



**BARED FOR BATTLE**

**Dark Rider**

## **About the author**

Dark Rider is a published mainstream erotic novelist and prolific online author with hundreds of stories to his credit.

He specialises in erotic, off-the-wall adventures – often in the fantasy genre – with a particular emphasis on femdom and facesitting.

*Bared for Battle* was originally published in 2007 under the title *Smother Siege*. The original story has been substantially edited, amended, rewritten and expanded for this publication. That said, if you bought the original, don't buy this one. There are changes and additions – but the overall story is much the same.

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 Amazon warriors appeal to your sense of fun, then hold on tight and get ready to enjoy an erotic, action-packed ride!

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This book is suitable for adults only.

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# One

Yarna strode up and down the ragged line, studying her warriors' keen, expectant faces.

'For many of you,' she reminded them, 'this will be your first taste of war; the first time you have wrestled with a man in open combat.'

A murmur of anticipation rippled through the women's ranks. Yarna could sense their excitement. Though it was many years ago now, she still recalled the first time she had wrestled with a foe; that heady mix of thrill and fear as she had laboured to defeat him with her body. How his terror had visibly grown as she slowly wore him down.

'Your enemy will battle hard,' she warned her soldiers. 'Once you have conquered him with your cunt, a man is without honour and must submit to you forever. Rest assured, he will not accept this fate without a struggle.'

She broke off abruptly, and turned her attention to a low, wooden cage a few yards away. Two soldiers, bare-breasted, and, like every other woman present, clad only in calf-length boots and small, leather loin-cloths, stood guard at either side. At a curt nod from Yarna, they threw open a barred door, reached inside and dragged out the occupant.

A loud gasp went up as the man emerged. He was big for his species – a fraction over four feet tall – his barrel chest muscular and hairy. The two guards towered over him, as did all the other women, who now came in a little closer, eager for a better view.

With some difficulty, they steered the prisoner forward, and forced him to the ground. One guard straddled his shoulders, her big thighs either side of his neck, pinning his head down.

‘You have all prepared for this day,’ said Yarna, addressing her troops, ‘and are keen to take a man between your legs. Before you go into battle, however, it is well for you to see your enemy in action.’

Addressing the guard who was straddling the prisoner, Yarna said, ‘I am ready for the fight. Release the man!’

Immediately, the woman stepped back, and the prisoner stumbled forward, his head still bowed, his hands clasped together, as if in prayer. ‘Please!’ he cried, shaking violently. ‘Do not harm me, I beg you!’

Yarna turned towards her soldiers and grinned broadly. ‘See how frightened he is! Like all his kind, he fears a woman’s secret places.’

Clamping one hand firmly to her covered cunt, and the other to her rear, she cried, ‘Our sacred holes are the weapons we carry into battle. The sword and shield with which we strike terror into the enemy’s heart!’

Turning her attention back to her cowering opponent, she said, ‘Have you no shame? To weep so openly before my sisters? I should let them all sit on you!’

The prisoner gazed up at her, his hands still locked together, his eyes pleading.

‘I am a man!’ he cried. ‘I beg you – do not take me between your legs!’

Yarna threw him a look of utter contempt. Reaching for the bow of her loin-cloth, she tugged the ribbons apart, sending the squares of leather tumbling to the ground. Beneath the cloth, her sex bulged like a hairy peach of swollen flesh: hot, throbbing and matted with thick wiry curls.

Immediately, the man fell on to his haunches, and the blood drained from his face.

‘By all that is sacred!’ he screamed. ‘Have mercy on me!’

Yarna drove her fingers into the thick bush of her cunt, peeling her swollen lips apart, exposing the long, tender trench of her vagina.

‘Woman was born to rule!’ she cried. ‘And given a cunt with which to master man! Prepare to be subdued – as Nature and our gods intended!’

‘I submit!’ cried the man, plunging his head low, burying his face in the earth, and sobbing into the ground. ‘You do not need to conquer me! I yield to your womanhood! You are my mistress! I am your servant now!’

Lunging forward, her face flushed with rage, Yarna reached out, took hold of the man’s hair and tugged his face upright, staring into his small, terrified eyes.

‘You are without honour!’ she sneered bitterly, leaning forward, her breath warm and rapid on his skin. ‘My cunt conquers warriors not cowards!’ Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, she said, ‘You are not worthy to suckle on a woman’s pussy. My arse shall be your mistress now!’

The man flew back, his arms across his face, his legs twisting awkwardly beneath him. Yarna turned to address the soldiers she would shortly lead into battle.

‘Remember this,’ she told them. ‘He who has the courage to fight you fairly, you must conquer with your cunt! But he who hides or runs away – that man’s face you shall straddle with your arse!’

Spinning round, she approached the prisoner with fresh resolve, her face stern and pitiless. ‘Prepare to be smothered!’ she cried, reaching down, seizing him by the shoulders and tossing him on to his back.

The man threw himself sideways, scrambling crab-like across the ground in a desperate bid to escape. Yarna snorted with derision, and flung herself on top of him, as if she were a tigress trapping prey. She wrapped her arms and legs around his torso, drawing cheers of support from her soldiers. With one arm across his neck, and the other at his midriff, she reached down and closed a long, powerful hand around his shaft. He shrieked and bucked as

she pumped him quickly, exciting him against his will.

‘Do not milk me!’ he cried. ‘Not in front of your women! You will shame me! Please, no! I beg you – nooooo!’

Yarna pressed her lips to his ear and whispered in a low growl, ‘I shall spill your seed on the ground! And milk you as I would a cow in the field!’

The prisoner arched his back and kicked. But there was no escape, and he knew it. Yet if he thought his fate could be no worse, her next words chilled him to the core.

‘My arse is coming for you, man! Prepare to suckle on its little mouth!’

He arched again, more powerfully than before, terror lending him strength. But every effort was in vain. Yarna was too strong for him. She smelt his fear and it heightened her resolve. Holding on tight, she drove her fist up and down his stumpy shaft, arousing him further, confusing his mind with pleasure.

Excited by the way he struggled, several of Yarna’s soldiers turned their backs on the man, bent low, parted their buttocks and wriggled their arseholes at him.

‘See their little mouths!’ cried Yarna happily, clawing his head back, and forcing him to look at their bottoms. ‘Soon each will conquer a man in battle. Just as my hole now conquers you!’

‘I beg you, mistress!’ he wept. The words were forced from the back of his throat, for the arm around his neck had all but closed his windpipe. His head had begun to spin, and he felt horribly weak. ‘I beg you, do not take me to your bottom!’

Again, she pressed her mouth close to his ear. ‘Your time has come,’ she whispered coldly. ‘Prepare yourself...’

Yarna tightened her grip, stifling the flow of blood to his head. The prisoner

struggled for breath, and his strength began to fade. Suddenly she released him, and hurled him onto his back. In one smooth movement, she swung a leg across his chest and settled herself over his head. Reaching back, she took hold of her arse-cheeks and opened herself up. The man stared blindly into her anal chasm, his gaze locked on the dark, wrinkled crater of her anus.

‘In heaven’s name,’ he muttered. ‘In heaven’s name, won’t someone help me?!’

‘No one can help you now!’ said Yarna. ‘My arse must have its prize!’

For the merest fraction of a second, her words sparked him into life and he stirred, trying desperately to turn his head away as she descended. But it was useless. Her cheeks were huge and covered him completely, sucking him into her deep divide.

Sitting on his head, Yarna swooned with joy as she felt his lips close around her anus.

‘I have him!’ she yelled, addressing her soldiers. ‘He suckles on my bottom’s hole!’

She gazed down at the man’s short, stumpy legs, and watched with delight as they hammered against the ground. ‘See how he struggles!’ she cried. ‘Yet the battle is not over till you drive the last breath from a man’s body. He will fight you to the end, sisters!’

‘May we help?’ asked one of the younger women, moving in close, her eyes blazing with excitement. Others quickly joined her, jostling for position, their keenness palpable. Yarna felt a swell of pride. None of these girls had yet taken a man in battle, yet all were plainly eager for the fray.

‘Two of you may hold his legs, and two of you his arms!’ said Yarna. ‘In this way we will conquer him as sisters.’ Immediately, she waved four women forward and they seized the prisoner’s wrists and ankles. Though he kicked and punched furiously, they quickly subdued him. Giggles and shrieks of laughter filled the air as they enjoyed the thrill of a shared triumph.

Reaching down to take hold of his cock, Yarna asked, 'Who wishes to spill his seed?'

Several voices sounded at once, as she knew they would. She looked around quickly, catching the eye of those she knew had not yet conquered a man. Their excitement was understandable and she must nurture it.

'Fear not!' she assured them. 'Before this day is out, a thousand men will lie between your legs and weep!'

Then, singling out two women, she said to the first, 'Take hold of his balls and cradle them in your palm.' And to the second, 'Close your fist around his shaft and milk him gently as you would a goat.'

With five women now holding him down and bringing him closer to release, the prisoner's struggles became horribly muted. His body twitched and jerked, his every movement severely restricted. The remaining soldiers were beside themselves with frustration as they watched their comrades wear their victim down until, at last, with one monstrous lurch, he came, spilling big wads of creamy seed across his belly. A moment later, he went still, then twitched, then went still again.

Yarna rose from his body at once, but signalled to the others that they should maintain their grip. He would not, she reflected, be the first man to feign defeat in a desperate bid to avoid his fate. She pressed her ear to his mouth and, satisfied that he was indeed unconscious, she ordered his release and had him returned to his cell.

Finally, rising to her feet, she addressed her soldiers solemnly. 'You have seen how a man can be mastered,' she told them. 'How he fears a woman's cunt and arse. You have seen, too, how, as sisters, you might work together to conquer men. With experience, no man will shift you from the saddle once you have mounted his head. But until experience is gained, you should work together: the one straddling his head, the others holding him prisoner.'

Studying her soldiers' faces, Yarna drank in their excitement, and the thrill of

anticipation that swept through their ranks. She smiled with pride. When the battle began, she knew they would not let her down.

‘We break camp in four hours’ time,’ she told them. ‘But before then, you have a treat in store.’ She turned and pointed to a copse at the compound’s edge. ‘Scouts have brought in fifty men, prisoners from another village. They have been stripped, staked out, and their faces are yours to sit upon. They have been told of their fate and tremble with fear at the thought of what you will do to them. So go now, sisters – and prepare your pussies for battle!’

