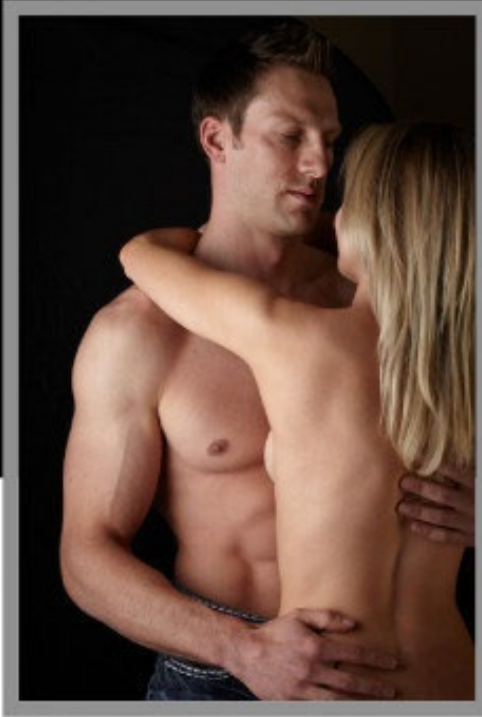


It's time to face justice ... inside a woman's bottom!



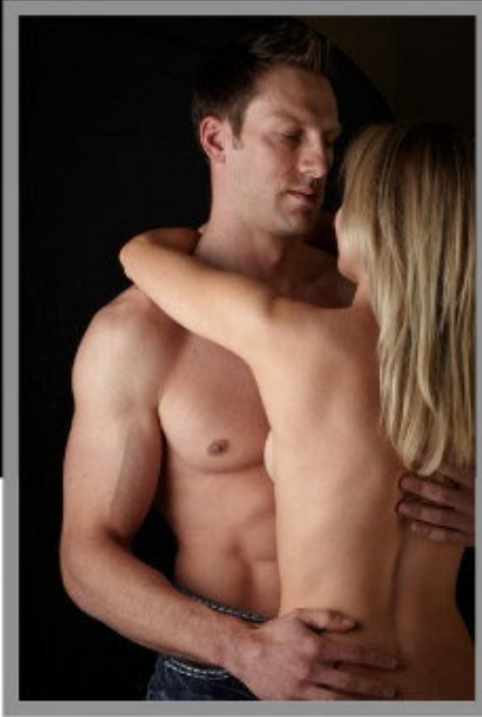
D is for Doomed!

An Extreme Facesitting Short Story

BY THE AUTHOR OF *INSIDE A NURSE'S BOTTOM!*

D A R K R I D E R

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D A R K R I D E R

About the Author

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

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

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

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

D IS FOR DOOMED!

One Man is About to Meet Justice ... Inside a Woman's Bottom!

Dark Rider

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This work contains adult material – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors. All characters are over the age of 21 and this is a work of pure fantasy

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One

She cut through the warm summer water like a knife; swift, silent and unseen.

It had been several hours since the yacht had dropped anchor in the bay. A long time for her to wait. But darkness had finally fallen, and with it, Amy's chance...

She had thrown off her clothes and slipped into the calm Adriatic sea. On board the yacht, she knew, they would be waiting for her. A gun, knife or other conventional weapon would set off any number of alarms. Security for the old man would be tight. No one must get to him. He was too important to the cause.

That was why they had chosen her for the mission. No normal agent had a hope of getting through. Not as far as the boat, nor the old man's room; certainly not, if all went well, into his bed. Where the deed would be done. Quickly ... and without mercy...

She had happily volunteered, aware of the dangerous nature of her mission. Vladimir Lubchek was an evil man, with the blood of millions on his hands: men, women – and, worst of all, children. Though he had fled into exile a decade before, he had never accepted defeat. One day, he swore, he would return. And today was the day.

His followers were ready. Scattered, bowed and broken, they were ready to launch one last bloody assault. With Lubchek at their head, they would be impossible to stop. So Lubchek himself must be stopped. Before all hell broke loose and countless more lives were lost in his name.

To date, three agents had been sent to assassinate the elderly dictator. All three had been captured and killed; their bodies never found. They could afford no more slip-ups. Which was when Amy had come forward and asked to be considered. Commander Foxe had initially resisted. It was too risky, he had told her. The yacht was heavily guarded; there were metal detectors everywhere. Only an unarmed agent could get on board. And of what use was that?

‘There is one weapon that could get through,’ Amy had responded, with a confidence that mocked her twenty-one years. He rather doubted that, he replied wearily and, when she told him what she had in mind, he doubted her sanity, too.

‘This is woman’s work, sir,’ she had insisted. ‘I know I can do it. Just give me the chance. Let me show you.’

And she did.

Two

They had captured one of Lubchek's soldiers. A man by the name of Josif, who knew the layout of the yacht, where all the guards were placed; alarms set. Everything – including the location of the old man's cabin.

They'd tortured him, but he'd refused to talk. Nothing would break him, and they knew it.

'Let me try, sir,' Amy had asked. 'I'll get the information.'

And she had.

Her requirements had been simple. The man was to be stripped naked and secured to a low, leather bench. A cushion at one end for his head, but other than that, it was vital he was strapped down so tightly that all movement was impossible. A straitjacket would help, too, she had suggested.

They had done as she asked. One more thing. She was to be left alone with the man and, whatever happened, whatever she did, no one must interfere.

They had agreed to that, too. Josif was of no further use. They had failed to break him through conventional means. However she chose to proceed, they would be no worse off.

Foxe and the others had watched the 'interrogation' through a window into the room. And what they had seen had both thrilled and horrified them in equal measure.

