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# **Astral Smother**

**A Butt Worshipping Novella**

**BY THE AUTHOR OF *INSIDE A NURSE'S BOTTOM!***

**D A R K R I D E R**

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## **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!

# **ASTRAL SMOTHER**

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Dark Rider

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**One**

‘This is some sort of wind-up. You’re having a laugh!’

Sprawled like a stranded whale on the sofa opposite, my Uncle Malcolm folded his arms and regarded me solemnly.

‘Everything I’ve said is perfectly true.’

I blew out my cheeks and shook my head in disbelief.

‘I have the gift of astral projection? I can swan off into the ether and go wherever I like?’

‘You can, Peter,’ he replied without a hint of mockery. ‘Every male member of the Halbern family inherits the ability on his twenty-first birthday. You are 21 today. Your adventure has begun.’

‘So you have it, too?’ I inquired cautiously. It sounded like a lot of wishful thinking to me, even more so bearing in mind how Uncle Malcolm had explained it so far.

I had always imagined that if someone, one day, revealed to me that I possessed a super-power, I’d be urged to use it only for good and to make the world a safer place. I had not expected to be told that I could take advantage of my power to project myself into a woman’s knickers and bury my face in her private parts.

‘Yes, I do,’ he replied, ‘and it’s my task to explain to you how it works and how much fun you can have with it.’

‘By thinking myself into a woman’s pants?’ I suggested lightly. ‘And spending the day inside her crack?’

‘If that’s what turns you on, then certainly,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘I’ve passed many a happy hour sniffing the bottoms of thousands of beautiful women over the years. I can give you lots of contact details if it helps.’

‘Why do you think I would want to do that sort of thing?’ I asked, defensively. The fact is, the idea appealed to me a great deal, I just didn’t feel comfortable admitting it.

‘Because all we Halbern males are the same. We have the gift of astral projection – and the curse of needing to be inside a woman’s bottom. To be sat on, to be smothered, to live for the smell, sight, taste and touch of a woman’s rear-end. Her pussy, too, of course, and occasionally her breasts and other places. But mostly we enjoy being close to her anus.’ He grinned wickedly. ‘There’s no need to deny it, dear boy. We all long to be sat upon and smothered and that’s a fact.’

‘All right,’ I conceded, ‘let’s just say – for the point of argument – that I like the idea of a woman sitting on me, I still don’t see how it’s possible to think myself into her knickers.’ I shook my head. ‘I can’t even believe I’ve just said that.’

‘Let me prove it to you,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘You have a neighbour. Skinny

young woman opposite. Tolerably good-looking, if you try not to look at the ring through her nose. Twenty-five years old, blonde, works in the local pharmacy, small mole on her right hip.'

'You seem to know a lot about her,' I remarked, 'bearing in mind – now I think about it – that you've never met her.'

'Never met her, no,' said Uncle Malcolm. 'Not in the conventional sense.'

'Not in the conventional sense?' I repeated, slightly fearful of where this conversation was going.

'I've been inside her knickers. Sniffed her little hole, got to know her bottom so to speak.'

'Got to know her bottom?' I repeated. I seemed to be doing a lot of repeating just now and my voice rose a fraction.

'It was research, nothing more. I didn't know who she was, I just looked around, to see if there was anyone nearby you could test yourself out on. Not the prettiest girl in the world, but nothing wrong with her below the waist and that's a fact.'

I shook my head. 'I'm going to wake up in a moment, and find this is all a dream. Some hideous nightmare brought on by having a cheese sandwich before turning in.'

‘I doubt it,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘Not unless we’re having the same dream which doesn’t seem likely.’ He regarded me thoughtfully. ‘How could I know about the mole?’ he inquired. ‘If I hadn’t been inside her pants?’

‘The mole’s irrelevant,’ I countered. ‘I’ve never seen her mole. You could be making up the mole for all I know.’ I shook my head and groaned. ‘What am I saying? You could be making it up? As if there’s any chance any of this is real.’

‘Only one way to find out,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘Give it a try. Then you’ll know.’

‘I’m not giving it a try,’ I told him. ‘The whole thing’s bonkers. You’re just winding me up.’

‘Of course you’ll give it a try,’ he insisted. ‘You can’t not. I was just the same, when my Uncle Sammy told me. Thought it was all rot. But I’ll say to you what he said to me. How can you not give it a go? We have a thing for the arsehole, we Halberns, some sort of medical condition, possibly, but who gives a damn? We love burying our face in a woman’s rear-end, and that’s an end to it.’

‘So what do I do?’ I asked, deciding the best way to end this nonsense was to humour him. ‘If I want to think myself inside a woman’s knickers?’

‘It’s perfectly simple,’ said Uncle Malcolm, grinning broadly as if he knew he’d finally won the day. ‘Just close your eyes and relax. Imagine you’re leaving your body and floating out into the great blue yonder. Once you’re out there, you’ll be

surprised at how fast you can travel. If you know where you want to go you can be there in a jiffy. Even the other side of the world if you fancy.'

'The other side of the world? That doesn't sound very likely.'

'First things first,' said Uncle Malcolm, ignoring my objection. 'The moment you're out of your body, you'll know this is real. Then you'll be off. No stopping you.'

I shrugged. 'Very well, then,' I said. 'Let's suppose – for the sake of argument – that I leave my body. What then? How–' I hesitated, because what I was about to say still sounded crazy. 'How do I get inside a woman's pants and sniff her bottom?'

'Piece of cake, old sausage,' said Uncle Malcolm. 'When you're out of your body, you don't have one. Body that is. Nothing to slow you down or get in the way. That's why you can travel where you like. And all your senses remain intact. You can feel, smell, taste, that sort of thing. It's as if ...' He struggled for a moment, as if trying to find the right words, then said, 'It's almost as if you're just a tiny little thing and can go wherever you like.' His smile broadened as if cheered by a sudden memory. 'You can go right up to a woman's bum-hole if you like, so that it's even bigger than you. And poke your head inside. That's always lovely.'

'Oh, bollocks!' I cried. 'Now I know you're having me on! You're seriously trying to tell me you've put your head inside a woman's bottom!'

'Thousands of times!' replied Uncle Malcolm, as if it were an everyday

occurrence. Which, to be fair, was what he seemed to be suggesting it was.

Another thought occurred to me. ‘Don’t they object? These women you’re so familiar with? I mean – when they find you’ve shoved your head up their arse?’

Uncle Malcolm clapped his hands and looked thoroughly delighted. ‘That’s the beauty of it!’ he cried. ‘They don’t know.’

‘They don’t know?’ I repeated with a slow shake of my head. ‘You’ve shoved your head up their little hole and they don’t think, “Hello, that feels a bit odd?”’

‘No!’ cried Uncle Malcolm happily. ‘Don’t ask me how it works, but you can do what you like down there. Fiddle around, open up a woman’s arse-cheeks, give her pussy a thorough licking – and she’s no idea she’s being worshipped.’

‘Worshipped?’ I repeated. ‘It sounds more like being interfered with to me.’

Uncle Malcolm huffed loudly and shook his head. ‘Not at all,’ he insisted. ‘Only pity is the woman doesn’t know she’s being worshipped. Let’s be honest, we Halberns were put on this earth to pay our homage to the fairer sex. Especially that precious little hole between their buttocks.’

‘Not much fun for us, though, surely,’ I considered. ‘I mean, we can’t get excited, can we, if we’ve left our bodies behind on the settee. I’m not sure I could spend all my time licking a woman’s private parts and not want to – well – you know ...’ I knew what I meant and he knew what I meant, it just seemed

hard to say it out loud.

I needn't have worried. Uncle Malcolm pumped his hand crudely in the air and said, 'You want to empty the old love juice, only natural. Spill some man-seed and enjoy the moment, why not?'

'Dear God!' I cried. 'Do you have to be so blunt about it?'

Uncle Malcolm shrugged. 'It's how we're built,' he said simply, as if that made everything all right. 'Nothing to worry about, though. The gift has seen to that, too. It's as if we have an invisible hand down there, giving us a good jerking. The more excited we become, the faster it goes until – wham! Best come you'll ever experience. And better still, nothing to clean up. All in the mind, so to speak.'

'It's quite a remarkable gift,' I replied, 'when all's said and done. It seems to have thought of everything.'

'If only we knew who to thank,' said Uncle Malcolm, without a hint of mockery. 'It's been in the family since the year dot, and no one knows why. Still, ours not to question. Just enjoy it, that's what I say.'

'You know I'm not buying any of this, don't you?' I told him. 'I mean, I want to, but it's all bonkers.'

'Just lie back, close your eyes and let your mind wander,' said Uncle Malcolm.

He gestured past his shoulder. ‘That girl of yours across the way. Sleeps in late on a Saturday morning. I had a quick sniff of her parts before I left home. Lovely little hole. Juicy slit, too. A little hairy, but it all adds to the fun.’

‘Dear God!’ I cried again. I couldn’t help myself.

‘Warm night, too,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘She’s a bit sticky this morning – especially between the cheeks. You’ll enjoy getting down there. If you’re a true Halbern – which I know you are.’

I did close my eyes at that point. Not because I was ready to ‘wander’, as Uncle Malcolm put it, but because the thought of burying my face in Phoebe Arnold’s bottom did have some appeal. She wasn’t really my type. A bit too skinny, with a ring through her nose and a permanent pout. But I’d seen her bend down one day, to stroke a neighbour’s cat. Crouched low, her backside seemed to spread and open. Being a Halbern – if I was ready to buy into Uncle Malcolm’s view of the family – my immediate reaction had been to think about her anus, to imagine it opening up just a little as if getting ready for a kiss.