The soldiers needed no second telling. With girlish whoops of joy, they tore off their loin-cloths and raced towards the copse. Yarna watched their young buttocks bouncing as they ran, and felt a pang of envy. Their pleasure for the next few hours would be great indeed, and the torment of the men beneath them easily its equal.

Within seconds, the air was thick with screams of terror, mixed with shrieks of joy as the soldiers set about their happy task. Yarna felt a dribble of juice run down her leg, and her belly tighten. How she wished she could have joined them...

Instead, she strolled to the far side of the camp, alone with her thoughts. Thoughts that now turned to the battle ahead.

Brandor was the last bastion of male resistance. A thousand men lay within its walls, including Landorh, King of Staveling, who had led his people’s fight for many years. This war was finally coming to an end, and victory was within her grasp. But the men of Brandor knew the fate that awaited them and would not submit willingly. Though their cause was lost, for her women numbered upwards of five thousand, broken into units across the valley, they would fight her to the bitter end.

As supreme commander of the Army of Women, Yarna had chosen to take the youngest, and least experienced of Queen Eirwhen’s soldiers under her wing. The more battle-hardened, she had placed under the command of her generals, those who would lead the other units into battle.

She remembered how anxious she had been during her first campaign; how she would have valued the guidance of an older, wiser hand. Caring for, and nurturing the younger troops had long been her concern. In the heat of battle, a virgin soldier – one who had never straddled a man in combat – might easily over-reach herself. Once thrown from the saddle, a woman could lose heart, and view herself as a failure, unworthy of her comrades. At such times, Yarna knew, the presence of an older woman, able to encourage and assist, could turn disaster into triumph.

Before this day was over, many of her troops – young and uncertain of themselves – would stumble and lose heart. It was these women she must protect; these she must help.

With the sound of men's cries – muffled at times, and occasionally cut short – carried to her on the wind, Yarna turned on her heel and walked back to the camp. She had much on her mind, and would doubtless have much more still before this day was out.

## Two

Yarna surveyed the queening ground with grim satisfaction. Her soldiers had conquered every prisoner several times over. The men's groans – of despair, misery and exhaustion – were music to her ears. Walking among them, she savoured the smell of female cum, mixed with the stench of sweat and fear. As she passed each prostrate victim, she saw him quiver, terrified that his ordeal was not yet ended; that another woman might mount his face and ride him into the darkness as he had been ridden so many times before.

The Army of Women was gathering on the far side of the hill, readying itself for the battle to come. Soon her soldiers would take free men to their cunts and arseholes: men who were not tied down, and who would fight them as only a free man could. That was why she had given the new troops under her command the chance to test themselves on these prisoners. Having known the joy of sitting on a man's head, Yarna was certain they would strive all the more to overcome their foe.

Nearby – breaking into her thoughts – a young man looked up and whispered, 'No more, please... No more...' Around him, others now raised their heads, and a hollow fear returned to their eyes. Yarna took a deep, lung-filling breath, and savoured the smell of terror the men exuded. Her huge, gourd-like breasts rose and fell, the plugs of her nipples proud and firm. She crossed to where the man lay prone, dropped to her haunches and swung one leg across his chest, settling herself over him.

'I have need of a man before I go into battle,' she told him in a quiet voice. 'You are that man.' Then reaching down, she took hold of the back of his head and drew him towards her. 'Behold the cunt that conquers all,' she said.

He screamed and bucked beneath her. All around him grown men wept, reliving the torments of the past few hours.

‘I don’t want to be smothered! Not again! Not again!’ he cried. ‘In heaven’s name have mercy on me! I beg you! Please!’

They were his final words. Ignoring his pitiful sobs, Yarna pressed her cunt around his nose and mouth, sealing his face with her flesh. He struggled furiously for several minutes, but eventually went limp. Only then, did she release him and allow his head to drop free. In her excitement she had come several times, and watched with delight as her juices seeped from the poor man’s mouth. When he woke he would taste her on his lips and relive his misery again.

Getting up, she stretched her back to ease its tired muscles, then continued her stroll around the field. As she approached, each man turned his head away, desperate to avoid her gaze. Passing by one, she saw that, though his penis still leaked a watery trail of semen, his shaft had begun to stiffen a little. She crouched down at his side, took hold of his cock and felt it harden in her fist. The man threw back his head and sobbed. Not with joy, but with pain. He had clearly been milked many times during the past few hours; well past the point of pleasure. Even the lightest touch of her hand was guaranteed, she knew, to make him squeal. When she pumped, as she did now, he let out a full-throated cry of torment. Nearby, those other men who heard his cry began to weep themselves, begging their gods to end their misery once and for all.

It was wicked, she knew, but a stiffened cock was not to be wasted. While tightening her grip on his shaft, Yarna reached out with her other hand and clamped it down hard over the man’s mouth. She was a strong woman and, the man, already weaker than she to begin with, was weaker still after his recent ordeal. Though he continued to scream, his cries of terror and pain were muffled as securely as if she had gagged him several times over.

It took almost two minutes to make him come, though, as she had suspected, his balls were empty. His penis jerked in the air, a tall column of drunken flesh. She held her hand to his mouth until his shrieks of pain had died away.

The moment they had, she eased herself across his chest, reached down and pulled his head into her cunt. Deprived of air, he began to struggle almost

immediately. Yarna ground her pubic bone back and forth like a fleshy saw across his face. The movement allowed him a little air, which in turn allowed her to abuse him for several minutes more, until, with a squeal of delight, she came on his nose and flooded his face with her juice.

Rising quickly from the saddle, she turned around and settled herself on him a second time, now covering his face with her bottom and forcing her anus into his mouth. Exhausted though he was, he summoned up a final show of strength, his body rattling beneath her. Inside her thick, salty crack, his head moved from side to side in a vain bid for freedom. Her anus opened, pulsed and clung to him crudely, allowing him no respite until, with another loud shriek, she came once more.

Only then, she did she lift herself from his face and allow him to breathe freely. Looking around, she wished she had more time. Every man here had been smothered and drained many times over, yet each, she knew, could be roused again, and pleasure taken on their heads.

Still, no matter. They were marching into battle soon. There were other men to sit upon and conquer. She must not be greedy...

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The sun was high in a clear-blue sky, and the Army of Women was finally assembled, 5000-strong in ten perfect ranks, 500 to a row.

Yarna positioned herself at their head. She knew very few could hear her words, but that was not important. Her final appearance before they broke camp was designed to inspire not by its words but by its implication. She, Yarna, their supreme commander, would lead them into battle, and with her at the helm, victory was assured.

She studied the ranks of bare-breasted Amazons with motherly pride. Many she had led through former battles, while some, this day, she was taking into combat for the very first time. Only one thing remained, one final act to strike fear into the enemy's heart, for she knew they would be scanning the Amazon camp from their vantage point, high in the castle.

She smiled broadly as she gave her final command...

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Standing on the castle rampart, Ladorh lowered the viewing glass. His face was ashen and his large hands trembled.

‘What is it?’ asked Dhelf. ‘What have you seen? What are they doing?’

It was several moments before the other man spoke again. When he did, he confirmed his comrades’ greatest fears.

‘The women are removing their thongs,’ he announced. ‘They mean to take us between their legs...’

‘In heaven’s name...’ whispered Ardour, Ladorh’s ancient manservant. ‘They will have mercy on an old man, surely? They would not sit on a priest!’

‘They will sit on all of us!’ replied Ladorh sharply. ‘Unless our own women are willing to do the deed.’

‘I have no woman!’ cried Ardour. ‘I am a Holy Man! Women are forbidden to me!’

‘I have a servant,’ said Ladorh. ‘who will mount you if I ask her to. Her hips are big. Your struggles will be over quickly.’

‘Mount me?’ cried Ardour. ‘What are you saying, Ladorh? You cannot mean to let these women have their way with us?’

‘We have no option,’ replied the king.

‘We must fight them, surely?’ said Dhelf. ‘We are not beaten yet!’

Ladorh shook his head wearily. ‘We are scarcely a thousand men. They are

five times our number at least. Five women to every man. We can fight, yes – but we cannot overcome. We are beaten...’

‘They must scale the castle walls first,’ said Dhelf, brightening. ‘Our guards are heavily armed. We have weapons, they carry none.’

‘They have Nature’s weapons,’ Landorh reminded him. ‘They are twice our size and armed with cunts no man can stand against. Should we kill even one of them, they will slaughter fifty. It is their way. We cannot meet them with violence. Not with the sword and bow at least. You know the rules by which these women fight.’

‘Then we must flee!’ cried Ardour. ‘Make our way through the secret tunnels and down to the valley. Before it is too late.’

‘They will have all exits covered. They are skilled in the ways of war.’

‘Nevertheless, it is our only chance, and I for one will take it.’

‘You do not understand,’ said Landorh. ‘If you battle with a woman, and she overcomes you, she will take you to her cunt and shame you as only a woman can. Once smothered in this manner, we are enslaved. These are the ancient ways and we cannot defy them.’

‘All the more reason to flee!’ cried Ardour. ‘Before the women capture us and have their filthy way!’

Landorh shook his head. ‘To run brings a terrible risk. You know what happens to those they deem cowards...’

‘I will take my chance,’ answered Ardour.

Dhelf look puzzled. He was scarcely 18 years of age, and an innocent youth. Landorh had shielded his younger brother from the troubles of the world, in the hope that they would never come his way. Now, he knew, the time had come for plain talking.

‘The Amazons have sworn to take no lives, unless the lives of their sisters are taken first. In such a case they exact a heavy revenge. But those who fight them hand to hand and are beaten with honour, they punish in the ancient ways of their race.’

Dhelf frowned. ‘I do not understand,’ he said. ‘What are these “ancient ways”?’

Landorh took a deep, steadying breath, placed a hand on his brother’s shoulder and replied, ‘They sit on a man’s head and smother him at the cunt. Once a man has been subdued in this way, he must swear loyalty to his new mistress. This is our custom.’

‘Smothered at the cunt?’ repeated Dhelf blankly. ‘How can this be? I would not submit willingly to such a thing. No woman can take a man so – not against his will, surely?’

‘These women are strong,’ Landorh reminded him. ‘They are twice our size. Once pinned upon our backs, they wear us down. And should we struggle, they help each other with the deed. With arms and feet held fast, we cannot escape from between their legs, however hard we try.’

