

They are taking the fight to men ... armed only with their bottoms!

FACESITTING FREEDOM FIGHTERS!



BOOK ONE: SITTING ON THE HOSTAGE'S FACE!

DARK RIDER

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DARK RIDER

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 Freedom Fighters!: Book One is written as a stand-alone episode in a series of stories about the Amazon Liberation Front, a group of brave woman fighting to overthrow the yoke of male oppression in a world both similar to, yet very different from, ours.

Drawing on the legend of the Amazons – a warrior race who ruled the world millennia before – the women of the Front aim to further their cause armed only with the weapons with which Nature has blessed them: their pussies, their breasts and their bottoms...

In Book One, the women must deal with a hostage whose usefulness is at an end. Though they are prepared to act ruthlessly, their moral code dictates they must act with kindness, too, in despatching their enemy.

I hope you'll enjoy Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book One – and that you'll look out for other stories in this series. And if you do enjoy this sort of story, perhaps you could drop me a line at the email address that appears at the end of this book and let me know.

Many thanks – and now join poor Adam as he finds himself under the bottoms of women who, though they will act with kindness ... will also show him no mercy!

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Dark Rider

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Prologue

In another time and another place, our world is under the harsh, authoritarian rule of a male global government. Men hold sway and women have few, if any, rights.

Harking back to a distant, mythological past, when Amazons were said to reign supreme, some females have risen up and formed an army of resistance: the Amazon Liberation Front.

Following the example of those fiercesome warriors from whom they draw their inspiration – and their name – the Front eschew the weapons made by men. Instead, they rely on the armoury with which Nature has blessed them. The Amazon ruled with her body, often smothering her foe at the breast or the pussy. But her favoured method of despatch was to sit on a man's face ... and suffocate him with her bare bottom!

Aware of the need to strike terror into the hearts of those they seek to overthrow, the Front – like the Amazons of old – have taken the battle to men armed only with their bodies. Their fight for freedom has begun ... and they will let nothing stand in their way!

One

They had held him hostage now for almost three months. A wealthy financier – director of the largest bank in the city – they’d been sure the government would give in to their demands. But the new President – elected on a promise to ‘get tough with the terrorists’ – had refused to bargain.

‘The Amazon Liberation Front is a bunch of criminal thugs with no just cause and no respect for their betters!’ he had announced on his first day in office. ‘I promise to crush them utterly and put an end to this revolt. This is a man’s world – and always will be!’

Sympathisers – both men and women – had been rounded up and imprisoned without trial. Two Front members – found guilty of suffocating four off-duty policemen – had been swiftly executed at the guillotine as an example to others.

‘I knew those women,’ said Donna bitterly. ‘They didn’t deserve that!’ She crumpled up the newspaper she’d been reading from and threw it onto the floor. ‘Bastards!’ she spat. ‘If I could get that judge between my legs, I’d take an hour to finish him off!’

Lily shook her head sadly. ‘Those policemen had it coming – molesting women prisoners for years. Why wasn’t that a crime? Our girls gave them a chance to go public and admit it was wrong. If they’d done the right thing, they’d still be here now.’

‘We’re too soft,’ said Simone, pacing the carpet, her fists clenched angrily. ‘We try to play by the rules,’ she muttered in her thick French accent, ‘to show kindness when we can. But it gets us nowhere!’

Helen looked up from her desk. 'But it's still the right thing to do,' she said firmly. 'The press makes us out to be monsters, but we're not. We're just women, trying to make the world a better place. The men use guns, torture – even the guillotine to keep us in our place.' She sighed. 'We use our breasts, our pussies and our bottoms – and that's the way it's got to be. We have to win this war as women. Which means showing kindness, too, if we can.'

Simone gestured in the direction of the room next door. 'So what about him? Adam Ferrier – Mr Big Shot Banking Man. Do we let him go? Do we show them we are so kind and gentle that we are happy to give in?'

