the square. They looked at her with a mix of elation and fear.

A blonde man, clad in gold-hued fineries, admired Dasha. “You took out the bandits that were plaguing our poor village?! We owe you a debt of gratitude.”

“Gratitude ain’t money,” Dasha said.

“Aye,” the blonde man said, “but the townsfolk will repay you as best as we can. What is your name, good lass?”

“Dasha,” she said with an eye-roll.

“Three cheers for Dasha, the titanic Barbarian, hero of this town!”

“Cheer cheer!” the crowd cheered. For a moment Dasha felt her heart swell, but her mind quickly returned to business.

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"Very nice, boys. But I'm in the middle of an interrogation, aye?" Dasha said.
"Anything you say, Hero!" a voice called out from the crowd.
"'Hero?' Ya know, that has a nice ring to it," Dasha said as she
Dasha pulled down the armor that clad her breasts, then She took the raider's head and wedged it between her cleavage.
"Now I'm gonna be nice and give ya' one last chance before I smash your head between my dainty little tits: where did you toffers bury my gold?"
"I don't know anything about any gold! I don't-mmph!" His cries were muffled, as Dasha's
his mouth.
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But even as Dasha pushed together with all her might, his head proved more resilient than she expected.
"Aye, this hackit's got a right solid noggin," Dasha said to herself, as she squeezed her hands together. She was straining now, as she pressed her hands together with every bit of strength that she had. "But in the end, Dasha... always... smashes!"
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Power coarsed through her body. She knew what was about to happen.
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The growth began slowly, as her breasts expanded outwards.

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"Fookin'"
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“Huge!”
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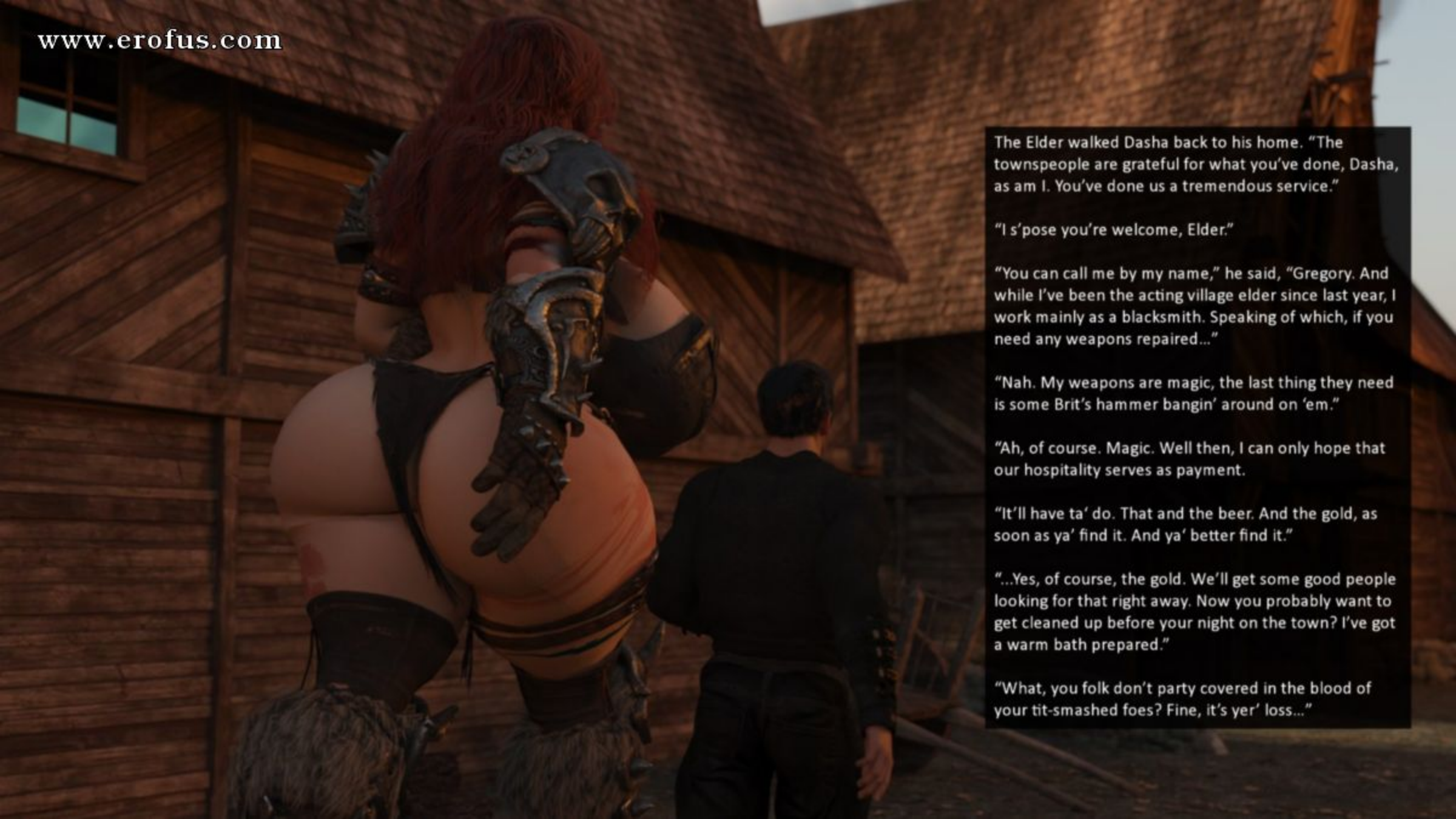

As the growth finally started to slow, the crowd looked in awe at her massive, blood-splattered tits.
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Her enormous yet surprisingly firm breasts had forced the armor of her chestplate outward. Now, it barely covered her nipples.