‘And cowards – cowards they kill?’ asked Dhelf, the blood now draining visibly from his face.

Landorh shook his head grimly. ‘No,’ he replied. ‘Cowards they also sit upon. But these men they smother with their bare backsides. They take them into their cracks and force their arseholes into their mouths. They make them suckle where no man ever should...’

The blood which had drained from Dhelf’s face, rushed back with a vengeance, and his cheeks flushed red.

‘In heaven’s name, say it is not so!’ he cried. ‘Say this is some sick and twisted lie!’

Again, Landorh placed a comforting hand on his brother’s shoulder. ‘I wish

it were so,' he told him honestly. 'But it is the truth. Now you see why I counsel others not to run, but to remain in the castle and face our suffering as men.'

'I will not remain!' said Ardour. 'I go now! And I advise those who have no wish for the taste of cunt to come with me.'

'I am frightened,' said Dhelf. 'I do not wish to lie beneath a woman's arse!'

'Then go with Ardour,' said Landorh. 'And may our gods guide you to safety.'

'You will not come, brother?' asked Dhelf.

Landorh shook his head. 'No,' he replied. 'My place is here with my people. We are all to be sat upon before this day is over. Myself included. I must lead by example, and show them that the men of Brandor have no fear.'

He turned to face his brother one last time. 'Now go with Ardour. And pray one day we meet again in happier circumstance!'

## Three

The battle was over quickly. The women carried many ladders, and scaled the walls at speed. Though some men fought, all knew they were doomed, for unable to fire arrows or thrust with swords, each was quickly overcome as dozens of women circled and subdued them with ease.

Many who saw their companions felled and sat upon, retreated into secret places; some into the dungeons and some – whose fear of being shamed was too great – threw themselves from the castle walls or upon their own swords when faced with naked women closing in on them.

Yarna conquered several men in quick succession, before roaming from house to house, followed by two young warriors, for whom this battle was their first.

Two dwellings they found to be empty, but at the door of the third a woman barred their way.

‘Let us pass,’ said Yarna. ‘We seek your menfolk. They are to lie between our legs.’

‘There are no men here!’ cried the woman fearfully. ‘I have only a son and he is fighting on the ramparts!’

‘Then you will not object if we search your rooms,’ said Yarna. ‘Stand aside, woman, do not make us use force.’

The woman admitted them reluctantly but though they tore from room to room, leaving no hidey-hole untouched, the soldiers found no trace of occupants. As they prepared to leave, Yarna said to the woman, ‘We move on now, but a word of warning – others follow in our wake with orders to

burn your houses to the ground. Pack whatever you can carry and be gone. The gates are open to you. Farewell!

And with that, she led her companions back into the street, and down the nearest alley.

‘I did not know we were burning their houses,’ said one as they followed in Yarna’s footsteps. Their commander stopped abruptly and waved the youngsters to one side.

‘We are not,’ she said. ‘The woman was lying to us. Her son hides within. In time we could have wormed him out, but fear will act in our stead. We will give her three minutes. Time enough for her son to emerge and for the pair of them to escape.’

Yarna regarded her charges fondly. ‘Then the two of you shall take your first man in battle. A special moment you will remember forever.’

The look of excitement in the young women’s faces warmed Yarna’s heart. She still recalled her own first smother, even after all these years. The son of an enemy commander: she had sat on his face in full view of his father, though the boy had begged for mercy and the father, too. Their torment had been exquisite.

‘Let us return!’ she said, at last, and, leading the way, kicked open the door of the recently vacated house and hurried back inside, the young women at her heels.

A door slammed shut ahead of them, leading into the kitchen. As they prepared to burst through, it opened a second time and the mother reappeared, barring their way. ‘There is no one here!’ she cried. ‘I have told you!’

This time Yarna offered no reprieve, pushing past the woman and into the next room. She saw the boy at once, huddled in the corner, under a pile of rags, quivering with fear.

‘Please, spare him!’ cried the woman, pushing her way past Yarna’s soldiers. ‘He is my only son. He is but 18 and never known a woman!’

‘He is a man!’ cried Yarna. ‘And a coward, too! He shall be punished in accordance with the rules of war!’

With that, she reached down, and hoisted the boy into the air. He was small, even by male standards, and no burden at all as she threw him over her shoulder and marched into the street. The mother, beside herself with grief, would have clawed at Yarna’s legs, had the soldiers not seized her by the arms and wrestled her out behind their commander.

Throwing him onto his back, Yarna straddled the young man’s chest, pinning him flat, his arms against his sides. Looking up, she addressed her companions.

‘Prepare yourselves,’ she told them. ‘This boy is to be your first smother!’

His mother fought like a tiger to escape her captors’ grip, but they were young, determined and much too strong for her.

‘Shrandi!’ said Yarna, addressing the smaller of the two. ‘Come take my place upon this coward’s chest and hold him down.’

The soldier came forward at once, her big buttocks wobbling, her face beaming with excitement. Her companion tightened her grip around the mother’s neck, pushed the woman to the floor and pressed a knee into her back. She squirmed a little, but otherwise her resistance was ended.

Yarna shifted forward quickly, on to the young man’s face, allowing Shrandi to take up her position on his chest. She lingered only briefly, but in that moment she felt the fear that rippled through his body. *He knew what would happen next and it terrified him...*

Jumping to her feet, Yarna waved forward the second soldier, Moola. Briefly freed, the mother began to rise, but before she could climb to her feet, Yarna seized her by the shoulders and held her fast again. The old woman

cursed into the ground and wept.

‘My son! My son!’ she cried tearfully, as the young boy wriggled on his back.

‘Hold him tight!’ said Yarna to Shrandi. ‘Moola – open up the cheeks of your arse – and take him into your crack!’

‘Nooooo!’ cried his mother. ‘He is just a boy! I beg you – have mercy on him!’

‘This is war!’ Yarna reminded her. ‘Your son is a coward. He sought to flee. Had he stood his ground and faced us as a man, I would have taken him between my legs and conquered him with my cunt. But he has shamed himself and for that he must lie inside a woman’s crack!’

Turning her attention to the soldiers, she said, ‘Moola – mount the boy’s head! Shrandi – secure him so he cannot escape your sister’s embrace. It will be your turn soon. Both of you shall use your arses on him.’

As Moola came round behind the young man’s head, he turned his face towards his mother. His eyes were wide with fear, tears rolled down his cheeks, and he arched his neck sharply.

‘Help me!’ he cried. ‘Help me, please! I don’t want to be sat on! I don’t want to be smothered!’

‘No one can help you now!’ said Yarna. The old woman wept and struggled in her arms, and she was forced to redouble her grip. ‘Be brave for your mother and cease your crying! Turn to face Moola’s arse, as she closes her cheeks around you!’

If Yarna had thought her words might calm the boy in any way, she was badly mistaken. Instead, he bucked more furiously than ever, screaming to his gods, weeping bitterly and begging his mother to intercede on his behalf.

Moola lowered her bare backside until it was almost on top of the young

man's head, then hesitated, as if waiting for Yarna's permission to cover him completely.

'Take him now, Moola!' cried Yarna. 'I grow tired of his childish tears. Smother him with your woman's arse!'

A final scream of terror from the boy, followed by an anguished cry from his mother, and Moola dropped her full weight onto the young man's head, sealing his face inside her crack, pressing her bum-hole hard against his mouth, wriggling furiously as she sought to drive it past his lips.

Shrandi yelped as the boy bucked beneath her and, for a moment, was very nearly unseated.

'He struggles like an untamed beast!' she cried, wriggling on his chest, holding on to his arms, already pinned against his sides.

'Hold fast!' cried Yarna. 'Moola's arse is weakening him. She has cut off his air with her holes. But you must work together to weaken him further. Soon you will switch positions. Then it will be your turn, Shrandi, to mount him with your bottom.'

'In heaven's name!' cried his mother. 'Has my son not suffered enough? Must he be tortured further?'

'We are women!' Yarna reminded her. 'And born to use our flesh to conquer men! Moola – surrender your throne to Shrandi's arse. Let him suckle on your sister's hole!'

Smoothly, the two women swapped positions. Moola straddled the young man's chest, while Shrandi slid forward, raised one leg and swivelled round, dropping her bottom onto his face.

Their victim lurched and wriggled beneath their combined weight. Dreadfully weak, he fought gamely, but as time went on, he struggled less and less until finally his movements were reduced to sad little twitches and muted grunts.

‘Which of us shall finish him off?’ asked Shrandi. Though keen to do the deed herself, she knew the decision was not hers to make.

Their commander pressed her mouth close to the mother’s ear and whispered, ‘Which is it to be? Who shall conquer and who shall wank?’

‘You cannot make me decide!’ cried the woman. ‘You will shame my son whatever my decision!’

A wicked smile crossed Yarna’s face. ‘What if I relent?’ she said. ‘What if I spare him from shame? Take him between my own legs and smother him with my cunt? What then, woman? Will you still refuse to answer?’

The woman threw back her head and wailed. ‘You cannot do this to me! You cannot!’ she wept. ‘It is too cruel!’

‘Nevertheless,’ said Yarna. ‘It is the offer I make. You can save your son – but only by giving him willingly to my cunt! No one need ever know he was judged a coward. Decide, woman – or shall he suckle on a soldier’s arse?’

‘Very well!’ cried the mother, reluctantly, the promise torn from her heart. ‘If I can save my son from shame ... so be it!’

Yarna released her immediately, and the old woman sank to her knees, face buried in her hands, sobbing fitfully. Addressing her charges, Yarna said, ‘Rise from his body, and take your place between his legs. You shall milk him as sisters while I smother him with pussy.’

The soldiers got up at once, and quickly repositioned themselves on their knees, side by side between the young man’s legs. Lifting up his smock, they closed their hands around his cock and balls and held him gently. He immediately arched his back, raised his head and gave a feeble wriggle. Though he tried to move, his arms and legs were as weak as those of a newborn babe. Before he had any hope of recovery, Yarna dropped onto his chest, driving the wind from his lungs. His head fell back, and he sobbed like

a child.

Yarna shuffled forward a few inches, and raised herself up over his head. Then she reached down into the jungle of her pubes and stroked her lips into view. Her labia were long, plump and shiny with her juices.

