

Facesitting ... hard and without mercy!



An Extreme Facesitting Story

C is for CONDEMNED!

BY THE AUTHOR OF *SMOTHER JUNGLE*

D A R K R I D E R

Facesitting ... hard and without mercy!



An Extreme Facesitting Story

C is for CONDEMNED!

BY THE AUTHOR OF *SMOTHER JUNGLE*

D A R K R I D E R

About the Author

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

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

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

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

C

is for

CONDEMNED!

Dark Rider

Copyright © 2017 Dark Rider

The right of Dark Rider to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, electrostatic, magnetic tape, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without prior written permission from the author.

Cover photograph produced under licence from www.123rf.com

Copyright: http://www.123rf.com/profile_tankist276 /
123RF Stock Photo

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[About the Author](#)

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Five](#)

[Six](#)

[Seven](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Plot Summaries of other Dark Rider Books](#)

[Smother Plateau \(An Extract\)](#)

One

Madame Allais drummed her steepled fingers, while her fellow-judges prowled the room like hungry cats. Though the large, recessed window remained shut, the cries from the crowd in the square below echoed around the room.

Crossing the floor in three quick strides, Advocate Celice leaned across the desk, her bare breasts swaying like plump fruit, waiting to fall. 'We must decide,' she announced, before adding, grimly, 'You must decide. Yours is the casting vote.'

Madame Allais returned her look with a weak smile. She and Advocates Celice and Gaudin had been deliberating in private now for more than an hour. Their decision, she knew, would change everything. The entire course, perhaps, of the Revolution itself. The long Rule of Men had at last been overthrown, the brutal wars between the sexes now finally at an end. A new dawn had broken over the world. One which females alone would now fashion.

Women held the upper hand at last, and the clamour for vengeance could not be ignored. Paris itself had been captured, the Bastille emptied and the Council of Men imprisoned, tried, and now – just two hours since – found guilty. Only their punishment remained to be meted out. Death for certain. But the manner? That was the vexed question that must be answered.

'La guillotine claimed women's lives when men held sway,' said Advocate Gaudin, speaking for the first time. 'Now let us use it to punish them!'

Advocate Celice spun round to confront her fellow-judge. 'It is a man's weapon!' she reminded her. 'Fashioned to be cruel, and cold as the blade with which it does its work.' She straightened her back proudly. 'Women rule now – and have weapons of our own to do the deed.'

The other judge shook her head slowly. ‘What you suggest will take us back to the ancient days. When women ruled – and fought with men to keep them in their place. Have we learned nothing from the wars that have riven our world since time began? Should we not learn to live in peace?’

‘There can be no peace with men,’ countered Advocate Celice. ‘I wish it were otherwise, but it is not. We must strike fear into their hearts ... with the weapons Nature herself has blessed us with.’ She turned to face the tall, closed window and gestured with her head towards the loud, unseen crowds beyond. ‘Our people will settle for nothing less. They demand women’s vengeance. We must not deny them...’

Slowly – her large, pendulous breasts swaying gently as she rose – Madame Allais stood up behind her desk. ‘I have made my decision,’ she announced. ‘Let us return to the court ... and pass judgment!’

Two

There was an air of lively anticipation as the door to their private chamber opened and the three judges stepped back into the room.

Behind the low, wooden rail that separated them from the judges' bench, six naked men huddled together in an anxious line. High above them, in the public gallery, women crowded close, those at the front leaning forward as far as they were able to. They were anxious, also, but for very different reasons.

Settling into their fat leather chairs, the three judges waited for the gentle hubbub to fade into silence. As the room grew quiet, Madame Allais cast her gaze along the row of nervous male faces, took a long breath, and finally spoke.

'The Council of Men has been found guilty – as charged – of crimes against the Women's Republic. After much deliberation, we have decided – by a verdict of two to one ...'

A low moan broke from one of the defendants, a young man of scarcely nineteen years, fresh-faced and shaking fearfully. Beside him, an older man – Elder Paquin, Head of the Council – reached out and slipped a consoling arm around the other's shoulder. Madame Allais felt her belly tighten. She felt sorry for the lad – for all of them, in fact. She had no wish to prolong anyone's suffering, even men who had, by their own admission, condemned to death so many women whose only crime had been to ask for freedoms so long denied them.

When the Revolution had come, and women had taken control, Madame Allais had found herself reluctantly thrust into a position of authority. As a lawyer – and a patriot – she had accepted her role, albeit with misgivings. The new ruling cadre – the Amazon Council – had demanded that the enemy be punished.

Examples must be made – so men would know their days of power were at an end.

In honour of their Amazon past – a glorious age that had ended a millennia before – women now proudly paraded themselves bare-breasted, as had their warrior ancestors a thousand years earlier. But there were many who longed to go further: to restore the Days of Empire and return all women to their rightful role, ensuring men would never rise again and rule with violence as they had.

It was in response to such demands that the Council of Men had gone on trial. And why, even now, the judges' decision was so keenly awaited. Their ruling would set the course for a New Republic: one in which women, not men, forever held sway.

'I repeat,' said Madame Allais solemnly, 'The Council of Men has been found guilty – as charged – of crimes against the Women's Republic.' She paused for a moment, aware that a fresh, expectant silence had fallen on the room. Not even a hint of breath could be heard as a hundred or more women – and six frightened men – awaited her judgment.

Reaching for the square of black silk that had been placed directly in front of her, Madame Allais carefully placed it on top of her thick, auburn hair.

'Our law allows for only one punishment. By the power invested in me by the Amazon Council, the defendants are sentenced ...' She paused again, aware of the young man trembling in Paquin's protective grip. Then, taking a deep breath to steel herself, she pronounced those words that would change the world forever.

‘... to death by woman’s bottom!’

‘Nooooooooo!’ An agonising shriek broke from the defendants’ bench, and she saw the young man stumble, tears running down his cheeks. A moment later, tumultuous applause sounded around the court-room.

Gathering herself, Madame Allais hurried on. ‘As from today, no man shall perish at la guillotine. Instead, should his sentence demand it, he will lie inside a woman’s crack – as in the ancient days – and be put to death by her arse’s hole!’

A second, plaintive moan broke from the young defendant – so shrill it carried to Madame Allais’ ears above the cries of joy that still echoed around the room.

‘Silence!’ she demanded, addressing the public gallery. ‘Behave as women should behave – and not as men!’

The authority in her voice had an immediate effect and the screams of delight reduced to happy murmurings.

Turning to address the men directly, she continued in a quiet, unemotional voice.

‘On the third day from now, at the break of dawn, you will be taken from your place of confinement, to a place of lawful suffocation...’

The young man moaned again, cutting her short. Had his friend not held on tight,

he would have fallen to his knees. Madame Allais suppressed a pang of pity for the lad. It was not death that frightened him, she understood well enough, but its manner. His neck might not have welcomed la guillotine, but he feared the embrace of a woman's bottom all the more.

Resuming her speech, she went on more calmly than her thumping heart should have allowed. 'There, you will each, in turn, be sat upon by a bare-bottomed woman ... and smothered at the arse until you are dead. And may your gods have mercy on your souls.'

'We are men!' cried Paquin, finding his voice at last. 'We should die by the axe. Even – mon Dieu! – by the hangman's noose. But not this! Not between a woman's cheeks!'

