

They are women now ... *with women's needs!*



Two Extreme Facesitting Short Stories

COLLEGE SMOTHER!

BY THE AUTHOR OF *SCHOOLGIRLS AT WAR!*

D A R K R I D E R

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Dark Rider

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

CONTENTS

Revenge of the Facesitting Schoolgirls

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Five](#)

[Six](#)

Smother Slave

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Schoolgirls at War! \(Extract\)](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

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

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

**REVENGE OF THE
FACESITTING SCHOOLGIRLS**

One

They hadn't trusted Jake Henderson from the start.

Chrissie summed him up straightaway. 'He looks slimy,' she had said. The others had agreed. But it was only now they had proof.

'I saw him,' said Lucy. 'He was sitting here sniffing all of these, and...,' she wrinkled up her nose in disgust, 'playing with himself.'

'The dirty bastard,' responded Hannah.

They were standing in the janitor's room, studying a dozen photographs spread across the table: an array of young women in various stages of undress. But three in particular stood out, and it was these which so appalled them. They were crudely taken snaps, not all of them in focus. Three young schoolgirls drying themselves off in the showers, every part of them exposed, from their pert little bottoms and hard, rounded breasts, to their long and fluffy cunts.

Lucy pushed one picture away from the others. It was slightly crumpled, and showed a girl's bare arse, taken so close up that it nearly filled the frame. The pink whorl of her anus was clearly visible, the plump bulge of a hairless cunt dangling open between the damp flesh of her thighs.

'That's me,' she whispered shyly. 'He had it pressed up against his nose. As if he was sniffing me.' She swallowed hard. 'As if he was sniffing my ... sniffing my bottom.' Her eyes filled with tears. 'He had another one round his cock. I saw him.'

Hannah's face darkened. One of the photos was badly stained, the girl's features obscured. But she knew who it was at once, the strawberry-shaped birthmark bright against her creamy-white thigh.

'The fucker,' she responded angrily. 'He wanked himself off on my head!'

'He wanked himself off on all of us,' observed Chrissie, leaning forward and studying the remaining pictures closely. Every one of them was covered in a thin sheen of dried spunk.

Lucy shook her head in disbelief. 'I don't understand. I mean, how could he do it? How could he take these photos?'

'He must have drilled a hole in the shower wall.' Chrissie rolled her tongue around the inside of her mouth, the way she always did when she was thinking. 'The changing rooms back onto the storeroom. He must have a camera set up in there.'

Hannah wrinkled her face in disgust. 'The filthy, stinking son of a bitch!' She lashed out with her arm and sent the photos flying across the floor.

'What are we going to do?' asked Lucy. Her tiny, flushed face was a picture of confusion. 'Tell the Head?'

'Old Fatty Howard?' Hannah considered the prospect for a moment, then

dismissed it with a shrug of her shoulders. Waves of blonde hair crashed around her breasts. 'No. She'll only sack him. He needs to be punished. He needs to be really fucking punished!'

'I couldn't agree more...'

The voice came from behind them, and they jumped with fright as a dark-haired, stocky woman emerged from the shadows.

The blood drained from Hannah's face. 'Miss Howard! I ... I didn't know you were there.'

The older woman's face broke into a watery smile. 'Evidently not,' she replied, bending down and gathering up the fallen snaps. She flicked through them one by one, as if examining a hand of cards, tightened her lips and remarked, 'What a disgusting man.'

'We ... we were going to tell you,' mumbled Lucy, then froze like a rabbit caught in headlights.

The headmistress turned an expressionless face towards the tiny girl. 'I'm sure you were,' she answered, and dropped the photos onto the table. 'He'll have to go, of course. No doubt about it.' She paused. 'A pity, though...'

Chrissie frowned. Hannah, too. Only Lucy seemed unmoved, worried less about the janitor's perversions than the fact that she was struggling not to wet herself.

Hannah plucked up the courage to speak. 'Why ... why is it a shame, Miss?'

Miss Howard turned her faded brown eyes towards the tall, large-breasted blonde. 'A first offence,' she answered. 'He'll probably get a suspended sentence. Maybe just a fine. Yet he deserves much more. A punishment he'll never forget.'

Chrissie and Hannah exchanged a puzzled glance. Again it was Hannah who spoke. 'I'm sorry, Miss, I...' she paused, gathered herself and said, 'I don't understand. What do you mean, he should be punished?'

The older woman passed her hand over the photos, fanning them across the table. 'What did you mean?' she answered softly, before looking up, meeting Hannah's gaze and holding it. 'I'm sure you can think of ways to punish him. Very suitable ways. Ways that...' She briefly returned her attention to the table. 'Ways that perhaps only a woman can punish a man...'

Hannah shifted uncomfortably. Her brain felt a little muddled. There were a dozen different thoughts scrambling over each other, each one trying to force its way through to the front. But there was one in particular. One thought pushing all the others into touch...

Miss Howard straightened her back, and retreated several paces. She glanced at her watch. 'I have a meeting to attend. I'm late already. Do whatever you think best.' She looked at Hannah. 'Whatever you decide, I am sure it will be fair.' She smiled and added, 'And hopefully just a little bit cruel. He deserves nothing less.'

And then she turned on her heel, crossed the room and left them as abruptly as she had found them.

It was Chrissie, not Hannah who broke the silence. ‘Did that just happen or was I dreaming?’

‘Oh, God,’ murmured Lucy, snapping out of her trance. ‘She saw the photos. She heard us. She knows everything.’

Hannah ignored the interruption. She was still thinking, weighing matters up.

‘What do we do?’ asked Chrissie. ‘I mean, do we go to the police or what?’

Hannah shook her head. ‘No. You heard what she said. “Do what you want. Punish him”.’

Chrissie seemed less than impressed. ‘Oh, yeah. Great. So what do we do? Give him a detention?’

Hannah looked suddenly very serious. ‘We do whatever we like. Carte blanche. That’s what she meant. We can do anything.’

‘Yeah, but what?’ Chrissie flailed her arms wide.

‘I want revenge,’ said Hannah. ‘I want to teach the bastard a lesson he’ll never forget.’

Chrissie shrugged. ‘Such as?’ she asked.

Hannah looked her friend straight in the eyes. When she spoke, her voice was hard and clear. ‘A punishment to fit the crime. I say we queen him!’

The colour drained from Chrissie’s face. ‘Bloody hell,’ she murmured weakly.

Lucy looked quite bewildered. She had lost the plot completely. ‘I don’t understand,’ she muttered. Several inches shorter than her friends, her tiny little frame seemed to shrink even more. ‘What do you mean, we – we should queen him?’

Chrissie recovered herself. ‘It’s when you sit on a man’s head and...’ She took a deep breath. ‘You smother his face with your arse.’

Lucy’s hand shot up to her mouth. ‘Oh, my God!’ She crossed herself instinctively. ‘I don’t believe you! No one does that!’

Hannah considered her friend fondly and smiled. ‘You really have led a sheltered life, haven’t you?’

Lucy stared back like a little girl lost. Only five months short of her nineteenth birthday she was older than the rest of them, but rarely felt it. 'I thought we all had,' she murmured.

'Not all of us,' declared Hannah, and she grinned broadly. 'Saint Charlotte of the Holy Angels harbours one or two little devils, whether she likes it or not.'

'But ... but you've never, I mean, you haven't...' Lucy's eyes were wide and questioning.

'Parked my arse on a boy's face?'

Lucy gawped silently. All her tiny features appeared to have locked solid.

Hannah leaned forward until they were almost nose to nose. Her breath was warm and sweet. 'Hundreds of times,' she whispered coolly.

Something gurgled at the back of Lucy's throat. The rest of her body remained rigid.

Hannah went on speaking. 'I've done it with panties...' She breathed softly. '... and I've done it without panties...'

Lucy broke out of her trance. 'What – what's it like?' she squeaked.

‘It’s the best fucking thing in the world,’ said Hannah dreamily. ‘Having a boy’s head between your buttocks. Squirming. Not being able to breathe. Feeling his mouth open up around your—’

‘You liar!’ Chrissie cut in sharply. ‘You’ve never sat on a boy’s face in your life. We’ve known each other since we were eleven. Seven years and I’ve never even seen you kiss a boy’s face, let alone sit on it!’

Hannah rolled her shoulders. ‘Yeah, but what a neat idea!’ She frowned at her friends’ apparent indifference. ‘Oh, come on! Can you think of a better way to humiliate a guy, and give yourself a good time into the bargain.’

More silence, but this time Chrissie at least seemed to be struggling to get some words out. She looked unsure. ‘I dunno,’ she said at last. ‘It sounds a bit, well, kinky. Rude...’

Hannah looked exasperated. ‘Of course it’s fucking kinky! It’s the rudest thing you can do to a guy. Well, apart from pissing on him, I suppose.’

Lucy giggled foolishly, and Hannah smiled. ‘You dirty little bugger, Luce!’ The smaller girl blushed and pulled nervously at a long, plaited pigtail.

‘You’ve thought about it, haven’t you? You have!’

Lucy tugged her hair across her face. She closed her thighs and her short pleated

skirt rode even higher up her legs.

‘Little Lucy Baker, sitting on a boy’s head, weeing on him. What a picture!’ Hannah was beside herself.

‘I haven’t!’ protested Lucy. Her cheeks had turned bright pink. ‘You shouldn’t say such a rude thing! You shouldn’t!’

‘You could make him lick your bum and everything!’

Lucy clamped her hands over her ears. ‘I’m not listening!’ she protested. ‘I’m not listening, Hannah! Not if you’re going to be rude!’

Hannah turned her energies towards Chrissie. ‘What do you say? Let’s get him back. He’s been jerking himself off on us. Making out he’s sniffing our bottoms. Let’s show him what it’s like when he’s got a real fucking arse in his face, not just a picture!’

The other girl bit her lip nervously. She mulled things over. ‘You really think we could do it?’

‘Why not? He’s a skinny little sod. I reckon three of us...’ She paused and cast a quick glance at Lucy. ‘Well, two of us, then. I reckon we could overpower him, easy. Wipe our bums on his mouth. Do what we like. Make him pay.’

Chrissie took a deep breath. 'All right,' she said, though her voice was shaking. 'Let's do it. Let's queen the fucker good and proper!'

A huge smile exploded across Hannah's face. 'That's the girl! He's going to suffer for what he's done to us. Really suffer!'

'So when do we do it? How do we do it? It won't be easy.'

'I know,' considered Hannah. 'We'll have to get him on his own. After school, when no one else is around.'

'Hey!' A tiny, high-pitched voice squealed around the room. Lucy's cheeks were pink and shiny, her long pigtails bobbing with frustration. 'What about me?' she whispered plaintively.

'What about you?' repeated Hannah. 'You don't want in on this. You just said so.'

Lucy's lower lip began to tremble. Her throat was so dry she was having trouble forcing her words out. 'It's not ... it's not that I don't ... it's just, I'm not sure. I mean, I might not be able to.'

'What are you on about, Luce?'

Lucy's bright blue eyes sparkled with tears. 'I mean it's all right for you two.'

You've got – you've got big bottoms. I've only got a little one.'

Hannah grinned. 'It was your arse he was looking at when he tossed himself off.'

'I don't mean that!' protested Lucy. 'I mean I might not be able to cover him properly. He'll push me off. He'll think it's a giggle!'

Hannah curled her arm around her friend's shoulder. She gave her a gentle squeeze. 'You silly little bear,' she whispered. 'There'll be three of us to hold him down, remember? He won't be going anywhere. And he certainly won't be shifting any of us.'

Lucy seemed unconvinced. She gave a nervous little shrug. 'I don't know...'

'Look,' said Hannah. 'If it's the size of your arse that's worrying you, forget it. You don't have to use it. You can do him with your pussy. Makes more sense anyway. 'Specially if you're going to pee on him after.'

'I'm not going to pee on him!' cried Lucy, blushing brightly.

Hannah smirked. 'Please yourself,' she said. 'But are you in?'

The silence that followed seemed to last forever. Lucy stared down at her feet, ignoring Hannah's sharp blue eyes. When she looked up again, her ears were burning red. 'Y - y - y - '

‘I’ll take that as a yes,’ said Hannah. ‘We don’t want the bastard to die of old age.’

‘How are we going to do it?’ asked Chrissie. ‘I know there are three of us, but it won’t be easy. He’s not exactly going to lie down and let us get on with it, is he?’

‘That’s exactly what he’s going to do.’

‘Right.’ Chrissie responded doubtfully. ‘So what are we going to say? “Hello, Jake. Okay if we tie you up and sit on your face for a couple of hours?” I can just hear him. “Yeah, sure, sounds wicked. Why don’t you smother me while you’re at it?”’

Hannah grinned broadly. ‘Lucy’s going to get him to agree.’

Now it was Lucy’s turn to pipe up. ‘What do you mean? He’s not going to listen to me!’

‘Oh, yes he is,’ replied Hannah gleefully. ‘If you tell him that you want him, he’ll be like a lamb led to the slaughter.’

Lucy raised her faint little eyebrows. ‘He’ll never do it.’

‘He will if you tell him you want to sit on his face. He won’t be able to resist you. Believe me.’

Chrissie cut in swiftly. ‘I can just see Lucy telling him that!’

‘First things first,’ said Hannah, ignoring the interruption. ‘We need to practise.’

‘Practise what?’ asked Chrissie.

‘What the hell do you think?’ said Hannah. ‘None of us have ever sat on anyone. It’s time we did.’

‘Oh, fuck off!’ retorted Chrissie. ‘Where are we going to find a guy who doesn’t mind being sat on? Just to give us some practice. I mean, they’ll be just queuing up, won’t they?’

Hannah glanced at her watch. ‘We’ll have to hurry,’ she said. ‘I think I’ve got an idea.’

‘We need to discuss it,’ insisted Chrissie.

‘No,’ said Hannah firmly. ‘We don’t need to discuss it. We just need to do it. And that’s exactly what we’re going to do. We’re going to queen him, Chrissie.’ She took a deep breath and her face darkened. ‘We’re going to queen the little fucker to death...’

Two

The rain had been falling all day: a thin, grey drizzle that soaked into the ground and dampened the spirits. It was 4.35pm. St Matthew's College for Boys was nearly empty now, most of its pupils having long since left. From time to time, a lone figure emerged, head down, briefcase clutched tight, hurrying through the gates, and across the road. Hannah and her friends huddled under two large umbrellas, sheltering in a doorway opposite.

A ripple of warm water scurried along one tarnished spoke, dribbled onto Chrissie's head and ran down her cheek. She rubbed the side of her face and grimaced.

'This is a stupid bloody idea!' she complained. 'I don't know why the hell we're here!'

'Patience,' counselled Hannah. 'It won't be long now...' Her sharp eyes scoured the pavement opposite. A tall, lean figure hurried down the steps, head bowed into the damp wind. 'Yes!' she spat softly. 'Come on, this is it!'

Lucy and Chrissie were long past caring. They followed automatically as Hannah set off down the street, hurrying to close the gap between themselves and their prey.

'Are you sure about this?' asked Chrissie, wiping her nose and blinking to clear her eyes of rain.

'He's the one!' insisted Hannah.

‘I don’t see how you can be so sure!’

‘I am!’ she retorted. ‘Trust me!’

They crossed the road and scampered into the subway, glad to be out of the rain.

‘We haven’t got much time!’ said Hannah. ‘We have to do it now!’ She stopped and glared at her friends. ‘You’re either in or you’re not! Now or never!’

Lucy shrugged and Chrissie nodded, It was enough. ‘Right,’ said Hannah. ‘Let’s take him!’

This section of the tunnel was always deserted in the early evening. The boys’ college was set in private grounds, and the traffic all one way. In a couple of hundred yards, all that would change, but they were not intending to let their victim get that far.

He heard the scurry of feet, turned for a moment and relaxed. Three girls running behind him was nothing to worry about.

He was wrong, of course, but he wasn’t to know that.

Hannah ran past him and stopped. Chrissie moved behind and little Lucy

shuffled to one side.

The young man came to an abrupt halt. His spectacles had steamed up. He wiped a handkerchief across the glass and blinked.

‘Hello, Brian,’ said Hannah sharply. She knew him from the supermarket. A dull, witless lad who trailed behind his mother while she shopped. ‘Fetch this, Brian, fetch that, Brian.’ She knew him all right, the pathetic little sap. He was about to have the most exciting hour of his life. Well, maybe...

He blinked again. They knew his name, but he didn’t recognise them, had no idea who they were. Especially this tall, heavily-built blonde girl blocking his way. Her hair was fastened into two big pigtails. She reminded him of someone: Baby Spice, that was it, except maybe slimmer. Stupid, really.

‘I’m sorry?’ he began cautiously.

An impassive face stared back at him. ‘No,’ said Hannah. ‘It’s me who’s sorry. You don’t deserve this. But it has to be done.’

He backed into the wall like a cornered rabbit. There was a sudden rush of ice to his stomach and his heart jumped.

The girl began to unbutton her blouse. Brian stood transfixed, hugging his bag to his chest. Beneath her shirt, the girl wore a bright red bra, its large cups struggling to contain a pair of melon-shaped breasts. She loosened her tie and

moved her hands to her waist, freeing the clip that held her skirt in place.

‘Oh, God...’ he whimpered as it fell away. The girl was wearing no panties. Between her legs was a creamy, almost hairless bulge of flesh: plump and dripping like a ripe peach. He had never seen a cunt before, but he knew what one looked like. He had seen the pictures in biology.

He swivelled his head sideways. Chrissie’s skirt lay discarded on the ground and she was peeling down her knickers. Lucy stood just behind her in a pair of white cotton panties, her skirt clutched tightly in one hand. She looked like a small china doll, her blouse half-unbuttoned, her tie undone.

He should have run: it would have been the sensible thing. Instead, he held his bag even closer and pressed his back up against the wall.

‘I haven’t got any money,’ he whimpered. ‘But – but I can get you some. Tomorrow. Really...’

Hannah smiled. ‘We don’t want your money,’ she told him, leaning in close, her breath warm against his face. ‘We want your head...’

He slithered slowly down the wall, until he was crouching on the ground, knees huddled up against his chest. ‘Please don’t hurt me,’ he mumbled. ‘Please don’t hurt me...’

Hannah caught the pleading look in Lucy’s eyes. ‘Do we have to?’ mouthed her

tiny friend.

‘Yes,’ answered Hannah sharply. ‘We do.’

The young boy buried his face in his bag and began to sob.

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake!’ yelled Hannah. ‘We’re only going to sit on you!’

She moved in close, seized him by the shoulders and pushed. He fell back, still clutching his briefcase. Chrissie stepped in, grabbed at the bag and dragged it out of his hands. She leaned forward a second time and removed his glasses. Brian crossed his arms protectively across his chest and shuddered. He blinked nervously, his world a hazy blur. Hannah dropped to her knees, her thighs either side of his neck. He shut his eyes tight, as if refusing to look at her would somehow make her go away.

