

Where all men must abandon hope ...



DUNGEONS OF DESPAIR!

An Exciting Facesitting Novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER PLATEAU

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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!

DUNGEONS OF DESPAIR!

Dark Rider

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

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One

‘Could you sit on a man’s face, Lharra – as naked as the day you were born – and smother him with your woman’s holes?’

The question was blunt, but not unexpected. Lharra averted her gaze and shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other. Her feet were bare, as were her legs and small, apple-shaped breasts. Only her thong of modesty – its short leather vee wound around the bulge of her cunt – stood between her and complete nakedness. The thin cord that cut between her buttocks emphasised the huge swell of her bottom, and her big cheeks swayed as she moved.

Jhaleera studied her niece fondly. Seeing how she faltered, the Dungeon Mistress reached out and brushed her shoulder.

‘There is no shame in answering “No”,’ she continued. ‘Not all are born to serve as Dungeon Maids.’

Lharra raised her face and her bright eyes opened wide. ‘I do not wish to say “No”,’ she replied honestly. ‘But I have never ... never ...’ She nibbled her lip, and, just then, seemed so much younger than her eighteen years.

‘I know,’ said Jhaleera, finishing the sentence for her. ‘You have never mounted a man’s head ... and conquered him with your flesh.’

Lharra lowered her eyes, embarrassed. ‘No – though I have seen women hunt,’ she added quickly. ‘And heard men weep with fear when cunts have come for them.’ She heaved a sigh. ‘My mother herself has taken many men between her

legs. And held them to her woman's hole...'

Jhaleera smiled. 'My sister is a mighty huntress,' she acknowledged. 'And would have made a fearsome Dungeon Maid. A Mistress, too, in time.' She shook her head, and seemed lost in thought for several seconds. Stirring herself at last, she said, 'But she preferred the thrill of the chase to service in our monarch's dungeons. You, I know, are not a natural huntress. Even so – you were chosen at birth for this sacred role – and are here, today, with your mother's blessing. If you are willing, then I shall school you in the ways of a Dungeon Maid – in the hope that, in time, you will rise to take my place as Mistress.'

Lharra straightened her back and rose to her full height, a steely look in her eyes. 'I would like that very much, aunt. It is just ...'

Jhaleera's smile broadened. 'I know – you fear the task may prove too great. That you will fail and bring dishonour to our family.'

The young girl nodded. 'I have never unleashed myself on a man. Never held him ...' She faltered. 'Never held him between my legs ...' As she spoke, Lharra pressed a hand to her crotch, her fingers cupped around the broad rounded gusset of her thong.

'You are a woman, Lharra,' Jhaleera reminded her. 'And Nature has blessed you with many weapons. Weapons with which all men may be subdued. The cunt and the breast – but, greater still ... is She who all men fear! The mighty hole that lies between your arse's cheeks: the Eye of Doom herself!'

To Jhaleera's surprise, Lharra blushed and immediately lowered her eyes.

Looking up again, she said, ‘I have heard men pray to their gods when a woman has taken them to her cunt, or held them firmly at the teat. But I have never seen ...’ She faltered again. ‘Surely no woman has ever shamed a man so? Held him to her little hole! It is our secret place – and not to be seen by men’s eyes!’

Jhaleera smiled. ‘You are innocent of the ways of the world, Lharra, and have much to learn. Here, all things are possible. For ours is a sacred task – and we wield our bodies in a noble cause.’ She studied her niece warmly. ‘But do not fear. I will teach you well. You are your mother’s daughter. I know this as well as I know myself. You will not let her down...’

The Dungeons of Zendor were regarded with dread throughout the kingdom. Men sent there for questioning – or worse – knew for certain their fate was sealed. All those given into a Maid’s charge were broken, and their secrets surrendered. A lucky few chose death the moment they learned of their fate – hanging themselves in a cell or flinging their bodies from a high place. Those who reached Zendor alive always wished they had not. The wise told everything they knew at once; the stubborn suffered long and hard, but all submitted in the end.

Unlike the men she would learn to tame, Lharra had travelled willingly to Zendor. A quiet, thoughtful girl, she had never taken a man between her thighs and conquered him with her cunt. Most village women hunted men for sport and pleasure, in keeping with the ancient Amazonian ways: traditions no longer practised everywhere – not since the signing of the Great Peace and the end of the People Wars. But in the mountains and plains to the north, the past continued to hold sway. Tribes of men and women roamed freely; and, where they did, the women ruled their ancient foe as harshly as they had a thousand years before.

Lharra's mother and sisters were among the fiercest of fighters, and often travelled well beyond the borders of the realm, hunting males to snare and conquer. From time to time, they would capture a man and return with their prey to the village. Some men were used as mates for mothers; others as training fodder for the younger women – those who had not yet learned to hunt in the wild. Over the years, Lharra had seen many men smothered at the cunt and the breast – but, to her sorrow, she had never wrestled with one herself: never held him to her slit and felt him struggle. Never closed her thighs around his head and heard him beg for mercy...

The reason was simple enough. From birth, she had been 'marked for Zendor': chosen to serve as a Maid in the Queen's dungeons. As a child, her mother, Yhali, had also been chosen – but had turned her back on service, preferring to hunt as 'the Old Ones' had done. And so her sister – Jhaleera – had taken her place.

The role of a Maid was a sacred calling; with only the 'pure' deemed worthy. To serve in the Dungeons a woman must never have straddled a man; nor smothered him with her bare flesh. Only seventeen, when Yhali turned her back on Zendor, Jhaleera had been too young to hunt, and thus still deemed a 'virgin'. And so she had entered the service of the then Dungeon Mistress, Krusilda. She had proved a fine pupil and risen, in time, to that lofty post herself.

Now she hoped, with all her heart, that Lharra would prove worthy, too – and, in time, perhaps, might rise to take her place as Mistress.

But the road, she knew, would be long and hard. Like all fledgling Maids, Lharra had long restrained her natural urges: the urge of an Amazon to mount and smother. It was in her blood, but it would need teasing out. And careful, nurtured moulding.

It would not be easy for her. It was never easy. Jhaleera knew that. It had not been easy for her.

But easy or not ... it was time to begin the young girl's training...

Two

Halting before a broad oak-beamed door, Jhaleera turned to Lharra and said, 'When we pass into the next room, you must cast away all girlish thoughts. To become a Dungeon Maid you must harden your heart. Many have begun this journey ... and many have fallen by the wayside.'

Lharra nodded briskly. 'I understand,' she replied. 'But I am not afraid. My mind is made up. I wish to follow in your footsteps, aunt. Whatever trials await me – I will face them as a woman.'

Reaching out, Jhaleera placed a hand lightly on the young girl's shoulder. 'I would not have sent for you, Lharra, if I did not believe you more than worthy.' Then, stepping back, she closed her hand around a thick, iron ring, pulled hard and pushed the door inwards.

Rows of fiery torches – set into cornets fixed along each wall, guttered and spat in the grim, shadowy chamber into which they now passed. The air was dry and warm, with a hint of human flesh. And, more than that ... fear.

In the centre of the room, a low wooden bench had been bolted into the flag-stoned floor. Lharra released a small gasp as her eyes adjusted to the gloom and she made out the shape of a naked man strapped to the bench, his arms and legs spread wide. Thick leather bands encircled his forehead and neck, securing his head so that he could barely move in any direction. That he was both naked, and a man, was abundantly clear, for his penis stood tall and proud against his belly, bobbing fitfully as if stirring from a long sleep.

Jhaleera strode forward, took hold of the man's cock and squeezed. A muffled cry broke from his lips and his body arched. Addressing her niece, Jhaleera said, 'This is Leesan – a spy in the pay of our enemies in the Far Lands. He refuses to

... speak ... and has been sent to us for questioning.'

The way her aunt whispered the last word sent a trill of delight through Lharra's belly. A lump rose in her throat, and a knot of pleasure tickled her groin.

Reaching down, Jhaleera bunched her fingers around the hem of her skirt, before tugging it high and over her head. Tossing it to the floor, she stepped back, her legs spread wide. She wore nothing beneath her dress and – her dark calf-length boots apart – it shocked Lharra to see her aunt naked.

'I give you a final chance,' said Jhaleera sternly. 'Tell me what you know, and I will finish you off quickly. Resist – and I will take you between my legs. You will suffer as no man has suffered before...'

Lharra felt a flutter in her tummy as a huge shudder shook the man's body and his eyes rolled in her aunt's direction. His face was grey and lined, and sweat dribbled down his cheeks. He was a young man – twenty, twenty-five summers – surely no more? His nostrils flared when he spoke, but his jaw shook, and she knew he was frightened.

'A pox on your woman's cunt!' he cried defiantly. 'Smother me if you must. I will never betray my comrades to your Queen! A man who makes his peace with Amazons is no man at all!'

Still holding on to his shaft, Jhaleera slid her fingers up and down, teasing his tender stem. 'I can give you pleasure', she whispered. 'Take you to the gates of Paradise ... and then beyond...'

The prisoner groaned and, despite himself, bucked his hips in time to Jhaleera's caress.

'You want it,' she sighed. 'You yearn for release. Give me names and I shall bring you to fruition!'

Leesan shook his head, let out a strangled yelp and bit down on his lip, drawing blood.

'By all the gods, no!' he cried. 'You will not break me, woman! I will not submit!'

Jhaleera released his shaft and watched it jerk against his belly. He had been prepared over many hours, aroused time and again by other Dungeon Maids. A man on the brink was often easier to break; his need for pleasure overwhelming. Leesan, of course, was not such a man. He would never divulge his secrets willingly. And for that she was glad. To break a man swiftly, then finish him off ... where was the sport in that? Such a man was no more of a challenge than if cornered by her sister in a village hunt. Snare a man, sit on him, smother him at the cunt – it was over too quickly. But to make a man suffer. To do battle with him over many days and rise triumphant from his shattered body. That was the work of a true Amazon. That was the work for which a woman was born...

Glancing across at her niece, Jhaleera said, 'Come closer, Lharra – so you may see how a man can be conquered...'

Lharra felt a ball of delight in her tummy as she walked towards the bench. But she was frightened, too, though why she could not say. Frightened for herself? Or for the man? It was, she acknowledged, a little of both.

She had seen men smothered by her friends in the village. Heard their screams as young thighs closed around their heads, and plump, fleshy slits pressed down on them, crushing the air from their lungs. Men captured in a hunt would often be ridden for hours. Women would take it in turns to straddle their heads and tame them with their pussies. But this ... this was different. This, she knew, would be at once both more vicious and yet more measured, also. The men in the village had been free to run and fight. True, they were no match for the women who rode them, but they were not tied down as this man Leesan was tied down. He was helpless, and completely at their mercy...

Clamping one hand to her stout vagina – its plump, shaven flesh oozing with power – Jhaleera smiled. ‘A woman’s pussy is a mighty weapon,’ she remarked coldly. ‘The sight alone can render men helpless. Some have given up their secrets in return for my promise to ride them like a stallion in the field. Others,’ and here she focused on the prisoner before her, ‘must enter into battle. A battle no man can ever hope to win...’

Hoisting one leg in the air, Jhaleera swung herself across the prisoner and settled herself on his chest. Lharra heard him snort: deep grunts of breath that rattled his body.

Lifting her buttocks a fraction, Jhaleera slid forward, manoeuvring her vagina into position over Leesan’s head, her big thighs clamped either side of his face.

‘Prepare yourself, she warned him, gazing down at his wide, fear-filled eyes. ‘My pussy is coming for you. And she takes no prisoners!’

Leesan's mouth twisted into a snarl of contempt as Jhaleera lowered her vagina onto his face. She moved slowly – deliberately so – and paused for several seconds when her flesh touched his lips. Teasing him with delay she felt his body tighten beneath her; his muted thuds of breath warm against the slit of her cunt. Gazing into his eyes, she allowed herself a satisfied smile, then pressed the maw of her sex against his mouth, moulding her lips to his.

With his nose still uncovered, Leesan's nostrils flared as he struggled for breath. Reaching down, Jhaleera snaked her long fingers into his hair, bunched her hands into fists and gripped him tightly. 'You cannot escape,' she whispered. 'You are pussy's man, now. And she means to feed on you...'

Leesan jolted and a muted grunt broke from the back of his throat. Glancing up at Lharra, who gazed, transfixed, just a few feet away, Jhaleera gestured her forward, then said, 'Close his nostrils with your fingers. Pinch them shut so he cannot breathe.'

The young man's eyes widened in panic and another muffled grunt sounded in his throat. Looking down at him, Jhaleera said, in a matter-of-fact voice, 'This is my Dungeon Maid, Lharra. She is young – no more than 18 summers – and has never used her cunt to tame a man. But she will help me break you with her body. And when we have torn your secrets from you ... perhaps I will let her finish you off!'

Leesan bucked again, and the tendons in his neck stood out like cords. Had he been able to move his head freely, thought Lharra, it might have proved impossible to pinch his nostrils shut. But with his head locked firmly in place, only her nerves held her back as she fumbled for a grip.

‘Do not hurry,’ coaxed Jhaleera soothingly. ‘The longer we take to conquer him, the greater his fear. Delay is our friend, not our foe.’

Lharra bobbed her head, but said nothing. A moment later, she secured the hold she had been searching for, pinching the young man’s nostrils shut.

‘Good girl!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘Now we must both hold on tight and make him suffer!’

‘How he shakes!’ squealed Lharra. ‘We will kill him surely!’

Jhaleera smiled indulgently. ‘He will not die,’ she assured her niece. ‘I know how far a man can be taken. When the time is right, we will finish him off. But not until then. He has much to tell us first.’

Lharra glanced up, astonished. ‘But if he knows we will have no mercy,’ she replied, tightening her hold on Leesan’s nose as he jiggled his head, ‘surely he will remain silent? He has nothing to gain by confessing!’

‘He will beg me to finish him off,’ insisted Jhaleera, her eyes sparkling with excitement. ‘To hold him between my cheeks and smother him with my arse’s hole!’

Even in the dim gloom of the cell, Jhaleera saw the blood drain from Lharra’s face. ‘You do not believe that a man would beg for death in such a manner? To gorge on a woman’s arse at the moment of truth?’

Lharra shook her head. 'No!' she cried. 'What man would wish to end his days ... inside a woman's crack?'

'You will see!' cried Jhaleera, her eyes gleaming. 'But for now, grip him tight. Let my pussy and your hand work as one to defeat him. The night is young – and we have much to do!'

Beneath them, Leesán's body rattled fiercely. Yet for all his defiance, he was already growing weak. His eyes bulged and his skin had turned a sickly shade of crimson. Lharra had lost track of how much time had passed, but it was more than a minute she was sure; two, perhaps, even three...

Judging the moment perfectly, Jhaleera lifted her cunt, finally allowing their prisoner some air. 'Release him,' she instructed Lharra. 'And take some rest before we start again.'

Lharra retreated, rubbing her fingers gingerly.

'Did it hurt?' asked her aunt. 'Holding him like that?'

Lharra nodded. 'It was harder than I thought, to keep my grip. Did I do it wrong?'

'Not at all,' her aunt assured her. 'You are young and inexperienced, that is all. But you will learn soon enough.'

Lharra's face turned serious. 'I want to, aunt,' she replied. 'I want to make a man suffer. To do things to him ... that only a woman can.'

Jhaleera smiled warmly. 'Then let us start again. For this one will resist. The struggle will be long and hard, and fought over many days. Before it is ended, you yourself shall mount his head and do battle with him.'

Lharra's heart skipped a beat and she released a little gasp. 'So soon?' she muttered. 'I did not think...'

'Your cunt is not yet ready,' said Jhaleera, 'to conquer such a man as this. But there are others in these dungeons. Men more suitable for you to ride. Men on whom you will learn your craft. One in particular...'

Lharra's eyes lit up. She felt fearful and excited all at the same time. For the moment words failed her.

'But that is for then and this is for now,' said Jhaleera, giving her attention back to Leesan. 'Are you ready to talk?' she asked, aware of his answer before he replied.

'Never!' he spat. 'Do your worst. You will never break me!'

'A man with spirit!' cried Jhaleera joyfully. 'It is good to do battle with you! You are a worthy foe for my pussy!'

Before Leesan could respond further, Jhaleera clamped her cunt to his face for a second time, her long lips forming a damp seal around his mouth. She glanced at Lharra, who took the hint at once, reached down and pinched the young man's nostrils shut.

Leesan grunted, twitched and jerked, his convulsions only held in check by the thick leather restraints that held him down. His skin shone with sweat, the gleam of a dozen firebrands dancing across his flesh.

An hour passed, and then another. Time after time, Jhaleera took their prisoner to the point of passing out, only to release him at the last. By the third hour, Lharra was exhausted. As for Jhaleera, her powerful body was soaked in sweat, her dark hair lank against her face. Leesan himself shook and wept freely while the women rested. But though tired and in obvious distress, he refused to talk.

'Can we ever hope to break him?' asked Lharra, sipping water from a bowl to slake her thirst. The air in the dungeon was warm and fetid; she wondered how Leesan – who had been offered nothing to drink – must be feeling.

'All men submit in the end,' Jhaleera assured her. 'It is the way of things. Some last a little longer, that is all.' She released a long breath. 'Even so, we have done our work for today. Others will now take our place.'

Her aunt crossed to the far wall where, Lharra noticed for the first time, a long red sash-cord hung from a hole in the ceiling. Jhaleera tugged it twice in quick succession.

‘It is connected to a bell,’ she explained, ‘in the Maids’ quarters. It is time for you to meet your sisters. Those, like yourself, who have offered their bodies in the service of our Queen.’

Whether the girls moved swiftly, or the distance was a short one, they appeared within a minute, entering through the same door Lharra and her aunt had used several hours before. Two women, tall, well-built and three or four years older than Lharra herself. Like Jhaleera, they were naked, big-breasted, with wide hips and plump, shaven mounds. Auburn-haired, clear-skinned and pretty, Lharra realised – belatedly – that the women were twins.

‘Anya and Delphi,’ said Jhaleera, by way of introduction. The girls came forward, halted and bowed. As they raised their heads, Jhaleera pointed to her niece and said, ‘This is Lharra, who joins us in our sacred work. Treat her as you would each other, for she has much to learn.’

The women bowed again, then – to Lharra’s surprise – embraced her warmly, their plump, gourd-like breasts squashed to her skin. She felt their hardened nipples against her chest, and the scented smell of something pleasant on their breath. They held her for several seconds, then stepped back and returned Lharra’s smile.

‘I have been breaking this man in,’ explained Jhaleera, pointing to Leesan. ‘He needs to be weakened. You will take it in turns for the next two hours. One to sit and one to give pleasure. But no relief. I do not think he will break – but call me if he offers to submit.’

‘Yes, Mistress,’ replied the two girls together. Then one of them – Lharra had no idea which – piped up: ‘May we smother him at the teat?’

Jhaleera nodded. 'Breast or cunt, the choice is yours. But not your arses' holes. Not yet at any rate. We must break him with our pussies if we can.'

Then, turning to Lharra, she said, 'I must leave you now. There are matters that require my attention. Watch Anya and Delphi as they go about their women's work. They will teach you much, for they are your sisters now.'

Lharra bowed. It was an automatic gesture, mimicking, she realised, the action of the other two women. Jhaleera was her aunt, but she was in service now. Family ties, she knew, would count for nothing.

When she looked up, Jhaleera was gone and she was alone with her new companions.

Three

For several seconds, Lharra stood motionless in awkward silence. She wanted to speak, but could think of nothing to say. Then again, was it her place to open the conversation? She felt dreadfully confused.

One of the girls smiled broadly and held out her hand. 'I am Delphi,' she announced, turning her head sideways. A vivid green mark – a tattoo in the shape of a serpent – curled down the length of her neck. 'You will soon tell us apart,' she giggled. 'But for now, this sign – which I alone bear – will help.'

Anya extended her hand in turn and the three embraced again.

'Are you excited?' asked Delphi brightly. Despite the difference in their years she looked, just then, like a girl half her age, bubbling with happiness at receiving a gift.

'I am,' said. 'But I am fearful, too. I know so little. I have never taken a man. Never mounted him in battle, and ... and held him here,' she added, clamping her hand to the bulge of her thong.

'Nor had we – when we first entered service,' said Anya breathlessly. 'But now our pussies have known many men. As have our little holes.'

'You have smothered men...' gasped Lharra, 'with your bottoms?'

'We have!' cried the two girls together. 'Like the Amazons of old! As you will, too, one day.'

‘I have seen men taken at the cunt – by the hunters in our village. At the breast, also – but never ... never between a woman’s cheeks!’

‘You will see it done here,’ said Anya excitedly. ‘And use your own arse, too, when Mistress Jhaleera deems the time is right. It is a weapon against which no man can stand.’

Lharra looked puzzled. ‘If it is so powerful,’ she asked, ‘then why do we not use it always? Why do we take men to our cunts if the outcome is uncertain? Why not use our arse’s hole if it always brings victory?’

Now it was Delphi’s turn to speak. ‘In the Old Days, when Amazons ruled the earth, a woman’s arse was sacred. It was a secret place on which a man must never look. To see its tiny mouth meant death. That is why, even now, when we show a man our little hole ... he fears his time has come.’

Lharra’s jaw fell open, and the blood drained from her face. Anya came forward. ‘Play with him, sister,’ she said, with a nod towards Delphi. Then, sliding her arm around Lharra’s shoulder, she steered her away from the low wooden bench into a dark, secluded corner of the cell. Leaning in close, she lowered her voice to a whisper.

‘You are young, Lharra – and know little of the world beyond your village. Nor did we when we first arrived.’ Anya cast a quick glance towards the bench and, satisfied she could not be overheard, continued. ‘Men are sent to Zendor for many reasons. Some have been sentenced to death – for crimes against the state: murder, rape, treason and other dreadful things. When men ruled alone – in the lands they called their own – such wickedness was punished by the axe or the

rope. Some men were tied to horses either side and ripped apart. These were cruel deaths – and have never been the ways of women. In the Great Peace, when our races – men and women – ended centuries of war, our customs merged. Those who clung to the old ways – such as the women of your village, and ours, too – were allowed to do so in peace. Some men, too, preferred to roam freely – though it meant they might be taken by women and made to worship at our holes.’

‘Some of this I know,’ said Lharra, not wishing to seem ignorant. ‘But what has this to do with men being sat upon – and taken between our cheeks?’

‘As I have tried to tell you,’ said Anya, ‘in the old days, men were executed in many dreadful ways. Now, instead, they die a sweeter death. Held between a woman’s legs – and smothered by her arse’s hole!’

Lharra threw a hurried look at Leesan on the bench. He was moaning fitfully, his penis stiff and upright. Delphi’s hand was clamped around the shaft, her fingers smoothing up and down. ‘And this is his fate?’ she asked. ‘Even though he tell us what we wish to know?’

Anya shrugged. ‘I cannot say. Not all men are brought here for execution. Not even spies. But what matters is ... he believes he will be smothered!’

Lharra frowned. ‘But surely – if he knows we mean to suffocate him in the end – why should he choose to give in willingly? Do we not make it harder for ourselves?’

Anya shook her head. ‘We women view the arse as noble, and our little hole as

sacred. To take a man between our cheeks – and do battle with his head – is to offer him a special death. All men sat upon in this way become aroused – excited beyond measure. They can be pleased by hand, and brought to fruition at the moment of truth. What man would not wish to end his days inside a woman’s crack?’

Again, Lharra looked puzzled. There was so much to take in. Her head was spinning. ‘I still do not understand,’ she murmured, trying to keep her voice at a level with Anya’s. ‘If it is noble, why do men fear it?’

Anya grinned. ‘Because men do not regard it as noble. For a man to be taken into a woman’s crack – and made to suckle on her little hole – for them this is shameful, and an insult to their manhood. It frightens and disgusts them. That is their weakness – and our strength! When a woman shows a man her little hole – he believes his time has come. That she means to finish him off, in the most shameful manner. Many men will swear on their gods to avoid such a fate!’

‘And those that do not?’

Anya’s smile broadened further. ‘These we break with our bottoms. No man can stand against a woman’s arse. You must believe me, Lharra – your hole can never be defeated!’

Lharra’s face lit up. ‘Thank you,’ she said. ‘I understand a little better now. And long for the day when my arse, too, can wage war on a man.’

‘It will not be long,’ said Anya reassuringly. ‘But today you must watch and learn. Delphi and I are to weaken this man with the other weapons Nature has

bestowed on us. Come – see how we destroy his spirit.’

Taking Lharra by the arm, Anya guided her back to the low wooden bench. Lharra gave a small gasp when she saw how tall and thick the young man’s cock had grown. Delphi had coated his shaft in oil, allowing her hand to slide more freely along its length. His dark flesh sparkled beneath the glare of the flaming brands that hung from the walls.

‘Bringing a man to the point of release – but not beyond – is a great skill,’ explained Anya. ‘Were my sister to rub a little faster or cling more tightly to his cock, he might flow and her work would be ruined.’

‘What is the purpose?’ asked Lharra innocently. ‘Why give him pleasure?’

‘In teasing him,’ explained Anya, ‘we bring him closer to his breaking point. Some men will confess all in return for release. They long to be spilled, it is in their nature. They cannot deny themselves.’

‘They are strange creatures, indeed,’ murmured Lharra.

‘But a mighty challenge,’ grinned Anya. ‘Now come study us and learn.’

While her sister continued to stroke Leesan’s shaft, Anya raised a leg and swung herself onto his chest. Gazing down at him, she said, ‘Will you worship at the hole that makes me woman?’

‘Never!’ he cried hoarsely, his face a mask of tortured pleasure.

‘Then pussy must take you!’ she announced triumphantly. ‘Like a soldier in battle!’

Immediately, she slid forward, skimming her vagina across his chin. Settling herself over his nose and mouth, she pressed down hard, securing her position on his face, and cutting off his air.

‘Rub faster, sister!’ she cried. ‘Take him to the edge!’

Behind her, Delphi increased the rhythm of her strokes, her fingers gliding swiftly: fast enough to ensure arousal, but not firm enough to bring release. Between her legs, Anya felt Leesan gag and groan, weeping his frustration into the maw of her sex.

Looking across at Lharra, she said, ‘The poor man is mad with lust, and knows not what to do. He longs for my sister to relieve him, yet knows he must resist. Knows, too, she will not relieve him. Wishes, I believe, to plunge his tongue into my woman’s hole yet has no wish to give me pleasure either. It is such exquisite torture, Lharra! Oh how you will enjoy it when you take a man between your own legs!’

In truth, the sight alone of Leesan’s huge, erect cock, and Anya bearing down on him, had triggered feelings Lharra had never known before. A ball of pleasure grew in her belly, melting down to her groin. Her legs wobbled and she felt oddly light-headed.

‘Play with yourself!’ urged Anya. ‘It is allowed. There are no rules here – pleasure is all! A woman’s at least!’ And she threw back her head and roared her delight at the ceiling.

Lharra hesitated. Inside she was a seething mass of contradictions. This was all so new to her ... so different. But though her mind might have its doubts, her body did not. Surrendering to the urgent need in her belly, she threw off all restraint and plunged her hand beneath the waistband of her thong, searching for the nubbin of her clit. Were she not under orders from her aunt, she would have torn the flimsy thong from her body. What was happening to her? She had never felt this way before!

She ran her hands rapidly up and down the length of her slit, grunting like a frenzied pig, tottering with pleasure.

Sitting on Leesan’s head, Anya rocked more eagerly as her own excitement took hold. ‘That’s it!’ she shrieked. ‘Good girl, Lharra! Bring yourself off! I’m coming, too! Oh! By all our gods, I can’t hold back! I can’t hold back!’

As Anya came, spending herself on Leesan’s face, all the strength fled Lharra’s legs and she tumbled to her knees, groaning. She squeezed her eyes shut and screamed: for one, exquisite moment it was she, not Anya, sitting on the prisoner’s head. It was her cunt, not Anya’s, unleashing itself into his mouth, clinging on so tightly that he couldn’t breathe!

And then she screamed again as the full force of her climax struck. Wave upon wave of pleasure tore at her insides as she came. She cried several times more, then collapsed onto her belly. Her face pressed into the warm granite flags of the

dungeon floor, and her tears of happiness dribbled into the long, dark cracks between the stones...

Four

‘This is where we live,’ said Anya, with a wave of her hand.

After several exhausting hours, the women had at last allowed Leesan to rest. He had been washed, fed, watered, and allowed to relieve his bladder. After that, he had been secured to the bench once more, with a pillow for his head so he might sleep. Though their methods of interrogation were harsh – Anya explained – it was no part of their plan to torture their prisoner unnecessarily. Amazons were not, by their nature, cruel. Kindness must be shown, too. In the morning his ordeal would begin again, but for now, like them, he would be allowed to sleep.

From the dungeons, they had made their way to the castle floor, and from there, up a short flight of stairs to their quarters. It had taken them no more than a minute – the same time it had taken the twins to answer their Mistress – Jhaleera – when she had summoned them earlier in the day.

Their accommodation, Lharra saw, comprised four chambers: a living area with chairs and tables for relaxing, and a dining area, where – Anya explained – meals were brought to them by kitchen servants. Several covered dishes had been set out on the table, alongside a jug of wine and three goblets.

A wide door gave on to a spacious washing room, complete with a bath large enough to accommodate all three women if they wished. Pipes extending from the wall supplied hot and cold running water for hand washing, and there were open toilet facilities on the far side.

A large single bed dominated the fourth room – broad enough to sleep three women as long as they lay close together. Lharra’s tummy tingled as her eyes swept around the chamber. Other than as a child, she had always slept alone – not even with her sisters. Here, she presumed, things would be different.

‘You do not mind?’ asked Anya, as if reading concern in the younger woman’s face. ‘It is the way of Dungeon Maids,’ she explained. ‘We live, sleep, eat and breathe as one. In this way we draw strength from each other.’

Lharra shook her head. ‘No,’ she replied. ‘I did not realise, but ... no ... I am a Maid now and am happy to live as one.’

Without further delay, the three women settled down for their evening meal. Lharra was starving and greedily devoured the ham, eggs, game pie and assorted fruits that had been provided. Two large glasses of wine and she was not only replete, but deliciously light-headed.

Delphi yawned. ‘It has been a long day,’ she said wearily. ‘You have seen much, and must be tired.’

‘A little,’ Lharra conceded, before chuckling lightly, in spite – or possibly because of – her nerves. ‘Well, in truth, I am very tired.’ She giggled again. ‘And the wine has not helped!’

Anya smiled. ‘Let us wash and prepare ourselves for bed. There we shall talk ... and other things...’

As the women scrubbed themselves down, Lharra was struck by another thought.

‘At the start of the day,’ she began, ‘my aunt counselled me that I must not remove my thong in the dungeons. Not until I am ready to mount my first man. May I here...?’ she asked, her face flushing.

Anya’s smile broadened. ‘In this room we are women first and Maids second. So, yes – you may remove your thong. Indeed, if you do not,’ she added slyly, ‘Delphi and I will remove it for you.’

Lharra’s fingers had already reached for the bow that held the leather pouch in place. Something in the other woman’s voice stayed her hand. ‘You would not dare!’ she cried, but giggled, too. She was not afraid, she realised, but – to her surprise – excited.

Delphi came forward, pearls of water glistening on her undried skin. Her big breasts swayed from side to side and her nipples, Lharra noticed, were tall and erect. The folds of her labia shone, too. Beads of moisture had gathered along the edges of her slit, the flesh of which was noticeably plump. She and Anya exchanged a mischievous look.

‘It is not only men who must be broken,’ she announced. ‘Wicked young women must sometimes be tamed.’

Ljarra backed way, towards the bed. Though she appeared fearful, inside her heart was racing with excitement. ‘I am an Amazon!’ she cried defiantly. ‘You will never take me in battle!’

Advancing swiftly, the sisters fanned out either side, making it impossible for Lharra to keep them both under watch at the same time. A quick feint from one,

repeated by the other, and Lharra was caught off-guard, turning to face the one twin just as the other attacked.

Before she could react, there were hands around her waist, and then her legs. Overpowering her quickly, the sisters tumbled her on the mattress. Lharra wriggled like a landed fish, legs kicking in the air as the twins manoeuvred themselves into position. Slightly built by comparison, Lharra would have struggled to defend herself against one sister: resisting two was a hopeless task.

Using their combined weight to pin her down, the girls held her on her back, hands sliding over her body, clinging to her arms and legs. Aware that she was helpless sent a thrill of excitement through the young girl's belly and, though she fought hard, it pleased her she could not escape. Only when Delphi righted herself, swung a leg across Lharra's body and settled her arse on the latter's chest, did she let out a whoop of distress.

At the same time, out of sight, and masked by her sister's body, Anya wriggled on to Lharra's legs and pinned them tight with her own.

'No, please!' cried Lharra, when she felt Anya's hands at her waistband, fingers plucking at the bows that held her thong in place.

'Lick me!' ordered Delphi, as she slid towards Lharra's mouth. The request caught Lharra by surprise, and, for an instant, she forgot the powerful hands that tugged at her waist. 'Pretend you are a man!' urged Delphi, and I am she who conquers you!

'Never!' cried Lharra fiercely. At that moment, the bows of her thong flew open

and Anya wrenched the leather pouch from her sex, drawing a further shriek of protest.

‘You have a mighty cunt!’ cried Anya, with delight. ‘It is long and plump and will conquer many men in battle!’

‘No, please!’ yelled Lharra – shrilly – aware of Anya moving closer, her warm breath scudding over Lharra’s sex. She screeched even louder when Anya’s tongue-tip pushed into her slit and scurried up and down.

‘By the gods!’ cried Lharra, swooning. ‘You must not ... must not ... I will come ... I will come!’

Befuddled with pleasure, Lharra hardly cared as Delphi brought her big, fleshy cunt across her face and rested the sodden flesh of her slit on her mouth. Without thinking, Lharra extended her tongue and flicked at Delphi’s swollen clit, drawing a squeal of delight from the other woman.

Sighing with pleasure, Delphi reached down and slid her fingers through Lharra’s hair. Taking a firm grip of the young girl’s head, she hugged her close.

‘Lick faster!’ she begged. ‘Suckle on me till I come!’

As Anya’s tongue swept up and down, Lharra bucked her hips and screamed into Delphi’s damp, trembling flesh. A moment later, the young girl came, thrusting her tongue high and dragging Delphi over the edge, too. Both women rocked and

squealed, spending freely.

Unwinding at last, they huddled close, arms and legs wrapped around each other in a damp, fleshy tangle. After a while, adjusting their position, the twins moved either side of Lharra, cradling her in their arms.

Reaching out, Delphi ran her fingers through the young girl's hair, while Anya nuzzled in close and kissed the back of her neck.

Lharra mumbled inaudibly, let out a long, trembling sigh and, utterly exhausted, quickly fell asleep.

Five

For the next two days, Lharra stood in mute attendance as Anya and Delphi continued their work on Leesan, riding and arousing him hour after painful hour. At night, she and the twins ate together, discussing the day's events, before washing themselves clean and cuddling each other until they slept.

She learned that there were other Maids. Other cells within the dungeons, too, where other men were being sat upon and broken at the cunt. There was never a day, she discovered, when new men were not brought to Zendor for questioning and punishment.

On the third day, before they left their room and made their way downstairs, Anya turned at the door and addressed Lharra directly. 'You have watched us with patience as we have gone about our women's work. If you are willing, I believe you are now ready to remove your thong and enter into battle with the prisoner.'

Lharra's stomach hollowed: a cold knot formed beneath her ribs and her heart skipped a beat.

'Not here,' said Anya, as the youngster reached for the bows at her waist. 'You must disrobe in front of the prisoner. In so doing, he will know that another woman comes for him: one armed a fresh young cunt and an arse's hole that is keen to prove itself.'

Lharra bobbed her head lightly. She wanted to speak, but her mouth was dry with excitement. Anya's face broadened into a smile. 'I envy you,' she said. 'The first time you sit on a man is a special – sacred – moment.'

Finding her voice at last, Lharra said, 'I'm frightened. What if ... what if I cannot hold him there? Between my legs, I mean. He is a big man. He will move his head. My pussy has never taken a man before...'

Anya placed a comforting hand on Lharra's shoulder. 'Nature gave you your pussy to conquer men,' she said, 'as she did your arse's hole. Have no fear. Remember – you are an Amazon! Your mother has taken many men to her cunt – and you are your mother's daughter!'

'Forgive me,' said Lharra. 'It is simply that ... I do not wish to let you down. I have seen how you and Delphi use your pussies. How Leesan shudders when you come for him. He fears your flesh ... as I wish him to fear mine! To have him plead with his gods when I show him my woman's hole.'

Anya smiled warmly. 'As he will,' she assured her. 'Now come. Your pussy has work to do. We must not keep her waiting!'

Leesan raised his head as the chamber door opened with a groan and the three women entered.

'I trust you slept well,' said Anya grinning, before adding curtly, 'Do you need to empty your bladder ... before we sit on you?'

'Go to your gods!' he spat defiantly, and his head dropped back to the pillow. His

breathing was sharp and shallow and, for all his bluster, it was clear that the thought of another day spent struggling between their legs filled him with despair.

‘We have a surprise for you,’ said Delphi, taking hold of his cock and rubbing it smoothly.

Leesan raised his head a fraction, and his pale eyes narrowed. He followed Delphi’s gaze as she turned towards Lharra. Standing to one side, Anya caught the distressed look in his eyes and grinned broadly.

Addressing the younger woman in a quiet voice, she said: ‘You may remove your thong of modesty, Lharra – for today your cunt does battle with a man!’

Leesan’s eyes blazed as Lharra reached for the tiny butterfly bows that held her thong in place.

‘By the gods, no!’ he cried, as she tugged the thong free of her cunt, tossing it to the floor. Visibly distressed, he gazed with big, terrified eyes at her smooth, fleshy mound.

Addressing him coldly, Anya said: ‘No man has ever gazed upon her slit before. Hers is a young and mighty cunt ... and soon it will come for you!’

Leesan’s mouth tightened and he shook fitfully.

‘No, please,’ he muttered. ‘Not another pussy. I cannot take another pussy!’

‘Then tell us what you know,’ said Delphi. ‘And she will not unleash herself on you.’

Leesan’s face darkened and he fell silent again – torn between defiance and surrender. For her part, Lharra felt a cold knot form in the pit of her belly. She, too, was torn. On the one hand – nervous as she was – the thought of not having to sit on the young man’s face filled her with unexpected relief. But on the other, she had been relishing this moment for the past few days. To have it ripped away now sent a shiver of distress through her.

After what seemed an age, Leesan’s mouth twisted grimly. He took a deep breath and said, ‘I cannot tell you what you want to know. I will not!’

Lharra felt her heart leap in her breast and her hands trembled. Anya turned to her and said, ‘Are you ready to mount him? To unleash your woman’s hole on his face?’

Her flowery use of language was deliberate. Maids – the twins had told Lharra many times – mastered men not only with their flesh, but with their words, also. The threat of violence – and of what their pussies might do to a man – was not as potent as violence itself, but it prepared the ground for what was to follow. A man in fear was a man more easily tamed. After two days spent watching the twins at work, Lharra knew as well as they that it was vital to unsettle Leesan. And so, she advanced, head held high, and said, in a low, determined voice:

‘My pussy is ready. She will have no mercy on him...’

Anya smiled, reached out and took hold of Lharra's hand. 'Come forward, then, and take your place on his head.'

Lharra approached cautiously. The young man shook as she walked around the crown of the bench and positioned herself behind him. Secured as he was, it was impossible for Leesan to see her until she advanced a fraction closer. She stood motionless for almost half a minute, looking down at him. His breathing grew a little sharper, and his nostrils flared.

'By the gods!' he whimpered. 'What are you waiting for? If you're going to do it, do it!' He didn't want her to do it, of course. That was, Lharra knew, the very last thing he wished. But in teasing him with delay she hoped to break his spirit before she had even begun. She had seen the way the twins behaved; aware of what worked and what did not work.

Without a word, Delphi came forward, took hold of Leesan's cock and stroked him quickly. He arched his back, twisted and groaned feebly. He was suddenly torn – between the woman rubbing his cock, and the woman poised beyond sight at the back of his head, waiting to strike. When Anya joined in, her impossibly soft hands stroking his chest, and kneading his muscles, a tear broke from the corner of each eye and he let out a deep, mournful sob.

'Please don't do this to me,' he wept. 'Please...'

Lharra steeled herself, aware that her moment had come. Slowly, and with great care, she lowered her pussy onto Leesan's face. The plump, tender lips of her sex covered his eyes and closed around his nose. He could still breathe though his mouth, but that was all.

‘Oh, very nice,’ said Anya with feeling. ‘He cannot see a thing ... but has the smell of pussy on him. You have drawn your woman’s weapon – but not yet fully plunged it home!’ Then, with a grin, she raised one hand from Leesan’s chest and gestured lightly in the direction of his mouth. Her eyes met Lharra’s, who understood the other woman’s meaning at once. Anya’s smile broadened and she moved her hand a little closer. Exchanging a glance with Delphi, who simultaneously leaned forward and closed her lips around the bulb of Leesan’s cock – drawing a shrill squeal – Anya pressed her hand down hard, covering his mouth and holding on tight.

Immediately, Leesan’s body went into spasm. Secured as he was, he could barely move his arms or legs. Instead, he shook fiercely, squealing his despair into one woman’s cunt and into another’s palm. With her spare hand, Anya continued to stroke his chest; tender sweeps of her fingers which only teased him further. Pain he might have endured. Affection – or what passed for it – was a thousand times worse.

As Leesan shook beneath her, Lharra grew in confidence. The young man was clearly terrified. True, she had help – from Delphi and Anya – but it was, she knew, her pussy that he feared the most. His nose was snorting in her slit, her juices running into his nostrils, and from there into his mouth and down his throat. He was drowning in her womanhood! How she longed to reach down and play with herself. To bring herself to climax on him.

With a deep, trembling breath, she cleared her head. Leesan gasped as she tightened her hold. He shook so violently that she wondered how much more of this he could take. As if reading her thoughts, Anya whispered calmly, ‘Do not worry. I will tell you when he has had enough.’

Suitably encouraged, Lharra pressed down a little harder, and was rewarded by a

snort of despair as Leesan's nose twitched between her lips. His body gave a violent jerk, and his fingers twisted into talons, scratching at the empty air.

Judging the moment perfectly, Anya signalled he could take no more. Lharra rose and stepped back, her legs tottering. Leesan's body jack-knifed sharply. Had the straps that held him down not been of the thickest leather, Lharra felt sure he would have torn himself free. Hoarse, strangled groans broke from the depths of his stomach and, for several moments, she feared he was choking to death.