'It is no shame to die at the hole!' responded Advocate Celice. 'It is Nature's weapon – and given to woman so she might conquer men!'

Paquin shook his head violently. 'It is a cruel and heartless punishment! See how this poor lad weeps. Show him pity, I beg you! Let him to die at the blade – even if we other men must meet our death inside a woman's crack!'

'There can be no exceptions,' replied Madame Allais solemnly. 'You will all perish at the hole.' She rose quickly, to forestall further argument. 'This trial is ended,' she announced. 'Take the prisoners away!'

Three

Returned to the dungeons, the six men roamed their cell in miserable resignation. The young lad, Joubert, sobbed loudly, much to the distress of his companions. Paquin tried to comfort him, but he would not be consoled. The other men – Elders Madiot, Renou, Lemoine and Chauve – made half-hearted attempts to raise his spirits, but theirs had plunged so low it was all they could do not to break down and cry themselves.

‘I do not wish to die at the hole!’ cried Joubert, flinging himself into a far corner of the cell, hugging his knees and weeping freely. ‘La guillotine would be quick, but the hole ... how long will it take? Oh, how long?’

Crouching alongside him, Paquin eyed the lad with genuine sorrow. ‘I cannot say,’ he answered truthfully. ‘The woman may be kind. She may press down with all her weight and smother us quickly. If her bottom is large and her little hole firm, the deed may be done in a matter of minutes. Three, perhaps four at the most.’

‘But we will wriggle!’ cried Joubert stupidly. ‘How we will wriggle in her grip! Trapped inside her bottom’s crack and unable to breathe!’

Resting a hand on the young lad’s shoulder, Paquin’s tone was resolute, ‘Then we must die as men,’ he countered firmly, ‘not weeping as children, but going bravely to meet our fate.’

‘It is easy for you,’ said the lad. ‘I am only nineteen. I was on the Council for just three days. To replace my father – who died in battle. It is unfair! I should not share your fate. I should be spared!’

Paquin shrugged. ‘All members of the Council are guilty in these women’s eyes,’ he reminded him. ‘Your father was guilty and so are you. You may rail against your fate – but a woman’s hole awaits you nonetheless!’

Joubert shrugged himself free of Paquin’s consoling grip and buried his face in his hands, sobbing more miserably than ever.

Rising quickly, the Council Elder addressed his remaining companions. ‘I am sorry it has come to this, my friends. I had hoped for a nobler death.’ He allowed himself a weak smile. ‘Or, better still, no death at all. But not inside a woman’s arse at any rate.’

‘We will not be the only ones to perish in these days ahead,’ said Renou grimly. He was a tall, thin man, with little hair and a hooked nose. ‘I heard the guards speak as we left the court. All over the city, women are taking their revenge. We shall perish in public view, but a thousand men or more will share our fate in the coming days.’

‘Can it really be true?’ asked Elder Madiot, a small, rounded man, with teeth too large for his face and a thin whisper of a beard. ‘Are men being sat upon and smothered, even as we speak?’

‘I heard the talk, also,’ cut in Elder Lemoine, hunching low, his old back buckled with age. ‘One of our guards said she herself had smothered three men only this morning. These women have returned to their primitive ways – and unleashed their little holes as their ancestors did.’

At the rear of the cell, Elder Chauve cleared his throat loudly. ‘How did it come to this?’ he muttered. ‘That women should conquer men and bring us low ... with nothing more than their bare backsides!’

At the mention of ‘bare backsides,’ poor Joubert wailed again, rolled onto his stomach and curled himself into a ball.

‘The lad will let us down and shame his father,’ muttered Elder Renou. ‘A pity he was ever elected to the Council.’

‘A belief he shares with you,’ said Paquin sadly. He opened his mouth to speak again, when a voice from behind caused him to wheel round suddenly. To his astonishment, he saw, outlined dimly in the shade beyond the bars to their cell, the familiar, bare-breasted silhouette of Madame Allais.

As she raised her hand and gestured lightly, Paquin crossed the damp, stone floor and stood before her, half-ashamed at his nakedness, in spite of all that had happened in these past few hours.

‘I would speak with you,’ she announced in a quiet voice. ‘Alone.’

Paquin frowned, but said nothing. A heavily built, bare-breasted guard advanced, turned a big key in the ancient lock and, a moment later, he was following the judge along a narrow, arched corridor. Satisfied they were out of earshot, Madame Allais turned and addressed him directly.

‘I am sorry for your misery,’ she confessed in a low voice. ‘But if I had not passed sentence on you as I did, I have no doubt others would have. This way, at least, I retain some semblance of control over your fate.’

‘Are we to be spared?’ asked Paquin quickly, unable to conceal the hope in his voice.

Madame Allais shook her head. ‘That is beyond me,’ she replied. ‘You have been sentenced to die at the hole ... and die at the hole you will. But ...’ She drew up short, as if struggling with her decision and unable to commit herself fully. Finally, her eyes narrowing sharply in the gloom, she said, ‘The lad – Joubert – he fears a woman’s bottom more than any of you.’

Paquin nodded his agreement. ‘He is young ... and has never seen a woman naked. His father was our Minister of War – killed in a skirmish with the Amazon Army. We elected young Joubert in his place – only four days ago. Hours before the city fell. He played no part in anything we did, and knows he is to die an innocent man.’

Madame Allais waved aside his objections. ‘His innocence or not is of no concern to me. He has been sentenced to death and must be punished in accordance with our law.’

‘The law of women!’ objected Paquin bitterly.

‘As you would have sentenced and punished us!’ Madame Allais reminded him. ‘Had victory been yours and not ours.’ She shook her head and regarded him grimly. ‘You sent many women to la guillotine. You showed us no mercy, and

now we will show you none in return.'

'Then we waste each other's time,' he answered with a dry smile. 'Unless you mean to sit on my head now – and finish me off in this corridor!'

To his surprise, Madame Allais' face darkened. She moved in close and he could feel her warm breath on his skin.

'You sent my entire family – men and women – to la guillotine!' she whispered, not troubling to conceal the bitterness in her voice. 'If I had my way,' she continued, with a gesture at the woman behind her, 'I would indeed have this guard hold you down this instant ... while I took you into my crack and smothered you with my little hole!'

Paquin was taken aback. He had not expected this, far from it, and the venom in her voice chilled him. Worse still, it brought home to him his inevitable fate. In three days' time, a bare-bottomed woman would take him into her crack ... and suffocate him with her little hole. It was a terrifying thought.

Madame Allais retreated several steps, and her breathing became more measured. His did not. His heart was racing furiously now, and he felt sick to his stomach.

'You have a wife,' she said quickly. Another remark he had not expected. His eyes narrowed fearfully.

‘She is blameless,’ he insisted. ‘Your Republic has said it will not take its revenge on women – even the wives of those you condemn.’

‘And we will not,’ Madame Allais assured him. ‘Our quarrel is with men, not those they have corrupted with their lies.’

Paquin opened his mouth to respond, then thought better of it.

‘As a woman of the New Republic,’ Madame Allais continued, ‘your wife has rights.’ She hesitated briefly, and he wondered what was coming next. ‘But she has duties, also.’

Paquin frowned. ‘Duties?’ he repeated. ‘I do not understand.’

‘She may be called into service,’ said Madame Allais. ‘To protect both the Republic and our Revolution.’

Paquin’s frown deepened. He did not like where this conversation was going. It made him feel uneasy.