I know, I know – it’s a crazy thought, but I couldn’t help myself. I never can where women are concerned. Uncle Malcolm had got that bit right, at least. Every time I see a shapely bottom, I want to bury my face in it and never come out. I loved the idea of having the unbelievable gift he’d just described to me, I just couldn’t accept it was possible.

‘You’re thinking of her little bum-opening, aren’t you?’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘You’re thinking how lovely it would be to run your tongue around the rim and cover it in kisses. Well, you can, my boy! You can! Have faith!’

I opened my eyes again. There was something in the way he looked at me, a conviction in his voice, that made me weaken for a moment. As if it were true. That I really could leave my body ... and find my way into any woman's bottom!

'All right,' I said, partly in hope, but more so in the expectation of a failure that would at least end this conversation once and for all, 'I'll close my eyes and leave my body.'

Uncle Malcolm shook his head. 'It won't work if you don't believe in it,' he warned me. 'Give it a chance, Peter, you won't regret it.'

I returned his look doubtfully. I did want to believe in it, of course. I mean – who wouldn't? But it was hard to shift the nagging thought that the moment I gave in and did what he said, he'd burst out laughing and say he couldn't believe what an idiot I'd been to fall for it.

And yet ... it wasn't like Uncle Malcom to talk like this. So bluntly, and with so much ... well, certainty.

'I'll do my best,' I said, 'but if this is a wind-up...'

'It isn't,' he promised. 'You have to believe me, Peter. I've never been more serious in my life. And once you begin, once you find yourself leaving your body, don't change your mind. Keep going, it's the only way.'

‘Very well,’ I said and closed my eyes a second time. Though I felt rather stupid, it struck me that, if I was going to throw myself into the pool, I might as well go in at the deep end and to hell with it. And so I took a deep breath and focused my entire attention on leaving my body. On floating up into the air and looking down at myself from the ceiling.

It was only then that I realised I was doing just that. And it didn’t feel like my imagination, it felt like the real deal! In heaven’s name, I was up there! I was up there on the ceiling looking down! There I was – my body at least – slumped in an armchair. And there was the back of Uncle Malcolm’s head, his bald patch plainly visible.

I remembered what he had said, ‘Don’t go back.’ Don’t panic might have been more to the point. I mean, what the hell was going on? This couldn’t be real, surely?

Without giving it any conscious thought, I found myself heading for the door. I thought about opening it too late, not that mattered because I sailed straight through as if it wasn’t there. A thrill of excitement swept through me as I made for the door into Phoebe’s apartment, passed through and found myself in her sitting room.

I looked around in some despair. What a mess! Stuff thrown everywhere. She was an untidy girl, that much was obvious. Her flat, I realised, was set out on the same lines as mine and, in no time at all, I found myself floating towards her bedroom door, then through it and into the room beyond.

I drew up short, in a vague sort of holding pattern over her bed. She was lying on top of the sheets, snoring like a pig, naked from the waist up and wearing a pair of flimsy cotton pyjama trousers, so thin they were almost transparent.

Moving closer, I stretched out my arms. It was odd because I couldn't actually see them, I just seemed to know they were there. I felt my invisible fingers close around the waistband of her pants and begin to pull them down. It was only then that I realised – or somehow knew instinctively – that I didn't have to. I let go at once and moved a fraction closer.

A damp heat and a rich, earthy aroma wafted up from between Phoebe's buttocks, and I found myself taking a deep breath as her scent washed over me. Once again, I focused all my attention – homing in on the damp patch of sweat that clung to where her pyjamas had wedged in her crack.

Concentrate on her hole, I told myself. Concentrate on her little hole!

As my lungs filled with her butt-scent, it seemed to me that I was shrinking. Her arse grew bigger and bigger, filling my vision. The damp patch of her pyjamas grew bigger too, until it wrapped itself around my face as I passed through, drenching me in salty sweat.

A moment later, I was face to face with the pink, wrinkled knot of Phoebe Arnold's anus! In heaven's name I could hardly believe it! I was staring into my neighbour's arsehole – the opening into her bottom and the dark, hidden passage beyond! What was crazier still was that, from my perspective, her anus was bigger than me! It was as if, in projecting myself down into the gap between her buttocks, I had adjusted my own height into the bargain. I understand, now, what Uncle Malcolm had meant. How he had managed – on countless occasions it seemed – to push his head inside a woman's bottom. It really was possible!

I reached out again and pressed my hands into the mottled flesh of Phoebe's

anus, running my fingers over the grooves in her wrinkled skin. Another wave of earthy scent filled my nostrils and I leaned forward, pressing my face lightly into the dip of her crater. Extending my tongue, I lapped greedily, like a cat drinking milk. It amazed me that Phoebe hadn't woken, but then I remembered what Uncle Malcom had said about a woman not knowing she was being worshipped. I couldn't get my head round that, I mean, how could a woman not realise that a man was licking her anus? The hole was packed with nerve ends so sensitive she should have been screaming at the ceiling by now.

On the other hand, it was probably just as well. It wouldn't have made life easy for me if she'd been thrashing around in her bed, squealing like a wounded banshee.

I still couldn't get over how nice she smelt: rich, earthy and damp. By now, I'd kissed all around the edges of her opening and even sucked one or two tiny hairs into my mouth, savouring the taste of her sweat on my tongue. That was when I looked into the well itself and wondered if it was really possible to squeeze my head up there. It was a weird thought, I mean, who the hell has ever shoved their head into a woman's bottom – right up into the passage? Well, apart from my Uncle Malcolm if he's to be believed, and possibly most of my long-dead forebears.

I reached up with both arms and pressed my hands into the meaty folds of Phoebe's anus, ready to pull myself inside. And then I lost my nerve. I wanted to bury my face in the hole, to take a deep breath – not that I suppose I needed one – and just press on into the darkness. But I was suddenly afraid and, in that moment, there was a loud whooshing noise in my ears. A moment after that, I was back in my room with Uncle Malcolm sitting opposite me and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

**Two**

‘Enjoy yourself?’ he asked cheerfully. ‘Inside young Phoebe’s bottom?’

It took me some time to compose myself and I realised, to my surprise, that I was short of breath. When I finally spoke, I didn’t feel sure of anything.

‘I don’t know what to say,’ I began. ‘I mean ...’

‘Feels like a dream, doesn’t it?’ he said, hitting the proverbial nail on the head. ‘As if it never happened?’

I thought about it for a moment and realised he was right. It did feel like a dream. I wasn’t even excited – which I’d imagined was a given, bearing in mind I’d recently been sniffing a woman’s arse.

‘Tell me what happened,’ said Uncle Malcolm eagerly. ‘Leave nothing out – I have my reasons.’

I was sure he did, and assumed they were purely selfish – to hear all the details for personal satisfaction – but I told him nonetheless, if only because it gave me pleasure to recall them.

‘I thought as much,’ he said, when I had finished.

‘You thought as much what?’ I said, because I didn’t think he was making any sense.

‘Fear’s a complicated thing, Peter,’ he continued. ‘It can excite, of course, but it mostly does the opposite. Worse – for people like us – it pulls you back from the astral plane. Possibly it’s a safety measure, to protect us from something we’d rather not do. All I can say is: whenever I’ve been afraid – close to a woman’s private parts, and especially the anus – I’ve straightaway found myself back where I started.’

‘It’s happened to you, too?’ I said. ‘When you’ve been, well,’ I struggled for the right words and finally settled on, ‘between a woman’s legs?’

‘Oh, yes,’ he confirmed, without embarrassment. ‘I remember the first woman I – shall we say – visited?’ A fond look transformed his face. ‘She was a policewoman, of all people. Not much of a face and with big shoulders, big breasts – but a backside to die for. Soon as I saw it, I thought – that’s an arse I’d like to investigate further.’

‘A policewoman?’ I repeated blankly. I couldn’t see the appeal – and even less so from his description of her.

‘Woman of power, authority,’ he said, by way of explanation. ‘Licensed to take you by force, pin you down, ravish you with impunity.’

‘I don’t think she is,’ I responded. ‘Not that last one at any rate.’

Uncle Malcolm smiled. ‘A man can dream,’ he muttered wistfully. ‘Anyhow, knew I had to get my face into her backside, pronto, acquaint myself better with its little hole. Not that it was a little hole. Quite a big bugger, in fact – one of the biggest I’ve ever seen. I think that’s what did it.’

‘Did what?’ I asked, when he lapsed into silence, leaving me none the wiser.

‘Put the fear of God into me,’ he said quickly, ‘when I – well – wondered what it might feel like to throw myself into the pit of doom!’

‘The pit of doom?’ I repeated, without thinking.

‘Up through the eye of her arse,’ he explained, ‘and into her heavenly dungeon!’

Uncle Malcolm had always had a flamboyant way of speaking but today he was outdoing himself.

‘The flesh around the hole itself was quite delicious. Thick and chunky, but curiously soft in the mouth. She had a very hairy cunt – thick black curls that stretched all the way into her crack. Her anus looked like a dark brown well surrounded by bushes. It was so damned hot in her pants that I was sliding around in her sweat.’ He closed his eyes for a moment and looked content. ‘Could have drowned in her anus and died a happy man,’ he sighed, as he opened them wide again and smiled.

I was struggling with the image and made no reply before he continued.