"So, are they big enough now? Or should I grow them bigger still?" Dasha said jokingly to the crowd.
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"I bet I could really smash someone's head 'tween these things now. Which one of ya' should I smash first?" Dasha said with a laugh. The crowd quickly cleared out.

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The Elder walked Dasha back to his home. “The townspeople are grateful for what you’ve done, Dasha, as am I. You’ve done us a tremendous service.”

“I s’pose you’re welcome, Elder.”

“You can call me by my name,” he said, “Gregory. And while I’ve been the acting village elder since last year, I work mainly as a blacksmith. Speaking of which, if you need any weapons repaired…”

“Nah. My weapons are magic, the last thing they need is some Brit’s hammer bangin’ around on ‘em.”

“Ah, of course. Magic. Well then, I can only hope that our hospitality serves as payment.

“It’ll have ta‘ do. That and the beer. And the gold, as soon as ya’ find it. And ya‘ better find it.”

“…Yes, of course, the gold. We’ll get some good people looking for that right away. Now you probably want to get cleaned up before your night on the town? I’ve got a warm bath prepared.”

“What, you folk don’t party covered in the blood of your tit-smashed foes? Fine, it’s yer’ loss…”


Dasha had been bathing for almost half an hour when she heard a knock on the door. “Mind if I pass through?” He said, opening the door with his eyes closed. “Just need to get a few tools, I’ll make sure not to look at anything…”
Look all ya’ want. In fact, I insist on it. Not that you could well miss ‘em anyhow, they’re downright massive now!”
“They, umm, certainly are,” he said with an embarrassed half-smile, as he looked her top-to-bottom.
“I can give you a lot more than a glimpse, if you like,” Dasha said.
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"I'm afraid I have a wife," he said in response.
"Oh really? And does yer' wife have tits like these?" Dasha said with a smirk.
"What she has," he said pointedly, "is a surplus of loyalty and devotion. Which is why I will not be tempted by another woman--"
"Oh, you're tempted alright," Dasha said with a laugh. "I see the way ya' look at me tits. One of 'em is prolly bigger than yer' whole wife. Men can't fool me. Your face is red like a skelped arse, and your little friend down there is pointin' straight at me tits."
"I should go," he said nervously.
"Aye, ya' should. 'Cause if you wait much longer, I might not be in a mood where I feel the need fer askin,' if you catch my drift."
"I'll go now." He wasted no time in getting out.


Dasha was thirsty, in more ways than one. She had wasted no time putting on evening wear, which for her meant wearing battle armor minus her gauntlets and pauldrons. She set out for a night on the town at the local pub. The locals were surprised to see her there, but largely excited. Scattered cheers rang out as she walked through the door, followed by murmurs.
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Dasha barreled right past the other patrons as if they weren't there. Her heavy boots made the floorboards creak mightily, and with a sway of her hips, her round ass knocked a skinny man down onto the dirty floor.
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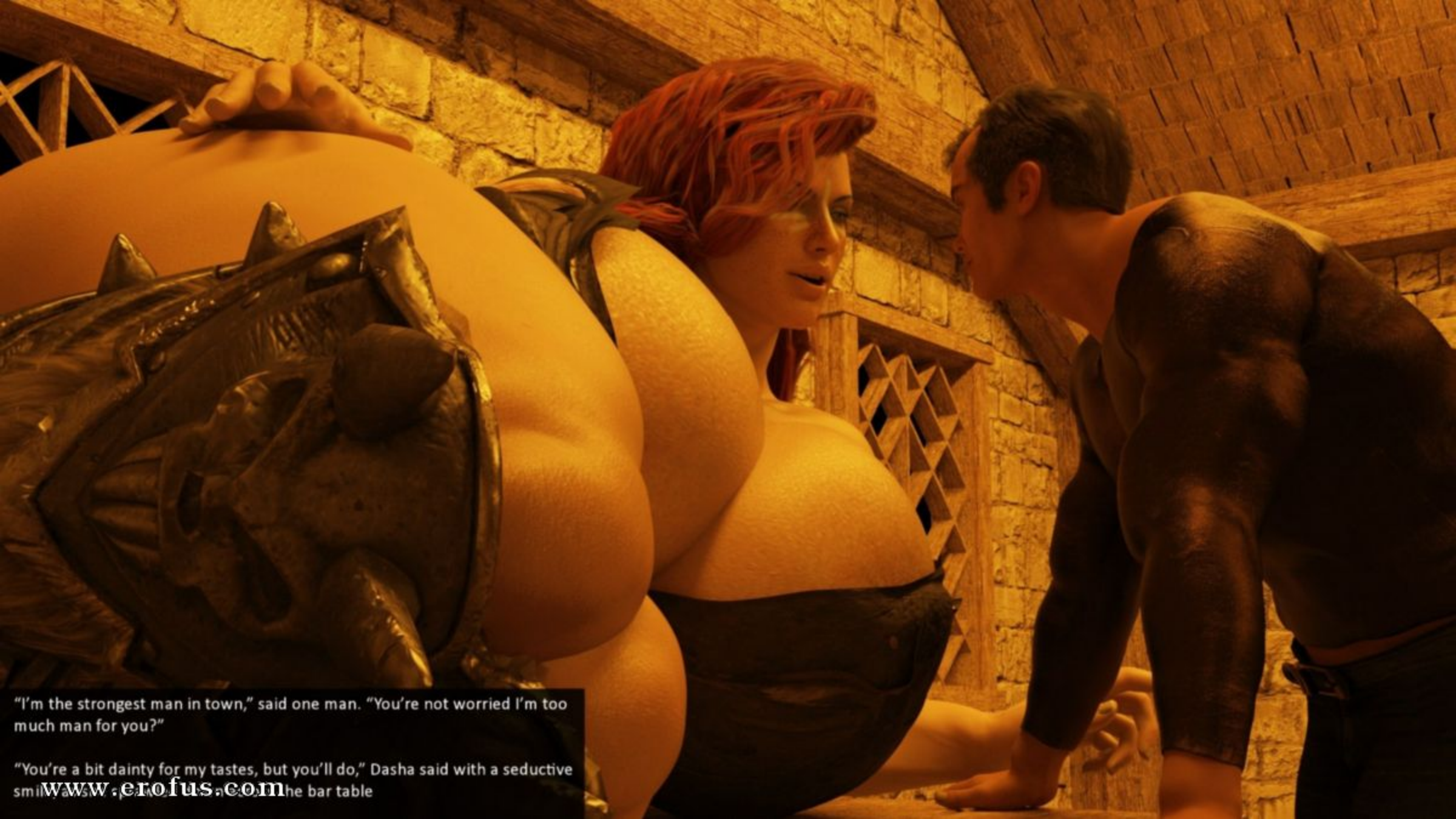


