

She is coming for him ... *it is his time!*



DEVIL QUEEN

An Exciting Facesitting Novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF DUNGEONS OF DESPAIR!

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!

DEVIL QUEEN

Dark Rider

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Prologue

With a woman either side, holding on to his arms, supporting him gently, the young man walked towards the sacrificial altar. He was naked, his penis erect, and a light sweat glistened on his smooth, brown skin. Though his back was straight and his head held high, his movements were slow and laboured, his short, final journey an arduous one.

Fear played no part in his slow advance. He was happy to be here. Happier than he had ever dreamed possible. This was, for him, the most wonderful moment of his life.

The Queen's maidens had prepared the man well, exciting him for seven days. He had been milked every few hours, then roused again. On occasion, while many hands relieved him of his seed, another maid would squat over his face, and masturbate her juices into his mouth. From time to time, when exhaustion had threatened to overtake him, they had cuddled him in their arms, and allowed him to suckle on their breasts. It had given him the strength to carry on.

His had been a pleasure known to few other man. Now they had aroused him for the final time. Stripped naked, he had been held down for one whole day and pumped without mercy, his pleasure thwarted by the tight metal ring locked around the base of his cock. His balls were heavy with seed, bulging sacs of semen straining for release. The pain in his groin was almost unbearable, and every step he took more agonising than the one before. Only the prospect of delights still to come gave him the strength and courage to proceed.

Astride her massive throne, Queen Orelia watched him approach, searching his face for signs of fear. She had sat on many men over the years, and taken countless heads between her big, meaty thighs. Though all had pledged allegiance to her flesh, and offered themselves willingly, each had fought her at

the end. It was, with all men, simply a matter of time.

One day, it was written, a man would lie beneath her arse and offer no resistance. Today, she knew, was not that day. This man would do his best, as had all those who had gone before him. But as his breath grew short, the fear would rise in his belly and he would rebel. Then her maidens would come forward, take him by his legs, head and arms and hold him down. Trapped beneath her huge backside, there would be no hope of escape. The ceremony would end, as it had ended so many times before. In success, and yet in failure also. It had been ever thus...

The young man stopped before her. In obvious discomfort, he lowered himself to his knees, his huge balls rubbing against his thick, muscular thighs. Queen Orelia rose from her throne and took two steps forward. She towered over him, her open cunt at the level of his bowed head. He would not raise his eyes until she spoke, and so she savoured the moment, looking down at this most loyal of her servants.

‘You may gaze upon my Sacred Place,’ she said at last, and watched as he lifted up his head. She wore a thin, transparent skirt around her waist, but was otherwise naked. As his eyes came level with her groin, she reached down, took hold of the light cotton sheath and pulled it away, exposing the long, shaven trench of her vagina. She heard him gasp as he caught sight of her womanhood, and a second, sharp intake of breath as she moved her fingers to her sex and peeled her lips apart.

‘Behold the Cunt that makes me Woman,’ she whispered. ‘Bow down and worship me.’

Without hesitation, the young man dipped his face forward, opened his mouth wide, then closed his lips around her long, fleshy slit. He ran the flat of his

tongue from one end to the other, sliding up and down with genuine reverence. Between his legs, his penis bobbed, and his fat, swollen balls jerked awkwardly. He let out a muted squeal of discomfort, a thud of air striking her cunt. She felt the pleasure rising in her belly, and knew again, as she had known so many times before, the keen anticipation of the struggle to come.

Her heart beat just a little bit faster as she said in a quiet, reluctant voice, 'Let your homage end'. Immediately, the young man withdrew, allowing her pussy to fall from his mouth. She glanced down, saw that her flesh was shiny, and wet with his saliva, and shivered. Excitement gnawing at her belly, she fought to clear her mind as she addressed him more formally.

'Do you offer yourself up willingly?' she asked. 'Submitting freely to my sacred flesh?'

The young man bowed his head. 'I am yours to command, my Queen,' he answered. 'You are my Mistress and must do with me as you will. I thank the gods that you have chosen me to honour you.'

Queen Orelia smiled. How often had she heard a victim speak like this, his body trembling with arousal at the thought of what was to come. And how many times had the poor man's words returned to haunt him? As, she knew, they would today.

Stretching out an arm, she gestured towards the four hooded women who had accompanied him into the chamber. They stood in silence, their heads bowed, each at one corner of the long, stone altar.

‘Shall my maidens hold you down?’ she asked. ‘Lest you try to shift me from your face at the moment of truth?’

He shook his head violently. ‘No!’ he cried. ‘I shall never dishonour my Queen.’

She smiled again, aware that in spite of his resolve his courage would fail him at the last. But he meant well, and it was all she could ask of any slave.

Now she motioned towards the soft velvet cushion at the crown of the altar. ‘Lie down upon your back,’ she told him, ‘and prepare to honour me’.

He did as she instructed, easing himself onto the smooth white stone, his head resting on the pillow, his eyes staring blindly upwards, his penis bobbing from side to side, balls resting on the cold marble slab. He stretched out his arms, away from his head, and parted his legs wide.

Divesting herself of her thin white gown, Queen Orelia came forward now, as naked as the day she was born. Smoothly, belying her size, she swung a big, meaty thigh across the young man’s body and settled herself on his chest. Her sacrificial maidens came forward, ready to secure her victim as and when they needed to. That apart, this was a private ceremony. The Queen emptied her mind of all other thoughts. She would receive a vision, and that vision would be incomplete. But however imperfect the message from the gods might be, she must hold it firmly in her mind.

Shuffling backwards, she positioned her arse above the young man’s face. Reaching down, she slowly peeled her buttocks apart, exposing herself to him. Again, she heard a sharp intake of breath as, for the first time, he caught sight of

her most secret place: the eye of darkness at the heart of her long, hairless crack. She felt the thud of breath on her brown, wrinkled anus and sighed as a familiar glow of pleasure warmed her cunt.

It was time. Slowly, and with great deliberation, she lowered her big, bare arse onto the young man's face...

One

The four young scouts clashed tankards loudly, raising a toast to their Queen. Anya giggled, aware she had drunk too much. Venyn slumped into her chair, raised her head to the ceiling and belched. She was tired, as they all were, having ridden for many days. This inn had been their first civilised stopping point since leaving Feldore almost a week ago.

Gellyn downed the rest of her ale, licked her lips and cast a keen, probing eye around the room. Her sister, Roseene, scanned every nook and cranny, in the hope of spotting a man able to satisfy the need between her legs; a need that had grown more urgent these past few hours. Finally, she nudged her sister and said, 'What say you to the lad over there?'

The younger woman grinned. She had been eyeing the muscular, blond waiter for several minutes. He was by far the most presentable male in this flea-ridden hole. 'He was born to be fucked,' she replied. 'One more drink and I may take him where he stands.'

Roseene returned Gellyn's smile warmly. 'Let us ride him as only sisters can,' she responded. 'One on his head and one on his shaft till we have milked him dry. And ourselves, too.'

Anya leaned into the group, her short dark hair a vivid contrast to the sisters' long, strawberry manes. 'Do not be greedy,' she giggled. 'A man like that must be shared by all.'

'He seems sturdy enough,' agreed Roseene. 'But does he have the balls to serve four cunts?'

‘There is but one way to find out,’ said Venyn sharply, breaking into the conversation for the first time. She raised an arm and snapped her fingers. ‘You, boy!’ she yelled. ‘Our jug is empty! Tankards here unless you seek a thrashing!’

Though he was in the middle of serving two other customers, Lorcan knew the livery of Dorian scouts when he saw it, and the insignia of a captain burned into the arm of the woman who gestured at him. He broke off from what he was doing and hurried across the room, bowing his head when he reached their table.

‘How may I serve?’ he inquired, without raising his eyes.

‘We hope in many ways,’ said Venyn, reaching out and cupping the waiter’s buttocks through his thin, cotton skirt. Her other hand slipped beneath the hem at the front and closed around the balls of his cock. She let out a satisfied whistle. ‘You are heavy with seed,’ she announced. ‘How long since you were last milked?’

Lorcan winced, and the muscles in his throat constricted. ‘A week,’ he answered, blushing.

Venyn stared up at him, genuinely surprised. ‘Look at me,’ she said, and he raised his eyes at once. ‘Do you not have a Mistress, boy? Are you not milked every day?’

‘My Mistress is away for a week,’ answered Lorcan. ‘She returns tomorrow evening. She will milk me, then, and give me my relief.’

‘You shall have relief sooner than that,’ promised Venyn, removing her hand from his balls and sliding up his cock. She felt it stiffen at her touch and watched it poke against the thin cotton of his skirt. The young man shifted awkwardly, aware that his excitement was obvious. Venyn ignored his embarrassment and began to pump gently until he was fully erect. Only then did she remove her fingers from around his cock, though she continued to cup his muscular arse-cheeks with her other hand.

‘Could you serve the four of us in turn?’ she asked him slyly.

‘What drinks had you in mind?’ he replied in a hesitant voice.

Venyn’s eyes narrowed. ‘I think you know the service of which I speak,’ she said, her fingers now straying into his crack.

The young man shivered, but stood his ground. He knew better than to offer resistance when a captain of the Dorian guard addressed him. Besides, he knew the law as well as they did. He was owned by a Mistress. Only she could give permission for others to use him; and she could not, for she was away, so he was safe.

A tense silence lasted for several seconds. Finally, Venyn relaxed her grip, and withdrew her hand. ‘Bring us more drink,’ she commanded, and smiled as he hurried away.

Anya sighed. ‘A pity,’ she said. ‘I would love to ride his cock. I warrant he could

last for many hours.'

'I'm sure he will,' said Venyn. 'His manhood is too good to waste. He shall lie between our legs and give us pleasure.'

'But, his Mistress...' began Roseene, only to be stayed by a wave of Venyn's hand.

'We shall be gone before his Mistress returns, and in any case it will be our word against his,' said Venyn. 'Even so...'

'Yes?' said Gellyn, who had been quiet up to now.

Venyn smiled. 'It is foolish to take risks. When we have had our pleasure with him, you three shall hold him down, and my arse will ensure his silence forever.'

'He is big,' said Anya. 'He will struggle. There may be noise.'

Venyn shrugged. 'There is always noise,' she said. 'And there is always struggle. But no man has yet shifted me from the saddle, and no man ever shall.'

Lorcan returned with their drinks, set them down, accepted payment and retreated as fast as he could. Venyn watched him rush away, almost able to smell his fear. She smiled, then raised her mug. 'To pleasure,' she announced. 'And the power of our warrior cunts!'

It was time.

Augustus Forage, Master of the Leaping Horse Inn, studied the bag of gold Venyn had spilled across the table and licked his lips. What she was suggesting was against the law, as he had told her twice already.

‘We are the law,’ she had reminded him, to which, he was happy to concede, there was no answer. At least none that bothered him unduly.

‘The boy is a good worker,’ he murmured, ‘and his Mistress a powerful woman. If she were to hear of this...’

‘She will not,’ said Venyn. ‘You will say that her servant fled into the night. That he told you he was leaving to join the rebels in the north. You heard nothing, you saw nothing.’

Forage chewed the tip of his tongue. It was a lot of money; more cash than he would see in a year. Yet he hesitated. ‘The boy will not suffer?’ he asked in a quiet voice. To be honest, he didn’t really care. Better if the lad did not, of course, but money was money. Even so...

‘He shall know a great delight,’ Venyn assured the grey, obese monstrosity standing before her. ‘What man does not long to be taken as we shall take him?’

And when we have had our fill of his cock, I shall finish him off with my arse.'

The greasy innkeeper swallowed hard. The woman's backside was huge, as were the rumps of all Dorian scouts. Yet shapely with it, the mounds plump, like pillows, the groove between them a gentle sloping chasm of flesh. He had heard tales that they smothered men between their buttocks, but had never until now had confirmation of the fact. Without shame, he suddenly blurted out, 'Can I watch? When you sit on him? Can I watch you do it?'

Venyn eyed him with contempt. 'You would stand and watch as I sit on a man's face and despatch him with my arse?'

Forage nodded. There was little point in denying the fact. He scooped up two of the gold coins. 'I will pay,' he said. 'Two duggettes. Let me watch, please. I beg you.'

Venyn let out a sharp, disgusted sigh. But she had the measure of him nonetheless. 'Make it ten and you shall be wanked while you watch.'

The innkeeper licked his lips again. His brow creased as he considered the matter. Venyn could see his lust fighting with his avarice. Had she suggested five duggettes, he would have agreed at once. Ten had made him think. He knew he could not haggle with her, and it amused her to see the agonies he endured as his greed wrestled with his urge for pleasure. At last, with obvious reluctance, he said, 'Very well. Ten duggettes for relief while you finish him off.'

Venyn stretched out her hand and watched as he counted out the coins, each one tearing a piece from his heart as he parted with it. He was still left with 25.

More, she knew, than he would earn in a year.

‘We will summon you,’ she told him. ‘When the deed is to be done. Now do as we have arranged.’ And with that, she turned on her heel, disappeared through the open doorway, and hurried up one floor to the room where the women had their lodgings.

Forage waited two minutes before speaking to Lorcan. He did not know whether to feel pity or envy for the tall, muscular young man. As he watched Venyn depart, his eyes had swum across her big, rolling behind. To be fucked by such a woman, and her equally voluptuous companions; then to be sat on and smothered by such an arse! It was the stuff of dreams. His dreams, at any rate. No, he would not feel pity for the innocent young waiter. The boy was to end his life in ecstasy. He was to be envied, not pitied.

‘The scouts have gone to their room,’ he told the young man. ‘They have asked for a jug of ale before they retire.’

Lorcan’s face clouded over. ‘Send someone else, I beg you,’ he replied. ‘One of the other men, please.’

Forage puffed out his big, stubbled cheeks. ‘What? Are you afraid of women?’ he asked. ‘They will not eat you.’

The young man returned his look with great unease. ‘Please, master, they frighten me. I fear they may touch me as only my Mistress should.’

The innkeeper leaned in close, his evil-smelling breath warming the young man's face. 'Boy,' he hissed. 'If these women wish to play with you a little, you should feel honoured. Some men would beg to be sent to their room in the hope of being fiddled with.'

'Please,' said Lorcan. 'Again, master, I beg you...'

'A jug of wine!' spat Forage. 'This instant! These are Dorian scouts. Do not keep them waiting!'

Lorcan took a deep breath and knocked at the door. The hand that held the tray was shaking a little. It was silly, he knew, but women had always frightened him. He had endured a lifetime of servitude to a harsh Mistress, and was used to regular abuse at her hands. But there was something about soldiers that unnerved him. It was not that he was a coward, far from it. But they frightened him nonetheless; these soldiers more than most.

Dorian scouts were known for their hunting skills. They were trained to live off the land, often for months at a time. Trained also to kill, quickly and silently. He had been told – though he could scarcely believe it – that a scout's favoured means of despatching a foe was to straddle his upturned face and smother him between her legs. They were known to take their pleasure where they liked, and were above the law.

It was for all these reasons that he trembled as he knocked at the door and then, in answer to a cry from within, pushed down the handle and entered the

women's room.

What he saw, he had not expected in his worst imaginings. Venyn, the Dorian captain, was standing at the far side of the room completely naked, her huge, hairy cunt crudely exposed. He averted his eyes at once, for it was forbidden to look upon a woman's bare body without permission. Scarcely had he lowered his gaze, when the door slammed shut behind him, and rough hands bundled him forward. Raw flesh pressed against his body as other women – equally naked he was sure – encircled him. The tray was snatched from his hands, but still he refused to lift his head.

'Look at me!' cried Venyn sharply, but still he hesitated. 'Look at me, I say!' she yelled again, more aggressively than before.

This time he raised his eyes, aware that to refuse further might incur the very punishment he feared.

He trembled openly at the sight before him. Venyn was big, even for a woman. Her breasts were huge: large oval-shaped orbs of pendulous flesh, her dark brown areolae tipped with thick, cork-like nipples. A trim waist gave way to big, flared hips, broad thighs and long, muscular legs. Her cunt, as he had already seen, was a broad vee of lush, wiry pubes. Pearls of sweat clung to her curls, sparkling in the candle-light.

'What is the matter, boy?' she asked. 'Have you never seen a woman naked before? Surely you undress your Mistress at night, and bathe her before she sleeps?'

‘It is forbidden,’ he murmured in a weak voice. ‘I should not gaze upon another woman. My Mistress...’

‘Your Mistress is not here!’ said Venyn sharply. ‘I am, and I tell you now. I give you permission to look upon me.’

‘As do I,’ said a voice in his ear. Immediately, another woman came into view. As he had guessed, she was also naked. When she took hold of his hand and guided it between her legs, he gave a squeak of surprise. Her vulva was smooth and hairless, the lips of her cunt warm and damp against his skin. He shuddered and, despite himself, his cock unfurled beneath his smock.

‘Push your finger in,’ she whispered, ‘and probe me a little’.

Reluctantly, he did as she asked, easing himself in up to the first knuckle, the damp, velvet glove of her cunt closing around him as he entered.

He scarcely had time to register his distaste at being forced to pleasure a woman who was not his Mistress, when another scout nuzzled into his back, lifted the hem of his skirt and cupped his buttocks in her hands. At the same time, he felt the plugs of her nipples press into his shoulder blades.

‘Please, Mistresses,’ he whimpered, genuinely distressed. ‘Please, let me go, I beg you...’

Pinned as he was, Lorcan could only shuffle awkwardly as Venyn came forward

now, raised one large, pendulous breast, and said, to his horror, 'Suckle on me'.

'Please, Captain, no,' he sobbed, tears welling in his eyes. 'My Mistress will never forgive me!'

'I command you to suckle on me!' she repeated. 'Refuse and you shall pay a heavy price!'

The menace in her voice was all too real. Trembling, and biting back his sense of shame, Lorcan leaned forward and closed his mouth around the plug of her nipple. Her flesh was warm and hard with a strong, salty taste. For several seconds, he suckled on her like a baby. Eventually, she pushed him away, and offered up her other breast. He closed his mouth around her second, equally salty teat, and chewed gently, while praying they would soon tire of this game and let him go.

'Enough!' she said at last, and pushed him away again. Immediately, the other scouts withdrew, moving to either side.

The scout he had pleased with his hand, took hold of his wrist and lifted up his arm, forcing his fingers to his nose.

'Sniff the scent of my warrior's hole,' she commanded. 'And tell me it is good.'

Though every fibre of his being screamed at him to refuse, Lorcan knew it was pointless. The more he protested, the more these women would abuse him.

Better, he decided, to get this over with as fast as possible.

He breathed deeply, inhaling the smell of the young woman's cunt. Her scent was damp and heady, richer than that of his Mistress's hole.

'It is good,' he told her, and, despite the degradation they were putting him to, he meant it.

Roseene – the scout whose cunt he had pleased, smiled broadly, and said, 'Now lick your fingers clean. So you may savour my taste as well.'

Again, he desperately wished to refuse; and again he knew to do so would only invite further ignominy. Reluctantly, he pressed his fingers to his lips and licked the juices that coated his hand, until he had cleaned them of every last drop. Again, to his surprise, the taste was pleasant: strong, musky, with a curious hint of spice.

Venyn gazed at him intently, and he felt his stomach churn with renewed fear. They had tortured him enough already, but something else was coming. What it was he could not say. But this was not the end. There was worse in store. Far worse...

And then he saw her...

In the furthest corner of the room, a girl lay trussed upon the bed. A hood had been placed over her head, and her arms strapped fast behind her back. She was

naked, facing away from him, her backside pointing to the ceiling.

He looked at Venyn, his face perplexed. 'I do not understand,' he muttered. 'What is happening here?'

'Her name is Zeena,' said Venyn, by way of explanation. 'She is our prisoner, a rebel from the northern lands. She has much she can tell us, but refuses to speak.'

Lorcan shook his head. 'I still don't understand. But it is not my business. Will you let me go now, Mistress, please? I have done everything you have asked of me.'

'You cannot leave,' said Venyn. 'Not yet, at any rate. We have bought you from your master. You are our man now.'

'My master?' repeated Lorcan stupidly. 'I have no master. Only a Mistress.'

'Nevertheless, Forage has been well paid and has handed you into our care. You will obey us now, in accordance with military law.'

Lorcan frowned. Once again, his instinct to refuse was blunted. 'What more do you want from me?' he asked.

Venyn gestured towards the girl on the bed. 'We want you to take this one by

force. She is trained to withstand torture at our hands, but a man's cock may loosen her tongue.'

Lorcan looked horrified. 'No! I cannot do it. I will not!' he protested.

'You will obey a lawful order,' said Venyn, drawing her sword from its scabbard by the wall. 'If you do not,' she added, walking towards him, 'then I shall kill you where you stand.'

She pressed the tip of the blade to Lorcan's throat. 'What is your answer?' she asked.

The young man's reply was not what she expected. 'I refuse,' he said. 'Kill me if you must, but I will not dishonour this woman.'

'Well, well,' said Venyn, genuinely surprised. 'A man of principle. You would die for this stranger when all I ask is that you fuck her like a beast in the field. Curious...'

She slid the blade down to the thin cotton strap across his shoulder. With a deft flick she sliced through the material, reached forward with her other hand and ripped the tunic from his body, rendering him naked in an instant. He immediately dropped his hands and covered his penis.

'Show us your cock!' said Venyn. 'Let us feast upon your manhood!'

‘Please, Captain,’ I beg you,’ responded Lorcan. ‘It belongs to my Mistress. Only she may command me to reveal myself!’

Venyn laughed cruelly, reached forward, took hold of Lorcan’s wrists and tugged his hands away. Though he could have fought her, he did not. But he kept his head bowed, nonetheless, his eyes closed in shame.

‘Venyn gave a low whistle. ‘In the name of all that is holy!’ she cried. ‘You have a mighty spear! Even at rest, your length exceeds the cocks of many erect men!’ Her breathing had become more rapid, and she felt a familiar moistness dampen her cunt. ‘Never have I ridden such a monster! And it is not yet fully proud!’

With a gesture of her hand, she summoned one of the others scouts forward. ‘Gellyn,’ she said. ‘Come round and use your mouth on him. I warrant you have never suckled such a beast.’

With his eyes still shut, Lorcan visibly trembled as the woman approached, dropped to her knees and took him between her large, warm hands.

‘Look down at her!’ commanded Venyn. ‘Rejoice as she takes you into her mouth!’

Reluctantly, Lorcan did as he was told. Despite himself, his shaft had begun to unfurl and, as the Dorian scout closed her lips around the tip of his cock, he felt the stem engorge with blood and begun its inexorable rise. Within seconds, his penis was fully erect, and he saw, with grim satisfaction, that the girl had some difficulty in coping with his enormous length. Again, despite himself, he felt his lust begin to grow, and the milk flow from his balls into his shaft. He shifted his

feet a little to steady himself, and clenched his teeth to calm his agitated nerves.

He was suddenly aware of Venyn, standing beside him, one hand stroking his left arm, the other snaking down between his buttocks, her fingers sliding into his crack. Her breath was warm against his face as she spoke.

‘Her lips give you pleasure, do they not?’ she whispered. ‘Will you spill yourself into her throat? Will you pump as you have never pumped before? Gellyn can do this to you. She has suckled on many cocks. None have been able to resist her.’

She stepped back and heard him grunt, aware that he was fast approaching the point of no return. Then, with an evil laugh, she pressed her mouth to his ear and said, ‘If you come, I will kill the prisoner...’

Immediately, Lorcan stiffened, arched his back and groaned out loud. He had been on the point of spending himself freely; exploding into Gellyn’s mouth. The pleasure in his groin was unbearable, the surge of delight almost too strong to drive down. But drive it down he must! Emptying his mind, he blanked out all lustful thoughts, aware that one image of a swollen breast, a bloated cunt, firm buttocks or a woman’s smile would be enough to send him over the edge.

With a huge effort, he stemmed the flow of milk into his shaft, biting sharply on his lower lip, drawing blood as he clenched down hard, yelping with pain. Still, Gellyn suckled on him, but he was a match for her now, fighting her every inch of the way, as she had never been fought before.

As she watched Lorcan defy both Gellyn and his own pleasure, Venyn found herself admiring his restraint. To resist such a suckling! Any other man would

have spent long before now, however much he tried not to. Lorcan was different. Again, she felt a rush of warmth to her cunt. He would be a good fuck. There would be seed for them all before she straddled his face and finished him off.

Keen to test him further, Venyn now slid her hand into the cleft of his arse, searching for the hard, muscular nubbin of his anus. With great delight, she squirmed her thumb into his tight little hole, easing up to the first knuckle, then pushed further still, until she was buried deep inside him.

He squealed with pleasure, grunted like a pig, and stamped his feet in a desperate bid to contain his excitement; that moment of truth when he would unleash himself into Gellyn's throat.

'Please, Mistress, please!' he cried. 'I am a man! I cannot resist! I cannot!'

'You must!' hissed Venyn. 'Spend – and the woman dies! Your flowing seed will sign her death warrant.'

Another grunt, and then a further stamp of feet. Somehow, Lorcan held himself in check. Venyn was impressed. This man would last between their legs all night, and pleasure them many times before she rode him into Paradise. She had chosen well. But now was the time to begin.

'I ask you one last time,' she whispered into Lorcan's ear. 'Will you fuck the woman like the beast she is, or must I kill you with my sword?'

‘You must kill me,’ gasped Lorcan. ‘I will never do as you ask!’

Venyn smiled. ‘You are a brave man,’ she whispered. And for that I shall spare you. The woman will die in your place...’

Lorcan’s eyes, shut tight to stem the pleasure in his cock, flew open. He would have turned to face Venyn, but already she was striding towards the woman lying trussed-up on the bed. He saw the Dorian captain raise her arm, alter the grip on her hilt and aim a fatal blow at the prisoner’s neck.

‘No!’ he cried. ‘Spare her, please, I beg you!’

Venyn turned, regarded him with undisguised contempt and raised her sword a second time. But just as it seemed she was about to bring it down, she stopped, as if a thought had struck her. At once, she turned round and came back to him.

Leaning in, again she whispered, her scented breath warm on his face. ‘Fuck her, and she lives. Refuse and she dies.’

‘No...’ responded Lorcan, horrified. ‘You cannot do this. You cannot...’

Venyn smiled. ‘Her life is in your hands. I will untie her so that she may fight back. But you will be too strong. Take her as you would a beast in the field. Though she beg you for mercy! Do this, and she lives. Refuse and she shall die slowly, over many hours...’

There were tears in Lorcan's eyes. Venyn saw the struggle being waged in his heart. To save the girl's life he must do that which appalled him most. Yet if he did not... where was the greater evil?

Suddenly, his head slumped, and he gave a huge sigh. His mind was made up. There was no other choice.

'I will mate with her,' he said. 'If it must be done to save her life.'

'She must not know you mean her well,' Venyn reminded him. 'Show her no mercy. Unleash the beast within you, or she dies...'

Lorcan swallowed hard and bowed his head. 'I will not hold back,' he promised.

Venyn tapped Gellyn on the shoulder. 'Leave off your work,' she told the other woman. 'We have fresh sport now. Let us untie the prisoner.'

Reluctantly, Gellyn released Lorcan's shaft, and climbed to her feet. Reaching down, she took hold of his root, squeezed it gently and said, 'I shall have your seed before this night is out – one way or the other!'

Venyn had already crossed to the bed and begun to untie the prisoner. The woman began to struggle, cursing through the Hessian material of the hood around her head. Venyn straddled her shoulders, pinning her face down. 'Prepare yourself, bitch!' she cried. 'We have brought you a man to satisfy your greedy cunt!'

On hearing this, the woman struggled more ferociously than ever, cursing and snarling beneath the hood. Venyn turned towards Lorcan and said, 'She is yours, now! Take her long and hard!'

Lorcan raced forward. It was now or never. If he delayed even a moment, he knew he was lost. And yet, from somewhere deep inside, a more primitive part of his being drove him on. For all his good intentions, the sight of the woman's exposed backside as she lay on the bed, with Venyn straddling her back, had filled him with a raw animal lust.

The prisoner tried to dodge his attack, but, blinded by the hood, she was helpless as he took her round the waist and threw her onto her back.

'No!' she screamed. 'Have mercy on me! Have mercy, I beg you!'

Lorcan pressed himself against her body, his rigid penis searching for its target. A dreadful lust now raged through him; lust for this poor woman's cunt, her breasts, and her arse. He was no longer himself. He had been given free rein to plunder her at will, and suddenly, to his surprise, that was what he wished to do. To fuck her without pity, to claim, conquer and empty himself inside her.

He drew back his hips, positioning the tip of his cock at the entrance to her cunt. The feeling was a new, and strangely unsettling one. Until now, he had fucked no woman but his Mistress, and she had always been on top. In truth, he had never fucked a woman, for, being on top, his Mistress had fucked him. She had raped him without mercy, sometimes daily, and often several times a night when the mood was on her.