‘Look at me, boy!’ she commanded. When he refused – still sobbing loudly – she reached down and tugged his head around, bringing him face to face with her slit.

‘In heaven’s name, have mercy on me...’ he whimpered. ‘Let me go! I beg you! Let me go!’

‘There is no escape for you,’ Yarna told him. ‘Only the manner of your punishment remains to be decided.’ Then she looked up, ready to address the boy’s mother. The latter, ashen-faced and barely able to stand, choked back her sobs and shivered with the enormity of what she must do.

‘Save me, mother!’ cried the lad. ‘I have suffered so much, I cannot take any more!’

‘What is your answer?’ asked Yarna, cruelly, enjoying the woman’s discomfort. ‘And remember ... his fate is in your hands.’

Suddenly the old woman fell to her knees, her eyes bleary with tears. She reached out a hand and tenderly stroked the boy’s head. ‘I am sorry, my son,’ she whispered. ‘I am so sorry...’

Then tearing her eyes away, she looked at Yarna and said, ‘Take him to your woman’s cunt! Smother him with pussy!’

And then she turned and buried her head in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably. Behind her, the young lad screamed, ‘Mother! In heaven’s name, what have you done?’

‘She has given me permission to smother you,’ cried Yarna joyfully. ‘Now you will come to my cunt – as so many men have come before you!’

He barely had time to scream again, before she dragged his head into her slit, closing her legs and holding him fast. At the same time, Shrandi and Moola began to fondle his balls and cock, milking his shaft into life. Within seconds he was fully erect and his sacs rolled with seed.

‘Do not spill him yet!’ Yarna counselled them. ‘We are not at the moment of truth!’

With that, she began to wriggle more vigorously, grinding her clit against his nose, forcing her engorged labia into his mouth. She knew from the way he struggled that the battle was almost at an end: that sweet moment of oblivion beckoned at which he would lurch one final time, then fall still. She was going to come, and so was he – but the moment must be timed to perfection, not a second too soon, not a second too late ...

And then she screamed and the floodgates opened. She felt the wads of thick, creamy jism spurt against her back as the young man spilled his seed and squealed his release into her slit.

She jerked several times in quick succession, and so did he. Then he fell still and she tumbled forward, gasping, writhing, and sobbing with relief.

Quickly she dismounted and rolled on to her back, exhausted. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched as Shrandi and Moola licked at the boy’s semen, devouring it greedily until not a drop remained. Only when they had finished, did the old woman come forward, cradling her son’s sleeping body in her arms.

Finally, easing herself upright, Yarna said to her, ‘Your son has my juices on him, now. This makes him my slave, to do with as I will. You will tell him when he recovers. Make sure he does not try to flee or it will be the worse for you both. Do you understand?’

His mother nodded. ‘I will tell him. Whether he will forgive me, however, is another matter.’

‘You saved him from a greater shame. A cuntsman’s life is better than that of an arse-slave. He will thank you for it when he wakes.’

Though Yarna spoke the truth, the old woman doubted that her son would see it that way. But she said nothing. There was nothing left to say...

## Four

Leaving Moola and Shandri to hunt for men on their own, Yarna set off around the castle grounds, surveying, as best she could, the exploits of her other troops.

The battle appeared to be going well. Hundreds of men had been felled, and, given their overwhelming numbers, many soldiers were working in teams of three, taking it in turns to pin down, milk or straddle any man they found. Most men had been taken several times over, and the smell of spilled semen lay heavy in the air.

Pausing in the middle of a courtyard, Yarna watched, with grim satisfaction, as two young women dragged a man from the arms of his wife, upended him on some straw, then took it in turns to ride him with their bottoms. His wife looked on, cursing the soldiers for their cruelty, and had to be forcibly pushed back into her house and the door locked behind her.

‘He tried to run!’ explained one of the soldiers, holding on to the man’s legs, while her comrade took her turn on his head. ‘There are not enough men to go round, so we are taking them together.’

‘Is this your first time?’ asked Yarna. The women were young, but they seemed very sure of themselves.

The soldier sitting on the man’s head gave a brisk nod. She was grappling with his wrists, holding back his arms as he tried desperately to claw at her hips and shift her from his face.

‘We have taken a man to our cunts, but this is our first arse-slave!’ she replied, sweat pouring from her neck and down between her breasts.

‘Then make him suffer!’ urged Yarna. ‘It is a special day for your bottoms.’

Ride him with your holes a hundred times before you finish him off!’

And with that, she pressed on, through an avalanche of writhing flesh, the air rich with screams of joy and terror.

She was about to make for the western ramparts, where she knew the battle was at its fiercest, when she saw a single soldier wander through an arch and into the yard. The woman was clearly hesitant, and unsure of herself. Yarna knew at once that something was wrong. She crossed the yard in long, rapid strides, took the woman by the arm and spun her round.

On recognising her commander, the soldier’s face paled, and she staggered back several paces. Had Yarna not come forward quickly and grabbed her a second time, she felt sure the woman would have toppled over.

‘What is wrong?’ asked Yarna, concerned. ‘Are you hurt?’

The woman shook her head. There was a fearful look in her eyes, and her hands were trembling.

Yarna cut quickly to the chase. ‘How many men have you taken?’

Once more, the colour drained from the soldier’s face and she lowered her head. After what seemed an age, and without raising her eyes from the ground, she said, in a quiet voice, ‘None, Mistress. Forgive me...’

Yarna reached out, placed two fingers under the woman’s chin and raised her head.

‘There is nothing to be afraid of,’ she told her gently. ‘What is your name, soldier?’

‘Kyree,’ answered the woman in a soft, hesitant voice.

‘Tell me truthfully,’ said Yarna. ‘What has stopped you?’

‘You will think badly of me, Mistress.’

‘I will not. I promise,’ said Yarna. ‘But you must tell me.’

Kyree took a deep breath. She wrung her hands together and looked dreadfully wretched. Summoning all her courage, she said, ‘They look so frightened, Mistress. Every man I have tried to straddle. They weep, and beg me to have mercy on them.’

‘So you let them go?’

The soldier bowed her head again, and when she spoke next her voice all but failed her completely. ‘Yes, Mistress. I have disgraced myself, I am sorry.’

Yarna lifted the youngster’s chin a second time. There were tears in the woman’s eyes. Regarding her with an almost motherly gaze, Yarna said, ‘You have not disgraced yourself, Kyree. You have shown a compassionate heart. That is part of our creed. It is why we vow never to take a life without cause. Why we offer men a choice: the cunt over the sword.’

‘But still they are afraid,’ said the other woman. ‘They do not wish to be smothered. Even if it is done in kindness. All around us, men are weeping. They do not want to lie between our legs.’

‘No soldier craves defeat,’ said Yarna. ‘Whether man or woman. Were we to storm this fortress, heavily armed, with knives, bows and lances, think what terrible things we might do. Every man, woman and child put to the sword, and the castle itself razed to the ground. But this is not our way. Instead, we wage our war with Nature’s weapons. We conquer brave men with our living cunts – and cowards with the arse. No man surrenders willingly – that is the way of war. But unlike men themselves – who wage war with their swords and axes – we women offer life to those we conquer. Not death.’

Kyree’s face flushed a little, and she drew herself up straight. ‘I had not thought of it that way,’ she confessed. ‘But you are right. Our cause is just and our weapons noble.’

Yarna placed a reassuring hand on the young woman's shoulder. 'Remember,' she said, 'these men would kill us if they had the chance. They would not spare us if we wept and begged for mercy. When you take a man to your cunt, and conquer him with your living flesh, you are saving two lives. Yours ... and his.'

'Thank you, Mistress,' said Kyree. 'You have offered me hope.'

Yarna returned her grateful look warmly. 'You are a good woman,' she said. 'Now we must find you a man – and you will use your pussy on him.'

Taking the young soldier's hand, Yarna led her through the throng of bodies. She scanned every inch of the grounds, searching out a suitable prey. Looking up at the ramparts, she caught sight – very briefly – of several men, scurrying back and forth. Almost immediately, they disappeared from sight. They were taking care not to be seen; aware of their fate the instant they were spotted. How they had escaped the eyes of her troops so far, she had no idea. Possibly they had hidden themselves, or run away, in which case Kyree would test not her cunt, but her arse on one of them. Either way, a man was doomed to lie between the young warrior's legs.

'Wait here,' she told the youngster. 'And I will fetch you a man that you may sit on him.'

She was gone in an instant, racing up the wooden steps, reaching the rampart in a few short strides. Catching a man was, she reflected, like catching a fish. One had to be quick or the prey was gone.

Yarna ran up and down, pulling over barrels, and kicking the hay. The men were here somewhere and she needed to flush them out quickly.

'I am coming for you, men!' she cried. 'There is no escape!'

Already, the commotion she was causing had caught the ears of several of her troops on the ground below. On seeing it was their commander on the rampart, her soldiers held back, waiting for permission to join her in the hunt.

Glancing down at their expectant faces, she cried out, ‘There are men up here! Cowards and heroes, both! Prepare your cunts and arses, women – there are heads to be sat on!’

Permission granted, a wave of soldiers stormed up the wooden steps, shrieking with excitement at the thought of more men to conquer. Almost immediately, aware the game was up, the men broke cover. In a blind panic, they scurried this way and that, like rats on a sinking ship, dividing up in the hope that some, at least, would get away.

Yarna had eyes for one man only: slightly built and very much smaller than his comrades. Kyree’s courage may have returned, but there was no sense taking any chances. If she sat on a smaller man first and conquered him with her cunt, it would give her the confidence she needed to tackle others.

And so, with a steely resolve, and ignoring the other men around her, Yarna closed in on the one she had chosen. Too late, he realised there was no escape; that he had run into a corner, with nowhere else to go. Spinning round, he saw her hurrying towards him, and his eyes immediately dropped to the thick hairy vee of her cunt.

He knew he was doomed, for he was small, even by male standards, and the woman almost three times his size. He might have fallen to his knees and begged her for mercy, but he knew the fate that awaited a coward. His only choice was to fight for his freedom – a pointless gesture, he knew, but his only option now.

Yarna was almost on top of him when he flung himself forward, in a desperate bid to throw her off-balance. She side-stepped him neatly, wrapped her arms around his middle and hoisted him into the air as if he were no more than a sack full of feathers. Carrying him back down the steps was no more difficult than carrying a troublesome child. He kicked, threshed and swore several times – all of which she ignored. Kyree would shut him up soon enough – when she filled his angry mouth with her soldier’s cunt.