"Now give me somethin' to eat," Dasha said angrily to a frightened barmaid, "or I'll eat yer' pretty lil' face, ya' hear me!"

"Here, take-take everything! Gregory told me to give you whatever you wanted!" The barmaid piled up an assortment of drinks and food for Dasha, with trembling hands, and dropped them on the bar in front of Dasha.

Dasha was known for her appetites, and she made quick work of everything she was offered. In the course of a few minutes she downed a dozen ales and a king's ransom in chicken drumsticks, while the other patrons gazed slackjawed.

"Alright lads," she said with a full mouth as she took another bite of chicken. "Which one of ya' pansies are man enough to fuck me?"


"I'm the strongest man in town," said one man. "You're not worried I'm too much man for you?"
"You're a bit dainty for my tastes, but you'll do," Dasha said with a seductive
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he bar table

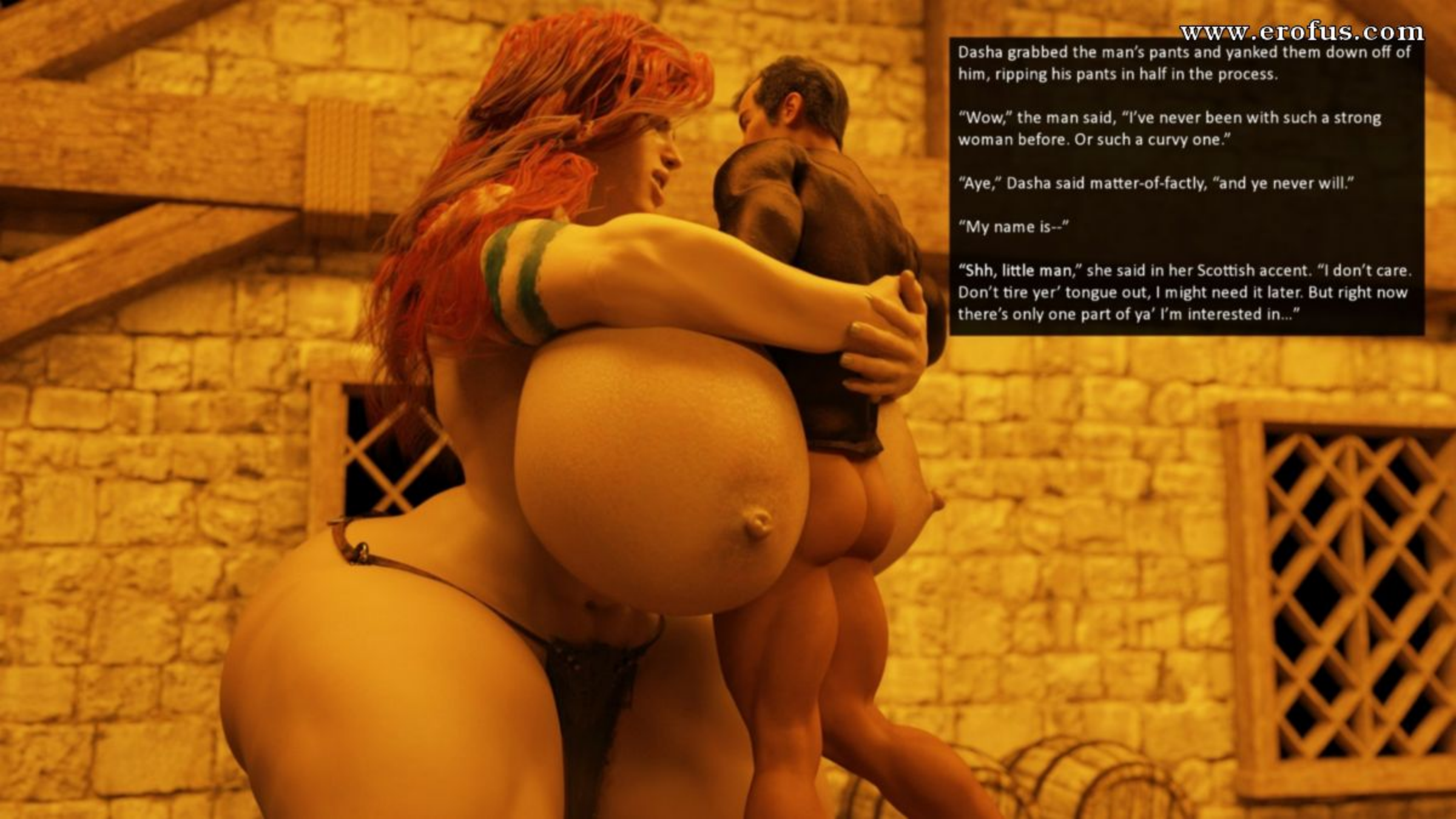