The woman squealed and wriggled her hips from side to side. 'Do not fuck me!' she cried. 'Do not fuck me, bastard!'

'Take her!' cried Venyn loudly into his ear. 'Conquer her cunt!'

Relinquishing all restraint, Lorcan gave a loud, victorious cry and drove himself home, lodging his entire cock deep inside the woman's hole. Her flesh was warm and damp around his shaft, and, for a moment, he thought he would go mad with pleasure. But he knew that if he pumped too fast he would certainly come, and with that the fuck would end. He had been ordered to take his time, and make the woman suffer. If he surrendered to his need too quickly, these villains might kill the woman after all, and this he could not allow. He must act a part, and give them what they wanted, however much it pained him to do so.

Withdrawing slowly, he drove into her a second time, then a third and then a fourth. The woman screamed, and shook her hips from side to side. Her hands came round and clawed at his back, cursing him for the bastard he was.

'Help me, someone!' she cried. 'Oh, please, won't someone help me!'

'No one can help you now!' he answered, reaching under her bottom. The fingers of his right hand scurried into her crack, searching for her tiny hole. He found it and thrust a digit into the tight, unyielding centre.

'Not my arse!' she wept. 'Not my poor little arse, I beg you!'

Curling his other arm around her shoulders, he hoisted her off the bed, and surged to his feet. Straightening his back, and clutching Zeena tight, he thrust again with his cock, and plunged his finger deep into her bottom. He strode around the chamber, the woman clamped to his body like a hard-won prize.

Venyn gasped. The man was made of steel! What strength he must have, to plunder her pussy while marching up and down the room! Suddenly she longed to be the woman on his shaft; to have her own cunt plundered by his mighty weapon. She thrust her hand between her legs and began to rub at her clit, moaning, and mouthing sweet obscenities beneath her breath.

Behind her, Gellyn swore. 'He is a monster!' she cried, advancing quickly. 'I must do battle with him now!'

Venyn's arm came out and stopped her in her tracks. 'Not yet!' she reminded the young scout. 'Not yet!'

Roseene moved into view. 'Would that he were in my cunt!' she moaned. 'I would squeeze him dry!'

'Patience, sisters,' said Venyn. 'We shall all soon know his seed!'

The three scouts watched as Lorcan bucked his hips, driving his cock in and out of his victim's body. Suddenly, he withdrew completely, threw her on the bed and rolled her on to her belly.

For a moment they were confused, then all became horribly clear. With a loud, animal-like growl, Lorcan dragged the woman's legs apart, opened up her buttocks and threw himself on top of her.

'He means to take her up the arse!' cried Venyn. 'He has lost all control! We must stop him!'

'Sisters, help me!' cried the hooded woman. 'The bastard means to bugger me!'

'Clench your hole shut!' yelled Venyn, storming forward, her arms around Lorcan's throat, dragging him back. 'Do not let him enter you!'

The woman beneath him screamed again. 'He is forcing his way in!' she cried. 'My fortress has been breached!'

Though demented with lust, something stirred in Lorcan's brain. Why were the women trying to drag him off her? Unable to think straight, his penis desperate for release, he clung on tightly to his prize, his hands around the woman's breasts. Kneading her big, rubbery gourds, he thrust one more time – as hard as he could – and felt her sphincter open to him.

With a cry of triumph he slid home, easing into her rectum, claiming her completely.

She arched her back and screamed. 'I am bugged!' she cried. 'You bitches, I

am buggered!’

And suddenly Lorcan knew! He had been tricked! Releasing one breast, he tore at the string around the woman’s neck, freeing the hood, and flinging it to the floor. The face inside was a familiar one: Anya, the fourth, dark-haired scout!

Hands were clawing at his flesh now, desperately trying to drag him off. But as Lorcan’s anger grew, so did his strength.

‘She is not your prisoner!’ he cried. ‘What game is this? Release me or I spend inside her arse!’

‘Do not let him spill himself!’ cried Anya, wriggling furiously on the end of his cock.

Venyn was beside herself with fury and confusion. It had been Anya’s plan to fool the naïve young waiter, to have him think he was taking her by force. No foe had ever been strong or stupid enough to try to plunder her against her will. She had often wondered what it would feel like to have a strong man take her without mercy. The servant, Lorcan, had seemed ideal. But now it had gone too far. A woman’s arse was sacrosanct. It was her most secret and forbidden place. If Lorcan spent himself inside her hole, she would be shamed forever.

‘Stop your wriggling, or you will make me come!’ yelled Lorcan. ‘I will not be able to hold back. Already I tremble on the brink!’

‘Keep still!’ urged Venyn, ‘or he will flood you whether he wishes to or not’.

The young scout stilled her body, as, with a huge effort, did Lorcan. He was breathing heavily, exerting every ounce of self-control as he lay on top of the beautiful scout, his penis lodged deep in her arse.

‘Can you remove yourself without spending?’ inquired Venyn. She unsheathed her sword once more and pressed the tip to his throat. ‘If you spill one drop, you die!’

Lorcan swallowed hard. ‘I have no wish to die,’ he answered, ‘but I have every wish to spend myself inside this woman’s body. I cannot help myself. I am a man, with a man’s needs.’

‘You must withdraw slowly,’ said Venyn. ‘Roseene! Prepare to stem his flow!’

Immediately the other scout came forward, sliding her hand across Anya’s sloping arse, fingers spread.

‘She will take you at the hilt,’ said Venyn. ‘The moment you withdraw, you will come for certain. Roseene will stem your flow. Are you ready?’

Lorcan shook his head, his body trembling with need. ‘Do you give me your word, you will not kill me?’ he asked, for he knew the moment he withdrew he was once more at their mercy.

‘You have my word,’ answered Venyn quietly. ‘You will not be put to the sword.’

No, she told herself. You will not die by the sword. You will die screaming under my arse!

‘Very well,’ he said. ‘I am ready to withdraw, but you must hold me quickly. I am on the brink!’

Venyn and Roseene exchanged an anxious glance. Gelynn came forward as if to take hold of Lorcan’s left shoulder. ‘No!’ he cried. ‘One touch of your flesh and I will come for sure!’

Venyn waved her away. She knew the needs of men. Once lodged inside a woman’s body, they were like maddened beasts, unable to control themselves.

‘Are you prepared?’ she asked, as Roseene readied herself to strike.

‘I am,’ she replied.

‘Then do it!’ cried Venyn.

Lorcan threw back his head and screamed. He pulled back slowly, and felt the surge of pleasure in his groin. Immediately, Roseene’s fingers closed around the base of his cock, pinching tight, stemming his flow. His stomach muscles rippled

as his muted climax hit him, and his breath exploded in short, sharp grunts.

As his penis emerged from Anya's hole, Venyn stared at it with undisguised lust. The shaft jerked awkwardly in Roseene's hand, monstrously erect and slick with Anya's juices. The waiter's balls were big and swollen, the sacs bulging with seed. From the look on the young man's face, it was clear he could hardly control himself, in spite of Roseene's grip on his stem.

Anya, for her part, was already on her feet, her face crimson, her anger directed both at Lorcan and her friends.

'The bastard almost came in my arse!' she cried. 'If he had spilled himself –'

'He did not!' Venyn reminded her, wheeling around, staying the younger scout's outburst. She returned her attention to Lorcan's long, muscular prick. 'And by all that is holy, I long to feel that shaft in all my holes!'

Anya shrugged. In truth, though Lorcan's intrusion had at first shocked her, she could not deny that shock had quickly turned to delight. She had never come across a man so well-endowed. It was a pity they must kill him once they had taken their pleasure.

'Has he settled down?' asked Venyn.

Roseene nodded, though she still held on to his prick. 'He no longer pulses,' she answered. 'The threat has passed.'

‘Let him go,’ said Venyn, and noted Roseene’s reluctant release of the shaft.

Lorcan drew himself up to his full height, his chest swollen, his long legs muscular and taut. He seemed, mused Venyn, to have grown in stature these past few minutes. She lowered her gaze for an instant. His cock remained fully erect, the foreskin withdrawn, the glans shiny and exposed. How much seed would pump through that little eye, she wondered, before reluctantly looking away.

‘You will lie upon your back,’ said Venyn, pointing at the bed. ‘And we will take you in turn. However close we bring you to the edge, you are not to come. Do you understand?’

Lorcan nodded. ‘And after you have had your way with me, you will let me go?’

Venyn smiled. ‘I promise you will never see us again.’

The waiter swallowed hard, walked over to the bed and settled himself on his back. He was used to being taken like this; his Mistress rode him every day, sometimes several times an hour. She never let him come inside her, and always finished him off by hand, coldly, and without feeling, long after the event. She would make him kneel on all fours and milk him into a bucket like a cow in the field. Sometimes she would send a serving girl to do the deed, an act which shamed Lorcan to the core. But his Mistress had been the only woman he had ever entered – until now – and he was loyal to her house. What she would do to him once she learned that he had been sullied like this, he had no idea. Servants had been put to the sword for less.

Roseene approached him first, swung one big meaty thigh across his midriff and settled herself over his cock. Taking it in one hand, she touched the tip to her big, hairy vagina and sighed. Lorcan jerked beneath her, his balls rolling in their sacs. She was teasing him, preparing him for entry. Then, slowly, inch by glorious inch, she lowered herself onto his shaft, drawing him inside until he had breached her to the hilt.

She rode him vigorously, her long arms stretched out before her, her hands extended, fingers clawing their way across his smooth, bare chest. How long she rode him, he had no idea, for he did his best to shut out the image and the pleasure welling up inside him. Then suddenly, her body tightened, stilled, then shuddered. She threw back her head, opened her mouth and screamed foul oaths towards the rafters.

‘I come! I come!’ she cried, wriggling on his cock as she spent herself without shame. As the last of her pleasure oozed from her cunt, she fell forward, onto his chest, her breasts mashed hard against him, her breath warm on his skin. She raised her head, looked into his eyes and whispered, ‘Would that I could fuck you forever!’

Anya quickly took her place, and his ordeal began again. The youngster rode him viciously, as if taking her revenge for what had happened. She came quickly, falling forward and dribbling freely onto his face. Pressing her mouth to his ear, she whispered, ‘I have conquered you, bastard. I have conquered you!’

Roseene was next. She rode him slowly, keen to extract as much joy as she could from his cock. But try though she might, restraint was beyond her. It was, she reflected, as if a greater force was driving her on; as if, at the moment of truth, when she emptied herself onto his shaft, Lorcan himself was draining her.

Finally, Venyn mounted his cock. 'You have done well,' she told him, 'and shall have your reward.'

He stared back at her, perplexed, his body sheathed in sweat, his muscles twitching with exhaustion. 'I do not understand,' he said quietly. 'What reward shall I have?'

'I will spend myself on your cock,' she told him. 'And at the moment of my spending, you shall spend, too.'

Lorcan shook his head. 'No,' he whispered. 'My seed belongs to my Mistress. I cannot spend inside another woman.'

Venyn's face darkened. 'I am your Mistress now,' she told him. 'Your cock belongs to me, as do your balls and seed. You will spend inside me, or you will die. It is as simple as that.'

She felt him tighten beneath her. He had not, she knew, come this far only to be slaughtered like a beast. Venyn watched his Adam's apple bob sharply, aware that soon his spunk would fill her cunt to overflowing.

'Prepare yourself,' she told him and began to move. Slowly at first, then ever faster. Up and down, and to and fro, she took him without pity, aware of his mounting excitement. For all his professed reluctance, he was a man, and she knew that like all men he longed to spend himself inside a woman's cunt.

She bit her lip, as the first wave of pleasure closed in on her. ‘No!’ she cried, fighting in vain to hold back the flood. Like her sisters before her, she felt the overwhelming surge of delight as it swamped her body. She could not hold back! By all that was holy, she was coming! She was coming!

‘Spend yourself!’ she cried. ‘Fill me with your seed! Fill me or die!’

Immediately, she felt him thrust. His penis kicked inside her, and his balls rolled awkwardly between her thighs. The first jet of spunk thudded into her, propelling her over the edge a second time, sending her beyond any pleasure she had ever known.

And then, something more remarkable still! Behind her closed eyelids, she saw a valley, and in that valley a hundred large white tents. There were women milling around. Tarbran women, from the north, and they were armed. As if she were an eagle in flight, she swooped down, past two rows of guards and into the tent of their commander, a tall, thick-set woman with short, red hair and a scar across her forehead...

And then she screamed, and came again. Lust drove out every thought. She dug her fingers into Lorcan’s chest and rode him furiously, as if he were a stallion she must break at all costs. The young man was still pumping, his semen spilling from her sex and running down her thighs. She was only vaguely aware of the other scouts gathering around her, moving in close.

‘I have never seen so much spunk!’ said Anya. ‘He has flooded her with his cream!’

‘Get off him!’ cried Roseene. ‘You have had your fill! Let another ride him while she can!’

Venyn’s face contorted angrily. ‘No!’ she cried. ‘This man is mine! I shall fuck him to death!’

‘He has possessed her!’ yelled Roseene. ‘Quickly! We must lift her from his body!’

The others required no second telling, and moved as one, taking Venyn by the arms and legs and raising her off the waiter’s cock. One glance at his shaft told them all they needed to know. It was still erect, with semen bubbling from the eye.

‘The rest of us may yet feed!’ cried Roseene, moving forward. ‘We shall take him one after the other, sisters! Prepare to move swiftly!’

And move swiftly they did. Within moments, Roseene was coming for a second time, bearing down on the young man’s cock, cursing him madly as he continued to spunk inside her cunt. Anya followed next and, after her, Gellyn. Either he possessed a never-ending flow of seed or, more likely, extreme self-control, but a man who could come inside four women in quick succession – such a thing was not possible!

As the last of the women slithered from his belly, Lorcan arched his back and screamed. And as he did, a final wad of white, hot semen spurted from his urethra and up across his belly. Only then, finally, did he sag, his body drained, his every ounce of strength suddenly gone.

‘This man is unnatural!’ said Anya, reaching for her sword. ‘He cannot be allowed to live!’

Lorcan raised his eyes as she approached, but he did not lift a hand to defend himself. His exhaustion was total, so deep he could not move a finger. Anya held her sword above his head, but he simply lay there in silence, staring at her blankly.

‘No!’ cried Venyn. ‘Do not kill him! He is the One Who Sees!’

The three scouts wheeled around, confusion darkening their faces.

Venyn nodded. ‘It is true. When he came inside me, I saw a vision! The camp of the Tarbran women, many miles to the north. A heavily armed force. I saw it all. He gave the sight to me!’

‘There is no such man!’ protested Anya. ‘What you saw was a dream. Brought on by too much ale. You have no proof!’

‘I do not need proof!’ said Venyn. ‘I know what I saw. I know what I felt!’

‘I felt it, too,’ said Roseene, quietly. The others turned to face her. ‘When I sat upon him. When he came. It was only fleeting. I saw my mother. Sitting by a window...’

‘Another dream!’ insisted Anya.

‘No!’ said Roseene. ‘It was real, I swear it. He saw inside me.’

Venyn came forward now, her brow furrowed, and studied the young man’s face. ‘He cannot move,’ she said unnecessarily. ‘This is how the weakness takes the One Who Sees. He will be helpless for some time. As helpless as a new-born babe.’

‘Then let me do the deed,’ said Gellyn. ‘Let me sit on his face now, and smother him with my arse.’

‘No,’ said Venyn. ‘We must take him to our Queen. If he is truly the One Who Sees, she will have need of him in holy sacrifice...’

Anya gazed down at Lorcan, unable to believe what she was hearing. ‘Can it really be so?’ she mused aloud. ‘Can he be the one of whom the prophecies speak?’

‘I believe he is,’ said Venyn, leaning in close, her breath warming his face. It was strange to see him so helpless. They could do whatever they liked with him now. Whatever they liked...

‘You are to be spared,’ she whispered. ‘And will become our loyal cunts-man. Do you understand what this means?’

Lorcan's eyes flickered, but still he could not move his head. Venyn smiled. 'You are no longer in your Mistress's service, but in your Queen's. From this day on you serve Her Majesty and, through her Greatness, you serve us also.'

Again his eyes flickered, and this time his head shifted slightly.

'Can you move your lips?' inquired Venyn. For a moment, Lorcan's face remained impassive, then, slowly, and with some effort, he formed his mouth into an 'O'. Venyn smiled. 'Then you will swear loyalty to us in the ancient way.'

'Plee – please ... no...' whispered Lorcan weakly. 'I must ... I must not ...'

'There can be no refusal,' said Venyn. 'You are in our Queen's service now. You must swear your allegiance.'

Without another word, she turned her back on him, swung one huge leg across his chest and moved back till her bottom was directly over his head. Turning to Gellyn, she said, 'Raise him up so he may plant his kiss of loyalty on the eye of my arse.'

Gellyn came forward quickly, took hold of Lorcan's head and lifted it up with both hands. At the same time, Venyn lowered her rump until her anus was just above his mouth. 'Honour me with a kiss,' she commanded him. For a moment, he did not move, then, shifting his head forward a fraction, he closed his lips around her arsehole, sucking gently on the tight, muscular knot.

‘Your tongue,’ whispered Venyn hoarsely. ‘Pay homage with your tongue!’

Another moment of silence passed; a longer moment, heavy with anticipation. Suddenly, Venyn’s eyes closed and she let out a quiet moan. ‘He probes me...’ she whispered. ‘By all that is sweet – he probes me with his tongue!’

One by one, the women mounted Lorcan’s head, and one by one he honoured them with his kiss of allegiance. When the last of the scouts dismounted, he knew his fate was sealed. There was no going back for him now. He served a new Mistress. Indeed, more than one. What lay ahead of him, he had no idea.

But that he had sealed his own fate, he had no doubt whatsoever...

Two

Augustus Forage entered the women's room in a state of great excitement. Ever since selling Lorcan to the scouts, he had dreamed of the moment he would watch one of the soldiers sit on the boy's head. She would smother him with her bare bottom, while one of her sisters milked him – Forage – until he came. It had cost the innkeeper a fortune in gold duggettes, but every coin would bring him a pleasure he had never known.

Now at last that time had arrived and, for him, not a moment too soon. Spurred on by the thought of what was to come, he had masturbated furiously, stemming himself more than once with only the greatest effort. When he walked into the room to see Lorcan lying on his back, and a bare-arsed Venyn astride his chest, Forage felt his penis stiffen, the ache in his balls almost too painful to bear.

'Disrobe,' said Gellyn, taking the fat innkeeper by the arm and steering him towards a couch.

'Disrobe?' repeated Forage stupidly. 'Why should I disrobe?' he inquired.

'So we can milk you as we smother your servant,' said Anya, with a wicked grin. 'We women are eager to see your beautiful cock. Who knows? If it pleases us we may suckle on it first...'

Forage felt his heart beat faster and his stomach empty with excitement. This was happiness beyond his wildest dreams!

Quickly, he tugged off his clothes, rendering himself naked in a few seconds. His

cock, a short, but plump specimen, stood out at right angles to his body. It was cold in the room and the chill did little to arouse him further. Not that he cared, for the women, he knew, would attend to that detail very shortly.

Gellyn came forward, stretched out her arm and closed her right hand around the innkeeper's shaft. 'Are you ready for the wank that never ends?' she asked him slyly, and felt his penis stiffen in her grip.

'I am!' he groaned, pushing his thighs together. 'I long to be milked forever!'

Anya came forward. 'How should our victim be smothered?' she asked. 'Should it be a long and slow suffocation, or done quickly and with mercy?'

'Slowly!' cried Forage. 'The man must suffer! He must struggle in your woman's grip!'

Roseene moved to his right shoulder. 'A woman's grip can never be broken,' she informed him. 'Once she has taken a man between her buttocks, there can be no escape!'

'It is as it should be!' said Forage, his stomach twisting with excitement, spittle forming in the corners of his mouth.

Without warning, Roseene and Anya took hold of his shoulders, and forced him to the floor. His fat little legs buckled and his head came up, his eyes wide, his mouth open.

‘What is this?’ he cried. ‘What are you doing?’

‘You are to be smothered,’ explained Venyn, stepping in front of him. ‘My arsehole claims you as her prize.’

The innkeeper’s face clouded over. He tried to get up, but the women were too strong for him.

‘We had a bargain!’ he cried. ‘You cannot break your word!’

‘We are Royal scouts,’ said Venyn. ‘Do not presume to tell us what we can and cannot do.’

Forage flung his head round, brought up one arm and pointed at Lorcan. ‘There was desperation in his voice now. ‘I paid you good money! You said you would smother the boy! You said you would wank me while I watched! You promised!’

Venyn regarded him coldly. ‘You will be wanked,’ she promised him. ‘And your seed will flow as it has never flowed before. All men flow at the moment of truth. Sisters, hold him down!’

‘Dear God, no!’ screamed Forage, struggling in their grip. ‘I don’t want to be sat on! I don’t want to be smothered! Please! I beg you!’

They were too strong for him, of course, manhandling him onto his back with ease. Gellyn took hold of his feet, pinning them together. Roseene dragged his arms behind his head and locked her hands around his wrists. Finally, Anya straddled his chest, stifling what little room for manoeuvre remained.

Venyn came round behind his head, stepped across his neck, bent her legs and squatted low over his face. The innkeeper turned his head away. 'Have mercy on me!' he cried. 'Dear God, have mercy on me!'

'The fat little pig is crying,' remarked Roseene coldly. 'He fears your mighty arse, Venyn. He knows it is to sit on him!'

Venyn looked down at her victim and sneered. 'Cease your snivelling, innkeeper, and take this like a man. A bare-arsed woman is coming for you. Rejoice at such a fate!'

'I don't want to be smothered!' cried Forage. 'Please don't kill me with your bottom!'

'A coward to the end!' cried Venyn, reaching back, taking hold of her huge cheeks and spreading them wide. 'Anya!' she continued. 'Dismount and hold his head in place. It is his time!'

Immediately, the young scout climbed from Forage's chest, and came round to the front. Dropping to her haunches, she stretched out her arms, and took hold of the innkeeper's head, just behind his ears.

‘No, no! In pity’s name, nooooo!’ screamed Forage as Anya dragged his face into position, holding him firmly beneath Venyn’s big, open cheeks.

‘In the name of our Queen,’ said Venyn. ‘I lower myself onto this man’s head and take him into my secret place!’

‘Please, no! Please, no!’ screamed Forage, staring up into her fleshy chasm. The muscular knot of her anus winked back at him, the chocolate-brown hole nestling at the heart of her long, hairy divide.

She lowered herself slowly, taking him inch by inch into her crack until he was completely covered. Only then did she release her cheeks so that they dropped around him, moulding themselves to his face. She felt him shake, aware of his muted grunts as they sounded against her flesh. Anya held on tight so that he could not move, while at either end, Roseene and Gellyn maintained their vice-like grip on his arms and legs.

A minute passed, and then a second. Forage shook furiously, each jerk of his body more violent than the last. Venyn threw back her head, licked her lips and squeezed her breasts. Her delight was palpable; this was warrior’s work and it pleased her.

Then suddenly, a voice sounded across the room; firm, strident and very familiar.

‘No! Do not do this! I forbid it!’

Venyn looked over to where Lorcan had raised his head. He no longer bore the look of an exhausted man; the colour had returned to his face and his eyes shone brightly again.

‘Get off the poor man’s head!’ he cried. ‘Spare him!’

‘You do not give orders!’ yelled Venyn, and, as if to prove the point, wriggled her hips crudely and pressed down harder still.

‘If you do not spare him, I will not come with you to your Queen!’ replied Lorcan. ‘I will find a way to escape you, I swear it!’

Though Venyn launched him a dismissive sneer, there was hesitation in her voice when she spoke. ‘My arse cannot be denied!’ she said. ‘This man belongs inside my crack!’

‘Render him unconscious, then!’ said Lorcan. ‘But do not kill him!’

Venyn shook her head, confused. ‘He wished to see me smother you’ she cried. ‘He paid me to sit on your face, bare-arsed and do the deed in front of him. He was to be wanked while he watched. He does not deserve pity!’

‘I say again!’ yelled Lorcan, climbing heavily to his feet. Though more alert now, he was still not fully recovered. ‘Rise this instant from the saddle, or I shall intervene and you will curse the consequences!’

Venyn gazed back at the young man in silence, trying to make sense of his actions. Beneath her arse, Forage continued to struggle. He was, she knew, only seconds from darkness. If she held on for just a few moments longer...

But there was something in Lorcan's expression, something that brooked no dissent, and, to the surprise of her companions, and not least to herself, Venyn lifted her arse from her victim's head. Immediately, Forage heaved violently, gasping down huge lungfuls of air.

Anya reacted furiously, leaping to her feet, wheeling round and addressing her companions. 'Who is this man to order women of the Royal army? I say we kill them both!'

Venyn stayed the youngster with a flourish of her hand. 'Contain your impetuosity,' she said quietly. 'This man deserves to be punished and so he shall. But he is special and knows it. Sometimes even a scout must exercise restraint.'

Climbing from Forage's stricken body, she walked up to Lorcan and looked into his eyes. 'If we do as you ask,' she said, 'will you promise to obey us in all things?'

'No life must be taken unless life itself is threatened,' answered Lorcan.

Venyn shook her head. 'Your terms are unacceptable,' she told him.

He shrugged. 'Nonetheless, they are my terms. Deny me this and I will fight you

all the way. Allow it and I offer you my allegiance.'

'You have already sworn allegiance!' cried Venyn angrily. 'You have suckled on our arseholes, and pledged yourself to our service. Will you retract your word?'

'My word was forced on me,' said Lorcan. 'It was not freely given and is of no account.'

'For a servant, you are very high and mighty,' said Venyn, aware of the change in Lorcan's whole demeanour. From the moment he had spent himself inside her cunt, something had altered in him. It was as if he had grown more confident, stronger, more self-assured. They had unleashed a power in him, that much was certain. He was the One Who Sees, and what he had seen was how strong he could be.

She regarded him thoughtfully for several seconds, then made up her mind. Venyn was a powerful warrior, but she was also wise. She knew when to take, and she knew when to give. This was a moment for giving. She must bow to his demands for the good of her Queen.

'Very well,' she replied. 'We accept your terms, and in return you will pledge your allegiance willingly.'

Lorcan bowed his head. 'I do,' he answered. 'I shall serve you as my Mistresses and do all you demand of me.'

Venyn turned to address her companions. 'You have heard him speak. He is our man now, and we may do with him as we will.'

The others smiled broadly. Lorcan could not be sure what they had in mind. That they would use him for their pleasure, however, he had no doubt.

Looking down at the terrified innkeeper, Venyn asked Lorcan, 'Will you at least allow me to silence this villain for his sins?'

Forage gazed up at her, terrified. Then he turned quickly in Lorcan's direction. His fat little hands came together as if in prayer. 'Please, boy!' he whimpered. 'Do not let the women hurt me! I never meant you harm! You must believe me!'

Lorcan stared back at him, disgusted. 'You sold me into slavery!' he said. 'Gave me to these women to be raped!' He shook his head. 'As if this deed were not foul enough, you would have watched them sit on me. Taken your pleasure as they smothered me with their bottoms!'

'I wouldn't have let them finish you off!' wept Forage. 'I would have told them to stop! I would have made them! You must believe me!'

'I believe you are a villain who deserves to know the taste of a woman's arse!' responded Lorcan. 'But unlike you, I do not wish you dead.' He paused for a moment, as if weighing up his next few words. Finally, he said, 'You must be punished, and punished as only a woman can punish you...'

Forage's eyes widened into two huge circles of despair. 'Pity me!' he cried. 'Pity a poor old man!'

Lorcan averted his gaze and addressed Venyn directly. 'Sit on his face and render him unconscious.' He paused, as if realising how forward he had been. 'If it pleases you, Mistress,' he added.

Venyn smiled. 'It does please me, Lorcan,' she replied.

Behind her, Forage tried scrambling to his feet, but Gellyn moved swiftly, throwing herself across his chest and pinning him onto his back. He floundered between her legs like a landed fish, weeping and screaming to his gods.

'You bastard, Lorcan! You bastard!' he cried, as Venyn walked over, straddled his head and settled herself over his face. Then, changing her mind, she rose, swivelled around and brought her sex across his head instead.

'This is a job for a woman's cunt,' she giggled, reaching down and running her fingers through the innkeeper's thin, wiry hair. 'I shall look into your eyes as I conquer you!'

'Noooo!' screamed Forage, arching his back, and wriggling furiously beneath her.

Venyn smiled. 'There is no escape, innkeeper. Prepare for your punishment!'

Forage screamed as she lowered herself onto his face, covering his nose and mouth with her huge, bloated pussy, the thick lips of her labia parting to admit him. He was enveloped in a moment, his eyes bulging with fear, the veins on his forehead raised and blue.

Lorcan came over, crouched down and studied him with interest. 'What does it feel like to be smothered, Forage?' he asked. 'To have a woman sit on your face and know she will not rise again until she has taken you into the darkness?'