‘As I say, like any man in my position, my next thought was to press on further: shove my head through the hole and see where it took me. That was when I looked into the well itself and suddenly thought better of it. What if I didn’t like being up there? What if I couldn’t breathe? What if I ended up – well – suffocating to death inside her passage?’ He sighed and shook his head. ‘Next thing I knew, I was back home, trembling like a leaf.’

‘So what did you do?’ I asked.

‘I went back,’ he said. ‘Three times in the next three days. And every one a disaster. Problem was: I didn’t want to die inside her bottom.’

‘So you never got past the hole?’ I said, aware of the disappointment in my voice. ‘You never did find out what it felt like ... to be inside the policewoman’s passage?’

‘Course I did!’ said Uncle Malcolm in a strong voice, his back as straight as a ruler. ‘I’d have been a damn fool if I’d given up. I knew that, then – and I know it now. You’ll be a fool, too, if you don’t try again.’

I felt confused. ‘But how did you do it?’ I asked. ‘If you were afraid – about dying inside her bottom?’

‘Easy,’ said Uncle Malcom. ‘I told myself I wasn’t afraid. That if a woman’s passage was where I was going to end my days then, by God, I wanted it to be hers.’

‘That’s all you had to tell yourself?’ I said. ‘It was as easy as that?’

Uncle Malcolm shook his head. ‘It wasn’t easy at all. I didn’t just tell myself that I didn’t mind dying inside my policewoman’s bottom, I believed it. That’s the only way it can work, Peter – you have to believe.’ He sucked in his cheeks thoughtfully. ‘I asked myself: could I die a happy man if I didn’t – even just the once – throw myself through the gates of Paradise and into this woman’s rear end?’ He took a deep breath before concluding. ‘I knew the answer to that as well as I knew the answer to anything. We Halberns were born to worship at the arse and there’s no greater worship we can offer than to enter that forbidden land behind the hole itself. It’s what I was born for, Peter, and you, too. To live – and finally die – inside a woman’s bottom.’

‘What do you mean – die inside a bottom?’ I repeated, my earlier fears resurfacing. It crossed my mind that he seemed rather fixated on the idea.

Uncle Malcolm tilted his head and laughed. ‘It’s all right, dear boy, I’m not suggesting you embrace death any time soon. I’m talking about the future – in your case, hopefully, many years hence, when you’re an older bugger like me. Well, older still, I hope. I’ve no wish yet to shuffle off this mortal coil. Still too many holes to worship. But eventually, when our time comes – and we’ll know it – we have the power, if we wish, to make one final journey. To visit one last hole and offer it one last kiss. And then to enter through that perfect little doorway ... and take our final breath in the heavenly chamber beyond.’

As he spoke, a look of utter peace transformed his face and it was hard not to feel peaceful, too. He had painted such a lovely picture and I knew that he meant every word.

‘You really think that’s where we can end our days?’ I asked, struggling to accept the concept.

‘I’m certain of it,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘I’ve been to several Halbern funerals over the years and every face – the men, at least – has looked so happy. I believe they all ended their days inside a woman’s passage, and that’s where their spirits reside even now.’

‘It sounds bonkers,’ I replied, but a part of me believed it, nonetheless. Or wanted to, at any rate.

Uncle Malcolm jiggled his shoulders. ‘There are worse ways to go,’ he said, ‘than inside a woman’s bottom. It’s where I want to end my days ... when my time comes.’

‘So all I’ve got to do is tell myself I’m not afraid – and I’ll be able to get inside Phoebe’s passage?’ I said, mulling over the prospect but still feeling uncomfortable about it.

Uncle Malcolm shrugged again. ‘It doesn’t have to be Phoebe,’ he replied. ‘She may not be the one. You may be happy enough to worship her anus but have no wish to take it further. It happens.’ He smiled. ‘You’ll know when you find a woman whose passage you want to enter. One whose arse you’d happily end your days inside.’

‘You make it sound so simple,’ I said.

‘It is,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘Once you get the hang of it.’ He paused. ‘There is another thing I didn’t tell you. Couldn’t, really. Not in the circumstances.’

‘Oh, yes?’ I said, wondering what was coming next.

‘No need to look so worried,’ he reassured me. ‘It’s just that, well, you won’t have felt anything just now – no excitement – when you were licking Phoebe’s hole.’

‘You’re right, I didn’t. I didn’t understand that. I thought I’d be more aroused.’

‘You need to go about things in a certain way if you want pleasure. You can head off any time you like, as you did a few minutes ago, but to experience orgasm – no, don’t look so embarrassed, it’s what we all want – there’s a procedure you have to follow. That’s why I’m here – to teach you the shortcuts. The way I was taught them before you.’

I know I’s blushed when he mentioned the word ‘orgasm’. It was ridiculous after everything we’d talked about, but it just happened and there was nothing I could do about it.

‘So what do I have to do?’ I asked, trying not to sound desperate.

‘It’s simple enough,’ said Uncle Malcolm. ‘First off, you need to be naked. That way, when you enter the astral plane, you’ll be aware of your body. You’ll also need to masturbate – excite yourself as much as possible – before you set out.’

I must have looked embarrassed again because he shook his head and smiled.

‘The good thing is that you don’t need to be geographically close to the woman you’re planning to visit. Just have an image of her in your mind. I find it helps if I focus on her face initially, and then her anus. Imagine yourself licking the hole, or having her sit on your head. Maybe sniffing her opening, whatever turns you on. Really get yourself going. A moment before you come, your mind will leave your body and take you wherever you need to go. You’ll be erect throughout whatever happens and you’ll only come when the plane itself decides it’s time.’

‘I find that hard to believe,’ I said. ‘What if I want to come sooner?’

‘You probably will – more than once – but the plane knows your needs better than you. Trust me, I learned this the hard way – as you will.’

Uncle Malcolm stood up. ‘There’s not much more I can tell you, I’m afraid. I imagine you’re already quite keen to strip off and have another go at Phoebe’s bottom.’

I had to admit that he was right and told him so. He smiled. ‘There’s a woman I’m quite keen to visit, too. A young nurse at my doctor’s surgery. I’ve been licking her hole for a couple of days, working up the courage to enter her passage. I’m hoping tonight might be the night.’

I stood up, too. My stomach had tightened with excitement and I’m ashamed to admit that I couldn’t wait for him to leave so that I could visit Phoebe again.

‘If there’s anything you need to know,’ he said, reaching out to shake my hand, ‘you know where I am.’ He smiled. ‘But I think you’ll enjoy the learning process on your own.’

At the door to my flat, his smile broadened. ‘Happy bottom licking,’ he said and, a moment later, he was gone.

# Three

The moment the door closed behind him, I dropped the latch, switched off my phone and high-tailed it into my bedroom.

Stripping off as fast as I could, I threw myself onto the mattress, closed my hand around my cock, shut my eyes and thought of Phoebe.

Her face seemed surprisingly clear and I wondered if it was part of the gift, the ability to visualise features so much more easily than I had ever done before. I could see every freckle on her cheeks, the dull blue of her eyes, the untidy sweep of her brows and the ring through her nose. Having committed her face to memory, I turned my attention to her anus. I had seen it, of course, close up, and was aware of its rich, earthy scent. I imagined I was breathing her in, poked out my tongue and felt its little hairs tickle the tip.

‘Oh, Phoebe,’ I muttered, already aware of a growing need in my balls, ‘you have a lovely arsehole ... such a hairy little thing ... I wish you could rub it all over me ...’ I swallowed a groan and pumped myself a little faster. ‘I wish you were sitting on my face,’ I sighed. ‘I wish you were bumming me to death. I wish I couldn’t breathe ...’

A familiar tingle swept through my balls and I felt my penis lurch. I jiggled the shaft, aware of my imminent release, and groaned feebly. A moment later, I was airborne, no longer in my body, opened my eyes and found myself back in Phoebe’s flat, floating over her bed. I looked down and saw that I was naked, my cock firm and jerking fitfully between my legs. Phoebe was lying on her tummy, her pyjama bottoms rucked down a little, to expose the top of her crack and the gentle swell of her buttocks.

Though the need in my cock remained urgent, I was no longer in any immediate danger of coming. A warm, pleasurable glow rose from my belly and swept down my legs, along my arms and into my head. I was on fire with happiness and ready to take on the world!

Drawing a deep breath, I imagined filling my lungs with the smell of her arse and, a moment later, I was nuzzling in her crack, her warm cheeks wrapped around me. I reached out with my hands, and clawed her buttocks wide, exposing the pink, mottled slit of her anus. In my current state (whatever that was), it was as large as me and, for one dizzying moment, it crossed my mind that, whether I liked it or not, Phoebe could suck me inside.

Ignoring the prospect, I leaned in close and began to lick the edges of her crude little mouth, occasionally nibbling on the thicker flesh, and stabbing my tongue into the well. I sniffed strongly, as if my life depended on it, and nibbled some more. Once or twice, she wriggled her hips and her anus juddered gently as if responding to my mouth.

By now, both her taste and her smell were strong on me and I was feasting on her like a starving man. I lapped up and down, the way a cat might gorge itself on a saucer full of milk and, the more I lapped, the softer her anus became until the well itself began to melt and I knew that, if only I had the courage, I could slip inside her passage.

But I didn't have the courage and I knew it. And so, instead of pressing on into the darkness, I gave all my attention to the hole itself, sniffing and licking until her anus was drenched in my saliva.

It surprised me that she didn't wake, but, from what Uncle Malcolm had told me, and from what I was already beginning to piece together, the two of us – Phoebe

and I – were living in different worlds. We had to be or else she'd have woken by now and climaxed for sure.