‘Your wife has a little hole,’ said Madame Allais bluntly, ‘and there are many men to be dealt with.’

‘No!’ Paquin’s face turned grey. ‘You cannot make my wife sit on a man! Not on his face! Never!’

Madame Allais shrugged. 'It would not be my decision. It would be for the Council of Women to decide. But a word from me ...' She paused again. 'Either way... Do we understand each other?'

Paquin released a heavy sigh. He understood this woman only too well. 'What do you ask of me?' he muttered. 'I am a prisoner here – and soon to be sat upon myself. I can give you nothing.'

'I do not ask for anything,' she said. 'Not for myself. I ask for Joubert.'

Paquin's brow furrowed and his head jerked back a little, 'Joubert?' he repeated. 'Again, I do not understand. What has the lad to do with anything?'

'It would suit the Council of Women to have him dragged to his fate, screaming for mercy and weeping like a child. But as you have remarked yourself, he is an innocent. Given time – I have no doubt – he would have ordered many deaths. As you yourself and your fellow Elders have done. But he did not have time and, in many ways, his role in this affair is blameless.' She shook her head wearily. 'He must die at the hole – for that is the law – but I see no reason he should suffer.'

'But unless you mean to pardon him, he cannot avoid his fate,' said Paquin glumly.

'No, he cannot,' conceded Madame Allais. 'Not in private, at least. But he can be spared a public humiliation. You have it in your power to save him from that.'

‘I?’ muttered Paquin. ‘How can I save him?’

‘I have arranged a visiting pass for your wife. She will arrive tomorrow morning at 10 of the clock, and be admitted to your cell without hindrance.’

‘She comes here?’ muttered Paquin blankly. ‘But to what end?’

‘She is your wife and, as such, I have already remarked, has certain rights. One of which ... is to carry out your execution herself.’

Paquin’s jaw dropped low and a look of utter horror transformed his face. ‘No!’ he cried. ‘You cannot mean my wife is to sit on me? To finish me off with her bottom!’

‘It is her right,’ Madame Allais repeated. ‘But not, in this case, her duty. Should you beg her to save you from public humiliation – and to finish you off in your cell – she is at liberty to take you into her bottom’s crack and smother you with her little hole.’

‘She would not do such a thing!’ protested Paquin. ‘It is unthinkable!’ He drew himself up straight. ‘Nor would I ask her to. If I am to die, I will die with my friends. I will not take the easy way out.’

Madame Allais gave a light shrug. ‘I would not expect you to. But your wife will attend you nonetheless. Should you not wish to avail yourself of her services,

there is always young Joubert...'

'Joubert?' Paquin's eyes narrowed as he repeated the other man's name. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully as realisation dawned. 'You cannot mean...' He let the sentence slip away and shook his head vigorously. 'He would not agree – even if my wife were to take pity on him.'

'He would not have to agree,' said Madame Allais. 'If you and your friends were to hold him down, your wife could do her woman's work...'

The colour drained from Paquin's face. 'What you propose is monstrous! I would not do it!'

Madame Allais moved in close again, her dark brown eyes boring into his. 'Would it not be a kindness to finish him off in private? In public, the process will be long drawn out. Each of you will be smothered in turn. He may not be the first to be sat upon, and, even if he is, the deed will not be done quickly. He will hear the cheering of the crowds and know how much they long to see him sat upon. Your wife could spare him that.'

Paquin shook his head. 'I do not know. What you ask ...' Again, his voice trailed away.

'The choice is yours,' said Madame Allais. 'Think carefully. The lad is doomed either way. Only you can ease his torment.' Then, with a gesture to the woman behind her, she stepped to one side, and Paquin was escorted back to his cell.

Four

None of the men slept well that night, poor Joubert least of all. As for Paquin, he tossed and turned, unable to find peace as his thoughts ran first one way, then the other. He had it in his power to end one man's torment sooner than later: whether his own or young Joubert's. But either decision seemed monstrous to him. Finally, at a little after dawn, exhausted yet strangely alert, he sat stiffly upright, his decision made.

He breakfasted in silence, avoiding the other men's company – not easy in their crowded cell – and waited. When at last he saw the familiar outline of his wife, Beatrice, appear outside the cell, flanked either side by bare-bosomed gaolers, he knew the evil moment had arrived. His wife herself, as was the custom now, was also naked from the waist up, her large, pendulous breasts quivering gently, her plump, cork-like nipples long and proud in the cool, early-morning air. She blushed a little, aware of the other men's eyes as they caught sight of her bare breasts for the first time.

As before, the cell door was quickly opened and Paquin ushered into the corridor beyond. A moment later, he and his wife were face to face and embraced each other warmly.

'My poor husband!' she cried, breaking away, and regarding him tenderly. 'That it should come to this!'

Paquin gazed back at her and shrugged. 'You are safe,' he muttered gravely. 'That is all that matters. They have not cast you out of our home?'

She shook her head sharply. 'No. I have been told that as long as I do not oppose the New Republic then, as a woman, I will not be punished.'

Paquin nodded. 'That, at least, is a comfort to me.' He bit his lip and shifted awkwardly. 'And now there is something I must ask you – though it pains me to do so.'

Beatrice reached out and took hold of her husband's arm. As she moved in close, the double-bulge of her bosom flattened against his chest. 'You have only to ask it, husband,' she whispered. 'Though I am a woman, you have always treated me well.'

'I have sent many of your sex to la guillotine,' he conceded, 'and am an enemy to the Republic. I will not lie to you. Were it within my power, I would cast aside this new regime and punish its leaders as I have punished others before.'

Beatrice's eyes dimmed sadly. 'I know,' she replied in a quiet voice. 'And I am sorry for it.'

'You know I am to die at the hole?' he continued bluntly. 'Held down inside a woman's crack and smothered without mercy?'

His wife nodded. 'How could I not?' she answered. 'I have been ordered to attend and view your final struggle. To watch, as another woman lowers her bottom onto your face...'

Paquin covered his eyes for a moment and sighed. Before he could speak again, his wife hurried on. 'They have told me that should I wish ... that I ... that I may be the one to sit on you! There! I have said it! I could take you with my own

little hole!’

Paquin broke away for a moment and held her at arms’ length. ‘I know,’ he muttered weakly. ‘Madame Allais came to see me yesterday evening – and told me this herself.’

Beatrice’s eyes widened. ‘I would do it, husband!’ she cried. ‘Though it would pain me dreadfully – I would sit on your face and do the deed if it would ease your pain!’

Paquin shook his head. ‘I have thought of nothing else all night,’ he admitted. ‘I will not deny it. Were I alone to die at the hole, I would beg you to take me into your bottom’s crack and execute me with your little hole.’ He shook his head a second time. ‘But I am not alone – and such a thing would shame, not please me. However...’

He broke off and chewed his lip anxiously. The words would not come. How could he say what must be said? Ask what he must ask? It was impossible!

Beatrice reached out, and stroked the side of her husband’s face. ‘What is it, my lord?’ she inquired in a quiet voice. ‘Tell me, please. Whatever it is you ask of me, I will do it. You have my word.’

He regarded her thoughtfully for several seconds, then finally found the courage to continue.

‘Young Joubert is beside himself with dread,’ he said in a low whisper, as if keen not to be overheard. ‘He has not known a moment’s peace since our sentence was passed, and weeps from dawn to dusk.’