Forage grunted furiously, his terrified screams muffled by the weight of Venyn's cunt. Anya and Roseene moved to either side of Lorcan now, equally keen to observe the innkeeper's face at close quarters.

'Your man struggles gamely,' said Anya. 'Will you do the deed quickly, or may we all take our pleasure on him?'

'The man shall be shared,' said Venyn. 'I will take him to the edge of darkness, then each of you may sit on him in turn. Only then shall I mount him for the final time and complete my woman's work.'

And so it was. Lorcan watched as one scout followed the other and sat astride the innkeeper's face. Each jammed her cunt across his nose and mouth, dragging him towards oblivion, only to rise an instant before he succumbed.

It was almost an hour before Venyn settled herself over him for the last time. Forage was dreadfully weak by now, his eyes red, his cheeks scored with tears. His face was awash with their juices, the taste of female cum heavy on his tongue. Venyn reached down, took hold of his head and pulled him to her cunt.

He did not resist until she had covered him completely. Only then, belatedly, did his eyes blaze open with renewed terror. Only then did his body tighten and begin to shake with fear.

Venyn held on fast, offering him neither inch nor mercy. Finally, after several long, agonising minutes, Forage arched his back, released a dreadful muted squeal, and rolled his eyes. Then he fell back, utterly subdued.

‘Rise from his head!’ said Lorcan, on seeing that the woman made no move to dismount. A look of sadness transformed her face. ‘The man deserves to die,’ she said. ‘Let me stay here till the job is done.’

‘No,’ said Lorcan. ‘You promised me. This man has suffered enough.’

Venyn released a long, dejected sigh, relaxed her grip and rose a fraction, her damp, hairy pubes sticking to the innkeeper’s lips as she extracted herself from his mouth. Forage did not move, though the rise and fall of his chest testified to the fact that he lived.

‘We have done as you asked,’ said Venyn. ‘Now it is your turn. You will bestow on each of us your willing kiss of allegiance. Once given, you are bound, by your honour, to serve us in all things.’

Lorcan bowed his head. ‘I will keep my bargain and become your cunts-man as I have promised.’

‘Very well,’ said Venyn, addressing the other scouts. ‘Prepare yourselves for homage, sisters.’

The three other women moved into line, side by side. Turning their backs on Lorcan, they dropped to their knees and raised their bottoms in the air. Slowly, as if conscious of the enormity of what he was about to do, Lorcan went down on his own knees, and shuffled in between Anya’s open legs. He stretched out his arms, placed his hands on her bare cheeks and used them to steady himself for a moment. Then he lowered his face into her crack and closed his mouth around the morsel of her anus, chewing gently on the tight, wrinkled crater.

‘Push home your tongue,’ commanded Venyn, standing at his shoulder. ‘As deep as any man has ever pushed.’

Steeling himself, Lorcan extended his tongue. Forming the tip into a rigid point, he drove it into Anya’s rectum. The young scout wriggled her hips crudely and squealed.

Lorcan remained inside the girl’s arse for one whole minute before Venyn spoke again. ‘Your homage is complete,’ she said.

Reluctantly, he withdrew. To his surprise, he had enjoyed the taste of the young scout’s hole, the challenge her sphincter had presented and the evident pleasure she had gained from his intrusion. Having offered his allegiance to Gellyn and Roseene in turn, his excitement mounted steeply. And, as each girl’s taste mingled with that of her comrades, his penis rose, refreshed, between his legs, a proud column of long, hardened flesh.

By the time he crawled in between Venyn's legs, his arousal was complete. Wriggling furiously on his fully extended tongue, Venyn fought to empty her mind of the sight of his thick, rampant cock. But restraint proved impossible and, as her own minute ended, and he withdrew, she dipped her head a little lower, raised her arse a fraction higher and said, 'Take me like a beast in the field. Fuck me hard and quickly, man! As if your life depended on it!'

Lorcan needed no encouragement. With a snarl of delight he took hold of his prick and positioned it against the woman's opening. Then, taking a firm hold of her hips he drove himself forward, piercing her in one rapid movement, and filling her to the hilt.

Venyn threw back her head and screamed, while her fellow scouts looked on with envy. Lorcan drove in and out of her body, a human piston of muscle and strength. He exploded within seconds, holding nothing back, roaring his pleasure towards the ceiling as Venyn came, too.

Almost immediately he slumped forward, utterly spent. It was as if a tap had been suddenly switched off. As weak as a kitten, he fell from Venyn's body onto the floor. His eyes rolled and his head span. And then, before he had a chance to anticipate the coming darkness, he rolled over on to his side and everything went black.

Three

Lorcan awoke on a hard, uncomfortable surface. It was early morning, and, nearby, a small fire crackled in the forest clearing. Anya was hunched over it, stirring a small pot of stew. Several yards away, Roseene and Gellyn were engaged in heated conversation. Venyn, at first nowhere to be seen, appeared suddenly at his shoulder.

‘How long have I been asleep?’ he asked, rubbing his stomach, which ached badly. It was only now that he realised he was completely naked.

‘Ten hours,’ answered Venyn. ‘We saddled up an extra horse and tied you to its back.’

Lorcan sighed. That at least explained his tender midriff. Before he could ask his next question, Venyn answered it for him.

‘We are twenty miles north of town, on our way to the village of Myrid.’

‘Myrid?’ he repeated. ‘Surely the village is in rebel hands and ought to be avoided?’

‘Much of the land between here and our home lies in rebel hands,’ said Venyn. ‘The route will be dangerous whichever one we take, but it is the swiftest road to our city.’

Lorcan frowned, and only then realised that the other scouts had come over and grouped themselves around him. Anya knelt down and handed him a small clay bowl of thin, grey-coloured soup.

‘Rabbit,’ she explained. ‘Not much, but the pickings are thin in these parts.’

He took it gratefully, raising it to his lips and sipping once or twice. Then hunger overcame him and he gulped it down as fast as he could. Another thought struck him, an obvious one in the circumstances.

‘Why am I naked?’ he asked, closing his legs, feeling the need – pointless though it was – to hide his penis from the women.

Venyn smiled. ‘There is no need for modesty,’ she told him, reaching in between his knees and prising them apart. ‘We have stripped you as a sign to others. When they see you naked in our presence, they will know you are our loyal cunts-man. You exist to serve and must be naked at all times in case we need to use you for our pleasure,’

Lorcan blushed, and the girls giggled at his obvious discomfort. Before he had a chance to gather his thoughts, Venyn and the others sat down, forming a semi-circle around him.

‘You are the One Who Sees,’ said Venyn bluntly. ‘Do you know what this means?’

Lorcan frowned. 'No,' he confessed. 'I did not understand when you said it last night, and I am none the wiser now.'

'I thought as much,' said Venyn. A pensive look creased her brow, as she weighed up her words. At last, she said, 'You have the gift of seeing that which has not yet come to pass; and that which is far off. You see into minds and know all that is.'

Lorcan frowned. 'I know all that is?' he repeated. 'No one knows all that is. If I knew all that is, I would not have come to your room last night.'

Venyn studied him closely. 'You know all that is,' she explained. 'But you do not know that you know. It must be coaxed from you.'

'Coaxed from me? How?' he asked.

'Secrets are revealed to you,' she continued, 'when you enjoy the pleasures of a woman's body'.

'But I have never seen into the future,' protested Lorcan. 'At least –' He paused.

'Until last night,' said Venyn, finishing the sentence for him. 'When you spilled yourself freely in my cunt. It was your first time, was it not? The first time you have spent yourself inside a woman?'

Lorcan nodded. It was true. Though he had been raped freely over the years, his Mistress had only ever allowed him to reach fruition by her hand, or by the hand of another. Never had he come inside a woman's pussy.

'Yours is a special power,' continued Venyn. 'And one that can help us in our war against the women of the north. It makes you valuable to us, and as such we will protect you with our lives. Equally, it makes you vital to the enemy. If they knew of your secret, they would take you for themselves, and use your gift against us. And if they could not, they would kill you for certain.'

'And you?' inquired Lorcan. 'Will you kill me, if you have to?'

Venyn shrugged and answered in a matter-of-fact voice, 'Of course. It would be our duty.'

He had guessed as much. He doubted he could ever expect mercy from a Dorian scout. But there was something else on his mind, something he didn't understand.

'After I came,' he said. 'I felt as weak as a baby. This has never happened to me before. Why?'

'I do not fully understand it,' admitted Venyn. 'It seems that when you reach fruition inside a woman it gives you sight, but steals your strength.' She motioned towards the other scouts. 'We have discussed this matter and have devised a plan. You must be trained to resist pleasure. In this way you may keep both sight and strength.'

‘Resist pleasure?’ repeated Lorcan doubtfully. ‘Can this be done?’

‘It can,’ said Venyn. ‘As Royal scouts, we have trained many slaves to pleasure us at will. We shall train you also, that you may control your emissions at the moment of truth. It will not be easy, but it must be done, if we are to make full use of your gift.’

‘When does my training begin?’ inquired Lorcan.

‘Now,’ replied Venyn, reaching out and taking hold of his cock. He flinched at her touch, not because he found it unpleasant, but because he had not yet accustomed himself to being the servant and plaything of the four Royal scouts. Though his Mistress had abused him for many years, it had been a formal, calculating relationship. This, he sensed, was something different. His fate at the hands of these women would be more aggressive and more varied.

‘Your cock belongs to us,’ Venyn reminded Lorcan, stroking him gently, relishing the sight of his shaft unfurling and growing to its full height. She heard the young man’s sharp intake of breath. ‘I will take you to the very edge,’ she said. ‘Tell me when you are close to release. It is important that you do not come, until I give the word.’

With that she began to rub a little harder with the one hand, while cupping his sacs in the palm of her other. Anya, meanwhile, moved in close, lifted up a breast and pushed her teat towards Lorcan’s face. Immediately, he opened his lips around the fleshy gourd, and sucked the nipple into his mouth. Roseene eased in behind him, pressing herself against his back, moulding her flesh to his, her powerful hands kneading his shoulders. Not to be outdone, Gellyn knelt

down and slid her hands between Lorcan's legs, parting his buttocks, her fingers probing into his crack, searching for his hole.

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

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

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

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

'I'm coming!' he screamed into Anya's breast, biting down his pleasure, trying as hard as he could to hold back.

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

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

For several seconds, five bodies rolled together, with Lorcan at their core. Roseene and Gellyn contented themselves with masturbating as they held him, while Venyn sucked as hard as she had ever sucked, draining her victim of every last drop of his hot, sour-tasting seed.

When at last they fell apart, all were utterly exhausted, and lay sprawled on the ground for several minutes. Venyn was the first to recover, sitting upright, and licking her semen-spattered mouth as she studied the prostrate Lorcan.

'You have little self-control,' she told him as he raised his head. 'We will need to train you every day.'

'It is difficult,' he replied. 'I was suckled, fingered and drowned in woman-flesh.'

How could any man hold back?’

Venyn studied him thoughtfully. ‘There are many dangers ahead of us. If we were captured, and could not finish you off in time, the enemy women would use you without mercy. It is vital you learn to restrain yourself.’

‘I have much to learn,’ said Lorcan quietly.

‘You do,’ said Venyn. ‘But learn it you must, and learn it you will.’

Four

They had ridden for many hours.

After recovering from his first lesson, Lorcan had undergone his second. Having saddled up their horses, Venyn had another surprise in store. What little supplies and extras they carried with them were transferred to his horse. He then mounted Venyn's horse, while she in turn mounted him, straddling his lap before taking the reins. He let out an anguished gasp of pleasure as she reached between her legs, took hold of his penis and eased it into her slit. She and the other scouts, like Lorcan himself, had stripped themselves naked.

'Hold on to my breasts,' she commanded, 'and knead them as we ride'.

'A woman often mounts her cunts-man in this fashion,' explained Venyn, as they set off. 'It signifies submission to her body, and also teaches him restraint. To spend inside a woman's cunt without permission is punished by a thrashing, as it will be in your case should you spill yourself as we ride.'

Fortunately, his recent climax had left Lorcan empty, and, though the journey was a bumpy one, during which he plundered her cunt to new depths, he was able to contain his need. Most difficult of all for him, however, were the regular stopping points. As if changing a tired horse, ten miles into the journey, Venyn drew to a halt, dismounted and allowed Anya to take her place on Lorcan's lap.

'I shall squeeze you with my woman's lips,' she whispered, leaning back, her sweet, scented breath warm against his face. 'You took me in the arse, and for that I will have my revenge. I would smother you between my cheeks if you were any other man, but a thrashing will do well enough!'

‘I shall not come!’ he replied defiantly. ‘Though I cannot say the same for you!’

Anya had laughed at this. ‘My pussy is your Mistress now,’ she warned him. ‘You will bow to her power over you!’

‘Never!’ cried Lorcan as she has set off at a gallop, determined to make him spend inside her. To her dismay, he resisted. Not only that, but worse, for the way he squeezed her breasts and wriggled inside her cunt brought her to the point of climax more than once. The first moment of truth had come as they approached a fallen log that barred their path.

‘You will have to stop!’ said Lorcan in her ear. If you leap the tree, the landing will be too much for you. You will spend yourself on my cock!’

Anya had known it would happen, yet in spite of herself she had urged her stallion on. In truth, Lorcan had excited her beyond all self-control. She had no wish to hold back any longer. She wanted release, and to hell with what the others thought.

What the others thought, as Anya drew to a halt, wriggling her hips and screaming curses at the heavens, was that, just then, they wished it were they, and not she, astride his monstrous manhood.

Venyn smiled. She had come close to climax herself and knew that had she not dismounted when she had that she, too, would have spent herself freely and without shame. She envied Anya for the pleasure she was enjoying; and Roseene

and Gellyn, too, for the joy that lay ahead. Still, she consoled herself, she had known his cock several times now, both in her cunt and in her mouth, and would know it many times again before they reached their city. She could wait her turn; this man had cock and spunk enough for all of them.

‘You fought well,’ she told Lorcan, as they rested beneath the shade of trees near a river they must shortly cross. ‘And gave a pleasuring to Anya she will not forget in a hurry.’

Venyn smiled. ‘You know, of course, she will thrash you soon. For what, I do not know, but that she means to punish you is certain.’

Lorcan shrugged. ‘If I am to be beaten, I will take it like a man,’ he said. ‘Twill not be the first time I have tasted the lash from a woman.’

Venyn was about to reply, when Roseene, standing nearby, raised a hand to her mouth, and hushed them both as she pointed downstream. Anya and Gellyn turned together as the entire party followed Roseene’s gaze.

A small boat approached, steered by a solitary woman: tall, bare-breasted, and with a long wooden bow strung across her back. Within seconds, she had beached her craft, climbed out and walked a few yards inland, before turning to study the horizon.

‘A northern woman!’ said Venyn, in a subdued voice, scarcely above a whisper.

Lorcan frowned. ‘How can you tell?’ he inquired.

‘They are devils with the bow,’ said Anya. ‘But why is this one so far south?’

‘She is scouting,’ ventured Gellyn. ‘How many more of her kind are hereabouts, I wonder?’

‘She must be captured,’ said Venyn. ‘She will have information vital to our cause.’

Anya shook her head. ‘It will not be easy. Though we outnumber her four to one, she will fight us to the death. And that bow will be unleashed three times before we are halfway to her.’

Venyn brightened suddenly. ‘There is a way,’ she said. ‘Lorcan must overcome her.’

Anya snorted loudly. ‘No man alive is a match for her,’ she said. ‘She will rape him till he drops, then sit on his face and finish him off with her arse!’

Lorcan frowned. ‘She would smother me with her bare bottom?’

Roseene nodded. 'She would show you no mercy. And nor would we if a northern man were to stumble across our path.'

Anya glanced down at Lorcan's penis. It had begun to unfurl, the column of flesh rising strongly.

'Your cock is up,' said Anya, surprised. 'Does the thought of doing battle with her arse excite you?'

Lorcan blushed. He could not deny the feeling of arousal running through his veins, though it shamed him to admit it.

'Did your Mistress make you sniff her?' inquired Venyn. 'Did she force you to suckle at her secret places?'

Again, Lorcan blushed. 'She did,' he answered in a quiet voice.

Venyn smiled. 'She sat on you, also, did she not? Mounted your face in search of satisfaction, and it pleased you. This is why the northern woman stirs your cock. You long to do battle with her cunt and arse. To have her sit upon your face and force you to submit.'

'I cannot help it,' said Lorcan. 'It is my weakness, I concede it.'

'Then offer yourself up. Bid her to do her worst. Lure her into a trap and

overcome her.'

Lorcan frowned. 'She is strong. I am not a fool. If she sits on my face, I will never shift her.'

'Then you must use cunning. She will not want the battle to end quickly. Disguise your true strength. Let her think you are weaker than you are. When you judge the time to be right, take her by surprise. We need to capture her and find out what the enemy's plans are.'

'You think she will talk?' asked Lorcan.

'She must be shamed, for only when she is without honour will she tell us what we need to know. It is the ancient code.'

'What ancient code?' repeated Lorcan, stupidly.

'You must mount her from behind and take her in the arse as you took Anya. But this time, you must spend yourself inside her bottom. Your milk must flow! Once you have filled her with your seed she becomes yours, to do with as you will.'

'And she will honour this ancient code?'

Venyn nodded. 'We all must. Had you spent yourself in Anya's hole, she, too,

would have been yours to command.'

Glancing sideways, he studied the scout's tight young face and understood, now, why she had fought him so furiously when he had penetrated her rectum. Understood, too, the sense of urgency that had gripped his captors. He had not realised the full significance of taking a woman in the arse and spending himself in her bowels.

'I will do it,' he said. 'I will offer myself up to this woman and do battle with her arse.'

'She is some distance away,' said Venyn. 'And will be alert to danger. We cannot surprise her. Only when you have conquered her, may we safely show ourselves.' She paused for a moment, then added, 'You realise you are in grave danger should she take you between her legs?'

'Surely,' said Lorcan, 'she cannot smother me. The distance is not so great you will not cover it in time to save me.'

'It is not suffocation you should fear,' replied Venyn. 'A woman has many ways to finish off a man once he is trapped between her legs. This one's thighs are huge. She could crush your skull or snap your neck with ease. If she thinks herself safe, she may bide her time, and ride you for an hour if the mood is on her. But if she thinks she is in danger, she will kill you in an instant.'

The colour drained from Lorcan's face. He had not considered the other possibilities. He took a deep breath. 'I will do my best,' he announced, gathering himself to break cover.

One after another, the women reached out, took hold of his penis and squeezed it gently.

‘Your cock will not let us down,’ said Venyn. ‘Once you have her pinned on her belly, we will act. But do not come inside her. Restrain yourself until I give the order. Do you understand?’

Lorcan nodded, though, if he were honest, he did not understand at all. With his heart beating rapidly, and the thrill of anticipation gnawing at his belly, he stepped through the trees and began to walk across the beach...

Five

Heldar saw him at once, still crouching as she tethered her small craft; watching in astonishment as the young man strode towards her.

Expecting him to realise the danger he was in, then turn and flee at any moment, she tensed herself for the chase. But to her surprise, he came on, like a lamb to the slaughter. Immediately, she felt the juices bubble from her cunt and dribble down her warm, muscular thighs. He was a big man, but only by male standards. She was big, too, much taller than he, her shoulders as broad, and her hips several inches thicker than his own pathetic span. It had been some days since she had fought with a man, and pleasure nibbled at her thick, bloated cunt.

‘Mistress,’ said Lorcan, as he approached. ‘Have mercy on me, I beg you’ He dropped to his knees, and bowed his head.

The woman frowned. ‘Have mercy on you, you say, yet you come to me freely in this fashion?’

‘I am a southern man,’ he told her truthfully. ‘But my Mistress is cruel, and I have run away. If you will take me as your slave, I will serve you faithfully in all things.’

She regarded him thoughtfully for several seconds. Though the prospect of taking him as her servant had its appeal, she was on a mission; one that did not allow for the complications of a cunts-man of whom she knew nothing and who might, for all she knew, prove unreliable in a crisis. So, no, she told herself. The man was tolerably good-looking, and clearly strong for a male. But he was stupid, too. No man with any sense would offer himself up like this. He was a lamb to her lion, and would pay the price for his folly.

From the cover of the trees, Venyn and the others watched with growing concern.

‘He has thrown himself at her feet,’ said Anya. ‘He might as well beg her to sit on his face now and finish him off. See how she holds herself. She has made up her mind to have him.’

Anya was right. Before the others had a chance to respond, the northern woman reached for the bow that held her leather thong in place.

‘See!’ cried Anya triumphantly. ‘She is undoing herself. She means to take him to her cunt!’

Back on the beach, Heldar addressed Lorcan in a clear, threatening voice. ‘Look at me, man,’ she told him, unfastening the small, butterfly bow over her left hip.

Lorcan raised his eyes as the short, leather skirt fell away. He saw at once the broad, hairy vee of her crotch, and the deep, shiny trench of her cunt. Her labia were unnaturally plump; much fatter than those of either his Mistress or the Royal scouts who had so recently abused him.

‘I beg you, Mistress, no!’ he wailed, though secretly he longed for her to hurl him on his back, straddle his face and smother him with her flesh. A madness had overtaken him since being raped by the scouts. From the time of his first vision, he had become a changed man. A demon within had been unleashed. He lived now for the taste of cunt and arse, happy to endure any amount of suffering

if he could worship at a woman's holes.

As his excitement grew, and his penis unfurled to its full length, Lorcan dreamed not only of the suffocation he would endure between her legs, but of the moment he would upend her, throw her onto her belly and take her from behind, cleaving deep into her arse.

But now was the time for surprise and struggle. 'Please, Mistress!' he cried. 'What are you doing? I don't understand!'

Heldar advanced on him, smiling broadly. A pleasure had welled up between her legs; the pleasure she always felt as she prepared to mount a terrified, unwilling man. 'There is no escape!' she cried. 'Prepare for suffocation!'

She took hold of his shoulders, whirled him round and upended him swiftly, throwing Lorcan on to his back. With lightning speed, she dropped onto his chest, her big, meaty thighs either side of his body, pinning his arms to his sides.

'You are my man, now!' she cried. 'And my cunt shall do battle with your head!'

'Nooooo!' he screamed, as she came over his face, reaching down, taking hold of his hair, dragging his head into her fat, hairy trench. His nose and mouth vanished into her slit, depriving him of air as she pulled him hard against her cunt. He wriggled furiously, fighting to shift her, yet holding back a little, for he did not, as yet, wish her to know how strong he was.

From the safety of the bushes, Venyn and the others watched the battle unfold.

‘She has him in her grip,’ observed Roseene. ‘She will smother him for certain, now. We must act!’

Venyn placed a restraining hand on her companion’s arm. ‘Not yet,’ she counselled. ‘She would see us approach and snap his neck for sure. It has only been a minute. She will rise soon, I know she will!’

‘But what if she does not?’ said Gellyn. ‘What if she goes for the quick kill? I see him wriggling, but he cannot shift her. She is too strong for him.’

‘He will not die between her legs!’ said Venyn fiercely. ‘Of this I am sure. Nor will she end it quickly. She will toy with him. She will weaken him with her cunt, then finish him off with her arse. That is when we strike – when she has presented her bare backside to him!’

The others were not convinced, but they stayed their hand. Venyn was right, there was nothing they could do to help Lorcan now. This was his battle. Only he could shift the woman from his face.

Back on the beach, Heldar felt arousal gnawing at her belly. She had been sitting on the young man’s head for almost two minutes and he had struggled throughout. Often a man would lie still, conserving both his strength and air. This one had fought from the start, but he had little strength and at no time had he threatened to shift her. But Heldar was not frustrated. On the contrary, she had become greatly excited, for if there was one thing she loved above all else, it was the feel of a man wriggling for his life between her legs.

Though she had planned to finish him off quickly, there was something about this man that stayed her hand. He was a fighter. Not strong enough to throw her off, but strong enough to excite her as he struggled. She would make this battle last a little longer, she decided, and, judging that he was almost out of breath, she rose from the saddle of his face and allowed him to take a few precious gasps of air.

Almost immediately, she lowered herself again, wrapping her thighs around his head, locking her flesh to his. The struggle began afresh, and with renewed vigour, For, though she held on more tightly than before so he, too, fought her more fiercely. It was, as she knew from previous experience, not uncommon for a man to struggle more violently in the second phase. He knew now that this was a fight to the death; that she truly meant to smother him with her cunt. Fear lent strength to his arms and legs, both of which were kicking and clawing beneath her.

Heldar wondered how long he might last, and counted the seconds in her head. After more than two minutes, his struggling grew more frenzied, and, for one moment, he came close to unseating her. She knew he might for, however weak a man became, he reached a point when, close to passing out, he would make one last, almighty effort. This was that moment, and she knew it was time for her to rise.

Watching him gasp between her legs, she smiled. The fates had been kind, sending her this man to smother. There was something about the struggle that gave her particular delight. To have a young, muscular male fighting for his life between her legs always pleased her. But she had work to do and, though, she was of a mind to continue his torment for several hours more, she knew she must end this soon.

Glancing over her shoulder, she saw that his cock was upright. Again she smiled. Despite his fear, he was honouring her with an erection. It seemed a shame, she decided, not to take advantage of it. Rising from him completely, she turned around, and settled herself on his chest. It rose and fell beneath her buttocks, hot, sweating and pulsing with fear. Again, she looked past her shoulder, but this time into the young man's, wide, terrified eyes.

‘You have fought me well,’ she told him. ‘But my bottom cannot be denied. Prepare yourself. It is your time!’

Lorcan gave a violent shake of his head. From the cover of the bushes, his four companions looked on, anxiously. During the struggle, Lorcan's body had shifted a little so that now the woman sitting on him was facing not away from their hiding place, but towards it. This meant that, should they break cover in a bid to rescue their servant, Helder would see them for certain.

‘This goes badly,’ said Venyn in a low voice, full of concern. ‘She is too strong for him. He will not shift her, and yet if we try to rescue him, she will see us coming and snap his neck in an instant.’

‘We should never have sent him to do battle with her,’ said Roseene. ‘If she kills him, then his power of seeing what others cannot see dies with him. We have been foolish!’

‘We must free him now!’ cried Gellyn. ‘Or die ourselves in the attempt.’

‘It will be he who dies in the attempt,’ said Anya. ‘She will kill him before we have covered seven strides.’

‘Then what are we to do?’ asked Roseene, turning to Venyn.

‘There is nothing we can do,’ said Venyn. ‘Only he can save himself now. She has made one fatal error. She has chosen to finish him off with her arse. If he can shift her from behind...’

‘But a woman’s arse can never be shifted!’ cried Anya. ‘When once she has taken him between her cheeks –’

Venyn cut across the other woman’s alarm. ‘There is no other hope for him,’ she reminded her companion. ‘He must shift her or die!’

A hundred yards away, Lorcan gazed up into Heldar’s bare bottom. She had wriggled herself back, until her arse opened like a flower over his head. Her crack was long, deep and hairy. Towards the top of her huge divide, the dark nubbin of her anus winked at him, pouting like a deformed little mouth. The hairs that grew there were short, spiky, and glistened with sweat. Lorcan felt a pinch of terror in his heart. He found himself speaking without thought, words that fell instinctively from his parched, trembling lips.

‘Have mercy on me, Mistress, I beg you,’ he whispered. ‘I am a poor, defenceless man. Do not sit on me, please!’

To her surprise, Heldar felt a sudden wave of pity for her beaten foe. She pushed it aside. Now was not a time for weakness. Glancing back over her shoulder, she said, ‘My arsehole frightens you, boy. I understand. She has taken many men to

her lips. All have begged for their lives when they see her approach. But she has never shown mercy and she never shall. This is your destiny. The destiny of all men.'

'Spare me, please!' he whimpered. 'Do not smother me with your bottom!'

'Cease your snivelling!' cried Heldar. 'Turn and face my woman's arse! It is time for your final battle!'

And with that, Heldar swivelled around, shuffled back a little further and began to lower her huge backside onto Lorcan's face. He gazed up into her descending flesh, mesmerised. Only at the last moment did he think to take a breath, filling his lungs as Heldar dipped one last time and covered him completely.

His last sight of the world was the hairy knot of her anus as she pressed it over his nose; his last scent, that of her hot, sweaty crack as it enveloped him. Then all was black and he was fighting for his life. Until now he had held back, not wishing to give her any hint of his true strength. But it seemed that she, too, had restrained herself, for though he arched his back and tried to raise himself from the ground, she tightened her buttocks and held him down.

Realising that Lorcan's situation had taken a turn for the worse, Roseene was all for leaping up there and then rushing to his aid. But again Venyn stayed her hand. 'She will kill him for sure,' said their captain. 'We must hold back until the last possible moment.'

'But she has him in her woman's grip!' exclaimed Gellyn, who, like Roseene, was all for charging forward. Only Anya seemed happy to hold back,

remembering how Lorcan had plundered her bottom and feeling, for her part, that he was finally getting his just desserts.