With a silent gesture, Anya summoned Lharra forward until they stood hip to hip. Trembling with excitement, she looked down at Leesan's damp, tormented face.

'Straddle his chest,' she instructed. 'It is time for you to take him properly to your cunt. He is weak and frightened now, and fears your woman's hole. Strike him at his lowest ebb! Show him no mercy!'

Lharra felt her tummy hollow as she swung a leg across the prisoner's body and settled herself on his chest. Leesan wept when she raised herself up and brought her damp vagina over his head.

Wordless groans stuttered from his mouth. There were, he knew, no words of pleading that would touch the young girl's heart ... and save him from her pussy.

Staring down, Lharra looked into his eyes and felt her excitement mount. He returned her gaze with one of utter horror. Finally, he found his voice: too little, too late.

‘Please,’ he muttered. ‘Have mercy on me...’

‘It is your time,’ said Lharra proudly, ignoring his feeble plea. ‘My pussy comes for you!’

With a deep breath, her tummy trembling, Lharra slid forward, fingers clawing through Leesan’s hair, dragging his face into her cunt as she settled herself on his head. She felt – and heard – him scream into the runnel of her sex, and let out a shriek of delight when he jerked his head and the tip of his nose struck her clit.

‘Hold fast!’ cried Anya, encouragingly. ‘You have him now. He cannot escape!’

Trapped between Lharra’s thighs, Leesan moaned and juddered. Each fearful cry cost him dearly, the breath in his lungs already almost gone.

‘Talk to your pussy!’ urged Delphi, easing her grip on Leesan’s cock, aware from the way it twitched how close he was to coming. ‘Tell her she can never be defeated!’

‘He is our man, pussy!’ cried Lharra. ‘We must show him no mercy! Let us ride him till he moves no more!’

‘Good girl!’ said Delphi, as she cupped Leesan’s balls in her hand and tickled his bloated stones. Pushing a finger into his arse, she felt him shake as another strangled groan broke from the back of his throat.

Anya continued to rub his chest, tender strokes that made his body heave.

‘You take him to the very edge!’ she cried, aware that Leesan was now long out of breath. ‘See how his body trembles! Your pussy is his mistress now!’

His head shaking between her thighs, Lharra felt Leesan’s distress. As his nose struck her clit, a ball of pleasure unravelled across her belly. Lharra screamed as she came, lurching forward, her grip abruptly broken. Leesan squealed like a stuck pig, snorting and sucking at the warm, fetid air around his face.

Exhausted with her efforts, Lharra was hardly aware of Anya lifting her gently from Leesan’s face. Her legs wobbled dangerously and, for one awful moment, she thought she would fall. Recovering herself quickly, she leaned on Anya for support, breathing deeply and shaking her head.

Through damp, exhausted eyes, she gazed at Leesan, still sucking air and sobbing like a child. If she were drained, hardly able to stand, she wondered, how much worse was it for him? Yet still he fought them!

As if reading her thoughts, Anya said, ‘Now you see how hard it is to break some men.’

Lharra wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, but said nothing.

‘This is why we must work together,’ explained Anya. ‘Three women with a

single cause: to weaken a man beyond the point of all resistance.'

'I understand,' said Lharra, her heart thumping so hard she felt a little sick. Then, looking up at Anya she said, her eyes wide, her little mouth trembling, 'Did I do well?'

Anya smiled. 'You did very well. Had your pussy not spent herself, and loosened her grip, she would have taken him into the darkness.'

Lharra looked shocked.

'You must have felt it, surely?' said Anya. 'The way he shook between your legs, his face imprisoned in your living cunt?' Pressing her hand to the bulge of her own, hairless vagina, she added, 'This is the power all women wield. No man can stand against our mighty weapon.'

Behind them, Leesan released another long, mournful wail. While Anya and Lharra had been talking, Delphi had continued to run her fingers up and down their prisoner's shaft, occasionally squeezing the stem to keep him from spending. His plaintive cry reminded Anya that they had work to do yet.

'We have many hours ahead of us,' she announced. 'I fear we will not break him today.' Then, looking across to her twin, she said, 'Your pussy must be keen for battle, sister. Let me take your place at his cock and pleasure him now.' Turning to Lharra, she said, 'I will teach you how to hold a man, and tame him with your fingers.'

Switching places, Delphi positioned herself over Leesan's face, reached down and stroked her long, fleshy lips. 'Another pussy comes for you,' she warned him. 'Prepare for suffocation...'

Leesan's eyes widened into huge pennies of terror, and the corners of his mouth turned down. 'Please,' he wept. 'In the name of all our gods have I not suffered enough?'

Delphi smile broadened. 'It is my pussy that does battle with you now. But know this well: if she cannot break you, then you will face my arse's hole. And those of my sisters, too,' she added, gesturing with her thumb to where Anya and Lharra had positioned themselves at his cock.

Leesan said nothing. He simply closed his eyes and groaned. Above him, Delphi smiled. Then, with practised ease, she slid forward and covered his nose with her cunt.

Behind her, Anya took hold of Leesan's cock and held it away from his belly. The shaft was warm, thick and shiny with sweat. Pearls of seed had oozed from the eye of his urethra and dribbled onto his glans.

'Have you ever seen a man's milk?' asked Anya casually.

Lharra shook her head. 'No,' she replied, pouting a little. 'I have heard it is white and creamy, with the taste of salted almonds.'

Anya smiled. 'All men are different, as is their jism. I cannot spill this man for you, but see here – these little drops of clear fluid on the bulb – this is the seed that leaks from a man's cock when he is aroused.'

Lharra leaned forward and examined the thin dribbles. She sniffed the air and said, 'It has a certain smell. Almost–' She giggled girlishly. 'Like mushrooms in a field.'

'Lick him,' said Anta. 'The taste is weak, but it will give you some idea.'

'Will he not come?' asked Lharra, frowning. 'When I touch him?'

Anya shook her head. 'Not if I hold him lightly. But it will heighten his torment which is a good thing.' Then, glancing at her twin, she cried, 'Delphi! How goes the battle?'

'He is almost gone!' her sister answered. 'I will release him in a moment – before the darkness claims him!'

With a quick nod, Anya beckoned Lharra forward. 'Lap at him now,' she said, 'before my sister dismounts.'

Lowering her face, Lharra extended her tongue and flicked at the man's bulbous glans. His cock jerked, and, out of the corner of her eye, she saw his bloated balls roll one against the other. A bubble of thin, clear liquid leaked from the eye of his urethra and, like a kitten greedy for cream, she flashed out her tongue and

snared the little bead.

‘Enough!’ cried Anya, as Delphi rose, and Lharra immediately withdrew.

‘Did you enjoy that?’ she inquired, as she watched the young girl lick her lips and swallow.

Lharra nodded. ‘It felt so wicked. And to know I caused him pain – only made it all the sweeter.’

Anya reached out and cupped the young girl’s shoulder. ‘This is how we differ from our foe,’ she reminded her. ‘A woman’s pussy is a mighty weapon – fashioned by Nature to conquer a man. But a man carries weakness between his legs. His cock seeks only pleasure, and – though he may resist us at first – in the end he must succumb.’

Addressing Delphi again, Anya said, ‘Has he recovered, sister?’

Her twin gave a brisk nod, and a squeal of torment rose from between her legs.

‘No more, please!’ cried Leesan. ‘I beg you! No more!’

‘Then tell us what we want to know!’ urged Delphi. ‘Or pussy comes for you again!’

Another long wail broke from the back of Leesan's throat and he wept like a child.

'I thought not!' giggled Delphi, sliding forward and covering his face for a second time.

Immediately his penis jerked in Anya's fist and she giggled, too. Turning to Lharra, she said, 'Take him into your mouth. As much as you are able. Suckle on him freely. As if you mean to drain him.'

Lharra's eyes widened. 'Surely he will spend himself?'

Anya shook her head. 'Have no fear, I will stem his flow.' She lowered her fist, withdrew for an instant, then closed two fingers tightly around the base of his cock. 'If I squeeze here, his seed cannot escape. He will suffer misery beyond measure.'

Her heart pounding faster than ever, Lharra lowered her head and took Leesan into her mouth. Her lips closed lightly over his glans, then around the shaft itself. A wicked thought struck her: she wondered how much of his cock she could take. It was long and thick, and she doubted she could swallow it all. But the challenge to devour him proved irresistible. Inch by inch she bore down, drawing him deep into her mouth and then, ever so carefully, into her throat, until, to her delight, she felt his curly hairs against her nose and knew that she had snared his entire length.

Unable to turn her head, she thrilled to the sound of muted squeals rising from between Delphi's legs. When Leesan's penis kicked inside her mouth she felt a surge of pleasure warm her belly. The man was in torment!

Anya tapped Lharra gently on the shoulder and she withdrew, reluctantly freeing his cock. Straightening up, she caught the twin's familiar grin, her fingers still locked to the base of Leesan's shaft. His cock was sopping wet, drenched in saliva and shaking strongly.

Lharra released a long, exhausted sigh and grinned herself.

'You suckled well,' said Anya. 'Had I not held him in check he would have emptied himself for sure. Even now,' she continued, 'see how he wriggles with need. My sister rides him without mercy – and yet he longs for the touch of your lips.'

At that moment, Delphi rose, having taken her victim as far as she dared, and allowed him a few moments' breath. Before he had fully recovered, she lowered herself quickly and took him to her cunt again. Anya laughed as Leesan's penis jumped against her fingers, and his body tightened.

'Come, Lharra,' she said, 'take hold of his shaft and pump him freely. I will grip him at the base again, so you may milk him without fear.'

Her tummy fluttering, Lharra advanced and closed her hand around Leesan's shaft. It thrilled her to feel the way it pulsed against her fingers. She knew by now that his need must be great, and it fuelled her excitement to realise the power she wielded over this man.

She pumped him on and off for more than an hour, as Delphi rose and fell over his face and Anya squeezed his balls and base, denying him release. When the sisters finally switched positions, Anya now straddling his head and Delphi moving to take charge of his cock, Lharra's hand ached with the effort of keeping him rigid.

'You have done well,' said Delphi. 'Now hold him with your fingers as Anya has shown you – while I milk his shaft and bring him more pain.'

And so began another lesson – one fraught, as Lharra quickly learned, with danger from the start. More than once, Delphi was forced to release Leesan's cock as he threatened to spend. Under the twin's instruction, Lharra altered her grip and the lesson began anew. By the end of a further hour, she had learned much and held him with new-found confidence.

When Anya finally dismounted and Delphi took her place again, Lharra's keenness had grown to a point where Anya happily stood back and watched as the young girl pumped with the one hand, while pinching the base with the other.

Though the work was exhausting, Lharra's eagerness knew no bounds. When her turn came to ride him again, she could scarcely mount him fast enough. 'Prepare yourself, man!' she cried joyfully. 'My little slit is coming for you!'

Reaching down, she parted her labia, exposing the puffy pink flesh of her cunt. The panels of her sex sparkled with dew, and her juices dribbled down her thighs. When he cried to her for mercy, she shook with such delight she almost came. And when she closed her lips around his nose and felt it nudge against her clit she bit her lip and squealed with pleasure.

‘You hold him well,’ said Anya, roaming from side to side, studying her carefully. ‘See the fear in his eyes! He knows he is yours! That your pussy holds him captive and will have no mercy on him!’

‘I wish it were my bottom on him,’ squealed Lharra without thinking. ‘I wish my little hole was in his mouth!’

‘Hear that, man!’ cried Anya, yanking his head back, and staring into his terrified eyes. ‘She wants to take you to her arse’s hole – and smother you as only a woman can!’

Leesan’s body jerked and he grunted into Lharra’s cunt. Dropping to her knees, Anya pressed her lips to his skin and said softly, ‘Would you like that, man? Would you like to lie inside her arse’s crack? And suckle on the Hole of Holes?’

He jerked again – so strongly now that Lharra was caught by surprise and almost turfed from his head. She wriggled back into place and tightened her grip, holding on to him more fiercely than ever. So hard, indeed, that within a few short seconds, his face turned red, then purple, and his eyes rolled in their sockets.

‘Dismount!’ cried Anya. ‘You are taking him into the darkness!’

‘No!’ cried Lharra, her mind reeling with excitement. ‘Pussy must have him! He is her man now!’

Delphi released Leesan's cock and came forward quickly, taking hold of Lharra's hips. At the same time. Anya seized her waist and pushed hard. The young girl clung on grimly, refusing to budge. 'No!' she cried. 'My pussy is his mistress now! She conquers him as only a pussy can!'

Anya raised her hand and struck Lharra hard across the face. She fell back, stunned, finally releasing her grip on Leesan's head. As Delphi pulled her away, Anya pressed her mouth to his and breathed deeply. His eyes had closed and he had gone perfectly still.

'She has smothered him!' cried Delphi, her face paling. 'Finished him off with her cunt!'

Anya ignored her twin, breathing hard and thumping at the young man's chest. Almost half a minute passed before Leesan gave a violent kick and his eyes flew open.

'He is safe!' sighed Anya, with a gasp of relief. 'By the gods, I thought we had lost him!'

Lharra shook her head, slowly coming to her senses. 'What have I done?' she muttered. 'I did not mean ... did not mean to hurt him so...'

An arm snaked around her shoulder and Delphi cuddled her gently. 'Do not distress yourself, Lharra,' she said consolingly. 'He has come to no harm.'

‘But my pussy,’ muttered Lharra, still struggling to make sense of things. ‘It was as if ... as if I had no power over her. It was she who controlled me! A madness gripped my mind!’

Delphi turned her by the shoulders and tilted her chin so that she looked her in the face. ‘Do not distress yourself,’ she said, attempting to comfort her. ‘Jhaleera told us this might happen.’

Lharra frowned. ‘She told you?’ She shook her head. ‘I do not understand.’

‘We do not understand, either,’ said Anya, coming forward and addressing her directly. ‘But your aunt told us that when this moment came it would take two of us to hold you back, and that even then we might fail.’

Lharra looked from one to the other, but, though she wanted to speak, words failed her.

‘We must take you to your aunt,’ said Delphi. ‘Those were her orders. We cannot explain why you did what you did, nor what it will mean to you now. But Jhaleera will...’

Six

An hour had passed and Lharra's spirits had plunged. A Dungeon Maid, she knew, must remain in control of herself at all times; working with her sisters to break any man given into their care. She had failed. Let everyone down ...

Leesan had knowledge it was vital they uncover for the common good. It was the Maids' job to break him with their pussies. Or if they could not, then to weaken him to the point where Jhaleera herself might finish the task with her bottom. Instead, Lharra had surrendered to a dark, primeval urge. Where it had come from, she had no idea. All she knew was that, while sitting on Leesan's face, a need had risen in her belly; an urge over which she had no control. She had wanted to finish him off. To hold him to her woman's hole and ride him till he moved no more!

Lharra shook her head slowly and her shoulders sagged. What if Jhaleera now deemed her unworthy for training? What if she were sent home in disgrace? She could not bear it! To bring shame to her family like this!

Anya and Delphi had led her from the dungeon and through myriad passageways until she lost all sense of where she was. Finally, they had come to a broad oak-panelled door that opened into a warm, well-appointed chamber. A fire blazed in the grate and thick velvet curtains, drawn to conceal the light, blanketed the windows. They seated her at a table, on a low wooden stool opposite a tall, gilded chair that dominated the room.

After that they had left her, closing the door behind them without another word. Left to her own, lonely thoughts, Lharra imagined the two girls sitting on Leesan's face; riding him with their pussies as they stroked his long, meaty cock. In her mind she saw him twist and turn and beg for mercy. How she longed to be riding him, too – not perched here, alone with her thoughts awaiting – what? – expulsion from Zendor? An ignominious return to her village?

When the door opened behind her, she almost jumped. With a huge effort, she remained where she was, head bowed, as Jhaleera came round and settled herself opposite. It seemed an age before the other woman spoke and, when she did, her voice was heavy.

‘Anya tells me you lost control,’ she began. ‘That they were forced to pull you from the prisoner’s face. That you tried to smother him with your pussy...’

Lharra raised her head and there were tears in her eyes. ‘Forgive me, aunt!’ she cried. ‘I do not know what came over me! I was excited! I could not help myself! I had held his cock in my hand, tasted his seed ... seen the look of terror in his eyes. He was so helpless. He could do nothing to stop me – and I ... I wanted to finish him off!’

Jhaleera leaned back in her chair and sighed. ‘Had you done so – all our work would have been in vain. Leesan has much to tell us. There is a plot against the queendom. A plot, I believe, that reaches into the highest corners of our realm. One that threatens not only the state – but our very way of life. Amazons themselves are in the greatest danger!’

Lharra’s head dropped and she wrestled her hands in her lap. She had never felt this wretched in her life. Looking up quickly, she said: ‘Please do not send me away, aunt! Please! I beg you!’

Jhaleera smiled and shook her head slowly. It was not the response Lharra had expected. ‘I am not going to send you away,’ she assured her. ‘What you did – what you tried to do to Leesan – yes, it might have ruined everything. But it was not wrong. You simply behaved as an Amazon of old.’

Lharra's face was a mask of incomprehension. 'I do not understand,' she murmured. 'Are we not all Amazons?'

Jhaleera's expression grew more serious. 'Amazon blood flows through every woman's veins – but a hundred years of peace has dimmed the fire in our souls. The urge to conquer is no longer as strong – even among those who hunt for sport, such as the women of your tribe.'

She paused. 'Your mother had the urge but chose to deny it. I once saw her mount a young man from our village. I was shocked, for such a thing was forbidden. Only those who roamed free could be hunted and sat upon.'

Jhaleera drifted for a moment, then her face darkened. 'She did not know I was watching. Thinking herself alone, she challenged him to combat, flesh to flesh. She said she meant him no harm, but I saw he was afraid. I do not think she meant to hurt him ... not at first. But the Amazon in her prevailed and she quickly had him on his back.'

'I remember how he laughed – but he was frightened, too. And then she struck – closing her legs around his head and holding tight. He had time to scream just the once before she took him to her cunt. I saw him raise his hands, as if to defend himself – but she held his wrists and kept his arms at bay. He could not shift her from his face!'

Jhaleera shook her head slowly. 'I remember how he trembled and kicked with his legs. But your mother held on tight. A madness had claimed her. She was not in her right mind. I watched from my hiding place – both thrilled and horrified at what I saw. I lost all track of time as she wore him down. Finally, he fell still.'

Your mother rose at once as if woken from a deep sleep. She shook the man's head and I heard him moan. She looked around as if fearful she might be seen. Then, she turned her back on the man, straddled his chest and opened up her arse. The last thing I saw were her mighty cheeks as they covered his face. Then I ran – and did not stop running till I was far away.

‘Soon afterwards, the Dungeon Mistress came for your mother. She declined to serve and I was chosen in her stead. We did not spoke of the matter – ever – but I never saw the man again.’

Lharra shook her head in disbelief. ‘She smothered him – with her arse’s hole?’

Jhaleera shrugged. ‘For all I know he fled in shame. Your mother may have made him suckle on her – to force him into silence for what she had done. Such a man could not show his face with pride again. But this I do know: she tasted the power of a true Amazon that day and it frightened her. She did not wish to wield such power in the dungeons: to break men – and worse, perhaps. She preferred to hunt for pleasure, not pain.’

‘When I sat on the prisoner,’ said Lharra in a soft voice, ‘a madness came over me, also. I wished to hold him to my woman’s hole – and smother him until he moved no more!’ She shuddered at the memory, then straightened her back and said, ‘Yet I feel no sorrow. Even now, my pussy tingles with need. I long to sit on him again – and break him with my bare flesh!’

Her aunt smiled broadly. ‘There is no shame in taking a man between your legs – and conquering him with your holes. It is a natural need – and in you it is stronger than most. I know – for I, too, felt it once, when I entered service in your mother’s stead.’

‘But what am I to do?’ asked Lharra uneasily. ‘If Anya and Delphi had not pulled me from Leesan’s face, I would have smothered him for certain!’

‘You have the strength of many,’ said Jhaleera. ‘Anya and Delphi are fine young Maids and serve me well. But you, my niece – the blood of a true Amazon runs in your veins. You will break those men whom other women cannot. When you come for them with your hole they will know they are doomed.’

‘But I cannot control myself!’ cried Lharra despairingly. ‘Even now something inside me is growing. I feel it – here!’ She cupped her hand around the bulge of her cunt. ‘In the depths of my pussy!’

‘Your power can be controlled,’ Jhaleera assured her. ‘It was Anya and Delphi’s task to draw the power from you – and this they have done. It is my task to show you how to shape and wield it to your own ends.’ She paused, then added, ‘If you remain willing.’

Lharra’s face flushed with excitement. She had feared the worst, but this – this was more than she could have hoped for. ‘I want nothing more than to serve in the dungeons,’ she replied earnestly.

Jhaleera smiled. ‘You will make a fine Dungeon Maid, Lharra. And, when your time comes, a mighty Mistress, too.’

Lharra lowered her eyes and blushed. A warm glow spread across her belly and, for one embarrassing moment, she thought she would come. Her legs were shut

tight and her clit throbbed strongly.

‘Bring yourself off.’

Lharra’s head shot up and her jaw dropped open. Her heart, already pounding rapidly, pounded faster still.

‘A Maid must have no limits,’ explained her aunt. ‘Pleasure is her right – and power over men her destiny.’ She paused. ‘And when her Mistress commands, she must obey without question.’

For an instant, a question seemed to form on Lharra’s lips, the merest hint of protest in her face. And then it passed. She opened her legs and pressed a hand to her mound. Fingers freed her clitoris from its protective hood and she rubbed herself vigorously.

‘Imagine you are sitting on a prisoner’s face,’ coaxed Jhaleera. ‘He wriggles between your legs and begs you for mercy...’

Lharra closed her eyes and conjured up a vision in her mind. On the stage of her imagination she felt the hands that clawed at her hips, and the legs that kicked up, striking her bare back. Her man was heaving frantically from side to side, strangled gasps of breath thudding against the hole of her cunt. She clung on fiercely, her fingers coiled in his hair, moving with him, allowing him no respite...

She came hard and fast, muted squeals of pleasure breaking from her throat as she wriggled on the chair. Her head came back and she mouthed crude obscenities at the ceiling. Jhaleera watched, quietly fascinated, as her niece emptied her pleasure onto the chair, before tumbling forward in a limp, exhausted heap of flesh.

When at last Lharra looked up, her eyes were shining. Slowly, her breathing returned to normal and her face relaxed. Still, she said nothing, waiting for Jhaleera's next command.

Her aunt smiled pleasantly. 'Good girl,' she muttered. 'I hope you feel better.'

Lharra nodded. 'I do, Mistress,' she answered, the thump of her heart still sounding in her ears.

Jhaleera stood up. 'Go to your room. Rest. Anya and Delphi will be with you shortly. Tomorrow you will come to me, and our work together will begin.'

Seven

It was another hour before Anya and Delphi returned to their quarters. Both they and Lharra were keen to hear each other's news. Aware that Lharra's was of the greater interest, the twins gave her a full account of their remaining time with Leesán so that, when Lharra's turn came, they could offer her their full, undivided attention.

'He was so frightened after you left,' Anya began, 'that we thought we would break him for sure.'

'He kept asking where you were,' said Delphi. 'And could not stop crying. He thought you must be out of sight, waiting to pounce. That you would finish him off with your pussy!'

'I truly believe,' said Anya, 'that if you had sat on his face once again – and shown him your arse's hole – he would have confessed all. I have seen that look before – on the faces of every man we have broken!'

'I hope we do not break him before you return,' added Delphi breathlessly. 'The final triumph should be yours!'

'Which it surely will be once Jhaleera has prepared you!' cried Anya, scarcely able to contain her excitement. 'And now you must tell us your news! Jhaleera means to train you, does she not?'

Lharra nodded briskly. As quickly as she was able to, she recounted the story of her mother and the village male, and what Jhaleera had told her. The twins listened in rapt awe, remaining silent until their young companion had finished.

Finally, exchanging a glance with her sister, Anya said, 'You are the most fortunate of women, Lharra. The blood of a true Amazon runs in your veins. There are few who now carry the mark. We are honoured to serve with you.'

Lharra blushed. 'I do not wish to be different,' she protested. 'I do not feel different. You have taught me so much. It is I who am honoured to serve with you!'

Delphi grinned, extended her arm and wrapped it around the youngster, pulling her close.

'Spoken like a true Amazon!' she announced, as Anya came forward and hugged Lharra in turn.

'Will you sit on us?' asked Delphi, as the three disentangled.

A look of utter astonishment transformed Lharra's features. 'Sit on you?' she repeated in a quiet, hesitant voice.

'So we may feel the power of your Amazon pussy,' explained Delphi. 'The mighty weapon with which you will strike down men.'

‘It would be our privilege,’ said Anya. ‘Do not deny us, please.’

‘But what if—’ Lharra began anxiously. ‘What if I lose control? What if I cling on tight and you cannot shift me from the saddle? I might smother you!’

Anya smiled. ‘Do not fear for us,’ she replied. ‘We are Amazons, too, remember. We can outlast any man if trapped between a woman’s legs. And we are strong. Your powers are not yet fully developed. Besides – you have more control than you think. When you sat on poor Leesan, your pussy took you by surprise. She will not catch you unawares again.’

‘If you are sure,’ said Lharra, though she remained doubtful.

‘I am,’ said Anya confidently. ‘Let us do it now – before we eat. I am hungry for food – but hungrier yet for the taste of your cunt.’

‘I will lie beneath you first,’ said Delphi. ‘There is rope by the bed. You must strap me down so I cannot wrestle with you. Anya will hold my legs.’

Lharra frowned as they walked through to the other room. ‘You are sure of this?’ she asked. ‘You wish to be tied down and rendered truly helpless?’

‘I do,’ said Delphi, with a bright, eager smile.

‘As do I in my turn,’ added Anya happily.

Lharra steadied herself with a deep breath. ‘Very well, then. How long am I to sit on you?’

The twins exchanged a meaningful glance. ‘We will each tell you when to rise,’ said Anya. ‘We wish to struggle as a man would struggle – knowing he is trapped between your legs – and that you will not dismount until the deed is done.’

Delphi lay on her back on the bed and Anya swiftly secured her arms to the posts either side. Positioning herself by her sister’s feet, she took a firm grip on her ankles and pinned them tightly together.

As Lharra settled herself across Delphi’s chest she caught the look of fear in the young woman’s eyes.

‘You are sure of this?’ she asked with genuine concern.

Delphi swallowed hard. ‘I am,’ she replied. ‘Do your worst, Amazon! Treat me as you would a man brought to you for breaking!’

‘Very well,’ said Lharra, her heart racing . ‘Prepare yourself. My pussy comes for you!’

Anya felt her sister’s legs tense as Lharra lowered herself slowly onto Delphi’s face, taking her nose and mouth between her long, fleshy lips. Comfortably

settled, Lharra pressed down hard, her fingers coiling through Delphi's long, auburn hair. Closing her thighs she felt a familiar warmth in her belly and her pussy pulsed. Delphi, she knew, was holding her breath, keeping as still as she possibly could, conserving her strength for the battle ahead.

A quiet minute passed, then two. Delphi began to twitch fitfully, her lungs at breaking point. Anya marvelled at her twin's self-control and doubted she would last as long when her time came to be smothered. When Delphi finally succumbed, her body gave a violent jerk and she groaned into Lharra's pussy.

Fierce thuds of breath struck Lharra's slit. Sharp, excited tremors filled her belly. She gritted her teeth and clung on hard, her big hips jerking from side to side, matching Delphi's frantic movements. Throwing back her head, Lharra shut her eyes and howled at the ceiling. A raw, primeval need engulfed her. It drove all thoughts of pity from her mind. The woman lurching violently between her legs was of no more consequence than a cockroach she might crush beneath her feet.

Delphi tugged fiercely on the ropes that bound her wrists and kicked inside Anya's big, powerful hands. Lharra held on tighter still as the terrified twin howled into her pussy.

'There is no escape for you!' cried Lharra, forcing her flesh into Delphi's mouth and juddering freely over her face.

Anya, for her part, clung on just as tightly, aware that her sister's resistance had peaked and she was suffering – surely! – the most dreadful torment. Her pussy tingled with pleasure at the thought of her sister struggling for breath, trapped between another woman's legs. How – she knew – she would struggle in her turn, when Delphi held her down and she fought for her life at Lharra's cunt.

Closing her legs, Anya pushed at her clit with her big, fleshy thighs. Delphi kicked once more – and Anya came, squealing with delight. Immediately, her grip on Delphi's feet slackened and her sister kicked herself free, twisting furiously.

As Anya's mind cleared, she realised, with shock, that Delphi's battle was almost over. Four minutes at least had passed since Lharra had taken the poor girl into her cunt. Throwing herself forward, Anya wrapped her arms around Lharra's waist and pulled hard.

'You are killing her!' she cried. 'Lharra! You are smothering my sister!'

Somewhere far away – in the black chasm into which she had fallen – Lharra heard Anya scream and jolted sharply. All at once, the mists lifted from her mind, As her muscles relaxed, Anya finally tugged her free. The instant she was clear of Delphi's face, the latter gave a violent snort as her lungs filled with air. Her body convulsed, kicked and jerked and she threw her head from side to side. Strong, animal-like squeals broke from the back of her throat and her eyes rolled in their sockets.

Anya came forward, hands clawing at the ropes around Delphi's wrists. Freeing her quickly, she hunched over her sister, visibly distressed. She grabbed Delphi's shoulders and shook hard. Her twin's face was bright red, and drenched in sweat. Lharra's juices ran down her chin. Her eyes lacked all awareness, as if the world were a strange confusion into which she had stumbled.

It was several minutes before her breathing returned to normal and with it her reasoning.

‘Anya...’ she whispered in a weak, fragile voice. ‘Do not do it. Do not let her sit on you. It is too much. Too much...’

‘Delphi is right,’ said Lharra. ‘I thought I could control it this time, but I could not. A darkness came over me again. Not as powerful as before. But a mighty, numbing hand nonetheless.’

Anya took a deep breath and straightened her back. ‘It is for that reason that I must let you sit on me. Jhaleera will train you well, and in time you will learn self-control. But you are learning even now. Sit on my face – as you sat on my sister’s – and you will be one step further along that road.’

Lharra’s face creased thoughtfully. ‘Very well,’ she said. ‘But we must wait till Delphi is fully recovered. If she is weak, she may not be able to pull me off – should the darkness embrace me again.’

‘It will not,’ said Anya with confidence. ‘You grow more powerful at every sitting. Not just at the cunt – but in your spirit, also.’ She smiled grimly. ‘Even so, I agree. It would not be wise for me to lie between your legs until my sister revives.’

It was almost half an hour before Delphi declared herself ready to assist in her sister’s smothering. Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, Anya lay on her back, stretched out her arms and allowed herself to be secured. The ropes well knotted, Delphi took up position at her sister’s feet and gripped her ankles firmly. Anya strained to kick her legs, but Delphi was the stronger of the two and she scarcely budged an inch.

‘You are trapped, sister,’ said Delphi in a quiet voice. ‘Now it is your turn to suffer.’

‘Show me no mercy,’ replied Anya softly. ‘However much I struggle. Let Lharra conquer me with her cunt.’

‘Fear not,’ Delphi reassured her. ‘I will not release you until I know the darkness comes ...’

Turning to address Lharra, Anya said, ‘Take me now. Take me as I have never been taken before!’

Lharra straddled her friend quickly, moving her cunt into position above the other’s head. Reaching down, she peeled her lips apart, exposing the pink, inner flesh of her vagina.

‘Prepare yourself,’ she whispered. ‘My woman’s hole is coming for you!’

Anya’s eyes flashed. A look of fear dulled her face, and then she was covered. Lharra dropped onto her head, snaring her nose and mouth and hugging her tightly between her legs.

Unlike her sister before her, Anya did not conserve her strength and breath. Delphi, she reasoned, had lain still for too long, the air in her lungs quickly spent when finally she fought to free herself. Anya chose to strike quickly, twisting her

head with such force it caught Lharra by surprise. Her victim snatched a quick breath, then another, before she dragged her back between her thighs.

‘The battle begins!’ cried Lharra, reaching down, tearing her fingers through Anya’s hair and holding on tightly. Anya’s head tossed from side to side and she kicked with her legs, testing Delphi’s grip. A pang of remorse washed over her twin as she bore down hard, denying Anya her freedom.

‘I am sorry, sister!’ she muttered. ‘Forgive me, I beg you, but I cannot let you go!’

‘Nor I!’ cried Lharra in turn. ‘My pussy has you now and she will never let you go!’

Even as she spoke, Lharra felt a familiar black cloud descend. All restraint, all concern, was promptly banished. Her pussy burned with raw, primeval need. All that mattered now was to conquer the head that lay between her thighs. Man, woman, or beast – it mattered not! She tightened her legs and held on fast, grinding her pussy deep into Anya’s mouth, aware of how close she was to spending.

‘I will come!’ she cried. ‘I will come in your mouth and drown you with my juices!’

Anya kicked, wriggled and threshed. Her breath was already spent – her nostrils blocked and her mouth filled with warm, dribbling flesh. The pain in her lungs was beyond imagining – a pain made worse by the sweet, scented musk that filled her nostrils and made her want to come herself.

Holding on to Anya's feet, Delphi knew, from the way her sister kicked, that she had quickly reached her breaking point. All her finer feelings – her love for her sister and more – screamed at her to relinquish her grip and urge Lharra to dismount. Yet she knew she must not. Not yet. Her sister was in pain, but she must suffer more – for her own sake as much as Lharra's.

Another kick; another muted squeal of torment. Delphi knew how her sister must be feeling now, trapped between Lharra's legs, terrified and choking on her bloated cunt. She had been there herself; had thought her time had come, that there would no release. Had felt her lungs burn and her head throb with pain beyond imagining. Every second had felt like ten, every ten like twenty. By the gods, how Anya must be suffering!

She had lost all track of time. It was difficult to concentrate. Too soon and Anya would know she had been spared. Too long and there might be no reviving her!

She felt her sister's strength begin to wane. Each thrust of her body seemed weaker than the one before. Finally, she gave one last, powerful kick, then juddered feebly. It was time! Delphi released her and cried out, 'Lharra! She has had enough!'

For a moment, the youngster appeared to relax – as if she had heard Delphi call. But then she closed her thighs tight, gave an animal-like grunt and hunched low over her victim.

'No!' she cried. 'She is mine!' I will never rise! Never!

Delphi felt her stomach hollow, and an icy finger stabbed at her heart. She threw herself forward, arms wrapped around Lharra's neck and tugged as hard as she could. Lharra's hands came up her throat and she gurgled. The moment she did, her thighs relaxed and Anya tore her head free, gasping at the warm, feral air that rose from Lharra's pussy.

Lharra fell back, and a long, mournful wail escaped her lips as she came to her senses. Delphi knew at once that the darkness had lifted and let go of her friend's neck.

Lharra tumbled forward, away from Anya's body, face down on the plump, feathery mattress. She sobbed freely, aware of nothing but a dreadful sense of despair.

Delphi was torn between hugging Lharra and freeing Anya. In the end, she chose Anya, untying her quickly and pulling her upright. Certain that her sister – though shattered – was breathing more freely again, she turned her attention to Lharra. The latter returned her gaze, distress etched across her face.

'I might have smothered your sister,' she said quietly. 'As I might have smothered you, too.'

'But you did not,' said Delphi. 'And even if you had, it would not have been your fault. We asked you to sit on us. We knew the risks we were taking. It was an honour to lie between your legs. You have a true warrior's cunt. It will conquer many men and break them in the service of our Queen.'

Lharra shook her head sadly. 'I thought I could control myself – this second time

around – but my pussy was too strong for me.’

‘Jhaleera will train you,’ Delphi assured her. ‘She, too, will have suffered as you have done, for you share the same blood and are Amazons together.’

‘I hope so,’ said Lharra sombrely. ‘If she cannot, then I can never be a Dungeon Maid.’

‘Fear not,’ said an unexpected voice, cutting through her misery. Anya came forward now, her face still red, but her eyes bright, and a broad smile on her lips. ‘You will be a Dungeon Maid, for certain – and more besides. Do not distress yourself. All will be well, I am sure of it.’

Lharra reached out and the two women hugged. Delphi waited till they broke apart, then she, too, came forward and embraced the young girl warmly. ‘Let us rest,’ she said. ‘It has been a long day. You will feel better in the morning.’

Settling themselves on the mattress, the women cuddled close and, though she doubted she would ever sleep, Lharra very quickly drifted off into peaceful oblivion.

Eight

The morning came soon enough. Lharra awoke, refreshed and bright, the torments of the previous night behind her. The three women washed, ate and readied themselves for the day ahead.

Entering the dungeon, Lharra was surprised to see Jhaleera seated on Leesan's head, gently rocking her pussy over his face. Muted moans floated up from between her legs, and they saw the young man's hands claw the air.

The women bowed instinctively. Without rising, Jhaleera said, 'The prisoner has been fed and washed. It seemed a pity, as I had him to myself, not to put my time to good use.' Grinning, she added, 'This one is a fighter. It may take many more days to break him.'

Delphi lifted her head. 'He has proved a worthy opponent, Mistress. But we weaken him little by little.'

Jhaleera's smile broadened. 'I am sure of it. Your holes will claim their victory in the end.' Addressing Lharra, she said, 'In the meantime, niece, I must take you from your friends. You and I have other work to do.'

Closing her eyes, she threw back her head and sighed. Between her legs, Leesan had begun to move more vigorously. 'It is good to feel him struggle,' she murmured. 'Another few seconds, I think and ...' her body gave a sweet, exquisite judder. 'Ah! Yes!' she cried, then bit her lip and groaned as a gentle ripple ran through her cunt. She jerked her hips several times, then moaned again.

She fell still for several seconds. Looking up at last, she said, 'Forgive me, Maids. I did not mean to spend myself on him.' With a broad grin, she added, 'He will give you much pleasure in the hours ahead. Enjoy him in any way you choose.'

Delphi and Anya bowed crisply, and Lharra, belatedly, did the same.

Aware of Leesan writhing breathlessly between her thighs, Jhaleera eased herself up, swung a leg over his chest and nimbly dismounted. He immediately released a moan of despair and began to sob.

Looking down at him, Jhaleera inquired gently, 'Will you not tell us what we need to know, man? Why suffer needlessly at the cunt?'

Leesan's face tightened. His distress was evident but so, too, was his pride. 'I will never submit!' he cried. 'Let your women do their worst!'

Jhaleera sighed. 'Oh, they will,' she assured him. 'And after you have told us all, I shall take you into my crack – and finish you off with my arse's hole!'

She watched, with grim satisfaction, as the colour drained from Leesan's face. His nostrils flared and he seemed, for an instant, to be on the point of further protest. Instead, he turned away and gazed miserably at the ceiling.

Addressing the twins one last time, Jhaleera said, 'He is yours. Do with him as you will...'

Back in Jhaleera's quarters, Lharra stood, head bowed, waiting for her aunt to speak.

'I trust you are feeling better?' inquired the Dungeon Mistress.

Taking the question as her cue to respond, Lharra raised her head.

'I am, Mistress,' she began, then hesitated, shuffling from one foot to the other. Finally, she said, 'But I have a confession to make.'

Jhaleera raised her eyebrows curiously. 'Indeed,' she murmured. 'And what might that be?'

Lharra shuffled some more. 'I sat on Delphi. And Anya, too...'

'And almost took them into the darkness,' said Jhaleera flatly, as if the revelation were neither of importance nor surprise.

Lharra nodded quickly. 'Yes, but how ...?'

Jhaleera raised a hand and waved away the remark. 'I would have expected nothing less. The twins are curious creatures. Once they had seen you unleash yourself, they would have been keen to savour the taste of a true Amazon's cunt. And you – with the blood of your forebears running in your veins – would have been unable to resist.'

'I almost smothered them!' muttered Lharra desperately. 'A black hand gripped my very soul. My pussy moved as if she had a life of her own!'

'I told you yesterday,' said Jhaleera. 'Yours is a special gift, passed down from mother to daughter. But it must be tamed – and only you can tame it. Which – with my help – you will.'

'Can it truly be done?' asked Lharra anxiously.

'Did I not pass through the same valley of despair?' replied Jhaleera, leaning back and releasing a long, weary sigh. 'I know your heart, Lharra – as well as I know my own.'

'Then teach me, Mistress,' implored Lharra. 'So I may use my cunt to break all men who lie between my legs.'

Jhaleera jumped up. Crossing to a door at the rear of the room she said, 'Follow me. Let us waste no more time.'

Beyond the room lay a short corridor, at the far end of which stood another door through which the two women passed. Blinking in the glare of hundreds of lit firebrands fixed into brackets along each wall, Lharra saw they were in a large chamber – a replica, it seemed, of the one in which the twins were, at this very moment, smothering poor Leesan.

This room, too, like the other, boasted several wooden benches, bolted into the floor. As her eyes adjusted to the gloom, she saw, lying on his back in the centre of the room, the body of a young man. He was hardly any height at all, with a thin frame, and a head of thick, unruly hair. He was naked, his penis limp against his belly.

‘This is Bantu,’ explained Jhaleera. ‘A boy from the village, brought to us for punishment.’

On hearing Jhaleera speak, the boy whimpered, but said nothing. ‘His crime was petty but base. Petty in that the sum was trifling. Base – because he stole from his own mother.’ Jhaleera sighed. ‘She could have had him whipped – fifty lashes at least – but compassion stayed her hand. Instead, and in return for a small reward, she gave him into my care for one week. A week in which I might teach him to mend his ways.’

The young lad whimpered again. His eyes looked bloodshot, and Lharra realised he had been crying. His nose ran and he sniffed loudly.

‘On hearing of his punishment,’ Jhaleera continued, ‘the poor lad begged for a flogging instead. He said he would happily take a hundred lashes.’ She paused, then added quietly. ‘Anything rather than spend time in the Dungeons.’

Turning to Lharra, she said, 'I want you to sit on him. To treat him as you would any other man it was your duty to break. Show him no mercy. Do you understand?'

Lharra nodded. Still, the young man remained silent, but his lower lip had begun to quiver. Lharra guessed he wanted to speak, but fear had rendered him mute.

'Do you need a moment to prepare yourself?' asked her aunt. 'Before you mount him?'

Lharra shook her head. 'I am ready,' she replied.

Jhaleera smiled. 'Then take him to your woman's cunt!'