Helen stood up. 'You know the answer to that one as well as I do,' she said in a low, measured voice. 'We've had our orders. The government had until midnight last night to release those men and women they rounded up – and promise not to re-arrest them—'

'As if we could have trusted them not to!' muttered Simone, swinging around and punching the air dramatically.

'That doesn't matter now,' said Helen. 'They haven't budged an inch, which means ...' She let the sentence drift away unfinished. They all knew what that meant.

'We finish him off,' said Lily bluntly. 'One of us sits on his face ... and executes him with her bottom!'

Helen nodded, but said nothing.

‘I’ll do it,’ said Donna. She kicked the discarded newspaper across the floor. ‘It’ll help get what they did to our girls out of my system.’

This time Helen shook her head. ‘You know the rules. The prisoner gets to choose who sits on him.’

‘What the hell does it matter?’ asked Donna. ‘He’s still going out inside a fucking arse!’

‘It matters to him,’ said Helen. ‘He’s going to be frightened enough when we tell him what we have to do to him. The least he deserves is to get to pick the woman who’s going to sit on his face.’

‘So when are we going to do it?’ asked Lily. ‘Ask him, I mean.’

‘No time like the present,’ said Helen. ‘It’s cruel to keep him waiting.’

‘Then let’s keep him waiting a bit longer,’ snarled Donna, not caring to hide her anger.

‘You don’t mean that,’ said Helen.

‘Don’t I just,’ muttered Donna sulkily.

Helen looked at each of her girls in turn. That was how she liked to think of them: her girls.

What a disparate bunch they were. Helen herself had been a nurse before joining the Front. Donna had been a secretary, and Lily a beautician. Simone had worked as a translator in one of the ministries, until she’d had enough of being molested almost daily by her manager and finally snapped. Having persuaded him to stay late one night after work for what she called ‘some fun’, they had first shared a bottle of wine. He realised, too late, that she had drugged his glass. While he was still conscious, she had pulled down her pants, straddled his head and told him, ‘This is for women everywhere!’ Then she had sat full-weight on his face and smothered him with her bottom. After that, she had gone on the run, and been lucky enough to find her way to a Front sympathiser who put her in touch with Helen.

They hadn’t kidnapped Adam Ferrier, but he’d been given into their care three months ago. In that time, they had got to know him well. He’d been cocky at first – like most men – confident of being rescued and dismissive of their cause. ‘Women were born to serve,’ he’d told them sneeringly, aware they were negotiating with the authorities and certain he would come to no harm.

But as time went by and he remained their prisoner, his attitude began to change. A bond of sorts had formed between the hostage and his kidnappers. True, they still saw him as the enemy, but Helen, in particular, saw him as a human being, too – with a human being’s frailties. Even Donna had mellowed – until news of their colleagues’ execution.

All these thoughts passed through Helen’s mind as she crossed to the door that

led into the room where they'd kept Adam prisoner for the past three months. She drew back the bolt that kept the door secured, opened it sharply and went into the room beyond, followed by her team.

Two

Adam looked up wearily from the mattress. One arm was chained to the metal head-board and the small bed itself was bolted to the concrete floor. He wore a shirt and trousers, but no shoes or socks.

It was rare for all four of the women to visit him at the same time, and they saw him stiffen anxiously. They'd told him about the deadline; he knew that was why they were here.

'What's happened?' he asked cautiously. 'Have they done what you asked? Am I going home?'

Helen took a step forward. She had no wish to prolong his agony. 'I'm sorry, Adam,' she announced. 'They've said they won't deal with us. Not now ...' She hesitated. 'Not ever...'

His eyes narrowed and she watched his Adam's apple bob sharply in his throat. When he spoke again, there was a crackle of alarm in his voice.

'What does that mean? I don't understand...'

Helen crouched down so that their eyes were almost on a level. He understood well enough. She saw it in his face.

'I'm sorry, Adam,' she said, in as gentle a voice as she could manage. 'It means ...' She paused again. 'It means one of us has to take you into her bottom ... and

smother you with her little hole.'

