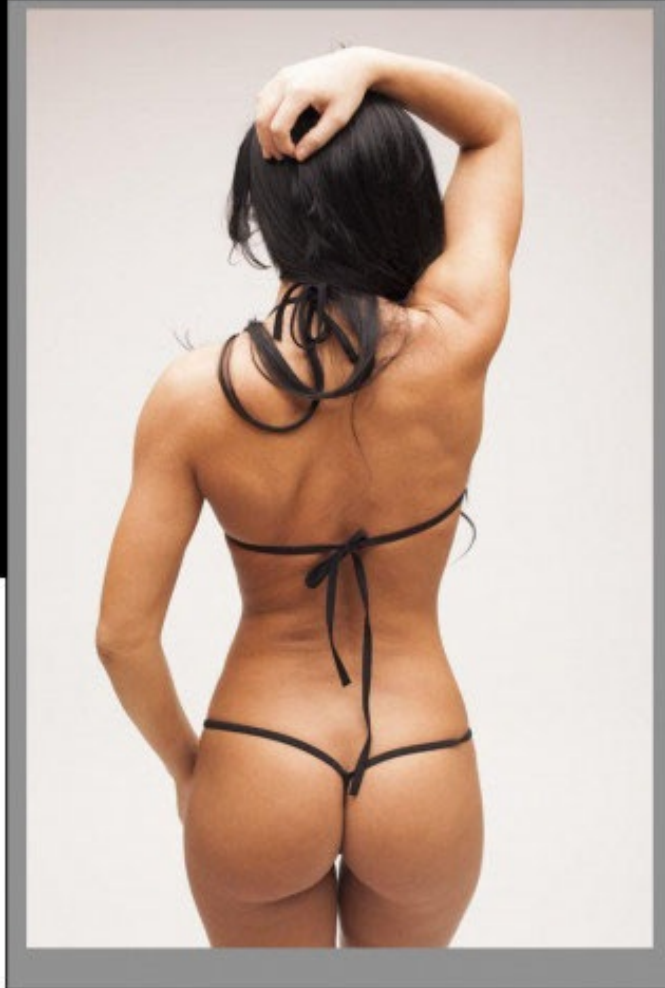


Their orders are simple ... take no prisoners!



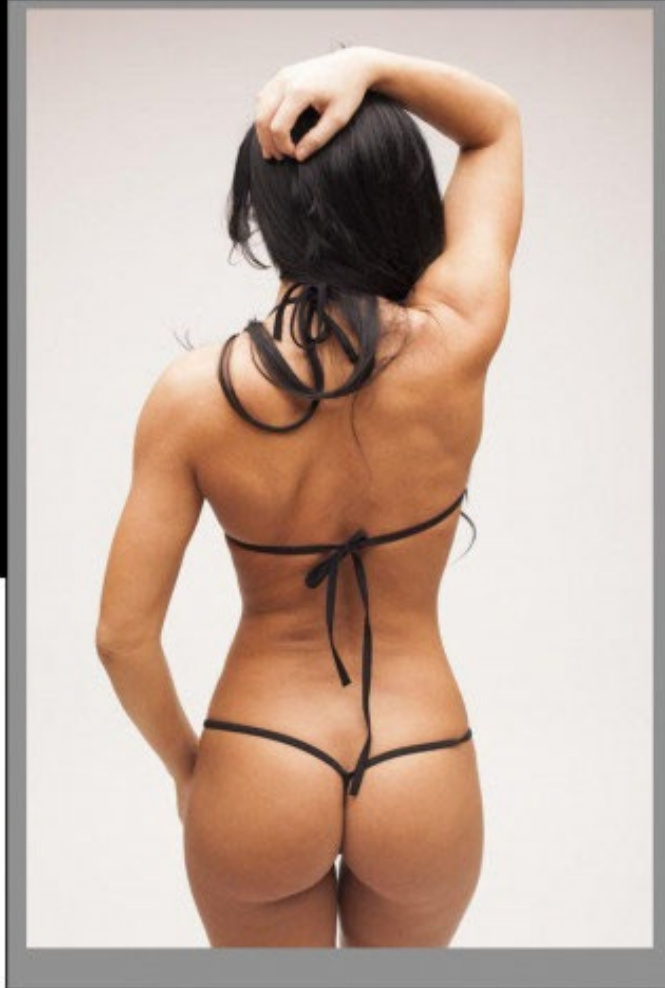
When they come for you ... there is no escape!

A is for Assassins!

BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

D A R K R I D E R

Their orders are simple ... take no prisoners!



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D A R K R I D E R

About the Author

I am a published mainstream erotic (and non-erotic) novelist and online author with hundreds of stories (erotic and otherwise) to my credit.

Under the pen name, Dark Rider, I specialise in erotic, off-the-wall adventures – often in the fantasy genre – with a particular emphasis on femdom and facesitting.

In real life, remember: you owe it to yourself and others to take care, practise safe, legal and consensual sex.

However, if fantasy, adventure and powerful women appeal to your sense of fun, then hold on tight and get ready to enjoy an erotic, action-packed ride!

A

is for

ASSASSINS!

Dark Rider

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This is an adult story – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors.

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ASSASSINS!

Amy had been studying the tall, gangly soldier for almost a full minute. Finally, she lowered her binoculars and addressed her two companions in a quiet voice.

‘He looks so young,’ she muttered. ‘Hardly more than a boy.’

Janet reached out and placed a firm hand on her friend’s arm. ‘This is war, Amy,’ she reminded her. ‘Secure this base tonight and we could save a thousand lives.’

Amy nodded. ‘I know. It’s just – after all these weeks, it’s hard to believe we’re really going to do it.’

Mae’s soft, Oriental voice piped up from the darkness. ‘We are women, Amy,’ she whispered. ‘With women’s weapons. Weapons we use in our country’s cause. Remember that...’

The small Chinese girl had always been so sure of herself. Right from the start. Amy envied her unshakeable self-confidence. She had a peculiar way of talking. Not just the sound of her voice but the words she used and the way she spoke. Out of the trio, no one had thrown themselves more happily into the task they had been assigned.

Though several inches shorter than her two companions, Mae was unusually strong. Her body was toned and hard; yet soft, too, and gently curved. At the start, there had been twenty of them hoping to make the grade. Women who had been hand-picked for their size, strength and skill in the field. They knew, early on, that not all would be chosen. The aim was to put together six highly-trained

teams. Girls who would have to move fast and make quick decisions; work closely, too – often together – when dealing with the enemy.

At the time, Amy thought, Mae had looked – physically, if nothing else – the least likely to last the course. How wrong she had been...

‘The first thing you need to know,’ Staff Sergeant Helen Harris had told them, ‘is that I’m training you to take out a man. And I don’t mean for a night on the town. My orders are to put together a number of highly-trained hit squads – three-women teams – for missions that will change the course of the war.’ She had looked at each girl’s face in turn before adding, ‘Your work will be hand-to-hand. No guns, knives, rope, nothing. Just you.’ She paused for a moment, then said, ‘When you go into battle ... you’ll be as naked as the day you were born!’

That had caught them all by surprise, and some had been unable to restrain a gasp.

Helen grinned broadly. ‘If any of you has a problem with finishing off a man in close combat – in the nude – leave now. I don’t have time to mess around.’

To her delight, not a single woman had moved.

‘Then strip off now,’ she said. ‘Everything! Let’s see what I’m working with.’

Mae had been the first to disrobe, almost ripping her shirt in the process. The others had followed quickly, undressing in front of each other without a shred of embarrassment. Helen had stripped, too. Though not as delicate as Mae, she was also on the short side, but well-built, with broad hips and sleek, powerful thighs. Her breasts were small and hard, her belly taut, and her waist trim. She had removed her pubic hair, exposing the plump, fleshy panels of her vagina, its slit a neat crease in the plum of her cunt.

‘You’ll have to shave,’ she informed the girls, her gaze flitting from one tangled bush to another. ‘Pubes can stop you getting a tight grip. Your body is your weapon now. Anything that gets in the way of a kill has to go.’

‘We’re going to use ... our cunts?’ muttered Angie, a thick-set woman with cropped, auburn hair.

‘You’re going to use every part of your body,’ replied Helen. ‘Cunt, breasts, hands, legs, bare backside – the lot!’ She grinned. ‘You’re going to do things to men that only women can do. And put the bastards through hell in the process ...’

Another girl exhaled loudly, two shook their heads while the rest stood rooted to the spot in astonished silence.

