

For Lovers of Femdom Facesitting!

FACESITTING FEMDOM:

SITTING ON RICHARD'S FACE!

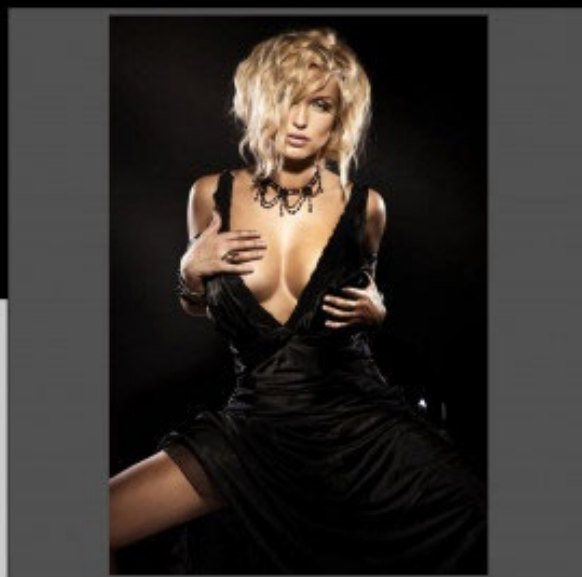


DARK RIDER

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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!

About this Book

Facesitting Femdom is written as a stand-alone series in which I hope to bring you many more stories of women taking it into their own hands to punish and control men with their bottoms. Unlike some of my stories, everyone walks away at the end. (Or staggers away, at least!)

For those of you who enjoy facesitting femdom, I hope you'll enjoy Sitting on Richard's Face! – and that you'll look out for other stories in this series. And if you do enjoy this sort of story, perhaps you could just drop me a line at the email address that appears at the end of this book.

Many thanks – and now join poor Richard as he finds himself under the bottoms of two powerful, and vengeful young women. Perhaps you'd like to be there, too!

FACESITTING FEMDOM:

SITTING ON RICHARD'S FACE!

Femdom Stories for those who love Facesitting!

Dark Rider

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One

Sophie came running into the sitting room, her face a livid pink.

‘I’ve had another email from that pervert, Richard!’ she announced, throwing herself into the armchair.

Ellen looked up. ‘What’s he want to do to you this time?’ she asked. ‘As if I couldn’t guess.’

‘He says he wants to stick his tongue so far up my bottom he can tickle my tonsils,’ said Sophie, curling up her legs and giving a loud huff.

‘Well, he’s nothing if not consistent,’ said Ellen, flicking idly through her magazine.

‘What sort of boy gets his kicks by telling a girl he wants to bury his face in her arse?’ grumbled Sophie.

‘Most of them, I should think,’ said Ellen, flicking through several more pages, finding nothing of interest and tossing the magazine onto the floor. A bottle of wine stood half-empty on the table. She sloshed a little more into her glass and took a long sip. ‘I don’t know why you don’t report him. Get him chucked off the site.’

Sophie grabbed a second glass, filled it and took a healthy swig.

‘Because he’d just sign on with another name,’ she answered with a sigh, ‘and start up all over again.’

‘You can’t be sure,’ said Ellen. ‘They’ve probably got ways of tracking someone’s computer. They might get the police onto him.’

‘Oh, yeah, that’s going to do me a lot of good,’ huffed Sophie, ‘when they bring that one to court. I can see me in the witness box now. “Tell us again, Miss Jones, what exactly did the accused say to you? In your own words.” Well, sir, he started off by asking if I could send him a photo of my rear end, so he could see if it was worth snogging. When I told him to shove it, he said he could tell I was the sort of girl who liked to take charge of a boy. The sort who probably got her kicks by sitting on a man’s head and rubbing her arsehole on him. When I said I’d report him, he said I was just trying to get him excited and that if I was free this Friday he was happy for me to sit on his face and not get up until he’d passed out.’ She released a long, weary sigh. ‘It’ll be front page news from here to fucking Aberdeen.’

‘They wouldn’t report it,’ said Ellen. ‘Not something like that. The judge would make it private.’

‘You can’t be sure,’ objected Sophie, ‘Besides, they’d still ask me all those questions. I’d still have to stand up in court and tell the whole world that a boy wanted to sniff my arse and see how far up my hole he could stick his tongue!’

‘You shouldn’t go on those dating sites,’ said Ellen. ‘You know they’re full of crackpots.’

‘I do now,’ said Sophie grumpily. She narrowed her eyes. ‘I wonder how many other girls he’s written to. It shouldn’t be allowed.’

‘That’s dating sites for you,’ said Ellen. ‘They’ve opened up a big wide door marked, “Weirdos this way!” ’

‘They’re not all weirdos,’ objected Sophie.

‘All the ones you end up with seem to be,’ said Ellen. She took another sip from her glass and regarded her flatmate thoughtfully. ‘Maybe we should do something about it.’ The wine was beginning to talk now. She felt light-headed – and there were wicked ideas in her head.

‘I’m not going to the police,’ said Sophie firmly. ‘I don’t care what you say.’

‘I wasn’t thinking of the police,’ said Ellen. ‘I was thinking of you and me.’ She hesitated briefly, then made up her mind. ‘Maybe we should sort him out.’

Sophie frowned. ‘How the hell would we do that?’

‘Punish him,’ said Ellen. ‘Make him wish he’d never been born.’

Sophie uncurled her legs and sat upright. ‘You can’t be serious.’

‘Why not? You’re probably not the only girl he’s been jacking himself off to while telling them what he wants to do to their bottoms.’

‘You are serious!’ said Sophie, still struggling to come to terms with the idea.

Now it was Ellen’s turn to sit upright. There was an excited gleam in her eyes. ‘Why not?’ she hurried on. ‘We could be like–’ She hunted for the right word.

‘Vigilantes!’ said Sophie, without thinking. She wasn’t sure if that was the right thing to say, but the word just popped out.

‘Exactly!’ said Ellen. ‘Bottom vigilantes!’

‘Bottom vigilantes?’ squealed Sophie. ‘What the fuck does that mean?’

‘It means we give him what he wants. Our buttocks, our bottoms – our hairy little arseholes!’

Sophie’s mouth dropped open. ‘How does that help? I mean that’s what he wants!’

‘No he doesn’t,’ said Ellen decisively. ‘He thinks he does. But we’re going to give him what we want! We’re going to stop him messing with any other girl’s

head ever again!’

‘He hasn’t messed with my head!’ objected Sophie. ‘You make me sound like some sort of nutcase.’

‘You know what I mean,’ said Ellen. She put down her glass and rubbed her hands together. ‘Oh, this is going to be good!’ she giggled happily. ‘This is going to be so good!’

Two

Ellen sat in front of her laptop and considered her words carefully. The green light next to 'Richard's' name (all supposing that really was his name) was illuminated, so she knew he was online. She might only have one shot at this, and she knew she had to get it right.

Her mind made up, she began typing.

'Hello Richard – you wicked boy! You don't know me. I'm Sophie's friend – but don't let that put you off.

'Unlike Sophie, I'm quite keen to meet a man who respects my arse and wants to do things to it. Especially if those "things" involve a spot of bottom-worship. What girl in her right mind wouldn't want a boy to cover her rear-end in kisses and get to know her "special place" a little bit better?

'If you want to chat more, then write back. I hope you do. Forget Sophie, she's hopeless. But she is my friend, so I don't want to hurt her. If you've got anything naughty to say, then say it to me. And make sure it involves my big, bare bottom – and the little hole that lives right in the centre!