Nimbly, Lharra swung a leg across the young man's chest and settled herself over his head. The moment she was in position, he found his voice. His first words – stumbling and shot through with fear – were no great surprise.

'Please don't sit on me,' he whimpered. 'I'm frightened.' Tears welled up. He closed his eyes and sobbed freely.

Lharra turned to Jhaleera, her eyes filled with doubt.

‘He is young,’ said Jhaleera. ‘Only eighteen summers like yourself. He has never been sat upon, and fears what you will do to him. That you will smother him between your legs...’

Lharra began to shake a little. Her breathing grew more rapid and her heart pounded in her ears.

‘Do you feel your pussy’s need?’ asked Jhaleera. ‘Does she itch to do battle with this man?’

Lharra nodded. ‘She does.’ A pause, then she added, ‘She longs to conquer him. To feed on his head...’

‘Then unleash her,’ said Jhaleera. ‘Let her have her way with him! Do not deny your woman’s hole her pleasure!’

Between Lharra’s legs, the young lad sobbed. Looking down at him, he seemed to her just then, so vulnerable ... so child-like. Eighteen summers he might be, but he was not a man – not yet.

‘I am sorry,’ she said, reaching down and stroking his forehead gently. ‘I do not wish to hurt you, Bantu – but my pussy has her needs. She cannot be denied...’

‘I don’t want to be sat on!’ he cried. ‘Please, Mistress! Don’t smother me! Don’t smother me!’

Addressing Lharra, Jhaleera said, 'Your concern does you proud. A Maid is never hard for hardness' sake. She does what she does because men must sometimes be broken. Truly, this boy does not deserve to be sat on – though sit on him you must. But you are right to be gentle, for he is both young and fearful. With that in mind – let your pussy smother him with kindness.'

Lharra took a deep breath. Her chest felt tight and she realised, to her surprise, that she was shaking.

'Do not be frightened,' she coaxed, brushing the youngster's forehead. 'Pussy will not harm you, I promise.'

'She will! She will!' cried the boy. 'You're going to smother me! I know you are!'

'Do it!' urged Jhaleera. 'Put the poor lad out of his misery! Take him to your woman's hole!'

Still stroking gently, Lharra closed her thighs around Bantu's neck, trapping his head. He shut his eyes, his face a mask of misery, and he wept without speaking. Pushing her reluctance to one side, Lharra slid her pussy forward. Clamping it across Bantu's nose and mouth, she held him to her fleshy slit.

Immediately, the young man's body stiffened. He kicked sharply and his head jolted against her cunt. Lharra felt his lips close tight, as if terrified she might try to push herself into his mouth. A battle raged inside her: a raw primeval urge to smother a man hard, in conflict with her more gentle side. A soft, caring woman with a frightened young boy wriggling between her legs. Punishment or mercy –

which was it to be? She felt confused: one moment pushing down with all her strength, the next retreating a little. Not enough to allow him breath, but sufficient to offer hope.

As the seconds passed and moved beyond the first minute, Bantu's little head jerked and Lharra felt him heave breathlessly.

'Describe his movements to me,' said Jhaleera. 'Forget your feelings. Tell me his.'

'He is frightened,' muttered Lharra. 'He tries to shift his little head but cannot.'

'You are holding him fast?'

'I am,' said Lharra, wriggling her buttocks and closing her thighs a fraction.

'It feels good, does it not? To know he cannot get away!'

Lharra nodded. Licking her hips, she threw back her head. 'It does!' she gasped. 'I feel his thuds of air against my flesh.'

'You want to smother him! To hold him to your cunt until he moves no more!'

Lharra gritted her teeth. Biting down on her lip she groaned and tossed her head freely.

‘Say it, Lharra! Give voice to your darkest need! You want to smother him! You want to smother him with pussy!’

‘I – I ... want ... want ...’

‘Do not fight it! Let pussy have her way! He is only a boy! Push into his mouth and finish him off!’

‘No! It is not ... not fair! He is so young! So frightened! I feel his tears against my hole!’

‘Do as you will!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘It is your choice now, not mine!’

A strangled roar escaped Lharra’s lips. She tightened her grip, aware of Bantu shifting desperately, weeping into her slit. She felt the thump of his feet against the wooden bench; heard the scratch of his nails as they tore at his own flesh. She could suffocate him so easily. If she held on just a little while longer. Just a few more seconds...

With a supreme effort, Lharra jerked herself back to reality. As her mind cleared, she felt her tummy hollow and she immediately rose. The moment she was clear of Bantu’s head, she heard him gasp for air. Terrified snorts that echoed around the walls of the chamber. Lharra tumbled back on to his chest, her own breathing

fast and laboured.

Looking up at Jhaleera, she said, in a distressed voice, 'I wanted to finish him off. To hold him to my pussy until ... until he breathed no more!'

Jhaleera smiled. 'And yet you did not. You controlled yourself. The boy was weak and could not fight you. Undeserving, too, of such a fate. You felt pity for him. Your pussy felt your pain and spared his life...'

Lharra's nose wrinkled. An uncomprehending look gave way to one of surprise. And from surprise to understanding. Though the boy still gasped and wriggled beneath her, she ignored him, her eyes fixed on her aunt's delighted face.

'Take him again,' urged Jhaleera. 'Hold him to your woman's hole and offer him no quarter. Feel your pussy's power ... and learn to control it!'

Lharra nodded. Looking down at the young man, she took another deep breath. 'Prepare yourself,' she whispered. 'Pussy is coming for you again – and this time she means to tame you!'

'I've done nothing!' wept the youngster. 'I don't deserve to be smothered! Have pity on me! I beg you!'

Ignoring his plea, Lharra reached down, folded her fingers through his hair and drew him towards the open slit of her sex. With a sharp tug she pulled his face against her cunt and bore down hard. Wriggling her hips, she squealed with

delight.

‘Imagine he is brought to us for questioning!’ prompted Jhaleera. ‘He has secrets vital to our queendom’s safety. Time is short, and only your pussy can save the day. Use her as only a woman can. Plunge her fleshy lips into his mouth. Unleash your juices into his throat. Allow him no air! Take him to the limit of his endurance – then take him further!’

Lharra bent her neck, raised her eyes towards the ceiling and groaned. Between her legs the young man moved furiously. She pressed down hard and felt him weaken. In a vain bid for breath, Bantu’s jaw dropped open. As his lips relaxed, Lharra drove her sex forward, filling his mouth with her plump, juddering flesh. Her clit was on fire, the pleasure in her belly all-consuming. Any second now and she would come: she would empty her excitement into the young man’s throat!

Quivering on the edge of release, she was only vaguely aware of Jhaleera squatting down beside her. Her aunt’s hand – cold as ice – rested lightly on her shoulder.

‘Do you feel your pussy’s power?’ she asked softly. ‘Does he tremble with fear in her grip?’

Driving her pleasure to one side, Lharra fought to clear her mind. ‘I do!’ she cried. ‘It is a beautiful thing: to know that I can do this to a man. To feel him squirm between my woman’s thighs. Pussy is so small – yet she can vanquish a fully grown man!’

‘You have an even smaller hole,’ Jhaleera whispered. ‘The mightiest weapon of all: the Eye of Doom herself!’ She paused, allowing her words to sink in, then added slyly, ‘Would you like to use her on this man? To take his head between your cheeks ... and smother him as men were meant to be smothered? At the arse!’

Lharra felt her tummy hollow with excitement. She was so close to coming now. She wanted nothing more than to spend herself in Bantu’s throat. The thought of riding him with her bottom, of plunging her little mouth home and feeling him tremble in her crack ... it was too much! A moment later she lost all control, roaring her pleasure at the ceiling as she came, unleashing her juices over Bantu’s head.

Between her thighs, the young man wept and wriggled. His body arched and shook horribly. As Lharra’s pleasure ebbed away and she relaxed her grip, he tore his face free, gulping air and sobbing freely. Instinctively, Lharra eased herself on to his chest, her heart thumping against her ribs.

Gazing at her niece, Jhaleera said, ‘It excited you, did it not – the thought of taking him into your crack?’

Looking up, Lharra nodded weakly. ‘I could not hold back,’ she confessed. ‘I saw myself riding him. Felt his nose against my little hole. Heard him beg for mercy as I smothered him...’

Jhaleera smiled. ‘Before we have finished here ... you shall have your heart’s desire. Your arse’s hole will be unleashed ... and you shall ride this man as he has never been ridden before!’

‘Nooooo!’ Bantu’s wretched wail rang around the warm, airless chamber.

‘Hush!’ cried Jhaleera clamping a powerful hand over his mouth, jamming his lips shut. ‘You have no say in what we do to you. Your mother gave you into my care. She knows the work we do here. It is with her blessing we do what we do. Resist – and you will suckle on my hole, also!’

Bantu heaved and a huge sob shook his body. Looking across to Lharra, Jhaleera said, ‘Mount him again, little one. Learn how to use your pussy on a man. To break his spirit with your woman’s hole.’

Releasing her grip, Jhaleera stepped back as Lharra advanced, sliding onto the young man’s face, and covering him with her cunt. She shivered lightly as the tip of his nose nudged between her lips, and she felt him gag. Instead of moving with him as he shifted, she stilled herself, enjoying the play of his mouth against her cunt as he wriggled. Even when his breath ran out and his head began to lurch, she held herself as quietly as possible, savouring every sweet, exquisite moment.

Her body sufficiently stilled, Lharra now sought to calm her mind, also: to focus on the battle being waged between her legs. Timing was all; she must take the young man to the edge, but no further. Not for him the comfort of oblivion. She closed her eyes and listened to her body. Listened to his, too. Felt his pain, his anguish and his terror. A jolt of movement struck her cunt and she rose from his face. A roar of sharp, heated breath struck the panels of her slit and she heard him moan.

Jhaleera slapped her warmly on the back. ‘You are learning!’ she cried. ‘You released him neither a moment too soon nor too late!’

Lharra's face broke into a wide, delighted grin. 'It was almost,' she gasped excitedly, 'almost as if...'

'Yes?' asked Jhaleera eagerly.

Lharra took a long breath. 'It was as if pussy herself knew when to rise,' she answered. 'As if it were she who commanded me, and not I who ruled over her.'

Jhaleera nodded. 'An Amazon knows her body best ... as her body knows her, too. Mind and pussy working as one to conquer man. Your progress is remarkable. I did not believe you would make such rapid strides.'

Looking down at Bantu, still sobbing freely, Jhaleera said, 'I know you do not wish to hurt this man. Like you, he is scarcely more than a child, and does not deserve to suffer between a woman's legs. But you must harden your heart, Lharra. You must ride him again – but this time take him into the darkness. A second or two longer than you would normally sit and you will conquer him.'

Bantu lurched sharply and let out a long, piercing scream. 'Please, no!' he cried. 'Not the darkness! Not the darkness!'

'Calm yourself,' urged Jhaleera. 'You will sleep like a babe. No harm will come to you.'

'She means to smother me!' he cried. 'She means to smother me with her pussy!'

Looking up at her niece, Jhaleera said, 'Do it quickly, Lharra. He is frightened and will fight you hard. Take him to your woman's hole, and smother him as you would an enemy in the field.'

Gazing into Bantu's tight, streaming eyes, Lharra took a deep breath and cried, 'Prepare yourself for battle, man! Pussy is coming for you – and she takes no prisoners!

Bantu turned his head away and wailed. 'No, no, no!' he cried. 'I don't want to be smothered! I don't want to be smothered!'

Lharra reached down, took hold of his head and dragged him round. Her strength surprised even her. Gripping him tightly, she slid forward, dropping her vagina over his nose and mouth, stifling a final heart-wrenching scream.

He lurched, groaned and gurgled, his body in spasm, his little hands tearing at the bench.

'Hold fast!' urged Jhaleera. 'He cannot shift you now. It is only a matter of time. Your pussy has him – and he knows it!'

Screwing her eyes shut, Lharra threw back her head and clung on fiercely. She grunted with effort, aware of the dreadful battle being fought between her thighs. Precious air thudded into her cunt as Bantu's breath gave out. Muted groans and squeals of pain struck her tender flesh, driving her close to climax.

‘Do not come!’ cried her aunt. ‘Hold yourself back until he sleeps! Then you may empty your pleasure into his mouth!’

A moment later, Bantu jerked strongly. Once, twice – three times in quick succession. A long, strangled groan – and he fell still. As his body surrendered, a powerful blow punched a wave of delight into Lharra’s belly as she came, flooding his mouth with her juices.

She tumbled forward, screamed, then wept as the eddies of pleasure swept through her body. She was hardly aware of Jhaleera lifting her from Bantu’s face, her juices still leaking from her cunt.

An hour had passed since Lharra had taken Bantu into the darkness. For most of that time, he slept like a baby. Gazing down at his peaceful face, Lharra found it hard to believe that, such a short time earlier, he had fought her so fiercely, his muted screams dragging her to the edge of orgasm, and then beyond.

‘It is remarkable, is it not,’ said her aunt, ‘that you wield such power between your young legs?’

‘I would not have believed it possible,’ replied Lharra. ‘To conquer a man in such a way. To feel ... to feel his fear. To know that if I willed it, I could smother him to death.’

‘The urge to suffocate ... to conquer without mercy ... this is the Amazon within. The warrior of old yearning to be free. It is this which gives you your power. Yet the power must be controlled if you are to use it for good.’

‘When I was sitting on his face,’ said Lharra frowning, ‘a part of me wanted ... wanted to smother him without mercy. To take him into the darkness forever.’

‘But you did not,’ replied her aunt. ‘You conquered him and then you came. You took your pleasure with him, and he lives. That was an act of compassion. You did not surrender to your urges.’

‘But I wanted to!’ said Lharra quickly. ‘A part of me, at least. For a moment ... I did not care if he lived or died. That was wrong of me.’

‘It was not wrong,’ countered the other woman. ‘Your nature is your nature and cannot be changed. But it can be controlled. And control it you did. You are the mistress of your pussy now, at least.’ She sighed. ‘But there is another hole you must tame. The Eye of Doom herself.’ Jhaleera hesitated. ‘She will not be as easy to master.’

A groan from the bench alerted them to Bantu’s recovery. Feebly, he shook his head, and opened his eyes. Several seconds passed before he became fully aware of his surroundings. When he did, the blood drained from his face and he tugged at his restraints.

‘In mercy’s name!’ he cried, his eyes alighting on Lharra, standing over him.

‘You took me into the darkness!’

‘Have no fear,’ said Jhaleera reassuringly. ‘You have come to no harm. My niece treated you with kindness. And will treat you with kindness again when the time comes.’

Bantu’s eyes narrowed into mournful slits. Stuttered sobs broke from his mouth. ‘I don’t want to be here,’ he sobbed. ‘I don’t want to be smothered. It’s not fair. Not fair...’ Further speech deserted him and he surrendered to his tears.

Turning to Lharra, her aunt said, ‘Though a woman may tame a man with her cunt or arse alone, he has other weaknesses – and these we can use to break his spirit.’

Reaching out, she took hold of Bantu’s cock. Her fingers slid smoothly along his spindly shaft, quickly coaxing it into life. He closed his eyes and moaned.

‘It does not matter how frightened a man is,’ said Jhaleera. ‘If you pleasure his cock he longs for nothing more than his release. This is a weapon we can use against him.’

Lharra moved closer, her face creased with interest. She marvelled at how quickly her aunt had brought the youngster to erection. Already his penis was long, stiff and thicker in the shaft.

Squeezing gently, Jhaleera coaxed a bead of semen from the eye of Bantu’s cock.

He tossed his head furiously and moaned.

‘See how he leaks with pleasure! This is every man’s weakness – his need to spend when a woman excites him!’

‘But men can resist, too,’ countered Lharra. ‘As Leesan in the dungeon does despite our every effort.’

Her aunt shrugged. ‘All men can be tamed,’ she replied. ‘They merely break at different times. Leesan will snap. If the twins have not broken him by the time we have finished here, you yourself will be the one to draw his secrets from him.’

‘Me?’ Lharra looked genuinely astonished. ‘Surely not?’

Jhaleera smiled. ‘Yes, you, young niece. No man will ever stand against your weapons. Your pussy and your arse’s hole will bring them all to their knees!’

Lharra looked doubtful.

‘Watch and learn,’ said Jhaleera, her fingers travelling the length of Bantu’s cock. The young man groaned again – a feeble gasp of despair. With the fingers of her other hand, Jhaleera teased the wrinkled skin at the base of his balls, the narrow space between his penis and his arsehole. The effect was electric. Bantu’s body stiffened and he let out a squeal.

‘You have hurt him,’ said Lharra, frowning.

Jhaleera grinned and shook her head. ‘Not at all. I have merely teased his tender place – here, between the little hole and his stones. ‘It gives him pleasure – but torment, also. Tickle him yourself – gently, as if you were stroking a baby’s cheek – and see how he bucks at your touch.’

Lharra reached forward and grazed his skin. Bantu squealed, and shook furiously.

‘Now moisten your finger and push on into his hole. As far as his passage will allow. Gently, though. Do not hurt him. Tease him with delay. Lodge deep and feel him throb around you.’

Lharra did as she was told, licking her finger before carefully sliding it home, pushing gently against his body’s natural resistance. For several seconds, his sphincter remained firmly closed, then suddenly, as if a gate had been opened within, her finger slid home, past the first bend, then the second until finally she was lodged up to her knuckle.

Bantu threw back his head and let out a long, fearful screech.

‘I am bugged!’ he wept. ‘In mercy’s name, I am bugged!’

Ignoring his pitiful moans, Jhaleera asked, ‘Do you feel him pulse around your finger?’

‘I do,’ said Lharra. ‘It is like a little heartbeat in his bottom.’

‘Push further on and you will touch his secret place. Stroke it gently and he will spill his seed. But not now,’ she cautioned. ‘We need to keep him at the edge of release. Aroused but not fulfilled. In this way we will weaken his resolve. Done with skill, he will be putty in your hands.’

‘There is so much I have to learn,’ said Lharra softly.

Jhaleera smiled. ‘Less than you believe. Remove your finger and I will show you how a man can be tamed. How we can use his needs against him – to break him as we would a beast in the field.’

As soon as Lharra had withdrawn her finger, Jhaleera closed her fist around Bantu’s shaft. Pumping gently, she teased the tender flesh above his anus with the fingers of her other hand. Then, extending one, she teased the cratered opening of his well and felt the muscle open to admit her.

Once again, Bantu’s body went into spasm. He arched his back and released a dreadful moan – a wail of muted pleasure and despair. A bead of semen dribbled from the eye of his cock.

Leaning in close, her bare breast warm against his skin, her thick, cork-like nipple digging into his chest, Jhaleera whispered, ‘Do you long to come, Bantu? Do you long to spill your seed in my hand?’

‘Oh, Mistress, please!’ he squealed. ‘Make me come! Make me come, please!’

Jhaleera leaned in closer still. ‘The man who comes,’ she muttered softly, ‘must surely suckle on my arse’s hole...’

Bantu threw his head from side to side, and squealed. Sweat stung his eyes, and his hands clawed at the bench. ‘No!’ he moaned. ‘Not the arse ... not the arse!’

‘I shall give you release,’ she whispered cruelly, continuing to tease his penis. ‘Such sweet relief. You shall come as you have never come before ...’

‘No, no, please!’ he wept. ‘Please, no! Have mercy on me, please!’

‘You must come...’ sighed Jhaleera. ‘Your cock must have its pleasure. Your seed must be spilled...’

‘Spill me! Spill me!’ he begged, arching his back and releasing another shrill moan. ‘Spill me! In the name of all that is holy! This is torture! Torture!’

‘Then say the words I long to hear,’ cooed Jhaleera wickedly. ‘Beg to suckle on my arse’s hole. Plead with me to sit on you! Tell me that you yearn for suffocation...’

The poor boy's head shook more violently than ever. The edges of his mouth dropped low and he wept like a child. 'It's not fair!' he cried. 'It's not fair!'

'Just say the words,' repeated Jhaleera. 'Beg me to smother you. Beg me to ride you as no woman has ridden you before. And in return, I will bring you to fruition. I will spill you, Bantu. I will spill you with my woman's hand...'

For an instant, his body tightened. Thwarted pleasure coursed through his penis, tearing at his belly. He juddered, wept, and thrust inside her loosened fist, relief denied him yet again.

Driven half-mad with lust, his spirit finally broken, Bantu let out a long, mournful wail and uttered, at last, the words she longed to hear.

'Sit on me, Mistress! Sit on my face and smother me! I beg you, Mistress! Smother me with your arse's hole!'

Jhaleera smiled. Glancing across at Lharra, she said, 'You see! Though he fears my little hole, he cannot help himself. He must have his relief. Nothing else matters to him now – not even life itself.' She let out a long breath. 'This is how we conquer men! This is how we bend them to our will!'

Releasing her grip on Bantu's cock, Jhaleera ushered her niece forward. 'Take hold of his manhood,' she instructed. 'I shall mount him as he has begged me to – and you will spill him at the moment of truth!'

Turning her back on the stricken lad, Jhaleera swung a broad thigh across his chest and settled herself over his head. Reaching back, she peeled her cheeks apart, revealing the thick, muscular knot of her anus.

‘Behold the Eye of Doom!’ she cried, addressing the youngster as he gazed up into her crack. ‘She comes for you, Bantu! Prepare for her embrace!’

Hoarse, wordless grunts rose from between her legs as the young man gasped for breath. His jaw dropped open and his tongue retreated into the back of his throat. He tried to speak – to cry out for help, for mercy ... anything. But his mouth was parchment dry and the words refused to come. Suddenly he began to shake, his body trembling from top to toe.

‘Quickly!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘Take hold of his shaft. He is frightened. You must give him pleasure before I make the kill!’

The blood drained from Lharra’s face. ‘You mean to smother him? With your woman’s arse?’

‘It is his time!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘He has begged for suffocation. I shall not deny him his request! Now – give him pleasure!’

Breaking free from her trance, Lharra reached forward and closed her long, powerful fingers around the stem of Bantu’s cock. She felt it stiffen and jerk inside her fist. Sliding her other hand beneath his balls, she cupped them in her palm. Bantu uttered a muted squeal of delight, followed by a long mournful groan as Jhaleera lowered herself a fraction, bringing her hole within striking distance of his face.

Sobbing quietly, Bantu muttered, 'Please, Mistress ... smother me quickly! I don't want it to hurt!'

Glancing down, past her shoulder, Jhaleera responded curtly, 'You do not command the Hole of Holes! She will take you as she sees fit!'

Another sob broke from Bantu's throat and he rolled his head from side to side.

Seeking to comfort him, Lharra squeezed his penis gently, jiggling his balls in the palm of her hand. Bantu immediately arched his back and let out a pleasurable moan. 'I want to come,' he wept. 'Please, Mistress Lharra ... have pity! Spill me, please ... I beg you!'

'Keep him on edge,' counselled Jhaleera. 'Take his cock to breaking point. So far, but not beyond. He must long for sweet suffocation. Only then will we have tamed his spirit.'

Lharra nodded. Though she understood her aunt's command, she doubted her ability to do as she had been asked. If she did not excite Bantu sufficiently, his mind might wander again – focusing not on pleasure, but on the dreadful knowledge that a woman's arse-hole was about to smother him. Arouse him too strongly, however, and he might empty himself too soon. And, if he did, then once again, no longer distracted with pleasure, he would know the terror of a man trapped inside a woman's crack.

'Good girl!' murmured Jhaleera encouragingly. 'Soft strokes! Hold him lightly.'

Caress his balls. Love him with your hands ...’

Between them, Bantu writhed with thwarted pleasure. Though Jhaleera’s anus hovered close, every fibre of him yearned to come.

Judging the moment to perfection, Jhaleera again cried out, ‘What is it you long for Bantu? Tell me! Let me hear you beg for suffocation! Beg me to take you into my bottom!’

‘Smother me, Mistress!’ he wept, wriggling beneath her like a landed fish. ‘Take me to your woman’s crack! Smother me with your hole!’

Above him – unseen – Jhaleera allowed herself a satisfied smile. Holding on to the big, oval pillows of her cheeks, she lowered herself slowly onto his face. ‘She comes for you, Bantu!’ she cried. ‘Prepare yourself! My little hole comes for you!’

A moment later, Jhaleera covered his head, taking his upturned face deep into her crack, moulding the most intimate part of her body to his nose and mouth, trapping him between her cheeks.

‘Not yet!’ she counselled Lharra, whose grip on Bantu’s cock had briefly tightened. ‘I must take him to the edge of darkness! Only then, when he fears for his very soul, must you release him. Let pleasure confuse his mind as his head does battle with my bottom!’

The struggle itself spanned several minutes. Though Bantu was small and frail, even by men's standards – hardly surprising given his youth – he fought Jhaleera gamely. Several times, he thrust with his cock, driving uselessly through the gap in Lharra's fist, his muted moans stifled in the prison of Jhaleera's crack. Watery jism leaked from the eye of his urethra, his penis soaked with sweat and come.

But gradually they wore him down. Two women with a single aim – the suffocation of a helpless young man. Bantu's body stilled, jerked, then stilled again. He grunted mutely into Jhaleera's crack, his mouth around the bulb of her cunt, his nose lodged deep in her anus.

'It is his time!' cried Jhaleera. 'Bring him to fruition, Lharra! Let him spend as he has never spent before!'

At once, Lharra tightened her hold on Bantu's cock and pumped him quickly. Cradling his balls in the palm of her hand, she felt them roll as they unleashed their store of seed. Driving down hard, she stilled her fist at the base of his cock, and felt the volley of semen that shot from his balls and into the shaft.

A moment later, wave upon wave of hot liquid seed burst from his shaft, arcing into the air, splattering his belly and Lharra's bare breasts. At the same time, he gave one last almighty lurch inside Jhaleera's bottom, wriggled feverishly, arched his back and then collapsed, his body finally still.

Though his balls were now empty, Bantu's cock continued to jerk, thrusting between Lharra's fingers with a life of its own, separate now from the rest of him.

Jhaleera dismounted, leaned in close and felt for the pulse in Bantu's neck. She smiled grimly. 'The boy still lives,' she muttered.

'But I thought ...' began Lharra as her aunt turned to face her.

Jhaleera shook her head. 'It was never my intention to finish him off,' she explained. 'But it was vital he thought I would. And you, too. Neither of you would have behaved as you did, had you not thought me serious.'

'I am glad,' murmured Lharra. She continued to stroke Bantu's cock, though his balls had long run dry. 'He is so young. He did not deserve suffocation.'

'Few men do,' said Jhaleera sombrely. 'You may release him now.'

As Lharra withdrew, a curious look creased her aunt's face. 'What did it feel like?' she inquired. 'When he came? When you spilled him with your hand?'

'I felt a strange ... power,' answered Lharra quietly. 'As if he were mine to command. Mine to control.'

'You did control him,' Jhaleera reminded her. 'Had you not confused his mind with pleasure, his terror – when my bottom attacked – would have overwhelmed him.'

Gesturing towards the squiggles of seed that criss-crossed Lharra's bosom,

Jhaleera said, 'Taste his man-milk.'

Lharra ran her hand across a breast, scooping semen onto her fingers. She extended her tongue gingerly and licked at the thick, white jism. The taste was not unpleasant: warm and creamy, imbued with a salty-sweet hue. She quickly cleaned the rest of her bosom and sucked her fingers until they were dry.

Looking down at Bantu, Jhaleera said, 'Come sit on him while he sleeps. Rub your arse's hole on his face; across his nose and his mouth. See what it feels like.'

Lharra's mouth gaped. She felt something catch in the back of her throat and her tummy hollowed. 'I may use my bottom on him?' she asked stupidly.

'He will sleep for at least an hour,' said Jhaleera. 'He will not struggle. As long as you are gentle with him he will come to no harm.'

Stepping forward, Lharra gazed down at Bantu's restful face. 'He looks so peaceful,' she remarked. 'It is hard to believe he was ever fearful.'

'Many men bear the mark of contentment after suffocation,' explained Jhaleera. 'Though they fear the arse's hole, yet it brings them comfort, also.' She shrugged. 'I cannot explain it, but I have seen this look many times – even on the faces of men I have finished off.'

'I am nervous,' said Lharra. 'I have never used my bottom on a man before.'

Jhaleera grinned. 'Until a few days ago,' she reminded her niece, 'you had never used your pussy, either. Fear not. An Amazon's blood runs in your veins – you will know what to do.'

Taking a deep breath, Lharra walked round to behind the young man's head. Stepping forward, she passed her thighs either side, manoeuvring her bottom over his face. Steadying herself, she reached back, took hold of her cheeks and raised them high, opening up her arse. Warm air tickled her crack, and she realised at once that the cause was Bantu, slumbering peacefully beneath her. It was as well, she reflected, that he did not know she was about to sit on him. Shorn of all excitement, he would doubtless have turned his head away and screamed on seeing her little hole preparing to attack.

'Pretend he is a prisoner,' urged Jhaleera. 'One who must be broken. Speak to him as you would to such a man. Tell him what you mean to do.'

Lharra straightened her back. She felt a touch self-conscious, addressing a sleeping man, as if he could hear her every word. But she was a Dungeon Maid, and must do as her Mistress commanded. The Dungeons of Zendor were no place for modesty.

'Tell me what I need to know!' she cried, addressing the unconscious Bantu. 'Speak now and I may spare your life. Refuse – and you shall know the power of my arse's hole!'

She allowed a few seconds to pass – heart racing, hands trembling against his chest where she had rested them to steady herself.

‘Very well!’ she cried at last, flinging herself into her role. ‘If you will not speak – then prepare for suffocation!’

‘Close your eyes and hear him weep!’ urged Jhaleera, breaking into Lharra’s thoughts. ‘He begs you for mercy! Cries to you to spare him! Not to smother him with your bottom!’

‘Then tell me what I need to know!’ cried Lharra. ‘If you speak, I may spare your life!’

‘I know nothing!’ answered Jhaleera, taking on the role of victim, her voice crackling with fear. ‘You must believe me! You have the wrong man! You cannot smother me! It is not fair!’

‘You are here, that is all that matters!’ responded Lharra. ‘You lie between my woman’s cheeks, and must answer all my questions. If not – then nothing can save you from the Hole of Holes!’

‘I tell you again, I know nothing!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘For pity’s sake – spare my life!’

‘If that is your final reply,’ said Lharra coldly, clutching at her buttocks, her anus pulsing, ‘then your fate is sealed! I shall take you into my arse’s crack – and smother you with my bottom!’

‘No, please!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘Again, I beg you – spare my life! By all that is holy – spare me!’

Ignoring Jhaleera’s protest, Lharra lowered her arse, until her anus grazed Bantu’s nose. Then, with a cry of triumph, she pressed her little hole against his nostrils, cutting off his air, filling his nose with her scent. Wriggling gently, she felt for his lips, guiding her pussy home, until she had lodged the bulb of her sex inside his mouth.

Though he continued to sleep, Lharra felt Bantu’s head shudder between her cheeks. What would it feel like, she wondered, if he were awake? If he knew she were pressing down on him ...?

A ball of excitement unravelled in her tummy. It surprised her how quickly she had become aroused.

‘Fight your pleasure,’ whispered Jhaleera, alert to Lharra’s excitement. ‘It is natural to spend – when sitting on a man’s face. But you must resist – until the moment of truth itself. Then you may unleash yourself – as you unleash him also. Then both rider and the ridden shall plunge into the abyss together.’

Lharra grimaced, bit down on her lip and snarled like a beast. Her breath emerged in short, sharp grunts as she fought to retain control. Her mind was swimming, and her body tingled with delight. The animal within had come to the fore: her natural needs and lusts controlled her now. She had one wish, and one wish only: to bear down on the man’s head with all her strength. To hold him fast between her cheeks. To smother him with her holes. To spill her juices in his mouth, even as she took him into the darkness...

With a huge effort, she drove her pleasure to one side. Drawing a deep, invigorating breath, she lengthened her back and stilled her mind. She was an Amazon, using her body to tame and subdue! Not for pleasure – but for the good of others. This was her duty now – this her sacred role. She was a woman, true, with a woman's needs. But more than that – she was a Dungeon Maid!

Quietenning herself by degrees, Lharra brought her full weight to bear on Bantu's nose. Her cunt filled his mouth – but it was her little hole that would take him into eternity. Her little hole that would conquer and destroy him. She knew that now with all her heart, and felt suddenly happy.

She lost count of the seconds after that, enjoying the play of his nose inside her anus, and the throb of her sex in his mouth. A voice in her ear, quiet but insistent, broke into her trance.

'Bring yourself off!' whispered Jhaleera. 'As if it were his time – and this his final suffocation!'

Lharra needed no encouragement. Easing her pussy back a fraction, she scythed her clit across his hard upper lip. Her anus twitched around his nose and her pussy opened as she came, flooding his mouth with her juices. As pleasure ripped through her belly, she threw back her head and screamed at the ceiling.

'Release him!' cried Jhaleera as her orgasm began to subside. 'He is not to be smothered. Not today at any rate ...'

Lharra rose quickly, her mind suddenly clear. It surprised her that excitement could fade so swiftly.

Jhaleera smiled. 'You are learning the ways of an Amazon,' she said with approval. 'And more swiftly than I had expected.'

Sliding back, away from Bantu's head, Lharra gazed down at the young man's senseless face. 'It is still so hard to believe,' she muttered. 'Even after what I have seen ... what I have done ...' She looked back at her aunt. 'So hard to believe that I could smother a man ... with my little hole ...'

'You are a woman,' said Jhaleera calmly. 'And an Amazon, also. Do not be surprised. You wield Nature's weapons when you sit upon a man. Learn well ... and none will ever thwart you!'

She reached forward and lightly stroked the side of Bantu's face. 'So young,' she whispered. 'And innocent of the world's ways.' She looked up at her niece and smiled. 'As are you, yourself.' Pausing, she added, melancholically, 'Such a pity this time must end.'

Summoning Lharra forward, she said, 'Sit on his face again. But lightly. Not as if you meant to smother him. I wish to show you something of the power you wield between your buttocks.'

Lharra advanced uncertainly, a frown on her face.

'Rest your arse's hole against his lips,' said Jhaleera. 'Gently, as if bestowing a tender kiss. Do not push down.'

Cautiously, Lharra slid forward, legs either side of Bantu's head. Having positioned herself over his face, she lowered her hips until the upturned crater of her anus grazed the young man's mouth.

'Do you feel his lips against your hole?'

Lharra nodded. 'I do,' she replied. 'He moves a little. His breath warms the well.'

'Remain absolutely still,' cautioned her aunt. 'You do not need to come to him ... he will come to you.'

Lharra's frown deepened. 'Turning her head a fraction, she said, 'I do not understand. He will come to me?'

Jhaleera pressed a finger to her lips. 'Patience,' she whispered. 'You will not have long to wait.'

The words were barely out of her aunt's mouth before Lharra released a surprised squeal. Her mouth dropped open.

'He kissed me!' she cried. 'He kissed my little hole!'

Her aunt grinned broadly. 'He cannot help himself. Though he sleeps soundly, and will not wake for some time ... yet his body pays you homage.'

Another trill of delight escaped Lharra's lips. 'He suckles!' she gasped. 'He suckles on my arse's mouth!'

'As all men were born to suckle,' said Jhaleera calmly. 'Reach down and take your pleasure now. While he honours your secret place.'

Pressing two fingers to her clit, Lharra rubbed gently. It had been only a few minutes since her last release and she doubted she could bring herself to fruition quickly. But to her surprise, a knot of pleasure was already growing in her belly. Gentle strokes gave way to a faster rhythm and, a moment later, she bit down hard as her climax struck, tearing a delicious path through her cunt and up into her tummy.

'I came!' she cried. 'I came with my hole in his mouth!'

Jhaleera smiled. 'As you will come again,' she assured her niece. 'In the mouths of men who are not so willing. Men who will battle to be free ... men you will take without mercy!'

Returning to her room that night, Lharra could scarcely contain herself. The twins sat, enthralled, as she told them about Bantu. How he had begged for

suffocation – and how she had sat on his sleeping face. How she had spent herself in his mouth – and spilled his seed, too.

‘And did you taste it?’ asked Anya eagerly.

Lharra nodded. ‘It had a delicate flavour. Like honey tinged with salt. But creamy, also!’

Delphi broke in, her emerald eyes bright and gleaming. ‘The more you excite a man – the greater, too, his fear of suffocation – the sweeter his seed. This is the way with men. The seed of those men taken to the very edge – and often beyond – tastes like nectar from the rivers of heaven itself!’

‘He must have been so fearful!’ cried Anya. ‘When he thought he was for suffocation. That your aunt meant to take him into her crack – and smother him with her little hole!’

Lharra furrowed her brow. ‘That was what surprised me. I had seen the look of terror in his eyes more than once. In his voice, too – the way he begged us for mercy. Yet when it seemed his time had come – it was he who begged for suffocation! He pleaded with my aunt to smother him with her bottom!’

The twins shared a mutual smile of acknowledgment. ‘For a man to beg you for suffocation,’ said Anya, ‘you must have aroused him beyond measure!’

‘It was not all my own work,’ confessed Lharra. ‘My aunt had brought him to the

very edge. It was she who made him plead. But when she took her place above his head, it was I who milked him – I who drained him when my aunt took him into the darkness.’

‘And then she let you sit on him?’ said Delphi. ‘What did it feel like – to use your arse’s hole on a man?’

Lharra pursed her mouth and looked suddenly thoughtful, as if searching for the right words. ‘It is hard to say,’ she confessed at last. ‘I was excited, of course. And nervous, too. Yet he was asleep. He could not stop me. Nor fight for his life had I chosen to finish him off.’ She paused, then admitted, ‘I wanted him to struggle. I wanted to feel his little head twist between my cheeks. Knowing he could not escape. That I held him in my woman’s crack – and would never let him go!’

‘It is hard to describe the feeling,’ acknowledged Anya. ‘To hold a man between your cheeks. To do battle with him – as only a woman can.’

‘Do not worry,’ said Delphi, placing a comforting hand on their friend’s shoulder. ‘Your time will come soon enough. Who knows – perhaps our Mistress will unleash you on the man we torture! He is close to breaking point, I am sure – though still resists us.’

‘How I wish it with all my heart,’ said Lharra. She released a long, weary sigh. ‘Then I would know I was a true Dungeon Maid!’

‘Then we must hope Jhaleera trains you well,’ said Delphi, her face breaking into a broad smile. ‘So you may sit on Leeson’s head ... and break him with your

arse's hole!

Nine

For Lharra, her second day of training could not start soon enough.

Overnight, Bantu had been allowed to rest. When Lharra entered the dungeon, she saw Jhaleera already at the young man's side, one hand around his stiffened shaft, the other cradling his balls. He moaned feebly, and tossed his head from side to side.

Releasing Bantu's cock, Jhaleera came forward, hugging her niece warmly. The young man's eyes followed her, his gaze fixed on Jhaleera's huge bare buttocks, his mind torn between terror and lust.

Pulling away, Jhaleera announced, 'We shall begin the day with more arousal.'

Looking down at Bantu, she said, matter-of-factly, 'I have told him that before this day is over ... you will take him into your crack. That you will smother him with your arse's hole!'

Lharra let out a little gasp. She had not expected this. Not so soon, at any rate. A trill of excitement softened her belly.

'Please, no!' whimpered Bantu. 'My mother would not want this! For me to lie inside a woman's cheeks! To suckle on her little hole!'

'What your mother wishes for is of no consequence!' retorted Jhaleera. 'She gave you into our care. To do with as we will!'

‘I am frightened, Mistress!’ he cried, weeping freely. ‘I am frightened!’

‘You are right to be frightened,’ said Jhaleera cruelly. ‘For my niece means to sit on your face ... and smother you with her bottom!’

Bantu turned his face towards the ceiling and squealed like a wounded beast. ‘It’s not fair!’ he cried. ‘Help me, someone! Help me!’

Ignoring his pitiful cries, Jhaleera addressed Lharra directly. ‘Take his cock in your hand, and pump till he is stiff. Cradle his balls, too. Excite him, but do not give him his release. You must learn to tease him till he weeps. To draw his seed from him a drop at a time. If you can learn this skill, you are well on your way to breaking any man.’

With some trepidation, Lharra set about her work. For the next three hours she tormented Bantu cruelly. Every few minutes, she would draw a bead of semen from the eye of his urethra. On each occasion it seemed certain he must come, as he thrust his cock through her fingers, seeking the friction that would bring him relief. But each time she relaxed her hold, or clutched the base of his cock and stemmed the gush of seed from his balls.

In the aftermath of thwarted orgasm, Lharra would cuddle his stones, roll them in her palm, and tickle the sacs until he cried like a baby.

When her hands grew tired, she would take her rest. Then Jhaleera would take her place, keeping the poor man on edge till Lharra was ready to resume her

duties. Having leaked semen for several hours, pleasure eventually turned to pain, and his tears of frustration became tears of agony.

‘You have a tender heart,’ said Jhaleera, aware of Lharra’s concern. ‘But remember, you are a Dungeon Maid now. Compassion is a virtue in a Maid, but so is ruthlessness. The two are of value, but you cannot afford to show pity for a man. Even an innocent like Bantu.’

‘It is not easy,’ confessed Lharra. ‘If he were a traitor, and brought to us for punishment, I would torture him happily. But he is such a simple boy. It pains me to treat him so.’

‘Not all men brought to us deserve their fate,’ said Jhaleera quietly.

Lharra’s look of surprise drew a weary shrug from her aunt. ‘Surely,’ she responded, ‘only guilty men are sent to the dungeons?’

‘In an ideal world, only those who deserve punishment would be given into our care. But sometime ...’ Jhaleera hesitated and her face darkened. ‘Sometimes when I have taken a man between my legs ... I have known he has nothing to hide. No secrets for me to extract...’

‘I don’t understand,’ said Lharra. ‘If he is innocent, why punish him?’

Jhaleera sighed and a look of sadness dulled her eyes. ‘It is not our place to judge ... only to obey. If they say a man is guilty ... or has secrets we must steal

... we must take him to our women's holes and smother him. It is not our place to say what he does or does not deserve.'

'It seems cruel ... to torment a man when he has done no wrong,' objected Lharra quietly.

Jhaleera shrugged her shoulders. 'This is why a Maid must be ruthless. Even when she knows ... she must sit on an innocent man. Even one who has been sent to her for execution ... one she must take into her arse's crack and smother with her little hole!'

Lharra's jaw dropped open and the colour fled her cheeks. 'I do not know,' she muttered softly, 'if I could do such a thing. To take such a man between my legs ... and finish him off!'