Which was when another idea occurred. I'd been so fixated on licking Phoebe's asshole that I'd completely ignored her pussy. Just now, she was lying on her stomach, which restricted access to her vagina. Then again, I realised, that was for a normal person, not for me.

Altering the angle of my head, I moved to the gap between her legs, away from her anus and closer to her frontal slit. I had no problem in manoeuvring myself around the bend of her body, sinking effortlessly through the mattress as if it wasn't there. A moment later, I was face to face with the thick, hairy trench of Phoebe's cunt, its musky aroma a vivid contrast to the earthy scent of her arse.

As with her anus, I breathed her in, deep snorts of air that filled my lungs with her warm, fishy smell. My hands clawed through the hairs that matted her pussy, a thick wiry jungle guarding the opening into her body. I found the long, fleshy panels of her slit and eased them apart, extending my tongue to lap at the diamonds of sweat that hung from her dark pubic curls.

Aware of my own nakedness, and my stiff, excited cock, I pressed myself into the spongy warmth of her vagina. It was, I reflected happily, like being immersed in a bubbling hot tub of flesh, with her sticky juices washing over me.

Tilting my head, I eased forward a fraction until I found the thick, hidden knot of Phoebe's clitoris. Extending my tongue again, I ran it over the chunky nub of flesh several times until it began to swell. The moment it did, I closed my mouth around the throbbing lump and sucked on it gently. As I did, I was aware of her pussy pulsing warmly against my chest, one heartbeat meeting another as her juices soaked my body.

As her pussy juddered with delight, the need in my cock grew ever more pressing until, to my surprise, I realised her slit was closing around me. A storm of pleasure broke from her vagina, swamping me with come as, at the same time, my cock exploded inside her. I thrust strongly, still sucking on her clit, as the pair of us emptied ourselves into each other. I felt her body arch strongly, heard a piercing scream as she shook around me and, a moment later, I was back in my bedroom, holding onto my cock as it gushed hot, sticky semen across my belly.

# Four

I went back twice more that morning. On the first occasion, Phoebe was sitting upright, with her hand down her pyjama pants, masturbating. I wasn't sure if I'd woken her up when she came – or seemed to – or whether it was just 'one of those things'. Either way, it was fun to watch her fiddle with her slit, knowing I'd been down there myself not so long ago and hoped to visit again shortly.

When she turned onto her side and continued to wank her pussy, I nipped in, under her pants, and licked her arse again. To my surprise – because I still couldn't quite get my head around how all of this worked – she didn't seem to know what I was doing, even when I lost control and pushed my tongue into the well. It really was as if we both existed in different worlds. One that allowed me to enjoy her, and even make her come. But one in which she seemed completely unaware of my presence.

The moment I drove my tongue into her anus, I came again and ended up back in my bedroom. I took longer to recover this time and it was almost thirty minutes before I could arouse myself sufficiently to make another trip. By now, she was up and dressed, though only in her bra and pants. I made a flying visit to her left breast, sucking gently on its tiny nipple, before testing its companion. Her boobs were on the small side, and there was little to grab hold of. But it was an interesting experience and I made a mental note to test myself on a pair of larger breasts before long. In the meantime, I journeyed on, into her knickers, and enjoyed a pleasant time sucking on her anus while she carried me around the room in her underwear. I finished myself off for the last time in the crotch of her pants, my head buried just inside the slit where I was able to savour the smell of her recent come before hurtling back to my bedroom and leaking the last of my seed over my belly.

I slept for a while after that, showered, had a late lunch, and a good think about what to do next. Phoebe's arse – and her pussy, too – had been a wonderful introduction to the Halbern gift, and I hoped, one day, I'd find the courage to

enter her passage. In the meantime, there were other women out there I longed to worship – women I'd not yet met but whose bottoms I already knew I was destined to lick. My immediate concern was how to find them.

There was really only one way. A glance out of the window revealed a bright, cheerful looking afternoon and the local park was a ten-minute walk away. Or, in my case, a short flight onto the astral plane as long as I wasn't looking for immediate satisfaction. To be honest, having already come three times today inside Phoebe's pyjamas, I wasn't convinced I'd be up to much for a few hours. Not that it mattered. If I could find a comfortable crack or pussy in which to spend the afternoon, that would suit me well enough.

Closing my eyes, I conjured up an image of the park and, a moment later, felt a now familiar sensation as I left my body. A moment after that, I was flying – almost bird-like – across a green lawn, then up through the branches of an avenue of trees as I gradually accustomed myself to my new surroundings.

It being a nice day, several women were face up on the grass, enjoying the heat. Two friends, in their early twenties at a guess, one plump, the other thin, lay side by side, skirts raised high, soaking up the sunshine. Another side-effect of the Halberd gift, of which I was slowly becoming aware, was an enhanced sense of smell. From between the plump girl's legs, a rich, pungent aroma was evident, and I knew at once that her bottom was worth a visit. A damp, musky smell emerged from her friend's lower parts, suggesting a lickable pussy. I felt spoiled for choice but, with my preference for arse, I made a quick decision and dived head-first into the plump girl's crack, searching for her anus.

I wasn't disappointed. The heat of the day had made her buttocks warm and sticky, so much so that when I tried to open them, they clung to each other as if unwilling to be parted. Thin strands of sweat criss-crossed the fleshy gap, and dripped into the large brown opening of her anus. I immediately pressed my face into the hole and sniffed strongly, filling my lungs with the damp scent that

welled up from inside her passage. Despite the fact that I had been thoroughly drained by my visits to Phoebe, I felt my penis stiffen and my balls quiver with need. For one delicious moment, I wondered if this was the arse I was destined to enter for the first time. I don't know why, but something held me back, even as I pressed my face a little closer and pushed my tongue into the gap, savouring the earthy taste of her hole. The walls of her anus engulfed my cock as if trying to suck me inside. It struck me, as it had when I'd been between Phoebe's legs, that astral worship was a two-way street. I might be paying homage to this young woman's bottom but, for her part, she was responding in kind and doing her best to derive pleasure from me.

Tearing myself away from the prospect – delightful though it was – of plunging on into the passage beyond, I focused my attention, now, on the other girl's vagina and, a moment later, my face was flush against the salty folds of her soft, almost hairless slit. Again I pressed myself close, licking her smooth flesh, and taking in mouthfuls of warm, fishy juice.

For the next half an hour, I jumped back and forth between the two women, enjoying both their holes, front and back, but keeping myself in check so as not to come and find myself back in my bedroom.

Finally, with a huge effort, I tore myself away from between their legs and soared freely once more, searching out other holes on which to gorge myself. Over the next hour, I plunged into countless pairs of knickers and lapped at so many openings that I completely lost count.

It was only as I emerged from between the buttocks of a young Indian woman whose scented arse had almost made me come, that I saw the woman into whose passage I instinctively knew I was destined to be drawn.

She was older than any of the other women on whom I'd suckled – mid-thirties to forty, was my guess – but well-built, with a firm body and smooth, flawless skin. Not beautiful, as such, but the sort of woman for whom the word 'handsome' had been coined. Her hair was chestnut brown, but flecked with grey, and she was jogging across the grass at a respectable speed, her bottom swinging smoothly inside a pair of tight yellow leggings that emphasised the swell of each buttock. A patch of sweat discoloured her crotch, and I was immediately drawn to the darkened vee between her legs. I hesitated for only a moment and, in the next, I imagined myself inside her crack. A moment after that and I was face to face with a perfect, almond-shaped anus. Her flesh was firm, broad and chocolate-brown, with strands of thick muscle emerging from a dark, wrinkled well. A ridge of tiny black hairs circled the outer edges of her opening, from which diamonds of sweat both clung and dribbled into the hole.

I threw myself into her anal canyon and sniffed happily at the delicious scent that rose from deep within her body. Layered in sweat, I rolled around as if I was in some sort of living hot tub. A moment later, without meaning to, I came furiously and, a moment after that, I opened my eyes, back in my bedroom, with thin strands of semen leaking jerkily from my cock.

# Five

The moment I had finished coming, I closed my eyes and tried to visualise the face of the woman whose bottom I had just left. I could see her anus almost as clearly and it surprised me when, after more than a minute had passed, I hadn't returned to her crack. I wondered if it was down to the fact that I had already come several times today and made a note to ask Uncle Malcolm.

When I heard a door slam across the landing – Phoebe wasn't the quietest of neighbours – it occurred to me to concentrate on her this time and see what happened. Again, nothing, which seemed to confirm my theory. Perhaps I'd need to rein myself in a little. Coming was fun, but I'd have to learn some self-control if the downside was limiting my time inside a woman's crack.

It was just gone five o'clock and I was beat. A few hours' kip, some food and I hoped I'd be ready to fire up again. It was worth a shot so I pulled up the sheets, buried my head in the pillow and tried to relax. I must have been exhausted because I went out like a light – or maybe it was my body's way of trying to repair itself in order to have some more fun before midnight!

When I opened my eyes again it was just gone 8 o'clock and I jumped out of bed feeling a lot livelier. I took another shower, and boiled up some pasta. After eating a large bowl of macaroni, and downing two cups of coffee, I felt ready to take on the world. Or at least plunge my face into a woman's butt and pay homage to her little hole.

I decided to kick off with Phoebe, if for no other reason than to test my powers of recovery. Stripping off, I lay on the bed and quickly pumped myself erect. That was more for myself than Phoebe's benefit as I had no wish to come with my face in her arse – not if there was a chance of visiting the other woman's bottom tonight, the jogger I'd seen in the park.

