

They can run from her ...*but she will always find them!*



CURSE OF THE DEVIL QUEEN

An Extreme Facesitting Novel

BOOK TWO OF THE *DEVIL QUEEN* TRILOGY

D A R K R I D E R

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About the Author

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

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

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

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

CURSE OF THE DEVIL QUEEN

Book Two of the Devil Queen Trilogy

Dark Rider

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Prologue

The young man uttered a dreadful scream as the four Dorian scouts – Venyn, Roseene, Gellyn and Anya – dragged him into the throne room, and deposited his naked body on the cold, marbled floor. His hands and legs had been secured with rope and, though he struggled to his knees, he was unable to stand, or move easily in any direction.

‘Is this is the best you can bring me?’ snapped Orelia, regarding him with her dark, baleful eyes.

‘He has passed the test you set for us, Majesty,’ said Venyn, with a reverent bow. ‘We took a hundred men between our buttocks. Sat on their heads as you commanded ... and smothered them all at the arse’s hole!’ She broke off, gesturing at her fearful captive with an open hand. ‘Only this one survived.’

‘The others died in torment?’ asked Orelia hopefully, her cruel streak keen for details. ‘Pleading for mercy as you took them into your bottoms?’

‘They did, Majesty,’ confirmed Venyn. ‘Each cried like a child when he learned of his fate – that he was to die at the arse’s opening. We took four at a time while the others watched.’

‘Their dread must have been exquisite,’ muttered the Queen happily. ‘To know that they would end their days inside a woman’s crack!’ She sighed with joy. ‘To be conquered ... by such a tiny hole!’

‘The sound of their weeping would have gladdened your heart, Majesty. As we

sat upon each man, we told the others that their time was coming.’

‘You described to them the misery of the men on whom you sat? How they wriggled in your chasms and struggled to be free?’

‘We did, Majesty,’ said Venyn, ‘and their screams filled the air. “We are poor, helpless men!” they wept. “Have mercy on us, we beg you! Do not kill us with your little holes!”’

‘Would that I had been there,’ said the Queen despondently. ‘But the prophesy forbade it.’

As if recalling herself to the present, Orelia turned her head and beckoned.

Another woman, ancient and gnarled, emerged from the shadows. She wore a long, purple robe that swept the floor in her wake. It was slashed from neck to waist, exposing a small, withered breast, and from waist to ankle, revealing two impossibly thin legs. She held a wooden staff in one hand, on top of which sat a twinkling orb: emerald green, with a throbbing dark glow at its heart.

‘What say you, Morgharril?’ asked the Queen. ‘Is this the man we seek? He who is worthy of my arse’s eye?’

Before the old hag could answer, the young man threw himself forward, toppling awkwardly, his pleading face towards the Queen.

‘Please, Majesty!’ he wept. ‘I do not want to die at the arse’s hole! Please! Spare my life, I beg you!’

In the gloom of the throne room, the orb’s dark centre seemed to glow a little brighter. Morgharril smiled, but said nothing.

Without being summoned, Venyn came forward, squatted low and wrapped her legs around the young man’s midriff, hugging him to her breast. While she held him tight with one arm, she reached up with the other and clamped a hand around his mouth. Though he wept bitterly, his desperate pleas were reduced to muffled whinnies of despair.

Orelia laughed and gestured at his crotch. The young man’s penis was erect and bouncing against his belly.

‘He claims to fear the little hole,’ she cried. ‘Yet like all men his cock grows stiff when we speak of her!’

‘He lasted the longest,’ said Venyn excitedly, ‘when we took him into our cracks. Even when he nearly breathed his last, his rod leapt for joy!’

As she spoke, the poor man screamed again and wriggled. Though his cock bobbed stiffly, it was clear that any sense of joy was far from his mind.

Orelia turned to Morgharril and asked again, 'Is he the one?'

Once more, the orb throbbed brightly.

'The Darkstone says yes,' answered the old priestess, and the stone shone again. 'Your enemy must be brought low ... and this man's sacrifice will lead the way.'

The young man screamed and shook violently as Orelia reached for the bow of her loin cloth.

'A moment, Majesty,' cautioned Morgharril, turning to address Venyn. 'Before our Queen bares herself ... have his stones been drained?'

'Many times,' said Venyn, adjusting her grip on the prisoner. He trembled fitfully and his fear warmed her pussy.

'We must be sure,' said the old priestess. 'You, girl!' she called out, addressing Anya. 'Come forward and milk him one last time. Not a drop of seed must remain when our Majesty sits on him.'

Her blunt words drew an inevitable response. Her prisoner arched his back, kicked, and screamed mutely into Venyn's palm.

'Talk to him of the little hole,' commanded Morgharril, addressing Venyn again,

‘while your friend does her woman’s work. His body is weary. Though there may be seed in his stones, a hand may not suffice to coax it from him. Knowledge of what is to come – how he is to die inside our Queen’s backside – will surely summon what milk remains.’

Once more, the young man heaved and wriggled. Venyn held on tight, as Anya’s fingers closed around his cock.

‘Oh, man,’ she whispered, leaning in from behind, her cheek against his, ‘what joy awaits you ... for you are to die inside a woman’s arse!’

A further volley of strangled groans broke against her hand, and warm tears ran through her fingers. The man was sobbing freely now.

‘I know you fear the little hole,’ said Venyn cruelly, ‘as all men fear it. That tiny mouth ... the opening into a woman’s bottom ... against which none can stand!’

As if to confirm the fact, the young man bucked and his penis jerked.

‘He comes!’ cried Anya, as his shaft twitched sharply. ‘His stones give up the last of their seed!’

‘Take him into your mouth and suckle!’ commanded Morgharril. ‘Let every drop of milk be drawn. Do not release him until I give the word!’

Turning to Orelia, she said, 'Prepare yourself, Majesty, for soon you will sit upon this man and lead him into Paradise.'

Venyn steeled herself for another panicked response as, sure enough, the young man's body spasmed. With her head between his legs now, Anya suckled on his cock, cool fingers tickling his balls as he continued to come. After a short flurry of thin seed – when his penis had first jerked – his flow of milk had now ceased and she knew he must be in torment. A man's rod hurt when jiggled too much, even more so when empty, erect and coming. The moment she felt his shaft begin to soften a little, she tilted her hand, extended one finger and plunged it into his anus. As she pumped his passage, he stiffened again.

'A hairy hole is coming for you, man!' whispered Venyn, returning to the fray. 'The hole a woman keeps inside her bottom!'

The young man heaved, and fresh tears ran down his cheeks. 'It is not long till your final battle!' continued Venyn, warming to her task. 'Oh, what joy you will know when our Queen mounts your face. When she takes you into her Royal arse ... and holds you to her tiny opening!'

As Queen Orelia undid the bow of her loin cloth, then flung it aside, the priestess summoned the other scouts forward. Roseene and Gellyn moved as one. Taking up position either side of the doomed man's legs, they gripped an ankle each.

'We will all hold you down,' whispered Venyn cruelly, 'while Anya suckles on your rod of life.' She giggled and her breath warmed his skin. 'No man has ever died in such a fashion. Pinned by three women and suckled by a fourth, while the mightiest of all – our Queen Orelia – smothers you with her arse's hole!'

Though the young man kicked again, Venyn knew he was growing weak. He would kick one last time, when he took his final breath inside the Queen's backside. What a moment that would be, and how she wished – as they all did – that it was Lorcan they were sending to his death!

As Orelia approached, Venyn shifted position and manoeuvred the man onto his back. Seizing his wrists, she pulled on his arms to ensure he could not use them to defend himself.

No longer gagged, he released a blood-curdling scream when Orelia squatted over his head and flexed her anus. The hole opened and closed, as if it were a hungry mouth, eager to gorge on him.

As her rich, earthy scent wafted down and filled his lungs, the young man screamed again.

'Have mercy!' he cried. 'Oh, by all that is holy, have mercy on me!'

Off to one side, the old priestess held her staff high and read a sacred text from memory.

'And it is written,' she intoned sombrely, 'that the Great She gave woman her arse's hole ... that she might use it to gain dominion over man.'

'Nooooooooo!' screamed their unwilling sacrifice and threw his head from side to side. 'I don't want to be smothered! I don't want to die at the hole!'

Ignoring his fearful plea, the old woman continued her recital. ‘Man was given into woman’s care that he might honour her throughout his life. That he might bow down and serve, obeying her every command.’

‘I will obey!’ cried the terrified young man. ‘I will obey! I promise! I will obey!’

‘And when his day of judgment comes, and a woman takes him into her bottom for the final time—’

The man howled and lurched again, his sobbing so heavy he could barely speak.

As if in tune with the old woman’s words, Orelia flexed her hole a second time, and felt a snort of breath against the well.

‘The Eye of Doom will open up, as if to say, “Enter here and you will know eternal bliss...”’

Held high in her hand, the emerald stone sparkled again, and its dark heart glowed.

“For this is the opening into my sacred passage,” continued the old priestess, “and beyond it lies the path to Paradise itself...”

The man screamed, lurched and screamed again. The pain in his shaft, where Anya still suckled happily, was unbearable now. He knew his stones were empty – just as these dreadful women did, especially the devil who was sucking on his cock.

Steeling himself, he looked up, gazing into the dark, hairy cavern of Queen Orelia's crack. Beads of moisture clung to the short, wiry curls that fringed her anus, like tiny diamonds sparkling in the sun. Within the ring of hairs throbbed the dark, brown knot of her anus, opening and closing crudely.

He knew now that he was doomed. If he turned away, they would turn him back. He was in the grip of four young women ... and a fourth – their Queen – who was determined to smother him with her hole. There was no point in resisting. Let this be over with, he told himself miserably. If I cannot escape, let me accept my fate. Let me enter this woman's bottom bravely. As a man ...

The old woman was still speaking as he became painfully aware that Orelia was lowering her huge backside onto his face, positioning the swollen bulb of her pussy against his mouth, and the knot of her anus over his nose.

Opening his mouth to admit her, the young man took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the rich, earthy smell of Orelia's opening ... as she slowly wrapped her arse around his face!

Out of his sight, and seen only by the withered old priestess, the Darkstone's heart began to grow ...

One

It had taken Shenn the best part of an hour to secure Lorcan.

She had hammered thirty wooden stakes into the forest floor. From these, she had run dozens of thick vines across his body, each one threaded through, then knotted around, a solid peg. Finally, she had drawn two more vines over his neck and pulled them so tight that even the slightest movement threatened to choke him.

Satisfied with her work, she stood up and studied his prone and naked body. Before she had set about her task, Shenn had fucked him hard for almost an hour. At the moment of orgasm, she had lifted herself from his cock and watched him spurt across his belly: wads of hot white seed that pumped in waves from the eye of his urethra. He had spent himself three times, until at last he seemed utterly drained.

Exhaustion would have claimed another man, but not Lorcan. Already, his penis had stiffened and bobbed against his belly. Shenn knelt between his outstretched legs and cradled both balls in her hands. They were heavy and bloated – as if they had not been milked for some time.

Cupping them as best she could in the palm of one hand, Shenn closed the fingers of the other around his shaft and squeezed gently. Lorcan's body tensed and he released a long, despairing moan.

'I must spill you again,' she said.

‘Have mercy on me, woman,’ wailed Lorcan feebly. ‘I have no milk! My stones are empty!’

‘It matters not,’ said Shenn. ‘The urge to mate is in you today – and will lend you the strength to shift me when I mount your face.’

‘I am in pain!’ cried Lorcan truthfully. ‘It hurts to come! No more, I beg you, please!’

‘One more time,’ said Shenn firmly, ignoring his protest. ‘And then I will sit.’

With skill borne from long and regular practice – she had drained Lorcan a thousand times at least in the past three months (often more than ten times a day) – Shenn slid her fingers swiftly up and down until at last, despite the pain that tore through it, his cock stiffened and jumped in her hand. Though his balls rolled and his body shook fiercely, not a single drop of seed emerged.

‘You will kill me, woman!’ he wept, tossing his head from side to side. ‘You will kill me with your hand!’

‘It is not a woman’s hand you need to fear,’ she reminded him wickedly, ‘but the little hole she keeps inside her bottom!’

Shenn watched as Lorcan took several deep breaths and his chest rose and fell. His face brightened happily, as it always did before she sat on him.

‘I do not fear your little hole!’ he cried. ‘Let her come for me and do her worst!’

Shenn shook her head and sighed. Even now, after three months together, travelling slowly eastwards through the Forests of Thirl, Lorcan continued to amaze her. Though she had sat on the face of no other man since they had set out on their journey, he posed a constant challenge – and one she was happy to accept. One day, she hoped, she would get the better of him, though she doubted this was that day. With every setting and rising of the sun, Lorcan seemed to grow in strength. If it were not for his empty balls, and the ropes that held him down, she doubted she would last a minute on his head before he shifted her.

Only when the weakness came upon him – when he saw into the future (muddled though that vision often was) – was she able to keep him trapped inside her arse. Only then, if she chose, could she send him to sleep with her hole. It was why she rose from the saddle when mating with him. Lorcan’s second sight relied on spilling himself inside a woman’s body as she came. It was then that he became vulnerable. Only then that an enemy could bring him down.

She had learned, early on, that Lorcan’s need to mate was strong. The first time they had coupled on their journey he had clung to her fiercely, pinning Shenn on her back so that she was unable to wriggle free.

‘I come! I come!’ he had cried, unleashing himself into her cunt.

‘No, Lorcan!’ she had cried in turn, for she was also on the point of spending. ‘You must not spill yourself inside me! Remember the curse!’

He had been unable to hold back, and – having come – had promptly fallen still. It had taken Shenn several minutes to free herself from under his limp, exhausted body. All his strength had gone and he slumbered fitfully like a child. She remembered how she had straddled his face: pressed her anus over his nose and her pussy into his open mouth. He was hers to conquer now with ease; to despatch, if she chose, with her woman's holes.

It had taken all her self-control not to do the deed that Nature demanded of her, for he was so helpless – and she was a woman after all ... with a woman's needs.

She would not smother him, of course, indeed could not. Destiny had chosen this man, and bestowed on him his sacred gift. She must protect him at all times, for that was her destiny now, and one she had willingly accepted. Several times since they had escaped from the Royal City, Lorcan had emptied himself into her body. Having collapsed exhausted, on waking he had been able to describe the path ahead, which had come to him while he slept. It had often taken Shenn's hunter's instincts to make sense of his ramblings, but at least it meant they were not travelling aimlessly. At one point, he had seen a town and heard its name – Rhasadhor. He had seen water – possibly the sea – and a darkness he could not explain. It was ever thus with Lorcan – some light, some shade, with events never clear.

Their future might be uncertain, she reflected, but she had vowed to stand by him and offer her protection. He was a strange creature, yet one who had shown her kindness. At their first meeting, he had taken possession of her bottom and made her his slave. Yet he had willingly bestowed a kiss of reverence on her arse's mouth and restored her freedom. She could have smothered him there and then, but she had not. And, from that day on, their destinies were entwined.

Shenn tested the cords one last time. They were of the thickest vine and wrapped

about Lorcan's wrists many times. He was strong – and growing stronger every day – but even he, she judged, would be unable to fight his way free this time.

Satisfied with her handiwork, Shenn rose, briefly stretched her legs, then stood over Lorcan's body, feet either side of his head. Reaching back, she peeled her arse-cheeks wide, exposing her anus.

He gazed straight up, his eyes fixed on the taut brown hole nestling in her crack. Almost at once, his penis uncoiled and stiffened a fraction. When, a moment later, Shenn dropped into a squatting position over his head, Lorcan's manhood thickened again and rose as if to greet her.

'Your stones are empty, Lorcan,' cried Shenn, amazed, 'and yet my little hole excites you! You long to do battle with her!'

'I always long to do battle with her,' he responded in a tired voice. 'And long even more for the day she conquers me!'

'That day is today!' cried Shenn, 'for you are helpless now, and must submit to her power!'

'If only that were true!' said Lorcan miserably. His nostrils flared as he took a deep breath, savouring the scent that emerged from Shenn's crack. It was rich, earthy and deliciously familiar.

'All other man would fear my arse's opening,' said Shenn, with a shake of her

head, 'and turn their eyes away. And yet you long for me to smother you ... as all men were born to be smothered!'

'Enough of your talk!' cried Lorcan, stirring himself at last. He strained against the ropes. 'Conquer me with your mighty hole! Send me into Paradise with heaven's weapon!'

'Prepare for suffocation!' cried Shenn excitedly. 'The Eye of Doom is coming for you!'

A moment later, she dropped onto Lorcan's head, covering his face with her arse. As she had already reminded herself, any other man would have turned away, desperate to escape her anus. The sight alone, she knew, struck terror into the bravest of hearts. Yet Lorcan kept his head perfectly still, allowing her to fold her cheeks around his face and flatten her opening against his nose.

Only when Shenn was firmly in place, with no chance of being shifted, did Lorcan strain once more against the ropes. Though he longed to be smothered, he also delighted in the struggle. To fight against his fate gave him pleasure. It gave Shenn pleasure, too. Since she had left her fellow-hunters three months ago now, she had sat on no other men and it irked her. How she longed, with a hunter's heart, to bring a man low and despatch him with her arse's eye.

Aware of Lorcan's growing strength, Shenn tightened her hold and pressed down heavily. She uttered a squeal of joy when the tip of his nose breached her anus. Her earthy scent always excited him, and it came as no surprise when she felt a rapid snort of breath inside her opening. To her delight, Lorcan had told her more than once how much he longed to live inside her arse. That he wished with all his heart that he could climb up through the little hole ... and lodge himself forever in her passage!

Now, as he wriggled his nose inside her, Shenn knew what happy thoughts filled his head. She knew for sure that he longed for her to suck him into her bottom – and keep him there until he breathed no more! With the image in mind, she redoubled her efforts, bearing down harder still, so that his nose skewered its way even further into her passage. It was, she reflected, the furthest he had ever been and the effect, to her delight, sent tingles of pleasure into her pussy.

Shenn cleared her mind of all distraction and bit down on her lip. Now was the moment of danger. Several times, on the verge of victory, with Lorcan's nose lodged in her arse and her pussy in his mouth, she had greedily succumbed to pleasure. Her vulva had gone into spasm and she had come. And as she had spilled herself over him, her muscles had relaxed and her grip had loosened. Lorcan had shifted his head and, as his strength had returned, he had freed himself from her crack.

She would not let it happen today! Today, her little hole would send him to sleep. He wanted it, and she wanted it. Looking down, Shenn marvelled at Lorcan's restraint. His fingers clawed at the earth, as he struggled to keep his arms in check. It was clear he had no wish to fight her, and that realisation sent a thrill of delight into her belly. He had told her countless times how humbled he felt in the presence of her little hole. He was, she reflected, an extraordinary man. One who knew, and readily accepted, the power of a woman's arse.

'When my time comes,' he had announced happily, 'I pray that I will end my days inside your crack.' Each night, before they went to sleep, Lorcan would worship at Shenn's anus, plunging his tongue deep into the well several times until she came. In the morning, he would repeat the process, acknowledging freely that 'your bottom is my mistress now and has dominion over me'.

In spite of his willing subjection, however, she knew that even he could not deny

his body's need for air. At any moment, his lungs would reach their breaking point and he would react accordingly. This was the longest she had ever sat on him. What agonies he endured for the sake of her hole!

'Not long now!' she cried, as he shuddered strongly. His nostrils twitched as the last of his air broke against the walls of her passage. When he breathed again, as breathe he had to, he inhaled only the scent of her bottom, his lungs filling with her earthy aroma.

A moment later, his hands clenched tightly and the muscles in his arms grew large. His body arched, fell and rocked fiercely. His knees came up and his legs began to kick. One by one, the vines around him tore, even those around his neck, freeing his head. As the pegs restraining him came away, his arms flew up and his fingers clawed the air, just inches away from Shenn's broad, fleshy hips.

'Hold fast, dear Lorcan!' cried Shenn, conscious of the battle being waged between her buttocks. 'You are my hole's man now. Let my passage draw you home! Come into my bottom and know peace!'

No man had ever writhed so furiously inside her crack. Not even those she had despatched. Shenn knew that Lorcan was seconds away from a darkness that must surely swallow him. But could she hold on? Could her little hole claim its victory before he freed his hands and pushed her from his head?

A moment later, she had her answer. His body gave one last, furious judder and he fell still. It was over. Her arse had finally conquered him.

Victory was hers. Hers and her little hole's. But she had no idea, just then, at

what dreadful cost her triumph had been won ...

Two

Lorcan's head hurt badly when he woke and, when he tried to sit upright, the weakness in his body was immediately apparent. He knew at once that something was wrong. He had been dreaming, but of what? Danger and dread. A bare bottom coming down on him ...

A flurry of movement claimed his attention and broke his train of thought. Returning from her bath in the river, a naked Shenn, with her loin cloth thrown across her shoulder, marched towards him, her damp, hairy cunt sparkling in the sun. She immediately saw the concern on his face.

'You are awake,' she declared. 'At last! It has been many hours.' Her expression darkened. 'But what ails you?'

He shrugged his broad shoulders. 'I do not know,' he muttered. 'My head hurts, and I am ...' He shrugged again. 'Strangely weary ...'

'You have not yet recovered,' said Shenn. 'I conquered you with my arse's hole. Any other man would no longer breathe. Only you could have survived such a sitting.'

He tried to stand and stumbled in the process. 'I have been smothered before,' he reminded her, 'but I have never felt like this. How long have I slept?'

Shenn regarded him thoughtfully. 'Two hours, nearly three,' she replied. 'More than once ...' she hesitated, then added quickly, 'More than once I almost took you into my arse again. You looked so helpless it was all I could do not to mount

you.'

'But you did not?' he asked, and she immediately shook her head.

'No. I did not trust myself. I am a woman, after all. To have you helpless between my legs, your head inside my arse's crack. I could not take the chance.'

Lorcan took hold of his cock and stroked it lightly. 'I do not stiffen at your words. Though you talk of riding me – of ending my life with your hole – I do not rise.'

Shenn knelt down, reached out and closed her fingers around Lorcan's shaft. She pumped him gently at first, then a little faster. To her surprise, his cock remained limp. Swivelling around, she lowered her head to the earth and thrust her bottom in the air, exposing her anus.

'Come forward and worship,' she commanded him. 'My little hole will surely bring you back to life.'

As Lorcan shuffled in between Shenn's legs, she twitched the muscles of her anus so that it opened and closed, like a tiny mouth preparing for a lover's kiss. Normally, the sight alone, and the thought of pressing his lips to the tiny brown bud, would have stiffened Lorcan's cock at once, but it remained flaccid.

Leaning in close, he pressed his nose to Shenn's hole and sniffed deeply. Though she had recently bathed, her scent remained strong and, as he filled his lungs,

Lorcan closed his eyes and sighed happily. In his mind's eye, he saw her anus open up around his head and suck him into her passage. He heard himself call out to her for mercy – a mercy she refused to show him. ‘It is your time!’ he heard her cry. ‘Your time to live inside my bottom!’

In the past, the mere sight of Shenn's anus, let alone its smell and the delicious images it conjured up, would have been enough to arouse Lorcan. Yet still his cock refused to swell. Opening his eyes, he focused his attention on Shenn's fleshy brown knot. She twitched it again and he swooned. The hole itself opened and closed and beads of river-water, clinging to the little hairs that grew around it, dripped into the well and dribbled down her thighs.

Extending his tongue, he pushed into the heart of her tiny hole, before circling the wrinkled crater itself. Then he lapped up and down, soaking her anus until the rugged flesh softened enough for him to push his tongue into her body and lodge himself in her passage.

And still his cock refused to stir. Miserably, he pulled his tongue free, licking his lips and savouring her taste. He pressed the palm of his hand over his mouth, then ran it up to his nose and beyond, in the desperate hope that her smell, even now, would bring him to erection.

In utter despair, he fell back on his heels, lifted his head and wailed.

‘Why do I feel nothing?’ he cried. ‘What has happened to me?’

Shenn turned around and scrambled forward. ‘You truly felt nothing? My hole has not stirred you at all?’

Lorcan hunched miserably. 'I do not understand. What curse is this? Has the Queen cast a spell? Is this her work?'

Shenn shook her head. 'I do not believe Orelia has such power. And yet ...' She broke off and a troubled look darkened her face. 'Could it be that when I smothered you – drained as you were – that I did something I should not?'

'You are not to blame,' said Lorcan. 'And yet I, too, now remember ... A dream I had forgotten, but which returns to me. Queen Orelia! It was she who sat on me, not you. She who tried to finish me off! The scouts were there, also. Venyn and the sisters – Roseene and Gellyn – they held me down, while Anya suckled on my cock.'

'It is a wondrous dream,' observed Shenn, 'for one that was until now forgotten.'

'I tell you this because it comes to me quickly,' said Lorcan, 'and yet already fades in my mind, as if it should never have been.'

'You speak nonsense,' huffed Shenn. 'Your time inside my arse has dimmed your senses.'

'Orelia took me into her bottom. I know that well enough. I saw her hole! It opened and closed and I thought she would suck me home! That I would live inside her passage forever! I was sorely afraid. I knew that I would die – and my gift of sight would pass to her!'

‘It was a dream, Lorcan. A nightmare, nothing more. You shamed Queen Orelia and those who served her. There may be many dangers ahead, but have no fear – we are safe from the Dorian scouts. And from Orelia, too. She has no dominion here.’

‘I am not so sure,’ said Lorcan, anxiously fondling his cock. ‘I must hope my urge returns,’ he muttered miserably. ‘And with it my strength.’

‘It will, I am sure,’ said Shenn. ‘You have needs possessed by no other man. They cannot be held at bay.’

‘I pray you are right,’ said Lorcan glumly and covered his face with his hands.

‘You have slept long and well,’ said Shenn, ‘and the day is already passing.’ She gazed up at the green canopy overhead and studied the gaps in the trees. ‘We have no more than two, perhaps three, hours’ walk ahead of us, but soon we will leave the safety of these woods.’

Lorcan immediately brightened. He was heartily sick of the forest. They had not seen open land for several weeks.

‘There is a smell in the air,’ said Shenn. ‘And the birds tell me we are not far from the sea.’

Her hunter's instincts, Lorcan knew, were as sharp as ever. She had kept them both alive since they had entered the forest. Her skill with the bow provided food, as did her nimbleness on foot. She could creep up to one of the smaller beasts or birds and strangle the poor thing with her hands before it even knew she was there. At night, those fearsome creatures who roamed the earth while others slept never ventured close. Shenn's own scent – the smell of a huntress who would give no quarter – was enough to send them on their way and leave the travellers unmolested.

Bundling up their meagre possessions, the two of them set off, Shenn leading the way. Lorcan, his head still bowed, followed miserably in her shadow.

Three

Three hundred miles to the north, four riders reined in their horses at a small, isolated farm in the dip of a lush, green valley.

Alerted to their arrival, the farmer himself – an old man – shuffled out to greet them.

‘Is this Aggafar?’ asked Venyn crisply. She looked down at the old man with a stab of regret. After four days’ hard riding, she and the other scouts were in need of relief. This man, she considered ruefully, would not last long between their legs.

‘It is,’ he confirmed in a quiet voice. He seemed anxious, thought Venyn, as well he might. She felt her anus twitch against the saddle. Already it longed to do battle ...

‘And do you live alone?’ she inquired, her sharp eyes boring into his. When he answered, she noted the hesitation in his voice and knew that he was lying. Her anus twitched again.

‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘it is only I.’

‘Then you will not object if we search your humble dwelling?’ said Venyn,

jumping from her horse. Her three companions tethered their mounts and promptly dismounted.

The old man's eyes shifted nervously, away from the women, and – ever so briefly – towards a large, dilapidated shed they had passed on their way in.

‘You have sons?’ inquired Venyn.

The old man shook his head. ‘None!’ he protested, a little too strongly. ‘I work this farm alone.’

Venyn looked around her. She could see that crops had recently been gathered in and, to the rear of the farm, several pens were laid out, in which beasts of many kinds ambled. Too much for one man to cope with, she decided, and her heart beat a little faster.

‘Search the shed,’ commanded Venyn, with a jab of her fist. Her three companions immediately crossed to the building and entered.

‘I ask once more,’ said Venyn sharply. ‘You have sons. How many?’

Again, the old man shook his head, more vigorously than before. ‘None!’ he cried, but his eyes still flicked towards the large shed.

‘I am a Dorian scout,’ she announced calmly, ‘and my arse has had no man for many days.’ She gestured idly over her shoulder. ‘My sisters, too, have little holes that long to do battle!’

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she heard a shrill peal of terror from inside the shed. A second cry followed, then a third, before the building’s doors swung open and the scouts re-emerged, pushing three young men ahead of them.

‘You said you had no sons,’ remarked Venyn, ‘and work this farm alone.’ She grinned wickedly. ‘These men are clearly intruders and must be dealt with according to the law.’ Her teeth flashed white as her smile broadened. ‘We shall take these villains into our women’s bottoms ... and execute them with our little holes!’

‘No!’ cried the old man, his rough face blanching. ‘You have no right to sit on these men! Your writ does not run here! Your Queen is not our queen!’

‘But she sends us to do her bidding,’ replied Venyn. ‘And gives us leave to use our holes as we see fit!’

Before the old man could object further, Venyn scooped him up in her arms and carried him over to a thick pole that protruded from the earth. Depositing him on the ground, she gathered several lengths of discarded vine, and tested them for their strength. Satisfied they would not break, she quickly secured the old farmer to the post, wrapping the vines around his body, arms and legs. Once tied, he was unable to move, other than a frenzied flapping of his hands and feet.

His imprisonment was unnecessary. Venyn could have sat on him there and then and finished him off with her arse, but it gave her pleasure to torment the old fool before she sent him into Paradise.

‘Men of Aggafar,’ she said, addressing the three ashen-faced males. The look of terror in their faces warmed her heart, as it always did. ‘You are enemies of our mighty Queen – and cannot be allowed to live.’ She licked her lips happily. ‘You shall all end your days inside our bottoms! Smothered at the arse’s hole!’

As one, the three men huddled closely on their knees. They clasped their hands, as if in prayer, and sobbed.

‘I beg you!’ cried the eldest, speaking for the others. ‘Finish us off with the axe, if you must! But not the hole! Please! Not the hole!’

Alongside him, his younger siblings, fully-grown men, but barely more than nineteen summers each, wept inconsolably. To Venyn’s delight, their father added his own, distraught plea for mercy.

‘Spare my sons!’ he wept miserably. ‘Sit on me instead! Take me to the arse’s hole, but not my sons! They are too young to die inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘No man is too young!’ responded Venyn stiffly. ‘All who reach their eighteenth year are fodder for a woman’s crack!’

She handed lengths of vine to her companions and, in no time at all, the men

were trussed-up like their father.

‘I offer you a bargain!’ said Venyn, addressing the old man again. ‘One that may spare lives, after all.’

The farmer’s eyes widened eagerly. ‘Anything!’ he cried, grasping at the crumb of hope she offered him.

‘Our holes demand a man,’ she answered bluntly. ‘We have ridden for many days and must have our relief.’

The old man’s face fell. This was not what he wanted to hear. Then he brightened, remembering his offer of just a short time earlier. ‘You shall sit on me!’ he cried, though without enthusiasm. ‘Take me to your arse’s hole ... and finish me off as only a woman can!’

Venyn returned his excited gaze coldly. ‘That cannot be, old man,’ she told him. ‘That is not the bargain I offer.’ She stepped to one side and gestured at the three brothers, still weeping inconsolably.

‘You have three sons – all of whom are destined to die at the hole.’

From the brothers came more squeals, more frenzied kicking of arms and legs, more dreadful sobbing. How Venyn loved these moments. What bliss it was to see men cringe in fear at the mere mention of a little hole.

‘I will spare the lives of two,’ she announced, ‘but in return – you must choose one son to be smothered.’

The colour drained from the old man’s already blanched face. ‘Never!’ he cried forlornly. ‘How can I make such a choice?’

‘Make it and two shall live,’ said Venyn. ‘Refuse – and we will take all three between our buttocks. You will watch as your sons end their days inside a woman’s crack – knowing you could have saved them!’

‘But I can only save them by condemning another!’ he objected miserably. ‘How can a father make such a choice? How can I condemn one of my sons ... to die inside a woman’s bottom?’

Venyn shrugged. ‘It is not my decision to make, old man. But know this – should all three perish then it is by your hand, for you have it in your power to save two. I give you one minute – then all three shall be taken into the arse!’

He cast his eyes to heaven and wailed miserably. The choice was a cruel one, Venyn knew, as she had meant it to be. How more satisfying it would be to sit on the face of a man who knew he had been condemned to die at the arse by his own father!

As for the three sons, they were now maddened with fear, screaming at their father to save them. Brotherly love, Venyn noticed, was in curiously short supply ... when to show it meant death inside a woman’s bottom!

When the minute was up, Venyn addressed the farmer again. 'This is your last chance, old man,' she told him. 'Who is to die at the arse's hole?'

Utterly distraught, the wretched fellow looked from one terrified face to the next, then made his decision.

'I am sorry, Gudor,' he muttered miserably. 'You must go to our gods ... inside a woman's crack!'

Though Venyn had no idea which of the three was Gudor, it became immediately apparent as the eldest brother jerked forward, his eyes blazing fearfully.

'No, father!' he cried. 'I beg you! Not me! Not me!'