This time his eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. The colour drained from his face. 'No!' he exclaimed, his gaze flashing from one girl to the next. 'You can't do that! You can't sit on me! I haven't done anything!'

'It's not our decision,' said Helen, reaching out to take his hand. He backed away, as if her touch was poison. It stabbed at her heart to see the pain in his eyes. How she wished there was another way. 'We've had our orders. We've been here too long, we have to move out, find another safe house.'

'I can come with you!' he said quickly. 'I won't give you any trouble, I promise!'

Helen shook her head sadly. 'It doesn't work like that, Adam, I'm sorry. We have to finish you off before we leave. You know what we look like. You can describe us to the authorities.'

'I wouldn't! I promise!' he cried, snatching at the slender hope she'd given him. 'You can trust me! I'll tell them you always wore masks!'

Helen stood up and regarded him tenderly. 'I'm sorry, Adam. If we let you go, then the government will know we don't mean business. For the sake of women everywhere ... we have to smother you...'

Donna spoke up for the first time. 'Your friends guillotined two of our girls

because of you,' she said, struggling to keep a lid on her anger. 'You're lucky to be going out inside a woman's bottom...'

He looked up at her, utterly terrified. 'They're not my friends!' he cried. 'I'm just a banker. I'm not in the government. I'm on your side! I'm one of you!'

'No you're not,' said Helen gently. 'You're saying that because you don't want us to sit on you ... because you're frightened of our bottoms.'

'Of course I'm fucking frightened of your bottoms!' he screamed. 'You're going to suffocate me!' He shook his head and his mouth curled fearfully. 'I don't want to go out inside a woman's bottom!'

'It's nothing to be frightened of,' said Helen, trying to reassure him. 'It won't take long, just a few minutes.' She glanced at the other girls. 'One of us will jerk you off. If we can keep you on edge, you'll hardly know what's going on...'

Adam opened his mouth to respond, but his voice froze. His face immediately crumpled and he began to cry. It broke Helen's heart to see him suffer like this. She wondered, briefly, if it might be kinder to ask the other girls to hold him down now while she sat on his face and finished him off quickly. No, she told herself, almost as soon as the thought had struck her. That's not the right way to go about it. They must give him the choice. Let him pick a girl to sit on him...

'It's up to you, Adam,' said Helen. 'But we'll give you time to think about it.' She studied him quietly for several moments, then added, 'Would you like to see our bottoms? If we took off our pants, I mean. It might help you to make up your mind – if you knew what our little holes looked like.'

This time, when Adam backed away, he appeared to shrivel in size. His face was a mask of terror. 'You can't be serious,' he muttered forlornly. 'Dear God, please tell me this is some sort of sick joke!'

Helen gestured to the others. She could see that Adam was in no fit state to take this seriously. She must make the decision for him.

Hooking their thumbs into the waistbands of their slacks, all four women tugged down first their pants and then their knickers, turning around at the same time and bending low at the waist. Reaching behind, they clawed their buttocks wide, exposing both their pussies and their little holes.

Adam released a strangled groan. 'Oh, God help me!' he muttered, his eyes flashing from one bottom to the next. 'Put them away! Put them away, please! I don't want to see your little holes!'

'You have to choose one,' said Helen. 'If you don't, we'll have to choose one for you.'

Unable to cope any longer, Adam turned his face away, curled into a ball and sobbed into his pillow. Helen signed to the other girls to pull their pants back up.

'I'm sorry this is causing you so much distress,' she said, with genuine sorrow. 'If you prefer, I can give you a sleeping draught and smother you in your sleep.'

If Helen had been hoping to calm him down, her attempt failed badly.

‘You’d still be sitting on me!’ he cried, and hugged his pillow even tighter. ‘I don’t want to be sat on! I don’t to be sat on, please!’

Helen looked at her watch. She had no wish to upset him further, but they’d wasted enough time already.

‘I’ll be back in an hour,’ she announced. ‘Then you’ll have to tell me what you want us to do. If you can’t make up your mind ... then I’ll take you into my bottom and finish you off.’