'A time will come,' said Jhaleera flatly, 'when you will have to decide. It comes to us all. But remember this: though it is a sad time, it is a joyful one, too. For though the man is doomed, you can ensure you end his life with kindness and compassion. That is your bottom's gift to him.'

Lharra frowned. Glancing at Bantu, she said quietly, 'So if I treat this man with kindness – though I take him to my arse's hole – I will learn to treat all men with compassion when their time comes?'

'Yes,' said Jhaleera. 'And in doing so, you will become a better woman. For you do what you do with goodness in your heart, not evil.'

Reaching out, Lharra took hold of Bantu's cock and stroked it gently. A fresh drop of seed broke from his glans and dribbled down the shaft.

'Then I will do what must be done,' said Lharra, with conviction. 'For I wish to master men – and serve you in these dungeons.'

'Then let us continue,' said Jhaleera. Turning back to the matter in hand, she explained, 'Your aim must be to empty Bantu – but not by giving pleasure. To drain a man by hand is easy work – even for a girl. But to empty him by degrees – one drop at a time – so that his very soul begs for release – in this way you will break even the stoutest of men.'

And so the lesson continued. Hour after hour, Lharra drained Bantu of his seed until, at last, he could take no more and howled for an end to his torture.

'Tell him you will end his pain if he will suckle on your arse's hole,' said Jhaleera. 'As he did on mine yesterday. You will not sit on him against his will – he is to worship you willingly.'

Looking down at Bantu, who – weeping loudly – had heard nothing of their conversation, Lharra said, 'Bantu, you are in pain. This pain can continue. Throughout the night and into the morning – for if you fight me I can offer you no mercy.' She paused, to allow the grim meaning of her words to sink in. 'But I offer you a bargain. I will desist – if you kiss me on my arse's hole.'

His face distorted with pain, and – his voice a faded crackle of despair – Bantu turned to her and cried, 'Please, Mistress, no ... not your bottom! Do not shame me with your little hole!'

‘The choice is yours,’ said Lharra quietly, drawing a fresh, agonising dribble of semen from the eye of his urethra. Bantu threw back his head and howled again.

‘Oh, mother!’ he cried. ‘What have you done to me? What have you done to me?’

As yet another almond of seed leaked from his cock, Bantu’s spirit broke.

‘You will give me relief?’ he muttered. ‘If I do as you ask?’

‘I will,’ said Lharra. ‘You have my word.’

Bantu’s face creased with pain. ‘Then I will kiss you,’ he muttered slowly.. ‘I will kiss you on your arse’s hole ...’

‘And suckle, too,’ she insisted cruelly, ‘as if you were a baby at the teat. Kiss reverently and with love. Do not hold back. My hole longs for worship – for a man to pay her homage.’

Bantu hurled his head from side to side, and a huge sob shook his body. Lharra felt a spear of pain in her heart. She had no wish to abuse him like this. If only there had been another way. If only she could have let him go...

‘I will pay you homage!’ howled Bantu. ‘I will worship where no man was meant to worship! But for pity’s sake – do not hurt me any more!’

Releasing his cock, Lharra stepped over his head, reached back and opened up her arse. The words she spoke were not rehearsed. They flowed with little effort on her part, as if fashioned in some other time ... waiting until now to be spoken. The Amazon within – for so long denied – was fighting its way to the surface. A part of her that could no longer be denied. Would no longer be denied...

‘Suckle on my arse’s hole!’ she cried. ‘Suckle as you have never suckled before!’

Lowering herself onto his face she swooned with pleasure as Bantu’s mouth closed around her anus, his lips drawing on her dark, wrinkled flesh. A moment later, she released a squeal of delight as his tongue pushed up into the well. His cock bobbed fitfully, still erect and leaking fluid. She had imagined that shame – even disgust – would have dampened Bantu’s erection. But, if anything, his cock seemed to have grown even harder.

‘Though men fear the arse’s hole,’ said Jhaleera at her side, ‘their bodies betray them. This is your weapon – use it well.’

Lharra returned her aunt’s grim smile, wriggling over Bantu’s head as his tongue pushed in and out. She rode him for almost an hour, spending herself several times until at last, exhausted, his jaw aching with effort, Bantu could take no more. Lharra rose at once, happy to end his torment.

As she stepped into his line of vision, they met each other’s gaze. His eyes, she

saw at once, were bloodshot and filled with tears.

‘You promised me relief,’ he gasped feebly, his cock bobbing against his belly, its tip still leaking semen.

Before Lharra could reply, her aunt came forward. ‘And so she did,’ said Jhaleera. ‘For an hour you have not been touched.’ She grinned wickedly, her fingers straying to his shaft. ‘And yet,’ she remarked slyly, ‘your manhood continues to honour us.’

A look of abject horror transformed Bantu’s face. Anger and despair filled his eyes and he let out a shriek of dismay. ‘That was not our bargain!’ he cried. ‘She said she would give me pleasure! By the gods, I need pleasure! Please! My stones are full! I beg you – empty me!’

Leaning in close, Jhaleera whispered cruelly, ‘You will be emptied. But in a way that pleases us, not you.’

He returned her gaze blankly, unable to speak.

Taking hold of his cock, Jhaleera pumped him freely – smooth, rapid strokes that dragged him quickly to the edge of release.

‘I am not an unfair woman,’ she whispered. ‘A promise is a promise. You will be emptied.’

‘By the gods, yes!’ he cried as the first wave of pleasure struck his groin. His delight lasted half a second, before being cruelly snatched away. Jhaleera released his cock and watched it jerk freely, like a snake being slowly strangled.

‘No!’ he cried, as his cock, denied friction, thrust without pleasure, its store of semen dribbling drop by drop from its tip. Poor Bantu’s torment lasted several minutes until finally, as Jhaleera had promised him, he was empty, his tummy coated in semen.

Bantu opened his mouth wide and howled his despair at the ceiling. Lharra, for her part, looked on, astonished. So much seed! It ran from his belly, down into his pubes and from there to the bench. A part of her longed to reach in and lap it all up with her tongue, but she knew she did not dare. Besides – it might give him pleasure, and pleasure was clearly something he must be denied.

So instead she watched, transfixed, as Bantu wept, cursed, then wept again.

‘A man may be drained slowly, drop by drop,’ explained Jhaleera, ‘or all at once in this fashion. It is a mighty form of torture – to offer the hope of pleasure fulfilled, only to snatch it away at the death.’ She paused. ‘Without friction, the man gets no joy from release. His balls empty ... as does his soul. Remember this, Lharra. Men are weak. You must learn to use their weakness against them!’

Satisfied that his suffering was at an end, and his day of torture with it, Jhaleera untied Bantu, and allowed him to empty his bladder, drink and take a little food. After that, he was returned to his holding cell while she and Lharra conversed about the day’s events.

‘Tomorrow you will sit on him again,’ said her aunt. ‘But next time will be different. Today you have learned compassion. Tomorrow you will take him without mercy.’

Lharra frowned. ‘Without mercy?’ she repeated.

Jhaleera nodded gravely. ‘Today he suckled on you willingly. Tomorrow, you will mount him as only a woman can. Tomorrow ... you will smother him with your arse’s hole!’

The twins were beside themselves with excitement.

‘He suckled on you?’ cried Anya. ‘While he slept? I have never heard of such a thing!’

‘I could not believe it myself,’ said Lharra. ‘He had already tongued me several times, but I had pressed myself down hard on him and made him do the deed. This was different. This time he came to me willingly.’

‘And tomorrow,’ said Delphi breathlessly, ‘you mount him again! But this time you take him into the darkness? This time your little hole will claim its prize?’

Lharra nodded. ‘I am so excited! But nervous, too. What if he tries to escape?’

What if I cannot keep him trapped inside my bottom?’

Delphi threw back her head and laughed loudly. ‘You have sat on my face!’ she reminded her friend. ‘My sister’s also. We could not shift you from the saddle – poor Bantu has no chance!’

Lharra blushed. ‘I am sure you are right – and yet ...’ Her voice trailed away. ‘Until the deed is done and I have proved myself – I will not be sure it can be done!’

‘Delphi is right,’ insisted Anya. ‘You have nothing to fear. But I wonder...’

Now it was her turn to fall silent. Lharra’s curiosity was immediately piqued. ‘What do you wonder?’ she asked aware of a hurried look passing between the twins.

‘What my sister means,’ said Delphi, ‘is that ... we spoke of this earlier ... before you returned ...’

‘Spoke of what?’ asked Lharra quickly, unable to contain her curiosity.

‘What if ...’ Delphi faltered, then, recovering herself quickly, raced on. ‘What if one of us were to sit on your face? While the other holds you down. Then you would know what it feels like ... to be the man. You would know how they suffer ... when we take them into our cracks!’

‘Sit on my face?’ responded Lharra blankly. She shook her head as if she could scarcely believe her ears.

‘As you sat on ours,’ Delphi reminded her. ‘And sought to tame us with your mighty hole!’

‘Which one of you would sit?’ asked Lharra quietly, her gaze alighting first on one twin, then the other.

The sisters exchanged a cautious glance.

‘I would do the deed,’ said Anya at last, blushing a little. ‘While Delphi holds you down. She is the stronger of the two, and will make it more difficult for you to shift me.’

Lharra frowned. ‘I am not sure,’ she mused softly. ‘I had not thought of it before ... to be sat on myself.’

‘It will make you all the more powerful,’ insisted Anya. ‘For when you sit on a man’s head and bear down with all your weight ... you will know how he feels. And you will know you have the beating of him!’

For almost half a minute, Lharra hesitated, struggling to make up her mind. Finally, taking a deep breath, she said, ‘Very well. Mount me as you would a man! Though by our goddess, Handra – I promise I will fight you as a woman!’

‘We would expect no less!’ said Delphi brightly. ‘Now lie on your back – here upon the bed – so I may straddle you and hold you down.’

Lharra did as she was asked, settling herself on the mattress, arms by her side. Delphi climbed over her, thighs either side of her hips, and took a firm hold of her arms. Then, looking up at Anya, she said, ‘I have her, sister. She cannot shift you now. Prepare to do your work.’

Anya came forward at once, mounted the bed, swung a big, fleshy thigh across Lharra’s head and settled herself over her face. The Amazon looked up, her gaze locked on the dark channel of Anya’s crack, and the soft, rounded ring at its centre. She took several deep breaths, flexed her arms, then said, ‘I am ready. Let us do battle together – as only women can!’

Without another word, Anya lowered herself slowly onto Lharra’s face, wrapping her plump cheeks around her friend’s head, pressing her anus over her nose, the swell of her cunt tight against Lharra’s closed mouth.

The moment she felt the other woman press down, Lharra tried to twist her head sideways, searching for a gap, the merest hint of air. Anya moved with her, denying her the chance to break free, to pull her head from inside the warm, suffocating crack. With Delphi clinging on tightly, Lharra could scarcely move her arms and, though she kicked with her legs, she failed to shift either twin by even a fraction.

Lharra’s lungs were strong, but as the first minute slipped by, and then the second, even her strength, she knew, would not sustain her for long. A thick, musky scent invaded her nostrils as Anya pushed little harder with her anus and, as she opened her mouth instinctively, in the hope of a little air, Anya took advantage, driving her cunt past the other girl’s lips, filling her mouth with the

salty taste of her cunt.

Lharra gagged, twisted her head and kicked, all to no avail. Suddenly out of breath, she panicked, arched her back and gurgled into Anya's pussy, at the same time snorting at her friend's anus, its damp, earthy smell filling her lungs. Her chest was on fire, the air crushed from her body. Deprived of oxygen, her head began to spin; pain followed by delight, succeeded by pain, then pleasure again until she hardly cared if she lived or not. A grim darkness seeped into every pore. Fear and delight battled for control and then, just as she felt certain the darkness had her firmly in its grip, Anya raised her arse and light blinded her eyes.

Gasping for air, Lharra's chest heaved and her little breasts shook. She sat bolt upright, wheezing, sobbing and shaking feverishly. It took her several minutes to recover and, even then, she stumbled as she climbed off the mattress and rose to her feet.

'Are you well?' asked Anya, with concern. 'I have not hurt you?'

Lharra shook her head, struggling for words, her breath still coming in short, sharp gasps. Finally she said, with an effort, 'I had no idea ... what we put men through ... When we sit on them ...' She rubbed her eyes with the palm of her hand. 'How does Leesan resist you? How can any man ...?'

'Men battle us to keep their secrets,' said Delphi, stepping up to join her sister. 'The more they fight, the greater the secret they hold. Now do you understand what men endure when we take them to our cunts and little holes?'

Lharra nodded slowly. 'I do,' she answered with an effort. 'And the more they fight us, the harder we must sit to break them!'

'It is a lesson learned,' said Anya. 'And will serve you well in the days and months ahead.'

Looking up, Lharra smiled. 'Thank you,' she said quietly. 'Now I know what it feels like to be smothered at the arse... I know no man can stand against me!'

'No man can stand against any of us,' said Delphi, with a smile. 'As Leesan will find when finally, if Handra wills it ... you take him to your little hole!'

Lhara barely slept at all that night. She lay between the slumbering twins, her mind focused on the day to follow. And on the day that would follow that ...

The next morning she rose with excitement, washed, ate, said goodbye to her friends and made her way down to Jhaleera's private dungeon.

As on the previous day, Jhaleera's instructions were cold and simple. Bantu was to be vigorously milked: aroused but not relieved. As the hours passed, Lharra wondered at the ability of any man to withstand such torture. The poor lad wept throughout, his anguished howls filling the dungeon. That he was in the grip of the most tormented pleasure was horribly clear and, despite herself and her natural compassion for the youngster, Lharra found herself aroused, too. That

she could wield such power over a man both thrilled and excited her in equal measure.

At last, as the afternoon wore on and her final hour of training began, Jhaleera turned to her and said, 'Let him have his rest. And you, too. Your hands must ache with effort.'

'They do,' acknowledged Lharra, rubbing her wrists. 'But how much more,' she added with a wicked grin, 'must his poor little penis.'

'He is in torment for certain,' agreed her aunt. 'And I am sad that we must cause him pain. But you have learned much.' She looked briefly thoughtful, then said, 'I do not think Bantu can help you any more. His usefulness is at an end. But he has armed you with new weapons. Compassion and self-control – these you have learned with his aid. Now only one more lesson remains...'

As her words trailed away, Bantu turned his head and looked at the women with bloodshot, feverish eyes. His face was ragged, his cheeks wet with tears.

'It is not fair,' he moaned – not for the first time. 'I want to go home. Please ... I want to go home ...'

Jhaleera reached out and stroked the side of his face. It was a curiously tender gesture and he shook anxiously as if he feared a fresh assault, one that he could not begin to fathom.

‘Your torment is almost at an end,’ said Jhaleera. ‘You have suffered much at my niece’s hands. Now, you must do battle with her one last time ... at her arse’s hole!’

Bantu arched his back. His eyes widened into broad, frightened circles and he wept openly.

‘By the gods!’ he cried. ‘Not again! Have you not shamed me enough? I have suckled on both your holes! Have mercy, I beg you!’

‘Empty him,’ instructed Jhaleera, addressing her niece. ‘After he has had his pleasure, his mind will be clear. Then he will truly focus on the power of your mighty hole.’

‘No, please!’ cried Bantu, sobbing furiously. ‘Don’t bring me off! Not now! Not now!’

Jhaleera smiled. ‘You see how weak men are? One minute he yearns for release – the next he fears it. Yet it remains the self-same pleasure.’

Lharra frowned. ‘Why does he fear it now?’ she asked. ‘I do not understand. If he is to be smothered anyway – why not take pleasure in his torment?’

‘Because the pleasure precedes the torment,’ explained her aunt. ‘And therein lies the difference. If you milk him during suffocation, his mind is confused. He focuses on pleasure and that grants him comfort. Remember, when I aroused him

with my hand – how he begged for suffocation if, in return, we would bring him to fruition? And we did. I took him into my crack – and you drained him of his seed.’

‘While you smothered him with your hole,’ said Lharra quietly. ‘Of course. Now I understand...’

Jhaleera smiled. ‘To be smothered without the hope of pleasure ... that is the greatest horror a man may endure. For then he must face a woman’s arse without distraction.’

Reaching out, Lharra closed her fingers around Bantu’s cock.

‘Make him beg,’ said Jhaleera. ‘Though he knows he must face your bottom’s vengeance – make him beg for release. If you can do this, there is no more I can teach you. From this point on, you teach yourself.’

With slow, deliberate movements, Lharra ran her fingers up and down the length of Bantu’s cock. The young man threw his head from side to side, bit down on his lip and growled deeply.

‘He tries to drive excitement from his mind,’ said Jhaleera. ‘He knows you mean to spill his seed and hopes to thwart you. Do not let him!’

‘You will never defeat me,’ said Lharra in a quiet voice, addressing Bantu directly. ‘Your seed is mine now. I will make it flow. And when I have emptied

your balls, I will sit on you face ... and smother you with my arse's hole!

'By all that is sacred!' cried Bantu, his thin body rattling. 'I do not deserve suffocation! I do not deserve it! I do not deserve it!'

'Come into my hand!' cried Lharra, sliding her fingers up and down his shaft. 'Embrace delight – as my arse shall embrace your head!'

'No, please! No, pleeeeeeeese!' screamed Bantu as the first waves of pleasure tore through his cock. Lharra felt him jerk in her hand as he finally lost control. He uttered a howl of despair as he came, seed flooding across his belly. His pleasure was muted, aware, as he was, that he would shortly be taken into the young woman's crack and ruthlessly smothered.

'I hope you are afraid,' whispered Lharra, bending low and breathing into Bantu's ear as the last of his semen leaked out. 'I hope you will struggle when I sit upon you. I hope you will weep like a babe when you see my little hole...'

Though she chose her words with care, eager to cause him distress, Lharra felt compassion, also. She knew she must take the poor lad into her crack, and smother him with her bare bottom. But she also felt pity for him, too. The boy did not deserve his fate. She hoped he could forgive her...

She had expected him to plead with her once more – to beg her not to sit on him. But as his orgasm faded and the full enormity of what was about to happen struck home, words failed him completely. Instead, he sobbed, huge shudders shaking his body from head to toe. He rolled his head from side to side, his hands opening and closing, his eyes clamped shut, as if, by not seeing Lharra

leaning over him, he might avoid his fate.

Lharra stepped behind him, passed her thighs around his head and settled herself over his head. His nerve suddenly breaking, Bantu opened his eyes to find himself staring up into the smooth, darkened tunnel of her crack.

‘Oh, please no! Please, no!’ he screamed. Above him, her anus opened and closed as she flexed her sphincter, drawing a deep breath as she readied herself to strike.

Without pleasure to distract him, Bantu’s mind was focused utterly on the knot of muscle that twitched crudely just inches from his face. A sick, icy knot grew in his belly and he sobbed freely.

‘Please don’t hurt me!’ he wept. ‘Please, mistress! Please!’

Gazing down at Bantu – his face a mask of misery – Lharra felt a touch of sadness in her heart. The lad was petrified. He knew that when she lowered her arse over his nose and mouth he would be unable to breathe. She remembered her own recent smothering – when Anya had taken her into her crack and almost caused her to pass out. Poor Bantu – how he would suffer when she took him between her buttocks ...

Lharra took a deep breath to steady her nerves. It was time. She must hold back no longer. It was unfair to Bantu. She must smother him hard and without mercy – but she would not be cruel. No more cruel than she had to be, at any rate.

‘Prepare yourself!’ she cried. ‘My little hole is coming for you!’

Transfixed, Bantu seemed frozen between her cheeks. Instead of turning his head away, as she had expected, he gazed straight up, his eyes locked on the tight brown circle of her anus. Lowering her hips, she took him quickly into her crack, her hole pressed to his nose, the slit of her sex against his mouth.

Bantu released one final, gut-wrenching sob – a muted wail of despair as she mounted him. Then his cries turned to muffled grunts as she grappled with his head. The moment she closed her cheeks around his face, Bantu’s body gave a violent jerk. He arched his back and his fingers tore at the wooden edges of the bench. His penis – limp with exhaustion – began to thicken and rise. Lharra marvelled at the peculiarities of the male body. Even now, trapped inside her arse, fearful and in pain, Bantu honoured her with his cock. She smiled as she pressed down hard, forcing the air from his lungs.

He wriggled furiously, his head twisting from side to side in a vain bid to break free. The muscles in his legs stood out against his skin, like tiny boulders trapped beneath his flesh. His every nerve seemed charged with effort as he stiffened beneath her. His cock was already upright, bobbing in the air. She resisted the urge to reach out and grip the shaft. It might afford him pleasure and distraction at the moment of truth. Poor Bantu must be offered no respite. She must treat him as she would a man brought to her for questioning or punishment. Her aunt had made that perfectly clear.

A shard of pleasure formed in her gut, warming her insides, fanning out across her belly. Closing her eyes, Lharra focused on her arse’s hole. She flexed the muscle so that it opened and closed around Bantu’s nose. Pushing down, she felt it open further and wondered, for one maddening moment, how much of him she could suck inside her. She imagined his body shrinking as she tightened her anus; imagined him being drawn up through her hole and into her passage, where she held him tight. She imagined him struggling for air, unable to breathe

as she smothered him ruthlessly with her bare backside.

‘I have you, Bantu!’ she cried. ‘You are my arse’s man, now! Suffer! Suffer as you have never suffered before!’

She rose and fell, never loosening her hold on his face, wriggling her hips, her flesh moulded to his head. A perverse excitement tickled her anus – as if her little hole were sucking the very air from Bantu’s lungs.

She knew he was now out of breath. The way his body thrashed and bucked, the claw-like scratching of his fingers and the arch of his back.

‘You have him!’ cried Jhaleera. ‘Feel his pain. Feast on his fear! Remember – you are an Amazon! You take no prisoners! Empty your heart of compassion. Conquer him as only a woman can! Subdue him with the Hole of Holes!’

Her face contorted with effort, Lharra snarled like a beast of prey. She bared her teeth as if she might devour his very flesh. Then, focusing all her weight on the centre of Bantu’s face, she reached out, took hold of his torso and held on tight. He twitched, jerked and bucked like a man possessed.

‘You die between my woman’s legs!’ cried Lharra. ‘No mercy, man! No mercy for you now!’

A final, juddering heave of his body, and Bantu fell dramatically still. Lharra remained where she was, her every nerve on fire, her skin hot, damp and tingling

with excitement. Deep within, she fought a fresh battle – base, primeval urges threatening to usurp the tender passions of her heart.

Jhaleera looked on, motionless, scarcely drawing the shortest of breaths as she watched the struggle unfold. Not Bantu's struggle against impending darkness – that was over – but Lharra's battle with herself. If she did nothing – and Lharra remained where she was – Bantu would be smothered for sure. How close he was to the end, even she could not be certain. But she would not intervene to save his life. She could not. This was Lharra's battle now. Only she had the right to spare his life, to rise from the saddle and let him breathe again.

Already, Jhaleera feared it was too late. A man could be rendered insensible, and sat on for several more minutes without being taken into the Great Darkness from which none returned. But Lharra had now been astride him for longer than even Jhaleera might have dared. Already she feared it was too late. But worse than that – she feared she had lost her niece, too. That her own darkness had claimed her. The urge to smother had proved too great. Her Amazon blood had won out over compassion. Only if the two were to meet and form a compromise could Lharra hope to become a Maid. Only ...

At that moment, Lharra let out a squeal of girlish delight, wriggled her hips one last time and rose quickly from Bantu's head.

As her niece retreated, Jhaleera hurried forward anxiously, leaning in close, feeling for breath, a pulse – any signs of life at all. Looking up, her face ashen, she whispered hoarsely, 'He lives! Bantu lives!'

Lharra nodded weakly. 'I took him to the very edge. I do not know how – but it was as if part of me could sense his torment. And yet ...'

‘Yes?’ asked Jhaleera eagerly.

‘Part of me felt his delight, too. As if lying inside my crack gave him pleasure, as well as pain.’

‘You felt this?’ asked Jhaleera, her eyes bright with interest.

Lharra nodded again. ‘I did. I felt it in my –’ She blushed, then added hastily, ‘I felt it in my arse’s hole. A pleasure that seemed to rise up from his face and fill my body.’

Jhaleera regarded her closely for several seconds, but said nothing. She looked down at Bantu, then back at Lharra, and said, ‘This boy has been honoured in a way he will never fully know. To be straddled by a true Amazon. One who could break him with her bottom, and take him into the darkness with her arse’s hole, yet chose to spare him...’

‘I did not want to hurt the boy,’ said Lharra quickly. ‘That is why I rose when I did.’

Jhaleera smiled. ‘And in doing so you showed you are a true Amazon. One who has tamed her body. For you overcame your natural urge to suffocate ... and spared his life.’

Lharra’s face brightened. ‘I have mastered myself?’ she said quietly.

‘You have,’ replied her aunt. ‘I have nothing more to teach you. From this moment on, you teach yourself. I will guide you – but you are your own mistress now. And when you come for them ... all men will fear your woman’s holes!’

As soon as Lharra entered the room, Anya and Delphi saw the change that had come over their friend.

They rushed forward to greet her, hugging her warmly, and steering her into a chair by the table. Then they sat down, too, and plied her with questions. She told them what had happened, holding nothing back.

‘I do not fully understand it,’ she conceded, with a shake of her head. ‘Yet there is a part of me that is no longer the same.’ She looked from one twin to the other. ‘I long to do battle with men’s faces. To tame their hearts and break their will!’

Delphi smiled. ‘Then we have news that will fill you with joy.’ She exchanged a look with Anya, who could scarcely contain her own delight now,

‘Leesan is almost broken!’ she cried. For the past three days he has fought us gamely. ‘But he nears the end, we are certain. He has little fight left in him.’

‘You are sure?’ asked Lharra, her heart pounding with fresh excitement.

Anya nodded vigorously. 'We thought we might break him ourselves, but we held back.'

Lharra frowned. 'I do not understand,' she said. 'Why? If you were so close?'

The twins exchanged another close, conspiratorial glance. Then Delphi took over, her face almost as bright as her sister's.

'Because,' she said quietly. 'We hoped your training would be complete. And that – if Jhaleera and you were willing – you might sit on him yourself ... and break him with your arse's hole!'

Ten

For Lharra, the following day could scarcely come soon enough. She struggled to sleep, tossing and turning for several hours, then lying awake, sandwiched between the twins as they slumbered, naked, either side of her. Just before dawn, she finally succumbed, though in her dreams she found herself riding Bantu's head again, his fearful cries muffled in her crack as she drove her bottom onto his face and laughed at his futile efforts to shift her.

She woke with a start, to find the twins had already risen and washed.

'We did not want to disturb you,' said Anya. 'You seemed so peaceful, and we may have a long day ahead.'

Climbing out of bed, Lharra stretched her arms wide and then yawned. She was glad they had let her sleep on. Just now she felt exhausted. But excited, too, aware of a tingling in her tummy that warmed her groin.

Exhausted she may have been, but her appetite that morning was fierce. She wolfed down ham, cheese and eggs as if she had not eaten for weeks.

Finally, the three young women ready and replete, Delphi led the way down to the dungeons where a fearful man, they knew, awaited them with loathing.

When they entered the dark, low-lit chamber, it did not surprise them to see Jhaleera already in attendance. She stood to one side of the stricken Leesan, stroking his penis and tickling his already swollen balls.

She looked up and greeted them warmly as they approached.

‘I thought I would prepare him for you,’ she explained. ‘He grows weary, I think. Do you think it will be long before you break him?’

Delphi shook her head with barely restrained excitement. ‘No, Mistress,’ she began, answering for them all. ‘I believe we will break him today.’ She threw a glance at Lharra, before adding, ‘With your permission – when the time comes – might Lharra be the one to take him into the darkness?’

Jhaleera glanced from one twin to the other. ‘If you are willing to let her take your place on his head at the moment of truth, then so be it.’

‘We are,’ said Delphi, speaking for herself and Anya. ‘It would be an honour to witness such a moment.’

‘Then I pray you will break him before this day is over,’ said Jhaleera. With a cursory nod in Leesan’s direction, she concluded, ‘Begin your work. Crush his spirit with your women’s flesh!’

From his prone position on the bench, Leesan looked up and screamed. ‘In the name of all our gods!’ he cried. ‘You are not women – you are monsters! Monsters!’

Ignoring him, Delphi took hold of his cock and slid her fingers smoothly up and

down the shaft. Leesan threw back his head and moaned. In an instant he had been transformed, his fear-filled cries replaced by a strangled groan of stifled delight.

Anya immediately swung herself onto his chest, sliding forward across his face.

‘In the name of pity!’ he wept as she eased her pussy into position, pressing down on his nose and mouth, stifling further protest. He gagged at once, and his tired body – exhausted after so many days of torture – jerked feebly. They would have fun with him today, thought Anya. They always did on the day they finally broke a man ...

Under Jhaleera’s watchful eye, she rode him for up to an hour, while her sister and Lharra tortured his cock and balls, tickling the swollen sacs, rubbing the engorged shaft until pearls of semen leaked from its eye.

When Delphi took Anya’s place, Lharra almost swooned with longing. How she ached to ride him again – but properly this time. To feel his nose jut into her anus, and his lips widen reluctantly around the plum of her cunt. She tried to console herself with the knowledge that, as a Maid, she must learn restraint. Besides which, there was a joy to be had from handling his penis, aware of how much pain she was helping to cause him, his rigid shaft straining for release.

What must it feel like, she wondered, to be kept on the edge of joy for so long, but not allowed to come? Perhaps, when this was over, the twins might torture her for several hours, teasing her clit but no more? It must be a dreadful punishment ... yet strangely beautiful, too.

If it were a delight, she reflected wickedly, poor Leesan showed no sign he wished for her to continue. Muffled grunts continued to rise up from between Delphi's legs as she wriggled her slit across his face, squealing from time to time as little orgasms shook her body.

At last, after what seemed an age, Delphi rose and signalled to Lharra that it was her turn to mount the prisoner. Releasing his balls, which were by now so swollen she felt sure they would burst if not soon relieved, she advanced and threw her leg across his chest, gazing down at his reddened, sweat-soaked face. And not just sweat, she considered. How many times had the twins emptied themselves on his man – as she would now empty herself in turn?

Reaching down, Lharra brushed a strand of hair from his eyes. It was a tender gesture designed to arouse. As was the smile that now transformed her face.

'Why?' muttered Leesan weakly. 'Why must you do this to me? I can take no more. Finish me off, please, I beg you.'

Caressing his face gently, Lharra smiled again. 'Do not worry, man, the end is coming. Once you have told us what we need to know, I will mount you for the last time ... and take you into Paradise.'

Leesan choked back a sob and his face tightened. Fresh tears broke from the corners of each eye and ran down his cheeks.

'I don't want to be smothered,' he moaned. 'Please don't smother me ...'

Drying his face with the tips of her fingers, Lharra gazed directly into his eyes and said, 'Tell us what we need to know, and I promise we will spill your seed ...'

He shook his head dramatically. Even after all this time, she saw, he was determined to resist them. Rising quickly onto her knees, she shuffled forward, reached down and peeled her bottom open.

'Pussy is coming for you now,' she told him. 'But once she has broken you, I shall take you between my buttocks. Then you shall suckle on the Hole of Holes!'

Leesan's body rattled furiously. He turned his face away and wept without restraint. Releasing her cheeks, Lharra repositioned herself over his head, then lowered her pussy onto his face. Though he moved from side to side, she moved with him, ensuring there was no escape. As a fresh surge of pleasure shot through his shaft, he shut his eyes and moaned. Briefly weakened, he recovered himself too late. Lharra clamped her slit around his nose and mouth and drove herself home.

For the next hour, he writhed and wriggled. Between his legs, a dreadful thwarted pleasure nearly drove him mad. He had endured the women's touch for many days now, and though he had tried to resist them he knew – as did they – that he was reaching the end of his tether. He was a man, after all, with a man's weaknesses – and a man's needs ...

Sensing the end was near, Jhaleera called across to Lharra, her pussy still jammed into Leesan's mouth, denying him voice.

‘His time is coming,’ she cried. ‘One more minute, and he will be ready to speak. Take him to the very edge, Lharra. One slip and he may change his mind, Timing is all now!’

Lharra nodded but said nothing. She herself had sensed a change in Leesan. It was nothing she could easily explain – more a feeling deep within her belly. As if her pussy itself knew the end was near.

She counted the seconds in her head, steeling herself for the moment when she would rise and let him breathe. Would he break? Had they finally tamed his spirit? Had their pussies defeated him?

As the minute finally passed, Lharra rose, sliding back onto Leesan’s chest. He gasped hoarsely, his body shaking, his big cock leaking semen and trembling in Anya’s hand. Delphi felt his swollen balls jerk against her fingers, his body screaming for release.

Coming forward, Jhaleera bent down, took his head in her hands and spoke to him directly. ‘Are you ready to speak? Or must we punish you more?’

She knew his answer before he replied. One last throw of the dice. One last pointless attempt to stand against them.

‘No...’ he murmured weakly. ‘I will not speak ... you will never break me.’

Despite his last-ditch show of defiance, Jhaleera knew the end was near. One last

push and they would have him. Looking up at Lharra, she said quietly, 'Take him into your arse's crack. Unleash the Hole of Holes on him!'

Leesan was stung into life. His head jerked from the bench, his eyes wide and blazing.

'No!' he cried, his face a colourless mask. 'Noooooo!'

Without a word, Lharra quickly repositioned herself, her bare backside now pointing towards his face. Reaching down, she opened up her arse, and exposed her arse's hole, the dark, wrinkled mouth twitching with menace.

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

Again he shook his head as if in the grip of some dreadful fever and his body went into spasm.

'Do not shame me!' he cried. 'In mercy's name! Do not shame me with your arse's hole!'

'There is no escape for you now,' said Jhaleera, leaning in close, whispering into his ear. 'We offered you a chance. Speak and you would be spared. You have denied us – and must now face judgment inside a woman's arse!'

'Mercy! Mercy!' he cried. 'Have mercy on me, I beg you!'

A thrill of excitement entered Lharra's soul. How many times had Bantu begged for mercy? A boy who – by the gods themselves – was more deserving of a woman's pity. She had learned to ignore him – to harden her heart and steel her resolve. She would not be moved by a traitor's pleading.

With great deliberation, she lowered her bottom onto Leesan's face. He continued to screech, tossing his head from side to side until she clamped her cheeks around his face, pulling his head into her crack, his nose against her anus. Her strength surprised her. She had sat on his head many times before – Bantu's also – and had assumed her grip was as tight as it could be. But this time, bearing down on him with her bare arse, it was ... different. A feeling of power she had not experienced before.

Biting down on her lip, she rode his head as if he were a raging stallion. He squirmed between her buttocks, his body rattling furiously. She took him as she felt she safely could, then rose, took a deep, steadying breath and pressed down hard a second time. Again and again, she rose and fell until finally, after what seemed an age, she bore down once more, stilled her body and forced her hole around his nostrils, the well expanding crudely to admit him.

A volley of grunts exploded into her arse – pleading gasps of air that tore at her soul. Behind her, Delphi and Anya continued to milk him, drawing further squeals of despair from the back of Lessan's throat. Finally, judging the moment to perfection, she rose, slid forward, and settled herself lightly on his chest.

‘Do you submit?’ she asked bluntly, gazing back at him, past her shoulder. ‘Will you speak now – or face my arse's hole again?’

Leesan's mouth dropped and his spirit finally crumbled. 'I will tell you what you want to know,' he said. 'But in the name of all our gods, drain me of my seed, I beg you!'

Jhaleera came forward. 'You will be milked,' she told him. 'You have my word on it.'

'And then you will set me free?' asked Leesan, his face a mask of agony. 'After I have told you what you want to know?'

Jhaleera shook her head slowly. 'I will not lie to you,' she answered. 'Our orders are that once you speak – once we know everything – we are to despatch you. You may choose which of us is to sit on you – but you die at an arse's hole!'

The young man closed his eyes and sobbed. Despairing gurgles of air escaped from his lips and it was several seconds before he opened his eyes again.

'Will it be quick?' he asked. 'I will not suffer?'

'Death at the arse is always quick,' said Jhaleera flatly. 'Unless a woman chooses otherwise.'

Taking a deep breath, Leesan steadied himself, then said, 'Very well. I will tell you everything I know.'

Fetching paper and ink from a corner of the room, Jhaleera sat beside her prisoner and took his last confession. He had more to tell than she had expected, but less than she had hoped for. Even so, within the hour they had learned all his secrets. As an aid to concentration, Anya and Delphi had ceased their teasing of his cock, for which he was both grateful and a little sorry. While they played with him it kept his mind from what was to come. But now that he was beaten, he did his best to put his fears aside and hurried on. He wanted this over as fast as possible. If he was to be smothered, then let it be done quickly.

Untying him, the girls eased him upright. It was a difficult task. Exhausted as he was, Leesan was stiff into the bargain. His arms and legs ached and his head hurt. They washed and dried his naked body, gave him water to drink, and a little bread to ease his hunger. In truth, though thirsty, he was not really hungry at all. Fear gnawed at his belly as each second brought him closer to the moment one of these women would sit on his face and finish him off with her bare backside.

‘Which of us do you wish to sit on you?’ asked Jhaleera.

Leesan glanced from one girl to the next. Finally, with a sigh, he answered, ‘Lharra. She broke me. Let her finish what she has begun.’

Jhaleera nodded sombrely. ‘Your decision is a wise one. Lharra will do the deed quickly. Now lie down. Anya and I will hold you – while Delphi drains you of your man-milk.’

Like an obedient child, responding to a parent, Leesan lay back on the bench, his head on the pillow, his eyes staring at the ceiling. Jhaleera came in close, her big breasts flattened against his skin, one arm beneath his neck, the other around his shoulder. Anya crossed her arms around his thighs, leaned in and held him tight. Delphi positioned herself at his cock and quickly rubbed him back into life.

The moment he swooned and released a strangled squeal of delight, Jhaleera nodded in Lharra's direction. 'Mount him,' she said quietly. 'Let him see your arse's hole.'

Advancing from behind, Lharra slipped her thighs either side of Leesan's head, reached back and dragged her fleshy cheeks apart. She heard a little gasp escape his lips as he gazed up into her crack.

'Do you have anything to say?' asked Jhaleera, her breath warm against his skin. 'Before my niece takes you into her crack?'

'I only beg she makes it quick,' said Leesan. 'It is a shameful end for any man.' Then he took a long, deep breath and fell silent, his gaze still fixed on Lharra's anus.

At his cock, Delphi ran her hand up and down the shaft, drawing beads of semen from his balls. Leesan arched his back and moaned. Jhaleera smiled. Delphi was a skilled masturbatrix. In no time at all, she had aroused Leesan to the point where he no longer cared about his fate, only his need for pleasure.

'Spill me, please!' he muttered strongly. 'By the gods, let me have my release!'

Looking down, Lharra said, 'Beg me to smother you, and Delphi will bring you to fruition. Let me hear the words. Tell me you long for suffocation! That you yearn to die inside my crack!'

For several long seconds, Lessan appeared to struggle with his response. Finally, with a feeble sigh, he muttered, ‘Sit on me, please – I beg you! Smother me with your arse’s hole!’

Lharra smiled broadly as she lowered herself onto his face. ‘I come for you, man!’ she cried. ‘I come for you as only a woman can!’

A moment later, she had pressed herself down, her plump cheeks widening around his face, trapping him in her hot, sticky divide.

His head jerked and his body went into spasm. Both Jhaleera and Anya were forced to double their efforts as they strained to keep him in check. Between his legs, Delphi pumped him smoothly, coaxing almonds of seed from his shaft.

A minute passed, then another, and then another still. Between her buttocks, Lessan groaned and wept, his every nerve alive with fear and pleasure. Delphi watched her every move as Lharra clung on fast, driving her anus hard against her victim’s nose. She knew she must time his spend to perfection. Not a second too soon nor a second too late .

As his body gave one massive jolt and stilled for an instant, Delphi pumped him rapidly, no longer pinching hard at the base of his cock and stemming his flow. His shaft jumped as he came, huge gobbets of semen spurting from the eye of his urethra, sending shockwaves of pleasure through his body. His body gave one final, violent judder and he fell still – apart from his cock which continued to shake, though it had long since emptied itself of seed.

‘Rise!’ cried Jhaleera, and Lharra immediately lifted her hips, her arse cheeks sliding from around poor Leesan’s head. As she moved away, her aunt came forward, her ear to Leesan’s mouth, a finger on the pulse at his neck. For a moment or two, her expressionless face gave nothing away. Then she relaxed, smiled and said, ‘He lives!’ Turning her gaze on Lharra, she said, ‘You rose not a moment too soon!’

Her niece shrugged. ‘I knew he was in no danger,’ she replied. ‘Though another second or two ...’

Jhaleera nodded. ‘He will wake in the morning,’ she said. ‘His head will hurt, but he will be none the worse for all he has been through.’

‘I am glad we did not have to finish him off,’ said Lharra. ‘He has suffered much between our legs.’

‘And will suffer more if our Queen orders us to despatch him,’ Jhaleera reminded her. ‘But she is merciful. Her orders were simply to extract his secrets. And in truth they were not as much as I had hoped.’ She smiled. ‘This man was not to know his life was not yet forfeit. But that was no reason he should not suffer. He is a traitor, after all.’

Stepping back, she looked the three girls up and down. ‘You must be tired,’ she announced. ‘Go to your room. I will deal with Leesan.’

As they filed out of the dungeon chamber, Lharra glanced over her shoulder. To her surprise, she saw Jhaleera slide her legs either side of Leesan’s face and settle her bottom gently over his head.

The door closed behind her and she was left to her thoughts.

She never saw Leesun again.

None of them did...

Eleven

It was almost a month later that Jhaleera summoned Lharra to her private chamber. In the intervening weeks, other prisoners had been admitted to the dungeons, other faces sat upon, other secrets extracted. None proved as difficult for the Maids to break as Leesan.

‘Most men do not last long once we have them between our legs,’ said Delphi bluntly. ‘That is why we relish challenge. A man like Leesan is rare. Most we can snap as easily as a twig beneath our feet.’

Though Lharra enjoyed her time with the twins, a dullness had entered her heart. She could not explain it. It was as if she craved much more than this. When she mentioned it to Delphi, one evening after supper, the youngster replied, ‘It is the Amazon within. The men we take – even if they resist us – are prisoners. We do not capture them in the wild and bend them to our will. They are given to us. What you yearn for, Lharra, is to take a man in battle, as our mothers did – and their mothers before them. To conquer him, one to one, as Nature intended you should.’