The old man dropped his head, unable to look his son in the eye while the lad howled miserably. At a glance from Venyn, her companions came forward, no words needed as they took on the roles they had adopted many times before.

Untying Gudor quickly, it was an easy matter for Roseene and Gellyn to seize his limbs and hold them taut. Anya, as was customary, took up position at his midriff, ripping his loin cloth away to expose a thin and flaccid cock. Closing her hand around the shaft, she held him lightly, but did not yet pump. Venyn, meanwhile, hunched low and thrust one hand into her crack, plunging fingers deep into her passage. Withdrawing them, she pressed them to Gudor's nose, forcing him to breathe her scent.

Unprepared for the assault, the poor man bucked sharply and screamed. With his arms securely fastened to his sides, he had no way to defend himself as Venyn pressed her fingers to his nose. When she clamped her other hand around his mouth, he was forced – reluctantly – to breathe her in.

As the rich scent of her bottom filled his lungs, the inevitable happened. His cock began to stiffen and his balls rolled jerkily in their sacs.

‘Your choice was sound!’ cried Venyn, with a mocking glance at the old man, still squirming on the post, his eyes raw with tears. ‘See how your son hardens when he smells a woman’s arse! Like all men, he longs to die at the hole!’

Now that Gudor had begun to stiffen, Anya pumped him smoothly until, within half a minute, he was fully erect. Only then did Venyn remove her hands from his face.

Belatedly, another idea occurred to her – one that sent a thrill of delight into her pussy.

‘You men!’ she cried, addressing the remaining brothers. ‘Do you wish to live – or to die at the arse’s hole?’

‘To live!’ they cried unashamedly. ‘To live, mistress, please!’

A cruel smile brightened Venyn's face. Crouching low, she released first one man then the other, tossing the vines aside.

'You will take the place of my sisters,' she announced coldly. 'One to hold your brother's arms, and the other his feet.'

The colour fled from their already dull faces. One opened his mouth to reply, then thought better of it.

'If you do not do as I say,' said Venyn, 'then our bargain is forfeit and you, too, shall die inside a woman's crack!'

'This was no part of our bargain!' cried their father bitterly. 'It is wrong!'

'I make the rules, old man – and can break them, also,' said Venyn harshly. 'If your sons do not hold their brother down while he is sat upon, then all shall perish at the arse's eye!'

She returned her attention to the two terrified wretches. 'Take the place of my sisters now,' she commanded, 'or submit to the judgment of my hole!'

Venyn could almost smell the men's fear as they broke apart and moved into position alongside Roseene and Gellyn.

‘Brothers, no!’ cried Gudor mournfully. ‘You cannot do this to me! I beg you, no!’

When Roseene released Gudor’s arms, he flung them at his brother in a fit of rage, as if he might somehow fight him off. It was a pointless endeavour. With his legs pinned together and Anya at his cock, he could barely move at all and, a moment later, his hands had been held fast. At the same time, Gellyn released his ankles and the other brother seized hold of his legs so that, in an instant, control of Gudor’s body – and his fate – had been transferred.

At a brisk nod from Venyn, Roseene undid the bow at her waist and let her loin cloth slip away. Beneath the cloth, a dark, hairy vee hid most of her cunt from view as she marched towards her victim. Swivelling around, she dropped to her knees and shuffled back until the deep, fleshy chasm of her arse was directly over Gudor’s head.

‘In mercy’s name, no!’ he wept, as she peeled her cheeks apart and presented him with a clear view of her cratered anus. ‘She shows me her little hole, brothers!’ he screamed. ‘She shows me her arse’s opening!’

The brother holding Gudor’s hands could see it, too, and his mouth gaped fearfully, even as Gudor turned his head away and howled.

‘A change of plan,’ said Venyn slyly, as another wicked thought occurred. ‘Gellyn,’ she commanded, ‘take hold of his hands again and hold him down. You!’ she barked, addressing the young man being replaced. ‘What is your name?’

‘Tolli,’ he answered anxiously, and bowed his head as if he feared to look at her.

‘Your brother turns away in dread,’ said Venyn, ‘for he fears the sight of my sister’s arse. Take hold of his head and turn it back – so he might gaze upon her sacred opening.’

The young man’s hesitation was momentary, the look in his face one of utter despair. He loathed what he must do, but he knew he had no choice. Not if he wanted to live.

‘Brother, no! Please! In mercy’s name!’ cried Gudor as Tolli gripped his brother at the temples and forced his head back into position.

As Roseene’s anus came into view again, Gudor shut his eyes and wept bitterly.

‘Be brave, brother!’ urged Tolli. ‘Be brave when she comes for you!’

‘I cannot be brave!’ cried Gudor. ‘I am frightened of the little hole! In mercy’s name ... I don’t want to be smothered!’

Venyn crouched low and leaned in close.

‘Open your eyes, man!’ she said coldly. ‘And gaze upon my sister’s opening! It is the doorway to Paradise!’ She huffed with disdain. ‘You shame your father

with your childish tears!’

‘It is he who has condemned me!’ wept Gudor. ‘I will not look! You cannot make me!’

‘Your death will be quick or it will be prolonged,’ warned Venyn. ‘Open your eyes now – accept your fate willingly – and the end will be swift. Refuse, and we will all mount you. You will know the taste and scent of many holes!’

Gudor shook furiously and gave a muffled screech. Between his legs, Anya continued to pump him, sending shards of pleasure into his groin.

‘Do as she says, brother,’ urged Tolli, his gaze locked mournfully on the pulsing knot of Roseene’s anus. It seemed to him that it was a living creature, a beast of prey waiting to pounce and feast on its victim. ‘Your suffering will be over quickly! Let her take you into her bottom’s mouth ... and finish you off as only a woman can!’

‘I don’t want to be finished off!’ cried Gudor, weeping uncontrollably. ‘Not inside a woman’s arse!’

‘And yet your cock grows big!’ teased Venyn, glancing at his long, thick shaft. ‘And your stones fill with seed! Your manhood cries out to you ... let this woman have me! Let her bottom take me into Paradise!’

‘No!’ squealed Gudor, torn between horror at the knowledge that Roseene’s arse

was over his head and the pleasure Anya was conjuring with her hands. ‘Oh, save me, my gods!’ he roared miserably. ‘Save me from this woman’s hole!’

Finally losing patience with him, Venyn looked up at Roseene and said, ‘Take him into your bottom’s crack, sister! Unleash your arse’s eye and make him suffer!’

On hearing the command, Tolli had expected Roseene to drop like a stone and cover Gudor with her large, meaty bottom. Instead, she lowered herself by degrees, until the edges of the wrinkled well grazed his nostrils. Gudor immediately tried to shift his head sideways, away from the crude little opening.

‘Hold fast!’ cried Venyn, addressing Tolli. ‘Let him breathe my sister in before she welcomes him home.’

As if to compound Gudor’s misery, Roseene flexed her anus so that the hole opened and closed several times in quick succession. The poor man felt each movement keenly. His face creased and his body went into spasm. Tears of despair soaked his cheeks.

Finally, and without warning, Roseene lowered herself onto Gudor’s face. The last thing Tolli saw before her backside hid his brother’s head from view, was her anus opening around Gudor’s nose as if to suck it into her passage. Almost immediately, Gudor’s head began to shake, as he tried to shift himself free. It was, Tolli knew, an impossible task. Roseene’s weight alone was sufficient to keep him in place. She no longer needed Tolli’s help, though he was fearful of letting go.

Tolli shut his own eyes now and imagined his brother's plight. His head, though trapped, jerked frantically and Tolli could only begin to wonder what it must feel like to know you were inside a woman's bottom – with your nose trapped in her passage and no hope of escape.

Anya, meanwhile, continued to pump Gudor's shaft, keeping him at the edge of delight. She knew, by now, he must be desperate for relief. But while she stroked his shaft, his mind was torn – between the pleasures of the flesh and the knowledge of his certain suffocation. To smother a man was an Amazon right. Had the Great She herself not given woman her little hole for that very purpose? But she had also urged kindness when taking a man into Paradise, a kindness that even the Dorian scouts were forced, reluctantly, to indulge.

Milking a man during suffocation – keeping him on edge until the moment of truth – was a patiently learned skill and one at which Anya was especially adept. Pump over-rapidly and the man would come too soon. His stones drained, he would be thrown into a panic such that he might even shift a woman's bottom from his face. During the draining process itself, however, he remained curiously weak. Such was the case now. Though Gudor struggled to be free, the perfect combination of hand and hole was enough to keep his mind torn between pleasure and despair.

The true skill lay in reaching the moment of truth together – so that as the man took his final breath inside one woman's arse, the hand of another brought him to fruition.

Tolli knew that moment had come when Gudor's head gave one last, dramatic lurch and his body crumpled. The youngest sibling, Rhill, clinging onto Gudor's feet, watched his brother's body arch sharply, a moment before his cock spat semen high into the air. Wave upon wave of milky white seed splashed across his belly in testament to Anya's skill. The muscles in his legs stood out like small boulders, he shook furiously for several seconds, and finally fell still.

It was over.

For Gudor at least.

Four

Venyn surveyed the scene with grim satisfaction. The farmer and his sons lay sprawled on the ground, lifeless, twisted and soaked in come – the women’s and their own. It had been a long few hours, and the four scouts had taken their pleasure more than once on each man’s head, milking them ceaselessly.

After Gudor had been despatched, his father had wept bitterly, throwing back his head and howling to his gods for forgiveness. He had been forced to watch two of his sons hold down the third, while a bare-bottomed woman smothered him to death with the hole in her arse. No man, he wailed miserably, should have to witness such a sight.

But there was worse to follow. The moment Roseene had dismounted, Venyn had made plain her treachery. Despite her promise, none were to be spared. It was, she announced, time for the old man and his two remaining sons to die inside a woman’s bottom.

‘But we had a bargain!’ cried the farmer, as they cut him down and forced him onto his back, still tethered in vine.

‘A Dorian scout does not make bargains with men!’ retorted Venyn. ‘Besides,’ she added with an evil smile, ‘there are four of you – and we have four holes. Only one arse has had its pleasure with a man. Three remain to be satisfied!’

And so their grisly sport began. For more than two hours they had ridden and pleased their three remaining captives, bringing each to the edge of release and of suffocation countless times before, at last, while Roseene watched jealously, for she had had her fun, her companions finished off their prey, and the air was filled with the last of the men’s seed.

When it was over, Venyn crossed to where they had tethered their horses. From a saddle bag slung across her stallion's back, she removed a small leather pouch, which she carried to a secluded spot. Once there, she extracted a bundle of silk, which she carefully unwrapped to reveal the emerald Darkstone, entrusted to her by the Queen. Finding a patch of soft earth, she lay down, cradling the stone to her breast, prayed quietly for several minutes and promptly fell asleep.

She slept for more than an hour, not stirring once. It might have vexed her companions were it not for the fact that they knew the reason well enough and prayed along with her, while she slumbered, that the Great She would bless their enterprise.

'Our time here was well spent,' said Venyn happily, as – after she had woken – they had eaten, straddled their horses, and turned their mounts towards the east.

'You saw Lorcan?' asked Roseene eagerly. 'You had a vision of our enemy?'

Venyn nodded briskly. 'I believe so. When I took the old farmer into my bottom's crack for the last time, and felt his misery, it opened a pathway to Lorcan. Something has happened, though I saw its effect only dimly. He left his seed in our Majesty's body, and with it a remnant of his gift. We are linked – and can do him harm – that much I know!'

'Lorcan is injured?' asked Gellyn, tugging on her horse's reins.

'Not injured, no,' said Venyn. 'But troubled. The magic unleashed by our Queen

is uncertain and may not last for long – but it has eaten into his soul. He is weak. If we can find him quickly, we may capture him yet and bring him home. Then he will meet the fate he deserves ... inside our Queen's bare bottom!

'Do we know to where we travel next?' asked Anya, keen to be off.

'While I slept, I saw a town – and heard a name,' said Venyn. 'Rhasadhor. It lies a hundred leagues due east. The way ahead is mountainous. It will not be easy going for our horses. But if we ride hard, and good fortune shines on us, three days should find us on Lorcan's trail – and after that ...'

'I have heard of Rhasadhor,' said Roseene, 'and the roads that lead that way. Though women rule, they are uncommonly kind to their men and treat them well.' She spat on the ground, as if the words were poison to her. 'They also say that savage beasts rule the forests there and bandits roam the mountains. We will need to take care.'

'Bandits?' repeated Gellyn.

'Rogue men who have escaped bondage and prey on travellers,' explained Roseene. 'Town's folk, too, when times are harsh. They are feared, even by women, some of whom they take captive to satisfy their carnal needs.'

'Let them try to take us captive!' cried Gellyn defiantly.

Venyn grinned. 'Let us hope so indeed,' she replied, 'for then our little holes will

feed again!'

And with that, they turned their horses to the east and rode off into the gathering gloom.

Five

‘Where are we?’ asked Lorcan, gazing into the valley with its jumbling vista of slate-grey rooftops and low, stone dwellings. Beyond it, to the west, lay the open sea, a deep blue blanket flecked with white that stretched to the far horizon. He could smell salt in the air.

Shenn frowned. ‘Surely this is Rhasadhor,’ she replied quizzically, ‘the town you saw in your vision? That place which nestles by the water’s edge.’

‘I do not remember,’ said Lorcan with a weary shrug. ‘Everything is a fog to me.’

‘You saw a darkness here,’ said Shenn thoughtfully. ‘Could it be that it is the darkness in the soul that now afflicts you?’ She shook her head and frowned again. Looking down into the valley, she said, ‘Wherever we are, it is a settlement of sorts and welcome for that.’ She narrowed her eyes and focused. Her hunter’s sight, Lorcan knew, was sharper than his. ‘I see a market and much activity,’ she muttered. ‘All seems peaceful.’

‘Shall we venture forth?’ asked Lorcan. ‘I, for one, am sick of the forest.’

‘I will go down,’ said Shenn. ‘We do not know these women’s customs, or their behaviour towards men from other lands. It may not be safe. I will test the waters.’

‘Very well,’ said Lorcan reluctantly.

‘You have no stirrings yet?’ she inquired. ‘Your manhood does not grow stiff with longing?’

Lorcan shook his head miserably. ‘I feel nothing,’ he answered. ‘It is as though a part of me has died. I do not understand it.’

Shenn reached out and touched his shoulder. Though large by the standards of men, Lorcan was more than two feet shorter than Shenn herself and seemed like a child to her now, one who needed comfort and support. She had followed him into the Eastern lands for reasons that were simple enough: to help keep his gift of second sight from Orelia, and protect the other Queendoms. She would not desert him now.

‘You will be mended,’ she said encouragingly, ‘and your manhood will rise again! You will suckle on my bottom’s mouth and long for her to conquer you, I swear it!’

Lorcan shrugged. ‘I pray that it is so,’ he said. ‘What purpose is there in my life if I cannot worship at the arse’s opening?’

‘You can still worship,’ Shenn reminded him. ‘While you have a tongue and women have holes!’

‘But not with feeling!’ countered Lorcan bitterly.

Shenn saw that there was nothing to be gained by continuing their conversation. It was vital to press on, but, before then, there was something she must do – something which she hoped might yet give Lorcan pleasure.

‘This place is home to many beasts,’ she reminded him. ‘A man on his own will not last long.’

‘I know,’ replied Lorcan sullenly. She had made this clear to him on countless occasions since they had entered the forest. Even the creatures that dwelt here knew the smell of a female hunter and the threat she posed. On their second night, while resting, one foolish animal had launched an attack. Though less than twice his size, Shenn had quickly overcome the poor beast and, with her powerful hands around his nose and mouth, had slowly smothered him to death. She could, she had told Lorcan, have broken the creature’s neck, but finishing him off by hand had sent a message to the other animals that she was not to be trifled with.

Lorcan had been sceptical. ‘They cannot know,’ he muttered, though she had insisted otherwise. The whinnies of despair the creature had released as she slowly suffocated him would have travelled far and alerted other beasts to the presence of a huntress.

And, he was forced to acknowledge, from that night on they had not been troubled again.

‘I cannot leave you unprotected,’ she explained. ‘My smell protects you and the beasts know they cannot attack without paying a heavy price.’

‘Then I must come with you,’ said Lorcan.

Shenn shook her head. ‘No, the risk is too great. But there is a way.’ She smiled. ‘And one that I hope will please you.’

Lorcan frowned. He longed to be pleased, but feared it was unlikely now.

‘I must coat you with my woman’s scent,’ explained Shenn. ‘Pussy, arse and the sweat from my body Only then will you be safe.’ She grinned mischievously. ‘And who knows? Perhaps it will stir you again.’

‘If only that were so,’ said Lorcan, without conviction.

‘Remain still,’ commanded Shenn, ‘with your arms and legs apart. Excellent. Let us begin.’

Thrusting one hand between her thighs, she rubbed her pussy vigorously for almost a minute until, at last, she shook heavily and came. With his gaze locked on her dark, shiny bush, Lorcan wished with all his heart that it had been he who had given her pleasure and made her spend so freely. Already, he could see the juices leaking from between her fingers.

Without delay, Shenn rubbed her hand across his face, smearing his skin with her oils. Again and again, she dipped between her legs, gathering her come and rubbing it over his body. After that, she pressed two fingers into her bottom’s passage and, withdrawing them slowly, traced patterns across his skin from head

to toe, regularly replenishing her scent until, though his cock remained dormant, Lorcan himself swooned with delight.

Finally, she scooped out the sweat from under her armpits and added the salty mix to the heady brew in which Lorcan was already drenched.

‘Do not sit down,’ cautioned Shenn, when she had finished. ‘You must pace the forest floor. In this way, your own smell will mingle with mine and further confuse the beasts. They will not approach for fear that I am somewhere nearby, waiting to finish them off.’

‘How long will you be?’ asked Lorcan anxiously.

‘As long as it takes,’ said Shenn, and, a moment later, she was gone.

Six

Venyn reined in her horse sharply, then sniffed the air. The four scouts were at the entrance to a narrow, scrub-lined ravine that twisted through the mountain path they had been travelling along for almost two days. It was a winding trail that had been fashioned for ambush.

‘What is it, Captain?’ inquired Anya, bringing her horse alongside.

‘I sense men,’ said Venyn. ‘One, perhaps two.’

‘Nearby?’ asked Roseene, as she and Gellyn drew level with the others.

‘Perhaps a mile,’ said Venyn. She reached into her saddle bag and removed the leather pouch. Extracting the precious emerald, she held it gently in her hands and focused.

Even now, the Darkstone – as Morgharril had named the jewel – was a source of wonder and confusion to her.

‘With this,’ the old woman had insisted, ‘you will bring Lorcan low. Not only will it lead you to him, but it will weaken him also. With every man you sit upon, his strength will fade. Look for the darkness in it and you will know its work is being done.’

She had seen no change in the stone until she had woken from her dream in

Aggafar. The vision that had come to her while she slept – of Lorcan and Shenn in Rhasadhor – had driven all else from her mind, and she had been keen to press on. It was only as she returned the orb to its protective swaddling that she saw its blackened heart had grown.

Since leaving the Royal City, the Darkstone had not afforded her much joy. The old priestess had explained that when Lorcan had emptied himself into Queen Orelia's arse, he had unwittingly begun the process by which he would be destroyed. For in mating with her he had left behind a portion of his gift. It was this remnant that the priestess had recovered, making use of an unwilling sacrifice to pass the gift to first their Queen and then to Venyn.

Venyn still remembered – with joy and not a little fear – the moment that Orelia had sat on her face and taken Venyn into her huge, royal crack. As the priestess read from her book of spells, the other scouts had held Venyn down, allowing the Queen to render her senseless. And all the while, Venyn had clung on tightly to the precious emerald – the weapon with which they would destroy the hated Lorcan.

In passing the gift from the Queen to her faithful servant, it had, by its nature, weakened it further, but there had been no choice. It was too dangerous for the Queen herself to make the trip into the Eastern lands. Her servants were expendable, but she was not.

Holding the orb, as she did now, Venyn saw that the small black heart had faded somewhat since leaving Aggafar. Morgharill had said that every man Venyn sat upon would serve to strengthen the Darkstone's power, and weaken Lorcan. Equally, if she did not sit, the power of the stone would fade.

She had no idea what magic it had worked – or which, perhaps, she had herself

worked with her arse in finishing off the old farmer – but that something marvellous had happened, she was certain. She also knew that speed was of the essence now – as well as finding men to sit upon. They must make haste to find their enemy. And, when they found him, they would take him back to their Queen. Only then, when he lay inside Orelia’s royal arse, and she smothered him with her little hole, would he finally part with his gift of sight, and their revenge would be complete.

But, for now, there were other matters to consider. Venyn’s senses were on high alert. There were men nearby – bandits, she was certain – and, after two hard days’ riding, her little hole longed to do battle again. Returning the stone to its pouch, she carefully put it away.

‘Leave your horses here,’ she said, addressing the others. ‘Climb to the high ground, keep out of sight and follow me for a mile. If I am right, the men will see me as easy prey and rush to attack.’ She grinned wickedly and slapped her hip. ‘Then, sisters, you will strike – and our bottoms will feast on their flesh!’

The three scouts needed no further encouragement. Tethering their mounts loosely, so they might summon them easily enough once they had finished off the men, Anya scaled one slope and Gellyn and Roseene the other. Taking advantage of the cover presented by a thick avenue of scrub, they quickly made their way forward, either side of the valley.

Venyn waited until they were out of sight before kicking in the saddle and steering her horse forward at a gentle pace. Already, her pulse quickened with excitement. ‘Oh, men’, she whispered with grim delight, ‘how little you know the death that awaits you ... inside a woman’s bottom!’

Seven

Venyn had been riding for little more than half a mile, when she spotted movement on the western slope of the ravine. It was followed by the sound of a horse being spurred on quickly, and then the cry of first one man, then another. She reined in her own mount, and scanned the surrounding area with a keen gaze. A moment later, two riders blazed into view, galloping down one side of the valley, one just ahead of her and one behind. She smiled inwardly at their foolish attempt to cut off her retreat.

Hemmed in though she was, it would have been a simple matter – had she feared assault – to evade them. Instead, as they neared her, she feigned despair and jumped to the ground, scurrying this way and that as if confused and frightened.

The response of her attackers was all that she had hoped. They, too, pulled up sharply and leapt from the saddle. They were short, stumpy men, but with thick muscles and energetic movements. Clad – like Venyn herself – in simple loin cloths, they approached her without drawing their swords from the heavy scabbards that hung from belts at their waists.

‘Please, men,’ cried Venyn, playing her role to perfection, ‘do not harm me! I beg you to let me pass! I mean you no harm!’

The men swapped lascivious glances as they approached, and immediately unbuckled their loin cloths, exposing a pair of short, erect cocks. Venyn pretended horror at the sight, though from the corner of her eye, she saw the sisters, Roseene and Gellyn, advancing quietly down the slope to the men’s rear. Anya, she guessed, would be moving in from another direction.

‘Why do you show me your men’s rods?’ cried Venyn. ‘I have no gold! Please! I

have nothing to give you!’

‘You have your woman’s hole!’ cried one of the bandits, taking hold of his cock and pumping the shaft.

‘And one in your rear end!’ added his companion, licking his lips crudely.

‘You mean to take me together?’ screamed Venyn, in mock despair. ‘One in my pussy and one in my arse?’

‘If you have no money,’ announced the first bandit, ‘then you are good for nothing else!’

Not far away now, Venyn noticed, with growing delight, Gellyn and Roseene approached in silence. The men were oblivious to the danger they were in and it gladdened her heart. When, with equal stealth, she spotted Anya arriving from behind, it was all she could do not to rush at the men there and then. What fools they were to think they could conquer her so easily!

Judging the moment perfectly, Venyn unfolded her cowering body, straightened her back and stood tall. The bandits staggered to a halt and, for the first time, appeared hesitant.

‘You are right, men,’ said Venyn proudly. ‘I am a woman – and I have a woman’s holes!’ She swung round quickly, and bent low at the waist, exposing her dark, muscular anus and the long, swollen bulge of her cunt. ‘Gaze upon my body’s

weapons!’ she cried. ‘And prepare to meet your gods!’

The bandits exchanged another look, their confidence replaced by uncertainty. A moment later, confusion turned to fear as Anya rushed forward, a war-like scream on her lips. As the two bandits turned and backed away, they became immediately aware of Gellyn and Roseene approaching from behind.

Before they had a chance to draw their swords, the women were on them. Venyn spun round and hurried forward, joining the fray. In no time at all, the pair were on their backs, wriggling helplessly, as Roseene and Gellyn straddled one man each and pinned him to the earth. Anya and Venyn tugged the bandits’ swords from their scabbards and held them high.

The men flinched, expecting the blow to fall at once. Venyn shook her head, and bared her teeth in an evil smile. ‘You think we would despatch you with your own swords ...’ she chuckled happily, ‘when we have holes in our bottoms?’

She gestured towards Anya and, at her signal, both women crouched low over the men’s heads. As their buttocks parted, each woman’s anus twitched and puckered crudely.

‘In mercy’s name!’ cried first one man, then the other. ‘You cannot mean to sit on us!’

Gazing down between her thick, powerful legs, Venyn relished the look of utter despair on the face of the bandit she was hunched over. His skin was pale, his eyes wide with horror.

‘Do you fear the little hole, man?’ she inquired carelessly. ‘The entrance to my woman’s arse?’

‘I fear her...’ muttered the bandit miserably. The edges of his mouth had dropped and he seemed on the verge of tears. ‘Please, mistress,’ he wailed in a mournful voice, ‘spare my life, I beg you. Do not take me into your bottom’s crack!’

‘Nor me!’ cried his companion, staring up between Anya’s legs, his gaze fixed on her anus. ‘I meant you no harm! Please!’

‘You would have taken possession of my holes,’ Venyn reminded him, ‘and emptied your seed into my body! Robbed me, then slain me without mercy!’

‘Never, mistress!’ cried the other bandit. ‘We meant only to frighten you! We are exiles. Poor men starving in the wild. The women of Rhasadhor took everything we had. They cast us out, without food or water. Have mercy on us, please!’

Venyn huffed disdainfully. ‘You do not look as if you starve,’ she said. ‘Nor lack for other comforts in the wild. You are men, with men’s base urges. We are women – and put on earth to conquer you!’

She reached back and clawed her buttocks wide, as if to emphasise the point. The man beneath her sobbed miserably, then screamed. Anya opened up her own arse in similar fashion, drawing a banshee-like wail of despair from the man she was about to sit on.

‘Prepare for suffocation!’ cried Venyn and Anya together. ‘Inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘Oh, mercy, mistress, have mercy!’ screeched each man, heaving fiercely. Perched on their chests, Gellyn and Roseene had no trouble pinning them down. When they reached forward, took hold of each man’s head and held it fast, the bandits went rigid with fear.

Slowly, Venyn and Anya lowered themselves until their wrinkled openings grazed each man’s nose. Forced to inhale the women’s rich aroma, the men wept and shivered, praying to their gods for deliverance.

‘Your gods cannot save you now!’ cried Venyn. ‘For even they must bow before a woman’s arse!’

With calculated cruelty, as if they had long practised and prepared for this moment, Anya and Venyn eased themselves to and fro, scything their private parts across the men’s faces, smearing them with the scent and sweat of their holes.

With each jerk of their hips, the women’s excitement grew until, unable to hold back any longer, they closed their thighs and pressed down hard. Both men gave a violent heave and screamed mutely. Perched astride their chests, Gellyn and Roseene enjoyed the struggle almost as much as if they had been sitting on the men’s heads themselves. It was always a joy to hold a man down while a fellow-scout smothered him inside her crack. Besides, they knew their time would come. These men were not destined for a quick and easy death. They would suffer at the arse many times before they were finally taken to their gods.

This was only the beginning. Two captive male heads, and four eager arses' holes. On such a day, they all reflected, it was good to be alive. And even better to be a woman ...

Eight

For Lorcan, it had been a long two hours. His heart leapt when he saw Shenn's head bob up from below the brow of a steep slope, and then her lean, broad-hipped body emerge into view. She carried a bag over her shoulder. It was small, made of leather and rippled as she walked.

Her smell still clung faintly to him, though much of her moisture had dried and faded away. For the last half an hour, Lorcan had been conscious of low, growling noises in the distance. They had been intermittent at first, then more concerted and moving closer. Fearful of an attack for which he knew he was ill-prepared, Lorcan had stumbled to the edge of the forest and away from the safety of the trees.

The faint outline of a smile brightened Shenn's face as she approached and it warmed his heart. Only when she came to within a few feet of him and glanced at his limp cock did the smile fade and, with it, Lorcan's own delight at seeing her again.

'He still refuses to stir?' said Shenn, waving her hand at his penis. When Lorcan nodded glumly, she reached out to grip the shaft, as if hopeful that her touch would be enough to arouse him.

'A pity,' she added matter-of-factly. 'It may present us with a problem when we enter Rhasadhor, for that, indeed, is the town below.' She studied him thoughtfully. 'You still have no memory of the vision that led us here?'

Lorcan shook his head and his face creased. 'None,' he answered with a sigh.

Shenn gave a resigned shrug. She had hoped for more in her absence. Some change for the better; a glimmer, perhaps, of the old Lorcan. No matter, they were here now, and must press on regardless.

‘The men of Rhasadhör – when out with their mistresses – are shackled by the cock,’ she explained, cupping his stones in her hand and squeezing them gently. ‘All are erect, which in Rhasadhör, I have learned, is a sign of homage to the woman who owns them.’

Lorcan sighed heavily. ‘Then we are doomed,’ he muttered, ‘for I am without feeling and cannot show you the respect you deserve.’

Shenn smiled and dropped the bag she had been carrying. Tipping its contents onto the ground, she held up a short leather contraption consisting of two thin lengths of material looped, at one end, through a large metal ring.

When Lorcan frowned, unable to fathom its purpose, Shenn’s grin widened. ‘They are reins for your manhood,’ she explained. ‘I purchased them at a market stall. They will allow us to pass through the town without comment.’

‘Purchased?’ repeated Lorcan, his confusion deepening. ‘But you had no money.’

Shenn shrugged sheepishly. ‘A hunter has many skills,’ she answered, ‘not all of them with the knife and bow. I am not proud of what I did, but it was an easy matter to relieve a woman or two of coins as I passed by.’ Her voice became more serious. ‘We will need gold if we are to buy supplies and find somewhere to lodge.’

‘We are to stay in Rhasadhor?’ said Lorcan, surprised.

‘For the time being,’ said Shenn. ‘We do not know our destiny – yours at least – and you are wounded, for your cock is your weapon and it guards you no longer.’ She sighed. ‘I would prefer to seek shelter here, for the woods are my home. But we must find a way to cure you before we proceed.’

‘You think I can be cured?’ asked Lorcan, not daring to hope that such a thing was possible.

‘I believe it utterly,’ said Shenn in a voice that carried real conviction. ‘As must you.’ Her mouth tightened. ‘Whether it is by chance or magic that your strength has been stolen, we will restore it. Then you will empty yourself into me as only a man can, and perhaps we will see a glimpse of our future path.’

‘But if my cock will not rise, how will we enter Rhasadhor safely?’

‘I will make it rise,’ said Shenn, ‘in the manner no man can resist – even if he be enchanted.’ Before Lorcan could respond, she offered him the leather reins. ‘Hold the ends,’ she said, ‘while I fix the ring around the base of your cock.’

‘What purpose does it serve?’ he inquired, genuinely puzzled.

‘You will see,’ she answered as she slipped the thin band of metal around his

shaft. He noticed two clips either side, and realised, belatedly, that they could be adjusted to tighten – or loosen – the ring as necessary.

Satisfied with her handiwork, Shenn hurried into the forest, leaving Lorcan more confused than ever. His bewilderment was not lessened when she reappeared, a minute later, carrying a large, furry pod. Selecting a small boulder, she smashed the pod against it several times until it split. As a white, jelly-like substance oozed from the shell, she dipped one hand inside, liberally covering her fingers with the slippery mess.

‘Bend forward,’ she commanded, approaching with her arm outstretched.

Lorcan’s eyes widened. ‘What manner of nonsense is this?’ he inquired, still baffled.

‘I must insert my fingers into your arse’s opening,’ she explained bluntly, ‘and find that secret spot that swells your cock.’

‘In mercy’s name!’ cried Lorcan. ‘You cannot mean to bugger me with your hand?’

‘It is the only way,’ said Shenn. ‘Even if you have no feeling in your stones, your cock will surely stiffen.’

It surprised her when Lorcan shuffled anxiously. She had imagined he would not object to being penetrated, especially if it caused his shaft to harden.

‘Hold on to your cock,’ she instructed him firmly, ‘and keep the ring in place. Now, bend over as I have commanded, and allow me to do my woman’s work!’

Her urgent manner resigned him to his fate, and Lorcan leaned forward, albeit reluctantly. Closing one hand around his shaft, he rested the other on a rock to steady himself. If Shenn could truly arouse him with her hand, he thought, then this was for the greater good.

His body shivered when her hand touched his anus, and she smeared gel around the opening. Though he tried hard to relax, he shivered again when she pushed first one finger, then a second, into his sphincter. He gripped his thigh with one hand, while holding onto his shaft with the other. The feeling inside his arse was not unpleasant, though, equally, it gave him no joy. Only when, to his surprise, she pressed on further still and reached a hidden point deep within his body, did a surge of pleasure spear his groin. The feeling was momentary but, in that instant, his cock stiffened and he became erect.