The young woman was standing where Yarna had left her, wringing her

hands anxiously as she awaited her leader's return. Her face lit up when she saw the little man wriggling in the older woman's grip.

'Will you use your pussy on this one?' asked Yarna, rolling him off her shoulder and hoisting him into the air. She roared with laughter when his little legs kicked out like a child's.

Kyree nodded. 'I will, Mistress. My cunt is ready to do its woman's work.'

Yarna regarded her warmly. It was good to see the way her face now shone with keen anticipation. With luck, the young girl's crisis of faith had passed. Even so, the man was a feisty one and Yarna wanted Kyree's victory to be certain.

'Will you allow me to spill him??' she asked. 'At the moment of truth? So that we might conquer him as sisters?'

Kyree could not, of course, refuse – nor would she have wanted to. To share her man with the supreme commander was an honour for any soldier. And so she nodded briskly, said 'Yes' several times and looked more excited than ever.

Yarna immediately swung her captive round on his heels, flung him to the ground and straddled his chest. He wriggled violently between her legs, but knew he was going nowhere. With her backside towards him, however, he misunderstood her intention and began to scream.

'You cannot take me with your arse!' he cried. 'I am no coward! It is forbidden!'

Yarna looked past her shoulder and grinned broadly at the man struggling beneath her.

'Fear not, little one,' she consoled him. 'My arse is not coming for you. You are to be conquered by a soldier's pussy.' Then, looking up at Kyree, she said, 'He is *your* man now. Bestride his face and show him your woman's weapon!'

Obediently, Kyree came forward, swung one leg across the small man's neck, then squatted low over his head. With Yarna sitting on his chest, there was limited room for manoeuvre, and, for a moment, their backs pressed together.

Yarna eased herself forward a fraction, lifted up her captive's smock and took hold of his penis. Pumping him gently, she quickly stirred him into life.

Behind her, Kyree shifted her hips a little, positioning her pussy directly over the man's face.

The moment he saw the plump, fleshy folds of her cunt, he screamed again, and jiggled furiously from side to side.

When Kyree spoke next, her voice was hesitant, as if all her former concerns had returned to haunt her. 'He is so frightened, Mistress. He fears my woman's pussy, and what she might do to him.'

'Of course he fears you,' said Yarna, keen to reassure her. 'He is a man and knows you mean to take him to your living cunt. You must have courage, Kyree. What you are doing to him is a kindness. Better the pussy than the sword.'

'Please, mistress!' yelled the little man, sensing division between the two women, and desperate to avoid his fate. 'Do not do this thing! I have never hurt you! Have mercy! Do not sit on me!'

'Ignore him, Kyree!' urged Yarna. 'He fears your pussy, yes – but you are his mistress, now. It is your woman's right to sit on him!'

In the moments that followed, both Yarna and the little man held their silence. It was as if both sensed the battle raging in the young woman's mind, and knew that the first to speak would turn her resolve against themselves.

'I have made up my mind,' she said at last, breaking the long, and dreadful

silence. ‘There can be no going back.’ Looking down at the little man’s face, she said, ‘I am a woman – and was born to sit. Prepare yourself. My pussy is coming for you – *and she takes no prisoners!*’

The little man screamed again. Once, twice, and then no more – his next cry muffled by the weight of Kyree’s cunt, bearing down hard on his head, stifling his pleas for mercy.

Between his legs, Yarna pumped vigorously. At the same time, her fingers closed around the base of his cock, ensuring he could not come, his semen stemmed in his bloated balls until the moment she chose to release him.

Kyree’s back pressed into hers, as she wriggled on the little man’s face. ‘I come! I come!’ she cried as pleasure overtook her.

‘Not yet!’ cried Yarna, urging restraint. ‘Another minute and you have him! Hold fast, Kyree! It is not yet his time!’

Pressing herself against the youngster’s back, Yarna willed her to resist, to stem the flow of pleasure tearing at her groin. If she came too soon, her hold on the man would be broken. True, she could take him a second time, and, with Yarna to hold him down, she would eventually subdue him. But this was not a warrior’s way. A warrior timed the moment to perfection, coming only at the moment of truth, when the man surrendered to his conqueror’s cunt and spent himself in glorious defeat.

Kyree grunted strongly, biting back the rising tide of pleasure that threatened to engulf her, while all the time she rocked and writhed on the little man’s head.

Yarna, for her part, pumped him furiously. There was, she knew, another way to break his spirit and weaken him. If she could make him start to come, then stem his flow, he would experience both release and frustration. A fearful combination, and one that would break him for sure. But her timing, she knew, must be perfect. One slip, and she could not control him. He would unleash his milk and there would no holding him back.

Her fingers slid up and down his shaft, spurring him on. Finally, with a muted shriek, his back arched and a pearl of semen jetted from the eye of his urethra. Immediately, Yarna closed her fingers around the stem of his cock, squeezing as hard as she could. He lurched again, screamed and a dribble of spunk emerged, but no more.

The little man bucked, groaned and wept his frustration into Kyree's cunt. But though he continued to come, no semen emerged. So furiously did he rattle that, despite her size, it took all Yarna's weight and strength to hold him down. As he cursed, screamed and thrashed beneath her, Yarna held on fast and continued to pump. Kyree, for her part, pushed down as hard as she could, forcing her bloated pussy into the little man's mouth; biting her lip as she struggled to contain her own release.

Long, painful seconds followed, filled with the muted shrieks of a man in torment. A dreadful battle raged between the women's legs as they fought with their terrified captive, and slowly wore him down.

Finally, relaxing her hold on the base of his cock and sliding her hand along his shaft as smoothly as if it were coated in butter, Yarna yelled, 'It is his time! Unleash yourself, Kyree! Unleash yourself!'

For a moment there was silence, then suddenly Kyree screamed and jolted into Yarna's back. She came furiously, bouncing piston-like on the little man's head, flooding his face with her juices, crushing her slit into his mouth. At the same time, Yarna watched, astonished, as wads of white, creamy seed erupted from the eye of their victim's cock and splashed across his belly.

He lurched, juddered and finally felt still. Though Yarna rose at once, Kyree remained in place for several seconds more, sobbing with joy as the last of her release fizzled and faded away.

As Yarna lifted her gently from the sleeping man's body, she saw there were tears in the young woman's eyes.

'You have taken your first man,' said Yarna warmly, 'and did not weaken at

the moment of truth. How do you feel – now that you have conquered him?’

‘I cannot describe the joy,’ said Kyree truthfully. ‘At first, I felt nothing but pity – for what he must suffer between my legs. But when I held him to my living cunt and knew its power ... when I felt him struggle and knew he could not shift me from the saddle...’ A tear broke free and ran down her pale, flawless cheek. ‘I am sorry, Mistress,’ she said, wiping her face.

‘Do not be ashamed of your tears,’ said Yarna. ‘They are the tears of joy. You are a woman now. And I am proud to call you sister. Remember, Kyree – be proud of your cunt. It is Nature’s weapon, and given to you to master men.’

Kyree bowed. ‘Thank you, Mistress. Without you, I would not have had the courage. I have heard it said that you are kind and caring of your soldiers. Now I know it is true, and I thank you with all my heart.’

Yarna smiled. Her work here, she knew, was done.

‘Go now, Kyree,’ she said. ‘And find another man to conquer. Let your cunt roam free – for this is her day, too!’

Kyree bowed again, then turned and hurried off into the surrounding *mêlée*. Yarna watched her go and wished her well.

Then, gathering herself for what was to come, she made her way across the courtyard, and through to the castle’s inner sanctum.

## Five

Landorh and his entourage were gathered in the Council Chamber. The castle had fallen without loss of life and, though thankful for that at least, he knew from the cries of anguish rising up from the streets and, even now, within the castle itself, that the Amazons were celebrating victory in their time-honoured way – by straddling every adult male they could find.

He had seen young men dragged from their wives and mothers, sat upon, smothered and spilled without mercy; old men weeping as, unable to fight, and thus deemed cowards, they were mounted by Amazon soldiers and ruthlessly queened.

Now, as they waited for their turn to come, Landorh found himself struggling to offer words of comfort to those gathered around him.

‘They say it is over quickly and does not hurt,’ said one, keen to soothe the fears of the younger men; in particular those who were unmarried and had never known a woman. ‘Once in the service of an Amazon, she treats you well. You are fed, watered and the work is easy, for there are many of us to share it.’

‘Will they take us all together?’ asked another. ‘Or shall we be separated and sat upon in private?’

A couple of men shrugged. One thought the first, another the latter, but no one knew for certain.

They were still mulling things over, when the chamber’s huge double doors were flung open and Yarna entered, with scores of soldiers in her wake.

The smell of women – hot, earthy and laced with musk – filled the room. Though he tried not to show it, Landorh felt a trill of fear raise the hairs on

the back of his neck. He knew that in a few minutes' time, he and his men would be lying face-up between these women's legs, struggling for breath as they suckled on their cunts.

'Which of you speaks for the others?' asked Yarna imperiously, scanning the room.

'I do,' said Landorh, stepping forward. 'I am Landorh, King of Staveling, Liege of Brandor.'

Yarna looked him up and down. Though small, like all men, he was taller than most and his chest less barrel-shaped. A good-looking male by the standards of men. She would, she decided, enjoy sitting on his face, especially if he struggled...

'I am Yarna,' she told him. 'Commander of the Amazon Army. I will accept your official surrender.'

Landorh took a deep breath and dropped to his knees. Shuffling forward, he approached Yarna with his head bowed, until he reached her feet which he kissed one after the other. He remained in that position for several seconds until she said, 'You may honour me now...'

Immediately, he raised his head, and, because of his diminutive height, found himself gazing into the long, hairy folds of her vagina. Reaching out with both hands, he took hold of her plump hips. Using them for purchase, and without hesitation, he pressed his face into her cunt, running his tongue from base to top, then up and down several times, lapping at her like a cat with cream. He licked her full length twelve times, withdrew for a moment, then came back and bestowed a kiss on her swollen clit, which had now emerged from within its protective hood, proud, pink and glistening with her juices.

