

Facesitting ... hard and without mercy!



An Extreme Facesitting Story

B is for BRIDE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF *COLLEGE SMOTHER!*

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!

B

is for

BRIDE!

Dark Rider

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

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One

‘You cannot do this to me, father! In mercy’s name – I beg you!’

Hengrid flung himself to his knees, hands clasped prayer-like in the air. His father, Seegal, shook his head. ‘I have no choice, my son,’ he answered grimly. ‘For the good of our people, this marriage must take place.’

‘But to the Princess Naenia! A woman of Rhardhur! You know what she will do to me!’

‘Naenia is of royal blood. Your union will end the wars that have ravaged our lands these thirty years or more!’

‘But she ... she will sit on me! On my face! She will take me into her crack!’

‘It is their way,’ replied Seegal, lowering his eyes. ‘You will come to no harm! It is how they pay homage to their Amazon past.’

‘You cannot be sure!’ cried Hengrid, his face ashen. ‘When a woman of Rhardhur takes a man in marriage, he is hers to do with as she will. Many brides smother their mates on the very night of their wedding. As an offering to their goddess!’

‘I am sure you will please her, Hengrid. She will not harm you when she takes you to her little hole.’ The old man hesitated. ‘But if she does ... you will go to your death bravely. And bring peace to our people. Your sacrifice will not have

been in vain.'

'I would be smothered!' said Hengrid, tears welling from his eyes. 'Smothered between a woman's cheeks!'

Seegal rose unsteadily to his feet and gazed at his son with fatherly compassion. 'I wish there was another way, Hengrid – but there is not. I have no choice in this matter. And now, neither do you!'

'But Layla!' he responded miserably.

'Layla is not a princess,' Seegal reminded him. 'And only you can save our kingdom now ...'

Standing by the water's edge, Layla threw a small pebble into the lake and made a wish. She watched the ripples grow, then fade. As the last one disappeared, she was filled with an unbearable sadness.

The snap of a twig close by caused her to pivot round. A shadow of concern gave way to a warm smile as Hengrid broke through a gap in the trees and walked towards her. When he returned her look with a dejected gaze her spirits slumped.

‘You have been to see your father?’ she inquired in a soft voice.

Hengrid nodded. ‘I have,’ he replied sombrely.

Layla wrung her hands. Words were unnecessary. His expression told her everything she needed to know. ‘He did not agree to our betrothal?’

‘It is worse than that!’ said Hengrid miserably. ‘I am to be married to another!’

‘Another?’ repeated Layla glumly.

Hengrid turned away, unable to look her in the eyes. ‘For the sake of our kingdom,’ he continued flatly, ‘I am to be given to the Princess Naenia...’

The colour leached from Layla’s face. ‘But she is of Amazon blood! She ... she ...’

‘Will sit on me!’ cried Hengrid, finishing the sentence for her. ‘Mount me with her bare backside and take me to her little hole!’ He buried his head in his hands and sobbed openly. ‘What if she smothers me, Layla? What if she holds me fast – and rides me till I move no more?’

Layla came forward quickly, wrapped her arms around his thin frame and hugged him to her.

‘Oh dearest Hengrid,’ she whispered bleakly. ‘It is so unfair! You are too young to be smothered. Too innocent of women’s ways. It is wrong!’

‘I am not a soldier,’ he muttered. ‘I long for nothing more than a simple life. To walk in the fields. To feel the sun on my face.’ He withdrew a little, gazed down at her and whispered gently, ‘To hold your hand and never leave your side again.’

She shook her head sadly, tears welling in her eyes. ‘Is there nothing we can do? Surely if you told your father—’

Hengrid pulled away and huffed loudly. ‘I have told my father everything. But he will not be moved. I am his only son. A poet has no worth in his eyes. Only a man of action and courage. I am neither, but he would throw me to this she-wolf nonetheless.’

She reached out and clutched his arm firmly. ‘Then we must run away!’

Hengrid shook his head. ‘I cannot,’ he muttered sadly. ‘Though every part of me cries “No!” at the very thought, my father is right. This marriage will end the war that has raged between our peoples for more than three decades.’ His shoulders slumped and he released a long, maudlin sigh. ‘I have no choice ...’

When he raised his eyes again, they were damp with tears. ‘But I am frightened, Layla. These women’s customs ... the way they use men. Even if she lets me live – I will be her slave. Every day of my life ... she will make me worship at

her little hole!’

Layla’s fingers coiled around his hand and gripped it tightly. ‘You must not be afraid, Hengrid,’ she urged him. ‘My poor heart breaks to think of how you will suffer ... so the rest of us may live in peace. If I were Naenia, I would treat you kindly ... and never ... never use my bottom to hurt you.’

Hengrid regarded her fondly. ‘You are not an Amazon,’ he replied. ‘It is only such a race who seek to shame a man with ... with the hole that should never be seen!’

Layla’s brow creased and, for a moment, a confused look darkened her face.

‘What is it?’ he asked, concerned.

‘It is nothing,’ she muttered, averting her eyes.

He reached out and tilted her chin.

‘Please tell me,’ he said. ‘We should have no secrets from each other. Not now. Not ever ...’

She looked up at him and nibbled her lip anxiously. It was clear she was struggling to commit herself. At last she said, in a dull, shaking voice, ‘It is just that I, too, like Naenia, am a woman.’ She hesitated, swallowed hard, then

rushed on quickly. ‘I, too, have a little hole. A pussy, also – there! I have said it! Does that make me wicked, too?’

‘Never!’ cried Hengrid. ‘You are not an Amazon. You do not seek to harm men. Your holes are private places that you keep to yourself.’

Layla’s mouth quivered and a small tear broke from the corner of her eye. ‘I cannot bear to think that the holes ... the holes that I share with this woman – because I am a woman also! – will be used to bring you pain! It fills me with sadness, Hengrid – that another woman should do this to you!’

Hengrid shrugged. ‘I am lost. It is my fate. And I must go to it bravely – though my heart trembles with fear!’

‘Have–’ Layla took hold of his arm again, a pained expression on her face. ‘Forgive me, Hengrid, for this is a question I must ask. But I ask it out of love for you ...’

He returned her agonised look with another weary shrug. ‘Ask whatever you will,’ he replied.

Layla released a heavy sigh. ‘Have you ever ... ever seen a woman’s holes? That sweet one she calls “pussy”, or her bottom’s mouth?’

Hengrid shook his head and the blood drained from his face. ‘Never!’ he cried. ‘Nor ever thought I would!’

‘You would have seen mine,’ said Layla quietly. ‘Had we been wed.’ She paused, blushed, then rushed on boldly before her courage gave way. ‘You would have seen my pussy when you claimed me as your husband. When you plunged yourself home and filled me with your seed!’

‘I would not have looked!’ he responded. ‘It is your secret place and not for the eyes of men – not even a husband!’

Layla reached up and brushed her fingers through his long, golden hair. ‘How innocent you are, Hengrid.’ She regarded him affectionately for some moments, then added, ‘I truly fear for you. When Naenia mounts your head and takes you into her crack ...’ She released a little gasp and turned her face away. ‘That a woman should treat you so! I cannot bear it!’

‘I will look away!’ he insisted. ‘I will not gaze upon her woman’s holes! She cannot make me!’

Layla turned back at once, and there were tears in her eyes. ‘Oh, poor, poor Hengrid! Of course she will make you! If you refuse, she will have you held down. Her sisters will restrain you! Her mother – at whose holes you must also worship – will hold you still, so you cannot escape! They are Amazons, Hengrid! They will not be thwarted! You will be ridden by many holes! Not just your wife’s! They share their men – and take their pleasure freely on their heads!’

Hengrid’s face turned a deathly pale. For a moment, she thought he would be sick. ‘You cannot know this...’ he muttered weakly. ‘Such things as this ... they cannot be!’

‘I would not tell you if it were not so,’ insisted Layla, her little mouth trembling. ‘We women know of such things. Servants talk. Word spreads. It is men who do not know ...’ She hesitated again. ‘Or do not wish to know!’ she added quickly.

‘Then I am doomed!’ said Hengrid, a forlorn, faraway look in his eyes.

‘You may ... you may look upon my holes if you wish,’ said Layla in a quiet voice. ‘Then at least you would ... you would know the fate that awaits you between Princess Naenia’s legs.’

Hengrid frowned. ‘You ... you would do this for me?’

Layla’s face lit up at once. ‘Gladly! What friend would not? I cannot save you from this monstrous marriage. But if I can prepare you ... then perhaps all is not yet lost!’

Hengrid shook his head. ‘I do not know,’ he muttered. ‘It does not seem right – for you to offer yourself like this. What if someone were to see us?’

Layla took hold of his fingers again and squeezed them gently. ‘They will not!’ she assured him. ‘We will go deep into the woods, away from prying eyes. There I will show you both the holes that make me a woman.’ She saw the reluctance in his face and smiled at him kindly. ‘They will not hurt you, Hengrid, I promise. Perhaps ... perhaps if you can learn to know – and even love them a little – they will not cause you such alarm, when Naenia mounts your head ... and rides you as only a woman can!’

Hengrid pulled away, freeing himself from her grip. He strode up and down, shaking his head and looking more despondent than ever. Finally, he came to an abrupt halt, swung round to face her and said, 'You would not hurt me? You promise?'

'I promise, Hengrid,' she replied in a soft voice. 'I could never hurt you with my holes. I would want you only to love them – as they would love you...'

His mouth creased miserably. 'Then let us do this thing,' he muttered without enthusiasm. 'So I may prepare myself for the battle to come!'

Two

Leading the anxious Hengrid by the hand, Layla took him deep into the forest. On the way, she gathered several lengths of vine, which puzzled Hengrid, though he kept his counsel and said nothing. At last – after almost half an hour’s walk – they reached a small clearing surrounded by a thicket of tall, sturdy oaks.

‘I think we have come far enough,’ Layla announced, glancing about her contentedly. ‘This will do.’

Turning to address Hengrid, she saw, not for the first time, a look of utter despair in his handsome young features. It was hard to believe he was a Prince of the realm: the heir-apparent to the Kingdom of Eraldore. Hengrid was no fighting man, as his father and father’s father had been before him. He was a gentle soul, a poet and a farmer; an innocent in a world that valued courage and skill with a sword above all else.

He had, she knew, been a great disappointment to his father. But he was a man at least, and thus – for all his failings – could be given in marriage to the Princess Naenia: a union that would finally bring peace to the Kingdom. Not by weight of arms, as King Seegal might have wished, but peace nonetheless. Irony of ironies, she reflected, that in saving his people, poor Hengrid would face a peril greater than any he might have encountered in battle.

‘Put your hands behind your back,’ she instructed him, tugging on a length of vine to test its strength.

Hengrid frowned. ‘I do not understand,’ he muttered. ‘Am I to be a prisoner here?’

‘I must secure your hands and feet,’ she told him. ‘When I show you my private places, you may be fearful and try to turn your face away.’

‘What man would not?’ he replied miserably.

‘You must make yourself look,’ insisted Layla. ‘In doing so you will accustom yourself to the sight of my holes. Learn to overcome your fear ... and Naenia will lose her power over you!’

Hengrid shrugged his shoulders fatalistically, turned his back and said nothing as Layla wrapped the cord around his wrists. Satisfying herself that the knots were sound, she took hold of Hengrid’s arm and led him into the centre of the clearing.

‘Lie down here,’ she said, pointing to a patch of soft, sand-coloured earth. He immediately dropped to his knees, then settled himself on his back. Taking three more lengths of cord, she fastened first his feet, then his calves and finally his thighs. By the time she had finished, any movement was all but impossible.

‘Why do you bind me so?’ he inquired anxiously, as if the thought had only now occurred.

Kneeling beside him, Layla ran an affectionate hand across his cheek. ‘Because of what I must do to you, my love,’ she answered softly. ‘To prepare you for what is to come...’

His breathing grew more rapid. 'I have changed my mind,' he said quickly. 'Untie me. I do not wish to continue.'

Rising slowly, her face a mask of genuine concern, Layla said, 'I am sorry, my love. For your sake, and yours alone – I must expose myself to you...'

Hengrid's face darkened. 'No!' he cried, as Layla reached down and bunched the hem of her dress with her hands. 'I forbid it! I forbid it!'

Ignoring him, Layla dragged her skirt up to her waist, exposing the bulb of her cunt and the broad fleshy swell of her hips.

Hengrid turned away at once, refusing to look up as Layla stepped over him, feet either side of his body. He wriggled on the sandy earth like a trussed-up chicken. Layla gazed down at him sadly. Taking a deep breath, she bent her legs and lowered herself into a squatting position over his head, her cunt towards his face.

'You must look at me, Hengrid!' she insisted. 'You must look at my pussy! If you do not ... I will sit on your face! I will smother you as Princess Naenia will smother you!'

A wail of despair broke from between her legs and Hengrid shook fiercely. She heard him mutter a prayer to his gods, then stifle a mournful sob.

'Do not make me sit on you, beloved!' said Layla in a voice, trembling with

emotion. ‘Gaze upon me willingly, I beg you! Please, Hengrid ... turn and face me!’