One last stipulation had been met before Amy set to work. A dildo gag had been forced into Josif's mouth, the thick black phallus protruding six inches into the air and presenting, to those who watched, a comical, rather than an erotic, sight.

Amy had entered the room at 9am sharp. She was dressed in regulation khaki: loose-fitting pants, black leather boots and a short-sleeved top that clung to her curves like a second skin.

She stood over Josif, legs apart, and hands behind her back.

'I'm Sergeant Amy Field,' she announced stiffly. 'I'm here to question you. If you're prepared to talk, close your eyes now and I'll take that as a yes.'

She gazed at Josif for several seconds, but his eyes remained defiantly open.

'In that case,' she continued, 'you leave me no choice.'

What happened next took everyone by surprise, not least the hapless Josif. Amy first reached down, took hold of the hem of her top and drew it over her head. Beneath the top, she was naked, and her big breasts tumbled into view. Quickly

discarding the top, she kicked off her boots and pulled down her trousers and knickers.

Josif stared up at her, wide-eyed, and grunted into the gag. The dildo jerked awkwardly in the air. Before he had a chance to consider matters further, Amy came round to one side of the bench, reached out, took hold of his penis and began to rub him gently into life.

In the viewing chamber, Lieutenant Chivers' jaw dropped and he gaped stupidly. 'She's tossing him off!' he cried. 'What the hell sort of interrogation is this?'

'I've no idea,' said Commander Foxe. 'But give her a chance. Whatever she's up to, she can't do any worse than us.'

Back in the room, Josif, unable to move a muscle, groaned happily into the gag. This turn of events was unexpected but welcome. He felt the jism bubble in his balls, and overflow into the base of his cock. Any minute now and the bitch would bring him off. He closed his eyes and savoured the moment, preparing himself for release.

But just as he felt sure he had reached the point of no return, the woman released his penis. Josif opened his eyes and glared in helpless frustration. Without looking at him, and without taking hold of his cock again, Amy leaned in close and sucked one of his balls into her mouth, tickling the hairs with her tongue.

Had he not been so well secured, Josif would have arched his back and screamed. As it was, all he could do was shut his eyes and grunt both his excitement and his despair into the gag.

And then, as if the bitch had not tormented him enough, he felt a fingertip against his anus. She pushed gently once, twice and his sphincter relaxed, allowing her to penetrate his channel. This time he gave a feeble moan, more of a sigh than a shriek of protest. His penis continued to dance in the air; in time to the finger smoothly pumping his arse.

Releasing the first ball, Amy suckled briefly on its mate, before releasing it in turn and taking Josif's glans into her mouth. Her tongue flicked lightly over the purple, circumcised tip. Again, she took him to the very limits of his endurance and then, as if she knew the very moment he would come, she stopped.

Very slowly, she withdrew her finger from his arse; then stroked the insides of his thighs. As she tickled his skin, the sweet torture made him scream into the gag.

Even more slowly, Amy began to kiss her way along Josif's legs, until she again reached his balls. As before, she suckled on him tenderly, then drew his shaft deep into her mouth. She remained very still for several minutes, allowing him to rest on her tongue, a warm wet glove around the trembling muscle of his prick.

Had he not been so well secured, Josif would have pushed up and down and come for certain. The fact that he was deprived of movement, and all hope of release, tormented him dreadfully.

After what seemed like an age, Amy drew back her head and allowed his phallus to plop from her mouth. As the shaft bobbed against his belly, she licked up across his chest, before reaching his face and peppering it with hot, scented

kisses, her sweet breath warming his skin.

Pressing her mouth to his ear, she whispered crudely, telling him how much she wanted him, how much she needed to fuck his cock if only he would tell her what she needed to now. At the same time, her hand slid down her chest and her fingers closed around his shaft, massaging him gently.

‘I want you,’ she whispered. ‘Oh, God, I want you so much...’

He grunted into the gag and tried again to jerk himself inside her lightly closed fist. It was useless – the bitch was driving him insane!

Coming round behind him, she released his quivering shaft and kissed him lightly on the forehead. Then, with a swiftness that caught everyone by surprise – the men outside the viewing panel, too – she climbed onto the bench, slid forward, positioned the dildo at the mouth of her cunt, then dropped her bottom squarely onto his face.

With the dildo lodged deep in her vagina, and her anus pressing over his nose, Amy rode Josif’s face, grunting and groaning as she scythed back and forth. Her hands came forward, one on top of the other, took hold of his shaft and pumped furiously.

Between her cheeks, Josif shrieked. He couldn’t breathe; a wrinkled anus pressed down on his nose, cutting off his air supply completely. At the same time, the bitch was bouncing up and down on his face, doing her best to bring herself off. Meanwhile, his cock was on the point of exploding – if only she would pump him just a little bit harder.

Amy remained in place for so long that, viewing the proceedings from the other room, Foxe came close to breaking his promise and intervening. Whatever distress the prisoner was in, he was so securely bound that he was unable to show it. Even his grunted shrieks were now so heavily muted by the weight of Amy's bare backside that, more than once, it looked as if he she had actually finished him off.

He was just about to press a button that would have allowed him to speak to her, when Amy rose and, from the way Josif shrieked, Foxe knew that, though in extreme distress – and who could blame him? – the man was still alive.

For several minutes, Amy straddled his head, not pressing down, but simply exposing the gaping maw of her cunt, while she teased and tickled Josif's cock and balls. She was, Foxe was forced to concede, extremely skilled in dragging a man to the very edge, then leaving him stranded. To his embarrassment – and he hoped no one else had noticed – his own penis had hardened during Josif's torture, and was now forcing its way through the Y of his pants.