With Adam continuing to sob hysterically into his pillow, Helen signalled to the other girls to leave the room. As she followed them to the door, she looked back at Adam one last time, crying like a terrified child, and felt utterly miserable.

Three

The next hour passed painfully slowly – not only for Adam, but for the girls, too. Despite their anger at the fate of their fellow-Front members, they had all grown fond of their hostage over the past three months – or as fond of him as they possibly could be, given who he was. He might not have killed anyone, but he'd made it perfectly clear, in those first few weeks, that, for him, a world ruled by men was the proper order of things. Women were second-class citizens and existed only to serve. He had certainly mellowed since then, but they had little doubt he would revert to type the moment he was set free.

Not that his being set free was an option now. They had been given their orders and must carry them out. It was too dangerous for them not to. Besides, the authorities had to know they meant business: that if men continued to treat women as second-class citizens, they would all be sat on and smothered ... as the Amazons of old would have smothered them.

But that didn't mean they had to take pleasure from what they were about to do. For one of them to have to take Adam into her crack and smother him with her bottom was not a cause for joy. That was what made them different from men. They did what they did because they had to, not because they enjoyed it. Their resolve might weaken from time to time, but the ethos of the Amazon Liberation Front was that of the Amazons of old, enshrined in the oath they swore when joining the sisterhood:

'I will not sit on a man's face and smother him for pleasure;

Nature gave me my buttocks so I might bring a man down

And my little hole to finish him off

I swear to you, my sisters, that I will only use my bottom and my hole for good

And to make the world a better place for women everywhere.'

'Who do you think he'll choose?' asked Lily, addressing no one in particular. The hour was almost up, and she had butterflies in her tummy.

Donna shrugged. 'It's anyone's guess, I reckon. The poor bastard was so frightened you'd think he'd never seen a woman's arse before.'

'I doubt he's ever seen four at the same time,' said Helen with a sigh. 'And certainly not four holes...'

'I will be happy if it is me,' said Simone in her soft, clipped voice. She reached behind and squeezed one of her ample hips. 'It is too long a time since I have had a man down here. Not since that pig at the ministry. It would be good to smother a man more kindly. I was angry the first time ... and made him suffer.'

'We've all made a man suffer,' said Donna supportively. 'I know it's wrong, but sometimes you can't help it. Not if he's a bad man...'

'Poor Adam isn't bad,' said Helen. 'Not really. He's just a cog in the machinery, in the wrong place at the wrong time.' She looked at her watch. The hour was up. 'And now he's going to end up inside a woman's bottom...'

‘I think I feel as nervous as he does,’ said Lily quietly.

‘I doubt that,’ said Helen. She looked at each of the girls in turn. For all their bravado, she knew they found this as difficult as she did. Knowing that one of them was about to sit on a frightened young man. To take him into her crack ... and suffocate him with her bare bottom.

‘We’ll strip off in here,’ she told them. ‘It’ll be cruel to waste any more time once we go through. He’ll be frightened enough.’

One by one the girls undressed until the four of them were naked.

‘Remember,’ said Helen. ‘Whatever happens in there, this is a team effort. One to sit on him, two to hold him down and one to jerk him off. We’re women,’ she reminded them, ‘and he’s somebody’s son. Let’s make this as nice for him as we can.’

Four

Adam was sitting up straight when they came back into the room, his knees drawn up to his chin, his arms curled around his legs protectively. His eyes were red and puffy and his face still shone with tears. As they lined up in front of him, he cast a fearful glance at their naked bodies, eyes swimming over their breasts, their hips and the matted vees of their vaginas.

‘Have you made up your mind?’ asked Helen. ‘About which of us you want to sit on you?’

For several seconds, it seemed he might not answer. Again, he gazed from one bare body to the next, his face drawn and colourless, his hands trembling around his legs.

Finally, he looked up at Helen and said in a slow, shaking voice, ‘I want you to do it.’ He hugged himself even tighter and forced out the words. ‘You’ve got a kind face. I know ... I know you won’t try to hurt me with your little hole. That you’ll do it ... you’ll do it as quickly as you can.’