Gazing over her shoulder, she saw Hengrid force his head around, his eyes tightly shut. His Adam’s apple bobbed sharply and the edges of his mouth turned down. Layla felt her heart pound heavily in her breast. ‘Please, Hengrid,’ she whispered. ‘You must have courage. Pussy will not hurt you, I promise. She is gentle and wishes only to love you ...’

An age seemed to pass and still Hengrid’s eyes remained firmly closed. Then, with what, she knew, must be a supreme effort of will, he opened them slowly, his mouth trembling around a sob.

‘May the gods preserve me,’ he muttered as his vision cleared and he saw, for the first time in his life, the long, shiny trench of a woman’s cunt, lodged in a forest of dark, hairy curls.

‘Do not be afraid,’ said Layla, in an effort to reassure him. She dipped a finger into her fleshy crease and ran it the length of her slit. ‘She is called pussy, Hengrid, and, if we were married, would be home to your mighty cock. See how she sparkles with my wetness. It is her way of saying that she yearns for you, and longs to give you pleasure.’

‘You ... you speak of her as if she were a living creature,’ he whispered fearfully. ‘Does she command your feelings – or you hers?’

‘In many ways, she is my mistress, Hengrid. She fills my head with wicked thoughts. She makes me yearn for you! Even now, as I squat over your head, she

... she pleads with me to lower her onto your face. So she may plant a lover's kiss on you. And you, in turn, on her...'

His face darkened, and his eyes grew dim. 'No, please ...' he muttered fearfully. 'Do not say such things. I beg you! Do not let her touch me!'

'The Princess Naenia will not be so gentle,' she reminded him, a hint of resentment in her voice. 'Her pussy will have no mercy on you! She will press herself to your lips and claim you as her prize!'

'I have had enough!' cried Hengrid. 'Release me now! I command you!'

Layla's face creased with genuine sadness. Using two fingers now, she peeled her lips apart and opened up her slit. The pink, fleshy folds of her labia sparkled with excitement as she exposed them to the open air. 'Forgive me, beloved,' she whispered, 'but I do this for your own good. It is pussy who commands you now! You are her man!'

A pearl of warm juice leaked from deep within her cunt, ran the length of her slit, and dripped onto Hengrid's face. At the sight of the long, damp strand stretching towards his mouth, Hengrid emitted a wild roar. He shook furiously, his thin frame straining against the vines that held him fast. He turned his head to one side as the bead of juice fell onto his face, then dribbled into the corner of his mouth. He tightened his lips, a muted squeal of terror and disgust buried in the back of his throat.

'Forgive me, my darling!' said Layla. 'It is for your own good! I am sorry! So sorry!'

The words were barely out of Layla's mouth before she dropped her open cunt onto Hengrid's face, sliding her sodden gash across his nose and mouth, and soaking him with her juices. He twisted his head from side to side in a desperate effort to avoid her embrace, but with his head locked tightly between her thighs, there was nowhere for him to go. Opening his mouth to cry out again, he realised his mistake too late. As his lips parted, Layla forced the plum of her vagina into the gap, screaming with delight as a dam of excitement broke within her. A fountain of juice sprayed from her hole, flooding into his throat. His body jack-knifed and he gagged.

Layla jumped up at once, pulling her cunt from Hengrid's mouth and retreating onto his chest.

'Forgive me, my love!' she cried, her face a picture of despair. 'I did not mean to use you so!'

His tongue flashed out, and flew from side to side as if, in doing so, he might somewhere spit her juices from his mouth.

'You have pissed on me! You have emptied your bladder into my mouth!'

'It is not piss!' objected Layla, visibly affronted. 'I would not widdle on a man!'

Hengrid scowled and continued to rub at his lips. 'Then what is this liquid that comes from your hole?'

Layla's expression softened, and a dull mistiness filled her eyes.

'It is the juice of love, Hengrid. The sap a woman sheds freely when her pussy is pleased.'

'I have not pleased your pussy!' he responded vehemently. 'Nor has she pleased me!'

'But you have, my lord,' said Layla quietly. 'When pussy entered your mouth, she meant only to love you – and have you love her in return.'

'You have done things to me!' he wept, his eyes filling with tears. 'Things no woman should ever do!'

She reached out, to stroke his face, but he turned away, his teeth bared and his eyes tightly shut. Biting hard on her lip, she said, in a voice shaking with emotion, 'It is not over yet, my darling. There is one more hole you must gaze upon. The hole she will show you on your wedding night!'

As if stung into life, Hengrid's head jerked round and his eyes flew open. His face was white with fear. 'No!' he cried. 'You would not dare! I forbid it!'

'It is for your own good, my love,' she murmured. 'Her little hole will try to hurt you. Mine will not. To gaze upon my bottom's mouth will prepare you for the ordeal to come.'

‘I do not wish to see your little hole! It is your private place! I beg you keep it so!’

Rising quickly, afraid that her courage would fail if she dithered, Layla clutched at her skirt, bunching the thin cotton around her waist. She swung round, bringing her bare backside over Hengrid’s head and clawed at her hips, parting her fleshy cheeks.

‘My little hole is coming for you, my love! Prepare to greet her!’

‘Noooooo!’ screamed Hengrid, twisting violently, lifting his head from the ground in an effort to sit upright and swing himself clear.

Layla immediately dropped like a stone, her bottom clipping the top of Hengrid’s head, forcing him back. He sprawled between her legs, sobbing like a child, broken and exhausted.

‘Look at my hole!’ cried Layla, distraught at the pain she knew she was causing him. ‘If you do not look at my hole,’ she warned him, ‘I will press its little mouth to your face. I will rub her on you, my love – and you shall know her smell and taste!’

She felt his body tighten beneath her, and heard the shuffle of his head as he turned slowly round. When a gurgle of despair broke from his lips, she knew he had opened his eyes; knew that he was gazing up into her crack, his eyes locked, for the first time in his life, on a woman’s anus.

‘Study her, my love,’ said Layla softly. ‘I promise I will not lower myself further. My hole will not hurt you. I display her only to prepare you. So you may know what it is we women keep hidden in our bottoms. What the Princess Naenia will show to you ... when she comes for you on your wedding night!’

A squeal of despair sounded between her legs and a dreadful sob shook Hengrid’s body.

‘Your hole!’ he cried, choking back his tears. ‘It moves! It moves! It opens up to swallow me!’

Layla bit down on her lip, struggling to control her body. She felt her anus flex and pucker, reacting keenly to the warm blasts of air that struck it from below.

‘Remember this!’ she implored him, as her bottom dropped lower, bringing her anus a fraction closer to his face. ‘When the Princess Naenia sits on you – pretend it is my hole, not hers that comes for you!’

‘I wish no hole to come for me! I am frightened, Layla! Please! Take it away from me! Take it away!’

With a huge effort of will, Layla rose, retreating quickly and dropping her skirts. She gazed at Hengrid, sobbing on the ground, and felt nothing but anguish in her heart. She had hoped to give him courage. To accustom him to the sight of her holes, in the belief it would strengthen his resolve. Instead, she had merely fuelled his morbid fear of what was to come. Of how he would suffer when his

bride took him between her legs and rode him as only a woman could.

She untied him quickly, then withdrew, not wishing to incur his wrath any further. It took him some time to recover; to wipe away his tears and steady himself for the journey home. They made their way back to the lake in silence. There, they parted company, Layla remaining where he had originally found her, while he returned on his own to the palace.

Gazing out over the lake, Layla's face dissolved and she buried her head in her hands. 'Poor Hengrid!' she muttered, unable to hold back her tears. 'There is no hope for you now, my darling,' she wept. 'No hope at all!'

Three

The women of Rhardhur came for him a week later. More than once, Hengrid contemplated flight. But the shame he would bring on his family stayed his hand. That, and the knowledge that only he could end the wars that had ravaged the kingdom since before he was born.

For much of the time, he kept to his room, struggling to eat or sleep; praying nightly to his gods for the strength to meet his fate with courage.

Each time he closed his eyes, he saw Layla's little hole poised over his head. She had meant well, he knew, but the sight of her puckered pink ring, nestling in a rich, chocolate brown crater, had terrified him beyond measure. How could a woman expose herself in such a manner? And – worse still – how could she use her bottom as a weapon, with which to cow and break her husband?

On the eve of the women's arrival, his father Seegal came to his room a little before sunset, a grim expression on his face. Hengrid knew at once the reason why.

'The Princess Naenia's aunts arrive at dawn,' his father announced. 'They will take you to their niece's castle at Kaledor– where they and Naenia's mother will prepare you for marriage.'

'I am to be given into their charge?' muttered an ashen-faced Hengrid.

His father nodded. 'They will be your mistresses until the fateful day,' he informed him. 'You must be brave my son ... for they will not treat you well.'

‘They have no rights over me, surely?’ protested Hengrid.

‘They have the rights their sacred laws accord them,’ replied Seegal flatly. He gazed fondly at his son and, like Layla before him, felt a pain in his heart that nothing could ease. ‘I am sorry, Hengrid,’ he continued. ‘Your sacrifice will ease the burdens of our kingdom. When you lie between your bride’s legs on the night of your marriage, remember that you do this for your people.’

Hengrid groaned despondently. ‘You say between her legs, Father ... but it is between her arse’s cheeks that I will lie!’

‘I wish there was another way,’ responded Seegal wearily. ‘But this is how it must be. You belong to the Princess Naenia now ... and must pay homage to her in the ancient way.’

His father ran a weary hand through his hair, then said, ‘There is another matter we must speak of. It concerns procedure on the morrow. You must behave ... so as to cause no offence to the women who are coming for you.’

‘Offence?’ repeated Hengrid sourly. ‘How might I do such a thing? It is I who am to be abused!’

‘Even so, there are customs we must follow.’ Seegal’s face clouded over. ‘You must enter the Royal Chamber naked – on your hands and knees – and advance head bowed until they give you leave to rise.’

‘In our own palace?’ responded Hengrid angrily.

‘It does not please me, either,’ said Seegal. ‘But it is what they demand and we must accede to their request.’ He scratched at his chin and his face darkened. ‘There is another...’ He hesitated. ‘Another deed you must perform.’ A further anguished pause and then he added quickly, ‘The aunts insist you pay them loyal homage.’

Hengrid frowned, and the colour leached from his face. He opened his mouth to speak, but his throat was suddenly dry.

‘Each will open up her thong of modesty ...’ continued Seegal bluntly, ‘the pouch in which her mighty cunt resides ... and beg you plant a kiss of reverence on her woman’s slit.’

‘No!’ cried Hengrid desperately. ‘Not that, Father! Please! Please do not make me!’

‘It is out of my hands,’ said Seegal. ‘I cannot deny them ... and neither can you!’

Hengrid barely slept at all that night. He tossed and turned, his rare sleeping moments filled with dreadful thoughts and images. When dawn finally broke, he rose, exhausted, and with a heavy heart.

When two servants arrived, to escort him to the Royal Chamber, his courage almost failed him. His hands and legs shook violently and a horrid sickness gripped his stomach.

It took all his strength to remain upright as he made his way down to the Chamber. He froze again when the huge, metalled doors were opened to admit him. Covering the last few yards, he moved with the pained, shuffling gait of a man several times his age.

Four women stood either side of the King's throne. They were tall and powerfully built, their big breasts shamelessly exposed. Tiny leather thongs bulged around their cunts, scarcely containing the swollen flesh within. Hengrid felt sick to his core.

On his final visit to his son the night before, Seegal's parting words had shocked and horrified him. Now, as he dropped to his knees and made his way into the hall, Hengrid's stomach heaved. As he reached the foot of the throne, one of the women came forward and addressed him curtly.

'Do not stand, but lift your head,' she commanded. 'Let us see the face of the man who shall wed our niece – and lie between her legs in royal marriage.'

Hengrid raised his eyes until he was gazing into the woman's face. He judged her, as he judged the others also, to be in her mid-to-late forties, possibly older. Her skin was gently lined, and there was a plumpness to her hips, legs and arms that seemed almost motherly. Only the cruel tightness of her mouth, and the cold, dismissive glint in her eyes revealed the fact that she was far from homely.

He felt a cold knot in his stomach when the woman reached down, dug her fingers under the vee of her thong, then pulled it to one side to reveal a thatch of dark, wiry hair. With the fingers of her other hand, she eased her slit into view. Her lips were pink, shiny and glistened with sap.

‘I am the Princess Naenia’s aunt, Joqual,’ she announced. ‘You will come forward now – and offer me a kiss of reverence. Here – on the lips that make me woman!’

A sickly feeling rose from Hengrid’s belly and into his throat. His head swam and, for one dreadful moment, he feared he would faint. Taking a deep breath, he tottered forward, his head at the level of Joqual’s puffy vulva. He recalled the sight of Layla’s little pussy. How gentle her lips now seemed when compared to the fat, swollen panels of this ugly harridan standing over him.

He leaned forward quickly, determined to plant the lightest of pecks before withdrawing. But the moment his lips came close, Joqual reached down, seized hold of his head and held him firmly to her cunt.