Sufficiently aroused, I closed my eyes and visualised my neighbour's face, followed quickly by her anus. A moment later – and with a rush of relief that the 'gift' was still functioning – I was floating around Phoebe's now familiar flat. She was curled up on her settee, munching a slice of pizza and scrolling through social media on her phone. I took a deep breath and focused on her pussy. Less chance of my coming, I reasoned, than if I buried my face in her anus.

A moment later, I was munching on her hairy lips – with a greater enthusiasm than she was bestowing on the pizza. When I closed my mouth around the knot of her clitoris and teased it free of its hood, it astonished me that she seemed to feel nothing, no pleasure at all. Not for the first time, I imagined a second Phoebe – in another universe – groaning with delight as her pussy tightened and she came. The thought aroused me so much that I took a chance and pushed my penis home, just a fraction. It took all my willpower not to pump her vigorously, while sucking on her clit. Her juices were already flooding out from inside her cunt and drenching me in musky scent. I needed to get away fast, visualised her little hole and, before I had even completed the thought, a damp, earthy scent filled my lungs and my nose was flush against her tiny pink anus.

Again, I lapped, pushed my tongue inside and took a deep breath. Her bottom was growing on me, no doubt about it. It was already difficult for me to believe that I wouldn't, one day, plough on through the little hole and find myself in her passage. But I wasn't ready yet. Not tonight, at any rate. Tonight was for my jogger in the park – all supposing I could find her again. And finding her was, I was certain, dependent on not losing control of myself inside Phoebe's pants.

With the greatest reluctance, I pulled my face away from her anus, reached out and gently stroked the wires of muscle that ran from the edges of her hole down into her anal crater. Following one rope of flesh, I slid a finger over its length until it reached the well itself. Leaning forward, I planted the lightest of kisses on the throbbing heart of her anus, closed my eyes and conjured up my jogger's

face.

It was time to set out on the greatest journey of all. The journey ... into a woman's bottom!

**Six**

The moment I saw where she lived I knew she didn't count the pennies. From the wide, curtained windows to the fine paintings, the marble fireplace and thick, woollen carpets, her lifestyle yelled comfortable and beyond.

Materialising in her bathroom, I realised, from the sound of running water, that she was in the shower, her sing-song voice echoing through the apartment. A pity. Of course, it had been too much to hope that she'd been jogging non-stop since I last saw her and was now so drenched in sweat I could smell her ass from the far side of the room, but a man can dream.

I made a mental note to visit the park at the same time tomorrow afternoon, in the hope that she maintained a regular schedule. Meanwhile, spotting a laundry basket in the far corner of the room, I visualised her underwear and, to my delight, immediately found myself inside the basket, drowning in a collection of discarded pants – knickers and g-strings – on which her scent still lingered. Scooping up the dampest pair, I pressed my face into the crotch and sniffed her in, a delicious mix of pussy, arse and salty sweat.

Hearing the shower cubicle open and her feet pad across the floor, I reluctantly ditched her knickers and thought myself back into the bathroom. Naked, she was even more striking than when I had seen her in the park. Her breasts were large but firm, her waist trim, with barely any fat, while her wide hips topped a pair of long, hairless legs.

Her bottom was broad, plump and silky soft, her cunt a deep, chiselled – and evidently shaven – slit. I knew, from my experience in the park, that there were hairs around the opening into her arse, which was where I now headed at speed.

Her little hole was just as I remembered from my previous visit.

Having showered, her anus no longer boasted its rich, earthy scent, though when I pressed my face into the well, a faint, deliciously familiar aroma drifted up from somewhere deep within her body.

While I continued to sniff, lick and generally worship her opening, my jogger friend towelled herself off and dried her hair. The towelling was a curious affair and served to remind me that, in some way I couldn't yet get my head around, she and I were on different physical planes. Each time she wedged the towel between her buttocks, pressed it against the hole and rubbed, it didn't restrict my access to her anus. The towel passed right through me like a gentle breeze; as if it didn't exist, and neither did I. It was as if she possessed two anuses, one in this world – the one she was aware of – and one somewhere else, that she wasn't.

What the hell, I thought, I didn't need to understand what was going on to know that I was in the best place ever: inside a long, cavernous butt-crack, and close to its owner's anal opening.

She had another hole, of course, and – though my preference has always been for the arse – variety is the spice of life. Swivelling around, I crawled over her anus and across the soft, fleshy bridge between one opening and the other. When the panels of her cunt came into view, I almost swooned. Again, though she was towelling herself down, her vigorous movements didn't impede me at all. I leaned forward and sniffed at her skin, nuzzling into the shallow slit in the hope of savouring her pussy scent. As with her arse, the shower had removed a great deal of her natural aroma, though a faint, familiar musk rose up from somewhere inside her body, reminding me that this was one hot woman.

While she continued to dry herself, I licked the outer edges of her vagina,

enjoying the smooth, hairless texture of her flesh. When I closed my lips around her clitoris for the first time, the tiny bulb reacted at once, pulsing strongly in my mouth. To my surprise, I heard her groan and her body tightened. A moment later, her hand came down to between her legs and she rubbed herself gently. For a moment, we were both attending to the most sensitive part of her body, combining to give her pleasure in a way she couldn't even begin to suspect.

As she continued to rub herself, I retreated, allowing her sole access to her clitty, while I concentrated on her labia, licking up and down in time to the circular movements she was making with her hand.

Her pussy was having so much fun, it seemed unfair to leave her anus out. Crawling back between the holes, I pressed my face into her butt and ran my tongue around the edges of her crater. Again, to my surprise, I heard her squeal. I caught the words, 'Oh, fuck! That's so good!' before she dropped the towel and her other hand came round to her arsehole. I pulled away in time to see her push a finger into the well. It lingered there for a moment, before pressing on, disappearing up to the first knuckle and gently wriggling.

How, in that moment, I wanted to be that finger, lodged inside her perfect arse! It was all I could do not to rub my cock against the darkened walls of her anus and empty my balls. Somehow, I held myself in check, aware that to come now would mean I ended up back in my bedroom at home and maybe unable to return tonight if I spent myself too vigorously.

It was with relief that I saw her retract her finger, its skin slick with the oil from her passage. I watched, fascinated, as the well widened, its dark, inner flesh clinging to her knuckle as if reluctant to release her. For one delirious moment I imagined it was me in her hole, struggling to heave myself out while her sphincter fought gamely to drag me back into her body.

The instant her finger was free and her sphincter forced to admit defeat, I pressed my face into the shiny well, sniffing strongly at its freshly scented surface. Again, I was forced to hold myself in check as a warm glow spread through my balls. A rich, earthy smell – recently released from her passage – threatened to overwhelm me. Though a part of me screamed for permission to enter her fully, I knew the time was not yet right.

It was only then that I became aware she was talking. At first, I thought it was to me, but it was only after dragging myself away from her hole and flying out of her crack, that I realised we were not alone. I'd been so fixated on worshipping her anus that I hadn't realised she had walked into her bedroom. A man was curled up on the bed, as naked as she was, his cock fully erect which, given his present company, I could fully understand. He was well-built, with muscles in places I didn't realise muscles actually grew, and I doubted I'd win any prizes for guessing he worked out. He was, I imagined, about ten years younger than her, suggesting that she liked her men eager and vigorous.

I watched, entranced, as she stretched out her arm, wiggled the finger that she'd used to probe herself, and said, 'Guess where this lucky girl has been?'

The man leaned forward, took her gently by the hand and sniffed at her finger. His cock, already engorged, stiffened further. When, having savoured its scent, he sucked the finger into his mouth and rolled her taste around on his tongue, my own cock hardened, too.

'Naughty boy,' she giggled. 'You don't know where it's been...'

He knew exactly where it had been, as did I, and immediately pulled her down onto the bed, threw her across his lap and rammed his hand into her crack. Clawing her cheeks apart, he gazed with undisguised lust at the large brown hole

that opened like a flower between her buttocks.

‘Do you like what she see, Adam?’ she inquired. ‘Do you approve of my little brown hole?’

It was hardly ‘little’, I thought, but it was certainly brown and most definitely a hole.

He let his fingers do the talking for him after that, pressing the pads of the first and second against her anus for almost half a minute then holding them tightly to his nose and sniffing hard. He repeated the process several times, while I looked on enviously. It seemed to me that he was a man with as much enthusiasm for her arse as I had for it myself and I warmed to him like a brother.

‘God, Sophie,’ he muttered at last, and finally giving me a name to focus on, ‘I wish I could live inside your arse forever!’

So he was a man after my own heart – the only difference being that, of the two of us, I at least had a chance of making our dream come true.

‘I wish you could, too,’ he sighed, fuelling both our fantasies at once. ‘I wish I could suck you up there and never let you out!’

That was all he could take, and I’m sure she knew it. He immediately rolled her onto her back, climbed on top and, a moment later, he had plunged himself into her pussy.

I'd licked her pussy, sucked her arse and all but entered her rear passage. On top of that, she didn't know I was there, neither of them did, of course. Yet despite that, I felt like a voyeur as they rolled around on the bed, first with him on top, then her, squealing, groaning and grunting their delight into each other's body.

I had to hand it to him, he had a porn star's restraint. I doubt I'd have lasted five seconds inside Sophie's pussy before I came, especially as she insisted on yelling, 'Kiss my fanny-hole!' over and over, as he rode her. When finally, he pulled out, still erect and not having come, I removed my proverbial hat and bowed to him. He was the man I'd always wanted to be though, knowing what I could do that he couldn't, I'd no wish to swap places with him just yet.