‘Actions speak louder than words,’ announced Helen. ‘Let me show you what I mean.’ She glanced in the direction of two armed guards, positioned either side of the main entrance into the gymnasium where they were gathered. Immediately, the pair disappeared into an adjoining room, before returning, seconds later, dragging a third – reluctant – man between them. He was naked, his hands cuffed behind his back, his legs chained at the ankles. The moment he saw the women gathered in a neat, even row, a look of abject despair blanched

his face. A strangled groan broke from the back of his throat, muffled in the tape that had been plastered over his mouth.

‘This is Stephen,’ said Helen casually. ‘A traitor whose work sent three hundred men to their deaths last month.’ She allowed herself a weak smile. ‘He was due to be shot at dawn this morning, but his sentence was commuted.’ Her smile widened a little. ‘Well, shall we say delayed ...’

The guards forced Stephen to his knees on one of several scattered mats. Helen strolled forward, her big hips swinging crudely, fingers straying to the maw of her cunt, fiddling with its fleshy folds.

Standing over him, she reached down, clawed her fingers through his hair and wrenched his face up.

‘You know what’s going to happen, don’t you?’ she said coldly. ‘What I’m going to do to you.’ She framed the plum of her vulva with her fingers. ‘What my holes are going to do to you ...’

Stephen immediately swung his head violently and squealed into the tape. His eyes bulged and his face turned an ugly shade of red. Dismissing the two soldiers, who resumed their position at the door, Helen beckoned the other women forward.

‘You all have a lot to learn, and we don’t have much time. But here’s a taster.’ Returning her attention to Stephen, she reached down and cupped one hand around the bulge of her cunt. He immediately retreated, released a muffled grunt, and tried to climb to his feet. Helen advanced, seized hold of his hair and

dragged him sideways, pushing him onto his back. In one fluid movement, she swung a leg across his midriff and settled herself on his chest. Stephen arched his body and moaned. It was a futile gesture. With his hands behind his back, he had no way of pushing her off. When she slithered forward, bringing the bulb of her cunt up to his chin, he squealed like a stuck pig.

Addressing the women again, Helen said, 'In the field, you'll need to liquidate a man quickly and quietly. This one's gagged – but he's still making enough noise to alert his friends to the fact he's in danger. In a moment, I'll sit on his face: clamp pussy over his nose and mouth–' Stephen reacted again, squealing into the tape. Helen ignored his pitiful response. 'That will shut him up – but he'll still be able to kick.' She jerked her head in the direction of two of the girls, beckoning them forward. 'Take hold of his legs,' she instructed them. 'Use all your weight and try to keep him as still as possible. In the field it will often take three of you to finish a man off.' Stephen squealed again, lashed out with his feet and wriggled his shoulders sharply. It took the women almost half a minute to restrain him and, even then, he continued to shake violently.

'When a man knows you mean to smother him,' Helen went on, 'he'll fight like a maniac to save himself. That's why it's best to take him unawares. So he doesn't have time to react. You and your colleagues will need to move as one. Two women to pin a man down, and one to mount his head as fast as possible.' Grinning into Stephen's terror-stricken face, she said in a low, determined voice, 'This is war ... and our pussies don't take prisoners!' A last, strangled squeal broke from the back of Stephen's throat as Helen slid forward, dragging her vagina across his nose, before pressing down with all her weight. Her fingers clawed through his hair, taking a firm hold on the back of his head and gripping him tight.

The moment Helen had secured him between her legs, Stephen's body gave an almighty jolt.

‘Hold fast!’ she cried. ‘Keep him as still as possible. Remember – the kill needs to be silent. No movement, no sound!’

The other girls looked on in mute astonishment. Though Stephen’s body shook fiercely, he barely moved. The look of concentration on Helen’s face was intense. The muscles in her thighs stood firm and proud, her grip around her captive’s head as tight as steel. A minute passed, then two, and still the trio held on grimly. Stephen’s eyes were bulging now, rolling back in their sockets as the end approached. Then, just as it seemed he could take no more, Helen relaxed her grip and withdrew.

Unable to breathe through his mouth, Stephen’s nostrils flared as he sucked air into his nose. Behind Helen, the girls held on as firmly as before so that, though his head shook, the lower half of his body remained unnaturally still.

‘You can release him now,’ said Helen. ‘Take a break. You must be tired.’

The girls promptly withdrew, avoiding Stephen’s feet as he lashed out with his legs. Helen rose nimbly, turned round and dropped smoothly onto his chest. Stephen yelped into the tape, then groaned again.

Ignoring his pitiful squeals, Helen addressed the women calmly. ‘Your cunt is a powerful, weapon,’ she said, ‘but not as powerful as your arse...’

Stephen squealed again and, despite his utter exhaustion, jerked strongly. As his knees came up, Helen leaned forward, slipped her hands around each one in turn, and hoisted his legs into the air, hugging them against her shoulders. With his limbs secured, she wriggled across his chest and onto his face. Stephen released

one final terrified shriek and then fell mute, his cries of despair muffled by the sheer weight of Helen's bare backside. His legs continued to kick – the only indication he remained conscious – and, even then, his movements were severely restricted.

Amy remembered those first few hours vividly. She had never imagined that she – or any other woman – possessed such power. Helen had remained seated on Stephen's head for almost three minutes – an impossibly long time that had left the young man all but insensible. After he had recovered, all the women had taken it in turns to either hold him down or ride him.

Mae had been the first to volunteer, and had impressed everyone from the outset with both her strength and determination. She had taken to solo work especially well, her powerful arms holding onto Stephen's legs while her hard, chiselled buttocks clung to his face like a second skin, trapping him inside her crack. Amy had found it difficult at first but, a quick learner, had soon overcome her qualms and gone from strength to strength.

Over the course of that first day, all twenty girls had taken it in turns to both pin and mount Stephen several times. They had used their cunts, bottoms, breasts and hands to all but choke the life from his body. Knowing he had caused the deaths of hundreds of men made their task a more comfortable one than it made otherwise have proved. They didn't care how much fear or discomfort they caused him, the bastard was a traitor who deserved no mercy.

Finally, putting an end to Stephen's ordeal, Helen ushered the girls back into a weary line and addressed them solemnly. 'You've done well,' she said. 'It's been a long day – but you've made a good start.'

Crossing to Stephen, who lay blubbering on the floor, she quickly untied his

hands and feet, then pulled the tape from his mouth. For the first time since he had been brought into the room, he was a free man. He looked up at her, through damp, blood-shot eyes and groaned feebly. By now he could barely move, let alone heave himself to his feet. Helen looked down at him and huffed with undisguised contempt.

‘We won’t be needing you any more, Stephen,’ she muttered softly. ‘You know what that means, don’t you?’

It seemed that he didn’t. His head lolled and a weak gurgle broke from the back of his throat.

‘You were sentenced to death,’ Helen reminded him. ‘By firing squad...’

Another whimper; another feeble shake of the head. ‘No...’ he murmured. ‘Please ...’

Helen Harris splayed her long, powerful legs, and stroked her hips gently. ‘The sentence was commuted. To death by suffocation ...’

Stephen’s eyes widened into huge pennies of fear. Galvanised by morbid terror, he pushed himself crablike across the mat and somehow hauled himself to his feet. He turned his head in the direction of the gymnasium door, aware, to his surprise, that it was no longer guarded. He made a sudden bolt for the exit, his feeble frame staggering as he ran.

Helen's face broke into a wide grin as she watched him scurry away, his little cock flapping between his legs. Her smile deepened as he reached the door, and seized hold of the handles, only to find they failed to move. The door was locked

...

Amy and the others looked on as Stephen thumped his fists against the door, weeping and howling with despair. 'Oh, God!' he cried. 'Let me out! Oh, God! Let me out, please! Pleeeeease!'

'Come back and face me like a man,' said Helen calmly. 'There's no escape for you now, Stephen. Surely my bottom is better than a firing squad?'

He turned sharply, his mouth open, tears rolling down his cheeks. As Helen took a step forward, Stephen's eyes shot left and right, and then he ran again – this time towards one corner of the room. Helen strolled purposefully towards him. At the sight of her approaching – like some monstrous Angel of Death – Stephen set off in a fresh direction, seemingly convinced that, as long as he kept moving, he could remain out of harm's way.

'You can't escape the hole in my bottom,' said Helen crudely. 'It's coming for you...'

Stephen ran again, his strides shortening, his strength almost gone. He sobbed, swore, then sobbed again as Helen closed in on him.

'Why don't you lie down on the mat?' she suggested. 'Face up. Say a prayer if you like – and then I'll sit on you...'

Stephen froze, arms wrapped around himself, shaking horribly. 'Shoot me...' he mumbled. 'I want to be shot. I don't want to be sat on ... not again! Not your bottom! Not your fucking asshole!'

Helen chuckled softly. 'I'll toss you off. Before the end. One last come to ease you on your way ...'

'You're a fucking psychopath!' he screamed, his eyes blazing fearfully.