As Hengrid gagged on her flesh, his hands balled into fists of despair. Joqual, in turn, threw back her head and laughed loudly.

‘He fears my woman’s lips, sisters!’ she cried. ‘Oh, how he struggles at my pussy’s mouth! We shall have sport with this one. There is work to be done before our Princess takes him to her bottom’s hole!’

Releasing him suddenly, she stepped away, beckoning the others forward. One by one, her sisters approached, exposed their slits and held his mouth to their hairy flesh. By the time they had taken their fill, poor Hengrid was beside himself. His mouth reeked of the taste of their cunts, yet he was fearful of wiping his lips or spitting out their juices.

As the last woman withdrew, Joqual turned to Seegal and said, in a loud, dismissive voice, ‘We now relieve you of your son. Do you freely hand him into our care and give our cunts dominion over him?’

With a heavy heart, Seegal bobbed his head. ‘I do,’ he confirmed. ‘Your pussy is his mistress now. And those of your sisters, also. Until the day the Princess Naenia mounts him as a wife – and takes him to her bottom’s hole.’

Whether Hengrid had expected a final word with his father before being led to his fate was a hope that became immediately redundant. Without further comment, the women seized hold of his arms and legs and carried him unceremoniously from the Royal Hall.

His life in the kingdom was over. His new life, a dreadful prospect that had hung over him for little more than a week now, was about to begin ...

Four

The journey across the border and into the land of Rhardhur was a long and uncomfortable one, across rough and inhospitable terrain. While the women sat in comfort in their splendid carriage, Hengrid was bundled into a lidded box at the rear, with no more than his own despair for company.

When, after half a day's ride, they reached Kaledor, the palace of his future bride – and, heaven help him, his likely executioner – he scarcely cared where he was or why. They dragged him from the darkness and into the Royal Palace. His eyes stung and his body ached – his misery rendered complete when they flung him into a cold, badly-lit cell, and abandoned him for several hours.

Evening had begun to fall, when the door swung wide again. Two tall, bare-breasted guards entered and hauled him to his feet. From there he was taken along several panelled corridors, before at last entering a richly appointed, high-ceilinged chamber, festooned with low divans. Hundreds of cushions lay scattered about the thickly carpeted floor.

Seated all around the chamber were, he estimated, some twenty to thirty women. Though of various ages and builds, one thing they all shared in common. Like Hengrid himself ... they were as naked as the day they were born!

He recognised Joqual at once. Shorn of her flimsy thong of modesty, she presented a terrifying sight as she strode towards him. Her hips were plump and fleshy and her breasts swung loosely as she walked. Without her protective cunt-pouch, he saw that the hair between her legs was thicker and more tangled than he had previously realised. Though he was reluctant to let his gaze wander, it seemed to him just then that all the women sported monstrous bushes.

Introducing him to the assembly, Joqual announced with a wide grin, ‘This is Hengrid, son of Seegal. Given in marriage to our Princess Naenia – at whose bottom he will worship on their day of union!’ With a broad wave of her hand, she added quickly, ‘It is our task to prepare him for the bridal bed. Sisters, aunts and cousins all – will you use your holes to ready him for a husband’s duties?’

‘We will!’ they cried as one, each framing her cunt with the fingers of one hand, while slapping her hips loudly with the other.

Joqual’s smile widened. ‘Then let us attack this man at will! And take him as only Amazons can!’

As the guards released him and hurried away, Hengrid felt a ball of terror grow in his stomach. He drew himself up to his full height, his hands bunched into fists as the women fanned out, closing in on him from all sides.

He hardly knew where to look, turning this way and that, his mouth dry with fear, his legs growing weak beneath him. The smell of warm, female flesh filled his nostrils: sweat, musk and something else he was unable to place. Excitement! That was it! The women dripped with raw, animal excitement!

He wanted to run, but there was nowhere to run to. And so he stood his ground as they drew closer. Only when the first girl flung herself at him did he attempt to move, but by then it was too late. An avalanche of flesh overwhelmed him in an instant. The women dragged him to the floor, tumbling over themselves in their keenness to mount him.

Joqual’s face hove into view, a cruel smile tugging at her lips. ‘We are women,’

she announced coldly, ‘and we have women’s needs ...’

As the others pinned him down, she swung a meaty thigh across his head and positioned her hairy vagina over his face. Plunging fingers into her jungle-like pubes, she eased them aside, exposing the long, puffy folds of her sex. Gazing up at her trench-like slit, Hengrid recalled Layla’s soft, tender crease when she had brought it over him in the forest. She had frightened him then, though she had not meant to. But the fear he had felt on that occasion was nothing to the horror in his heart now.

‘Please, no!’ he cried pitifully, not capable of even the slightest movement, trapped as he was beneath the weight of so many women.

Joqual laughed as she brought her pussy over his face, then jammed it down hard, covering his nose and mouth and wriggling triumphantly. ‘I sit where a Princess will sit!’ she announced. ‘Suckle on my cunt, man! Suckle on the hole that makes me woman!’

Hengrid writhed between Joqual’s legs, gagging on her thick, sodden flesh. His inability to move served only to heighten his terror. Even had his mouth and nose been free, the crushing weight of so many woman would have made it all but impossible for him to breathe. He was drowning in a sea of flesh, and choking on a woman’s bloated pussy.

Just when he thought he could take no more, Joqual rose from the saddle. His respite was brief. A moment later, she descended again, covering him for a second time. Out of sight, her fingers stroked a rapid tattoo on the nubbin of her clit. He felt her pussy’s lips expand and throb with need. With an anguished shriek of joy she came, flooding his throat with her juices, throwing back her head and howling her delight at the ceiling.

As she rose from his face, Hengrid had scarcely time to catch his breath before another woman took her place. She hugged him hard against her cunt and wriggled her clit across his face. Somewhere, out of sight, he felt hands grapple with his penis, and fingers jiggle his balls. He would have called out – begging them to have pity on him – but his mouth was full of damp, swollen flesh, his nostrils flattened by a woman’s belly.

‘I am a man!’ he wept, his tears soaking into the woman’s skin. ‘I am a man!’ As if his sad, pathetic cry might soften their hearts.

‘And we are women!’ he heard a unknown voice respond, answering his muffled plea. ‘With women’s holes!’

He lurched violently, as a fingertip pushed against the well of his anus. By all that was holy – a woman was trying to enter him!

‘He is tight!’ he heard a voice yell. ‘We must loosen him for Naenia, so she may take her rightful place inside him – on her wedding night!’

Hengrid lurched again, fighting a battle he knew he could never win. Hands held onto his ankles and his wrists, prising his arms and legs apart. He was utterly helpless – at the mercy of women who could, and would, do anything they liked with him.

Oh how he longed to be back in the forest with Layla. How frightened he had been when she had straddled his face with her holes. And yet she had ridden him

with kindness. Not like these women, who took their pleasure with him cruelly.

He screamed with fear and pain as the finger pushed a little deeper, breaching his defences. At the same time, a strange dampness warmed each of his stones and a soft fist tightened around his cock. He realised, to his horror, that he was being suckled on! Another muffled cry left the back of his throat and he jerked furiously. Sobbing with despair, he felt a spear of pleasure rise up from his stones and into his shaft. But his delight – if it could be called that – was short-lived. Fingers tightened around the base of his shaft, stemming the flow of seed into his cock.

At the same time, he felt his anus open as the intruder pushed herself home.

‘I have entered his passage!’ yelled the woman. ‘His bottom is mine!’

Hengrid twitched violently, gagging on the hot, salty flesh that filled his mouth. Unable to breathe at all now, his head began to spin, and a sickly sensation took hold of his stomach. He was certain he would pass out, when, all at once, the pressure on his head relaxed and, for a brief instant, he saw light and felt air against his face.

But his relief was again short-lived. Another woman took her friend’s place and his torment began again. The finger removed from his bottom was replaced by another, sending a further wave of disgust through his belly.

How long they tortured him, he had no idea. Finally, whether by prearranged signal, or because they had had their fill of him, the women withdrew, leaving poor Hengrid spread-eagled on his back, sobbing with exhaustion. His face was

sopping wet; a mixture of his own sweat and the women's filthy juices.

'You have shamed me,' he muttered, tasting both urine and an unfamiliar earthy scent on his face and lips.

'We have not shamed you!' cried a voice he knew only too well. Opening his eyes, he gazed up at Joqual's plump, naked body towering over him. 'We have honoured you with our pussies,' she informed him, with a broad grin. 'Would that we could take you to our little holes – but that is a joy reserved to others.'

Joqual dropped to her knees, her powerful thighs either side of his head, pinning his arms to his sides. Reaching down to her thick pubic bush, she peeled away the hairy shield that hid her quim from view.

'My sisters have prepared you,' she announced, with a grim smile. 'But it is I, Naenia's eldest aunt, who shall have the honour of conquering you with my woman's slit!'

Hengrid's eyes flashed open. Delirious with exhaustion as he was, he summoned the last of his strength in a bid to wriggle free. Joqual laughed – a shrill peal that chilled his soul. His arms shuddered uselessly at his sides, held firmly in place by her legs.

'You cannot escape!' she cried. 'Just as you will not escape from my niece on your wedding night! When she comes for you with her little hole!'

At the words “little hole”, Hengrid felt a surge of horror shake his body. He arched his back and heaved with all his strength. But, again, exhausted as he was, Joqual held him down easily. Then, to his utter despair, she shuffled forward until the long, fleshy line of her cunt was poised directly over his head.

‘You are my man now,’ said Joqual. ‘Just as you shall be my niece’s man on your wedding night.’

‘I belong to no woman!’ responded Hengrid defiantly, though with precious little conviction in his voice.

Joqual laughed again. ‘You are a man and belong to all women!’ she responded. ‘Our goddess gave us holes with which to command you – and bend you to our will. As my pussy now bends you to hers!’

Hengrid gazed up into the plump folds of her vagina and shuddered. The profusion of dark, curly hairs in which her monstrous cunt nestled sent a spear of terror into his gut. And when she began to descend ...

Though he tried to turn his head away, his room for manoeuvre was greatly limited. She moved with him, too, cutting off his retreat, whichever way he looked. And he was so tired. A part of him simply longed to surrender: to end this torment forever.

A moment later, he felt her pussy press against his face, her soft, salty lips moulding themselves to his skin, drowning him in flesh. He shut his eyes and tried to recall the soft, gentle folds of Layla’s vagina. When she had placed her pussy into his mouth, and soiled him with her juices, he had thought it the most

dreadful thing that could ever happen to a man. How wrong he had been! Her embrace had been a loving one. She had not sought to harm him with her weapon, but to prepare him. To ready him for the battle to come. This battle – and the more dreadful one yet that awaited him on his wedding night! Now, as Joqual’s pussy covered both his nose and mouth, he tried his best to imagine it was Layla riding him, not Joqual. Her sweet little pussy clamped to his face, not this monstrous Amazon’s.

He fought for air, the breath in his lungs almost gone now. His arms came up and his hands clawed at her buttocks, in a vain attempt to shift her. She laughed all the more, tightening her grip on his face. Her pussy pressed hard against his mouth, like an invading army gathered at the castle walls. She meant to force her away in – as Layla had done so in the forest – to breach his defences and conquer him as only an Amazon could!

As the pain in his lungs grew ever more unbearable, Hengrid felt his resolve weaken. He was so tired and every muscle in his body ached dreadfully!

‘You must open to admit me!’ he heard her cry. ‘Accept me as your conqueror! Accept me, Hengrid!’

His head was swimming now, a dreadful darkness leaching into every part of his being. He must breathe! He must have air! As a stifled scream broke from the back of his throat, he parted his lips in the desperate hope of tasting air. The moment he did, Joqual drove her cunt down, the thick, dripping folds of her vagina pouring into his mouth and claiming their prize.

‘I am home, sisters!’ she cried, throwing back her head and howling at the rafters. ‘My cunt has breached his fortress!’

Skewered on her pussy, Hengrid wriggled like a man possessed. His one chance of air had failed completely and the pain in his chest was now unbearable. He arched his back, kicked with his legs and groaned feebly into the folds of flesh that filled his mouth.

Just when he thought his head would surely explode, a bright light flashed briefly in the darkness and a merciful nothingness overcame him.

Five

With a mournful groan, Hengrid raised himself from the pillow. His head throbbed like a drum and every part of his body ached as if he had been thoroughly beaten. But that was not all ...

Wiping the back of his hand across his face, he was aware of a musky aroma – the same smell Layla had left upon him when she had ridden him in the forest ...

It all came back to him now. He remembered the women who had abused him so cruelly. How they had held him down and taken it in turns to sit on him. How Joqual herself had mounted his head and forced her bloated pussy into his mouth. She must have emptied her juices on him – as Layla had emptied hers. Layla had said a woman shed her liquid when a man made her pussy happy. It mattered not, it seemed to him, whether the man himself was happy.

Examining his surroundings, Hengrid saw that he was in a small, but comfortable room. A cell, to all intents and purposes, but lined with velvet drapes and thickly carpeted. His bed was narrow and the mattress soft. Assorted fruits and a jug of wine had been set down on a nearby table. Ravenously hungry, Hengrid tore at the fruit like a starving man and drank the wine with relish, dispensing with the cup his gaolers had provided.