Back in the room, Amy, having teased the prisoner's cock to almost breaking point, settled herself back over his face and smothered him a second time. This time, Foxe swore, she took Josif just a little bit further before releasing his face and returning her attention to his cock.

She came three times before finally dismounting. By now Josif's shaft was so bloated it was no longer moving. His balls, too, bulged with unnatural weight. Almonds of pre-come dribbled from the eye of his urethra and down his shaft.

Moving quickly, Amy unfastened the gag and removed the dildo from Josif's

mouth. His gasps for air were loud, prolonged and painful and, despite the tight straps that held him down, his body visibly shook.

Looking straight into his eyes, Amy reached back, and took a feather-light hold on his aching shaft. Josif groaned as a pearl of semen dribbled from his glans.

‘I can give you release,’ she told him a quiet voice. ‘I can pump you till you come. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, Josif? To spill yourself in my hand?’

She leaned in closer still, so that her breath was warm against his face. ‘Or would you like to put it into my pussy? Would that be nicer, Josif? If you could spend yourself inside my cunt?’

A shrill, animal-like gurgle emerged from the back of Josif’s throat. He was desperate to come – almost driven mad, now, with lust – and, in the viewing chamber beyond, the men watching him shared his torment.

‘Please...’ he whispered. ‘Please finish me off. Please, oh God, please, let me come...’

‘I will, Josif. I promise,’ said Amy. ‘But first you have to tell me everything I need to know about the yacht.’

He closed his eyes for a few seconds, and groaned feebly. ‘I can’t!’ he told her. ‘Please don’t ask me that! Please!’

‘I’m sorry, Josif,’ she said. ‘If you don’t tell me what you know then I can’t drain your balls. I can’t milk your lovely big cock. Not now. Not ever...’

Without opening his eyes, he tightened his mouth – summoned up the last of his strength and said quietly. ‘I can’t... I can’t!’

‘Very well, then,’ she told him firmly. ‘Then this isn’t over.’ A wicked smile transformed her face. ‘I’m going to have to do my woman’s work on you.’

Releasing his cock, Amy swung herself up onto the bench. Baffled, Josif opened his eyes in time to see the open maw of her cunt come down over his face. A moment later she had covered him with her sex, the plump sodden channel of her pussy forcing its way into his mouth, her mons across his nose, shutting off his breath again.

She sat there for over a minute. It was a hard, ruthless and unrelenting sit. When at last she drew back, and allowed him to breathe, she did so for no more than three or four seconds before closing in on him again and hugging him to her vulva.

She repeated the procedure six or seven times until he was so exhausted, he was scarcely able to move at all. From the safety of the viewing chamber, Foxe was suddenly aware that Josif was sobbing. Openly, freely and without restraint.

‘My God, she’s broken him!’ he said. ‘She’s damn well broken him!’

Whether she had or not, it was clear to her watchers that Amy was taking no chances. Dismounting quickly and paying no attention whatsoever to Josif's condition, she swung herself round so that she was again facing his feet. Then she reached back, and opened up her arse to expose the deep shiny channel of her crack.

Back in the viewing chamber, it was impossible not to look at what Josif was now looking at: the pink, wrinkled crater of Amy's anus. It looked, for all the world, like a small, puckered mouth – poised and ready for a lover's kiss.

'My God,' said Chivers – forgetting himself for the moment. 'The lucky bastard...'

'Hardly lucky,' said Foxe, beside him.

'No, I suppose not,' conceded the other man. 'Even so...' His voice trailed away. It was hard to know what to say just then.

Back in the room, Amy massaged Josif's huge erection. She held him firmly enough to excite, but not so firmly that he could achieve the release for which he desperately ached.

'Come on, Josif,' she whispered. 'Lubchek doesn't care about you. He's an old man. He just wants power. He's not going to succeed. Resisting me like this... it's all for nothing. Why not let me bring you off? You know you want me to...'

‘All right!’ he shrieked. ‘I’ll tell you everything! But, please, you have to bring me off now. I’m going mad!’

Amy shook her head. ‘You know I can’t do that, Josif. Tell me first, then I’ll drain you.’

‘You promise?’ he said, tears running down his face.

‘I promise,’ she said. ‘You’ll have the best fucking come you’ve ever had in your life.’

He shut his eyes for several seconds, as if attempting, somehow, and from somewhere, to dredge up a final show of strength, of resistance to the bitch who held him lightly in her hand and who had treated him so cruelly for the past two hours.

But it was useless. He had nothing left to give. And he so desperately needed to come.

As he rattled off a host of details, descriptions, times and dates, Foxe could hardly believe what he was hearing. This determined young woman had succeeded where he and his men had failed. It was a staggering demonstration of female power.

Over the next half an hour the information was checked, cross-checked and checked again. If Josif was lying, he had made a brilliant job of it. But, in the circumstances, they were certain he had told them the truth.

Throughout the checking process, Amy attended to his cock. She would leave it alone for several seconds, then tease him gently, sometimes tickling his balls, or running her fingers along the inside of his thighs, just grazing the base of his shaft. Then she would stroke him lightly, and take the greatest pleasure from the way he moaned, wept and begged her to finish him off.

It was almost two and a half hours from the time Amy had stepped into the interrogation chamber that Major Foxe confirmed that Josif's information had checked out. When she left the room for several minutes, Josif screamed at her, reminding her of their bargain and cursing her for failing to relieve him.

When she finally returned, he yelled at her again, sobbing openly and begging her to spill him now, before he went completely mad.

'I'm not going to bring you off,' she told him in a quiet voice. 'You can keep your filthy spunk to yourself.'