‘He fears the little hole?’ said Beatrice, her mouth dropping sadly.

‘As no man has ever feared it,’ conceded Paquin. ‘He must live with his terror for two more days, then suffer the pain of watching others being sat upon before his own time comes.’

‘Poor lad!’ said Beatrice. ‘Do you wish me to comfort him?’ She gave a heavy shrug. ‘Though what I could say to ease his pain, I do not know.’

‘There is only one way he can be comforted now,’ said Paquin, cutting in. ‘And that is for his torment to be brought to an end.’

Beatrice’s brow tightened. For a moment or two, she regarded him blankly, then, all at once, comprehension dawned. ‘You ... you would have me sit upon him?’ she muttered. ‘Use my own little hole to end his misery?’

‘I would!’ replied her husband. ‘Though it pains me to ask it of you.’

‘But would he agree?’ said Beatrice. ‘If he fears the little hole as much as you say he does?’

Now it was Paquin's turn to take hold of his wife's arms and hold her tight. 'He would not agree. We men would have to pin him fast while you straddled him. He would not go willingly into your bottom's crack, but it would, I believe, be an act of kindness for you to subdue him as only a woman can.'

Beatrice's mouth dropped open with astonishment. 'You would all be willing to hold him down – while I did my woman's work on him?'

'I have not told the others yet,' said Paquin. 'I wished to ask you first. But, yes – I am certain they would all agree.'

'But would we not be punished?' wondered Beatrice aloud. 'The court has passed its ruling. You are all to die in public surely?'

'Madame Allais has given me her word. She said you had the right to sit on me, but that if you chose not to, then you could sit on another.'

Beatrice frowned. 'You would abandon your chance for a quick end here – between my cheeks – and allow Joubert to take your place?'

'I would,' said Paquin solemnly. 'Though I also fear the hole ... Joubert's dread is the greater. Had his father not perished, he would not have been on the Council of Elders, and would not have shared our fate.'

Beatrice shook her head. 'I do not know if that is true,' she muttered. 'Women are taking their revenge all over the city. Even on my way here today – I have

seen a hundred men or more dragged from their houses and smothered in the street. We have returned to Amazon ways. No man is safe once a woman sets her arse at him!’

‘So you will do it?’ inquired Paquin, aware that time was short and anxious, also, that his own resolve might fail him.

‘I will,’ said Beatrice grimly. ‘Though to do the deed, I will have to bare myself before all.’

‘There is no need for embarrassment, wife,’ he reminded her. ‘We are none of us long for this world now. Your body may bring us comfort – though your actions will remind us of our fate.’

Beatrice smiled warmly, though he saw her shoulders shake. ‘Then let us return to your cell,’ she said quietly, ‘and I will do my woman’s work...’

Five

Instructing his wife to wait – for the present – in the corridor, Paquin returned to his cell alone. For one, he did not wish to alarm Joubert, and, for another, he was keen to speak with his fellow-Elders first, and gain their support for what he proposed.

Alone in his misery, Joubert failed to notice the others huddle together in the far corner of the cell. He himself lay on his side, his face to the wall, hugging himself tightly and sobbing.

‘Your wife will sit on him?’ muttered Renou with a disbelieving shake of his head. ‘He is truly the most fortunate of men.’

‘Would that she could sit on all of us,’ added Elder Chauve glumly, ‘and spare us from a public execution.’

‘I wish it, too,’ said Paquin sadly. ‘But only one can be ridden. I would not leave you to face the end alone – and poor Joubert is so miserable. This seems the kindest way.’

‘You are right,’ agreed Elder Madiot, and, behind him, Lemoine grunted his approval. ‘If only one can be smothered, let it be Joubert – though I doubt he will see it as an act of kindness.’

‘It cannot be helped,’ said Paquin. ‘Better he lie between my wife’s buttocks, than those of whatever hell-fiend means to take us into her crack!’

‘Amen to that,’ sighed Renou wearily.

‘He will struggle,’ mused Lemoine, in a low voice.

‘And who could blame him?’ countered Madiot, before adding quickly, ‘I mean no disrespect to your wife, Elder Paquin.’

‘None is taken,’ replied the other man. ‘Which one of us will not, when we, too, are sat upon and ridden?’

‘How shall we do it?’ asked Chauve. ‘And when?’

‘As we are agreed,’ said Paquin, ‘I will invite my wife into our cell at once. She will disrobe quickly, and begs your forgiveness for displaying herself in the nude.’

‘It is we who should beg her pardon,’ said Lemoine, ‘at having to look upon her nakedness.’ He sighed. ‘At least Joubert himself will not have to suffer as we five will. I hope she will feel her nakedness is a small price to pay for the comfort she will bring him.’

‘She has already told me as much,’ said Paquin sombrely, ‘though it pains her to know she will frighten poor Joubert when she comes for him.’

Elder Chauve puffed his cheeks loudly. ‘At least he will be spared two more days of torment. And I have little doubt the woman who comes for us will not ride us with the care your wife will show to him.’

Paquin drew a deep breath and straightened his back. ‘Then let us do what we must do – and do it quickly.’

Crossing to the far side of their cell, he gave the quick nod that acted as a signal they were to begin. The gaoler immediately came forward, turned a key in the lock and opened the door. Beatrice passed through, her breasts heaving, and her face pink.

Taking a deep breath, she eased her fingers beneath the waistband of her dress and peeled down her voluminous skirt. A moment later, she was as naked as the day she had been born.

Instinctively, all but Paquin looked away. Then, moving as one, the men advanced on Joubert. The poor lad still lay in a heap, hugging himself and weeping, horribly ignorant of the danger he was in. Suddenly, as if some inner sense alarmed him, he turned around and gazed up into Paquin’s troubled face. His eyes widened fearfully and his mouth trembled.

‘What is happening?’ he muttered. ‘Have they come for us? Is it our time already? Surely not?’

Paquin stretched out an arm, the fingers of his hand beckoning. ‘It is your time, my friend,’ he said in a quiet voice. ‘You must prepare yourself...’

‘Prepare myself?’ repeated Joubert, rousing himself from his slumber. As he heaved himself up onto his knees, he saw the group of men part, affording him an unobstructed view of the naked woman at their centre. He released a strangled moan and retreated into himself, arms around his body.

Beatrice opened her arms, as if trying to gently beckon him forward. ‘Do not be afraid,’ she urged him in a soft voice, ‘My bottom is coming for you. It is your time, Joubert...’

The young man’s face turned pale and his eyes widened into pennies of despair. ‘Nooooo!’ he screamed. ‘In heaven’s name, noooooo!’

‘It is better this way,’ said Paquin, advancing quickly, seizing the young man by his shoulders, and hoisting him upright. ‘My wife will take you quickly with her little hole. You will not suffer!’

Realisation dawned and, with it, the last of Joubert’s courage leached away. ‘In pity’s name!’ he cried. ‘Do not sit on me! Do not sit on me!’

Though it cut him to the quick, Paquin knew he must act swiftly. Pushing his concern for the young man to one side, he dragged Joubert forward. At the same time, Renou advanced, one arm around Joubert’s shoulder, preventing any chance of escape. Elders Chauve and Lemoine took hold of a leg each, while Madiot seized him around the waist, leaned in close and whispered, ‘Have courage, Joubert – have courage!’