'You killed your own people,' Helen reminded him, barely able to control the anger in her voice. 'Three hundred brave men. Slaughtered because you betrayed them! You deserve to die! I'm just carrying out the orders of the court!'

Stephen turned and ran one last time, but Helen moved, too, cutting off his retreat, flinging her arms around his waist and stopping him in his tracks. She swung her foot wide, caught him behind the legs and brought him down with a heavy thump. As his back hit the mat, Stephen gave a loud yelp and fell briefly still. As he tried to lift his head, Helen dropped onto his chest, then rose again, shuffled back and peeled her cheeks apart, exposing her little brown bum-hole.

'Oh, fuck!' screamed Stephen, his wide eyes locked on the wrinkled bud of her anus. 'You can't smother me!' he cried. 'It's wrong! It's fucking wrong!'

Leaning forward, Helen scooped up his legs and held them tight against her breasts. Stephen brought his hands up at the same time, clawing at her buttocks, trying in vain to push her away.

‘There’s no escape!’ yelled Helen grimly. ‘This is it, Stephen! You’re going out under my bottom!’

One last squeal of despair broke from beneath her arse as she lowered herself onto his face. A blast of warm air beat against the soft skin of her crack before she covered him completely. His legs jumped and his feet twisted at an awkward angle. Still gripping his legs tightly, Helen adjusted her hold, pulling one arm away, dipping down and closing her fingers around his cock. A muffled yelp sounded from inside her crack as she pumped him freely.

Her grip was now so impossibly tight that, aside from a soft trembling of his flesh, the poor man barely moved at all. From time to time, a muffled sound – hardly more than a sigh – broke from between Helen’s broad, clammy buttocks. One minute became two, then two became three. Stephen’s penis gave a sudden kick and wads of semen spurted freely over Helen’s belly ...

Amy put her binoculars down and took a deep breath ...

Her memories of that first day remained so vivid, even now. And the days that followed, too. After those first few hours, all the men they rode had been volunteers. Soldiers prepared to put their lives at risk to help train up the teams of three who would go into the field and put their own lives on the line in their country’s cause. Though the men were not the women’s enemy, they were forced to treat them as such. And to show them no mercy once they took them between their legs...

Their training lasted a month and, at the end of that time, fifteen out of the twenty had passed with flying colours. Based on their backgrounds, aptitude and friendships forged during the course, the squads were quickly put together. Amy found herself teamed up with Janet – a plump, athletic blonde – and Mae, the slim, but powerful Chinese girl. Mae's score had been the highest of all, and, to no one's surprise, least of all hers, she was put in command of their unit.

The girls had bonded well in training and, like all the groups, were eager – and yet a little anxious also – to be assigned their first mission.

They did not have long to wait. A week after the completion of their training, the girls had been summoned to Command Central and given their brief. They were to take out a covert listening base some three to four miles across the border – and without the enemy being alerted. Once secured, the enemy's own equipment would be used to send false transmissions. Though it wouldn't take long for the ruse to be uncovered, it would – hopefully – be long enough to cause serious damage.

The problem was, the base was protected by several state-of-the-art security systems. The merest hint of artificial material – rope, metal, clothing, the list was endless – would trigger alarms. The air force could take out the base with a missile strike, but that would mean the equipment could not be used to advantage.

There were no more than six or seven men present at any time. The women's task was a simple one: secure the base, then cut the alarms long enough for an

electronics squad to move in and do their work.

‘Do we take prisoners?’ asked Mae bluntly.

Their commander had shaken his head. ‘You and the electronics team will be dropped in by glider. There’s no military back-up. You’re authorised to use lethal force.’ He steepled his fingers, paused, then added, ‘It’s time to see what you’re made of.’

They were given a few hours to study plans of the base and commit the details to memory. Other than that, there was little time to prepare. The electronics team consisted of three men whose task, as the girls had been told, was to occupy the base once the latter had completed their mission. The six of them were flown out on a small military aircraft two days later. An hour’s rest, then, as night fell, they flew across the border by glider. Amy was an experienced pilot and took command of the girls’ plane; the other machine was flown by an equally qualified member of the electronics squad.

Once safely down, they made their way quickly to the base. The men were to wait until the girls had done their work. After that, the six would rendezvous, a message would be sent to HQ and a helicopter would be despatched to pick them up.

‘It’s time,’ said Mae. ‘There’s only one guard. We need to bring him down quickly and quietly. I’ll use my hands. The moment I have him, you two grab his legs. Keep him absolutely still while I finish him off.’

‘I wish there was another way,’ said Amy.

‘There isn’t,’ said Mae. ‘Remember: if he spots us he will shoot to kill. He would have no mercy – and neither must we.’

Amy sighed and bobbed her head. ‘You’re right, of course. OK. Let’s do it!’

‘Thatagirl,’ said Janet reassuringly. ‘I’ll take his left leg, you take his right.’ She said it with a grin and winked cheekily. Amy smiled back. Janet had a way of calming her down. She wished she didn’t feel so tense. But this was their first mission. The first time they would take a man in combat.

Though not the first time she had taken a man between her legs for real ...

She remembered that day so clearly, too. The final test. The moment they had all realised that what they had signed up for was not a game ...

It was war ...

And in war, you couldn’t afford to show weakness.

Or mercy ...

There had been fifteen men in the compound. Prisoners of war. Family men, with wives and children. Naked, frightened, weary and far from home. Enemies, true, but not bad men. Men with rights. The right to be protected and cared for now their war was over. But in war, rights are sometimes ignored. Have to be ignored. For the greater good ...

When the gate had been opened and the girls had entered – as naked as the men themselves – the latter had looked understandably perplexed.

‘What the hell’s going on?’ asked one of the men, a captain, speaking on behalf of his companions.

Mae stepped forward, authorised to speak on the women’s behalf, as the captain had been authorised to speak for his men.

‘We are here to take you into our cracks,’ she announced bluntly. ‘And smother you with our bottoms...’

The men’s response was immediate. One or two retreated several steps, the colour draining from their faces. Others stood rooted to the spot, utterly astonished.

‘You can’t be serious ...’ muttered the captain. ‘We have rights. You can’t harm

us!’

‘You may die at the cunt if you prefer,’ replied Mae dismissively. ‘But the arse will be quicker...’

‘We’re prisoners of war!’ cried the captain, his legs visibly shaking. ‘You know that! I’ve told you – we have rights!!’

Mae ignored him. ‘We will bring you off,’ she continued, making a crude pumping motion with her hand. ‘Give you all some wanky-wanky at the end.’

Instinctively, the men hunched together, shoulder to shoulder as if there might be safety in numbers.

Mae raised one arm and pointed at the captain. ‘I will take you first. If you submit willingly, it may calm your men. They will see there is nothing to fear.’

‘Nothing to fear?’ repeated the captain, his voice rising. ‘You mean to suffocate us! What man would willingly lie between your legs?’

Mae shrugged. ‘It is your decision. Your fate is sealed. All of you.’ She glanced from one man to the other. ‘Those who would go quickly – come forward now and lie on the ground, face up. A woman will mount you – and take you into her crack!’

Only one man moved, older than the others, slim, with a weary expression on his face. He shuffled forward, legs shaking, and hands bunched into fists. He dropped to his knees, and settled himself on his back; then closed his eyes and nibbled gently at his lip.

‘What are you doing?’ cried the captain, astonished.

‘There’s nothing we can do,’ muttered the older man. ‘If they mean to take us between their legs, then we’re finished. I don’t want to struggle. If I’m going to be smothered, I’d rather it was over quickly.’

Amy could hardly believe her ears. She had assumed every last man would resist them furiously – not give up the fight and surrender on the spot. She had wondered what it would feel like. To go into battle with her companions; to wrestle a man into submission and take him between her cheeks. Part of her was desperate to prove herself, and part of her was reluctant. These men were enemies, true enough, but prisoners like this were protected under several treaties of war. A man in the field was different – there it would be a question of kill or be killed. But this was not the field. This was a prison camp.

It caught her by surprise when Mae had addressed her directly, calling her forward, ordering her to take up her position over the soldier’s head. To peel her cheeks apart and show him her anus. Amy took a deep breath and strode across the dry earth; then turned her back, legs either side of the prisoner’s chest and squatted low.

Opening his eyes with an effort, the old man gazed up into her crack and shuddered.

‘Oh, my God ...’ he muttered fearfully. ‘I can see her little hole!’

‘Do it!’ cried Mae. ‘Sit on his face and finish him off!’

Amy had hesitated a fraction too long. Only a second or two, but long enough for her victim to lose his nerve.

‘No!’ he cried. ‘Not like this! I can’t! No!’

