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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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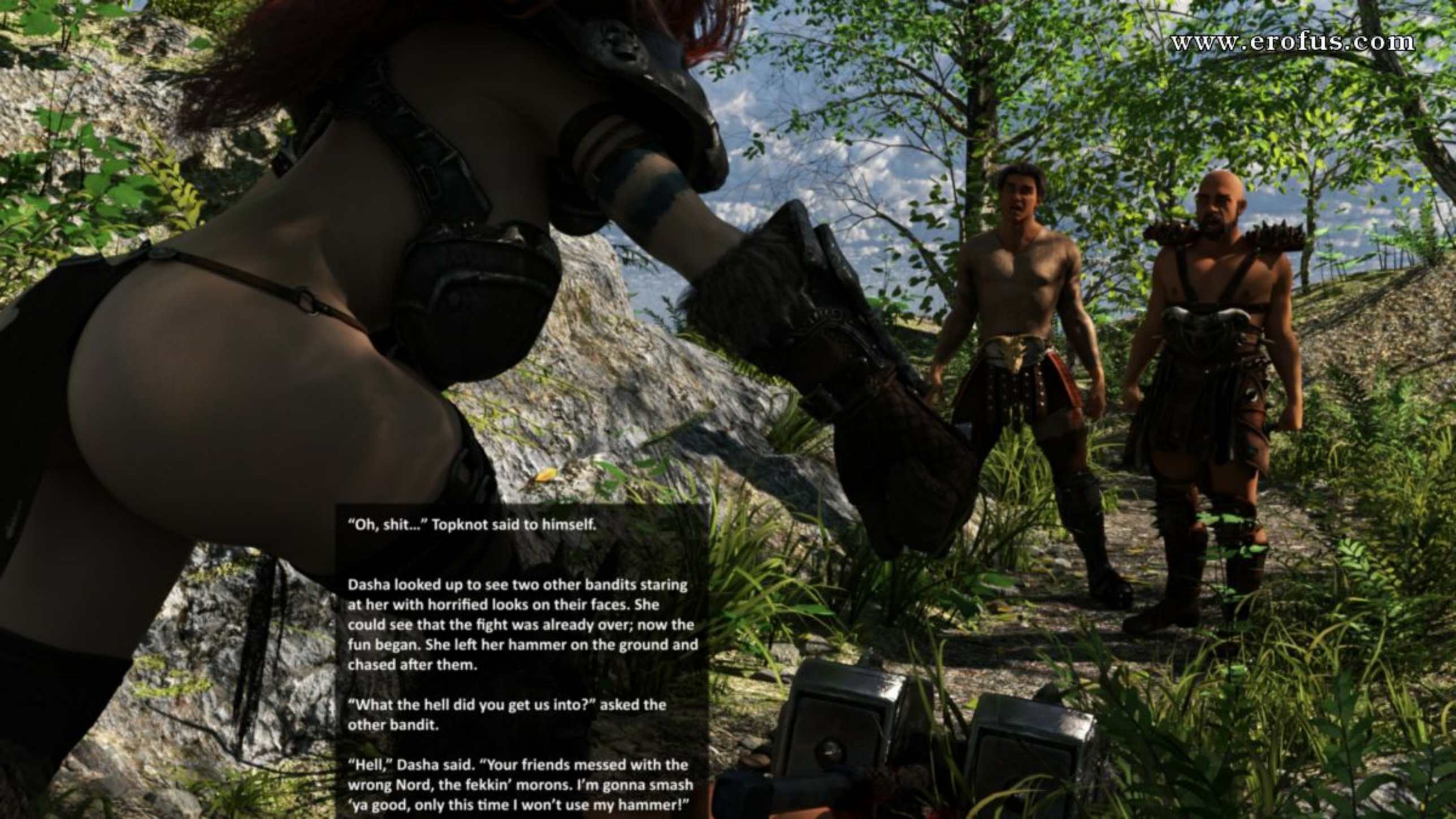
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"You're lucky that hit my chestplate. If you cut my tits I'd be really mad!" Dasha said, the axe still lodged in her chestplate. With a mad look in her eyes, she swung her enormous hammer into the air.