Joubert, for his part, threw back his head and howled like a wounded beast. Between them, the men dragged him over to some soft matting, and forced him onto his back. Releasing his grip, Madiot gathered up several lengths of rag and bundled them into a makeshift pillow. This he placed beneath the young man's head as the others lowered him into place, and held on tight.

Moving around to the crown of his head, Beatrice positioned her legs either side of his body, and crouched low, bringing her bare backside over his face.

Staring up into her crack, Joubert released another shriek of utter despair. 'I see her little hole!' he cried. 'I see her little hole!'

Looking down between her plump, open legs, Beatrice met the young man's gaze full-on.

'Please don't sit on me,' he muttered miserably. 'I don't want to be smothered!'

'I'm sorry,' she said in a quiet, tender voice. 'This is for your own good, Joubert. To spare you further suffering.'

The young man threw his head from side to side. 'I don't want to be sat on!' he cried. 'I don't want to be sat on!'

Still holding on tightly, Paquin looked up at his wife, with tears in his eyes. He wished it could be otherwise but, for Joubert's sake, they had no choice.

‘You must do it, wife,’ he mouthed quietly and she returned his pained expression with a sad little nod. Then, looking down one last time, she proffered a gentle smile and said, ‘Prepare yourself, Joubert. My little hole is coming for you!’

‘Nooooo! he cried again, twisting strongly, and throwing his head from side to side.

‘You must hold his neck!’ said Paquin, addressing Madiot. ‘We others will pin him down, but you must keep his head in place – so Beatrice may do her woman’s work on him!’

Reluctantly, Elder Madiot moved into position behind Joubert’s head. He shuddered with barely concealed dread as he set eyes, for the first time, on Beatrice’s broad backside. Plump pillows of flesh oozed either side of her long, shadowy crack. At the heart of her deep divide, he caught sight of the tight, wrinkled opening of her anus, its outer edges lined with short, coal-black hairs. Beneath it hung the plump, hairy peach of her vagina, its slit nestling in a bed of auburn fur. Dear Lord! he muttered to himself. To think that in a few short moments that little mouth would be pressed hard against Joubert’s nose, and the swollen maw of her quim thrust crudely into his open mouth!

Steadying his nerves, he reached out, his hands shaking as they stole either side of Joubert’s head. The young man arched his neck, his eyes locked on those of Elder Madiot.

‘Forgive me,’ the latter muttered tearfully, as Joubert’s lips trembled and a huge sob shook his slender frame. ‘But you go to a better place!’

A final, morbid screech broke from the back of Joubert's throat as Beatrice lowered her bottom onto his head, her bare buttocks either side of his face. Madiot swallowed a mournful wail as he saw the woman's anus flatten over Joubert's nose. In two days' time, he realised with a shudder, a woman's arse would come for him – and he, too, would know the deadly embrace of a little hole.

The moment Beatrice was in position, Joubert's body gave a violent jerk. His back arched and it was all the other men could do to hold him down.

'Oh, how he struggles!' cried Beatrice. 'He knows I mean to finish him off! He knows he cannot shift my little hole!'

'Hold firm, wife!' urged Paquin. 'You are doing him a kindness. Better he lie now between your tender cheeks than inside the crack of whatever fiend will ride us!'

'There is another kindness I can do him,' said Beatrice, reaching forward, taking hold of Joubert's penis and cradling it in her fingers. The stem had already grown long and firm, fear and arousal fighting a curious battle between the young man's legs. The moment he felt the touch of her hand, Joubert lurched again, driving his cock through the funnel of her fingers.

From somewhere deep inside her bottom, Beatrice felt a thud of breath against her anus, and a muffled moan ran the length of her crack. Though she could not allow him to escape – for that would be cruel in the extreme – she hoped, as she pumped him freely, that pleasure would distract him a little. Releasing one hand, she cupped the young man's balls and jiggled them playfully. He twisted again, and another muted moan sounded in the depths of her arse.

A moment later, Joubert's body gave a series of tight shudders and he came, spears of semen exploding across his belly.

'That's it!' cried Beatrice, wriggling her bottom from side to side, and bearing down with all her weight. 'Take your pleasure, Joubert! Take your pleasure at my little hole!'

Still gripping Joubert's head, Madiot was forced to use all his strength to keep the young man in place.

'Oh how he struggles to escape!' he cried. 'As soon we shall all struggle!'

As his body gave another violent heave, a final wave of semen gushed from the eye of Joubert's cock. A moment later, he fell still, then jerked several times in quick succession, jumped sharply and finally collapsed. The men held on fast for almost half a minute, lest the poor lad revive. Beatrice, too, remained in place, her anus wide around the tip of Joubert's nose. To her shame, she had come, leaking her excitement into Joubert's mouth. She hoped it had not caused him further suffering, to know that a woman had spent herself in his mouth at the moment of truth.

When at last she rose, it was with some difficulty, her legs stiff and sore from having sat so long. She hardly knew what she was doing, as she pulled on her dress, and Paquin led her away. The cell door opened and two bare-bosomed gaolers entered. In no time at all, Joubert's body had been removed, but not the memory of his final struggle. That would remain with them all now. For it reminded them of the struggle they knew they themselves would shortly face.

‘I must leave you now,’ said Beatrice in a quiet voice, her shoulders trembling.
‘Oh, husband – was I right to sit on him?’

‘You were,’ replied Paquin, though without enthusiasm. ‘Had you not, he would be suffering still. It was a kindness for you to take him into your bottom’s crack and ride him as you did.’

‘I wish I could do the same for you,’ she muttered. ‘For all of you...’

‘If only that were possible,’ replied Paquin sadly. ‘But we must go to meet our Maker between another woman’s legs.’

‘I will be there, husband,’ said Beatrice. ‘When your time comes. Remember that.’

‘I will,’ he answered stoutly. ‘And I know it will give me comfort when my own time comes...’

Six

With Joubert gone, the next two days passed slowly. The survivors spoke little, preferring, in the main, to keep their own counsel. They knew, with absolute certainty, that if they spoke it would be to discuss their part in what had happened. In doing so, they would remind themselves of what was to come as the hour of their own execution approached.

When dawn finally broke on the third day, it found each man already wide awake, his weariness at sleepless nights dispelled by the dark, forbidding fear that gripped his soul.

They ate a sparse breakfast for none had an appetite, and the food itself – a bowl of beans and water – was hardly worth the effort.

When Madame Allais arrived, at the head of a six-strong escort party, it was all they could do to conceal their terror. Elder Madiot – who had held Joubert's head while Beatrice smothered him – stumbled a little as his legs gave way. In his mind's eye, he felt hands on his own head now, holding him still as a woman lowered her arse onto his face...

'Courage,' said Paquin, a reassuring hand clasped to his friend's shoulder. 'Let us not give these women the satisfaction of seeing us tremble in their sight.'

Madiot nodded, but his breathing was fast and ragged. His companions were scarcely much calmer, but gathered themselves as best they could and lined up in a row as Madame Allais strode up and down the cell.

‘A scaffold has been erected in La Place de Republic,’ she announced. ‘A tumbril awaits you in the courtyard, and the journey to your place of execution will take some twenty minutes.’ Her face remained expressionless. She took no joy in knowing that soon each of these men would be struggling for breath inside a woman’s crack.

‘No doubt crowds will line the route and cheer us on our way,’ said Paquin dryly.

‘As they did in days gone by,’ Madame Allais reminded him, ‘when women were sent to meet their fate at la guillotine.’