His knees came up, his back arched, and his hands flew to her cheeks in an attempt to push her off. Taken by surprise, Amy tumbled forward and lost her grip. She felt him shift beneath her, then turn onto his side as he tried to wriggle free. Instinctively, Amy reached down, grabbed hold of his cock and pulled at the shaft. It caught him unawares, and he froze. Pleasure, she knew, was every man’s weakness. Lowering her bottom again, she twitched her anus, drawing his attention to the dark, wrinkled flesh. He muttered a prayer beneath his breath, his head trapped between her thighs as he gazed up into the long, shiny channel of her arse.

‘Please no,’ he whimpered feebly. ‘Not your little hole! Please! Not your little hole!’

Without thinking, Amy dropped her bottom onto his face, snaring him in her crack, his nostrils flat against her anus. As a muffled shriek died in the back of his throat, she tightened her grip and pumped his cock smoothly, distracting him with pleasure.

All around her, men stood rooted to the spot, unable to believe their eyes; their friend was being smothered under a woman's arse, as they would shortly be smothered. Taking advantage of their confusion, Mae gave the order to attack, and the rest of the women ran forward, filling the air with their cries.

Within seconds, the men were completely overcome. The women flew at them; a tide of female flesh swamping everything in its path. Men scurried, screamed, wept, and fought as gamely as they could. But it was a hopeless endeavour. The women had been trained too well. They were ruthless fighting machines, and utterly unstoppable. Within half a minute, every man had been mounted, his head felt fast inside a deep, suffocating crack. Legs kicked and hands clawed at plump, unforgiving hips. The air was thick with stifled moans, muffled screams and the rank smell of morbid terror. Though the men fought furiously side by side, each knew he was now alone and helpless. Some thought of home, of family, friends and loved ones. Anything to distract themselves as the women's bottoms slowly wore them down. But as raw flesh tightened mercilessly around their heads, each man knew one thing for certain now.

His time had come ...

Amy shook her head slowly at the memory of that first collective smother. Even now, it was hard to believe they had finished off every single man in the space of just a few minutes. She remembered the way her own man had writhed and kicked; how he had clawed so desperately at her hips; how he had gushed across his belly at the moment of truth. How he had squealed like a wounded beast, with his nose buried deep in her hole...

She took a long breath. That was then, and this was now. She had been sorry for

what she'd been forced to do. She hoped it hadn't hurt too much. That he had felt some happiness at the end. There were worse ways, surely, for a man to die, than lodged inside a woman's crack?

Now they were creeping silently across the damp, uneven earth. She-cats closing in on their prey...

The unsuspecting young man gazed out over the fields. Amy saw him reach into his tunic and remove a locket. Moonlight glinted on the burnished gold as he rolled it lightly in his hands. He seemed to be studying a small photograph. It crossed Amy's mind that perhaps it was the young man's girlfriend. There was no way she could be sure, of course, but from the way he relaxed his shoulders and smiled she felt certain she was right.

The realisation saddened her ... because of what she knew they were about to do to him ...

Distracted by his thoughts, the young man failed to spot a tell-tale shadow flit across the grass. The outline of three naked women rising to their feet ...

Mae was on him in a flash – her nimble frame moving snake-like through the air, coiling her legs around his midriff and her hands around his face. The young man dropped the locket as he tumbled to the ground. As he fell, Janet and Amy threw themselves across his body. Janet secured his legs, while Amy sat astride his chest, pinning his hands to his sides. It wasn't how they'd meant to restrain him, but it didn't matter. He was down, flat on his back and unable to move or call for help.

Gazing into his pale blue eyes, Amy saw them bulge with fear. The instant she had straddled him, Mae had withdrawn her legs. Now they were wrapped around his chest, his head pinned tight against the Chinese girl's bosom. With the fingers of one hand, she had pinched his nostrils shut. The other was clamped hard around his mouth, preventing him from shouting for help. The tendons in his neck protruded like cords. It was odd, thought Amy, to know that he was screaming his lungs out, yet no sound could escape.

Out of the corner of her eye, Amy saw a glint of metal, reached across and retrieved the fallen locket. The face of a young, attractive girl smiled back at her. Two hearts embossed on the lid – and the names Helga and Stefan engraved in each – confirmed her earlier suspicion. The two were lovers ... who would never see each other again.

Amy wondered what was going through the poor man's mind. He must be terrified, of course, horribly aware of what they were doing to him. That there was no escape... Her stomach churned as a silent tear fell from the corner of his eye. Sorrow overwhelmed her as she leaned forward, the locket clutched in her hand. She held it in front of his face, pressed her mouth against his ear and whispered gently, 'We have to suffocate you. I'm sorry. Please forgive us. My friend will make it quick, I promise...'

With her face pressed to his, she felt his fear, the tremble of his skin against hers as he continued to fight a battle he could never win. 'Imagine it's Helga,' she murmured, her breath warm against his face. 'Imagine it's Helga holding on to you. Smothering you with kindness.'

Reaching behind, Amy found the hardened bulge of the young man's cock. Sliding her hand beneath the waistband of his pants, she closed her fingers around his shaft and pumped him gently. Breathing warmly into his ear, she said, 'Close your eyes and think of Helga. Imagine it's her hand on your cock giving you pleasure. Think of her pussy. Her lovely pink lips ... the dribble of her

juices in your mouth ...'

Amy felt the young man's penis tighten, then jump. A moment later, wads of semen splashed freely through the air. She felt his face twitch against hers and he finally went still. Mae held on for another half a minute, to make certain her work was done. Finally, she moved her hands away from his face, and shook her aching wrists. Amy slid from the soldier's chest as Janet released his legs.

Mae searched quickly through his pockets and withdrew a credit-sized door key. Without a word, she went down on all fours and crept towards the main wall of the base. Amy and Janet followed behind her. Their work was not over yet ...

Having reached the safety of the wall, the girls felt their way carefully around to the entrance. If their information was correct – and they prayed that it was – there were no more than six men – all scientists, not soldiers – to be dealt with. If their luck held, three would be asleep – and three at work in the radio room. They had studied plans of the base before setting out. If need be, they hoped, they could find their way to the men's beds in the dark.

Inserting the card into the lock, Mae heard a gentle click as the door opened. Easing it back a shade, she tilted her head forward and listened. Nothing. Opening it wider, she slipped inside, with Janet and Amy right behind her. A short corridor led to another door. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Mae pushed the handle down. The door opened silently. Beyond, they knew from the plans they had studied, lay the men's dormitory. Almost at once, they heard the murmur of uneven breath, and knew – with an excited start – that the men were asleep.

As their eyes adjusted to the gloom, the women were able to make out the shape of six beds, and, in three of them, the outline of a slumbering man. The air was

warm, and they saw at once that the men were naked, and sleeping without sheets. It could, they reflected grimly, hardly have been better.

Fanning out, the women homed in on their targets. They had planned for several different scenarios. Taking each man in turn – two to hold him down and one to finish him off – had been their least-favoured option; there was always the risk of disturbing his companions. Had the men been lying on their backs beneath the sheets, then climbing on top, using their weight to restrain their victim, and their hands to smother him would have been simple enough. But with all three men exposed and face-up, a more obvious method presented itself. They would have to move quickly to stifle any sound – and simultaneously so as not to alert any other man to his companion's plight.

They had practised 'hits' like this in training; synchronising their movements, and acting as one. It was all about split-second timing; giving the men no chance to react. But they'd never done it for real...

Mae raised her arm – the signal to begin. As carefully as possible, each girl swung a leg across her individual 'kill', settling herself over him without making contact. The mattresses were hard, with little give, ensuring disturbance was left to the minimum. Once in position, with their bare backsides towards each man's head, the trio paused, readying themselves for the next stage.

Ever so slowly, they leaned forward together, hands cupped on the mattress, one either side of their man's legs. Silently, they counted to five, another move they had practised together several times – but never in the field. It was vital they moved at the same moment, so as to deaden all sound, and snare each man at the same time.

Amy felt a sudden thrill in the pit of her stomach. She had felt sorry for the

soldier they had already dealt with. She had seen his face, looked into his eyes and felt his fear. His sole job had been to guard the base. This was different. These men, she knew, were part of the team that sent the messages that caused the deaths of thousands of her fellow countrymen and women. They were scientists, not soldiers – but still deserved no mercy.

As she reached five in her mind, Amy seized hold of her target's legs and pulled them high into the air. As his feet clipped her shoulders, she slid her bottom over his face, securing him inside her crack, her buttocks either side of his head. She felt his nose press hard against the nubbin of her arse-hole and knew she had him.

Mae and Janet had moved at precisely the same moment, dropping heavily onto their victims' heads, legs tightly gripped, ensuring neither man could kick his way free.