Sliding off the bed, he rose, straightened his back and took a deep breath. When he beckoned her forward, she advanced on him with all the confidence of someone who had trodden this path before. To my surprise, she stood up, wobbling a little on the mattress, and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. A moment later, Adam had hoisted her into the air and lowered her onto his shaft.

Dear God! He was fucking her upright, standing to attention like a guardsman, with a fully grown woman on his cock, her legs wrapped tightly around him! Was there no end to the bastard's abilities? It seemed the answer was 'No,' as, not content with merely fucking her, he began to march around the room as if searching for something he'd lost.

I saw my chance and took it. With her cunt packed with cock, her bottom was missing out on the fun and that wasn't fair at all. Returning to her crack, I flung myself at her anus, burying my face in the chocolate-brown hole and stroking the edges of her crater. As before, I heard her squeal as if, unlike the other women I'd suckled on, she really did know I was there.

‘Fuck me, Adam!’ I heard her cry. ‘It feels like you’re up my arse! Oh, you’re fucking amazing! You’re going to make my bottom come!’

I dismissed any hurt I felt, given the fact that her horny young stud was getting the thanks for my work. It was reward enough to be nibbling on Sophie’s muscular, brown anus and pushing my tongue into the well. A wicked part of me rather enjoyed the fact that it seemed I could give her pleasure, after all, and in a way that seemed to be driving her mad with delight. The fact that, clinging on tightly to her lover she couldn’t reach her anus to ‘scratch the itch’, simply added to my excitement. I pushed my tongue a little deeper and wriggled it gently. I felt her body tighten, arch and rock. She squealed like a wounded Banshee, bucked again and said something about her bottom never having had so much fun.

Adam seemed happy to take all the credit, said something like, ‘Wait till I give it a good licking (‘Join the queue!’ I found myself thinking) and continued to stride around the room, fucking her senseless. By now – driven by morbid curiosity (I’m not afraid to admit it) – I turned my body full circle, so that my head was just below Sophie’s bottom. From that angle, I could see Adam’s cock lunging in and out of her pussy. No wonder she was squealing, he was like a human piston. I reached back and blindly stroked her anus, my fingertips teasing the sensitive nerves in her hole.

Again, I felt Sophie shudder and scream obscenities at the ceiling. I was only partly jealous of her lover, as he ploughed into her pussy and was rewarded by Sophie’s threats to ‘explode’ on his cock. Given the chance to fuck her a thousand times, or suckle on her anus just the once, I knew where my happiness lay. Women were born to be worshipped, and there was, for me, no worthier object of worship than the hole in a woman’s bottom.

And so, swivelling around, I returned to the object of my devotion and licked her

precious crater with as much enthusiasm as Adam was showing for her pussy. From the heightened screams that rocked the walls of her apartment, I knew that if a woman were capable of having an orgasm in her anus then I was in imminent danger of being drowned in her bottom's come. It was an exhilarating – if nonsensical – thought, and I clung to it as tightly as I clung to her throbbing brown hole as its well opened and closed with every thrust of my tongue.

After what seemed forever (and, in my view, a lifetime's devotion to Sophie's anus was too short a time by anyone's reckoning), Adam walked back to the bed and eased his cock out of her vagina. Immediately, she rolled over onto her stomach, then raised her buttocks in the air. Still clinging to her fleshy, brown hole, I turned my head to see what he had in mind next.

Adam seemed to be taking a few moments to recover which, given his recent efforts, was hardly surprising. He was holding his cock in one hand, pumping himself gently. The shaft was fully engorged, and slick with Sophie's juices. His penis was at right angles to his body and his gaze flitted lustily from one hole to the other as Sophie wiggled her hips crudely. I don't know what possessed me but, before even I knew what I was doing, I had flown from the warmth of Sophie's anus to perch, jockey-like, on top of Adam's cock, my legs either side of his shaft. Though his hand still clung to his cock, it seemed to pass right through me as if I wasn't there which, in a way, I suppose I wasn't.

His penis pulsed rhythmically, like an engine-room throbbing between my legs, Glancing down, and just behind, I saw his hairy, swollen balls, heavy with unspent seed. How the hell he hadn't come inside her cunt was beyond me.

Balanced lightly on his cock, with Sophie's juices dribbling between my legs, I felt my heart skip a beat as Adam walked slowly to the bed, knelt on the mattress and shuffled into the gap between Sophie's thighs.

With his spare hand, he tugged lightly on Sophie's left buttock, more for purchase than anything else, and I knew, instinctively, that he planned to return to her vulva, and fuck her like a dog. This was the moment of truth, when I ought to have nipped back to her anus and suckled on the delicious brown opening while Adam plundered her slit. But instead I remained where I was.

When Adam positioned the bulb of his glans at the entrance to Sophie's pussy, I almost lost my nerve. It took every ounce of willpower not to move, aware that I was just moments away from entering the second most precious part of her body.

Readjusting my position, I stretched out my arms and legs, lying flat on the curved surface of Adam's cock and clung to the shaft with my hands. I kept my head tilted upright so that I was staring straight ahead, gazing into the hot, dribbling maw of Sophie's vagina.

Ever so slowly, Adam eased himself forward, nudging his swollen glans into the hole, readying himself for the final push.

'Fuck me, you big bastard!' cried Sophie happily. 'Oh, fuck me as hard as you can!'

To my surprise, he somehow held back, teasing her with delay. Silky strands of pussy juice oozed around his cock-head as her vulva gave a strong judder. A wave of pussy scent filled my nostrils, as if a strong breeze had washed over me. I heard Adam snort as he sucked in the same, heady aroma and his penis shook tightly.

A moment later, he powered forward, cleaving into Sophie's body, and taking me

into her hot, throbbing pussy. The world around me was briefly dark, soft and rich with her inner scent. A moment later, I was back outside her body, dripping in her juices as Adam withdrew. Then darkness again as he thrust home a second time. He pummelled her so fiercely that it amazed me he hadn't come. The guy had the restraint of a dozen porn stars wrapped up inside one, magnificent cock. Sophie knew it, too, screaming with thwarted delight with every piston-like thrust into her pussy.

My world, when inside her body, was one of smell and touch as the walls of her vagina clung to my flesh, bathing me in her hot, scented sap. It filled my nostrils and my mouth and ran into my throat, making me want to gag on her salty loveliness. It was all I could do not to come inside her myself, and only the knowledge that it would send me hurtling back to my bedroom as I emptied my balls, held me in check. I wanted to come – eventually – but not in her pussy if I could help it. I wanted to come in her arse, in the depths of her dark, heavenly passage.

The thought of which was almost too much to bear. Indeed, had Adam not chosen that moment to withdraw and rest outside her body, I think I might have lost it altogether. My skin felt warm and damp, as if I'd emerged from a hot, perfumed bath. The scent of Sophie's cunt was everywhere, both on me and in me. I licked my lips, savouring the salty juices that ran over my tongue and into my throat. Fishy sap stung my eyes and dribbled into my nostrils. I felt, just then, like a man who had come close to drowning in a woman's nectar but was ready to plunge back into the pool and take his chances.

Which was the point at which I realised Adam was repositioning himself, his fingers around his cock once more and guiding the glans towards Sophie's anus. When the bulb brushed the soaking centre of the wrinkled crater and nudged into the well, I felt my own cock quiver with joy.

'Are you going to fuck my bottom?' asked Sophie, barely able to contain her

delight. 'Are you going to plunge your sword into my cave?'

Now it was my turn to bite down on my lip and try to keep myself in check. Unable to restrain myself I took hold of my cock and rubbed it vigorously. I guessed I was doing just the same back in my room, lying naked on my bed, while fantasising about what it would feel like to be inside Sophie's magnificent rear-end.

Ever so gently, Adam eased himself a little deeper into Sophie's anus, so that the muscular walls of her crater opened inwards to admit him. A faint, earthy smell rose up from inside her body and, as I inhaled her scent, I wondered how I hadn't come. Somewhere above me, I was aware of Adam breathing deeply, too, and was amazed he didn't lunge at once and bury himself in her heavenly passage.

Releasing my cock, I stretched out both arms and clung to Adam's cock once again, preparing for my own moment of truth, the moment I would enter Sophie's dark tunnel. I knew that all I had to do was wish myself into her bottom and I could be there long before Adam entered her. But that wasn't how I wanted it to be. Not now. Not now that I knew what it felt like to enter her like a cock. On a cock! Thrusting in and out until we both came, Adam and I, emptying our balls into the heavenly fortress of Sophie's backside.

I inhaled again as Adam withdrew a fraction and a fresh scent wafted up from inside Sophie's arse. I knew there were men who would go nowhere near a woman's bottom, and who would certainly never contemplate the prospect of entering it in any way whatsoever, let alone licking the hole, wriggling their tongue into the well and entering the passage itself. It baffled me, as it had always baffled me. Of all of Nature's creations, a woman's anus was surely the most perfect, and the most worthy of a man's devotion. I thanked heaven, just then, that it was my thing because I could imagine nothing more pleasurable in life than paying homage to that sweet little mouth.

From the way Adam teased Sophie's rear entrance, his eyes fixed (as I saw by glancing up) on her little hole, I guessed he felt the same way about her bottom as I did. I was also pretty certain that, once he entered her, he wouldn't hold back. His excitement was at fever pitch, matching – from the way she wriggled her hips – Sophie's own delight. It was all I could do, stretched out on Adam's shaft, not to empty my balls there and then. The three of us were a human time bomb, ticking down to an inevitable explosion.