‘Look, I’m sorry,’ she breathed heavily. ‘But I have to do this. I have to sit on you!’

‘Oh, please!’ he shrieked. ‘Please! Nooooo!’ His voice was a high-pitched squeal of terror. Hannah stretched out both her arms and dug her fingers into his hair. She took a deep breath and steadied herself. He opened his eyes for an instant and stared up at her.

‘Oh, God!’ he screeched. ‘Oh, God, oh God, oh God!’

Hannah dropped onto his head, jammed her cunt around his frightened face, and closed her thighs. She bent her neck back sharply, her breath escaping in short, uneven blasts.

‘Oh, fuck!’ she grunted. ‘Oh, fucking fuck!’

Chrissie’s eyes were wide and staring; Lucy’s mouth dropped open.

‘What’s it like?’ asked Chrissie.

Brian’s arms came up and his hands clawed at Hannah’s hips. He arched his back and kicked out savagely.

‘Hold him!’ screamed Hannah. ‘Hold the fucker down!’

The girls grabbed a leg each, pulling at him like a writhing wishbone. Hannah began to pump with her hips, sweeping her sex across Brian’s head. She bared her teeth and shrieked stupidly, dribble running down her chin.

‘I’m going to come!’ she yelped. ‘Oh, fucking help me, I’m going to come!’

She sagged forward, hugging Brian to her cunt, her arse wriggling furiously. ‘Nggggh! Nggggh!’ she grunted and wriggled some more. Lucy felt her own pussy soften with excitement, bubbling against the cotton of her panties.

A wild, keen of delight broke around the walls as Hannah came, emptying herself across her victim's face. A blast of air thudded against the maw of her cunt as Brian screamed into her sex and she came again. His right leg lashed out and caught Chrissie on the shoulder.

'You bastard!' she swore and slammed his thigh against the wall. Her reaction took Lucy by surprise and she fell face-forward across Brian's lap. Her cheek pressed against something hard and she recoiled with a cry.

'He's up!' she squealed, struggling to hold his leg down. 'He's got a stiffy!'

'The filthy little sod!' screamed Chrissie and slammed his thigh a second time.

Hannah was still warbling stupidly, jiggling her hips and bouncing. Brian's eyes rolled and a small vein bulged over his right temple. With a desperate grunt, he dragged his face out from under her sweating sex, wheezing like a limp asthmatic. Silvery trails of female goo ran down his chin; a spiders' web of come across his nose and mouth.

Still holding onto his hair, Hannah heaved herself up, swung her thighs free of his chest and swivelled round. Brian shrieked and raised his head, his arms flailing, his fists punching at her hips. Hannah grabbed him by the wrists and forced his arms back, climbing over his head and onto his chest. His face was directly beneath her open buttocks now, and she felt his nose thump into her ankle as he tried to turn away.

‘Hold him tight!’ ordered Hannah. ‘I’m going to do him with my bum!’

His body lurched dramatically. ‘No! Please! Oh, fucking please, nooooo!’

Hannah manoeuvred herself backwards, and felt his head twist beneath her.

‘Come on, come on,’ she mumbled, as if reeling in a struggling fish. ‘Come to mamma...’

Her face was flushed, her eyes red with tears, mascara running down her cheeks like dirty water. She licked at the corners of her mouth, spittle dribbling onto her chin. ‘Nice and easy, nice and easy...’

Chrissie held on hard as Brian’s leg unbent against her arms. ‘Hannah, what the fuck are you doing?’

Losing her marbles was the first thought that came into Chrissie’s head, but she kept it to herself. Hannah’s eyes had narrowed into tiny slits, her hair plastered to her neck, damp with her own sweat. She looked a mess.

‘Got to get him with my bum-hole!’ grunted Hannah, her eyes now screwed shut, her face a mask of concentration. ‘Come on, botty, you can do it...you can do it...’

Brian’s head and Hannah’s arse were locked in a battle only one could win. He

twisted sideways and so did she; then back, then back again. She dipped and hovered, the globes of her arse like twin birds of prey, circling their victim. Each time she shifted, a pungent raft of scents filled his nostrils. It made him gag, but something else, too. It made him want. Her feral warmth began to work its magic, slowing him down, tiring him out. He looked up into the damp chasm of her arse and saw her anus tighten. The tiny pink eye twitched and opened, and in that moment he knew that he was lost.

‘Mummy...mummy...’ he whimpered as the dark little mouth pursed, damp and expectant, gathering itself for a lover’s kiss...

Hannah plunged her arse backwards, capturing his head in her crack, forcing her bum-hole past his lips. He withdrew his tongue, but it was too late. With a girlish squeal of triumph, she took possession of his mouth.

‘Got you!’ she yelled. ‘Got you!’ and hardened her hips. Brian’s hands clawed at the ground and his pelvis jerked. His trousers bulged obscenely as his swollen cock twisted in his underpants.

Chrissie threw herself across his legs, bearing down with all her weight. ‘Get him out!’ she squealed at Lucy. ‘I want to see it!’

Lucy’s teeth began to chatter. She stretched out her arm nervously and curled her fingers.

‘Unzip him!’ grunted Hannah, her face wet and flushed. She threw her head back and whinnied like a brooding mare. ‘Oh, God, this is so fucking good!’

Lucy fumbled with Brian's trouser button, undid it and felt for his zip. She pulled, but it was stuck. She gave a second yank and this time it opened around his Y-fronts. She slipped her fingers beneath the waistband of his pants and yanked them down, allowing his cock to jut free. It was short and thin, much smaller than she had imagined.

'Feel for his balls!' gasped Chrissie, clawing at Brian's feet, trying to restrict his movement further.

'You feel for his balls!' retorted Lucy, kneeling back and wiping her hands on her leg. She felt nervous and a little dirty. There was a sudden smell of pee in the air.

'I'm a bit tied up!' Chrissie reminded her. 'Just do it! We've got to get used to what a boy feels like.'

Lucy took a deep breath and plunged her hands into the crotch of his pants. He was hot and sticky and she had to fight back an urge not to scream when what felt like a pair of small, marble stones rolled against her palms.

'Has he got any hair down there?' asked Hannah, with a hefty wriggle of her hips. A muffled squeal of distress broke from between her thighs and Brian quivered.

Lucy shook her head. 'No,' she said. 'Just his balls!' And she giggled nervously.

‘Make him come!’ demanded Hannah. ‘I want to see him spurt!’

Lucy took a deep breath and closed her tiny fingers around the boy’s trembling shaft...

Three

Lucy squeezed once, twice and felt the penis jump in her hand. Brian's hips twitched convulsively and she let go just in time as jets of semen sprayed the air. A goblet of seed caught Hannah under the chin and she screeched in disgust. Brian's shirt and blazer were coated in his come, as if someone had daubed his upper half with several splashes of white emulsion. A volley of pathetic whimpers shuddered against Hannah's arse. She raised herself a fraction, dragged her anus from his mouth and shifted backwards.

'Oh, fuck!' she squealed and trembled with renewed delight. 'He's got his nose up my arse! Oh, yeaaaah!' And she giggled like the randy schoolgirl that she was.

'Hey!' Chrissie's voice rang out. 'I thought we were all supposed to have a go at him.'

Hannah gritted her teeth and waggled her hips from side to side. 'I know, I know, but it's – ooh!' Her shoulders hunched with pleasure. 'It's so fucking good, I don't want it to stop!'

Brian kicked again, more viciously than before. Hannah grunted with the effort of restraining him.

'He's a feisty little bastard!' she laughed. 'Anyone would think he didn't want to be sat on!' She turned to Lucy. 'Undo your ponytails. Use the ribbons to tie his hands and feet. I don't want him trying to get away.'

Lucy tugged at the pink ribbon in her hair, freeing her long chestnut tresses.

While Chrissie held on to Brian's legs, she quickly secured his ankles. Then she turned her attention to his hands, tying one loop around his left wrist, and a second around his right.

'Good girl!' said Hannah. 'OK, who's next?'

Lucy looked unsure. Chrissie answered first. 'I'll have a go. I want to pay him back for kicking me.'

'OK,' replied Hannah and raised her arse. A volley of curses broke from beneath her buttocks and a dry throat rasped loudly.

'You bitches! Oh God, you fucking bitches!'

Hannah unwound her thighs and stood up, stretching her legs. 'Christ, I'm stiff!' she complained. The backs of her knees were slick with sweat and when she felt between her buttocks she thought for one awful moment that she had wet herself. 'I'm fucking soaked!' she announced, examining her hand. It shone with come and perspiration.

Chrissie knelt across the boy's chest, her cunt towards his face. The runnel of her sex was long and fluffy, her downy hair so light and soft as to be barely visible.

'Oh, Jesus, no!' screeched Brian. 'Not again, please! I'll do anything! Anything!'

Chrissie smiled. 'Just lie back and think of England,' she told him.

'You're going to kill me! You're going to fucking kill me!'

'No one's going to kill you,' Chrissie reassured him. 'We don't want to hurt you, just practise on you a bit.'

Brian threw his head from side to side. His skin was drenched in sweat and come, his eyes red with tears. 'I'm frightened!' he wailed. 'I'm – I'm frightened!'

Chrissie pushed her vulva forward, settling it over his face. He screwed his eyes in horror. 'You're going to smother me! You're going to fucking smother me!'

'No one's going to smother you,' said Chrissie, sinking her fingers into his hair, steadying herself for one last exquisite moment. 'Well,' she laughed a little nervously. 'Maybe just a little...'

Brian gave a shrill whine and began to blub like a baby.

'For fuck's sake just do it!' yelled Hannah. She looked up and down the subway. 'Someone's going to hear him!'

Chrissie rolled her sex across his mouth, closing her thighs and burying his head in her cunt. She shut her eyes and wrinkled her upturned nose. 'Ooh!' she trilled.

‘Oh, God that tickles! Oh, my pussy! Oh, my fucking pussy!’

She threw back her head and swayed drunkenly, dragging her victim with her. Her breath escaped in short, sharp gasps.

‘What’s it like?’ asked Lucy. ‘Is it good?’

Chrissie nodded briskly. ‘Oh yeah! It’s good! It’s fucking good!’

Brian was wriggling furiously again, his fingers clawing the air, his feet twisting. Hannah sat on his chest, reached out and took his cock between her palms, rolling it like a sausage. It jerked upright and danced with a life of its own.

‘I bet we can make him come again!’ she giggled and rubbed him faster. He drew his knees up and tried to arch his back. Lucy grabbed his ankles and held on tight.

‘That’s it, Luce!’ yelled Hannah happily. ‘Show him who’s boss! The little bugger’s not going to shift us!’

‘Oh, shit!’ warbled Chrissie. ‘I think I’m going to come! Han, I think I’m going to fucking come!’

‘Do it, girl!’ urged Hannah, pumping his shaft furiously. ‘Let’s cream the little nerd at both ends!’

His penis jerked free of Hannah's fingers, and twitched convulsively. Watery seed spat from the eye of his cock, so thin it looked like pee. It drenched Hannah's belly and sprayed across her lips. She sucked a stray goblet into her mouth, rolling it around on her tongue. Behind her, Chrissie screamed, rubbing her spine against Hannah's back. She fell suddenly forward, grinding her cunt as hard as she could, driving Brian's head down into the ground. She felt her vulva bloom like a flower, her melted flesh oozing around his head. She hugged him hard, as if by some superhuman effort she could force his face inside her cunt and trap him there forever.

'Bastard!' she screeched, and rolled her hips. 'Bastard, fucking bastard!'

Lucy watched in silence as the second of her friends emptied herself over the boy's face. It would be her turn soon: her turn to climb onto his head and make him suffer. A ball of nerves unrolled around her tummy. She was a little frightened. She wanted it, but she was afraid, too...

Chrissie slithered forward, wiping her arse across Brian's face, wriggling her bottom as if she were mopping up gravy on a plate. She tumbled off him, exhausted and rocked on her haunches. A trickle of sweat ran into her eye and she winced. Her heart was thumping fit to burst.

'Your – your turn, Luce,' she breathed feebly. 'Get those knickers off and give it to him good!'

'Can't I keep them on?' asked Lucy. 'To start with anyway. You know, just in case?'

Hannah frowned. 'Just in case of what? He tries to put his tongue in you? That's what you want, girl. Get him to stick it up your bum and tickle the back of your tonsils!'

Brian wriggled like a landed fish. The sudden movement threw Hannah off-balance and she tumbled sideways, allowing him to squirm out from under her arse. He jerked himself back an inch or two.

'Oh, no you don't!' said Hannah, re-mounting him swiftly. 'You're not going anywhere. Not till Lucy's ridden you!' She faced forwards this time, gazing down into his terrified face. There were no words now, just tears and a rattle of sobs in his throat.

Hannah reached forward and stroked his cheeks. 'It's all right,' she soothed. 'It's almost over now. Just one more girl to sit on you and then we'll let you go. I promise.'

His head shook fearfully. 'Make her keep her knickers on!' he squealed. 'Oh, God, make her keep her knickers on! Please!'

Lucy straddled his head, her tiny buttocks just above his face. His lips were shaking, little strangled sobs bubbling in his throat.

Hannah stretched out her arms and took a gentle hold of Lucy's wrists. 'Come on, Luce' she whispered soothingly. 'You can do it. I know you can...'

Lucy was breathing through her nose: little draughts of air to steady her nerves. Hannah squeezed her fingers. 'Think of Jake,' said Hannah. 'Think of what he did to us. Think of what we're going to do to him...'

Chrissie moved behind her friend, reached out and palmed her tiny hips. 'I'll hold you, Luce,' she said quietly. 'He won't be able to shift you, I promise.'

A pathetic little sob broke from beneath her arse. Hannah smiled: a warm, supportive smile. 'He's frightened, Luce. He knows what you can do to him.'

'I – I can smother him...' murmured Lucy.

'That's right,' said Hannah softly. 'You can smother him to death. He knows that, Luce. He knows you have the power.'

Lucy's right hand let go of Hannah's and dropped to her side. Her fingers were trembling. With each shuddering breath, her little bosom rose and fell. She locked her eyes onto Hannah's, drawing on the other girl's strength.

A sudden warmth seared her bottom. Brian's breath was fast and heavy now, blowing up against her crotch. Still shaking, she passed her hand across her buttocks, curling her fingers beneath the elastic of her little cotton panties. Her knuckles rubbed against her girly slit and she whimpered.

'You can do it, Luce.' Hannah's mouth was moving slowly, like the fingers

tugging at her gusset.

Brian screamed and a blast of air pummelled into her crack, tickling her tender flesh. Slowly and deliberately, Lucy eased her knickers to one side, exposing the pink fistula of her anus.

‘Oh, God, no! No! Help me someone! Help me! Pleeeease!’

Lucy’s mouth puckered tightly. Behind her, Chrissie tugged gently at her hips, guiding her down over the boy’s head.

‘You filthy bitch!’ he screamed. ‘You filthy fucking bitch!’

Suddenly his words were drumming at her arse. Little bolts of heat and sound pushed up into her bowels and drew the pleasure down from her belly. Lucy pumped her hips fiercely, her tiny backside locked tight against his face. Her breathing was sharp and shallow and there were tears in her eyes.

Hannah smiled at her encouragingly. ‘Come on, Luce! Wriggle those hips. Make him suffer. Let pussy have her fun.’

Lucy’s face began to crease. ‘He – he’s squirming, Han,’ she murmured softly. ‘I can feel him. He’s frightened! He can’t breathe! Oh, Han, I have to get up. I’m going to kill him!’

‘No!’ said Hannah firmly. ‘It doesn’t matter. He doesn’t matter. All that matters is you, Luce.’

Lucy’s head dropped suddenly, her chin against her chest. ‘Oh, fuck!’ she whispered, her eyes closed tight, her tiny hips bobbing. ‘I’m going to come...’ She rolled her head from side to side, not glancing up, afraid to look her friend in the eyes.

Hannah’s fingers tightened around her hand. ‘Take him, Lucy. Take him with your arse...’

A thunderbolt of pleasure ripped through Lucy’s belly. Every muscle in her body clenched, then softened and her cunt relaxed. She bounced furiously, driving her tiny arse down on her victim. She no longer cared if he lived or died. Her body rattled with excitement.

And then it was over. She released her panties and the wrinkled wedge of cotton sprang back into her crack. Her gusset was drenched in goo. She leant forward, sobbing into Hannah’s arms.

‘You did it,’ whispered the older girl. ‘You did it and I’m proud of you.’

Suddenly, Lucy started and drew back. The blood drained from her face. ‘Oh, no!’ she squealed. ‘I’m going to pee! I’m going to fucking pee!’

She shifted sideways, trying to unbend her legs. Chrissie held on tight to her

hips; Hannah wrapped her arms around her waist and held her close.

‘No, Hannah!’ shuddered Lucy. ‘Please! I’m going to wee on him!’

She made one last desperate move to free herself, but it was hopeless. ‘Oh, God!’ she screamed as the first gush of urine squirted through her panties. She opened her mouth around Hannah’s shoulder and sobbed as her bladder emptied. Brian’s head rattled like a drill, shuddering against her clit and sending shockwaves of excitement up into her groin.

‘Nggggh!’ she squealed as the full force of the explosion hit her. Behind her, she was hardly aware that Chrissie, too, was coming, pushing her cunt hard against Brian’s head. Hannah rubbed her clit against the buttons of his shirt and squeezed herself over the edge. A triple blast of pleasure erupted across the boy’s body.

They rolled free, sodden and exhausted. Brian lay sprawled in a heap, his legs at odd angles to his body, his hands joined as if in prayer. His lips were trembling, his hair plastered to his face, his cheeks badly stained.

Lucy recovered her skirt and buttoned herself up. Her pants were soaked. She peeled them down, rolled them into a ball and squeezed them as dry as she could.

Hannah took charge, pulling Brian into a sitting position, zipping up his trousers and wiping his face with a hanky. He shook nervously, not certain that his ordeal was finally over.

Lucy approached him, her cheeks pink with embarrassment. 'I – I'm sorry. I'm sorry about weeing on you,' she mumbled. His head lolled to one side and he stared at her rather stupidly.

They helped him to his feet, then walked him to the far end of the subway.

'Will you be all right?' asked Hannah. There was a note of concern in her voice. He nodded vaguely, and clutched his bag close as if it were a sacred talisman that would protect him from further attack.

'You won't tell anyone, will you?'

He shook his head slowly. Who the hell could he ever tell? No one would believe him. And even if they did, the humiliation would be too great. No. What he had suffered tonight would be a secret he would share with no one.

Hannah leaned forward and kissed him softly on the mouth. 'Thanks,' she whispered. 'Thanks for what you let us do to you.' His face remained blank, as if all reason had deserted him.