Helen sat down on the bed, reached out and stroked the side of his face. ‘I will,’ she said tenderly, keen to reassure him. ‘I used to be a nurse, before all this started. I’ll be gentle with you, I promise ... when I take you into my crack.’

He stared back at her, biting his lip, unable to speak for several seconds. ‘Have you ... have you done this before? Finished a man off inside your bottom ... with your little hole?’

For a moment or two, Helen considered lying, fearful the truth would further alarm him. But he deserved the truth she told herself. Especially now.

‘Yes,’ she replied softly, still stroking the side of his face. ‘I’ve smothered twenty men with my bottom. You’ll be the twenty-first ...’

‘Were they all frightened?’ he asked in a thin, crackling voice. ‘When ... when you showed them your little hole?’

Again, she considered lying, but again she opted for the truth. ‘Yes, they were,’ she admitted. ‘None of them wanted me to sit on them.’ She hesitated. ‘None of them wanted me to take them into my crack and finish them off with my bottom.’

‘Were you gentle with them?’ he asked. It seemed suddenly like talking to a terrified child who needed reassurance.

Helen smiled. ‘Yes, I was,’ she replied. ‘I told them what I’ve told you – that I used to be a nurse, that all I want to do is help people, the way I want to help you.’

Another tear ran down his cheek. ‘What will happen?’ he inquired fearfully.

‘I’m going to ask you to lie on your back, Adam. Let’s do it now, put your head on the pillow.’

To help him, she placed her hands over his, gently prising them away from his knees. As carefully as she could, she manoeuvred him onto his back and straightened out his legs, like a mother tending to a child.

‘I’m going to pull your pants down now,’ she explained, ‘so Lily can get at your cock. Would you like that, Adam – if Lily plays with you?’

He bobbed his head. ‘Yes, please,’ he whispered feebly, his eyes still locked on hers. ‘That ... that would be nice.’

Helen smiled as she unbuttoned his trousers, tugged them down to his ankles and slipped them over his feet. Then she eased his boxers down and off, exposing his penis. It was small and flaccid, as if trying to hide away between his legs. Again she sensed his fear and it brought a lump to her throat.

Taking hold of Adam’s cock, Helen gave it a little squeeze, then pumped it smoothly for half a minute until, in spite of his fear, it became almost fully erect. She cupped her other hand around his balls and felt them roll against her palm. He closed his eyes briefly and released a thin, contented sigh. It was as if, for just that moment, he could pretend he was happy.

‘That’s a good boy,’ said Helen warmly. ‘Does it feel good – to have me hold you like this?’

He bobbed his head again. ‘Yes, miss,’ he muttered, as if addressing his teacher not his executioner. ‘It ... it feels nice.’

‘Donna and Simone will hold on to your ankles,’ she continued, signalling for the girls to come forward and assume their respective positions. They took a firm grip on his legs, and eased them apart. ‘Are you all right?’ Helen inquired with genuine concern. ‘You’re not uncomfortable?’

Adam shook his head, and she could see the fear in his eyes.

‘There, there,’ she said softly, as she ran her fingers up and down his shaft. ‘Think about how nice it feels, to have me hold you like this.’ She rolled his balls in the palm of her other hand and he released another weak gurgle of excitement.

Turning her head, she gestured to Lily, who advanced quickly, sat on the other side of the bed and took hold of Adam’s cock and balls as Helen relinquished her grip.

‘That’s what it’s going to feel like when I’m sitting on you,’ said Helen. ‘Even though your head will be inside my bottom, you’ll be focused on your cock and how lovely it is to have Lily fiddle with you.’

She watched his Adam’s apple slide up and down as two more tears trickled across his face. His chest began to rise and fall as his breathing quickened. He was fearful, naturally, because he knew that any moment Helen was going to take him into her crack and press her little hole against his nose. But he was excited, too, because Lily was pumping him quickly now, and tickling his scrotum.