'Yours poutingly,

'Ellen'

She'd thought twice about giving him her real name, but what the hell. In for a

penny, in for a pound.

After about a minute, three little grey dots appeared on-screen. He was typing back! She held her breath, hoping he hadn't smelt a rat.

When the message flashed up on her home page, it was short and to the point:

'How can I be sure this isn't a wind-up?'

Ellen nibbled her lip, considered her next words carefully, then replied:

'You can't. But it isn't. I'm not in the habit of talking about my bottom to perfect strangers. And don't you dare tell Sophie I'm writing to you. She'll go through the roof. And that will be that. You won't hear from me again. It's up to you.'

She clicked 'Send' and waited. Another minute passed, and she saw he was typing again. About another minute after that, his next message appeared:

'All right, then, let's do it. I want to suck your bottom. I don't mean your butt-cheeks. I mean your hairy little arsehole!'

She replied quickly, and, after that, the messages began to fly between them:

‘How did you know it’s hairy? Did Sophie tell you?’

‘Has she got a hairy hole?’

‘We’re not talking about her hole, we’re talking about mine – you dirty little man! And I hope you are dirty!’

‘I can be as dirty as you like. Especially where your bottom’s concerned.’

‘Not as dirty as me.’

‘Prove it!’

Sophie leaned back in her chair and tried to picture the scene in Richard’s room. She guessed he was typing this in private, somewhere he could jerk himself silly while he was reading her messages. Right, she’d give him something to help empty his balls...

‘Would you like to live inside my bottom?’

‘You’re kidding me!’

‘No, I’m not. Would you like to live inside my bottom? All the way up inside the

passage?’

‘Why would you want me to do that?’

‘So I could keep you safe and warm.’

‘That sounds like the best thing in the world. I wish we could do it.’

‘Imagine you’re really small. About an inch high. I could push you inside, right up into the hole. Imagine you were almost all the way in. Just your head and arms outside...’

There was a short delay before he replied: ‘That sounds fucking fantastic.’

Sophie considered her response for a moment or two, then hit the keyboard again. ‘Are you playing with your cock? Pretending you’re inside my bottom?’

There was a longer delay this time. She guessed he was rubbing himself hard – probably even harder once he’d received her message.

‘You’re exciting me,’ he wrote back. ‘I can’t help myself.’

A wicked thought struck her and she quickly typed, ‘I wish I could help you!’

‘I wish you could, too!’ he responded.

‘That’s it for the night,’ she replied.

‘Please don’t go!’ he begged her.

‘I have to,’ she typed back. ‘I’m going to sit on a pillow now ... and pretend it’s your face!’

She cut the link and sat back in her chair. That should leave him nicely frustrated, she told herself. It was important to leave him wanting more.

Then another, even more wicked thought occurred to her. She picked up her cell phone, stood up, bent over and pulled down her pants. A minute later, she was happily examining half a dozen images of her anus, from which she chose two to upload to her computer. She’d send those tomorrow, she decided, then changed her mind. No – she’d send one now, and another one tomorrow. Give the little pervert something to think about.

Logging on again, she typed a short message:

‘You’ve probably jacked yourself off by now, but here’s a photo of my little hole. If you press your nose up against the screen and pretend to sniff it, you’ll fill your balls again. Think about my asshole when you go to sleep tonight ... and with luck you might even dream about being sucked inside. Sweet dreams,

lover. Until tomorrow!’

Then she switched off quickly – before he had a chance to reply.

If that didn’t keep the dirty little sod on the end of her line, she didn’t know what would. She’d reel him in soon enough. Then she and Sophie would teach him a lesson he’d never forget!

Three

‘You told him what?’ squealed Sophie, scarcely able to believe what she was hearing. ‘You said he could live up your arse?’ She shook her head. ‘What sort of pervert wants to live inside a woman’s bottom?’

‘The sort of pervert who’s going to wish he’d never been born,’ said Ellen calmly, ‘once we get through with him.’

‘Are you sure he’s going to bite?’ asked Sophie. ‘He might chicken out at the last minute.’

‘He’s not going to chicken out,’ said Ellen. ‘Think about it. He wants to get his face inside a woman’s bottom. And he’s speaking to a woman who wants to sit on him as hard as she can. He might think twice about it. But in the end, he’s not going to be able to resist, believe me. Not by the time I’ve finished with him...’

‘So what did you think of my asshole?’ inquired Ellen, settling down for another session. ‘Did you like it?’

‘Was it really yours?’ he typed back. ‘How do I know you didn’t take it off Google?’

‘I can prove it,’ said Ellen and hit ‘Send’. She’d anticipated his question since sending the photo last night and had come up with the perfect solution. This

morning, she'd taken another two photos of her backside, but with a copy of a local newspaper alongside, and today's date.

Two minutes passed before their conversation resumed:

'You have a lovely anus. I'd like to kiss it all over.'

'That's what I want, too. Most boys are too nervous to go anywhere near it.'

'How many boys have seen it? In real life, I mean.'

'Only two. One of them kissed it, the other freaked out. I had him tied down at the time. He wanted kinky sex. Didn't expect me to sit on him!'

'What did he do?'

'He cried like a baby! I rubbed it on his face a few times and then I had to let him go. He almost wet himself.'

'Would you tie me down?'

'If it was the only way I could make you kiss my little hole, then – Yes – I would!'

‘You wouldn’t have to tie me down.’

‘I’d still want to. I like to be in charge. I like to know a man can’t shift me once my butt’s on his face.’

‘I don’t know what to say.’

That threw her for a moment, and then she felt a tingle of excitement. He didn’t know what to say ... because he was no longer in control of their conversation!

She thought quickly. He was hooked! Now it was simply a matter of reeling him in. But she had to be careful. Tug too hard and he might wriggle away, even now ...

‘You don’t have to say anything,’ she typed back. ‘Leave all the talking to me. Just hold onto your cock ... and think about my bottom.’

She was pretty sure he was already doing that. If he wasn’t, then she hadn’t done her job properly.

‘Look at the photo of my asshole,’ she told him. ‘Imagine what it would be like if you were lying on your back ... and it was coming down on you!’

She paused for a moment, to allow the image to register in his mind ... and for him to give his cock a few more tugs. The more excited he was, the easier it would be to reel him in.

‘I really want to smother you,’ she typed. ‘You know that, don’t you? I want to sit on your face, take you right up inside my crack and rub my little hole on you.’

She paused for a moment and imagined him wherever he was, with his hand down his pants, rubbing himself hard. She hoped he wouldn’t bring himself off. Not yet, at any rate. If he emptied his balls, his excitement would vanish. She wanted to keep him on edge. She hoped he wanted that, too, so as to extract the greatest pleasure he could from this encounter.

‘I really wish I could suck you up into my bottom,’ she continued. ‘Right up through the little hole and into my passage. Can you imagine how frightened you’d be ... knowing you were going to be sucked up into a girl’s arse?’

If that didn’t bring him close to spilling his load, she didn’t know what would. She wanted to plant an image in his head that he couldn’t shift. An image he would always associate with pleasure. A fantasy he would long to make real...

‘Can you imagine what it would be like,’ she went on, ‘if one girl was sitting on your face ... trying to suck you up into her bottom ... and another girl was wanking you – with her finger up your arse?’

She paused. He’d be close to coming now. She could see him – in her mind’s eye – leaning forward, his gaze glued to the image of her anus, pumping himself

furiously.