Without another word he kissed her..Dasha was taken aback; she wasn't much for foreplay, but he kissed well. The man seemed to enjoy it as well, and he didn't miss an opportunity to slip his hand into her deep cleavage.
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Slade, meanwhile, wasn't exactly enjoying himself. He walked into the bar just in time to see Dasha, who had turned down his advances, making out with some over-muscled stranger in a bar. He couldn't bear to watch Dasha kiss another man, and it looked like they were about to get far more intimate than a mere kiss. He turned and walked out of the tavern in disgust.
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Dasha grabbed the man's pants and yanked them down off of him, ripping his pants in half in the process.

"Wow," the man said, "I've never been with such a strong woman before. Or such a curvy one."

"Aye," Dasha said matter-of-factly, "and ye never will."

"My name is--"

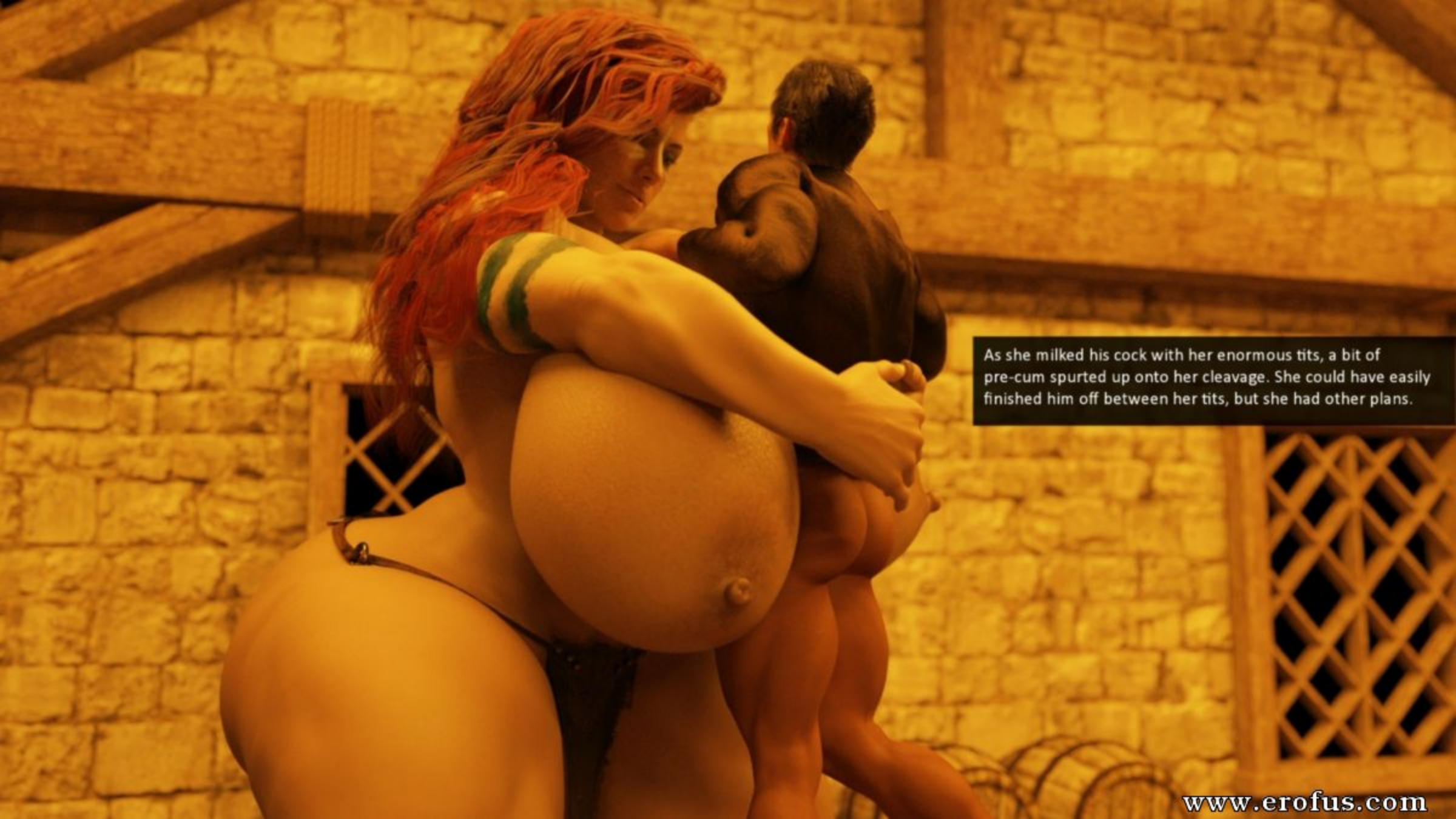
"Shh, little man," she said in her Scottish accent. "I don't care. Don't tire yer' tongue out, I might need it later. But right now there's only one part of ya' I'm interested in..."