'You bitch!' he screamed. 'You promised! You fucking promised!'

Ignoring his response, Amy looked down at him and said, 'I have a deal for you.'

‘Screw your deal!’ he yelled. ‘I want you to bring me off! Now! Do it, you bitch!’

‘I think you might like what I have to offer,’ she told him.

‘It doesn’t matter what it is!’ he screamed at her. ‘You will not keep your promise, so screw you, bitch!’

‘You have a choice,’ said Amy, ignoring his outburst. ‘Trial before an international court of law, where you’ll be charged with crimes against humanity. It may drag on for several months, but the evidence against you is damning. You’ll be found guilty, and very likely hanged.’ She paused. ‘I’m prepared to offer you a way out. ‘

‘Go to hell!’ said Josif, gazing up at her, exhausted, yet still defiant.

Walking over to the door, Amy pressed a large red button set into the wall. Returning to the bench, she said, ‘I’ve just locked the door into this room. It would take at least half an hour to override the system.’

He frowned. ‘I don’t understand,’ he said, in between exhausted sobs.

‘In a moment I’m going to untie you,’ he told him. ‘You can toss yourself off if you like. Or you can try to fuck my cunt.’ She smiled wickedly. ‘Or even my arse if you can get it in.’

This time, the look on his face was one of complete confusion.

‘I’m offering you a fight to the finish,’ she explained. ‘Here and now. In this room. If you win, you go free. But if I win, then I promise you now – I’ll sit on your face ... and suffocate you with my anus.’

‘This is some sort of joke!’ said Josif, his eyes blazing. ‘It’s one thing to subdue me when you have me strapped down. But I am twice your size and trained to kill men with my bare hands.’

‘I know you are,’ said Amy, unruffled. ‘But I’m not a man, I’m a woman ... with a woman’s weapons.’ She immediately clamped a hand between her buttocks, driving her fingers all the way into her crack. ‘And I promise you now ... my bottom takes no prisoners!’

Josif laughed. A cold, vindictive laugh. ‘I hang by the neck ... or I die with my head up your arse?’

‘Yes,’ said Amy, bluntly. ‘That’s about it.’

‘Or more likely, I will walk free,’ said Josif, his confidence returning. ‘Having broken you in two. And fucked you in both holes!’

‘You won’t walk free,’ said Amy. ‘I’ve already told you ... you’ll die inside my

bottom.'

On the other side of the viewing panel, Commander Foxe was having second thoughts. He'd agreed to Amy's request. Reluctantly, it was true, but out of curiosity also. If she could do what she said she could, then maybe there was a way to get to Lubchek, incredible though it seemed.

But it was, he told himself, a big if.

'I don't like this, sir,' said Chivers. 'I know we gave her the go-ahead ... but what if she can't pull it off?'

'Then she's in trouble, Lieutenant,' said Foxe. 'But you're right. God help her if she's wrong. He'll take her every way he can, then kill her for certain.'

'We've got to get the door open,' said the other man.

'You heard what she said. She wasn't lying. It'll take half an hour to override the fail-safe. It'll be over long before then.' He gave a long, heavy sigh. 'But you're right. Get things started. And in the meantime, let's all pray she knows what she's doing.'

Inside the interrogation room, Josif had made up his mind.

‘Untie me,’ he said. ‘I agree to your terms.’

‘I meant what I said,’ she told him. ‘If I win, I’ll smother you with my anus.’

‘Not before I fuck you first,’ he retorted, his eyes blazing with anger.

She reached down, took hold of his cock and gave it a gentle squeeze. Josif groaned. Even now, he was still so close to coming.

‘I bet your balls hurt,’ she said, lightly. ‘All that seed – and nowhere for it to go.’

Her groaned again and she smiled. ‘Maybe I will toss you off. Just to be kind. When I’m sitting on your face for the last time.’

‘Bitch!’ he spat, through clenched teeth. From the look in his eyes, thought Amy, Josif was enduring the agonies of the damned.

Good, she reminded herself. The more excited he was, the easier it would be to bring him down. Difficult to concentrate when you’re thinking with your penis...

She let go of his cock and quickly undid the straps that held him down. When the last one had been unclipped, she retreated several feet and waited for his opening move. Not surprisingly, he lay there for a while, allowing the blood to flow back into his aching limbs. After a minute or so, he eased himself into a

sitting position, and rubbed his arms, legs and shoulders.

She could have attacked him at once, while he was still weak – but that would not have been ‘playing the game’. Besides, she wanted him at full strength. Anything else, she knew, would not convince the Major that she was the woman for the Lubchek job.

After what seemed like an eternity, Josif slid off the bench, bent and unbent his legs several times and stretched his arms towards the ceiling. Finally, he said, ‘I’m ready...’

Amy took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. ‘I’m going to give you one last chance,’ she told him. ‘You don’t have to go through with this. I don’t have to sit on you...’

‘No,’ he responded in a calm, determined voice. ‘But I have to fuck you till you scream, you callous bitch!’

Amy smiled. She was glad he hadn’t chosen to back out. ‘Good,’ she said. ‘That’s what I was hoping you’d say.’

For almost a minute, neither of them made a move of any note; each content to circle round the other, searching for their weakness. Josif’s movements were a little awkward. His cock remained stubbornly erect, and his balls hurt with every step he took.

Restricted as he was, he should have waited. But he was desperate for her now and, watching Amy circle the room, naked, the sweat dribbling down her belly and onto her shaven mons, he felt his pulse quicken. He could smell her sex from several feet away. The way she moved her hips, and the way her breasts jiggled with every step – it was all too much for him.