‘Then I am doomed,’ said Lharra sadly. ‘A need has been unleashed in me – but it is one I cannot slake!’

‘Have patience, Lharra,’ said Delphi kindly. ‘Your aunt would not have brought you here if she had thought this was the limit of your skills. She has plans for you I am sure. Work for you beyond these dungeons.’

‘Is there work for Amazons beyond the Keep of Zendor?’ asked Lharra without enthusiasm. It seemed unlikely. Now, seated before her aunt, she repeated the question, her heart racing in her chest. She scarcely dared to hope, and yet ...

There was a pained expression on Jhaleera's face, as if she were struggling to reach a decision. At last, having made up her mind, she said: 'There is a man I must ... introduce you to.'

Now it was Lharra's turn to look thoughtful. There was a hesitancy in her aunt's voice that was out of character. She leaned forward in her chair, her small hands clasped tightly in her lap.

'His name is Kharfu. He is a man of business. Influence, too, with friends at court. Important people – advisers close to our Queen.' Jhaleera frowned and fell silent for several seconds, as if lost in thought. Lharra said nothing. She could see the topic – now her aunt had begun – was not an easy one. Finally, Jhaleera said, 'He is an important man ... and perhaps a dangerous one, too.'

A shiver ran the length of Lharra's spine. It was not like her aunt to look so concerned. Why was the man dangerous? Dangerous to whom? Not those who worked in the dungeons, surely? They served the Queen, and had her full support in all things. Had not Jhaleera informed her so at their first meeting, when she had arrived in Zendor a month ago? A whole month had passed! Heavens! It was hard to believe ...

Taking a deep breath, Jhaleera spoke quickly. 'A week ago, a man – Nahreem was his name – was brought to me for questioning. The affair, I knew, was of great importance and so I dealt with it myself. I did not spare him – for time, I knew, was short. He took the full brunt of my arse's hole, and lay between my cheeks for many days. Leesan fought strongly, but this man – he fought harder still. Yet he was sorely afraid, and begged me many times to end his pain. To bear down hard and finish him off with my arse.'

“Let your hole do its work!” he cried. “You are a woman and must have your way with me!” He wept like a child, but I did not relent – for I knew he had information that must be torn from him, whatever the cost. At last, I broke him with my bottom – as I knew I would – and he confessed all.’

Jhaleera passed a hand across her forehead and looked suddenly exhausted, as if the battle she described had been fought again and taken its toll on her afresh. Looking Lharra straight in the eye, she said, ‘I have spoken to no one else of what he told me, for I cannot. Since then, I have puzzled long and hard and come to a decision. I need your help, Lharra. But what I am about to tell you must remain our secret.’

Another shiver ran the length of Lharra’s back, and goose-pimples rose on her arms. ‘Of course,’ she said quietly. ‘But you are frightening me, aunt. What can you know that is so awful?’

Jhaleera leaned forward her face grim. Lowering her voice to a whisper, she said, ‘A plot to kill our Queen!’

The colour drained from Lharra’s face. ‘Surely not!’ she cried, then lowered her own voice, too. ‘But if this is so – should not the Queen herself be told?’

Jhaleera shook her head. ‘I wish it were that simple. The one I broke – he who lay beneath my arse’s hole and cried to his gods – told me of a man, Delrohn, the Queen’s closest adviser. This man, it seems, is the leader of the traitors. Worse still, having assumed power himself, he plans to wage war on the Amazon race, and subdue us utterly. All women will be enslaved and used for both labour and the sordid pleasure of men.’

Lharra looked shocked. 'But we have been at peace for a hundred years!' she protested. 'Our Queens rule fairly, and both the races share the wealth our lands produce. Why should anyone wish for a return to the Old Days?'

Jhaleera shrugged. 'It is wickedness plain and simple,' she replied. 'Delrohn seeks power – and does not care if it causes misery and pain.'

'And you are sure of this?' said Lharra, her little hands twisting furiously.

'As sure as I can be,' answered Jhaleera.

'But why can the Queen not be told? Why can this man not be put in prison and the plot he leads exposed?'

Jhaleera sighed. 'It is ... a complicated affair,' she answered bleakly. 'We cannot move openly against the plotters. There may be a way, but it is fraught with peril ...'

Lharra frowned. 'I do not understand,' she said. 'What part does the man Kharfu play in this? You say he is dangerous. He is part of the plot?'

Jhaleera shook her head. 'No. He is many things – both arrogant and debauched. But it seems he is no traitor. He is a patron of these dungeons – under Delrohn's direct control – and takes great interest in our work. Sometimes...' She frowned. 'Sometimes he has witnessed us at work, interrogating prisoners. Seen us finish men off and taken pleasure at the sight. This is why I say he is dangerous, Not to

be trusted even if he is no traitor. His coming here is proof of his debauchery – for it is against the Queen’s wishes. She herself has ordered that no man should witness what we do. Kharfu comes in secret, at times of his choosing. I cannot speak out for no one would believe me.’

Lharra’s brow creased again. ‘But again, I do not understand. What has he to do with the plot? If he is not a traitor himself?’

‘As I have said, he has friends at court. And often entertains important visitors at his palace in Melchiore. This is talk that he hosts debauched revelries: gatherings of men who take illicit pleasures with his female servants. Such things are forbidden under the Great Peace, but they happen nonetheless. According to Nahreem – the man I broke – Delrohn visits Kharfu in two days’ time. He stops en route to a meeting – further inland – where he and his fellow-plotters will make final plans for our Queen’s overthrow.’

‘But how can we stop him?’ asked Lharra. ‘If we have no proof!’

‘There is a way,’ said Jhaleera. ‘But it is dangerous. I hesitate to ask, and yet...’

‘If I can help,’ said Lharra stoutly, ‘you know I am willing...’

Jhaleera sighed again, and her face clouded over as she spoke. ‘As I have told you, Kharfu has a weakness for the work we do here. He has a fondness, too, for the taste of a woman’s arse. For some time now, he has urged me to send him a Maid. One between whose legs he might ... indulge himself. I have always denied him. But now ...’

Awareness dawned on Lharra's soft, delicate face. 'You wish to send me. I understand! I am young and inexperienced. He will not suspect me capable of trickery.'

'It would be a dangerous undertaking,' said her aunt. 'If Delrohn were to suspect you, even for a moment – all supposing you can somehow get close to him – your life would be forfeit. From what Nahreem told me he is ruthless. I could not help. You would be beyond my protection.'

'I will take any risk in the service of our Queen,' said Lharra.

Jhaleera shook her head again. 'I do not want you to take a risk. You are precious to me, Lharra. Even now, I hesitate.'

'Do not concern yourself, aunt. I am an Amazon. You have told me so yourself. It is my duty to safeguard my sisters. Whatever the cost.'

Jhaleera sighed and leaned back in her chair. Steepling her fingers, she regarded her niece thoughtfully for several seconds, then said, 'When Delrohn arrives, you must somehow contrive to get him on his own. Find proof of her treachery – so we can expose him.'

'I will take him between my legs,' said Lharra excitedly. 'Use my arse's hole on him—'

‘No!’ cried her aunt. ‘I forbid it! It is too dangerous. If you were to fail!’

‘I will not fail,’ insisted Lharra. ‘I will tie him down. And when he is helpless, I shall take him between my cheeks – and smother him until he talks!’

‘You would never get the chance,’ replied her aunt bleakly. ‘Delrohn is no fool. He knows the power of a woman’s arse. My plan is to send you to Kharfu so you might take advantage of his ... weakness.’ She paused. ‘He has told me many times how much he envies those men we sit upon and take into our cracks. If you can get close to him – indulge his needs – you may get close to Delrohn, too. Overhear something. Names, places, anything at all that we can take to our Queen as proof of his treachery.’

‘I will do as you ask,’ said Lharra. ‘I wish only that I could suck the villain into my passage – and keep him there until he breathes no more!’

Jhaleera smiled fondly at her niece. ‘Your keenness does you credit,’ she responded. ‘But your task will not be an easy one. Unlike Anya and Delphi, you have straddled few heads – but Kharfu is not to know this. When he asks you how many men you have smothered with your little hole, tell him the number is so high you cannot remember. Tell him how they begged for mercy – and how you ignored them. How you rode them till they wept like children – then took them into Paradise!’

Lharra returned her aunt’s look with doubt in her eyes. ‘Will he believe me?’

Jhaleera nodded. ‘It is what he wants to believe. He does not wish to think you young and inexperienced. Young, yes – but he will wish to believe you have

conquered men without mercy. Plunged your little hole into their mouths and had your way with them. This is what he longs to hear! Believe it yourself – and he will believe it also.’

Rubbing her chin thoughtfully, she went on, ‘If he thinks you are compliant, he may suggest you as a form of entertainment to Delrohn. Possibly he may ask you to sit on another man so they may take pleasure from his suffering. I do not know. But when I tell you he is dangerous, I am serious. If he were to become too excited – he would have you at his mercy...’

Lharra felt her heart pound more strongly. Her breasts rose and fell, and a warm tingle leaked from her belly into her groin. ‘How soon can it be arranged?’ she asked quickly. It was best not to dwell on the danger. That, she knew, would come soon enough.

‘I will send a messenger this evening,’ replied her aunt in a quiet voice. ‘By secret ways that will encourage his belief this is something I do not wish to have spread abroad.’ She hesitated. ‘One more thing. It will not do for him to know that your mother and I are sisters. He must believe you to be who you are – a woman from the villages. But you will tell him you have been in my service for one full year. You are too young for him to believe any longer. But a year he will accept. That much we will give him. But he must not suspect we share a common lineage.’

Lharra nodded slowly. ‘I understand,’ she answered.

‘Be rebellious,’ advised Jhaleera. ‘Loyal – and yet contemptuous, too. Do not suggest you oppose my rule, but give him cause to suspect you could be useful to him should you choose.’

‘I understand,’ said Lharra. ‘He may confide in one whom he trusts.’

Jhaleera laughed out loud. ‘He will not learn to trust you, niece. Kharfu trusts no one. It is why he has risen to his lofty position and why his enemies are many. But do what you must to have him regard you as useful.’ Her face grew grave, as if the enormity of the task she had set her niece had become suddenly apparent to her. I am still loathe to ask you to do this thing. Perhaps one of the twins ...’

Lharra sprang forward. ‘No!’ she cried. ‘Please, aunt! I beg you – let me do this thing.’

‘It is dangerous,’ Jhaleera reminded her. ‘You are my sister’s daughter. If anything should happen to you ...’

‘It will not,’ said Lharra defiantly.

Jhaleera regarded the younger woman gravely for several seconds. Finally, with a shrug, she said, ‘Very well. If your mind is made up.’

‘It is.’

‘Then I will send a messenger to Kharfu, and tell him you are coming. Sleep well tonight, Lharra. For tomorrow ... your mission begins...’

Twelve

Despite Jhaleera's advice, Lharra did not sleep well that night. Nor, for their part, did either of the twins. If anything, their concern for her safety outweighed her aunt's. Though they had never met Kharfu in person, his reputation for lust and cruelty was well-known among the Maids.

'He is a dangerous man,' said Delphi gravely, repeating Jhaleera's warning. 'You must be careful, Lharra. If he should find you out...'

'He will not,' Lharra had assured her, but, deep-down, she was afraid. As the full import of her task began to sink in, she prayed she would justify her aunt's faith in her.

The following morning, she rose early, having barely slept at all. She bade a fond farewell to the twins – already hard at work on a father and son who had arrived at the dungeons just a day before, suspected of treason on the word of a trusted spy.

Alone in her room, she awaited word from her aunt, her anxiety growing as hour passed hour without a word. Then, just before lunchtime, the door to her quarters was flung open and Jhaleera stood framed in the gloom beyond, a long black cloak across her shoulder.

'It is time,' she announced briskly. 'Kharfu has taken the bait. He has sent a carriage to collect you. Here – put this on. Raise the hood, too, so that you leave as if in secret. It will impress Kharfu's horseman to whom he will report back.'

Taking the proffered cloak, Lharra wrapped it around her body. The cape apart, she remained dressed as a Maid: bare-breasted, a small vee-shaped thong to hide her cunt, and dun-coloured leather boots that rose to just below her knees.

Without another word, Jhaleera turned on her heel and led Lharra down the stairs, then along three short corridors and out into a yard where a carriage, drawn by four strong horses, awaited her.

As Lharra stepped inside, Jhaleera leaned in close, and brushed her niece's hand. 'May Handra protect you,' she whispered, invoking the name of their goddess. Then, retreating quickly, she snapped her fingers at a man sitting high above the carriage, a broad-brimmed hat masking his face.

'Go!' she cried. 'Do not keep your master waiting!'

And, a moment later, the carriage clattered into life, and was gone.

Kharfu's palace lay three hours' ride away, and the journey, fast and over rough terrain, was an uncomfortable one. It was bad enough that Lharra had no idea what to expect – other than a dangerous man and difficult days ahead. To pass her time in such discomfort merely added to her misery.

But it also gave her time to think. Her task was a perilous one, true enough. Yet, in spite of the fear that nibbled at her belly, excitement dwelt there, too. This, she

was sure, was how the Amazons of old must have felt on the eve of battle – how her mother and sisters must feel today, when hunting for men in the wild. Her bosom swelled with pride to think she had been chosen. But more than that, deep down, she longed to take the villain Delrohn into her crack. To hold him to her arse’s eye and wrest his secrets from him.

When, finally, the carriage staggered to a halt, crunching over gravel that echoed to approaching footsteps, she knew she had arrived. A cold knot formed in her belly; that self-same mix of fear and excitement she had felt throughout. Before Lharra had a moment to gather her thoughts, the carriage door was pulled open, and hands helped her down and back into the outside world.

Thirteen

From the carriage, two male servants, their heads bowed, lead her across short open grounds, then up a granite staircase and into the main building. From there she was ushered into a broad, well-lit chamber. The men retreated several steps, and stood behind her in silence.

She looked about her, taking in the sumptuous surroundings. Kharfu was a man of wealth and power. If she had not known that before, she knew it now. Gold-edged drapes soared the length of tall, ivory-framed windows, while the carpet beneath her feet sprung with every step she took. Scattered throughout were low, cushioned divans, and tables groaning with fruit, jewels and marble statuettes.

A movement by the window caught her eye. A door opened, sun streamed through and, in its wake, a short, rounded man in a white tunic strolled in from the balcony beyond. He was bald, with sharp, protruding cheeks, large ears and a hooked, aquiline nose. Not handsome, even to a mother's eyes, she mused, but he walked with authority – not a man to be crossed or dallied with. She would have to be careful.

She remained with her hood still covering her head as Kharfu circled her several times. She stood motionless when, as if eyeing up stock at the market place, he gathered the hem of her cloak in his small, hairy hands and raised it to her waist, his eyes feasting greedily on her buttocks.

Lharra wondered what was going through his mind. She guessed his thoughts were focused on her work as a Maid. If only half of what her aunt had told her were true, she was sure that, even now, he saw himself between her cheeks, his nose inside her little hole, struggling like a beast in torment.

After what seemed an eternity, he let the cloak drop and came round to the front. Lharra kept her eyes lowered, as Jhaleera had instructed her.

‘Remove your hood,’ he said, in a soft, trembling voice. From the corner of her eye, she saw his tunic twitch beneath the waist, and realised he was erect.

Reaching up, she pulled the cloak clear of her head, allowing it to double up over her shoulders.

‘You may look at me,’ he allowed, addressing her directly. Lharra raised her eyes and looked into his face for the first time. Again, she noted the stiff, aquiline features the cobalt-blue eyes, big ears and thin, uncharitable mouth. He gazed back, licking his lips, eyeing her face greedily as, she had no doubt, he had recently studied her arse.

He smiled. Not a warm smile, she considered. He bared his teeth and, for one, disturbing moment, she saw in his face the look of a wolf, preparing itself for the kill.

‘Remove your cloak,’ he commanded. ‘I would see you as the Maid you are.’

Lharra did not immediately respond. This man had authority over her, that much was fact, whether she liked it or not. And she must please him, as much as she was able to. But beyond that, she was her own mistress – an Amazon deserving of his respect. She would not be insolent, but nor would she jump the instant he called. And so she delayed, a silent warning to her host that she was not his servant. And certainly not his slave.

She raised her arms slowly, fingers closing around the bows at her neck, unfastening the thin cords that held her hood in place. Casually, she eased the cloak from around her shoulders, allowing it to slide down her arms, then over her big, rounded hips.

As it pooled in a heap on the floor, Kharfu's eyes swept from her head to her toes. They lingered on her small, apple-shaped breasts before moving lower, devouring the bulge of her cunt, visibly straining against the vee of her thong. Her lips, Lharra knew, were well-pronounced against the thin, leather pouch.

'How long have you been a Maid?' he asked, tongue flashing around his dry, parched mouth.

'A year,' lied Lharra, unblinking.

'And you have taken many men?' he inquired. 'Between your woman's legs?'

'I have,' she confirmed with growing confidence. 'Both here—' She pressed a hand to her crotch, then clamped the other to one of her broad, meaty buttocks. 'And also in my secret place.'

Again, from the corner of her eye, she saw his tunic twitch, his penis bobbing against the thin, pleated cotton.

'How they must struggle when you come for them,' he murmured. 'Knowing

you mean to ride them with your little hole.'

He was provoking her now, she knew that well enough, exciting himself crudely, keen for her to play along. But Jhaleera had coached her well. 'Tease him,' she had counselled. 'Join him in his game, but keep yourself above it, too. Give him pleasure, by all means, but promise him a greater gift to follow.'

'They weep like babes, my lord,' said Lharra after a moment's hesitation. 'And beg me not to sit upon them.'

'But you ignore them?' said Kharfu, his voice rising with excitement. 'Their cries for mercy go unheard?'

Lharra responded with a cruel smile. 'I hear them,' she replied, 'but I do not answer them. I tell them that my hole is coming for them – and that she takes no prisoners! They must prepare to meet their gods!'

'By the heavens above!' cried Kharfu. 'These men are not to be pitied – they are to be envied! To lie inside your woman's crack and have you wrap your cheeks around them ...'

His voice trailed away and one hand dropped to his belly, its fingers twitching. The skirt of his tunic bulged crudely, and she knew, beyond all doubt, that he longed for release.

These were early days – too early, perhaps – but Lharra felt suddenly

emboldened. Stepping forward, she quickly closed the gap between them. Her eyes flicked in the direction of a nearby divan and she lowered her voice to a whisper.

‘If my lord would like to rest himself,’ she announced, ‘I could tell him the tale of my most recent ... conquest.’

Kharfu needed no encouragement, and tumbled onto the cushions, legs outstretched. Lharra knelt by his side, one hand snaking up and under the skirt of his tunic. He did not push her away. Instead, she felt his body tighten, heard the sharp intake of breath that rattled his throat.

‘The man was brought to me for questioning,’ she began. ‘It took two strong guards to drag him into the cell. He wept like a child, for he knew I meant to sit on him...’

‘What had he done?’ asked Kharfu breathlessly. ‘To deserve such a punishment?’

‘Nothing,’ answered Lharra softly. ‘He was as innocent as he had claimed. But it did not save him from my arse’s hole ...’

Kharfu’s mouth dropped open. He seemed genuinely surprised. ‘But if he was innocent – by what authority did you sit on him?’

Lharra sucked child-like at her lower lip. ‘I did not know he was innocent,’ she confessed. ‘When I took him into my crack I believed him guilty. It was only

later – when the deed was done – that we learned the evidence was false. That he had been betrayed by an enemy and did not deserve his fate. But by then...’

Kharfu closed his eyes and leaned back on the cushions. ‘It was too late ... you had taken him to your hole!’

‘I had,’ she confirmed. ‘How he screamed and begged me for mercy. “Do not sit on me!” he cried. “Do not smother me with your arse!”’

As she spoke, Lharra’s hand strayed a little higher, beneath Kharfu’s tunic, edging towards his cock. As her fingers brushed the soft, grizzled skin of his balls, he threw back his head and let out a muted squeal.

‘Can you imagine what it must be like, my lord?’ whispered Lharra crudely. ‘To have a woman close her cheeks around your head ... and suck you into her hole?’

‘I long for it with all my heart,’ he groaned. ‘To find myself in such a heavenly prison! With no hope of escape!’

‘You do not fear a woman’s hole?’ cooed Lharra. ‘Even though it try to smother you without mercy?’

‘Never!’ he squealed, as her fingers closed around the thickened stem of his shaft.

‘My lord is very brave,’ whispered Lharra, ‘to say he does not fear a woman’s arse ...’

‘I wish I were that man!’ he cried deliriously. ‘The man you punished with your deadly weapon! I wish your cheeks were wrapped around me now! I wish I were inside your crack, my mouth around the Eye of Doom herself, my tongue inside your woman’s passage!’

‘I would smother you, my lord!’ trilled Lharra. ‘I would bear down with my arse’s hole. You would not shift me from the saddle! Victory would be mine! My bottom would conquer you!’

‘Smother me!’ he cried. ‘Smother me with your little hole!’

Quick as a flash, Lharra extended her free arm, and her hand closed around Kharfu’s nose and mouth. In the same instant, she pumped his cock quickly, aware that he was close to spending. His broad hips jerked and his belly rattled. A muted groan broke from the back of his throat and he gurgled into her hand. A moment later, his penis jerked, and wads of warm, sticky semen squirted across his belly, leaking through the thin folds of his tunic.

‘You are smothered, my lord!’ cried Lharra, still pumping gently. ‘Smothered as no man has been smothered before!’

His body gave a powerful jolt and he screamed again, fresh seed leaking from the eye of his urethra. Lharra slackened her grip, aware how quickly pleasure turned to pain, not wishing to mar for him the memory of this first encounter.

Relinquishing her grip on Kharfu's cock and mouth, Lharra pulled up his tunic, adjusted her position and leaned her head in close. Lowering her face, she lapped at his skin, cleaning him thoroughly until not a drop of seed remained.

When she was finished, she stood up, retreated several paces and waited for her host to recover. After about a minute, he looked up, but said nothing, his eyes scanning her now as they had before, up and down, feasting on her flesh, lingering on the huge swell of her hips. She knew what he was thinking: how must it feel to lie between such powerful buttocks? To have an arse's hole press down and truly show no mercy?

Good. That was what she wanted him to think. What she wanted him to long for. She would sit on him, happily, and give him pleasure. Then, perhaps, he would introduce her to Delrohn, and after that ... well, that was in the hands of fate. None of this would be easy. Still, she could see his interest had been piqued. She had landed him – she knew that. Reeling him in – and using him to get to Delrohn – that would be the greater task.

Clapping his hands loudly, Kharfu signalled to the pair of servants – who had remained motionless throughout the proceedings. 'Take our guest to her quarters. Have Sharni attend to her wants.'

So that was it. She had satisfied his needs – for the moment at least – and was dismissed. Lharra bowed her head respectfully. Let the fool think her malleable. That would be his downfall. She would have him soon enough. But perhaps, before she took him into her crack – and Delrohm too – there were other secrets she might learn. Time, she knew was short. She must hope the fates were on her side.

Fourteen

Kharfu's palace was enormous. A broad, marbled stairway led up to a first floor which branched off in a score of different directions: corridors, landings and rooms, as far as the eye could see. After several twists and turns, Lharra doubted she could find her way out again in a hurry. She would need to explore the palace carefully. Who knew whether her life might one day depend on a swift and easy escape.

Finally, after several minutes' walking, she arrived at a thick, timbered doorway, inlaid with gold and precious stones of all descriptions. One of her escorts slid back a bolt – it was locked on the outside, she noticed with concern – and pushed the door open. The chamber beyond was bright, spacious and simply furnished. Even so, the sound of running water alerted her to a fountain in the centre of the room, behind which sun streamed in through a tall open window.

A young, dark-haired girl advanced quickly, bare-breasted like Lharra, with a pale green skirt that hung so low it not only hid her feet from view but threatened to trip her as she ran.

Before Lharra could react, the male servants retreated, the door closed behind them, and she found herself alone with her new companion.

'My name is Sharni,' said the young girl, bobbing her head respectfully. Her breasts were full – larger than Lharra's – and tipped with thick, strawberry-pink nipples. By contrast, her hips, hidden beneath her skirt, seemed small and narrow.

'I am Lharra,' said Lharra, 'a Dungeon Maid from Zendor.'

‘I know,’ replied Sharni. ‘Your fame precedes you. It is an honour for me to attend you.’

‘I require no servant,’ said Lharra politely. ‘And as for my fame – I only knew I was sent for a short time ago.’

‘But you are a Maid,’ said Sharni. ‘And all Maids are spoken of with reverence here. Among our womenfolk at least.’

Lharra smiled. ‘How old are you?’ she inquired.

‘Eighteen summers,’ answered the girl. ‘Though I have been in service since a child.’

‘Then we are sisters!’ cried Lharra warmly. ‘For I, too, have this month attained my womanhood.’

‘Are you thirsty?’ asked Sharni, gesturing to a table behind. ‘Juices have been prepared. Fresh fruits and salted meats if you are hungry.’

Lharra grinned. ‘I am starving!’; she cried. ‘I have not eaten for many hours – and my throat is like sand in the desert!’

Without another word, Sharni ushered her towards the table and Lharra set to with a vengeance, devouring the food, and swallowing several glasses of freshly squeezed juice.

Only when she had slaked both her hunger and her thirst, and Sharni had washed her hands clean with water gathered from the fountain, did Lharra feel calm enough to talk.

‘Does your master treat you well?’ she inquired boldly. Though they had only just met, there was something about the young girl that suggested she might prove a confidante.

Sharni hesitated, lowering her eyes.

‘You may speak freely,’ said Lharra. ‘We are women – and between women there should be no secrets. What you say will go no further.’

Lifting her head, Sharni gave her a long, hard look, then relaxed. ‘He has done me no harm, yet–’

Lharra waited, not wishing to press the other woman. Better, she decided, if she spoke in her own good time.

Taking a deep breath, Sharni continued. ‘Our master is known to take pleasure with a woman. With many women. I believe – now I am no longer a child – he will soon take it with me.’

‘Does he enjoy a woman against her will?’

Again, Sharni looked hesitant. ‘He does not force them – as far as I know – but if we do not submit, we know we will suffer. And our families, too.’

‘He abuses his power for his own base needs,’ muttered Lharra. ‘No, do not concern yourself that this is treachery. I have met him only the once but guessed at his true nature. My mistress – Jhaleera – had warned me to expect as much.’

‘There is another thing,’ said Sharni quickly. It was as if, having unburdened herself once, a door had been opened and she was keen to rush through a second time.

Lharra stared back quizzically, but said nothing.

‘The servants – those two at least,’ said Sharni, and Lharra knew at once she mean the pair who had brought her to this room.

‘What of them?’ asked Lharra as, for the moment, Sharni lapsed back into silence.

‘They have – touched me. Held me down ... and gazed upon my secret places.’

‘Does your master know?’ asked Lharra, horrified.

Sharni shook her head. ‘I cannot tell him. To accuse a male – any male – is to accuse him, also.’

‘I could force them to confess,’ said Lharra quickly. ‘I am a Maid. They would not last long between my legs.’

Sharni shook her head quickly. ‘Even you could not extract the truth from them,’ she replied. ‘They are mute. As are all the male servants. Their tongues are removed before they enter service. It is to ensure their silence, so they can pass on no secrets.’

Lharra frowned. ‘Even so, no man should bend a woman to his will. You shall have your revenge!’

Sharni looked suddenly concerned. ‘I do not wish for revenge! The master will dismiss me. I am an only child – my mother relies on me!’

‘Even so,’ said Lharra. ‘I am a Maid. And if you cannot avenge yourself, I swear by the fates I shall avenge you in your stead.’

‘Why are you here?’ asked Sharni abruptly. The question, unexpected as it was, threw Lharra off-balance. In her concern for the other girl, she had, she realised, opened herself up. She had forgotten why she was here – not to right wrongs but to unmask Delrohn. Possibly Kharfu, too, if she could. Sharni seemed innocent

enough – but what if she were not? Though she longed to confide in the youngster, she knew, too, that she must be discreet. Perhaps she had said too much already.

‘Your master sent for me,’ she replied truthfully. ‘He wishes to know more about the work we do at Zendor. How we break a man’s spirit. How we work to defend the Queendom.’

‘They say you ... you sit on men,’ said Sharni tentatively. ‘On their faces. That you use your ... your holes to break them.’

‘They are right,’ said Lharra. ‘Nature gave a woman weapons. The breasts, the cunt – and the arse’s hole. With these she can defeat the strongest of men.’

‘I wish I could have used such weapons – when those – those two did what they did to me,’ said Sharni with feeling.

‘You say they gazed upon your secret places,’ remarked Lharra. ‘You mean not just your cunt – but your arse’s hole?’

Sharni bowed her head, unable to look Lharra in the eyes. Her cheeks blushed and she shifted awkwardly on the spot. Reaching out, Lharra cupped the youngster’s chin in her hand and raised her head. ‘Tell me what they did,’ she commanded.

Sharni swallowed hard. ‘They took it in turns,’ she said, ‘to hold me down. One

would sit on my back so I could not move. The other would lift up my skirt and open up my arse. They touched me, sniffed me. Both pussy and my little hole...'

Her voice had shrunk to a whisper. Clearly distressed, she dropped her head again and fell silent.

Lharra reached out, wrapped her arms around the girl and drew her close. 'They have done you wrong,' she said strongly. 'I promise you now – as a Maid of Zendor – they will suffer for their crime. But fear not – you will not be punished. This I swear, too. In the name of our goddess, Handra – She Who Has Dominion Over All!'

'I wish I could believe it,' said Sharni softly.

'Believe it,' said Lharra. 'For I will make it happen.'

With the door bolted from the outside, Lharra had imagined the chamber in which she found herself – comfortable though it was – to be her prison. She was surprised, then, to find that it was not. Leading her on to a wide balcony, Sharni showed her a flight of narrow steps that led to broad, landscaped lawns – a lush garden that stretched for as far as the eye could see.

Keen to be out in the open on such a gloriously warm day, Lharra persuaded her new friend to walk with her.

‘Do you enjoy being a Maid?’ asked Sharni, as they reached the outskirts of a long, straggling lake, then took a winding path through an avenue of tall pines.

‘I do,’ said Lharra proudly. ‘It is the work for which I know I was born. To battle with men as an Amazon of old – and break them with the weapons Nature herself has gifted me.’

‘I cannot imagine,’ said Sharni, ‘what it must feel like – to hold a man’s head between your legs. To know he cannot breathe. That your pussy has him in her power – and you can do with him as you will!’

‘It is pleasure beyond words,’ admitted Lharra. ‘And as for taking a man into your crack – and conquering him with your arse’s hole. It is joy beyond joy!’

They paused at the water’s edge, a cool breeze ruffling their hair.

‘It is hard to believe,’ said Sharni. ‘That in the old days – before the Great Peace – we women hunted men in the wild. That we took them to our cunts and made them do our bidding. The world has changed so much.’

‘Indeed,’ said Lharra. ‘I am not sure it has been a change for the better. Not when men like Kharfu wield power – and servants seek their pleasure with a woman’s secret places.’

‘I sometimes wish,’ Sharni began, then lowered her head and lapsed into silence

again.

‘What do you wish?’ asked Lharra encouragingly.

Sharni took a deep breath, then said quickly, ‘I wish I could take a man between my legs. And break him as an Amazon of old!’

Turning to face her, Lharra said, ‘I could teach you – as I myself was taught. It is a power all women possess – but lost to many in the name of peace!’

Sharni shook her head, looking suddenly confused. ‘I do not know,’ she muttered. ‘It is one thing to wish for something – another...’ She shook her head again. ‘Another to do the thing we wish for.’

Reaching out, Lharra gripped Sharni by her shoulders, forcing the youngster to meet her gaze. ‘We are all Amazons!’ she reminded her. ‘To sit upon men is in our nature. The urge has been quelled – but that is all. Men are not to be trusted. Even now—’

The words were scarcely out of Lharra’s mouth before she realised she had gone too far. Sharni stared back at her, evidently puzzled.

‘I do not understand,’ she muttered, giving voice to her confusion. ‘Why are men not to be trusted?’

Lharra returned her look with a long, unblinking stare. Finally, she said, ‘You know why. In your heart. Those men – the ones who held you down and sniffed your holes – they are the men who would rule us if they could. They are the men we used to hunt. The men we conquered and tamed. If we had not, they would have ruled us cruelly – as men like your master wish to rule.’

Sharni looked away, gazing across the broad expanse of lake. She looked suddenly lost – uncertain. For a moment, Lhara was sure she was about to speak, to tell her something she needed to know. But then her shoulders slumped and the life, it seemed, went out of her.

‘We should go back,’ she muttered. ‘The master may summon you. He will be angry if we are not ready for him.’

Fifteen

It was, in fact, another two hours before the door to their room was flung open and the self-same mute servants who had escorted her here earlier that day, entered. Gesturing that she and Sharni were to follow, they led the pair through myriad corridors until, descending the main staircase, Lharra found herself back in Kharfu's richly appointed chamber.

Kharfu himself was sprawled on cushions, heaped in a pile in a far corner of the room. Two bare-breasted women were feeding him grapes, while a third cooled his body with a large, pheasant-feathered fan. It made Lharra sick to her stomach to see the way Kharfu treated these women – as if they were of no worth at all. How the Amazon within her boiled with fury. With an effort of will, she fought down the urge to cross the room, fling herself across the monster's face and take him into her crack there and then.

Instead, she stood unflinching, her face impassive, awaiting his command. And simmering with barely controlled rage.

Finally, after almost a minute, Kharfu eased himself upright and, with a careless flick of his hand, summoned Lharra forward. The women attending to him retreated at once and joined Sharni at the rear of the room.

'Lharra!' he cried, patting the cushion beside him. 'Come sit with me. Let us talk!'

By 'talk', she guessed, he yearned for more arousing tales – of men she had sat upon and smothered with her cunt and bottom. Stories which, unknown to him, were largely drawn from her imagination. Still, no matter. Her need to please – and gain his confidence – was all that concerned her now. Later, when the time

was right – he would pay for his crimes. One way or the other...

Settling down beside him, Lharra could smell his excitement. His hands were twitching, and his tongue flashed in and out of his mean, thin-lipped mouth. No doubt his thoughts had already returned to their first encounter, his hope for more excitement uppermost in his mind.

‘You have conquered many men,’ he began, ‘punished them for their sins.’

‘I have, my lord,’ she answered softly. ‘I have taken them between my legs and rendered justice in the Amazon way.’

He clapped his hands together, unable to contain his delight. ‘Exactly!’ he cried. ‘And if the need arose – should a villain be summoned here, for example, and justice demanded – you would mete it out?’

Lharra hesitated, her mind racing. There was something in his tone that hinted at a darker motive. It was not just interest in her deeds that moved him now. It was more than that ...

‘I would, my lord,’ she answered coldly. ‘If you deemed such punishment necessary.’

He clapped his hands again. ‘Excellent!’ Licking his lips, he went on quickly. ‘You are trained to bring a man down – should he try to flee?’

A cold knot formed in Lharra's belly. She had been trained to sit – that was true enough – and, were the man restrained, she felt sure he would not shift her from the saddle. But taking one by force – as her mother and sisters were skilled at in the wild – this was something she had not yet done. Even so, she was an Amazon. She must trust herself to know what must be done. And to do it if the need arose.

'I am, my lord,' she lied. 'No man can escape me once I have determined to take him between my legs.'

Kharmu licked the corner of his mouth and squirmed on his buttocks. 'It may not come to that,' he informed her. 'But it is as well to be prepared.'

Then, looking up, he snapped his fingers in the direction of his servants. The men immediately retreated to the main door, opened it, vanished through, and, a few seconds later, returned with a third man walking between them. This man was tall and thin, his back a little bowed. He wore a drab grey smock, his hair lank and greasy and pulled back behind his ears. He had a worn, unpleasant countenance, and Lharra took an immediate dislike to him.

Kharmu raised his hand in salutation, but, from the way he smiled – that dark, lupine grin of his – Lharra knew at once there was more to this moment than met the eye.

'Hakri!' he cried. 'It is good of you to come.'

The other man bowed. 'I made haste the instant your messenger arrived, my lord.'

‘Good, good!’ muttered Kharfu, his tongue flashing across his lips. For one moment, Lharra was reminded of a viper, poised and ready to strike, and she shuddered.

Turning to acknowledge her, Kharfu said, ‘This is Lharra – she stays with me awhile.’

The new arrival bowed again, his thin lips parting to reveal a row of long, uneven teeth. ‘I am honoured,’ he said, his gaze flitting across her breasts then away quickly. Though not before she had registered the look of lust in his eyes.

‘She is a Maid of Zendor,’ said Kharfu loudly, his keen eyes scanning the other’s face. Hakri’s eyes immediately narrowed. He squared his shoulders and retreated a little.

‘A Maid?’ he muttered. ‘Then I am doubly honoured to meet you.’ He lowered his head, averting his face as he spoke.

Kharfu grinned broadly. ‘She has taken many traitors between her legs,’ he announced. ‘Conquered them at the cunt ... and with her secret place.’

The other man visibly shivered. Lharra saw the way he trembled and wondered what it was he feared. Not her little hole, surely? Not unless ...

‘We did business last month,’ Kharfu went on quickly. ‘You collected my taxes

from the Upper Valley.'

'I did, my lord.' Hakri smiled unpleasantly. 'There were those who said they could not pay, but I ... persuaded them.'

'You did well,' said Kharfu. 'Five thousand crowns was the sum, I believe?'

'Indeed, my lord,' replied Hakri. He did his best to sound confident, but there was a quiver in his voice.

For several seconds, Kharfu gazed at him without speaking. Then finally, he said, 'How is it, then, that the man I sent to check tells me the sum was six thousand?'

Hakri's head shot up, his eyes like slits. 'Six, my lord?' he exclaimed.

'Six,' repeated Kharfu. 'He was certain on the point. I had him check the deeds from every town.'

'He is mistaken!' cried Hakri quickly.

'I do not think he is. I saw the ledgers myself. A thousand crowns are unaccounted for. I collect these revenues on behalf of our Queen. The man who steals from me, steals from her.'

‘I will check the ledgers myself,’ said Hakri. ‘And on my return—’

‘There will be no return,’ said Kharfu. ‘For you are not leaving. Not – at least – until a fee has been paid for your treachery!’

‘Treachery?’ shrieked Hakri, his face paling. He stumbled backwards, into the arms of Kharfu’s servants, who immediately seized him tight. ‘I have done nothing!’ he cried, struggling furiously.

Turning to Lharra, Kharfu’s face broke into a broad, lascivious grin. ‘What say you, Maid of Zendor? Is the man guilty?’

Lharra delayed before replying. She enjoyed the look of discomfort in Hakri’s eyes. It was not her place to judge, but if Kharfu had proof – and the man had stolen from the Queen’s coffers – he deserved to be punished. And if she were the one to inflict that punishment ...

‘I cannot say,’ she answered tactfully. ‘He would need to be questioned.’

‘You are trained in such matters,’ said Kharfu slowly. ‘Would you take the villain between your legs ... and break him with your woman’s hole?’

‘If that is your wish,’ said Lharra calmly. ‘I will gladly mount him.’

Hakri's went limp and his jaw dropped low. Had the men either side not held on tight, he would have tumbled to the floor.

'No!' he cried, his face ashen. 'You cannot do this, my lord! I have done nothing wrong!'

'If you are innocent – as you claim,' said Kharfu, with a cruel, lopsided grin, 'then you have nothing to fear. You will be ridden, it is true – as no man should be ridden. But the Maid will not break you – for you will have no secrets to confess.'

'But she will take me to her cunt!' cried Hakri. 'I will be smothered!'

'She will not harm you,' said Kharfu brightly. 'Merely question you to see if you tell the truth.'

Hakri opened his mouth to reply, but his lips were dry and only a rasping sigh emerged.

Climbing to her feet, Lharra turned to Kharfu and bowed respectfully. 'With your permission, my lord – I will unsheathe myself.'

Kharfu's face lit up and his eyes bulged with excitement. 'You have my permission!' he allowed happily. 'Cast aside your thong of modesty! Let us see your woman's weapon!'

Lharra bowed again. Inside, however, she seethed with renewed anger. She was a Maid, and should not disrobe before strangers. Mounting a man was a private affair – and not for the eyes of others. Only in the wild were men conquered openly. But it was, she knew, what Kharfu expected of her. And these other men, too – the mutes who had abused Sharni – she hoped would tremble at the sight of her bare slit.

Reaching for the bows that held her thong in place, she undid them quickly, freeing the small leather vee, and dropping it on to the cushions. She raised one foot, then the other, stretching her legs to ease her muscles. Kharfu's eyes opened wide, his gaze fixed on the long, hairless trench of her cunt. When she turned to face Hakri, she knew that her host was now staring into her crack, his eyes roaming freely across her huge backside.

'I offer you one chance,' said Lharra evenly. 'Confess your deed – and I shall not take you to my pussy's lips. Refuse – and I will mount your face as only a woman can!'

Finding his voice with obvious difficulty, Hakri let out a mournful sob. 'I have done nothing!' he cried. 'I am innocent!'

Lharra threw him a long, hard look. Finally, she said, addressing the mutes. 'Release him.'

When they hesitated, she turned to them sternly and cried, 'Release him, I say!'

Behind her, Lharra heard Kharfu chuckle, and knew that he approved. Good. The more she drew him into her world, the easier it would be to snare him.

Squeezing the truth from Hakri would be child's play. But learning Kharfu's secrets – and through him Delrohn's – would not be an easy task. Still, perhaps the road to unmasking the traitors began now.

As the servants released their hold on Hakri, he shifted uneasily on his feet, his eyes darting left and right. He was preparing to run. She saw it in his face and hoped she had not misjudged her strength. If he ran she must run, too, bring him down as her mother and sisters would have done in the wild, then mount him as he struggled.

'Come to me willingly,' said Lharra, indicating the cushions to her rear. 'Rest here and let me take you to my woman's hole. You will suffer a little – it cannot be helped – but I will know soon enough if you are lying.'

Hakri's head swung loosely, and the edges of his mouth sagged. 'I do not want to be smothered,' he wailed. 'Spare me, please. I have done nothing!'

'If you will not come to me,' said Lharra in a flat, even voice, 'then I must come for you!' Then, clamping one hand across the bulge of her pussy, she cried, 'Prepare yourself!'

As Lharra's fingers splayed around her swollen flesh, Hakri's nerve broke. He turned and ran, bolting for the closed door. Lharra leapt forward, closing the gap between them with such astonishing speed that she was on him before he had covered even half the distance.