Having satisfied his immediate needs, Hengrid lay back on the bed and stared at the raftered ceiling. For an instant, he seemed to see Layla's happy face smiling down at him: a moment of comfort that passed all too quickly. Closing his eyes, the vision was replaced by the grim features of Naenia's aunt, Joqual. And then, completely unbidden, another more terrifying image swam into view: two huge, fleshy buttocks descending on his face – a tight, puckered anus nestled at their centre.

He opened his eyes at once, hairs stiff along the back of his neck. Sitting bolt upright, he swung his legs off the bed and sat there, shivering. Many were the gods he and his people worshipped, but only one – Jhahva – had the power to save him now! Dropping to his knees, he clasped his hands together and offered an earnest prayer.

‘Oh, mighty Jhahva,’ he muttered, ‘help me! Do not let the Princess Naenia take me into her bottom’s crack. Save me, I beg you from her little hole! In mercy’s name – do not let her smother me!’

With his mind so intent on seeking Jhahva’s aid, Hengrid failed to hear the door click open. Only when Joqual’s familiar voice broke into his fevered thoughts did he look up and realise he was not alone.

‘You pray to your god for salvation,’ she laughed mockingly. ‘But he cannot help you now. Our goddess, Sharli, has dominion over all the heavens – aye, even over your gods! She could sit on Jhahva’s face if she chose – just as we women sit on yours!’

Hengrid jumped onto the bed and cowered against the wall, a frightened prey cornered by its predator. Joqual snorted derisively. ‘You fear I have come to sit on you again.’ She cupped her fingers around the bulge of her cunt, now hidden behind a flimsy thong.

‘My pussy has tamed you,’ she continued. ‘And marked you with her juices.’ She grinned. ‘Were you a free man, I would take you to my slit again. Nay! I would take you to the hole of holes itself and conquer you as only a woman can!’ Reaching behind, she slapped one of her vast buttocks. ‘But you are not my prize to claim. You belong to my niece, and only her hole – and that of her mother’s – may mount you in battle now!’

‘Her mother?’ repeated Hengrid, his stomach tightening. ‘I do not understand ...’

Joqual’s smile broadened. ‘Has no one told you?’ she inquired coldly. ‘Your marriage to the princess takes place on the morrow. But tonight you shall lie with her mother. And she will take you to her little hole – as tomorrow her daughter will take you to hers!’

‘No!’ responded Hengrid, his arms now clasped tightly around his knees, shuddering strongly. ‘I cannot be her mother’s man, too! I will not!’

‘It is not your choice to make. You may worship willingly, or I will hold you down, while my sister mounts you in all her glory. As only a woman can!’

Hengrid lowered his eyes, and his forehead pressed against his knees. ‘I will not do it!’ he cried. He looked up sharply. ‘If I am to die at the arse, then let the princess sit on me now – and finish me off with her hole! But do not torment me like this. It is too cruel!’

Joqual huffed again. ‘If my niece chooses to end your worthless life – she will do so on your wedding night.’ She hesitated, as if pondering the matter, then added, ‘Were I you – I would aim to please. Naenia will take counsel from her elders on your wedding day. Those women who have already enjoyed you. Myself, too, and most of all, Ghanee – the mother of the bride. Please us – and we may advise your bride to spare you.’ She shrugged loosely. ‘The choice is yours ...’

‘It is little enough,’ muttered Hengrid glumly. ‘I die between a woman’s cheeks tomorrow night – or worship at her little hole for ever more.’ He sighed mournfully. ‘Or until my new bride tires of her sport – and I am smothered on another day!’

Joqual shrugged. ‘We none of us can see the future. But should you yearn for one, Hengrid, son of Seegal, then harken to my words. If you wish to live – please Ghanee’s little hole tonight!’

A moment later, the door closed behind her – leaving Hengrid alone once more, with only his tortured thoughts for company.

Several hours passed and, though he dozed fitfully, Hengrid was unable to sleep. At a little after sunset, the door was flung open and Joqual reappeared – flanked this time by two plump, bare-breasted guards. Hengrid rose wearily from his bed and held himself as straight as he could manage.

Without a word, he followed Joqual out of the room and along a wide, vaulted corridor. The guards walked behind him, cutting off any hope of retreat. In spite of his uneasiness, Hengrid found his gaze locked on the crack of Joqual’s arse. Her huge buttocks swung smoothly as she walked, and as he stared into the long trench between her cheeks, he could not put out of his mind the grim awareness that he was so dreadfully close to her little hole. A hole she shared with both her sister and her niece – on whose bottoms he would shortly be forced to suckle!

To Hengrid’s despair, the journey to Ghanee’s rooms was a brief one. A curtain

was drawn back, a door opened and, before he knew it, he found himself in her sumptuously appointed private chamber.

A broad, canopied bed sat at the far end of the room. Upon it sprawled a stout, naked woman of middle years. Her hair was long and dark, though tinged with grey – as were the thick curls of her pubic hair, which became horribly apparent to Hengrid as the woman rose and crossed the floor to greet them.

‘So this is the boy my little girl must take between her cheeks,’ she announced, casting her eyes the length of his body. Hengrid gazed back, examining, with some horror, her mottled skin, high forehead, proud chin and thick, ruby-red lips. She reached out, and cupped his face in one of her small-fingered hands.

‘Your head will fit snugly enough,’ she informed him, with a cruel grin. ‘When my daughter takes you to her secret place.’

Her grin broadened. ‘He trembles!’ she remarked carelessly. ‘Like all men, he fears the little hole!’

‘He has spent the day sobbing in his room,’ said Joqual unkindly. ‘Begging his gods to save him from your arse!’

Ghaneer shook her head sadly. ‘You must learn to love my little hole,’ she informed him, tilting Hengrid’s chin, forcing him to look her straight in the eye. ‘Please me – and you will please my daughter, also.’ She paused. ‘Displease me, however – and your marriage to my daughter will be a short one...’

Turning to Joqual, she said, 'You have ridden him?'

'I have,' replied her sister. 'As have the other ladies of the court. I held him to my woman's cunt and marked him with my juices.'

'And took him into the darkness, too – as I shall take him before this night is gone?'

'He railed against his fate as all men do,' said Joqual. 'But in Naenia's name I rode him till he moved no more!'

A plaintive cry broke from Hengrid's lips and he fell to his knees, hands clasped prayer-like in front of him. 'Please, no!' he wept, gazing fearfully from one woman to the other. 'Do not smother me again! Not like that! I am frightened! Please! I am frightened!'

Ghanee regarded him with open disdain. 'Like all men, he does not suckle willingly. A pity. It seems you will have to hold him down...'

'I have warned him,' said Joqual. 'Told him it would be better to offer you the worship you deserve as Naenia's mother. That defiance brings with it the threat of a greater punishment to come. That Naenia may conquer him as a warrior and not a wife...'

'What say you, man?' inquired Ghanee. 'Will you lie upon your back and pay me homage willingly? Or must you be made to worship?'

An anguished look transformed Hengrid's face. He sobbed silently and his shoulders shook. Summoning all his strength, he climbed slowly to his feet.

'I ... I will worship willingly, mistress,' he murmured feebly, each word torn from his throat.

'I do not think it will be willingly,' said Ghanee. 'But it will go well with you if you do not struggle at the moment of truth. When I expose myself to you...'

Another plaintive whimper fell from Hengrid's lips, and he almost stumbled. It took every ounce of his strength to approach Ghanee's bed and heave himself up onto the mattress. With obvious reluctance, he eased himself onto his back, shaking fitfully and gazing up at the canopied roof.

'Stretch your legs wide apart,' commanded Ghanee. 'Let me see the little cock my girl shall master.'

Moving more reluctantly than ever, Hengrid did as he was asked, opening his legs as far as he was able to. His arms he kept close to his sides, hands bunched into nervous fists.

He tried not to move when Ghanee climbed onto the bed and slid alongside him; and fought to marshal the last of his courage, when she vanished out of sight behind his head.

The mattress sagged beneath him as she shuffled forward, her big thighs advancing either side of him. He closed his eyes briefly, then opened them again. He had no wish to see this woman move into position over his face, but a part of him knew he must bear the sight or it would go badly with him.

A dry squeal left his lips as Ghanee's buttocks shuffled over his head. A morbid terror gripped his soul. If she were to sit on a man's face, he told himself, no force on earth could ever shift her! Gazing up between her legs, he saw one hand drop to below her belly, fingers clawing through her ragged jungle of pubes. As if clearing a path, she tugged the little hairs away, exposing the swollen maw of her sex.

'Behold the slit that makes me woman!' she cried, easing her lips apart, exposing the soft pink folds of her vagina. 'And the hole through which my daughter Naenia entered this world!'

A fine strand of moisture broke from within Ghanee's quim and hung, like a spidery thread, from the mouth of her cunt. Hengrid's eyes followed its path with mounting terror. When it broke free and dropped like a glistening pearl onto his lower lip, he wanted to gag, to scream, to run!

Releasing her cunt, Ghanee reached back, took hold of her vast buttocks and eased them apart. Though he desperately longed to close his eyes, Hengrid knew he would be punished for it. With a barely muffled groan of despair, he tilted his head a fraction and gazed up into the long, marble trench of her crack. Past the thatch of fine hairs that grew on her buttocks and into the very centre of her arse.

Her anus was large and rounded; a star of wrinkled flesh that pulsed crudely. Tiny hairs grew around the rim, the skin itself a darker shade of brown, nestling in a copper-coloured channel.

‘My woman’s cunt brought Naenia into this world,’ repeated Ghanee. ‘See now the mighty sword with which I slew the man who fathered her!’

Horried, Hengrid opened his mouth to voice a protest, but his throat was dry and no words emerged.

‘Remember how you held him down, Joqual?’ continued Ghanee. ‘How he begged us to have pity on him?’ She threw back her head and laughed. “Do not take me to your little hole!” he wept. “We have a daughter now and must care for her together. Spare me please, for I have done my duty by you!”

‘I remember the battle well,’ said Joqual fondly. ‘He fought us fiercely. Struggled, perhaps, as no man has ever struggled – for he knew you meant to slay him in the ancient way! To take him into your crack and never rise until the deed was done.’

‘And now my bottom rides into battle once more,’ said Ghanee. ‘For I must do a mother’s work – and master this man with my little hole. Preparing the way for my daughter on the morrow...’

A shrill squeal broke from the back of Hengrid’s throat as he finally found his voice.

‘I cannot do this!’ he wept, his head rising from the mattress, his eyes blinded with tears. Joqual flung herself forward at once and pinned him down again. His arms and legs whirled furiously, as she fought to restrain him.

‘I knew you would lose courage!’ she answered, easing herself onto his chest, thighs clamped tight, her full weight bearing down on him.

‘Once again, we ride into battle!’ roared Ghanee. ‘Two sisters astride a single foe!’

‘Would that we could conquer him as you conquered Naenia’s father!’ answered Joqual. ‘And ride him till he moves no more!’

‘I don’t want to be smothered!’ cried Hengrid. ‘In mercy’s name, I don’t want to be smothered!’

‘You are a weakling!’ responded Ghanee dismissively. ‘Not man enough to face my little hole!’

‘He weeps like a child!’ laughed Joqual. ‘This man whose sacrifice is to unite our peoples.’

‘Would that I could smother him now – and save Naenia the trouble!’ muttered Ghanee, wriggling her huge hips over Hengrid’s head.

‘It matters not,’ said Joqual. ‘You shall take him into the darkness – as is your right! And I shall hold him down ... while your bottom claims its prize!’

‘You are a good sister!’ said Ghanee. ‘As I shall be a good mother now – preparing this man for my daughter’s little hole!’

Hengrid tossed his head from side to side. Exhausted already, he continued to weep, horribly aware that there was nothing he could do to escape his fate. Ghanee would not suffocate him, but he had been taken into the darkness once already today and it had been a monstrous experience. Yet to be smothered at the cunt was one thing – the arse another matter altogether. It was with the arse that Amazons despatched their foes. What if Ghanee were to lose control? What if she were to finish him off as only a woman could?

Grappling with him as he struggled, Joqual slowly wore him down, pinning him flat between her thighs, her powerful hands around his neck, holding his face upright.

‘He cannot escape you now!’ she cried, addressing Ghanee. ‘His head is yours to conquer, sister! Unleash your little hole!’

‘Mercy!’ screamed Hengrid, as Ghanee lowered herself onto his face. As her wrinkled anus came ever closer, he felt his body freeze. With Joqual holding him tight, he had scarcely any range of movement, but fear now rendered him utterly immobile.

Pausing just an inch or two above his head, Ghanee flexed the muscles of her sphincter, so that her anus twitched, opened and closed – pouting crudely as if she might somehow suck poor Hengrid into her passage.

‘Save me, Jhahva! Save me!’ he wept fearfully. ‘She comes for me with her little

hole! She means to smother me with her bottom!’