Lorcan uttered a loud sigh and almost tumbled forward.

‘Tighten the clips!’ urged Shenn. ‘You must fasten the ring and secure your rod!’

Mechanically, Lorcan did as he was told, screwing the clips until he felt the ring bite into his shaft.

‘It hurts!’ he whimpered and stumbled again. Shenn pulled back her hand a little, then pumped him swiftly with her fingers before withdrawing. Stepping round to

the front, she examined his cock with satisfaction. Taking hold of the reins, she tugged on them gently.

A smile brightened her face. 'While the ring is in place your cock will remain upright. For now, at least. We must set off at once and seek lodging.' She hesitated. 'Do you feel any urges? The need to pump and unleash your seed into a woman's hole?'

Lorcan shook his head miserably. 'I feel nothing,' he muttered. He reached down and fondled his cock. 'But it is good to see it rise again.'

Shenn reached in, too, and cupped his balls. 'Your stones are heavy,' she muttered, 'but your seed is trapped.' Her mouth tightened. 'I wonder,' she considered thoughtfully, and promptly dropped to her knees.

Lorcan stared down in some confusion as the huntress closed her mouth around first one ball, then the other, and suckled gently. Several minutes passed, during which time he prayed he might feel the urge to spend. The sight alone filled him with pleasure, but his body remained numb.

Releasing him at last, Shenn thought for a moment, then said, 'Your cock is stiff. Let us see if it can take a woman's weight.'

Lorcan had no time to react before Shenn reached up and held onto his shoulders.

‘Lift me,’ she commanded, ‘and lower me onto your shaft. Let us see if it can withstand the touch of a woman’s hole.’

He hesitated for only a moment, then grasped her by the buttocks and hoisted her into the air. Though she was much larger, Lorcan’s strength had not deserted him and it took only a few seconds to manoeuvre her into position. Then, as carefully as possible, he lowered her onto his cock-head. Her pussy was soft and warm and opened to admit him.

As his shaft sunk home, Lorcan was vaguely aware of Shenn reaching back, one hand clawing at her arse. A moment later, she pressed her fingers to his nose, smearing it with the rich, earthy scent of her hole.

‘Close your eyes,’ she urged, ‘and think of my bottom’s mouth. That hairy little soldier ... who guards the entrance to my secret passage!’

Lorcan immediately breathed deep, filling his lungs with Shenn’s scent. Instinctively, he thrust – again and again – moving his cock in time to each eager sniff.

‘She comes for you,’ whispered Shenn, her breath warm in his ear. ‘The Hole of Holes ... The Destroyer of Men ... She Who Can Never Be Defeated!’

Lorcan groaned into her hand and snorted furiously. Shenn tightened her grip on his shoulders, hugging him close. ‘You long for the death of deaths, do you not?’ she sighed. ‘Inside my woman’s bottom!’

He thrust again, his mind focused on the hole in her arse. Just then, he longed for nothing more than for Shenn to be sitting on his face, his nose buried deep inside her passage as she suffocated him with her anus.

‘Oh, mighty hole!’ he squealed feebly. ‘Take me to my gods, I beg you! Let me die inside the arse where I belong!’

He thrust again, desperate for a release that would never come. His body shivered along its full length, then sagged as the dreadful truth struck home. His cock remained stiff but empty, his stones refusing to surrender their seed. Behind his closed eyelids, something sparkled. A bright green flicker from a small stone formed by the shadows in his mind. He looked into the stone and imagined he could see a woman’s anus, dark and forbidding. It opened and closed and, for one terrible moment, filled him not with pleasure, but with fear ...

In that same moment, to his great surprise, he felt a jolt of pleasure in his shaft. Though the image of the unknown anus still filled him with dread, there was no denying the surge of delight in his cock. Shenn felt it, too, and hugged him closer.

‘You stir!’ she cried triumphantly. ‘My little hole arouses you!’

‘No, please!’ he cried. ‘Not the hole! Not the hole!’

Shenn frowned. There was something wrong, though precisely what, she was unable to fathom. No matter, Lorcan was excited. That was all that mattered just now and she tightened her cunt around his shaft, determined to milk him dry.

Between her legs, Lorcan stumbled. The stream of pleasure had turned into a wave, and from there to a flood of utter joy.

‘I come!’ he cried happily, thrusting his cock deep into her body. ‘I come! I come!’

Except that he did not. Despite repeated thrusts into Shenn’s pussy, he failed to spend. His seed remained trapped in his balls, and his excitement was unfulfilled.

‘It is the ring!’ cried Shenn. ‘Your milk is trapped in your balls. Lift me from your cock and I will release you!’

With difficulty, for all he now wanted was to thrust until he came, Lorcan did as Shenn asked and gently lowered her onto the ground. He grunted fiercely as she undid the coil around the base of his shaft and allowed his penis to jerk freely again. But the moment she did, it dropped at an alarming angle and immediately sagged.

‘No!’ cried Lorcan, taking hold of his cock and rubbing furiously. ‘It cannot be!’

‘Let me arouse you!’ cried Shenn closing her hands around the stem and pumping vigorously. Still, his shaft remained dormant and, after several minutes of frantic but vain efforts, Shenn sank onto her haunches, defeated.

‘What fresh curse is this?’ cried Lorcan. ‘Why do I not rise? Why do I not spill my milk?’

‘I do not know,’ said Shenn truthfully. ‘Let me enter you again and bring you to stiffness. Hold on to your manhood and pump yourself until you spend!’

Reluctantly, Lorcan went down on his knees a second time, gritting his teeth as Shenn buggered his arse with her hand and touched his secret place again. As before, he immediately stiffened, and his balls filled with seed.

Lorcan did as Shenn had instructed, pumping himself long and hard. Once more he felt a surge of joy along his cock and closed his eyes happily, convinced that this time at least he would reach fruition. But try though he might, his balls refused to empty until at last he tumbled forward, sobbing freely.

‘It makes no sense,’ said Shenn. ‘Why do you not come?’

‘I am bewitched!’ cried Lorcan. ‘I am cursed as no man has ever been cursed!’

Three times more Shenn entered Lorcan’s arse, and three times more he failed to spend. Finally, abandoning her efforts, she aroused him one last time and sealed his cock with the ring. At least he was erect and could be led by the reins.

It was some time before Lorcan recovered himself, though even then he was in torment. Shenn felt his pain as if it were her own. To know the joy of arousal but to be thwarted at the death, that was a curse indeed.

‘You are bewitched,’ she conceded. ‘Some power has taken hold of you. Orelia is behind this, I am sure.’ She gestured towards the settlement below. ‘There will be Wise Women – Ha’kims – in Rhasadhor. They will show us a cure – or tell us where we may find one.’

Shenn’s face tightened thoughtfully. ‘If you cannot come inside a woman, then the gift of second sight is safe for now. That is something at least.’

‘But without the gift, what am I?’ he muttered glumly. ‘The gift is my destiny. Without it, I am just a man.’

She reached out and stroked the side of his face. ‘You must not lose hope.’

Lorcan straightened his back. ‘I will not,’ he replied, but the fight had left his body. He was not the Lorcan of old.

Shenn smiled. ‘Let us hope for help in Rhasadhor below.’

Taking hold of his reins, Shenn led him down the scrub-lined slope. As always, as they walked, Lorcan’s gaze drifted across the large, meaty pillows of her arse. To his surprise, he shuddered a little. Where once, he had known only pleasure, and, more latterly, indifference, he now felt something else. Something worse than indifference.

He felt afraid ...

Nine

Three hours had passed and the bandits – weeping and exhausted – were barely alive. Even the scouts had lost track of how often they had taken the men into their bottoms, forcing their tiny holes over the bandits' noses and into their mouths. They had climaxed many times – both men and women – and the air was rank with the smell of dried semen and female come.

But as the afternoon threatened to turn into evening, bringing with it the need to ride on and make camp for the night, Venyn called a halt to the men's ordeal. It was time, she reluctantly decided, to finish them off. And time, also, for the Darkstone to again work its magic ...

Morgharril had told her that the orb was at its most powerful when she, Venyn, was at her most aroused. And for that, she must have a man between her legs, a man who knew that he was to die at the arse's hole and whose fear of her anus knew no bounds. That, thought Venyn happily, was every man she had ever sat on!

After three hours smothering, she knew the time had come. If the elderly priestess was to be believed, the stone's black heart was testimony to the fact that it had already begun to work its magic. But it had faded and must be brought to life again.

'Lorcan lives for the little hole,' Morgharril had informed her, 'and it shall be the little hole that destroys him ... as it will destroy all men!'

Removing the stone from its protective pouch, Venyn studied it carefully. Had the darkness grown in shape and form? She could not be sure. But it was time for it to throw its curse on Lorcan nonetheless.

‘His cock will drive him mad with longing!’ Morgharril had insisted. ‘He will feel the urge to spend and be tormented that he cannot be sated! The hole will call to him and he will long to pay her homage. Yet he will come to fear her also, and in that moment, he will be broken – for he will be as every other man and himself at once. Both fearing and longing for that which he cannot have!’

Venyn was forced to admit, even now, that she did not truly comprehend the meaning of Morgharril’s prophecy. But it was not her purpose to understand the words of the Queen’s adviser. It was her purpose to serve, and to obey her Royal Mistress.

Clutching the stone to her breasts, she pressed it hard against her bare flesh until it seemed to burn her skin.

‘Let it begin,’ she said, addressing the other scouts in a faraway, distracted voice.

Ending the bandits’ torment, as they had begun it, Roseene and Gellyn straddled each man’s chest for the last time, pinning their arms to their sides so that they were unable to fend off the final, dreadful blow.

‘Please, pity, mistress!’ wept one of the bandits, as Venyn squatted over his face. Her buttocks parted of their own accord, exposing the dark brown opening of her anus. ‘I don’t want to be smothered! Not at the arse’s hole! Not there! Please!’

‘It is your time,’ said Venyn coldly. ‘As it was always meant to be. For every man must end his days inside a woman’s bottom. My little hole is coming for

you ... and she will not take you prisoner!’

His scream of despair was followed by an equally pitiful wail of terror from his companion as Anya squatted low over the other man’s head and peeled her own buttocks wide.

‘Behold my arse’s mouth!’ she cried. ‘And know I mean to slay you with it!’

Roseene and Gelynn clung on tightly as the two bandits heaved. Though they longed to finish off the men themselves, it pleased them almost as much to hold the pair down at the moment of truth. Besides, they knew their time would come again. If not today, then soon enough.

Venyn and Anya turned their heads briefly, exchanging a triumphant smile.

‘Are you ready to sit, sister?’ asked Venyn simply. ‘And take these men into Paradise?’

‘I am, Captain,’ said Anya. ‘My little hole awaits your command.’

Venyn’s smile broadened. ‘Then let us do our women’s work on them!’ she answered happily, drawing a terrified scream from the man between her legs. His companion squealed even more fearfully as Anya puckered her anus.

With cruel delay, extracting every last drop of misery from the men they were about to suffocate, the women lowered their backsides. At the last moment, they paused, resting their tiny openings lightly on each man's nose, before sweeping across their heads, filling the men's lungs with the scent from their bottoms.

The men screamed one last time before the women sat, pressing down with all their weight and taking them into their cracks.

Despite their exhausted state, the two men fought desperately against their fate. It took all of Roseene and Gellyn's strength to hold them down.

'They do not go quietly into the darkness!' cried Anya happily.

'No man goes quietly!' cried Venyn in her turn, 'when the arse's opening comes for him!'

Only when the women's holes widened around the men's noses, and robbed them of what little breath they had left, did they heave, shudder strongly, and finally fall still.

With a shared squeal of delight, Venyn and Anya shook and came together, emptying their juices into each man's mouth before tumbling forward, spent and exhausted.

It was over.

And deep within the emerald Darkstone, still held snug to Venyn's fat breasts, its black and deadly heart began to grow again ...

Ten

Lorcan felt uneasy as he and Shenn entered the market place. Any excitement he had felt had long since fled, replaced now by grim despair. But worse than that, his tummy had begun to tighten with a sense of foreboding. From time to time, he closed his eyes and imagined he saw a pale green light, and then darkness within it. The thought sent a shiver through his body and he wondered if he were sickening for something.

The road into Rhasadhor proved a meandering gravel trail, taking them past rows of stumpy, one-storey dwellings. Until now, there had been no sign of the township's people. Just past a sharp bend in the road, however, the trail opened up, splitting into myriad broader tracks, all of which led to avenues of brightly coloured stalls, at which dozens of women traded their wares.

Shenn tugged on Lorcan's reins, reminding him to keep his own counsel. She was his mistress here, and their safety, he knew without being told, depended on it. As his eyes scanned the busy thoroughfare, he had no doubt that this was where she had acquired the bag, reins and gold on her previous visit.

Though most of the females were out alone, on occasion he saw men like himself, their rigid cocks tethered and tall as they followed their owners around the square. Where the latter had made a purchase, their men carried heavy leather satchels, slung across their backs. None were as sturdy and well-built as Lorcan, and he quickly became aware of lustful glances as the women passed them by.

Even so, it surprised him when one woman – plump, bare-breasted, and with unusually broad hips and muscular thighs – turned from surveying a table of assorted fruits and tapped Shenn on the shoulder.

‘Your man is uncommonly large,’ she remarked, eyeing Lorcan as if he were a horse for sale. Her gaze lingered over the fat stem of his shaft. ‘His weapon must give you great joy. May I hold it?’

Shenn hesitated only briefly. ‘Of course,’ she replied, assuming such requests were not unusual here.

Lorcan tried not to react when the woman’s long fingers closed around his cock. A surge of pleasure rose through his shaft, and he was forced to suppress an urge to thrust.

‘Do you ride him regularly?’ she inquired, reaching out with her other hand and cupping his balls. ‘His stones seem heavy with seed.’

The woman’s bluntness – and the way she touched him so freely – sent a warm thrill through Lorcan’s body. He drew a deep breath, and, without meaning to, imagined the hole in her bottom. He guessed it was large and muscular, and edged with short, wiry hairs. Though in the one moment he longed for her to rub it over him, in the next, his excitement was replaced by cold fear. Such a hole would surely suffocate him and he trembled at the grim prospect! He closed his eyes, as if it might somehow block out the image, and again saw the pale green light ... with its shimmering black heart.

‘As often as I need to,’ answered Shenn, breaking into his confused thoughts.

The other woman grinned slyly. The ring around the base of Lorcan’s cock had not escaped her notice. ‘But you have stemmed his flow,’ she chuckled crudely. ‘He cannot spend and know the joy of release.’

Shenn shrugged carelessly. 'I take pleasure in his suffering,' she explained, judging it to be the appropriate response.

'What I would give to mount such a weapon!' said the other woman.

'We are strangers here,' replied Shenn, spotting an opportunity, 'and seek lodging for the night.' A wicked smile brightened her face. 'If you can offer us quarters – or know of one who might – you are welcome to straddle my man's cock and take your pleasure with him.'

Though just a short time ago, Lorcan's heart would have leapt at the prospect of being forcibly ridden, Shenn's offer now filled him with dread. He didn't want to be straddled by a woman. Not now – not ever!

In the name of all the gods, he muttered silently ... what is happening to me?

The woman licked her lips and grinned. Gesturing to the rear of the market stall, she chuckled crudely, 'I will take him on that patch of empty ground. And after that, we will talk of lodging for you.'

'You are kindness itself,' said Shenn with a respectful bow. Tugging on Lorcan's reins, she led him through the gap between two stalls. Ahead of them, the other woman's buttocks slapped loudly as she walked.

‘Have courage, Lorcan,’ whispered Shenn, ‘when this woman takes you into her body. If the curse is still upon you and you cannot come, you must be brave.’

‘I am frightened, mistress,’ he muttered truthfully. ‘I do not know my own mind!’ He lowered his voice. ‘She has a hole in her bottom and I long for it to conquer me. I think of its shape, its hairs and the little well of joy itself. And yet ...’ he voice trailed away. ‘It frightens me also. I cannot say why – but it does!’

‘I say again,’ replied Shenn, ‘you are truly bewitched. How can you both love and fear the little hole at the same time? It is impossible!’

Lorcan sighed and felt more miserable than ever. He was wavering constantly now – torn between pleasure and fear – and felt a madness in his soul. This was surely magic – wrought by Orelia herself – and he was helpless against it.

Arriving at a patch of open ground, he offered no resistance as Shenn manoeuvred him onto his back. His engorged cock thrust upwards, like a flower searching for the sunlight.

‘He longs for my pussy!’ cried the woman, licking her lips with excitement. Turning to Shenn she added eagerly, ‘Will you mount him with your arse’s hole while I do the deed?’

Shenn nodded. ‘Of course,’ she replied carelessly. ‘A man should always struggle at the moment of truth ... and wonder if his time on earth has come.’

A morbid fear seized hold of Lorcan as Shenn squatted over his face and he gazed up into the crack of her arse.

‘In mercy’s name, no!’ he cried as Shenn’s buttocks parted. He caught sight of the familiar, brown knot of her anus, its wrinkled skin dripping with sweat, and screamed again. As she lowered herself onto him, a rich, earthy scent filled his lungs and he thought he would surely die! His heart banged loudly in his chest, and there were tears in his eyes.

‘Your man fears the little hole!’ cried the woman. ‘Oh, sweet joy! The man who fears the arse’s eye pumps like no other!’

‘It is why I keep him in my service,’ lied Shenn, ‘so he might give pleasure to both my openings!’ The woman, she judged, was there to be played, and her hunter’s instincts told her they might profit by it yet.

It caught Lorcan by surprise when the woman took hold of his shaft and guided it into the slick, warm mouth of her vagina. He felt her sticky flesh grip his glans and hold him fast. At the same time, Shenn dropped her arse onto his face, taking him into her crack. Her anus opened around his nose, and the bulb of her pussy rested on his lips. Lorcan opened his mouth for air, and she immediately forced herself home.

The woman rested on his cock-head for several seconds, as if to tease him with delay, then dropped like a stone. An exquisite bolt of pleasure ran through his shaft as her pussy pulsed around him. How could this be? He feared one hole with all his heart, yet longed to give pleasure to the other!

The woman sat quietly on him for several seconds, then rose and fell. Each up-and-down movement became more rapid until at last she was scything so furiously that he felt sure he must come! His need for release had reached such a peak that he would go mad if he could not spill his seed. And yet, his balls refused to empty!

Unable to climax – and by now half-smothered inside Shenn’s bottom – Lorcan felt a dull pain in his chest. Behind his closed eyelids, the green light fizzled and died, replaced by utter darkness. He knew he was close to both madness and death, and scarcely cared now which one claimed him first.

Lorcan had never felt so wretched. The rising tide of pleasure in his cock had become unbearable. He thrust into the woman’s cunt, pumping her as vigorously as she pumped him, though all to no avail. But worse than that, a morbid fear now gripped him. He was trapped inside a woman’s crack, her anus tight around his nose! A dread that he had never known swept through him and he heaved, his hands flying up to claw at Shenn’s plump buttocks. To his despair, his arms felt weak and useless, his strength faded. What was happening to him? In heaven’s name, he had to push her off! He must or he would die!

Somewhere in the darkness, beyond the dreadful pounding in his head, he heard a shriek of pleasure as the woman came. He felt her pussy shudder as she spasmed on his shaft. The scream had barely faded when she rose briefly, then slammed herself down again, several times in quick succession. A further volley of happy screams filled the air as Lorcan’s mind reeled. The pain in his chest was almost unbearable, and a numbness coursed through his body. Beyond that, an anguished sense of doom made his blood run cold. An arse’s hole was on his face ... an arse’s hole that meant to suffocate him! He pushed again but his arms were like those of a child and made no impact. Despair welled up inside him. Despair and terror!

His back arched strongly as, to his astonishment, the woman came for a third

time. Stars sparkled in the darkness, a rapid fire of tiny green flares that rocked his world, and he felt sure that death had finally come to claim him. The most dreadful death of all ... inside a woman's bottom!

Almost immediately, Shenn lifted her arse. Lorcan squealed madly, a starving man feasting on air. His body shook and he flung his head from side to side, his fists slamming into the earth, his legs kicking strongly. So engrossed was he in his desperate need for air that he was scarcely conscious of the woman finally releasing his cock and climbing awkwardly to her feet.

'Your servant has a mighty shaft!' she cried, as her eyes feasted greedily on Lorcan's phallus. 'Three times have I spilled myself, yet he remains erect. In the name of the Great She herself – this man could serve a hundred pussies with his rod!'

She regarded Shenn enviously. 'How much gold will you take for him? I am not a rich woman but—'

'He is not for sale,' said Shenn promptly. 'We seek only lodging for the night, and then we will be on our way.'

The other woman sighed. She appeared to mull things over, then said, 'If I were to offer you a roof, and a meal before you sleep, might I conquer him this night ... as only a woman can?'

'You wish to sit on him?' said Shenn. 'So he might worship at your arse's opening?'

The woman nodded. 'One night is all I ask,' she said. 'To hold him in my bottom's crack – and have him suckle on me till I am sated.'

Now it was Shenn's turn to mull things over. Finally, she said, 'Lodging for this night, our meals and three gold coins. In return, my man will worship at your arse's mouth, and you may use his cock until we leave.'

The other woman's face brightened. Still prone and exhausted on his back, Lorcan was far from happy. A cold hand closed around his heart and he felt a dread he had never known. When he shut his eyes, as if to somehow block out his fear, a green light shone in the darkness, and then became the darkness. And in the inky gloom, he saw Queen Orelia's anus – hairy, huge and muscular – as it opened up around his head ... then sucked him through and into the passage beyond!

He curled himself into a tight ball and wept like a child.

'Agreed,' said the woman happily, as she and Shenn shook hands on their deal.

Eleven

Their lodgings proved more suitable than Shenn had imagined. Her own room was spacious, if modestly furnished. As a huntress, used to living in the wild, she had little time for homely comforts. Even so, as she stretched out on the low, padded bed, she became aware, for the first time in days, of how tired she was. It would be good to rest for the night.

Not that it was night-time yet. She and Lorcan had a day ahead of them, and it was a day Shenn did not intend to waste.

‘We seek a wise woman,’ she explained to Drogha, who had introduced herself on the way home. ‘Someone versed in the magic arts.’

Drogha’s face brightened. ‘There is such a woman,’ she said. ‘Her name is Melhanna. She is a Ha’kim – schooled in the ancient arts of prophecy. She does not live in the town. Her house is several miles to the west. I can give you directions, but be warned – she will take all your gold.’ She glanced at Lorcan, ‘and even that may not be enough.’

‘She has a taste for men?’ inquired Shenn, on whom the glance was not lost.

Drogha huffed loudly. ‘She has a hole in her bottom – and likes to use it. Men fear her as they fear no other. If you take your man with you, he may not live to see another dawn.’ Her expression grew more serious still. ‘She will sit on him for certain – and may not rise until he moves no more!’

‘It is a risk we will take,’ replied Shenn, who had no intention of taking any such risk but saw no reason to admit it.

‘Then you must wait two nights,’ said Drogha. ‘Unless you mean to meet her alone – and in the dark.’ She regarded Lorcan lustfully. ‘Two nights’ lodging – and two nights’ sitting.’ She licked at her lips. ‘And six gold coins.’

Shenn bobbed her head. ‘Very well,’ she replied. ‘He will worship at your hole for two nights. But I will pay you five gold coins, no more. My man has a long tongue and will give pleasure to your passage.’ Drogha gave a contented shrug. She was happy enough with such a bargain.

‘I may do with him as I will?’ she asked. ‘While you are gone? He is mine to command?’

‘As if you owned him yourself,’ said Shenn. She had not once looked at Lorcan, but imagined his despair. Once upon a time, he would have relished being cruelly used by a bare-bottomed stranger. But in the confused and impotent state in which he now found himself, the prospect of being smothered inside Drogha’s arse must, she knew, have filled him with dismay.

Even so, it surprised her when Lorcan reached out suddenly, touched her wrist and muttered, ‘Please, mistress, have mercy on me!’

Shenn gazed back at him, looking for some hint of subterfuge. She imagined him to be playing a role, intending, perhaps, to reinforce, in Drogha’s mind, a belief

that it was she who had won the bargain not they. Instead, she saw something she had never seen before – a look of real fear – and it baffled her.

Turning to Drogha, she said, ‘I must leave you soon, but before I go, I would beg a moment alone with my servant.’ When Drogha’s face tightened anxiously, she quickly added, ‘So I may remind him that your hole is his mistress in my absence.’

Reluctantly, Drogha withdrew. The moment she had gone, Lorcan reached out and clutched at Shenn’s hands. ‘I am frightened, mistress,’ he confessed. ‘Do not leave me alone with this woman, I beg you.’

Shenn frowned. If Lorcan was playing the part of a fearful slave, he was playing it well. Though Drogha had retired to the next room, Shenn felt sure she would be able to hear Lorcan’s raised voice and that his apparent distress could only warm her heart.

It was then that Lorcan – perhaps belatedly realising he could be overheard – leaned in close, and whispered, ‘Something has happened to me. I do not know what it is – or why – but I am truly frightened.’

His expression darkened. ‘When you sat upon my face and the woman Drogha rode me – I yearned to come and empty myself in her hole! But I could not spill my seed! And then, as if that were not curse enough ...’ His voice trailed away miserably before he found it again. ‘Your precious jewel – the opening into your bottom’s cave – filled me with dread!’ A dismayed look overcame him. ‘I feared your arse’s hole – I feared every arse’s hole! – as I have never feared it before!’

‘You are cursed, indeed!’ muttered Shenn in turn. ‘This is why I must find the Ha’kim – and pray she has spells to fashion a cure!’

‘But what if she does not?’ whimpered Lorcan. ‘I cannot live with this curse! It will destroy me!’

Shenn leaned in close, her voice so low as to be barely audible.

‘You must be brave, Lorcan,’ she urged. ‘If this be magic, we will find the cure. We will restore both your cock’s power – and your love of the little hole!’

Lorcan’s mouth dropped miserably and there were tears in his eyes. ‘I do not want to love the little hole!’ he wept truthfully. ‘It frightens me! Please, mistress! Do not leave me here! She will smother me with her bottom!’

‘I have no choice,’ said Shenn, ‘for I have made a bargain with her. We need lodgings for the night.’ She shook her head sadly. ‘The woman will sit on you, yes – and you must worship at her arse’s opening – but she will not suffocate you.’

‘You cannot be sure,’ said Lorcan, visibly shaking. ‘I am weak. My strength has fled. I am like a child! Once she has me trapped inside her crack ... I will never shift her!’

‘She will not harm you,’ insisted Shenn. ‘You must believe me. You are her man now, and subject to her arse’s eye – until we leave this town at least. If we are to

lift this curse, then you must pay your homage to her anus.' She regarded him with genuine sympathy. 'I am sorry, Lorcan, but there is no other way.'

Lorcan sagged and looked more miserable than ever. 'I will do what you ask,' he muttered, 'but I pray you return quickly.'

Shenn smiled, leaned in closer still and kissed him lightly on the cheek. 'I will,' she said, before glancing anxiously towards the door. 'But for now, you must have courage. These are dark days for you, I know, but you must face them bravely.'

Lorcan straightened his back. 'I will try,' he said, though his dull face suggested otherwise. Even to him, it seemed impossible that he had once longed to end his days inside a woman's bottom – yet now he feared the prospect dreadfully.

Shenn squeezed his hand, then crossed to the door and opened it sharply. Drogha, who had been listening on the other side, jumped back. She had heard very little, but what she had caught suggested the man harboured a morbid fear of being sat upon. That pleased her. There was little fun to be gained from a man who surrendered willingly.

'He is yours to command as you will,' said Shenn. 'Now, if you will give me directions to the Ha'kim's house, I will be on my way.'

Twelve

Lorcan watched in utter despair as Shenn left the house and disappeared into the distance. As soon as the young huntress had vanished from sight, Drogha took hold of his reins and tugged him inside.

‘On your back,’ she commanded, pointing to the floor. It astonished her that, after all this time, he remained erect. In time, she was certain, his cock would soften – no man could sustain an erection forever. The ring at the base of his shaft might ensure his stiffness for many hours, but eventually his penis would droop and need reviving, surely? In the meantime, she meant to make use of him again. Times had been hard of late, and she had been forced to part with her servant. The gold she had acquired from Shenn would not last long, but it would tide her over for a while. More importantly, she now had a man to sit on and enjoy. At that moment, another thought occurred to her, a way in which to improve her lot in Shenn’s absence. She smiled. Time enough for that, she told herself, once she had taken her pleasure with this unusually large man.

Lorcan gazed forlornly at the ceiling, as Drogha straddled him. When she lowered herself onto his shaft, he released a shrill whinny of despair.

‘Look at me, man!’ she commanded. ‘As my pussy takes her pleasure with you!’

Reluctantly, Lorcan tilted his head to meet her contented gaze. He watched in some distress as she rose and fell on his cock.

‘You are a big man!’ she cried. ‘Never have I had such a shaft inside me!’ Drogha licked her lips crudely. ‘If only I could empty your stones. My pussy would overflow with milk!’

Lorcan groaned miserably. As before, when Drogha had mounted him, he felt an overwhelming urge to spend. He longed to thrust – and take her woman’s hole by storm. To fuck her long and hard and have his way with her. It was a dreadful torment to endure such a need in his balls and yet be unable to come.

‘Do I excite you, man?’ cried Drogha, as he twisted beneath her. ‘Does my pussy fill your rod with pleasure?’

‘Yes, mistress!’ he cried truthfully. ‘She brings me joy! She brings me joy!’

Suddenly, to his complete surprise, she rose from his shaft and lay on her back.

‘Mount me!’ she commanded as she opened her legs.

‘Mistress?’ he muttered stupidly, easing himself up by his elbows. He knew what she meant and what greater misery it must bring to him.

‘Mount me!’ she repeated in a shrill voice. ‘Plunge yourself home – and do not cease thrusting until I have come!’

Lorcan’s balls rolled jerkily, sending waves of pleasure into his groin. He wanted nothing more than to enter Drogha’s body, to pin her down and thrust until he came. Yet even now, he knew his cause was doomed. Positioning himself between her legs, he eased the head of his cock between her pussy lips. A sharp

spear of joy urged him onwards – to what he knew to be certain defeat.

When he thrust for the first time, an agony of ecstasy gripped him, his every nerve on fire. Lodged inside her pussy, with his balls against her buttocks, he felt a familiar shiver of delight. Surely, if he thrust once more, as hard as he could, he would spill himself. She had warned him not to, that she must have her pleasure first. Indeed, she had not given him permission to come and, if he did, he wondered what foul punishment she would mete out.

He didn't care. Waves of pleasure now beat at his groin so strongly that he would have risked death itself to come inside her. And so he thrust again, twice more in quick succession, and then again, more vigorously than before.

To Lorcan's utter dismay, though his excitement had reached fever pitch, his balls refused to surrender their milk. He grunted, groaned and thrust again – but all to no avail.

Drogha, taking his failure to come, despite repeated thrusts, as proof of his straining to obey her command, was beside herself with joy. No man had ever pummelled her so hard and for so long without spilling himself in her cunt. What a prize she had between her legs!

Pressing her mouth to Lorcan's ear, she whispered cruelly, 'You must not come, man, do you understand? You fuck me for my pleasure not yours!'

Had she known that Lorcan was unable to come, she might have teased him even more. As it was, poor Lorcan was in such a paroxysm of distress that he would have gladly given his life in exchange for release. Each pointless thrust only

served to heighten his arousal until, to Drogha's delight, he burst into tears and sobbed freely.

When Drogha came, as she did now, screaming and hugging him close, Lorcan harboured a vain hope that his torment was over. But, for him, it had barely begun. With her arms wrapped around his broad, muscular back, she rested for a minute or two, then leaned in close and whispered happily, 'I am not finished with you yet, man. Thrust again – and give my pussy the pleasure she deserves.'

And so his misery was renewed. Having been satisfied once, it took Drogha almost a further ten minutes before she came again, cursing furiously and scratching at his back until he almost bled. His hopes that she was now exhausted were further dashed as, after a few minutes' rest, during which time his cock remained lodged inside her, she commanded him to thrust once more.

In all, she climaxed five times before releasing him. By now, Lorcan's need to spend was so intense he felt certain he would be driven mad with lust.

And yet, for Lorcan, there was worse to come. Rising, at last, from the saddle of his cock, Drogha stood over him, enjoying the spectacle of his large, helpless frame, his penis running with her juices.

Reaching behind, she clawed at her buttocks, separating the two bulky cheeks, before turning around and exposing her anus. Lorcan looked up in silent horror. All his pent-up excitement had vanished – replaced, now, with morbid fear.

'Do you see my arse's hole?' she inquired. 'She into whose care you have been given?'

‘Yes, mistress,’ he muttered miserably.

‘Then prepare for her embrace,’ she announced. ‘As I take you into my bottom’s crack ... and conquer you as only a woman can!’

‘Please mistress,’ he began, then relapsed into silence. He had been on the verge of pleading for mercy, before realising the utter pointlessness of such a request. Nothing could save him now. She meant to mount him with her arse and that was an end to it.

It was only as she squatted low over his face and the rich, earthy scent of her anus washed over him that Lorcan’s nerve finally broke and he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

‘Why do you weep?’ asked Drogha, genuinely perplexed. ‘You are about to enter paradise ... inside a woman’s bottom. ‘Tis a cause for joy not sadness!’