Out on the beach, the young man redoubled his efforts, but to no avail. Though he had still not exerted his full strength, he knew, also, that when he did, he would have nothing in reserve. The woman's hold on him was total; her buttocks clenched around his face, his nose and mouth buried in her deep, hairy crack. He could not breathe; indeed, had not been able to now for almost two minutes. It surprised him, for, though his lungs had begun to burn with pain, he knew he still had breath to spare. He had never tested himself for so long before, and was puzzled to find that he had air in reserve.

It was then that the idea came to him. Drawing on all his strength, he pushed with his shoulders one last time, arched his back, and raised Heldar an inch or two into the air. Wriggling his hips furiously, he gave one almighty shudder, and collapsed, motionless.

From the cover of the bushes, Venyn froze. Beside her, Roseene released a moan of despair. 'She has finished him off!' she cried. 'She has smothered him with her arse!' Venyn shook her head in disbelief. She had been so certain; so sure the man would not succumb. The colour drained from her face, rushing back an instant later, turning it crimson with rage.

'Attack!' she cried, leaping up and running forward. With a bellow, the other scouts followed, screaming with fury, bursting through the bushes onto the beach.

Heldar looked up, and her eyes narrowed. For a moment, she froze, then her wits returned and she tensed herself, ready to leap up and defend herself to the death. And in that moment, she felt the man beneath her stir. Before she could react,

hands dug into her hips, and fingers scored her flesh. She toppled forward, her big arse high in the air.

Behind her, Lorcan's hands slipped quickly around her thighs and pushed hard, upending Heldar, sending her belly down, her arms and legs flailing. She hardly knew which way to turn; the man behind her, the angry scouts only yards away now, with murder in their eyes. And then she felt the prod of flesh between her cheeks and screamed. The man had pushed his cock against her anus! The bastard was attempting to enter her!

'Noooo!' she screamed, wriggling her hips, twisting sideways to evade his attack. But his strong arms came round beneath her tummy and pulled her onto him. She felt his glans against her arsehole, felt him thrust into her sphincter as he sought to bugger his way home. She clenched her anus, refusing him entry, yet still he pushed, his giant column of flesh punching at her hole, time and time again.

And suddenly, he had breached her defences, piercing her anus, driving into her rectum. Heldar threw back her head and screamed. 'Damn you, bastard!' she cried. 'Damn you!'

Though she wriggled furiously, she was unable to dislodge him now, as he pressed down hard, forcing her onto her belly, her face in the sand, her entire body shaking. The scouts arrived, surrounding her, their knives drawn, yet stunned into silence, for the battle had taken an unexpected turn. It was Venyn who finally spoke. Dropping to her knees, she reached out, took hold of the woman's head and jerked it upright.

'Do not come!' she urged Lorcan, addressing him for a moment, before returning her attention to the woman. 'Our man has conquered you!' she cried. 'You will

tell us everything we wish to know or face the consequences!’

‘I will tell you nothing!’ spat Heldar. ‘Go to hell and take your damned Queen with you!’

‘If you do not speak, we will order our man to empty himself in your arse,’ said Venyn threateningly. ‘Once he has shamed you, you will become his slave. The slave of a man! Is this what you wish for?’

‘I am the slave of no man!’ cried Heldar. ‘And I am loyal to my Queen. I will not speak!’

A sombre look discoloured Venyn’s face. She nodded gravely. ‘Then you have made your choice.’ Turning back to Lorcan once more, she said, ‘Unleash yourself!’

‘Noooo!’ cried Heldar, arching her back, her teeth bared, her face set into a terrible grimace of anger and despair. Twisting her head round, she met Lorcan’s gaze for a moment, her eyes suddenly wide with terror.

‘Do not spunk inside me, man!’ she pleaded. ‘Have mercy on me, I beg you!’

He returned her gaze defiantly. ‘You offered me no mercy, woman! This asshole almost smothered me! I will have my revenge!’

‘Bastard!’ she shrieked, spitting into his face, cursing him to hell and back as he filled his lungs with air, steadied his powerful body for one long, dreadful moment, and then pushed into her. As the first rush of semen left his balls, he threw back his head and screamed.

‘I come! I come!’ he cried, pumping himself into her rectum, filling her with his seed. In his madness, he pressed down hard, forcing her onto her belly, wriggling across her back, and grunting insanely, like a wounded beast.

Heldar, for her part, screamed also, but her screams were of sadness and despair, and soon gave way to tears as she wept into the sand. She wriggled her arse violently, as if somewhere she might still dislodge him. But it was useless. There could be no escape; she had been conquered and it broke her heart.

Above her, Anya looked on, stunned, knowing how close she had come to having the young man spill inside her. For one dreadful moment, she imagined it was she that he was lying on top of. That it was she wriggling furiously and begging him for mercy, aware he had enslaved her. It was an image, she discovered to her horror, that did not entirely disgust her. She shuddered and pushed the prospect far from her mind.

Lorcan released one final, ear-piercing roar of pleasure and fell silent, locked to Heldar’s body, his trembling penis lodged deep in her bowels as the last few wads of his semen leaked away. He was hardly aware of her sobbing into the sand, and almost a minute passed before he had the strength to raise his head from where it rested on her hot, brown shoulder.

Slowly, and with some difficulty, he detached himself from her body, falling back onto his haunches before at last climbing, a little unsteadily, to his feet. He saw Venyn reach down, take hold of Heldar’s hair and pull back her head. She

stared into the other woman's eyes and said, 'Now you will tell us everything we want to know...'

Six

Two hours had passed since Heldar's defeat. While Venyn and the others took it in turns to question her, Lorcan washed himself, ate and rested. To his great relief, on this occasion, exhaustion had not overcome him.

'It is because the woman did not spend,' Gellyn explained. 'Had she also reached fruition, you might have had a vision. In doing so, you would doubtless have suffered as before.'

'What will happen to her?' he inquired.

'She is your slave,' said Gellyn bluntly. 'Yours to do with as you will. She cannot deny you her body, nor anything else you ask of her. All things are yours to demand. Save, of course, the suckling of her arse.'

Lorcan frowned, and Gellyn realised at once that she had not made herself clear. She smiled. There was, she had long ago decided, something curiously naïve about the young waiter.

'She is your woman now, for you have spent yourself inside her arse. There is but one way to restore her honour, and that is for you to willingly worship at her dark jewel. In doing so, you would subjugate yourself, as you have subjugated yourself to us.'

The young man seemed genuinely puzzled. 'What if she takes me by surprise?' he asked. 'What if she sits on my face as I sleep and makes me do the deed?'

Gellyn shook her head. 'The kiss must be bestowed willingly. You cannot be taken by force. Nor can another woman threaten you. This is our code, to which we all adhere. It is why, when we conquer a man, we sit on his face to finish him off. There is no greater subjugation than to lie inside a woman's crack. When we sit, we show our power over men. This is why, should a man submit himself willingly, he becomes ours to command forever.'

'I did not submit willingly,' Lorcan pointed out. 'I suckled on your arseholes to save my life.'

'The first time, yes,' said Gellyn. 'But then you suckled of your own accord, to save the life of the unworthy Forage.'

Lorcan sighed. Of course. How quickly he had forgotten the repellent innkeeper, a man who had paid to see these women sit on his face and smother him to death. A question came to him, one that he feared to ask. Yet, at some deep, forbidding level, it excited him to know the answer.

'Have you smothered many men?'

As soon as the words had left his mouth, he felt his face blush crimson. Gellyn smiled. She found his embarrassment curiously arousing. Her pussy grew warm, and a dribble of juice escaped from the slit and run down her thigh. She reached out instinctively and took hold of Lorcan's cock. In the cool grip of her fist, it immediately unfurled and stiffened a little.

‘Yes,’ she answered truthfully. ‘I have smothered many men. Women, too, for though we arm ourselves against danger it is deemed more honourable to end an enemy’s life with our flesh.’

Lorcan frowned, though the colour had still not left his cheeks. ‘I do not understand,’ he said. ‘I thought to sit upon an enemy’s face was to show contempt for a foe, not respect.’

‘When we sit on a man, yes,’ replied Gellyn. ‘But for a woman to end her days between the legs of another woman is deemed an honourable death.’

‘But a woman fights, surely? When you sit upon her face? As hard as any man?’

‘Harder,’ said Gellyn. ‘Unlike a man, there is no danger of distraction. A woman concentrates all her efforts on dislodging her attacker.’

‘As does a man, surely?’ said Lorcan. ‘Who would not fight with all his strength when faced with a bare backside that means to smother him to death?’

Gellyn smiled, and squeezed Lorcan’s shaft. He felt a surge of pleasure course through his body and he closed his legs a little. ‘You men are ruled by your cocks,’ said Gellyn, unable to contain a giggle. ‘As soon as a woman mounts your face, takes hold of your cock and milks it gently, you surrender to your fate.’

‘Not I!’ exclaimed Lorcan. ‘When the northern woman had me in her grip, I

fought with all my strength. You saw me. You cannot deny it. I shifted her from the saddle and took her in the arse as you commanded.'

'You had a plan,' said Gellyn. 'Devised beforehand. You knew what you must do, and you did it. That made the difference. Had the woman stumbled on you by chance, and taken you by surprise, you would have yielded to your need for pleasure. True, the time would come when you would try to shift her from your face. But by then, she would have weakened you, and it would have been too late. It is how men are so easily conquered. You are small creatures and what little strength you have, you do not use wisely.'

Lorcan decided to change tack. 'Do you enjoy sitting on men's faces? Does it give you pleasure?'

Gellyn nodded. 'It gives me the greatest joy,' she replied, and squeezed him a little harder. He closed his legs again and winced. His body was tearing him in two. Part of him wanted to ask her to stop, and part to continue, to excite him more; to finish him off and spill his seed into her hand. When she began to slide her fingers up and down his shaft, slowly at first, then faster and faster as she spoke, he thought he would explode.

'Imagine now,' said Gellyn, leaning in close, her breath warm and scented on his skin, 'that I am sitting on your face. My pussy is inside your mouth, my arsehole on your nose. You are breathing me in, tasting my flesh, squirming for your life beneath my woman's bottom...'

Lorcan closed his eyes and whimpered. In the darkness, he saw himself lying on the ground, helpless, and with Gellyn sitting over him. Her huge brown cheeks were bearing down, pressing across his nose and mouth. And in her hand, she held his cock: big, fat and trembling with need.

‘Tell me you want me to finish you off,’ she whispered into his ear. ‘Tell me you long for my arse to conquer you...’

Lorcan’s breathing was fast and laboured now. His mind and body were racing out of control. ‘Please...’ he whimpered. ‘Mistress, I beg you, do not do this to me...’

‘Tell me you want me to smother you,’ she urged him. ‘Tell me to wriggle on you, to bear down with all my weight. That you never wish to be set free. Tell me, slave ... tell me to finish you off...’

Lorcan threw back his head, and released a long, strangled grunt from the back of his throat. ‘Finish me off, Mistress! Finish me off! Please!’

Both he and Gellyn felt his sacs bulge and roll with dreadful need. One squeeze, one last gentle stroke of his shaft and he would come. He screamed and she smiled, when her fingers uncurled and withdrew quickly, leaving his penis bobbing in the air. Lorcan’s eyes opened wide and he gazed at her with urgent longing.

She returned his stare coldly. ‘You see,’ she told him. ‘Men are so easy to control and defeat. Even in the face of certain death, you long for nothing more than the pleasure that only a woman can give you.’

He dropped his head, his breath still coming in short, sharp grunts. She was right, of course. All he had thought about for the past few seconds had been his

need for satisfaction. Had she been seated on his face, his first thought would not have been to shift her, but to enjoy her. And that urge, he knew, would have ensured his defeat. He knew how close he had come to dying under Helder's arse; fear merging with a dreadful longing for the pleasures of her flesh.

Any further reflection was interrupted by the arrival of Roseene. He looked up, but she ignored him, addressing Gellyn instead.

'The woman has told us all she knows,' she announced. 'The armies in the north are preparing for war, but they are, as yet, ill-equipped for battle. We have their locations, and a general understanding of their plans. But nothing else.'

Gellyn looked thoughtful. 'Even so, our Queen will be pleased. All information gleaned will aid us when the day for fighting comes.' She looked across at where the woman still sat. Venyn stood over her, while Anya was busy tying her arms and legs securely to prevent escape.

'What will you do to her?' asked Lorcan, in a quiet voice.

'We cannot take the prisoner with us,' said Roseene. 'She will slow us down. Nor can we release her, for she will return to her people and tell them what she has told us. Their plans would change and our information be rendered useless.'

'Then what?' asked Lorcan, though he had guessed the answer already.

'Venyn and Anya will take her into the forest,' said Roseene. 'They will sit on

her until she breathes her last.'

Lorcan jumped to his feet. 'No!' he cried. 'You cannot do this! She is our prisoner. We must show her mercy!'

Roseene shook her head and looked at him as if he were stupid. 'It is not your place to tell us what to do. And as for showing mercy – what mercy did she show to you? Had you not upended her when you did, she would have finished you off with her arse.'

'You said she was mine to command,' replied Lorcan angrily. 'If she is mine to command, then she is mine to pardon. Or to punish if it must be done. It is not for Venyn to do this thing. She cannot go back on her word.'

Gellyn looked at him thoughtfully, then glanced across at Roseene. 'He has a point,' she conceded. 'The woman is his. It is he who should finish her off –'

'I said nothing about finishing her off!' responded Lorcan sharply. 'I meant that –'

'I know what you meant,' said Roseene, cutting him short. 'But we cannot let her live. If Venyn cannot do the deed, then you must!'

'And if I refuse?'

‘You cannot refuse. You are our loyal cunts-man. You must do as we command.’

Lorcan slumped. Though his every fibre railed against what he had heard, he knew that further argument was pointless. ‘Very well,’ he said. ‘She is mine to command. I will do what must be done.’

Roseene studied him thoughtfully. ‘You cannot go back on your word. If this is a trick –’

‘It is no trick,’ said Lorcan, lowering his head, a miserable look clouding his face.

‘Very well,’ said Roseene. ‘I will speak to Venyn.’ And with that she jumped to her feet, turned on her heel and hurried across the beach. Lorcan watched her go with a heavy heart. The excitement he had felt just a few minutes ago had surrendered to despair. But he would do what had to be done, whatever the consequences.

He watched Roseene in heated conversation with her captain, then saw the three of them, Anya included, turn around and look in his direction. Further conversation followed. Finally, Venyn and Roseene broke away and made their way towards him. Anya stayed behind, guarding the prisoner, who knelt, with her arms and legs securely bound, an image of utter subjection.

‘You know what must be done?’ said Venyn, towering over Lorcan, her steel-blue eyes boring into his.

‘I do,’ he replied. ‘The woman is to be finished off. I shall do the deed, though I would prefer it were otherwise.’

‘Anya will accompany you,’ said Venyn. ‘To ensure no change of heart.’

‘No!’ said Lorcan loudly. ‘I will do what must be done, but I will do it alone. That is my condition.’

‘You presume too much,’ said Venyn. ‘Conditions are not yours to make.’

‘Nevertheless,’ said Lorcan, boldly. ‘This is the one I set.’

Venyn glared at him for several seconds. The muscles in her right arm quivered strongly, and, for one awful moment, he thought she might strike him down. But then, visibly relaxing, she said, ‘Very well. You are right. She is yours by victory. You will do the deed.’

Lorcan swallowed hard. He wondered if he might dare to ask his next question, weighed up his options and made his decision. ‘If she is mine to do with as I will,’ he continued. ‘May I first take her like a beast in the field?’

For a moment, Venyn’s face was expressionless. And then she smiled broadly, and with relish. ‘You mean to fuck her for your pleasure?’ she asked unnecessarily.

‘I do,’ said Lorcan. ‘In all three holes. I will drain myself in her cunt, arse and mouth before the moment of truth.’

Venyn’s smile turned to surprise. Lorcan’s vehemence was unexpected. She would not have imagined this of him, and was not sure it pleased her. But she knew that the laws of ownership were not hers to dispute. If Lorcan truly meant to abuse their prisoner in the manner he had suggested, then it was not her place to deny him his rights.

‘Very well,’ she said. ‘The woman is yours. Enjoy her as you will. Is an hour enough?’

‘I was hoping for three,’ answered Lorcan, his face impassive.

‘I will allow you two,’ said Venyn. ‘That is more than enough for any man, even you. But at the end of this time, Heldar must be despatched, quickly and without mercy.’

‘It shall be done,’ said Lorcan.

‘And in the way a woman would perform the deed,’ added Venyn.

Lorcan stared back at her, clearly confused. ‘I do not understand,’ he said in a quiet voice.

‘She is bound and helpless,’ said Venyn. ‘When you have taken your fill of her, you will sit on her face, as I would have done, and smother her with your bare flesh.’

Venyn studied Lorcan’s eyes for signs of reluctance, and though she saw that she had caught him by surprise, she saw, too, that he quickly composed himself again.

‘It shall be done as you command,’ he answered stiffly.

‘Very well,’ said Venyn. ‘Anya and I will escort you and Helder to the place of judgment. There you will take her like the beast she is, and fulfil the promise you have made to us...’

Seven

Heldar looked up at him, and there was anguish in her eyes. Anya and Venyn had led her to the small clearing, then taken their leave, after the briefest of exchanges with Lorcan. 'We will return in two hours,' Venyn had told him, and then they were gone.

Heldar was no fool. She knew what was to happen to her, and was only surprised to be left alone with Lorcan. She had fully expected a bare-arsed Venyn to mount her face quickly and finish her off. She had not anticipated this turn of events, but, as realisation dawned, she came to fear the consequences even more.

Lorcan stood over her, his cock in his hands, rubbing himself gently. She watched as his shaft unfurled and rose to its full height. She studied his prick with a mix of lust and loathing, aware that it would soon thrust into her and then, beyond that, something even worse.

Crouching beside her, Lorcan studied the woman's face, as if searching for something hidden in her eyes. If he had expected to see fear, he was disappointed. In the instant she had guessed her fate, she had banished all other thoughts and faced him now as a warrior ready to do battle. Albeit a battle she could not hope to win.

'You sat on my face,' he reminded her. 'You took me into your crack and tried to smother me.'

She returned his gaze defiantly. 'And if I had the chance, I would do it again,' she told him bluntly.

Lorcan was silent for a few moments, but, when he spoke again, his words drained the colour from her face. 'You will have your chance,' he told her quietly. 'But first I must have your word.'

'I am to have my chance?' she responded, her face clouding over. 'What sort of trick is this?'

'No trick,' he replied. 'I do not plan to despatch you like a tethered lamb. I will untie you and give you the chance to fight me one to one. But in return, I make certain conditions. These you must adhere to, or I shall hand you back to Venyn who, we can be sure, will show you no mercy at all.'

'Why do you offer me mercy?' she asked. 'I do not understand.'

'The others would have me plunder you with my cock,' he said, 'after which I am to sit on your face and smother you as you would have smothered me. But this I will not do. I have no wish to either kill or abuse you, though my hands are tied.'

Heldar gave an ironic laugh, and jerked sideways on her back, displaying her tightly bound wrists. 'Not as securely as mine,' she reminded him.

Lorcan ignored the remark. Matters were too serious for laughter. Venyn and the others were only just out of earshot. He remained aware of their presence and the threat they posed.

‘The women will be listening for sounds of a struggle,’ he told Heldar. ‘We shall not disappoint them. But what they hear will not be the sound of your abuse and suffocation. It will be the sound of the two of us engaged in single combat. If you triumph, then you go free – or at least, you will have the chance to run. Whether you escape the scouts will no longer be my concern.’

‘If we do as you suggest,’ said Heldar, ‘have you not broken your word to your Mistresses? If you promised to abuse and smother me...’ Her voice trailed off, and then, to his surprise, she pursed her lips and looked at him with disdain. ‘Though we are foes, there is yet a code of honour among women. I will not break it, even at the risk to my life. I will not be a party to your deception.’

Lorcan shook his head. He had not expected this, but he was ready with his response.

‘I am not breaking my word,’ he told her. ‘I promised my Mistresses that I would take my pleasure with you. And after that I would sit on your face and despatch you as commanded. But I did not say I would do so with you trussed up helpless on your back. I intend to set you free, so that we may battle with each other. During the course of our combat, I will become excited, I cannot help myself. And in my excitement, I will try to take you. I am a man, with a man’s needs, and these needs must be met.’

‘It is your right to take me in battle,’ said Heldar. ‘But if I should conquer you...’

‘You will sit on my face and spill my seed. Yes, I know... So what is your answer?’

Heldar returned his gaze thoughtfully. ‘We fight each other hand to hand, flesh against flesh?’

Lorcan nodded.

‘And if I overcome you, I have free rein to sit upon your face ... and do my woman’s work?’

He nodded again. Heldar took a deep breath. ‘Then untie me, man, and let our battle begin.’

‘You give me your word, you will not run away?’ he asked.

‘I do,’ she replied.

‘And if the struggle goes your way, you will show me no mercy? You will finish me off between your legs, and spill my seed at the moment of truth?’

‘I will show you no mercy,’ she promised. ‘Nor will my arse.’

Lorcan took a deep breath, aware of the excitement coursing through his body. Dropping to his knees, he crawled forward, his cock bobbing upright between his thighs. ‘Before I set you free,’ he said, ‘will you suckle on me?’

‘You are my master,’ she reminded him. ‘You may ask anything of me, and I will obey.’ With that, she lay on her back and opened her mouth impossibly wide.

Lorcan came over her, his huge balls grazing her chin as he eased his penis past her lips and into her throat. As Heldar closed her mouth around his shaft, he buckled with excitement, tumbling forward onto his hands. Recovering quickly, he shuffled into a sitting position, reached down and clawed his fingers through her hair. Then he pulled her upright, hugging her face to his groin. Instinctively, he began to pump her mouth as if it were a warm, wet pussy; slowly at first, then more rapidly as pleasure overtook him.

He became so aroused that it was only after several minutes had passed, that he realised Heldar was gagging fitfully, struggling for air between his thighs. Even then, his excitement was so great, that it took a huge effort to slacken his hold and withdraw a little. He wanted nothing more than to pump himself to fruition: to climax in her mouth and flood her throat with his seed. But to do so, he knew, would rob him of his lust. So he resisted the urge, pulled his cock from her mouth, sank back on to his heels and allowed himself time to recover.

A hundred yards away, the scouts sat huddled together, listening, as best they could, to events as they unfolded. Venyn broke into their midst, and dropped to her knees.

‘He fucks her in the mouth,’ she told the others. ‘I have seen her, bound on her back as helpless as a new-born babe. He holds her fast and takes his pleasure freely.’

‘It was as well you checked,’ said Anya. ‘I thought it was a trick, and that he would release her into the wild.’

Venyn nodded. ‘I, too,’ she confessed. ‘It seems we were wrong. He will enjoy a happy two hours before the deed is done.’

‘Listen to his groans,’ said Roseene. ‘I wish it were my mouth locked around his cock. I would suckle the seed from his balls till he was dry.’

Beside her, Gellyn let out a plaintive whimper. Her hands had dropped between her legs and, ignoring the others, she was rubbing herself briskly. Venyn smiled. ‘Let us follow our sister’s example,’ she suggested. ‘Let Lorcan bring pleasure to us all as he plunders our prisoner.’

The others needed no further encouragement. Cunts were quickly clasped and fingers set to work. This would be a happy two hours for all of them now...

Having recovered himself, Lorcan set to work untying Helder. It took him several minutes; partly because she had been secured so well, and partly because of his excitement. He was releasing her for one reason, and one reason only: so they might wrestle naked on the ground, bodies locked in mortal combat. If she were to overcome him, she would sit on his face. He would know again the joyful embrace of her warm, hairy crack. But this time she would smother the life from his body, her hand around his manhood as she conquered him. Hardly surprising, then, he told himself, that his fingers fumbled as they pulled at the ropes.

At last, she was free, and sat up, rubbing her wrists and ankles to restore her circulation. As she did so, Lorcan admired her naked body. His penis, which had slackened briefly, was once again restored to its full length, and he felt arousal coursing through him. Suddenly, Helder rolled on to her back, lifted her legs in the air and held on tightly to her feet, exposing her cunt and arse to him. Lorcan gazed at her without shame. His Adam's apple jumped up and down as he swallowed several times.

'These are the holes that will take you into Paradise,' she told him in a quiet voice. 'Why not come to me willingly? Offer yourself up, and I will do the deed quickly.'

For one dreadful moment, he felt an overwhelming urge to do as she asked. To lie on his back and let her sit on him. His need to be smothered was strong. Why, he could not say, but he knew he must fight it if he were to survive. He took hold of his shaft and responded in a shrill, quivering voice. 'It is you who will surrender to me. My cock will be your master, and my seed shall flow as it has never flowed before!'

Helder climbed to her feet, stretching her arms and legs, readying herself for the struggle to come. Lorcan, too, relaxed his muscles, took several deep breaths and circled her cautiously.

'When does it begin?' she asked, awaiting his signal.

He gazed at her for a long time, suddenly aware that the moment of truth was close at hand. That he was placing his life on the line, out of a misjudged sense of honour and a dreadful lust that filled every fibre of his being.

At last he said, 'It begins now...'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when she threw herself at him. Caught by surprise, he tumbled back, and only by spinning sharply sideways, did he avoid her open cunt as she slammed herself down. He counter-attacked immediately, flinging himself at her belly, his legs either side, hands grappling at her wrists. But she was as nimble as he. She wrapped her thighs around his waist, and propelled herself sideways, knocking him off balance. He tried to break away, but she rolled forward, slithering quickly up his body. The smell of her cunt caught him by surprise: hot, damp and musky. It washed over him like a tidal wave, and he felt the strength drain from his body.

A moment later, she was on him, jamming her pussy over his nose, squirming on his face, hugging him close. Fear lent him strength, and, arching his back, he brought up his hands, took hold of her buttocks and pushed her away. Immediately, he rolled on to his back, and scuttled off like a wounded crab.

Heldar retreated too, not wishing to be caught on the counter-attack. Sure of their own safety once more, they circled each other for a second time.

And thus the game of cat and mouse continued. One would attack, one would repel; one would take hold, the other would wriggle free. For an hour they wrestled with each other cautiously, their grunts and groans carrying across the forest floor. Interpreting the sounds as those of Lorcan enjoying his reluctant slave, Venyn and the others masturbated freely, while each imagined it was they, not Heldar, wriggling on the end of Lorcan's shaft.

'You grow weary,' Heldar observed, after almost two hours had passed. Lorcan

sat back, recovering his breath, and flexing his tired shoulders. It was true. He was tired. But so, he knew, was she. Heldar's body glistened with sweat, her flesh hot, shiny and reeking of her sex. As for Lorcan, repeated contact with her body had left his balls bulging with seed, while his penis ached with frustration. If he did not enter her soon, he feared he might give up altogether, let her sit on his face and finish him off with her arse. She saw the look of desperation in his eyes and smiled, aware of his growing need for release.

'Why not submit?' she whispered across the space between them. 'Why not lie on your back, close your eyes and let me sit on you? My arse is hot and damp; it drips with sweat. Let me take you into its loving embrace. Let me finish you off, Lorcan; swiftly and without mercy. Let me spill your seed and take you into Paradise.'

Lorcan grunted. The image her words had conjured up filled him with lust. This growing need – this ridiculous, unexplained need to be smothered – gave him such pleasure, but brought with it dreadful danger, too. Every fibre of his being screamed at him to surrender: to let her sit on his face and do her worst. Fighting down the desperate urge, he bit hard on his lower lip, drawing blood, using the pain to clear his muddled senses.

Straightening up to his full height,' he told her, 'it is time you tasted cock!' His eyes swivelled a fraction to the left, over her shoulder and widened in horror. 'No"!' he cried. 'It cannot be!'

Immediately, Heldar turned in the direction he was gazing, preparing herself to do battle on a second front. Venyn and the others – where were they, she asked herself, for Lorcan's look had told her she was now in mortal danger.

A moment later, she was on her back, as Lorcan flung himself forward. She felt

his cock between her legs, across her thigh, then quickly up again, spearing her cunt.

‘Nooo!’ she cried as he entered her cleanly, plunging up to the hilt. It had been a trick. He had seen nothing! She was a fool, and cursed herself for her foolishness. Lodged inside her, Lorcan thrust, sending a tidal wave of pleasure flooding through her groin.

‘I will not come!’ she cried. ‘I will not come on your cock!’

Lorcan was beyond caring. Pleasure ripped through his belly, and his balls banged against the underside of Heldar’s sex. His arms circled her waist, then dipped down lower until they closed around her hips. To her horror, she felt him slip both hands into her crack, opening her up, his fingers edging towards her secret hole.

‘No, bastard, not my arse again!’ she cried. ‘Not my arse!’

But it was too late. His fingers found their target, and slid home, knuckle deep, wriggling inside her. Immediately, she arched her back and screamed, for he had touched somewhere deep inside, and she could no longer hold back. She spilled herself around his penis, screaming crude obscenities into the evening air.