He had to have her! Had to sink himself into her cunt and finally spend himself inside her. Amy saw the need in his eyes and took advantage of it. Pressing one hand between her legs, she splayed her fingers across the maw of her sex and said, teasingly, ‘This is what you want, isn’t it, Josif? My hot little pussy...’

It was the final straw. Josif cracked, ran forward and made a grab for her waist. She sidestepped him quickly, lunged out with a leg and tripped him with her foot. He fell headlong to the floor, and screamed as his penis took the brunt. She was on him before he could turn, arms round his neck, legs around his waist. With a huge effort, he staggered to his feet. Amy clung limpet-like to his back, refusing to release him as he careered around the room.

Her weight unbalanced him and he fell again. This time, as he hit the floor, he jerked himself sideways, then kicked with his back. Amy lost her grip and, as she did, he spun round and threw himself across her body.

In the viewing room, Major Foxe saw what had happened and yelled at his men to move faster. ‘Get that bloody door open!’ he screamed, as he watched Josif’s huge, bloated cock wriggling towards the mouth of Amy’s sex.

‘I’ve got you now, you teasing bitch!’ cried Josif, using his weight to pin Amy down as he manoeuvred himself into position.

‘I’ll give you one last chance!’ she yelled, as the tip of his cock nudged the opening to her vagina. ‘Get off me now and I’ll spare you!’

Josif roared. A vicious laugh that echoed around the room. ‘I’m going to enjoy this!’ he told her. ‘Get ready bitch! You’re going to be fucked!’

‘Don’t say I didn’t warn you!’ cried Amy as Josif pulled back for a moment, readying himself for the thrust that would carry him home. And in that moment of delay he was lost. Before he had a chance to realise what was happening, Amy reached down, closed one hand around his balls and crushed them in her fist.

Josif screamed as an agonising pain tore through his body. She held onto his balls for just a few seconds, but it was enough to render him helpless. Bringing her knees up quickly, she drove them into his chest and sent him flying.

He tumbled onto his back, hit his head and lay there for a moment, briefly stunned. It was all the time Amy needed. Swivelling her hips, she swung into position behind his head, propelled herself to her knees and flung herself onto his head.

Josif gave a horrified shriek as Amy’s bare backside came down over his face. She clamped her thighs either side of his neck and held on tight. His hands came up at once, clawing at her hips. As his fingers dug into her tender flesh, Amy bit back the pain, then reached down, took hold of his wrists and forced his hands away.

But fear lent him strength now, and though Amy was strong, she was no match

for a man twice her size. He forced her arms back, broke free of her grip and tore at her hips a second time.

In the control room, Foxe was screaming at his men to get a move on.

‘He’s going to shift her!’ he yelled at the plate glass window. ‘She can’t keep him down much longer!’

The fact had not been lost on Amy, either. Josif was struggling for his life beneath her arse. And that fear lent him added strength. If she could hold on for another thirty seconds she knew she’d have him, that she could beat him back, then hold on for another minute, after which she knew she’d have him for sure.

As his cock twitched and quivered in the air in front of her, Amy knew what she had to do. She’d promised him this, after all. Releasing her hold on his wrists, she reached forward and closed her fingers around his shaft. Between her cheeks, she felt Josif start. Better still, she felt a thud of breath against her arse-hole. Immediately after that he redoubled his efforts, digging his fingers even deeper into her flesh, forcing her to choke back the pain as she rubbed his cock a little faster.

She took him to the very edge, until she felt his phallus twitch on the brink of release. Then she closed her fingers tight around the base of his cock and stemmed the flow. His penis jerked furiously, stabbing the air. His grip on her body slackened for a moment, then tightened again as she eased the pressure on his cock and let a little jism into the shaft. Pearls of semen leaked from his glans and his penis jerked more furiously than ever. Again, she felt an unmistakable blast of air between her cheeks as Josif gasped with helpless delight.

She tightened her buttocks and drove down hard with all her strength. At the same time, still holding the base of his shaft with one hand, she pumped him with the other. His bloated balls rolled in their sacs and he shrieked again, the last of his precious air thudding into her anus. She felt his lips around her tiny crater and pushed again, forcing the hole into his mouth.

Josif rocked beneath her, and his hips swung furiously from side to side, his feet thumping the floor, his legs kicking into the air. His strength, she knew, was fading fast, but he was dangerous still. She waited for his body to still, aware that he was mustering everything he had for one last effort. An instant before she felt it was due, she loosened her grip on the base of his cock and pumped the shaft for all she was worth.

In spite of himself, at the moment of greatest danger, the last chance he had to shift her from his face, Josif surrendered to the need between his legs. His cock erupted violently – a fountain of seed jetting from the eye of his glans. Semen spurted everywhere and he shrieked with pleasure again and again within the dungeon of his conqueror's crack.

Amy continued to pump him furiously, well past the point where she knew she must have drained him. Only when he made one final bid to shift her from his face, did she release her grip on his cock and move her hands back to his wrists.

She held on tight for over a minute, resisting all his efforts to dislodge her. It was over. He knew it, and she knew it.

And outside in the viewing chamber, Foxe and Chivers knew it, too.

‘My God,’ said Chivers, under his breath. ‘She’s done it. She’s beaten him with her bottom...’

Inside the room, as Josif’s body finally slumped and fell still, Amy rose, extracting herself with a sticky plop. Sliding from his body, she pressed her ear to Josif’s chest.

He was unconscious, but still alive. Good. He’d given them only a little information so far. Enough, hopefully, to deal with Lubchek – but there were others further down the feeding chain they needed to get their hands on. She had told him she intended to finish him off, but that had only been to concentrate his mind.