‘Please let me sit on you,’ she typed quickly. ‘Please let me suck you into my bottom!’

Ellen immediately logged off, sat back in her chair and plunged her hand between her legs, rubbing her cunt quickly. All that talk had excited her as much as it had excited him. She imagined him lying face-up on the bed, wriggling like a landed fish and moaning. Her bottom was over his face, her cheeks spread wide, her little hole opening and closing as she flexed it crudely.

He was begging her for mercy, and she was happily ignoring him.

‘I’m going to suck you into my bottom, you bastard!’ she moaned out loud. ‘I’m going to suck you right up into my fucking arse!’ As her fingers grazed the swollen bulge of her clit, she squealed, doubled up and came, flooding her pants with her juices.

The door to her bedroom was flung open and Sophie ran in. ‘What the hell’s going on?’ she cried. ‘Are you all right?’

Ellen swung round, her hand in her knickers, still groaning.

‘He made me come,’ she sighed, her shoulders trembling. ‘Thinking about what I wanted to do to him. The bastard made me come ...’

‘You dirty fucker!’ squealed Sophie. ‘What were you thinking about?’

‘I wanted to suck him up into my bottom,’ said Ellen. ‘I wanted to feel him wriggle inside me, knowing he couldn’t breathe. Knowing I could keep him inside me forever...’

‘You’re supposed to be exciting him, not the other way round,’ protested Sophie.

Ellen took a deep breath, slowly recovering. ‘Oh, he’s excited, all right,’ she giggled crudely. ‘I sent him photos of my arsehole. He was wanking himself silly before I signed off – thinking about what my bottom could do to him.’ She leaned back in her chair and a broad grin spread across her face.

‘We’ve got him,’ she declared triumphantly. ‘All he’s going to think about tonight is me sitting bare-bottomed on his face, rubbing my anus on him.’

‘Are you sure about this?’ said Sophie. ‘He might just be happy enough jerking himself off.’

‘You know what men are like,’ said Ellen. ‘The moment he comes, he’ll think he doesn’t need a real bottom on his face, that the fantasy’s enough. But when he wakes up tomorrow morning – and he’s got a hard-on he could knock down a wall with – he’ll want the real thing.’

‘I hope you’re right,’ said Sophie. ‘I really want to pay that creep back.’

‘I am,’ said Ellen confidently. ‘And don’t you worry, we will. Big time ...’

Four

‘Did you look at my asshole before you went to sleep?’ inquired Ellen, when Richard signed in the following afternoon. ‘Did you think about it when you were jerking off?’

‘All the time,’ he admitted honestly. ‘You’ve got a fabulous asshole.’

‘I bet you wish you could sniff it, don’t you?’ she teased. ‘And maybe give it a bit of a lick, too, around the edges...’

‘You’re a dirty bitch,’ he replied. ‘Saying things like that about your bottom...’

‘I can’t help it,’ she typed back. ‘You make me think of bad things.’ She paused. ‘You make me think of what I’d like to do to you with my bottom.’

‘What would you like to do to me?’ he answered.

‘What do you think?’ she responded coyly. ‘I want to sit on your face. I want to get you so far up my arse you can’t breathe. I want to control you with my little hole...’

Ellen sat back and waited. This was the moment of truth. She felt it in her bones. More importantly, as her hand strayed to the gap between her legs ... she felt it in her pussy!

‘I want you to sit on me,’ he typed back. ‘I want you to sit on my face and smother me with your little hole!’

Ellen tightened her fist and punched the air. ‘Got you!’ she cried.

After that, it was oh so simple. She asked if she could trust him. How did she know he wouldn’t try to assault her? She was taking a big chance, she said. She wasn’t sure if she was making a mistake. She might need time to think about it.

That made him nervous, she could tell. Which was what it was meant to do. She didn’t want him to think she couldn’t wait. He might smell a rat, however desperate he was for her to sit on his face. So she played her hand carefully, backing away, hurrying forward, mentioning her bottom several times and then – the coup de grace! – a confession:

‘I wasn’t telling the truth when I said I’d sat on other men’s faces. The fact is – I’ve never sat on a man before. I’ve always wanted to, but I’ve never met anyone who wanted to be sat on. I’m sorry. If you want to change your mind, I wouldn’t blame you. I was just so desperate. I couldn’t help myself...’

He was back like a shot, any doubts he’d had about her well and truly consigned to the dustbin.

‘I don’t mind. It’s not a problem. You can sit on me! You can do whatever you like. Treat me like your slave. Rub yourself all over me!’

‘You’d really let me do that? Without my pants or anything? Just the bare hole?’

She was really getting into her stride now. It was suddenly all so easy. He couldn’t get to her bottom fast enough!

The arrangements were made quickly after that. She told him that she still lived at home with her parents. She couldn’t invite him back, but what if she booked a room at the local travel inn? There was a hotel not far from her, The Castle Lodge. If she took care of the details, would he promise not to let her down?

He typed back quickly that he’d never let her down, that all he wanted to do was ‘serve your bottom’. Ellen thought that was rather sweet, even though she planned to do things to him with her bottom that would almost certainly make him change his mind. Unless, of course, he was even more of a pervert than she thought he was.

Five

‘I’m feeling nervous,’ said Sophie as she looked around the room. It was three days later. The hotel had been booked, Ellen had given Richard the details and here they were – she and Sophie at least.

They’d arrived two hours earlier than the time she’d given Richard to meet her. Ellen wanted to familiarise herself with the set-up and go over their story one last time. She put two bottles of white wine in the fridge and pronounced herself satisfied with the arrangements.

‘As soon as I’ve got him tied up, I’ll call you on the mobile. Then you come in and we’ll get started.’

‘Are you sure you’ll be all right?’ asked Sophie anxiously.

‘Of course I am,’ said Ellen. ‘He’s not going to do anything he shouldn’t. The guy wants me to sit on him. He’ll be like a doting puppy.’

‘What if he won’t let you tie him up?’

‘He will,’ said Ellen confidently. ‘By the time I’ve finished with him,’ she giggled wickedly, ‘he’ll put the straps on himself!’ She looked at her watch. ‘I know it’s a while yet, but you’d better go now in case he turns up early. Wait in the car. If you see someone arrive who looks like our guy, give me a call.’

Sophie bobbed her head. ‘Good luck,’ she muttered as she opened the door.

‘We won’t need luck,’ said Ellen. ‘Not today...’

Six

It was a long two hours. Ellen wiled it way by fastening straps to both ends of the bed and ensuring the cuffs fastened properly. Then she checked that she had the roll of tape and scissors. They would need that to shut him up once they got started. She opened a bottle of wine and poured herself a glass. A little Dutch courage wouldn't go amiss, she decided. Now that they were so close to meting out Richard's punishment, she was beginning to feel a wee bit nervous. So far, it had all been a game, a fantasy played out in her head. But in a very short time now, it would become real.

At ten to seven, her mobile rang. She picked it up quickly.

'I think he's on his way,' whispered Sophie's familiar voice. 'He's a small bloke, bit on the podgy side. Not much hair. Dressed in a tracksuit.'

Ellen huffed. 'Couldn't even be bothered to make an effort. I hope he's showered. I'll call you when I'm ready.'

Ellen put the phone away, took a deep breath and gulped another mouthful of wine. He probably didn't drink wine. Perhaps she should have brought some lager. On the other hand, more for her and Sophie when they took a break.