Yards away, Gellyn surrendered to a powerful orgasm, Heldar’s shrieks of

torment too much for her to bear. Anya plunged a finger into her arse, wriggled on the digit and came, too. Only Roseene and Venyn held back, though their crises were approaching fast...

With his fingers still lodged in Heldar's arse, Lorcan struggled to contain his release. As Heldar's cunt spasmed around his cock, it took a monumental effort to hold himself in check. But he knew it was fatal to come; if he spent himself inside her, now, she would know he possessed the power of vision. Worse still, he would collapse exhausted, and be at her mercy. If his ruse were to succeed, he must keep his secret from her, whatever the cost.

At last, he felt her pleasure ebb away, and the muscles in her pussy soften. Heldar slumped into his arms, utterly spent. To spill himself now was a different matter. He withdrew quickly, then spun her round and opened up her arse.

Realisation dawned on her face and she snarled with fury. 'No!' she cried. 'You will not bugger me again!'

'It is not your arse I seek,' he told her. 'I shall come in your cunt this time, but from behind, as if you were a beast in the field!'

Heldar should have struggled to resist his assault, but she did not. If the truth were told, she had been curiously disappointed when Lorcan had not spent himself inside her. As she herself came, she had longed for the thud of his jism in her womb. Even though she had recently climaxed, she still craved his seed in her body.

Lorcan, for his part had also sensed that her protests were half-hearted. It pleased him. Though they had agreed on the rules of combat, he had no wish to defile a woman against her will. Positioning his glans at the mouth of her sex, he gazed lustfully at the huge, swollen peach, nestling beneath Heldar's open arse. Her dark, hairy anus winked back at him and, for one dreadful moment, he was forced to contain an urge to swap holes again. Then the longing passed and he thrust into her smoothly, up to the hilt, lodging himself in her tight, vaginal channel.

Bucking his hips, Lorcan pumped rhythmically, enjoying the soft, silky embrace of her cunt. His slow, even thrusts, gave way to faster, more vigorous ones until finally, with a cry of delight, he abandoned all restraint. He hammered once, twice, then several more times in quick succession, spending himself freely in her warm, velvety sex.

He had expected her to struggle but she had not. Instead, she had surrendered to his cock as if the battle were ended, and he the victor. Though it surprised him, it did not detract from his pleasure, which lasted for almost a minute before his shaft gave one final, ecstatic judder and fell still inside her. He lay on top of her for several seconds, then, dragging himself back to reality, he withdrew slowly, wincing with delight as the bulb of his glans plopped gently from her opening.

Falling back onto his heels he steadied himself for one moment, then leaned forward, pressing his face into Heldar's arse. Opening his mouth, he closed his lips around her anus, sucking on the puckered ring, before extending the spear of his tongue and cleaving into her. She would have pulled herself away in shock, but he brought his arms up quickly and held onto her buttocks with his long, meaty fingers. He felt her shudder strongly, then squeal as the sweetest of orgasms rippled through her cunt.

As her pleasure died away, Lorcan kissed her a second time, then withdrew, licking his lips, enjoying the taste of her arse on his tongue. Heldar swung around, astonishment etched across her face.

‘I do not understand,’ she whispered. ‘You have willingly suckled on my secret place, and in doing so have set me free. Why?’

Lorcan ran a hand through his hair. He looked suddenly exhausted. ‘Because I do not choose to kill you as I have been ordered. You would not have fled merely because I asked you to. Now you are your own woman again, and free to leave.’

Heldar’s eyes narrowed. ‘They will kill you for this. You have betrayed them. Their revenge will be long and slow.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Lorcan. ‘The decision was mine and I will suffer as I must.’

A tender, unexpected look came into Heldar’s eyes. ‘There may be another way,’ she said. ‘It is dangerous, and we will have to move swiftly. If I know these scouts, they will take our silence as a sign that you have finished me off. They will come for you shortly.’

Lorcan frowned. ‘What plan do you have?’ he inquired.

‘I must conquer you as I would an enemy in battle,’ she told him. ‘I must sit on your face and smother you with my bottom.’

Lorcan straightened his back, immediately alert.

Heldar smiled. 'You misunderstand me,' she told him, moving close. 'I do not mean to kill you with my arse, but I must render you unconscious. When the women come for you, they must think I have beaten you in combat and have fled like a thief in the night.' She looked around her. 'I know this forest well. They will not find me again.' Turning back to him, she said, 'Are you willing to submit yourself?'

He looked unsure. 'What guarantee do I have that you will not finish me off as you tried to once before?'

'None,' she replied. 'And even if I promise not to do, it signifies nothing. When I sit upon a man's face, a madness overtakes me. Sometimes I cannot control myself. But if you let me go and they find you simply waiting for them, their revenge will be a dreadful one.'

Lorcan turned the matter over in his mind. Though the scouts would punish him for sure, he had little doubt they would spare him. His gift of second sight was too valuable. No, his life was not in danger. Not from the scouts at any rate. But from Heldar? He could not be sure, and yet the thought of being taken without mercy – it tugged at his soul. To lie beneath this woman's arse; to feel the stifling heat of her crack around his nose and mouth...

'Very well,' he said at last, stretching himself out on the forest floor. He rolled onto his back. 'Take some vine and restrain my hands and feet. If you do not, I fear I will try to shift you. If the deed is to be done, it must be done quickly. We do not have much time.'

Heldar sprang into action, ripping tendrils from a nearby tree. Fastening lengths around Lorcan's wrists and ankles, she quickly secured him. Satisfied that he was helpless, she rolled him onto his back again. Then she squatted low over his face, her arse towards him. Reaching out for his cock, she said, 'Prepare yourself, Lorcan. I will spill you at the moment of truth. It will drain what little strength you have left, and ensure oblivion.'

He swallowed hard as she looked back over her shoulder one last time, shuffling towards his head, manoeuvring her bare arse over his nose and mouth. He gazed into the huge, hairy chasm and felt his blood run cold with terror and excitement. As she lowered herself onto his face, he felt his penis bulge and straighten. Then all was darkness: hot, wet, sticky darkness...

Across the way, Venyn and the others listened hard for sounds of life. All the scouts had spent themselves furiously, Heldar's cries and Lorcan's screams of pleasure feeding their excitement many times over. When all had finally gone quiet, they assumed the battle was over, and that Lorcan was readying himself for what was to follow. Several minutes had since passed, with no sound to be heard, other than an occasional murmur of voices.

'She is praying to her gods,' suggested Gellyn. 'He has told her he will sit on her, and she has asked if she may prepare herself.'

Roseene was not so sure. 'The man is weak,' she said bluntly. 'I have no confidence in him. If he should let her go...'

‘He would not dare!’ said Anya angrily. ‘He knows his life would be forfeit.’

Venyn shook her head. ‘He knows he is safe,’ she reminded the younger scout. ‘His gift makes him valuable to us.’

Gellyn jumped to her feet. ‘We must seek him out, if he should dare to –’

Venyn leapt up, also, stretched out her arm and held her comrade back. ‘Listen!’ she said.

They all listened now, and, sure enough, from across the damp forest floor, they heard a low, familiar groan.

‘Lorcan has begun his work,’ said Venyn. ‘He has not let us down...’

Lorcan cursed himself for having allowed Heldar to restrain him. What had begun as something fresh and exciting, something he had craved more than anything else he could imagine, had turned into a nightmare of the most dreadful kind.

He could not breathe! His lungs were burning and the pain in his chest was

indescribable. He tugged furiously at his bonds, but she had secured him too well. Her backside bore down on him with all her huge, ferocious strength, the weight of her flesh an unshiftable monster crushing the life from his body.

‘In heaven’s name, have pity!’ he screamed, but his cries for mercy were muted in the long, hairy crack of her arse. Above him the woman wriggled furiously, determined, it seemed, to take him to the very edge and then beyond.

His chest began to shake, and there were stars in his eyes. He arched his back and felt the semen bubble in his balls. Helder’s hand had been stroking him for several minutes. Each prod towards pleasure used up another precious grunt of air as he groaned into her bloated arsehole. Now her hand moved faster still, and all his thoughts were focused on the pleasure in his shaft. His body went still, for the merest fraction of a second, then jerked violently, as if every muscle would rip itself free.

Lorcan was coming now, pumping his jism into her hand. Spilling himself across his belly, he squealed like a wounded pig into the dark, fetid cleft of her arse. One final piercing scream of pleasure, muffled in her huge backside, and then everything went black for the very last time...

Eight

He was lying on his back when they found him, his eyes closed, his face damp and slimy with Heldar's juices.

That he was unconscious was immediately clear, and when Venyn leaned in close and smelt his face, she knew for certain Lorcan had been cruelly smothered. That he still lived she put down to nothing more fortuitous than that she and the others had disturbed Heldar before she had completed her task. Another minute on Lorcan's face and he would have been beyond all earthly help.

Roseene hurried across, clutching handfuls of elder leaves, and berries which she had already crushed to paste. 'This will revive him,' she said, rubbing the green and purple mess beneath his nose. But despite her efforts, Lorcan remained very still.

'At least we know he is not pretending to sleep,' said Venyn, wrinkling her nose at the pungent aroma. She lowered her face to his and pinched his nostrils shut. Pressing her mouth to his lips, she exhaled deeply, filling his lungs. Roseene knelt by his chest, applying massage to his heart. At that moment, Gellyn burst through the undergrowth, alarm on her face.

'There is no sign of the woman,' she said. 'Anya still looks, but –' and then she saw her two companions ministering to the stricken Lorcan.

She dropped to her knees at once. 'He has not woken?' she asked unnecessarily, then glanced at his limp, flaccid penis, its semen still damp and sticky on the shaft. Reaching out, she took hold of his cock and rubbed it softly. 'He does not stir,' she said in a quiet, sombre voice. 'The man is dead – or dying surely!'

‘She has done her work well,’ said Venyn. ‘He is slipping from our reach...’

A loud crash nearby, was followed by the sight of Anya stumbling through the bushes. Like Gellyn before her, her face darkened on seeing Lorcan’s slumped body. Venyn glanced up, answering the other’s question before it was asked.

‘We must all minister to him,’ said Venyn. ‘Roseene – dampen your fingers and penetrate his anus. Search for the secret place that gives him pleasure. Gellyn, suckle on his length, we must bring all our skills to bear on him now. Anya, you must fondle his balls – his seed must flow again or he is finished.’

‘And what of you?’ asked Anya. ‘What shall you do?’

Venyn looked down at the stricken young man, desperation etched across her face. ‘A woman’s arse has taken him to the gates of Paradise,’ she murmured sombrely. ‘And a woman’s arse may bring him back again.’

With that, she swivelled round, straddled his chest for a moment, then shuffled back, her huge buttocks opening over his head. With painstaking care, she manoeuvred her arsehole till it came to rest over his nose. Then ever so gently, she began to rub it back and forth across his face, coating him with her taste and scent, smearing him with the sweat and juice that dribbled from her long, hairy crack.

Between Lorcan’s legs, the other women worked as one, fondling, stroking and probing at his shaft, balls and anus. Minute followed minute, and, with each

passing second, their spirits plunged a little further. And then, at the very moment when all hope seemed to be lost, Lorcan's chest gave a mighty heave. In the same instant, his penis leapt upright, jerked awkwardly inside Gellyn's mouth and spat what little remained of its semen into the back of her throat.

'He comes!' cried Roseene, wriggling her finger even deeper, feeling his rectum close and spasm round her knuckles. Suddenly, Lorcan's head came up, and his mouth closed around Venyn's hairy little anus, suckling instinctively.

'He is alive!' cried Venyn, moving off him as his head fell back, his chest shaking furiously. Quickly, they detached themselves from his body. Now, instead, they held him to their warm, comforting flesh, cuddling him like a baby, calming his nerves and easing him back to consciousness.

It was nearly an hour before he was well enough to talk. For a while, it seemed he could scarcely recall his own name, let alone what had happened to him. When at last his senses returned, he turned away in shame at the story he was forced to relate.

'It was my fault,' he confessed. 'I could not help myself. After I had taken her without mercy in all her holes and used her like a beast in the field, Helder turned her arse towards me. I looked upon its little mouth, and I was lost!'

Venyn frowned. 'Her mouth? I do not –' and then she stopped, everything horribly clear. 'You kissed her in her secret place – and, in doing, so you set her free!'

'I did not know!' lied Lorcan tearfully. 'At first I meant only to sniff her ring, but

I was overcome by her scent. I closed my mouth around the little hole ... I could not help myself...'

'Did you spear her with your tongue?' asked Gellyn, shaking her head at Lorcan's stupidity.

He nodded, and Anya rolled her eyes. The man had no sense. It was a wonder he was still alive.

Venyn sighed. 'The moment you entered her, she was again a free woman – if not before. And so she attacked, when you were at your weakest, having spent yourself so many times inside her....'

'I did not have the strength to resist,' said Lorcan. 'When she brought her backside down on me. I was frightened. I knew I could not shift her. And yet...'

'Her arse excited you,' said Venyn, finishing the sentence for him. 'Though knowing she meant to finish you off, a part of you longed for it.'

Lorcan nodded dumbly, then lowered his head, and shielded his eyes. He thought it best to stick as closely as possible to the truth. But he dared not look directly at Venyn. She was no fool, and he feared he would give away too much.

She placed a consoling hand on Lorcan's shoulder. 'Many men suffer from this weakness,' she told him. 'Hopefully, you have learned your lesson. It is a pity Helder has escaped, for she will warn her people and they will change their

plans.'

She sighed. 'Still, we are no worse off than when we came upon her. And if not for you, we would not have captured her at all.'

'I am sorry,' said Lorcan, his head still bowed.

Venyn shrugged. 'You are well. That is all that matters.'

Yes, thought Lorcan to himself. I am well. But your concern is not for me. It is for my gift and what your Queen may do with it. And, more importantly, what she will do to me...

It was several hours later when they emerged from the forest into a low valley. Though able to make faster progress now, a fresh danger soon presented itself.

'There are many villages between here and our city,' explained Venyn. 'None are friendly to our cause. Worse still, hunter women live in these parts. This is their domain. They know it better than we. The most direct route is down through the vale, across the river and straight on. But this is where they move in packs, and we are most at risk.'

'So what do we do?' asked Lorcan who, by now, had not only recovered his senses, but once more sported a proud erection, helped on by each of the scouts as they took it in turns, as before, to ride on his lap. Only in the last mile or so,

had he been allowed to ride alone. But though finally freed from the tender embrace of a woman's cunt, his shaft remained upright.

'There is little choice,' said Venyn. 'We must ride towards the setting sun, and hope to make camp while the women are hunting in the hills. Even so, I do not like it. They know the value of a royal scout. If we are captured, they will hold us to ransom.'

'Including me?' asked Lorcan.

'No,' said Venyn, turning her horse, and addressing him directly for the first time. 'You they will rape, abuse and finally smother. They know that men have no financial value and are of use only for sport.'

'But my gift of sight,' said Lorcan. 'Surely, that is worth –'

'It is worth nothing to them,' Venyn reminded him, 'for they do not know you have it. And even if you tell them, it will count for nothing. These women are primitive. Scarcely above the beasts they hunt. They eat, they drink, they forage. As for a man, if these women take him alive, it were better he had never been born. They will fuck you till you beg for death, then one of them will mount you with her arse.'

'As you would, too,' said Lorcan boldly. Though he had suffered much abuse at the scouts' hands, he felt more emboldened now. His gift gave him certain privileges. True, he was their cunts-man and would not try to escape, whatever chance presented itself. Yet he was not afraid to stand up to them now. After all, he had little enough to lose. They were taking him to their Queen. And though

he did not know for certain what fate lay ahead of him, he knew it would not be pleasant.

‘At least we would do it quickly,’ said Venyn. ‘And if we have to, we will. We cannot let you fall into the hands of the enemy.’

Lorcan felt his blood run cold. ‘You would smother me?’ he asked in a quiet voice.

‘Yes,’ said Venyn. ‘If you are in danger of being captured, then one of us will do the deed.’

‘Then I must pray our route is a safe one,’ said Lorcan, though, as always, a part of him remained conflicted. On the one hand, he had no wish to end his days beneath a woman’s bottom. On the other, the thought continued to bedevil and excite him. What was happening to him? He had never felt like this before. What intoxicating poison had these women unleashed?

They made good headway, and by nightfall had come across no signs of the hunters. Anya and the others were all for pressing on through the night. But their horses were weary, and Venyn decided to make camp, atop a steep incline where their sight of the surrounding land was well-lit by a strong moon.

‘We will each of us sleep in turn,’ she told them, taking the first watch for herself. Two hours later, Anya roused her and took the next. Lorcan was allowed to sleep throughout the night. It was not deemed sensible to let him take a watch alone, and there was no point in two remaining awake when the job could be done by one.

His dreams were troubled. In his mind, he saw the events of the day unfold over and over again. He saw women's bottoms coming down onto his face, and smelt their sweet familiar scent. As each woman took him, his pleasure grew, and so did his fatigue. All at once, a powerful shudder ran through his groin, and he screamed his release into the cauldron of his dreams. But as he screamed, he realised, to his surprise, that he had woken. He was lying face down on the ground, naked. His erect penis jerked furiously, spilling his semen into the earth.

His squeals of delight awoke the sleeping scouts. Roseene, who had been on watch, came over, and knelt at his side, her face wreathed with concern.

'What ails you, man?' she asked, then sniffed the air, and the expression on her face changed at once. 'You have spent yourself!' she whispered hoarsely. 'The smell of seed is heavy on you.'

Lorcan blushed. 'I did not mean to,' he said, defensively. 'I was dreaming. There were women sitting on me. I could not help myself.'

'What is it?' asked Venyn, approaching now and kneeling at Roseene's side.

'The man has spunked,' said Roseene. 'During his sleep.'

Venyn's face darkened and, when she spoke again, her tone was sombre. 'That noise would wake any woman within three miles. As for the smell of seed, these hunters have a sense of men that is greater than our own. We are in danger. We must break camp at once.'

And so, as quickly as possible, they saddled up their horses and made their way downhill, back into the forest. They did not ride, for Venyn feared the sound of horses' hooves would carry loudly in the early morning air. So their progress was slow and awkward for more than an hour.

Light was breaking through the trees, when Anya cried out in a low, alarmed voice. 'I hear something!'

The others stopped, craning their ears for the slightest hint of danger.

'I do not like this,' said Venyn. 'Keep close together!'

Doing as she bid them, the scouts and Lorcan travelled in tight formation for several minutes. Breaking into a clearing, Venyn's blood ran cold. Something was wrong. Her every fibre warned of danger. To her right, there came the snap of a twig and she wheeled her horse around.

But it was already too late. Without warning, the ground gave way beneath their feet. Lorcan heard screams, and a whistle of air. An arm thudded into his back, and the next moment he was flying sideways, with the world around him in turmoil. He rolled down an incline, tumbling over and over, faster and faster, as if he would never stop. Then his head hit something hard and, not for the first time that day, everything went black.

Nine

Lorcan had no idea how long he remained unconscious, though he knew it must have been many hours. When he finally came to, it was no longer early morning but the middle of the day, and a bright, scorching sun lay overhead. His head hurt, and there was a painful lump on his scalp. But he found no blood, and, though at first groggy, he quickly recovered. Breathing deeply several times, and flexing his arms and legs to test for damage, he felt the tiredness slipping away.

Casting around, he realised he had fallen into a deep gully. He saw at once that the ascent was far too smooth and steep for an easy climb. Fortunately, on closer inspection there seemed to be a path to his right that snaked skyward. He took it without hesitation, and began the long trek back to here, he felt sure, he had fallen.

The journey was not an easy one, and he took several wrong turns. But eventually, after two hours climbing, he found himself back in the clearing where, he was now certain, he and the scouts had been ambushed. The idea had occurred to him on the long climb up, but what he now saw confirmed it for certain.

A pit – at least three or four feet deep – had been dug from the soil, and broken vine-nets littered the ground, alongside several shattered branches. It did not take him long, examining the debris, to piece together what had happened.

Evidently, a snare had been set by the hunters and sprung as the scouts had passed along this stretch of track. Though the scouts had vowed to kill him should they ever fear capture, the trap had been sprung too quickly for Venyn or the others to carry out their threat. He recalled being hit in the back, and wondered if a scout had tried to push him to safety. On the other hand, it had been a steep gully and he had come close to losing his life. Possibly, they had tried to kill him after all.

Turning things over, he saw now that he had two options. He could go back the way he had come and, with luck, though he knew he would need plenty of it, he might eventually find his way home. Or he could opt for the more ridiculous alternative and search for the scouts. That way, he knew, was fraught with danger. But the more he considered it, the more the idea grew on him. Yet he was hesitant nonetheless.

On the one hand, of course, he had no choice. He must find the scouts and rescue them, whatever the threat, for he had sworn allegiance to their flesh, and was their loyal cunt-man now. On the other, he knew well enough that if he were to rescue them, they would take him directly to their Queen, where he would, he was sure, face certain death. The sensible option was to turn tail, run and never look back. That he chose to press on, had little to do with loyalty to the scouts, and everything to do with a growing, and ever urgent need between his legs. It was pointless to deny the truth. The thought of locating the huntresses' camp, and possibly falling victim to them himself, aroused him immensely.

He was in the grip of madness. If he had not been sure about it before, he was certain now...

The hunters had been careless. No doubt elated by the fact that they had captured four Dorian scouts, they had taken no precautions as they journeyed home. Even for a tracker as inexperienced as Lorcan, the path was clear, for the soft forest earth was badly scarred by horses' hooves, and the marks of women's feet travelling in a pack.

It took him just over an hour to find their camp. It was a makeshift affair. Very quickly, he saw the scouts, trussed up beneath a tree, and guarded by three young hunters. Counting as best he could, he judged them to be no more than seven in number. Every one of them was naked: big-breasted women with large, rounded buttocks and dark, hairy cunts. Eyeing them from his hiding place, Lorcan could not help himself and began to stroke his penis gently.

He wondered if he might rush the guards, Would there be time, he asked himself, to free the scouts before the hunters overcame him? On balance, he dismissed the idea. No, to succeed, he must act with caution and guile. It was a job for a cunning strategist, a man trained in the ways of hunting and battle. It was not, he decided glumly, a job for a horny waiter.

If he were to harbour any hope of success, he knew he must pick off the hunters one by one. Would they submit, he wondered, as had Helder, if he were to take any of them in the arse? The ways of women were, he reflected, confusing and he could assume nothing. But it seemed a good place to start. One of the women, he noticed, a small, auburn-haired girl, had moved away from the main pack, into the forest, as if searching for something – food, possibly. He decided he would tackle her first. It made sense. She was on her own and, though bigger than him, not as big as her sisters, and smaller than usual for a woman.

Lorcan followed her quickly, careful not to make any unnecessary noise. The forest was alive with the cries of animals, insects and the like, and the noise from his feet was nothing next to these. But he knew these women were trained, and that it was foolish to take chances. His curiosity as to why this one had wandered from her group was satisfied within minutes, when he saw her squat down and begin to pee freely into the soil.

Aware she was vulnerable, her mind on other things, Lorcan struck swiftly. He clamped his hand around her mouth, stifling any chance of protest. At the same time, he threw himself onto her back, and forced her on to her stomach. She

wriggled furiously, catching his cock between her buttocks, As he moved with her, his penis, already hard, grew stiffer still. He bore down strongly, searching for her anus, found the little hole, and immediately thrust home, spearing her to the hilt.

The instant he was lodged inside, he felt her tense around him, her entire body hard and traumatised. She went still, as if aware the slightest movement would trigger a rush of semen into her arse.

The two of them lay quietly for several seconds; he catching his breath, she afraid to move and excite him further. He felt her pee running down his leg, warm and wet, and his penis twitched dangerously. The woman was still urinating, and her earthy female odour turned his stomach hollow with lust. At last, knowing he must take a risk if he were to end the impasse, Lorcan pressed his mouth to her ear and whispered, 'If you call out or try to shift me in any way, I will empty myself into your bottom. Do you understand?'

The young woman's head bobbed awkwardly. It was all or nothing for him now. He relaxed his hand a fraction, then withdrew it completely.

'Who are you? she asked him quietly. 'What do you want? You may have it if you spare my arse.'

He relaxed a little and smiled. So these women were like all others. He had feared they might not be. 'You have captured my Mistresses,' he said. 'You hold them prisoner in your camp. They must be set free.'

He felt her shudder. The movement sent a ripple through his stomach and again

his penis jerked inside the channel of her rectum. He forced his mind to a far-away place, struggling with renewed lust, and his urgent need to spend.

‘I cannot help you,’ she replied bluntly. ‘Anything but that.’

He pressed his lips against her ear and whispered again, ‘Then you must be dishonoured. I shall spunk inside your arse and make you my slave.’

Slowly, he withdrew his cock, the shaft clinging to her flesh as he eased it halfway from her hole.

‘I beg you, no!’ she said shrilly, her voice dangerously high. Immediately, he clamped his hand around her mouth, and steadied himself as best he could. Every nerve in his penis now screamed at him for release.

‘Prepare yourself!’ he growled into her ear. ‘For I can hold back no longer!’

She wriggled her buttocks, squirming on the end of his cock and yelled her defiance into his palm. It was more than he could take and he drove himself forward, plunging into her bottom, his muscular column jerking strongly within the tight, oily channel.

‘I come!’ he whispered hoarsely, ‘I come!’, and fell onto her back, pinning her face-down on the forest floor, his penis pumping like a piston, filling her bowels with his seed. He lay motionless for almost a minute, his breathing laboured, recovering slowly. Amazingly, his penis remained erect, and though he had just

come, he still tingled with need. When he pushed at her gently, the girl stiffened in his grip, and grunted into the hand still clamped around her face.

Confusion furrowed his brow. That he could, if he wished, thrust and come again surprised him. His balls had not emptied, which was, he knew, impossible. Yet though the temptation was strong, he chose to resist. There would be other arses to spear before he could release the scouts. He must hold back, and take these hunters one at a time.

Removing his hand carefully, he leaned in close again and said, 'Do you submit to me, woman? Now I have conquered your bottom?'

Reluctantly, through gritted teeth, she murmured, 'I cannot say no. Our ancient laws give you dominion over me. What would you have me do?'

'I wish only to free my companions,' he told her. 'I do not mean you harm, nor your friends.'

'The scouts will put us to the sword,' she replied. 'It is their way. If I help you, I condemn my friends to certain death.'

'No,' he assured her. 'You have my word. None will perish. Freedom is all I seek.'

'You are a man,' she reminded him. 'You may have conquered me, but you do not command a scout. The decision will be theirs.'

‘No,’ he said. ‘The decision will be mine. If I say you must be spared, then they will spare you. You have my word on this.’

He felt her rectum tighten around his cock. ‘I do not understand,’ she said. ‘What manner of man are you who has the power to command scouts?’

‘I do not command them,’ he answered. ‘But it is enough you know they will grant me this favour.’ Taking a deep, steadying breath, for he felt his penis twitching with renewed desire, he said, ‘Before I withdraw, do you swear allegiance to me?’

‘I have already told you,’ she replied. ‘I have no choice. I must do as you ask.’

Lorcan pressed his mouth to her ear. The musky scent of her cunt wafted up to his nostrils, and his shaft grew stiffer. ‘I wish to fuck you again,’ he told her. ‘By all that is holy, you have no idea how much I wish to pleasure myself inside your body...’

‘It is your right,’ she answered in a quiet voice. ‘I cannot refuse you. Your cock is my master now...’

He choked back his desire. ‘I must keep my spunk for your sisters,’ he said reluctantly. ‘And remain erect if I am to free my companions. I shall remove myself. Relax your arsehole, so it does not excite me as I withdraw.’

Assured of her co-operation, very carefully, and very slowly, Lorcan eased his penis from the hunter's rectum. Each movement was an agony of frustration for him, her oily channel clinging to his shaft as he inched it from her arse. Finally, with a grudging plop he pulled himself free, and fell back on his heels, his giant member fully erect and poking up against his belly.

Immediately, he stood up, took the woman by her arm and steered her forward, through the bushes.

'I must speak to you,' he said, 'but not here. We are too close to your camp.' With that, he led her through the thickening undergrowth until they were well away from the others.

'This is far enough,' he said, and released her.

The woman turned round for the first time, and looked at his penis with grudging admiration. 'You have a mighty weapon,' she told him. 'I have seen the shafts of many men, and used them for my pleasure. But I have never seen a cock like yours.'

'What happens to the men you fuck?' he asked her quietly. It was a foolish question, for he guessed the answer already, and knew the pleasure it would give him. But if her words would fill his balls, then he might conquer more arses yet before his cock fell limp.

'Some men we use for heavy tasks,' she replied. 'To fetch and carry for as long as their strength lasts. These we keep until we have no further need of them.' She paused, aware of the glazed, excited look in his eyes, and then continued matter-

of-factly. 'Once they have served their purpose, we finish them off as we finish off all men.'