Amy felt her own man's head twist inside her crack. It was a furious jerk of bone and muscle that almost shifted her. That would have been disastrous. If he had managed to free his face she would have had the devil's own job to drag him back between her cheeks. That was the downside of using your bottom. The arse was able to secure a more air-tight seal than the cunt, but a pussy allowed you to use your hands. Holding a man in place was easier, though the kill itself often took longer.

Pressing down with all her weight, Amy felt her buttocks cling damply to his face. Felt, too, the familiar nudge of a nose against her hole. Her anus widened around her victim's nostrils, while the bulb of her cunt cut off the breath into his mouth.

Though his legs kicked furiously, each powerful jerk weakened him a fraction

more. With his hands trapped against his sides, his fingers could only scratch fearfully at the mattress or claw the empty air. Amy smiled grimly. Even if the man had been able to reach her hips, she doubted he could have shifted her. With her full weight bearing down on him, it was, she knew, only a matter of time before he succumbed.

Either side of her, she saw the other men thrashing wildly as Janet and Mae went about their own tasks with equal ruthlessness. As the first minute passed, and the second drew closer, Amy became increasingly aware of the desperate struggle being waged between her buttocks. Judging the moment had come, she adjusted her grip on the man's legs, holding them firmly with one arm, while reaching down to grasp his cock with her free hand. Already erect, it jerked longingly as her fingers roamed its length. Men were such curious creatures, she reflected. Even now, in mortal danger, his penis yearned for pleasure. As he widened his lips to release a squeal of delight, his nostrils snorted hard against her anus. At the same moment, Amy felt her pussy sink further into his mouth, stifling his last chance of breath.

Wads of semen jetted out across his belly and his hips gave a violent twist. His cock thrust furiously in the channel between Amy's fingers, as she continued to pump. A strong rattle shook his body, then he jerked again, and finally fell still. Amy remained in position for another minute – as she had been trained to do – then nimbly dismounted, almost at the same moment as Mae and Janet.

The girls exchanged triumphant smiles as they stretched their aching arms and legs.

'Four down, three to go,' said Mae, leading them across the room.

Leaving the dormitory, the trio made their way along a short, narrow corridor.

Reaching a closed wooden door, Mae put her ear to the panel and listened hard. The distinctive hum of radio equipment carried through from the other side. Turning to her companions, Mae whispered gently, 'No need to be quiet this time. The men will be at their desks, with their backs to us. We will take them by surprise. Use whatever method you wish. They are scientists, not soldiers. They will not be hard to overcome.'

Janet and Amy gave an understanding nod as Mae's fingers closed around the handle.

'Remember our orders,' she whispered. 'No prisoners ...'

It had been a long, troublesome evening and the men were tired.

'I'm looking forward to my bed,' said one.

'Me, too,' replied his companion, struggling to restrain a yawn.

'I just want to be out of this hell-hole,' muttered the third. 'War is a nasty business. The sooner I'm home, the better.'

He scratched the back of his head and was about to add another, more doleful thought, when the radio room door flew open and the three women entered.

‘What the hell!’ cried one of the men, spinning around in his chair, unable to believe his eyes.

‘We are here to secure the base,’ said Mae, without ceremony. ‘And to take you between our legs!’

One of the men jumped out of his chair, his arm stretching towards a half-open drawer. Janet saw a tell-tale glint of metal, leapt forward, lashed out with her leg and sent him tumbling to the ground.

‘Guns do a lot of damage,’ she muttered angrily. ‘That’s not a friendly way to greet visitors.’

He sat up on his knees, rubbing his wrist and grimacing with pain.

‘How did you get in?’ asked the third man, still seated in his chair, a stunned expression on his face. ‘This whole place is alarmed ...’ And then his eyes lit up as the answer – unbelievable as it was – slowly dawned.

‘My God ...’ he muttered. ‘You broke into the base naked!’ He shook his head as another thought occurred. ‘But Stefan? How did you get past him? He has orders to kill on sight...’

Mae huffed loudly, the slit of her cunt shamelessly exposed as she thrust her hips forward.

‘We have dealt with Stefan,’ she replied with a cold smile. ‘And the others, also.’

A frown darkened the seated man’s face. ‘Dealt with them?’ he repeated quietly.

‘She means we took them between our legs,’ said Janet, piping up. ‘Sat on their faces and finished them off. The same way we’re going to deal with you...’

‘You can’t mean that?’ he cried, finally jumping up, his eyes darting from one woman to the other.

‘We can do it in here, or we can finish you off in the dormitory,’ said Mae bluntly. ‘We can make you more comfortable if you like. We are soldiers, not animals.’

‘Finish us off? You make it sound ... so cold.’

‘This is war,’ said Amy, speaking for the first time. ‘We have our orders. But if you like, you can choose which of us you want to sit on you. If you don’t struggle, we’ll make it quick.’

‘You must be crazy if you think we’ll let you take us without a fight,’ said the man on the floor, still rubbing his wrist. He climbed slowly to his feet. ‘If you know what’s good for you–’ he continued, only to be cut off in mid-sentence by Mae as she wheeled round to face him, her eyes blazing.

‘Enough of this!’ she cried, seizing hold of his outstretched arm and instantly upending him. As he fell to the floor for the second time, she flung herself across his outstretched body, her bottom over his head. A wild shriek filled the room as she clamped her raw arse to his face. His hands came up at once, clawing at her tight, muscular hips.

His companions watched, transfixed, as Mae grabbed hold of his legs and hauled them high, preventing him from kicking his way free. The pair stood frozen to the spot, unable to believe their eyes as their colleague thrashed helplessly between Mae’s buttocks. Amy and Janet stood to one side, studying the men’s reaction. Their turn would come soon, they knew, but the room was terribly cramped. It would be easier to deal with the pair once Mae had finished off their friend.

As the man on the floor finally fell still, the colour drained from his colleagues’ faces.

‘Dear God,’ muttered one. ‘You ... you smothered him! You smothered him with your bottom!’

Mae rose slowly, stretching her legs and back, her hands raised high as she recovered.

‘And now it is your turn,’ she replied.

‘Our offer still stands,’ said Amy quickly. She was speaking out of turn, she

knew, but she had no wish to cause either man unnecessary suffering. ‘If you want, we can finish you off in the other room – on one of the beds instead of on the floor. Or we can do it here and now. One at a time. It’s your choice.’

For several seconds, neither man moved. Then, his nerve finally snapping, one of them broke free, and rushed towards the door.

As fast as he moved, Janet moved faster still, flinging her arms around his waist and bringing him down with a thump. ‘That’s it!’ she cried. ‘No second chances!’

Straddling his chest, she eased forward, sliding the plump maw of her cunt across his mouth as he opened it to scream for the last time. A moment later, she had covered him completely, pressing the full weight of her pussy over his nostrils, cutting off his breath.

Mae immediately dropped to her knees, seized both his legs and held on tight, ensuring there was no way he could kick himself free. With her hands clasped tightly behind his neck, Janet pulled his face into her pussy, wriggling her hips and grunting loudly as she clung to his head.

Amy watched the blood drain from the third man’s face as the second of his companions now struggled in vain to escape his fate. His mouth crumpled and, for a moment, Amy thought he was going to cry. Not for the first time, she felt an ache in her heart; a reluctance to do what had to be done.

As the man on the floor gave one last violent kick and fell still, the other’s face turned a sickly shade and his legs tottered weakly. Amy came forward and held

onto his arm. She didn't care what Mae or Janet thought, he was a human being and deserved their compassion.

'I'm sorry,' she whispered. 'I can't save you now – but I can make it quick.'

He turned to face her, his eyes suddenly big and damp. 'How quick?' he asked, his mouth trembling.

'About a minute,' she lied. 'It won't hurt, I promise.'

Another lie, but she knew it was what he wanted to hear. Mae would have thrown him on his back and finished him off there and then. But she wasn't Mae – and would treat him as he deserved to be treated. With kindness.

Taking hold of his hand, Amy said, 'Let's go into the dormitory. You can lie on one of the beds. It'll be more comfortable.' She turned to address the others. 'How long will it take you to disable the alarms?'

'About ten minutes,' said Mae.

'I'll make sure it's over by then,' said Amy quietly.

'You're too soft,' said Janet. 'I can finish him off now if you like. I don't mind.'

The man's hand tightened instinctively around Amy's fingers. 'It's all right,' she said, desperate to reassure him. 'I won't let anyone else smother you.'

'Don't overrun,' warned Mae. 'If he's still kicking when we're done in here, I'll finish him off myself.'

'I won't,' said Amy, and, still holding on gently to the man's hand, she led him out into the corridor.

He had released a horrified gasp on entering the dormitory and seeing the prone, lifeless bodies of his companions.