Though he struggled fiercely, Hakri was weaker than she had anticipated. Seizing him by the shoulders, she swiftly upended him, then grabbed his feet and

pulled him back across the room.

‘A cushion for his head!’ she demanded, but no one moved. Suddenly, Sharni hurried forward, plucked up a large red pillow and carried it forward. Kharfu eyed her curiously, but said nothing. Instead, he reached out, picked up Lharra’s discarded thong and held the leather vee against his nose. Her smell remained strong – a fishy-musk aroma that made him swoon. Immediately, he gestured to the women who previously attended to him, summoning them forward.

‘Serve me!’ he commanded, hoisting up his tunic, exposing his already thickening shaft. They immediately fell to their knees and shuffled forward, one closing her mouth around the bulb of his cock, the other lapping at his balls.

Lharra saw what was happening and turned away in disgust. It pained her to see these women treated in such a fashion – as mere baubles for a man’s delight – but she knew she must not show her distaste. Revenge would be hers – and theirs, too. But not now. Now it was Hakri’s turn to suffer. Hakri’s turn to know the power of her cunt.

As for Hakri, he continued to wriggle furiously, protesting his innocence as Sharni drove the cushion beneath his head. The moment it was in place, Lharra swung herself across his body and settled her arse on his chest. She felt his bony frame beneath her buttocks, and slithered forward, closer to his face.

‘Pussy is coming for you!’ she cried. ‘This is your last chance!’

Hakri swung his head from side to side, hopelessly pinned between her thighs. ‘Help me!’ he cried. ‘Help me, someone, please!’

‘No man can help you now!’ cried Lharra in turn, rising up onto her knees, bringing her swollen vulva high over his head.

‘By all the gods!’ shrieked Kharfu. ‘Do not smother me! I beg you – do not smother me!’

‘The time for words is over!’ cried Lharra. ‘You are pussy’s man, now!’

Another mournful cry rose up in Hakri’s throat – a stillborn plea, muffled in the folds of Lharra’s flesh, as she dropped her cunt onto his face, reached down and hugged his head hard. Hakri’s hands flew up and clawed at Lharra’s hips, his fingers digging into her tender flesh. She ignored the pain, tightening her grip, driving her cunt a little deeper into his mouth.

As the first minute passed, his body jolted strongly, and a volley of muted grunts broke against the slit of her vagina. His hands flailed wildly, and his long, skinny legs kicked at the floor. Off to one side, Lharra was only too aware of Kharfu’s growing excitement. Holding her thong in the one hand, while sniffing it hard, the fingers of his other clawed at the head of the woman at his cock. Squealing with delight, he urged her on to greater efforts. Lharra felt sick to her stomach and turned away, blotting the image from her mind.

Between her legs, Hakri continued to wriggle furiously, his little hands almost limp against her hips as his strength waned. Judging the moment right, she retreated a fraction, allowing him breath, but no escape from between the prison of her thighs.

She heard him gurgle, snort, then gag as his mouth pressed close to her vagina. Without giving a chance to speak, confess or beg for mercy, she tightened her hold on the back of his head and pulled him in a second time. For the next two minutes she held him fast. His hands – now balled into fists – beat against her powerful hips, and he kicked once more with his legs.

Having taken him as far as she judged safe, Lharra slackened her grip, allowed him a few precious snorts of air, then took him back into her cunt and started all over again.

Off to her side, Kharfu continued to grunt and groan. How he longed to empty himself into the woman's mouth – but that would bring his pleasure to an end. He must climax at the very instant the maid, Lharra, brought proceedings to an end – and not a moment sooner.

She, meanwhile, seemed in no hurry to end poor Hakri's torment. How the man must be suffering! And yet, how sweet must such a torment be! To lie between a woman's legs, and know she had you at her mercy. That if she chose ... she could smother you with her cunt!

He longed to call out to her. To command her – as he commanded others. 'Finish him off! Smother him with your pussy!'

And then, in the throes of his excitement, as his seed began to bubble in his balls, another thought occurred.

'Your bottom, Lharra!' he cried, scarcely able to believe he was mouthing the words. 'Take him to your arse's hole!'

Lharra turned to face him, angry and astonished. No man commanded her! How dare he! And yet she knew she must demur. To defy him now was to risk losing all. It was a difficult path to tread. Beneath her, she felt Hakri squirm and jolt, his breath trapped in his lungs, bursting to be free.

She pulled back quickly, releasing him at last. ‘Do you confess?’ she cried. ‘Do you admit your infamy?’

Hakri’s face had turned an almost purple hue. His eyes were bloodshot and his skin shone with sweat. Free at last, he sobbed freely, tears running down his cheeks, a pitiful sight.

Instinctively, Lharra unbent her legs, first one then the other, raised herself a fraction, then swung fully round, her huge backside opening up over his head.

Hakri found his voice immediately and screamed.

‘My bottom comes for you!’ cried Lharra. ‘If pussy cannot loosen your tongue – then I must break you with my little hole!’

‘Nooooo!’ screamed Hakri, his body heaving beneath her. ‘I confess! I took the money! Forgive me! Forgive me!’

As the poor man continued to sob, pain and relief clutched at Lharra’s heart. Relief, because she had succeeded in extracting his confession – pain at what she

was forced to do next. It did not please her to give Kharfu pleasure – nor inflict a punishment that was undeserved. Hakri had confessed. Justice must now take its course. It was not her place to dispense it – but dispense it now she must.

Reaching back, she peeled her cheeks further apart, flexing her little hole, the mouth of her arse opening and closing like a small, exquisite bloom.

‘What are you doing?’ gasped Hakri. ‘I have confessed! You must set me free! By the gods – why do you show me your secret place?’

Turning towards Kharfu, Lharra forced out the words she had no wish to speak.

‘What is your command, my lord? Do I free this worthless man? Or do I take him into my crack – and smother him with my arse’s hole?’

‘Smother him!’ cried Kharfu. ‘Smother him as you have never smothered any man before!’

‘My lord has spoken!’ responded Lharra in a loud, determined voice. ‘And my bottom obeys!’

Beneath her, Hakri screamed again and twisted his head from side to side.

Glancing over at Sharni, who stood transfixed, her eyes glued to the dreadful sight unfolding before her, Lharra cried out, ‘The man must be restrained. Hold

his head – so I may lower myself onto him!’

For an instant, Sharni hesitated. Shock registered in her face – she could scarcely believe she was being summoned to assist. For a moment, Lharra feared she had asked too much of the young girl. But then, as if waking from a trance, Sharni came forward and knelt behind Hakri’s head.

As she moved into position, Lharra gave her a reassuring smile. ‘You are fearful, I know,’ she whispered. ‘But we are women – and this is women’s work. He will struggle when you hold him – but that is only natural. As soon as I have taken him into my crack you may release him. I will do the rest.’

Sharni nodded, her face flushed with excitement. Lharra could see that the youngster, hardly any older than herself, was keen to help. Perhaps she was thinking of the mutes who had abused her – and imagined herself holding their heads in place while Lharra sat on them.

It took her almost a minute to secure the grip she needed. Hakri moved vigorously, continually breaking free as he tossed his head this way and that. Finally, she took a firm hold, just behind his ears and steered his face into an upright position so that he was forced to gaze into the channel between Lharra’s buttocks.

‘In mercy’s name!’ he cried, weeping freely. ‘She has me in her crack! She has me in her crack!’

‘Prepare yourself, man!’ cried Lharra, readying herself for the moment of truth. ‘My little hole is coming for you!’

A moment later, she dropped her bottom onto Hakri's face, wrapping her plump, fleshy buttocks either side of his face, her anus hard against his nose. She felt him gag, twist and snort for air. But escape she was aware – and he did, too – was impossible.

The instant Kharfu saw Lharra's bottom descend, he thrust his cock a little harder, ploughing the mouth of the woman whose lips were wrapped around him.

'I wish it were me,' he muttered longingly. 'Oh, Hakri, you are blessed, indeed! To lie inside a young Maid's arse!'

It was unlikely, mused Lharra, that Hakri felt the same, wriggling furiously, gagging in her crack, his spindly legs and arms flailing wildly. She was wearing him down, his breath already gone, his body locked in a series of horrid spasms. Turning to Kharfu, she cried, 'It is almost over, my lord! He cannot escape from my little hole!'

'What man would want to!' shrieked Kharfu, his mind reeling. In his own imagination it was he, not Hakri, who fought for breath between Lharra's buttocks – he who clawed at her hips as she drove her anus over his nose, filling his lungs with her damp, earthy smell.

A sudden thought struck him – wild and perverted. Tugging at the woman who lapped at his balls, he urged her to her feet. 'Your hole!' he cried. 'Turn round and show me your hole!'

Already upright, the woman hesitated, horror written wide across her face.

‘Turn round!’ he screamed. ‘I am coming! I am coming!’

The rage in his voice was evident – so much so that the woman turned at once, fearful of the price for continued defiance. She reached back and opened up her arse. The moment she did, Kharfu plunged his face into her crack, his nose against her hairy channel, his mouth locked to her taut, muscular hole. She shrieked as he plunged his tongue home. He shrieked, too, as he came, flooding the mouth of the woman who had suckled on him for so long. With each spasm of his cock, his tongue thrust, too, mimicking the thrusts of his penis as his seed erupted from his balls.

Utterly spent, he tumbled back onto the cushions, his penis throbbing, semen leaking from its eye. The woman’s taste was strong in his mouth and he sucked his tongue greedily, his eyes closed until, at last, he fell into a weak, restful swoon.

When finally he looked up, Lharra was standing over him, rebuckling her thong, covering up her pussy, its work for the moment done.

Behind her, Hakri lay motionless on his back.

‘Is he ...?’ Kharfu began, with evident trepidation.

Lharra shook her head. ‘He lives, my lord. I have merely smothered him to

sleep. He will awake in a while. It was never my intention to take him to his gods. Though had my Queen commanded it...'

He studied her carefully. She had done his bidding, up to a point. For a while he had thought her too compliant and wondered at her motives. But her reference to the Queen now put his mind at ease. She was here as his quest and keen, it seemed, to do his bidding. But her Queen came first, and he only second.

Hakri was a fool, but he had suffered for his treachery. The girl had done good work – and even frightened silly little Sharni into helping her. She has spirit, this Maid. And an arse he longed to lie inside. When he had sniffed the other woman's arse, at the moment of his own release, he had, in his fevered imagination, been fastened to a dungeon bench, with Lharra seated astride his face, riding him with her sweet, exquisite hole.

How he longed for her to mount him in anger. To smother him as she had smothered Hakri. How he longed to be taken into the darkness. But could it be done safely? That he could not say. But that he wished for it with all his heart – of that he was now certain!

Sixteen

After Hakri had recovered and had been taken away (to where and why, Lharra had no interest), she and Sharni were escorted back to their chamber. The mutes seemed less certain of themselves now. What they had witnessed had evidently unsettled them. It pleased Lharra to know they trod more carefully. Having seen what she had done to Hakri she felt certain they would treat Sharni with more respect. Not that it mattered for, while she was here, Lharra would not let anything happen to her new friend. She was certain they knew that, too.

Back in the chamber, Sharni was beside herself with excitement.

‘I could not believe it!’ she cried. ‘When you asked me to help you!’ She bowed respectfully. ‘It was such an honour.’

‘But it disturbed you, I think?’ said Lharra softly. ‘To hold him down, while I took him into my crack?’

Sharni frowned. ‘I am ashamed to say it did. He seemed so fearful. Your little hole – it filled him with despair!’

‘It is not shameful to feel as you did,’ Lharra assured her. ‘I myself – when I entered service in the dungeons – was uncertain. I had never ...’

She stopped in mid-sentence. Since arriving at Melchiore, Lharra had done her best to put aside all fear. To act not as the diffident woman she still remained, beneath the surface, but to assume the mantle of an Amazon – confident and sure. Alone now, with Sharni, she felt an overwhelming urge to be herself again.

To confide her fears in one who, it was clear, was just as fearful as herself.

Pulling herself together, she said, 'What you did was very brave. Had you not helped me subdue Hakri, I might have struggled to get him into my crack. I would have worn him down in time, of course – but it was vital, for his sake as much as mine, that I smothered him quickly. I did not want him to suffer.'

'When I saw you – when your mighty bottom covered him – I knew he could never get away. I could not believe ... I did not know ...'

The young woman's voice trailed away and her brow furrowed.

'You did not know a woman wields such power,' coaxed Lharra '... between her cheeks?'

Sharni shook her head. 'No,' she whispered. Averting her eyes, she said sadly, 'I wish I had a woman's hips. My buttocks are so small – I could never keep a man down there!'

'Such nonsense!' cried Lharra, taking hold of her friend's shoulders, forcing her to look up. 'All women have the power. Our goddess, Handra, gave us our holes so we might master men. The cunt to tame, and the arse to conquer.'

'But you are an Amazon,' protested Sharni. 'You know how to use these weapons. I am just a servant. If I were not ...' She shook her head. 'But it is hopeless. I do not know what I am thinking.'

‘What are you thinking?’ asked Lharra eagerly.

Sharni shook her head again. ‘You will consider me foolish.’

‘I will not. I promise.’

The other woman shifted from foot to foot, then, with a huge effort, said, ‘I wish I could punish the mutes! I wish I could take them between my legs – as you took Hakri between yours! I wish I could smother them with my little hole!’

Lharra hesitated. In the dungeons, as Jhaleera had made plain, the arse was used as a final resort – to break a man who refused to be broken. Or to finish him off if that were the lawful judgment of the Queen’s court. She was not sure her aunt would approve of what she was about to do. But then she was not in the dungeons – and what was at stake here was too important. She had broken the rules once already – in taking Hakri to her arse. Now she must break them again – and hope for Jhaleera’s forgiveness.

Her mind made up, Lharra said quietly, ‘If this is what you wish – I will show you how it may be done. But you must truly yearn for it. Once the journey has begun, you cannot turn back.’

Now it was Sharni’s turn to hesitate. She swallowed hard and bit nervously at her lip. Finally, drawing herself up to her full height, she said, ‘Teach me, mistress. Show me how I may conquer a man!’

Lharra smiled. 'We do not have much time. We must move quickly. You would not pass muster in the dungeons – but all women can be taught to sit. It is in our nature. A little teasing out is called for, that is all.'

Crossing to the main door, she tried the handle. It remained locked. 'How soon before the mutes will call again?' she asked.

'Impossible to say, replied Sharni. 'Often, they disturb me no more than every two to three hours. If I am summoned it is on my master's business. But should he seek you out instead, it may be sooner.'

'He has been pleased twice today,' said Lharra. 'With luck he is resting and we will be left alone. Still, it is of no matter. We must take our chances. Remove your skirt. Let me see you as Nature intended you should be seen.'

Quickly, and without embarrassment, Sharni undid the bow that held her skirt in place, tossing it to one side. Beneath it, she was naked, her skin soft, pale and unblemished. Her cunt was small, the slit neither long nor prominent, its soft flesh covered in a layer of light, fluffy curls.

'Turn round,' said Lharra, 'so I may see your bottom.'

Again, Sharni did as she was told, and Lharra saw at once that her cheeks, though full, were small and her hips narrow. Kharfu, she reflected, was a big man, with a large head. Sharni's bottom would not even have covered his face. She knew at once why the girl harboured doubts as to her ability to conquer a

man.

‘Bend over,’ said Lharra. ‘Show me your little hole.’

This time Sharni hesitated and Lharra saw her shoulders tighten.

‘There is no shame,’ she added hurriedly, ‘in exposing yourself to another woman. And certainly not to a Maid of Zendor.’

‘I know,’ said Sharni quietly. ‘It is just that ... no one ... no one but the mutes has ever seen my secret place.’

‘It will not be secret when you show it to a man,’ Lharra reminded her. ‘And take him into your crack!’

Sharni turned to face her again. ‘But my buttocks are so small!’ she protested. ‘How can I ever take a man between them?’

Lharra responded with a comforting smile. ‘You will, Sharni,’ she assured her. ‘All women have it in their power. Now show me your hole!’

Subdued, Sharni turned her back again, bent low and opened up her arse. Lharra crouched behind her, and placed her hands on the young woman’s buttocks. Her anus was small, and pink; more of a tiny slit than a hole. The outer edges were gently wrinkled, and beyond them the skin grew soft and pale.

Leaning in close, Lharra said, 'When the mutes exposed you – did they touch your little hole itself? Or breathe its scent?'

'No,' said Sharni quickly. 'But I believe they wanted to. Something – something seemed to hold them back.'

'They will have feared what it might do to them,' said Lharra softly. 'Even though they had you in their grip and you were helpless – they will have heard tales. They will have been unsure.' She paused, then said, 'Will you permit me to sniff you? I will not do so without your leave.'

'Of course,' said Sharni. 'You are a Maid of Zendor and cannot be denied.'

Leaning in further, Lharra pressed her nose to Sharni's hole. The scent was mild but earthy. A sweet little mouth, delicately formed. Curious to think that it had never taken a man in battle. But one day soon, perhaps – who knew?

'You may stand,' she announced, rising as she spoke and greeting Sharni with a smile as the girl turned to face her. 'Your buttocks are small, true enough, but weight is not everything when subduing a man. In the wild – my mother often told me – if an Amazon were small of hip, she would first weaken a man at the cunt. Only when drained of his strength, and unable to shift her, would she take him into her crack and finish him off with her hole.'

'I wish women ruled the world still,' said Sharni quickly. Her hand immediately shot to her mouth and she blushed. 'I am sorry,' she said, 'I have spoken out of

turn.'

Lharra regarded her thoughtfully. Just for a moment she was tempted to confide in Sharni. To explain why she was here. But it was too dangerous. Soon, perhaps, but not yet. First things first. She must teach the girl to sit – so she might take her revenge on the mutes.

'Women do rule the world,' said Lharra without enthusiasm. 'It is simply that we share that rule with men.'

'But men are cruel,' said Sharni, pouting. 'Men like my master – and those who visit him.'

Lharra tightened. 'Those who visit him?' she repeated. 'How so?'

Sharni fell silent again, as if she feared her tongue had run away with her.

'What men?' pressed Lharra. 'Fellow leaders from the Queen's court? Those men who help to run the Queendom?'

Sharni shrugged awkwardly. 'I believe so, yes. They come at night. I do not see them. The master's servants attend to their needs. The women, I mean. They take their pleasure with them. The master allows it.'

'The villain!' cried Lharra, unable to hide her anger.

Sharni bowed her head, and her shoulders sagged. Looking up, she said, 'That is why I say I wish women ruled the world again. Women and only women.'

'If our Queen knew,' Lharra began. 'She would not allow it.'

'They say she does know,' muttered Sharni forlornly. 'But the Great Peace binds her hands. She can do nothing to prevent such things.'

Not for the first time, Lharra boiled with rage. What world had it become, where men abused their power like this? And if the Queen knew? What did that say for the balance of power? Was it already slipping away? Jhaleera had been right to send her here, whatever the risk. In Handra's name – thank the fates her aunt had broken the man, Nahreem, and uncovered this plot. But unless she gained proof of Delrohn's infamy – all supposing she could even get close to him – then it would all be for nothing.

'This is a dangerous world,' she muttered sombrely. 'A woman must learn to protect herself. You must learn.' Glancing about, she spied a heap of velvet cushions piled up in the corner. Crossing the room, she gathered a few in her arms and scattered them in a row on the floor. Then she lay down on her back and made herself comfortable.

Without being asked to, Sharni crossed, too, and stood beside her.

'Squat over me,' said Lharra. 'I will teach you how to smother with the cunt.'

Sharni let out a small gasp. ‘Surely not?’ she cried. ‘You are a Maid. It is not right that I sit on you!’

‘It is how we all learn,’ explained Lharra. ‘I, too, have been sat upon. By other Maids.’

Still Sharni looked uncomfortable, and moved cautiously, settling herself into position over Lharra’s chest.

‘Come forward now,’ said Lharra, ‘and press your little pussy on me. Cover my nose and mouth, then hold my head and hug me close.’

Sharni gave a light shudder as she eased herself forward. Her small vagina hovered for an instant, a delicate peach of soft young flesh ready to fall. Then, with a deep breath, she lowered herself onto Lharra’s face, pressing her lips to the other woman’s mouth, before leaning forward and fashioning a grip around her nose. Lharra brought her hands up quickly, seized Sharni’s hips and pulled her close, tightening the link between cunt and face. At the same time, Sharni took hold of the back of Lharra’s head and pulled her up, into her crotch.

When Lharra moved her head from side to side, Sharni’s initial instinct was to release her. It was only when Lharra held on to her bottom that Sharni knew the Amazon wanted her to hug a little tighter. Without meaning to, she began to rock back and forth, rubbing her clit against Lharra’s nose, her arousal increasing with each thrust of her hips.

Suddenly, it was as if her pussy had taken on a life of its own. It moved as if of its own accord, driving back and forth across Lharra's head. Excitement mounted, her belly tingled and a rich, familiar warmth spread through her crotch. Too late, she realised she was coming and tried to pull away. But Lharra held on tight, not letting her rise. She felt the Amazon's lips open wide, allowing her pussy to melt into the latter's mouth, her swollen flesh pulsing as she came, spending herself in the Amazon's throat.

'I'm coming!' she cried. 'Forgive me, mistress! I'm coming!'

Sharni swooned, then screamed as she emptied herself into Lharra's mouth. Between her legs, the Amazon held on tight, determined that Sharni should remain in place until she had spent herself fully. Only when the young woman sagged and her body went limp, did Lharra gently push her away, drawing breath deeply as the pair of them recovered.

The moment Sharni's composure returned she drew back sharply, a look of horror on her face.

'Mistress! Forgive me!' she cried. 'I did not mean to soil you with my come!' Her head dropped low and she slithered from Lharra's body, prostrating herself on the floor.

Easing herself up, Lharra laughed and curled a loving arm around the young girl's shoulder. 'Do not be so foolish!' she responded. 'You did not soil me with your spend. You honoured me! It is men you will soil – when you take them to your hole and empty yourself into their mouths. It is they who will be shamed – when they drink from your pussy!'

Sharni's face creased, a look of utter confusion wrinkling her features.

'You do not mind?' she said, astonished.

'You did not take me against my will,' Lharra reminded her. 'I held your pussy to my face at the moment of truth. So you might feel your power as you came.' Her eyes sparkled. 'You felt it, did you not?'

'I did,' said Sharni. 'I wished – I wished as I came that you were a man – one of the mutes. And that I was holding him in a place that he did not wish to be held!'

'You are learning!' said Lharra happily. 'You have unleashed a mighty power. One that will serve you well.'

Sharni shook her head and looked suddenly glum. 'But I did not hold you. You held me! A man would have pushed me off. I would not have conquered him.'

'Not this time, no,' Lharra agreed. 'But, with practice, you will learn to use the power of your living cunt – and your little hole, also. Both will serve you – and give you power over men!'

'It is hard to believe,' said Sharni. 'But if you can teach me...'

'I am happy to. But we have little time. I am not here long, and you have much to learn. Will you try again? Test your pussy on me once more?'

Sharni nodded briskly. 'I will!' she answered.

'Then straddle me now,' said Lharra, returning to the cushions and settling herself on her back. 'Take me to your woman's slit and conquer me as if I were a man! If I seem to struggle, you must show me no mercy. I will shift you from the saddle in my own good time. Do you understand?'

Sharni nodded briskly, her eyes bright with excitement. Lharra returned her smile warmly. Just a short time ago it had been she learning how to sit on a man's face and smother him. Now the pupil had become the teacher. What a strange, surprising world it was!

As Sharni slid forward, Lharra took a deep breath. She wanted Sharni to sit on her for as long as possible: to test herself and get to know the power of her cunt. She was small by women's standards, that much was true, and would be easier for a man to shift. It was vital she learn to hold her victim firmly, using his strength against him, wearing him down until he could resist her no more. It would not be easy – but learn this she must. A plan had begun to form in Lharra's mind. One that went beyond this simple training. Perhaps Sharni could be of use to her – assist her in the task her aunt had set.

A moment later, she had other thoughts on her mind. Sharni slid forward, pressing her cunt to Lharra's face, covering her nose and pulling her up, locking her lips over her mouth. Lharra tried to breathe and found she was unable to. Good! Sharni had secured a strong grip – vital if she were to smother a man properly. She moved her head from side to side, and Sharni moved with her. The girl was learning!

Next, Lharra brought her hands up, took hold of Sharni's hips and pushed at her gently. Sharni resisted, bearing down with all her weight, determined not to be budged. As the first minute passed, Lharra felt a mild discomfort in her lungs. She could last another two minutes at least – she knew that from her time beneath the twins. She was certain, too, that when the moment came, she could easily shift the young girl from her face. What she wanted now, more than anything, was to accustom Sharni to the power she possessed. The power all women possessed, but so many had lost: the power of her living cunt.

As a second minute passed, and discomfort turned to pain, Lharra began to genuinely struggle. She kicked with her legs and clawed with her hands, tightening her hold on Sharni's little hips. Sharni for her part bore down all the harder, her teeth bared, her bright blue eyes narrowed into slits. Three minutes and Lharra struggled harder still, testing Sharni to her limits. Finally, when she could take no more, she pushed with all her strength, prising herself free, and gasping for air.

'Enough!' she cried. 'Take your rest!'

Sharni retreated at once, sliding back onto Lharra's chest, before easing herself onto her knees.

'You did well,' said Lharra. 'Your grip was firm. More practice and I vow no man will shift you!'

'I did not hurt you?' asked Sharni, concern clouding her face.

Lharra shook her head. 'No more than was needed. And you yourself – did you

feel your strength grow? The longer it went on?’

Sharni gave another nod.

‘Good,’ said Lharra. ‘Then, once you are fully rested, we will start again.’

And so they did. For upwards of another hour, Sharni straddled Lharra’s face, testing herself time and time again, learning a little more with each sitting.

Finally, as a second hour approached, Lharra called a halt to proceedings. The two women, rested, washed, ate a little and talked. Sharni had become quite animated, relishing her new-found skills, and keen to test herself once more.

‘We will wait till the mutes have called again,’ said Lharra. ‘It would not do for them to interrupt us.’

‘They may not call,’ said Sharni, unable to mask her disappointment. ‘It all depends on whether the master requires our presence.’

‘Then we must wait and see,’ said Lharra. ‘But little by little you will hone your skill. Have no fear. It will not be long. You advance quickly. The Amazon within awakens!’

Seventeen

As it transpired, morning turned into afternoon, and afternoon into evening before the door to the chamber was again flung wide and a pair of mutes entered. They were not, Lharra saw at once, the two who had previously escorted her. But no matter. From the way they threw her lustful looks, she had no doubt that in their hearts they longed to deal with her as their fellows had dealt with Sharni.

Signalling that the women were to follow, the mutes led the couple along the usual myriad of pathways until they reached Kharfu's private room. Lharra took note of the journey, as she had taken note before. Her memory was good and, little by little, she felt sure she was gaining a lie of the land.

As before, Kharfu lay sprawled on a heaped pile of cushions, with a single female attending to him, raising a glass to his mouth as they entered the chamber. He immediately shooed the woman away and, as on the last occasion Lharra had visited him, the servant stood beside Sharni at the rear of the room.

Beckoning Lharra forward, Kharfu gestured towards the pile of cushions heaped around him, indicating she should sit. She did so carefully, kneeling rather than squatting, and a little to one side so that he was forced to turn when addressing her.

'What you did to Hakri this morning,' he began. 'It was ... sublime.'

'I simply meted out the justice he deserved,' said Lharra flatly. 'And as only a woman can.'

‘Indeed! Indeed!’ said Kharfu, clicking his teeth and shifting on his buttocks as he spoke. ‘I have seen a little of your mistress’s work – in the Dungeons of Zendor. But nothing so – so beautiful!’ He flashed his familiar, lupine grin and licked his lips crudely.

‘I was happy to be of assistance,’ said Lharra. ‘I trust your man has learned his lesson.’

‘Without a doubt, I am sure!’ muttered Kharfu. ‘What man could not – when taken into a woman’s crack and punished at her little hole.’

From the way he moved – and the way he spoke, too – Lharra knew the filthy swine was toying with her now. Exciting himself with his words, and the images they conjured up. Still, if it drew them closer and lowered his guard, such degradation at his hands would be worth every crude, disgusting word.

‘Tell me,’ Kharfu continued, licking his fat, shiny lips, ‘what does it feel like ... to sit on a man? To take him between your legs, and punish him as you do.’

Lharra appeared to consider the question for several seconds. In truth, she had long ago fashioned a reply in readiness for this moment and delayed only to enhance her host’s excitement.

At last, she said, in a low voice, ‘It is a most exquisite feeling, my lord. To have a man struggle between your legs – to gaze into his eyes and see his fear. To know he can never escape. It is, as you have remarked yourself ... sublime.’

‘You enjoy your work? Sitting on men? Knowing the pain you are causing them?’

‘Of course, my lord. To a Maid it is sacred work. Our goddess gave us weapons with which we might conquer men. We do her work when we sit on his face.’

‘Even when you take him ... into your crack?’

‘Especially then, my lord. For therein lies a woman’s greatest weapon – the Eye of Doom herself! She whom all men fear!’

She paused, allowing her words to sink in. Kharfu continued to fidget, his hand straying into his lap. The fold of his tunic barely concealed the bulge of his stiffening cock.

‘You speak of your hole as if ...’ he licked his lips again. ‘As if she were herself alive.’

‘But she is, my lord,’ replied Lharra quickly. ‘She is part of me and I command her. Yet she commands me, too. She needs to feed on men – and I must give her what she craves.’

‘You call her the Eye of Doom. Yet she is a sweet little hole. How can such a delicate bud warrant so grim a name?’

Lharra smiled. ‘She goes by many names, my lord. The Hole of Holes, She Who Was Born To Rule, The Death Bringer, She Who Smothers, The Mistress of Men ... and many more.’

‘Do all men fear her?’ he asked, his voice now a dry, husky whisper.

‘Do you, my lord?’ asked Lharra in return.

The question appeared to unsettle him. His thin mouth tightened and his eyes narrowed. After what seemed an age, he said, ‘Yes. And yet ... a part of me longs for her, too. To know her embrace. To have her come down upon me. To have you take me into your passage...’

‘Mine, my lord?’ responded Lharra, averting her eyes coyly. ‘I would never be so bold as to sit upon a man such as you. I use my little hole on villains – not on those who protect the Queen’s peace.’

Kharmu returned her gaze coldly and, for one unsettling moment, Lharra feared she had gone too far. Then his face relaxed, and he bared his teeth in a grin.

‘If smothered at your arse’s mouth is the price a man must pay,’ he muttered, ‘then I waste no pity on the wrongdoer. What joy it must be to lie inside your woman’s crack and suffer justice at your hole!’

‘You do me a great honour,’ said Lharra lightly. ‘Though the men I have sat upon would not agree with you.’

‘Then they are fools!’ he cried. ‘I would happily go to meet our gods between your woman’s cheeks!’

‘Again I am humbled,’ said Lharra coyly. ‘But we should not speak of such matters. I can never take you into my arse. Even if you were to sin against the Queen herself, it would be my mistress, Jhaleera, who rendered justice. It would be between her cheeks you would suffer.’

He licked his lips again and studied her thoughtfully. ‘Your mistress has said – suggested, perhaps, is the better word – that you might be compliant were I to ask a favour or two. Where what you call justice is concerned.’

Lharra nodded. ‘I have already been so, I believe. In the matter of Hakri ...’

‘Just so!’ murmured Kharfu. ‘But I have a friend. A powerful man. One who commands the Queen’s ear. He has long wondered ... what it must feel like ... to lie inside a woman’s crack and have her render justice with her hole!’

‘Then he plays a dangerous game,’ said Lharra quietly. ‘You saw how Hakri suffered. How he feared the moment of truth when I took him into my crack. A woman’s arse is not the place for timid souls.’

‘He knows this. Knows, too, that you would show him no mercy. Nor would he expect it.’ Kharfu licked the corner of his mouth and his hand strayed a fraction closer to his cock. ‘Though his name must remain secret, he is charged with ensuring the safety of the realm. In his time, he has sent many men to Zendor for

punishment. He wishes to experience – for himself – the trials they undergo. That way he can be sure these men truly suffer.’

As Kharfu paused, his eyes flicking here and there, his gaze never far from Lharra’s breasts, she felt her heart-rate quicken. This man of whom Kharfu spoke – it must be Delrohn, surely? The man she was charged with unmasking.

‘You must let me think on it,’ she replied. ‘What you ask is not beyond my gift to grant. But I do not use my power lightly. Those men I take into my crack: they suffer as no man should ever suffer.’

‘My friend accepts this!’ said Kharfu breathlessly. ‘He comes on the morrow. In the evening. I beg you not to deny him!’

The way Kharfu’s voice rose a fraction, the way he squared his shoulders as he spoke ... he was afraid! Lharra saw it as clearly as she felt it. This man, whoever he was – was powerful, indeed. Important. Kharfu did not want to let him down.

‘As I say,’ Lharra reminded him. ‘You must let me think on it.’

Before the words were out of her mouth, Kharfu lumbered to his feet. ‘There is something I must show you,’ he said. ‘It may change your mind. If you are in doubt.’

Without being asked to, Lharra rose, too.

Kharfu gestured in the direction of the mutes. ‘If you will accompany me now,’ he said. ‘No – not you!’ he added, as Sharni moved to join her mistress. ‘This is not for a servant’s eyes.’

‘Then your mutes do not join us, either?’ said Lharra emphatically. If Kharfu was this keen, she thought, then power had shifted towards her for the moment.

Kharfu hesitated. It was clear this was not what he had in mind, but Lharra had put him on the spot and the steel in her eyes told him she was not to be denied.

‘Very well,’ he conceded. ‘But what I am about to show you – it is not to be divulged.’ He threw a cold look at Sharni and added flatly, ‘On pain of death.’

The remark was not addressed to Lharra, and she did not feel the threat herself, but the words froze the hairs on the back of her neck.

The party of five made their way into the grand hallway and from there down several panelled corridors until they reached a large metal door set into dull, granite wall. It took the combined strength of both mutes to lift a huge metal bar and push the door open. From there, the party descended several winding flights of stairs until they reached a small ante-chamber and a further door beyond. This door, too, was heavily barred. Lharra’s mind was racing. What dark secret was Kharfu about to reveal to them? What lay behind this door that required such labyrinthine security?

Kharfu hesitated, as if still unsure that this was the right thing to do. Then, with a nod to the mutes, the two men pushed the heavy metal door open and Kharfu gestured to Lharra that she should precede them into the chamber beyond. Though anxious, for even now she suspected some hidden treachery, she led the way as indicated.

The room beyond was dark, and it took her eyes some moments to adjust. Rows of firebrands guttered the length of one wall, illuminating the grim, miserable chamber. Directly ahead of her was a single wooden bench – a table bolted into the floor. Lharra's hand flew to her mouth as she failed to stifle a gasp. Her knees grew weak and her legs threatened to collapse beneath her.

'It cannot be!' she cried. 'It cannot!'

But her eyes, she knew, had not deceived her. By all that was holy – she was back in the Dungeons of Zendor!

Eighteen

It took Lharra several seconds to recover herself and even then, her legs felt weak and a knot in her stomach refused to unravel.

Kharfu stood alongside her, his face a mask of tortured pleasure. He saw the look of utter confusion in Lharra's eyes and grinned.

'You are not where you think you are,' he assured her with a careless sniff. 'This is not Zendor, though even Jhaleera herself might be deceived.'

'Not Zendor?' repeated Lharra, still reeling from shock of finding herself in familiar surroundings. 'But if not Zendor, then where?'

'Melchiore, still!' cried Kharfu triumphantly. 'This is not the work of magic or a sickness of the mind. What you see is real enough. I have recreated Zendor! From plans with which my friend – he who comes here tomorrow – supplied me. This is where he wishes you to take him. Mount him as only a Dungeon Maid can and break him with your arse's hole – if such a thing is possible!'

'It is more than possible,' said Lharra, still trembling. Surprise had now given way to anger. Anger that Kharfu should have deceived her with this cruel deception. Anger, too, that Zendor's sacred work – Jhaleera's work and that of her Maids – should be the subject of a frivolous game by men who longed for nothing more than to lie inside her woman's crack and suckle on her hole!

'Then you agree?' asked Kharfu excitedly. 'You will perform the deed here – as in Zendor? You will sit on my friend's face and ride him as you would a man

who must be broken at the arse?’

‘I do,’ said Lharra firmly, her heart still racing, but her mind made up. ‘I will sit on this man. And I will show him no mercy.’

‘Excellent!’ cried Kharfu, rubbing his hands together.

‘But there are conditions,’ she informed him, swinging about and looking him in the eye.

He visibly balked. ‘Conditions?’ he muttered. ‘My friend may not agree. He was most specific.’

‘Sharni is to accompany me. I may need her help at the moment of truth.’

‘The moment of truth?’ he repeated sombrely. ‘My friend does not wish ... he does not wish to be finished off. Merely to endure the rite of suffocation. Its pleasures only.’

‘There is no pleasure in suffocation,’ said Lharra sternly. ‘My arse’s hole does not bring joy. I do not command her when I sit upon a man. She commands me. I cannot answer for her once she mounts him. Your mutes will need to drag me from your friend’s body. I have seen how strong they are – and all their strength may be required if I am to be shifted.’

Kharfu's manner softened, but his face creased anxiously. 'You are certain of this?' he muttered slowly.

'I have sat on many men,' she announced. 'I know the power of my arse's hole. One man ...' She recalled poor Leesán now, the first time she had mounted him and lost control. It seemed an age ago, but his terror and the way he struggled remained vivid in her memory. 'But enough!' she cried, content to leave her remark unfinished. Her aim was not to frighten Kharfu, but to pique his interest. A plan was forming in her mind, but it was a dangerous one. One false step and she might lose everything...

'Sitting on a man is not a game,' she informed Kharfu. 'I do not sit on men for fun. I sit on them to break their will – and render justice as only a woman can.'

'Of course, of course,' replied Kharfu rapidly, the old excitement returned to his eyes. She saw again the bulge of his cock as it stiffened beneath his tunic. How big would it grow, she wondered, when he saw her sitting on his friend? When he saw what her arse could truly achieve...

'So it will be we five again – and my friend?' he said, wishing to confirm the details.

'It will,' said Lharra.

'Then we are agreed. You will sit on him – and render justice with your arse's hole?'

Lharra nodded but said nothing. Silence, she considered, just then, spoke more than any words ever could.

Back in their private chamber, Sharni spoke for the first time since they had left the chamber over an hour before.

‘I cannot believe we are to do what you say we must,’ she whispered hoarsely. You are to sit on a man – and I am to assist you?’

‘You do not have to,’ said Lharra quietly. ‘If you are unwilling, or unsure – I can perform the task alone.’

‘But you asked for me,’ said Sharni. ‘I do not understand. If you do not need me...?’

Lharra smiled, reached out and touched the young girl lightly on her shoulder. As Jhaleera had once touched her. She had made up her mind. Things were moving quickly now. Faster than she had hoped – and in a manner she had not anticipated. She needed an ally. Lharra was strong, and growing stronger every day. But there would be four men at least: the mutes, Kharfu and his unknown friend – Delrohn for sure! She could not overpower them all. Another woman was needed. One who was already learning the ways of the Amazons. There was little time – she had only till tomorrow evening. She must use that time to her best advantage.

‘Sharni,’ she began tentatively, ‘there is something you must know.’ Lharra hesitated, aware she was on the point of throwing caution to the wind – of trusting the girl with a secret that could destroy the pair of them. Her head told her it was a mistake, that it might all end in disaster. Her heart told her otherwise: and an Amazon, she knew, always followed her instincts.

‘I am here for a reason,’ she continued, her mind made up. ‘My mistress, Jhaleera, believes a man is coming here – a man who leads a plot to overthrow our Queen. And with her – the Queendom itself. Men will rule and women will obey. The Great Peace will be at an end. Your master, too, may be part of this plot, though I cannot be certain.’

The blood drained from Sharni’s face and her brow wrinkled. She clamped a hand to her chest, below her neck. Her fingers splayed and scratched anxiously at her smock.

‘The master? A traitor?’ she murmured, shaking her head as if she could not believe it. ‘He is many things. Never the best of men – but a traitor?’

‘I have no proof,’ Lharra went on. ‘But a man was brought to the dungeons. Nahreem was his name, and–’

‘Nahreem?’ repeated Sharni, sparked back into life. Recognition flickered in her eyes.

‘You know the name?’

Sharni frowned, as if racking her brain, searching her memory. She nodded briskly. ‘There was a man – I am sure they called him Nahreem. He came with others. Those who visit the master. I remember one of the servants – she said he seemed nicer than the rest. He alone did not touch her, or any of the servants.’

‘But he was with them? Those who came to visit at night? Skulking in the dark as if they hoped not to be seen?’

Sharni nodded again. ‘I thought they came at night to seek the comfort of the master’s women. That they feared to be shamed in the daylight.’

‘No doubt they did,’ said Lharra grimly. ‘But plotters who meet at night have the best of cover, too. And Nahreem was a plotter. He confessed himself to my mistress, when she questioned him at Zendor!’

‘She sat on him?’ asked Sharni, her eyes wide.

‘She did,’ said Lharra. ‘And broke him with her arse’s hole. He told her that a man, Delrohn – the Queen’s trusted adviser – leads a plot to kill our Queen and take her place. To enslave all women and bend us to their will.’

Sharni nibbled her lip uncertainly. ‘You are here to unmask these villains?’ she muttered. ‘To save our Queen?’

‘That is my hope,’ said Lharra. ‘My mistress sent me here to uncover the proof. My hope was gain your master’s confidence, then have him meet me in private –

on my promise that he might lie between my legs in safety. Alone, I would have subdued him – taken him into my crack and broken his spirit with my arse’s hole. But this business with his friend has complicated matters. I fear that once he has seen me conquer another man, he may not be willing to suckle on me. Or at least not without his guards to protect him.’

‘I do not understand why you seek my help,’ said Sharni. ‘I am of no use, surely?’

‘You are of the greatest use,’ said Lharra. ‘Or will be if I can teach you quickly. You are a woman, Sharni – blessed with the holes that Nature herself has bestowed on you. Mighty weapons before which all men tremble.’

‘But I am not an Amazon!’ protested Sharni. ‘I could not hold you down when I mounted you. You pushed me off as easily as you would a feather. How could I subdue a man?’