A moment later, Ghaneer dropped her arse fully onto his face, her big cheeks closing around his head and trapping him inside her crack. Her wrinkled hole pressed hard against his nose and he gagged as a rich, earthy smell filled his lungs.

Aware that her fleshy cunt was pressing hard against his lips, Hengrid kept his mouth firmly shut. But as the first minute passed and the pressure in his chest grew unbearable, he knew his fate was sealed. As the last of his breath gave out, he opened his mouth instinctively. The moment his lips parted, Ghaneer struck – forcing her vulva home, the plump panels of flesh stretching his mouth wide. At the same time, her anus tightened around his nose, sucking the tip into her passage.

His mind in a delirious whirl, Hengrid saw himself being sucked up inside her. With Joqual pinning him down, he writhed horribly, legs kicking the empty air and fingers scratching at the mattress.

‘You have him, Ghaneer!’ cried Joqual, somewhere in the darkness. ‘Your bottom is his mistress now! It is victory to your little hole!’

Hengrid’s body jack-knifed sharply, twitched, fell still, then jumped again.

Finally, and mercifully – for the second time that day – his shoulders gave one last powerful jolt, and the darkness claimed him again.

Six

Returned to his room, this time Hengrid slept without waking, a broken and exhausted man. When he finally stirred, it was to the sound of a bath being run. Blinking wearily, he saw a large, wheeled tub, and three bare-breasted Amazons filling it from jugs. To one side of the pair, stood a solemn-looking Joqual, supervising proceedings.

‘You are to bathe,’ she informed him in a matter-of-fact voice. ‘It is your wedding day and you must be clean for your bride.’

Hengrid opened his mouth to respond, then thought better of it. He had been foolish this far, giving Joqual and her mother a host of reasons to encourage the Princess Naenia to make their marriage a short one. Was it too late to undo the damage? Or would his courage always fail him in the end?

The water was pleasantly warm and scented. As he slid beneath the surface, he felt, for a few happy moments, curiously relaxed. If only this were a proper marriage day, he mused. If only it were Layla he was to marry, and not a woman who meant him harm: a woman who might – before this day was ended – sit upon his face and drag him screaming to his gods inside her arse.

What a strange world he had tumbled into, he reflected. He had not yet even met his bride-to-be. Joqual and her sister bore a striking resemblance to each other, and he imagined Naenia would hardly be much different. But even so ...

His idle thoughts were interrupted by Joqual’s harsh voice as she spoke again.

‘Enough!’ she announced. ‘Dry yourself now, eat, drink ... and prepare for your union.’

‘Prepare for my union?’ Hengrid considered grimly. The words sent a shudder through him. The only union he foresaw was the union between his poor, abused face ... and Naenia’s little hole when she came for him.

Climbing out of the bath, he dried himself with towels, under the watchful eyes of both Joqual and her helpers. His penis had hardened a little and stood at a rigid angle from his body. He cursed it for betraying him – responding like a man in the presence of three near-naked females.

His arousal did not go unnoticed. Stepping forward, Joqual took hold of his shaft and stroked it firmly. Immediately, it stiffened again, almost fully erect now.

‘Though you go to your doom, your manhood stirs with yearning for the night that awaits you ... when your wife you into her crack and conquers you with her little hole!’

Hengrid wanted to inform her that it was nothing of the sort. That his body had betrayed him for altogether different reasons. But he knew better than to reply to her taunts.

Stepping back, Joqual picked up a small velvet pouch from the table, and extracted a square vellum scroll. Handing it to Hengrid, she said, ‘We will leave you now. Your marriage takes place at noon – in three hours’ time. There are

rituals you must follow, words to be spoken, deeds to be performed. They are set out on this scroll and you will do well to acquaint yourself.’ She hesitated, then added with a cruel smile, ‘You have not pleased me, Hengrid, son of Seegal. Nor Ghanee, the mother of your bride. Your fate may already be sealed, but if it is not, hark me well – you have little time left to save yourself...’

Hengrid gazed back at her, sick to his stomach. Not for the first time, he opened his mouth to speak, but words refused to come.

Turning on her heel, Joqual preceded her helpers from the room. A moment later, Hengrid was once more alone with his thoughts.

The contents of the scroll were simple enough, outlining the procedure that would be followed during the wedding ceremony. Hengrid read through his instructions several times over the next two hours, his spirits plunging ever lower. One line puzzled him: it seemed he would be ‘accompanied to the altar by his keeper’, and ‘formally given to his wife as a man’. Presumably another role for the ever-present Joqual. Or, more likely, her mother. Rolling up the parchment, he flung it across the room and groaned. How he longed to be in his own home again. To walk through the forest hand in hand with Layla. He wondered what she was doing now, and hoped she was thinking of him. She had done her best to prepare him. But nothing could have readied him for the torments he had since suffered – and would shortly suffer again...

He had almost reached the point of utter despair when the door to his room opened once more and Joqual stood framed in the entrance.

‘It is almost time,’ she announced. ‘Your bride awaits. But first...’ She stepped to one side. ‘You have a visitor.’

Hengrid frowned. ‘What visitor?’ he asked himself, then leapt up in surprise as Layla passed quickly into the room.

The young woman hurried forward, and, despite Hengrid’s nakedness, flung her arms around him. Embarrassed, he tried to withdraw, but she held on tight, and he abandoned the effort. Finally, she stepped back, gazed fondly at him and said, ‘Oh, Hengrid! What have they done to you?’

‘I cannot speak of it,’ he muttered, lowering his eyes, hands across his shaft and balls, in a belated effort to cover himself.

‘Do not hide yourself from me!’ said Layla. ‘Your manhood is nothing to be ashamed of. Not on this day of all days...’

Hengrid regarded her curiously for several seconds, then dropped his hands to his sides. His face took on a drawn, puzzled expression. Something was not quite right. He had sensed it the moment his visitors had entered the room ...

‘I do not understand,’ he said, frowning. He glanced across to Joqual, who wore a cold, triumphant smile.

‘If you have read the marriage scroll,’ she said, ‘you will know that you are to be accompanied to the altar.’ She spread her hands wide. ‘The girl here will be your

companion on the journey. She is your keeper...'

Hengrid returned Joqual's look blankly. She was struggling to restrain a grin. There must be more to this, he reasoned. Something she had not yet told him. It was Layla who broke the silence, glancing from Joqual to Hengrid then back again.

'He does not know?' she muttered, her pale skin blushing. 'You have not told him?'

'Told me what?' asked Hengrid.

Joqual's grin broadened. Gesturing towards Layla, she said, 'The girl here will lead you to the altar, where she will hand you into my niece's care.'

'Lead me?' repeated Hengrid. 'I am to have my hand held like a child?'

'It is not your hand she will hold,' said Joqual, unable to restrain her joy at his discomfiture. 'You are to be led as any man should be led. By the cock!'

'No!' cried Hengrid, his face ashen. 'You would not shame me so!'

'It is no shame for a man to be led by the shaft,' insisted Joqual. 'Thank your gods that you have a friend who will do the deed.'

‘I cannot ask Layla to do such a thing!’ he protested.

‘You do not have to ask me,’ said Layla, regarding him warmly. ‘I will be proud to hold you, Hengrid. To stand at your side in your hour of need.’

Joqual threw back her head and laughed dismissively. ‘Hark at this one! If I did not know better, Hengrid, I would say the girl had feelings for you. Can it be that she herself yearns to mount you as only a woman can?’

‘If I mounted him as the Princess Naenia means to mount him,’ retorted Layla angrily, ‘my little hole would show him only kindness.’

Joqual huffed again. ‘Be that as it may – today you will lead him as he must be led. By a woman, to be given to a woman. Do you understand?’

‘I do,’ said Layla in a quiet voice. Then, turning to Hengrid, she said, in an even softer tone, ‘I pray I will give you the courage you need, my love. To face what must be faced...’

Hengrid gazed down at her, his mind in turmoil. He shook his head fatalistically and muttered, ‘If this thing must be done, then I am glad you will be with me...’

‘As am I,’ replied Layla warmly.

Joqual regarded the pair with open disdain. Finally, she said, ‘We leave for the marriage chamber shortly. There is little time. Prepare his cock.’

Hengrid’s face darkened as Layla came forward again, hands outstretched. ‘You did not know?’ she said, her face a mask of anguish.

‘Know what?’ he replied. ‘The scroll said merely that I would be accompanied to the altar. It said nothing of by whom or in what manner.’

‘Your cock must not be limp,’ said Joqual, cutting in. ‘It must stand proud and tall, in honour of your bride. In this way you shall be passed to your bride as a man.’

‘No!’ cried Hengrid, utterly appalled. ‘By all that is pure! This is wrong! No man should be treated so! I will not allow it!’

Hengrid’s hands bunched into fists. He felt sick to his stomach, trapped between his duty and his personal wishes. For a moment, he stood tall, his back straight, his every instinct to resist. And then he sagged, as the dreadful inevitability of his fate overwhelmed him.

‘I will leave you alone for a short while. Enough time for you to do your work,’ said Joqual, addressing this last remark to Layla. A wicked smile played about her lips. ‘And remember, too, Layla of Eraldore – you are an honoured guest – and will pay us honour in return ...’

And with that cryptic remark, Joqual spun on her heel and left the room.

Hengrid frowned. Turning to Layla, he said in an uncertain voice, 'What does she mean?'

Layla blushed. 'I must arouse you, my darling,' she began, but...' She was clearly struggling for words. 'There is more.' She swallowed hard. Composing herself, she hurried on. 'The women of Rhardhur display their bodies proudly.' She blushed a little deeper. 'When Joqual spoke of honour – that I should pay them honour in return...'

Layla ran one hand through her long, auburn hair and looked utterly dismayed. Then, making up her mind, she stepped back, reached for the cord of her dress, laced about her neck, and quickly undid it. A moment later, the thin cotton garment fluttered down, pooling around her feet. Beneath it, her tiny dark thong aside, she was completely naked.

'In heaven's name!' cried Hengrid, turning his face away. 'Why do you expose yourself to me?'

'Because I must,' said Layla in a quiet voice. 'I have no choice. I am their guest – and must walk among them as a woman. Oh, Hengrid – you have seen my woman's holes! Surely my breasts can hold no fear for you!'

An age seemed to pass before, with obvious reluctance, Hengrid turned back to face her. 'It is not right,' he muttered. 'You should not have to shame yourself for me...'

‘Oh, Hengrid, it is no shame!’ she replied. ‘I am proud to be naked in your presence. And to be with you on this dreadful day. When you need me the most...’

Hengrid’s frown deepened. A sick knot grew in the pit of his stomach. ‘But why are you here? I still do not understand...’

Layla took a deep breath and composed herself afresh. Finally, she said, ‘All men must have a keeper – a woman who hands them over in marriage. The Amazons sent word to your father and he – knowing of our love – beseeched me to be that woman. Though it broke my heart to know what you must endure, I willingly agreed. I hoped it might bring you comfort to have me by your side.’

‘It brings me great comfort,’ he replied. ‘For I am sorely frightened, Layla.’ He lowered his head, unable to look her in the eyes. ‘I have suffered horribly in this place. So many women have taken me between their legs. Even Ghanee – Naenia’s mother – has mounted me ... and held me to her little hole!’

Layla clasped his hands tightly in her own. ‘You must be brave, my love. I will not leave your side, I promise.’

Hengrid raised his head a fraction. There were tears in his eyes. ‘I wish you did not have to hand me into her care. I fear I will not see another dawn.’

‘Hush, dearest!’ whispered Layla. ‘Put such thoughts from your mind. Let me arouse you now, as is my duty. My hand will bring you comfort...’

‘Very well,’ he answered glumly. ‘If it must be done – do it now.’

‘You are the bravest man I know,’ she answered, her outstretched fingers reaching for his shaft. Moving in close, she rose on tiptoe, pressed her bosom to his chest and breathed softly into his ear. ‘When her little hole comes for you, my darling, think of mine instead. It may give you comfort when she rides you...’

A stifled groan left Hengrid’s lips as her fingers closed around him.

‘There is another thing you must know,’ she whispered as his cock began to visibly thicken. ‘I am to hand you over to Naenia in a true state of homage. Not only erect – but with your seed flowing...’

‘I am to spend myself?’ he inquired, a horrified look on his face.

‘I am to make you spend,’ said Layla. ‘It is my last act as your keeper. As soon as the first of your jism leaves the eye of your cock, I must pass you to Naenia, who – in doing so – takes command of your manhood. She will spill you until you are empty – as a sign that she is your new keeper.’

‘I am to be shamed in front of all!’ sobbed Hengrid, fighting back his tears. ‘Milked like a cow in the field!’

‘It is their way, my love. You must be brave.’

In spite of his fear, Hengrid's penis continued to stiffen, the shaft lengthening in Layla's hand. As she rubbed him, her fingers gliding smoothly up and down, the pleasure in his stones and shaft pushed dread to one side.

Just then, as if on cue, the door to the chamber opened again and Joqual re-entered.

'Enough!' she cried. 'He is ready to be led. Let us waste no more time. His bride awaits...'