Almost two minutes passed before there was a sharp rat-a-tat on the door. He was here! Ellen straightened her back. This was it. She cleared her mind and imagined herself into the role of the woman who was about to greet him: a quiet, unsure young woman who would reel in her catch for the last time...

He wasn't much to look at. A bit oily – that was the thought that first occurred to her. There was stubble on his chin – he hadn't even bothered to shave. That was going to itch when they sat on his face, and she marked him down another few points.

'I didn't think you'd turn up,' she said quietly, as she closed the door behind him. He hadn't bothered to shower, either, she concluded, as a whiff of body odour stung her nostrils.

'I wouldn't have missed this for the world,' he replied – in a cockier voice than she'd anticipated.

He flung himself down on the bed and the look he threw her made her tummy wobble – and not in a nice way.

'I've been looking forward to this,' he said, licking his lips. 'Getting my tongue up your bum!'

Ellen gave a little giggle. It was best, she decided, if she continued to play the nervous young woman – at least until she had him tied up.

She dropped her hand to her crotch and squeezed her pussy through the thin material of her pants. 'I was wondering,' she began nervously, with a glance towards the top end of the bed, 'if you'd let me tie you up.' She shook her head. 'But you don't have to,' she added quickly. 'I mean – you might prefer it if you know you can push me off. In case I get too excited, you know, when ... when I rub my little hole on you.'

She hoped, of course, that whatever he was thinking just then it wasn't that. But she didn't want him to think she was desperate to restrain him. Being tied up would leave him completely at her mercy. He had to believe that it was just for fun and that she was as nervous as he was.

'That'd be brilliant,' he said, and her heart skipped a beat. Not being able to get away – with your bare bum wrapped around my face.'

'I wouldn't hurt you, though,' she lied. 'I mean – I want to sit on your face really hard and get you right up into my crack, but we need a safe word, or maybe some sort of hand signal if you can't breathe, so I know to get off you.'

Ellen felt herself blushing as she spoke. Not from nerves but from embarrassment. It was a long time since she had spewed out so many lies in quick succession. But it was a final convincer for Richard, who lapped it up like a starving man.

'I'll snap my fingers!' he said, performing the action as he spoke. 'I won't need a safe word – not with your arse on my face. I won't be able to speak!' He said that happily enough and Ellen grinned. He took her smile as evidence of her keenness to get on top of him as soon as possible and licked his lips again.

'Do you want a shower before we start?' asked Ellen.

He shook his head. 'No need,' he muttered. 'I had one a few days ago.'

That settled it, she told herself. The guy's a pig and deserves everything that's coming to him. She tried another tack, though the thought revolted her.

'It's just that, well, I was thinking...' She pointed towards his midriff and made a crude "O" shape with her mouth. 'If your little man gets up, I could give him some fun.'

Richard's eyes widened and his jaw dropped. 'You'd do that?' he asked in a thin, astonished voice.

Ellen bobbed her head, while trying not to breathe too deeply. Even at this distance, his body odour threatened to turn the stomachs of anyone in the room next door.

That settled it, it seemed, and he scampered into the bathroom. When he emerged – five minutes later – she wasn't entirely convinced he'd pulled out all the stops, but even a quick wash was better than nothing. And, as she intended going nowhere near his private parts with her mouth, she was grateful for any small improvement in his condition.

He was naked when he strolled back into the room, and it wasn't the prettiest sight she'd ever seen. Still, that was neither here nor there. Getting him onto his back on the bed and ensuring he wasn't going anywhere in a hurry was all that mattered now.

'Put your head at the foot of the bed,' she told him. 'That way it'll be easier for

me to get on and off you.’ That wasn’t true, but he fell for it as she knew he would.

‘Talk to me dirty,’ he said, as she threaded the cuffs around each wrist in turn. ‘Tell me what you’re going to do to me.’

‘I’m going to take off my pants,’ she told him, ‘and sit on your face.’

‘Oh, god, that’s brilliant,’ he muttered, and licked his lips again.

‘I’m going to show you my little hole,’ she continued, as she moved to his feet. ‘The one I keep inside my bottom.’

Richard groaned as she locked the final cuff around his ankle. ‘It was a lovely picture you sent me,’ he sighed. ‘It’s going to be so lovely to see the real thing.’

‘You don’t mind sniffing it?’ Ellen asked, as she started to undress. ‘Or giving it a lick around the edges?’

She saw him lift his head and watch, goggle-eyed, as she stripped down to her bra and pants. Though she wasn’t a big girl, she had wide hips and plump, fleshy buttocks. She deliberately turned her back and bent forward at the waist as she slipped off her bra and peeled down her knickers.

‘Do you like what you see?’ she asked, wiggling her hips from side to side.

‘Oh, open up your bottom, please!’ he squealed. ‘Let me see your little hole!’

Ellen straightened her back, turned round and threw him a wicked smile. His gaze dropped to the soft, rounded swell of her vagina. Her skin was smooth and hairless, the slit a pencil-thin groove between a pair of puffy lips.

‘Oh, you’ll see my little hole,’ she promised him, before crossing to a bag near the bed and extracting the roll of tape and scissors. Before he knew what she was doing, she had sliced off a generous length, knelt on the bed and swung her leg across him, settling herself on his chest.

‘What the fuck are you doing?’ he asked, and already there was a note of alarm in his voice.

‘I’m getting you to shut up,’ said Ellen, stretching out both arms and covering his mouth with the tape before he had a chance to move his head. As he grunted mutely, she cut off two more strips and criss-crossed them one over the other, ensuring there was no way the makeshift gag would come free.

Satisfied with her handiwork, she jumped off his chest and rooted around under the bed for three lengths of leather strapping that had, until now, remained hidden from view. Extracting them quickly, she drew them around his body – chest, thighs and legs – and buckled them tight, restricting his movement even further.

‘Feel free to wriggle,’ she told him. ‘I’ve got more straps in the bag if these

aren't enough. But I don't think you'll get away.'

He did wriggle, kicking his legs sharply and pulling hard on the cuffs. They held his arms away from his body, ensuring he was unable to defend himself. More muffled grunts broke from the back of his throat, and beads of perspiration were already running down his face.

'Excellent,' said Ellen, regarding him in much the same way as a fishmonger might have regarded a slab of fresh bream draped across the chopping board. She reached for her phone and tapped in Sophie's number. 'He's ready,' she said in a low voice. 'Come over now, and we can start to punish him.'

Richard's body gave a sharp heave and he squealed into the tape. She was glad he was well strapped up. From the look in his eyes, he would have happily inflicted serious violence on her if he'd been free.

Crossing back to the bed, Ellen looked down at him and smiled. It wasn't a warm smile and he knew it.

'You're a pervert, Dicky Boy,' she hissed coldly. 'Sophie only wanted to find a nice boy to go out with. That's why she signed up to that dating site. She didn't expect to run across a moron like you who wanted to do things to her bottom.'

She leaned in close, so close that her breath warmed his cheek. 'A girl's bottom is a private place,' she whispered crudely. 'It's up to her if she wants to talk about it. If she wants to pull down her pants and show a boy her little hole.'

Richard grunted again and his body shook.

‘Not all girls want a tongue up their bottom,’ continued Ellen huffily. ‘Not that your tongue’s going anywhere near a girl’s arse today...’

He shook from side to side and there was genuine fear in his eyes. That pleased her. Fear was good. Fear meant he knew he was about to suffer. Which meant he would suffer even more once they got started on him.