I watched, slack-jawed, as her anus gave a delicious twitch and opened wider to admit him. As the entire bulb of his glans slid home, I moved so close to her magnificent opening that my face was flush against the wrinkled layers of flesh that tumbled into the cavern of her arse. One more thrust, I knew, and I would be inside her passage – trapped in the unimaginable darkness of her secret fortress.

This was it. I took my deepest breath, nostrils flaring as I drank in the pungent aroma that rose in waves from the most intimate part of Sophie's body. I had barely filled my lungs with her heavenly scent when Adam lunged forward, piercing Sophie's anus and lodging himself in her passage. One moment I was gazing into her brown, wrinkled well, the next I was submerged in darkness, her thick, fleshy tunnel moulding itself around me, clinging to my nose and mouth and shutting off my breath completely.

Her outer scent had been divine, and almost made me come. Now, fully lodged inside her arse, I felt my balls jerk with lust as a rich bouquet rushed over me like a tidal wave. Embedded in her heavenly passage, I realised, to my great delight, that I was no longer a separate entity: I was a part of her now, subsumed in her bottom, and being slowly absorbed into her body. Somewhere in the darkness, I was aware of Adam thrusting furiously and realised, to my surprise, that I was no longer clinging to his cock. Instead, I gazed, transfixed, as his bulging glans emerged from the darkness, then retreated before appearing again. With every thrust of his penis into Sophie's cave, I felt my own cock harden, my

swollen balls heaving with delight.

I was no longer Peter Halbern, traveller on the astral plane, I was – instead – as close I had ever been to pure, unalloyed pleasure. An avalanche of happiness was carrying me ever deeper into Sophie's body. I no longer cared whether I lived or died, just as long as I could remain forever – living or dead – inside this woman's bottom. A madness had overtaken me, one fuelled by a physical joy I could not have believed possible, an ecstasy that threatened to rip me to shreds at any moment as an unbelievable pleasure surged through my balls.

As my head span, and I felt the last of my awareness being slowly sucked into the walls of Sophie's passage, I saw Adam's cock emerge once more from out of the gloom. His glans hung briefly motionless, the glistening slit of its eye gazing blindly back at me.

A moment later, a wave of semen surged from his balls, blasting along the length of his cock before spurting in thick, milky bullets from the tiny opening in his glans. Somewhere in the pitch-black dungeon of Sophie's passage, I heard her scream, then Adam, too, then Sophie again and, finally, a louder scream still, and one that I realised came from me as I erupted inside Sophie's body, unleashing my seed into the darkness of her arse.

As excitement ripped through my body, I felt as if I was being torn into a thousand pieces, shredded into nothingness as Sophie's passage tightened around me. I was, in that moment, happier than I had ever imagined possible. I screamed again, my cock jerking furiously as wave upon wave of semen tore through my shaft.

My head was spinning, I was spinning, my body hurtling through space, stars bursting all around me as I came again. And again. And again ...

A moment later, my eyes flashed open and I realised, to my astonishment, that I was back in my room, lying on my bed, pumping myself furiously. Rivers of semen ran over my belly and, arching my back, I screamed at the ceiling as I came again.

When I finally fell still, sagging with exhaustion, I was acutely aware of the rich, heady scent of Sophie's bottom, her earthy smell filling my nostrils, my lungs, clinging to every part of my body.

My God, I realised in stark disbelief ...I had really been inside her bottom!

*In her dark, heavenly passage ...*

I swallowed hard, closed my eyes, and imagined myself back there. I was too exhausted to make the journey again. Not tonight at any rate.

As I relived the past few minutes, I realised how close I had come to not making it back. For a while there, I knew, that it had been touch and go, that I had almost lost my grip on the real world, driven by a lust I had never before known for both joy ... and oblivion.

What was it Uncle Malcolm had said? That he was pretty sure that most Halbern men, when their time came, had chosen to end their days inside a woman's bottom. I hadn't properly understood what he meant when he told me, but now I did. Mad though it might seem to anyone who didn't understand the delights of a woman's arse, I knew that if I had been coming to the end of my life, then – with

absolute certainty – I would have happily taken my last breath inside Sophie's passage.

# Epilogue

It took me almost two hours to recover from my time inside Sophie's bottom. I say 'recovered', but, even then, I was scarcely fit for anything but sleep. A glance at the clock told me it was later than I had realised – almost 11 o'clock. It occurred to me that Phoebe would be fast asleep by now and, though I was too weary to try anything other than making the journey to her room, I knew that I didn't want to spend the night alone.

Closing my eyes, and with no attempt to excite myself, I conjured up the familiar image of her face, and then her little hole. A moment later, though at a rather more leisurely pace than previously, I was sailing through the air, across the room, through the door and over the landing to her apartment.

Hovering, at last, over her bed, I saw that she was fast asleep, curled up almost fetus-like on top of the sheets, her pyjama bottoms tugged down a little, as before, exposing the shallow opening of her crack.

Drawing a deep breath and aware, even now, of Sophie's lingering butt-scent, I imagined myself between Phoebe's legs and found myself, an instant later, straddling the well of her anus. Leaning in close, I sniffed the soft, pink centre, smearing my face with a thin sheen of sweat. Extending my tongue, I licked gently all around the hole, before pushing my tongue inside and leaving it there for almost a minute, before withdrawing and savouring her taste.

At last, unable to throw off the mantle of exhaustion, I settled myself in the well of her anus, resting on its soft, wrinkled flesh as if it were a comfortable mattress. I pressed my face against the hole, sniffing deeply, and pleasantly surprised by the warm, earthy scent that rose up from deep inside her body.

Lying there, utterly content, I found myself wondering if I might one day imagine myself into Phoebe's passage. It seemed perfectly possible now, after the delights of Sophie's arse. I smiled, reflecting on the madness of the day that had almost ended. It seemed a lifetime now, since Uncle Malcolm had lounged on my settee and told me I could travel on the astral plane. Enjoy myself between a woman's legs, and worship both her pussy and her arse.

I pressed my face deeper into Phoebe's little hole and took another deep breath, filling my lungs with the scent from her bottom. How I pitied other men, I thought, as drowsiness began to claim me. What better way could there be to end each day than snuggling up between a woman's buttocks, and falling asleep, as I did a moment later ... in the soft, throbbing well of her anus.

## 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!

I also have two blogs you might like to visit:

BDSMLR: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.bdsmr.com>

Wordpress: <https://darkriderstories.wordpress.com/>

Remember: everything I write is fantasy – and not meant to be taken too seriously.

That said, I hope you have as much fun reading my stories, as I have writing them.

Take care, keep safe, and best wishes to you all,

Dark Rider

## **Other Books by Dark Rider**

*A is for Assassins!*

*Bared for Battle!*

*B is for Bride!*

*Bethany's Revenge*

*C is for Condemned!*

*College Smother*

*Curse of the Devil Queen*

*D is for Doomed!*

*Devil Queen*

*Dungeons of Despair!*

*Facesitting Forever!: The End of an Era*

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

*Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Two: Simone's Story*

*Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Three: Lily's Story*

*Fantasy Smother*

*Fantasy Smother 2*

*French Kiss*

*Inside a Nurse's Bottom*

*Mission of Mercy*

*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 Me Hard, Mrs Parker!*

*Smother Plateau*

*Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...*

*Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!*

*Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps*

*Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!*

*Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!*

*Smothered by Amazons*

*When Women Hunt!*

*When Women Hunt 2*

*When Twins Attack!*

*When Women Sit!*

*Women at War!*

## **Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider**

If you enjoy my facesitting books, but would like to read other non-facesitting-themed erotic stories, I also write under the name 'JD Lang'.

### **Writing as JD Lang**

*The Taking of Amy*

*Come Into My Parlour*

*Pounded by Studs!*

*Pounded by Her Teacher!*

*Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!*

*Victorian Prison Girls – A Prequel: For Her Mother's Sake*

*Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training*

*Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!*

*Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall*

*To Serve Their Master*

## **Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider**

### ***A is for Assassins!***

War is a nasty business. There are many innocent casualties, and, very often, armies will stop at nothing in pursuit of victory.

In *A is for Assassins!*, three women soldiers set out on a mission that could help to save hundreds, if not thousands of lives. They have been trained to liquidate their enemy in a unique fashion – in the nude and without mercy!

An important communications base must be secured and only these women possess the skills to breach the complex security that protects it.

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

*And take no prisoners...!*

### ***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, Lendorh, 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.

### ***Curse of the Devil Queen***

As Lorcan continues his perilous journey across the Eastern Lands, Queen Orelia plots his downfall, while the ruthless Dorian scouts bring terror and despair to the countless men they take between their legs and sit on!

### ***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 ...'*

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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!***

In another time and another place, the world is under the harsh, authoritarian rule of a male global government. Men hold sway and women have few, if any, rights.

Harking back to a distant, mythological past, when Amazons were said to reign supreme, some females have risen up and formed an army of resistance: the Amazon Liberation Front.

Following the example of those fiercesome warriors from whom they draw their inspiration – and their name – the Front eschew the weapons made by men. Instead, they rely on the armoury with which Nature has blessed them. The Amazon ruled with her body, often smothering her foe at the breast or the pussy. But her favoured method of despatch was to sit on a man's face ... and suffocate him with her bare bottom!