They left him there and hurried back the way they had come. After a few minutes, Brian stepped out into the heavy grey drizzle, and let the rain begin to wash away the smell of their hot, young bodies...

Lucy knocked on the janitor's door, waited for a mumbled grunt from beyond and stepped into the room. Jake was sitting at his desk. He was a short, thin man, with dull rat's eyes and a sallow skin. There was something indefinably unpleasant about him. He fingered his weak, straggly moustache and gave her a watery smile.

Hannah had told her what to do, but she was still nervous. The girls were waiting round the corner. If anything went wrong, there was help at hand and it gave her the confidence she needed. Carefully, she lifted up her skirt, exposing the soft hairless plane of her pussy. Jake's eyes widened like saucers; she heard the sharp intake of breath and imagined his shrivelled little heart beating faster.

'I want you,' she whispered softly, and watched his thin lips quiver. He began to shift from his chair, to come towards her. She stayed him with a flourish of her hand. 'No,' she said, her eyes darting nervously. It was a brilliant little act and she surprised herself. 'Not here. The Main Hall.'

'When?' His voice was weak and shaking. It was always weak, but she had never heard it shake before.

'Tonight. After school. Eight o'clock. You've got the key?'

It was a pointless question. Of course he had the key. He was the janitor. He nodded stupidly, his dirty little tongue stabbing at the corners of his mouth.

'Leave the side door open for me. We'll do it up on the stage.'

She could see that he liked the idea. Miss Howard took morning assembly up on the stage. It would be a kick for him to watch and know what had happened there the night before.

‘There’s something else. I want...’ She looked around, as if afraid she might be overheard. She knew what she was doing. What she had done to Brian had given her such courage. She turned back and looked him straight in the eyes. ‘I want to sit on your face. Rub my arse on you. Before we fuck...’

Jake froze, his mouth fell open, and for several seconds he stopped breathing. This was it, the hinge on which their entire plan now swung.

Lucy pushed on, luring him into her snare. ‘You don’t think I’m kinky? Wanting to sit on your head?’

No answer. Jake had slipped into the twilight world of his dreams. An 18-year-old schoolgirl was standing in front of him, her skirt up around her waist, the bare runnel of her sex exposed: and she was asking to sit on his face. He had died and gone to heaven. But there was more.

‘I want to tie you up...’

He came back to life with a lurch. ‘Tie me up?’ His voice was a dry croak. The hairs stood up at the back of his neck.

Lucy let go of her skirt and backed away. 'I'm sorry. I shouldn't have... It's just that I'm so crazy to sit on you. I want to feel you struggle. Make-believe you can't get away. That you're my prisoner and I can do what I like with you. I know it's silly. I'm sorry. Please don't tell anyone...' She turned sharply, her fingers tight around the handle of the door.

He crossed the room in two short strides. 'No! Wait!'

Now it was Lucy's turn to freeze. She turned about and suppressed a shudder of revulsion. A pair of watery, weasel eyes flicked up and down her short little body. She felt her skin crawl.

'All right. We'll do it. You can tie me up. Not too tight, but just enough, eh? You can sit on me. Yeah. Sit on my face. Rub yourself, whatever.'

Lucy looked unconvinced. 'Are you sure? You don't mind? I mean...' She contrived to look suddenly sheepish. 'You don't mind licking my arse? Sniffing me there? All that?'

Jake shook his head so hard she thought it might fall off. 'No! I don't care. Anything.'

'I can keep my knickers on if you like. You don't have to kiss me down there.'

He shook his head a second time, if anything more furiously than before. 'I want to kiss you. Lick you. You can take your knickers off. You don't have to wash or

anything. I don't care.'

The desperation in his face was total. There was no going back. Not for him; not for any of them.

Lucy nodded. 'OK. Eight o'clock.'

'I'll bring the rope,' he said.

Lucy smiled and thought happily and triumphantly, 'And I'll bring two friends...'

Four

It had all been so easy.

Lucy arrived at five to eight and found the door already open. Jake was up on the stage, somewhat better dressed than usual and smelling of cheap cologne. He had dragged up a padded bench from the assembly area and placed a small cushion at one end on which to rest his head. His face lit up like a beacon when Lucy joined him on the stage. She hadn't changed out of her uniform. He liked that. It turned him on. Everything about her turned him on: her little white ankle socks; her small, chestnut ponytails bunched up either side of her head in red butterfly bows; the green woollen blazer and striped tie; the starched white blouse drawn tight around her hard, lemon-shaped breasts. Her blue pleated skirt was so short, that when she moved he caught a glimpse of her white cotton panties. He remembered her in the shower room, bending over, her firm little buttocks swaying gently, like two small grapefruits. It was all he could do not to reach out and squeeze them through her dress.

Instead, he unzipped a small holdall and produced several lengths of silk and a large bottle of oil.

'You can rub it on my cock,' he suggested hopefully. 'So it's nice and slippery. Get it really hard.'

Lucy just smiled and told him he was a naughty boy. She watched his Adam's apple bob up and down and did her best to think of something else.

'Well go on,' she grinned, looking him up and down. It disgusted her to say it, but it had to be done. 'Get your clothes off. Let the dog see the rabbit...'

The stage was half in shadow, dimmer switches turned to low so as not to attract passers-by. Jake's face looked positively evil beneath the dull florescent beam. It made her shudder.

He stripped down to his boxer shorts and stood for a moment, as if inviting her to admire his fine physique. Lucy had never seen a naked man before, but she doubted if there were few uglier specimens than Jake. There was an unnatural stoop to his back and his skin was marked and oily. The straggly moustache made him look like an anorexic walrus, and she doubted that he ever washed his hair. He was utterly repulsive.

'My God,' she breathed softly. 'You look fantastic...'

He puffed his bony chest, accepting her lie with all the confidence of the stupid man he was.

Lucy unclipped her skirt, let it melt down her legs and kicked it aside. Her pants were tiny, the cotton tight around her slit. Jake looked down, transfixed. Lucy looked down, too, at the dull grey smudge oozing into her gusset. 'That's what thinking about sitting on you has done to me, Jake,' she breathed softly.

He swore under his breath, fumbling with his shorts, dragging them down over his thin and hairy legs.

She saw him take a deep breath, as if, even from this distance, he might somehow catch her warm, feral scent.

‘Would you like me to keep them on?’ she inquired coyly. ‘I’m a bit sticky. I had to run here. I really need a shower...’

Jake shook his head and groped his way towards the bench, his eyes glued to her crotch. He lay down, his head on the cushion.

‘Do it,’ he said. ‘Sit on me quick, then we can fuck!’

Lucy clamped her hand to her vulva and wagged her buttocks crudely. ‘You don’t want a quick smother, do you? I was thinking of at least an hour.’

‘Will you do it both ways?’ he asked abruptly, his tongue flashing around a pair of thin, narrow lips. ‘Pussy and arse?’

‘If that’s what you want,’ she breathed back wickedly, twanging her gusset and rolling her hips.

Jake was so eager now, it wasn’t true. He even told her how to tie him up, explaining the correct form of knots, though advising her that it was best if she left him some slack. Then he could wave his arms and legs about. He wanted to be free to move, even if he couldn’t shift her.

‘Oh, you won’t be shifting me in a hurry,’ she answered, securing the last of his limbs to the bench. Then she stood back to admire her handiwork and added, ‘Or either of my friends.’

Jake's head bumped sharply. 'What?'

Lucy looked past him and he turned his eyes in the same direction. Two girls approached from the far end of the stage. They were vaguely familiar, but difficult to place. There were so many girls in the school. If it hadn't been for their uniforms, he might not have known them at all. One was a tall lass: a blonde, with big breasts and plaited pigtails. Her obscenely short skirt flipped up to reveal a bare expanse of thigh, white ankle socks stark against the black leather of her boots. The other girl was shorter, but well-built. She had close-cut auburn hair, one of those page-boy styles, with a pair of hard, jutting breasts and long, thin legs.

They walked past him, alongside Lucy, and he was forced to turn his head again. The blonde girl had a large bag slung across her shoulder. She dropped it on the floor and took something out.

'Hello, Jake,' she greeted him dismissively.

'It's Mr Henderson to you,' he snapped, and tugged hard against his restraints. There was something here he didn't like.

'Untie me,' he demanded, jolting his head at Lucy. 'You've had your fun.'

The big blonde girl fanned a deck of playing cards above his head. No, wait, not a hand of cards: photos. The muscles knotted in his stomach.

‘Where the fuck d’you get those?’ he blurted. He suddenly didn’t feel very well.

‘You’re a dirty old man, Jake. You’ve been spying on us. Looking at us in the showers.’

He shook his head. ‘Fuck off!’ he growled and gestured at Lucy for a second time. ‘I won’t ask you again. Untie me. Just wait till Miss Howard hears.’

Hannah smirked broadly. ‘Oh, Miss Howard knows. It was her who told us what to do.’

‘Fuck off,’ he repeated, but with less conviction than before.

‘You have to be punished, Jake. Miss Howard says so. She says we can do what we like. So we will.’

He wrenched his right arm up, tugging at the strap. ‘You’ll be sorry, girl. You’ll be fucking sorry.’

Hannah’s face darkened. ‘I don’t think so, Jake. There’s only one person going to be sorry about what happens tonight.’ She dipped down into the bag a second time. ‘Hold him,’ she said.

Jake started. He pulled himself up as far as he could, but Chrissie stepped behind, grabbed hold of his long, lanky hair and jammed his head back down.

Hannah was holding something in her hands: a length of brown carpet tape.

‘We can’t have you screaming out, Jake,’ she whispered. ‘We mustn’t disturb the neighbours.’

He arched his back and kicked with his legs. His face twisted angrily. Chrissie held on tight. Lucy leant forward and rammed her fingers around his neck, pinching at his throat.

‘You stupid fucking bitches!’ he roared. ‘You’ll get expelled for this!’

Hannah manoeuvred the tape across his mouth. He tried to avoid her clawing hands, but it was hopeless. She pressed the tape down firmly, drew another strip from the bag and crossed the first one with the second. Still, he jerked his body up and down, grunting furiously. Hannah reached out and pinched her fingers around his nose, cutting off his air completely.

‘Shut up, Jake,’ she told him. ‘No fuss or I won’t let go.’

He shook more violently than ever. Chrissie and Lucy held on as tight as they could.

Hannah lowered her voice menacingly. ‘I mean it, Jake. Calm down or I’ll fucking kill you. I will!’

Jake shuddered, his chest thumping, his body a mass of twitches. He was trying his best, but it was so hard. He was hurting badly, and he was frightened. He was very, very frightened.

Hannah waited a moment or two, prolonging his distress, before releasing his nose and allowing him to breathe again. Now she unbuttoned her skirt, folded it neatly and placed it in the bag. She wore a pair of black, high-cut panties, the satin crotch stretched taut around her plump sex. Behind him and out of sight, Chrissie, too, removed her skirt and slipped her knickers off. She crossed to the back of the stage and raised the dimmer switch. Light flooded into the front part of the Hall.

Jake's eyes bulged into two fat pennies of distress. A side-door opened and a line of girls filed into the assembly area. There were dozens of them, so many he lost count. They settled themselves in the rows of chairs set up in front of the stage.

He swore into the tape and his head swivelled back towards his three tormentors. His faded blue eyes burned with hatred. Hatred and fear...

Hannah was speaking again. 'You've been looking at us, Jake. Watching us dress and undress. Watching us wash our cunts and our bottoms; looking at us dry our breasts. Watching us bend over, and taking photos. Jerking yourself off.' She paused to let his litany of crimes sink in.

'It's time to pay for your sins, Jake. It's time to suffer...'

He writhed convulsively, as if his body had been suddenly wired to the mains. One of the straps snapped and his hand flew free. Chrissie let go of his head and

grabbed his arm. Lucy delved into the holdall and dug out several lengths of silk. Jake had come well prepared. She wrapped the restraints around his wrists and secured him properly this time. He slumped onto his back, defeated. His knees jerked uselessly.

Hannah moved behind his head. 'We're going to queen you, Jake. But not the way you wanted to be queened. We don't want to give you pleasure, we want to hurt you.'

Once again he grunted into the tape, but it was a subdued mumble: he was unwilling to invite the treatment he had received once already.

'You've got an audience, Jake. I hope you won't let us down. We want lots of struggle. So everyone knows you hate what we're doing.'

Still he kept quiet. It seemed stupid to antagonise this trio of demented harpies: not while he was trussed up like a Sunday chicken.

Hannah shifted forward, drawing her massive arse across his head. Jake stared up between the milky-white columns of her legs. He saw her fingers curl beneath the elastic of her panties and ease the damp satin to one side. Her anus winked at him: pink and shiny, steeped in sweat. The broad expanse of her arse began to descend: a heavy cloud of trembling flesh...

His eyes narrowed and he grunted mutely. The taut mouth of her arse-hole twitched and opened; then closed again and shuddered. It hovered above his nose like a fleshy Sword of Damocles, and a rich, pungent scent filled the air.

‘I haven’t washed, you bastard,’ came a faint, stilted murmur somewhere far above him. ‘I haven’t fucking washed...’

Then everything was blotted out, his head encased in damp and smelly flesh. Something hard and tight flowered around his nose, pinching it shut. A familiar, sour-sweet aroma oozed into the back of his throat.

Hannah sat back with all her weight and watched the man beneath her writhe. She didn’t move, aware that the slightest shift might let him grab a breath of air. She was on him, he was in her; her arse his mistress now. She looked at the audience. To a girl they were transfixed: dozens of unblinking eyes locked on the unfolding struggle.

Chrissie climbed onto his chest and rubbed her open cunt across his skin, bumping her clit against the points of his nipples, trilling with delight. Lucy peeled her panties down, dropped them on the floor and stood there, gently fingering herself. A trickle of goo smeared her hand and oozed across her thigh. She whimpered softly.

Jake was heaving now. He couldn’t breathe. His chest was tight and his heart was thumping against his ribs. Hannah watched his bony hands claw the plastic of the bench and felt a shudder of distress against her cunt. He was slowly suffocating. Another minute and it would all be over...

She rose from the saddle of his face and felt the cool stab of breath against her anus as he sucked the steamy air. His rapid snorts were quite pathetic and made her want to slam her buttocks down and start again, before he had properly recovered. That would be so very cruel.

But there were ways she could be crueller still; and crueller still was what they had in mind.

She unbent her legs, dismounted and quickly swivelled round. Now her crotch was over his face, the sticky gusset of her cunt above his mouth. She reached down and trawled her fingers through his hair. She wanted to watch him struggle. Sliding forward, she covered his nose and held him tight. His eyes began to bulge like two shiny marbles. He snorted hard, a throb of air against her clit. It made her want to wriggle, to stab her sex against his nose and spill her come across his face.

Withdrawing one hand from his head, she dug her fingers into her gusset and peeled it to one side, exposing the shiny runnel of her sex. It was long and thin and baby-smooth, and glistened with her juices. She rocked forward and felt his nose sink into the mire of her cunt, squelching upwards, his nostrils filling with her girly slime.

‘Bastard!’ she groaned and jiggled her hips. ‘Dirty, stinking. filthy bastard...!’

And then she came, melting across his face, her oily fluids oozing freely.

She hugged him tight and felt him suffer; forgot how close he was to death and wriggled some more, dribbling her life-force into his lungs.

‘You’re killing him! Hannah! You’re killing him!’ Chrissie’s frantic squeal dragged her back from the edge. She heaved herself off his head, and saw his

features jerk horribly, his face blue and twisted. My God, she thought, another few seconds...

Chrissie took her place, sweeping the puffy cleft of her sex across his nose. She allowed him a minute to recover his breath: a minute for his fear to scale new heights, then squatted low and took him into her sticky crack, grinding her steaming flesh against his face. Then she, too, sat back, centring her arse on the tilt of his nose, bearing down with all her weight.

Now Lucy climbed onto his chest and attacked him with her open quim. She stabbed at his ribs and bounced against his belly-button, her juices pooling across his skin. She threw her head back and let out a long, shuddering sigh. Oh, God, this was good. This was so fucking good...

Jake heaved beneath their bodies: Chrissie on his head, Lucy on his belly. A volley of muted shrieks thumped across the plane of Chrissie's sex and she yelled crudely as the first shock of orgasm twisted through her tummy.

She slithered back and off his head. Lucy wriggled forward, allowing him no time to catch his breath, and plunged her pussy over his nose. His right leg kicked and his bony fingers raked the air.

Lucy bumped her hips from side to side, wriggling like a belly-dancer. She tilted her head back and stuck out her tongue, licking at the air and cooing softly.

She fell forward as if struck from behind: suddenly and with venom, clawing her nails into Jake's hair and screaming. Her orgasm ripped through her like a thousand knives, tearing at her flesh, stabbing at her clit as she came. Her bottom

jerked upright, her tiny anus twitching in time to the waves of delight sweeping through her melting cunt.

They had to help her off him, holding her steady for several minutes until she had fully recovered.

‘Oh, God,’ she trembled. ‘Hannah. That was...oh, God, that was...’

She left the sentence unfinished. Hannah hugged her warmly. ‘I know,’ she whispered fondly. ‘I know...’

A sudden round of applause broke from the audience. Jake’s face shuddered stupidly in their direction. His cheeks twitched and he grunted feebly.

Up on the stage, the three girls gathered themselves for the finale.

‘It’s not over yet,’ announced Hannah. ‘There’s one last thing we have to do. You all know what it is. If anyone wants to leave, now would be the time to go.’

Jake’s body tightened. He let rip with several muted curses, arched his back and clawed the air. Hannah ignored him and her keen eyes scanned the room. No one stood up. She took a deep breath and turned to the others. ‘All right,’ she said. ‘Let’s do it...’

Five

Hannah took hold of Jake's head and tugged it in the direction of the audience. He could see the contempt in their faces, and knew how much they loathed him.

'I'm sorry...' he mumbled into the tape, but all that emerged was a twisted mewl of air.

Hannah's eyes burned with hatred. 'You think you've been humiliated, Jake. Well, think again.' She paused for effect, then added, 'You ain't seen nothing yet.'

He twisted against her hands and grunted some more.

'Do you know what we want you to do for us, Jake?' Hannah's voice was cold and subdued. 'We want you to wank yourself. All across your belly. Will you do that for us, Jake?'

He lurched forward, huffing and puffing as if to somehow blow the tape from his mouth. His eyes narrowed into tiny trembling slits and he whined mutely.

Hannah dropped his head back onto the cushion. 'I'm going to untie your right arm, Jake. If you move it at all, if you try to hit me or undo the other one or anything, I'll kill you. Understand?'

His forehead trembled and a sad little moan trilled around the back of his throat. Hannah reached down and undid the bows around his wrist.

‘Now play with yourself,’ she told him.