A knock at the door gave him a few moments’ reprieve as Ellen crossed the room to let Sophie in.

‘Does he know what we’re going to do to him?’ she asked, quickly peeling off her coat.

‘He’s got an inkling,’ said Ellen, ‘but I haven’t given him the full details.’

Sophie sniffed the air as she removed her blouse and kicked her shoes under the table. ‘What’s that smell?’ she inquired, wrinkling her nose.

Ellen gestured towards the bed. ‘Dicky Boy is doing his bit for the planet,’ she remarked dismissively. ‘Saving water supplies by only bathing once a month. I made him take a shower or you’d have probably passed out.’

Richard grunted again and heaved more strongly than ever. The bed rattled, but

the restraints held firm.

‘He’s going to give us trouble,’ said Sophie, removing her bra and slipping off her pants. She, too, like Ellen, had large hips and a pair of smooth, heavy buttocks. Unlike Ellen, however, a thick tangle of hair matted her vagina.

‘Then we’d better shut him up,’ said Ellen, climbing back onto the bed and swinging her leg across his chest again. This time, she sat facing his feet, presenting him with an unashamed view of her bare behind. Raising herself onto her knees, she shuffled backwards, then reached around and clawed her buttocks open.

‘Can you see my little hole?’ she inquired, well aware that his gaze was already locked on the wrinkled pink fissure of her anus.

Before he had a chance to react, Sophie came in close, swung round and presented him with a view of her own little hole. The hair from her vagina swept down into the crack and circled the tiny opening: a dark, protective ring around her anus.

‘And this is mine!’ she said in a loud voice. ‘This is the hairy arsehole you wanted to kiss!’

Suddenly Richard had no idea where to look. He glanced from Ellen’s anus to Sophie’s, then back again and his body gave a tremendous shudder. His eyes welled up and he began to sob like a child.

‘We’re both going to sit on you,’ said Ellen, looking down at him over her shoulder. ‘We’re going to sit on you so hard you can’t breathe! And do you know what,’ she added wickedly, ‘because we can’t take the chance that you might report us to the police ... we’ll probably end up by smothering you to death!’

Richard heaved again and a huge sob racked his body. In truth, they had no intention of going that far, but the point was to frighten him. To abuse him mentally – as well as physically – for what he had done.

Sophie leaned in close. ‘We might even take a piss on you...’ she whispered. ‘Before we finish you off!’

Richard screamed into the tape. They knew he was talking – pleading with them no doubt – but none of it made any sense. How could it? The poor bastard was sobbing his heart out now. He’d cracked so quickly. His fantasy facesit had, within the space of a few short minutes, turned into a nightmare from which, it seemed, there was no escape.

They’d agreed beforehand, to torment him verbally as well as physically. Perhaps it was all too much – perhaps they were going too far – but they didn’t really care. This was payback time for all the other women he had doubtless tormented online with his filthy mouth. Or even the women he would have tormented given the chance.

Sophie removed a second glass from Ellen’s bag, and poured herself a healthy measure of wine.

‘I’ll have one, too,’ said Ellen. ‘My glass is over there,’ she added, pointing

towards the bedside table. She looked down at Richard. 'It might make me pee, of course, but who cares? The sheets'll need changing in the morning anyway.'

After both women had knocked back their drinks, they refilled their glasses and giggled. Sophie delved into the bag again and removed a pair of latex gloves. She slipped them on, came forward and took hold of Richard's cock and balls. He squealed fearfully as she tightened her grip on his scrotum. At the same time, his cock responded automatically to a woman's touch and stiffened in her hand.

'The dirty bastard's got a hard-on!' squealed Sophie, the wine having already gone to her head, and pumped him a little harder.

Gazing down at Richard, Ellen's smile broadened.

'Wine always makes me want to fart,' she told him. 'Ooh!' she squealed. 'I think I can feel one coming on! Shame to waste it!'

As Richard squealed again and turned his face away, Ellen addressed Sophie matter-of-factly. 'Hold his head,' she instructed her friend, 'so I can make sure my arsehole is over his nose when I let rip.'

Richard shrieked again and the tears poured down his cheeks. Releasing his cock, Sophie moved into position, grabbed hold of his head and twisted it around sharply. Though he did his best to move again, she held on tight.

'He's not going anywhere,' she announced happily. 'You can drop your arse now

– take him right up into your crack!’

‘With pleasure!’ responded Ellen. ‘Bums away!’ she giggled and lowered her bottom deliberately slowly so as to extract the maximum fear from the poor man wriggling beneath her.

‘He can’t keep his eyes off your little hole!’ squealed Sophie.

A wicked thought struck Ellen. Pausing for a moment, she flexed her sphincter so that her anus opened and closed. ‘Ooh!’ she giggled happily, cruelly pretending to be breaking wind. ‘Here it comes! I can hardly hold it in!’

Richard gave a violent heave and it was all Sophie could do to keep his head straight.

‘You’d better sit on him now!’ she suggested. ‘It’s not easy keeping him still.’

‘Here I come!’ said Ellen. ‘Ready or not!’

And with that, she dropped her bare bottom onto Richard’s face, snaring him deep in her crack. She sighed as her hole made contact with his nostrils, then sighed again as she pushed down hard and felt it open around his nose.

From where she was standing, holding onto Richard’s head, Sophie could see his small eyes bulge as, almost immediately, he struggled to breathe. With his mouth

well taped, he had only been able to draw in air through his nostrils and now, with his nose lodged in Ellen's passage, he couldn't breathe at all!

Ellen realised it, too, as she felt him struggle. This wasn't the first time she'd sat on a man's face – despite what she'd told Richard – but it was the first time she'd had a man's nose inside her body. It was a curiously erotic feeling and, as she pressed down harder still, she felt a warm glow build in the pit of her stomach.

'Holy shit!' she squealed. 'I'm going to come on his face if I'm not careful!'

Sophie felt a pang of envy as she looked down and saw Richard's eyes roll back fearfully. She dropped to her knees, still holding his head but confident, now, that he couldn't pull free.

'Ellen's going to suffocate you,' she teased him cruelly. 'She's going to send you to sleep with her little hole!'

A weak gurgle broke from somewhere inside Ellen's bottom, and Richard's eyelids fluttered jerkily. Sophie grinned.

'And then I'm going to take her place ... and smother you all over again!'

She leaned in close and breathed warm air against his face. 'We'll probably take a dump on you while you're asleep!'

She had no intention of doing any such thing, but it thrilled her to see the horrified look in Richard's eyes.

As if sensing he was on the point of passing out, Ellen raised herself onto her knees, clearing his face. The moment she was off him, Richard's body gave a tremendous shudder. Unable to breathe by his mouth, he snorted what air he could through his nostrils. The look of panic on his face was priceless, thought Sophie, still clinging tightly to his head. A wicked notion occurred to her. It was cruel, she knew, but she didn't care. Taking a handful of his hair to hold him tight, she released his head with the other, reached forward and pinched his nostrils shut.

'You mustn't breathe!' she hissed. 'How can Ellen finish you off if you're trying to breathe?'

His body gave another violent jerk and fresh tears ran down his face. His skin was a livid red, and, though he tried to shift his head away, Sophie's grip on his hair made it an agonising effort. Again and again, he gurgled inanely into the tape around his mouth.

'Are you begging for mercy?' inquired Sophie. 'Are you begging us not to suffocate you? Are you begging us not to rub our little holes all over your face?'