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With 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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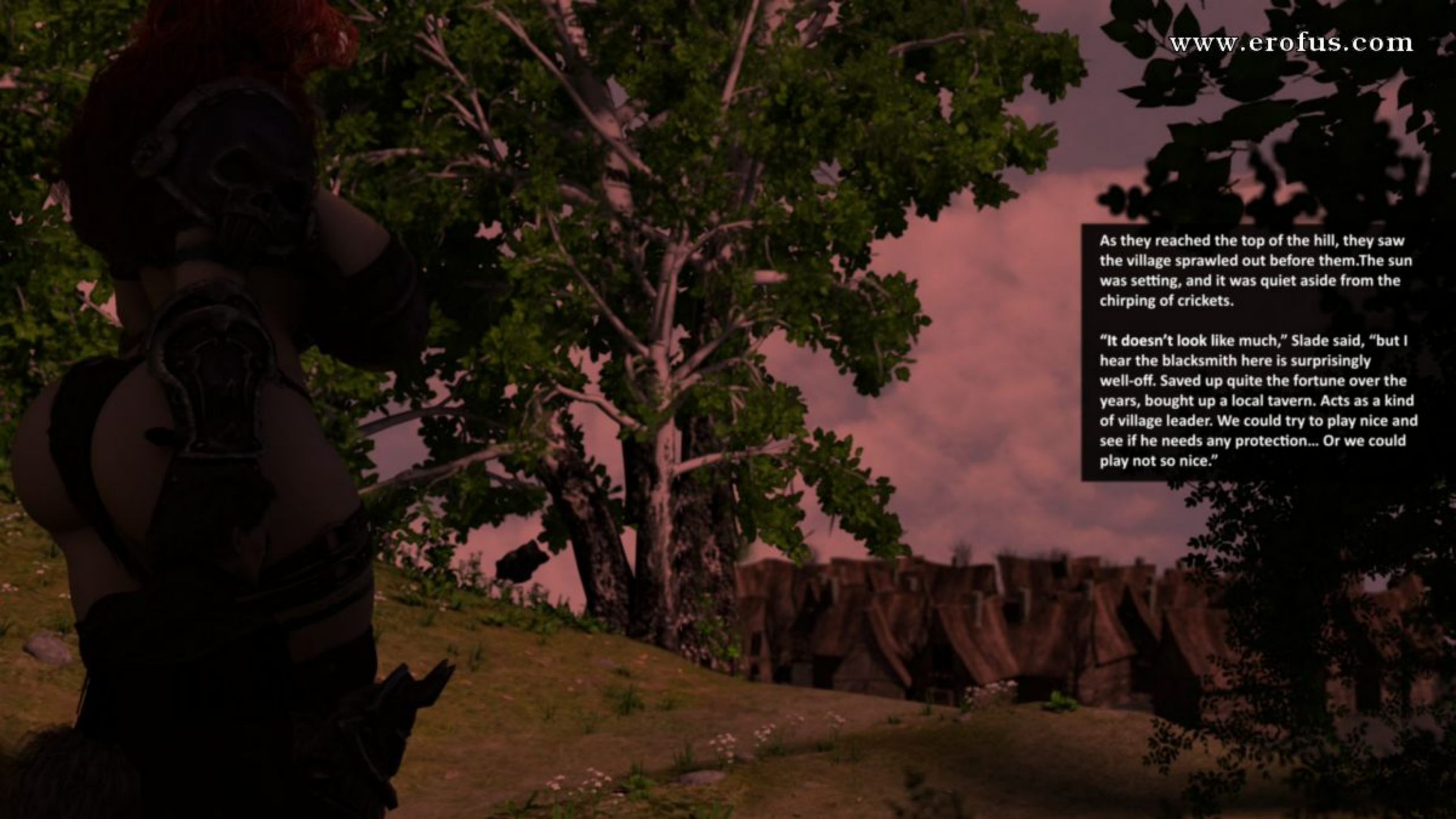
Minutes seemed to stretch on for hours, as Dasha hiked over the endless hills that made up the path. “Eh, this trip is boring alone. It was nice having some company, even if he was a weak little cunt. He was almost kind of ‘andsome, for a little twink lad anyway.”

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!"



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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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