Which it had. Beautifully. It had concentrated hers, too. And, she hoped, that of Major Foxe and Lieutenant Chivers in the viewing chamber beyond.

Foxe dithered for some time afterwards. Though Amy had done all she had promised she would do; had beaten Josif hand-to-hand and forced the information from him with her bare body, he was still not convinced she could do as she had promised. It was a dangerous mission; she would, to all intents and purposes, be unarmed and the chances of her walking away in one piece were negligible.

Despite that, she insisted on being given her chance and, at last, with no other options left to him, Foxe reluctantly agreed.

‘What about Josif?’ he had inquired. ‘If he does have other information ...’ He let the sentence trail away. He wasn’t quite sure how to finish it.

‘I can deal with him when I get back,’ she answered confidently. ‘Or you can let another woman loose on him. As long as he’s tied down and can’t move, she won’t have any trouble. Not if she’s determined.’

‘You really think another woman can break him?’ said Foxe, hardly able to bring himself to say it. ‘With her anus?’

Amy nodded briskly. ‘Yes, sir. Of course it can be done. You’ve seen it yourself. What I got out of him.’

‘Yes, but you seemed to know what you were doing,’ countered Foxe.

‘Any woman can do it, sir,’ insisted Amy. ‘Men get excited, they can’t help themselves. A woman can take advantage of that, in a way a man can’t.’

‘Yes, but no man wants to be smothered,’ objected Foxe. ‘Not like that. I mean ...’ He hesitated. ‘Not inside a woman’s arse.’

Amy smiled. ‘You’d be surprised. You must have felt it, sir – and Lieutenant Chivers – when you were watching me? Didn’t you want to be inside my bottom? Didn’t you want to change places with Josif?’

She was being insubordinate now, and she knew it, but she didn't care. This was important to her. Surely they could see how useful a woman's arse could be? Hadn't she shown that in the way she had broken Josif?

'I'm sorry, sir,' she said, aware that she had gone too far. 'I shouldn't have—'

'No,' said Fox, breaking in quickly. 'You're right. I did feel it. We both did. Dear God, when you were sitting on him ...'

'It's only natural, sir,' she said quickly, sensing his embarrassment, 'to want to be that close to a woman's hole. The one she keeps in her bottom. The one I'm going to use ... to execute Lubchek.'

'I would never have believed it possible,' said Foxe. 'If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.' He took a long breath, in an effort to steady himself. 'But now I know you can do it. Dear God, I know you can finish him off ... with your anus.'

'I can, sir,' said Amy, straightening her back, and returning his gaze with grim determination. 'And I will.' She smiled. 'And anyone else who gets in my way.'

Three

Which is how it was, four days later, with the Adrijana moored in Vojvo Bay, that Amy sliced her way through the water and quickly, quietly and unnoticed, reached the bow of the ship. There, she climbed dripping from the sea and shimmied up the thick anchor chains to the promenade deck.

So far, so good. And so far, as expected.

Her good luck couldn't last, of course, but she knew that, and was ready for what happened next. A crewman, a fresh-faced young man, came onto the deck, caught sight of the naked woman walking towards him and stopped in his tracks.

She was on him in a flash, before he had a chance to open his mouth. Leaping forward, she forced him off-balance and onto his back. She brought her hands down over his face, covering his mouth, stifling his first attempt to call for help. Immediately she slithered forward, keeping her hands in place till the last possible moment, before bringing her pussy to bear on his head and pressing down with all her weight.

He wriggled and squirmed, but she held on tight. Reaching back, she grabbed hold of his legs, and pulled them up, forcing them under her armpits and holding him tight. It took her almost two minutes to subdue the terrified young man and, when he finally went limp, she held her position for several more seconds in case he was feigning. Satisfied that he was not, she finally released her hold on his head, pushed his unconscious body to one side and pressed on.

Amy held the layout of the yacht in her head. Lubchek's cabin was on the main deck. Josif had told her that two soldiers would be posted outside, to ensure the old man's safety. Somehow she would have to disable the pair of them as

quickly as possible, before they could raise the alarm. It would not be easy. They would be carrying guns for a start. She would need all her female skills to pull this off.

Sure enough, as Josif had said, there were two armed men outside the door. The cabin itself was at the end of a long corridor which, he had told her, was guarded by a third armed man. Still, that was not her immediate concern. Her immediate concern was to disable the men on deck.

She would have to take them by surprise. One thing she was pretty sure about and that was that they would not be expecting a naked woman to attack them.

Taking a deep breath, to steady her nerves, Amy turned the corner abruptly and came into view. She took three quick strides towards the men, eating up the ground between her and her quarry. They looked astonished to see a short, well-built woman approaching them in the nude. Anyone else, and they would have reached for their guns. No unarmed agent would have got this far without being blasted into kingdom come.

But Amy was no ordinary agent. The two men froze, not knowing what to do. Before they could recover their wits, she was on them. She grabbed each by the arms and pulled them towards her, turning sideways on, lashing out with both legs and bringing them down. For her plan to work she had to orient them perfectly. Had they been sharper-witted her plan might not have worked. But they were slow-moving and, like so many men when faced with a woman in the nude, they thought with their cocks not their brains.

As the first man landed on his back, she rammed her bottom onto his face, screwing herself down, trapping him between her buttocks. She grabbed the second man by his shoulders, yanked him around so that his back was to her

now, then closed her hands around his nose and mouth, holding on tightly.

As he dropped, his body tumbled across that of his fallen companion. By holding on with all her – not inconsiderable – strength, Amy used the second man’s weight to pinion the first. In just a few seconds, she had rendered the pair of them helpless – one with her bottom, the other with her hands.