Having completed the ritual, Landorh fell back on to his haunches, lowered his head and retreated several paces. He waited till she gave permission before standing up again, being careful not to rub away her juices with his hand; nor lick his lips which, he knew, would also incur her wrath. His fate, and that of the men gathered around him, was dire enough.

Out in the castle grounds, men's muffled screams still rose like dust in a storm. It made him sick to contemplate the torments being suffered all about him, aware he could not help, and knowing it would be his turn soon.

Yarna paced up and down, studying the faces of the assembled nobles, both young and old, all huddling close to their defeated king.

'The city has fallen,' she announced, 'and my soldiers are shaming your men into submission. It is your turn now to lie between a woman's legs. However, as you are all of noble birth, you may choose the woman who is to conquer you.'

Yarna paused, allowing the full import of her words to register. After a few moments had elapsed, she continued. 'Which of you has a wife or servant ready to sit on his face and do the deed?'

Five men came forward. 'We have,' said one, bowing his head and speaking on behalf of all. 'Our women are waiting in the next room, ready to be summoned.'

'Then bid them enter,' said Yarna. 'And I shall satisfy myself that they are suitable.'

One of the men hurried over to a small green door, set in the wall opposite. He opened it, gave a quick cry and, immediately, five white-gowned women filed into the room. Regrouping side by side, they lined up in a row before Yarna and her warriors.

Addressing them bluntly, Yarna said, 'Is each of you willing to sit naked upon your man's head and smother him until he struggles no more?'

'We are,' they answered as one, their eyes averted. Yarna heard the reluctance in their voices and it thrilled her. It always gave her pleasure to watch a wife or servant straddle a man's head and do the deed against her better nature.

‘Who is a wife, and who a servant?’ she inquired.

‘I am a servant,’ said a plump, pale-skinned woman at the far end of the line. Yarna had guessed as much; her sloped shoulders bore the mark of one used to taking orders.

‘Who is your master?’ she asked.

‘I am,’ said a thin, elderly man, approaching slowly. He had a grey beard, sunken eyes, and a weary face. ‘Mauren has been in my service many years. I have no wife to do the deed, so she has offered to sit on me.’

‘You know a servant must use her arse to smother her master, and not her cunt?’ said Yarna.

‘I do,’ replied the old man. ‘And I willingly submit. Mauren has wide hips and a plump behind – she has promised to smother me quickly. More quickly, I would guess, than one of your warriors.’

Yarna nodded, and addressed the other women. ‘You who are wives – you know you must show your men no mercy at the cunt? If you do, then one of my warriors shall mount him in your place, and finish him off with her bare backside. His struggles will be long and hard and, when over, he will be without honour and an arse-slave till the end of his days.’

Not a woman spoke, but their silence answered for them all. Each knew the consequences should she try to ease her husband’s pain.

‘A warrior will be assigned to milk each cock at the moment of truth. You who are without women, shall watch these men as they are conquered. Then you, like they, will be securely bound and ridden without mercy.’

She watched their faces for signs of fear and saw much to give her pleasure. Only Landorh’s features remained impassive. If she detected anything at all, it was sadness at the fate of those around him. He himself, she knew, would take his punishment like a man. That pleased her, too. She had sat on the heads of many cowards. It would make a pleasant change to smother a man

who did not weep and beg her for mercy. Then again, a pity perhaps. Men taken at the cunt were slaves, but once subdued they were no longer to be abused. True, they were no longer free, but, in return for loyalty and work, they were well rewarded with food, drink and shelter. And when breeding began, they would be taken to a woman's bed and milked of their seed. It was important no woman should know who her father was, so when a warrior chose to bear a child, she would lie with as many men as possible.

Those men taken between the buttocks, however, became a woman's arse-slave. They could be called upon to endure another smothering whenever a woman chose. Some were given over to those warriors who had yet to sit upon their first man in battle, and used as training fodder. Any woman – whether she owned him or not – could use an arse-slave as she wished; at any time of the day or night. If he refused, the penalties were harsh.

So, yes, though she admired Landorh's bravery, she regretted it, too. To have this man as her eternal slave, to have him lick her when the need was upon her – that would have been fun. Still, she had a hundred slaves already, and they served her well enough. She must not be greedy...

'Prepare the men,' she commanded, and watched with barely concealed delight as those to be smothered were stripped, securely bound, then laid out side by side on the floor. Cushions were placed beneath their necks, not simply for comfort – for the floor was polished wood and hard as stone – but to elevate the men's heads.

'Women of Brandor, lift up your skirts and take your place astride your man. You may exchange a final word before embarking on your glorious deed.'

Yarna listened attentively as each woman spoke. It was difficult to hear every word, but she caught one or two snatches of conversation.

*'Forgive me, husband, for the shame I bring on you. I pray my pussy does her work quickly.'*

*'You must take me without mercy, wife. Though I struggle like a beast between your legs, show me no pity. Hold me fast and smother me with all'*

*your strength...'*

*'I fear my pussy is so small, husband. She will not finish you off quickly. You may suffer for a long time between my legs.'*

*'Better that I suffer at your slit, wife, than at the cunt of a warrior Amazon. They have been known to make a man struggle for hours before striking the final blow!'*

*'I hope my bottom does not hurt you, master. I will lower myself slowly. If you press your nose against my little hole and open your mouth to admit my cunt, I believe I can smother you quickly.'*

*'You are a good and faithful servant, Mauren. I shall empty my lungs of air as you descend. Then hopefully my struggle will be short...'*

There were other words, other fond farewells but they were lost even to Yarna's sharp ears, merging into a formless, frightened babble.

Finally, as silence returned, Yarna addressed those nobles who remained standing.

'You will watch as your comrades are smothered,' she said. 'When the last man has been conquered, you, too, shall be secured upon your backs and mounted. Come forward now, and see these women do their work.'

In grim silence, the men approached, forming a crescent around those lucky few who were to be sat on first.

Five warriors, selected at random by Yarna, also came forward, and knelt between the victims' outstretched legs. In their wake, came several more soldiers, two to a man. Each woman seized hold of a leg, preparing to hold the men fast when, as it surely would, their struggle to escape began.

Satisfied that all was as it should be, Yarna gave a simple, one-word command. 'Begin!'

Deep breaths were taken, hips were wriggled and arms came forward to secure a victim between each woman's legs. One by one the men were gripped, four hugged as tightly as was possible to shaven cunts, one taken into a long, hairy crack and firmly secured.

Immediately, one after the other, each man lurched, torsos wriggling furiously, legs lashing out in fear. The soldiers held on fast, ensuring no man was able to escape. Without their help, Yarna knew that each woman – untrained as she was in the art of queening – would have been shifted from the saddle.

Only the old man lying beneath his servant's arse showed signs of keeping his struggle to the minimum. As for the other men, with their mouths fastened to their wives' pussies, they fought and bucked for several minutes until at last, one by one their bodies grew weak and their cries for mercy increasingly muffled.

'Oh, husband!' wept one of the women, 'Forgive me! Forgive me!' The soldier between his legs, judging the moment to be right, gave his cock one final squeeze and he came, jism flooding across his belly. A moment later, he lurched dramatically, released a muted shriek and finally stopped moving.

Two more fell still, their cocks exploding in rapid succession. The old man trapped inside his servant's arse had been the first to fall silent, but, subdued from the start, even his orgasm at the moment of truth had gone unnoticed.

One man, however, was not so fortunate. Aware of his frantic efforts to free himself from her cunt, his wife could take no more, and opened her legs for an instant, allowing him to breathe. Almost immediately, she realised her mistake and came forward again, trying to pull him back and secure him a second time. But it was too late – the damage had been done.

'Release your man!' said Yarna. 'He must lie between a woman's buttocks now!'

'No!' cried his wife. 'Let me try again! I will show him no mercy this time! I beg you – have pity!'

Yarna gave a signal to two of her soldiers, who came forward quickly and yanked the woman to her feet. A third warrior approached, her big buttocks wobbling like fleshy sacks of water. She turned her back on the man, bent low and exposed the long, hairy channel of her arse. At the very centre of her crack, the dark jewel of her anus opened and closed with deadly intent.

‘Mount your man!’ said Yarna. ‘Make him suffer!’

‘Heaven help me!’ screamed her victim, his eyes blazing as he saw his wife standing to one side, weeping. ‘What have you done to me, wife! What have you done?’

And then he spoke no more, as the soldier’s arse came down over his face and reduced his cries to muffled shrieks of terror...

## Six

The five men had been rendered senseless and taken away to recover. For two at least, their days of slavery would be grim indeed. As for the woman whose husband had been made to suckle on a soldier's arse – she was beside herself with despair. Landorh had tried, but failed, to console her. She had left with the other women. They had done their best to comfort her, too, but with equal lack of success.

Now, Landorh knew, it was the turn of he and his men to lie between these women's legs and undergo their final subjugation. One or two were already shuffling nervously, their anxious faces betraying fear. Landorh did his best to calm them. He knew well enough there was no escape; that any who resisted could expect the same fate suffered by the man whose wife had failed him at the last.

One by one, the men were bound, and made to lie face up on the floor. Cushions were placed behind their heads and women chosen to carry out the deed. Legs were held fast and penises gripped. Landorh wondered what it would feel like to be spilled at the moment of truth. Would the pleasure numb the pain of oblivion? Would the excitement he must feel throughout – milked as he would be from start to finish – ease the agony of a slow, determined suffocation?

He was still mulling over these thoughts when the door burst open and four soldiers entered, dragging two prisoners between them.

'Landorh!' cried the younger of the men, and at once the king recognised his brother, Dhelf. A moment later, he saw, too, the familiar features of his companion in misery: his ancient adviser, Ardour. Both men had been stripped naked; Ardour, for his part, was struggling to conceal the limp, heavily-veined shaft that dangled between his long, pencil-thin legs.

Dhelf's face was white with terror, his red, bloodshot eyes puffed and swollen.

'Ladorh!' he cried, on seeing his brother lying naked on the floor in front of him. 'What is happening?'

'We are to be sat on,' said Ladorh calmly, desperate to show his brother no fear. 'And conquered at the cunt.'

'By all that is sacred, Ladorh!' screamed Dhelf fearfully. 'I am also to be sat on!'

'Then lie beside me, brother,' said the king. 'And let these women take us together.'

'You do not understand!' cried Dhelf. 'I am to be smothered at the arse!'