‘Believe me, Sharni – nothing is impossible! You are slight of build, it is true. But even the smallest of women can subdue a man – such is the power of her holes! You have learned so much already. If you are prepared to work through the night, I will teach you more. Then we shall go into battle – as sisters.’

‘You truly think it can be done?’

‘I do!’ Lharra reached out and placed a gentle hand on Sharni’s arm. ‘I cannot do this alone. I have asked that you accompany me. To aid me in the task I must accomplish. I will sit on the man – and you will tease him with your hand. In doing so he will be weakened and all the easier to overcome. None will suspect

that you have any other purpose. But once I have conquered him, three men still remain. The mutes will need to be subdued, as will your master. Three against two – it will not be easy.’

‘It will be dangerous, too, will it not?’ said Sharni quietly.

‘I cannot deny it,’ said Lharra. ‘If you do not wish to help, I will understand. I ask a lot of you – though I ask it in our Queen’s name.’

‘I will do it,’ said Sharni, straightening her back, rising to her full height. ‘I will not deny I am afraid – but I will do whatever needs to be done for the sake of our Queen.’

‘Then let us continue your training,’ said Lharra. ‘Disrobe, while I prepare my resting place.’

As before, she crossed to the cushions piled in one corner, gathered them up and made a low bed on which she settled herself. As she lay down, Sharni stripped off, then came over and stood by her side.

Looking up at her friend, Lharra said, ‘You have used your woman’s cunt on me. Now it is time to unleash your little hole. Turn round and open yourself wide.’

Sharni released a small gasp. ‘Surely not?’ she cried. ‘You are a Maid of Zendor. I cannot shame you in such a fashion!’

Lharra smiled and shook her head. 'It is no shame for one woman to present another with the sight of her secret place. Only men are shamed when we take them into our crack. Come squat over me, so I may view your mighty weapon.'

She chuckled again at Sharni's reluctance. 'Cast off your doubts. This time tomorrow, you may be doing battle with a man. Think of the mutes – and what a prize their heads will be when you sit on them! How they will weep like babes when they see your little hole is coming for them!'

The thought appeared to galvanise the youngster into life. She took a deep breath and squatted low over Lharra's head, her buttocks opening smoothly as she bent her legs. She took a firm hold of her hips to steady herself and avoid losing her balance.

Looking up into Sharni's soft, delicate divide, Lharra ran her gaze from one end to the other. The crack itself was fleshy-pink and lined with short, fluffy hairs, barely visible to the eye. As Lharra had already seen, Sharni's anus was small, pink and slitted, the outer edges gently ridged. The tightness of the youngster's buttocks – the lack of meat with which to snare a man and hold him fast – posed a problem, there was no point denying it. But it need not be an insuperable one. It was unlikely she could pin a man of Kharfu's size inside her crack for long, but the mutes, though tall, were of a slimmer build, and their heads narrower. A smaller bottom could hold such men so long as the grip itself was firm. Once seized, it was simply a matter of pressing down hard with the hole itself, shutting off a man's breath and using his fear against himself.

'Lower yourself gently,' said Lharra. 'I will not resist. It is vital you find your natural resting place. Once found, press down until you feel my nose against your hole. The well will open a little, then close again as it draws me in. Do not use your full weight, but test yourself once or twice. Once you have mastered the position, you will know the best way to attack a foe.'

As Sharni eased her hips down, Lharra followed her hole with a keen eye. She imagined herself as one of the mutes, trapped between the young girl's cheeks, gazing up, aware she was poised to engulf him; that he was truly helpless and unable to escape. She closed her eyes, inhaling evenly as Sharni's anus rested lightly on the tip of her nose. The earthy scent filled her lungs and she swooned a little. It was easy to forget – when sitting on a man – what the man himself must feel at the moment of truth, when a woman's bottom came for him. It was good to be reminded – for it reminded her, too, of the power of her own hole.

Jiggling her narrow hips, Sharni pushed a little harder, so that her anus opened as it met resistance. Only a fraction at first, for the muscle was tight and unused to penetration. As her sphincter closed, Sharni withdrew, rested for a moment, then dropped her hips a second time, manoeuvring carefully, easing her way this way and that until again the taut little mouth opened like a delicate bloom. Spreading smoothly around Lharra's nose, it trapped one of her nostrils before the effort proved too great and she was forced to retreat once more.

'You are doing well,' said Lharra encouragingly, aware, from the way Sharni sighed, that the girl's spirits had sagged at her inability to snare her friend properly. 'Patience, Sharni,' she urged. 'The prize is worth the winning.'

Again and again, the young girl dropped her hips, wriggled her cheeks and attacked with her hole. At last, after several futile attempts, she gave a little cry of relief as her anus flared around the tip of Lharra's nose and closed both nostrils in an instant.

'Good girl!' cried Lharra happily as Sharni relaxed and withdrew. 'Now stretch your legs, unbend a little. You must be weary. Take some rest and we will start again.'

And so they did. This time it took Sharni only three attempts to engulf Lharra's nose, and, following another rest, two more before she did so again.

Tilting her head, Lharra said, 'Let us move to the mouth. Securing a grip on a man's nose is best, but if he struggles, you may sometimes need to take possession of his mouth instead. This hold is weaker, for his nose may break free of your cheeks. If your bottom is big, it is easier to keep him in place. Your hips are small, so it is his nose you should attack. But you should all moves – in case they are needed. To free himself the man may often shift his own head back and make it easier for you to cover his nose again.'

Following Lharra's lead, Sharni again lowered herself, this time sliding forward a fraction until her anus brushed the Amazon's lips. Lharra closed her mouth, denying Sharni admittance, forcing the youngster to push down hard, her hips swaying sharply as she did her best to wriggle her way home. Time and again she tried, and time and again she failed. Finally, judging the moment right, Lharra relaxed her mouth a little, allowing Sharni to breach her defences. With a triumphant squeal, Sharni pushed down hard, lodging her anus inside Lharra's mouth.

Taking a minute's rest, the process restarted, many times more until both women were exhausted. Finally, rising and crossing to the window, Lharra gazed up at the moon, judging the hour by the silvery globe's journey across the cloudless night sky.

'We should sleep,' she said wearily. 'We are both tired. You have worked hard and accustomed both your pussy and your little hole to battle. Sitting on a man for the first time will not be easy – but you have tested your weapons. Trust in the power of your woman's body and she will not let you down.'

In truth, though she was loathe to admit it, Sharni was exhausted. She was unused to such vigorous activity – her days in Kharfu’s service were, for the most part, leisurely. She attended to menial matters, fetching and carrying and, since Lharra’s arrival, her life had become easier still. Or might have done so had Lharra not had other ideas. So she was glad to break off from her exertions and sleep. As was Lharra herself, whose body was not exhausted but whose mind was far too active. She needed to think: to plan. To visualise all that was to come as best she were able to.

Lying in the bed prepared for her, she tossed thoughts around in her mind. Her stomach churned. She had only been away from Zendor one whole day. It hardly seemed possible that so much had happened. She had sat on and smothered a duplicitous tax collector, given relief to Kharfu while regaling him with all manner of made-up stories of her time as a Maid. Discovered the existence, perhaps of another plotter, found proof of Nahreem’s role in the affair and made a new ally in Sharni, a young girl who had never sat on a man and yet whom she had already trained to do just that, should the need arise.

Her head was in a whirl. She thought, with absolute certainty, that she would never find rest that night with so much to think about. And then, as often happens in such a situation, at the very moment she was ready to abandon the attempt, she dropped off and that, fortunately for her, was that.

Nineteen

Lharra awoke with a start as sunlight streamed through an open window and stung her eyes. Jumping upright, she was immediately aware of Sharni busying herself at a table, preparing breakfast: fruit, dried meats and pitchers of cool lemon water.

‘Have you been awake long?’ she inquired wearily, stifling a yawn.

‘Two hours, no more,’ said Sharni brightly.

Lharra was naked and strode around the room without concern, her buttocks swaying heavily.

‘What if the mutes should interrupt us?’ asked Sharni, nodding coyly in the direction of the Amazon’s cunt.

‘Then I shall sit on their heads and teach them their manners,’ said Lharra. ‘They will think twice before bothering us again.’

‘I believe you would!’ said Sharni, giggling. She continued to lay out food as Lharra washed in the fountain, cleaning first her hands, then her face and finally her pussy and her little hole. Refreshed and at last fully awake, she sat down at the chair Sharni had pulled out for her and attacked her breakfast with relish. She had eaten little the day before and was starving. In no time at all she had finished everything put before her and downed three goblets of water.

Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, Lharra leaned back in the chair and sighed. Then, leaping up, she asked brightly, 'Is it safe to walk in the garden? I would stretch my legs and feel the sun on my arse.'

'The grounds are ours to explore,' said Sharni. 'The master rarely walks at this time of the day. It is forbidden to the mutes, unless on urgent business. We should have it to ourselves.'

Lharra gave a defiant laugh. 'Your master has seen me naked – and will do so again. As will the mutes if all goes well tonight. I have nothing to hide. Let us stretch out legs and let those who see us tremble in fear at the sight of our women's weapons!'

Sharni returned the remark with a look of surprise. 'I am not walking naked! Not in the gardens!'

Lharra smiled. 'In the forests where my family roams – all our women hunt in the nude. They say the sight of a woman's flesh strikes fear into a man's heart. Which is as our goddess, Handra, ordained it. Women were not meant to hide themselves from human eyes. Our bodies are the swords with which we strike at our enemy's heart. This I learned at my mother's knee.'

'Your world is so different to mine,' said Sharni quietly. 'I can scarcely imagine what it must feel like – to live the life of an Amazon!'

'Nor I!' responded Lharra honestly. 'Though I know the stories of our ancient ways – and have seen my sisters conquer men at the cunt – until I came to Zendor, I had never done so myself. Even now,' she added with a sigh, 'I have

taken precious few men between my legs – though your master thinks it many more!’ She shook her head thoughtfully. ‘Though I have striven to teach you much these past few hours, in truth I am still learning myself.’

Reaching out with her open palm, Lharra said, ‘So will you walk with me? As naked as Nature intended we should be? Cast off the clothes men garb you in – and display your body proudly?’

Sharni’s face creased and, for several long seconds, she looked anything but confident. Then, at last, making up her mind, she undid the bow that held her skirt in place and let it drop to the floor. ‘Let us walk,’ she said quietly. ‘Though if I see the master walking also – I cannot promise I will not run!’

Lharra’s face broke into a broad smile and she laughed again. Leading the way, she strode through the open windows and on to the balcony beyond, then took the stairs three at a time. Within seconds, she was running across the vast expanse of manicured lawn, the soft, earthy grass dancing beneath her feet.

Though the sun was still low, it was a bright, autumn morning as the two of them strolled happily side by side. They had been out for half an hour and had sought the cover of a low avenue of trees when Lharra laid a restraining hand on Sharni’s arm, lowered her voice and said, ‘Make no reply – but we are being followed!’

Sharni’s eyes narrowed. She opened her mouth to speak, despite Lharra’s warning, then shut it quickly at a stern look from her companion. Without

another word, Lharra hurried her on, paused at a gap in some bushes, lowered her voice and his time said, 'Continue ahead, and do not turn back. Keep low by the side of the path so no one can see you are alone.'

And with that, Lharra vanished from sight through the gap she had spotted. Her heart racing, Sharni walked on. Clothed, her nerves would have quickened her pulse – naked, her stomach churned at the prospect that she was being watched. She had gone some two hundred yards when a cry some way off – Lharra, she was certain – stopped her in her tracks. She turned at once and hurried in the direction she had come from, her short legs eating up the ground as she ran.

As Lharra came back into view, Sharni staggered to a halt, a cry on her lips as her hand flew to her mouth.

Lying flat on his back, legs kicking wildly, his arms pinned fast by Lharra's thighs, was one of the mutes – the very same one who had wrenched up her skirt and sniffed her in her secret places! His penis, she saw at once, was jutting from his tunic, the hem around his waist. The shaft was firmly erect, dancing from side to side.

'He was following us – the villain!' cried Lharra to her friend. 'With his cock in his hand, and his eyes on our cheeks!'

Any other man might have been screaming for help or at least cursing them furiously. Bereft of a tongue, the mute could only whimper forlornly – muffled groans that could bring no one to his aid.

'How comes he here?' said Sharni, frowning. 'He has no access to these lawns –'

except on our master's business .'

'He has been spying on us,' said Lharra. 'I did not wish to frighten you – but I saw mud on the steps as we left our room. Fresh mud as if we had been recently visited.'

'Spying on us?' repeated Sharni, unable to disguise the horror in her voice. 'To what end?'

'To excite himself – and draw pleasure from our women's bodies!' cried Lharra. 'You said yourself he sniffed your secret places. Your holes will have aroused him – he longs to see them again!'

Belatedly, Sharni's hands flew quickly to her breasts and pussy, one hand covering her cunt, the other hiding her nipples from view.

Lharra laughed. 'Too late for modesty, now!' she said. Then, returning her attention to the struggling mute, added grimly, 'but not too late for punishment!'

Sharni gasped again and shook her head. 'You cannot punish him!' she cried, a pained expression on her face. 'He is the master's servant. To go against him is to go against the master!'

'Then I will have to finish him off,' said Lharra grimly, sliding forward, easing herself closer to his head. 'Here and now. Between my woman's legs!'

Sharni's mouth fell open. 'You cannot kill him!' she protested.

'Nor can we let him live,' said Lharra without emotion. 'He must die at the cunt – it is the only way!'

Between her legs the mute exploded, wriggling furiously, a volley of animal grunts breaking from somewhere inside his mangled mouth. He tried to arch his back, wriggled his hips and lunged at the air with his legs.

'He seeks to shift me,' said Lharra, laughing. 'Deluded man! My pussy cannot be denied. You belong to her now!'

'Is there no other way?' pleaded Sharni, genuinely distraught.

Lharra regarded the other woman thoughtfully. 'Your concern does you credit,' she remarked. 'Though a man who has sniffed you in your secret places deserves no pity.'

'Even so,' muttered. 'To smother him with your pussy ...'

Gazing down at the stricken mute, Lharra seemed to hesitate. Finally, making up her mind, he said, 'Very well, I will spare him – for the time being. But we must make certain of his silence. A mute may not speak – but he can give a sign.'

Relaxing her thighs, Lharra released one of the man's arms, then seized his wrist

with both her hands. ‘Can we trust you to keep your own counsel?’ she asked him sharply.

The man’s eyes blazed, Fear, loathing and then uncertainty chased one another around the stiff contours of his face. Finally, he gave a brisk nod – the limit of his movement. Turning to Sharni, Lharra said, ‘Do these men have gods? Those to whom they would swear fealty?’

‘I have seen them at prayer. They worship Jhaan as their protector.’

Addressing the mute, Lharra shook his wrist strongly and said, ‘Place this hand on your heart and swear an oath to your god. You cannot speak, so I will speak for you. You will nod to signify acceptance. Do you understand?’

The mute gave an anxious jerk of his head to indicate, with obvious reluctance, that he did.

Gazing directly into his eyes, Lharra said, ‘In the name of Jhaan, your protector, swear upon his soul and yours that you will give no sign to others you have seen us in these grounds. Nor share with them the punishment you will shortly suffer.’

The mute’s eyes flared and he let loose several muffled groans.

‘You cannot escape retribution,’ said Lharra firmly. ‘But swear now – with a nod of your head – that the secret of your shame shall be yours and yours alone!’

He dithered briefly; the edges of his mouth dropped and a whimper of despair broke from his lips. Then, with a loud sniff, he jerked his head and his hand clenched tightly across his chest.

Lharra smiled. 'He has sworn – and forfeits his soul should he break his sacred word.' Tightening her grip on his wrist, she forced his arm down, then used her leg to pin it against his side. 'Now he shall pay for his sins.' She grinned broadly, sliding forward, her pussy moving towards his head.

A muffled squeal sounded in the back of the mute's throat and he wriggled his hips on the muddy earth.

'My pussy comes for you,' said Lharra triumphantly. 'Prepare to welcome her!'

Again the poor mute groaned and jerked, tossing his head from side to side. Sharni watched, transfixed, as Lharra raised her bottom, clearing his chest, lifting her pussy into the air as she prepared to strike.

'Let the battle begin!' yelled Lharra as she brought her cunt down hard on the man's face, snaring his nose and mouth in the long, hairless runnel of her sex. 'See how he struggles!' she cried, as Sharni moved in close, then dropped to her knees, her face alive with excitement.

'You are smothering him?' she exclaimed. 'But I thought–'

'I am punishing him,' said Lharra. 'That is all. He will live – but he must suffer.'

This is women's justice, and he must endure it.'

Glancing the length of the mute's body, Sharni marvelled at his struggle. The way his torso rocked, and his thin legs kicked. 'He tries to shift you!' she muttered anxiously. 'To escape from your pussy!'

'All men seek deliverance when they lie between a woman's legs,' said Lharra, her teeth bared. The mute had redoubled his efforts, forcing her to claw her hands through his hair and hug him to her cunt.

'I could never hold him so tightly,' said Sharni, shaking her head glumly. 'He would shift me for certain and make his escape.'

'Do not be so sure,' said Lharra. 'Though your pussy is small, she is mighty beyond her size. Once I have weakened this man, you will test yourself upon him!'

'I?' responded Sharni, her mouth wide.

'He shamed you when he sniffed your holes. Revenge is your right – and you shall have it!'

'But if he should shift me–' cried Sharni miserably.

'He will not shift you!' Lharra assured her. 'You will take him to your cunt – and

conquer him as only a woman can!’

Sharni did not look convinced but, as the minutes passed, and the man grew more feeble, she began to harbour hope. Perhaps such a thing was possible. Perhaps her pussy could defeat him! Time and again she watched as Lharra took the mute to the limit of his endurance, only to pull back, allow him air then take him to her pussy once again. Finally, after what must have been almost half an hour between the Amazon’s legs, Sharni felt her stomach lurch as Lharra looked up and said, ‘Are you ready to mount him?’

Sharni approached anxiously, her hands trembling, her face a mask of concern.

‘I am afraid,’ she muttered. ‘I do not want to let you down.’

‘You will not let me down,’ said Lharra, before adding gently, ‘and your pussy will not let you down.’

The young woman took a deep breath. ‘Then I am ready,’ she replied.

Lharra threw her an encouraging smile. ‘Remember – you have tested yourself on me! This man will be as nothing to you. In a moment I will retreat. Stand here before me. Once I am free of his face, squat low and take him to your pussy. Hold fast, your hands against the back of his head and hug him close. He will struggle, but he is weak and will not escape you.’

Sharni gave a bob of acknowledgment, then moved into position, her bare arse

directly in front of Lharra's face. Lharra squeezed tight one last time and felt the mute's wretched response. He was almost at the end of his tether. She withdrew smoothly, freeing his face. He opened his eyes, blinked and moaned. Scarcely had his blurred vision cleared before Sharni dropped onto his head, covering his nose and mouth with the soft slit of her sex.

Given his freedom, only to have it snatched away again, the stricken mute wriggled more furiously than ever. Sharni felt the strangled bursts of breath that broke against the tender flesh of her cunt.

'Hold fast!' urged Lharra, aware, from the way in which the youngster moved, that she was suddenly fearful. 'You have him, Sharni! He is your pussy's man., now! He cannot get away!'

Sharni, for her part, bit down on her lip, grunting with the strain of keeping her hold on the mute's face. Every twist of his neck threatened to break her grip but she bore down fiercely, moving her hips in time to the violent jerks of his head. Slowly, she felt him weaken. Behind her, seated on his chest, Lharra continued to restrict his movements. Alone, Sharni knew, he might have shifted her – but she was not alone and that knowledge gave her the strength to press on.

As the mute's body began to shake – sharp spasms running through his torso – Lharra leaned in close and whispered, 'He is close to the darkness now. Move back, give him air. Three seconds, no more – then take him again, before he can marshal his thoughts.'

Without hesitation, Sharni slid back. The instant she was clear of his face, the wretched man bucked, and drew breath instinctively, his chest heaving. Counting silently to three, Sharni slid forward again and felt her victim gag as she pressed her pussy hard over her face. She sat there for over two minutes, refusing him

air, growing in confidence as he wriggled beneath her. At a word from Lharra, she withdrew again, allowed him the briefest of respites, then attacked once more until he shook horribly, as if in the grip of a fever.

‘Rise,’ said Lharra at last. ‘You have broken him.’

As Sharni climbed to her feet, unbending her legs with difficulty, Lharra came forward, pinning the mute’s arms to his sides, ensuring no chance of escape.

‘Turn towards me,’ she instructed, addressing Sharni, ‘legs either side of his head.’

Sharni did as she was asked, planting her feet on the soft earth close to the man’s ears.

Looking up at the girl, Lharra said, ‘You have weakened him with your woman’s cunt. Now it is time to finish your work. Squat low and take him into your crack!’

Sharni gaped, her eyes wide open. ‘You mean me to sit on his face?’ she cried. ‘To cover him with my bottom?’

‘I do,’ said Lharra. ‘He shamed you once. Now it is your turn to shame him – with your arse’s hole!’

Between her legs, the mute reacted fiercely, wriggling like a landed fish and moaning. His face turned red, veins stood out and his eyes bulged.

‘See how he fears your mighty weapon!’ cried Lharra gleefully. ‘The little hole you have long kept hidden from men’s sight!’

‘Can it be done?’ muttered Sharni. She glanced down, shifting from foot to foot, her face a flurry of disbelief. ‘He moves so quickly. My bottom will not hold him!’

Reaching out, Lharra closed her hand around their prisoner’s jaw, forcing his head back. Briefly stilled, he gazed back at her, tears in his eyes, his mouth trembling.

‘Listen to me, man!’ she said firmly. ‘Your suffering is almost at an end. You have made a pact with us, and we with you. You and your companion shamed this girl. You held her down and gazed upon her secret places. For this, you should die. I myself should mount your worthless head and smother you with my little hole!’

Fear dulled the mute’s eyes and a long, mournful wail escaped his lips. Lharra’s mouth lengthened into a cold, merciless smile. She had no time for scum like this. She doubted Jhaleera would have shown him mercy. She would have taken him into her crack, forced her hole around his nose and finished him off slowly. Fortunately for him, she was not her aunt. He would live to suffer another day – but he would suffer now. For following them as he had, and for what he had done to Sharni.

Still trembling, he stared back, terror-stricken, aware – Lharra knew – of his utter helplessness.

‘You will not move,’ she instructed him, ‘as this woman takes you into her crack.’

In spite of himself, he heaved again, terror coursing through his body. With huge difficulty, he stilled himself, muffled sobs spilling from his mouth.

‘Do you understand?’ asked Lharra, in a voice devoid of pity. He answered her with a feeble nod and a long muffled wail. Looking up at Sharni, Lharra said, ‘Squat low. Open up your woman’s arse, and let him gaze upon the Hole of Holes!’

She felt the young man’s body tighten as Sharni bent her legs and positioned herself over his head. His chest rose and fell, sweat dribbling over his skin, the cords in his neck rigid with fear. Sharni gazed anxiously into her eyes and Lharra returned the look warmly.

‘There is nothing to fear,’ she assured the girl. ‘Do as you did when you straddled me in our room. Sit gently on him so your cheeks are splayed. They will close naturally as you sit and trap him in your crack. Press down with your hole and the man is yours!’

Hearing Lharra’s description of what was about to happen stung the mute back into life and he juddered strongly, moaning and twisting against her hand. She tightened her grip on his jaw to quieten him down, stilled his head, then – glancing up at Sharni – said, ‘Quickly! Take him now! Before he stirs again!’

The mute released another trembling whimper and his body went into a series of spasms as Sharni lowered herself onto his face. She let out a squeal as her hole brushed his nose, tickling the tender flesh of her anus. Then she was down and her cheeks relaxed, pressed around his face, holding him fast. She bit her lower lip and swooned as a warm knot formed in her belly, and shards of pleasure shot through her groin.

‘Good girl!’ cried Lharra. ‘You have him now! He is your man! Let your hole do its work!’

Between her cheeks, Sharni felt the servant wriggle; his breath beat a sharp tattoo against the well of her anus as he squealed with fear and gagged inside her crack. When he moved, she moved with him, denying him escape. Lharra released her hold on his jaw, confident that Sharni could hold him on her own now. She closed her eyes and counted off the seconds in her head, aware of the struggle being waged between the other woman’s cheeks. A man could only last without air for so long; she must judge this well or Sharni might go too far – and take him into the darkness!

‘Rise!’ she cried at last – judging the mute to have reached his limit. Sharni immediately raised her hips, allowing the man air – then stumbled away, unbending her stiff legs.

‘That felt ... so beautiful!’ she cried, losing her balance, and falling on to her bottom. Her hand flew to her mouth, and she giggled with embarrassment.

Lharra smiled. ‘You did well. Had you wished to, you could have ridden him into the darkness. Such is the power of your little hole.’

‘I see it now,’ said Sharni. ‘Though, again, had you not held him as you did ...’

‘It matters not,’ said Lharra. ‘We took him as sisters. In the wild, women often hunt in pairs. The one to bring a man down and hold him tight; the other to mount his head and claim her prize.’

Glancing at the mute, Sharni said, ‘What do we do with him now?’

Lharra regarded the man with some disdain. He still shook, his breath short, his arms sore against his sides, his face blushed and soaked with sweat.

‘It is time to grant him his freedom,’ said Lharra.

‘But what if he alerts my master? We will be punished for what we have done.’

Lharra slid forward. ‘He will not betray us,’ she said in a low voice, leaning in close, her breath warm against his face. ‘Listen to me, man – and hear me well. Sharni is no Amazon, yet she conquered you with her hole. Betray our trust and your master will send me away. He will not punish me – for a Maid has the Queen’s protection. But know this: one word against us and I will hunt you down – wherever you flee. I will take you into my arse’s crack and you will suffer as no man has suffered before. What you have endured at Sharni’s hole will be as nothing to what you will suffer at mine.’ She broke off, studying his worn, terrified face. Grinning broadly, she said, ‘And now I leave you with a parting gift...’

Before he had a chance to react, Lharra slid forward, took his head between her legs and hugged him tight. He kicked at once, and his hands, suddenly freed, clawed violently at Lharra's hips.

Turning to Sharni, she said, 'Take hold of his cock. He sought to study us and take his pleasure. He shall have it now, whether he likes it or not!'

'His cock?' repeated Sharni, wondering if she had misheard.

'You have shamed him with your arse's hole. It is shameful, too, for a man to be drained against his will. Sit across his legs – and empty his stones as you would empty a goat of its milk!'

Recovering herself quickly, Sharni hurried forward. She dropped to her knees at the mute's midriff, swung one leg across his flailing limbs and settled herself on his legs.

'I have never milked a man!' she cried, her hands in mid-air, fingers flexing nervously.

'Take hold of the stem and pump him hard. He will spend soon enough!'

With a deep breath, Sharni curled her fingers around the mute's shaft, and held him tight. Almost at once, the half-erect stem hardened further and she felt the muscle pulse in her hands.

Holding him to her cunt, Lharra felt the squeal of excitement that broke from the man's throat as the first wave of pleasure ripped through his belly.

'My aunt has taught me there are three ways to milk a man,' explained Lharra. 'One brings pleasure, one distress, and one pain. Which shall we employ?'

After a moment's hesitation, Sharni answered breathlessly, her gaze locked greedily on the growing shaft inside her hands. 'Distress!' she cried, not wanting to give him pleasure – but not cruel enough to wish him further pain.

'Then heed this carefully,' said Lharra. 'The instant you see the first of his seed leave his cock, release him. A man longs to thrust – it is in his nature. Deny him this – and he comes, but his pleasure is thwarted. It is the sweetest of punishments!'

She broke off at that point, aware of how fiercely the mute was now struggling. Desperate for breath he clawed at her hips, his fingers scoring her flesh. She ignored the pain, and clung on harder still, determined to grant him no relief. Behind her, she heard Sharni squeal. 'His little cock is shaking!' she cried. 'I think he comes!'

'Hold him tight!' counselled Lharra. 'It will stem his flow! Remember – the instant you see the white of his seed, release him! Do not delay or all will be lost!'

'I understand!' cried Sharni as the man lurched against Lharra's cunt. She

doubted he could take much more. He was at the edge of darkness now. A few more seconds and he would be gone. Behind her she heard Sharni squeal again. 'He comes! He comes!'

As the first of his semen pumped from his cock, the man heaved and shrieked inside the prison Lharra had fashioned with her thighs. She slackened her grip a little – not enough to allow him freedom, but sufficient to allow him air. Just a fraction – to keep him awake and prolong his despair. Then she hugged him close again, drawing pleasure from his struggle. A bead of delight formed in her clit, growing quickly until a ball of fire exploded through her groin. She screamed with joy as she came, grinding the swell of her cunt hard against the poor man's face.

Breathing hard, she raised her hips, her flesh hot and sticky against his skin. As she peeled herself away, her juices leaked across his face. The mute screamed as the air returned to his lungs; then screamed again at the misery of his thwarted orgasm. Glancing over her shoulder, Lharra saw his semen dribbling from the eye of his cock, thin bubbles of come oozing across his belly.

Rising quickly, she reached down, took hold of the mute's arm and hauled him to his feet. He rocked awkwardly, struggled to keep his balance and almost fell. She tugged him fully upright, then cried, 'Run, man! Run for your life before I change my mind and take you to my other hole!'

He stumbled away, fear and disgust mingled in his face. Then he turned, and hurried away as fast as he could. The women watched him retreat; slowly at first, then faster as his strength returned until he disappeared round a bend in the path and disappeared from sight.

The moment he vanished, Lharra released a roar of laughter, doubling up with

glee. Sharni followed suit, relief and exhaustion rippling through her body. Turning to the youngster, Lharra folded her arms around her shoulders and hugged her warmly. Then, withdrawing quickly, she said, 'You are a woman now, Sharni. Never forget this moment – nor the power of the holes that lie between your legs.'

Sharni bowed her head respectfully. 'I will not,' she said in a quiet voice. 'And I thank you for this gift you have bestowed on me.'

'Come,' said Lharra, dusting herself down. 'We should return to our room. All this exercise has given me an appetite. Let us feast, wash and rest. Our day is not yet over. The greatest test is still to come...'

Twenty

Back in their room, Sharni washed, dressed, then set about preparing a meal. Lharra washed, too, put on her thong, then threw herself on to the nearest pile of cushions and closed her eyes. It would be a long day, she knew, with the greatest test to come that evening. All supposing Kharfu's friend agreed.

After the women had eaten, they sat around talking, discussing the morning's events. Then they rested, ate and drank again and were still chatting some hours later when the door to the chamber flew open and two of the mutes entered. Sharni saw, to her relief, that neither of the men was the one she and Lharra had sat on just a few hours before. Doubtless he was resting, too. The fact that they had so far not been summoned, appeared to suggest he had taken Lharra's warning to heart and had kept to himself the dreadful thing the women had done to him.

As on previous occasions, Lharra and Sharni were led along familiar corridors, then downstairs until they reached Kharfu's private chamber. More than once, Lharra found herself wondering if the mute had betrayed them. Were they walking towards a monstrous reckoning? As Lharra had told the mute himself – though she hoped it was true more than she believed it – she was the Queen's servant and Kharfu might balk at punishing her. But Sharni was not in the Queen's service and, the more she considered it, the more she wondered if inviting the girl to join her in her mission was not a selfish action on her part.

When they entered the room, however, and Kharfu rose to greet them, the smile on his face assured her their secret remained safe. A second man – tall and thin – lounged on cushions behind. He did not rise and, from the haughty way in which he held himself, Lharra was certain this was his friend, the Queen's adviser of whom Kharfu had spoken. And, if she were not badly mistaken, a fellow-conspirator in the plot she had been tasked with unravelling.

As always, Sharni was ushered to the rear of the room, to stand alongside the mutes. Kharfu took hold of Lharra's arm and guided her forward until she stood before the man spread-eagled on the floor below.

'This is my friend,' he began, 'the man of whom I spoke. His name is Delrhon.'

Lharra bowed respectfully. There was a noticeable hesitancy in Kharfu's voice when he introduced the other man. One that made the hairs tingle along the nape of her neck. Whatever the man's real name was, it was not Delrhon. And that Kharfu held him in high regard – fear even – was equally apparent.

'Kharfu tells me you are a Maid,' said the man in a thin, treacly voice. It was not a pleasant tone, and she felt her shoulders tighten.

'I am, my lord,' said Lharra quietly, her eyes cast down.

'You may look at me,' he allowed unctuously. 'If for no other reason than that I would care to look at you.'

Lharra raised her head and met his gaze full on. Delrhon had a high, narrow forehead, sharp eyes, bushy brows and a long, solid nose. His cheeks were pronounced and when he spoke his chin thrust out as if it possessed a life of its own. She wondered what it would feel like to sit on his head and imagined her backside swallowing him whole.

She saw him eye her up and down, his gaze lingering first on her small, bare

breasts, then the swell of her hips and the covered bulge of her vagina. Doubtless his mind – like that of so many men foolish enough to consider what she could do to them as sport, not punishment – was already transporting him to some heavenly place.

‘Sit beside me,’ he said, waving at some cushions. ‘And let us talk about what you call ... your woman’s work.’

As Lharra settled herself on the cushions, Kharfu also eased himself down, but a little way off. Close enough to listen, distant enough to ensure his friend had her full attention.

Licking his lips, and eyeing her slowly once again, Delrhon said, ‘Do you enjoy sitting on men?’

It was a blunt question, but easily answered. ‘I do, my lord,’ replied Lharra.

‘You regard it as ... sacred work?’

Lharra nodded. ‘As an Amazon, I believe all women were born to sit,’ she said, deliberately provocative. ‘And all men to be sat upon.’

Delrhon’s eyebrows rose dramatically. ‘All men?’ he inquired, daring her to challenge him.

Lharra returned his gaze without expression, her mind racing. She knew she must tread carefully. These were treacherous waters. He was sounding her out. She did not want to frighten him away – but nor did she wish him to think her hopelessly compliant. A man who longed to be ridden by a Maid – to be taken into her crack and punished as only she could punish him – was a man who longed for domination, albeit in the mind, if not always in the body.

‘Some men more than others,’ she replied diplomatically. ‘But I am an Amazon. It is difficult for me ... to control myself. When I see a man ... a powerful man ... I long to do battle with him. To take him between my legs as Amazons have always taken men ...’

She allowed her words to trail away and lowered her eyes coyly, one hand smoothing over her long, powerful thigh.

‘I have sent many men to the Dungeons of Zendor,’ said Delrhon, striking out in a fresh direction. ‘I see each one in person before I sign the order. When I tell them they are for Zendor, they weep. Not a man has ever stood in my presence and faced his sentence bravely.’

Lifting her gaze Lharra looked at him thoughtfully. There was something wrong here. Something she could not put her finger on. But it was there, at the back of her mind nonetheless ...

‘What is it about your work ... about you ... that terrifies them so?’ He looked thoughtful in his turn now, as if he were tossing balls in the air, keen not to drop a single one; to keep them spinning. He shook his head. ‘One man begged me to have him taken out, tied to stallions and torn to shreds rather than be sent to Zendor for execution.’

‘Men fear many things,’ said Lharra with a shrug. ‘Our goddess, Handra, gave a woman weapons – holes and breasts with which she might subdue a man. And more ...’

‘You have smothered men yourself?’ asked Delrhon, easing himself upright, his eyes narrowing, his face bristling with interest.

Lharra hesitated. Delrhon – if that were his name – had already admitted to overseeing those despatched to Zendor for punishment and retribution. True, many men must pass through his hands, and it was unlikely he recalled them all. But those whom he sent for execution – did he remember those? Was he testing her? If she lied, would he know?

‘There are matters about which a Maid prefers not to talk,’ she replied at last, attempting to sidestep the question. Delrhon licked his lips and leaned forward, his keenness for an answer undiminished.

‘I have the Queen’s ear!’ he reminded her sternly. ‘There are no matters which are secret from me! Have you smothered men ...’ His gaze dropped to her wide, fleshy hips, and swept around the swell of her buttocks, ‘... between your woman’s cheeks?’

This time Lharra did not hesitate. She made up her mind in an instant. ‘I have, my lord. I have taken men into my crack ... and dragged them pleading to their gods!’

In truth, of course, she had done nothing of the sort. If he knew she was lying then he might quickly unmask her. If he did not, then, hopefully, she had engaged his interest just a little more. Even if he called her bluff, she could lie again, and insist that she had told him what she thought he wanted to hear. She was a Maid – that could not be denied. All in all, it was, she decided, a risk worth taking.

He regarded her keenly, his sharp grey eyes giving nothing away. She held her breath, waiting for his next move. Finally, with a deep sigh, he sagged and said, ‘By the gods ... how they must have suffered ...’

From the raw excitement in his voice, his concern seemed genuine. He believed her – of that she was as sure as she could be – and she felt herself relax. The crisis had passed. Kharfu had tested her earlier in the day – but not to this degree. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him move, and wondered what filthy thoughts were already forming in his debauched mind.

‘Do you feel pity for these men?’ Delrhon continued, his voice a little breathless. Lharra imagined his heart beating a little faster, and his penis rising up beneath his skirt. From the way Kharfu shifted awkwardly, she had little doubt he himself was already aroused. How she longed to have Anya and Delphi at her side: together – and with Sharni’s aid – the three of them could have overpowered the mutes, then taken these plotters between their cheeks and tortured their loathsome secrets from them.

‘I do the Queen’s work,’ said Lharra quietly. ‘I can have no pity for I have no feelings for them. If they have done wrong, then they deserve to suffer.’

‘But what if a man has done no wrong?’ questioned Delrhon. ‘What if you sat upon such a man and then were told you had punished him unfairly?’

Lharra shrugged. 'My work is my work. It is for others to judge. If I smother a man unfairly, it is those who send me the man who are at fault. If I use my hole on such a man ...' She shrugged again and fell silent.

'Should those men suffer?' asked Delrhon. 'Those who sent the man to you? Should they be sat upon, and smothered at your arse's hole? You may speak freely. I will not punish you whatever your reply.'

Lharra felt her stomach tighten. Not with fear, but with anger. He would not punish her? The boldness of the man! She wondered what Jhaleera would have made of this. She doubted her aunt would have taken the insult lightly. But she must not allow him to provoke her. Anger clouded the mind, and her mind must remain calm if she were to best these villains.

'They should,' she replied simply. 'If a man has been smothered unfairly, then justice is not served. And justice unserved can only be righted if the wrongdoer suffers the same fate.'

'If I made a mistake,' said Delrhon quietly, 'sent the wrong man to you for execution and you sat on him – took him into your crack and smothered him with your arse's hole ...' He licked his lips and let out a muffled sigh, straining to keep his excitement in check. 'Would you sit on me? Would you take me into your crack ... and smother me with your arse's hole?'

The question was bluntly delivered and, from the tone of his voice, Lharra had no doubt of the answer Delrhon yearned for.

‘I would mount you happily, my lord,’ she replied, leaning forward a little, her breasts swaying. She ran her hand around one swollen flank, cupping her hip lightly. ‘And ride you without mercy – until you moved no more ...’

Delrhon breathed a little faster now, and a bead of perspiration broke above his right temple, trickling down his face. His lips were dry and he tongued them rapidly.

‘To lie between your woman’s cheeks ... inside your crack,’ he muttered, more to himself than to her, ‘by the gods ... you would take a man both to heaven and hell ...’

He shook his head, then reached out, grabbed at a goblet of wine and took a deep swallow. Looking across at Kharfu, he said, ‘You were right ... this must be done. I must know what it feels like ... to be sat upon!’

Lharra’s heart skipped a beat. Already, her mind was racing ahead. Picturing the scene. Delrhon firmly secured to the suffocation bench. She and Sharni wrestling with mutes, subduing them quickly before taking Kharfu prisoner, too. It would not be easy – but what better chance might she have? She would take both men between her legs, hold them in her arse’s crack and force their secrets from them with her hole. Jhaleera had taught her well – and these were not men trained to deal with torture.

Shifting sideways, Delrhon made himself more comfortable, took another gulp of wine, then, addressing Lharra again, said, ‘In the old days, Amazons hunted men like prey...’

‘In my village,’ said Lharra, breaking into the gap offered, ‘they still do. Both men and women roam free in the northern lands. Not all embrace the ways of the Great Peace.’

‘Yet the Peace has brought prosperity,’ said Delrhon. ‘Is this not better than war?’

Lharra shrugged. ‘Women have always sought peace. But not at any cost.’

Delrhon regarded her thoughtfully. ‘You may speak openly,’ he assured her. ‘Your views ... interest me. You are an Amazon. Steeped in the ancient ways of your people.’ He paused. ‘You do not think as other women do.’

‘I am a Dungeon Maid,’ said Lharra simply. ‘I obey the orders of my Queen – and those to whom she gives authority.’

Delrhon’s teeth flashed in a cruel smile. ‘Then obey mine,’ he said sternly. ‘If war came again – would you willingly take men between your legs? Conquer them without mercy, as did the Amazons of old?’

Without a moment’s hesitation, Lharra answered honestly: ‘I would, my lord.’ There seemed no point in denying the fact. He would have known she was lying, in any event.

Delrhon smiled and his teeth flashed again. ‘What days those must have been,’ he sighed. ‘Men fleeing for their lives. Women coming after them – as naked as

the day they were born – eager to take them to their holes. You are a cruel race – merciless in war, they say.’

‘Better to die at a woman’s hole, than at the sword,’ said Lharra with feeling.

‘The sword can be quick,’ countered Delrhon sharply. ‘Not so the cunt ... or the arse’s mouth!’

Lharra felt a fire flame in her soul. ‘Our goddess gave us holes with which to conquer men. We do her will when we take you between our legs.’

Delrhon seemed on the point of replying, then shrugged and changed his mind. Moving on, he said, ‘Have you yourself hunted men in the wild?’

This time Lharra hesitated. She had lied once already, another could so easily trip from her tongue. But she was a Maid – chosen from birth and kept from the hunt. It was inconceivable that this man – who sent his fellow-men to Zendor – could be unaware of a Maid’s background.

‘No, my lord,’ she answered truthfully. ‘Though my mother and sisters have told me many tales.’

Delrhon’s face lit up. ‘Indeed?’ he responded. ‘They have captured men? Taken them between their thighs and done their worst?’

Lharra nodded. She was on safer ground now. His keenness was his weakness. She must play up to it. Excite him to the point of no return: to the point where he would beg her to ride him!

‘All my tribe hunt,’ she continued. ‘It is in their nature. The men they track live many miles away, in the valleys of the northern plains. Sometimes men are taken for the pleasure of the hunt itself. Sometimes as fodder for those women of the tribe who have not yet hunted in the wild – on whom they may practise their skills. At other times, men are captured so that those who would be mothers may mate with them.’