The more she spoke, the more excited she became. Tormenting him like this was an exquisite sensation. She couldn't recall being this excited ever!

'Do you want to sit on him again?' she asked, addressing Ellen, but without taking her eyes off Richard's terrified face.

‘You bet I do!’ said Ellen enthusiastically. ‘I want to see if I can get his nose a bit further up my passage this time!’

Again, Richard shook fearfully and fat tears rolled across his cheeks. Sophie relinquished her grip on his nose, allowing him a few precious snorts of stale air.

‘Did you hear that, Dicky Boy?’ she taunted him cruelly. ‘Ellen’s going to stuff your nose up her arse! All the way up into her bum passage!’ She giggled wickedly. ‘And after she’s fucked your face as hard as she can ... I’m going to shove you up my hole, too!’

Another dreadful shudder racked his body and he arched his back. His head twisted fiercely, but Sophie held on tight.

‘You can’t get away,’ she reminded him happily. ‘You’re going to die inside our bottoms!’

Reaching behind, Ellen clawed her buttocks apart and deliberately twitched her anus. Once again, the little hole opened and closed, exposing a dark, chocolate-brown interior.

Richard shrieked into the tape, snorting precious air from his nostrils. Before he had a chance to take another breath, Ellen lowered her anus onto his nose, so that her soft, wrinkled flesh expanded around him for a second time.

As his head jerked strongly, Sophie felt a renewed surge of excitement. Though she now ached to sit on Richard's face herself, the delight she felt from simply holding him down and watching him struggle warmed her vagina. It was exquisite!

Between them, they tortured Richard for over an hour. Finally, utterly exhausted, Ellen climbed off the bed and flopped down in an armchair opposite. She had come three times and a thick sheen of sweat covered her pussy.

'That was so fucking good!' she sighed, raising her eyes to the ceiling and taking several long breaths. Looking over to Sophie, she smiled happily. 'I never wanted to get off him.' Her face grew more serious. 'I really wanted to make him pass out. That would have been total control! Knowing you can do what you like to a man – with just your asshole!'

Sophie clamped a hand to her pussy and rubbed herself lightly. 'Just talking like that makes me want to come.'

'Don't waste it now,' counselled Ellen. 'Wait till you get on his face. I'm not kidding. Tossing yourself off with a nose up your hole is just the most amazing feeling!'

On the bed, Richard – who could hear every word of their conversation – howled into the tape. Out of his line of vision, Ellen threw Sophie a conspiratorial wink.

'You know we're going to have to suffocate him, don't you – once we've had our fun? We can't take the chance he'll go to the police.'

Sophie grinned back. ‘We should ask him how he wants to go – pussy or bottom?’

‘He might like us to use our hands,’ suggested Ellen. ‘We could just pinch his nose shut until he stops breathing.’

Richard rocked hard and howled again. It was cruel to torment him like this, but, by now, neither Sophie nor Ellen could help themselves.

Sophie poured them both another glass of wine. They’d brought sandwiches – aware that this could be both thirsty and hungry work – and demolished them greedily. All the while, Richard continued to sob and squeal, throwing himself from side to side in a vain effort to loosen the straps.

As the alcohol hit her, Ellen stood up, slipped on a pair of latex gloves, tottered across and plonked herself on the mattress. Reaching out, she took hold of Richard’s limp penis and stroked it gently. A howl, somewhere between pain and delight, broke from the back of his throat and, with nowhere else to go, emerged as a strangled whine through his nose.

‘Doesn’t look as if your little boy is having any fun,’ she purred, pumping him a little harder.

Sophie came over and sat down on the other side of the bed. She reached out with her own latex-covered hand and cradled his balls. They rolled on her palm and Richard squealed again.

‘Here’s the deal,’ said Ellen, pulling back his foreskin to reveal the plump, purple head of his glans. ‘If you don’t give us a stiffy, then we won’t sit on you again. We’ll untie you and let you go. That’s fair, isn’t it?’ She paused, to allow her words to sink in. ‘But if you get all big and hard, then we’ll have to assume you’re excited. Because men only get hard when they’re excited. And if you get excited, it must mean you want us to sit on you!’

Richard answered with a muffled growl and his body shook again. It shook even more fiercely when Sophie slipped her other hand into his crack and searched for his anus. She watched his arse-cheeks tighten as he tried – in vain – to keep her out. She responded by squeezing his balls tight. He gave a long, muffled shriek and – briefly – his buttocks hardened even more, then softened. She pushed in-between his rough, flabby flesh and, as she grazed the opening into his arse, he screamed again.

‘Do you want us to rub our little holes on you?’ asked Ellen, pumping him freely now. ‘Do you want us to suffocate you with our bottoms?’

Though he howled and shook his head, and she was pretty sure his answer was ‘no’, Ellen felt his penis stiffen in her hand. When Sophie pushed her finger all the way into his passage and rolled his balls in her palm, his shaft visibly thickened.

‘Remember,’ teased Ellen, ‘the choice is yours. ‘We won’t sit on you again unless you get hard. So only get it up ... if you want to die inside our bottoms.’

When Sophie pushed on even deeper into his arse, Richard’s cock rose to its fullest extent and throbbed inside Ellen’s fist.

‘Oh, look!’ she trilled happily. ‘Richard wants us to sit on him! He does want to die inside our bottoms!’

As his cock gave a dangerous jerk, Ellen realised how close he was to coming. She drove her fingers down to the base, and tightened her grip. Holding his cock firmly upright, she felt it throb against her hand.

‘Do you want to kiss my arsehole?’ she inquired crudely. ‘Do you want to put your tongue right up into my passage ... and keep it there forever?’

She felt him pulse again. A fearful, agonised groan rose from his belly and his body stiffened. A tiny bead of pre-cum dribbled from the eye of his cock as another muffled whimper left the back of his throat.

With his penis no longer being pumped, Richard’s orgasm was strangled at birth. As his semen emerged in thick, milky waves, he could only moan in grim despair as Ellen denied him his only chance of pleasure. With her other hand, Ellen gathered his spunk as it dribbled loosely down his shaft. When, finally, his balls were drained, she raised her hand to his face and smeared the warm semen over his nose, forcing him to breathe in his own, thwarted excitement.

Extracting her finger and releasing his balls, Sophie joined her friend as they opened a second bottle of wine from the small fridge and shared another glass. As for poor Richard, he continued to writhe miserably, weeping like a child.

‘Your turn now,’ said Ellen, directing Sophie towards the bed, ‘and give it to him

good!’

‘I will,’ said Sophie cheerily, as she straddled Richard’s face. By now, he was so utterly spent he could barely move. When Ellen took hold of his head and held it upright, she knew it wouldn’t be a difficult job to keep him in position.

Even so, when Sophie opened up her arse and displayed the throbbing knot of her anus, his body gave a familiar shiver.

‘Time to sniff a woman’s butt, again,’ said Ellen crudely, holding his head tight as Sophie lowered her arse. As her anus touched his nose, he released a long, forlorn whimper, then shook fiercely as his head disappeared into her crack.

This time, with his nostrils well-lubricated with his own semen, Richard’s nose slid easily into Sophie’s passage.

‘Oh, you were right!’ she trilled, wriggling her hips from side to side. ‘It’s soooo gorgeous to have a man’s nose up your arse!’

This time, when he rolled his eyes backwards, Richard saw Ellen’s cold, unfeeling face stare down at him. In his enfeebled state, barely able to move his head now, Ellen was able to drop to her knees, lean in close and whisper crudely.