'I, too, am likewise condemned!' screamed Ardour. 'In heaven's name, Ladorh! Save us!'

'Explain yourselves,' said Yarna, addressing the four intruders.

One soldier spoke for all: 'We found these men in the tunnels. They were trying to escape. We were about to sit on their heads when the old man told us he was the king's adviser, and this young boy his brother. We thought it best to bring them to you. If the young one is of royal blood, we knew you would want to sit on him yourself.'

'You did well,' Yarna told them, then turned to Ladorh and said, 'Is this true? Is this boy your brother? And the old man your adviser?'

'Yes,' said Ladorh. 'It is true. And I beg you. For my sake, spare them both. Ardour has been my family's faithful servant all his life. He has never known a woman, never even seen one naked. Can you not see the terror in his eyes?'

'And the boy?' said Yarna, ignoring Ladorh's plea. 'Why should I spare

him?’

‘He is young, and, like Ardour, innocent of the world’s ways. Ardour sought not to run, but to save him. I gave instructions for him to take the boy away and he obeyed. Neither is a coward. They only followed my orders, as their king. I beg you to show them mercy.’

‘What say you to this?’ Yarna inquired of the guards. ‘Does he speak the truth?’

‘No,’ replied the soldier who had spoken before. ‘The old man was terrified. He begged us not to sit on him. Sit on the boy, he said. The boy is the king’s brother. Sit on him, not me.’

‘Lies! Lies!’ squealed Ardour, but Landorh knew who the liar was. He had tried to save them both and this was how the old man had repaid him. He would show him no more pity.

Yarna saw it in his face, too. Turning to address Landorh, she said, ‘The old man is a coward. He must be bound, held fast and smothered without mercy. You have seen how we treat cowards. He must face the judgment of a woman’s arse. But you are his king and I will grant you this favour. You may save him from his fate. Say the word and I shall set him free.’

Ardour’s eyes lit up at once, his face and body agitated, his hands opening and shutting rapidly. ‘Landorh!’ he cried. ‘Landorh, give the word! Give the word, I beg you!’

A long silence followed, broken only by Ardour’s rasping breath as he waited for his king’s decision. When Landorh finally spoke, the blood drained from the old man’s face.

‘Punish him as you would any coward,’ said Landorh. ‘Let him suckle on a woman’s arse! Let him be smothered as no man has been smothered before!’

‘Nooooo!’ cried Ardour. ‘Landorh! What have you done? What have you done?’

‘You would have sacrificed my brother to save yourself,’ said Landorh bitterly. ‘You have betrayed me, Ardour. Now you must suffer for your deed!’

‘In heaven’s name!’ cried Ardour. ‘Have pity, I beg you! Do not let these women sit on me!’

‘If I were not bound,’ said Landorh, ‘I would hold your legs myself while a woman straddled you!’

Immediately, Yarna knelt down, pushed Landorh over onto his side, grappled with his bonds and a moment later he was free. He sat up, rubbing his wrists.

‘The old man has betrayed you,’ said Yarna. ‘You will have your revenge on him.’

Before Landorh had time to marshal his thoughts, Yarna barked orders at Ardour’s guards. ‘Pin him on his back. No need to waste rope. Once mounted he will not shift a fully grown woman from the saddle.’

Within seconds, Ardour had been wrestled to the floor. One of the soldiers straddled his chest, pinning his arms to his sides.

Yarna smiled at her warmly. ‘As yours was the capture,’ she said, ‘your arse shall claim its reward. Open yourself up. Let the old man see your secret place.’

Without hesitation, the soldier reached back and drew her buttocks apart, exposing her long hairy crack, and the dark, knotted anus at its heart.

Though still bitter, Landorh felt a pang of pity for his old servant. Ardour had hoped to save himself, yet in doing so had condemned himself to a dreadful fate.

Yarna knelt down, gazing into the old man’s eyes. ‘He who lies between a woman’s cheeks, must worship at her arse every day of his life. Prepare to

enter paradise, old man ... *or hell!*'

Catching sight of Landorh moving towards him, Ardour cried out, 'Do not hold me, Landorh! Do not hold me down, I beg you!'

'Smother him!' cried Yarna to the soldier sitting on his chest. 'I tire of his bleating voice!'

The woman sat back at once, and covered his face with her arse. Immediately Ardour kicked: a frenzied blur of legs, lashing out from side to side. Landorh had waited a fraction too long and it took him almost a minute to secure a firm hold on his servant. But once he had the tiny ankles in his big, powerful hands, the old man was trapped. He tried to kick, but Landorh held on grimly, restricting any movement to the minimum.

Which was more than could be said for the soldier sitting on Ardour's head. She wriggled like a woman possessed, grinding her bare bottom over his face, clutching with excitement at her breasts. Grunting furiously, she bore down with all her weight, pressing her anus around his nose, and filling his mouth with her cunt.

Landorh began to lose track of time. Ardour's struggle was a monumental one, belying his age, and frail appearance. Muffled squeals rose up from between the soldier's legs: cries for mercy that went unanswered. Finally, to the king's huge relief, Ardour gave one last dramatic lurch and fell still. His penis was fully erect, nudging up against the inside of his smock, like a monstrous tent-pole. He had not been relieved, yet his excitement at the moment of truth was horribly clear.

'Does it surprise you?' asked Yarna, addressing Landorh. 'That a man may fear the taste of a woman's arse – yet his cock tells a different story?'

She laughed, but not viciously. 'You may think it unkind we did not milk him. But he is old and the shock might have proved too great. We take men without mercy – but we are not cruel. Not unless,' she added slyly, 'we have to be...'

Landorh rose – exhausted now, and not a little ashamed. Glancing around, he knew his men, secured on their backs and awaiting a similar fate to Ardour's, had watched his every move.

It raised his depressed spirits when one of his men called out, 'I would have held him, too, sire, had he betrayed me as he betrayed you.'

'I, too!' cried another, and then they all joined in.

'Your men are loyal,' remarked Yarna. 'My soldiers will finish them off quickly. None shall suffer more than he must – and all shall be relieved at the moment of truth.'

Landorh thrust his hands behind his back. 'Then bind me, again, that I may join my men in our final battle.'

'Well spoken,' said Yarna. 'But have you not forgotten something? The matter of your brother here.'

Landorh frowned. 'I have told you – he is no coward and must be spared.'

'He cannot be spared,' said Yarna. 'He, too, must know the taste of a woman's arse.'

'No!' cried Landorh. 'He is but a lad! Spare him, please! I beg you!'

A few yards away, Dhelf fell to his knees, sobbing and clawing at his face. 'I don't want to be smothered! Landorh! Don't let her use her bottom on me – please!'

'Soldiers!' said Yarna. 'Bind the boy! He is of royal blood. I shall sit on him myself!'

'No!' cried Landorh again. 'Take me instead! Ride me as you have never ridden any man before, but spare my brother!'

Yarna stopped in her tracks. She wheeled around, a surprised look on her

face. 'You would do this for the boy?' she asked. 'Condemn yourself to a life of shame?'

'Yes!' said Landorh strongly, though his insides were shaking. 'I will offer homage to your arse, if you will spare my brother.'

For several seconds, Yarna said nothing, then, taking Landorh by the shoulder, she steered him away from the group and addressed him quietly at a short distance. 'I will do as you ask,' she promised him, 'but on one condition.'

'Name it,' answered Landorh.

'The boy must be punished. You know the rules of war. All men must be sat upon. This I cannot change. I will let you take his place beneath my arse. But he himself must lie between my woman's legs and suckle on my cunt.'

Again the blood drained from Landorh's face. 'Is there no other way?' he asked, devastated.

'None,' said Yarna. 'These are my terms. You must accept them or I shall take the boy into my crack.'

Landorh could hardly bring himself to reply. He knew what his answer must be, but it ripped out his heart to utter the words. 'Very well,' he said at last. 'But may I tell the lad myself. That he may prepare?'

Yarna nodded. 'You are both of royal blood. I will allow your request. But do not delay. Other men remain to be smothered. My soldiers grow anxious to set about their work.'

With a heavy heart, Landorh walked towards his brother. Dhelf shuffled nervously, flanked by his female guards, his face a picture of despair. Yarna waved her soldiers away, so that Landorh might speak to his brother in private.

‘What does she say, Landorh?’ asked Dhelf anxiously. ‘Has she promised to spare me?’ He took a tight grip of his brother’s hand and said, ‘Please tell me she will not use her bottom on me, Landorh. Please tell me I am not to be smothered. Not like Ardour!’

‘She will not smother you with her arse,’ Landorh reassured him. ‘I have struck a bargain. But there is a price to be paid. You must suckle at her cunt instead.’

‘Heaven help me!’ cried Dhelf, tightening his grip on his brother’s hand. ‘I have seen how these women conquer men. There were four of us in the tunnel when we were captured. The other two men in our party – they begged the women not to sit on them. But the soldiers showed no mercy. They made us watch as they smothered our friends with their pussies! How they struggled, Landorh. But they could not shift the women from their heads! I do not want to struggle – not like that!’

‘There is no other way!’ said Landorh firmly. ‘You are a full-grown man now, and must face a man’s punishment. Better to suckle on a woman’s cunt than on her arse.’

‘I will not survive!’ cried Dhelf. ‘She will smother me to death! I know she will! She will kill me with her pussy!’

‘No, brother!’ said Landorh, desperate to comfort him. ‘It is not their way. They seek merely to shame us into submission. But it is no shame to be smothered at the cunt. It is an honourable defeat. Yarna will not harm you. She has given me her word. She will subdue you quickly.’

He did not have the courage to tell his brother that in return it was he, not Dhelf, who would lie between Yarna’s buttocks. Better, perhaps, that his brother did not know.

For several seconds, the younger man looked as if he were turning something over in his mind. Finally, and anxiously, he said, ‘Landorh – I know they will hold me down. That they will milk me at the moment of truth and that Yarna will empty herself into my mouth. And I am afraid... Will you help

me?’

‘There is nothing I can do,’ said Landorh sadly. ‘I have saved you from her woman’s arse. I cannot save you from her cunt.’

‘Then take my hands. Do not let her bind my arms behind my back. You must hold me down as she does her woman’s work on me.’

Landorh’s face darkened. ‘You cannot ask this of me, brother. I will feel your struggle, know your fear – and it will cut me to the quick.’