For the Lorcan of old, the sight of Drogha’s anus would have indeed filled him with joy, but to the new Lorcan, the prospect of being smothered inside a woman’s rear-end filled him with dread.

‘I fear your little hole,’ he muttered truthfully, ‘and what it can do to me!’

Drogha’s surprise lasted only briefly, and was promptly replaced with a fresh,

belly-warming thrill. It had been some time since she had witnessed such terror. A month ago she had despatched her faithful servant, Kayta, a man who had waited on her for many years. A harsh winter had sealed the elderly retainer's fate. With barely enough food to feed herself, Drogha had been forced to take him between her buttocks and finish him off in this very room. How Kayta had fought to escape her when his time had come; how he had wriggled and wept inside her crack ...

Now Lorcan gazed back at her in the same terrified manner.

'I will not suffocate you,' she said, in a vain bid to console him, 'though I hope to send you to sleep inside my bottom.'

For Lorcan, that latter prospect was almost as dreadful. He bunched his hands into fists and steeled himself for what was to come. When Drogha turned around and took hold of his cock, a spear of pain, not pleasure, ripped through his shaft. As she leaned forward and tightened her grip, the crack between her buttocks widened into a dark, hair-lined chasm. Unable to turn away, Lorcan stared into the centre of her arse, his gaze locked on the beating heart of her anus.

As Drogha's little brown hole opened and closed, pearls of sweat dripped from the dark, curly hairs that fringed its edges, dribbled into the well and were sucked into the cavern beyond. Imagining – for one awful moment – that it was he, and not a bead of moisture, drawn deep into her passage, Lorcan groaned fearfully.

When a volley of warm air struck her anus, Drogha released a delighted shriek and dropped her bottom onto Lorcan's face. Her damp hole opened around his nose, and the hairy bulge of her vagina forced its way past his lips and into his mouth.

When Lorcan's hands flew up and clawed at her hips, Drogha threw back her head and roared happily at the ceiling.

'You cannot win this battle, man!' she cried triumphantly. 'For I am a woman – with a woman's holes!'

Though his hearing was muffled by the plump, rolling flesh of her buttocks, Lorcan knew, without being told, that he was finished. Lacking his former strength, any attempt to push Drogha's backside from his face was doomed to failure. Already his breath was running short, and, when she tightened her hand around his cock and pumped him quickly, he gasped out what little air was left to him. The pain in his cock was unbearable. With no pleasure to distract him, Lorcan felt only the misery of a slow and painful suffocation.

By now, he was beside himself with terror. His heart thudded so fiercely that it seemed only a matter of time before it exploded. A drum beat in his ears and stars burst behind his eyelids. His legs kicked without purpose and what little strength remained in his arms faded rapidly.

Though above him, Drogha still screamed and paid homage to her Amazon forebears, Lorcan's world was one of pain and darkness. He gave one last, mighty lurch, shuddered for a few seconds, and finally fell still.

Thirteen

Shenn had been walking for over two hours. Following Drogha's instructions, she made her way to the far end of the town, and out onto the open plain. Once there, she travelled along a succession of winding paths that gradually narrowed then rose through a series of scrub-lined inclines, then higher still into the mountains beyond.

Finally, as the third hour approached, she rounded a sharp bend in the road and saw – just a hundred yards ahead – a low wooden shack that seemed to sprout from within a circle of dark, granite rocks. Her heart skipped a beat as she picked up her pace and hurried forward. Reaching the shack, she noticed that the door was ajar. Approaching carefully, Shenn called out several times, but received no answer. She was about to enter when her sharp ears picked up a snatch of sound to her rear. She spun round, hands bunched into fists ready to defend herself, then immediately relaxed.

A tall, thin woman of indeterminate age ambled along one of the many tracks that carved their way down from the mountains. She was naked, with empty breasts, narrow hips, and a long, hairless cunt. An untidy dark mane framed her gaunt face, reaching past her bony shoulders. She clutched a thick staff in one hand, and a loose leather bag in the other.

With no attempt at acknowledging Shenn, she walked past the huntress, ducked low and vanished through the narrow doorway. Shenn hesitated, waiting for permission to follow. When only silence followed, she ducked her head also and entered the shack.

The sallow-faced woman was seated in front of a low fire, idly poking at the embers with a long stick. She seemed entirely disinterested in her visitor.

‘I was told I might find a Wise Woman here,’ said Shenn at last. ‘A Ha’kim.’ Every minute counted, and it frustrated her to waste valuable time. ‘Are you she? Are you Melhanna?’

‘I am,’ said the other, breaking her silence at last. Her back was still turned away, as if she cared little for conversation. Shenn was about to step forward and take hold of the woman, when the flames blew high, flashing first bright orange, then several curious shades of green. For one moment, Shenn imagined she saw her own face reflected back at her – and then the face of someone she only vaguely recognised. But an instant later it was gone and the flames subsided.

Only then did the woman turn around, her dull eyes blinking slowly.

‘You are Shenn,’ she said at last. ‘From the forests of G’hann in the South Lands ...’ Her eyes narrowed as if she were carefully piecing her words together. ‘You have wandered far from home in the company of a man.’ She paused, and her face pinched a little. ‘His name is Lorcan and he has a gift that others seek. The gift of sight ...’ She slumped, as if suddenly exhausted.

Shenn looked back in blank astonishment.

‘How could you know all this?’ she muttered. ‘It is impossible!’

‘All things are possible,’ said Melhanna quietly. She reached into a bowl at her feet and tossed fresh powder onto the flames. Bright green tongues shot high, curling into a variety of curious shapes. Again, Shenn imagined she saw her face – and then another as before. This time, to both her surprise and despair, she recognised the familiar features before the flames faded as quickly as they had

flared.

‘Orelia!’ she cried. ‘You have conjured the face of our enemy!’ Shenn turned to face Melhanna, as if fearful of attack.

‘I conjure only what is in your heart,’ said Melhanna. ‘This woman troubles you, for she means you harm. You are here to seek my help. How you may defeat the magic she has woven.’

Shenn frowned. ‘I do not understand,’ she muttered and shook her head slowly. ‘How can you know these things?’

‘What ails your companion,’ asked Melhanna, ignoring Shenn’s question, ‘the man, Lorcan with whom you travel?’

Once again, Shenn opened her mouth to ask how the other woman could know what she knew, then stopped herself. Why should she be surprised? Was it not for her magic that Shenn had sought out the old Ha’kim?

And so, she unburdened herself, omitting nothing – from the day she had met Lorcan in the forests of G’hann, to their escape from the Royal City and their journey to Rhasadhor itself.

‘It is a curious tale,’ said Melhanna, when Shenn had finished. ‘A man who willingly worships at the arse’s hole – who even longs for death inside a woman’s bottom.’ She shook her head. ‘And he carries the gift of second sight.’

Curious, indeed ...’

‘But can you help us?’ asked Shenn, unable to hide her desperation. ‘Can you restore him to his former self?’

Melhanna did not reply for a full minute. She closed her eyes and muttered inaudibly, as if loudly thinking to herself. Shenn grew impatient and struggled not to speak. Finally, Melhanna opened her eyes and smiled.

‘It can be done,’ she said, ‘though it will not be easy.’ She licked her dry lips. ‘A spell must be conjured, but even that will not suffice. The journey will begin here ... but it ends in another place.’

‘I do not understand,’ said Shenn. ‘Of what journey do you speak?’

Melhanna shook her head. ‘Enough for now. I must prepare, and so must you.’ Her eyes narrowed. ‘Your man is in Rhasadhor,’ she muttered idly, ‘and, even as we speak, he suffers in another’s arse.’

‘Drogha,’ confirmed Shenn, with a grim nod. ‘I was forced to make a bargain with her. Shelter and your whereabouts – in return for Lorcan’s worship.’

‘A bargain that must be kept,’ said Melhanna, ‘though it brings your man great sorrow.’ She sighed heavily. ‘It is but one fire through which he must pass if you are to reach your journey’s end.’

‘But what is the journey?’ asked Shenn, perplexed. ‘To where do we travel – and why?’

‘That is not for me to say,’ replied Melhanna. ‘But a Dark Time is coming – one which even the Great She herself may not withstand.’

‘Never!’ cried Shenn, her hands clenching into angry fists. ‘The Great She conquers all!’

‘Not all,’ said Melhanna darkly. ‘For there are those who would stand against her. Their time is coming ... and we must prepare for it.’ Her head bobbed sharply and her expression grew serious. ‘Your man is the key. You must protect him until the Final Battle.’

Again Shenn shook her head and looked perplexed. ‘The Final Battle?’ she repeated blankly. ‘You talk in riddles. I do not understand.’

Melhanna responded with a brisk wave of her hand. ‘Time is short. Your man must be healed and you must both be on your way. Return here at sunset on the second evening from now – once your pact with Drogha is complete.’

‘Can we not return tomorrow?’ asked Shenn. ‘I am anxious not to delay.’

Melhanna shook her head. ‘Two days your man must worship at another’s hole.’

You have made your bargain and must keep it.' She sighed again. 'And I need time to prepare. To save your man requires great magic.'

Shenn looked back at the old woman gloomily.

'Lorcan's cock will rise again,' said Melhanna, 'and he shall know the pleasure of release. His fear of the hole, too, I will remove. But for my magic to work, I must take another man into my bottom's crack, and conquer him ... as only a woman can.'

'Another?' muttered Shenn, and would have said more but Melhanna cut her short.

'It is not Lorcan I must sit upon,' said the old Ha'kim. 'But if your man is to be saved ... then I must send another into Paradise.' Her face tightened a little. 'And he must go willingly into the darkness. He must not struggle. At least no more than any man struggles ... when a woman's bottom comes for him.'

Shenn's face darkened. 'Where will I find such a man?' she asked gravely. 'I have known none but Lorcan to enter the arse willingly.'

Melhanna shrugged. 'That is not my concern,' she said. 'You have gold,' she replied. 'And gold can often find a way.'

'I keep my gold for you,' said Shenn. 'As your payment for releasing Lorcan from his curse.'

Melhanna huffed lightly. 'I have no need of gold,' she replied, 'whatever you may have heard. Your payment will be the man you bring to me.' She gestured vaguely at herself. 'I am slow and lame, and can no longer hunt. It is many moons since a man has lain inside my crack and breathed his last. I am a Ha'kim, yes, but a woman also – and my little hole has its needs.'

'This is all you ask?' said Shenn. 'A willing man to ride and conquer with your arse's eye?'

'It is,' answered Melhanna, leaning heavily on her staff as she rose. 'Bring such a man to me and I will work my magic. Lorcan's cock will rise again ...'

Shenn bowed respectfully. 'It will be done,' she promised. 'Two days from now, I will bring you such a man ... and your little hole will take him into Paradise!'

Fourteen

Lorcan sat up sharply and rubbed his eyes. Several seconds passed before he remembered where he was and what had happened to him. Looking around the room, his blood ran cold. Drogha was staring at him. But not just Drogha. Three other – bare-breasted – women sat huddled together, regarding him keenly.

‘At last,’ said Drogha happily. ‘We thought you might never awake.’ An evil grin brightened her face. ‘And feared we would have to smother you in your sleep!’

Lorcan immediately tensed, and curled himself against the wall. His eyes darted from one woman to the other. When one of them stood up and removed her loin-cloth, his stomach turned.

‘These are my friends,’ said Drogha, gesturing carelessly. ‘Sabhar and Unna ... and J’hal who is to ride you first.’

‘No, please, mistress!’ cried Lorcan, shuffling his buttocks from side to side. ‘No more, I beg you! Please!’

‘You see how he fears the hole!’ said Drogha merrily. ‘He will struggle like a wild man once you have him in your crack!’

The large woman who had removed her loin-cloth, and whom Lorcan guessed to be the one called J’hal, approached and stood over him. When Lorcan looked up, he was horrified to see the dark tangle of hairs that covered her vagina. Her bush was so thick and curly that it swept across her belly, and overran her thighs. But his horror just then was as nothing to how he felt when she turned around, bent

forward and offered him a view of her huge backside. The forest of hairs that covered her pussy flowed down between her legs and into her crack. The hair was so thick that, for the moment at least, it hid her anus from view.

‘Oh, by the merciful gods!’ cried Lorcan in despair. ‘Do not sit on me, woman! Have pity! Do not take me into your bottom’s crack!’

J’hal glanced happily at Drogha, and a thrill of delight warmed her tummy. ‘You are right,’ she cackled gleefully. ‘He fears the hairy hole and what it can do to him!’

Returning her attention to Lorcan, she licked her lips greedily. ‘Do you long for suffocation, man?’ she teased him. ‘To die at the arse’s opening?’

Lorcan heaved sharply and released a squeal of despair. Words failed him as tears rolled down his cheeks. Before he could ready himself, Sabhar and Unna advanced, seized hold of his legs and dragged him away from the wall. Still squealing, he felt his heart lurch as J’hal dropped heavily onto his stomach and shuffled up to his chest, her broad buttocks parting like tidal waves of flesh.

‘Save me, someone! Save me!’ he wept as J’hal raised herself, finally exposing the long, wrinkled fissure of her anus, its dark edges matted with hair as it poked through her bush. ‘In mercy’s name, I am doomed!’ he cried as she lowered her backside onto his face. He tried to turn his head away, but her huge arse-cheeks held him in place, skewering his nose on her hole.

The other women cheered happily and urged their comrade on. Lorcan, for his part, wriggled and heaved, his hands clawing at J’hal’s fat hips in a vain attempt

to shift her from his face. Once again, his efforts were pointless, his strength barely that of a child's. Though he fought furiously, his rider found it easy work to tame the feeble stallion trapped between her legs.

Having taken Lorcan to the edge of darkness, J'hal briefly slackened her grip, rising a fraction to allow him a snatch of air. Scarcely had he drawn it, when she dropped back onto his face, trapping him once more inside her crack.

Over the next three hours, the four women took it in turns to ride and abuse Lorcan cruelly – both his cock and his poor face – often two at the same time. When not sitting on him herself, Drogha watched the others enjoy their helpless mount, masturbating vigorously until she – like they – sagged with exhaustion.

After her friends had departed – happily leaving their gold as payment – she watched Lorcan balled up in a corner of the room, sobbing without shame as he hugged himself protectively. She was mulling over the possibility of sitting on him again when she heard a patter of feet leading up to her door and realised that Shenn had returned.

Fifteen

Framed in the narrow doorway, it horrified Shenn to see the depths to which her friend had sunk. Cowering miserably on the floor, Lorcan was a pained and empty vessel of his former self. How much he had changed in such a short time! A man who had once been happy to brave the open arse of any woman – now lay broken and distraught. Drogha, to her credit, hid nothing of the misery to which she and her friends had subjected him, listing every grim and lurid detail with undisguised relish.

‘We took him into our bottoms many times,’ said Drogha gleefully, ‘and rode him fiercely. His tongue paid homage to our little holes, though he begged us to spare him. We fucked him, too.’ She shook her head, perplexed. ‘Four lusty cunts, yet still he failed to come!’

Only one thing had dismayed her.

‘He barely struggled when we mounted him,’ she said regretfully. ‘Or lacked the strength to fight us. We conquered him with ease, though he trembled with fear.’ She gave a heavy sigh. ‘That at least was something.’

‘It is the curse under which he labours,’ said Shenn. ‘The one I pray Melhanna will lift.’

‘She has given you hope?’ asked Drogha. ‘That your man may rise again and serve at the arse’s hole?’

Shenn nodded. ‘She has offered to perform her magic in two days’ time.’ She

hesitated. 'But there is a price to be paid.'

'There always is,' said Drogha gravely. 'How many bags of gold?' Shenn shook her head. 'She does not ask for gold,' she answered in a quiet voice. 'Instead, I must find her a man to sit on.'

Drogha's face lightened. 'She means to finish him off? With her arse's opening?'

Again Shenn nodded, but her face remained solemn. 'And he must go to his gods willingly.'

Drogha's mouth dropped open. 'A willing sacrifice?' she cried, then shook her head. 'I fear your cause is lost.' She paused. 'Unless ...'

Shenn felt her pulse quicken. 'You know of such a man? One who would allow himself to be smothered?'

'I cannot promise,' said Drogha. 'I know women with men in their service for whom the winter has been harsh. They may be willing to part with one, if the price is right.'

Shenn shrugged. 'Of what use is the price if the man does not submit willingly?'

'There may be a way,' said Drogha. 'I will speak to my friends.' She studied

Lorcan, still cowering on the floor. ‘Your man is fearful, and yet ...’ She left the sentence unfinished. Shenn knew that she had sensed the man he once had been – the man she prayed he would one day be again.

‘We have travelled far,’ said Shenn, ‘and our journey’s end remains unknown. But there are Dark Days coming. The Wise Woman herself has spoken of a time when ...’ She took a long breath. ‘Lorcan is important. That is all I know.’ No need, she decided, to speak of his gift. They had problems enough.

‘You are weary,’ said Drogha. ‘As is your man. Rest now and I will leave you both in peace.’ She hesitated. ‘Unless of course ...’ Her eyes sparkled wickedly. ‘Do you wish to take advantage of him? In his state of weakness? I could hold him down while you mount him with your bottom’s hole.’

At the mention of Shenn’s bottom, Lorcan squealed and hugged himself tightly. She was torn. Though she had no wish to cause him further distress, she could not deny her need to sit. The urge to smother was a powerful force in any woman, and, in a hunter, even more so.

‘See how he wriggles!’ cried Drogha, licking her lips greedily. ‘I have half a mind to sit on him myself.’

As the other woman clamped a hand around her plump and hairy vagina, Shenn made up her mind. She had given poor Lorcan into Drogha’s custody and the latter had every right to ride him. There was only one way to save him from the other’s hole, though it hurt her to cause Lorcan pain.

‘Hold him fast!’ she cried, before the moment passed. ‘And I will take him into

my bottom's crack!

As if he had been suddenly whipped, Lorcan sat up sharply and released a squeal of despair. 'No, mistress, please!' he pleaded, his eyes wide and weeping as Shenn approached. 'Not the hole! Not the hole!'

Caught up in the moment, Drogha threw herself forward, knocking Lorcan onto his back. Before he could react, she had wrapped her legs around his chest and straddled him. With his arms pinned to his sides, he could only launch feeble kicks, screaming fearfully as Shenn came round behind him, slipped off her loin cloth and dropped to her knees.

Reaching out, she framed his head in her hands and held on tight.

'You cannot escape, man!' cried Drogha, with as much delight as if she herself were about to take him into her crack. 'An arse's hole is coming for you!'

'Oh, may the gods have mercy on me!' wept Lorcan, still kicking uselessly. 'Have I not suffered enough?'

Looking down at her terrified friend, Shenn's need to sit on his face fought with her compassion for him. He looked utterly dejected and his cheeks were soaked with tears.

She took a deep breath to steady herself. 'You are a man,' she reminded him unnecessarily, 'and I am a woman.' Finally making up her mind she said, 'You

belong inside my arse!’

Another shriek of despair rattled Lorcan’s body as Shenn shuffled forward, positioning her bare backside over his head. Reaching behind, she clawed her cheeks apart, exposing the familiar dark knot of her anus.

‘Prepare yourself,’ she warned him. ‘My little hole is coming for you!’

Her words drew a further squeal of terror, and another desperate lurch of limbs as Lorcan heaved miserably.

‘Please, mistress!’ he wept, unable to turn his head away. He tried, but Drogha’s grip was too strong. ‘Do not take me to your bottom’s mouth!’

A moment later, Shenn dropped the full weight of her arse onto his face. One last shriek of despair broke from the back of Lorcan’s throat, then only muffled moans emerged.

Aware of Lorcan’s misery, Shenn pressed down hard. Ordinarily, she would have slackened her grip from time to time, allowing him to breathe. But that, she knew, would only extend his torment. She had no wish to cause him unnecessary pain, and so pressed down harder still, allowing him no respite.

Drogha, for her part, took Shenn’s vigorous assault as a pitiless bid to smother poor Lorcan with as much cruelty as possible. As such, she revelled in the sight, one hand between her legs as she worked furiously on her clit.

Despite her wish to lessen Lorcan's misery, Shenn felt her own excitement grow. As his struggling increased and she felt the beat of his breath against her cunt, she forgot their friendship. Instead, her hunter's need coursed through her, and the urge to smother him overwhelmed all restraint.

When Lorcan's body gave a familiar tell-tale jolt and shook fiercely, Shenn knew it was almost over. As the first wave of juice leaked from her vagina and into Lorcan's mouth, she was aware, too, of Drogha coming, squealing her release at the ceiling.

The women were animals now, with their doomed prey trapped between their legs. It felt so natural, it felt so right. But more than that, as Lorcan's body jack-knifed sharply and finally fell still, it felt so good, too ...

Sixteen

Lorcan did not wake again until late in the evening. It pleased Shenn, once she had recovered from her orgasm, to know that her friend was briefly at peace. The bargain she had struck meant that Lorcan must pass two nights in Drogha's bed, and she knew for certain that much of his time would be spent between the other woman's arse-cheeks.

'You sat on my face,' he whimpered wretchedly, gazing at her with fear in his eyes. 'You took me into your crack!'

'I had no choice,' she tried to explain. 'If I had not ridden you, then Drogha would have. And she would not have been kind. I sent you to sleep, so she could not harm you.'

His face crumpling suddenly, Lorcan snuggled in close, like a child. 'I don't want to be inside her bottom!' he wailed. 'Her little hole frightens me!'

Shenn hugged him gently. 'Do you not remember that time,' she inquired in a soft voice, 'when you longed for nothing more than to worship at the arse's mouth?'

Lorcan shook his head miserably. 'No,' he answered in a quiet voice. 'How could any man long for such a thing? It is beyond all comprehension. If I longed for such a thing, I must have been out of my senses!'

Shenn shook her head sadly. 'I am sorry, Lorcan,' she replied, 'that I cannot save you from this woman's arse. But trust me when I say that your torment will soon

be over. In two days' time – no more, I promise – you will be restored to your former self ... and learn again to love that little hole a woman keeps inside her bottom.'

'No!' he cried bitterly, shaking himself free of her embrace. 'I will never learn to love that hole! Never!'

Shenn released Lorcan and stood up. 'I must leave you now,' she said. 'Drogha will be here soon. For two days and nights, you are her man ... and must pay homage to her arse's opening.'

Lorcan gazed up at her, with tears in his eyes. She had never seen him so forlorn. But there was nothing to be done about it. 'Be brave,' she counselled her friend, before ducking out through the open doorway and leaving him to his fate.

The walls in the house were thin and every sound travelled clearly. Though it proved to be a long night for Shenn, it was, she knew, an even longer one for Lorcan. His screams of despair tore at her heart, as did those periods of near silence, when, from the faint, muffled sounds that reached her ears, she knew he must be trapped inside Drogha's bottom and suckling on her anus.

When the morning finally came, she rose, exhausted, for like Lorcan, she had barely slept. She wondered at Drogha's stamina, for she had also spent the night awake, happily riding Lorcan's head, her cries of joy echoing around the house.

‘Your man is a mystery,’ said Drogha, as they breakfasted on dried meat, ale and freshly baked bread. ‘He is in mortal fear of my woman’s arse, yet plunged high into the passage each time I sat on him.’ She shook her head. ‘Never has a man penetrated me so deeply! It was as if ...’ She frowned and shook her head a second time.

Shenn finished the other’s sentence for her. She knew Lorcan better than anyone and had little doubt she had divined Drogha’s thoughts. ‘As if he hoped to enter your bottom’s fortress,’ she said quietly, ‘and dwell inside you forever?’

Drogha nodded, though her frown deepened. ‘I do not understand it,’ she muttered. ‘It is as if he both fears the hole, yet longs for it in equal measure!’

Shenn sighed. ‘He is under a curse and does not know his own mind. It is why I seek to free him from this spell. So he may offer worship willingly ... and love the hole again with all his heart.’

Changing the subject, Drogha said, ‘The poor man has been tethered since I met you. His balls are huge. It is a wonder they have not burst.’

‘He cannot come,’ admitted Shenn. ‘It is part of the curse under which he labours. If I were to release him from his harness, he would lose his stiffness at once.’

‘He is distressed,’ said Drogha, with a show of concern that Shenn had not expected. ‘More than once, he cried out in pain when I handled his stones.’

‘All the more reason to set him free,’ said Shenn, ‘so he may again unleash his seed and know a man’s joy.’

‘I will help you with your quest,’ said Drogha. ‘As I have told you, the winter has been harsh. Many women have been forced to take their men into the woods and finish them off at the hole.’ A sorrowful look came over her. ‘I myself had a servant, an old man called Kayta who had been with me for many years. I could not afford to feed him, and he would not have lasted long in the woods.’ Her voice trailed away.

‘So you despatched him with kindness,’ said Shenn, divining the other’s thoughts. ‘Took him into your arse’s crack and finished him off with your hole?’

‘He begged me not to sit on him,’ said Drogha, ‘that he would take his chances with the beasts.’ She shook her head sadly. ‘I knew that if I led him into the forest, he would run away for he was that afraid.’

‘The creatures there would have torn him limb from limb,’ confirmed Shenn, keen to reassure her. ‘To take him into your bottom was an act of mercy.’ She hesitated. ‘Was the deed done here – in the house?’

Drogha nodded, and gestured towards her own room. ‘I told him I had need of a man’s cock and must have him in my pussy. He was anxious, of course, but I lay him on the bed and stiffened him with my hand. Like all men – even the old – his eyes closed with joy when his stones began to bulge. It was then that I struck, mounting his face quickly, and taking him into my crack.’

‘Another act of kindness,’ said Shenn, ‘to sit on him without warning. When a

man is afraid, it is merciful to act swiftly.’

‘Alas, it was not that simple,’ said Drogha. ‘He fought me so fiercely that my heart almost broke. I had hoped, when his time came, that Kayta would go willingly into the darkness but I was wrong. In his madness to be free – and my sorrow for his plight – I lost my balance. It was a moment of weakness on my part – I accept it readily – and he escaped from my crack.’

‘No!’ cried Shenn, as shocked as if she had been there herself.

‘He was almost at the door when I caught his tiny legs and brought him low. This time he knew his fate was sealed and he wept like a child. “Oh, mistress, please!” he cried. “Let me take my chances in the forest. Spare me from your bottom’s hole, I beg you!”’

‘His fear must have pained you,’ said Shenn. ‘As a good mistress, you meant only to save him from harm.’

‘I did,’ said Drogha. ‘I had sat on him many times over the years and know that like all men he feared the arse’s opening. But I hoped he would understand that I meant only to send him into Paradise.’

‘Men do not understand,’ said Shenn. ‘We women are compassionate. It is why we try to end their lives inside our bottoms.’

‘This time he fought more fiercely than before,’ said Drogha, resuming her tale.

‘It took me many minutes to get him back inside my crack. When at last I did, I felt his nose against my hole and hoped it would give him comfort. But still he struggled. His cock had grown – as all men’s grow when inside a woman’s arse – and his balls swelled with seed.’

‘It is a comfort to know that a man feels happy at such a time,’ said Shenn who, though a huntress born and bred, had always felt compassion for her prey.

‘I emptied his stones at the moment of truth,’ said Drogha, ‘and content myself with the knowledge that he is in Paradise now, and no longer fears the arse’s opening.’

‘Your kindness does you credit,’ said Shenn, whose opinion of the other woman had altered dramatically during their exchange.

Drogha straightened her back as she returned to the here and now.

‘If you offer gold,’ she said briskly, ‘I am certain I can find a woman who will sell you her man.’

‘Even though he must end his days inside another’s arse?’ said Shenn, who, in her short time in Rhasadhor, had learned enough to know that the women treated their servants well, even at the end of their working lives. They might not readily condemn a man to lie inside another’s arse.

Drogha shrugged. ‘I do not say it will be easy. But give me a few hours, and I

will see what I can do.'

After Drogha had left, Shenn slipped into the small room where Lorcan was sleeping. He was flat on his back, exhausted and barely moving. His tethered penis stood rigidly upright, his balls, as Drogha had remarked, so large and blue it was no wonder they pained him. At any other time, Shenn would have advanced, knelt down and closed her lips around his cock. Having woken and excited him, she would have quickly swung round and settled her backside over his face. With her thighs locked around his head, she would have teased and tormented him for as long as she dared, before pressing down hard and claiming her bottom's victory.

But these were not normal times and Lorcan was in desperate need of rest. So was she. Retreating quietly, she returned to her own room, climbed onto her bed and was very soon fast asleep.

How long she slumbered, she could not say, but when a rough hand shook her shoulder, she sat bolt upright and found herself gazing into Drogha's excited face.

'I have found a woman who is prepared to sell her men to you,' said Drogha breathlessly. 'Her name is Marhas, and she lives an hour's walk away.'

‘I have need of only one,’ said Shenn, brushing the sleep from her eyes. She felt wide awake and happily refreshed.

‘She own three slaves,’ said Drogha, ‘and will not bargain. The winter has been harsh and she can afford to keep only one. Two she had planned to take into the woods – which is our custom as you know – and finish them off with her hole. Her men are fine and healthy specimens. They will not disappoint you.’

Shenn shrugged. This was not the bargain she had hoped to strike, but time, she knew, was not on her side.

‘Very well,’ she said. ‘And she will part with her men at once?’

Drogha gave a quick nod of assent. ‘I told her the matter is urgent, and she is keen to have things settled, too. Her house is at the far end of town.’ She smiled. ‘You have slept for half the day – as has your man, Lorcan, who still slumbers. If we leave now, we should be back by nightfall.’

Shenn rose, and strapped on her loin cloth. ‘Then let us waste no more time,’ she said. ‘The deal must be done – and it must be done quickly.’

Seventeen

They made good time, and reached the woman's house in under an hour.

It was a more humble dwelling than Drogha's, and gave Shenn hope that she could strike the deal cheaply and at speed.

When a plump and bright-eyed woman opened the door, Shenn's spirits lifted again. She had always been a good judge of people and Marhas's face seemed friendly and honest.

'I understand you have three men in your service,' Shenn began, keen to waste no time. 'I have need of just the one, but Drogha tells me you will only part with two.'

'All three have served me faithfully for many years,' explained Marhas. 'Two I had planned to take into the woods ... and end their lives with kindness in my crack. Men are timid creatures. For both to know they must be smothered gives courage to each other. It would be cruel for one to leave now while his brother makes the final journey on his own.'

Shenn unhooked a leather bag from her belt and tipped four coins onto the table. 'I will purchase both men,' she announced. 'Two gold pieces each. I believe it is a fair price.'

'It is,' replied the other. 'Indeed, more than generous, and I thank you.' She hesitated. 'However ...'

Shenn tightened a little, then relaxed as the other woman shook her head and smiled. 'I do not seek to complicate our bargain,' she explained. 'But I cannot choose between my men. I have told them that two must be sold, and that they can expect no mercy from you. They are resigned to their fate, but you must pick the two that suit you best.'

'Very well,' said Shenn. 'Where are they now?'

'They have quarters at the back of the house,' said Marhas, moving towards the doorway. 'I will take you there at once.'

The three men – Yhall, Whi'ki and Tjovi – sat huddled together in a narrow, low-timbered outhouse at the rear of the building. They were slim, well-built and rose respectfully as the women entered. Each man's cock was fully erect and extended through a hole in his loin cloth. As was the custom in these parts, the men's balls were circled by a small metal ring, through which a cord had been fed, allowing them, when in public, to be led by the shaft.

They lowered their heads and averted their gaze as Shenn looked from one to the other. With no time to waste, she addressed them directly.

'I am here to buy two men,' she began, 'for which your mistress will be well rewarded. But I will not lie to you – one man's fate is sealed.' She paused, searching for the right words. It was not easy to find them. 'One must be brave,'

she announced, 'for he is to die at the arse's hole. Before the sun sets on the morrow, he will lie inside the bottom of a Wise Woman – a Ha'kim by the name of Melhanna.' She paused briefly. 'I tell you this because the man on whom she sits must be a willing sacrifice. He must not struggle when his time comes, but go to meet his gods with joy.'

As Shenn paused again, the men looked up, and she saw their confusion. Knowing she had their attention, she hurried on.

'Had your mistress, Marhas, taken you into the woods and mounted you in kindness, you would not have struggled, but accepted freely the judgment of her arse's hole. It is that courage I beg of you now.' She looked each man in the eyes, as if delving into his soul. 'Which of you will come with me,' she asked, 'and – for your mistress's sake – end his days inside a Ha'kim's bottom?'

Several seconds passed before one man broke the silence. 'I will go with you,' he said. His gaze flickered briefly towards Marhas. 'My mistress has been good to me and I am happy to repay my debt. I will lie inside the Ha'kim's bottom, and I will not struggle when I know my time has come.'

'You are a good and faithful servant, Whi'ki,' said Marhas, addressing the man who had spoken, 'and have always honoured my arse. I thank you for it.'

Turning to the remaining pair, Shenn said, 'One more must come with me. He that stays is safe for certain, but the other's fate I cannot guarantee.'

'Then I will go,' said Yhall, the taller of the two. 'If it benefits my mistress.'

‘No!’ countered Tjovi, with equal enthusiasm. ‘Let it be me! You must stay, Yhall. I am not afraid to take my chances in the outside world. You should remain and honour our mistress with your tongue!’

