

*Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review*

*Jude Mason*

*Come, explore with me...if you dare!*



*Jude is pleased to present*

*~Gladiatrix~*

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Chapter 1  
The Temptation

*Atticuss sat crossed legged on the floor in silent meditation, not quite the contentment he would have liked. He pondered his frustrations over the events of the last twenty-four hours.*

*How would he attain the woman that he could not erase from his thoughts, this woman who he knew nothing about—not where she came from, or where she'd now returned—nor did anyone else it appeared. He didn't even know her name. His mind went back to that unforgettable moment yesterday when he'd first seen her.*

*In the Coliseum, Atticuss sat beside the Emperor, bewitched by of the sight of her in the arena below. She was a natural. The cheers and screams from the audience were deafening.*

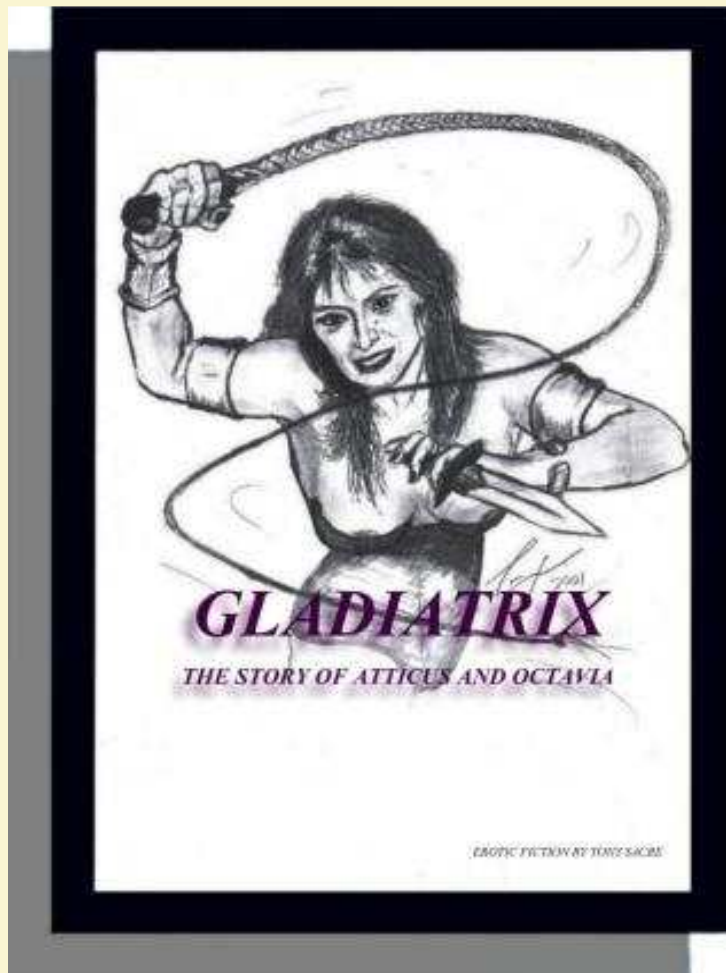
*He could hardly believe his eyes. She was the most fierce, frighteningly sensual female he'd ever seen and she'd just slain two opponents with the skill and aggression he'd never witnessed in a female contestant. She was magnificent!*

*He imagined her naked, fighting him, the closeness of their bodies, the sweat, the struggle. She was probably a fantastic animal in bed. She'd take some holding down, he was sure. His imagination conjured up all kinds of scenarios he would have her in. She'd be the hardest tiger to tame yet!*

*Who was she? Where had she come from? What was her story? He had to find out more. He had to have her.*

*Calling a guard, he ordered him to have this barbarian woman cleaned and allowed to rest. Then brought to his apartment.*

*The guard delivered her to his apartment some hours later. When he opened the door he was instantly entranced. He bid her enter, and closed the door behind her.*



*She had the grace of an angel and a body to match. Immediately, the soft sensuality he saw in her eyes trapped him. Her self-confidence and power were almost overbearing. Unbelievable charisma emanated from her. A ferocious warrior, a mature woman. He was immediately smitten!*

*Atticus had to have this beauty.*

*Her indignant stance told him she was not pleased to have been ordered there. She glared at him, staring, eyes burning straight into his, her hands resting defiantly on her hips.*

*He had to conquer her.*

*A beautiful long red toga, slashed to the thigh, hugged her curves as if it were painted on. She wore gold wristbands and anklets—his gaze was drawn to a gold chain with a red and gold talisman nestling tantalisingly in her ample cleavage. How he would love to hold and caress those breasts! Large gold rings adorned her ears, dark brown hair flowing down her back.*