'You smother them between your legs? You sit on their faces until they are no more?'

She nodded. 'It is the way of women everywhere. You know this as well as I. Nature has ordained it thus. A man comes into the world between a woman's legs and must leave it likewise. In this way is the circle of life and death completed.'

'The arsehole I have conquered with my cock...' he began.

'Has taken many men into eternity,' she replied, finishing the sentence for him.

'And if I were to release you from your service to me,' he continued. 'Make you a free woman once more?'

The woman straightened her back and returned his look boldly. 'Then I would sit on you face and take you without mercy,' she answered honestly.

Lorcan nodded. 'Then I must never grant you freedom,' he replied, running his hands around her buttocks. 'For I fear that once my face were between your hunter's cheeks, I would beg you to finish me off.'

Her eyes narrowed, and she gazed at him, confused. 'You are a strange man,' she said. 'You conquer me without mercy, yet you long to lie beneath my woman's arse?'

Lorcan shrugged. 'I do not understand it myself,' he replied honestly. Then he drew himself up to his full height, and looked up at her, for though small by female standards, she still towered over him by several inches. 'I have counted only seven of you. Is this all you number?'

'It is,' she confirmed. 'Had we not laid traps to find food and snared your scouts instead, we would not have tried to capture them. Though they are only four, they would have been too much for us.'

'I must conquer another from your party,' he said. 'Then, if I can free my Mistresses, it will be five of us against five of you, and the battle won for certain.'

'You ask a terrible thing of me,' she said. 'Though it is your right as my master, I beg you, do not shame me into betraying my sisters.'

'I have no choice,' replied Lorcan. 'If I do not act quickly, my companions will be lost to me.' He considered matters for a moment, then said, 'But I offer you this bargain. If I conquer one more of your party, will you go to your friends and tell them to flee? If they do so, I promise I will not release the scouts until you have made good your escape.'

The woman frowned. 'You would do this?' she said.

‘I have told you,’ he replied. ‘I wish no-one to be harmed. I wish only to free my Mistresses, so we may continue on our way.’

She shook her head. ‘I do not know...’ she began. ‘My sisters may not agree. They may decide to kill you all.’

Lorcan looked thoughtful, his brow creased with concern. ‘Is there a leader among you?’ he asked. ‘One whose word must be obeyed?’

‘Of course,’ said the woman. ‘Tarlo commands us. But you will never defeat her. She is twice your size and strength. She will easily take you between her legs and smother you with her bottom.’

Lorcan gave a heavy sigh. ‘Nevertheless,’ he said. ‘It is her arse I must conquer. If she gives her word, then the others will follow.’ Addressing the woman again, he asked, ‘What is your name?’

‘Shenn,’ she replied.

‘I am Lorcan,’ he said. ‘Can you lure your leader into the woods? Bring her to me on her own?’

A distressed look darkened the young woman’s features. She looked utterly miserable. ‘Please do not ask that of me,’ she said. ‘I beg you.’

‘I am sorry,’ said Lorcan. ‘I have no wish to cause you pain. But I must do what I must do. And you must obey me in all things. So I repeat: can you lure Tarlo into the woods?’

Shenn nodded, her face a picture of misery. ‘I think it can be done.’ she answered. ‘But though the prisoners are bound, Tarlo will not wish to leave them unattended.’

‘If you tell her you have seen a man,’ said Lorcan. ‘And have subdued him. Will she be the one to come and see this for herself? She will not send others?’

Shenn shrugged her shoulders. ‘I cannot be sure. I think she will come, but I cannot make her.’

‘I understand,’ said Lorcan. ‘No matter. You must do your best.’

He cast around for a moment, then spotted what he needed: a large scattering of fallen leaves. These he gathered into a heap, stepped into the rusty-coloured mound, sat down and began to pull them over him.

‘Say you have hidden me beneath these leaves,’ he told Shenn. ‘In case there are others searching for me. I will keep my eyes exposed, so will see her approach. When she leans down for a closer look, I will attack. Surprise will be on my side.’

‘You will need more than surprise to conquer Tarlo,’ said Shenn.

‘Perhaps,’ said Lorcan. ‘But surprise is all I have. Now go and do my bidding. Remember your woman’s code and do nothing to give me away.’

Shenn gave a crisp, reluctant bow. ‘I shall do as you bid me, master.’ Then, lifting her eyes once more she added, ‘But I pray that Tarlo conquers you without mercy.’

Lorcan returned her defiant stare with a wry smile. ‘My cock has speared one asshole today,’ he reminded her. ‘Soon it shall lay siege to another. Now, go!’ And without another word, he ducked beneath the leaves and vanished from sight.

Though it tore at her heart, Shenn was true to her word. The ancient ways were a puzzle to her, but they had come from the gods and must be obeyed.

When the Great She had created the world, she had granted the female her dominion over man. Even the lowliest of women possessed a size and strength superior to any male. She had given woman her Sacred Places, too: her breasts, her cunt and anus, with which she was to bend men to her will. These were, the Great She had commanded, the instruments by which man was to be punished should he transgress.

The cunt was given to woman so that she might pleasure herself on a man's cock. As for the man, his cock had been given to him so that he might serve woman. Though the cunt and breasts could be used to conquer a man, it was the arse that had been designed by the Great She to take him into Paradise. But in her infinite mercy, the Great She had given to man a special gift. If he could take possession of a woman's anus – that which the Great She had deemed her most Sacred and Forbidden Place – then that woman must submit to him, and become his slave. For, in succumbing to the man, she had shamed herself and cast herself aside from other women. Only in atoning for her sin by serving man – the lowest of the low – could she hope to enter Paradise and the heavenly Queendom of the Great She.

No man, of course, was strong enough to take a woman against her will. Only by trickery or force of numbers could the deed be done. And as the punishment for doing so – and failing – was death by suffocation, few men were foolish enough to even try.

A man like Lorcan was rare. For though no bigger than the average male and clearly not the equal of a woman in strength or size, there was something that set him apart. And he had courage, too – a quality unusual among men.

To be shamed by a man was a fate no woman wished upon another. But, once shamed, a woman was bound to do the bidding of her conqueror. So it was with a heavy heart that Shenn returned to her camp, aware that her fate was to betray another. Yet Tarlo was strong, and more than twice Lorcan's size. Shenn clung to the hope that even if caught by surprise, Tarlo would defeat him. It was this hope that steadied her nerve as, reaching the outskirts of the camp, she broke into a trot, then a run, and burst into the clearing with all the excitement befitting one with the news she carried.

Tarlo looked up, from where she was stirring a thin soup in a pot. Her fellow hunters, sitting in a circle around the captured scouts, looked up also, turning

towards Shenn as she approached, breathless and dripping with sweat.

‘Tarlo!’ she cried. ‘I have captured a man!’

The bigger woman jumped to her feet. Around the tree, Venyn and Anya’s heads slumped in unison. Like the others, they had clung to the hope that somehow Lorcan would locate their trail, find the camp and rescue them.

Their despair did not go unnoticed.

‘It is their servant!’ cried Tarlo. ‘The one who fell into the ravine. So he lives!’

‘I saw him pissing by some bushes,’ lied Shenn. ‘He was easy meat to conquer. I took him with my cunt, quickly and without mercy.’

‘He is dead?’ asked Tarlo despondently, for it had been some time since she had fucked a man. The thought of riding a sturdy cock had warmed her pussy.

Shenn shook her head. ‘No. I thought he might be useful to us. He has a mighty penis...’ She stretched out her arms, indicating Lorcan’s massive length. ‘It grew this big while I was sitting on him.’

‘He did not spend?’ inquired Tarlo breathlessly. ‘His balls still bulge with seed?’

Shenn bowed. Though a mark of respect for her commander, it also helped to shield her eyes which, she feared, might betray her at any moment.

‘I did not touch him,’ she said. ‘One stroke and he would have spent himself. I held his arms until he struggled no more. Then I tied him up and came here straightaway.’

Now was the moment of truth. The other hunters, she knew, would be eager to lay their hands on a man. And not only their hands. Like Tarlo, they had not tasted cock for many weeks. All would be keen to ride the prisoner, though only one could finish him off.

Tarlo looked thoughtful. She licked her lips and considered her options. Finally, she made up her mind. ‘Stay here,’ she told the others. ‘It may be a trap. Make sure our prisoners do not escape. Shenn and I will bring the man back.’

She was aware of the disappointment among her comrades. Knew also that they feared she would have her way with him, draining him dry and leaving nothing for them. Perhaps she might even sit on his face and smother him into the next world. Aware of their concern, she addressed it quickly.

‘I shall not keep him to myself,’ she promised. ‘The man will be shared before I finish him off.’

She threw a callous glance in the direction of the tethered scouts. ‘The deed shall be done in front of his Mistresses.’ Pressing a hand to her cunt and rubbing the dark, swollen flesh of her vulva, she added, ‘They will see how hunters treat a man...’

It was too much for Venyn. Raising her head, she cried, ‘The man is ours. You have no right to him. You will pay for this insult with your lives!’

Tarlo laughed: a loud, victorious roar. Swivelling round, she bent her waist, and raised her arse in the air. Reaching back, she parted her cheeks, exposing the dark, hairy knot of her anus.

‘No!’ she shouted. ‘It is your man who shall pay – when he lies between my cheeks and begs for mercy. He shall feed on my arse as I take him into Paradise!’

‘Hunter scum!’ cried Anya, straining at the ropes that held her. Gellyn and Roseene joined in, yelling abuse at their captors while wriggling in vain against their restraints.

Tarlo laughed even louder. Then, addressing her fellow-hunters, said, ‘Guard them well. Shenn and I will bring back the man. Then we shall all take our pleasure with him!’

With the scouts’ abuse still ringing in her ears, Tarlo followed Shenn through the bushes and deep into the forest beyond...

Ten

As they approached the place where Lorcan lay in wait, Shenn felt her stomach churn miserably. She longed to tell Tarlo this was a trap, yet knew she could not break their woman's code. Tarlo would not expect it of her, but, even so, it pained her terribly to betray another woman.

Still, she consoled herself, though Lorcan was strong, and had conquered her own arse, he had taken her by surprise while she had been pissing. In open combat, she would surely have beaten him. Tarlo would not succumb so easily. She was bigger and stronger, and though Lorcan planned to take her by surprise, his advantage would be short-lived. Attacking from a prone position offered limited advantage. He would have to move swiftly, but Tarlo, she knew, would move swifter still.

These thoughts had scarcely had time to tumble through her mind before they broke into the clearing and Shenn saw the mound of leaves that covered Lorcan. Tarlo stopped, and Shenn's spirits rose. Something in her leader's manner made her wonder – did she suspect a trap?

Turning slowly to Shenn, she said, 'He lies beneath these leaves?'

Shenn nodded. 'I secured him well. So that if should he recover, he could not escape.'

Tarlo frowned. 'Something is wrong,' she said. 'How long since you did the deed? Three – four minutes?'

Again, Shenn bobbed her head. 'At least,' she said, then realised her mistake.

'The man has either recovered by now, or he is dead,' whispered Tarlo, her hunter's instincts coming to the fore. Then she added quickly, in an even quieter voice, 'Which way did you lay him? Where is his head?'

Shenn said nothing, but simply pointed to where she had seen Lorcan lie down. A surge of delight filled her heart. Lorcan had not reckoned on this; now he would pay the price for stealing her honour. Tarlo would mount his face in one swift movement and the battle would be over before it had begun.

Creeping forward, in complete silence, even her breath now stilled, Tarlo advanced on the unmoving pile of leaves. Suddenly, she saw a tiny movement. Shenn saw it also, and her heart leapt with joy, knowing the man had given himself away. Tarlo curled the fingers of both hands, readying herself. She must time her attack to perfection, wrap her legs around his neck and take him quickly to her cunt.

One more step and she would be in position. One more step and the man beneath those leaves was doomed. She took it...

Everything happened in an instant. Tarlo leapt, but instead of crashing down upon a helpless male, she found herself upended, her feet in the air, her head smashed hard into the ground. She felt sick, and her world was spinning. Something tight and prickly cut into her ankles and all at once, too late, she knew! It was a trap!

Shenn already knew, and looked on helplessly as Tarlo swung, upside down from a low branch, two thick vines around her legs, prising them apart. A few yards away, Lorcan – his muscles bulging with effort, sweat scoring his face – lashed a length of vine around the trunk of the tree from which Tarlo swung. Tarlo herself was low to the ground, her hands clawing at the soil as she fought desperately to right herself.

Twisting around, she caught sight of Lorcan for the first time, as, having knotted the vine tight, he marched towards her, a dark, determined look in his eyes. She saw his cock – a huge column of long, erect flesh – and knew, at once, the dreadful danger she was in. She turned to Shenn, who stood motionless, just yards away.

‘Help me!’ she cried. ‘Take him by the cock! It is our only hope!’

The colour drained from Shenn’s face. She looked sick to the core. ‘I’m sorry, Tarlo,’ she cried, falling to her knees. ‘He took me in the arse. He is my master now. I can do nothing...’

Stunned, Tarlo swung round to face Lorcan, her face twisted with contempt. ‘Do not take me in the arse, man!’ she cried. ‘I forbid it!’

He moved behind her, out of vision, his hands sliding down her thighs, peeling her buttocks apart. ‘I do not want to do this,’ he told her honestly. ‘But you hold my Mistresses captive. I do this for them. It is my duty!’

‘You tricked me!’ protested Shenn. ‘You were not under the leaves!’

He turned around, looked at her and said, 'No. I never meant to be. I had already seen the vines. The moment you left, I set the trap – a trap you would be proud of, I think.'

'But I saw you move – beneath the leaves!' cried Shenn.

He shook his head. 'I placed another vine beneath the pile', he told her. 'It was simple enough to pull it at the right moment. Not much, but enough. I could not take the risk that Tarlo would approach from a different angle. I had to be sure she would attack as she did.'

'It seems you think of everything!' spat Tarlo angrily, twisting around on the end of the vines. 'You would make a good hunter. If you were not a man!'

Lorcan failed to suppress a smile. Taking hold of his cock, he steered it in between Tarlo's buttocks. 'And if I were not a man I could not do this,' he said, pushing his glans up against the hairy knot of her anus.

'Wait!' she cried. 'I will bargain with you!'

'You cannot bargain,' replied Lorcan. 'You are a woman and I am a man. You conquer me or I conquer you. But between us there can be no trust.'

'I am a hunter!' yelled Tarlo. 'Not a scout! Nor am I loyal to their Queen! We play by different rules here!'

Lorcan paused, and withdrew his cock a fraction. Then he turned to Shenn and said, 'Is this so? Remember – you are bound to answer truthfully.'

Shenn took a deep breath. 'It is true,' she replied.

Lorcan remained unsure. His penis was beginning to throb with need, and he felt the warm seed swirl inside his balls.

'I need release,' he told Tarlo. 'If I spear you in the arse, you are bound to do my bidding, just as Shenn is. Why should I hold back? If you had been able to, you would happily have sat on my face and smothered me with your arse.'

'Spare my hole,' she replied, 'and the scouts go free. On this, you have my word'.

'And what of me?' he said. 'I have shamed one of your hunters. Am I to go free also?'

Tarlo took an age before replying. He wondered why, but any doubts he may have harboured were settled when she spoke.

'You may go free,' she said, 'but...'

‘Yes?’ he inquired, painfully aware of the growing need in his shaft. His balls were resting on Tarlo’s arse-cheeks now, and her earthy scent rose up to fill his nostrils.

‘Will you let us take our pleasure with you? May we ride your cock and have you spend inside us?’

Lorcan bit down on his lower lip. An image swam through his mind: he was lying on his back, a woman astride his shaft, with six more lined up to take her place. He let out a strangled grunt as he rubbed himself between Tarlo’s cheeks and felt the semen force its way into his cock.

He withdrew at once and clawed at his thighs, fighting back the urge to come. His penis prickled as a drop of spunk shot along its length and dribbled from the eye of his urethra. His breathing was loud and laboured, and it was only with the greatest of efforts that he resisted his need to spend.

Swallowing hard, he drew several deep breaths and emptied his mind of all lustful thoughts. It was not easy with one naked woman at his side and another upended before him, her buttocks parted, and the dripping bulge of her cunt staring him in the face.

‘I agree!’ he said at last. ‘I will service all your cunts and give you pleasure. But in return, you must promise us safe passage out of here.’

‘You have my word,’ said Tarlo. ‘I can offer you no more. Now cut me down. This new position is not to my liking. And my arse grows nervous at the sight of your cock!’

It was all or nothing, decided Lorcan. He had no idea if Tarlo could be trusted. But it was either that or take her by force. And despite the urge for release which flowed through his belly, he had no wish to ravish her against her will.

‘Very well,’ he said, retreating to the base of the tree. Picking up a sharp piece of rock, he hacked at the vine and, a few moments later, Tarlo was free, sitting on the ground, rubbing her bruised ankles.

Recovered, she looked up at him and said, ‘You are a strange man. Why do you travel with Dorian scouts? What hold do they have over you?’

‘I have worshipped at their arseholes,’ said Lorcan. ‘And in doing so have made myself their loyal cunts-man.’

Tarlo shook her head in disbelief. ‘I know these scouts,’ she said. ‘There is no mercy in their hearts. Once you have served your purpose, they will dispose of you. It is in their nature.’

Lorcan shrugged. ‘They must do with me as they will,’ he conceded. ‘It is their right.’

‘I do not understand,’ said Tarlo. ‘To pledge allegiance, you must submit willingly. Yet to submit to a scout is to embrace certain death.’

Now it was Lorcan’s turn to shrug. ‘We must each of us follow our destiny,’ he

replied. 'Who knows where it may lead?'

Tarlo regarded him with growing curiosity. It was some time before she spoke again. 'I will keep my word, if you will service each of us in turn.' She studied his cock, which had remained erect throughout. 'Is your manhood strong enough to pleasure seven women?'

'I believe it is,' said Lorcan. 'Where shall the deed take place?'

'In front of your scouts,' answered Tarlo. 'They must see how you debase yourselves on their behalf. Perhaps,' she added in a quiet, concerned voice, 'when your time comes they will show mercy on you...'

Eleven

Lorcan followed the women back to their camp. When the three of them broke through the bushes, the other hunters leapt up as one, unable to believe their eyes. Here was a man, walking freely ahead of their sisters, striding to his doom without a care in the world.

The scouts looked equally shocked, though for a different reason. That Lorcan lived was surprise enough, but to see him enter the camp willingly surprised them even more.

Tarlo strode up to Venyn and addressed her personally. 'You have a loyal slave,' she announced. 'And a clever one, too. He has taken Shenn's honour and would have taken mine, had I not struck a bargain with him.'

Bewildered, Venyn returned Tarlo's gaze, unable to frame a reply.

'He has offered to service each of us in turn. After we have taken our pleasure with him, you will be set free. But you must give your word to go in peace. And in turn we give you ours we will not follow you.'

Venyn looked furious, and found her voice at last. 'The man is not yours to take. He is our cunts-man. Our cunts shall he service, and our cunts alone!'

'If you do not agree to our terms,' said Tarlo, 'then all of you must die.' She turned to Lorcan. 'Including your loyal cunts-man. For if he cannot keep his word, then our bargain is ended.'

Lorcan came forward now, and dropped to his knees in front of Venyn.

‘I beg you, Mistress,’ he said. ‘Let me service these hunters with my cock. Once my manhood has given them pleasure, we can go on our way. What you seek of me shall be yours again to use as you will...’

Venyn returned his gaze grimly. There was a glint in his eyes that revealed more than the words he spoke. He was right, of course. His gift of second-sight was too precious to lose. If he must sacrifice himself inside these women’s cunts, it was a small price to pay to safeguard his secret.

‘Very well,’ she replied at last. ‘But you must not come. Each woman must be serviced without spilling your seed.’

Behind him, Tarlo laughed. ‘The man has not been born who can service seven hunters and not spill himself many times. Your man will be inside our cunts for many hours!’

‘Then let it begin!’ said Venyn defiantly.

‘You agree the bargain?’ asked Tarlo bluntly.

‘I do,’ said Venyn. ‘Once he has fucked you all, we will go on our way. In peace.’

‘Then indeed it shall begin,’ she replied. Turning to her fellow hunters, she called out their names, allotting them their place on Lorcan’s cock. ‘But I shall ride him first,’ she added. Looking at him, she said, ‘Once drained of your spunk, we shall see how quickly you can service others!’

They had laid him on his back, his arms and legs securely tethered. Despite the fantasy he had entertained in the woods, Lorcan had assumed he would take the women himself, either from on top or from behind. That way, he was certain he could give them pleasure and, with luck, control his own at the moment of truth.

He had not expected this – to be tethered like a beast and have the women straddle him, one by one. He would need every ounce of willpower to restrain himself, for the hunters were now in complete control of his body. Very little movement was left to him. With effort, he might buck his hips, though the women’s weight was such that if they bore down hard, he would be unable to thrust.

As she had promised, Tarlo was the first to mount him. She, he knew, would be the greatest threat, for she was the largest and most determined of the hunters. If he could make her come without doing so himself, then there was hope. Would those who mounted him after her, dare to drain him of his seed if she had failed?

He took a deep breath as the woman approached. Her big breasts were swinging from side to side, and between her legs he saw the glistening folds of her cunt dribble with juice. Squatting low over his cock, she took hold of the shaft and drew it slowly towards the mouth of her sex. Carelessly, she pressed his glans against her sodden flesh, smearing it with her juices. A burst of pleasure rippled through his belly. Inch by painful inch, she eased his penis past her lips, finally

sliding herself down until she had engulfed him to the hilt.

Lorcan closed his eyes and grunted with renewed delight. Tarlo, meanwhile, began to rise and fall over his manhood, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until she was grinding herself furiously on his cock. Much more of this, he knew, and he would come for sure. Taking a deep breath, he willed himself to remain calm, to back away from the sweet delight that coursed through his groin.

Above him, Tarlo writhed and wriggled, forcing her clit against the underside of his shaft, rubbing at it until she felt the first waves of pleasure lapping at her cunt. Now it was her turn to struggle, her turn to stem the race towards orgasm. Lorcan wriggled between her legs, rocking from side to side, his little movements exciting her even more. His breathing came faster now, and his chest rose and fell in time to the pleasure seething through her sex.

Throwing his head from side to side, he moaned with unashamed delight. ‘Oh, no...’ he whispered. ‘Please, no... it is too much ... too much!’

Tarlo’s face widened into a broad grin, and she relaxed, allowing the waves of pleasure to break across her belly. She leaned forward, her long fingers clawing at his chest, urging herself on, riding him with renewed fury. ‘You said you could resist me, man!’ she cried. ‘But I knew you could not! No man can resist my woman’s cunt!’

Lorcan opened his eyes, and gazed straight back at her. A violent gurgle broke from the back of his throat. ‘I’m going to come!’ he shrieked. ‘Help me, someone, I’m going to come!’

Above him, Tarlo closed her eyes, bit her lower lip and surrendered to her needs. She could feel him throb within her. How perfect it would be if they came together, her juices mingling with his spunk as he unleashed himself into her womb.

A few yards away, straining against the ropes that held her, Venyn lurched forward, screaming at Lorcan, begging him to resist.

‘Hold back, Logan! Hold back!’ she cried. ‘Do not spend yourself inside her!’

Lorcan did not reply. Instead he shook his head from side to side, arched his back and screamed again. ‘I’m coming!’ he cried. ‘Tarlo! I’m coming in your cunt!’

Tarlo threw back her head and shrieked her pleasure into the canopy of trees above her head. ‘I come, too!’ she cried, surrendering to the spasms in her belly. ‘I come! I come!’

The colour drained from Venyn’s face and she lowered her head in despair. If Tarlo and Lorcan climaxed at the same time, the woman would surely feel his hidden power: the gift of second sight that would fill her at the moment of their shared release, as it had filled Venyn before her, when she, too, had spent herself on Lorcan’s exploding cock.

‘He has tricked her!’ cried Anya abruptly. Venyn opened her eyes, and stared straight ahead. What had she missed? A moment later, all became clear as Tarlo’s face twisted into a snarl of despair. She rose from Lorcan’s cock and looked down at his sodden column of flesh. Though drenched in her sap, it

remained fully erect, with no sign of spunk to show he had come. Lorcan was breathing heavily, with the exhaustion of one who had run a race to its limit and collapsed with the effort.

‘You did not come!’ cried Tarlo, horrified.

Lorcan opened his eyes. ‘No,’ he answered honestly. ‘Forgive me my pretence. I am sorry, but I had to do it. You would not have spent yourself so freely had I been able to hold back. Your pussy would have sucked me dry. I had no choice.’

Still breathing heavily, Tarlo fell back on her haunches, astride Lorcan’s big, muscular thighs. To his surprise, her scowl suddenly vanished, replaced instead by a broad, almost friendly smile.

‘You are a worthy adversary,’ she told him. Then, climbing to her feet a little shakily, added. ‘It is not fitting that we take you on your back. You will take us from behind instead and thrust as hard as you have ever thrust.’

While Lorcan was still digesting this latest turn of events, Tarlo bent down, picked up a block of sharpened stone and hacked at the ropes around his feet and hands. A moment later, he was sitting up, rubbing his wrists.

Tarlo addressed the other hunters. ‘Down on your knees,’ she told them. ‘Raise your arses in the air and prepare your cunts for pleasure.’

When her fellow hunters had dropped to the ground and lined up as ordered,

Tarlo walked to the end of the row, went down on her knees and raised her own arse high.

‘Take us now!’ she commanded. ‘One after the other. You cheated me of my victory, so will take me once again.’

Settling himself into position behind the first hunter’s open arse, Lorcan took hold of his prick and guided it between her buttocks. Her puffy labia parted easily as he pushed at the opening with his glans. One gentle prod and he slid into her sex, lodging himself to the hilt. He saw the woman’s shoulders tremble, and heard a little gasp escape from her lips. Certain that she could take his full weight, for she was almost twice his size, Lorcan leaned over her, stretching his arms around her waist until his hands came to rest against the fleshy folds of her cunt. Wriggling his fingers into the gap between pussy and cock, he searched for the hood of her clitoris. Finding it swiftly, for it was already plump and engorged, he began to rub. The woman did not resist and, within seconds, he could feel the first of many spasms ripple through her sex. As her breathing became more rapid, and he sensed the moment of truth fast approaching, Lorcan began to thrust, slowly at first then a little faster, until he was pumping furiously, still toying with the nub of her clit.

For an instant, her body stilled, then shook feverishly. She screamed to her gods and wriggled her hips as she came, driving herself back to meet the young man’s thrusts. As she slumped forward, exhausted, he fell with her, clinging to her sweaty flesh, his cock still lodged inside her sex, his breathing as laboured as her own.

Several yards away, Venyn marvelled at the young man’s restraint. She had been certain he would come this time, for he had attacked the woman’s hole with such frenzy. How he had held himself in check defeated her. True, they had given him some training, but nothing to prepare for such a battle. This was something else. This was a strength that came from within.

Venyn's admiration grew all the greater as, in quick succession, Lorcan took four more hunters from behind, making each one climax on his cock, while somehow holding himself in check. Finally, only Shenn and Tarlo remained. These two, he approached carefully, eyeing up their swollen pussies, his penis bobbing with excitement as he gazed from one cunt to the other.

What he said next, surprised them both. 'I have shamed Shenn,' he began. 'And you, Tarlo, are the hunter's leader. Neither should be fucked last, nor should one come first before the other.'

Tarlo looked over her shoulder, a bewildered look on her face. 'Nevertheless,' she answered him, 'we are two cunts and you have but one cock. One must be served first, and the other must wait her turn.'

'There may be another way,' he suggested, leaning back on his heels, his hands clasped firmly to his big, muscular thighs.

Now it was Shenn's turn to look puzzled. A moment later, her bewildered frown, like Tarlo's, gave way to open surprise.

'If you will lie on your front, Tarlo, and allow Shenn to lie on your back, I shall endeavour to take you both as fast as I am able. It will be as if it were one fuck, and in the act of ravishment, both will come at the same time.'

'Impossible!' cried Tarlo, who had never heard of such a thing. 'No man can service two women in such a manner. It is too much for one cock!'

Lorcan held his penis in his right hand and stroked the thick, oily shaft. If anything, it seemed to have grown longer and fatter. Tarlo felt her stomach hollow at the thought of having it spear her. As for Shenn, she wondered how she had ever taken such a monster up her arse.

‘If you fear my cock will be too big for you to manage,’ said Lorcan mischievously.

Tarlo bridled at the suggestion, her nostrils flaring as she responded. ‘It is you who should be afraid,’ she said. ‘We shall make you come quickly. Your cock will meet its match in us.’

And with that, she lay down on her front and motioned Shenn to mount her back and raise her bottom in the air.