Aware of the need to strike terror into the hearts of those they seek to overthrow, the Front – like the Amazons of old – have taken the battle to men armed only with their bodies. Their fight for freedom has begun ... and they will let nothing stand in their way!

For three months now, one cell of fighters has held an influential man hostage, hoping to extract concessions from the government. When the authorities refuse to bargain, however, they are ordered to deal with the hostage as only women can. One of them must sit on his face ... and smother him with her bare bottom!

### ***Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Two: Simone's Story***

This is the story of Simone Paul, a young French interpreter in the Ministry of State, as she rebels against her sexually oppressive employer and decides to join the Amazon Liberation Front. But first, she must pass a self-imposed test ... and sit on the face of the man who has abused her for so long.

### ***Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Three: Lily's Story***

Book Three charts the journey of Lily Carter, a 23-year-old beautician, from sympathetic onlooker to a fully-fledged member of the Amazon Liberation Front.

To become a member of the Front, Lily must sit on the face of one of the most powerful men in the Government. A man responsible for the deaths of hundreds of innocent women.

This is her story. And soon, in the far-flung future in which this adventure takes place, it will be the story of women everywhere!

### ***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...

## ***Inside a Nurse's Bottom!***

James Aaron has more money than he'll ever be able to spend, and a fantasy he has always longed to fulfil. When he meets Mistress Karen, she offers him an erotic rollercoaster ride that will finally make all his dreams come true!

## ***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!***

Unable to escape from the Smother Camp, Nathan Blake finds himself in ever-increasing danger as the Women unleash themselves on their prisoners. When Arthur, a long-suffering inmate, begs the camp's commander to put him out of his misery, Nathan begins to wonder how much more he can take.

And when Nathan himself is sent for, he fears his luck may be finally running out.

#### ***Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!***

In the final instalment of Smother Rampage!, Nathan Blake and his fellow-travellers encounter new friends – and enemies – in their desperate bid to escape

from the army of facesitting Women rampaging across the planet. As it becomes clear that the clock is ticking down, Nathan makes the biggest decision of his life in the hope of fulfilling his dearest – and most dangerous – fantasy. But is everything as it really seems ...?

### ***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 Marrakech 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.

### ***Women at War!***

In 1940s' occupied France, radio operator Simone and her daughter Estelle are religious pacifists who have no wish to become embroiled in the unpleasant side of war. That is, until a young German soldier threatens to expose their secret. Though dealing with him is simple enough, it sparks a train of events that changes their lives, and their role in the war, forever...

## **Extract from Women at War!**

Panicked beyond all reason, Gunther wept freely. He tossed his head from side to side and muttered for all the saints in heaven to save him.

‘I don’t want to die!’ he cried. ‘I don’t want to die! Oh, please! Not inside a woman’s bottom! Bitte! Bitte! Shoot me if you must! But not a bottom!’

Very carefully, one after the other, Simone forced the German’s arms down to his sides, trapping them against her chunky thighs. Once she was confident he was unable to defend himself, she reached behind and felt for Gunther’s cock. Despite his fear of suffocation, his shaft was fully erect – as she guessed it would be – and bobbed against his belly. The instant Simone’s hand closed around it, Gunther released a mournful groan and thrust high through her fingers.

‘Good boy,’ whispered Simone, and stretched out her other hand to tickle the German’s balls. She was restricted in her movements by the need to remain seated on his chest. Too far back and he might again free his arms. But her touch had accomplished its purpose, and he groaned again as his sacs filled with seed.

Readjusting her grip, Simone ran fingers up and down the shaft and was rewarded by a further plaintive moan. Glancing down, she saw that Gunther had closed his eyes, though whether from happiness or fear, it was impossible to tell.

‘We must be kind,’ she whispered, speaking to Estelle in French. ‘So he is not afraid when you take him into your bottom ... and do your woman’s work on him.’

‘I am nervous, mother,’ confessed Estelle. ‘To know that I must sit on him. It feels so rude. He ... he can see my anus-hole!’ Her face creased miserably. ‘And I know it frightens him!’

‘You must not concern yourself,’ said Simone, distressed to see Estelle so anxious. ‘Believe me when I tell you that this is the greatest kindness you could show to a man you must despatch. If we could change places, I would do so at once. But my weight and legs will hold him down, and I can make him happy with my hand ... while you are sitting on him.’

‘You are so merciful, Maman,’ said Estelle, her shoulders shaking. ‘Even though he would have killed us – or handed us over to those who would – you do not want to hurt him.’

Her mother regarded her warmly. ‘Our faith forbids us from taking up arms. The Germans think that makes us helpless, but they are wrong. We are permitted to defend ourselves, and that is what we are doing. Be gentle with this man when you sit. Show him kindness when he is inside your bottom as I will show him kindness with my hand, and we will have committed no sin.’

Estelle nodded. ‘I understand,’ she answered softly, ‘and have no anger in my heart. I will pray for him when I sit on him and ask that he go to Heaven.’

Simone reached out with her free hand and stroked the youngster’s cheek. ‘You are a good daughter, Estelle,’ she said. ‘Gunther is blessed among men to have you sit on him.’

Estelle reached up now and touched her mother’s hand. ‘And he is blessed, also,

to have you hold him down, Maman, and make him happy with your hand.'

Between their legs, Gunther lurched, then moaned pitifully at the realisation that he remained trapped. He looked into Estelle's crack and his eyes widened fearfully at the sight of her hole. Averting his gaze, he looked instead towards Simone, the woman who, he knew with sickening certainty, held his life in her hands.

'Bitte, Frau Lavigne,' he muttered miserably. 'You are a mother. Have mercy on a poor man, please.' Instinctively, his gaze flickered back to Estelle's tiny anus, then returned to Simone.

'Do you have anything you wish to say,' said the older woman, and he knew in that moment that his fate was sealed, 'before Estelle takes you into her special place? We will pray for your soul when she sits on you, but if you have any last words ...'

'I don't want to die, please!' he cried again, shaking his head frantically. 'Oh, bitte, nein! I don't want to die inside your daughter's bottom!'

In a bid to calm the poor lad, Simone gave his cock another squeeze and he sighed feebly. Leaning forward, as best she could, she pressed a hand against his face as she had previously done with Estelle.

'Try not to be afraid,' she urged him tenderly. 'Many men meet their deaths in war, and those deaths are often cruel. Yours will be gentle.' She stroked him again like a mother fearful for her child. 'We are women, Gunther ... and we will despatch you with kindness.'

While Simone spoke, she continued to rub the German's cock, keen to distract him and push any fear from his mind.

'I can see her hole,' he whimpered, gazing into Estelle's crack. 'I can see her little pink hole.' His face crumpled miserably. 'It frightens me!'

'Hush, Gunther,' said Simone softly. She felt a bubble of semen leak from the eye of his shaft and saw his face transform with joy.

'Close your eyes,' she urged him, 'and think about your cock, not my daughter's hole. Feel your balls begin to swell as they fill with your seed...'

When his eyelids lowered and he thrust into her hand, she allowed herself a tiny smile. It was almost time.

She lifted her head and met her daughter's gaze. In French, so as not to alarm the man they were about to despatch, she whispered, 'Lower yourself now, Estelle, as slowly as you can. To gain the seal you need, you must first press your anus over his nose. The moment he feels your hole against him, he will cry out. His mouth will open for a moment and that is when you must act. You must push your pussy inside. All the way ... so he cannot take another breath.'

Simone paused to ensure Estelle had understood. When the young girl gave a little nod, she carried on quickly.

‘If Gunther opens his eyes, I will tell you and you must sit down hard. And once you have him in your bottom, you must keep him there however hard he struggles.’ Her face tightened with motherly concern. ‘Do you understand?’

Estelle nodded. ‘I do, Maman,’ she said, and an anxious smile tugged at her lips.

Simone returned her smile and felt a mother’s pride. ‘Then let your anus do her work,’ she whispered, squeezing Gunther’s cock again, ‘and together we will make him happy.’

Cautiously, so as not to alarm him, Estelle lowered herself onto Gunther’s face. As she came close to his nose, the German’s nostrils flared and he sniffed hard, aware of her rich, anal scent. His eyes opened wide, and, from her vantage point on his chest, Simone saw the dread in his face. As she had predicted, his lips fell open as he groaned in despair.

‘Now, daughter!’ cried Simone urgently. ‘Your pussy! Drive her home!’

Without hesitation, Estelle dropped her bottom onto Gunther’s head, her anus hard against his nose, her vulva lodged in his mouth.

Trapped inside her crack, the young German lurched violently. His back arched, his legs kicked and he fought hard to free his arms. Aware that only his hands could save him now, and that both were needed to push her daughter from his face, Simone clamped her thighs tight, and felt him jerk against her. Having removed her own hand from his face, she stretched back with both arms, gliding her fingers up and down his shaft and teasing his balls as he arched his back and thrust through her fist.

As for Estelle, she could barely comprehend what was happening between her legs. A volley of grunts broke against her sex, drawing squeals of joy from her throat as her clitoris tingled and wept. At the same time, ragged blasts of air struck her anus, warming the passage beyond and threatening to take her over the edge. Aware that if she came, she would not be able to keep the German in her crack, she bit down hard to stem the tide of pleasure in her holes.

Gunther's head was twisting between her buttocks, his lungs desperate for air. Oh, what must the poor man be thinking, she wondered, trapped inside her derrière, with her pussy in his mouth? What must it feel like to know there was no escape? To know that he was at the mercy of an anus? A tiny pink hole ... that meant to suffocate him!