Seven

For Hengrid, the walk to the marriage chamber was the longest of his life. He advanced awkwardly, his stiffened cock bobbing in Layla's tender grip. From time to time, when it seemed he might flag, she ran her fist the length of his shaft, restoring him to his full glory. But it was the moment when the doors to the chamber were flung wide and he entered to a fanfare of trumpets, that his nerve almost failed him.

'Courage, my love,' whispered Layla. 'Do not let them see you are afraid. You must face Naenia proudly. She will respect you for it.'

Though Hengrid harboured grave doubts, the sound of her voice had a calming effect. Whatever lay ahead, he was not alone. Not for the moment, at any rate...

The chamber was packed to overflowing: a thousand or more seats, set out in rows of twenty each, one either side of a narrow aisle, along which he now moved. A thousand bare-breasted women cheered as he advanced, though their applause, he knew, was more for his awaiting bride than him.

Naenia herself stood at a low rail, a few yards ahead. With her back towards him, his only view just then was of her vast buttocks: twin pillows of flesh either side of a long, shadowy crack. From the thin band that encircled her waist, he knew she wore a thong, though the string itself was lodged deep and out of sight between her cheeks.

As he drew alongside, she turned to face him for the first time, and he towards her. She was all that he had feared. She had the high forehead and rich ruby lips of both her mother and aunt. Her breasts were massive: gourds of ripe young flesh, tipped with cork-shaped nipples. Dark, penetrating eyes bore coldly into

his. She seemed just then to be not so much a bride-to-be as a predator waiting to devour her prey...

The priestess who was to conduct the ceremony stood solemnly to one side. Her thong of modesty barely concealed the plump swell of her vagina. Alone of all the Amazons, she wore a gaudy, jewel-studded head-dress. That apart, she too was bare-breasted and otherwise naked.

Naenia's thong, he observed, was woven from thick golden thread and bulged crudely, as if her cunt yearned to be set free. It made him shudder to realise that, within a very short time, he would lie between her powerful legs and both her holes would come for him...

At the dull, steady roll of a drum, the room fell silent. Hengrid shuddered. The ceremony, he guessed, was about to begin.

Slowly, the priestess advanced, her open palms raised high.

'Who offers this man in marriage to the Princess Naenia?' she inquired in a loud, imperious voice.

With her head held high, Layla responded proudly: 'I, Layla, mistress of Eraldore, have been charged with the keeping of this man – and offer him now in sacred union to his new keeper, Naenia of Rhardhur.'

'And you have roused him as befits his keeper and led him to this place by your

own hand?’

‘I have,’ said Layla, her fingers sliding gently the length of Hengrid’s shaft. ‘Behold his manhood. How he stands tall and proud in homage to his new mistress.’

Stretching out one arm, the priestess cupped her hand around each of Hengrid’s sacs in turn. ‘His stones are full? He has not been milked?’

‘He has not,’ confirmed Layla, ‘for his milk belongs to his new mistress now. Only she may spill it freely.’

Turning to Naenia, the priestess continued: ‘You have heard this woman’s words. Do you – Naenia of Rhardhur – freely accept this man in holy marriage? Happy to mount him as only a woman can – and take him to your little hole?’

‘I do,’ replied Naenia in a firm voice, ‘and long to hold his head between my legs.’

‘And you, man,’ continued the priestess, addressing Hengrid now. ‘Do you freely give yourself to this woman, happy to lie inside her bottom’s crack for as long as she shall let you live?’

Hengrid hesitated. It pained him almost more than death itself to utter the words set out in the scroll. But if he did not, he knew that the war between the kingdom of Eraldore and the queendom of Rhardhur would never end – and many more

lives than his own would be lost.

‘I freely give myself,’ he answered, forcing the words from his throat, ‘and pledge allegiance to my bride’s little hole. Let her bottom with me as it will.’

‘Turn and face the congregation,’ commanded the priestess, ‘and let this union be sealed by the spilling of your milk.’

Reluctantly, Hengrid turned about as Layla – still gripping his cock – lead him gently round.

‘Behold his risen shaft,’ intoned the priestess, ‘which is offered in homage to his bride-to-be. Let his milk be brought forth and the marriage made complete!’

Without pause, Layla immediately slid her fist the length of Hengrid’s shaft, drawing from him a mixed moan of pleasure and despair. The act of milking was a symbolic gesture: a transfer of power from one woman to the other. In truth, of course, Layla held no such sway over Hengrid, but it mattered not to the Amazons for whom the ritual was all. But one thing she did know – and that Hengrid did not – was that his milking was not the simple affair he assumed it to be. There was another stage which – so as not to alarm him – she had kept to herself.

Reaching across, she cupped his balls in her other hand, while continuing to milk him with her fist. With the women either side of him, Hengrid flinched, as Naenia’s arm encircled his waist.

‘She means to support you, dearest,’ whispered Layla. ‘At the moment of truth – when you spill your seed.’

‘I am frightened,’ muttered Hengrid, careless as to whether or not he was overheard.

‘Stand firm,’ counselled Layla. ‘It is all you can do now...’

With that, she quickened her strokes, drawing a muted wail through Hengrid’s clenched teeth. As a huge shudder racked his frame, he glanced down to see a bead of pre-come ooze from the eye of his cock. The moment it did, Layla closed her fingers tight around the base of his shaft as – unknown to him – Joqual had instructed her to.

‘Behold his little pearl!’ cried the priestess. ‘The first of his seed leaves his body as he passes into his bride’s care!’

Hengrid bit down on his lip as a wave of agonising pleasure rushed through his groin. He felt his legs weaken. Without Naenia’s strong arm to support him, he knew he would have fallen. Why was Layla tormenting him so? Why did she not finish him off and end his trial?

The thought had barely occurred to him, when Layla loosened her grip, tightened it again and stroked him faster. He felt his sacs contract. A moment later, the first surge of seed rushed into his shaft, forcing a shriek of joy from his lungs. He teetered feebly, as the congregation rose as one, screaming their approval of his dreadful treatment.

Suddenly, he heard Layla cry out: 'I give this man to you! It is your right to milk him now. And to rule him with your bottom's hole!'

Fighting back the tide of pleasure that engulfed him, Hengrid focused his efforts on remaining upright. He was scarcely aware of the moment Layla released her grip on his cock and Naenia, in turn, closed her fist around him. She pumped him faster and more furiously than Layla, answering the cries of the congregation with cries of her own.

'He is my man now!' she announced to the cheering crowd. 'See how he offers up his milk to me!'

Hengrid, for his part, was past all caring. Pain had replaced pleasure as, with the last of his seed having splattered onto the floor, Naenia continued to milk him cruelly.

'Be brave, dearest! Be brave!' whispered Layla as Hengrid roared with distress, his legs tottering.

'I am a man!' he cried, as if the mantra might somehow help him in his hour of need. 'I am a man!'

Finally, having long since drained him of his seed, Naenia released her grip, allowing Hengrid to fall to his knees, sobbing with exhaustion and distress.

Pulling her thong to one side, she exposed the plump bulge of her vagina, the long slit evident beneath a crown of thick, dark curls. Reaching down, she clawed her fingers through Hengrid's hair and pulled his head upright.

'Pay me homage!' she demanded. 'For I am your mistress now!'

Forcing back a wave of disgust, Hengrid lifted his head higher, then thrust his face into the jungle of pubes. Naenia immediately closed her hands around the back of his head and hugged him close. Grinding herself against his nose, she threw back her head and howled with delight. Her own excitement mounted rapidly until, within just a few seconds, she released a scream of delight and spent herself on his face.

'I come!' she cried. 'I come! I come!'

As she did, she hugged poor Hengrid closer still. He gagged, as waves of female juices exploded into his mouth. Looking on helplessly, Layla felt her heart would surely break to see poor Hengrid suffer so. When, at last, Naenia relaxed her hold, it was all she could do not to rush forward and cradle him in her arms.

But worse was to come. Turning away from her new husband, Naenia tugged down her thong, revealing her bare backside. Reaching behind, she peeled her cheeks apart, exposing the taut brown hole of her anus.

'Behold the Eye of Doom!' she cried. 'She who is your mistress now, and before whom you must bow!'

Still trembling on his knees, Hengrid gazed up into his bride's open bottom and howled miserably. His obvious distress served only to arouse the congregation further, and they burst into fresh cries of support for their princess. If Hengrid had imagined his ordeal could not have worsened, he was wrong. Addressing Layla, Naenia said bluntly: 'You gave this man to me. Now guide him home – so he may pay a husband's act of homage!'

It was another ceremonial rite that Layla had thought it best to keep from Hengrid. The so-called 'First Act of True Devotion', when a husband was expected to bestow a kiss on his wife's little hole. Stepping in behind her friend, Layla took hold of his head and eased him around to face Naenia's open arse.

'Forgive me, dearest,' she whispered, leaning in close, 'but I must guide you into your wife's crack. Be brave, Hengrid ... for you must worship at the Hole of Holes!'

She felt his body tense. Ghanee had pressed her anus onto his face, but that was different. Hideous, perhaps, but in private at least, and the act had been forced on him. Now he was expected to kiss his wife's most secret place in front of a thousand women – and willingly, too. Not for the first time, a sob of despair racked his body.

Shaking with fear, Hengrid shuffled forward. His eyes were locked on the large, muscular hole nestled in the heart of Naenia's crack. The bloated ring twitched and puckered, as if preparing itself to kiss rather than be kissed. No man should have to suckle on a woman's arse, he told himself. It was wrong, yet he could not deny her. He must do this thing for the people of Eraldore who now, at least, would live in peace. But he was grateful for Layla's guiding hands, as they steered him gently forward. Though his every fibre railed against what he was about to do, it somehow gave him courage at the last: to do this dreadful thing that must be done.

‘Let him open his mouth wide!’ cried the priestess, who had moved in close again. ‘So he may worship as all men were meant to worship!’

Her words, Hengrid knew, were not a suggestion but a command. Reluctantly, he parted his lips.

‘Courage, Hengrid,’ whispered Layla, as she pushed him gently forwards. Naenia’s anus now seemed to fill his entire vision as he moved ever closer to her large, twitching hole. One last gentle push ... and his mouth closed around the opening to her bottom!

Leaning in so close that her lips brushed the back of Hengrid’s head, Layla gave him his final command. The one she had most dreaded. The one she knew would cause him the greatest pain of all...

‘You must push home your tongue, Hengrid,’ she whispered. ‘You must enter her forbidden fortress...’

She felt his body stiffen; heard the muffled wail of distress that broke around the edges of Naenia’s puckered ring. To kiss her little hole was monstrous enough. But for Hengrid to plunge his tongue up into her passage – that, she knew, would terrify him more than death itself.

‘It is for your people, dearest,’ she reminded him. ‘So they may live in peace.’

Another anguished sob shook his body as Layla leaned in and squeezed his shoulder tenderly. 'Pretend it is my little hole,' she whispered. 'That it is my fortress you enter. I would not harm you, Hengrid. My passage would keep you warm and safe...'

Trapped between his wife's buttocks, Hengrid steeled himself for the moment of truth. He did his best to think of Layla. That it were she who held him inside her crack. And then...

Naenia threw back her head and howled with joy. 'He is home!' she cried. 'He worships in my bottom's passage!'

The congregation responded as one, cheering, singing and voicing their delight.

Standing behind him, her little hands pressed firmly around his head, only Layla felt the shudder of despair that shook poor Hengrid's body. It almost broke her heart to know how much he was suffering, his tongue thrust deep inside a woman's bottom. How she wished it were her passage he had entered. But that was impossible now. Hengrid's fate was sealed. As was hers. As to whether it was for good or ill, only time would tell...

Eight

For Hengrid, the following few hours were the longest of his life. He was forced to stand throughout the celebrations that followed, tethered by a long leather cord to a ring fixed into the floor. Women approached throughout the day, tormenting him cruelly. Time and time again his sacs were cupped and his shaft fiddled with. They also took a great delight in bending over and displaying their little holes, taunting him with what was to take place that evening in the bridal chamber.

Layla remained with him throughout. But, though she offered Hengrid whispered words of comfort, they both knew there was little she could do to save him now.

At the appointed hour, still tethered, Hengrid was led from the chamber by a triumphant, and now greatly inebriated, Naenia. As she passed by her cheering fellow-Amazons, she waved to them happily, dragging Hengrid behind her like a hard-won prize in battle. For Hengrid, however, the true battle, he realised, still lay ahead. A deadly combat from which – if Joqual were any judge – he was unlikely to emerge alive.

The only comfort afforded him now, on his way to the bridal chamber, was Layla's continued presence. He had not expected her to remain by his side and had been surprised when, during a quiet moment, she had told him it was a custom among the Amazons that – as his former keeper – she would be permitted to remain with him throughout the night to come.

'You will save me?' he had muttered, a flicker of hope dawning in his pale, blue eyes. 'If she attempts to take me into her crack? You will not let her smother me with her little hole?'

Layla had shaken her head glumly, an unspeakable sadness in her eyes. ‘I cannot, my love,’ she replied miserably. ‘She is your bride now – and her bottom has dominion over you. But I will remain at your side. If she decides your time has come – and mounts you as only a woman can – you will not be alone...’