The two men struggled furiously, each vaguely aware of the other’s plight. They fought like tigers to shift her; but she fought back just as fiercely. They were battling for their lives; she was battling for a cause she believed in. And her own life, too, for she knew that, if just one of them were to break free, she was finished.

She had to keep them as quiet as possible, too. Noise travelled quickly on a quiet evening like this. She must finish them off quickly. No mercy, no quarter.

The man between her buttocks gave up the struggle first. He had had no chance to grab a breath before she sat on him and his panic-stricken attempts to shift her from the saddle used up what little air he had left. His colleague’s weight – bearing down on his chest – forced the air from his lungs even faster, as Amy had hoped it would.

His fellow-guard held on for almost half a minute longer before he, too, gave way beneath her hands. He had held on to her arms from the start, desperately hoping to claw her hands away from his face. But she was too strong for him. Finally, his own strength ebbed away, his arms dropped to his sides and he went limp. She held on for another half a minute, to ensure he wasn’t feigning, then let him fall free, and climbed off his companion’s face.

Taking several deep breaths, she stretched her limbs, shook her head, and peered through a crack in the hallway's curtain. At the end of a short corridor, a single man: young, and anxious, guarded the door to Lubchek's cabin. The old man's last line of defence. She was almost there.

This was it. She must keep calm, move swiftly and catch this final man off guard in the way she had caught his companions.

As she pushed the door open, the young man moved faster than she had anticipated. She had hardly made it halfway down the corridor when he pulled his pistol out and pointed it in her direction. She put her hands up at once and laughed.

'Don't be so silly!' she said. 'I'm not going to hurt you, am I? I'm a girl. Look at me!' She gestured towards her vagina. 'This is a pussy, not a gun!'

Slowly raising her arms in the air, Amy turned her back on the young man, before bending over to expose her anus. 'I'm not carrying any concealed weapons,' she informed him. 'You can search my little hole, if you like. Go on. You won't find anything...'

She heard the stifled moan that broke from the young man's lips and, looking up between her legs, saw him stumble forward, his gun suddenly lowered. She doubted if he'd ever seen a woman this close up before. Another few inches was all she needed, and then ...

Unable to resist the chance to examine her closely, the young man dropped to his knees, and pressed his nose to her opening. Amy moved at once, swept around,

and pushed him onto his back. Before he had a chance to respond, she had straddled his chest, her cunt over his mouth, pressing down hard. Her fingers clawed through his hair, holding him tight. As the gun fell from his hands, he brought his arms up, clawing at her hips as his legs kicked from side to side.

He grunted forlornly into the open maw of her sex, thuds of breath striking her clitoris and the fat, meaty folds of her labia.

‘It’s OK, sweetheart,’ she muttered under her breath as he continued to pummel her hips. ‘It won’t take long, I promise. Soon be over now ...’

The young man continued to thresh violently for almost a minute before sagging suddenly. Amy redoubled her grip, aware that he was weak, but still capable of pushing her off if she gave him half a chance. Slowly, his strength ebbed away until, at last, his body gave one final, violent jerk and he fell still.

Releasing him quickly, Amy looked around, listening for any noise, however slight. Nothing, other than the gentle lapping of water against the hull of the yacht.

Climbing to her feet, she took a deep breath. This was it. She was almost at her journey’s end. Only a closed door stood between her and Lubchek. No more guards to protect him; no more sanctuary. Closing her fingers around the smooth metallic handle, she turned it gently. The door opened and she slipped inside, closing it quietly behind her.

Four

To her surprise, a small bedside lamp illuminated one corner of the room. She could see the silhouette of a man slumbering gently. Lubchek!

Amy's heart skipped a beat as she padded quietly across the thick, spongy carpet. Looking down at the old man lying on his back, his mouth open, a dribble of saliva on his chin, it was hard to believe this was a man responsible for so many deaths and who – if she allowed him to live – would be responsible for many more.

His arms were on top of the bedsheets, and she noted how thin they were. His legs, too, from what she could see, were long and spindly. He looked older than she had imagined he would, and feebler, too. It wouldn't take long to finish him off. It was just a case of how to do it now. It would, she considered, be easy enough to smother him with her hands, or even a pillow. But that would have been too quick and kind.

No, she was determined to punish Lubchek in her own, very personal way. To send out a message to those like him so they knew that they might run but they could never hide from justice.

The justice of a woman's bottom.

Very carefully, she eased herself onto his bed, ensuring the sheets and blanket acted as restraints for his feeble body. He would come round in a moment and she wanted to make sure he couldn't move. It was important he knew what was going to happen to him and why. Important, too, for him to be unable to offer any resistance. He couldn't call out, of course, the operation to save his life had seen to that. His larynx had been removed. He would know he was doomed ...

and that no one could save him now.

She looked at him, sleeping so peacefully, oblivious to his fate. Reaching down, she stroked his forehead gently, stirring him from his slumber. His eyes opened wearily, and he blinked, then moaned feebly, a snatch of air escaping from his throat. With no voice box, it had precious little form, but she knew, from the look in his eyes, that he was shocked.

And frightened ...

‘OK, Lubchek,’ she whispered. ‘Just so you know, I’m here to make sure no one else dies because of you.’

The old man raised his head and groaned. He was weaker than she had anticipated. He had kept this a secret from the world at large. No wonder. Who would follow a weak, enfeebled warlord, however fearsome his reputation?

‘You’ve been sentenced to death for your crimes,’ she informed him, ‘and I’m here to carry out that sentence...’

He groaned again.

‘You’re probably wondering how I’m going to do it, so I’ll tell you.’ She leaned in a little closer, her breathing calm and measured. ‘I’m going to sit on your face ... and suffocate you with my bottom.’