Lorcan knelt down between their outstretched legs, feasting his gaze on the swollen peaches of their long, hairy cunts. He felt his heart beat faster as he moved in close, and rested his shaft between Shenn’s big, meaty buttocks. He felt her shiver as he slid down a fraction, edging dangerously close to her tight little arsehole.

‘Prepare yourself!’ he cried, withdrawing his hips, then moving in close a second time. The tip of his glans nudged against the opening to Shenn’s sex. The moment he touched her, Shenn’s bottom shifted back in keen anticipation. Her lips were glistening, warm, wet and beginning to open as he pushed himself forward.

With a strangled grunt, he drove himself home, hammering into her once, twice, and then again. On the fourth thrust, he withdrew cleanly, dipped his hips a fraction, found Tarlo's sex and entered her smoothly. Again he thrust into her four times. Then out and back into the other woman's cunt. Another four, then back again. And so it continued: in and out, in and out, a clean, unfaltering rhythm, back and forth, up and down.

The women began to moan, keenly aware of each other's growing excitement, the one driving the other forward, on and on towards a shared, unstoppable climax.

The other women, both the hunters and the scouts, watched, transfixed, as Lorcan moved effortlessly between their cunts, thrusting, teasing and probing with his cock.

Then suddenly, it was over.

'I come! I come!' he cried, and this time there was no deception. But the women were coming, too, wriggling their arses as they spent themselves without shame; writhing one against the other and screaming their own release into the damp, forest air.

As the first of his spunk jetted free, Lorcan drove himself deep into Tarlo's cunt. Still spitting cream, he withdrew and speared Shenn in a single thrust. Another jerk of his cock and he pulled back, returning to feed Tarlo's gaping slit, before sliding out and re-entering Shenn.

Venyn watched, open-mouthed as, screaming with delight, Lorcan moved

between the two pussies, emptying himself into the women's shuddering holes, until at last, all three of them had fully spent themselves and collapsed in a mass of damp, heaving flesh.

It was almost a minute before Lorcan withdrew, falling back on to his heels, stretching his back, turning his head towards the forest roof and sucking in deep, reviving lungfuls of air.

When Tarlo herself had finally recovered, she rose to her feet and looked down at the man who had ravished her. A curious look clouded her face. 'You have the gift of sight,' she said quietly.

A few yards away, Venyn groaned and cursed Lorcan for a fool. While he had held himself in check, his secret remained safe. To come inside the women's cunts, while they, too, climaxed on his cock, was madness. She doubted they would now walk free. The hunters would crave this power for themselves. Lorcan had cost them all their lives.

So, she could hardly believe what Tarlo said next.

'It is of no importance,' the hunter announced, shrugging her powerful shoulders. 'Your gift tells what will come to pass. And that which will come to pass has already been written.'

She turned to face the scouts. 'Your Queen will use this power to wage war on her enemies. In knowing the future – should it go against her – she will hope to change it.'

Tarlo sighed. 'What will be, will be. To change what is written is a fruitless endeavour. It goes against the will of She who made this world.'

Venyn snorted derisively and threw the other woman a defiant stare. 'What know you of these things?' she responded. 'You skulk in the forests while war rages all around you. What right have you to speak of the will of the Great She?'

Tarlo returned the hunter's look with equal contempt. 'We live as Nature intended we should live. Upon the land and waging war on none.'

'And yet you took us captive,' replied Venyn. 'What is that, if it is not war?'

'The trap into which you fell was designed for beasts, not women. Scouts are not welcome in these forests. Where you travel, war follows in your wake. We would not allow a tiger to roam freely in our camp; nor a scout who would seek our deaths as surely.'

Venyn turned her gaze on Lorcan now. 'You would have sat on this man and smothered him freely. So some you do wage war upon.'

'You know the ancient ways as well as we,' replied Tarlo. 'The Great She gave us dominion over men. It is no act of war to sit on the face of a man and take him into Paradise.'

Venyn slumped. She had exhausted all her arguments. But at the back of her

mind one thought remained uppermost: Tarlo did not seek the gift of sight. Despite Lorcan's foolishness, perhaps their cause was not yet lost.

Tarlo drew herself up to her full height. 'We promised you your freedom,' she said. 'In return for Lorcan honouring us with his cock. This he has now done, and we are women of our word.'

'Wait!' said Lorcan, as Tarlo bent down to retrieve the sharpened lump of stone with which she had previously cut him free. He pointed at Shenn, who now sat alone some little way off. 'I have shamed this hunter,' he reminded her unnecessarily. 'Before we leave I must return her freedom and her honour.'

Tarlo eyed him curiously. 'There is but one way this can be done,' she replied, gazing deep into his eyes. 'And you are not a fool. Like us, you know the ancient ways.'

He nodded gravely. A loud voice sounded behind him: angry, too, and laced with fear.

'No!' cried Venyn. 'I forbid it, Lorcan. You lead a charmed life, but these women are hunters. They can sit upon the faces of lions and silence them!'

Lorcan turned to face his Mistress. 'I will not leave this woman to her shame. Her honour must be restored. The risk is mine to take and I will take it.'

'No!' cried Venyn again. 'You are my cunts-man, Lorcan, and must obey me in

all matters.'

'You are wrong,' said Tarlo. 'As well you know. A woman has dominion over man in all things but one. Restoring honour to a woman he has shamed is his right, and his alone.'

Venyn raised her eyes to the sky and let out a deep, despondent groan. Then, gazing once more at Lorcan, she said, 'You are a fool.'

He nodded, then replied with a thin, rather sad smile. 'I have never doubted it for a moment, Mistress.'

Twelve

The hunters had gathered in a broken circle, a single gap in the arrangement allowing Venyn and the others to view proceedings from the tree around which they remained tethered. Lorcan and Shenn stood opposite each other, as naked as the day they were born, preparing, in the ancient manner, for mortal one-to-one combat.

Lorcan knew the odds were stacked against him. Though Shenn was small by female standards, she was still almost twice his size, and, just as importantly, perhaps, she was fighting to regain her honour. His mind, by contrast, was in turmoil. He had hoped, as with Heldar, to lie upon the earth and have the youngster mount his face. Then, suitably restrained by rope and stake, he would let her have her way with him, smothering his face with her bare arse until he passed beyond consciousness. After that, it was true, he must rely on her mercy. If she chose to remain seated on his head, as was her right, then she would certainly finish him off. But he had hoped that in allowing her to regain her pride, she would take pity on him and allow him to live.

It was, at best, a dreadful gamble, but now, it seemed, the gamble had taken a more dangerous turn. A hunter's ways were not like those of other women. Honour lost, Tarlo explained, could only be recovered in battle. It could not be gifted to a woman: it must be taken back.

Lorcan's choice was a stark and deadly one. In order to regain her honour, Shenn must take him into Paradise, his face between her buttocks as she came. He, for his part, must once again take her up the arse. If he succeeded, then he and the scouts would still go free; but Shenn would be put to death by the hunters themselves, for a woman twice shamed was without redemption.

As to his decision, Venyn had no doubt at all. 'You must refuse!' she told him. 'You cannot defeat her in hand to hand combat! She will defeat you for certain! She will sit on your face and you will never shift her!'

'I have no choice,' he said.

'You have every choice!' yelled Venyn angrily. 'You have kept your word and the hunters have offered us safe passage. This woman's lack of honour is of no concern to us. We must be on our way!'

'Without honour, Shenn will be an outcast,' said Lorcan. 'Doomed to spend her life in exile, shunned by women everywhere.'

'Again, I tell you, Lorcan,' said Venyn bitterly, 'this is not your concern!'

'I have made it my concern,' said Lorcan. 'I will not deny this woman her one chance of salvation.'

With that, he had turned his back on Venyn, ignoring further arguments.

'I am ready,' he told Tarlo. 'Let us delay this no longer.'

'Battle will commence when I strike my hands together twice,' said Tarlo. 'Are

you both prepared?’

‘I have one request,’ said Lorcan. ‘Before we begin.’

‘What is it?’ asked Tarlo, her hands poised.

‘I beg that Shenn will allow me to bestow upon her a kiss of reverence. For once we begin, I know that no quarter can be asked nor given.’

Tarlo looked surprised. She had not expected this. Turning to Shenn, she said, ‘Will you accept this man’s offer?’

Shenn, for her part, looked equally surprised. Such a thing was unheard of. She had fought many men hand to hand, and none had prostrated themselves so. It was a sign of weakness; as if the man had surrendered to her already...

But it pleased her nonetheless. With a curt nod, Shenn came forward and swivelled round sharply. Bending low, she raised her bottom in the air, reached back and peeled her cheeks apart. Immediately, Lorcan fell to his knees and gazed into the long, hairy crack that split her arse in two. The raised knot of her anus winked back at him, the tiny hairs that edged its rim glistening with sweat. Leaning in close, he pressed his nose against the tight, muscular hole and sniffed deeply. Her earthy aroma filled his lungs and, between his legs, his penis, already hard, grew harder still.

Tilting his head a little, he ran his nose up and down her deep divide, sniffing at

the tiny hairs. Then, having reached the apex of her anal crevice, he pushed out his tongue and began to lap downwards, skirting around her anus and licking at the lowest reaches of her pussy. He felt her shudder, and her legs give way a little. Pausing for an instant, he raised his head again, and pushed his tongue into the well of her anus. Once more she shuddered, as this time he traced a pattern around her inner rim, moistening her flesh with his spittle.

Finally, satisfied that he had softened her hole sufficiently to penetrate, Lorcan eased his head back and, gazing in to the well of her anus, spoke as much to it, as he did to the woman.

‘Shenn, you are a woman, and have dominion over me. Yours is the arse that was born to be worshipped, yours the hole that was made to conquer men. Should I find myself between your legs, I know I am weak and will struggle to escape my fate. But I know that if once you sit upon my face, I will never shift you from the saddle. Your arsehole will ride me into Paradise. And so, I beg you now, allow me to honour you as only a woman can be honoured.’

‘Worship me,’ replied Shenn at once, her voice shrill with excitement.

Lorcan lowered his face into her crack and closed his lips around the little hole, sucking the crude, wrinkled morsel into his mouth. He held on to her hips, aware that she was trembling violently, and in danger of toppling beneath his onslaught. With his mouth locked against her anus, he pushed out his tongue, the pointed tip searching for the opening to her hole. He probed for a second or two, then, having found the softest point, pressed home and entered her smoothly.

Shenn threw back her head and screamed. ‘He is within me!’ she cried, tears of pleasure running from the corners of her eyes. ‘He suckles on my sacred hole!’

The other women watched as Shenn began to shake her arse around the young man's head. Each one wished it were she wriggling on Lorcan's tongue, bestowing upon her the most devout and reverent kiss she had ever enjoyed.

It was only with the greatest effort that she finally tore herself free, wheeling round to look at the man kneeling before her, his face drenched in sweat. He licked his lips, and wiped her hairs and moisture from his mouth.

'You have given me the chance to regain my honour,' she said in a quiet voice. 'And for that I thank you. But do not expect me to show you any mercy when I sit on you.'

'Nor I you,' he answered flatly. 'When I take you with my cock a second time!'

She pressed one hand to her cunt, rubbing at her swollen lips. In a strong, determined voice, she said, 'You die this day between my woman's legs!'

Leaping to her feet, she glanced quickly at Tarlo, and cried, 'I am eager to finish him off. Give the signal! Let our battle begin!'

Tarlo wasted no time in idle formalities. She brought her hands together twice and retreated quickly as, with Lorcan still on his knees, Shenn threw herself forward, rolling him on to his back, her legs around his waist.

If she had thought her victory would be swift, she was badly mistaken. Though

taken by surprise, Lorcan was stronger and more agile than she had realised. What's more, her cunt and arse still throbbed with arousal, and, failing to secure him completely, she allowed her opponent to slide free as he arched his back, kicked with his legs and rolled sideways onto his front.

She rolled with him, but he withdrew sharply and, a moment later, had leapt to his feet, knees bent, and hands clenched ready for her next attack. Though by far the stronger, her extra weight now proved a disadvantage, for he was able to use it against her, toppling her twice as she lunged towards him, only to be upended by his outstretched legs.

And so it continued, a game of cat and mouse as each of the fighters sought to take advantage of the other. Minute followed minute until an hour had passed, and both still remained upright, circling each other, drenched in sweat, their muscles aching with the strain of combat.

The end came quickly, as all knew it would. One mistake would sentence one to death and it was Shenn who erred. Frustrated and tired, she made one last desperate bid, launching herself at Lorcan, with all her remaining strength. He sidestepped quickly, caught her ankle with his foot and she fell flat on her belly, winding herself in the process. It was his only chance and he took it swiftly, throwing himself on to Shenn's back and pinning her face down. With his legs between hers, he prised her buttocks apart. She felt his penis nudge against her anus and knew she was doomed.

Grinding his face against hers, Lorcan yelled, for all to hear, 'Your arse is mine, Shenn! Prepare to be taken!'

She readied herself for his attack, willing her sphincter to close itself tight, while aware, in her heart, there was nothing she could do to stop his penis entering her.

And then, she had the shock of her life. Pressing his mouth close to her ear, he whispered, 'I will not shame you again. You must smother me, Shenn. I beg you – do it quickly!'

And then he fumbled, as if searching for her arse and failing, losing his grip as he reached for his cock. Shenn reacted at once, bringing her arm back, catching him in the stomach and winding him as she had been winded. He slid from her back, clutching his midriff, and she was on him in an instant.

Their eyes met for a fraction of a second, before she swung around, and settled herself on his chest. He tried to arch his back, but hers was too great a weight to shift. Victory had been his just a few moments before. Now, by his own hand, his death was assured. Though he had spared her life, he knew that Shenn would not spare his – for he had dishonoured her twice: first by making her his slave, and now by showing her mercy.

But he would have it no other way. Better to perish beneath a woman's arse than that he should take another's life. He had failed his Mistresses, but it could not be helped. His gift would die with him, but what loss was that to a world that would use it badly?

'Spare him! I beg you!' cried Venyn desperately. 'Do not kill him with your bottom!'

Shenn licked her lips and snarled contemptuously. 'Your man is mine!' she cried. 'He dies as the Great She intended he should die – inside my woman's arse!'

And with that, she wriggled back and over Lorcan's head. He did not turn away;

instead, he emptied his lungs as she came over him, keen for her to take him quickly, and put an end to his troubles once and for all.

He caught the smell of her arse one last time: a rich, earthy aroma that filled his world and gave him joy. Then the darkness fell, and with it his final struggle began. He fought her furiously, aware that all his efforts would be in vain. But in doing so, he knew he would hasten his death, using up what little air and strength remained to him. He knew, also, that his desperate struggles would please Shenn, for in spite of his sacrifice, he was not going quietly into the great beyond.

A minute passed, and then another still. The pain in his lungs was almost unbearable. His head began to spin and, between his legs, his pain gave way to sudden pleasure. Shenn had taken his cock in her hands, and was milking him vigorously.

Lorcan came: once, twice, and then a third time. Despite the monstrous weight bearing down on his face, he arched his back and thrust himself into the air. He screamed – a long, thunderous scream of pleasure and pain.

And then a curtain fell on his world, and he felt nothing at all.

Thirteen

Lorcan opened his eyes. For several long moments, he wondered where he was. For just a little longer, he wondered who he was. But it was a familiar situation for him now, waking with a sore head, surrounded by four naked women, one of them, in particular, gazing down at him, at first concerned, then angry, then furious.

Venyn slapped his face, and he yelped.

‘You are a fool, Lorcan, and lucky to be alive!’

He sat up and rubbed his cheek. It stung badly, but was as nothing compared to the pain in his head. Passing the other hand across his face, he sniffed at the palm as it gathered scent from his skin. The musky smell of female cum filled his nostrils, and something earthier still – the scent of a woman’s arse...

Finally, he remembered everything, and shook his head. ‘Shenn did not smother me, then?’ he asked, pointlessly. ‘I do not understand. What happened?’

‘She chose to spare your life,’ said Roseene, coming into view behind her captain. ‘Though why is a mystery. Hunters are known to show no mercy. Even Tarlo was surprised, though not, I think, entirely disappointed.’

‘I would not have shown you mercy,’ said Anya. ‘I would have finished you off.’

Lorcan looked at her small, pinched face. She had not forgiven him for entering

her arse, and now, he was certain, she never would.

‘So they let us all go?’ he inquired, the answer to his question evident without asking.

Gellyn spoke for the first time, approaching from another side. ‘Tarlo said she had given her word, and would not break it. It was foolish of her. She will pay for it, of course. As will all her hunters.’

Lorcan might have responded, but it was only now, for the first time, that he became aware of his surroundings. They were no longer in the forest. Large crimson drapes surrounded them, and there were chairs and small items of furniture dotted about the room.

‘Where are we?’ he asked, looking from one face to another, and receiving no reply. Finally, Venyn spoke. ‘We have reached our city,’ she told him. ‘You are in our Queen’s domain now.’

His face clouded over, and again he was aware of the enormous pain in his head. ‘I do not understand. I thought we were many miles away. How long have I been asleep?’

‘Three days and nights,’ said Venyn. ‘I thought it best that way.’

‘Best that way?’ repeated Lorcan, frowning. Now he was more confused than ever. Then slowly, comprehension dawned. ‘You drugged me!’ he cried. ‘You

kept me asleep all this time!’

‘You have caused us much trouble, Lorcan,’ said Venyn, leaning in close. ‘And you have betrayed us. Many times!’

‘No!’ said Lorcan defensively. ‘I am your loyal cunts-man. I serve your Queen now, and would do you no wrong.’

‘You are a liar!’ spat Venyn and for the second time smacked him hard across his face.

‘I am faithful,’ he insisted. ‘I looked for you in the forest. I rescued you. I risked my life to save you all.’

‘I do not deny it,’ said Venyn. ‘But you spared the woman Heldar, by the river bank, and Shenn, too, when you had her at your mercy.’

‘I do not know what you mean,’ said Lorcan, unconvincingly. ‘Heldar tricked me, and Shenn defeated me fairly in battle.’

‘No! You let Heldar go free, and allowed Shenn to conquer you with her arse. What manner of man are you who spares the lives of those who mean you harm?’

He straightened his back and returned her look defiantly. ‘You also mean me

harm, yet without me you would still be at the mercy of the hunters.'

'That is not what I meant,' snapped Venyn. 'We are warriors. Your ways are not our ways, Lorcan. We do not spare our enemies. When we return to your village, we will take it in turns to smother the innkeeper before we finish him off slowly. We shall find Heldar, too, and exact our revenge. And finally, the hunters. These, too, will know our vengeance.'

'And what of me?' asked Lorcan. 'Am I to be spared?'

'You have the gift of sight,' said Venyn. 'But it is a gift that can be passed to another....'

He looked back at her, surprised. 'The gift can be passed...?' he repeated in a low, bewildered voice.

Venyn nodded. 'Of course. That is why we brought you here. Surely you did not think we would allow you to keep this for yourself? It would give you power over us. No,' she continued, her eyes suddenly dark and cold. 'It is the gift our Queen has sought for many years. And now it shall be given to her.'

Lorcan frowned. 'Again I do not understand,' he said.

Venyn smiled. But this time it was a cruel, unforgiving smile. 'It is not for you to understand,' she told him. 'It is for you to serve. And serve you shall...'

He was about to respond when another thought struck him. ‘If three days have passed since Shenn defeated me,’ he began. ‘Why does the smell of her arse and cum remain so strong on my skin?’

Venyn shot him a crude, lascivious smile. ‘It is not the smell of her cum,’ she told him. ‘Nor the scent of her woman’s arse...’

Lorcan stiffened abruptly, and his face darkened with anger. ‘You have been sitting on me!’ he cried. He was suddenly aware, for the first time, that his balls were full and ached with the need for release.

‘We have been arousing you, too – yes,’ she confessed. ‘Though you sleep, you can still give pleasure to a woman, Lorcan.’

‘You have ridden me?’ he cried. ‘I do not believe it! Such a thing is not possible!’

‘We have not made you spend, Lorcan. Only aroused you in your sleep. And taken what pleasure we can with you. For old times’ sake,’ she added, smiling coldly. ‘Something to remember you by...’

He frowned, unable to make sense of her final words, still angry that they had sat on him and used him while he slept. Such a thing was wrong. He was about to tell them how monstrous such treatment was, when Roseene and Anya came forward suddenly. Taking him by his arms they pulled him to his feet.

‘What is happening?’ cried Lorcan, as they lifted him bodily and dragged him towards the door.

‘We are taking you to meet our Queen,’ said Venyn. ‘It is your time...’

A stone altar had been set into the very centre of the small, timber-ceilinged room. Candles guttered in tall iron holders, the only light that penetrated the otherwise dark, airless chamber. It was a setting designed to strike fear into the hearts of those men unfortunate enough to find themselves here, and, as he stepped through the door and saw it for the first time, it struck fear into Lorcan’s heart, too.

He did not struggle as the women eased him onto his back and threaded ropes around, under and across his arms, legs, chest and midriff. One final cord was lashed across his throat – so tightly that he dared not raise his head for fear of strangling himself.

‘What will happen to me?’ he asked in a quiet voice. He had been in peril before; had, indeed, embraced it willingly to save others; but this was different. There was something dark about this place. Not just the lack of outside light, but the lack of soul. This was a place of death. Not just of the body, but of the spirit itself.

For a moment, Venyn looked as if she were about to answer, but instead she stepped back, out of his vision, to be replaced, a moment later, by someone else. She was tall, larger than any woman he had ever seen, but perfectly

proportioned. All, that is, apart from her arse, which was twice the size of any normal woman's. Her skin was dark, soft, and shiny with sweat; her breasts were like two huge gourds of thick, milky flesh, with nipples the size of his thumbs. Though the woman was huge, she was beautiful: her skin soft and flawless, her cheekbones smooth and long, her eyes a dazzling shade of emerald green, her hair black, shiny and tumbling down to her waist.

He didn't ask who she was: he guessed. And a moment later, when she spoke, she confirmed what he already knew.

'I am Queen Orelia,' she told him. 'Servant to the Great She.'

'What will you do to me?' he asked, though in his heart he knew the answer already.

She stretched out one hand and gently stroked his forehead, as if ready to calm him down should his fear become too much to bear – as it had for so many men before him...

'I wish to sit on your face, Lorcan' she told him matter-of-factly. 'And take you into Paradise.'

Looking up at her, he thought, for one brief exquisite moment, that his heart would burst. The eyes that gazed down at him were full of kindness, and when she smiled, as she did now, something inside him melted. She was not the Queen he had imagined: cruel, evil and full of hate. She was an angel, sent from Paradise in human form to make the world a better place.

Lorcan had never dreamed that there was a such beauty in the world. She was, in a word, perfect.

Yet still, a tiny doubt nagged at the back of his mind. Something that told him none of this was real. It was an illusion, albeit of the most wonderful kind. He shook his head, as best he could, which was not very much, because every movement caused the cord to cut into his neck.

‘I’m not sure,’ he told her. ‘I’m frightened. I didn’t think I would be, but...’

She smiled. ‘I cannot take a man against his will. Those who lie between my cheeks must come to me freely.’ She smiled again, and his stomach hollowed with happiness. ‘Let me open myself up,’ she said, ‘and show you everything.’

Moving to the top of the altar, she came forward, heaving her huge backside into view over his head. He gazed up into her arse, his eyes swimming across the broad expanse of flesh. A pencil thin shadow cut the Queen’s bottom in two and he watched in quiet fascination as she reached down, took hold of her cheeks and peeled them apart, exposing herself to him.

What he saw next staggered him beyond belief. Her anus was huge: a swollen knot of hairy muscle several inches across. It was long enough, he was certain, to cover both his nose and mouth. Hardly surprising, he realised belatedly, given the size of her bottom.

‘If I promise not to sit on you,’ she said in a quiet far-away voice, ‘may I lower

myself for your inspection?’

He struggled to find an adequate response, and, when he did, answered in a voice so small, it was barely audible. ‘Yes, please,’ he said, and then fell silent, open-mouthed and very still.

She came down on him slowly, bending her legs, ensuring she did not touch him with her flesh until, at last, she came to a halt, her beautiful, bloated anus an inch or two above his face. He stared up into the broad, hairy crater: it was a living thing, throbbing crudely, the hole at its centre opening and closing like a mouth eager to be kissed. Wiry black hairs sprouted from the rim, little droplets of sweat hanging from them like so many tiny pearls.

And from the well itself an earthy aroma exuded. Mixed with the smell of sweat, it swamped his senses. He tried to lift his head and failed. In heaven’s name, what was happening to him?

From somewhere far away, he heard her speak again and what she said both thrilled and frightened him to his core.

‘When I have shown myself to other men,’ she said, ‘they have asked if they may put their heads inside. And become one with me...’

Her crudeness was deliberate and had its intended effect. Lorcan let out a small, stifled moan. ‘Please smother me, Mistress,’ he said without thinking. ‘Please sit on my face and take me into your arse...’

Somewhere above him, she spoke again, and her words sent a spear of pleasure through his shaft. ‘Thank you for letting me sit on you, Lorcan. Prepare to enter Paradise...’

She lowered herself another inch, until her anus was poised directly above him. He sniffed as deeply as he could, savouring the smell, and licked his lips in dreadful anticipation. Everything that had happened to him since meeting the scouts came back in an instant. Memories tumbled over each other, driving one another out. Driven by his desperate need he had suffered much, and, more than once, prepared himself to pay the final price.

‘Why?’ he muttered suddenly, for before death came there was something he had to know; a question that had to be answered. ‘Why do I seek this?’

‘Explain to him, Venyn,’ said Queen Orelia, and he was immediately aware of the scout at his head, her hands against his temples, holding him still.

‘I promise I won’t move,’ he told her. ‘I promise I won’t try to escape when your arse comes down on me.’

‘Promises mean nothing when the lungs cry out for air,’ said Venyn. ‘You will try to shift yourself from under my Queen’s bare bottom, but I will not let you go...’

‘Thank you,’ said Lorcan, and realised that he meant it. Possibly he was mad, but if he were, it was a madness that he longed for, a madness that he craved with all his heart.

‘Now it is almost over, I shall explain,’ said Venyn. ‘You have the gift of foresight. Many aeons ago, the Great She gave this gift to a woman; one whom she had specially chosen. But the woman used it for her own selfish ends, and so the Great She took it from her. To punish all women, the Great She gave it instead to a man, and on his death to another and so on.’

‘I do not understand,’ said Lorcan. ‘If it is my gift, why am I to be sat on? How can this achieve anything?’

Above him, Venyn smiled. ‘The Great She commanded that woman must search for the gift, for only when it is returned to us will we be forgiven.’

She paused, and gave a heavy sigh. ‘Finding it has not been easy, for those men who have the gift do not know they have it until it is released, as it was released in you when first we mated.’

‘Then you have found the gift,’ said Lorcan. ‘And can use it through me.’

Venyn could not restrain a snort of derision. ‘You think we would let a man dictate when the gift can and cannot be used? This is not what we seek, nor what the Great She meant for us.’

Lorcan looked as if he were about to say something, but he still did not understand, and found it impossible to frame any response.

‘The gift can be restored to woman,’ said Venyn. ‘But only willingly. ‘If offered up freely, at the moment of ecstasy, as the man breathes his last, he will breathe the gift into the woman’s body. It is written that if it enters a woman’s anus, then the gift is restored to her.’

‘But if I do not offer it willingly, then the gift remains mine?’

‘Yes,’ answered Venyn. ‘That is why the Great She placed a curse on man, for it is this curse that will return the gift to woman.’

‘Curse?’ repeated Lorcan stupidly. ‘What curse is this? I am not cursed...’

Venyn smiled coldly. ‘You have been cursed since the time of our first mating,’ she told him. ‘Have you not felt it? The sweet oblivion that comes from being smothered by a woman’s arse? You have known it from the moment your gift was released. It grows within you, and you seek it out, whatever the threat to your life. This is your curse. To carry within you the gift of sight, but also the means by which it will be restored to woman, its rightful owner.’

Lorcan shook his head from side to side, struggling to digest this dreadful revelation. The more he thought about it, the more obvious it became. Since he had first met the scouts, since he had discovered his power, he had craved the taste of a woman’s arse.

Had he not offered himself up more than once for suffocation, even at the risk to his own life? Suddenly, it all became clear. His ability to resist a woman for so long, to lie inside her cheeks and not perish; to survive where no man should survive. All this so that he might seek out woman after woman and beg her to

finish him off. To smother him without mercy, as, he now knew, he had been born to be smothered.

‘You spared those women who would sit on you because you were a prisoner of the power your gift had unleashed,’ said Venyn.

‘No!’ protested Lorcan. ‘I spared them because I did not wish to take a life.’

‘No,’ said Venyn. ‘The gift possesses you. You must have women sit upon your face, for you know that one day you will offer up the gift. Yours is a need that can never be satisfied. Not until at last you lie beneath the arse ordained to receive your gift in the only way it can be received – through your final breath...’

‘I do not believe you!’ cried Lorcan. ‘It cannot be like this. It cannot!’