She walked up and down the line once again. ‘Your wives have been sent for and will attend your execution. Should you wish it, they will hold your shafts and give you pleasure at the end.’

‘In heaven’s name!’ cried Lemoine. ‘What manner of creatures are you?’

Madame Allais turned to face him, and this time she did allow herself a weak smile. ‘We know you are frightened,’ she informed him. ‘You have seen Joubert taken into a woman’s crack and watched him struggle at a bottom’s hole. You saw him take pleasure, too, with the aid of a woman’s hand. We seek only to offer you comfort in your final moments. But the choice is yours. Refuse it if you will.’

Addressing them as a group once more, she looked from one man to the other as she spoke. ‘When you arrive at La Place de Republic, you will be taken one by one from the tumbril to the scaffold. The execution block has been constructed in such a way that though your heads will be locked in place, your arms and legs

are free to move. A wooden frame divides your head from the rest of your body. It is of such a height that you cannot use your arms to protect your face.' She paused briefly. 'It will be best if you keep your heads still, and do not move from side to side ... when I lower myself onto you.'

'You?' cried Paquin. He shook his head in disbelief. 'You are to sit on us?'

'The Council of Women decrees that as I passed sentence of suffocation upon you, my little hole should perform the deed.'

'That is why you allowed my wife to end Joubert's misery,' muttered Paquin. 'It was your right to sit upon him, but you gave it to another.'

'I told you then, as I tell you now,' said Madame Allais, 'I am not a cruel woman. I take no pleasure in smothering you. A sentence has been passed by law and that sentence must be carried out.'

Paquin shrugged. 'If I must lie between a woman's cheeks, then I am glad at least it is between yours.'

'I will do the deed quickly,' she promised. 'Or as quickly as it can be done.'

'Will we be tied down?' asked Lemoine. 'It will make it easier not to resist.'

Madame Allais shook her head. 'Alas, no. The crowds will wish to see you

struggle. I do not approve, but it is not within my power to decide otherwise. Your wives may hold you, if they can – and give you pleasure at the end – but that is all.’

Renou looked bemused. ‘How will a single woman be able to hold us down? If we are free to move and struggling for breath between your cheeks? Such a thing will look foolish. It cannot be done.’

Madame Allais shrugged. ‘Again – the people demand it. And we must give the people what they want.’

‘In what order are we to be ridden?’ asked Elder Chauve, a nervous edge to his voice.

Turning to address him directly, Madame Allais proffered another weak smile. ‘I will sit on you first, then Elders Madiot, Renou and Lemoine.’ She tilted her head in Paquin’s direction. ‘As head of the Council of Men, yours will be the last face I will sit upon.’

She glanced up and down the line with a weary shrug. ‘We must leave now,’ she said. ‘It is your time ...’

Seven

Crowds of baying females lined the route as the broad, wooden tumbril made its slow procession from the prison to La Place de Republic. As the cart passed by, women would often turn their backs, hitch up their skirts and wave their bare backsides at the men.

‘A little hole is coming for you!’ cried one. ‘You die between a woman’s cheeks!’ yelled another. ‘Behold the Eye of Doom!’ screamed a third, flexing her anus crudely.

In street after street, women vented their delight, wriggled their bottoms and yelled obscenities at the condemned men as they passed.

‘In heaven’s name!’ muttered Renou mournfully. ‘Can this truly be happening? Do we live in a world where women rule? And conquer men with their bottoms?’

‘We do,’ sighed Lemoine, the knuckles of his hands white with fear as he clutched the tumbril’s rail, his eyes locked miserably on the rows of dark, hairy cracks that taunted him wherever he looked.

‘Joubert knew fear when your wife came for him,’ said Madiot, addressing Paquin, ‘but if he were with us now, how great would be his dread. We did a good thing.’ He paused. ‘Your wife did a good thing. Would that she could have taken us all into her crack...’

The words were barely out of his mouth, when the wooden cart jerked

awkwardly and turned into the short, narrow street that led directly to their place of execution.

They each had their first sight of the scaffold at precisely the same time. A box-like structure, supported on thick wooden posts, rose some ten feet into the air, affording those women who packed the square a perfect view of proceedings. A staircase at one end led up to the floor of the scaffold itself, where the low suffocation bench had been fixed into position.

Paquin's jaw dropped as his gaze ran the length of the monstrous apparatus. In many respects, it resembled the shape of la guillotine herself. The wooden stock, through which the victim's head was to be inserted, was of a similar construction. By contrast with the old design, however, the stock itself stood at least four feet high. Paquin could see immediately that, once secured in place, even though a man's arms and legs might remain free, they would prove useless as a means of protecting himself, for there was no way his hands could get anywhere near his head.

His gaze remained locked on the dreadful device, as another huge roar broke from the crowd. Madame Allais had travelled on ahead, so as to await their arrival. Cries of delight greeted her now, as she climbed the staircase, a long, black cloak fluttering around her shoulders. Reaching the floor of the scaffold, she turned in a full circle, one hand raised in the air, acknowledging all corners of the square. Then, her hands touched a clasp at her throat and the cloak fell away, leaving her completely naked. At the sight of her large, pendulous breasts, broad hips and bare backside, the cries from the crowd grew more tumultuous still.

Awaiting his fate in the tumbril, Elder Chauve felt a cold knot form in the pit of his belly.

‘Mon Dieu!’ he muttered grimly. ‘I am to lie between those cheeks!’

‘As are we all,’ said Paquin, in a vain effort to console his friend. ‘At least you go first – and will not have to watch, as we who follow you must watch.’

A moment later, two bare-bosomed guards approached, wrenched open the tumbrel’s gate, seized hold of Elder Chauve and pulled him out.

‘They come for me!’ he cried. ‘They come for me!’

‘Be brave!’ responded Paquin, as the gate shut behind his doomed companion. ‘Remember – we are men!’

The others watched in silent horror as Chauve was dragged up the stairs, his arms waving furiously. His evident terror had an immediate effect on the crowd, and they burst into yet more waves of joyful applause.

Still protesting uselessly, Chauve was hauled onto his back and his head swiftly inserted into the gap in the stock. As the clasp was shut tight, a band of leather was wrapped around his forehead, pinning him down. Another strap was fastened around his throat, effectively rendering all movement impossible from the neck up.

Madame Allais came round to the front of the stock, looked down at Chauve and proffered her familiar weak smile. ‘Your wife is here,’ she informed him. ‘If you wish, she will attempt to give you pleasure at the end.’

‘If I wish?’ repeated Chauve. He spoke with some difficulty, for his throat was dry and his lips trembled.

‘Your legs and arms are free. If you struggle, she may not be able to take a firm hold. You will have to remain calm if you are to enjoy the pleasure her hand can afford you.’

‘You say you are not cruel,’ responded Chauve bitterly. ‘Yet you offer me a relief that can surely not be given.’

Ignoring his objection, Madame Allais leaned in close. ‘You may also kiss your wife’s little hole for the last time ... and in doing so offer reverence to all women.’

The colour leached from Elder Chauve’s face. ‘I have never kissed my wife’s little hole!’ he cried. ‘It is the act of a man who has no shame!’

Madame Allais shrugged. ‘You will not acknowledge her as your mistress?’

‘Never!’ he cried again, then choked back a sob of despair as his wife came into view, her bare breasts swinging freely above him.