Her promise had given him no comfort at all, and he had slumped again, barely able to contain his tears.

Now, pausing outside the door to the bridal chamber, Naenia turned to address the two of them directly.

‘Beyond this door is my bride’s domain,’ she announced, reaching out and cupping Hengrid’s sacs in one hand. ‘You have been prepared by many women – and are heavy with seed. Seed that belongs to me now.’

A good foot taller than her husband, Naenia gazed down at him with undisguised menace. ‘I mean to have you, husband – to do with you as I will.’ Clutching one huge buttock with her other hand, she added, ‘My little hole is eager to conquer you. For you are her man now, too.’

Hengrid’s mouth twisted despairingly. ‘Please, mistress,’ he began, ‘do not hurt me...’

It was the wrong thing to say and, the moment he had said it, he knew. Naenia’s face tightened into a snarl of contempt. ‘My aunt and mother told me you would make a poor husband. Fit only for my bottom’s hole! I had hoped it were otherwise. But it seems they were right...’

Standing quietly nearby, Layla kept her own counsel, aware that any words of hers would merely inflame Naenia's fury. But, inside, her heart was breaking. Hengrid, she knew, had taken one foolhardy step closer to his own destruction...

The bridal room itself was a lavishly appointed chamber, with a vaulted ceiling and rich, velvet drapes covering three walls. The fourth was given over to a tall window, open to allow for air, but admitting no light due to the lateness of the hour. A hundred or more candles had been lit, bathing the room in a warm, golden glow. In the centre lay a large four-postered bed, decked with dozens of heavy cushions.

Gesturing towards the bed, Naenia turned to Hengrid and, with a gleeful look in her eye, announced: 'This is where we will do battle, husband. This is where my little hole will conquer you as all men should be conquered!'

Hengrid stared at the bed in something of a daze. Having not only been standing all day, but constantly aroused, too, he was utterly exhausted. The bed looked so inviting; yet he knew it was not, for him, a place of refuge, but an execution block. He had no doubt now that Naenia meant to take him into her arse's crack ... and smother him with her little hole!

Removing the cord from around his neck, Naenia gestured imperiously towards the bed. 'Lie down upon your back, husband. And prepare to meet your gods...'

It was all too much for Hengrid. He dropped to his knees, hands stretched out in front of him. 'Please, mistress!' he cried. 'Spare me, I beg you! Do not take me to your little hole!'

'It is not your place to make demands,' answered Naenia quietly. 'Nor,' she added, with a careless nod towards Layla, 'to shame yourself before this woman. Think how she must return to your father and tell him how you wept like a child when you saw my bottom come for you...'

Hengrid's face tightened further. Distress was etched across his weary features. Struggling to maintain her own composure now, Layla inquired in a low voice, 'May I comfort him, mistress?'

Naenia studied her thoughtfully for several seconds, then said, 'Very well. I am not a cruel woman. It is why I have allowed you to remain with him. If you have words that can ease his pain, then speak them now. But do not offer him false hope. My bottom's hole is coming for him – and she will not be denied.'

Layla nodded grimly. 'I understand,' she answered.

Dropping to her knees, she looked Hengrid directly in the eye. Taking a firm hold of his hands, she regarded him warmly. 'Dearest Hengrid,' she began, 'we have known each other since we were children. Played together, grown up together. One day, I had hoped, we might even lie together as husband and wife. That I might give you pleasure with my holes...'

Hengrid shook his head sadly. There were tears in his eyes now, and, though he tried very hard, he could not hold them back.

‘But now other holes come for you...’ She glanced at Naenia, fearful she had gone too far. The latter’s face remained impassive. Tightening her grip, Layla continued in a soft, determined voice: ‘You must not be frightened of them, dearest – but face them boldly as a warrior in battle!’

Hengrid tilted his head and it pained her to see the look of despair in his eyes. Then he bit down on his lip and straightened his back, as if drawing strength from somewhere. From her, perhaps, she thought. She hoped so, at any rate.

‘I will try to be brave,’ he said quietly. ‘So you may be proud of me – when my time comes...’

‘I know I will be proud of you, Hengrid. You have sacrificed yourself to save not only Eraldore – but Rhardhur, too!’

Naenia gave a short, dismissive huff. ‘Had you not sued for peace,’ she insisted, ‘we would have crushed your people like a leaf!’

‘You have fought us for thirty years,’ Layla responded curtly, ‘and have not defeated us yet. Without this marriage, we would be fighting still. And many more would die – from both our peoples.’

Naenia shrugged. Layla doubted she was a stupid woman, but she was proud, too. Not only of her Amazon race, but its long, glorious history.

‘Enough!’ she decided, pointing to the bed. ‘Escort him to his final resting place. Comfort him with more words, if you must. It is time for me to pray before battle!’

Crossing to the open window, Naenia dropped to her knees, raised her arms high above her head and cried: ‘Sharli – Mistress of the Heavens – I ask you to stand at my side in the hours ahead. Let me conquer this man as all men should be conquered, bending him both to my will and to yours.’ She paused, lowered her head and continued: ‘You who have given me my woman’s cunt and my arse’s hole – guide me now as I mount this man in battle! Let my bottom do your will – whether it be to show him mercy ... or drag him screaming to his gods!’

While Naenia was at her prayers, Layla steered the reluctant Hengrid towards the bed and helped him onto his back. She placed his arms by his sides and eased his legs apart.

‘Your wife will mount you many times,’ she whispered. ‘For it is the Amazon way.’ Layla hesitated. ‘Joqual has instructed me, so that I might tell you this – when the time came.’ Her face clouded over. ‘She ... she will use her woman’s cunt to wear you down, but not to kill.’ Layla glanced away for a moment, then added quickly, ‘When she deems your time has come, she will take you into her crack. And then...’ Layla broke off, unable to continue, tears welling up in her eyes.

‘I wish you had finished me off,’ said Hengrid quietly. ‘In the forest. If I had known then, what I know now, I would have begged you with all my heart to ... to take me into your bottom and do your woman’s work on me!’

Reaching out, Layla stroked his forehead tenderly. ‘I would have smothered you with kindness, Hengrid. My little hole would not have hurt you. She would have

kissed you gently into the darkness.'

'I wish ... at the moment of truth,' he muttered. 'I wish she would allow you to mount me ... so you might perform the final deed!'

'She will not,' said Layla miserably. 'Though I wish with all my heart it were so.'

'Could you not ask?' he implored her. 'For my sake? If I knew ... knew there was even a chance... It would give me strength to face my fate. Whatever that might be!'

Cupping Hengrid's cheek gently, Layla felt a swell of love in her breast. 'I will ask her, dearest. When the time comes. But I cannot promise she will say yes. She is your bride now ... and her bottom has dominion over you.'

Hengrid opened his mouth to speak again, but closed it quickly as Naenia, her prayers ended, strode across the room and climbed onto the bed.

Without ceremony, she shuffled her thighs either side of Hengrid's head, gazing down at him with contempt. Glancing past her shoulder, she addressed Layla. 'Sit on his belly and take a firm grip on his arms. He will struggle when I mount him – but we will hold him down as sisters. I know he is afraid – but your touch will give him comfort.'

Layla nodded. 'I thank you, mistress,' she said quietly. 'For the kindness you

show us.'

'I have no wish to be cruel,' said Naenia. 'I do what I do in the name of our goddess, Sharli – who gave us our holes that we might use them to conquer men.'

'I do not wish to conquer men,' said Layla defiantly.

'Not even this one?' inquired Naenia.

Layla hesitated. 'Only to save him from another's hole,' she replied in a soft, trembling voice. Was there something unspoken in Naenia's remark, she wondered – something to hope for? Before she had a chance to consider the matter further, Naenia turned her back, reached down and touched the bows that held her thong in place, either side of her broad hips.

'I unsheathe myself,' she announced, her fingers tugging at the thin laces. A moment later, she pulled the protective pouch away from her cunt, exposing the dark, hairy vee of her vagina. Tossing the thong to one side, she looked down at Hengrid, with an evil glint in her eye.

'I have unleashed my woman's cunt,' she informed him unnecessarily. 'Prepare to do battle with her!'

Beneath her, Hengrid gazed up into the dark tangle of pubes that hid her vagina from view. Or did at least until she reached into the thick curly bush and peeled

her slit open. 'Behold my woman's weapon!' she cried, jiggling her hips provocatively.

Behind her, Layla was forced to hold on tight as Hengrid lurched, heaving violently. It distressed her to know she must hold him down while another woman sat on him, but she had no choice. Better that Naenia torment him with her woman's cunt than that she finish him off with her bottom!

'I come for you!' cried Naenia, dropping onto Hengrid's face, taking his nose and mouth into her slit. A shrill squeal died in the back of his throat, muted by the weight of his bride's vagina. Not for the first time, Layla was forced to bite down a wail of despair as Hengrid heaved beneath her. It felt like betrayal to cling so tightly to his hands, and, in doing so, prevent him from using them to push at Naenia's hips. Had he been free, she doubted he could have shifted her in any event, but with Layla holding him down, escape was impossible. What must be going through his mind, she wondered, to know that his closest childhood friend was helping another woman to smother him with her cunt?

Over the next few hours, Naenia rode her husband's head time and time again, occasionally resting, and praying to Sharli, but always returning, ever more enthusiastically, to punish his face with her cunt.

Finally, as dawn broke over Rhardhur, and a thin bar of sunshine broke through the open window, Naenia fell to her knees and prayed to her goddess one last time. Rising at last, she walked towards the bed, her big hips swaying crudely.

'It is time,' she announced, with the most cursory glance in Layla's direction. 'My little hole is ready to claim her prize...'

For Layla, it was, she knew, now or never.

‘Forgive me, mistress,’ she began in a soft voice, quivering with emotion. ‘I crave your pardon, but...’

Her voice trailed away, and Naenia’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. ‘What is it you wish for?’ she inquired. ‘Speak now. I command you!’

Layla swallowed hard, summoning all her strength. She knew she must speak – for Hengrid’s sake if nothing else.

‘May I sit on your husband’s head?’ she asked quickly, fearful her courage would otherwise desert her. ‘And take him into the darkness with my little hole?’

Naenia studied the other woman thoughtfully for several seconds, then said, ‘You would do this for your friend? Take him into your bottom’s crack and smother him until he moves no more?’

Layla bobbed her head. ‘I would,’ she said.

Naenia sighed. ‘He is fortunate to have such a friend. A woman who is prepared to sit on him to save him from another’s hole.’ She turned to Hengrid and addressed him bluntly. ‘And what say you to this, my husband? Would you have this woman sit on your face ... and finish you off with her arse?’

Hengrid's mouth tightened. It was clear he preferred to give no answer to Naenia's question. But no answer, he grimly acknowledged, was not an option now. Taking a deep breath, he replied wearily, 'I would. If Layla will take me into her bottom's crack – and smother me as only a woman can – then I will accept my fate willingly.'

Naenia nodded lightly and her eyes narrowed. 'Then here is another question for you. And answer it carefully, for your life many depend on it...' She paused, to allow the full import of her words to sink in. Then, with a wicked smile playing on her lips, she said, 'If Layla takes you between her cheeks, she must finish you off with her little hole – not rising from your face until the deed is done.' She paused again, eyeing him curiously. 'If I mount you, however, it is in my power to spare your life – should I choose. I do not say I will, but perhaps my little hole will show you mercy...'

Hengrid gazed back at her, his face a mask of despair. 'Why do you torment me so?' he muttered. 'If you spare my life, I am still condemned to a husband's fate. Charged to suckle on your bottom's mouth every day of my life!'

'My cunt and little hole have dominion over you now, true enough,' conceded Naenia. 'But at least you will live. Should I take pity on you...'

Hengrid glanced from one woman to the other, then back again. His tortured expression was, for Layla, almost unbearable. He was clearly in the most dreadful quandary. Certain death awaited should he allow Layla to take him into her crack; and possibly the same fate, too, were he to ask Naenia to mount him. Even if he survived his bride's bottom, the future held nothing but uncertainty. His choice was an impossible one! But life was life, however slim the chance of survival. With a grim sense of foreboding, he swallowed hard, turned back to Naenia and said, in a low, broken voice: 'Mount me. If it must be done ... mount me now and do what you must do!'

Naenia smiled. It was a wicked smile, full of primitive joy, and it chilled his heart.

Turning to Layla, she said, 'Remove your thong of modesty...'

Layla returned her gaze, utterly perplexed by the request. 'I do not understand,' she muttered dully.

'I wish to give my husband pleasure at the moment of truth,' said Naenia. 'When his time comes, you may ride his cock if you will.' She shrugged. 'I do not command it, but if you wish to give him joy at the end, the choice is yours.'

Awkwardly, Layla undid the bows at either side of her own thong, tugged it free and discarded it to one side. It seemed odd to be suddenly naked: as naked now as Naenia herself as she sat opposite her.

Naenia's smile broadened. 'There is more of the Amazon in you than you realise,' she remarked.

A chill ran down Layla's back. Not because of what Naenia had said but because, perched naked on Hengrid's midriff, she felt curiously different. More powerful than she had ever felt before. It was not a comfortable feeling.