Another groan, another feeble shake of his head. She could see the fear in his eyes, and almost felt sorry for him. This old man had been responsible for so many deaths yet now he looked so vulnerable. Amy was not a cruel woman. She knew she had to finish him off, but she took no pleasure from the act.

‘Why don’t you close your eyes,’ she suggested kindly. ‘So you can’t see my anus when I sit on you?’

The old man’s mouth dropped open and he released a thin, rasping sound. There were tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. He didn’t want to die. Not like this. Not inside a woman’s bottom ...

But Amy had her orders. She’d smothered enough men already to get this far. She wasn’t leaving till she’d finished off Lubchek, too.

‘It won’t take long,’ she told him. ‘Not once I get you inside my crack...’

He opened his mouth, voicing a silent protest. Reaching down, Amy folded her hands together at the back of his head, pulling him into the plump maw of her vagina. His eyes blazed and a muffled grunt beat strongly against her damp flesh.

‘I want you to suffer,’ she told him. ‘And I want you to be afraid – the way you made so many people suffer, you evil bastard!’

He was afraid, all right, she could see that well enough. He knew that despite everything he'd done to protect himself, this woman had broken through and she meant to finish him off.

Amy held on to him for over a minute, knowing that her grip was air-tight. She felt the old man wriggle between her legs and it gave her pleasure to know he was afraid. Finally, judging that she had weakened him sufficiently, she slackened her hold so that his head fell back. Almost at once, he began sucking on air, throwing his head from side to side and moaning feebly.

It wouldn't take long now, she knew, to finish the job. She'd done what she'd set out to do. She'd punished him for what he'd done to others. Now it was time to execute him.

'I'm going to finish you off,' she told him in a low, determined voice, 'with the hole in my bottom.' She smiled, and added for good measure, 'My tiny pink anus.' She took a deep breath, as if to let him know that this was it. The moment of truth. 'Get ready to die, you bastard ... inside a woman's bottom!'

He gurgled feebly, tears running down his face.

Climbing off him briefly, Amy swivelled around and swung a leg across his chest. Even though he knew what was about to happen, the old man was so weak by now that he could barely move. When she heard a feeble moan escape his lips, she knew he'd caught sight of her little pink hole. Knew, too, that it was the last thing he would ever see. The great Vladimir Lubchek, a man who had been responsible for so many deaths and so much misery, was going to be finished off ... by a woman's anus!

Another weak gurgle fell from his lips as Amy reached back and peeled her cheeks wide, exposing her tiny pink opening. Tightening her sphincter, she deliberately flexed the muscles of her anus so that it opened and closed, pouting crudely as she lowered herself onto his face.

Even without looking, she was aware of him trying to turn his head away, as if he might somehow, even now, avoid justice. Amy moved with him, ensuring there was no escape. A moment later, she closed her arse around his face, snaring his head inside the long, sticky trench of her crack.

Lubchek's body arched sharply, and went into an immediate series of sharp convulsions. Amy straightened her back, bringing her full weight to bear on the doomed man's face. As his head gave a sudden jolt, she felt the tip of his nose push into the well of her anus, and shivered as he snorted the air from her passage.

How long she remained seated on his face, she couldn't say, though she doubted it was more than a couple of minutes before he gave one last jolt and fell still. She knew, then, that he had passed out, but she remained in place for another ten minutes before rising, pressing down hard and forcing his nose a little deeper into her passage. She needed to be certain. Certain she had finished him off ... inside her bottom.

At last, easing herself off his face, Amy leaned in close and felt for a pulse. Nothing. It was over. Satisfied that she had done her work, she crept over to the door, listened for a few seconds, then opened it as quietly as she could.

Stepping past the body of the young man she has previously despatched, she made her way along the corridor and back onto the deck.

There was no one in sight, though she could hear the sound of muffled music drifting from the far end of the yacht. No doubt Lubchek's remaining guards were relaxing, enjoying themselves, unaware that their leader was no longer there to lead them. That his reign of terror had come to an end.

For one ridiculous moment, it occurred to Amy that she might finish them all off. She gave a little shrug and smiled indulgently. If only it were that simple. She had no idea how many soldiers remained, but the likelihood of them being alone was slim. One man at a time, she could easily despatch; but if there were two or three together, they would prove too much, even for her.

Reluctantly, she slipped over the side of the yacht, and began her long swim to the shore.

Her work here was done, but there were others out there who needed to be dealt with. Bad men, evil men. And women, too. Hopefully, in the months or even years to come, she could use her bottom to dispense further justice.

The justice of her little hole!

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!

I also have three blogs (though Wordpress is largely discontinued):

BDSMLR: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.bdsmr.com>

<https://heaven-sdoorway.bdsmr.com/>

Wordpress: <https://darkriderstories.wordpress.com/>

Remember: everything I write is fantasy – and not meant to be taken too seriously.

But I hope you have as much fun reading my stories, as I have writing them.

Take care, keep safe, and all the best,

Dark Rider

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

Curse of the Devil Queen

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

Inside a Nurse's Bottom

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.

Curse of the Devil Queen

As Lorcan continues his perilous journey across the Eastern Lands, Queen Orelia plots his downfall, while the ruthless Dorian scouts bring terror and despair to the countless men they take between their legs and sit on!

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...

Inside a Nurse's Bottom!

James Aaron has more money than he'll ever be able to spend, and a fantasy he has always longed to fulfil. When he meets Mistress Karen, she offers him an erotic rollercoaster ride that will finally make all his dreams come true!

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-Amazonians to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

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

Extract from Curse of the Devil Queen

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 ...