It took no effort for Dasha to lift the man in the air. She lifted him up, and smiled slyly when his cock poked through the top of her cleavage.
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She rubbed his cock lightly between her enormous breasts. A teasing little appetizer before the main course.
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As she milked his cock with her enormous tits, a bit of pre-cum spurted up onto her cleavage. She could have easily finished him off between her tits, but she had other plans.
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Dasha carelessly tossed the man onto the table. As he lied back, Dasha stood up above him.
"Listen up, little man," Dasha said, "I'm gonna fuck ya' hard, and you're gonna fuck me as best as ya' can, and yer' not gonna finish until I'm well an' done. Understand?"
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"Yes ma'am," he said obediently. Dasha straddled the table he was lying on, and squatted down above him. She slipped the tip of his cock between her dripping wet pussy lips and started to grind on top of him. He was bigger than most men, and his cock felt good inside of her.

"Ooh, just like that!" Dasha said, as the man started to lightly thrust from beneath her. She grinded her pussy back and forth against his crotch.



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Dasha grabbed ahold of him, and held him in her hands a doll. She jerked his body upward, thrusting him into her at her own favored pace, slower than the man had been thrusting, but also deeper and harder. She shifted more of her body's weight onto the table, and leaned harder onto his hips.
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She thrust the man's body up against her pelvis, forcing his cock deep into her pussy. As Dasha got closer to orgasm, she started to grind faster and harder. Soon she was using his body like a sex toy, shaking him violently as she thrust his little body against hers.
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"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Dasha shouted out as she fucked him with animalistic lust.
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Dasha felt herself growing larger. Her body stretched upward, and the muscles of her arm grew bigger and firmer.
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"I'm fuckin' buff now!" Dasha yelled, as she flexed to admire her bicep.


Her body positively radiated power.
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Dasha grew slowly upward, as her biceps continued to swell.
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Power and lust coarsed through her body.
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She let out a moan as she flexed her bicep as hard as she could.
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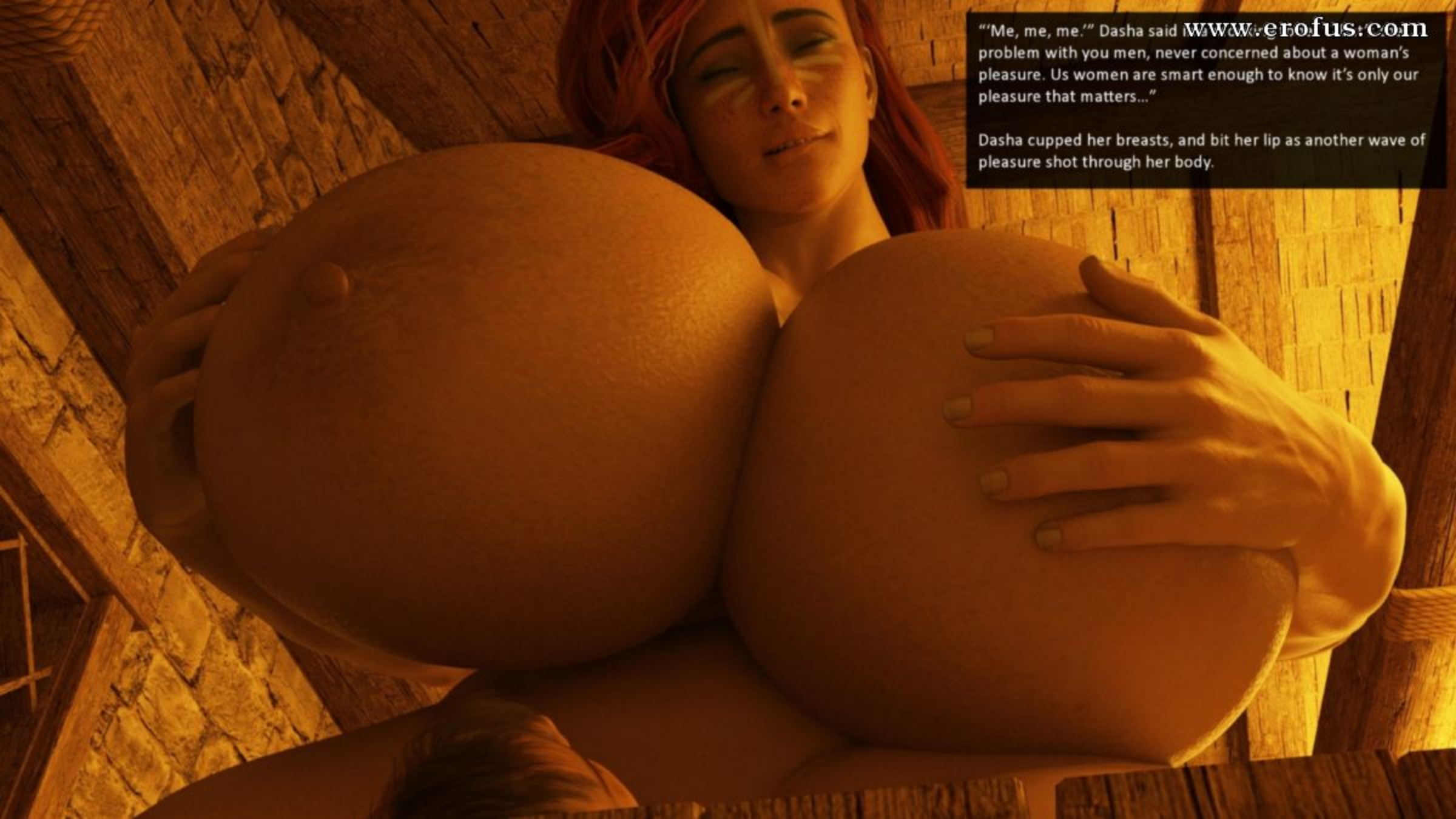