‘Your fate is determined,’ said Venyn bluntly. ‘It is written that he who bears the gift will lie at last beneath the arse of a worthy woman. She will receive his gift and use it as the Great She intended it should be used – to crush her enemies and rule supreme among women! This woman,’ she hissed, ‘is our Queen, Orelia, and it is she who will sit upon your face and do the deed you have longed for...’

Lorcan took a deep breath, and filled his lungs, preparing to resist with all his strength. The women had tricked him. They had known throughout of the curse he bore; had known that he would have no choice other than to lie here now and beg their Queen to end his life.

He gazed up into her open arse, and saw again the moving knot of her anus, her cratered flesh hovering over his face like a swollen messenger of doom.

‘Beg me to sit upon you, Lorcan,’ whispered the Queen. ‘Beg me to smother you between my cheeks...’

‘No...’ gasped Lorcan desperately, though every fibre of his being urged him to cry otherwise. Her scent had become overwhelming; he longed for her to smother him more than he longed for life itself. Yet still he fought her, and strove to hold himself in check. Between his legs, his penis throbbed with longing. When she reached down and took him in her hands, he bit his lip and squealed like a child.

‘Help me, someone! Help me, someone, please!’ he cried. ‘My cock! My cock! I want to come! Pleasure me, my Queen, I beg you – pleasure me, please!’

Above him, Orelia smiled happily. She had broken him now, as she knew she would. No man could resist the lure of her arse, nor the curse under which he laboured.

‘He shall be pleased who willingly enters my sacred hole,’ she whispered back.

Lorcan was horribly confused, aware his restraint was slipping away. Her scent filled every fibre of his being. He wanted her so desperately; wanted to be sat upon; wanted to be cruelly smothered...

Somewhere, deep inside, he found a shred of strength and seized upon it. It was, he knew, his last throw of the dice. Defiant, but doomed to failure.

‘I am a man!’ he cried. ‘This is wrong! You must not treat me so!’

‘I am a woman,’ replied the Queen, ‘and have dominion over men. Beg me, now, Lorcan, and end your life beneath my arse!’

It was all too much; his spirit broke and he surrendered to his fate. ‘Take me, Mistress!’ he cried. ‘Take me with your arse, I beg you! Smother me with your hole! Smother me as Nature intended I should be smothered!’

‘Prepare for Paradise!’ cried the Queen and lowered her arse on to his face, her huge, bloated hole covering his nose and mouth, bearing down with all her weight.

For Lorcan, the feeling was indescribable. He felt his face pressed into the dark, swollen crater, her sticky flesh fastened to his nose and mouth, drawing him home, sucking him inside her body. In his fevered imagination, they merged as one, and his cock exploded prematurely in her hand, spilling its seed across his belly.

Queen Orelia roared and pressed down even harder, skewering her arse around his head, taking it into her anus. For what seemed like an eternity, he felt himself sucked ever upwards, his world shrouded in oily darkness, his every nerve alive and throbbing, as if he were climaxing from head to toe, with no part untouched by the pleasure coursing through his shaft.

And then it was over. Queen Orelia rose quickly and his face was wrenched from her crack. He gasped furiously, breathing in the fetid air in strong, irregular grunts. Warm semen was running down his belly, turning cold as it traced awkward squiggles across his flesh.

‘Too soon!’ screamed The Queen. ‘Too soon!’ she cried again, swinging her vast legs free of his chest and striding angrily around the room. Lorcan could not think straight. Something had gone wrong, but he had no idea what or why. All he could be sure of was that, for the moment at least, he still lived. And while he lived there was hope.

Hope for what, of course, was another matter altogether...

Fourteen

Venyn was furious with him. Queen Orelia had taken out her rage on the scout commander and she in turn was now taking hers out on Lorcan.

What his crime has been was clear enough. He had climaxed prematurely. His pent-up excitement, the smell, and sight, of the Queen's bare arse and the silky grip of her fingers around his cock – all these had proved too much for him and he had spent himself violently.

From what he had been told and pieced together in the meantime, it was vital that he be restrained until the end; that he come at the moment he passed into unconsciousness. At that moment he would breathe his last and, as he spent both his breath and his semen, his gift would pass from him to the Queen. Then she would have the power he possessed: the gift of foresight, with which she would humble all her foes wherever they were to be found.

Many men, he learned, had gone before him; some possessed the gift and some did not. Some, it seemed, pretended to, for no more reason than to end their days beneath their Queen's magnificent bottom. Their deaths were beautiful – for them at least – but pointless, too, for they had no gift to pass. As for who did possess the gift, they could pass it only willingly.

All of these men, like Lorcan himself, were cursed with the need to be smothered. Some had to be found, captured and brought to their Queen for subjugation. Some sought her out willingly and offered themselves up in holy sacrifice. No man was ever forced to lie on the altar, for the gift was not a gift unless surrendered by a man's free will. His need ensured his willingness to lie beneath the Queen's bare arse. That, and her great beauty, which no man, not even Lorcan himself as he had so recently discovered, had been able to resist.

So far, however, no man's courage had lasted till the end. All had eventually struggled, and sacrificial maidens had been forced to hold them down. And in the holding down of a man, the gift was largely lost. True, it sometimes passed in part, and, on occasion, a fragment of the future, broken and confused, was glimpsed. But it was never enough.

Those who had brought a man to their Queen in holy sacrifice received the honour of attending his final moments, and, if he failed the test, of holding him down at the moment of truth. It was this that fired Venyn's fury, and that of the other scouts, too – for the honour had been snatched away from them when Lorcan had climaxed too soon.

Yet, on this occasion, all was not lost. Their Queen had been too eager and the ceremony rushed. This, they felt sure, was the reason for its failure. Lorcan had not been properly prepared. Now he would be. The ceremony would be repeated; and this time, at last, it would succeed.

In all her years of seeking the gift, all the men she had taken, all the fervent hopes raised only to be dashed, Queen Orelia had never heard of a man with Lorcan's appetite. This, she felt sure, was the man she had been waiting for. The one who would pass his gift willingly; who would not resist or need maidens to secure him at the moment of truth.

All this, Lorcan mulled over in his mind, as he lay chained in his cell, his arms and legs held wide apart by cuffs and links set into the cold stone floor. Despite everything he had endured – or perhaps, indeed, because of it – he wished with all his heart to try again. The gift itself meant nothing to him. But he was grateful for it nonetheless. To have a woman's bottom on his face, bearing down with all her weight, taking him without mercy. He had never, for one moment, imagined there could be such beauty in the world. And in Queen Orelia herself, he knew, that beauty had been personified.

Not for the first time, he wondered if this were a form of madness. And equally, again not for the first time, he knew he didn't care.

If Lorcan wondered what would happen next, he did not have long to wait. The door to his cell clanged open abruptly, and all four scouts filed in. It did not surprise him at all to see that they were once again naked.

'We have been ordered to relieve you,' said Venyn, dipping her hands into a bowl of warm oil. Her fingers dripped copiously as she removed them, smearing Lorcan's shaft with the warm, scented mixture. He groaned as she began to rub him gently, stroking his cock with great tenderness, exciting him quickly into a full erection. He gritted his teeth and told himself he would not come. Venyn saw resistance in his eyes and laughed.

'You can fight us, Lorcan,' she told him, 'but you cannot win. The bigger your balls become, the easier it will be to milk you. We shall drain you again and again, over several days if need be, until your spirit is broken.'

Lorcan threw back his head and let out a long, despondent whine. Already he wanted to come, but Venyn would not let him. Deliberately, she relaxed her grip, so that he was unable to use the friction from her fist to gain release. Roseene came forward and cradled his balls in her soft, warm hand. He felt his sacs roll against her palm, filling with seed.

'He grows big,' she informed Venyn. 'He is filling with spunk. What a pity, we cannot let him spend.'

Now it was Anya's turn. She stuck two fingers up her own arse, wriggled them around, withdrew the oily digits and pressed them to Lorcan's nose. He groaned furiously, rocking his hips, and sniffing at Anya's fingers as she cruelly withdrew them from his face. For her part, Gellyn rubbed three fingers into her cunt and again, like Anya, offered them to Lorcan only to withdraw them quickly, leaving him excited by her smell and frustrated he could worship them no further.

'You bitches!' he cried. 'Why do you torment me so?'

'You must be tamed, Lorcan,' said Venyn. 'Soon you will lie beneath our Queen's bare arse and she will take you into Paradise. But first we must prepare you; so you do not fail her again as you failed her today.'

'But I will lie beneath her willingly!' he cried. 'You do not have to do this to me. There is no need!'

'There is every need!' said Venyn sharply. 'If you truly wish to serve our Queen you will let us prepare you for battle. You have seen the beauty of her naked arse; you know it cannot be resisted. One glance, one sniff of her heavenly scent and you will come too soon. She will conquer you as Nature intended you should be conquered – but the gift will be lost!'

Lorcan groaned as his balls rolled in their sacs. Venyn was right, of course. The moment he saw that arse again, and felt the Queen's warm hand around his cock, he would spend himself for certain.

'Very well,' he said, his heart already racing with excitement. 'Do what you

must. Prepare me for my final battle!’

For the next 24 hours he was masturbated constantly, taken to the peak of release many times, but left unfinished. Only when they judged the moment right would a scout milk him to fruition. The pattern was always the same. They would take him to the edge, release him, then start again. It was clear to Lorcan that he was being conditioned for the moment of truth, and, after his first few orgasms, he no longer cared.

He remembered the first time they had ‘tamed’ him as they called it. His balls were bursting, his cock desperate for release. On this occasion, it had been big-breasted Roseene, who leaned in constantly, rubbing her teats against his chest as she wanked him.

‘You must imagine yourself upon the altar, Lorcan,’ she whispered.

‘I am on the altar,’ he had repeated stupidly, for, like a mindless beast trained to accept food on command, they had already accustomed him to think in vivid images of the fate that lay ahead.

‘Our Queen is coming over you. Tell me what you see...’ said Roseene, urging him on.

‘She is naked,’ said Lorcan. ‘Her arse is over me. She opens it up and shows me everything...’

‘Describe her sacred hole,’ said Roseene, ‘the one with which she shall conquer you...’

‘It is big and brown,’ said Lorcan. ‘The most beautiful hole I have ever seen. Little hairs grow around the rim, and the flesh is sweetly puckered, as if awaiting a lover’s kiss.’ He licked his lips greedily. ‘I want to push my head inside it. I want her to swallow me completely: smother me with her living flesh...’

‘Your penis longs to enter her, does it not?’ inquired Roseene, increasing the frequency of her strokes.

‘Yes!’ gasped Lorcan. ‘I wish to fuck her like a beast in the field. To take her from behind and empty myself in her beautiful cunt!’

‘But you will not...’

‘No! I will submit to her. For she is my Queen. She will sit on my face and take me into Paradise. And when I come, I will breathe my last between her glorious cheeks and offer her my gift of second-sight!’

‘She is over you now,’ whispered Roseene, milking him quickly, aware of the desperate need that coursed through his penis. ‘She is pressing down, and taking you inside her. You are excited, but you must not come. Only your Queen may choose the moment. Your cock is hers now, and it must do her bidding...’

‘My cock is hers,’ murmured Lorcan, biting down on his lip, straining every

fibre of his being not to climax.

It was time, decided Roseene. Lowering her mouth over his glans, she cried out, 'Now breathe your last! Your Queen commands it!'

Lorcan threw back his head and screamed. At the same time, his cock jerked savagely in Roseene's mouth, disgorging his seed, sending jets of white, hot spunk into the back of her throat.

He pumped without thought for more than a minute, and, even after she had drained him completely, he continued to throb inside her mouth, coming without spending until at last his cock fell still.

As his limp shaft slipped from between her lips, his spunk still dribbling down her chin, Roseene smiled and said, 'Soon you will be ready, Lorcan, Ready to enter Paradise...'

After that, he had been left alone for an hour, and his balls allowed to recover. Then the process had begun again. Anya and Gellyn had taken him next. They had unchained him and made him lie face-up on the floor. Anya had placed her bottom on his head, clamping herself tightly around his nose and mouth, allowed him no breath at all, while Gellyn stroked him back to full erection. They had tied his hands behind his back and, more than once, Anya had taken him to the point of passing out before she rose a fraction and allowed him air.

'It will be worse for you when our Queen mounts your head,' she had reminded him. 'Worse than this. Worse than anything you have ever known...'

On and on, through the days and nights that followed, they had ‘tamed’ him, arousing his penis, then milking him dry, then arousing him again, and so on. They took it in turns to sit on his face, sometimes two at a time, until he thought their weight would crush his skull.

Had any man suffered so much, he wondered, beneath the arses of such dreadful women?

On the evening of the sixth day, when Venyn had drained him for the final time, he was given the news he both longed for and feared.

‘We are to begin your final excitement,’ she told him. ‘You will be milked long and hard for one whole day. You will be given no rest, and no mercy will be shown to you. Though aroused, we will not allow you to come. At the end of this time, we will take you to the Altar of Truth. There, our Queen will mount you as she has mounted so many men before you. She will take you into her arse, drain you of your seed and take from you the gift that is rightly hers.’

She paused, her fist around Lorcan’s shaft, milking him gently: the first of so many milkings he was now to endure.

‘What say you to the destiny you cannot escape?’ she asked him.

‘I welcome it,’ he answered truthfully.

Whether he did or not, he was no longer sure. Not in the sense that it was what he really wanted. All he knew was that he desperately needed this now. His gift had transformed him. Only when he had spent himself did normality return and he knew it was something he did not want. But once excited, he lost all reason and control. So, yes, it was what he wanted. He knew he would go to his death happily. He would lie beneath Queen Orelia's huge, bare bottom and gaze into her long, hairy crack. When she brought her anus down over his face and sucked him into her body, he would not cry out for mercy. Instead he would offer himself up willingly.

He was in the grip of a madness, and no one, not even he himself, could save him now.

And so it began. Hour after hour, as he moaned and wept for release, the women aroused him, until eventually his balls were so full and his cock so big he thought both would explode. The pain in his sacs was indescribable. The women had done their work well.

'We will leave you now,' said Venyn on the evening of the following day. 'We go to prepare ourselves for your sacrifice. We shall return in one hour...'

It was, for Lorcan, the longest hour of his life. So many thoughts crowded through his head in the gloom of the cell.

He recalled his life before the scouts had come to the inn. How Forage had betrayed him, and the women abused him. How he had fought Helder in the

forest and his time with the hunters. And through all of this the growing sense of urgency in his loins that he was meant for something more; something he could not explain.

Now at last he knew. His gift was to be taken from him before he had had a chance to use it properly. That Queen Orelia would use it for her own selfish ends, he had no doubt. But there was nothing he could do to stop her. For better or worse, he was a prisoner of his own needs. And his need now was to lie beneath her open arse and merge with her in the most obscene manner imaginable.

His mind was still on these matters when they came for him. The scouts were now hooded, in red cloaks and cowls, each bearing the insignia of a woman's cunt, devouring a man's head. Without speaking a word, they unchained him quickly, and led him from the cell.

It was a slow, agonising journey, for his balls were now so full he could not take a single step without experiencing the most dreadful pain. They led him down the stairs and along a corridor, and finally back into the chamber he had last seen seven days before. His stomach hollowed with excitement and dread as his eyes fell once more on the low, marble stone of the Altar of Truth.

A naked Queen Orelia was waiting for him. She was, he decided, even more beautiful than the first time he had seen her; her flawless skin and peaceful smile so much at odds with the grim task that lay ahead. To his great surprise, his penis became even harder the moment he saw her. How he longed to touch her, to smell her, to run his hands across her body and – for he was a man with a man's need – to take her violently with his cock and empty himself inside her cunt.

But all this he knew was denied to him now. Another, more glorious fate awaited

him. The women would escort him to the Altar, where he would lie on his back and offer himself up in holy sacrifice. Queen Orelia would then mount the Altar herself, straddle his naked body, open up her beautiful, bare arse and lower herself onto his face. Then she would begin his slow and certain suffocation. He would come, he would breathe his last, and she would take possession of his gift.

But only if he did not struggle. He knew he must be strong; and was certain now he could be.

Painfully slowly, and with the women's help, he eased himself onto his back. His balls had never felt so heavy, packed with seed, like small unyielding boulders. He was surprised they had filled so rapidly, and assumed it was something to do with his gift. No matter. They would soon be emptied for the last time, and then, finally, he would know peace.

One of the scouts came forward and took hold of his head, gripping it tightly between her hands. He assumed it was Venyn, though she did not speak. He wanted to say, 'You do not have to hold me down. I will offer myself up willingly,' but the words would not come. Instead, his tummy did a quick somersault as he saw the Queen move towards him.

The hooded scout withdrew for a moment, to allow Queen Orelia to shuffle forward, over his chest, and take up her position above his face. Then the other woman came forward again, took hold of Lorcan's head and lowered her own hooded face close to his.

Orelia reached back and opened up her arse, exposing her long, hairy crack and the big, wrinkled knot of her anus. A rush of earthy scent filled his nostrils, and his heart began to race.

His life, he knew, was almost at an end. Any second now, and she would lower herself onto his face, then smother him as he longed to be smothered. And yet, somewhere at the back of his mind a little voice cried, 'No!'

'Come forward,' said Queen Orelia to the three remaining scouts. 'If he should struggle at the moment of truth, you must take his arms and legs and hold him down.'

As commanded, the hooded scouts moved into position; ready, should he lose his courage, to reach out and secure him in place beneath their Queen.

Lorcan took a deep breath, to steady his nerves. He must be strong when the Queen came over him. He must not let her down.

To his surprise, one of the women moved in a little closer now, and touched him on the shoulder.

Something was wrong. Something was very wrong...

Above his head, the woman's hood fell back, revealing her face. It was not the face he had expected to see. Not Venyn's. Indeed, not any of the scouts...

It was Tarlo!

With a loud cry that shook him from his stupor, Tarlo leaned forward, dug her hands into Queen Orelia's buttocks and pushed with all her strength. At the same time, she yelled to her companions, 'Seize her! Now!'

Everything happened very quickly. Though he could see no other faces, Lorcan recognised the shrill sound of Shenn's voice urging the others on. These were not the scouts – these were hunters! Hunters pushing and tugging at the massive Queen, hauling her from Lorcan's body, upending her and throwing her to the dungeon floor. The moment the Queen was clear of his body, Tarlo circled Lorcan's shoulders and hoisted him upright.

'Hurry!' she said. 'There is not much time!'

She steered him from the altar in a daze, ignoring his feeble cries of pain as his bloated balls clanged like stones against each other, and his penis bobbed up against his tummy.

'I don't understand!' he cried. 'What is happening?'

But if he expected an explanation, none was forthcoming. Instead, he was only vaguely aware of being forced to his knees between Queen Orelia's legs. The three other hunters were sprawled across her back pinning her down. Shenn was straddling her shoulders, her big hands around the Queen's mouth, stifling her screams for help.

'You must take her up the arse!' cried Tarlo. 'She must be shamed! Quickly! You must do it now or we are all lost!'

Blindly, hardly aware of what he was doing, or why, Lorcan toppled into the Queen's open arse. His penis found the massive well of her anus and nudged against the bloated muscle.

He was aware of the Queen dragging back her head and screaming a muffled cry of protest into Shenn's hands. She wriggled her arse as if to somehow throw him off. His penis and balls hurt so badly it was as if someone had kicked him there many times. But now a new urge took hold of him; the need to unleash himself into a woman's body. The need was powerful, overwhelming, and it gave him renewed strength. He fell forward, and felt his penis cleave into her slimy hole, penetrating her rectum in one smooth thrust.

He was inside her!

'Thrust!' cried Tarlo, joining her fellow-hunters across the Queen's back. 'She is strong! We may not be able to hold her down for much longer!'

Lorcan needed no second telling. Suddenly, he was a man possessed, driving forward, pummelling her arse with repeated thrusts. The pain in his balls gave way to relief as, with a tickling rush of pleasure, they spilled their contents into his shaft and flooded into Orelia's rectum, jetting deep until they reached her huge, bloated bowels.

She gave a monstrous heave and flung the hunters from her body. Lorcan felt he too would be hurled from her arse, but, to his great surprise, she was unable to shift him. Each jet of his cock seemed to imbue him with more strength. He clung to her tightly, his hands around her chest, clawing at the gourd-like breasts, riding her like a maddened stallion as she wriggled her hips and tried in vain to

throw him from her back.

And then, suddenly, without warning, she fell still, flat onto her face and no longer moved.

‘Keep pumping!’ cried Tarlo at his shoulder. ‘You must drain yourself completely. Every drop must be spilled.’

And so he continued to thrust into the prone, unconscious woman – time and time again until he could thrust no more. Until eventually he was no longer climaxing and his penis collapsed, limp and empty

Only then, with the hunters’ help, did he pull his cock from Orelia’s hole and stagger to his feet.

Tarlo bent down and examined the stricken Queen. Satisfied she was no longer a threat, she turned to Lorcan and said, ‘It is over here. We must leave now. Quickly.’

Lorcan had a thousand questions he wanted to ask, but he sensed the urgency in her voice and remained silent. Instead, he followed Tarlo and the others, leaving the chamber by the same door they had entered, and hoping he would never see this place again.

Epilogue

They were sitting on a hillside, several miles from the Royal City. Having escaped from the chamber, Tarlo and the hunters had led Lorcan through a labyrinthine maze of passages and finally out through a sewer to the south of the city. From there, they had swiftly moved further south, and not paused for rest until Tarlo was sure they had put sufficient distance between themselves and any pursuers.

Only then, sitting above the banks of a slow-moving river, where they had washed and made a simple meal from nuts and fruit scavenged en route, did Lorcan finally learn the truth.

‘After the scouts left with you,’ said Tarlo. ‘We made up our minds to follow. We know you have the gift of second sight, for you showed it to Shenn and myself when you fucked us as one.’

Tarlo paused, took a bite of fruit, then continued. ‘Yours is a precious gift and one we knew, from what the scouts had said, that their Queen hoped to possess. Yet we know, too, that there is but one way a woman can take this power from a man. He must be willing to lie beneath her open arse and offer no resistance when she sits on him. From what we saw, you seemed willing enough to sacrifice yourself. But you were not in your right mind. This power makes you vulnerable to the lure of a woman’s holes. If, as we feared, you were under such a curse, you would go to a death you did not truly desire.

‘We are a peaceful people. We hunt and forage, and, it is true, we use men when the need is upon us. But it is in our Nature, and the Great She has given us dominion over you. But unlike the scouts, we do not wage war. They, on the other hand, would use your gift to further their conquest of all other tribes. We know well enough they would wreak revenge on us, for they are a proud race and would have taken our interference badly. Of course, we know the forest well

and they would be vulnerable. But if they possessed your gift they would know the future, and this would ensure our defeat. This we could not allow.

‘A small party of us, myself, Shenn, Deeva here and Kai, made our way to the city. We searched for a way in and we found it., Some of our people have been captured in the past and escaped, though some have not been so lucky. But from what we have learned over the years, we know the city as well as the scouts. It was this knowledge that allowed us to track you down.

‘We were forced to bide our time, for to rescue you too soon would have alerted the scouts and they might have captured us. We knew there would a ceremony, and that it would not be long delayed. We were wrong, of course, and know that you have suffered at their hands for many days and nights. But at last, as Venyn and the others prepared for your execution, we caught them by surprise. Battle was out of the question, but we brought with us bows, and arrows tipped with forest herbs that render an enemy unconscious in seconds. Having overpowered them, we dressed in their robes and came for you. The rest you know.’

‘But why would you want to save me?’ asked Lorcan. ‘Do you seek my gift for yourselves?’

Tarlo shook her head. ‘No,’ she answered. ‘As I told your scouts, none should possess this gift. It is dangerous – and those who possess it may use it for ill. But you are different, both from any man, and any woman I have ever known. You spared me when you had me in your grip and restored Shenn’s honour at risk to your own life.’

‘You had done me no harm,’ said Lorcan. ‘I was sorry for what I did to Shenn, though I had no choice, for I was duty-bound to rescue my Mistresses.’

‘Again,’ said Tarlo, ‘you were loyal to those who would do you harm. I do not know what manner of man you are, but that you exist for a purpose, I do not question. What that purpose is, however, I doubt even you yourself know.’

‘And the Queen,’ said Lorcan. ‘Why did she collapse like that? I thought we should never overcome her.’

‘It was your seed that did it,’ said Tarlo. ‘I do not understand why, but I suspect you possess other gifts that even you are not aware of.’ She shrugged. ‘All is a mystery.’

Lorcan’s brow furrowed. ‘So what happens now? Do I return with you to the forest?’

Tarlo shook her head. ‘No. It is dangerous for you there. The Queen will wish to take you prisoner. Not only does she crave your power, but now that you have taken her honour, she will wish to find you quickly and exact her revenge. She will keep her shame from her people, but cannot hide it from herself. If she thinks you are with us, she will send her armies in. Though the forest is our friend, we may not withstand attack from her entire force. Besides...’

‘Yes?’ inquired Lorcan, though somehow he knew what she was about to say.

‘Yours is a powerful gift. Though we do not seek it for ourselves, nor do I wish temptation placed in our path. You must leave us. There are uncharted lands to the east. I do not know if it is for the best, but it is the only route I can

recommend to you. However...' she paused, and gazed at him thoughtfully before concluding, 'I feel certain that wherever you travel, there will your destiny lie.'

Lorcan felt suddenly sad. The hunters were the first true friends he had met since setting out on his journey. He would be sorry to leave them behind.

Tarlo and Shenn took their leave of him together, wishing him good speed.

'I wish you well, too,' he told them, aware they could be returning to a danger that was largely his fault. Shenn looked as if she were about to say something, then changed her mind.

A moment later, the four hunters disappeared into the bushes and he was alone.

With a heavy heart, he made his way down a narrow track, until it merged with a grassy path that skirted the slow-moving river. He walked steadily for an hour, feeling more lonely than he had ever felt in his life. He had no idea what lay ahead of him. The gift he possessed had still not been truly tested, but something inside him was growing. What it was, he did not know, but that there was danger ahead and more testing times, he felt certain.

As the path took a sharp twist to the right and the river to the left, he reached two crossroads, the one real, the other in his mind. Which road to take? Both led east, but who could say how different life might be were he to take the one rather than the other?

‘Which one to take?’ he asked himself out loud. ‘Which one?’

‘I would go right,’ said a voice at his shoulder. ‘If in doubt, it is always best to follow a river.’

He wheeled around to find himself gazing into the familiar face of the young hunter, Shenn.

‘I spoke with Tarlo,’ she explained with a grin, evidently amused by his startled expression. ‘We both agreed. You are too naïve to travel on alone. Someone must watch out for you. We drew lots. I lost.’ She shrugged. ‘However,’ she added, mischievously, ‘we must all make the best of things’.

Lorcan felt his spirits soar, and his face broke into a broad smile. There might be danger ahead. But at least he would not be facing it alone.

‘We will take the river’s path,’ he announced in a loud voice.

‘Of course we will,’ said Shenn, and strode out quickly ahead of him. He walked behind her, his heart suddenly very light. And as he watched her big brown buttocks sway heavily from side to side, he was, he reflected, perfectly content to walk in her shadow for as long as it took...

THE END

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

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Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider

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

Writing as JD Lang

The Taking of Amy

Come Into My Parlour

Pounded by Studs!

Pounded by Her Teacher!

Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!

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

Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall

To Serve Their Master

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

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

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

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

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

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

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

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

Bared for Battle!

As the war with Queen Eirwhen moves towards its inevitable conclusion, Lendorh, 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!

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!

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

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

WHEN WOMEN HUNT! is a collection of three short stories, in which Amazon

warriors unleash themselves on hapless, terrified males...

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

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

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

When Women Hunt 2

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

In 'Storming the Castle!', the Amazon Army's triumphant advance through the Land of Men has been halted at Castle Fendrah. Knowing that reinforcements will soon arrive to drive them back, the Amazon commander enlists the aid of Freya, a skilled mountain climber, who attempts the near-impossible ascent of the enemy fortress. Her mission is a simple one. Enter the castle, subdue the guards and open the gates – allowing her fellow-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.

C is for Condemned (An Extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my novella, C is for Condemned:

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

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

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

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

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

When the Revolution had come, and women had taken control, Madame Allais had found herself reluctantly thrust into a position of authority. As a lawyer – and a patriot – she had accepted her role, albeit with misgivings. The new ruling cadre – the Amazon Council – had demanded that the enemy be punished. Examples must be made – so men would know their days of power were at an end.

In honour of their Amazon past – a glorious age that had ended a millennia

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

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

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

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

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

'... to death by woman's bottom!'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The young man moaned again, cutting her short. Had his friend not held on tight, he would have fallen to his knees. Madame Allais suppressed a pang of pity for the lad. It was not death that frightened him, she understood well enough, but its manner. His neck might not have welcomed la guillotine, but he feared the embrace of a woman’s bottom all the more.

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

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

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

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

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