'It's all right,' said Amy, leading him towards the bank of empty beds opposite. 'We smothered them in their sleep. They never knew what hit them.' That wasn't strictly true, of course, but she saw no reason for him to know what had really happened. How the men had all come round and struggled fiercely between each girl's buttocks. How her own victim had fought desperately to shift her bottom from his face. His morbid squeals of terror as he had waged a battle he could never hope to win ...

She had found some rope and a knife in one of the cupboards, and proceeded to cut several short lengths with which to secure him face-up on the bed.

'It's better this way,' she assured him. 'It'll be quicker if you can't struggle.'

When I sit on you...’

Having seen how her friends had dealt with his colleagues, he made no attempt to escape and looked only mildly surprised when she told him to strip off.

‘It’s so I can arouse you,’ she told him. ‘It will take your mind off what I ...’ She hesitated. ‘What I have to do to you.’

It was then that he had broken down and clung to her arm grimly. ‘Please,’ he whimpered. ‘Can’t you let me go? You’re not like the others. You seem kind. Couldn’t you pretend I overpowered you? I’m a scientist, not a soldier, I don’t want to hurt anyone.’

Amy shook her head sadly. ‘I’m sorry,’ she replied, shrugging him off. ‘I shouldn’t even be doing this. I’ll be in enough trouble as it is when I get back home. I should have finished you off in there. Just smothered you without even thinking about it.’

‘But you didn’t!’ he cried, with his last desperate throw of the dice. ‘You didn’t want to hurt me!’

‘No,’ she answered truthfully. ‘But I do have to take you between my legs. Your work here has caused the deaths of thousands of our soldiers. You have blood on your hands, whatever you say – and I have to finish you off! Those are my orders – and I won’t disobey them!’

For a moment, he looked as if he were about to respond further. Then his shoulders sagged and the last of the colour drained from his face.

After that, he had put up no resistance, moving zombie-like onto the bed and allowing her to tie his arms and legs wide apart.

Finally, she said, 'How would you like me to do it? I can use my hands if you like. If you don't want pussy or my bottom.'

'I ... I'm not sure,' he muttered. 'I don't know if I want ... if I want to have your bottom on me.'

'Would you like to see what it looks like? I won't use it if it frightens you.'

His head bobbed lightly. 'Yes, please. Thank you ...'

Amy smiled, climbed over his head and opened up her arse.

'Oh, God, no!' he cried at once. 'I can see your little hole! I couldn't! Not that way! It's wrong! Please! Get off me, please!'

Amy felt a tingle of dismay in her belly, but promptly withdrew. Mounting him a second time, she straddled him with her pussy, the long trench of her cunt twinkling with diamonds of sweat. The poor man's face crumpled and he looked more distressed than ever.

‘I don’t want any of this!’ he cried. ‘You can’t make me choose! It’s not fair!’

‘What if I put a pillow over your head?’ she suggested quickly. ‘I can sit on it and suffocate you that way. Jerk you off, too. Empty your balls just before the end.’

He threw his head back and howled at the ceiling. Amy finally lost patience. Time was running out. Janet and Mae would finish their work soon – then this whole thing would be out of her hands. She was trying to do the right thing, but there were limits to even her patience.

Grabbing a pillow from the other bed, she pumped it up quickly, then held it over the scientist’s head. ‘If I do you with my hands,’ she said, ‘I won’t be able to wank you. It’s up to you.’

‘I don’t want to be smothered!’ he cried. ‘Please! I don’t want to be smothered!’

Amy took a deep breath to steady herself. This was it. She had tried to make it easier for him, but he had left her no option. ‘I’m sorry,’ she said. ‘I have to do this!’

As he opened his mouth to cry out again, she brought the pillow down hard over his face, leaned forward and pressed with all her weight. His body jumped and, from the corners of her eyes, she saw his legs twist at awkward angles. His arms jerked strongly several times, and his fingers clawed the air.

She held on for over a minute, before relaxing her grip a little and reaching for his penis. It was already erect, and bobbed lightly against his belly. As she closed her fingers around the shaft, she felt his body kick again as a spear of pleasure sliced through his gut. Two more jerks on his cock and a pearl of pre-come leaked from the eye. Still, he continued to thrash, and she knew her grip was weakening. Releasing him for a moment, she adjusted her position, swinging one leg across the bed and sitting down on the pillow itself, clamping it tight to his face.

Reaching out again, she took hold of his cock and stroked it gently, the tips of her fingers grazing his balls. Now she was sitting on him full weight she was certain it would take her no more than a minute or two to finish him off. But at that very moment, just as she felt him weaken a little, the door burst open and Mae and Janet entered.

Amy looked up in surprise and alarm.

‘You have not finished him off?’ cried Mae, astonished.

‘It won’t take long,’ said Amy. ‘He’s almost under now ...’

‘Dismount!’ said Mae. ‘At once!’

A cold knot formed in the pit of Amy’s stomach. ‘But I’ve almost got him!’ she protested.

‘Almost is not good enough. We have finished our work. Now I must finish yours.’

‘No, please!’ begged Amy. ‘He’s frightened. I said I wouldn’t hurt him!’

‘Dismount!’ cried Mae again. ‘That is an order!’

Amy felt sick. She had taken too long. This was all her fault. She had made the man a promise and had let him down. Climbing off the pillow, she stood to one side as Mae approached. The Chinese girl reached out, took hold of the cushion and threw it on the floor. The doomed scientist blinked rapidly as light stung his eyes. His face was a deep crimson and there were dark lines across his skin.

Climbing onto the bed, Mae swung her leg across his chest and presented him with an unashamed view of her bare backside. Immediately, the poor man screamed, then screamed again as she peeled her cheeks further apart, exposing the tight brown hole of her anus. Amy opened her mouth to say something; to tell Mae how terrified the man had been when she had shown him her own hole. Then she closed it without a sound. She was, as she had told him, in enough trouble as it was. There was nothing she could do for him now. She had tried her best. It was his fault, not hers.

‘Please no!’ he cried, tears running down his face. ‘Not your hole! Not your hole! Please!’

Mae dropped her backside onto his face, clamping her flesh tightly around him,

securing him inside her crack. Immediately, he arched his back and squealed into the cavern of her arse. Mae held on grimly, bearing down with all her weight, her mouth twisted into a snarl of effort.

Amy advanced, hand outstretched, her gaze fixed on Mae's face, silently pleading with her for permission. Mae gave a curt nod – not, felt Amy, from compassion, but because she believed it would end the business sooner. Amy closed her fingers around the scientist's shaft and pumped him vigorously. She knew she had to time this just right. Not bring him off too soon and deprive him of pleasure at the moment of truth. If she could keep him on edge till the last few seconds, it might distract him a little.

One final act of kindness for a man without hope ...

A man struggling desperately inside a woman's crack ...

When his body jerked sharply and a tell-tale groan escaped from between Mae's powerful, sweat-sodden cheeks, Amy drove down one last time and watched as a fountain of seed sprayed the air.

It was almost over now.

For him at least ...

THE END

Message from the Author

Thank you for reading this book. If you like it, I hope you'll hunt down others I've written, and maybe even leave a review somewhere. Anywhere will do!

If you want to be added to my email list, so I can let you know when new books will be coming out – or if there are any themes or plots you'd like me to consider in future books, feel free to contact me at:

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

I also have a Tumblr blog at: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.tumblr.com/>

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters: Book One

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

Femdom Facesitting: Sitting on Richard's Face!

French Kiss

Mission of Mercy

Mother Smother!

Schoolgirls at War! (No Knickers ... No Mercy!)

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage 1: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

B is for Bride!

For more than thirty years, a vicious war has raged between the kingdom of Eraldore and the queendom of Rhardhur. To end hostilities, a royal marriage is arranged: between King Seegal's son, Hengrid, and Princess Naenia, only daughter of Queen Ghanee of Rhardhur.

For poor Hengrid – a sensitive poet not a soldier – the match is a miserable one. In love with his childhood sweetheart, Layla, he has no wish to marry another. But that, as it turns out, is the least of his concerns. Naenia is of Amazon blood – and Amazons treat their mates not as husbands, but as enemies in battle.

As Hengrid prepares for his marriage, he knows that on the wedding night itself, Naenia will mount him in the ancient Amazon fashion, taking his head between her bare buttocks and riding him as only a woman can. Whether he survives to see another dawn is no longer in his own hands. His new bride will decide if he lives or dies. And Amazons, as Hengrid is well aware ... are not known for taking prisoners!

Bared for Battle!