"I'm gonna cum!" The man yelled to Dasha.

"Like hell ya' are!" Dasha said angrily. "I only came once, I'm not done yet, ya useless walloper! And I'm not going ta' finish with some half-flaccid cock! So you stay rock hard until I cum, or I'll squeeze your cock in two with a flex of my huge fuckin' bicep, ya understand?"


Dasha leaned further forward, putting more of her weight on the man's hips and legs so she could better control him.
"You're crushing me!" he cried out in pain.
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Dasha rode him hard, grinding his body into the table as she neared a second orgasm.
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Dasha moaned as she stroked her enormous breast with her powerful hands. Her fingers teased her hard, round nipples, as she thrust her hips against him.

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"Oh fuck, I'm going to come!" Dasha screamed in ecstasy. She slammed her ass down on the man's hips, as his engorged cock penetrated deep inside of her. The man let out a scream of both pain and pleasure, as he finally came, shooting a load of warm, sticky cum deep into Dasha's dripping wet pussy. Dasha let out a long, relieved moan.
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Cheers rang out through the bar, as the other patrons celebrated the man's conquest. But his victory didn't come without a cost, as the night's indiscretion resulted in a number of broken bones for Dasha's partner. He moaned in pain as Dasha lifted herself off of him.

Dasha stood back up, spreading her legs as hot cum dripped out of her pussy.

"So little man," she said with a mischievous smile, "was it as good for ya as it was for me?"

His only response was to moan in agony.

"Aww, don't get down on yourself," Dasha said with a smirk. "Count yerself lucky. Not every man who spends a night with me lives to tell about it. Now you've got a story, and the only price you have ta' pay is a broken hip. That's not so bad, is it?"

Dasha looked around the room. "Now which one of ya' is gonna fuck me next?" She asked.

A quiet murmur went through the room. The men avoided her gaze, and looked at each other nervously.

"I ain't askin'," Dasha said.

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After a long night at the tavern, Dasha stumbled her way back to Gregory's house. Unlike the bar, the ceilings weren't high enough for her, especially after her last growth spurt. She clumsily made her way into what she assumed was a bedroom meant for her to stay in.
"Oh, umm, hello?" a man's voice said.
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Dasha turned to see Gregory standing shirtless by the fire. Dasha was surprised to see his strong arms and muscular torso.
"Is there anything I can help you with?" Gregory said.
"Maybe one thing," Dasha said in a tone heavy with innuendo.
"I prepared some bedding in the stable downstairs. Now if you don't mind being quiet, my wife is trying to--"
"Nah. I like this one just fine." Dasha stared lustfully at him.
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"Ya' know, I fucked the whole lot o' 'em doffers down at the pub. They thought they was was some hot shite, but lot of 'em weren't man enough to handle me. If I can give a drunken confession, you're the one I was picturing when I fucked their arses into the ground. Well now I'm feelin' awful randy again, and I've got ya' here for real. Somethin' tells me yer' man enough to fuck me good..."

Dasha moved on Gregory, and rubbed her hand against his crotch.

"Looks like you're alright at 'alf-mast," Dasha muttered with slurred words.