He looked down at his thin, heavily veined cock. It rested limply across his thigh. Reluctantly, he reached out and closed his fingers around the shaft. Two little sobs broke from behind the tape and his eyes misted over. He glanced in the direction of the audience and saw several girls lean forward curiously. He raised his eyes towards Hannah.

‘Do it,’ she breathed coldly. ‘Do it or die...’

He began to jerk his fingers, shimmying up and down the length of his lifeless rod. It remained lifeless. He tightened his grip and rubbed himself harder, driving his foreskin up and down. Nothing. He couldn’t do it. He couldn’t fucking do it! Not with all these women looking on. He couldn’t!

‘Oh, dear...’ Hannah’s tone was less than friendly. ‘If you can’t get it up, then you’ll have to be smothered...’

His head jerked sharply, and his eyes blazed. She was standing just behind him now, her hands around her buttocks, opening herself up, rolling the circles of her arse. He began to pump himself more furiously than ever, grunt after grunt thundering into the tape around his mouth.

Hannah moved her open arse across his head. The pink chasm of her arse began to lower, the pout of her anus twitching towards his nose. He drew a deep breath before the damp and smelly darkness took him, and his hand closed hard around

his cock.

He couldn't breathe. This time it was serious. The fat little tart was choking him to death, smothering him with her bum! She smelt so beautiful and her flesh ... her flesh was so warm and damp and sticky sweet. But he didn't want to die. Not like this. Not under an 18-year-old's arse. Not in front of all her friends. Blood flowed into his penis and it unfurled across his belly. Jake began to pump himself fast, struggling against the pain in his chest...

Hannah hardened her buttocks and rode her cleft across his face. This was so good, so much better than before. So much better than with Brian; no longer holding back, attacking with her cunt and arse, no prisoners to be taken. Oh, yes! Oh, fucking yes!

Jake's pelvis jerked, and his hips bounced. A strangled screech broke from beneath Hannah's bottom as he came. A loud cheer went up as several jets of semen shot from the tip of his cock and splashed across his stomach. Two or three girls leapt to their feet and punched the air. 'Yes!' they screamed. 'Yes! Yes! Yes!'

There was a flash of light, and even in the dark it stung his eyes. The bitches were taking photos! They were taking fucking photos!

The maw of Hannah's pussy bloomed around Jake's nose and mouth, and she bucked, emptying her belly across his head. 'Fucker, fucker, fucker!' she screamed, wriggling her hips and mewling with delight.

She slithered from his face, utterly exhausted. She drew several deep breaths and

her bosom heaved, the big rounded orbs swinging freely. She turned to her two friends, one after the other, and they slammed their hands together in a triumphant round of high fives.

Several cameras flashed, and the girls grinned and bowed.

Jake was trembling violently, huge sobs of fear rattling his chest. He was crying: there were tears rolling down his cheeks.

‘You fucking baby!’ laughed Hannah contemptuously. ‘You big fucking baby!’

He went on sobbing, his skinny little frame shaking stupidly. Hannah turned to Chrissie. ‘Your turn,’ she breathed softly.

Chrissie mounted him, her cunt towards his head. He stared up at her. If eyes could scream, then his screamed now. She saw the shudder of his lips beneath the sodden tape and smiled cruelly. ‘You have to toss yourself off again, Jake. ‘Cos I’m sitting on your face until you do...’

She slithered forward, dragging her slimy cunt across his chin, over his mouth and around his nose. His eyes stared up at her, like two red pennies, bloodshot and pleading. She reached down, sealing his face between her thighs and watched his eyebrows rise in terror. ‘Come on, Jake,’ she snarled. ‘Give it some cream!’

He mewed horribly, like a strangled kitten, and she felt the thud of air against her

clit. Behind her, Jake's fingers went to work again, tugging and clawing, scratching at his shaft, urging himself upright. It was more difficult this time, having come so recently. The weight around his lungs was unbearable, like a block of stone crushing his spindly chest. He wept into the tape as the first surge hit him, thin jets of spunk dashing across his belly, dribbling down his thigh. Chrissie closed her eyes and growled. The maw of her cunt melted and she gushed across his face. A stream of liquid heat filled his nose and ran down his chin. She rose slowly, her pussy throbbing, her puffy little lips opening and closing like a hungry mouth.

Jake's face glistened with sweat and slime. It dribbled into his eyes and stung; ran into the back of his throat and made him gag. He reeked of female musk, his skin tight and raw from so much sitting.

Lucy moved towards him and he jerked horribly. His balls were empty and his cock hung limply between his legs. He shook his head and groaned. Not again! He couldn't raise himself again! Oh, for Chrissakes, no!

Lucy's tiny white legs settled around his head, her buttocks tightly closed. He could hear her breathing softly, as if she were gathering herself. She waited for what seemed ages. Somewhere off, he heard the tick of the assembly room clock, and counted off the seconds until his brain began to reel. He strained against the silk restraints, so tired now that it hardly mattered. Oh, God, he was trapped, he was fucking trapped!

Hannah was speaking again. His blood was thumping in his ears and it was hard to catch what she was saying.

'This is it, Jake,' she breathed softly. 'The final facesit. If you can jerk yourself off one last time, we'll let you go. If you can't, then Lucy's going to smother

you. Do you understand?’

He shook his head and groaned pathetically. He understood all right. The tears were rolling down his cheeks again. Above him, Lucy readied herself. She shook her hips, loosened her muscles and drew several deep breaths. She heard Jake snort furiously beneath her, desperately sucking through his nose. Reaching down with both hands, she raised her buttocks. Her fleshy little orbs parted with a sticky plop, exposing the creamy-pink slash of her crack.

Jake gazed up into the tight pout of her anus. The hard little mouth shimmered with sweat, little drops of perspiration leaking from the hole itself and dribbling down the inside of her thighs. He groaned and humped his hips, his free hand clenching and unclenching nervously. Suddenly he drew his arm back and thrust it between her legs, across his face, desperately trying to shield himself from her tiny arse.

‘Oh, no you don’t!’ spat Hannah. She and Chrissie moved in, took hold of his arm and dragged it away. He fought them as best he could, squealing and sobbing and arching his back. But between them they pinned his hand flat. Hannah wrapped a fresh length of silk around his wrist, securing him to the bench. She left it slack enough for him to reach his cock, but no more.

‘One last breath, Jake, then you can say your prayers.’

He grunted madly. There was no fight left in him now. He was utterly broken: a terrified little man, wriggling on a bench.

‘You can take photos if you like,’ said Hannah, addressing the girls. ‘He’ll

probably struggle quite a bit at the end, so keep some film back.'

'You bastards!' screamed Jake against the tape. 'You fucking heartless bastards!'

Chrissie giggled daftly. 'What was that, Jake?' she mocked him. 'Mmph, mmph, mmph? Mmp, ump, ump?'

Hannah grabbed two fistfuls of his hair and held him fast. 'Whenever you're ready, Luce,' she told her friend. 'I'll hold him tight until you're on him, just in case he tries to turn his head.'

He tried, but Hannah was too strong for him. His eyes swivelled in fear: back and forth between Hannah's mocking smile and Lucy's hard little rump.

Chrissie's hand moved across Jake's mouth, her fingers tugging at the edge of the tape. She gave it a sudden yank and ripped it off. His lips stung furiously and he yelped, inhaling with a gulp. Lucy's bottom came down over his head, the tiny slit of her sex punching its way past his lips and stopping up his mouth. Her anus blossomed around his nose: the smell of her arse was strong and heady. He was choking on her girly flesh: arse and pussy squeezing tight. The heat was stifling: the seal of flesh on flesh complete.

'Mmmmph! Mmmmph!

Lucy hardened her heart to his cries and clenched her arse. She closed her eyes and floated far away: away from the pitiful screams of terror thudding against

the sliver of her sex. Jake's hand was firm around his prick, pumping furiously. His legs turned inwards, his knees knocking as he tried to close his thighs and increase the pressure on his balls.

A minute passed, then two, then three. The hands of the clock clunked round, second after noisy second. Not long now... Jake's cock was firm but he was tiring. His bony fist raced up and down his twitching shaft. Lucy was finding it hard to breathe: that Jake was finding it harder still did not concern her. She was doing him in and she didn't care. Behind her closed lids she saw that filthy photo he had taken of her bending over in the showers, reaching for the soap, her arse exposed, her little hole distended. The bastard! The dirty rotten stinking...

'Nnnnyyaghhhh!'

Jake's body juddered like a spring released. His chest heaved and Lucy tumbled forward, her arse-grip broken. Something warm and sticky struck her on the chin. She opened her eyes in disbelief and saw his cock stabbing at the air. Little diamonds of watery seed were spurting across his tummy.

She lay still for several seconds, squatting over his chest, her bottom in the air. Her breasts quivered like two small jellies and her breathing was sharp and laboured. Slowly, she unbent her legs and eased herself off him. She was shivering and grateful to Hannah when her friend wrapped a blazer around her shoulders.

'Well done, Luce. Nice one,' breathed Hannah softly and gave her a gentle squeeze.

‘I got a bit carried away,’ confessed Lucy. ‘I wouldn’t have done it really, you know. Not killed him, I mean.’

Hannah smiled. ‘Course not,’ she agreed, then looked down at Jake and said. ‘Scared the shit out of the little bastard, though!’ And she laughed cruelly.

They gathered up their clothes and began to dress. The show was over and the audience began to file out. Jake lay on his back, his eyes glued to the ceiling, still shaking and sobbing. His skin was damp and stunk of girls: talcum powder and scent and hot feral liquids.

When they had finished dressing, Hannah looked down at Jake and said, ‘The photos will be all round the school tomorrow. I’d get as far away from here as I can if I were you.’

He stared up at her blankly, then raised his right arm a fraction. ‘Un...untie me, then...’

Hannah shook her head. ‘I don’t think so,’ she replied. She glanced up at the clock. It was ten to eleven. ‘The cleaners’ll be here in about six hours,’ she smirked. ‘They’ll let you go.’

His face twisted bitterly and then relaxed, as if he had thought better of it. He tried another tack. ‘Please... please don’t do this to me...’

Hannah dipped into her shoulderbag and pulled out the roll of carpet tape. She

tore off a fresh strip. Jake's head moved back a fraction and his body tightened. 'Oh, no, please, not again, please, you promised!'

'I promised we wouldn't sit on you again,' said Hannah. 'Can't have you calling for help, though, can we?'

'Oh, God!' he screamed. 'You fucking bitchmmmmph!'

'There!' she smiled. 'That's better. Sleep tight, Jake. See you in the morning. Or maybe not!'

'Mmmmmmph! Mmmph!' He was wriggling again, his face scowling. The girls turned and hurried out the way they had come. The door closed behind them and he was on his own. The bitches! The dirty fucking bitches!

He lay there for several minutes, his heart thumping. His eyes were damp, and his jaw ached badly from the sitting he had suffered. He felt sick. They had had no right to use him like that, humiliating him in front of all their friends. They'd rubbed themselves all over him, made him masturbate, almost killed him. And that little one, she'd been the worst. She'd almost done him in, the bitch! He'd get her for that! He'd get all of them. It didn't matter how long it took, or when or where, but he'd get them. He'd make them sorry for what they'd done to him tonight.

He heard a click from behind. A door had opened. He tried to twist round to see who it was, but the angle was too sharp. Above the beat of his heart, he heard a soft and steady footfall. Someone was walking towards him. One of those fucking girls again: forgotten something, or come to gloat. A shadow passed

across his face and he froze...

Six

A tall, raven-haired woman stared down at him. 'Well, well, Mr Henderson,' she whispered dryly. 'So this is what you get up to on your evenings off...'

Miss Howard circled the bench, and her eyes narrowed in disgust. Jake didn't know whether to be pleased or even more appalled. He tried to console himself. It could have been worse. Someone had to find him, it might as well be her as anyone. At least it would save him lying there all night.

She smiled. 'They did a good job on you, didn't they?'

The hairs bristled at the back of his neck. He remembered something the blonde girl had said. "'Miss Howard knows. It was her who told us what to do.'" He had imagined she was joking. Fucking hell! It was all this fat bitch's fault! He added another name to his mental book of retribution.

She continued to circle the site of his captivity. He grunted savagely into the tape, indicating that whatever else he might want, he didn't want to stay trussed up all night. He wondered when the stupid woman would get the message.

Miss Howard stood at the foot of the bench and regarded him in silence for a few moments. He looked her up and down. She had big fat hips and beachball breasts: not his type at all. Her clothes were generally quite plain: baggy woollen cardigans, tweed skirts and dull brown stockings. Tonight she wore a long black coat. It didn't really suit her. She began to undo the buttons...

Goose pimples crawled across his chest and ran down his sides. Her coat was

open now, slipping back around her shoulders, melting away and gathering in a dark pool at her feet. Underneath, Miss Howard was completely naked...

Except – without her clothes on, she wasn't fat. She was big, of course, but that wasn't the same thing. Her breasts were plump and buoyant: two rounded gourds of ripe, resilient flesh. The cool air of the room plucked at her skin and her pink nipples stiffened. Her hips were wide and padded, yet they flared smoothly. Her legs were long and muscular, her thighs big but firm.

He lowered his head and rested his eyes on her cunt. Her pubic hair was black and thick and plastered to her crotch. When she moved, a thousand diamonds sparkled across her skin. He suddenly realised that she was wet.

'I've been working out in the gym,' she told him, reacting to his puzzled frown. 'You didn't know I did that, did you? If you had known, perhaps you'd have taken some photos of me. I wonder...'

Those hairs at the back of his neck were standing up again. She moved along the bench and paused beside him; raised her hands and stretched herself. He could see that her armpits were dark and hairy; a ripple of sweat ran across one large, hanging breast. He caught the powerful whiff of her body: running sweat and something stale. It smelt like pee.

He brought his head up as far as he could manage and grunted again. He was getting thoroughly pissed off with all this. Why the hell didn't the stupid cow remove the tape?

Miss Howard lowered her arms and met his gaze. Her eyes were dark and shiny.

‘You’ve been a bad man, Mr Henderson. You’ve done things you shouldn’t have.’

He stared up at her, a scowl on his face. He wanted to tell her to fuck off and die – but until the tape was removed he was a reluctant, captive audience. But once she untied him. Then she’d see how he’d repay her...

‘I told the girls they could do what they like with you. I can see they took me at my word.’ She smiled. ‘I watched you for the first half hour. From the doorway. No one noticed, they were far too engrossed.’

Jake’s eyes darkened. She had seen the girls abuse him! She could have helped him and she didn’t! He promoted her to number one on his list of people to get even with.

The headmistress took a deep breath and the circles of her breasts wobbled gently. He was forced to twist his head backwards as she moved behind him and out of sight. Another smell washed over him. She might have fucking showered after working out, he thought. The smell of stale sweat was very strong now.

The lights began to dim around him. What the hell was she doing?

‘We don’t want anyone to see,’ he heard her murmur.

See? See what? he asked himself.

Something warm and smooth shimmered around his head. Not for the first time that evening, he looked up past a pair of thick, creamy-white legs...

Oh, God...

Miss Howard reached back and opened up her arse. Her buttocks parted like a pair of giant pillows. Her cunt was alive: two trembling panels of meat, raw, distended and quivering. He could see the bulging acorn of her clitoris, twitching with excitement. Her slit was a trench of pink flesh, dribbling with sweat and pleasure. And behind her steaming sex, winked the shining brown pearl of her anus. Tiny little hairs sprouted around the rim: it was damp and slick and sticky with her goo.

She was speaking again. Her voice was soft and measured and so quietly matter-of-fact. It sent a spear of terror into the pit of his stomach...

‘Punishing you was a job for girls,’ she began, easing her hips from side to side.

His belly flooded with ice.

‘But smothering you,’ she added, ‘...smothering you is woman’s work...’

‘Mmmph! Mmmph!’ he screamed into the tape.

She looked down between her thighs and smiled cruelly.

‘It won’t be quick,’ she told him. ‘It won’t be easy.’ She smiled again, a dull, watery smile this time. ‘It’s eleven o’clock. I shall ride you for an hour.’ She paused, then continued. ‘I want you to know what I can do to you, before the end comes...’

Jake rocked his head madly. He was pleading with her now, begging her with his eyes, grunting those endless muted screams of his.

‘There can be no mercy, Jake,’ she told him. ‘I know the sort of man you are. If I let you live, you’ll want revenge. This is self-preservation. Us...or you. It’s as simple as that.’

He tensed what passed for muscles in his arms and tried to tear himself free. But Hannah had done too good a job.

‘At twelve o’clock, I’ll put the lights out and remove the tape. You won’t see me coming, Jake. It’s best that way. You’ll be able to scream, to beg me not to do it. I’ll ignore you, of course. I’ll sit on your face. You won’t be able to shift me. It’ll only take a few minutes, but I know it won’t be nice.’

His body gave a dreadful shudder. He swore and yelled and screamed. Called her a bastard, a cunt-fucker, and a mother-whore. Then begged her for mercy, then cursed her again.

But all that emerged was a blast of frantic, muffled squeals.

And then the darkness descended...

It was two minutes to twelve. Hannah, Chrissie and Lucy hurried across the floodlit quadrangle.

‘Trust you to lose your purse,’ complained Hannah.

‘I didn’t do it on purpose,’ retorted Chrissie. ‘But I don’t want one of the cleaners picking it up.’

Lucy yawned. ‘We’re going to be exhausted in the morning.’

They were outside the main building. Hannah glanced at her watch. In the distance, a church bell chimed twelve. At the third stroke, a blood-curdling scream erupted from inside the hall.

The girls stared at each other in horror.

‘What the fuck was that?’ asked Chrissie.

Hannah didn't reply. She hurried to the back door, opened it and ran inside. The others followed.

The room was in darkness. A pitiful moan came from somewhere up on the stage. A voice screamed, 'Please, no! Dear God, please, nooooo!' And then there was silence. No, not silence. Another moan: long-drawn-out this time and horrible to hear. It was like an animal in distress, squealing and whimpering and struggling to escape its fate...

Hannah fumbled for the nearest light switch and a florescent beam flickered into life. They saw Miss Howard on the stage. She was naked and sitting on Jake's head: her body shiny with sweat, her hair matted to her neck. Her massive breasts swung from side to side and she was rocking on her buttocks.

Jake's hands were free and clawing at her hips: his spindly arms like twigs against the massive cushions of her arse. She turned and blinked but kept her place as the girls approached the stage.

'Miss – Miss Howard? What – what are you doing?' asked Hannah, stepping closer than the others.

'What...you...what...you should have done...' she gasped, grabbing Jake by the wrists and dragging his hands away from her hips. 'I'm smothering him...'

'Oh, my God,' breathed Lucy. She remembered how she had felt, astride Jake's head and wanting to go all the way.