As the war with Queen Eirwhen moves towards its inevitable conclusion, Landorh, King of Staveling, readies his men for a final stand at Castle Brandor. With the Army of Women gathered in overwhelming numbers outside the castle walls, Yarna, their supreme commander, marshals her troops for one last, triumphant assault. In a battle the men of Brandor cannot hope to win, their Amazon opponents eschew the swords and shields of conventional warfare. Instead, they set about ending the war armed only with the weapons Nature

herself has gifted them...

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

But this is not the France we know. In this 'alternative world' facesitting fantasy, the rule of men – who have held sway for centuries – is about to be overthrown. La guillotine is no longer the favoured means of despatching the New Republic's enemies. As the ancient ways of the Amazon re-assert themselves, men have more to fear than the sharp end of a blade.

Six men languish in a Bastille prison cell – counting down the hours until they face revolutionary justice. They know they are to suffer an ancient and unusual punishment. One that is raw, primeval – and terrifyingly female...

College Smother!

In 'Revenge of the Facesitting Schoolgirls', three students set out to punish the college janitor, after they discover he's been spying on them in the showers. Having tested their skills on a young man from a neighbouring boys' school, they lure the janitor into a trap from which there seems no escape...

In 'Smother Slave', another young man is caught spying on a group of female students. The girls imprison him in a secret hiding place, and proceed to teach him the error of his ways. But when a new girl, Lucy, arrives at the school, their debauchery threatens to reach new, unspeakable levels.

Devil Queen

When Lorcan, an innocent innkeeper's servant, is sold by his master to Dorian scouts, he faces a night of ruthless ravishment at the hands of the four Amazon warriors; with certain death his only reward. But Lorcan has a secret gift: one that the Amazon Queen is eager to make her own. On the perilous journey to the Royal City, a captive Lorcan must face danger and depravity, not only at the hands of the Dorian scouts, whose taste for debauchery has no limits, but from warrior tribes of rival Amazons who stand between the scouts and home.

Dungeons of Despair!

'Few men last long,' said Anya, 'once we take them between our legs ...'

In the Dungeons of Zendor, men are punished with ruthless efficiency. All those given into the charge of Jhaleera's Maids know for certain their fate is sealed. The wise tell everything they know at once; the stubborn suffer long and hard, but all submit in the end.

When Lharra, a young Amazon woman, enters service as a Dungeon Maid, little does she know that her innocent world is about to change utterly.

Armed with only the weapons Nature herself has gifted her, she sets about her training, helped by her fellow-Maids, Anya and Delphi.

Breaking a man on the bench is one thing, but, when a treasonous plot is uncovered, Lharra must venture further afield, and use her new-found skills not only to defeat an evil man ... but to save the very Queendom itself!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters: Book One: Sitting on the Hostage's Face!

As their rebellion against a ruthless male-dominated world continues, a cell of the Amazon Liberation Front is ordered to deal with a hostage who has outlived his use.

Follow the adventures of these plucky Facesitting Freedom Fighters as the hostage himself decides which of the women will sit on his face ... and smother him with her bare bottom!

Fantasy Smother

In Smother Wish, Giles pays Jessica, a beautiful dominatrix, to fulfil his ultimate facesitting fantasy. One that involves not Giles, but another helpless, terrified young man...

In Hostage Smother, Jackie and her daughter are kidnapped. To ensure their release, Jackie must punish a man also being held prisoner by the kidnapper. Punish him in the way only a big-bottomed woman can...

Smother Room is pure and unadulterated fantasy. Set in another country, on another planet, in another galaxy where anything you've ever dreamed of can come true, a team of dedicated young nurses fight desperately to 'save' a patient with nothing but their hands, and their voluptuous bare bodies. This story could only take place ... where anything is possible ...

Fantasy Smother 2

In Sisters of Suffocation, Lucy wants to join a secret organisation dedicated to the ruthless facesitting of men. But first she must lure a willing victim to their altar...

In Smother Pact, two friends embark on a dangerous adventure. One that leads to a terrifying date with destiny...

In Movie Smother, Tony has no idea what torments await when two beautiful women accost him at the local nightclub. He thinks he has died and gone to heaven, but he couldn't be more wrong...

Femdom Facesitting: Sitting on Richard's Face!

When Sophie is propositioned online by a pervert with a keen interest in her rear-end, she and her big-bottomed flatmate, Ellen, decide to take the law into their own hands. Luring the man to a lonely hotel room, they take it in turns to sit on his face and punish him as only two bare-bottomed women can!

Gagged and strapped to the bed, poor Richard cannot even cry for help ...

Mission of Mercy

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyldra – renegade Amazons in a world that has turned its back on the old ways. Tricking their way into the dungeon, the women make the men an unusual offer. One that seems also to offer no way out. But are things always what they seem...?

Schoolgirls at War! (No Knickers ... No Mercy!)

July 1942 – and in a private girls’ school in England, four young women are keen to do their bit for King and country. When an enemy spy falls into their clutches, they decide to interrogate him in their own – perverse – way. One helpless Nazi agent – and four young women determined to break him at all costs. There can surely be only one outcome. But to protect both their country and, ultimately, themselves, just how far are the girls willing to go?

Smother Frontline 1

This book contains the first of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The articles purport to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a short story, 'Rachel’s Revenge!', in which a young woman sets out to punish a man who has assaulted several vulnerable females, including herself. The vengeance she wreaks is both merciless and total.

Smother Frontline 2

This book contains the second of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included are two short stories, 'By a Woman’s Hand’ and ‘Payback

Smother', in which men get their come-uppance in two very different, but equally final ways.

Smother Frontline 3

This book contains the third of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a light-hearted short story, 'A Christmas Facesit'.

Smother Frontline 4

This book contains yet another series of interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored facesitting is the norm. At Farms across the city, herds of unwilling men are milked for their seed. At Alderbury Farm, a revolutionary new approach has been pioneered in which volunteer Milking Maids use their bottoms to increase production of sperm, vital in the manufacture of life-saving medicines. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

In 1879, a group of explorers sets out to explore the uncharted upper reaches of the African Delta. Little do they know that none of them will return alive. Captured by a tribe of naked, big-bottomed Amazons, they are mercilessly despatched one by one between the women's legs, their dreadful suffering

recorded in the diary of the expedition's leader, Professor Arthur J Rowston.

Smother Maid

In this rip-roaring tale of Victorian facesitting, Master Edward enjoys the dubious pleasures of his housemaid - Emmy's - bare bottom. But when an intruder breaks into his house, things quickly take a darker turn. Having discovered that the man - Donald Bridge - is a convicted murderer, on the run from the gallows, Emmy and her bare-bottomed friends decided to take the law into their own hands ... and punish him as only women can!

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

With her daughter's life at stake, the eponymous Mrs Parker is tricked into sitting on a young man's face – with consequences she couldn't possibly foresee...

Smother Plateau

When a young, dishevelled stranger, Francois Le Pois, bursts into his Pall Mall rooms in London, Professor John Devereux's life is turned upside down. Poor half-mad Le Pois's story is hard to believe: a lost Amazonian plateau, a tribe of ruthless facesitting women and a doomed expedition from France.

Gathering together a small group of friends, Devereux and his fellow-explorers set sail for the Amazon Basin. Arriving on the fabled Perriera Plateau, they soon come face to face with women whose creed is a simple one: We Take No Prisoners! But as the explorers soon discover, the ruthless facesitting warriors

are not the greatest threat they face in a deadly race against time...

*(Note: This story is also available in two parts as **Smother Plateau: Part One**, and **Smother Plateau: Part Two**.)*

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Nathan Blake finds himself catapulted into a terrifying, dystopian world in which, overnight, every woman on the planet is overcome with the urge to sit on a man's face ... and smother him with her bottom!

With a motley crew of acquaintances, he must escape from the city. But even then, can he be sure that he, and men like him, will ever be safe again?

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Nathan Blake and his friends continue their perilous journey to freedom. With Women ready to sit on them at every turn, they must navigate a succession of perilous adventures if they are to escape from the city. But, as the Women close in, they are about to find themselves in even greater danger yet ...

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

'Our bottoms are coming for you, men! There is no escape!'

As a new world order comes into being, the Women have set up prison camps across the globe. Cut off from his friends, Nathan Blake finds himself trapped in

one such camp, along with hundreds of other men, whose sole purpose in life is to be sat on and smothered by their insatiable, bare-bottomed captors.

When Nathan is made a trustee, it seems to offer a chance of escape. But as the days pass, it looks increasingly likely that not only his fate, but that of every other man on the planet, is now sealed.

For some men, the torment is too great. But in the brave new world of The Women's Republic ... there is only one way out!

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Now imprisoned in the Smother Camp, Nathan Blake finds himself in ever-increasing danger as the Women's primal needs put every man on the planet at risk. When a terrified inmate, Arthur, asks for the camp commander to put him out of his misery, Nathan begins to wonder how much more of this he can take. And when the camp commander sends for him, it seems his luck may finally have run out ...