‘Husband,’ she murmured in a voice trembling with emotion. ‘This woman is to ride you in the ancient way. As only a woman can ride a man. Will you not honour me, too – and let me take you into my crack, even for a moment?’

Beads of sweat broke out on Elder Chauve's brow and a tear welled up from the corner of one eye. 'How can you say such a thing, wife?' he muttered, lips trembling as he spoke. 'I am to die at the hole, I cannot prevent it. But I do not lie willingly inside my executioner's crack ... and will not lie inside yours, either!'

'I will still give you pleasure, husband, if that is your wish.'

Chauve's face tightened bitterly. 'It is not!' he informed her. 'I will die as a man. I require no succour from traitors!'

His wife bowed her head sadly. 'So be it,' she sighed. Then, reaching out, she touched his forehead with her fingers. 'I pray you do not suffer,' she whispered, stepped back, and vanished from view.

The moment her familiar face had disappeared, Chauve felt a pang of remorse. No, more than that – fear ... Despite the anger he felt at his wife's betrayal, of her siding with the New Republic, her presence was, albeit for a few moments only, a source of comfort to him. Now that comfort had fled, and he was alone with the woman who was about to sit on him...

Addressing the assembly, Madame Allais's voice carried loud and clear across the square.

'Women of the New Republic,' she announced, 'the battle for freedom was fought long and hard, and the battle to secure the peace will be no easier. Today,

we put to death five leaders of the defeated regime. Like the Amazons of old, we are women' She clutched her hips and dragged her buttocks open. 'With women's weapons!'

The crowd exploded. Hands thrust high and a volley of shrill, female voices filled the air. It was several minutes before the noise reduced, allowing Madame Allais to continue.

'These men,' she went on, with a broad gesture from Chauve on the execution bench to his four companions in the tumbriel, 'have been sentenced to Death by Little Hole!'

This time a single, concerted cry rose from the assembled mass of joyful womanhood.

'I will now sit on each of these men in turn ... and carry out the sentence of the court!'

Back in the tumbriel, Paquin felt sick to his stomach. He watched, unable to draw a breath, as Madame Allais swung one powerful leg across the execution bench, and positioned herself over Elder Chauve's head.

Chauve himself gazed up helplessly into his executioner's long, fleshy crack. When she reached back, and opened up her arse to expose the dark, wrinkled bud of her anus, he moaned feebly. His breathing came in short, ragged bursts now, his pulse racing, his heart thumping loudly in his chest.

Looking down between her legs, Madame Allais caught the look of abject terror in his eyes and a knot of sadness tightened in her belly. Steeling herself, she said in a low, steady voice, 'Prepare yourself, man ... my bottom comes for you!'

Chauve opened his mouth to protest, a scream of despair still-born in the back of his throat. A moment later, Madame Allais' buttocks squashed themselves either side of his face and her anus pressed against his nose. A warm, earthy scent filled his nostrils and he gagged as the bulb of her vagina pushed into his mouth. The way in which she covered him so quickly not only took him by surprise but starved him of breath in the same instant.

Down in the square, gazing up from the tumbril, his companions looked on in horror. The scaffold was side-on from their vantage point and, when Chauve's arms and legs began to kick, the spasms that shook his body turned their stomachs. His back arched as he propelled himself up onto the balls of his feet, his knees in the air. His hands first thumped, then clawed at the thick wooden stock as if somehow, through effort alone, he might punch a way through, take hold of his executioner's arse and push it from his face.

But he could not punch his way through. The wooden stock was both too thick and too high. As the breath quickly boiled in his lungs, his legs kicked first one way, then the other, all to no avail. When his thighs swung uselessly from side to side, the crowd went wild, cheering and punching the air with their clenched fists.

'We are women!' they cried. 'We are women!'

As for Chauve, he continued to thresh and turn, each twist of his body more pronounced than the one before.

‘In heaven’s name!’ cried Lemoine. ‘See how he struggles! He cannot escape from her bottom’s hole! None of us will!’

Renou tried to look away, but as further cheers broke from the crowd, he found himself stealing another look at the scaffold, and the writhing body of his poor, tormented friend.

As for Madiot, he surveyed the scene through eyes transfixed with horror. It was his turn next, he knew, and already he shook morbidly. When finally the man on the scaffold fell still, and was quickly removed, he retreated to the rear of the tumbril, cowering with fear. He clung on tightly to the cart’s wooden struts as the two guards flung open the gate a second time and came for him.

‘Aid me, friends! Aid me!’ he cried, as they seized hold of him.

The other men looked on in helpless silence as their companion was hauled up the stairs and deposited, protesting furiously, on the suffocation bench. Quickly restrained, he, too, like Chauve before him, was offered relief by his wife’s hand. Unlike Chauve, he accepted with alacrity. Anything, he thought, to distract him from the miserable fate that awaited him. But he, like Chauve, would not let her sit on him. Not only because he refused to swear allegiance to the New Republic, but because it was a dreadful enough prospect that one woman was about to sit on his face, let alone two.

Like Elder Chauve before him, he struggled fiercely, thumping at the wooden stock and kicking his legs in the air. Such was his fury, that it was all but impossible for his wife to get a grip on his cock. It was only as he began to weaken, and his protests grew more feeble, that she was able to pump him

sufficiently hard enough to make him come. His release was not a second too soon. A moment or two after his balls had surrendered their seed, his body jack-knifed strongly, jerked three times in quick succession and finally went still.

After him, Renou and Lemoine followed in their turn, both also choosing to reject a kiss of allegiance, whilst accepting relief from their wives at the end.

As the last of his companions was carried away, Paquin drew himself up straight and offered no resistance when his escorts came for him. He walked steadily, determined to give no outward sign of terror as he climbed the stairs to the scaffold.

Shrugging himself free, he strode towards the suffocation bench and settled himself on his back without help. He took a deep breath to steady his nerves as the stock closed around his throat and his head was carefully secured. The straps were drawn so tight he could barely move. He knew that when Madame Allais lowered her bottom onto his face, he would be unable to turn his face away.

A moment later, his wife, Beatrice, appeared in the corner of his vision. As on every previous occasion, Madame Allais made her by-now familiar request.

‘Will you kiss your wife’s little hole – as a mark of allegiance to our New Republic?’

His reply, when it came, was not the one she had expected.

‘I will,’ he said, ‘but as a sign of allegiance to my wife, not to your accursed state.’

Above the deafening tumult from the crowd, only Madame Allais was able to hear his reply. She gave a brief nod.

‘I grant your request,’ she replied, aware, as was Paquin himself, that the crowd would interpret his action very differently. What of it? she asked herself. This man will soon be inside my crack. What harm will it do now?

Hitching her skirt around her waist, Beatrice threw one leg across his head, and positioned her bottom over her husband’s face. Slowly, she lowered herself until her anus brushed his nose. He breathed deeply, savouring, for the first time in his life, the earthy smell of his wife’s arse. He breathed again as she rubbed her little hole across his face. In a few moments’ time, he decided, when Madame Allais herself mounted him, he would try to recall his wife’s smell and imagine it was she, not Madame Allais, who rode him for the final time.