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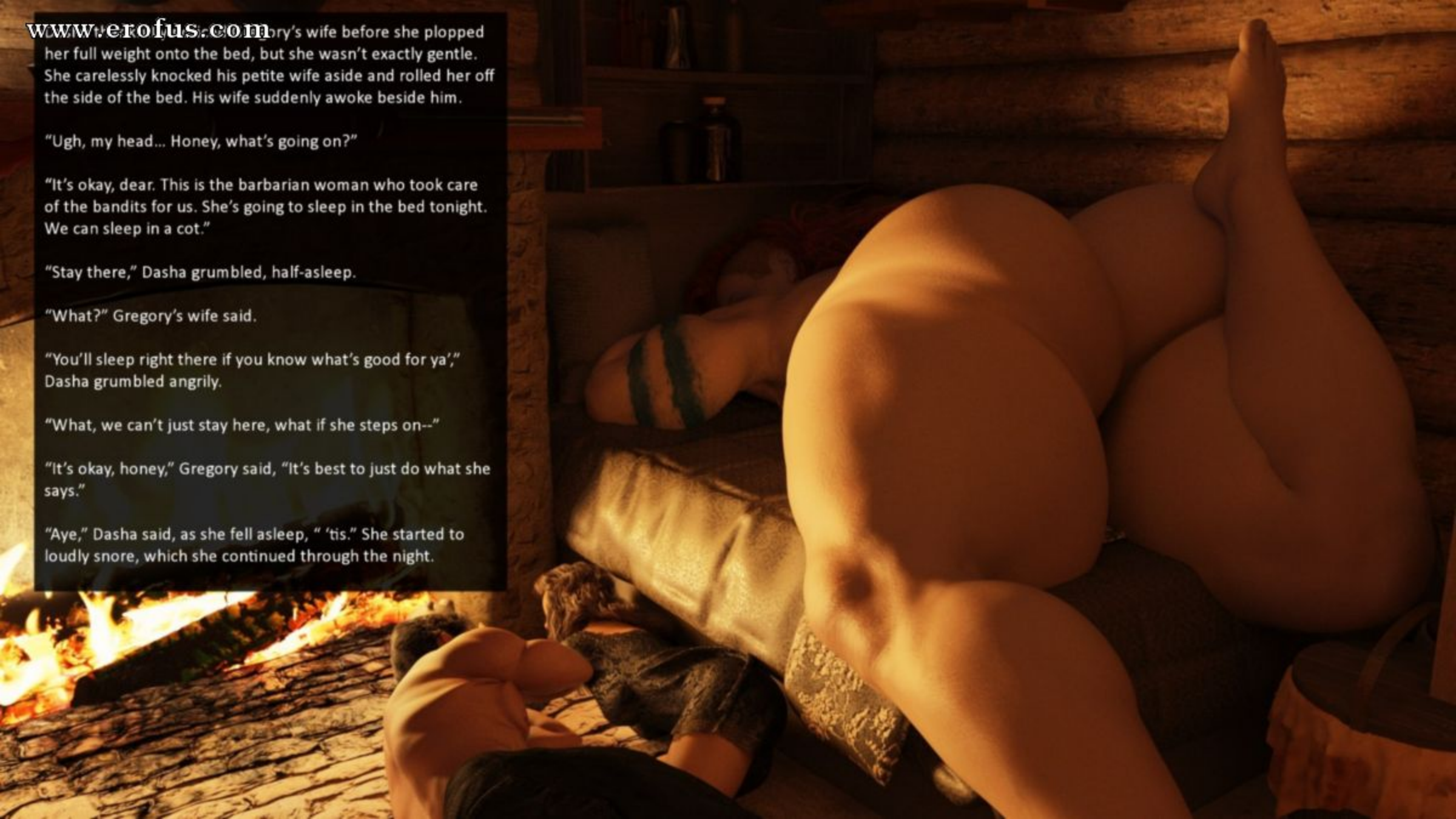
"Look at that cock of yours, you're fookin' huge!" Dasha said in amazement.

"Enough!" Gregory yelled. "I'm thankful for what you did, but I'm loyal to my wife. I'll give you anything else, any hospitality you ask for, but not that."

"Aye," Dasha said with disappointment. "Fuck it, ya' feckless cunt. I didn't mean that shit I said, I was just desperate for another lay, but you're not good enough for me anyhow. I'm gonna sleep." Dasha shoved him onto the ground and walked towards the bed.

"Hey, that's my bed," Gregory said, before stopping himself. "My wife is--"

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...ory's wife before she plopped her full weight onto the bed, but she wasn't exactly gentle. She carelessly knocked his petite wife aside and rolled her off the side of the bed. His wife suddenly awoke beside him.

"Ugh, my head... Honey, what's going on?"

"It's okay, dear. This is the barbarian woman who took care of the bandits for us. She's going to sleep in the bed tonight. We can sleep in a cot."

"Stay there," Dasha grumbled, half-asleep.

"What?" Gregory's wife said.

"You'll sleep right there if you know what's good for ya'," Dasha grumbled angrily.