‘And after mating?’ inquired Delrhon. ‘I have heard tales ... such men are finished off. She with whom they have mated takes them into her crack ... and smothers them with her arse’s hole!’

‘It is our way, my lord,’ said Lharra flatly. ‘Men know it is their fate ... and accept it by remaining in the wild.’

Delrohn shook his head and his face grew more serious. ‘These are barbarous ways. It is hard to believe they are tolerated...’

‘It was a condition of the Great Peace,’ Lharra reminded him – a fact he knew as well as she. The way he frowned and sucked at his lips – he disapproved, that much was clear. Yet it excited him, too. Males were such curious creatures, she reflected. Even in the Dungeons, when she had sat on men, she had sensed it – a part of them feared her, yet a part of them yearned for what she might do to them, too.

Delrohn took another large gulp of wine, draining his goblet. Still clinging to it tightly, he seemed about to speak again, then stopped and shook his head. Turning abruptly to Kharfu, he said in a quiet voice. 'This audience is ended. I would speak with alone.'

Kharfu turned to the mutes, clapped his hands and gestured in the direction of the door. Lharra's heart skipped a beat. She had not expected to be dismissed so quickly. Had she overstepped the mark? Gone too far and frightened him off? Whatever the answers might be, the matter was now out of her hands.

As she and Sharni walked back to their chamber, Lharra cursed herself for her stupidity. She had been unable to help herself. In the space of just a few weeks, she had gone from a timid, inexperienced girl to a man-hunting woman who struggled to contain her rage at the way of the world. A world over which women no longer ruled, and in which men abused their power for selfish ends. Between her legs, a warm throb reminded her of the power that her aunt had unleashed in her. The more that power grew, the more she seemed to change. What was happening to her? She felt so dreadfully confused.

Back in their room, Lharra paced up and down, unable to settle. Sharni sat to one side, in silence, as if afraid to intervene. She could see the frustration in Lharra's face. At last, with a huge sigh, Lharra flung herself down onto the cushions and cried, 'I am a fool, Sharni! I have ruined everything!'

'How so?' asked Sharni, who remained as puzzled by Lharra's behaviour now, as she had been since they arrived back in their room.

Lharra sighed again and shook her head. 'I thought to lure your master and his friend into the dungeon – with none but the mutes for company. There I hoped we might restrain the villains – and use our little holes to prise their secrets from

them. Now I fear that everything is lost! I went too far. I hoped to excite him – instead I made him fear my arse’s hole and what it might do to him.’

‘You cannot be sure,’ reasoned Sharni. ‘Perhaps he feared becoming too excited. Men are like that. Or wished to speak again with my master – because he has decided he must have you sit on him!’

Lharra smiled. ‘I pray with all my heart that you are right,’ she said. ‘For If I have driven him away, I doubt even your master, for all his longings, will let me mount him either!’

‘There is nothing we can do about it now,’ said Sharni fatalistically. ‘But if we are to conquer these men tonight, we will need all our strength. I will prepare a simple meal. Some fruit, ham and lemon water from the fountain. Then we must rest – and wait.’

Lharra gave the other woman a long, grateful look. ‘You offer wise counsel, Sharni,’ she said, ‘and I thank you. You are right. Fear will avail me nothing. What will be, will be. The war is not lost, merely the battle.’

‘And perhaps not even that,’ said Sharni brightly.

As the evening wore on and the clouds began to gather, a grey gloom – one to match Lharra’s plunging spirits – seeped into the chamber. Sharni lit candles,

exhorting her friend to relax, but Lharra could not settle, pacing the room like a caged beast, ready to strike if only the chance arose. She had all but abandoned the last shreds of hope when the door to the chamber flew open and this time not just the mutes – one of whom she noticed with grim delight was the man they had punished earlier that day – but Kharfu himself strode into the room.

‘Delrohn has decided,’ he announced, his tongue flashing around his lips with barely restrained excitement. ‘He wishes you to sit on him!’

Twenty One

Lharra's stomach hollowed with anticipation. This was it! The moment she had planned for since learning of Delrohn's visit. Her mind raced with possibilities – and with the enormity, too, of the undertaking ahead. With the mutes in attendance, it would be she and Sharni – two against four. Three against two once Delrhon was restrained. In a confined area – and with Sharni having demonstrated her newly learned skills – she might have hoped for success. But even three against two meant one man briefly unaccounted for. If one of the servants should escape and warn others, then all would be lost.

She had mulled over the problem many times during the intervening hours and was still no closer to a solution. Besides, for much of that time she had remained convinced her plans were in ruins and that Delrohn had fled. Dear Sharni! She should have listened to the youngster. She had been proved right, after all!

For now, however, she was forced to push her anxiety to one side, for Kharfu was speaking again, his own eyes bright with arousal.

'Delrohn begs you to treat him as you would any man brought to you for suffocation. My servants have orders to bring him forcibly to the dungeon. He will struggle – it is part of the game – and they have been instructed to ignore his protests. He plays the part of a traitor, whom I have given into your custody. He will rail and rant against me – it is part of our game. You are to take no notice – on pain of incurring his displeasure. Nothing must interrupt his–' Kharfu hesitated, as if struggling for the right word. When it came, it proved simple enough. 'His fantasy.' He paused again, then said, 'He has given me a secret word – one which, should he speak it – signifies his torture must end at once.'

'What is the word?' asked Lharra, recovering herself, and keen to show authority again.

Kharfu hesitated and his eyes narrowed. Finally, he said, 'It is Democ – the name of a distant cousin. However ...' He broke off again.

Lharra tilted her head and regarded him curiously. Hairs tingled along the nape of her neck. She disliked Delrhon – but she disliked Kharfu more. There was something about him ... something more evil than even she had first imagined.

'My friend wishes to play a more subtle game. We have agreed other words. Words he will cry out to end his torment. We are to ignore these words ... and wait until the word I have given you is spoken. He wishes to believe ...' Kharfu broke off once more and shifted from one foot to the other. He looked awkward and ill at ease. Regaining his composure, he said, 'He wishes to believe that I have betrayed him. That there is no hope. That you mean to take him into the darkness ... to smother him as only a woman can. To suffocate him with your arse's hole!'

'What if he is unable to speak?' said Lharra. 'What if I am seated on his face when finally he breaks?'

Again, Kharfu shifted awkwardly. Excitement gleamed in his eyes. It suddenly dawned on her that he wished it were he they were speaking of! He who was to lie between her legs and suffer at her little hole! Well, she reflected, perhaps his chance would come – and sooner than he knew!

Licking his lips, Kharfu explained in a quiet voice, 'He will give a sign with his right hand. I am to look for it. Two fingers, one crossed above the other. It will signify you are to rise.'

‘And if I refuse?’ asked Lharra starkly.

‘Refuse?’ Kharfu’s voice reflected his confusion. He looked back at her, bewildered. ‘You cannot refuse!’

‘I am an Amazon,’ said Lharra simply. ‘Sometimes , when I sit on a man ... a fire rages in my arse’s hole. She becomes my mistress, and I not hers. I may wish her to release your friend, but she may wish to take him into the darkness.’

Kharfu’s mouth creased contemptuously. ‘If you cause harm to the Queen’s adviser, the mutes have orders to remove you themselves.’

‘I doubt they have the strength,’ she replied defiantly.

‘Then they will break your neck where you sit. And drag your worthless corpse from his body.’

Something in the way he spoke made her shudder. He meant what he said. Worse, she thought, it would give him pleasure, too, to see them despatch her while riding another man’s face.

‘Let us hope it does not come to that,’ said Lharra quietly, fighting down the urge to seize Kharfu, throw him to the floor and mount him there and then. Taking a long breath, she said, ‘If he does not give the secret word – or offer his sign – am I to ride him into the darkness?’

‘You are to ride him as you would any man. Show him no mercy. Subdue him with your arse’s hole until he moves no more.’ Kharfu licked his lips and his Adam’s apple bobbed quickly in his throat. ‘Those are his orders. He insists they are not to be disobeyed.’

‘There is always a risk when I sit on a man,’ said Lharra. ‘If I take him too far...’

‘He accepts the risk,’ said Kharfu quickly. ‘He wishes you to show him no mercy. As I would ask you to show me none ... were I fortunate enough to have you take me into your crack.’

‘Who knows?’ said Lharra softly. ‘Perhaps that time will come. Then you will truly know the power of a woman’s bottom ...’

Another flash of teeth; another jerk of his Adam’s apple. Excitement briefly flared in Kharfu’s eyes. Controlling himself with some effort, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then said, ‘I will accompany you to the dungeons.’ He bowed – a show of mock subservience. ‘If you will follow me ...’

Walking along familiar corridors, and down the main stairs to the floor below, Lharra’s belly churned with excitement. With Sharni following a step behind her, she wondered what was passing through the other girl’s mind. Even now, she feared for her companion. If this went wrong, if she failed in her task, what fate might await her? She could throw herself on Jhaleera’s mercy, but these were

powerful men she was opposing. She could not be certain of keeping Sharni safe.

In her mind's eye, she saw the dungeon again – a perfect replica of Zendor. She saw Delrohn lying on his back, secured to the suffocation bench. Saw herself coming down over him, her buttocks splayed, her anus twitching with deadly intent. She heard him scream; saw him twist from side to side, and turn his head away as her little hole moved ever closer. She felt his nose push against her flesh as she eased the well of her arse around his nostrils, cutting off his breath ...

Jolting herself back to reality, Lharra realised they had reached the outer door of the dungeon itself. Kharfu stayed further progress with a curt wave of his hand. Then, turning to Lharra, he said, 'You and the girl will enter the room and prepare yourselves as you would when receiving any man for interrogation. My servants will fetch Delrohn. We will then join you. Do you understand?'

Lharra nodded. 'We will be ready.'

Kharfu responded with a broad, lascivious grin. Another brief gesture and the mutes hurried forward, heaved up the bar that kept the dungeon locked and pushed open the door. Without a word, Lharra walked through, and Sharni followed. The door closed behind them, and, from the silence that followed, it was clear that the bolt had not been replaced.

With no idea of how long Kharfu and the mutes would be, Lharra turned to Sharni and said, 'Disrobe. We must be naked when Delrohn arrives – our weapons unleashed so that he knows we mean to sit on him.'

Tentatively, Sharni undressed, while Lharra unbuckled her thong and lay it, alongside Sharni's skirt, in a neat pile in the corner.

'Are you nervous?' she asked her friend. She knew Sharni's answer before she replied.

'I am,' said her friend. She looked around the room and shuddered. 'This place ... it frightens me. To think that in Zendor, this is where men are brought ... for you to sit on them.'

'You have nothing to fear,' said Lharra, keen to comfort her. She wished, just then, she could have comforted herself. In truth, the girl had everything to fear and, not for the first time, a pang of guilt hollowed her stomach. 'It is the men who will come to fear us – when we take them into our cracks and conquer them with our holes.'

'But we are two against four – three at the best,' Sharni reminded her. 'Can it truly be done? Can we subdue them?'

'We must,' said Lharra firmly, then sighed. 'But if you wish to withdraw – now is the time. I will not think ill of you. This is dangerous work. If we are overcome – if we cannot break these men and learn their secrets – our lives may be forfeit. I place a heavy burden on you. One that must only be assumed willingly.'

Straightening her back, Sharni lifted her head high and said, 'I accept it proudly. To aid our Queen – and end the days of men like the mutes and my master.'

Lharra smiled, reached out and rested a hand on Sharni's shoulder. 'Then we will prevail,' she promised, 'and conquer these men as only women can!'

At that moment, a scuffling sound in the corridor outside alerted them to Kharfu's return and they broke apart quickly.

'Take your lead from me,' said Lharra, taking a deep breath to steady her nerves.

Sharni bobbed her head as the dungeon door was flung open and Kharfu entered, with the mutes in tow. Between them they dragged a struggling Delrohn, his arms and legs tightly trussed, his mouth secured with a gag. He fought them furiously, his body heaving from side to side. Formless grunts broke against the gag and sweat poured from his forehead, stinging his eyes. The mutes forced him to his knees in front of the two women.

'We bring you this man for questioning!' cried Kharfu, addressing Lharra, his cruel eyes sparkling.

Approaching quickly, she gazed down at Delrohn, cupped her hand around her cunt and said, 'Behold the slit that makes me woman! Confess now – or face my pussy's wrath!'

Delrohn shrieked into the gag. There was genuine fear in his eyes. It both disturbed and thrilled her in equal measure. She shrugged. No matter. Once she had him between her legs ... then he would know the true meaning of fear!

She grinned cruelly. 'Of course, you cannot speak.' She hesitated, smiled again then said, 'A pity – for now you must suffer in silence ...'

Delrohn's eyes blazed and a fresh volley of grunts broke against the gag. Addressing the mutes, Lharra said, 'Secure him to the suffocation bench!'

More screams, more frantic struggling. Had he been a true victim, Lharra reflected, about to be sat upon and smothered at the cunt, he could not have protested more vigorously. It took all of the mutes' strength to pin him on his back and force his limbs into the thick leather restraints that lined the bench.

Watching them at work gave Lharra serious cause for concern. Earlier that day, it had taken all of her strength to subdue the mute. Sharni would struggle to overcome a man on her own – and there were three of them to contend with. For the first time, her spirits sagged. The task, viewed starkly, seemed suddenly all but impossible. What had she been thinking of? It would surely be suicide to attempt it.

No! Somehow it must be managed. How, she was no longer sure – but first things first: it was time to sit on the traitor, Delrohn. Hoisting herself onto the bench, she swung one leg across his body and settled herself on his chest. A strangled groan erupted from the back of his throat and, again, his eyes blazed with rage. Reaching down, she ran her fingers through his hair and hugged him to her cunt. Unable to speak, she was mindful of the signal they had agreed on, and glanced down at his hands, only to see that they intermittently clawed and clenched.

She had decided on her plan of action. Take him first to her cunt, using both her

flesh and the gag to wear him down. Deprived of air, and fearful as he surely would be, Delrohn would become quickly exhausted. She must take him far, but not so far he chose to quit the battle. Enough to excite, not enough to fear for his life. Whatever secrets he possessed, she would tear from him his mouth with her arse's hole. But for the moment, she must bide her time. Ideas were forming in her head. There might be a way to deal with the mutes. With Kharfu, also, if Sharni could play her part...

Something nagged at the back of her mind. Something Delrohn had said. What was it?

Between her legs, the traitor lurched, and another strangled groan echoed in his throat. She hardened the muscles in her thighs and held him a little more firmly. Then she relaxed, rose to allow him air, then eased herself down again, her fleshy labia closing around his nose.

Gazing into his eyes, Lharra savoured the look of panic in his face. It was, she reflected, quite exquisite. A sideways glance showed his hands still clenched and she wondered how far she could take him. How far did he wish to be taken? Into the darkness itself? It was hard to believe any man would crave such a thing. Kharfu appeared to – but would surely change his mind should she sit on him and the pain in his lungs became intolerable. What of Delrohn? How far might he be prepared to go? Further than most, she suspected. He was a leader of men. A dangerous man. A man, perhaps, without limits ...

As he heaved again, the air in his lungs gone, she raised herself a fraction, allowing him to take a few desperate breaths. Then she pressed down again and gazed into his wide, bulging eyes as he gazed back at her – unblinking, his face full of hate.

There would be time, later, she knew, to take him into her crack and break him with her little hole. She doubted he would want this over quickly. If nothing else, to be defeated quickly would surely be to shame himself before Kharfu. That would never do. A debauched minion like Kharfu...

That thought again: nagging, insistent ... tugging at her brain just as Delrohn's panic-stricken face tugged at her cunt. A blackness rose in her soul; flames of desire warmed her belly. In an instant, she was back in Zendor, sitting on Leesan's head, the darkness shrouding her. She remembered how she had wanted to remain seated: to take him into the darkness; to finish him off between her legs. Jhaleera had sought to control her passion, so that she might use it to make herself stronger. Now – suddenly – the feeling had returned, the urge to conquer welling up inside her, threatening to overpower her completely.

She shook her head and bit down on her lower lip, urging herself to relax. If the blackness took her now – if she were to tighten her thighs just a little more – she might finish him off and no one could stop her! True, her own life would be forfeit, but if she took this traitor with her – perhaps the plot itself would fail.

As his head jerked violently between her legs, her senses returned and she raised herself a fraction. Still no sign from his hands – the fingers of which clawed and clenched along the wooden frame. A little way off, she saw, to her surprise and disgust, that Kharfu had tugged his tunic up and was holding his fat little cock, stroking the stem and groaning.

In a flash her mind cleared. The blackness vanished and jumbled ideas flew together – like a goblet shattered on the hard stone floor, before flying up to make itself whole again. Addressing Kharfu directly, she said, 'My lord – why touch yourself, when a woman may touch you instead?'

For a moment, his face creased, bewildered. A movement from Lharra – her open hand gesturing in Sharni’s direction – and her meaning became clear.

‘Let her sit on your face!’ urged Lharra. ‘She is lightly built – you can easily push her off should she become too eager and attempt to draw you into her crack!’

Eying the young girl lustfully, feasting on her bare flesh, Kharfu considered the prospect with open excitement. He was a stout man and, though gone a little to seed, he had no doubt he could shift the girl should the need arise. The thought of her sitting on him, rubbing her bare backside in his face – for it was her hole he was thinking of now – filled him with an overwhelming delight.

‘I shall smother this one hard!’ cried Lharra, wriggling on Delrohn’s face as if to prove her claim. Then, as if giving the matter fresh thought, she added, ‘Think on this, master Kharfu! Were his hands free, your mutes might hold him down. How he would struggle in the grip of men! Knowing they could rescue him – yet refuse to come to his aid. That they are helping a woman to smother him with her little hole!’

Kharfu’s eyes flashed with fresh excitement. It was clear that the thought had huge appeal. He was still struggling to frame a response when Lharra raced on. ‘Let us remove his gag, too – and hear him plead for mercy! Let me take him into my arse’s crack and finish him off with my hole!’

This time, Kharfu’s mouth dropped open and he gaped longingly. His eyes darted from Delrohn’s heaving torso to Lharra’s breasts, her hips, then back to her wide, happy face. Her eyes shone and she pursed her lips coyly – using all her female wiles to lure him in.

‘If you loosen the gag, he – he may say things ...’ stuttered Kharfu. ‘He may beg you not to smother him! He may test you with lies! Tell you he has changed his mind!’

Lharra shook her head. ‘Then let him say his secret word!’ she cried. ‘Or give us the sign he promised!’

Kharfu bared a row of uneven teeth and a groan of excitement escaped his lips. ‘You are right!’ he cried. ‘And the girl!’ He flashed another greedy look at Sharni. ‘She will sit on me? Take me to her secret place while you sit!’

‘She will do as I bid!’ replied Lharra firmly.

‘It will be an honour, sir!’ said Sharni, bobbing her head.

‘Show him your weapon!’ cried Lharra, relaxing her grip, aware that Delrohn was close to passing out. She felt his nostrils snort against her bare flesh: once, twice, and then she closed her lips around him. Having sealed in her cunt once more, she returned her attention to Kharfu. He was on the brink of doing as she asked, his tongue licking at the edges of his mouth, spittle dribbling down his chin.

When Sharni turned her back on him, bent low and opened up her arse, Kharfu all but fell to his knees. His legs tottered and his fingers hardened around his cock.

‘She offers you a glimpse of paradise!’ cried Lharra, keen to reel him in. ‘Will you worship at her sacred shrine?’

It was enough. Addressing the mutes, Kharfu screamed, ‘Untie him! Then hold his arms while the Maid does her work!’ As Sharni made to straighten up, Kharfu glared and cried, ‘No! Not yet! Your arse’s hole! Let me see it again!’

Sharni turned her back a second time, bent low and peeled her little cheeks apart. Kharfu dropped to his knees at once, took hold of her hips and plunged his face into the soft, shallow crack of her arse. His nose pushed into the well, and he sniffed at her strongly. Between his legs, his penis unfurled, blood rushing into the stem with each snort at her hole.

Lharra smiled and, catching the other girl’s eye for an instant, threw her a conspiratorial wink. Then, addressing the mutes, who had approached the bench but seemed uncertain of their next move, she said, ‘Undo his arms, then hold them down. Seize his wrists and keep his hands from my hips!’

She dismounted to allow them more room, stretching her legs which had grown stiff while sitting on Delrohn’s face. Reaching down into her crack, she peeled her sticky cheeks apart, her buttocks damp with sweat. Plunging one hand between her fleshy orbs, she wriggled her fingers until she found her little hole. Rubbing it gently, she felt the crater open greedily – as if it seemed to know it would soon be doing battle with a man’s head.

Spreading her fingers, she ran them across Delrohn’s nose, marking him with her rich, earthy scent. His head lurched and he let loose a muffled scream. Smiling broadly, she fiddled with the knot at the back of his head, and carefully undid the

gag. As she pulled it away, he sucked at the air, drawing great lungfuls into his chest, and wheezing hoarsely.

Without giving him a chance to speak, Lharra swung one leg across his head and positioned her bare backside over his face. The moment he caught sight of her hole, the fleshy knot pulsing crudely at the centre of her crack, Delrohn screamed and tried to bring his arms up. The mutes held on grimly, pinning his wrists flat against the bench.

‘Release me!’ he cried, his body twisting. His back arched and he released a shrill grunt as Lharra’s anus opened and closed.

‘Tell me the names of your fellow-plotters and I will spare your life!’ said Lharra, clutching at her cheeks, raising first one, then the other, and flexing her muscular sphincter.

‘There is no plot! This is no game! Release me, I say! Or you die for this crime!’

Above him, Lharra roared with laughter. ‘You are in the Dungeons of Zendor!’ she reminded him. ‘And have been sent to me for interrogation! I had hoped to break you with my woman’s cunt – but you defy me!’

‘I? Defy you?’ he cried. ‘Your life is forfeit for this crime, Maid of Zendor! And your mistress’s, too! Kharfu! Have your men release me! At once!’

Glancing at the mutes, their faces etched with concern, Lharra said, attempting

to bolster their resolve, 'Take no notice of this villain! He plots against the state and must be dealt with. Your master, Kharfu, bids me break him with my woman's arse. Hold firmly – for he will struggle when my bottom comes for him!'

'Again, I command you!' screamed Delrohn. 'Free me or die!'

'Prepare yourself, man!' cried Lharra, lifting her buttocks high, exposing the dark, rounded crater of her anus. 'The Eye of Doom is coming for you, now! There is no escape!'

Delrohn screamed again – but his cry was cut short as Lharra brought her huge backside down over his face, driving her anus around his nose, the bloated bulb of her cunt flattening against his mouth. He shrieked, heaved and shrieked again – muffled grunts exploding against her raw flesh.

'I ride him!' cried Lharra, turning her head towards Kharfu, breaking into his feverish thoughts. He immediately plucked his face from inside Sharni's arse.

The moment he saw the rise and fall of Lharra's cheeks – and the way his mutes clung on to Delrohn's wrists for all they were worth, something snapped inside him. He must have this, too – whatever the cost! He must be sat upon and smothered at the arse! He must plunge his tongue into a woman's hole!

Manoeuvring himself onto his back, Kharfu rested his head on the cold, stone floor. 'Sit on me!' he cried, as Sharni approached, dropping to her knees alongside him. 'Mount my face and bring me relief! Now, woman! Now!'

‘Do as your master bids!’ instructed Lharra. ‘Let him suckle on your little hole and bring him to fruition! Pleasure him, Sharni! Pleasure him as you have never pleased any man before!’

Sharni frowned and looked momentarily bewildered. This was not what she had expected. Even now she awaited a new command. To mount Kharfu’s head gently, perhaps – but then to strike and hold him to her little hole until he moved no more. She doubted she could manage such a feat, but she would do whatever Lharra asked of her – whatever the risk.

Swinging her right leg across his head, Sharni positioned herself over her master as Lharra had positioned herself over Delrohn.

‘Have mercy on me, Maid!’ cried Kharfu, with mock-concern. ‘Do not take me to your arse’s hole!’

Lharra nodded. ‘Begin your work!’ she cried. ‘As I prepare to begin mine!’

Sharni tensed. There was something in the way Lharra spoke – a warning tone. Immediately she dropped her hips, pressing the slit of her anus to Kharfu’s mouth. She had already sat on one man – the mute – but this was different. This man, she knew, could shift her if he tried. Was that why Lharra had instructed her to ride him gently?

As confused thoughts continued to bubble to the surface, Sharni was aware of Kharfu bucking, his hardened penis jerking against his belly. Reluctantly, she

reached out, took hold of his shaft and rubbed it smoothly. Immediately, a muffled groan broke from between her legs and Kharfu's tongue pushed high, in a bid to spear her anus. A moment later, his tongue withdrew and his nose pressed up into her well, sniffing strongly. As nose and tongue began to alternate, Sharni felt a liquid glow suffuse her belly, heat spreading out across her midriff and into her groin. Without intending to, she pressed down a little harder, remembering how she had smothered the mute, and eager to do so again.

Kharfu's hands came up and pushed at her hips, lifting her with ease. When his tongue lapped along the length of her crack, she sighed feebly and felt the muscles in her thighs turn to jelly. Recovering herself, she pressed down again, her buttocks spread around Kharfu's face, sucking him into her crack. At the same time, she squeezed his cock and felt the shaft tremble in her hand.

'Tease him!' cried Lharra, still rocking up and down on Delrohn's face. 'Do not bring him to fruition quickly!'

Again that warning tone in Lharra's voice. The Amazon had a plan, though what that plan might be remained a mystery just now.

It was not to remain a mystery for long...

Lifting her arse a fraction to allow Delrohn some air, Lharra wriggled her hips, then plunged herself down again, stifling a squeal of horror from between her legs.

'Hold him firmly!' she cried, addressing the mutes. 'Your master, Kharfu, longs for the struggle. He urges you to help me smother him!'

Away to her right, Lharra was aware of Kharfu stifling a moan of pleasure – both with joy at her words, and in delight from the soft caress of Sharni’s hands.

As the mutes bore down, they were forced to lean in closer. In a flash, as they moved within reach, Lharra brought her arms up and round their necks, pulling them towards her. Caught by surprise, neither man had a chance to react as she hugged him, one to each breast, a single open mouth around a nipple. Though not the largest of teats, they were plump enough to stifle a man’s breath.

Responding now, the mutes released Delrohn’s wrists, bringing up their hands, and clawing at Lharra’s arms, attempting to tug themselves free.

A few yards away, stunned by Lharra’s attack, Sharni knew at once what she must do.

‘Oh, master!’ she cried, bearing down a fraction harder, her buttocks pressed to Kharfu’s ears. ‘How your friend is struggling in the Amazon’s crack. He cries for mercy! Oh – poor man! – how he weeps!’

Aroused beyond measure by Sharni’s description, Kharfu squealed, wriggled and clutched at her hips, no longer pushing her away but hugging her close instead. In his frenzy, and with Sharni’s words echoing in his ears, he remained oblivious to the fierce struggle being waged on the suffocation bench.

As for Lharra, she knew she had now committed herself completely. Holding on firmly to the mutes, hugging them to her breasts, she was unable to lift herself

from Delrohn's head. With his nose jammed into her hole and his mouth stretched wide around the bulb of her vagina, it was impossible for him to draw breath. The mutes, also, were unable to breathe, but if she conquered them at the expense of taking Delrohn into the darkness all would be lost! It was a monstrous dilemma!

With a snarl of rage, she hugged the mutes as hard as she could, flattening her teats around their mouths. As the first minute passed, she felt the men weaken, their hands still pummeling at her flesh, but their strength beginning to fade. Inside her crack, his nose still lodged inside her anus, Delrohn heaved and juddered. He was almost gone now. If she did not rise soon ...

Her mind raced, searching for a solution. Only one presented itself. It was a huge risk, but it was all or nothing now. She must do what she must do – and pray to Handra for salvation!

Releasing one of the mutes – he whom she and Sharni had punished that very morning – she raised her bottom for an instant, allowing Delrohn air. Not much, but enough, she hoped, to give him hope. And she, too! With one hand free, she closed her arms around the second mute, as his companion staggered backwards, and fell semi-conscious to the floor.

The man at her breast shook strongly, as if sick with fever, his hands punching at her sides. The mute she had released sat huddled on the floor, drawing breath quickly, but shaking still, hugging himself and weeping.

Beneath Sharni's bottom, Kharfu finally responded. Pushing at her buttocks, he tore his nose from her anus, and blinked through the gloom, struggling to clear his head. Sharni rubbed his cock a little faster and he swooned. Caught off-guard, he released her cheeks and squealed with delight. As her arse covered him

again, he moaned feebly, briefly surrendering to the pleasure in his groin. It was scarcely a moment's respite, but it was all Lharra needed. The man at her breast gave one last, urgent shudder and slumped motionless at her chest.

She released him at once, pushing his unconscious body to the floor as she dismounted. The other mute looked up at once and screamed. It was enough to waken Kharfu from his trance. He gave one almighty push and heaved Sharni's arse away from his face.

'What treachery is this?' he cried, hauling himself upright. Before he had a chance to climb to his feet, Lharra threw herself across his body, her legs either side of his chest. As he tumbled backwards, his head hit the cold stone floor with a dreadful thud. It stunned him badly, allowing Lharra to manoeuvre herself into position over his face.

'For pity's sake, no!' he cried, as she pressed down with her bottom, spreading her cheeks around his nose and mouth, sucking him into her crack. A moment later, only muffled groans escaped, exploding against the flesh of her arse.

Sharni, still on her knees, scurried round to the front, eager, if she could, to help.

'What can I do?' she asked, her eyes wide, her jaw gaping at this unexpected turn of events. She glanced towards the conscious mute, still cowering in a corner. 'Shall I sit on him?' she asked. 'Shall I take him into my crack and smother him?'

Though none too sure what answer she expected, the one Lharra took her utterly by surprise.

‘Free Delrohn,’ said Lharra, between gritted teeth, wriggling her bottom furiously, driving her hole deep into Kharfu’s mouth. ‘And beg him to forgive me. Then wake the other mute – and we will put an end to this treachery once and for all!’

Twenty Two

Though she understood nothing of what Lharra had said – why beg forgiveness from a traitor and wake a man who meant them harm? – Sharni did as her friend requested. The instant both mutes had recovered, one was sent to fetch others, with orders that they be armed and ready to take a prisoner. Lharra's commands were obeyed without demur, her authority accepted without question. Both mutes were happy to have escaped with their lives. What followed now was out of their control. Armed guards seemed like the safest option: to arrest the Amazon Maid if nothing else.

Lharra remained seated on Kharfu's head until Delrohn had been freed, at which point guards had arrived and confusion had threatened to break out – with no one sure what had happened or what was going on.

'This man is a traitor!' said Lharra simply, still seated on Kharfu's chest, her backside dangerously close to his head. He denied the charge roundly, but, in truth, it was all over now.

It took Delrohn several minutes to recover and, even then, he remained dazed for some time. One thing he was certain of, however, and which sealed Kharfu's fate – the latter had had him overpowered and gagged by the mutes, on the pretext of being taken to the dungeons for mock-suffocation at his own request.

'The villain would have seen me smothered!' cried Delrohn bitterly, still shaking his head as if the matter remained incomprehensible to him.

'I guessed as much,' said Lharra, after they had left the chamber and returned to Kharfu's private rooms, the man himself now under close arrest.

‘And yet you tried to suffocate me!’ cried Delrohn angrily. ‘You took me into your arse’s crack – and forced your little hole on me!’

‘It could not be helped, sire,’ said Lharra flatly. ‘Kharfu left me no choice. Had Sharni and I resisted from the start, more guards would have been sent for. We were outnumbered. We would all have perished. I sat on your face to save your life. To save all our lives!’

‘But how could you know the man was a traitor? I did not know it myself. Even now, I find it so hard to believe.’

‘I did not know at first. Some weeks ago, my mistress Jhaleera broke a man in the dungeons – his name as Nahreem. Sent to us by your office for questioning.’

Delrohn scowled. ‘I remember the man. A thief and a liar. It was believed he had friends at court – people who had aided him in his villainy. A minor plot, perhaps. Nothing of great import but one that needed to be dealt with. There are always plots. Nothing ever comes of them as long as we are vigilant.’

‘He was part of a plot to overthrow our Queen. A minor role, I believe – but one made to seem more vital than it was.’

Again Delrohn shook his head and frowned. ‘You still have the better of me. None of this makes sense.’

‘Kharfu was the leader of the plot to overthrow our Queen. He played a cunning game. Through others – for his name was never mentioned during questioning – he led the man Nahreem to believe you were the plotters’ mastermind. This he revealed to my mistress under questioning – as Kharfu knew he would. His plan was to have you disgraced and removed from office, your position taken by another, I suspect, one more amenable to his scheme. Possibly one who could get close enough to our Queen to kill her, I do not know. What mattered was that you were removed. I cannot be sure, but I believe that part of his plan may have been to have Jhaleera send a Maid to question you. Certainly, that was my role when I arrived – to get you on your own if possible, and take you into my crack. To use my little hole to wring a confession from you.’

‘In heaven’s name!’ muttered Delrohn, a stricken look on his face. ‘You meant to sit on me! To smother me with your arse’s hole!’

‘I did, sire,’ conceded Lharra. ‘Forgive me, but Kharfu was clever and left me no choice.’

‘But what convinced you it was not I who led the plotters – but Kharfu himself?’

‘It was when you spoke of sending men to Zendor for questioning. It was clear to me – and forgive me again – that though, like many men, you have longings for a woman’s arse, you do not approve of our ways. I confess that at first this only convinced me of your own part in this treachery. You had no sympathy for Amazon justice: the way we use our holes to conquer men and bend them to our will.’

‘It is true,’ Delrohn conceded, ‘that though I favour the Great Peace and am happy that war is ended – the notion that a woman could use her holes in such a fashion both excites and appals me. But I support our Queen, regardless of my

feelings either way.'

Lharra nodded. 'I knew as much when you told me you remembered sending Nahreem for questioning. It made no sense for you to send a man for punishment if you knew that when broken the first name he would give us would be yours!'

Delrohn allowed himself a weak smile. 'It is true, I have a fondness for a woman's holes. Like many of my race, it is a curse I bear. I both loathe and long for the taste of a woman's arse. I cannot help myself – but I am not a fool.' He paused, raised a hand to his face and rubbed his tired eyes. 'My name is known to many, but not, I know, to all. I doubt that when he passed through my office, this man Nahreem – the one your mistress broke – knew even it was me to whom he spoke.'

'He would not have seen nor known of Kharfu, either. Indeed, my mistress told me that, when broken, he knew little, other than that you were the leader of a band of traitors scheming to murder our Queen.'

'And to think, the villain, Kharfu's, plan almost succeeded. That if you had not seen through his treachery...' He looked thoughtful. 'What was your plan for me?' he asked.

'The truth, sire?' asked Lharra.

'The truth,' he repeated.

‘If I could not have got you alone for questioning – my plan was to smother you. To take you into my crack – and sit upon your face until you moved no more.’

‘Even at the risk to your own life?’

‘My life is not important, sire. It is the Queen I serve. No more.’

He nodded slowly. ‘Now that Kharfu is taken, we will learn the names of his fellow-plotters. He is not a brave man. I doubt he will take much ... persuading. And after that, he will pay for his sins as all traitors must.’

‘May I ask two favours, sire? And if you grant them, I will ask no more.’

He regarded her thoughtfully for some seconds, then said, ‘What are they?’

‘I could not have done what I did without the young girl, Sharni’s, help. She has been brave – for she is merely a servant and not trained in the Amazon ways. We all owe her our lives.’

‘Your favour?’ asked Delrohn, a touch of impatience creeping into his voice.

‘You have influence at court. Sharni is without a master now and her family rely on her for sustenance.’

Delrohn gave a curt but sympathetic nod. 'I will ensure a post is found for her at court. She will be secure, you may depend on it.'

Now it was Lharra's turn to nod. 'Thank you, my lord.'

'And your second request?'

Lharra hesitated before replying. She glanced at Kharfu, who had remained silent throughout. He knew the game was up, that there was nothing he could say.

'When I return to Zendor,' said Lharra. 'Might I ask – that the traitor Kharfu returns with me?'

'No, my lord!' cried Kharfu, stung into life at last. 'I demand men's justice – not that of women!'

Ignoring his outburst, Lharra continued, 'If I may be so bold, my lord, this insurrection is ended – and few need know it ever existed. Return with Kharfu to court and there will be a trial, of course, and eventual punishment. But people will talk. Not all will agree that he deserves his fate. Some may even try to rescue him. The peace of the Queendom will not be served whatever the outcome.'

Delrohn's eyes narrowed cautiously. 'There is sense in what you say.'

‘If he returns to Zendor with me,’ Lharra continued, ‘we Maids will break him with our women’s holes. He will give us names. These names we will give to you – so you may find the men and have them sent to Zendor in their turn.’

‘They will face the judgment of Amazons?’ he muttered. ‘You will take them all between your legs?’

‘We will, my lord. We will punish them as only women can.’

‘And when it is over – and you can learn no more?’ His voice trailed away, as though it pained him to finish the sentence for himself.

‘What punishment would they face if justice were to be meted out in your lordship’s court?’ asked Lharra.

Delrohn turned to look at Kharfu, blubbing softly on his knees, his hands joined together as if in prayer.

‘They would be put to the sword,’ said Delrohn. ‘It would be the executioner’s axe for them all. As befits the traitor!’

Kharfu cradled his head in his hands and moaned feebly.

‘Is women’s justice not the kinder of the two?’ asked Lharra. ‘To be taken into the crack – and smothered at the arse’s hole?’

Again, Kharfu's head came up and he raised his hands in prayer. 'I beg you, my lord!' he cried. 'Do not hand me over to these women! I have seen how they punish men! I beg you – let me face the axe!'

'The sword is quick,' muttered Delrohn. 'But you deserve to pay for your crime! As you would have made me pay if this woman had not uncovered your scheme!'

Turning to Lharra again, he said, 'Will he suffer over many days?'

'He will, my lord. He will lie between the legs of many Maids. They will break him with their cunts until he weeps like a child.'

'And then – you will take him into your crack ...?'

Lharra shrugged. 'The final sitting is in my mistress's gift. It is Jhaleera who decides. It may be that he will lie between her cheeks at the end.'

'I wish him to lie between yours,' said Derohn forcibly. 'And I wish to be there ... at the end ... to see you take him to your arse's hole. These are my terms.'

A loud, piercing wail echoed around the room as Kharfu fought to free himself from the grip of the mutes who held him fast.

‘Please, sire! No! In pity’s name! Do not hand me over to Jhaleera!’

Regarding him coldly, one last time, Delrohn shook his head slowly and said, ‘It is the fate you deserve. And it is the fate you will receive...’

Twenty Three

It took them almost a month to round up all the plotters. One by one they were sent to Zendor, and one by one they were sat upon and broken.

Kharfu wept and wailed as, day after day, a succession of women took him to their cunts and breasts, crushing his spirit so surely that, in the end, his mind was no longer his own.

At the end of the sixth week, with the danger now well and truly past, Jhaleera sent for Lharra, and the two met as they had first met such a long time ago in her aunt's private rooms.

'Do you remember,' said Jhaleera, 'that when you first arrived, I asked if you could sit on a man's face, as naked as the day you were born, and break him with your woman's holes?'

'I do,' said Lharra. 'I was so nervous, I wanted to flee. But I wished to remain, also, and learn from you.'

'You have learned,' said Jhaleera. 'And learned well. What you did – uncovering Kharfu's treachery – was brave and showed great resolve.'

'I could not have done it without Sharni's help,' said Lharra honestly.

'A good judge of character, too,' said Jhaleera, 'though you went against my orders.'

Lharra bowed her head, a little embarrassed. 'I am sorry, aunt, that was wrong.'

'No,' said Jhaleera. 'You showed initiative. I am proud of you. As will be your mother and your sisters.'

'It seems an age since I saw them last.'

Jhaleera's eyes dulled for a moment. 'Life in the Dungeons is not always easy,' she remarked sadly. 'We sacrifice much when we enter service at Zendor.' She gave a quick shrug and her face brightened again. 'I have had word from the Queen's court. Your friend, Sharni, is in service with a powerful family. Kind people who will treat her well.'

Lharra smiled. 'I am glad of that,' she said.

'Delrohn is no friend to the Amazons,' said Jhaleera in a quiet voice. 'A man driven by his lusts, too, I know. But his word can be trusted. In some matters, at least.' She looked serious for a moment, then said, 'He sends me other news. Kharfu is to be spared. He does not die at the arse's hole.'

Lharra looked back at her, surprised. 'Spared?' she repeated. 'I do not understand! Surely he is not to be set free? Not after all he has done!'

Jhaleera shook her head. 'Do not look so concerned,' she said. 'Kharfu will not escape retribution. On the contrary – he has been sentenced to a more dreadful

fate. By the order of our Queen herself.'

'More dreadful than death?' said Lharra. 'I do not understand...'

Jhaleera's eyes narrowed, her face serious. 'He is sentenced to perpetual suffocation. Each day of his life he will be sat upon. Not just by Maids, but by any woman who wishes to mount him. For the rest of his days, he will lie between many legs, taste many holes, be taken into cracks without number and suckle on a thousand holes or more. This is his fate. Aroused, too – but never satisfied. A fitting punishment for a traitor, for his torment will be endless.'

'He longed to lie beneath a woman's bottom,' said Lharra slowly. 'How strange that now his wish has been granted...'

'... and yet he will wish that it was not,' said Jhaleera, finishing the sentence for her.

'Has he been told?'

'Not yet,' said Jhaleera. 'I thought, perhaps, that you would like to ... break this news to him.'

'It will give me great pleasure,' said Lharra happily. 'May I be the first to mount him, also – and take him to my arse's hole?'

Jhaleera smiled. 'I think that would be fitting,' she said. Glancing across the room she said, 'He is in the chamber beyond. He had sent word to the court, begging for forgiveness. Before we met, I told him I would bring him news.'

She rose quickly, and Lharra rose, too.

'I rather think,' said Jhaleera. 'That it is time we put him out of his misery.' She smiled broadly. 'And plunged him into a greater one yet.'

Together they walked across the room, Jhaleera opened the door, and the two women walked through into the dreadful gloom beyond.

A few moments later, a man was heard to scream.

He is screaming still ...

THE END

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

C id for Condemned!

College Smother

Devil Queen

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

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Mother Smother!

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

Smother Frontline 1

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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.

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!’