‘How...how long will it take?’ stammered Chrissie, closing her thighs. It didn’t occur to her to tell Miss Howard that this was wrong. Deep down, she didn’t feel it was. Her groin began to tingle...

‘Not...not long now...’ murmured Miss Howard. ‘Another...another minute, no...no more...’ She gave a sudden groan: half-pleasure, half-distress. ‘He stabbed me with his tongue,’ she sighed. ‘Put it into pussy. Almost made me come...’

‘You’re doing him in,’ breathed Hannah. ‘You’re doing him in with your arse...’

Miss Howard’s breasts shook violently. She threw back her head and howled.

‘You can stroke him if you like,’ she told them. ‘Feel him struggle!’ And then her head dropped and she focused all her attention on the final subjugation of her victim.

Lucy reached out and felt Jake’s thigh. The muscles were sharply tensed, as if so many tiny boulders were trying to push their way through his skin.

Chrissie let her fingers graze against his cock. It was harder than she imagined a penis ever could be: like a tall stone column jutting up between his legs. She gave him a playful squeeze and felt him jump inside her fist.

Hannah pressed her palm to his chest and felt the thunder-pump of his heart. His skin was hot and sticky, and slimy with his sweat. The touch of three young

hands, grazing their way across his flesh made Jake squirm and wriggle even more. His body jack-knifed horribly and a further squeal of terror broke from between Miss Howard's massive buttocks.

'No more, girls...no more!' she sighed, rising and falling over his head like a storm-tossed yacht. 'He knows you're here. He thinks you're going to save him. It's not fair. Not fair. He can't escape. He knows he can't escape!'

The three young women retreated. They sat down in the front row and watched as Jake was slowly smothered. Gradually, he began to weaken. His legs kicked desperately one last time and then went limp. A few seconds later, his right arm slumped. It was as if his body was shutting down in stages. All at once, Miss Howard's head jerked back, her mouth opened and she howled with pleasure. Her bottom wriggled as she came. She pumped her victim's arms and screamed obscenities towards the ceiling.

Below the stage, Hannah crossed her legs and felt her pussy warm and melt. Chrissie shifted awkwardly beside her; Lucy let out a short, muted whimper and clenched her thighs.

They watched as Jake's body began to convulse. The fingers of his left hand bent into angry bird-like talons and ripped the air. Then that arm, too, dropped away. For a moment nothing moved; then his chest rattled briefly, his back arched like a bow, and he finally fell still.

Miss Howard jumped up at once, dismounted and pressed an ear to Jake's chest. After a few seconds, she straightened up, and addressed the girls. Their confusion at her sudden change of tack was obvious.

‘It’s all right,’ she told them. ‘He’s only unconscious. I wanted to frighten him, nothing more. Put the fear of God into the man and show him what could happen if he doesn’t change his ways.’

‘I thought you’d killed him,’ whispered Lucy. ‘I thought you’d smothered him to death with – with your bottom...’

‘And he would have deserved it,’ replied Miss Howard. ‘He is a thoroughly evil man. The world would be a better place with this one gone.’

‘What did it feel like? Doing it, I mean?’ asked Chrissie. ‘Knowing how frightened he was?’

‘It felt good. It always feels good...’

Hannah started. ‘You mean – you mean you’ve done it before?’

‘Oh, yes. Jake Henderson wasn’t the first, and he won’t be the last. You see,’ she paused, seeking to frame her words precisely. ‘There are certain men, bad men, who deserve to suffer. They get away with things, things like Jake here. Someone has to punish them. Show them the error of their ways. Do you understand?’

She looked into their faces, one by one, and saw that they did.

‘There’s a teacher here – a Mr Crawford – the science master.’

‘Creepy Crawford!’ Hannah’s outburst was instinctive. She tried to claw back some ground. ‘Sorry, Miss, I–’

‘It’s perfectly all right. He is creepy. There are things I could tell you about that man that would make your skin crawl. He’s far, far worse than Jake.’

Lucy piped up. Her voice was steely soft. ‘He needs to be punished...’

‘He certainly does,’ agreed Miss Howard. ‘And you, my girls, are just the ones to do it.’

They turned and looked at one another. Excitement gnawed at Lucy’s tummy. She wanted to speak but she couldn’t.

‘What do you want us to do?’ asked Hannah.

Miss Howard glanced at Jake’s limp frame. ‘Help me punish those who deserve to be punished,’ she replied simply.

Chrissie plucked up the courage to speak now. ‘Do you mean – do you mean smother them? Smother them like you smothered Jake?’

Miss Howard's face darkened. She looked suddenly very serious. 'Yes,' she answered. 'That's exactly what I mean...'

She reached into her coat pocket and withdrew an envelope and a reel of tape. Very quickly, she fixed it to Jake's hairy, gently undulating chest.

Grinning, she said, 'It'll hurt like hell when he takes it off. Still, that will be the least of his concerns. Waking up in the park, roped to a tree in the altogether...'

'You're not?' responded Lucy, then giggled at the prospect.

'With your help,' said Miss Howard. 'Between us we should be able to carry him.'

'What if he wakes up before we get there?' asked Chrissie.

Miss Howard smiled. 'Then one of you will have to sit on his face and send him back to sleep.'

She paused, and studied each of the girls in turn. 'Well,' she said, knowing the answer before she asked. 'Are you in?'

One by one they nodded their assent, as she knew they would. 'Good girls,' she said. 'We'll make a formidable team.'

‘What does the letter say?’ asked Lucy, pointing at the envelope.

‘That we know who he is and where he is, and that if he ever steps out of line again, we’ll be coming for him. And next time, there will be no reprieve. Next time, the job will be done properly.’

‘And would we?’ asked Lucy in a small, quiet voice.

Miss Howard looked at her in silence for a few moments, then said. ‘Let’s hope he never gets to find out...’

THE END

SMOTHER SLAVE

One

Lucy emptied her glass and giggled. She'd only been at St Helen's a week but already it felt like home. When her parents had announced they were sending her to a private finishing school, her heart had sunk. The last thing she wanted was to be cooped up with a hundred other girls, and not a single boy in sight. Fingers and a dildo were no substitute for a penis, however much her mother told her otherwise.

She recalled her final night with Sean. How he had fucked her twice across her parents' dining table, then twice more on their expensive Afghan rug. He had taken her on all fours in the bathroom, howling like a dog as he emptied the last of his seed into her greedy cunt. After that she had forced him onto his back – which, by then, was all he was fit for. She had sat on his face and he had licked her as she sucked him back to hardness. Then she had lowered her arse onto his shaft and made him bugger her repeatedly until at last he'd screamed with pain and begged her to release him.

But she hadn't. It was her last night of freedom. Her last night without men. She wanted something to remember...

She'd wondered if it was an illness: this need she had for constant satisfaction. But even if it was, she didn't care. Sex was all that mattered to her. To pleasure and be pleased in return. She wasn't a child any more. She was 18 years old, with big, gropable breasts, broad hips and a plump, voracious cunt. She had become a woman. With a woman's strength.

And a woman's needs...

Lucy leaned back and brushed a length of copper-coloured hair away from her face. The room was warm and stuffy, and though the windows had all been flung open, there was scarcely a breeze tonight. The girls had all stripped down to their white cotton pants. There were five of them, besides Lucy: Janet, Mo, Sal, Corinne and Sonya.

Sonya was the head girl at St Helens. She was 19; tall and well-built, with blood-red lips and thick blonde hair that bunched around her shoulders like a cape. Her breasts were large: big, rounded gourds of creamy flesh, tipped with chocolate-coloured nipples. A dildo throbbed between her legs, its thick black handle poking out from under the hem of her knickers. Every now and then she would close her thighs and whimper crudely.

Alcohol was banned at school, but Sonya had her contacts in the town and getting drink had never been a problem. Lucy opened her legs and scratched idly at her pussy. Her pants were soaked in sweat and beer, and the gusset had become transparent. Her thick dark hair showed through, a few loose strands escaping around the edges of her mound. She raised her hips and watched her labia bulge against the flimsy cotton crotch.

Janet giggled to her right, belched twice and said, 'Let's see who's got the biggest cunt!'

'What do you mean, the biggest?' drawled Mo, turning her dark, Hispanic face towards the sound of Janet's voice.

‘The fattest, then,’ said Janet, pushing up with her hips so that her labia bulged crudely.

‘We all know you have,’ muttered Sal. ‘You’ve got the fattest arse, as well.’

Behind them, Sonya squealed. Her buttocks bounced sharply and her legs kicked. ‘Sweet fucking shit!’ she screamed, then arched her back and wriggled. She closed her fists around the blunt end of the dildo and pulled it high into her cunt as she came, yelling and swearing obscenely.

‘All right for some,’ murmured Corinne, before raising one buttock and letting out a loud extended fart.

Mo held her nose and waved frantically with the other hand. ‘Get a load of that!’ she squealed. ‘So much for the fucking Geneva Convention! That stuff could wipe out half of Europe!’

Corrine raised her legs, tugged her panties up and exposed the wrinkled brown knot of her anus. ‘Who wants to suck the poison out?’ she giggled.

‘We could always ask Michael,’ responded Sal, then instantly shut up.

‘Who’s Michael?’ asked Lucy, tugging idly at her nipples.

‘No one,’ answered Janet. ‘Sal’s just pissed. Doesn’t know what she’s saying.’

Lucy turned to Sonya. The big girl was staring back, her dark eyes shiny with arousal. ‘It’s OK,’ she said. ‘Lucy’s one of us now. We can trust her.’

Corrine leant forward quickly. ‘But if Miss Drake finds out—’

‘She won’t,’ said Sonya firmly. ‘You worry too much, Cor.’

‘So like I said, who’s Michael?’ repeated Lucy. ‘Someone’s boyfriend?’

‘You could say that,’ grinned Sonya, getting to her feet. Her breasts swayed heavily, glistening with sweat and alcohol. She tugged at her panties. The material had bunched up into her crack, the gusset slimy and discoloured with excitement. Her labia were well-defined, a rippling bulge of meat between her thighs. ‘Get the key, Mo,’ she said softly. ‘Time we had some proper fun...’

‘Where are we going?’ asked Lucy, as Mo crossed to the door. The dark Hispanic reached up to the lintel, scrabbled around for a moment, and produced two keys, one slightly larger than the other. She inserted the smaller of the two into the lock and turned it twice.

‘We don’t want to be disturbed,’ smiled Sonya, walking over to a tall bookcase in the corner of the room. She extracted two thick books, dumped them on the floor, reached into the alcove behind and tugged at something hard. Immediately, the case slid back, as if on rollers. There was a gap behind, an opening barely

large enough to crawl through.

‘This way,’ said Sonya, getting down on all fours and squeezing through. Mo hurried along behind her, followed by Janet and Sal. Corinne stood back and waved Lucy forward. ‘Hurry up,’ she told her. ‘It’s lights out in an hour. We haven’t got much time.’

Lucy needed no second telling. She dropped to her knees and crawled forward into the darkness. A faint light shone straight ahead. The tunnel itself was no more than three or four yards long and before Lucy had time to consider the matter further, she felt hands around her shoulders as Sal and Janet hoisted her up.

She was in a small, well-lit cell. A long, padded bench stood in the centre of the room, its edges lined with thick leather straps.

Corinne came through behind, brushing herself down. Belatedly, Lucy saw that they were not alone. A figure sat hunched up in one corner: a young man, in his early twenties she guessed. His hands and feet were chained, and there was something – a gag, she assumed – fastened around his mouth. A tray of half-eaten food and a mug of liquid lay nearby. There was a door to the left, slightly ajar. She was considering what might lie beyond, when Sonya answered her unspoken question.

‘It’s his bathroom,’ she explained. Kneeling down in front of the young man, she untied the gag, removing a large rubber ball from his mouth. ‘That’s where you pee, isn’t it?’ she grinned, reaching out and squeezing the young man’s face. He didn’t reply, but just dropped his head and moaned into his chest.

‘Who is he?’ asked Lucy, puzzled.

‘Michael,’ said Sonya. ‘He’s our slave, aren’t you, Michael?’

The young man looked up and his head bobbed nervously. ‘Yes, Mistress,’ he murmured.

Lucy frowned. ‘But I don’t understand. I mean, where’s he from? How did he get here?’

‘We caught you, didn’t we, Michael? We caught you being naughty.’

He stared at her briefly, his face a mask of anxiety, but said nothing. Instead, he gave a frightened little nod and bowed his head a second time.

‘He came out here from the city. Lived locally for a while, then one night he made a big mistake.’ Sonya’s face broke into a wide, relaxed grin. ‘He decided to do a bit of snooping. Found a skylight over the showers and tossed himself off while he watched us cleaning our butts.’

‘The filthy little pervert!’ spat Lucy and wrinkled her nose in disgust.

‘Unlucky for him, Corinne here spotted him from the dorm. That’s when we hatched our little plan. We waited till he came down and then we took him prisoner. It wasn’t difficult, what with there only being one of him and five of

us.'

Lucy looked around the chamber. 'But what is this place?'

'The school was a private house before the last war,' explained Sonya. 'The owner had these rooms installed so he'd have somewhere to hide if we were ever invaded. I found it by chance one day when I was tidying the bookshelves. It's fully equipped with a bath, toilet and sleeping quarters.' She smiled grimly. 'Not that Michael gets much sleep these days.'

'How long has he been here?' asked Lucy, examining the young man properly for the first time. Though he was sitting down, his long legs gave away his height. His shoulders were narrow and his skin smooth and pale. His face was round and shaven, his hair a curly brown and his eyes a pale, powdery blue.

'Six months,' replied Sonya, still smiling. 'We fuck you every day, don't we, Michael? Whether you like it or not.' She paused, then added with a smirk, 'And more besides...'

Lucy looked at her curiously. 'What sort of "more"?' she asked, aware of a familiar tingling in her tummy.

'We like to sit on him,' said Sonya flatly. 'We like to sit on his face and make him lick our bottoms.'

'That's cool,' responded Lucy. 'And he doesn't mind?'

Sonya laughed. 'It doesn't matter if he minds it or not. He's not here to mind. He's here to serve.' She studied him with open contempt. 'Isn't that right, Michael?'

'Yes, Mistress,' he responded in a weak voice.

Sonya reached out, grabbed a fistful of his hair and yanked hard. 'I'm sorry, Slave,' she shouted fiercely, 'I didn't hear that. I must be going deaf. You'll have to speak up!'

Mo knelt down, took hold of his nipples and tugged them cruelly. Michael's face came up and he screamed. 'Mercy, Mistress, please! Mercy!'

'You need to be punished, don't you, Slave?' Sonya's voice was loud and full of menace. Janet crouched down and thrust her hand between his open buttocks.

'Like a finger up your arse, Michael?' she inquired. 'Or maybe two?'

He yelled again, his eyes wet with tears. They rolled down his face as he wriggled between his three tormentors.

'How should we punish you, Michael?' asked Sonya. 'How should we make you suffer?'

‘Sit on me, Mistress!’ he screamed. ‘Sit on my face!’

‘And do what?’ asked Mo, leaning forward and licking into his ear.

‘Smother me, Mistress! Sit on my face and smother me!’

‘Will you worship our bottoms?’ asked Janet eagerly.

‘Yes, Mistress!’ he yelped, as her finger penetrated his anus.

‘Enough!’ snapped Sonya. ‘I want some fun! Tie him to the bench.’

Janet removed her hand and stood up. Corinne and Sal took hold of Michael’s arms and hoisted him to his feet. Producing the second key, Mo unlocked the young man’s cuffs. The two girls pushed him onto the bench and began to tighten the straps around his body.

‘What do you think, Lucy?’ asked Sonya, when they had finished.

‘I don’t know what to say,’ she answered. A smile creased her smooth white features. ‘It’s very sexy, though. Having your own slave.’

‘Take your panties off,’ said Sonya. ‘It’s time you and Michael were properly

introduced.

For one moment, Lucy froze. She'd never done this before: never used a man who wasn't willing. Ice flooded her belly and she felt her bladder tighten with excitement.

'What are you waiting for?' asked Sonya.

Lucy needed no second telling. She hooked her fingers beneath the waistband of her thong and peeled her panties down over her big, circular hips. Her cunt was dripping now, the thick folds of her flesh shiny with arousal, her tight, wiry pubes matted to her skin.

'Squat over his head,' instructed Sonya, guiding Lucy towards the bench. The young girl moved as if in a trance, swinging her legs across the prisoner's chest and settling herself over his face.

'What do you say to your new Mistress?' asked Corinne, taking hold of Michael's hair and wrenching back his head.

'Please open up your bottom, Mistress,' he whimpered. 'Please let me see your dirty little hole.'

'Oh my God,' sighed Lucy, and felt her legs begin to buckle. She reached behind and clawed at the heavy circles of her arse, parting her cheeks and exposing the fleshy pink fistula of her anus.

‘You have a lovely little arse-hole, Mistress,’ murmured Michael. ‘Will you let me kiss you, please, will you let me worship your bottom?’

Lucy swooned a second time. She turned her head and looked straight into Sonya’s dark brown eyes. ‘Can I do whatever I like with him?’ she asked.

Sonya nodded. ‘Once you’ve made him suck your arse, he’s yours forever.’ She peered down at the young man and watched as his head twitched nervously. ‘Because we’re never going to let you go, Michael. You know that, don’t you? So you’d better always please us or we’ll make you suffer. We’ll make you wish you’d never been born.’

‘Please, Mistress,’ he sobbed. ‘Don’t hurt me, Mistress. I’m frightened, Mistress. I don’t want to be hurt...’

Lucy’s heart began to race. Her pussy lips were aching gently, the panels of her flesh oozing with oil. ‘Lick me, Michael,’ she instructed him. ‘Pay me homage so that I know you’re a good little slave.’

She heard him groan and watched his fingers tighten anxiously. He didn’t want to do it. He didn’t want to lick her little bottom-hole; didn’t want to suck from her tiny brown anus. Oh how delicious, she thought. This was true power.

This, she decided, she was going to really enjoy ...

Two

Michael raised his head and Lucy felt the tip of his nose brush against her anus.

‘Sniff me first,’ she told him, and giggled. ‘It’s a smell you’ll have to get used to.’

He breathed in deeply, as if savouring the aroma of some rich, exotic scent.

‘That’s good,’ she sighed. ‘Now put out your tongue and lick around the edges of my bum-hole. Tickle the rim.’

Lucy bent her full weight into the young man’s chest, spreading her fingers for maximum support. Her anus had always been particularly sensitive. Sean had been able to give her orgasms simply by sucking on the hole itself. If Michael hit the spot with her, she knew that she might collapse on his face if she weren’t careful. Not that it mattered, of course. But she wanted to enjoy the play of his mouth on her arse for as long as possible.

His tongue came out and flicked around the circle of her anus. Lucy bent her neck and gurgled at the ceiling. This was good. This was very good. His tongue skipped back and forth; up and down; around and around. She shimmied her hips and spat out crude obscenities.