Shenn stepped in quickly. Their loyalty was admirable but a decision had to be made and, if they would not make it – though for all the right reasons – then she would make it for them.

‘Yhall spoke first,’ she said, ‘and I will honour his offer. You are both brave and loyal men – but it is Yhall I choose, and that is an end to it.’

The look on Tjovi’s face was mixed. On the one hand, he could not hide his relief, for though Yhall – like Whi’ki – might yet be smothered for his courage, he at least knew he was safe. On the other, it was clear that he, too, had hoped to perform one last service for his mistress, to show that he was worthy of her arse.

‘I thank you both,’ said Marhas, advancing quickly. She knew that Shenn was keen to leave, and, as a kind-hearted woman, had no wish to prolong the men’s distress for any longer than was necessary.

Delving into Yhall’s and Whi’ki’s loin cloths, she slipped a pair of long cords through the ring around their heavy stones.

‘You are no longer my arse’s men,’ she announced softly. ‘Bow down before your new mistress ... and offer worship at her bottom’s hole.’

Shenn watched as the men dropped to their knees, their hands raised prayer-like in front of them.

‘It is our way,’ explained Marhas, ‘when a man enters a woman’s service ... for him to plant a kiss of reverence on the hole of holes.’

‘Of course,’ said Shenn, to whom the suggestion came as no surprise. She promptly swivelled round, raised her skirt and bent low, presenting her plump rear-end for worship. Her arse-cheeks parted smoothly, exposing the prominent brown knot of her anus.

Both men immediately shuffled forward, one after the other, and placed, in turn, a kiss of homage on her bottom’s mouth. Each kiss lasted for precisely one minute, and she guessed that they, like her, had counted the seconds in their head.

Closing her eyes, she enjoyed the play of each man’s lips on the sensitive well of her hole. Once they had sufficiently softened the opening, both men, in turn, pushed on further still, penetrating the passage and lodging themselves inside her. She felt a pang of regret when each withdrew. It had been some time since she had enjoyed such a probing kiss. How she prayed that Lorcan would soon be restored to his former self and thrust deep into her again.

Their homage paid, each man rose, stepped back and waited for Shenn’s command.

Turning to Marhas, she said, quite simply, 'Thank you for your help, but now I must go.'

'Of course,' answered Marhas. 'I trust your endeavour is crowned with success.' She glanced at Yhall and Whi'ki for the last time. 'And that, when their time comes, my men prove worthy.'

'I am sure they will,' said Shenn. She bowed her head briefly, then turned and lead the two tethered men out of the house, towards what, for one of them at least, was his doomed but certain destiny.

Eighteen

With two men to shepherd, the journey home took longer than expected. But at last, with dusk falling, the party reached Drogha's house. As they approached, Shenn saw Lorcan – now recovered – framed anxiously in the doorway.

While their host herded the pair into a cage at the rear of the building, Shenn took Lorcan to one side.

'Your days of torment are almost at an end,' she said, squeezing his hand gently. 'Not long to go now, I promise.'

'I do not understand,' said Lorcan grimly. He found it hard not to look at the two men as they huddled close, seeking comfort in each other's company.

'Tomorrow we travel to the Wise Woman's cottage. She has magic to break the spell and restore you to your former self.'

'But the men,' muttered Lorcan gloomily. 'Why are they here? Does Drogha mean to sit upon them? Are they destined for her bottom's hole?'

Shenn hesitated. Lorcan's state of mind was fragile enough and she was loathe to add to his distress. But there was no escaping what must be done, and the sooner he was told the better.

'I cannot speak for both these men,' she confessed honestly, 'but one at least will

save you on the morrow.’ She paused. ‘The Ha’kim – Melhanna – will sit naked upon his face ... and end his life as only a woman can. In doing so, she will set you free!’

Lorcan’s face creased miserably. ‘To save me ... another must perish? He must take his final breath ... inside a woman’s arse?’

‘He must,’ she conceded quietly. ‘But know that both men’s fate was already sealed. Their mistress meant to take them into the forest, and finish them off in her crack. They are willing to help us now, for they have nothing to lose.’

Lorcan shook his head, unconvinced. ‘Is there no other way?’ he asked, knowing the answer already.

‘No,’ said Shenn. ‘Unless you wish to live all your days in fear. For that is your fate if the Ha’kim cannot help us.’

Lorcan released a low, despondent groan. ‘Then it must be done,’ he muttered miserably.

Shenn reached out and gripped his hand. ‘One day we must all breathe our last,’ she reminded him. ‘But to die at the hole is Nature’s way of showing kindness to a man. You yourself believed this until a curse was placed on you. You must trust me, Lorcan. A woman’s arse is not to be feared!’

They were empty words to him, Shenn knew, but what else could she say?

Lorcan lowered his gaze, but did not pull away. If he clung to one belief, one truth he still acknowledged, it was that Shenn was his friend. His past life was visible to him now only through a fog. He scarcely knew who he was anymore; where he had come from, or where he was going. He was fearful, that much he knew, and had endured many miserable hours inside Drogha's bottom, suckling on her anus. If Shenn could offer him the chance of escape then he knew he must take it.

'Have courage for this final night,' she said quietly, 'for I know that Drogha means to take you into her rear-end one last time.'

Lorcan looked up quickly and there were tears in his eyes. 'Please, mistress, no,' he wailed. 'I cannot breathe, she wraps herself so fast around me! She will kill me with her tiny opening! I will die at the hole!'

'No harm will come to you, I promise,' said Shenn. 'Drogha has given me her word. She means only to use you for pleasure. For one more night, you must pay homage to her arse's eye.'

It was clear from the way he lowered his head that Lorcan took no comfort from Shenn's words. He shuddered at the grim realisation that he must spend another night inside Drogha's crack. The woman's stamina was beyond belief. She scarcely seemed to need her sleep. Even when, on occasion, she did rest, he was forced to continue suckling on her, fearful that if she woke suddenly and found him no longer worshipping her hole, she might wreak further horrors on him.

Shenn regarded her companion fondly, as she might a child whom she could not spare from pain.

‘Be brave,’ she whispered. ‘One more night, Lorcan – and then we will be gone from here forever.’

Nineteen

As always, the hours passed slowly – both for Lorcan and for Shenn. She could hear her friend’s squeals of despair drifting through the house, forcing her to wrap a blanket around her ears to block out the sound. Only then, and with some difficulty, did she manage to sleep.

When morning finally arrived, and Shenn looked into their host’s room, she found the latter slumbering peacefully. Lorcan lay face-down on Drogha’s arse, his nose in her crack, his tongue buried deep in her passage. The poor man was awake, and weeping miserably. It almost broke Shenn’s heart to hear him sob.

Leaving quietly, she made her way to the rear of the house, keen to see how Yhall and Whi’ki were faring. The two men were already awake, anxiously prowling the floor of their cage. Shenn wondered if they had slept, aware that one, or even both, was destined this day to die inside a woman’s arse. As she approached, they retreated quickly, as if seeking safety in the shadows.

Shenn looked from one to the other. Whi’ki’s fate, she knew, was sealed. In a few hours’ time, Melhanna would sit on his face and free poor Lorcan from his curse.

As for Yhall, an idea had come to her. Shenn had no need of another man. True, she owned him now and, if she chose, could sit on his face and despatch him with her anus. She acknowledged that the prospect gave her some pleasure. Though Shenn was a hunter and preferred to battle her prey in the wild, it had also been some time – Lorcan aside – since she had straddled a man in combat. It was a tempting thought to sit on Yhall and finish him off with her hole. She was certain he would struggle and the fight would give her joy. Then again, he had offered himself willingly, and had proved to be loyal. He deserved better than to end his days inside her arse.

A short time later, when Drogha had roused herself and dressed, Shenn broached the matter over breakfast.

‘The man Yhall is of no use to me,’ she said truthfully, ‘but I am loathe to finish him off.’ Shenn dropped her bag of gold on the table and withdrew three coins. She had no wish to exhaust her fortune – however illegally obtained – but now was not the time for being miserly. ‘I am happy to hand him into your care and give you gold to fund his keep.’

‘It is a generous offer,’ said Drogha, ‘and one I am happy to accept. I cannot promise he will last through another winter, but when his time comes, you may be assured ... I will smother him quickly.’

‘That is all I ask,’ said Shenn, ‘and I thank you for your kindness.’ She sat back in her chair and looked suddenly refreshed. ‘I will not forget the help you have given us, but I must delay no longer. Once Lorcan and Whi’ki have washed and eaten, we will be on our way.’

‘Of course,’ said Drogha. ‘I will see to it at once.’

Another hour passed before Shenn and her companions were ready to leave. Whi’ki and Yhall hugged each other fiercely as they exchanged goodbyes. Though remaining behind to an uncertain fate, Yhall gave thanks, both to Shenn and to Drogha. The former for handing him into another’s care, the latter for

‘making me your bottom’s slave’.

Fondling Lorcan’s balls one last time, Drogha thanked him for the pleasure he had given – both to her arse and to the arses of her friends. Lorcan, not surprisingly, struggled to respond and winced uncomfortably as she squeezed his stones.

‘I will pray to the Great She that your days are blessed with fortune,’ said Drogha, waving them off.

As the trio finally disappeared from view, she turned to Yhall, smiled lustfully and said, ‘Now let us see how deep your tongue can dig ...’

Twenty

On her first visit, it had taken Shenn more than three hours to find Melhanna's house. With Lorcan and Whi'ki in tow, the second journey, snaking up through unfamiliar mountain tracks, took nearly twice as long. Though they had set out in good time, it was almost dusk before they reached their destination.

For the last half mile, Shenn had dropped back a little, anxious, as they neared the Ha'kim's home, that Whi'ki's courage might fail and he would run. Her fears proved groundless, though she could sense, as they drew closer, that the young man's nerves were at breaking point.

Walking alongside him, she said, in a reassuring voice, 'You must not fear the Ha'ki'm's hole, Whi'ki, when she comes for you. I know she will be gentle.'

In truth, of course, she knew nothing of the sort. But, though she was a born hunter, and had sat on many men in the wild, Shenn had a gentle heart. She had never despatched a man in anger, smothering only to defend herself or to slake her body's needs. Lorcan, she knew, must be saved. He was not only her friend, but had been born for a greater purpose – one which even she could not yet fathom.

Whi'ki nodded stoically. 'Had I remained with my mistress, I know she would have smothered me,' he muttered, 'and I am your man now, for she gave me into your care.' He sighed. 'But I am a man, and like all men ... I fear that tiny hole you women keep inside your bottom.'

'The Great She gave woman her opening,' said Shenn, 'so we might have dominion over men.' Her face softened. 'But she also commanded us to act with kindness when we sit on you. This is why I say you must not fear the Ha'kim's

hole, for she will despatch you with mercy.’

‘I believe you,’ said Whi’ki, ‘and your words give me comfort.’ He paused. ‘As much as they can comfort any man who knows a woman’s arse is coming for him!’

‘I have spoken of this before,’ said Shenn, aware that the time had come for plain speaking, ‘and must repeat it now. The Ha’kim has asked that you go willingly into the darkness. You must not struggle when she takes you into her bottom.’

‘I will do my best,’ said Whi’ki honestly, ‘for I do not wish to shame my mistress’s memory.’ But his face was glum as he spoke and his shoulders sagged.

After that, they continued along in silence until, rounding a bend in the road, Shenn saw the approach to Melhanna’s cottage. She watched Whi’ki visibly tighten but, to his credit, he did not falter. As for Lorcan, he seemed glummer than ever. Whether it was for his own sake or for Whi’ki’s, Shenn could not fathom. Either way, she told herself, she would be glad when this was over.

Melhanna emerged to greet them – garbed in a flimsy robe – but looking, if anything, a little frailer than before. Shenn understood now why the old Ha’kim had insisted on being brought a man who would not struggle. Even if Whi’ki were to be forcibly restrained, she doubted that the old woman could easily suffocate him.

‘So this is the man with whom you travel’, said Melhanna, examining Lorcan carefully. ‘The power of the gift is dulled ... but I see it in his eyes.’ She reached out and stroked his face. He flinched, as if she had struck him. ‘I feel his pain,’

she muttered. 'He fears the little hole, and what it can do to him ...'

Turning to Whi'ki, her face brightened a little. 'And this is the man on whom I am to sit,' she muttered. She paused, then said, 'Do you also fear the little hole?'

'All men fear the little hole,' replied 'Whi'ki, 'but I will do what must be done ... as my mistress has commanded me.'

Melhanna bobbed her head. 'Well answered,' she replied softly. 'For the less you struggle at my bottom's mouth ... the sooner you will enter Paradise.'

Shenn watched the colour fade from Whi'ki's face, but he said nothing. Not for the first time, she wished there was another way to break the curse. But she knew that was a pointless hope. Whi'ki's fate was written in the stars, as was hers and Lorcan's now.

With nightfall fast approaching, Melhanna was keen to proceed. Shenn was grateful, and she guessed that Whi'ki was, too. The poor man wanted this over with as quickly as she did, though for different reasons.

A dozen wooden stakes had been hammered into the earth at the rear of Melhanna's house, with a length of rope attached to each peg. Shenn immediately guessed their purpose.

‘Free Lorcan’s manhood from its bondage,’ said Melhanna, addressing Shenn. ‘He must be unleashed for the ritual. Bare, also.’ As Shenn set about unclipping the ring around Lorcan’s cock, Melhanna turned to Whi’ki and said, ‘Remove your loin cloth. Let us see you as Nature intended we should see you.’

In no time at all, both men were naked, their shafts dangling limply between their legs. While Whi’ki seemed resigned to his fate, Lorcan moved anxiously.

‘Secure them on their backs,’ said Melhanna, ‘and ensure they cannot shift us when we sit on them.’

Shenn stiffened. She had assumed only one man – Whi’ki – was to be ridden.

‘Please, mistress,’ muttered Lorcan as Shenn gripped his shoulders and steered him into position, ‘am I to be smothered?’

‘Have no fear,’ said Shenn, as calmly as she could. ‘You will come to no harm, I promise you.’

Once she had Lorcan on his back, with his arms and legs stretched wide, Shenn did the same with Whi’ki. He said nothing, and offered no resistance as she fastened him to the stakes.

Melhanna dropped to her knees and examined the ropes. Satisfied that both men

were secured, she rose – a little unsteadily – and turned to address Shenn.

‘Both men must die at the arse’s hole,’ she announced bluntly. ‘We are servants of the Great She and must show them no mercy! It is their time ...’

A cold knot grew in Shenn’s belly. Face-up on the ground, Lorcan cried out and tugged at his restraints. Whi’ki, meanwhile, kept his eyes shut and remained perfectly still.

‘I do not understand,’ said Shenn. ‘How can Lorcan be saved from his curse ... if he dies inside my bottom?’

‘It is not your place to understand,’ replied Melhanna firmly. A steely glint had entered her cold, grey eyes. ‘Obey me now, or our bargain is ended.’

Shenn froze, though only for a moment. This was not what she had expected, but the old Ha’kim was right. It was not for her to question. This was all or nothing now ... but she prayed she was not making a dreadful mistake.

‘Very well,’ she said reluctantly. ‘Tell me what must be done and I will do it.’

Melhanna reached down and tugged her flimsy robe over her head, discarding it on the ground. ‘We must also be naked,’ she said, ‘to perform our women’s work on these men.’

‘In mercy’s name, no!’ screamed Lorcan as he gazed up at Melhanna’s thin, bony body. Her drooping breasts and narrow hips horrified him as much as the prospect of being sat upon.

Without a word, Shenn reached down, untied her loin cloth and threw it aside.

‘I will mount the sacrifice,’ said Melhanna, indicating Whi’ki, ‘and you will mount Lorcan.’ She proffered a weak smile. ‘It may comfort him to know that he goes to meet the Great She inside your arse, not mine.’

Shenn nodded mutely. Lorcan threw his head from side to side and howled mournfully. His face was red with fear, but the colour had leached from hers entirely.

Melhanna nodded, raising her voice so as to be heard over Lorcan’s dreadful screams. ‘You must do your woman’s work on him, and not hold back. Smother him as you would a foe in battle.’ She regarded the other woman gravely. ‘You must have faith, it is the only way.’

Shenn took a deep breath. Beneath her – and between her legs – Lorcan gave a wild shriek. Only a moment ago he had been in mortal fear of Melhanna’s arse – but to learn that Shenn was about to smother him seemed to terrify him even more.

‘Please, mistress, no!’ he screamed. ‘Spare me! Spare me for pity’s sake!’

‘I am sorry, Lorcan’, said Shenn as she stepped over his chest and dropped to her knees. Reaching back, she peeled her cheeks wide, exposing the tight brown fissure of her anus. ‘I must suffocate you with my little hole ...’

Looking across at Melhanna, Shenn awaited the other’s command. When the latter raised her arms high and muttered a volley of loud oaths, Shenn’s blood ran cold.

‘Oh, mighty She!’ cried the elderly Ha’kim. ‘If it be your will, let these men we are to sit upon enter Paradise ... and worship at your sacred hole forever!’

The old woman lowered her head and fell silent for several seconds. Then, reaching back, as Shenn had done before her, she peeled her bony buttocks wide, exposing the small wrinkled knot of her anus.

‘Divine and wondrous one!’ she cried again. ‘Creator of this world and all within it. You blessed us with our little holes so men might bow before us! In your hallowed name, we take Lorcan and Whi’ki into our cracks ... and conquer them as only women can!’

A moment later, Melhanna dropped like a stone onto Whi’ki’s face. Shenn dropped, too, wrapping her buttocks around Lorcan’s head. She felt his nostrils flatten against her anus, his lips around her pussy as he opened his mouth to scream.

There was, Shenn quickly realised, to be no finesse to this smothering. She had imagined a long-drawn-out process – a magical rite that took place over many hours. What she had not anticipated was a fast and ruthless suffocation – and

without the kindness of a relieving hand.

Already Lorcan was struggling wildly, his arms and legs horribly twisted. Whi'ki, meanwhile, remained perfectly still. At some point, Shenn knew, he would lose control and fight to be free – but for the moment at least he was trying hard not to resist.

As the first minute passed, and then the second, too, Lorcan continued to kick, arching his back and squealing his despair into Shenn's crack. It was all she could do to pin him down, moving her arse first one way, then the other, as Lorcan's head twisted fiercely in a vain bid to find air.

After three minutes had passed, Whi'ki began to struggle, too. Even he could only remain motionless for so long. As the air ran out, his body took over, fighting to save itself, and escape from the Ha'kim's arse.

By this time, however, Melhanna had secured a firm hold. With her long, hairless cunt in Whi'ki's mouth and her wrinkled hole spread wide, the old Ha'kim was not to be shifted. Lorcan's nose, too, was securely lodged in Shenn's rear passage, so that every breath he took was laced with her scent. She felt his lips as they stretched and shuddered around the plump swell of her vagina. There was no escape for him now; he knew it as well as she.

As she rode Lorcan's head, Shenn's thoughts wandered to another place. Behind her tightly closed eyes, she had returned to G'hann, with its warm air on her skin, and the familiar smell of the forest in her lungs. She saw Lorcan in her mind's eye. Though small, like all men, he was broad and strong, and not like other men at all. She stretched out her arm, and he reached out with his, too.

An eternity seemed to pass before their fingers touched. The moment they did, Shenn felt a violent lurch between her legs, and frenzied snorting in her crack. She opened her eyes, immediately aware that Lorcan's struggle was almost at an end now as – quite clearly from the way he heaved – was Whi'ki's.

Melhanna turned her face towards the young huntress and, reflecting the way Shenn had reached out for Lorcan in her dream, the Ha'kim stretched out her arm to Shenn, who, in turn, reached out towards her. Their fingers touched and folded around each other, so that they clung together as they rode their men.

'Let our holes complete their sacred work!' cried Melhanna. 'And send these men to Paradise!'

'As the Great She commands us!' cried Shenn in turn, uttering words that came to her unbidden. 'All men shall die at the arse's mouth!'

Summoning all her strength, she pressed down hard, aware of her soft, heated anus moulded to Lorcan's nose, and the swell of her cunt in his mouth. For one delicious moment she imagined she was sucking him up into her passage. No power on earth could save him now. Her arse was his mistress, judge ... and executioner!

Lorcan gave one last, frantic heave and immediately fell still. Nearby, Shenn was aware that Whi'ki was also no longer moving. She and Melhanna had timed the moment to perfection: sending two souls into Paradise together.

The women were victorious. Their little holes had done their work.

For good or ill ... the battle was over.

Twenty One

It was some time before Shenn rose. Utterly exhausted, she had slithered forward, so that her buttocks rested on Lorcan's chest. Her tiny hole opened and closed, puckering with pride, as if to celebrate its victory.

Recovering at last, she stood up, stepped away, and gazed down at her lifeless companion. Her mind was in a whirl. She had done what the old Ha'kim had asked of her. She had mounted Lorcan's head, and finished him off with her arse. But how could this restore him to her? It made no sense ...

Melhanna rose, too, and walked around, stretching her bony legs. Finally, she said: 'It is not over. I have work to do.'

Shenn frowned. 'I do not understand,' she muttered, genuinely confused. 'The men are dead. We have sent them into Paradise. Finished them off with our little holes!' She shook her head. 'They are beyond all help.'

'They are beyond this world certainly,' said the Ha'kim. 'But if the Great She wishes it, your man will be returned to you.'

Shenn shook her head doubtfully. She did not even dare to hope. Surely nothing could bring back Lorcan now.

Melhanna crossed to a nearby table and picked up a large, wooden bowl. Returning to Shenn, she displayed it freely. Inside were heaps of what appeared to be a thick, green ash.

‘Nhanya seeds,’ explained Melhanna matter-of-factly. ‘They are from the Howrah Tree – the Fountain of Life.’

Shenn shook her head again, still confused. ‘It is the tree of legend,’ she muttered. ‘Planted by the Great She herself in the Garden of Yhoul on the Day of Creation.’ Her face creased further. ‘How can this be?’

‘I am a Ha’kim,’ Melhanna reminded her. ‘A seed of the tree was vouchsafed to my mother, and her mother before her. I have no daughters and so the Tree dies with me. But while it lives ...’ She dipped her hand into the bowl and allowed the green ash to flow through her fingers.

‘It can restore life,’ muttered Shenn. ‘If the Great She wishes it ...’

Melhanna nodded. ‘Now you understand,’ she said quietly.

Allowing her gaze to settle first on Lorcan, then on Whi’ki, Shenn felt a knot in her tummy. Both men were gone, smothered inside the women’s bottoms. Surely not even the Great She could undo this? Though Shenn knew she must have faith, nothing in her life had prepared her for this moment.

She looked on, bewildered, as Melhanna circled Lorcan’s prostrate body,

scattering ashes over his arms, legs, chest and face. Finally, she scooped up a large measure and thrust a hand between her buttocks, liberally coating her anus, even pushing some of the ash up into her passage.

Tossing the last of the burned Nhanya seeds onto Lorcan's face, she set the bowl down, then dropped to her knees, her thighs either side of Lorcan's head.

The old Ha'kim raised her arms skywards and emitted a piercing wail.

'Oh Great She, the creator of our world!' she cried. 'Who blessed us with our women's holes! These men have entered Paradise to worship at your arse forever!' She paused briefly, as if to gather herself. 'If it be your will,' she continued, 'I beg you to return the one called Lorcan – so he may serve you on this earth again!'

Melhanna released another piercing wail, and then – to Shenn's surprise – dropped onto Lorcan's head, her buttocks wrapped around his face, her anus (Shenn had no doubt, from the other woman's happy squeals) rammed over his nose.

Shenn watched, perplexed, as the Ha'kim wriggled on Lorcan's head. She squealed, groaned and threw herself from side to side – as if the man beneath her were alive and the pair of them locked in a battle to the death.

'It is your time, man!' she cried victoriously. 'I am a woman – with a woman's arse! – and there is no escape from my hole!'

Melhanna is mad, thought Shenn gloomily. I have smothered Lorcan with my arse's eye, finished him off with my bottom – and all to no purpose!

Angry beyond measure, Shenn took a step forward, determined to seize the ancient Ha'kim and haul her from Lorcan's lifeless body. But even as her arms reached out, she froze in astonishment. Lorcan's legs gave a powerful kick, and the muscles in his arms flexed strongly. A strangled groan escaped from between Melhanna's buttocks as Lorcan heaved and wriggled beneath her.

As Shenn staggered backwards, unable to believe her eyes or ears, Melhanna redoubled her efforts to keep the stricken Lorcan down. He was alive! But instead of rising from the saddle as Shenn had expected her to, Melhanna continued to smother her victim, giving no quarter as – having somehow brought him back to life – she now fought to finish him off a second time.

Again, Shenn took a step forward, but this time hesitantly. Melhanna turned her head, her eyes blazing. There was a fire in her belly that defied her years and stopped Shenn in her tracks.

'This is your man's battle!' cried the old Ha'kim. 'Only he can fight it!'

Immediately, Shenn retreated and continued to watch, stunned, as Lorcan writhed inside the other woman's arse. To her amazement, his shaft had thickened and risen, jerking awkwardly in the air. A bubble of semen dribbled from the eye of his cock and his balls gave a violent roll.

Suddenly, as his body gave a massive lurch, one arm flew up, as the peg restraining it came free. His hand seized Melhanna's hip and clawed at her

withered flesh. She, for her part, ground down harder still, defying him to shift her. Lorcan twisted a leg sharply and it, too, came free, followed quickly by the second. Yet though he bucked and wriggled, without a second hand to help the first, he was unable to shift his head.

Still, the old woman clung onto him as if it were her life, not his, that was at stake. Shenn felt her pulse quicken and her stomach empty. Three minutes at least had passed since Lorcan had revived yet he had not been able to draw a single breath. If he had truly come back to life, it could not be long before that life was ended for a second time.

And then, just when all hope seemed lost, Lorcan tore his other arm free. A second hand came up to clasp at Melhanna's body, fingers now digging into both her hips. He pushed once, twice and then a third time. Shenn marvelled that the old woman remained in place. Her strength was surely magical, for not even Shenn – she knew – could have held Lorcan down now.

When Lorcan slumped, and his body fell still, Shenn feared the worst, that the battle was finally lost. Then, as if gathering himself for one last effort, Lorcan's hands flew up, closed around Melhanna's hips and pushed. A deep, guttural roar broke from inside the old woman's crack as he forced her bony arse clear of his face.

The moment Lorcan drew his first breath, Melhanna flung herself sideways and away from his body. It was just as well, for he had scarcely time to fill his lungs with air when he collapsed, gasping feebly. Shenn rushed forward, dropped to her knees and cradled his head in her hands.

'Lorcan!' she cried joyfully. 'You are alive!' And then she hugged him to her breast and wept.

Though he remained quiet for some time, at last he looked up at her, with a familiar sparkle in his eyes.

‘Where have I been?’ he muttered feebly. ‘I remember the forest. You sat on me, and then ...’ He shook his head. ‘Nothing is clear. I have memories, but ...’ He shook his head again. ‘There was a light. I rose ... as if into the sky ... I saw something ... someone ... She spoke to me ... Her voice was soft ... She told me it was not my time ...’

‘You have been to Elshau,’ whispered Shenn, scarcely able to credit it herself. ‘The home of the Great She ... where one day all will travel, men and women alike. Women to bask in her glory ... and men to worship at her arse’s hole forever.’

‘I saw a hole,’ said Lorcan, his face tightening as he fought to recover the memory. ‘A wondrous opening into a wondrous bottom.’ A look of sadness overcame him. ‘I longed to worship there! To thrust my tongue inside and enter heaven’s doorway ...’

‘Can it be?’ said Shenn incredulously, ‘that you have gazed upon the sacred opening into the bottom of the Great She herself?’

‘He has,’ said Melhanna, breaking into the conversation, ‘for he has truly been to where none – woman or man – has ever travelled and returned again.’

‘But to what purpose?’ asked Shenn.

‘Only Lorcan knows the answer,’ said Melhanna.

‘But I do not know,’ said Lorcan, his voice growing stronger with every breath. It gladdened Shenn’s heart to see him restored to her, and yet a part of her shuddered, too.

Lorcan rose, a little unsteadily, as if it were the first time he had used his legs and he needed to test them carefully. As he looked around, he slowly became aware of Whi’ki. The moment Lorcan’s gaze fell on the poor man’s lifeless body, he groaned.

‘I know this man!’ he cried. ‘I have seen him!’

Shenn refrained from reminding Lorcan that the three of them had travelled from Rhasadhor together. Though his physical strength was returning, his mind remained muddled. It was hardly surprising, she told herself. He had travelled to Elshau and gazed upon the hole of the Great She herself. Now he had returned to the human world. What must it be like – to have seen the Great She’s opening and then be snatched away from it?

She had barely time to ponder the question when, to her surprise, Lorcan dropped to his knees beside Whi’ki’s body.

‘This man saved me!’ he cried, leaning forward, his hands on Whi’ki’s shoulders. Before either Shenn or Melhanna could react, Lorcan took hold of the ropes that held Whi’ki down and tugged the stakes from the earth. Then he

reached back and did the same with those that held the dead man's legs in place.

Throwing back his head, Lorcan released a mournful wail. A moment later, he had clasped Whi'ki to his chest, pressing his face to the other man's cheek. 'No one shall die for me!' he cried. 'No one!'

The colour immediately drained from Melhanna's face. 'No,' she muttered, with rising alarm in her voice. 'He must not ... He cannot!'

Shenn opened her mouth to speak, then promptly closed it again. Though Melhanna's concern was palpable, she remained rooted to the spot, as if unable to interfere despite her concern.

But concern for what? Shenn asked herself as she looked on, in utter confusion.

Lorcan was crying now, soaking Whi'ki's face as he held the other man close, clinging to him as a father might cling to a dead child.

Without warning, Lorcan threw back his head and screamed at the sky. The words he cried meant nothing to Shenn, but they made her blood run cold.

'Ayshaka! Illabu! Qualakai! Yaam!' he yelled, over and over again.

'No!' cried Melhanna and immediately dropped to her knees. The sky, already

dark, grew darker still and an ominous rumble shook the world. As Lorcan offered up his unintelligible prayer a second time, a blinding flash ripped a hole in the darkness. A bolt of brilliant white lightning tore into the earth, striking Lorcan and sending him flying backwards, still clutching Whi'ki tightly to his chest.

Shenn was aware of a sharp, ringing noise in her ears. She hit the ground, passed out and almost immediately woke. It was as though, for the briefest moment, time had ceased to exist, and the world along with it – and then it was restored again.

‘The fool!’ cried Melhanna bitterly. ‘He has undone our work! What will it mean? What will it mean?’

With Melhanna’s voice roaring in her ears, it was several seconds before Shenn realised what had so distressed the old Ha’kim. Lorcan, already recovered from the shock of being flung across the ground, still clung fiercely to the man who had sacrificed his life for him.

A man whose eyes were now wide open and who, having once been dead ... was very much alive again!

Twenty Two

‘Your man is a fool,’ said Melhanna with a heavy sigh, ‘though he has a good heart.’ She shook her head. ‘What good it will do him, I cannot say.’

Not for the first time, Shenn was at a loss. ‘How can this be?’ she asked, struggling to make sense of what had happened. ‘Whi’ki was dead. And now ...’ Her voice trailed away. She wondered, for a moment, if she were senseless and still dreaming.

‘Lorcan spoke the Words of Life,’ said Melhanna. ‘They are forbidden utterances – even for a Ha’kim. For a mortal to use them is to call down certain death, and yet he has spoken them and restored life.’ The old woman’s face grew sombre. ‘But at what cost?’

While Melhanna had been speaking, Lorcan had first risen, then helped Whi’ki to his feet. The latter seemed equally confused.

‘I was in Paradise,’ he said quietly. ‘I had bowed down before a mighty hole. I cannot describe its beauty. I had barely pressed my lips to its heavenly opening when ...’ He looked around mournfully. ‘I am here again.’

‘Lorcan restored you to life,’ said Melhanna simply. ‘He spoke the sacred Words of Life – words that can only have been vouchsafed him by the Great She herself. To what end, I cannot say. It should not be. It has never been.’

‘I am happy,’ said Whi’ki, ‘and I am sad, too. To see that sacred hole, and then to be taken away from it ...’

‘The memory will fade,’ said Melhanna. ‘For if it remains then you cannot live. The sadness would be too great to bear.’

‘I do not fear death,’ said Whi’ki quietly. ‘Nor should any man – if it means he bows before that mighty hole ...’

‘All men conquered at the arse shall enter Paradise,’ said Melhanna, ‘and worship at the Great She’s opening.’

Whi’ki smiled happily. ‘I know now why it is a kindness for women to sit on us. We men are blessed indeed, when we are taken into your bottoms and despatched at the arse’s eye.’

‘And how is Lorcan?’ inquired Melhanna, addressing the other man.

‘I have been in a dream for too long,’ he replied. ‘A living nightmare – for I feared the little hole!’ He held his stiffened cock in his hand and stroked it tenderly.

‘All men should be happy when they think of the hole – for were we not put on this earth to worship at your arse’s opening?’

‘You were,’ said Melhanna, reaching out and closing her fingers around Lorcan’s shaft. ‘And fashioned for another pleasure, too. One I have not enjoyed for some

time.'

'I would be honoured to enter you,' said Lorcan, divining her meaning at once. He turned to Shenn. 'If my mistress gives me leave to do so.'

'I am not so sure I am your mistress,' said Shenn, 'though if I am, then, of course, I give my permission.'