‘You’ve got lovely big balls,’ said Lily brightly. ‘You must have a full load in

there. There's going to be such a lot of spunk coming out of your cock when you come!'

Helen regarded the young girl fondly. She, too, knew how frightened Adam was, and was doing her best to distract him; to concentrate his mind on the rising pleasure in his cock, rather than the fearful knowledge that he was about to be smothered. That was what it meant to be an Amazon. They weren't ruthless killers, like men; they despatched their enemies with kindness when they could. Which was how it ought to be.

A second leather restraint had been fixed to the headboard, a partner to the one that was fastened around Adam's left arm.

'I'm going to put the other cuff on your wrist,' Helen explained, 'so you can't push me off ... when I sit on you. Is that all right, Adam?'

'Yes, miss,' he said again, his voice still thin and shaking.

Helen leaned across him, taking hold of his free arm and gently pushing it down. As she did so, her plump breasts grazed his face. He immediately opened his mouth and turned his head, searching for a nipple. He wasn't the first man to have tried to suckle on her in the last few moments before she sat on him, and the attempt came as no surprise.

Releasing his arm briefly, she cupped one breast and fed it past his lips, taking hold of the back of his head and hugging him close. She held him like that for about a minute before easing her hands away, and, while he continued to suckle on her, she strapped the cuff around his wrist.

When she finally pulled her nipple from his mouth, Adam released a long, mournful sob and fresh tears ran down his cheek.

‘I wish you could have smothered me like that,’ he muttered, and his face crumpled miserably.

‘A bottom will be quicker,’ said Helen gently. Once again, she reached out and stroked the side of his face. ‘Are you ready, Adam ... for me to take you into my crack?’

His mouth fell, and this time he sobbed silently, his face lined with fear, his head shaking.

‘I know you’re frightened, Adam,’ she said tenderly, ‘but I know you’re going to be such a brave boy, too.’

He released a muffled moan as Lily pushed a finger into his arse and his penis gave a dangerous jerk.

‘Does that feel good?’ asked Helen. ‘To have Lily’s finger in your bottom? Boys always like a finger in their bottom, don’t they? When they’re being fiddled with.’

She was speaking on auto-pilot now. The procedure with a suffocation was always the same. Though a man might be terrified, talking dirty to him while

playing with his cock always helped to take his mind off what was about to happen. Even better, if they managed things properly, it made him want to be taken into a woman's bottom. She hope it would make Adam want it, too, so his final moments could be happy ones.

'I'm going to sit on your chest now,' said Helen, 'and show you my little hole. Don't be frightened. I won't sit on your face until you ask me to. Is that all right?'

His head gave a little jerk but though his mouth moved, he couldn't speak. They both know that, once she sat on his chest, the game was almost over...

As carefully as she could – Helen did everything carefully so as not to frighten him – she eased herself into position, settling herself on his chest. From where she was now seated, she could see all three of her companions: Donna and Simone holding onto Adam's legs, and Lily gently masturbating his cock.

'Are we ready, girls?' she asked, glancing at each in turn. They each bobbed their heads in reply.

Looking over her shoulder, Helen said: 'I'm going to shuffle back in a moment, Adam, open up my bottom and show you my hole. You'll see my pussy, too. It's very hairy, but don't let that frighten you. My pussy and my little hole are going to work together to smother you. It's the way Amazons used to finish off their enemies back in those days when women ruled the world. Think of yourself as a soldier, Adam, going into battle for the last time ... inside a woman's bottom.'

He gave a little gurgle and pulled at the cuffs. When he released a shrill,

pleasurable moan, she knew that Lily was working his cock, coaxing the seed from his balls.

‘Are you feeling happy?’ asked Helen. It seemed like a daft question but she knew he would understand. For all the fact that he was about to be smothered, Adam was a man, with a man’s needs, and a man’s weaknesses – all centred in his penis and his balls. Pleasure him there, she knew, and he would embrace his fate willingly.