'You are disappointed,' said Naenia idly.

‘Disappointed?’ repeated Layla. ‘Why should I be disappointed?’

‘Because I have deprived you of your chance to take a man into the darkness. To ride him as only an Amazon can!’

‘No!’ cried Layla, a shocked expression on her face. ‘I do not wish to smother dear Hengrid!’

‘But you would have willingly taken him into your crack and done the deed – if it would have saved him from my little hole!’

‘What woman would not – to save her friend?’ she replied, but with less conviction in her voice than she had imagined there would be.

‘Would you like to take a man into the darkness? To sit on his face and smother him with your little hole?’

Layla opened her mouth to reply, but the words would not come. ‘I ... I ...’ she stammered.

Naenia smiled grimly. ‘I thought as much. We are not so different, you and I. For we are both women.’ Her smile broadened. ‘With women’s needs...’

Layla lowered her eyes and felt her cheeks redden. Though she truly wished to sit on Hengrid's face to save him from Naenia's bottom, a part of her was saddened that she could not do the deed for its own sake alone. Oh, it was all so confusing!

Glancing down between her legs, Naenia gazed into Hengrid's eyes. He had heard every word spoken and it had done nothing to lessen his terror.

'Forgive us, husband,' said Naenia coldly. 'We are women. It is in our nature to speak of sitting on a man's face; of taking him between our cheeks and doing battle with his head...'

Hengrid released a muted whimper. Suddenly, he felt terribly alone. True, Layla was with him, but she, too, was a woman – as Naenia had reminded him. And had she not happily shown him her arse's hole in the forest though he had begged her not to?

Before he had a chance to ponder the matter further, Naenia reached down, took hold of her bottom and peeled her buttocks wide, exposing the dark brown ring of her anus.

'Behold my precious jewel,' said Naenia. 'She who was fashioned by Sharli herself to conquer men!'

'Please, no ...' moaned Hengrid. 'I beseech you! Have mercy on me! Do not take me into your crack!'

‘Hold him fast!’ instructed Naenia, addressing Layla now. ‘Let him know he is in the grip of sisters – and can never escape!’

Layla took hold of Hengrid’s arms at once, pinning him down. His gaze, she saw, was fixed on Naenia’s bare backside as it hovered menacingly over his head. His teeth were bared, gnawing at his lower lip, and there were tears running down his cheeks.

‘Oh, Jhahva, save me! Save me, I beg you!’ he implored, calling on the god of men in his hour of need.

‘No one can save you now!’ cried Naenia, dropping her hips and bringing her bottom even closer. ‘My little hole is coming for you. Prepare for suffocation!’

A moment later, she pressed herself onto his face, taking him into her crack, and clamping her cheeks around his head.

A muffled roar broke from somewhere inside Naenia’s bottom and, not for the first time, Layla felt her heart pound furiously in her breast. What was happening to her? Oh, how she wished it were she who was seated on Hengrid’s head! That it was her little hole bearing down on him, forcing the breath from his body. She was going mad with lust, and, when Hengrid tried to pull himself free from her grip, she held on tighter still, not giving him an inch.

She had told herself she was doing this for Hengrid, to hasten the end so he would not suffer for long. But in truth it excited her to hold him down, to feel him struggle to escape from between Naenia’s big, fleshy cheeks. A warm glow spread across her belly and a rush of juice leaked from her vagina.

‘Oh, how he struggles!’ observed Naenia. ‘Joqual told me he would. My mother, too! He is a weak man, they said – but he will fight you to the end. As all men do when a woman’s bottom comes for them!’

‘Poor Hengrid!’ responded Layla in turn. ‘He must be so frightened! Knowing your little hole means to finish him off!’

‘Then give him the pleasure that only a woman can!’ said Naenia. ‘As he nears the moment of truth!’

Layla looked back at her, perplexed.

‘Ride him!’ cried Naenia. ‘You have no sheath of modesty to hold you back! Your pussy is bared! Take him into your cunt! His balls are full. Let him spend himself within you!’

Layla needed no second telling. Still holding onto Hengrid’s hands, she slithered backwards across his belly, raised her hips and manoeuvred her pussy’s mouth over his bulging glans. It was not an easy procedure, for his cock, erect and excited, danced from side to side. But then, as if it were he who sought her and not she who sought him, the swollen head nudged against the opening to her cunt and pushed inside. She claimed her prize at once, easing her labia around his shaft until he was lodged deep inside her.

Then, as sisters, the two women rode him. Hengrid bucked, jerked, moaned and wept as they attacked him without mercy.

Naenia released a shrill squeal of delight. ‘He is in my passage!’ she cried. ‘He spears me with his nose!’ And then, a second, even louder whoop of joy. ‘My pussy, too! He thrusts his tongue into my woman’s hole! He is mine! He is mine!’

Layla felt a pang of dismay. Oh how she wished Hengrid’s nose was in her passage! And his tongue in her pussy, too. But she contented herself with the knowledge that his cock was in her cunt. She felt him thrust inside her – a jerk of base, primitive need as he struggled in vain to shift two women from his body. Her pussy tightened, then relaxed as a spear of raw pleasure drove its way up into her belly. Bouncing furiously, she felt herself come. Hengrid came, too – at the very same moment – warm jets of seed flooding her womb. As Naenia threw back her head and gave voice to a piercing scream, Layla knew that she, too had climaxed on Hengrid’s head – filling his mouth with her juices at the moment of truth.

Sagging with exhaustion, Naenia lowered her head and released a long breathy sigh. Easing herself from Hengrid’s head, she tumbled onto the mattress, utterly drained. Layla broke away, too, Hengrid’s seed bubbling from her hot, voracious cunt.

‘You have finished him off,’ she muttered sadly. ‘Poor Hengrid. How he feared to die inside a woman’s arse...’

Naenia laughed. ‘I did not finish him off,’ she responded lightly. ‘And never meant to, either. My husband lives. Here – feel his breath on your cheek.’

Layla leaned forward, Though it was painfully weak, she felt a flutter of warm

air against her skin.

‘You did not smother him with your bottom’s hole!’ said Layla, perplexed. ‘You spared his life!’

‘For now, yes,’ said Naenia. ‘He will awaken in a short while, and think he has gone to meet his gods. When he has recovered, I will ride him again. And again he will not know if this is his time.’

‘You are cruel!’ said Layla. ‘To treat a man so.’

‘Then you shall have your turn on him,’ Naenia announced. ‘And ride him as I have ridden him. Or,’ she paused, ‘if you truly wish to end his misery, I give you my permission to smother him with your little hole. The choice is yours.’

‘You will let me mount him?’ said Layla, unable to believe her ears. ‘To take him into my bottom’s crack?’

‘I will,’ said Naenia. ‘And then we shall see if you are Layla of Eraldore ... or Layla of Rhardhur!’

Layla felt a strange sensation in her tummy. Layla of Eraldore – or Layla of Rhardhur? Just a short while ago, she would have known the answer to that question for certain. But now ... now, to her great surprise, she was no longer sure.

But one thing she did know...

Before this night was over, she would take Hengrid between her bare buttocks; press her little hole against his face and ride him as she had never ridden any man before.

And after that ... she would know for certain!

THE END

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

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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!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

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...!

Bared for Battle!

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

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

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

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

College Smother!

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

In 'Smother Slave', another young man is caught spying on a group of female students. The girls imprison him in a secret hiding place, and proceed to teach

him the error of his ways. But when a new girl, Lucy, arrives at the school, their debauchery threatens to reach new, unspeakable levels.

Devil Queen

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

Dungeons of Despair!

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

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

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

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

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

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...

Mission of Mercy

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

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

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

Smother Frontline 1

This book contains the first of three fictitious interviews with women from an

imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The articles purport to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

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

Smother Frontline 2

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

Also included are two short stories, 'By a Woman's Hand' and 'Payback Smother', in which men get their come-uppance in two very different, but equally final ways.

Smother Frontline 3

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

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

Smother Frontline 4

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

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

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

Smother Maid

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

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

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

Smother Plateau

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

Gathering together a small group of friends, Devereux and his fellow-explorers set sail for the Amazon Basin. Arriving on the fabled Perriera Plateau, they soon come face to face with women whose creed is a simple one: We Take No Prisoners! But as the explorers soon discover, the ruthless facesitting warriors are not the greatest threat they face in a deadly race against time...

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

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

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

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

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

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

As a new world order comes into being, the Women have set up prison camps across the globe. Cut off from his friends, Nathan Blake finds himself trapped in one such camp, along with hundreds of other men, whose sole purpose in life is to be sat on and smothered by their insatiable, bare-bottomed captors.

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

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

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

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

have run out ...

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

WHEN WOMEN HUNT! is a collection of three short stories, in which Amazon

warriors unleash themselves on hapless, terrified males...

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

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

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in 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-Amazons to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

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

Smother Rampage! Book Two: At the Mercy of Women!
(An Extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from Smother Rampage!
Book Two: At the Mercy of Women!

Tom and I pressed ourselves closer to the wall, holding a collective breath, praying for all we were worth that the Women hadn't spotted us.

The young lad thrust out one arm, a finger pointed accusingly at us. He had wanted our help, and we were throwing him to the wolves: condemning him to die inside a woman's crack!

'You bastards!' he screamed, a moment before Janet clamped her hand around his mouth. His body jerked as she brought up her other hand and pinched his nostrils shut. She knew she had to silence him quickly, to prevent him drawing attention to us.

I felt a knot in my stomach as the Women clattered into view, only a few feet away from us, encircling both Janet and the young man she was holding. Many of the pack had clawed their buttocks wide and were jumping up and down with excitement. Under the dim street lighting, I groaned inwardly at the sight of a dozen or more little holes!

Somehow, Janet had managed to tilt her prisoner's head away, so he could no longer see us. But we were still in great danger. The Women were so close to us now that if just one of them glanced in our direction, she would spot us for certain.

Janet looked up as the Women surrounded her. They seemed to be strangely unsure of themselves. It was almost as if – and the idea came to me only vaguely at the time – they had found themselves a leader to whom they were happy to defer.

Janet, for her part, still clung on tightly to the young man's face. She was slowly wearing him down, having cut off his breath for almost half a minute. What worried me now, though – and I was sure it had crossed Tom's mind, too – was ... what if she turned again? What if – surrounded by a dozen or more of her kind – she could no longer resist the urge to sit? If she were to smother the man she was holding on to so tightly – what was to stop her from betraying us to the others?

I felt my heart leap when she looked up, and addressed the Women in a loud voice.

'Who wants to sit on him?' she asked coldly. 'Who wants to take him into her crack?'

It was as if a chain had been slipped and the pack was unleashed again.

'Me, me, me!' they cried eagerly, some of them swivelling round to show Janet their little holes. Again, it struck me that they viewed her as a figure of authority: someone with the right to decide which of them could suffocate the poor young man.

Janet looked from one excited face to another and finally – for no apparent reason – chose a fat little Asian girl, with chubby thighs and big, rounded

buttocks. The young man kicked furiously and, weak though he now was, squealed into Janet's hands.

She hadn't once so much as glanced in our direction, which I took as a good sign. Quite honestly, I was amazed she hadn't turned again. Holding on to the young man – while choosing one of the pack to smother him – must surely have aroused her own need to sit. But somehow – thank heavens – she had kept herself under control.

As for the doomed young man, my heart went out to him. Had he not seen us, he would have kept on running, and might have outpaced the pack. But spotting us had sealed his fate. He'd paused long enough to assume he'd found friends ... only for us to condemn him to a woman's arse!

It was him or us – I knew that well enough. Janet did, too – which was why she was holding him so tight, ignoring the tears that ran down his cheeks and the frantic way his arms and legs wriggled.

I watched, slack-jawed, as the fat little Asian squatted low over the young man's head. The act of crouching opened up her arse and, though it was impossible for me to see her little hole from where I was standing, I was aware of a long dark shadow at the heart of her crack.

As for the young man, if I'd harboured any doubts as to what he could see, they were instantly dispelled as he arched his back and gave a muffled shriek through Janet's clenched fingers. I saw her lean in close and whisper something in his ear. Whatever it was she said, he arched his back a second time and howled fearfully into her palm.

The other Women – not to be denied their places at the feast – took hold of his arms and legs and spread them wide. Two females tore at his trousers, quickly releasing his penis while unashamedly searching for his rectum. His body shook fiercely, and it brought a lump to my throat to stand there, unable to intervene ... while he looked up in horror at his executioner's little hole!

At last, judging the moment right, Janet released her grip on the poor man's head. He opened his mouth to scream, a shriek of protest muffled in the back of his throat as the chubby little Asian girl dropped her bottom onto his face ... and took him into her crack!

Trapped inside her arse, I watched as the poor bastard shook violently. Janet pressed hard on his chest, adding her weight to those of the other Women who were happily holding him down.

Not for the first time, I felt a pang of envy, unable to tear my eyes away from the top of his head – which was just visible between the girl's huge buttocks.

'You lucky bastard,' I muttered under my breath. 'To be trapped inside a woman's bottom ...'