'And what of you?' said Melhanna, addressing Shenn. 'Whi'ki, too, has a cock, and one that will surely rise when he thinks of the hole.'

'Is that so?' asked Shenn, reaching out to close her hand around the other man's shaft. 'Does it give you pleasure to think of my bottom's mouth ... and how she might rule you?'

'Every woman has the right to rule me,' said Whi'ki, and, as if to confirm the fact, his cock promptly stiffened. It was not as long and thick as Lorcan's, observed Shenn, but it would do for now. She would have Lorcan to herself soon enough.

'You may mount us from behind,' said Melhanna, taking command. 'That way you will gaze upon our openings as you thrust ... and pay them homage with your eyes and words.'

Though it had grown dark by now, the moon had risen, casting a pale, yellow light over the earth: enough for all to see clearly. Melhanna dropped to her

knees, and bent low to present Lorcan with a view of both her holes. Shenn followed suit, exposing herself in a similar fashion to Whi'ki.

'Before you thrust,' said Melhanna, 'bow down before our bottoms' mouths and offer us the kiss of worship.'

Both men promptly dropped to their knees, shuffled in close and lowered their faces into the women's open cracks. Without delay, each closed his lips around a meaty hole, suckling gently like a baby at the teat. Once each hole had been suitably softened, the men extended their tongues and wriggled them through the opening and into the passage beyond. Once lodged, they continued to suckle for a full minute and only withdrew when finally given leave.

Their homage had worked wonders to further harden the men's cocks so that their shafts stood proud and tall behind the women's bottoms.

'May we have permission to enter you?' asked Lorcan, speaking for himself and Whi'ki.

'Are you ready?' said Melhanna, addressing Shenn.

'I am,' replied the young huntress, whose cunt now throbbed strongly. Whi'ki's tongue had done its work and she was keen to feel the thrust of his shaft inside her.

'You may plunge yourselves home,' announced Melhanna, 'and give us pleasure

with your cocks!’

Both men took hold of themselves and leaned forward. Carefully, they manoeuvred their rods into position, their swollen glans pressing at the women’s warm slits, searching for the entry point.

Looking down, Lorcan’s gaze fell on Melhanna’s wrinkled anus and he felt a surge of excitement. The old Ha’kim heard his sharp intake of breath and smiled.

‘Can you see my arse’s mouth, Lorcan?’ she asked provocatively. ‘The opening into my woman’s bottom?’

‘Yes, mistress,’ he answered hoarsely.

‘Does it please you to gaze upon her,’ she inquired, ‘and know that she has dominion over men?’

‘Yes, mistress,’ he answered for the second time.

‘And what of mine?’ asked Shenn, addressing Whi’ki. She flexed the muscles of her sphincter so that her anus opened, closed, then opened again. ‘Does it warm your heart to look into her depths?’

Poor Whi’ki shook fiercely as he struggled to control himself. Another word

from her, Shenn knew, and he might spill himself. Reluctantly, she erred on the side of caution. Had it been Lorcan preparing to enter her, she would have goaded him further. His powers of restraint were greater than those of the average man and he could endure where others faced defeat.

‘Describe the opening,’ said Melhanna, taking control again. She, too, recognised Whi’ki’s weakness and knew how close he was to coming.

Behind her, Lorcan took a deep breath in an effort to control his lust. Only recently restored to his former self, he was acutely aware of a growing need to lunge. He knew he had to clear his mind, even as he gazed upon that dainty knot of flesh that aroused him more than any sight on earth.

‘It is long and muscular,’ he announced in a shaky voice, ‘the flesh dark, proud and edged with tiny hairs.’

Alongside him, Lorcan was aware of Whi’ki mewling feebly. Though it was the Ha’kim’s anus he had described, it could as easily have been Shenn’s and, with every word he uttered, he sensed that he was dragging the other man closer to release.

‘Where do you wish to end your days?’ asked Melhanna cruelly. ‘When your time finally comes ...’

Lorcan felt his stomach tighten. He flared his nostrils, breathing deeply. At last, he said honestly, ‘Inside a woman’s bottom, mistress.’ He swallowed hard. ‘I long with all my heart ... to die at the arse’s hole!’

Melhanna sighed happily. ‘Then you are worthy of my woman’s opening. Thrust deep and give me pleasure!’

‘You may enter me, also!’ said Shenn, addressing Whi’ki. ‘But take care not to come until I give the word!’

Both women knew that by now the men were at breaking point, desperate to plunge themselves home. How long they could last, once inside the women’s bodies, was another matter. They were men after all, and their stones were heavy with seed.

Melhanna gave a screech of joy as Lorcan entered her. His hands clung tightly to her bony hips as he withdrew, then plunged home again several times in quick succession. Alongside, and matching him thrust for thrust, Wh’ki pumped himself into Shenn’s vagina, his eyes shut tight as he fought to clear his mind of lustful images. One glimpse of her backside, he knew – especially her little hole – and he would be lost.

A minute passed – longer than either man had thought himself capable of. Their constant thrusting had begun to take its toll – of Whi’ki, in particular. Both women were aware that the men were almost at the limits of endurance. As the pair had thrust, each woman had teased the hardened bud of her pussy, eager to know pleasure when the men finally came. As their fingers did their work and coaxed the first bubbles of juice from their slits, each knew that joy could not be long delayed.

Exchanging a glance, Shenn nodded in reply to Melhanna’s unspoken question, then steeled herself for the moment of truth.

‘Prepare to unleash yourselves!’ cried the old Ha’kim, aware that Lorcan, too, had closed his eyes lest the sight of her anus prove too much for him. ‘Our pussies are ready for your seed! Open your eyes, men ... and look upon the hole of holes!’

Each woman knew instinctively the moment Lorcan and Whi’ki’s gaze was focused on her anus. Each felt the sudden tightening of her man’s body and heard the feeble groan that escaped his lips.

‘Declare your love for our openings!’ cried Melhanna eagerly. ‘As you empty yourselves in our bodies!’

‘We love the hole!’ cried Lorcan and Whi’ki together. ‘We love the little hole!’

A moment later, each man came, flooding his seed into the women’s vaginas. The women came, too, teasing themselves past the edge of their own limits, their juices flowing from their slits and dribbling down their thighs. The men tumbled forward, hugging the women close as they thrust again and again until their balls were empty. Melhanna and Shenn supported the men on their backs for as long as they were able to, before they, also, tumbled forward, face down on the earth, screaming with joy as the men wriggled weakly on top of them.

When it was over, and they had uncoupled, Shenn was surprised to see that Lorcan remained conscious. It had occurred to her, only latterly, that he had emptied himself into the body of a woman who had also come. In the past this would have ensured his collapse, but, though clearly weary, he was still awake.

Only then did she realise that it was Melhanna who slept, the old Ha'kim slumbering fitfully, face down on the rich, red soil.

Reaching out, she turned Melhanna over and cradled her head in her lap. A dreadful thought occurred to Shenn. It was not that she was injured in any way, it was far worse than that.

Almost two minutes passed before the old woman opened her eyes and, when she finally did ... the look on her face confirmed Shenn's worst fears.

Twenty Three

‘What did you see?’ asked Shenn, as Melhanna climbed to her feet and looked around, still dazed.

She took several seconds to compose herself. Finally, she said, ‘I saw the Mountains of Bharne – and a blood-red sky. The coming of the Darkness.’ She hesitated. ‘And the loss of one who cannot be lost.’

‘You speak in riddles,’ said Shenn, frowning. ‘I do not understand.’

‘I do not understand, either,’ confessed Melhanna. ‘There was more, but already it fades into nothingness, as if it never was ... nor never could be.’

‘You have Lorcan’s gift,’ muttered Shenn. ‘He is no longer what he was ...’

Melhanna shook her head. ‘No, the gift is still is, but its means of revelation has altered. The woman who comes on his cock – while he comes, too – now sees the future.’ She sighed. ‘But only dimly. It is as if it is no longer his – but belongs to no one else, either. What I saw was only simply seen and barely made sense. Already, as I have told you, it has faded.’

‘Again, I do not understand,’ said Shenn, perplexed. ‘Why has the manner of the gift been changed? What does it mean?’

‘That I cannot say,’ answered Melhanna truthfully. ‘Lorcan should not have

restored Whi'ki to this world. It may be that in doing so, he has wrought this change. The gift was once that of woman and was lost only because she disobeyed the Great She. Now Lorcan has interfered in matters that were not his in which to meddle. Perhaps the gift begins its journey back to womankind.' She paused thoughtfully. 'Or perhaps ...' And then she lapsed into silence.

'Perhaps what?' asked Shenn anxiously.

'I have said too much,' replied Melhanna abruptly, the strength returning to her voice. 'But I have seen enough to know that your journey is not over yet. You must rest tonight and tomorrow set out for the Mountains of Bharne. They are many days' journey to the west. I cannot say what lies there, but that is where you are bound for now.'

'I know nothing of the western lands,' said Shenn, 'their peoples or their Queen.' Her face pinched anxiously. 'We hunters have rarely strayed from the forest. The world beyond is a mystery to us.'

'Their Queen is Rhaja, but her queendom is in ruins. Hers is the land of shadows and of war. Whether it will prove to be the battleground for the Dark Days to come, I cannot say. Yet it is where fate leads you.'

'But if they are at war,' began Shenn, 'against whom do they wage their battle?'

'With each other,' replied Melhanna. 'The western lands are rich in gold, but it brings them no joy. There are creatures there – with hearts as black as coal. Trolls – men who took to the earth when the war against women was ended, and lost both their sight and their souls in the darkness. Now they roam abroad only

when the sun has set – and wage war on both fully grown women and those who mine gold in the mountains – Dwarvelles.’

‘Dwarvelles?’ repeated Shenn blankly. The name meant nothing to her.

‘They are tiny women – not even half the size of a man – but strong and fast, with a cunning that has no equal. The air is thin in the mountains and food scarce. Nature both took and gave so that they might live where others would die.’

‘But they are women nonetheless,’ said Shenn more in hope than expectation, ‘and we may rely on their help?’

Melhanna shook her head. ‘The Dwarvelles owe allegiance to none but the Great She. They believe themselves to have been fashioned by her for a purpose – and that purpose is to rule. They do not wage war on fully grown women – but they do not offer us allegiance, either.’

‘Yet another reason to avoid their lands, surely?’

Melhanna gave a heavy shrug. ‘Had you asked me this question before Lorcan entered me I would have said yes. But for what other reason did the Great She open my eyes to the western lands if not to guide you there?’

‘Perhaps it was a warning,’ said Shenn hopefully. ‘Perhaps they are the lands into which we should not venture!’

Again, Melhanna shook her head. ‘No,’ she answered quietly. ‘There may be danger ahead, but this is where you are bound. You knew as much when first you took Lorcan into your care.’

‘I am not afraid,’ said Shenn stoutly, ‘and will go where I must, whatever the peril. But even a huntress is cautious when stalking her prey.’

‘I know,’ said Melhanna, ‘and you are right to be so.’ She hesitated for a second or two, then added darkly, ‘But sometimes, though you may not know it ... your prey is stalking you.’

At that very same moment, a hundred miles to the east, Venyn threw up her arms and wailed. The precious Darkstone, given to her by Morgharril – and which she had carried faithfully for many weeks now – lay shattered on the ground before her.

Only an hour earlier, she had set it down with care and reverence and gazed into its darkened depths. It shone, she felt certain, with growing power. And that power meant only one thing: Lorcan was dying. The curse that had been placed upon him from afar had taken its toll.

He would not die, of course – must not, indeed – for it was her mission to return him to her Queen, who would sit on his face and take back the gift that had been lost. She had prayed over the stone, peering into its depths in the hope of finding

him. Morgharril had warned her that, though its magic was strong, it was not as strong as that which had been fashioned around the cursed Lorcan. Her prayers would need to be long and devout and might not always be answered. If they were not, she must try again and again. Each man she sat on would strengthen the magic – which, Venyn reflected, was all very well, but there were few men to smother on the road to Rhasadhor. She had been fortunate to stumble on the farmer and his sons, while the bandits had been an unexpected bonus. Rhasadhor would have many men – but they were owned by their mistresses and would not be easy to procure.

The dark heart of the stone had waxed and waned for many hours. When it had begun to grow, Venyn felt a thrill in her gut for she knew it meant they were closing in on Lorcan. Also that he was growing weak. The weaker he grew, the easier their task would become.

And so she had set the Darkstone down and prayed, gazing into its depths and awaiting a moment of revelation. Instead, at the very instant she imagined her triumph was complete – when the stone had grown so dark that it was emerald no longer but pure jet – it had exploded into tiny pieces, littering the ground with dead, green splinters.

Venyn and her sister-scouts had collected every piece they could find, and gathered them together in the fervent hope that all was not lost. Venyn had prayed over the debris for more than an hour without success. Though Lorcan had been travelling to Rhasadhor, that was where the trail would end. If he moved on, as he surely would, the scouts might never find him.

She was on the point of abandoning all hope when, deep within the broken mess, like a dying ember flickering into life, a hint of black soot twinkled feebly. Venyn gazed closely at the tiny speck, muttering fervent prayers beneath her breath. The dark dot waxed, waned, then grew again.

Without knowing why, Venyn threw back her head and howled at the sombre clouds that had gathered overhead. A moment later, a pencil-thin bolt of darkness shot from the heart of the broken stone and struck her heart. Venyn screamed, toppled forward and fell still.

The other scouts rushed forward, jolted from their fear of the Darkstone by an even greater fear that their Captain was dead. It took almost a minute to revive her but, when she came to, her eyes sparkled with the same green hue as the jewel.

‘It is within me,’ she muttered, ‘the spirit of the mystic stone. Its flames are weak, but I see ... I see!’

The three scouts exchanged bewildered looks but no one spoke. Rising quickly, Venyn’s face took on a determined air. ‘Lorcan is no longer in Rhasador,’ she announced. ‘I do not know where his path leads, but we must fly! I must be close – or the power of the stone is useless.’

‘The power is within you?’ said Gellyn, speaking for the others. ‘I do not understand. What has happened?’

‘I do not understand it myself,’ said Venyn. ‘Lorcan was beaten – the stone’s black heart declared as much. Then he was saved, and then ...’ She broke off and shook her head slowly. ‘Something has happened. I do not know what, but it portends change.’ She glanced at the broken remnants of the emerald stone. ‘This is why the power to find him now rests within me. But it must be fed if it is not to be lost again.’

‘Fed?’ repeated Gellyn, a little perplexed.

‘I must sit!’ cried Venyn, making her need plain. ‘Without a man inside my crack the power will grow weak. We must ride to Rhasadhon at once and pick up Lorcan’s trail.’

Venyn’s nostrils flared angrily. ‘We cannot let him escape us now, sisters! He is our Queen’s man ... and destined for her Royal arse!’

Twenty Four

Shenn slept soundly that night. Melhanna had prepared a potion for all of them to drink, to ensure they passed a peaceful few hours.

So much had happened in such a short time. Lorcan had been lost, then restored, then part of him – his gift of sight – lost again. Yet only in part. As Melhanna had explained to the travellers before they settled down for the night, the gift now belonged to both Lorcan and the woman with whom he mated. Shenn herself must bear that responsibility from this time on. It was an onerous duty, she knew, but one she must fulfil nonetheless.

Shenn woke refreshed and hungry, devouring the breakfast the old Ha'kim had prepared: meat, bread and a jug of cold spring water. Lorcan and Whi'ki feasted just as well and, an hour after eating, the time finally came for guests and host to part.

Whi'ki, it had been agreed, would remain behind to serve Melhanna, in whatever way she chose. To Shenn, she entrusted a leather pouch of blood-red beans.

'They are from the Quo'va bush,' she explained. 'They will flourish in the thin air of the mountains and yield a fruit that is both tasty and nutritious. You will need a gift for the Dwarvelles. They are a sour race and do not take kindly to strangers.'

Shenn thanked the old Ha'kim and, in return, was happy to hand over her remaining store of gold. She had no need of it now and hoped it might be some use should Melhanna and Whi'ki ever venture into Rhasadhor. Having said their goodbyes, she and Lorcan set out once more.

They walked in silence for over an hour, wending their way through narrow avenues of rock and along rough tracks that sometimes petered out, forcing them to return to an earlier break in the trail. Melhanna had said it would take fifteen days' hard walking to reach the lower reaches of the Mountains of Bharne and, from there, another six days at least before they found themselves in Dwarvelle country. She had warned them, too, that many men had fled from Rhasadhor into the surrounding countryside. Some, she was sure, had made their home in the lands through which Shenn and Lorcan must travel. They would need to take care.

Shenn, for her part, half-hoped that they would be set upon. Since riding Lorcan, and taking him into Paradise, a need had begun to grow in her again. She was a hunter by birth and it had been too long since she had put her skills to work. The men in the lands through which they passed, Melhanna had informed them, would happily butcher them in their sleep for they showed kindness to none. On occasion, they ventured into the small towns that littered the edges of the mountainside, generally in groups large enough to overcome single women whom they would slay without mercy before making off with food and gold.

It was on the third day out that Shenn stopped suddenly, sniffed the air and said, 'I smell men. Two, perhaps three. They are near, no more than half a mile away.'

Shenn's sense of smell amazed Lorcan, even now. Her hunter's prowess had kept them safe more than once in their travels and he was grateful for it.

'Are we in danger?' he asked. 'Should we go another way?'

Shenn shook her head. 'No,' she said quietly. 'If these men block our path, then

we must deal with them. They may be armed and will not take us prisoner.'

'What are we to do?' asked Lorcan, deferring to her, as always.

'You must stay here,' said Shenn. 'Crouch low and keep out of sight. I will scout ahead and see what I can find. Go nowhere until I return.'

Then, without waiting for his reply, she was gone.

As he watched Shenn vanish through a gap in the rock, her big, brown buttocks slapping together as she ran, Lorcan felt a surge of delight. Now that his love of the hole had returned, he felt a pang of envy, too, for any man the young huntress might bring to heel and mount. There were countless ways for a man to leave this world: the means harsh, cruel and miserable. To end one's life inside a woman's arse was surely to be longed for, not feared? And yet, so many men did fear it ...

Lorcan shook his head and sighed. Then, taking hold of his cock, he stroked the shaft, closed his eyes and imagined the joy that awaited any unfortunate bandit on whom Shenn chose to sit ...

There were three men sitting by a broad, slow-moving river that cut through the mountainside. A large boat had been tethered to the bank. It swayed gently as the current plucked at its sides, but seemed secure enough, and loaded with

provisions. Shenn smiled. This was an unexpected stroke of fortune. If she and Lorcan could take the boat up river, it might cut several days from their travelling time.

Though she was eager – and ready – to sit on them all, three men at once, she knew, might prove too much even for her. In the forests of G'hann, she had often broken up a herd of males and picked them off one by one. But the forest was familiar territory, while these lands were not. She was reflecting on how best she might separate the group when one of the men raised a hand to his mouth and made a vague eating gesture. His companions nodded briskly, at which point the first man turned and made his way up a narrow track, a long, leather sack slung over his shoulder.

Shenn guessed he had offered to forage for food – and possibly more wood – for the remaining pair immediately set to work, rinsing a large iron bowl in the river and scratching around for what timber they could find to make a fire.

Her smile broadened. She had chosen a good time. Her keen eyes scanned the nearby terrain and she promptly saw a way to shadow the man from the safety of the surrounding ridges. She felt a familiar rush of excitement as she made her way up a scrub-lined track ... and towards her unsuspecting prey.

Jhargil – the wiry bandit on whom Shenn had set her sights – moved quickly from one rock to another. From time to time, he scooped up bits of wood that had fallen from the thin trees that dotted the slopes, and handfuls of dried grass and weed. He was so focused on his task, that it was only when a strong hand clamped itself around his face and a thud of flesh from behind toppled him onto his stomach, that he realised, too late, he was in mortal danger.

With a hand around his mouth, Jhargil was unable to cry out for help, and the weight of the woman's body (he knew it was a female from the hard swell of breasts against his back and the wiry bulge of cunt on his leg) kept him pinned face down. Long limbs snaked around his thighs and rolled him over so that he was quickly on his rear, with the woman beneath him. He brought his hands up to claw at hers, but the moment he did, she dipped her other hand between his legs and gripped his cock.

Closing her fingers around the once-flaccid shaft, Shenn swiftly rubbed him upright. Then, pressing her lips to his ear, she whispered calmly, 'It is pointless to struggle, man ... a little hole is coming for you!'

At the mention of her anus, Jhargil tightened. All men knew what it meant when a woman's opening came for them. She planned to sit on his face ... and suffocate him with her bottom! Just now, however, the hand around his mouth was his main concern. He couldn't breathe – and hadn't been able to for almost two minutes! Even his befuddled brain knew what that meant. His attacker would weaken him first, then take him into her crack ... and finish him off with her arse!

Where were his companions? Curse them! He was being slowly smothered and could not even call for help! Worse still, he was confused. One part of him was desperate to be free, another swooned with pleasure as soft, warm fingers fiddled with his shaft. Already his balls bulged with seed and his penis tingled. When a bubble of semen oozed from the eye of his cock, he groaned mutely into the hand around his mouth.

'Try not to struggle, man,' a kind voice whispered in his ear. 'Soon your seed will run free – and you will enter Paradise in joy!'

Jhargil longed to come – he could not deny it! His head had begun to spin and, with his eyes closed shut, all he wanted was relief. He cared for nothing else! Let this woman suffocate him – as long as she emptied his balls!

Delirious, he was only vaguely aware of Shenn removing her hand from his face. She still gripped his cock with her other hand, and with her little finger she tickled his stones. Had he been more alert he might have reacted as she eased herself out from under him and swung a leg across his chest.

As a powerful scent washed over him, Jhargil opened his eyes in time to see Shenn's bare backside come down over his face. A long, hairy crack gouged a path between her buttocks and he gazed, stupified, at the dark brown fissure of her anus. Instinctively, he parted his lips to scream but it was already too late. The warm, rubbery fissure of flesh opened around his nose as her cunt forced its way into his mouth.

Though she still held onto his cock, her fingers teasing his shaft and balls, he was immediately aware of her other arm reaching out, circling his legs and hoisting them into the air.

He wriggled like a landed fish, gurgling into the bloated warmth of her arse. Shenn, for her part, bore down hard, determined to offer him no quarter now she had him in her crack. It had been a long time since she had finished a man off at the hole and the prospect thrilled her. Pumping him, too, gave her pleasure. Whatever this man's sins, it was important to give him joy, now and at the moment of truth. Joy would dull his fear, and the knowledge that he was not long for this world.

As she felt a familiar jolt between her arse-cheeks, Shenn knew the bandit's time was near. She rubbed his cock a little faster, drawing bubbles of semen from the eye of his glans. His need to come, she knew, must be unbearable. Were she to rise from his face and promise him relief only on condition that she take him back into her crack and finish him off, she had no doubt he would beg her to do so. Men conquered with their cocks – but they were ruled by them, also.

When a muffled scream broke from between her buttocks, Shenn knew the battle was almost over. Bearing down hard, she pumped the bandit quickly, her hand flying up and down his shaft. His legs tensed, then kicked, then tensed again and she felt his head give a violent judder. His balls rolled and jerked, before sending a flurry of semen into his cock, along the shaft and out across his belly.

A moment later, the bandit fell still. Shenn remained in place for another minute, as was her custom. Men sometimes feigned unconsciousness or occasionally recovered. It was cruel to dismount, only to ride again. Sure enough, several seconds in and the man gave another violent heave. It took all her strength to hold him down, but, as she did so, she knew this was his final act of defiance. He was in Paradise now – where he would worship at the Great She's hole forever.

Dismounting, Shenn stretched both legs to ease her aching muscles. It surprised her that smothering the bandit had taken so much out of her. Then again, she realised, though she had recently ridden Lorcan, he had been restrained. This was the first true test of her hunter's prowess for some time. With two more men to ride, she wondered what toll it would take on her. Turning over the possibilities, she quickly made up her mind. It was unlikely she could split the pair, and tackling both at the same time was out of the question. She would need Lorcan's help.

Her decision made, she wended her way back to where the men were camped. They were still busying themselves preparing their meal. The river was shallow at that point and they seemed to be in the process of catching some fish for

supper. Satisfied that they would not miss their companion for the moment, she continued on her way back to where she had left Lorcan.

Twenty Five

Venyn and her fellow-scouts reined in their horses at the edge of the forest, dismounted and made their way forward on foot.

‘You are sure this is where you saw the man?’ said Gellyn doubtfully. Now that the Darkstone had been destroyed, she was anxious to lose no more time in their pursuit of Lorcan. This latest diversion seemed foolhardy in the extreme.

‘I am sure,’ said Venyn, though she was anything but. As they had ridden past the forest, towards Rhasadhor, a vision had caused her to halt – so swiftly that her horse had nearly thrown her. She had seen a man – dark-haired and slightly built – walking behind a woman, who led him by a leash attached to his cock. The pair had entered the forest at this very spot, of that she was certain.

Though the vision had come to her an hour ago, it was one she felt convinced should be acted upon. Morgharril had told her that when the power of the Darkstone became hers, she would need to feed that power on the heads of men. Why had the vision come to her if it was not meant to lead her here? Though Rhasadhor was close by now, it might take some time before she could lay her hands on a victim. Once the power was lost, it was lost forever. Morgharill had made that very clear. If there was a man here – somewhere in the forest – then she must sit on him without delay!

Leading the others, who followed her in single file through the undergrowth, Venyn came to a sudden halt. Just a few yards ahead, in a small clearing, she saw the man from her vision – and the woman who had brought him to this place. He was kneeling on the ground before her, his hands clasped together as if in prayer.

‘I thank you, mistress,’ he muttered reverently, ‘for the kindness you show me at

the end of my days.'

A look of joy brightened Venyn's face as she hurried forward, her fellow-scouts close behind her. The woman – tall, middle-aged and big-breasted – swung round at their approach. The man, for his part, looked stunned and immediately fearful.

'You mean to suffocate this man?' said Venyn, addressing his mistress. 'He has served you well, but now his time has come? He is to end his days inside your arse?'

The woman scowled. 'What business is this of yours?' she asked, looking from one to the other.

'We know your ways,' said Venyn, ignoring the question. 'A hard winter, a man whose usefulness is ended. You mean to take him into your bottom's crack and finish him off at the hole!'

'Again, I say,' repeated the woman. 'What business is this of yours?'

'I will take him for you!' cried Venyn. 'I have need of a man between my legs and yours will do.'

The woman shook her head, but cautiously. She knew she was outnumbered four to one.

‘There are men in Rhasadhor,’ she said, attempting to steer them away. ‘More than enough to feed your arse’s hunger. Mharmo here has served me faithfully for many years, and you are right – our winter has been harsh. I cannot afford to keep him – but mean to finish him off with mercy.’

‘I have no time for this,’ said Venyn, fast running out of patience. ‘I am a Dorian scout – and my hole has needs!’

‘A scout?’ said the woman, her eyes narrowing. Mharmo threw his arms around her leg and clung on, like a child, fearful of being taken from its mother. ‘I cannot part with him to a scout. You will not treat him kindly.’

‘Men were made to serve our holes!’ cried Venyn. She drew her short sword from its scabbard at her waist. ‘You will give this man to me or I will take him. The choice is yours!’

‘Please, mistress, no!’ screamed Mharmo, clinging to her fiercely. ‘Do not let her sit on me! I am afraid of her bottom, mistress! I fear its little hole!’

The woman looked around again, then shrugged resignedly. Mharmo was dear to hear – but she would not die for him. ‘What will you do with him?’ she said, though she knew the answer well enough.

‘I mean to sit on his face,’ said Venyn, ‘and finish him off with my arse’s mouth.’

‘Will you let me watch?’ asked the woman. ‘May I take his hand while you do the deed? It would give him comfort.’

Mharmo immediately wailed and clung on even more tightly to her leg.

‘No,’ said Venyn sharply. ‘The deed will be done in private. You must go.’

‘May I speak to him one last time?’ said the woman, aware that there was nothing she could do to save Mharmo from his fate.

‘Be quick!’ said Venyn, sheathing her sword and proceeding to untie her loin cloth. ‘My hole is hungry!’

Turning to Mharmo, whose tears were now running freely down her thigh, the woman smoothed the hair back from his forehead.

‘You have been a good and faithful servant,’ she announced sorrowfully. ‘I am sorry you cannot end your days inside my bottom but you must be brave, Mharmo, and accept the judgment of this woman’s arse. She will be kind to you, I know.’

Deep down, she doubted that, but it would be cruel to confess as much to Mharmo. She was sure that if she refused to hand him over, the women would take him anyway, and probably kill her into the bargain. There was nothing she

could do to save the poor man now, she could only offer him words of comfort.

‘Can you not stay with me, mistress?’ he implored her. ‘Please! I beg you! Be here when she sits on me!’

‘I cannot,’ replied the woman. ‘I am sorry, Mharmo. You must be brave when she takes you into her bottom.’ She glanced at Venyn who was now naked and shimmering with impatience. When Mharmo saw her stamp the ground with her feet, the blood drained from his face.

‘She is a soldier, mistress!’ he screamed, panic-stricken. ‘She will not be gentle with me!’

‘Enough!’ cried Venyn as the woman leaned forward in one last, futile bid to comfort him. ‘Be gone! My arse has its needs and they will be delayed no longer!’

Reluctantly – and with some difficulty, for Mharmo clung fiercely to his mistress – the woman pulled herself away.

‘Please be kind to him,’ she muttered, as Venyn came forward, her body quivering with lust. Mharmo, briefly free, tried to scramble to his feet, but Gellyn and Anya came forward and seized hold of him.

‘Be gone!’ cried Venyn sharply. ‘My little hole has work to do!’

Aware she could do nothing more, the woman retreated, ignoring Mharmo's pitiful screams as she hurried away. Roseene's face creased with concern. 'She will surely warn others,' she muttered.

'Then do what you must do,' said Venyn, 'while I take this worthless wretch into my arse!'

Roseene licked her lips greedily. It had been some time since she had sat on a woman's face. Mharmo's mistress was no soldier, but the thought of doing battle again excited her.

'Take Anya and Gellyn with you,' said Venyn, her pussy now level with Mharmo's head. 'I will pray alone ... once I have this man inside my bottom!'

Mharmo wailed miserably as the scouts released their grip and Venyn hauled him upright. He was no match for his assailant, sobbing like a child as she lifted him high and cradled him in her arms. Instinctively, Mharmo closed his mouth around one bloated nipple, suckling on her like a baby at the teat.

Any hope that the gesture might earn him a reprieve was promptly dashed. Venyn gave a throaty chuckle as she carried Mharmo to a grassy patch, threw him to the ground and straddled him. To his surprise, it was Venyn's cunt, not her arse, that hovered over his face. Before he had a chance to react, she closed her thighs around his head and pressed the hairy maw of her sex into his mouth.

Having secured her grip on his face, Venyn proceeded to scythe her pussy back

and forth until, very quickly, a flood of juice broke from somewhere deep inside her. She released a piercing scream as she came, her musky sap running into the back of Mharmo's throat until he gagged.

The poor man felt the swollen nub of Venyn's clitoris as it throbbed against his upper lip, pumping into him like a tiny cock. She screamed even more loudly when she came a second time, hands locked around the back of his head. He heard an indistinct muttering and realised she was praying as she rode him.

With Venyn's huge thighs clamped to his ears, it was difficult for Mharmo to make out any sounds, but when he heard the words, 'Great She', 'sacrifice' and 'little hole', his blood ran cold and he kicked sharply. With Venyn's bloated pussy in his mouth and his nose against her pubic bone, Mharmo's breathing was already restricted. The merest hint of breath seeped into his lungs from time to time: just enough to keep him conscious as he writhed between Venyn's legs.

Poor Mharmo lost track of time while Venyn wriggled over his face, emptying herself twice more as – on several occasions – he came close to passing out. Why was the woman tormenting him like this? If she meant to finish him off why did she not take him into her bottom's crack and be done with it?

Venyn, for her part, knew exactly what she was doing. Though despatching Mharmo with her anus would help sustain the power Morgharril had gifted her, that power, she knew, needed pleasure, too, for its survival. The delights of the arse were spiritual – a gift from heaven bestowed on women by the Great She. To sit on men and send them into Paradise – where they would worship at the Great She's hole forever – was a woman's role and duty.

The pleasure of the cunt was different. It was a base, physical joy that mirrored the delight of men when their cocks erupted. Venyn needed that joy now, as she

had never needed it before. She must come until she could come no more. Only then, her body sated, could she sit on this man's face ... and finish him off with her anus!

The man must be fearful also, for that fear – she knew – would enhance her power. The longer she could drag this out – giving joy to her soldier's cunt – the more dreadful would be the torment under which Mharmo laboured. By the time she showed him her little hole, and finally lowered her arse onto his face, he would be speechless with terror. She would come one last time – with his nose inside her passage – and the power of the Darkstone would grow within her.

As Venyn wriggled furiously on his face – and Mharmo snorted his despair into her long, hairy slit – Venyn felt a fresh surge of pleasure in her pussy ...

Zelpha turned, aware that she was being followed. A moment later the three scouts broke through a gap in the trees and immediately surrounded her, cutting off all chance of escape.

As Zelpha looked from one to the other, her anxiety grew.

‘What has happened?’ she said, trembling as she spoke. ‘Has Mharmo fled?’