Oh God, she thought! To be a woman, with a woman’s lusts! How absolutely fucking wonderful! Her belly tingled with excitement.

‘Your mouth!’ she squealed, oblivious to all around her. ‘Use your mouth on me, you worthless piece of shit!’

Sonya and Corinne exchanged a look of warm approval. Michael was a worthless piece of shit. They liked the way this new girl worked. She’d bring a new dimension, maybe, to their victim’s torture.

Michael closed his lips around the knot of Lucy’s anus. His hot breath beat against the pink, constricted well.

Lucy’s head fell forward now, her lemon-shaped breasts trembling, her nipples fat like tiny corks. ‘Give me a Frenchie!’ she shrieked, abandoning all inhibition. ‘A French kiss!’ she elaborated loudly.

Corinne bent low and whispered in the young man’s ear. ‘She wants you to put your tongue up her arse,’ she told him. ‘As far as it will go...’

As soon as Lucy heard the words, her stomach tightened. A surge of pleasure broke from inside her cunt and tore across her belly.

‘Do it!’ she squealed, heaving herself back, crashing her full weight onto his head. She squirmed her oval cheeks around his face, then yelled a second time as Michael’s tongue thrust out, stabbing at her bottom-hole, and spearing her sphincter.

‘Oh, fucking shit!’ she screamed as the climax broke inside her. She straightened her back and sat bolt upright, centring her weight on her victim’s nose and mouth. Bringing her hands up to her breasts, she plucked at her nipples, tearing at her teats, stretching her flesh until she cried again, with self-inflicted pain.

She bounced, oblivious to Michael’s torment. He couldn’t breathe; and she didn’t care.

Sonya leant forward. ‘You can kill him if you like,’ she said. ‘Smother him to death with your arse.’

She spoke the words deliberately loud. So Michael, too, could hear what she was saying. Either side of him, Janet and Mo bent down close and whispered to him.

‘Bye, bye,’ said Mo, and nibbled at his lobe.

Janet licked inside his other ear. ‘You’re a dirty, cunt-sucking bastard,’ she murmured. ‘You deserve to die...’

The young man’s body jack-knifed and his hands clawed along the leather-lined bench. Sonya took hold of his penis and rubbed it hard, until his balls bulged with seed. She squeezed the base of his shaft and stemmed the flow of semen into his cock.

Lucy wobbled like a human jelly, rolling her hips from side to side, shrieking her release at the ceiling until, as suddenly as it had begun, her pleasure spent itself

and she fell forward, utterly exhausted.

Michael roared, sucking air into his tortured lungs as Lucy slid onto his chest, smearing his skin with her warm and slimy oils.

‘Oh, fuck, that was brilliant!’ she sighed, easing herself off him at last.

‘You had him going there,’ said Sonya. ‘Me, too. I thought you were really going to do him in.’

‘I wanted to,’ admitted Lucy. ‘It’s something I’ve always wanted to do. I read a story once where a woman actually did it to a man. I’ve always wondered if it’s possible.’

Sonya smiled darkly. ‘Who knows?’ she said. ‘If Michael ever fails to please us, maybe we’ll all find out.’

The young man raised his head, his big blue eyes wide with concern.

‘Let’s play Arsehole Roulette!’ squealed Corinne brightly.

‘Great idea!’ agreed Sonya.

Lucy wrinkled her nose. “What’s that?” she asked, aware even as she spoke of a frightened murmur from the man on the bench.

‘We blindfold him,’ explained Sonya. ‘Then we each take it in turns to sit on his face. He has to guess whose bumhole he’s sniffing. If he guesses right, we let him lick us off...’ She paused and took a deep, steadying breath. Her bosom rose and fell, her cherry-pink nipples long and hard.

Lucy squared her shoulders. ‘And if he doesn’t?’ she asked eagerly.

‘Then we take it in turns to smother him,’ announced Sonya, with a big, cheerful grin.

‘But not to death?’ inquired Lucy.

‘Not so far,’ admitted Sonya. ‘We free one of his hands and let him wank. If he can toss himself off before he passes out, we get off him.’

Lucy’s face tightened curiously. ‘And if he can’t?’

‘It hasn’t happened yet,’ said Sonya.

‘But if he can’t,’ persisted Lucy.

Sonya returned her gaze coldly. 'If he can't,' she said in a quiet voice, 'then we smother him properly.' She glanced down at Michael and grinned. 'That's right, Michael. All the way...'

'All six of us?' inquired Lucy.

Sonya frowned. 'You really want to suffocate him, don't you?'

Lucy shrugged her shoulders and looked embarrassed. 'No, I don't,' she mumbled. 'I was just interested, that's all.'

Sonya's face twisted into a wicked grin. 'You dirty little minx,' she breathed. 'You're getting off on this. 'You actually want to sit on his face and smother him to death.'

Lucy shook her head, and backed away a little. The other girls were staring at her curiously.

Corrine let out a long, shuddering sigh. 'What a thought,' she whispered, turning her attention back to Michael. She reached down and fingered her clit through the cotton of her panties. Her teeth clenched and she released a grunt of satisfaction.

'That's enough!' said Sonya. 'If we're going to play this game, let's get started.'

Michael's eyes widened and his hands came up, forearms flexed against the leather bands that held him down. He snorted breath through his nostrils and his chest jumped nervously.

Sonya removed her pants, then swung herself across his chest. Raising herself a little, she brought her bottom back over the young man's head. Her buttocks parted like two giant curtains of flesh, exposing her chocolate-brown fissure. She lowered herself slowly, until her anus brushed against his nose.

'Sniff me, Michael,' she demanded. 'Remember my smell. Your life may depend on it.'

She giggled as his nostrils pressed into her arse, breathing her deeply, tickling the sensitive anal core. Pulling away, she dismounted and her place was taken by each of the other girls in turn: Corinne, Janet, Mo, Sal, and finally Lucy.

Lucy spread her tiny fingers across his chest and felt his heart pound heavily. She twisted her head round and stared down into his face: saw the beads of sweat that had gathered under his eyes; smelt the fear that clung to him now.

'Be afraid,' she whispered. 'Be very afraid...'

His Adam's apple pumped up and down and he visibly trembled. His head jerked sideways, his eyes now fixed on Sonya, who was standing a little to his left.

'Mistress, please...' he murmured. 'It's only a game, Mistress, isn't it?'

She returned his frightened look coldly. 'Smell her arse,' she told him. 'Or I'll smother you myself.'

Michael turned his head again, and gazed up into Lucy's damp, sweat-dimpled crack. Her anus was a star of wrinkled flesh: a tiny brown morsel of meat at the very centre of her baby-smooth bottom.

He angled his nose so that his nostrils pressed against the rim of her arse-hole. Then he closed his eyes and took several deep sniffs. Lucy wiggled her hips, rubbing her bottom from side to side. His head fell back and he swallowed very hard. She heard his teeth begin to chatter gently.

'He's frightened,' explained Sonya. 'Last time we played this game, he got two of us wrong: Corinne and Mo.' She smiled as Michael's head turned, and he stared up at her. 'Cor sat on him first. You should have seen how hard he wanked. He creamed himself in half a minute flat.'

Mo came forward and stood at the other girl's side. 'We gave him five minutes to recover, then I sat on him.' She grinned. 'He kept trying to say he wasn't ready. That he couldn't get it up again that fast.' She pulled a very childish face and pouted. 'Poor little diddums,' she simpered. 'He thought I was going to snuff him out...'

'So what happened?' asked Lucy eagerly. She reached down between her legs and rubbed her clitty. Her head was full of crude images: of Michael screaming as she lowered herself onto his head and covered him with her arse.

‘I thought I had him,’ admitted Mo. ‘I must have been sitting on his head for about three minutes before he managed to spunk himself again. It was a close-run thing. He was really struggling. Another thirty seconds and he’d have gone under. His nose was so far up my bum-hole, I pissed myself with excitement. All over his face: down his throat and everything. It was brilliant...’

She closed her eyes and smiled, purring softly under her breath as she surrendered to her memories.

As Lucy dismounted, Janet came forward with a length of black silk in her hands. She looked at Sonya, waiting for her friend’s command. The other girl nodded. ‘Do it,’ she said.

Michael raised his head obediently, allowing Janet to wrap the silk around his eyes and fasten it in a knot at the back.

‘Right,’ said Sonya, studying the straggle of girls. ‘Let’s get you into some sort of order.’ She waved them into position, one behind the other at Michael’s head. When at last she was satisfied with the arrangement, she turned back to their victim and said, ‘Let’s begin.’

She signalled to the first girl, Mo, who immediately stepped forward, straddled him quickly and lowered her arse over his face. Michael sniffed at her anus: Lucy was reminded of a pig smelling for truffles. He sniffed again: several times, and then his head fell back and Lucy saw his teeth nibbling at his lower lip. He was thinking: concentrating hard. He couldn’t afford to get this wrong.

‘Mo,’ he said in an uncertain voice, his mouth trembling around the words.

Sonya said nothing, but merely signalled to the girl to dismount, then took her place. Instead of allowing Michael to sniff her in his own time, she pressed her arse right back, pushing down and covering him completely. Then she raised her legs, so that her full weight was concentrated on his head. Weighing her breasts in both hands, she plucked at her nipples and smiled dreamily.

A minute passed, then two. Michael began to struggle. This was not what he had expected. He had not drawn breath and his lungs, Lucy knew, must be bursting.

Sonya rose suddenly and swung herself free. Michael's shoulders heaved, his head came back and he screamed. There were tears running down his face.

'Not fair, Mistress, not fair!' he wailed.

Sonya nodded to Mo, who came forward again. She pressed her palm across Michael's mouth, and pinched his nose shut with her forefinger and thumb. His head began to shake and his fingers clawed against the fabric of the bench.

'It's not for you to say what's fair and what isn't!' she told him angrily. 'Perhaps this will teach you to have respect for your Mistresses!'

Michael's head rocked from side to side. He wept into his captor's hands. Lucy counted the seconds in her head. Another minute slipped by. She felt a nudge at her side.

‘You have to tame men,’ giggled Janet. ‘Break them in. Just like a horse.’

‘Stop struggling!’ yelled Mo. ‘Calm down and I’ll let you go!’

But that was easier said than done. Lucy felt her pulse rate quicken. Michael was shaking from top to toe. He must be very short of air now. She wondered if it was physically possible for him to lie still. His blood was starved of oxygen: his shuddering fast becoming an automatic response to his prolonged suffocation.

To her surprise, he went suddenly very quiet. For a moment, Lucy thought that he had passed out. But his trembling hands gave him away. He was fighting the natural urge to struggle: aware that only submission to his torturer would bring him any relief.

‘Good boy,’ whispered Mo. ‘Just another few seconds and I’ll let you breathe again. Just a few more seconds...’

It was cruel. Lucy was well aware of that, and it made her pussy tingle. My God, she wanted to climb on top of his cock and fuck him to death. She needed a prick inside her now: needed it more than she had ever needed anything.

A maddened shriek of distress brought her back to her senses. Mo had released her grip on Michael’s face and he was sucking air again, his chest heaving, and sweat dribbling down his belly. His penis jerked furiously. Lucy wanted to reach out and take hold of it. She wanted to rub her fist up and down and make it spurt. It was something she had always enjoyed. Milking a cock, the way a maid would empty a big fat udder of its frothy white cream.

‘So who was it?’ asked Mo coldly. ‘Whose arse did you have your face up, you little worm?’ She tugged at his hair, bringing tears to his eyes. ‘Tell me, you bastard!’ she screamed. ‘Who was it who sat on you? And remember. If you get it wrong, we’re going to smother you to death. All the way, Michael. All the fucking way...’

The young man shook his head. He was crying now; frightened and confused. Lucy pinched her clit and felt her belly shudder with anticipation. One more touch, one more gentle rub and she would come. She plucked her hand away and closed her thighs.

‘Oh, God...’ she murmured, and felt her knees buckle.

Sal reached out and snaked an arm around her waist. ‘Not yet,’ she whispered out of Michael’s earshot. ‘There’ll be plenty of time to enjoy yourself later.’

‘So who was it?’ asked Mo again.

Michael bit his lip. His mouth narrowed a fraction of a second before he spoke. ‘Janet,’ he murmured. ‘It was Mistress Janet...’

Sonya licked her lips and smiled as Mo backed away. Lucy felt her pussy throb with heat. He’d made a mistake. Sonya would get her chance to smother him now. Holy fuck, she thought, I hope I get a chance as well. She was last in line. If he got more than a couple wrong, she’d be too far back. But if he didn’t. If he got three, say, including her, she might just have a chance.

Janet came forward now. She lowered her arse and rubbed her anus up against his nose. He sniffed again: like a dog on heat. Lucy noticed how much her bottom resembled Sonya's. That's why he had made the mistake. It wasn't the smell, but the size that had confused him.

There was a loud, extended sqwark: like the sound of a balloon being released. Janet had farted, her anus rippling around Michael's nose as she emptied her bowels of gas. Lucy heard the catch in his throat as he gagged in disgust. Mo came forward again, knelt down and whispered.

'Is there a problem, Michael?'

He shook his head feverishly. 'No, Mistress!' he squealed. 'I love to smell a woman's farts!'

'Would you like her to do it again?' inquired Mo softly. 'Would you like her to break wind all over you a second time?'

It was quite clear, from the expression on Michael's face, that being on the receiving end of another of Janet's farts was the last thing he wanted. But he nodded furiously and the panic in his voice was real enough. 'Yes, Mistress. Please, Mistress. I only want to serve! I only want to serve!'

Janet pressed her anus to his nose, allowing him to smell her rich aroma. Reluctantly, he sniffed her arse. She farted again: very slowly this time – a long, extended hiss of air across his face. His nose wrinkled, but he remained very

quiet. At last, he shook his head. It was clear he was confused. Whatever smells he had committed to memory, her violent expulsion of wind had thrown him off course. And there was another problem, Lucy realised. He had already mistaken Sonya's bottom for Janet's. If he remained convinced that he was correct, then he was doomed to make a second mistake. But what if he thought that he had already erred? Then he ran the risk of getting it wrong again, and if that were the case, then two women would have won the right to try to smother him once this was over.

He bit his lip in an agony of despair.

Mo spoke again. 'Whose arse?' she inquired, after Janet had risen from his face and taken her place at Sonya's side.

'Mistress – Mistress ...' His dithering was painful to see. 'Mistress Janet!' he said for the second time in succession. He was right, though he didn't know it. But one thing he did know, Lucy, realised, and that was that he had got at least one of them wrong.

Corinne came forward and positioned her bottom over his face. Once again his nose came up and he sniffed closely at her anus. She waggled her hips, so that her little hole rubbed against his nostrils. He had to move his nose from side to side in order to smell her properly.

'Whose arse?'" demanded Mo.

Michael took a deep breath before answering, as Corinne slid from his face.

‘Mistress Lucy!’ he murmured, then seemed to change his mind. ‘No – Mistress –’

‘Too late!’ said Mo. ‘You’ve made your choice.’ She leant in close and whispered in his ear. ‘Who knows? You might be right. Don’t want to ruin a good thing, do you, Michael?’

Sal came forward now and settled herself quickly over his face, wiggling her hips, rubbing his nose with her cunt in an effort to confuse him.

This time, he did not hesitate. ‘Mistress Sally!’ he declared, and the girl shuffled off him, looking distinctly upset.

Mo leant forward and whispered in Lucy’s ear. ‘She always does that thing with her pussy, so he always knows it’s her, silly cow.’ She gave Lucy a little nudge. ‘Go to it, girl. Give him hell!’

Lucy came forward now, her legs trembling. Michael had got it wrong twice. That meant two women were going to sit on his face and try to smother him. If he failed to guess correctly when she rode him, then there would be three of them, and she would be the third. That would give her the best chance to do him in.

She swung her thigh across his chest and settled herself over his head. Slowly, she lowered her bottom onto his face, allowing her anus to graze his nostrils. She felt the tip of his nose nudge into her hole, and when it did she sat back a little

harder, so that her delicate bud opened a fraction. His touch tickled her and she wanted to laugh. But she knew she didn't dare, because that might reveal who she was. Then she remembered Sonya's trick: how she had sat right back on Michael's face and confused him utterly. If it had worked once, it might work again.

Lucy wriggled her bottom back and covered him gently. She felt his head twitch as the muscles in his face hardened in panic. Then she was over him properly, sitting hard, cutting off his air supply. His head shifted from side to side, so that his nose tickled her anus. His mouth opened around her vulva; not in an attempt to suck or lick but in a desperate bid for air. She tightened her thighs and threw back her head, enjoying the sense of power that she knew she wielded over him.

To her left she saw the warning look in Sonya's eyes. Michael had been caught by surprise. The shallow breath he had taken would not allow him to survive for long. Reluctantly, she rose, and felt the suck of air around her cunt and arse. She lowered herself again, more lightly now, and offered him her anus to sniff at one more time. He seemed too far gone to make much use of it and, content that she had given him his chance, she rose from his face and dismounted. Her heart beat a little bit faster as she stepped back into line with the other girls.

Please let him guess wrong, she muttered to herself. Please ...

'Well?' demanded Mo. 'Whose arse have you just stuck your nose up?'

Michael was still gasping, still struggling for breath. He shook his head in a painful quandary. Mo grabbed hold of his hair and wrenched it back until he squealed.

‘Come on,’ she insisted. ‘Whose arse?’

The air was stiff with excitement. ‘Corinne!’ he blurted. ‘It was Corinne!’

Lucy punched the air silently and mouthed, ‘Yes!’

Sonya came forward and removed Michael’s blindfold. She looked down at him and smiled coldly. ‘Oh, dear,’ she whispered. ‘You didn’t do very well, Michael. You didn’t guess me for a start.’ The blood drained from his face. Sonya looked towards the line of girls. He followed her gaze. ‘And I wasn’t the only one,’ she told him as Lucy and Corinne stepped forward.

‘Oh my God,’ he murmured. ‘I can’t take on three of you! I can’t!’

‘You have no choice, Michael. You know the rules.’

‘For the love of God, Mistress!’ he squealed.

‘No, Michael,’ she smiled. ‘For the love of our naked little bottoms.’ She paused. ‘I’m going to sit on your face,’ she told him. ‘I’m going to watch you spunk while I smother you.’ She looked towards Corinne and Lucy. ‘It’s up to you,’ she said. ‘You can have pity on him if you like.’

‘No way,’ answered Corinne. ‘I want to be the one that takes him under.’

‘And if Cor doesn’t do it, then I will,’ added Lucy with feeling. ‘I want his head right up my fucking arse!’