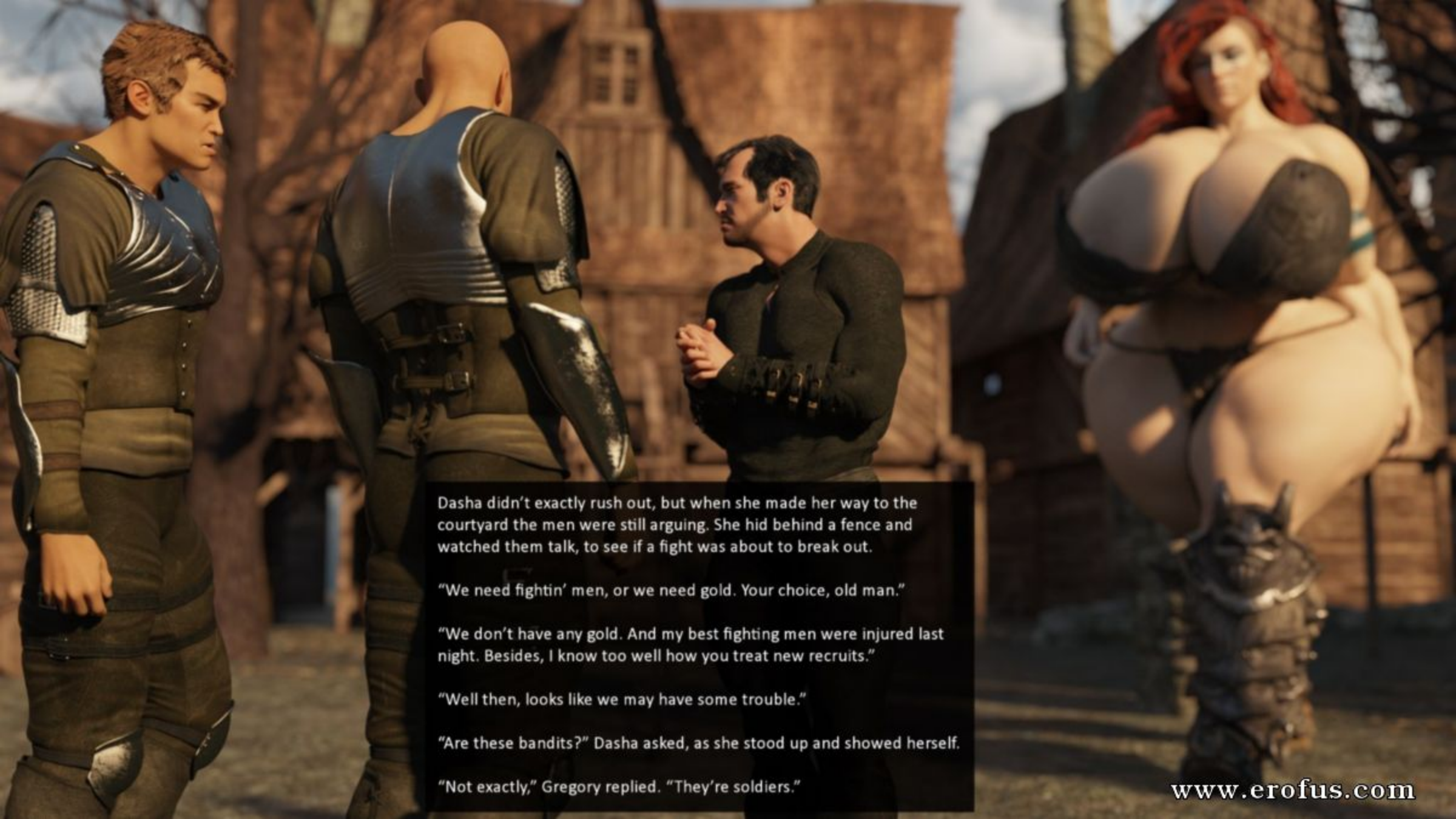
"What, we can't just stay here, what if she steps on--"

"It's okay, honey," Gregory said, "It's best to just do what she says."

"Aye," Dasha said, as she fell asleep, " 'tis." She started to loudly snore, which she continued through the night.


Dasha awoke late the next morning with a faint hangover.
Gregory and his wife had already gotten up.
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Dasha heard commotion outside, so she got up and looked out the window. It looked like some armed men were arguing with Gregory.
"Eh, I'd rather the old man not die until I at least get a chance to fuck 'em," Dasha said to herself.
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Dasha didn't exactly rush out, but when she made her way to the courtyard the men were still arguing. She hid behind a fence and watched them talk, to see if a fight was about to break out.

"We need fightin' men, or we need gold. Your choice, old man."

"We don't have any gold. And my best fighting men were injured last night. Besides, I know too well how you treat new recruits."

"Well then, looks like we may have some trouble."

"Are these bandits?" Dasha asked, as she stood up and showed herself.

"Not exactly," Gregory replied. "They're soldiers."

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"Shame," Dasha said. "I was lookin' to crack some skulls."

The soldiers turned and looked at Dasha. They were stunned. "Holy hell," the lead soldier said. "If you're wanting to crack skulls, we could sure as hell use a shieldmaiden such as yourself."

"Shieldmaiden? Ha! I don't need no shinkin' shield. Shields are for wee lasses and Nancy boys," Dasha said.

"I like this one," the lead soldier said to the other.

"She's all yours," Gregory said quietly to the soldier. "Please, take her as far away as you can. She's meant for the battlefields, not life in a quiet village."

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"What was that?" Dasha said, not happy to be left out of the conversation.
"Your friend said that you're quite the fighter," the soldier said.
"Aye, best in the realms. And I'm happy to join ya,' if there'll be coin in it for me."
"Whatever coins we pick off the men we kill," the solider said. "We're gonna be raiding towns, cities, castles... real places, with real money, not shit burgs like this place.."
"I'm in, then. That is, if you don't mind me, Gregory..."
"If you want to go, that's your choice," Gregory said. "I won't try to stop you."
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"We need to be heading back to the base camp soon," the soldier said to Dasha. "Is there anything else you need?"

"Just one thing," Dasha said, "and I think I know where he'll be."

Just then, Slade walked out of the tavern. It wasn't yet ten in the morning, and he was already half-drunk.

"I heard some commotion," Slade said. "You didn't get into any more trouble, did you Dasha?"

"Aye. Some. We're going on an adventure."

"Oh. Okay. Do I have any choice in the matter?"

"No. And we're leaving now. Come with me or I'll smash yer' head in."

"I just can't say no to that smile of yours, honey. I guess I'm coming along."

And just like that, they walked out of the village, towards unfamiliar lands.



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