‘Is this your dream come true, Dicky Boy?’ she tormented him. ‘To have your nose inside a woman’s passage? To be able to sniff ... where no man has ever sniffed before?’

When a muffled groan broke from somewhere deep inside Sophie's arse, Ellen looked up at her friend and said, 'He's so tired now, I think you could smother him out. He can't push you off, and he can't turn his head away.'

'Oh, what a kinky idea!' squealed Sophie. 'Doing that to a man – with just my bottom!'

Though he was dreadfully weak, Richard heaved again. It was clear that the idea didn't appeal to him in the slightest.

'Don't do it just yet, though,' said Ellen. 'Have a bit more fun first. Really give your little hole a work-out on his face.'

'Oh, God!' squealed Sophie, wriggling happily, her plump buttocks flopping from side to side. 'I think I'm going to cream myself! Oh, this is so fucking brilliant!'

'I know,' said Ellen. 'It's amazing, isn't it? I didn't think it would be this good.' She wasn't sure how much of her fresh excitement was down to the wine she'd drunk, but she, too, had found it thrilling to sit on Richard's face and feel him struggle. Now that it was Sophie's turn, she felt a stab of envy.

'I've never felt so fucking powerful!' cried Sophie as Richard's nose dug a little deeper into her passage. She knew he must be almost out of breath by now and the urge to remain on his face was almost overwhelming. But a part of her knew that she could extract even more fun by extending his misery. With a huge effort,

she leaned forward, allowing him to breathe again.

Ellen watched as Richard sniffed what little air he could through his damp, aching nostrils. The earthy scent of Sophie's arse rose up from his face and Ellen smiled. She knew that – to his disgust – Richard, with every sniff he took, was forced to inhale the rich, animal aroma of her friend's sticky arse.

Sophie allowed him only a few seconds before reclaiming her place on his head. Again he howled, shivered and wept with despair. Sophie, for her part, rocked from side to side, squealing with delight as the first orgasm hit her. Tumbling forward, she panted heavily, while Richard again snorted damp, earthy air into his lungs.

Recovering, she mounted him once more, torturing him over and over as fresh waves of pleasure warmed her pussy.

By the time the second hour was up, she could barely climb to her feet. As for Richard, he was all but out for the count. Huge sobs shook his body and he shivered fitfully.

The girls drank two more glasses of wine, and polished off their remaining sandwiches. Glancing at her watch, Ellen said, 'It's time we finished him off and got home.'

Reaching for her phone, she took several photos of Richard from a variety of angles.

With great difficulty, he turned his face towards her and uttered a pathetic muffled moan.

‘Just something to remind us of you,’ said Ellen, ‘before we finish you off!’

He groaned again, but it was the thin, despairing cry of a man who knows there can be no escape.

Throwing Sophie a sly wink, Ellen said, ‘It’s time to suffocate him properly. Let’s do it together. You sit on his lap and I’ll sit on yours. That way we’ll get a good airtight seal on his face.’

Despite his utter exhaustion, Richard’s body gave one last dramatic lurch and he released another feeble moan.

Climbing onto his chest, Sophie opened up her arse for the last time and exposed her anus. To Richard’s surprise, Ellen leaned in, took hold of the tape and ripped it from his face. He opened his mouth to suck in big draughts of air, like a man who knows he’ll never breathe again. His jaw was so stiff that his lips barely moved.

He was so bemused that he didn’t think to turn his head away. A moment later, Sophie dropped her bare backside onto his face and jammed her pussy into his mouth, her anus pressed tight to his nose.

In a flash – before he could react – Ellen climbed onto her friend’s lap and added

her own weight to his head. They felt him shake horribly beneath them, but there was nothing he could do to push them off.

They knew they would have to time this to perfection. Too short a sit and he wouldn't pass out. Too long – and they might really do him some harm. They were banking on the fact that, after two hours of being smothered, he was so exhausted he would pass out quickly, and in this they were proved right. They had been sitting on him full-weight for scarcely a minute when a huge shudder tore through his body. He arched his back sharply and fell still.

Ellen rose at once – albeit with difficulty – and helped Sophie to her feet. As they climbed off the bed, Ellen bent low and felt for the pulse in Richard's neck.

'He's OK,' she said, not caring to disguise her relief. 'I don't know how long he'll be out for, but we'd better not hang around.'

They dressed quickly, and Richard was still asleep when they undid the straps that had held him down. Ellen taped a letter to his chest explaining – in no uncertain terms – what would happen to him if he contacted the police. They had photos and they'd happily post them online, He'd be a laughing stock and would never live it down. Not only that but they knew where he lived and would make sure that next time round they really did finish him off. They had no idea where he lived, of course, but they doubted that he'd take the chance. Sophie had made a note of the registration number of the car he'd arrived in. She scribbled it onto the letter as further evidence of how much they knew about him.

And with that they slipped out of the room.

Richard had stepped out of line, but they doubted he would do it again.

Not if he knew what was good for him...

Message from the Author

Thank you for reading this book. If you like it, I hope you'll hunt down others I've written, and maybe even leave a review somewhere. Anywhere will do!

If you want to be added to my email list, so I can let you know when new books will be coming out – or if there are any themes or plots you'd like me to consider in future books, feel free to contact me at:

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

I also have a Tumblr blog at: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.tumblr.com/>

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

Mission of Mercy

Mother Smother!

Schoolgirls at War! (No Knickers ... No Mercy!)

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage 1: 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!

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

War is a nasty business. There are many innocent casualties, and, very often, armies will stop at nothing in pursuit of victory.

In *A is for Assassins!*, three women soldiers set out on a mission that could help to save hundreds, if not thousands of lives. They have been trained to liquidate their enemy in a unique fashion – in the nude and without mercy!

An important communications base must be secured and only these women possess the skills to breach the complex security that protects it.

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

For more than thirty years, a vicious war has raged between the kingdom of Eraldore and the queendom of Rhardhur. To end hostilities, a royal marriage is arranged: between King Seegal's son, Hengrid, and Princess Naenia, only daughter of Queen Ghanee of Rhardhur.

For poor Hengrid – a sensitive poet not a soldier – the match is a miserable one. In love with his childhood sweetheart, Layla, he has no wish to marry another. But that, as it turns out, is the least of his concerns. Naenia is of Amazon blood – and Amazons treat their mates not as husbands, but as enemies in battle.

As Hengrid prepares for his marriage, he knows that on the wedding night itself, Naenia will mount him in the ancient Amazon fashion, taking his head between her bare buttocks and riding him as only a woman can. Whether he survives to see another dawn is no longer in his own hands. His new bride will decide if he lives or dies. And Amazons, as Hengrid is well aware ... are not known for taking prisoners!

Bared for Battle!

As the war with Queen Eirwhen moves towards its inevitable conclusion, Lendorh, King of Staveling, readies his men for a final stand at Castle Brandor. With the Army of Women gathered in overwhelming numbers outside the castle walls, Yarna, their supreme commander, marshals her troops for one last, triumphant assault. In a battle the men of Brandor cannot hope to win, their Amazon opponents eschew the swords and shields of conventional warfare. Instead, they set about ending the war armed only with the weapons Nature herself has gifted them...

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

But this is not the France we know. In this 'alternative world' facesitting fantasy, the rule of men – who have held sway for centuries – is about to be overthrown. La guillotine is no longer the favoured means of despatching the New Republic's enemies. As the ancient ways of the Amazon re-assert themselves, men have more to fear than the sharp end of a blade.