‘Please, Landorh,’ said the younger man. ‘Do this for me. I beg you. It will give me courage when I am most in need of it.’

Landorh bowed his head. The look of utter despair in his brother’s face had melted his heart.

‘Very well,’ he said reluctantly. ‘If it is your wish.’

‘It is,’ said Dhelf, placing his other hand around his brother’s wrist and looking dreadfully forlorn.

‘Then I will ask if she will permit it.’

‘It is an unusual request,’ said Yarna, having listened to his plea. ‘But I will grant it. Now let us put an end to this. Bid your brother lie on his back and prepare himself for battle.’

Landorh did as she asked, but with a heavy heart, and eased his brother into a prone position. Dhelf was visibly shaking, his lips moving rapidly as if in silent prayer. Two women came forward and took a firm hold of his legs. A third knelt at his groin and took his penis in her hands, stroking him gently into life. Dhelf released a muted squeal as a wave of pleasure shot through his shaft, and his balls jerked in their sacs. Then Landorh came behind him, reached down, took hold of his wrists and straightened out his arms.

Yarna strode forward, stepped across the young man’s body and squatted low

over his chest. Raising her hips, she shuffled forward until her long, puffy slit was directly over his head.

‘This is it, brother,’ said Dhelf, gazing directly into Landorh’s eyes. ‘I am to be smothered at the cunt. Hold me fast – for I am frightened.’

‘I shall not fail you, brother,’ answered Landorh. ‘Now prepare yourself – for you are Yarna’s man now!’

With a huge effort of will, Dhelf tore his gaze from Landorh’s comforting face and gazed up into the fat, sparkling folds of Yarna’s pussy. Reaching down, she peeled her flaps apart, exposing the tender pink flesh of her inner lips.

‘Take me quickly!’ cried Dhelf. ‘I beg you, take me quickly before my courage fails!’

‘In the name of all women, Dhelf, royal son of Brandor – I conquer you with my cunt!’ cried Yarna and dropped her pussy directly over his nose and mouth, reaching down and holding him close with her powerful hands.

The young boy lurched, and Landorh heard the muffled squeals that broke from his mouth, only to be silenced by the meaty wall of Yarna’s flesh. His eyes rolled back and met Landorh’s stare. The older man felt the terror in his brother’s body as his arms jerked furiously and his fingers clawed the empty air.

Over and over again, he heard Dhelf’s muffled cry of ‘Landorh! Landorh!’ break against the fleshy walls of Yarna’s cunt. He knew the boy was desperate to be free, to use his hands to push at Yarna’s hips and shift her from his face. But Landorh knew he must be strong. If he were to weaken now, and permit the youngster even one tiny gasp of air, the bargain would be broken and Yarna would have no mercy. She would take him into her arse and smother him slowly. The boy’s torment would be all the greater and, though it pained Landorh to see Dhelf suffer, he knew he was saving him from a greater misery yet.

A minute passed, and then another. Dhelf still threshed wildly, but the crisis was nearly upon him. Yarna's breath was coming in short, sharp bursts, the sweat from her face running down her neck, coating her breasts, dribbling down her belly and into her groin.

'I am close!' she gasped, alerting the woman at Dhelf's cock. 'My work is almost done! Bring him to fruition!'

Between her legs, Dhelf's eyes rolled backwards and met Landorh's mortified stare. One last muted squeal of 'Brother, save me!', one final desperate attempt to break free of Landorh's grip and the two of them – Yarna and Dhelf – reached the moment of truth together. He roared his release into her cunt as he spilled himself across his belly, the woman at his groin timing his release to perfection. Yarna came, too, emptying her cunt into Dhelf's open mouth, filling his throat with her juices as she collapsed across his body, gasping, cursing and weeping like a child.

Landorh let go of his brother's wrists and fell back on to his haunches, utterly spent. The young man's ordeal was over, but his, he knew, was about to begin.

It was several minutes before Yarna was ready to address him. Dhelf, sleeping peacefully now, was lifted bodily by two soldiers and carried from the room. Landorh knew better than to inquire further. As both would soon be sworn to Yarna's service, he prayed they would meet again. As he was to be of a lower order than his brother, however, he wondered when, if ever, that time might be.

But that was for the future. Now he must prepare himself, as his brother had prepared. He hoped he would behave with more decorum than had his ancient servant, Ardour.

Beside him, he heard Yarna speak. 'You will lie on your back now. Shall I bind you?'

'No,' said Landorh. 'I give you my promise. I will not try to shift you. My face is forfeit to your woman's arse. You must do with me as you will.'

Yarna responded with a curt nod. All around her, Lendorh's nobles, already stretched out on their backs, prepared themselves with quiet prayers. They knew that they, too, were about to be mounted and taken to a woman's cunt.

Lying on his back, with Yarna's huge backside bared and open above his head, Lendorh stared resolutely into her long, hairy crack. The dark jewel of her forbidden mouth, that which he must shortly honour, winked back at him: a taut, muscular sheath of wrinkled muscle at which, he now knew, he would worship for the rest of his days.

'Bid your men prepare themselves....,' said Yarna, '... for the battle they cannot win.'

Lendorh's voice sounded firm and strong around the room. 'Have courage, my friends,' he counselled them. 'Do not resist or show these women fear. Extend your tongues and give them pleasure as you come. They will know that we are men – and go to our fate as warriors!'

'Fine words,' said Yarna. Then, addressing her own troops, cried out, 'Mount your men – and smother at will!'

Lendorh steeled himself for Yarna's arse, and was surprised when it did not immediately fall across his face.

'You are not reprieved,' said Yarna. 'I wish you to hear the sound of your men struggling between my soldiers' legs before I take you into my crack. Listen to their screams, Lendorh. For all your worthy words, they fear a woman's cunt and battle to escape its grip.'

Despite himself, he knew that what she said was true. However strong a man's resolve, a time must come when his body took over; then he would resist his attacker with all its strength. And so it was. Already, all around him, he was aware of his men's pathetic struggles, as they wriggled on their backs, twisting frantically, and grunting their despair into big, merciless cunts.

‘Now it is your turn, Lendorh, King of Staveling,’ said Yarna loudly. Reaching back, she peeled her buttocks apart, opening herself up again, exposing the long, hairy trench of her crack. Lowering herself a fraction, she passed her anus across the tip of his nose, offering him the heady scent of her forbidden hole. Gazing into the crater itself, he saw the tiny hairs that grew around the edges of the taut, muscular knot. The mouth itself opened and closed once or twice as she flexed her sphincter, the dark brown flesh pulsing with ominous intent.

‘My arse is coming for you, Lendorh, King of Staveling. Prepare to face the hole that all men fear!’

‘It holds no fear for me,’ he told her defiantly. ‘You do not force your little mouth upon me – I kiss it willingly.’ And then, to her great surprise, he raised his head and pressed his lips to her rim.

His tongue came out and probed the heart of her wrinkled well, fashioning itself into a pointed spear, waiting for her attack.

With a loud, triumphant cry, Yarna lowered herself onto his face. As his tongue sank slowly into her body, she closed her buttocks tightly around his head and began her woman’s work...

THE END

If you enjoyed *Bared for Battle*, you’ll hopefully enjoy other novels and short stories by Dark Rider. Here’s a short extract to whet your appetite...

FROM

DEVIL QUEEN

‘Your cock belongs to us,’ Venyn reminded Lorcan, rubbing his length,

relishing the sight of the shaft unfurling and growing to its full height. She heard the young man's sharp intake of breath. 'I will take you to the very edge,' she said. 'Tell me when you are close to fruition. It is important that you do not come, until I give the word.'

With that she began to rub a little harder with the one hand, while cupping his sacs in the palm of her other. Anya, meanwhile, moved in a little closer, lifted up a breast and pushed her teat towards Lorcan's face. He turned towards her, his lips opening around the fleshy gourd, sucking her into his mouth. Roseene moved in behind him, pressing herself against his back, moulding her flesh to his, her powerful hands kneading his shoulders. Not to be outdone, Gellyn knelt down and slid her hands between Lorcan's legs, parting his buttocks, her fingers probing into his crack, searching for his hole.

The young man screamed his pleasure into Anya's flesh, and Venyn felt his cock jerk strongly. 'Your time approaches,' she whispered into his ear. 'Four women cannot be resisted.'

He grunted into Anya's teat and jerked again. Venyn reached down, took hold of his balls and pulled. She felt the seed swirling through his sacs: warm, thick and desperate to be free. The tendons in his cock were tight and trembling. Venyn closed her eyes and waited for the sudden twitch at the base of Lorcan's shaft that would signal his release. The moment she felt it, she pulled hard on his prick and squeezed both his balls. Lorcan yelped with pain, clamping his mouth around Anya's bare breast. She wrapped her hands around the back of his head and held him to her tenderly, aware of his discomfort.

Venyn leaned in close and whispered into Lorcan's ear. 'I'm going to suck on you, now,' she told him. 'You will spill some seed. Not much, just a little. I'll help you stem your flow, but you must also try to resist. Do you understand?'

Lorcan nodded into Anya's breast, grunting feebly. Pain and pleasure battled for supremacy in his groin. He winced with excitement as Venyn closed her lips around his cock and took him into her mouth. Almost immediately, he felt the semen pump into his shaft and begin its journey up his shaft.

‘I’m coming!’ he screamed into Anya’s breast, biting down his pleasure, trying his hardest to hold back.

Venyn squeezed the base of his prick and his excitement abated. She released it a fraction and he surged back into life. Another pinch, another desperate clench of his buttocks as he sought to restrain himself. Somewhere, between his legs, a finger touched his anus, then forced its way into his arse. *Too much! Too much!* He raised his buttocks and pushed against the air, driving his cock through Venyn’s fist. She squeezed, but it was too late. He pumped on regardless, emptying himself into Venyn’s mouth, flooding her throat with his cream, wriggling on the finger in his arse, gorging on the teat inside his mouth.

Somewhere far off, Anya screamed, ‘I’m coming! I’m coming!’ Before Lorcan knew what was happening, she pushed him away, grabbed his shoulders and forced him onto his back. He opened his eyes in time to see her hairy pussy coming down over his face. Instinctively, he opened his mouth to admit her, stretching his lips around the fat, slippery panels of her slit. She pumped herself into his mouth, emptying her juices across his tongue as it thrust up, spearing her sex, and sending her to another peak of pleasure.