Smothered by Amazons

This book contains two short stories, Smother Warriors and When Amazons Attack!

In Smother Warriors, young Ellyn must undergo a sacred ritual in order to become a fully-blooded Amazon warrior. With her sister, Rhanee, she travels to the village of Angor where she takes on a young man in naked hand-to-hand combat. A fight from which only one of them can walk away...

In When Amazons Attack!, Zanya, a ruthless Amazon commander, leads her warriors in a merciless assault on a village of unsuspecting, and utterly helpless, males ...

When Twins Attack!

A short story prequel to *Dungeons of Despair!* *When Twins Attack!* recounts the story of the day Anya and Delphi's mother took them on a ceremonial hunt – and they first took men between their young, Amazonian legs ...

When Women Hunt!

"Behind the bars of their wooden cages, twenty terrified men watched helplessly and in wide-eyed horror as a hundred or more women – naked and screaming – ran across the village square towards them..."

WHEN WOMEN HUNT! is a collection of three short stories, in which Amazon warriors unleash themselves on hapless, terrified males...

In *The Huntress*, a young Amazon girl, Hanna, embarks on a ceremonial Hunt. A dozen men have been released into the wild. To be accepted as a woman of the tribe, Hanna must hunt them down and conquer them in the ancient Amazon way. With her mother at her side, she sets out on the road to womanhood, armed only with the weapons with which Nature herself has blessed her...

In *Warrior Woman*, Roman roué, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of a distant British province, engineers a perverse form of entertainment for his guests. With freedom as their prize, Icenian warrior Camilla and her opponent, Lysiteles, a simple farmer, face each other in naked combat. Though it is a battle only one of them can win, when the farmer's wife seeks revenge as only a woman can, has Marcus Domitius finally gone too far...?

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in Marrakee for an ancient annual ritual. In her quest for the Golden Laurel and acceptance as a woman of the tribe, Layla – and her mother – must wrestle naked with a man in the village square. Her mother has already guided her two younger sisters to victory in the past. As the two

women take on a man more than twice their size, will it be a third and final triumph for the Amazonian duo?

When Women Hunt 2

In 'For Her Husband's Sake!', Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of an occupied town in the north of Roman Britain, persuades a devoted wife to sit on the faces of several men – her own included – in order to win her husband's freedom.

In 'Storming the Castle!', the Amazon Army's triumphant advance through the Land of Men has been halted at Castle Fendrah. Knowing that reinforcements will soon arrive to drive them back, the Amazon commander enlists the aid of Freya, a skilled mountain climber, who attempts the near-impossible ascent of the enemy fortress. Her mission is a simple one. Enter the castle, subdue the guards and open the gates – allowing her fellow-Amazonians to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

A compilation of extracts from several of the Dark Rider stories listed above. An ideal introduction to the facesitting genre.

Smother Rampage! Book One: The Nightmare Begins ... (An Extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from Smother Rampage!
Book One: The Nightmare Begins ...

The scene before me was ripped from my darkest fantasies: both thrilling and utterly terrifying at one and the same time. There were semi-naked women everywhere, outnumbering the men by at least two to one. Those girls who'd been wearing tops seemed – for the most part – to be wearing them still. But they had removed their skirts or trousers and were now bare from the waist down. Those with dresses were completely naked, having thrown off their clothing and their underwear, too.

They seemed to be working in pairs and, sometimes, larger groups, to bring men down, overpowering them through sheer force of numbers, hauling them onto their backs then straddling them.

I gaped at the nightmare unfolding in front of my eyes, and watched, slack-jawed, as a plump girl lowered her bare backside over her boyfriend's face. (I knew they were a couple because I'd been forced to watch them paw each other while waiting in line for a beer less than half an hour earlier.) I heard the man scream out, 'Ellen! Please! You can't fucking do this!' He might have used his arms to defend himself, but two other women were holding him down, ensuring he couldn't fight back.

'Dear God...' I muttered as the girl's backside engulfed her boyfriend's face. He immediately arched his back and kicked, wriggling furiously. I shook my head, as if it might somehow bring me to my senses. None of this was real ... it couldn't be! A man was being smothered in front of my eyes ... inside a woman's bottom!

I turned away, searching for normality, only to find more of the same. Men were being straddled all over the dance floor. Several women had positioned themselves at the entrances and exits, cutting off all chance of retreat. Many of the men were drunk, which rendered them hopelessly vulnerable. The women – more numerous and sober than their male counterparts – were in complete control. As the men were picked off, one by one, and ruthlessly subdued, it seemed to spur them on to greater acts of depravity.

One man was stripped naked, the clothes torn from his body as females piled on top of him. Hands tugged at his balls and cock, pumping him into life until he was fully erect. I looked on, unable to believe my eyes, as two women took it in turns to thrust their fingers into his back passage, causing him to stiffen further and leak semen from the eye of his cock.

Another two women mounted the young man's head, one sitting on his face, the other straddling her friend's lap, doubling the weight on his nose and mouth. Either side of him, females held his arms down, while others pumped his private parts until a fountain of seed gushed from his tormented balls, soaking his belly.

I looked away, unable to bear the sight any longer. I closed my eyes briefly, shaking my head. This was all a dream. It had to be! Someone had spiked my drink. I was hallucinating. This was my fantasy world come to life. This sort of thing only happened in my dreams. Not in real life!

I opened my eyes again and felt a cold knot in my belly. A woman was gazing at me, across the cluttered melee of the dance floor: the short, blonde goddess I'd been lusting after for most of the evening. Like the other women around her, she was naked. My eyes dropped to the perfect vee of swollen flesh between her legs. Her pudenda was soft and shaven, the bulge of her slit visible even from several feet away.

The moment she caught sight of me, she lunged forward, haring across the dance floor. I remained rooted to the spot for a fraction of a second, then turned, instinctively, and ran towards the toilets at speed. Reaching the door, I found it partially closed. Pressing my face against the wood, I saw that one of the men had hooked his belt through the handle and secured it to an unseen point on the far side.

‘For fuck’s sake!’ I yelled, smashing my shoulder against the door several times in quick succession. ‘Let me in!’

Almost immediately, a pair of soft arms wrapped themselves around my waist and hauled me back. I spun round, tugging myself free, and came face to face with my young blonde goddess.

‘Get off me!’ I yelled, lashing out with one arm, then promptly retreating.

‘I have to sit on you!’ she yelled back. ‘I have to sit on your face! Please! I have to rub my little hole on you!’

Over the years, I’ve lost count of the many fantasies I’ve enjoyed. Night after night I’ve indulged myself at the computer screen – reading stories, watching videos, concocting ever-more ludicrous scenarios. Assassins who killed with their bare bottoms; Amazon warriors who straddled men’s heads in combat or in ritual sacrifice; condemned men sat on and sentenced to what I loved to call, ‘death by little hole’. I loved women’s bottoms, adored their anuses, and longed to be smothered into submission by a woman who shared my fetish.

I had never found that woman ... until now!

And now that I had, it was the last thing I wanted – even if she was offering me what I'd always craved ... and using the words I'd always wanted to hear.

Reaching out with both arms, she curled her fingers, beckoning me forward.

'Let me sit on you, please,' she implored girlishly. 'Let me smother you with my bottom...'

I shook my head. 'No! I've seen what women can do. I don't want to be finished off. Not like that!'

I shuddered coldly at the words that were tumbling from my mouth. They were the words of fantasy again. I had hoped this was a dream. It felt like a dream. But I knew it wasn't. I knew this was real. And I knew this woman wanted to sit on me, to take me into her crack ... to suffocate me with her bare backside!

And then she leapt forward, her arms flailing, catching me by surprise. I stumbled sideways and lost my balance. Falling to my knees, I swore again and lashed out with my fists. I caught the woman a glancing blow on the side of her face, enough to fell any normal person. But she was no longer normal, whatever that meant. She released a loud, guttural roar and flung herself forward, pushing me to the ground. Before I could recover, she had swivelled full circle, bringing her bare backside over my face.

'Oh, God...' I muttered, as her bottom opened up, revealing her little hole. Excitement and fear merged in my belly and I groaned as she shifted position,

bringing her anus closer.

‘You want it, you know you do!’ she sighed, wriggling her hips. ‘You want my little hole!’

I brought up my arms and pressed my fingers into the soft swell of her buttocks, keeping her at bay. The effect was to open up her arse a fraction more, exposing the full length of her crack. My gaze locked on the dark, fleshy whorl of her anus, and my grip weakened. In spite of myself – in spite of everything I had already seen – I wanted to bury my face in that sweet, exquisite opening...