‘That’s it then, Michael,’ said Sonya. ‘There’s no way out.’ She grinned. ‘Only your cock can save you now.’ She reached down and fiddled with his balls. ‘You’re very full. Your first spunk’s going to be a really big one.’ She swung her thigh across his chest. ‘but remember,’ she warned him as she settled herself over his head. ‘Keep some back for Cor and Lucy.’

He shook his head from side to side. ‘Oh no, Mistress, please. Let me rest for a few minutes, please!’

‘There’s no rest for you, Michael,’ she giggled and moved her backside into position. He stared up into her big, swollen arse. Her anus was round, bloated and dripping with sweat.

‘Oh, Jesus,’ he murmured. ‘Oh Jesus, someone, help me...’

And then her bottom came down over his face...

Three

Lucy watched with excitement as Sonya rode the young man's face. The blonde girl rocked her bottom from side to side, squeezing his head between her big meaty orbs. Michael's body tightened and his hand closed around the middle of his shaft. He slid his fist up and down, pumping smoothly. For a moment, he went very still, then his back arched and the first wave of semen spilled from his cock, spraying his belly with come.

He squealed into Sonya's arse, released his prick and dug his nails into his thigh. Lucy knew at once what he was up to. He was trying to override his pleasure with pain and cut his climax short. With two more girls waiting to sit on his face, he couldn't afford to exhaust himself early on. Lucy, for her part, wanted to hurry forward, grab his cock and continue to milk him.

Sonya had not dismounted. The big blonde girl had broken the rules again, rolling her hips and purring softly. Lucy's heart skipped a beat. Sonya had no intention of getting up. She was going to smother him! For a moment, she was torn between excitement at the thought of seeing Michael suffocated between her classmate's buttocks, and anger that she was to be denied her own turn at sitting bare-bottomed on his head.

Michael's legs hardened and his feet began to jerk. Sonya reached down and rubbed at her clitoris. Suddenly, her head went back and she squealed at the ceiling. Her buttocks shook and she fell forward, clawing at her victim's belly with her long, blood-red nails. His nose emerged from the cavern of her arse and he inhaled furiously, his hands bunched into fists of pain.

Sonya slid from his chest, sat on the floor and hugged herself tightly. 'Oh, Jesus ...' she whispered, 'that was so fucking good ...'

Corinne looked first at her watch, and then at Michael. 'Five minutes,' she announced flatly, and smiled as he turned his wide, fearful eyes towards her. She reached down between her thighs and hugged her vagina. 'Then you're going to suck on my cunt, you little worm.'

Michael's semen lay in creamy pools across his belly. When he moved, the spunk dribbled down his sides and wet the leather bench. His fingers unfurled and edged towards his cock.

'No touching!' warned Corinne. 'Not until your nose is up my arse.' She reached down, took a fistful of his hair and pulled it tight. 'What do you say, Michael?' she inquired sternly.

His Adam's apple jerked, and there were tears in his eyes. 'I'm sorry, Mistress! I'm sorry!' he squealed.

Corinne knelt down, extended her tongue and licked her way into his ear. 'You'd better keep me sweet, Michael. You want me to go easy on you, don't you? You don't want me to be cruel. Or perhaps you want me to smother you with my bottom? Is that it?'

She pulled hard on his hair again and he yelped. His mouth was trembling, and a drop of sweat broke free and ran down the side of his face. Several seconds passed and Lucy wondered why he hadn't answered. And then it hit her. He didn't know how to answer. Corinne was playing a game with him. What was it

that she wanted him to say? To beg her to be kind to him? Or plead with her to be as cruel as she knew how?

‘Oh, God ...’ murmured Lucy, and pressed her fingers into her cunt, rubbing at her clitoris. She felt her thighs clench briefly, and then melt. A familiar rush of pleasure gripped her quim and she snorted through her nose. She wanted him now, wanted him so desperately. She couldn’t bear the thought that Cor might suffocate him first.

‘Well, Michael?’ Corrine asked again. ‘Tell me what you want me to do!’

His lips were trembling as he spoke. ‘I want you to smother me, Mistress!’ he wailed. ‘I want you to sit on my face and smother me to death! Please, Mistress! Smother me, Mistress! Smother me!’

Corrine licked the edges of her mouth. She lowered her head and lapped at the inside of his ear. ‘I’m going to straddle you, Michael,’ she whispered. ‘I’m going to straddle you with my bare bottom...’

‘Rest period’s over!’ announced Sonya.

Corinne purred softly, kissing Michael lightly on the cheek. ‘Time to be smothered,’ she whispered coldly, and felt his body tighten.

He took a series of rapid breaths, expanding his lungs as Corinne swung her leg across his chest and settled her bare arse over his head. She reached back and

opened herself up, distending the puckered hole of her anus.

‘Here I come,’ she warned him, lowering herself very slowly, inch by inch until she had completely covered his head. Lucy saw his chest rise powerfully at the last moment as he filled his lungs with air. His free hand reached out and seized his cock, fingers tight around the shaft. Then he began to pump himself vigorously. But his penis remained limp. There was a look of utter triumph on Corinne’s face. Lucy felt a lump of despair form in the pit of her stomach. Corinne reached down and palmed her hips, pressing her arse-flesh hard around her victim’s head. A short, muted grunt broke from inside her crack, and, belatedly, Michael’s prick began to unfurl.

Corinne’s face darkened and she wiggled her hips from side to side, though maintaining her airtight grip on his nose and mouth. Michael was pumping furiously, expending vital oxygen in his bid to reach stiffness. But becoming erect was one thing, as Lucy knew. To bring himself to climax a second time, so quickly after his first release, was another thing altogether. Lucy doubted if this were the first time Corinne had attempted to suffocate the young man. Her teeth were clenched now, and there were tears of effort in her eyes.

‘Come on, arse-hole! Do him in!’ she grunted. ‘Smother! Smother! Smother!’ It was as if she hoped the constant repetition of words would add strength to her efforts. Michael’s hips were jumping now, his arms and legs bending horribly. The other girls began to move in close, circling Michael’s twisted frame.

‘My God,’ whispered Mo. ‘You’re going to do it, Cor! You’re going to fucking do it!’

Michael’s grunts had turned to squeals. His hand flew up and down his penis, a blur of hardened flesh. The bench began to rattle. Corrine threw back her head,

stuck out her chin and shrieked, 'I'm coming! Oh, fucking help me, I'm coming!' Tears of pleasure broke from the corners of her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She wept freely, and bounced her bottom several times in quick succession.

'You're losing your grip!' warned Sonya, but it was too late. Michael's nose appeared from between her wobbling arse-cheeks and he snorted furiously. With a shriek of anger, Corinne pushed back and covered him a second time. But even as the waves of pleasure subsided in her belly, his penis jerked and viscous pearls of semen spat from his urethra. His come was short and weak, but it was enough. Corinne slid forward, onto his chest, murmuring incoherently, her body shaking with anger.

'It's not fair!' she yelled, raising her head. Her eyes were blood-red, and there were dark squiggles on her cheeks where her mascara had run. Behind her, Michael gasped like an asthmatic, his tongue jumping in and out of his mouth as he swallowed huge gulps of rancid air.

Sonya came over and stood behind him, a grin on her face. 'Well done,' she said. 'I thought you were a goner there.'

His eyes widened fearfully. 'P – p – please ...' he stammered. 'No more, Mistress, please. I'm begging you. No more ...'

Sonya shrugged her broad shoulders. 'It's not up to me, Michael, it's up to Lucy. She has the right to sit on you if she wants.'

He turned his head around, and his damp, pleading eyes met those of the young

girl who now approached. 'Please, Mistress,' he began a second time. 'I can't do it. I can't make myself come again. Not so soon.'

Lucy straightened her back and looked down at him. 'What do you want me to do about it?' she asked coldly.

'Have mercy, Mistress,' he murmured. 'Have mercy on me, please.'

'You don't want me to sit on your face? Is that what you're asking?'

'Yes, Mistress. Please, Mistress. I won't be able to make myself come. You'll kill me, Mistress. I don't want to die, Mistress. Please, I don't want to die ...'

'I don't care what you want,' answered Lucy, her tiny face hardening. 'I want to sit on you. I want to smother you.' She paused, then added softly. 'I want to make you suffer ...'

'Oh, shit, no, please! You can't! It's just a fucking game, isn't it? Just a fucking game!'

Lucy passed her palm across her breasts and rubbed at the flesh. The fingers of her other hand plunged into the furry channel of her cunt. 'I'm going to sit on your face, Michael. I want to know what it feels like. I want to feel you struggle. I do hope you'll struggle, Michael. I hope you won't make it too easy for me ...'

‘Oh, God!’ His head twisted from side to side, and the tendons in his neck stood out like wires. ‘You’re fucking crazy! All of you! You’re fucking mad!’

Sonya glanced at her watch. ‘Four minutes,’ she announced flatly. ‘Then the Smothering begins...’

Lucy turned away and began to pace the room. She felt like an athlete limbering up for her final event. Her heart was thumping with excitement, and a film of sweat rose across her back and down the insides of her thighs. The other girls studied her enviously. They knew from past experience how Michael had always struggled when being sat on by two of them in quick succession. They had doubted he would ever survive being under three bare bottoms in a row. Now that the time had come, it felt curiously unreal. And yet so terribly exciting, too.

Michael was staring at the ceiling, concentrating hard, willing the blood back into his cock.

‘Are you thinking dirty thoughts?’ asked Janet, giggling slyly. ‘Trying to give yourself a hard-on? You filthy little slut.’

‘It’s not fair! It’s not fair!’ he kept muttering to himself. ‘I’ve done my best. I’ve always done what I was told. Everything. Everything you ever asked me!’

‘And now we’re asking you to make the final sacrifice,’ said Sal.

‘Time’s up,’ announced Sonya.

The blood drained from Michael's face. 'No!' he screamed. 'Not yet! I'm not ready! I'm not fucking ready!'

'Too late,' breathed Sonya with a nod in Lucy's direction. The young girl came forward, her buttocks rubbing together as she walked.

'How will you do it?' asked Mo eagerly. 'With your pussy or your bottom?'

'My bottom,' answered Lucy. 'I want his nose right up my arse-hole at the end.'

'Cool,' whispered the young Hispanic girl. 'It'll be even better if you fart on him.'

Lucy rubbed her tummy gently. 'I've had so much to drink,' she giggled. 'I think I'll piss myself before it's over.'

'Do him slowly,' said Sonya. 'Make it really good.'

Lucy took a deep breath. 'I will,' she answered. 'There's no way he's getting out from under my arse.'

The young man's hand was flying up and down his limp, wet cock. As yet, it showed no signs of becoming erect.

‘Oh Christ, come on you fucker!’ he screamed at his penis, as if anger might somehow accomplish what rapid masturbation had failed to do. ‘I don’t want to die! I don’t want to fucking die!’

Lucy swung her thigh across his head and settled herself lightly on Michael’s chest. His hand flew up and down more rapidly, but his cock remained as limp as ever. She raised herself on her haunches and manoeuvred her rump into position over his face.

‘Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!’ squealed Michael, pumping as hard as he could.

Lucy lowered herself carefully, inch by inch, until she felt Michael’s ragged breath beat against her buttocks.

‘Sweet Jesus, no!’ he screamed. ‘Sweet fucking Jesus, nooooo!’

‘Time to suck on my arse-hole,’ said Lucy in a quiet voice, and felt another blast of air warm her sticky crack.

‘Noooooo!’ screamed Michael and turned his eyes away as Lucy brought her bottom down over his face. Sonya came forward and grabbed his head, holding him in place as Lucy’s bum-cheeks closed around his nose and mouth.

His arms flexed, and his legs kicked sharply, his fist tight around his shaft, squeezing and pulling at his cock.

Lucy rocked back and forth, moaning softly. Beads of dribble broke from the edges of her mouth and ran down her chin. She clamped her bottom very tight and felt a peal of terror in her crack. Michael's chest began to jerk. The hand around his cock was shaking now, rather than pumping. His other hand raked the leather surface of the bench, and the toes on both his feet twitched sharply.

Lucy bared her teeth, and she growled. Her breasts were soaked in sweat, her nipples taut with raw, primeval lust.

'I'm going to come ...' she whispered feebly. 'I'm going to fucking come ...'

Michael's prick began to stiffen: an imperceptible hardening of his shaft. Lucy sat upright, centring her entire weight on his head. She had lost all track of time now; aware only of the trembling nose and mouth around which her buttocks were so fiercely clamped.

'Christ ...' whispered Corinne hoarsely, 'She's going to do it. She's going to fucking snuff him out ...'

Coming forward, one by one, the women gathered around Michael in a close, straggly circle.

'I always wondered what it would look like,' breathed Mo. She slipped her right hand down between her thighs and rubbed herself smoothly.

Lucy reached down and fondled her hips, tightening her hold on her victim's head. Suddenly, Michael's hand dropped away from his cock and tore instead at his own skin. His penis unfolded, a tall column of flesh with its fat glans twitching. The terrified young man arched his back and screamed into the arse around his face: a panic-stricken roar of air that finally emptied his lungs ...

Four

‘Stop!’

Sonya’s shrill voice brought Lucy up short. Hands were suddenly tugging at her shoulders, pushing her forward and away from Michael’s face.

‘Oh, Christ, no!’ she screamed as the first contraction hit her vulva. Her pussy closed and opened like a soggy sponge, the swollen meat of her vagina dribbling juices as she came.

‘Mummy, mummy, I want my mummy ...’ she wept, her sweep of long, dark hair falling around Michael’s stomach. His penis twitched against the side of her face. Instinctively, she moved her head, opened her mouth and closed her greedy lips around his shaft. His penis jumped: once, twice, and sent a feeble jet of semen into the back of her throat.

Michael was screaming, but she didn’t care. Nothing mattered in those glorious few seconds as she sucked on his penis and emptied her cunt onto his chest. And then her head began to clear. She tried to sit upright, but there were more hands grabbing at her now, pulling hers sideways, onto the cold stone floor.

‘What the fuck are you doing?’ she yelled, struggling to free herself. A hand came out and struck her sharply on the side of the face.

‘Calm down!’ admonished Sonya sternly.

Lucy’s eyes were blurred with tears of anger and frustration. ‘Why – why did you stop me?’ she stammered, her breathing shaky. ‘Why didn’t you let me finish him off?’

‘Be sensible, Luce,’ responded Sonya. ‘We can’t really bum him to death, can we?’

‘We’ll find another boy. It can’t be that difficult, surely?’ protested Lucy.

‘It’s a crime,’ said Sonya flatly.

‘So is keeping him here against his will.’

‘Be serious, Lucy,’ Corinne chipped in. ‘We can’t just smother him. It wouldn’t be right.’

‘Then you shouldn’t have said I could do it,’ countered Lucy bitterly.

‘We didn’t think you’d really want to,’ said Mo. ‘Not when it came to the crunch.’

‘Well I did.’

‘You’re one mad bitch,’ remarked Sal.

‘And you’re all liars,’ retorted Lucy angrily. ‘If you weren’t going to let me do him in, then you shouldn’t have let me start.’

‘There are other things apart from smothering,’ said Sonya.

‘Such as?’ inquired Lucy.

‘We can fuck him. That’s always good for a laugh.’

‘He won’t get his cock up again tonight,’ complained Lucy. ‘Not after what he’s been through.’

‘Maybe not,’ grinned Sonya. ‘But he’s got his fingers and a tongue. A girl can still have some fun.’

Corrine glanced at her watch. ‘We don’t have much time,’ she reminded Sonya. ‘Miss Drake will be coming round soon to check we’re all in bed.’

Sonya busied herself with Michael’s restraints. ‘Better make it quick, then,’ she

said, undoing the last strap before dragging him back into the corner of the room. She got down on all fours in front of him and raised her bottom in the air.

‘Frig me hard,’ she told him. ‘Put your fingers into my pussy and make me come.’

Wearily, Michael moved into place. His limbs still ached from having been tied up for so long. With some difficulty, he brought his hand forward and cupped his palm around the young girl’s vulva. Drawing his arm back, he searched for her cunt-hole, found the sticky entrance and pushed two fingers home.

‘Pump me fucking hard, you bastard!’ she squealed, and wriggled her hips. Michael’s hand moved rapidly, his fingers sliding in and out of her engorged vagina.

‘Kiss me on my arse-hole!’ she screamed. ‘I’m going to come, you bastard! I’m going to fucking come!’

Michael lowered his head, pressing his mouth into Sonya’s crack. His lips closed around her sticky anal hole and he began to suck. Almost at once, Sonya arched her back and let out a shrill, extended cry. Her juices ran down her legs as she toppled forward onto her face. Michael continued to lap at her anus, pushing his fingers in and out of her cunt, until at last, with a feeble groan, she pulled herself free and made way for the next girl.

‘My go,’ squealed an excited Corinne, taking Sonya’s place. The act was repeated, with Michael closing his mouth around her anus, then finger-fucking her tight, well-lubricated sex, until she, too, climaxed loudly.

Each girl took it in turns after that, until at last Lucy came forward again.

‘I want a finger up my arse while you suck on my slit,’ she told him bluntly.

‘Yes, Mistress,’ he answered quietly. She leant forward and whispered into his ear. ‘You owe me, you little bastard. Make it good, or so help me, I’ll get you somehow...’

Fear seemed to lend strength to his efforts. He thrust his fingers in and out of her sex, and within a minute she fell forward, his hand still inside her, squealing and calling for her mother.

Sonya looked at her watch. ‘We’ll have to go,’ she announced. The other girls retrieved their pants, fell into line, and, with barely a backwards glance, they ducked down into the tunnel and out of the room.

‘Is it all right if I leave last?’ asked Lucy breathlessly, pulling on her thong, her big breasts bouncing.

Sonya frowned. ‘Why do you want to do that?’

Lucy leant forward and whispered in her ear. The other woman’s face lit up.

‘Fair enough,’ she grinned, then ducked low and vanished into the tunnel. The moment she had gone, Lucy crossed the room and knelt down beside Michael, a wicked smirk on her face. Reaching out, she took hold of his damp shaft in one hand, then wiggled the fingers of the other down between his buttocks to stroke at the thin stretch of skin between his anus and his balls.

‘Please, Mistress,’ he moaned, and his eyes filled with tears. Lucy glanced towards the tunnel entrance, then turned back and squeezed his penis softly.

‘I told Sonya that I fancied one last feel of your cock,’ she whispered. ‘That I just wanted to be on my own with you, without the other girls.’

She watched his Adam’s apple bob up and down. His mouth sagged and his lips trembled

‘That wasn’t true, of course. I had another idea altogether. I don’t like to be cheated out of what’s mine,’ she added in a low voice, picking up the discarded ball-gag and fastening it around his mouth. ‘You can’t speak now, Michael. You can’t call out for help,’ she grinned, and leant forward, breathing into his ear.