Having marked him with her scent, Beatrice retreated a fraction so that her anus was now positioned over her husband’s mouth. Gazing up into the little hole, he wondered at the power such a tiny thing could wield. Hard to believe she had used it so recently to end poor Joubert’s misery. Now, as he lay helpless on his back, staring up into the small, hair-lined crater, he found himself wishing that he had not sacrificed himself for Joubert. Better, surely, to have ended his days beneath his wife’s bare bottom than that of Madame Allais. Then again, how Joubert would have suffered over these past few days and even in the past hour. No, his decision had been the correct one. Better this way, whatever the cost...

When his wife lowered her anus onto his mouth, he pursed his lips and lightly kissed the delicate ring of muscle. Then, extending his tongue, he flicked it

around the outer rim, before probing softly into the heart of the hole itself. He did so, not from lust, or even genuine reverence, but from a need to familiarise himself with the weapon with which he was shortly to do battle.

Above him, he heard Beatrice swoon, and her wrinkled rosebud spasm against him. A moment later, she rose and moved away, and he blinked as the early-morning light stung his eyes.

As Paquin's vision cleared, he found himself gazing up into the familiar brown eyes of Madame Allais.

'Would you like your wife to give you pleasure while I sit on you?' she inquired in a soft voice.

'I would,' he replied, 'and will try not to struggle as others have struggled when you have come for them.'

She smiled gently. 'You will do your best, I am sure,' she answered. 'But it will not be easy.' She paused, then added, 'Are you ready?'

'I am,' he replied. 'Do your worst.'

'Then prepare yourself,' she said, swinging one meaty thigh across his head and manoeuvring her bottom into position over his head.

Reaching back, he watched with grim dread as she reached behind and clawed her cheeks apart. Set deep in the centre of her long, dark crack, her anus pulsed, and opened like a tiny heart.

‘My little hole is coming for you,’ she announced in a voice loud enough to carry to the crowd below. Paquin heard the happy cry that rise up in response. ‘In the name of the Women’s Republic ... my bottom comes for you!’

Paquin summoned all his courage not to scream for mercy, or to twist his head even the fraction or so that the stock still allowed. Both actions he knew, would have been pointless, but he considered them nonetheless. But only for the moment or two that it took him to watch, transfixed, as Madame Allais lowered her bare backside onto his face. He breathed as she pressed her little hole over his nose and opened his mouth as wide as he could to admit her vagina. What was the point, he told himself, in fighting the inevitable? Better to remain as calm as he could and allow her to finish him off quickly.

As she pressed down hard, cutting off his breath, Paquin marvelled at the thought that he was lying on his back, his head lodged firmly inside a woman’s arse. He would not have believed it possible, even trussed up as he was, for a woman to finish him off inside her crack. But it was not only possible, it was happening to him now! As it had happened already to his closest friends and colleagues.

It was not, he realised, something for which any man could truly prepare himself. The thought was a ridiculous one. That a woman could do this to a man. That the hole in her bottom could finish him off!

As the pain in his lungs began to grow, it took every effort of will to keep his arms and legs steady. When he felt Beatrice’s fingers close around his already

stiffened cock, his involuntary gasp of delight drive the last of the air from his lungs.

In an effort to remain still, he focused all his attention on the pleasure mounting in his groin. It was not easy. And, when the first of his seed began its rush from his balls to the eye of his cock and out onto his belly, the last of his restraint fled with it. Suddenly, he was clawing at the wooden stock, his back hollowed and his knees thrust high in the air. He snorted violently into Madam Allais' damp, earthy crack – the same crack that had held his friends so firmly within the past hour, and was now gripping him as tightly as it had gripped them.

As his wife's fingers tightened around his shaft, and a second spasm of delight rocked his balls, Paquin arched his back one final time...

THE END

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

Mission of Mercy

Mother Smother!

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

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider

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

Writing as JD Lang

The Taking of Amy

Come Into My Parlour

Pounded by Studs!

Pounded by Her Teacher!

Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!

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

Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall

To Serve Their Master

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

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

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

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

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

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

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

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

Bared for Battle!

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

College Smother!

In 'Revenge of the Facesitting Schoolgirls', three students set out to punish the college janitor, after they discover he's been spying on them in the showers.

Having tested their skills on a young man from a neighbouring boys' school, they lure the janitor into a trap from which there seems no escape...

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

Devil Queen

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

Dungeons of Despair!

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

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

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother 2

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

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

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

Mission of Mercy

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

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

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

Smother Frontline 1

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

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

Smother Frontline 2

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

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

Smother Frontline 3

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

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

Smother Frontline 4

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

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

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

Smother Maid

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

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

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

Smother Plateau

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

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

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

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

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

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

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

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

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

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

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

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Now imprisoned in the Smother Camp, Nathan Blake finds himself in ever-

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

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

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

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

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

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in Marrakech for an ancient annual ritual. In her quest for the Golden Laurel and acceptance as a woman of the tribe, Layla – and her mother – must wrestle naked with a man in the village square. Her mother has already guided her two younger sisters to victory in the past. As the two women take on a man more than twice their size, will it be a third and final triumph for the Amazonian duo?

When Women Hunt 2

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

In 'Storming the Castle!', the Amazon Army's triumphant advance through the Land of Men has been halted at Castle Fendrah. Knowing that reinforcements

will soon arrive to drive them back, the Amazon commander enlists the aid of Freya, a skilled mountain climber, who attempts the near-impossible ascent of the enemy fortress. Her mission is a simple one. Enter the castle, subdue the guards and open the gates – allowing her fellow-Amazonians to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

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

Smother Plateau (An Extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my facesitting adventure novel, Smother Plateau:

The captives knelt in a long, straggling row, their hands bound tightly behind their backs. Immediately before them, set into the soft, clay earth, stood a low stone altar. On it, his arms and legs stretched taut, an old man threw back his head and howled.

'God help me!' he cried, wriggling uselessly. 'This is wrong! This is wrong!'

Away to his left, a woman approached. Tall and naked, her bare breasts swayed freely as she walked. Nimbly, she swung a powerful thigh across the old man's chest, her big, fleshy buttocks casting a shadow over his head.

The man turned his blanched, terrified face away. He screamed at his friends, his eyes wide and weeping. 'Help me!' he cried. 'In pity's name, help me!'

One by one, his companions lowered their eyes, unable to bear the sight. There was nothing they could do. He knew it. They knew it...

It was their friend's turn to suffer now, but soon, they knew, it would be their turn, too... Their turn to be dragged screaming to the altar. To be held down, to weep, wail and plead for mercy. To gaze, helplessly, as another woman swung herself across their body. To look up as she reached back, as this woman now reached back, and clawed her massive cheeks apart...

‘I can see her hole!’ cried the man. ‘In pity’s name! I can see her little hole!’

‘It is your time ...’ hissed the woman coldly. ‘Prepare yourself ...’

‘No!’ he cried. ‘A thousand times, no! I beg you! Not like this! Not like this!’

A light, musical chant floated up from the women gathered in a circle around the altar; around the captives; around the man who screamed and wept between their sister’s legs...

As the chant grew more insistent, the woman on the altar threw back her head and howled into the early morning sky.

‘I offer this man up!’ she cried. ‘In your name, oh mighty Vakardha ... I offer him in holy sacrifice!’

Then slowly, she lowered her hips, her big fleshy buttocks oozing over the old man’s head. As her crack closed around him, he flung out one last, defiant cry. A scream that faded into a muted wail, a muffled groan, and finally ... the silence of a man entombed.

Entombed inside a woman’s living arse ...