‘Your man cannot escape,’ said Roseene, moving towards her. In Venyn's absence, she had assumed command. ‘Our Captain is sitting on him now – and

his end will not be quick. Yours, however ...’

‘Mine?’ cried Zelpha, her eyes wide with horror as she took a step back.

‘We cannot let you return to Rhasadhor,’ said Roseene, undoing her loin cloth and tossing it aside. Zelpha’s gaze dropped to the magnificent dark vee of Roseene’s vagina, and her long, pulsing slit.

‘No, no ...’ murmured Zelpha, as Anya and Gellyn advanced, took hold of her arms and pinned them to her back. Her stomach hollowed and her legs gave way. ‘You cannot do this, you have no right!’

‘We are soldiers at war,’ said Roseene stoutly, ‘and in war there are casualties. If you were a man, I would take you into my bottom’s crack and finish you off. But you are a woman and have the right to choose the means of your despatch. Which is it to be: the cunt or the arse’s hole?’

Zelpha tensed. ‘I choose neither!’ she cried. ‘You have no dominion here! We have our own Queen – Layha – you cannot sit on me!’

‘Your Queen is not here,’ said Roseene, ignoring the objection, ‘and so I ask again: cunt or arse? Which is it to be? If you refuse, then I shall take you into my crack. It will be an honourable death that will send you into Paradise – where a hundred men will worship at your hole forever.’

‘Despatch me with your hole, cried Zelpha, ‘and you will never enter Paradise!’

This is not war, and I am not your enemy! This cannot be the Great She's will!

'It is our Queen, Orelia's – will, and the will of a Queen is the will of the Great She,' replied Roseene. 'I ask for the last time: cunt or little hole ... which is it to be?'

'And again I say no!' spat Zelpha defiantly. 'Despatch me between your soldier's legs ... and the Great She will curse you forever!'

Roseene straightened her back and took a long breath. 'Prepare yourself,' she said, with a curt nod at Gellyn and Anya. The pair immediately kicked Zelpha's legs from under her and forced the poor woman onto her back. Roseene came forward, swivelled round and dropped to within a few inches of Zelpha's face, the dark hairy whorl of her anus crudely exposed.

Zelpha kicked sharply, a pointless gesture made even more so when, in the next moment, Roseene leaned forward, slipped her hands around her victim's calves and hoisted her legs high. Zelpha's skirt rippled around her waist, exposing her own, hairy cunt and the tiny brown fissure of her arse. An instant after that, Roseene dropped her bottom onto Zelpha's face, snaring the latter's head inside her crack.

Releasing their prisoner, Anya and Gellyn moved to the front and dropped to their knees between Zelpha's legs. The poor woman was heaving frantically, snorting her breath into the suffocating crack of Roseene's arse.

It had been some time since the trio had conquered a woman in battle, but the manner of despatch was a familiar one. Lowering their heads into the gap

between Zelpha's legs, Anya and Gellyn began lapping at their victim's pussy, teasing her clitoris from its hood. The moment it was free, Anya sucked it into her mouth, while Gellyn moved her lips away and closed them around the wrinkled bud of Zelpha's anus.

An anguished squeal broke from the back of Zelpha's throat, and sent a thud of breath into Roseene's pussy. At the same time, the latter's anus pulsed strongly, opening up around Zelpha's nose. The poor woman bucked and squealed again.

'Oh mighty She!' cried Roseene now, muttering a familiar prayer. 'Your servant has entered my arse's hole, and begun her journey into Paradise! Let her spirit fill my bottom's passage and pass – in pleasure – from this world to the next!'

Inside Roseene's crack, Zelpha continued to heave and moan. Her strength was fading rapidly, driven out by the weight of Roseene's arse and the tongues that lapped at both her openings. She had come twice already, snorting her delight into Roseene's anus. When Gellyn's tongue thrust deep into her passage, she came yet again, screaming the last of her breath into Roseene's hairy crack.

Aware that Zelpha's time had come, Roseene allowed herself the pleasure of release, flooding her victim's mouth with juice as she bucked sharply and finally fell still.

'She is in Paradise,' muttered Roseene, before tumbling forward exhausted.

Twenty Six

‘There are two men remaining,’ said Shenn, having made her way back to Lorcan. She was pleased to see he had not moved from his post. ‘There were three at first, but I dealt with one.’

‘You took him into your bottom’s crack?’ asked Lorcan, unable to hide his envy. ‘And finished him off at the hole?’

Shenn smiled. If she had harboured any doubts that Lorcan was once more his former self, his eagerness dispelled them. She reached out and touched the side of his face.

‘I did,’ she said, aware it was the answer he craved. ‘He tried to shift me when I mounted him – as all men do when a little hole comes for them – but I held on fast ... and did my woman’s work.’

Lorcan swallowed and she felt him tremble against her hand. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his cock rise as if sniffing the air. She stretched out her other arm and closed a fist around the shaft. It gave a familiar throb and stiffened further. A sharp moan escaped from Lorcan’s lips and his legs juddered.

Shenn sighed. ‘You long again to lie inside a woman’s arse ... and have her take you into Paradise?’

‘I do,’ said Lorcan truthfully, ‘for it is the fate all man were born to suffer. I have been to Paradise ... and seen the Great She’s hole. I know your bottom’s mouth will always be my mistress.’ He shook his head gravely. ‘I do not understand

why any man should fear that tiny opening. It is a woman's right to sit on us. The man who flees from the arse is a fool.'

Shenn smiled and tightened her grip on Lorcan's penis. 'There are two men in these mountains who would flee,' she whispered. 'Will you help me bring them down ... so I might guide them into Paradise?'

Lorcan nodded. 'I will,' he answered. 'Command me and I will obey.' He hesitated. 'And then ...'

'You would like me to sit on you,' said Shenn, aware of Lorcan's need, 'and do my woman's work?'

Again Lorcan nodded, but more vigorously this time.

'I cannot despatch you,' she reminded him, 'only punish you with my arse's opening. You have a purpose here, it is why the Great She returned you to this world.'

Lorcan regarded her sadly. 'I know,' he said. 'But the hole still calls to me. I cannot deny my nature.'

'I understand,' said Shenn, her face darkening a little, 'and I fear for your life. I will not harm you, and you are safe between my legs. But there are others who would not treat you kindly. Were they to take you into their cracks ...'

‘They would seek to smother me,’ said Lorcan, finishing her sentence, ‘and end my life at the arse’s eye.’

Shenn felt him push his cock through her fist. ‘And the thought gives you joy,’ she sighed, as he thrust again. ‘It makes you happy ... to think that a woman might end your life in such a fashion?’

Lorcan’s lips tightened into a thin line. ‘Yes, mistress,’ he whimpered. ‘I cannot help myself. It does ...’

‘Close your eyes and think of my hole,’ she whispered. ‘Its wrinkled skin and the hairs that line the crater. Remember its scent, its taste, and how it opens to welcome your tongue ...’

Lorcan groaned and his legs trembled feebly. A bead of pre-cum oozed from the opening in his glans. He gripped his thighs for support and groaned again.

‘Steady yourself, Lorcan,’ she urged him. ‘I must empty your stones. Think of my little opening ... and prepare to be spilled!’

Shenn felt Lorcan’s body tense, then give a sharp jolt. His penis leapt in her fist as the first wave of semen shot through his shaft and into the air. It always gave her pleasure to empty him, to watch his big stones quiver and roll as they gave up their load. It never ceased to amaze her how much seed he could unleash. All men spent copiously at the moment of truth – when sat upon for the last time – but Lorcan did so as a matter of course. It lengthened his pleasure – and his

torment, too. She smiled at the thought that it was the mention of her anus that had made him come. Men were such weak creatures that such a tiny opening could bring them to their knees.

She held onto Lorcan's jerking cock, though no more seed emerged from the eye. Only then, certain that he was fully drained, did she release him. It took him almost a minute to recover and stand upright again. Though his balls were empty, his shaft remained proudly erect, as she knew it would for several more minutes. In this condition, another woman could safely mount him and come with his cock in her pussy. The gift of sight would not be triggered because Lorcan himself could not come.

Resisting the temptation to mount him just then, Shenn simply said, 'Let us go now.' And with that, she hurried up the scrub-lined track, with Lorcan following close behind her.

Twenty Seven

Sitting on Mharmo's chest, Venyn gazed down at him, utterly exhausted. She had lost track of how many times she had come in the past hour. Each time she had spent herself, flooding Mharmo's mouth with her sap, she had felt the Darkstone's power grow. Barely conscious now, the poor man's face shone with her oily juices. Venyn felt the thud of his heart against her sticky arse and watched, contentedly, as her nectar bubbled from his lips and dribbled down his chin.

She was waiting for a final surge of pleasure to build in her groin. Only then, when she knew she could come one last time, would she take Mharmo into her arse and finish him off with her hole.

'Please, mistress,' he whimpered miserably. 'Have mercy on me, please ...'

Before she had a chance to answer him, Gellyn, Roseene and Anya broke through the undergrowth and came towards her.

Venyn looked up at their approach, ignoring the plaintive moans of the man she was sitting on.

'Have you done your women's work?' she inquired casually.

'We have,' said Roseene. She gestured towards the stricken Mharmo. 'His mistress is in Paradise now – with a hundred men to worship at her arse's hole.' Her brow tightened a little. 'You have not yet finished him off?'

‘No,’ said Venyn. One hand slipped past her belly and peeled her labia wide. ‘But he has drunk his fill from my pussy. As soon as she is ready for joy again, I will take him into my arse’s crack ... and complete my woman’s work.’

Roseene licked her lips. ‘While you prepare yourself,’ she said wickedly, ‘it is a shame not to make use of him ...’

Venyn returned the other’s leer with a crude smile of her own. She slithered backwards a fraction. ‘Empty yourselves,’ she said. ‘Your holes will prepare him for mine ...’

Despite his utter exhaustion, Mharmo knew at once what was about to happen, and he heaved fearfully.

‘In mercy’s name, no!’ he screamed, as Roseene stood over his head and dropped into a squatting position. Her arse opened wide, exposing the dark brown fissure of her anus, edged with tiny hairs. His eyes widened in panic as her anus pulsed and puckered, revealing the darker flesh inside the well. A moment later, she pressed the hole over his nose and forced her cunt past his lips and into his mouth. Reaching down, she rubbed at her clitoris until – with a joyful scream – she came strongly, flooding his throat with her juices.

Gellyn took her friend’s place, much to Mharmo’s despair. All the time Roseene had ridden him – a queen upon her wriggling throne – he had been unable to breathe, and the smell of her arse had overwhelmed him. Now, still gagging from the river of joy she had poured down his throat, he was forced to endure Gellyn’s cunt unleashing itself, while her anus pressed down hard, filling his lungs with its rich, earthy scent.

By the time Anya took her seat on his face, Mharmo was sobbing so freely that a kinder woman would have spared him. Anya, of course, having seen her fellow-scouts enjoy themselves on his face, was in no mood to hold back. Venyn, too, was keen for her to torment their captive further. Watching Roseene and Gellyn mount him, while he screamed inside their cracks and pitched beneath her, had been exquisite. Mharmo was in hell, dragged to his fate by a succession of women's holes. Already, her pussy had begun to sweat, her anus itching for the final battle. Holding back a little longer, while Anya emptied herself into the poor man's mouth, would have her at boiling point by the time she took him into her crack.

And so she watched happily as Anya rode him, her anus jammed over his nose, her bloated vagina throbbing in his mouth. Unable to breathe, Mharmo bucked strongly, convinced his final moments had come. Anya timed her release to perfection, throwing back her head and howling like a wounded beast as she emptied her juices into his throat. Mharmo screamed, too, weeping into the young scout's crack and wishing, in his misery, that he had never been born.

As Anya slid from his face, Mharmo threw his head from side to side, sobbing his heart out. Venyn leaned forward and breathed warm air onto his face. The scent of arse and cunt was strong on him, and his skin was drenched in sweat and female come.

'It is your time,' whispered Venyn happily. 'My bottom's mouth is coming for you ...'

'No, please,' muttered Mharmo feebly. 'Spare me, please, I beg you! I don't want to die inside your crack. Please!'

‘All men must die inside the crack,’ said Venyn as, with some difficulty, she rose to her knees, swivelled around and settled herself again on Mharmo’s chest. Reaching forward, she took hold of his legs and scooped them high, hugging him close so that his cock and arse were fully exposed. Though Mharmo raised his arms to defend himself, he was utterly exhausted, his tiny hands pawing uselessly at her hips.

Knowing what was expected of them, the three scouts dropped to their knees and shuffled forward, as Anya and Gellyn had done when Roseene had ridden Zelpha for the final time. One last flurry of torment for the condemned man, before Venyn rode him into Paradise.

As Roseene closed her mouth around his cock, and Gellyn his balls, Mharmo gave an anguished squeal. His squeal became a full-blooded roar when Anya thrust two fingers into his anus and lodged them in his passage.

‘In mercy’s name, noooooo!’ he cried, as Anya pumped him smoothly. When the other women began to suckle on his cock and balls, Mharmo’s pain became acute. Until now, he had neither been allowed, nor wanted, to come. But as the trio laid siege to his private parts, his body’s cravings took over. He was a man in mortal danger, yet his need for relief was suddenly unbearable.

Again and again, they dragged him to the edge of joy, only to haul him back and leave him dangling over the abyss. Looking down at him, past her shoulder, Venyn smiled.

‘Do you ache for release, man?’ she inquired cruelly. ‘To have these women empty you ... as you have never been emptied before?’

‘I do! I do!’ he wept bitterly. ‘Please, mistress! Let me come! Let me come!’

Venyn’s eyes sparkled wickedly. ‘Then say the words I long to hear,’ she cried. ‘Beg me to sit on you! To take you into my bottom’s crack ... and end your life with my arse’s hole!’

Mharmo tossed his head from side to side and howled miserably. His eagerness to spend was only stayed by a morbid dread of her anus.

‘Have pity, mistress!’ he wailed. ‘Have pity!’

‘I have an opening in my bottom’s crack,’ said Venyn, ignoring his plea, ‘where you were born to end your days ...’

‘No, no!’ squealed Mharmo, heaving with lust as a bead of semen dribbled from his cock and into Roseene’s mouth.

‘We can end your misery, man,’ said Venyn, ‘and lead you into Paradise!’

With every word that fell from her lips, Venyn felt the power of the Darkstone grow. The greater Marmho’s fear, the greater her joy, and the stronger the power would become. She gazed at his open arse and smiled. It would not be long now. Anya’s fingers were sliding in and out of his passage, dragging him ever closer to the edge, his stones so large that Gellyn’s lips could barely contain them, his shaft throbbing strongly in Roseene’s mouth.

It was time to show him her anus ...

Shuffling backwards, Venyn brought her bottom over Mharmo's head, and flexed her little hole. It opened and closed to reveal a damp, dark interior. The moment Mharmo saw it, he howled again.

'It is your time,' said Venyn calmly. 'Surrender willingly and you will know great joy. Four women will carry you into Paradise!'

Mharmo groaned, shook and groaned again. By now he was so desperate to come that he could barely think straight. Above him throbbed a woman's anus, a pulsing knot of muscle that could finish him off. All he had to do was say 'Yes', and she would take him into her crack. The others would grant him his relief, allowing him, finally, to empty his balls. And yet he dithered, aware that the moment he gave them permission, the blow would fall. This woman would lower her bottom ... and suffocate him with her anus!

'Beg me to sit on you!' cried Venyn, her excitement now at boiling point. 'Beg me to take you into my arse ... and you shall have your pleasure!'

There was no hope for him now, and he knew it. This woman would finish him off, whatever his decision. He was beyond help. And he so desperately wanted to come!

'Sit on me!' he cried, his spirit finally broken, Tears flowed down his cheeks. 'Take me into your bottom's crack! In mercy's name ... despatch me with your

little hole!’

The moment the words were out of his mouth, he regretted them bitterly. He opened his mouth to beg again for mercy, but it was too late. Venyn dropped onto his face, her anus flush against his nose, swamping him with her earthy scent. In mercy’s name ... he was inside her arse!

His fists beat pointlessly against her hips. It was impossible to shift her now and he knew it. Between his legs, the three scouts continued their work. He remained in a torment of thwarted lust, the need to come driving out all other concerns, even his own survival. He no longer cared about his life, he longed only to come. Let this dreadful woman suffocate him if she must, but let him come! In mercy’s name ... let him come!

Twenty Eight

Gazing down towards the river, Shenn saw at once the difficulties of separating the two remaining bandits. Apparently unconcerned by their companion's absence, they lounged idly by the water's edge and seemed happy to await his return.

'We must act now,' said Shenn, making up her mind. 'We need their boat to travel by river.'

'But you cannot conquer both at once,' reasoned Lorcan. 'Even your arse has its limits.'

'I will take the larger of the two between my legs,' said Shenn, 'while you restrain the other. Once I have dealt with the first, I will mount the second.'

'Is there no other way?' asked Lorcan.

'Do you doubt you have the strength to hold him down?' asked Shenn. 'Even the larger of these men is not your equal in size or strength.'

'It is not that,' said Lorcan. 'You are a huntress, and it is in your nature to smother men.' He broke off, as if struggling to marshal his thoughts. 'As a woman, too,' he went on, 'it is your right to sit on us – for the Great She has made us subject to your arse's opening.'

‘She has,’ replied Shenn, reaching out to lay a hand on his shoulder. ‘All men should end their days inside a woman’s arse – for then they are guaranteed a place in Paradise.’ Her eyes narrowed a fraction. ‘But this is not what worries you. You have a kind heart, Lorcan, and wish no ill to others – even those who might harm you.’

‘I cannot help my nature,’ he replied, ‘any more than you can help yours.’

Shenn squeezed his shoulder gently. ‘It pains you to know that you must hold a man captive while I sit on his friend – and all the while he knows I mean to conquer him, too?’

Lorcan lowered his gaze. ‘He will be afraid ... knowing he must die inside your bottom!’

‘It is not a fate to be feared!’ said Shenn. ‘You know this as well as any man. You have been to Elshau and seen the Great She’s opening! In Paradise, no man fears the little hole but worships willingly at the arse’s eye.’ She regarded him warmly. ‘Remember, Lorcan, though these men will fear their fate in this life, we are sending them to a place where they will know only joy!’

‘You are right,’ said Lorcan, raising his head again, a happier look on his face. ‘I had forgotten. These men are not cursed but blessed to have you mount them in battle!’

It was Shenn’s turn now, to smile happily. ‘Then let us do our work together,’ she said, removing her loin cloth, ‘and send them into Paradise!’

Separating the pair was easier than Shenn had anticipated. The moment she and Lorcan appeared from opposite ends of the clearing, the bandits broke apart, surprised. They had left their weapons – heavy metal swords – where they had dropped them, in different places several yards away. In their confusion, the two men dithered long enough for Shenn and Lorcan to reach their blades before they themselves could. Fearing attack, the men ran first one way, then the other. Too late, they realised that the only weapons the auburn-haired woman planned to use on them were those that nestled between her legs. As for her companion, he was larger than either bandit and they knew they were no match for him.

Shenn reached her chosen man first, covering the ground with a swiftness that surprised even Lorcan. Like a hungry tigress, she cornered her prey, flung herself forward and brought him down. He scrabbled on the earth, desperately trying to right himself, but to no avail. A moment later, Shenn had rolled him onto his back and straddled his chest with her bare back towards him.

The other man froze, horribly aware of the threat to his companion. Too late, he realised Lorcan was close behind, and as keen to bring him down as the woman had been to topple his friend. A moment later, he, too, was flat on his back, with his much larger assailant seated on his chest, pinning his arms to his sides.

Unable to shift his attacker, the man turned his head – in time to see Shenn slither back and sit on his companion's face. The latter clawed at Shenn's hips and stamped his feet frantically. A volley of muffled groans broke from somewhere deep inside the woman's arse as the bandit heaved.

Lorcan's prisoner turned his head, this time looking up and screaming.

'Man, let me go!' he cried. 'Please! I beg you! Let me go!'

'I cannot,' said Lorcan, his tender heart aching. Everything Shenn had told him was true. The men were blessed to have her sit on them, for soon they would be in Elshau and worshipping the Great She's hole forever. But they were fearful, also – the one already trapped inside Shenn's bottom, and the one who would shortly follow. For now these men were to be pitied – and comforted if possible.

A few yards away, the other bandit continued to lurch, kicking up clouds of dust as he heaved and squealed.

'She smothers him!' cried Lorcan's captive. 'She smothers him with her arse's hole!'

'It is not a fate to be feared!' said Lorcan compassionately. 'She is taking him into Paradise ... as she will take you in your turn.'

All colour leached from the young man's face. 'No!' he cried, shifting awkwardly. 'I am only nineteen summers! I am too young to die inside a woman's arse!'

Lorcan felt the other man's pain as keenly as if it had been his own. Nineteen summers was young, indeed. No wonder he was so fearful. Glancing across, he saw that Shenn had taken a grip on her victim's cock, her fingers gliding along

its length. The man still heaved, but his screams were now torn between fear of the hole and his longing for release.

‘See how she pleasures him!’ cried Lorcan, hoping to distract the youngster. ‘He knows joy now – as you will know joy at the moment of truth!’

Any hope that the sight of his friend being pleased might lessen the poor man’s torment was immediately dashed. The bandit bucked again and roared with despair. As for Lorcan, watching Shenn’s buttocks wriggle happily as she rode her victim had its inevitable result – an effect that was not lost on the man beneath him.

‘It excites you!’ he wept, as Lorcan’s cock grew and thickened, standing upright now. His tears ran freely at the evidence of another man’s betrayal. ‘It excites you to know I am to be sat on!’

‘No!’ cried Lorcan truthfully. It did not excite him at all, but how could he tell this lad the truth? That he longed to take his place – and that of his poor friend, too. That he yearned, with all his heart, to be trapped inside Shenn’s bottom. To have her hole pressed over his nose while he gagged on her pussy, and fought, in vain, for his life.

‘Your cock does not lie!’ screamed the lad. ‘It pleases you to see me smothered!’

‘No!’ cried Lorcan a second time. ‘I am excited, yes! But not because you are to be sat upon! I envy you! If I could take your place, I would! You are blessed, my friend – young though you are – to end your days inside a woman’s arse! What joy you will know when her little opening comes for you!’

Turning his head again, as if, even now, he might see his friend break free, the poor lad watched the other man's final moments. His body heaved furiously, hands clawing at Shenn's fleshy hips. Beads of pre-come oozed from his shaft and his swollen balls rolled heavily in their sacs. This, the lad knew, was how he would end his days, too ... screaming his fear into a woman's hairy arse-crack!

'Nooooooo!' he wailed and bucked sharply. Just then, his friend also bucked, squealed and bucked again. Wads of semen flew from the eye of his shaft and his body shook with fear and pleasure.

'See how he comes!' cried Lorcan happily. 'You will spend, too, at the moment of truth! She will empty your balls and make you happy!'

'Happy?' screamed the lad as his head swung round to face Lorcan again. His features were a mask of misery and despair. 'No man can be happy when a woman's opening comes for him!'

'You are wrong,' said Lorcan, aware of a growing need in his cock. 'The hole brings happiness – as Shenn's will bring happiness to you!'

A strangled squeal followed by a dull thud caused the lad to turn his head again. A few yards away, his companion lay motionless, his belly splattered with seed, his cock limp and empty. He watched, transfixed, as, despite her apparent victory, Shenn remained seated on his friend's head. Several seconds passed, and then, with a horrifying lurch, the man beneath her heaved and juddered, fell still, then juddered again. His hands flew up, clawing uselessly at his executioner's hips. Then, with a final agonised jolt, he fell still for the last time.

Another minute passed before Shenn stood up, stretching first one leg, then the other.

Swinging round, the young bandit screamed at Lorcan, whose cock, if anything, was larger than ever. Shenn's final moments on the other bandit's face had thrilled him to the point that his balls, flattened against the lad's chest, had begun to ache.

'In pity's name!' cried the young bandit. 'Do not let her take me into her bottom! No man should die at the arse's hole!'

'All men should die at the arse's hole,' said Lorcan with feeling. 'It is where we were born to end our days ... by the kindness of women.'

'Noooooo!' screamed the lad, jerking his head. 'To be smothered is no kindness!' He turned to see Shenn approaching and screamed again. 'Oh, mercy, mercy!' he wept. 'Please have mercy on me!'

Dropping to her heels beside him, Shenn reached out and stroked the side of his face. 'Your friends are in Paradise,' she announced. 'And you will join them very soon.'

'Please, no,' he whimpered. 'I fear the hole.' He tossed his head from side to side, sobbing freely. 'I am only nineteen summers! Only nineteen summers!'

‘You are young, and I am sorry for that,’ said Shenn truthfully. ‘Had you been eighteen summers I would have spared you. But you are a man now ... and must take a man’s punishment.’

The lad threw back his head and wailed miserably. It had been some time since Lorcan had witnessed such terror and it distressed him to see the other’s fear. If only he could calm him down, assure him that in a very short time he would be in Paradise, where Lorcan himself had been, and where the arse’s mouth would no longer hold any dread for him. But he knew it was pointless. The lad was not to be consoled.

‘If I am to die,’ he muttered glumly, ‘let it be by the sword, I beg you. That way, at least, I know my death will be quick.’

Shenn shook her head sadly. ‘You men are such strange creatures,’ she muttered. ‘It is not death you fear, but the manner of its doing.’ She rose, crossed to where the boy had left his weapon and returned with it held high in her hand. Lorcan looked up at her, utterly bewildered. Surely she was not about to strike the lad with his own blade?

‘These are men’s weapons,’ said Shenn disdainfully, rotating the sword in her hand, ‘and they are cruel. No woman who is worthy of the name should ever wield one in battle.’

‘I do not care!’ cried the lad despairingly. ‘Strike me now, I beg you, woman – and end my misery!’

Shenn sighed, flung away the sword and again dropped to her heels. She reached

out a second time and soothed the young man's cheek.

'Men fashion weapons that are cruel and heartless,' she said softly. 'The axe, the sword, the pike and worse. But Nature gave woman her weapons: the breast, the pussy ... and the arse's hole.'

The man looked up at her and whimpered feebly. Just then, he seemed incapable of speech.

'Men slay in anger and for greed and vengeance,' she went on. 'To sit on a man's head is an act of kindness. We women take you into the most sacred part of our body and give you joy ... as I gave your friend joy when I sat on him.'

'I am frightened,' muttered the lad, his tears flowing freely. 'I cannot help it ... I am frightened of the little hole!'

'You have no need,' Shenn assured him. 'Though I must finish you off, I will do so with kindness, you have my word.'

'You don't have to finish me off!' said the lad tearfully. 'I am no threat to you!'

Shenn regarded him gravely. 'I cannot let you go,' she said. 'You are not the only bandit in these mountains. If you tell others, they may follow us.'

‘I will tell no one, I promise!’ wept the lad, still desperate to avoid his fate.

‘I am sorry,’ she replied. ‘I cannot take the chance. It is your time, and you must face my little hole with courage.’

His lips began to quiver and, though Lorcan remained erect with excitement, his heart went out to the young man.

‘Is there no other way?’ he pleaded. ‘Can the lad not be spared?’

‘No,’ said Shenn, ‘and it is wrong of you to ask. You of all people know what joy awaits him in Paradise. He will be happier there than in this world of woe.’

The lad heaved again, causing Lorcan’s cock to wobble against his belly.

‘You are excited,’ observed Shenn with a sigh. ‘You wish it were you inside my bottom, not this boy.’

Lorcan blushed and lowered his gaze. Shenn shook her head. Looking down at the petrified lad, she said, ‘You see ... not all men fear the arse’s opening!’

The lad parted his lips to speak, but a huge sob racked his body. A sudden thought came to Shenn, one she hoped might bring him comfort.

‘Though I cannot spare you,’ she told him honestly, ‘I am a woman and have it in my gift to make you happy.’ She paused, then asked, ‘What is your name?’

The young man frowned. The question seemed pointless. What did his name matter when she meant to sit on him?

‘Rhakee,’ he replied in a weak voice.

‘Rhakee,’ she said, touching him tenderly once more, ‘though you are destined for the arse’s opening ... my hand will bring you joy.’

Shuffling away, she slipped behind Lorcan, took hold of the boy’s cock and stroked it gently. The effect was immediate. In spite of his fears, his shaft quickly stiffened and, when Shenn cupped his balls in her hand and jiggled them lightly, it grew to its full length and bobbed in the air. Now struggling between fear and arousal, the lad closed his eyes and released a feeble moan.

‘Talk to him of the arse’s hole,’ said Shenn, addressing Lorcan, ‘while I give pleasure to his rod. It may make him think more kindly of my little opening.’

Gazing at the young man who was shortly to be smothered, Lorcan thought it unlikely that describing Shenn’s anus would calm his fears. Then again, perhaps she was right. If Rhakee could be aroused, while thinking of the arse’s eye, he might accept his fate more willingly when she finally took him into her crack.

‘All women have a wondrous hole,’ began Lorcan eagerly, ‘a dark and glorious jewel that dwells inside their bottoms.’ He knew his language was extravagant, but his reverence for the hole was boundless and he struggled to control himself. ‘Nature gave them their tiny opening so they might conquer men,’ he continued, throwing himself into the task, ‘and we must bow before its might.’

Though Rhakee’s eyes remained tightly closed, a small moan escaped from his lips. Behind him and out of sight, Shenn had already coaxed a pearl of semen from the eye of his cock. Lorcan guessed as much from the way the lad shuddered and bit down on his lip.

‘Shenn only means to give you joy,’ said Lorcan kindly, ‘as she will again ... when she takes you into her bottom.’

Another moan and gentle heave convinced Lorcan that, for the present at least, the lad was focused on his pleasure not his fear. He hoped it would last and that Rhakee would remain calm when his time came. He was suddenly aware of Shenn, her hands still clasped to Rhakee’s tender parts, shuffling around as her backside came into view.

‘Push your fingers into my hole,’ she whispered, ‘and gather up my bottom’s scent. Then hold them to the boy’s nose on my command. I pray the smell will soothe his fears.’

One look at Rhakee convinced Lorcan that he had not heard Shenn’s instructions. From the look of contentment on the lad’s face, it was evident that his mind was elsewhere. Not for the first time Lorcan felt a pang of envy. Shenn’s hands had transported the boy to a happier place, but would the smell of her arse enhance that joy – or again stoke the flames of his terror?

Pressing two fingers into Shenn's anus, Lorcan felt a swell of joy, and his cock, already erect, stiffened further. How he wished Shenn's hands were ministering to him, not Rhakee – and that it was he not the lad who was shortly to be sat upon. Why any man should fear the arse's hole bewildered him. Even Rhakee himself had begged Shenn to end his life with a sword rather than take him into her crack. Was there no end to men's madness?

As he probed Shenn's little opening, Lorcan felt giddy with joy, easing himself through the hole and into the channel beyond. The walls of her passage throbbed around his fingers, clinging to his flesh as if eager to suck him in. To think that this was where Rhakee was destined to lie, struggling for breath, with Shenn's anus hard against his nose! Were women not the kindest of creatures to end a man's life in such a fashion?

Reluctantly extracting himself, Lorcan was unable to resist touching both fingers to his face and savouring Shenn's familiar scent. He almost swooned at the rich, earthy aroma and felt his penis give a dangerous jerk.

Beneath him, Rhakee, his eyes still shut, moaned feebly, then sighed, then moaned again.

'Tell him my opening is not to be feared,' said Shenn, squeezing another drop of fluid from Rhakee's balls. 'That he will know heaven's delight when I sit upon him.'

Leaning in as close as he could, Lorcan lowered his voice to a whisper. 'You now know the joy that Shenn's hands can bring,' he murmured. 'But the joys of the hand are as nothing to the joys of the arse's mouth. That sweet little hole –

the gateway to heaven itself – small and dark, and ringed with hair ...’

‘Now!’ cried Shenn, as Rhakee’s cock gave a judder and his balls rolled gently in their sacs.

Lorcan immediately flattened his fingers against the lad’s nose and saw his nostrils flare.

‘Imagine you are in Shenn’s arse,’ he whispered, struggling to contain his own excitement now, ‘and have no fear as her opening comes for you!’

Rhakee shook furiously, flushed with excitement and desperate to come. Just now he was lost in madness, snuffling Lorcan’s fingers like a pig at the trough, while jerking his hips for joy.

‘Keep your fingers to his nose, but move yourself,’ commanded Shenn. ‘I must sit on him quickly, before the moment passes!’

So that was Shenn’s plan! thought Lorcan happily. To bring Rhakee to a pitch of excitement and then, before his mood could alter, to take him into her rear-end and finish him off!

Keeping his hand over Rhakee’s nose, Lorcan levered himself from the young man’s chest. Still holding onto the latter’s shaft and balls, Shenn swivelled around until her bottom was over his head. The moment she was in position, Lorcan pulled his hand away. Rhakee opened his eyes in time to see Shenn’s

little hole, the instant before she dropped her backside onto his face and snared him in her crack.

In that brief moment, thought Lorcan, Rhakee's eyes had registered both horror and delight. Though his body was riddled with joy, and his balls bulged with seed, the sight of Shenn's anus had snapped him out of his rapture. Too late, his hands came up to push her away, and now clawed uselessly at her hips.

Instinctively, Lorcan reached out, closed his hands around the bandit's wrists and tugged his arms away. Holding them stretched out on the ground, Lorcan felt Rhakee's fear and hoped his touch might somehow comfort him.