*She was truly a goddess!*

*He had to have her.*

*He wondered what it'd be like to taste her. He imagined her lying across his couch. He'd pull open the front of her toga, she'd open her legs, or would she?*

*Gods! His mind was going into a spin and his erection was stirring.*

*Atticuss had never encountered such an enchanting sorceress. She had a presence that filled the room and all his senses. It was as if she held him spellbound. A burning desire for her welled up inside him, but somehow he felt she was unattainable almost unapproachable in some strange way.*

*A challenge! He had to win her.*

*He offered her wine. She accepted and they toasted her victorious afternoon. She seemed to relax and mellow as she rested back into the couch. He told her of his admiration for her fighting skills, her great beauty.*

*He sat beside her and used all his verbal seductive skills and charms on her, but to no avail. He sounded, and felt more like a boy than the man of stature he was.*

*He had to have her.*

*He imagined his cock sliding into her and she would surely be like liquid velvet!*

*He was losing control of his thoughts!*

*He poured her more wine and enquired about her past but she was vague and evasive. Atticuss was keen to learn where she had studied her arts of combat and how her beauty had survived such an existence intact.*

*It was obvious, from her mastery in the arena that day, that she was more than competent and had been for some years.*

*She gave nothing away, maintaining her mystery. To him, this made her all the more intriguing. He had to find out more. However the respect and admiration he felt for her caused him to act honourably and he backed off. He wondered if he could seduce her. She would not be an overnight conquest. He knew it would take at least a few meetings; she would be no easy contest.*

*He would not, could not, force himself upon her or use his position. As much as he would have like to, it had never been his way. She would have to want him as much as he wanted her. He wondered if she thought his gentle, polite manner a weakness. Atticuss was very far from weak in any aspect of his life. Respectful maybe, but he was a figure who commanded much respect in return.*

*It was obvious that she could be dangerous. But he now desired her so much, in his bed, in his life, the danger was of no consequence.*

*He would have to win her with his tenderness and love and God knows there was precious little of that in the world in which they lived.*

*Usually women fell at his feet, but for very different reasons than the warriors he met in conflict.*

*She said very little. He could tell, sadly, that she felt uneasy in his company, no matter how he tried to put her at ease.*

*He hoped she'd find his charming, confident manner disarming. He was polite, very kind and respectful, not at all the brutish elitist ego she must have expected. But, in fact, she seemed awestruck that such a celebrated figure of roman society had commanded her presence. Even so, she kept her composure, as it was not fear, but physical attraction and admiration he sensed she felt for him now.*

*They enjoyed another glass of wine together. She declined his offer to meet with him again. Atticuss, being a true gentle soul, kissed her outstretched hand, wished her goodnight and good fortune. Then, much to his sadness, she was*

*gone into the night, leaving him hard and craving.*

*He couldn't believe he'd met such a woman and then let her slip through his fingers. Never before had he allowed a woman to leave him quite this way. He would have to find out more, he must see her again!*

*It would be some time before he found out who she was and even longer before they met again, and under very different circumstances, but from this night on, he would never, ever forget her.*

*The End*

**About  
Tony Sacre aka Blondie**

*Well I suppose I'm seen as a hard nosed Aussie builder down here, but It ain't the real me cause I'm a cockney from London that's only been down under for 3 years, trying to earn a crust & doin' alright. Started this erotic writing lark about 4 years ago as a bit of fun to turn me missus on & it worked, she said ere Tony why don't you send these stories somewhere you could make a few bob, yeh well we all know the answer to that don't we. Dirty minds and dirty words are free. The wages of sin are death & a curse but the wages for writing erotica are far fucking worse!*

*As Ray Gordon said to me "It's a great way to make a living Tony, but it will never make you rich." Well & he outta know, he's a real survivor at it and, I thank him for his encouragement to keep goin'*

*See some of my stories & artwork on his fine websites [Ray Gordon's Book](#) & [Naked Books](#) he's a master of the art indeed!*

*Had several stories published in 'In the Buff' now [The Hot Spot](#)*

*Here in Jude's joint I feel at home, she's been inspirational, unconditional, editorial and just downright fucking smashing. I owe her a deep debt and am very flattered to be on this site with her and her illustrious guests my scribbles 'doodles et al!*

*Please read, see & enjoy*

*Cheers  
Tony*