Six men languish in a Bastille prison cell – counting down the hours until they face revolutionary justice. They know they are to suffer an ancient and unusual punishment. One that is raw, primeval – and terrifyingly female...

College Smother!

In 'Revenge of the Facesitting Schoolgirls', three students set out to punish the college janitor, after they discover he's been spying on them in the showers. Having tested their skills on a young man from a neighbouring boys' school, they lure the janitor into a trap from which there seems no escape...

In 'Smother Slave', another young man is caught spying on a group of female students. The girls imprison him in a secret hiding place, and proceed to teach him the error of his ways. But when a new girl, Lucy, arrives at the school, their debauchery threatens to reach new, unspeakable levels.

Devil Queen

When Lorcan, an innocent innkeeper's servant, is sold by his master to Dorian scouts, he faces a night of ruthless ravishment at the hands of the four Amazon warriors; with certain death his only reward. But Lorcan has a secret gift: one that the Amazon Queen is eager to make her own. On the perilous journey to the Royal City, a captive Lorcan must face danger and depravity, not only at the hands of the Dorian scouts, whose taste for debauchery has no limits, but from warrior tribes of rival Amazons who stand between the scouts and home.

Dungeons of Despair!

‘Few men last long,’ said Anya, ‘once we take them between our legs ...’

In the Dungeons of Zendor, men are punished with ruthless efficiency. All those given into the charge of Jhaleera’s Maids know for certain their fate is sealed. The wise tell everything they know at once; the stubborn suffer long and hard, but all submit in the end.

When Lharra, a young Amazon woman, enters service as a Dungeon Maid, little does she know that her innocent world is about to change utterly.

Armed with only the weapons Nature herself has gifted her, she sets about her training, helped by her fellow-Maids, Anya and Delphi.

Breaking a man on the bench is one thing, but, when a treasonous plot is uncovered, Lharra must venture further afield, and use her new-found skills not only to defeat an evil man ... but to save the very Queendom itself!

Fantasy Smother

In Smother Wish, Giles pays Jessica, a beautiful dominatrix, to fulfil his ultimate facesitting fantasy. One that involves not Giles, but another helpless, terrified young man...

In Hostage Smother, Jackie and her daughter are kidnapped. To ensure their release, Jackie must punish a man also being held prisoner by the kidnapper. Punish him in the way only a big-bottomed woman can...

Smother Room is pure and unadulterated fantasy. Set in another country, on another planet, in another galaxy where anything you've ever dreamed of can come true, a team of dedicated young nurses fight desperately to 'save' a patient with nothing but their hands, and their voluptuous bare bodies. This story could only take place ... where anything is possible ...

Fantasy Smother 2

In Sisters of Suffocation, Lucy wants to join a secret organisation dedicated to the ruthless facesitting of men. But first she must lure a willing victim to their altar...

In Smother Pact, two friends embark on a dangerous adventure. One that leads to a terrifying date with destiny...

In Movie Smother, Tony has no idea what torments await when two beautiful women accost him at the local nightclub. He thinks he has died and gone to heaven, but he couldn't be more wrong...

Mission of Mercy

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyltra – renegade Amazons in a world that has turned its back

on the old ways. Tricking their way into the dungeon, the women make the men an unusual offer. One that seems also to offer no way out. But are things always what they seem...?

Schoolgirls at War! (No Knickers ... No Mercy!)

July 1942 – and in a private girls’ school in England, four young women are keen to do their bit for King and country. When an enemy spy falls into their clutches, they decide to interrogate him in their own – perverse – way. One helpless Nazi agent – and four young women determined to break him at all costs. There can surely be only one outcome. But to protect both their country and, ultimately, themselves, just how far are the girls willing to go?

Smother Frontline 1

This book contains the first of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The articles purport to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a short story, 'Rachel’s Revenge!', in which a young woman sets out to punish a man who has assaulted several vulnerable females, including herself. The vengeance she wreaks is both merciless and total.

Smother Frontline 2

This book contains the second of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm.

The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included are two short stories, 'By a Woman's Hand' and 'Payback Smother', in which men get their come-uppance in two very different, but equally final ways.

Smother Frontline 3

This book contains the third of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a light-hearted short story, 'A Christmas Facesit'.

Smother Frontline 4

This book contains yet another series of interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored facesitting is the norm. At Farms across the city, herds of unwilling men are milked for their seed. At Alderbury Farm, a revolutionary new approach has been pioneered in which volunteer Milking Maids use their bottoms to increase production of sperm, vital in the manufacture of life-saving medicines. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

In 1879, a group of explorers sets out to explore the uncharted upper reaches of the African Delta. Little do they know that none of them will return alive. Captured by a tribe of naked, big-bottomed Amazons, they are mercilessly despatched one by one between the women's legs, their dreadful suffering recorded in the diary of the expedition's leader, Professor Arthur J Rowston.

Smother Maid

In this rip-roaring tale of Victorian facesitting, Master Edward enjoys the dubious pleasures of his housemaid - Emmy's - bare bottom. But when an intruder breaks into his house, things quickly take a darker turn. Having discovered that the man - Donald Bridge - is a convicted murderer, on the run from the gallows, Emmy and her bare-bottomed friends decided to take the law into their own hands ... and punish him as only women can!

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

With her daughter's life at stake, the eponymous Mrs Parker is tricked into sitting on a young man's face – with consequences she couldn't possibly foresee...

Smother Plateau

When a young, dishevelled stranger, Francois Le Pois, bursts into his Pall Mall rooms in London, Professor John Devereux's life is turned upside down. Poor half-mad Le Pois's story is hard to believe: a lost Amazonian plateau, a tribe of ruthless facesitting women and a doomed expedition from France.

Gathering together a small group of friends, Devereux and his fellow-explorers set sail for the Amazon Basin. Arriving on the fabled Perriera Plateau, they soon come face to face with women whose creed is a simple one: We Take No Prisoners! But as the explorers soon discover, the ruthless facesitting warriors are not the greatest threat they face in a deadly race against time...

*(Note: This story is also available in two parts as **Smother Plateau: Part One**, and **Smother Plateau: Part Two**.)*

Smother Rampage 1: The Nightmare Begins ...

Nathan Blake finds himself catapulted into a terrifying, 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, Iceni warrior Camilla and her opponent, Lysiteles, a simple farmer, face each other in naked combat. Though it is a battle only one of them can win, when the farmer's wife seeks revenge as only a woman can, has Marcus Domitius finally gone too far...?

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in Marrakee for an ancient annual ritual. In her quest for the Golden Laurel and acceptance as a woman of the tribe, Layla – and her mother – must wrestle naked with a man in the village square. Her mother has already guided her two younger sisters to victory in the past. As the two women take on a man more than twice their size, will it be a third and final triumph for the Amazonian duo?

When Women Hunt 2

In ‘*For Her Husband’s Sake!*’, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of an occupied town in the north of Roman Britain, persuades a devoted wife to sit on the faces of several men – her own included – in order to win her husband’s freedom.

In ‘*Storming the Castle!*’, the Amazon Army’s triumphant advance through the Land of Men has been halted at Castle Fendrah. Knowing that reinforcements will soon arrive to drive them back, the Amazon commander enlists the aid of Freya, a skilled mountain climber, who attempts the near-impossible ascent of the enemy fortress. Her mission is a simple one. Enter the castle, subdue the guards and open the gates – allowing her fellow-Amazons to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

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

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!'