‘I’m coming back for you, my helpless little boy. When the other girls are fast asleep, I’m coming back and I’m going to sit on you. I’m going to sit on your head , Michael, and I’m going to smother you ...’

His body tightened and he squealed into the gag.

‘I won’t have any panties on,’ she continued coldly. ‘Just think about it, Michael. I’m going to sit on your face and smother you to death with my bare arse ...’

He lurched forward, tugging on his restraints, his eyes bulging and his hands clawing at the air. It was a pitiful sight: a terrified man unable to defend himself in any way. Lucy smiled, but it was an empty, unspeakably cruel smile.

‘Think about it, Michael,’ she told him, stepping out of reach. ‘Think about what I’m going to do to you. I’m going to tie you up. It won’t be difficult. Then I’m going to push you onto your back. I’ll leave the gag in, so you can’t scream out for help. Not until you’re so weak it won’t matter. It’s going to be so good, Michael. I’m going to sit on you hard. You won’t like it, but I’m going to enjoy every fucking moment. Your face – and my dirty little hole ...’

Lucy crossed to the far side of the room. Raising her fingers to her lips she blew him a kiss, then turned sharply as Sonya’s head bobbed up from inside the tunnel entrance.

‘What’s keeping you?’ asked the other girl. ‘We’re running out of time. Miss Drake’ll be round any minute.’

Michael screamed into the gag, his huge pleading eyes staring straight at Sonya. She was his only hope now, but she seemed oblivious to his plight.

‘Mmmph! Mmmmp! Mmmmmmp!’

Her eyebrows rose curiously. 'What's up with him?' she inquired.

'I just told him how much I enjoyed the evening,' explained Lucy.

Sonya stared back at Michael's panic-stricken face; at his red cheeks and his watery blue eyes.

'He seems a bit over-excited.'

Lucy giggled. 'I told him I'd seen a rat in the tunnel,' she whispered. 'Seems he doesn't like them very much.'

'That was cruel,' grinned Sonya.

'I know,' said Lucy. 'I'm sorry.'

Sonya shook her head, ignoring Michael's muffled cries. 'No, that's OK,' she said. 'I approve of cruelty.' She looked at her watch. 'And I also approve of not getting caught by the teachers. Come on. Say your goodnights to lover-boy here and let's get back to our bedroom.'

With a final, disinterested glance at the terrified young man, Sonya bent down and disappeared into the tunnel. Lucy knelt by the entrance and smiled wickedly. Then she turned her back on Michael, pulled down her pants and wiggled her bare bottom at him. Reaching behind with one hand, she ran a finger slowly

around the rim of her anus.

‘See you soon, sweetie,’ she giggled. Then she, too, was gone.

The next few hours passed slowly for Michael. Usually, after the girls had visited him, he slept the sleep of the utterly exhausted. He was exhausted now, and his body cried out for rest. But sleep was impossible tonight.

At first, he tried his best to loosen his restraints. But the combination of steel and leather resisted all his efforts. After an hour or two, his eyes began to close; for he was so desperately tired now. Perhaps she wouldn't come, he told himself. Perhaps she was just teasing him. She was a cruel one, all right, but he knew enough by now to realise that Sonya was the boss. The new girl wouldn't try anything on her own, surely?

But still he dared not go to sleep. He had to be ready, he had to be alert. And yet he so desperately wanted to close his eyes and rest his weary body.

Imprisoned as he was, hidden for so long from the outside world, he had no idea if it was night or day. All he knew was that he was helpless and he was alone. It was too late now to wish that he had never heard of this place; to regret how stupid he had been to venture up to the school and spy on these girls. But it didn't stop him wishing he could turn back the clock. It didn't stop him being frightened...

In those first few hours after they had captured him, he couldn't make up his mind whether he was in the worst trouble of his life, or whether, in fact, he was simply the luckiest male on the planet. After all, it wasn't every day a man found himself at the mercy of five randy college girls with just one thought on their minds. He recalled how, at 15-minute intervals (just long enough for him to recover his erection), they had taken it in turns to rape him. After that, they had beaten him with small leather whips, wanked him, spat on him, peed on him, and finally made him lick their cunts until all five of them had climaxed loudly on his face.

The sex had been OK, of course, but not the rest of it: not the beating, and not the way they spat and peed on him. But what he loathed most of all, what truly filled him with disgust, was the pleasure they took in sitting on his face. It seemed to represent to them an exercise of total power. They were queens on their throne: and that throne was his head. They would sit on him and pee, and fart, and make him lick their cunts until they came. Again and again and again.

His hatred of being sat on only seemed to encourage them further. And they could be so cruel: frequently using their full weight and taking great delight at testing how long he could last beneath each girl's bottom without breathing. Sometimes they would tape his mouth and take it in turns to hold his nose; often wetting themselves with laughter when they saw how much it made him struggle. Then they would make him lick them clean, drawing every last drop of pee from their curly little pubes.

A sound came from the tunnel entrance and his stomach lurched horribly. A head appeared first, then a body and a moment later Lucy stood up and smiled at him. She wore a short cotton nightdress – emblazoned with a picture of Winnie the Pooh – that barely covered her big breasts and her plump, rounded buttocks.

'Hello, Michael,' she whispered, advancing on him slowly. He backed up against the wall and shivered. He wanted to squeal into the gag, but fear had frozen the

words in his throat

‘I’ve come to get you,’ she giggled, drawing to a sudden halt. Reaching down, she pulled up the front of her nightdress and exposed her darkly thatched pussy. ‘I’ve got such an itchy cunt,’ she told him, scratching at her thick pubic curls.

Michael’s eyes widened in panic as Lucy pulled the nightdress up over her shoulders, and discarded it on the floor. Taking hold of his arms, she pinned them behind his back with surprising ease. She was stronger than she looked; and he was weaker than he had realised. He found his voice at last and grunted savagely into the gag. There were tears in his eyes, leaking out onto his cheeks.

‘You’re frightened, aren’t you, Michael?’ she whispered darkly. ‘A little girl is going to park her bottom on your face, and you don’t want her to. That’s right, isn’t it, Michael? That’s what you’re frightened of, isn’t it?’

He squealed again and backed away, the muscles in his arms and legs taut with terror. Lucy reached out and stroked one side of his tearful face.

‘You don’t want me to sit on you, do you?’ she grinned, taking a sudden hold of his feet and tightening the straps around his ankles. He was so weak, he could hardly resist her at all. She pushed him onto his back and straddled his chest.

‘I was going to take you on the bench,’ she told him. ‘So it would feel like a proper execution. But then I thought doing it on the floor was so much sexier. I want to see you squirming under my pussy. It’ll be such a turn-on.’

He yelled into the gag, as if suddenly finding new strength. But the effort exhausted him and his arms and legs went quickly limp again. Lucy slid forward, reached down and pulled his head up into her cunt. He cried out one last time before she wrapped her thighs around his head and squeezed.

‘I’m going to smother you, Michael,’ she murmured softly. ‘With my pussy and my bottom ...’

His legs began to kick, but it was a token effort, and she found it easier than she had expected to restrain him. Too easy. She loosened her grip a little, so as to offer him some hope of escape. He took it, and she smiled with satisfaction as he fought her a little harder.

‘You can’t shift me, Michael,’ she giggled happily, rolling her hips from side to side. She counted the seconds in her head, right up to 60 and beyond. Then she released him suddenly and his head fell back onto the floor. While he gasped and wept and pleaded mutely for his life, she raised herself a little, swung round and this time settled her bottom on his face, bringing her arse down quickly, so as not to give him the chance to turn his head away.

She closed her buttocks tightly and felt his nose dig sharply into her crack. She sat back very hard, not moving at all, and squealed out loud when his head began to twist between her cheeks.

His chest hurt, his lungs hurt, everything hurt. A blinding light grew in the darkness behind his lids, and his stomach lurched. Then it was over and she raised herself a little. Michael breathed furiously, and this time caught a scent of fishy cunt. She swung round once again, and covered him with her vulva.

‘I’ll make a deal with you,’ she offered, looking down at him. ‘If you let me piss into your mouth, we’ll call it quits. What do you say?’

He stared up at her, his eyes wide with panic. He couldn’t speak, and even if he could, she knew, what the hell could he say? She was offering him his life in return for a squalid act of base obedience. And she was probably lying. But he couldn’t take the chance. Poor Michael. Poor helpless, stupid little Michael ...

‘You don’t believe me, do you?’ she smiled. ‘Not that it matters. I can piss on you whenever I like. I just like the idea of you asking me to widdle in your mouth. So, do we have a deal?’

He nodded grudgingly. He had no choice, and they both knew it. Moving quickly, Lucy removed the gag and he opened his lips wide. The young girl positioned the bulb of her cunt inside his mouth and sat very still for several seconds, flexing her bladder and studying Michael’s drawn and pensive face.

‘I’ve never pissed on a boy before,’ she told him. ‘I’ve never done my wee-wee in his mouth. Are you sure you want this?’

He nodded again, a strangled gulp of panic warming the mouth of her cunt. Oh, this was going to be so wonderful, she told herself. So fucking, fucking wonderful ...

She held her breath for a moment and then expelled it with a little sigh.

‘Here it comes!’ she giggled, relaxing her pee-hole. Her pussy jumped inside his mouth, and a gush of hot urine exploded over his tongue and into the back of his throat. Michael gagged, his back arched and his limbs convulsed horribly. Belatedly, he tried to move his head away, but Lucy held on tight.

‘Every last drop, Michael,’ she told him. ‘You must drink all my lovely warm piddle or it doesn’t count.’

And so he drank, his stomach heaving, his face contorted with disgust until at last her flow subsided and she sank forward again, utterly spent and empty.

Recovering herself, Lucy rose, watching with pleasure as a dribble of urine trickled down her victim’s chin.

‘I’m sorry, Michael,’ she sighed. ‘Some of my wee-wee got away. That means I’ll have to smother you after all.’

His eyes blazed. ‘No!’ he screamed. ‘You promised! You promised!’ His head shook frantically. ‘Oh, please, no, dear God in heaven! You fucking promised!’

‘I lied,’ she giggled, turning around quickly and straddling him with her arse. ‘I’m going to smother you now. I’m going to smother you with my big girl’s bottom. I hope you can take it like a man. I hope you won’t cry too much.’

Michael shook his head again and screamed. ‘Oh dear God! Dear God, nooooo! Help me, for fuck’s sake, someone! Help me!’

Lucy reached back, and parted her arse-cheeks, exposing her anus. The tiny hairs that ringed her hole were shiny with her sweat and pee.

‘Oh, please, no...’ he murmured, biting his lower lip, struggling to fight back his tears. ‘Sonya wouldn’t want you to kill me!. It’s not right! It’s not fucking right!’

Lucy smiled. But it was a cold, unfriendly smile. ‘Sonya’s not here,’ she whispered softly. It’s just you and my bum-hole now. My hot, sweaty, face-smothering big girl’s bum-hole ...’

He rattled his head from side to side and swore beneath his breath. ‘Dear God, dear God, dear fucking God, nooooo!’

‘How long do you think it will take me, Michael. To finish you off? I hope it takes me a long time. I really want to make you suffer...’

She felt the scream of terror as it thudded into her crack; as she lowered her bottom, inch by inch towards his face...

‘Do you think a man’s ever been smothered like this before?’ she giggled cruelly. ‘Had a woman sit on his face ... and do him in with her bum-hole?’

‘Nooooo!’ he screamed. ‘Sweet mother of Jesus, nooooo!’

Lucy grinned. With her anus pressed to his face, she could do what she wanted. And what she wanted most of all just then, was to scare him. To frighten him. To terrify the living daylights out of him.

As if a long, slow smothering were not enough ...

‘Eat me, Michael!’ she cried and dropped her arse down hard, covering his face fully, before sitting up straight and bringing her full weight to bear on his head. She felt his nose against her anus, his mouth around the swell of her cunt.

Oh, God! This was true power!

A minute, two minutes, three minutes...

He squirmed, he fought; he squealed, he twisted. Such horror, such fear, such pain, such anguish...

It was utterly scrumptious, and she felt her tummy tighten in that way it always did before she came. She clenched her groin and tried to stem the tide of delight building up inside her cunt. She couldn’t, of course; she never could. Not for more than a second or two. But that small delay, that little moment of denial only made her final release all the more delicious.

She came very quickly; long and hard: waves of ecstasy that gripped her belly and flooded her cunt with liquid pleasure.

‘Yes!’ she cried, and bounced up and down, screaming crudely. There were tears in her eyes, and sweat on her breasts. ‘Mummy, mummy, mummy!’ she squealed as the second round of pleasure struck her pussy.

And then she fell forward, and his head was free. She heard someone slap his face twice, but she hardly cared any more. Her body was shaking, her cunt still spilling its warm honey onto her thighs.

Michael’s eyes opened. His vision was blurred and he felt sick, his head swan, and his chest hurt. His eyes slid in and out of focus and then he saw them: Sonya, Corinne, Sal, Mo and Janet. They were all around him now, laughing, doubled up, and playing with themselves.

He couldn’t speak, didn’t understand. Then he shut his eyes and his world began to swim again. For one crazy moment he thought he was dead. Then he heard a fresh peal of laughter and blinked once more to clear his vision.

Sonya was standing over him, her mouth open, ruby-red lips framing her bared, brilliant white teeth.

‘It was all just a game, Michael,’ she giggled. ‘Lucy told me what she wanted to do. And I agreed.’

Michael shook his head. ‘I – I don’t understand, Mistress...’

‘We wanted you to think you were going to be smothered. It was Lucy’s idea, and it was brilliant. You should have seen how hard you struggled when you thought you were going to die.’

‘But why, Mistress? Why?’ he murmured feebly.

‘Because we’d run out of ways of making you suffer, Michael,’ explained Sonya. ‘This was a new way. We really enjoyed it. And now we know what to do. We know how to really get the best out of you...’

Sonya took hold of his cock and stroked the hard column of flesh. She pumped until she knew that Michael wanted to come, and then she stopped. Then started again, then stopped. And then, finally, she pushed down one last time and he screamed his release into the air.

‘You were right, Lucy,’ said Sonya as they watched his semen flood out across his belly. ‘There’s so much more spunk in his cock after he’s been properly smothered. We’ll have to do it again.’

‘Can you imagine that gushing into you when he comes,’ whispered Sal.

‘What we should do, is sit on him like Lucy did,’ said Corrine. ‘Then, when he’s really full, we can take it in turns to rape him.’

‘We can use our butts and our mouths and everything!’ suggested Sal.

‘I’m feeling so randy,’ said Mo. ‘I want to do him now.’

Sonya smiled at her indulgently.

‘You’ll be knackered in the morning,’ she suggested.

‘I don’t care,’ said Mo quietly, ‘I’m feeling so fucking hot, I’ve just got to have him.’

‘Then go ahead and enjoy yourself,’ replied Sonya.

‘If I lose control,’ said Mo. ‘If I can’t help myself...’

‘You mean if you accidentally smother him?’

Mo nodded.

‘Don’t worry. Like Lucy said, we can always find ourselves another boy.’ She paused with the other girls at the tunnel entrance. ‘Just remember,’ she added in a quiet voice.

‘What’s that?’ asked Mo.

Sonya looked at Lucy, and concluded, with a wicked smile, 'From now on there are no limits. We do what we want to do. Whenever we want it.'

'No limits,' repeated Mo, settling her bottom over Michael's face.

She reached back and opened up her arse-cheeks.

'Enjoy yourself,' said Sonya as Mo eased her buttocks around his head.

'See you in the morning, girls,' she answered.

And then she lowered herself onto Michael's face and his torture began again ...

THE END

If you enjoyed *College Smother*, you might also enjoy reading *Schoolgirls at War!*

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?

***Schoolgirls at War!* (Extract)**

Poor Mr Lampard reacted as if he'd been shot. A wild, muffled squeal and he staggered backwards, falling awkwardly, his body heaving. He shook his head and sobbed as Lucy approached.

In a flash, she pushed him onto his back, straddled his chest and brought her raw vagina down over his face.

Another muffled roar broke from behind the gag. Lucy gave a loud laugh and pushed down hard, rubbing her pussy over his nose and mouth. Her fingers clawed through Mr Lampard's hair, hugging him close. I heard him choke; saw his legs twist from side to side. A part of me was yelling, 'Don't look!', but I couldn't help myself. There was something so utterly primal about what was happening: a young girl sitting on a man's head, holding him between her thighs and smothering him with her bare cunt.

She must have ridden him on and off for over ten minutes. Each time she slackened her grip, the poor man gave a furious squeal, snorting air for the few precious seconds she allowed him. The moment she closed her thighs again, the snorts became muted grunts, then hideous moans of despair. From time to time, I tried holding my breath – wondering what it must feel like – to suffer like that. But I couldn't do it for long; and never as long as poor Mr Lampard was being forced to.

Finally, Lucy opened her legs, and pushed him onto his back. He rocked furiously, his hair sodden, his face bruised and damp. He was crying; he was actually crying!

'You big sissy!' yelled Lucy, circling him slowly. She laughed, and Sam and Jenny laughed with her. Like a wounded animal, he wriggled into a corner of the

room, as if somehow he might be able to hide. But there was no hiding place for poor Mr Lampard. No hiding place at all...

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 I hope you enjoyed this book and will want to read others by me.

For more information on my books etc, please visit:

<http://darkriderstories.wordpress.com> ;

<http://darkridersfacesittingamazons.tumblr.com/>

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.

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

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!

Smother Rampage 2

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 Dark Rider Books

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 Ghaneer 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!

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

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

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

College Smother!

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

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

Devil Queen

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

Dungeons of Despair!

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

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

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother

In Smother Wish, Giles pays Jessica, a beautiful dominatrix, to fulfil his ultimate

facesitting fantasy. One that involves not Giles, but another helpless, terrified young man...

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

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

Fantasy Smother 2

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

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

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

Mission of Mercy

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

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

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

Smother Frontline 1

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

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

Smother Frontline 2

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

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

Smother Frontline 3

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

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

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

Smother Frontline 4

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

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

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

Smother Maid

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

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

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

Smother Plateau

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

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

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

Smother Rampage 1: The Nightmare Begins ...

Nathan Blake finds himself catapulted into a terrifying nightmare world in which, overnight, every woman on the planet is overcome with the urge to sit on a man's face and finish him off between her buttocks. 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 ...

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

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

In The Huntress, a young Amazon girl, Hanna, embarks on a ceremonial Hunt. A dozen men have been released into the wild. To be accepted as a woman of the

tribe, Hanna must hunt them down and conquer them in the ancient Amazon way. With her mother at her side, she sets out on the road to womanhood, armed only with the weapons with which Nature herself has blessed her...

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

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

When Women Hunt 2

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

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

When Women Sit!

A compilation of extracts from several of the Dark Rider stories listed above. An

ideal introduction to the facesitting genre.

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my novel, 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...