Shenn, meanwhile, bore down hard, ensuring the lad remained trapped in her crack, her anus wedged firmly over his nose. When he opened his mouth – as all men did in an effort to breathe – she wriggled her pussy into the gap and sighed when his tongue struck her clit. She drove her hand down to the base of his cock and took a tight hold on the stem. At the same time she tickled his balls with the fingertips of her other hand. Trapped in his bulging stones, his semen boiled, like an army of soldiers ready for battle but unable to enter the fray. The pleasure in his cock must be unbearable, thought Lorcan. Yet how kind Shenn was to have brought him to this pass. However fearful a man became, the lure of pleasure, even thwarted, was a heady one. Lorcan himself knew that the need for release could mask a thousand pains. Rhakee's time had come for sure – there was no escape from Shenn's arse. But given the choice – between death at the hole and his seed unleashed – no man would choose to live. The urge to spend conquered all.

The top of Rhakee's head was barely visible between Shenn's buttocks. Though he shuddered, in a vain attempt to turn away, Shenn's arse-cheeks held on firmly, ensuring he remained in place. Lorcan wondered, idly, if the lad's nose was in her passage now, and hoped it was. It could only bring him joy and speed Shenn's final victory.

When a shrill, muffled squeal escaped from inside Shenn's crack and his fingers tightened, Lorcan knew the lad was coming, his seed finally spilling free as he breathed his last inside Shenn's bottom.

Lorcan held onto the lad's wrists until Shenn had dismounted, then fell back onto his heels and sighed with exhaustion. Fixing his gaze on Rhakee's face, he saw no distress in the other man's features, only a smile of contentment.

'You gave him joy at the moment of truth,' said Lorcan. 'He was happy to end his days inside your arse.'

'I pray he was,' replied Shenn, regarding Rhakee tenderly. 'I am sorry he was so young – and so fearful, too – but now he is in Paradise ... and worshipping at the Great She's hole.'

'Then he is blessed indeed,' said Lorcan quietly, 'to know such happiness.' Though the memory of his time in Elshau had begun to fade, his delight while there remained with him even now. Rhakee, he knew for certain, was in a better place.

Twenty Nine

‘Did you see him?’ asked Roseene anxiously. ‘Did you see the cursed Lorcan in your dream?’

It had been some time since Venyn had climaxed and, bound to the Darkstone’s power, she had collapsed into a dreamlike state from which she had only just woken.

‘How long have I been senseless?’ she inquired, sitting up and shaking her head to clear the fog.

‘More than an hour,’ said Roseene. ‘You came on Mharmo’s face – as he ended his life in your bottom. We spilled him at the moment of truth. Do you not remember? When you saw his seed fill the air, you screamed and came again. Had your arse’s hole not finished him off, he would have drowned in your juices!’

‘Lorcan is alive,’ said Venyn sourly, ‘and freed from the curse the Darkstone placed on him. He is many miles from here. I have seen his journey – from Rhasadhor to the house of one who aided him, a wretched Ha’kim. How she managed the deed I do not know, for not everything is shown to me. But he travels now to the Mountains of Bharne.’ She paused and her face darkened. ‘He is not alone. He travels with a companion.’ She broke off again and her nostrils flared. ‘The huntress Shenn – from the Forests of G’hann!’

‘Impossible!’ cried Anya, who, along with Gellyn, had so far listened in silence. ‘What reason could she have to help a man?’

‘She has become his protector,’ said Venyn bitterly, ‘and thus our enemy again. She will not surrender Lorcan willingly, that much I can guess – so must be slain without mercy.’

‘At the arse’s hole?’ asked Gellyn eagerly.

‘By the sword,’ said Venyn. ‘The hole is too good for her. She does not deserve a noble death.’

‘The Mountains of Bharne are a week’s ride or more, even with strong horses,’ remarked Anya. ‘The terrain is not a kind one, nor its people friendly. We may struggle to find them.’

‘Our path has never been easy,’ said Venyn. ‘But the Queen has set us our task, and we will not fail her.’

‘But you have need of men,’ said Roseene, frowning, ‘to keep alive the Darkstone’s power. There may be none on the road ahead. Not even bandits to sit upon.’

‘We must venture into Rhasadhor,’ said Venyn. ‘Our horses are sturdy and can carry two men each. Enough for my needs – and yours, too.’

‘The women of Rhasadhor will not give up their menfolk easily,’ said Gellyn.

‘Then we will take them by force,’ said Venyn. ‘Tonight, when the sun has set, we will hunt for those we have need of.’ She looked around, her keen eyes scanning the undergrowth. ‘We must gather herbs,’ she said, ‘Kharfbane and Valahwort.’ She grinned wickedly. ‘To keep the men senseless and erect on the journey. Herahmay, too, to revive them when needed. Quickly, we must grind up the seeds and be ready to move within the hour.’

Thirty

With the bandits despatched, Shenn and Lorcan set about making preparations for their journey up river. The men had prepared a stockpile of food and fresh water, which the pair loaded into a boat moored close by. Though it was equipped with four large oars, their journey would be against the flow, and hard work. They might need to row for many hours, then rest onshore before continuing. Even so, with luck, they would reach the Mountains of Bharne – or at least its foothills – several days earlier than expected.

‘We have an hour’s daylight left to us at most,’ said Shenn, as they untied the boat, let it drift out on the current and began to row. ‘We will travel as far as we can, then break our journey for the night.’

It was a warm evening and, with the prospect of hard work ahead, the companions had stripped off, and set about their task naked. Shenn sat up front, to guide their course, with Lorcan immediately behind. Each time Shenn bent forward to push at the oars, her bottom rose and her crack opened wide. Though Lorcan could not see her anus, which remained tantalisingly out of sight, he struggled to push the image of it from his mind and spent much of the next hour in agonised arousal, his cock fully erect and jerking awkwardly between his legs. It would, he realised, be a long and difficult voyage ...

An hour later, and several hundred miles to the east, in the town of Rhasadhor, a man awoke to find a woman lying flat across the length of his body. She was naked, and her hands were over his face. One hand was cupped to his mouth while the other pinched his nostrils shut. He thought at first it was his mistress, come to torture with him in the night, as was occasionally her way, but as his eyes adjusted to the gloom he saw an unfamiliar face. This woman was large and heavy, much bigger than his mistress and, he quickly discovered, impossible to

shift. Her arms and elbows pinned his own to his sides and, though he tried to wriggle free, her weight and strength made the task impossible.

‘Hush, man,’ whispered Gellyn in his ear, as he struggled for breath and his eyes bulged fearfully. Her own eyes twinkled with delight. To take a man like this, to see the distress in his face, was such exquisite bliss. She felt his body shudder and her pussy dribbled onto his thigh. ‘There is no escape,’ she sighed happily. ‘A little hole is coming for you. Not now, but soon. Tonight you sleep, but tomorrow ...’ She sighed again. ‘You die inside my bottom’s crack!’

That was a lie, of course, for his fate was in Venyn’s hands, not hers. But it gratified her to see the look of terror in his eyes as she spoke the words that all men feared ... that he was to be despatched inside a woman’s arse!

He shook, tightened, then shook again. ‘My hole is a warrior,’ whispered Gellyn crudely, ‘warm and hairy ... and eager to do battle with you!’ Another muted squeal broke against her hand, another twist of frightened bone and muscle. The fear of men brought such delicious joy ...

In a bed across the way, Anya lay flat on top of another servant, whispering similar threats. Sadly, she could not see his face, for he had fallen asleep on his stomach. Yet in some way his fear was even greater. He had awoken to hands around his nose and mouth and a great weight bearing down on him. His penis had immediately stiffened, but it gave him no pleasure. He knew his fate was sealed. The woman – whoever she was – had told him as much. Her arse was damp and hairy, she had announced, and at its heart there lay a bloated brown jewel – the eye of doom herself – and she was coming for him!

It took the scouts an hour to capture eight men and carry them back (one under each arm) to where they had tethered their horses. The herbs Venyn had crushed up in the forest were forced into their mouths, ensuring they would sleep until revived. The men's cocks immediately rose, becoming fully erect in seconds. Unable to resist, the scouts took it in turns to mount each shaft, riding up and down until they came. It was a peculiar trait of Kharfbane that though a man was senseless and could not empty his stones, a thwarted pleasure tormented him – both in his sleep and when he awoke. With each man ridden four times, the scouts relished the prospect of the misery that was to come when their captives were finally revived.

Sated for the moment, the women hurried back into Rhasadhör. During their earlier search, they had spotted many homes where the men slept in pens at the rear of a house: men who were theirs for the taking. With a long journey ahead, and the prospect of no other faces to sit on, Venyn thought it only fair to let her companions have their fill tonight.

Creeping into one building, where two young brothers slumbered peacefully, Gellyn and Roseene's keen eyes pierced the darkness. The men lay side by side on small beds barely a foot apart – on their backs, too, and naked, which made their conquest all the easier. Their cocks were limp and nestled in the gap between their thighs. Roseene hoped they had not been drained by their mistress before bedtime. It was always good to see a man spend at the moment of truth, and, though she had no doubt she could coax some seed from any balls, however much they had been milked, it would be a shame not to see a good flow.

Approaching the beds, each scout swung a leg across her chosen man and straddled his head silently. Reaching back, each peeled her cheeks apart, exposing the tiny brown jewel of her anus. In the gloom, the men would be unable to see the hairy little opening, but the women's smell was strong and earthy and they were certain it would wake their victims before they sat.

Lowering themselves, they gently swayed their hips, wafting their earthy aroma over each man's face. In no time at all, both cocks began to twitch and rise, responding to the women's scent. When each man heaved, announcing his revival, the sisters struck, dropping at once, securing the men's heads inside their cracks.

Leaning forward, Gellyn and Roseene rested hands on the men's thighs, pinning their legs flat. At the same time they closed their mouths around the now-erect cocks, swallowing each shaft down to its hilt.

Trapped inside each woman's arse, the brothers heaved, panic-stricken. Though they clawed with their hands in a desperate bid to free themselves, the scouts were too large and heavy to be shifted.

For Gellyn and Roseene, speed was now of the essence. This was to be no long-drawn-out torture, with every moment savoured. The men were to be finished off quickly and their cocks fully drained. They had no wish to be disturbed and, the longer they wrestled with the men, the greater the chance that their mistress might hear their struggles and come out to see what was happening. Venyn had told them that, in that case, they must finish off the woman, too, but, though they were happy enough to do so if the need arose, they much preferred to have a man between their legs.

When one minute passed into two, and then three, the brothers began to shudder violently. The sisters wondered what each man must be thinking, now that he was in his final moments, a stranger's arse on his face and his cock straining for release inside her mouth.

As each cock spurted, unleashing its seed into a woman's throat, the men gave one last flurry of kicks and promptly fell still. Gellyn and Roseene remained in place for another minute in case either man should revive, but they were beyond aid now and neither moved again.

Licking her lips as she rose from the saddle, Gellyn's eyes sparkled happily. 'Men give up so much seed,' she sighed, 'when our arses come for them. I thought I would choke on his milk.'

Roseene grinned back at her sister. 'My man still jerked, even when he was empty.' Her smile broadened. 'Such is the power of the little hole.'

Gellyn sighed and stretched her legs to ease her aching muscles. 'Let us hope that Anya and Venyn know a joy to equal our own before we leave.'

Though the pair were unaware just then, their hope was not misplaced. Unlike the sisters, who had ridden into battle together, Venyn and Anya had chosen to tackle a man alone. Sitting on Mharmo for so long had satisfied Venyn's immediate needs. She also knew that the men they had captured tonight were hers to ride, not the others (though she would share them if he could). As such, she was content to help Anya do her woman's work.

Coming across a small outbuilding, they had correctly guessed that it housed a single occupant. Slipping through the doorway, and discovering that the man himself was still awake, they were forced to move quickly. As Roseene and Gellyn had discovered, darkness was their ally. Though the man himself could

make out only shadows, their keen scouts' eyes saw almost as clearly as if it were daylight.

'Is that you, Mistress?' he muttered cautiously, as Anya crossed the room in three quick strides and clamped her hands around his nose and mouth. She forced him onto his back and straddled his chest. Her thighs pinned his arms to his sides and when, a moment later, Venyn took hold of his legs and held them fast, he was barely able to move at all.

Leaning in close, Anya breathed warm air over his skin.

'I am not your Mistress, man,' she whispered cruelly, 'though I mean to sit on you as if I were!'

The poor man groaned into her hand and, when he snorted through his nose, as he did now, his nostrils bulged. Anya pinched them tight, so that not a single breath could enter his body. The look of terror on his face was exquisite.

'Do you fear me, man?' she sighed, her face so close to him now that, even in the half-light, he could see her eyes. 'And the little hole I keep inside my bottom?'

At the mention of Anya's anus, the poor man bucked and another muffled groan struck her palm.

'You have your answer,' whispered Venyn from behind, holding on firmly to his

legs and preventing any movement.

‘I have a hairy arse,’ said Anya cruelly. ‘Do you hear that, man? A hairy arse is coming for you. A hairy arse to smother you, and take you into Paradise!’

The poor fellow heaved again, as much as he possibly could, given the way the two women were pinning him down. It always amused Anya how talk of the arse could terrify a man so. In truth, her crack was not that hairy, but the suggestion that it was – and that he would soon be inside it – had rendered him panic-stricken.

It occurred to her just then that, despite his increasing discomfort – for she had cut off his breath for over a minute now so as to not only torment but weaken him – if she had offered him the choice of a slow suffocation at the hand, or a swift despatch inside her bottom, he would have begged for her hand!

Not for the first time, she considered happily, men were such strange creatures!

‘I will give you pleasure, man,’ she hissed into his ear, ‘at the moment of truth ... when my bottom does her work on you!’

Again he heaved and groaned mutely. His eyes were bulging, his face red, tears of despair running over her fingers.

‘I will wait until you are almost asleep,’ she informed him, ‘and then I will mount you ... when you are too weak to push me off. I will take you into my

arse's crack ... and finish you off with my hole!'

Another heave, another dreadful groan. His legs shook, but Venyn held on tight. His fear was palpable and it clawed at her vagina, a dribble of juice running down her thigh.

Anya allowed another full minute to pass, by which time the poor man's eyes were rolling horribly, his squeals of misery thrilling her to the core. Very carefully, she raised herself from his chest, but kept her hands in place as she moved around. She released him for an instant, allowing him the briefest snatch of air. A moment later, before he had a chance to turn his head away, she dropped her backside onto his face, her anus over his nose, her pussy flush against his mouth.

He immediately brought his hands up and tugged at her hips as if he might somehow push her away. Anya laughed. He was weak and she was heavy. No power on earth could shift her now, and he knew it as well as she. She wondered if it gave him comfort – to think he might somehow dislodge her – and laughed again. If he did, he was a fool. She was going to despatch him with her little hole. It was not a question of 'if' – but 'when'!

For some time, he kept his mouth tightly shut, fearful of letting her pussy in, aware of what it meant. But with her anus stopping up his nose, he finally had no choice and his lips parted. Anya immediately drove her vulva home, filling his mouth with her warm, hairy flesh.

Closing her thighs, she all but swallowed him whole as his face disappeared between her buttocks. Facing Venyn now, she caught sight of his penis for the first time. It stood tall and proud, jutting up between his legs, and leaking tiny pearls of semen as it quivered.

‘See how he rises to greet you!’ cried Venyn happily. ‘How often do men claim to fear the arse’s opening – yet swell with joy when it comes for them!’

Anya reached out and closed her fingers around the thickened stem. It was warm to the touch and trembled dangerously. Venyn, for her part, still clinging on fast to the poor man’s legs, leaned forward and closed her lips around first one ball, then the other. They rolled in her mouth as they filled with seed. His spend, she knew, when his time finally came, would be thick and copious – a fitting tribute to Anya’s anus.

Anya, for her part, smiled happily as his rigid shaft quivered in her fist. From the way he wriggled inside her arse, she knew he was close to coming. It was only her gentle touch that held him back. Were she to pump him now, he would spend himself freely. But she was not yet ready. She felt his nose against the wrinkled opening of her anus but wanted more. She must relax, she knew, and allow her little flower to bloom, to suck him home and hold him fast. How exquisite that would be, she told herself ... to have him in her passage at the moment of truth!

Looking up, from where her mouth still clung greedily to his balls, Venyn divined, at once, her friend’s unspoken need. Reluctantly, she released his sacs, and saw how big they had grown while in her mouth. Releasing his legs, too, she rose and came forward, a wicked sparkle in her eyes.

‘A little more weight, sister?’ she suggested. ‘To lodge him in your secret place?’

Anya nodded, grasping the other woman’s meaning at once.

Carefully, Venyn parted her thighs and settled herself on Anya's lap. With his legs no longer held down, the young man gave a violent lurch and kicked his feet this way and that. They were weak and pointless lunges, as feeble as the way he clawed at Anya's hips. But the effect of Venyn's added weight was immediate. Anya's anus opened wide, ready to admit him. As her bottom sank down, the little hole moulded itself to his nostrils, drawing him in.

'He has entered me!' cried Anya, her voice shrill with joy. 'He is deep in my bottom's passage! He enters my secret cave!'

'Have you further need of me?' asked Venyn quietly. 'Shall I rise now he is lodged within you? Can you hold him in your arse's strongroom?'

Anya nodded. 'I will not free him,' she murmured, 'for this is where he ends his days. But I am close to my own release, Captain ... and I know his time has almost come!'

'Then I will attend to his rod,' said Venyn. 'Give me the word and I will empty him!'

Anya bit down on her lip, by now so excited she was barely capable of speech. To have a man lodged so far inside her, shaking with terror, was a joy so sublime she could scarcely believe it possible.

Venyn rose and moved to between their victim's legs again, prising them apart as they clattered around her. Taking hold of his balls first, she jiggled them in her hands, while allowing one long finger to nudge at his anus. Muffled squeals broke from inside Anya's arse as the man sobbed his despair into her passage.

His penis bobbed, its length sparkling with strands of milky semen.

‘Now, Captain, now!’ cried Anya as a jolt of pleasure ripped through her pussy. Venyn immediately released one ball and closed her fist around the young man’s rod. She pumped him briskly, still jiggling his stones in her cupped palm. His hips jerked off the bed and his body went into spasm.

As his head jolted sharply inside Anya’s arse, his nose punched even deeper into her passage, causing Anya to squeal with delight. She had imagined the man to be lodged as soundly as any man could ever be lodged, but she had been wrong.

‘My arse has sucked him home!’ she cried. ‘Oh, Captain! My woman’s arse has sucked him home!’

She was spending freely now, and so was he, thick wads of milky semen splattering across his belly as Venyn continued to pump him. Even Anya had never seen so much come, a tribute, she knew, to her powerful anus. When he finally fell still, she continued to throb, climaxing long after the man had ceased to move or come.

Tumbling from his face, Anya collapsed on the floor, utterly exhausted. A cry from Venyn brought her back to her senses.

‘We have woken his Mistress!’ she said anxiously, looking around for a means of escape. Finding none, she made up her mind on the spot. Advancing quickly, she rolled the lifeless servant off the bed and onto the far floor. Turning to Anya, who, though still weary, was now on her feet, she said, ‘Lie on the bed, with your bottom raised. Your woman’s work is not yet done.’

Without pausing to question the command, Anya threw herself face down, with her backside towards the door. Venyn stood to one side, and out of sight as a tall, lean and naked woman entered. She took two steps forward as her own eyes adjusted to the gloom, then came to a sudden halt at the sight of Anya's arse confronting her.

Before she had a chance to react, Venyn came forward, seized both arms and forced them behind her back. Then, with greater strength than the woman possessed, she propelled the latter forward, and pushed her onto her knees in front of Anya's open arse.

'What manner of wickedness is this?' cried the woman, utterly shocked, as Venyn released her arms, took hold of her head and forced it down into Anya's crack.

As the woman's hands came up to push herself free, Venyn stood close behind, her powerful thighs around their victim's shoulders. She pressed her hands to the back of the woman's head and pressed down hard, securing her to Anya's bottom.

Finally aware of what was happening, Anya pushed back, the movement opening her buttocks and allowing Venyn to force the woman even deeper into her arse. Then, to help even more, she reached back with both her hands, dug her fingers into the woman's hair and pulled with all her strength.

Though the woman brought her arms up now and beat at Anya's buttocks, she was like a flailing fish unable to slip from the hook as the scouts held on tightly to her head. Trapped in Anya's arse, with no hope of escape, she fought

desperately for several minutes but finally fell still. Venyn continued to press down, suspecting pretence and, sure enough, a few seconds later the woman flailed again. It was a last, desperate bid to avoid her fate, and, after a few seconds more, she fell still for the last time.

‘It is time we were gone,’ said Venyn, easing the woman out of Anya’s crack and settling her peacefully on the floor. Anya rose slowly from the bed and regarded the pair she had conquered. A wry smile lit up her face, as it always did when her arse had done its work. Then, without another word, she followed Venyn out into the dark, Rhasadhorian night.

Thirty One

A hundred miles to the west, Shenn and Lorcan, having followed the river's current into a quiet inlet, moored their boat for the night and came ashore with an armful of provisions.

It was a warm evening, and the pair remained naked. Even so, Shenn insisted on making a fire for which Lorcan quickly gathered wood.

'It will keep the beasts away,' she explained, 'if my hunter's scent does not.'

'These are strange lands,' remarked Lorcan, surveying his moonlit surroundings. From far away came the trill of a bird and the moans of creatures whose acquaintance he had no wish to make.

'I fear there are stranger ones ahead of us,' said Shenn, 'and stranger times, too, if the Ha'kim's guess is right.'

She looked at his erect cock and felt her pussy stir. 'You are stiff with longing,' she remarked, dropping her gaze to his sacs, 'and your stones bulge with seed.' A smile spread across her face. 'Are you in pain?'

'I am always in pain,' said Lorcan with a sigh. 'And your woman's arse is the cause!'

'You have studied me well on our journey,' said Shenn, grinning mischievously.

‘It was cruel to seat you behind me, I know, but I needed to steer our course.’

Lorcan huffed gloomily. ‘I have been forced to watch as your buttocks swayed, then rose – again and again! – as if to show the little hole. A hole that remained hidden from me, though I longed to pay it homage!’

‘It is hidden no longer,’ said Shenn, ‘and is ready to accept your worship.’

She spun round, bent forward and clawed her cheeks apart. Lorcan fell to his knees and shuffled forward. At the heart of her deep divide pulsed the dark brown star of her anus, opening and closing as if to lure him home. He pressed his nose into the well and sniffed. A rich, familiar scent filled his lungs and he almost swooned. Between his legs, his balls rolled jerkily and his cock bobbed.

‘Oh, little hole,’ he whispered happily, ‘I bow before you as all men should bow!’ Then, altering his head a fraction, he closed his lips around the wrinkled edges of her opening and drew its damp, throbbing flesh into his mouth.

Now it was Shenn’s turn to swoon. Though she had only recently sat on three men and sent them into Paradise, she had forgotten the joy of being worshipped. It was, of course, a joy few women knew. Most men feared the little hole and, though to sit gave women pleasure, willing homage was a rare delight.

‘Your tongue!’ she cried. ‘Unleash it, Lorcan – and penetrate my secret place!’

Lorcan, as ever, needed no second telling. With his lips still clinging to the edges

of her anus, he opened his mouth as much as he dared – not wishing to release her yet – and pushed his tongue into the well.

‘Oh, happy tongue!’ he told himself as it slipped into her passage. ‘You enter Paradise and take me with you!’ Again, he altered the angle of his head, allowing him to dig a little deeper. When he withdrew, then lunged again, Shenn gave a squeal of delight.

‘I will come, Lorcan!’ she warned him happily, one hand between her legs, working on her pussy. ‘I will come with your tongue in my bottom!’

Just then, Lorcan could think of nothing that would delight him more. He longed to give her bottom joy. Was it not her right – indeed, every woman’s right – to know such pleasure?

Holding onto her thighs for purchase, Lorcan felt dribbles of juice as they leaked from her vagina. A moment later, her body tensed, then bucked and she released a shrill, lingering scream. Again and again, he drove his tongue home, pumping her passage as he suckled on her meaty anus.

‘I come! I come!’ she cried, and wriggled her hips happily. Lorcan’s head began to swim. With her moist warm bottom clamped to his face, he was unable to breathe, yet hardly cared. This was his place on earth, where he should be forever, worshipping Shenn’s arse until he breathed no more!

When she pulled away and his tongue was plucked from her anus, Lorcan felt a shimmer of despair. It was always the same when she freed him from her arse. Even when she sat on his face and emptied his balls, he longed for her embrace

again. No amount of relief assuaged his need for her bottom.

‘Lie down,’ she instructed him now, ‘on your back, Lorcan. It is time for me to sit on you.’

His heart leapt as she pointed out the spot and watched eagerly as he settled himself on the ground. When she stood over him, and he gazed up into the cleft of her arse, he thought he would die of joy. And when she reached back and clawed her cheeks apart, he was certain of it.

Shenn dropped to her haunches, her dark brown opening just inches from his face. She looked down, through the gap between her thighs and smiled at him.

‘You may cling to my hips for comfort,’ she said, ‘when I mount you. But try not to push me off until you feel the darkness take you.’

‘Let the darkness take me,’ said Lorcan joyfully. ‘I do not fear death ... if it comes inside your bottom!’

Shenn’s face took on a serious look. ‘No, Lorcan, you must not succumb to my arse’s hole. Remember when I sat on you in the forest, many moons ago. Some dreadful magic was worked that day. Even now, we know not how – but we cannot take the risk. It is too dangerous.’

Lorcan’s spirits slumped, though he understood her caution. For all his longing to be smothered, he did not wish to wake and fear the arse’s hole again.

‘Very well,’ he said reluctantly. ‘I will fight back when I need to, though it will not be easy.’

‘If you do not, then I will rise before I do you harm,’ said Shenn firmly. A smile brightened her face. ‘Now let us do battle – arse against man – as Nature intended we should!’

Lorcan took a deep breath as his companion lowered herself onto his head, her buttocks folding around his face, her anus pressed gently to his nose. He breathed in her familiar scent and felt his belly tingle.

In the morning they would begin the next stage of their journey and into what dangerous world they were about to tumble, he had no idea. But for now he was content to lie inside his protector’s bottom.

Tomorrow was another day and, though he could – just then – have had no inkling of what lay ahead, a final battle was drawing ever closer. A battle that would change the world forever ...

To be concluded in ... Doom of the Devil Queen (to be published in late 2021)

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com

I also have three blogs (though Wordpress is largely discontinued):

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

<https://heaven-sdoorway.bdsmlr.com/>

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

C is for Condemned!

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Facesitting Forever!: The End of an Era

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

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Two: Simone's Story

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Three: Lily's Story

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

Mission of Mercy

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

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider

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

Writing as JD Lang

The Taking of Amy

Come Into My Parlour

Pounded by Studs!

Pounded by Her Teacher!

Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!

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

Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall

To Serve Their Master

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

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

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

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

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

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

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

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

Bared for Battle!

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

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

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

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

College Smother!

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

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

Devil Queen

When Lorcan, an innocent innkeeper's servant, is sold by his master to Dorian scouts, he faces a night of ruthless ravishment at the hands of the four Amazon warriors; with certain death his only reward. But Lorcan has a secret gift: one

that the Amazon Queen is eager to make her own. On the perilous journey to the Royal City, a captive Lorcan must face danger and depravity, not only at the hands of the Dorian scouts, whose taste for debauchery has no limits, but from warrior tribes of rival Amazons who stand between the scouts and home.

Dungeons of Despair!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is the story of Simone Paul, a young French interpreter in the Ministry of State, as she rebels against her sexually oppressive employer and decides to join the Amazon Liberation Front. But first, she must pass a self-imposed test ... and

sit on the face of the man who has abused her for so long.

[Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Three: Lily's Story](#)

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother 2

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

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

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

Mission of Mercy

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

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

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

Smother Frontline 1

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

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

Smother Frontline 2

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

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

Smother Frontline 3

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

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

Smother Frontline 4

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

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

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

Smother Maid

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

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

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

Smother Plateau

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

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

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

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Nathan Blake finds himself catapulted into a terrifying, dystopian world in which, overnight, every woman on the planet is overcome with the urge to sit on

a man's face ... and smother him with her bottom!

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

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

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

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

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

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

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

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

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

Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!

In the final instalment of Smother Rampage!, Nathan Blake and his fellow-travellers encounter new friends – and enemies – in their desperate bid to escape from the army of facesitting Women rampaging across the planet. As it becomes clear that the clock is ticking down, Nathan makes the biggest decision of his life in the hope of fulfilling his dearest – and most dangerous – fantasy. But is everything as it really seems ...?

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

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

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

In *Warrior Woman*, Roman roué, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of a distant British province, engineers a perverse form of entertainment for his guests. With freedom as their prize, Iceni 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 Marrakee 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.

**Extract from Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for
Men!**

‘Are you frightened, Arthur?’ asked Donna cruelly. ‘Are you frightened of my little hole?’ When she spoke, she looked straight ahead, as if directing her question to me. ‘The little hole that’s going to finish you off?’ she added unnecessarily. ‘The little hole that’s going to put you out of your misery?’

Arthur’s legs gave a sudden jerk and I almost lost my grip. Not because his kick was a particularly vicious one, but because when Donna looked into my eyes and told Arthur she was going to finish him off with her anus, it felt as if it was me she was talking to. But more than that, I wanted it to be me...

I clung on grimly, my breath coming in short, rapid gasps. Donna extended her tongue and ran it slowly around her lips. I tightened my hands around Arthur’s ankles as a familiar heat warmed my belly.

You lucky bastard, Arthur, I thought to myself. To have that bottom wrapped around your face ... to have that little hole press down on you!

Arthur, of course, didn’t feel that way at all. Petrified, his mouth quivered and he rolled his head from side to side. Now that the moment of truth had arrived, it was clear he had no wish to be sat on; no wish to be smothered...

Between Donna’s thighs, I saw Murray grimace as he struggled to keep Arthur’s

arms away from his face.

‘Oh, God help me, someone!’ screamed Arthur, tears soaking his cheeks. ‘God help me!’

‘No one can help you now,’ taunted Donna, lowering her bare bottom until its little hole grazed Arthur’s nose.

It was cruel of her to torture him like this. Janet, I knew, would have simply sat down and finished him off. But Donna clearly relished her role. So, too, I felt sure, did the Women she led. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched as a flurry of hands pumped energetically, ensuring every cock remained rigid. Dear God, I wondered – where would it end?

Donna hovered over Arthur’s face for almost half a minute, tormenting him with delay. Her anus pressed lightly against his nose, forcing him to sniff its earthy scent. Having buckled briefly, he had somehow managed to calm himself. His breathing had quietened to such a degree that he seemed almost at peace. I wondered if the scent from Donna’s bottom was acting like a drug, lulling his senses.

When – with no warning – she pressed down with all her weight, taking him right into her crack, Arthur’s legs gave another sharp kick. But, that apart, for the

next minute he remained almost motionless. Having accepted there would be no escape from inside Donna's bottom, I guessed he was trying to remain as still as possible – in the vain hope she might take pity, and finish him off quickly.

I knew it wouldn't be as easy as that, and I was sure, deep down, he knew it, too. Donna intended to make him suffer. She would keep him inside her bottom for as long as she could...

As the first minute lengthened into almost two, Arthur finally responded. He began to struggle. Little kicks at first, then violent jerks of his arms and legs as pain overwhelmed him.

'Poor Arthur!' cried Donna, wriggling happily on his face. 'He thinks he can escape! He thinks he can get away from my little hole!'

Whether he did or not, it was patently clear that Donna was having the time of her life. I found myself wondering – idly – what sort of person she had been before all of this had kicked off. Before Women had turned into facesitting predators – females who hunted men without mercy, and took them into their bottoms. Had people like me turned them into what they were today – all supposing Tom's theory was right? Or had this simply been a part of their nature they'd previously kept in check?

Donna must have straddled Arthur's face for almost three minutes. When she finally rose, his body gave a massive jolt and he wheezed hoarsely. I watched Murray's hands tighten around Arthur's wrists as the latter's arms shook fitfully. His fingers clawed the air and his body bucked.

I was so fixated on Arthur's torment that I was only vaguely aware of what was going on all around me. Glancing first one way, then the other, I saw several men totter feebly, their upright cocks dancing in the air. They wanted no pleasure from Arthur's suffering, but as the Women continued to milk them, more than one appeared to be close to losing control.

As if to compound their misery, Donna's keen eyes scanned the hut, her face widening into a vicious smile.

'If any man comes before I've smothered Arthur,' she announced cruelly, 'he'll be sat on, too!'

A collective moan filled the air and Donna laughed. She pumped her hand crudely, as if masturbating an invisible cock. 'If you want a woman to finish you off with her bottom,' she giggled, 'then let her empty your balls!'

I scanned the room, too, aware that several men were on the brink. Not because they wanted to be smothered, but because they were men. They might be

terrified – but they couldn't hold back with a woman's hand around their cock.

Arthur, meanwhile, was gasping loudly and I wondered how much more he could take. A cruel look darkened Donna's face as she gazed down at him. 'I'm going to finish you off,' she whispered. 'With the little hole in my bottom.' Her smile broadened. 'But not just yet. First ... I'm going to make you suffer!'