Turning away, Helen raised herself a fraction and shuffled back. Reaching behind, she took hold of her arse-cheeks and pulled them apart, exposing both her anus and the thick, matted vee of her vagina. As her private parts came into view, she heard Adam release another strangled groan. Looking down, she saw that his cock was fully erect, a bead of pre-cum dribbling down the shaft. Lily was an accomplished masturbatrix. Though it might appear that Adam was dangerously close to coming, Helen was unconcerned. Lily had kept more than one man on the brink for her in the past, not only before she took him into her bottom, but right through to the moment of truth, when he bucked happily for the last time.

‘Lily is going to keep pleasuring you,’ said Helen, ‘but she won’t let you come. Not until I’m sitting on your face. So it’s up to you, Adam. You have to tell me when to sit. Do you understand?’

He responded with a muffled gurgle and his body gave a tremendous shudder. Few men lasted long once Lily brought them to the edge. It always amazed Helen that a man could so long for release that if the only way he could have it was to beg a woman to sit on his face, then he would beg her – even though he knew she meant to suffocate him with her bottom.

‘When I sit on you,’ said Helen, aware that he was close to surrendering, ‘it will be easier for you if you open your mouth as wide as you can and don’t move your head. That way, when I lower myself onto your face, I’ll be able to put my pussy into your mouth and my little hole over your nose. I’ll press down as hard as I can and you won’t be able to breathe. You’ll be right up inside my crack. In fact, you’ll be so far up my bottom your nose will probably enter my passage.’ She sighed deliberately and her face beamed. ‘Won’t that be lovely, Adam ... to be inside my passage?’

She was back to talking dirty again, a deliberate ploy to arouse him and drag him past the point of no return. As his shaft gave another jerk and a second wave of semen emerged from the eye of his cock, she readied herself to sit.

‘It’ll be just like going to sleep with a bottom on your face,’ she told him and she heard him whimper fearfully.

‘Ask me, Adam,’ she said sweetly. ‘If you want to come, ask me to sit on your face. Ask me to take you into my bottom ... and smother you with my little hole.’

His back arched sharply and he groaned again. Donna and Simone were forced to cling on tightly now as his legs began to kick. Lily pushed her finger as far into his bottom as it would go, and tickled his swollen sacs with her thumb.

‘Sit on me!’ he screamed suddenly. ‘Oh, God, please sit on me! Take me into your bottom! Take me into your bottom, please!’

Moving deliberately slowly, Helen lowered herself onto his face. She moved

carefully so as not to frighten him, but also so that she might ease her pussy into his mouth as she had promised, and her little hole over his nose. If he screamed or turned his head away at the last moment, she would still sit on him, but her grip would not be as perfect. It needed to be firm and airtight if this was to be over quickly.

As the matted swell of her vagina touched his lips, she knew that his courage was holding. That he was terrified was evident enough. As her anus closed around his nostrils, she felt his hot tears run into the wrinkled well, softening her hole even more, allowing it to expand and suck his nose into the opening.

To her amazement, Adam remained absolutely motionless for several seconds, allowing her to readjust herself and press down hard, trapping him inside her crack. Only then, when there was no hope of escape, did he react, kicking with his legs and tugging on the leather cuffs. He arched his back, driving his cock high through the funnel of Lily's fingers. She slackened her grip, depriving him of friction, aware that she mustn't let him come too soon. Keep his mind focused on pleasure and it would make his suffocation all the easier for him to bear.

'Good boy!' said Helen, though she doubted he could hear her. 'That's it! Resist us! Don't give up easily! Remember you're a soldier – fighting his last battle inside a woman's bottom!'

Adam was struggling furiously now as she knew he would. Torn between pleasure and pain, she hoped he wasn't too frightened. Surely this was a better way to go – trapped inside a woman's arse – than being shot, guillotined, hanged, or any of the other barbarous methods of execution devised by men? Wouldn't any man – given the choice – prefer to end his days with his nose pressed tight against one woman's little hole, while others held him down and milked him?

Suddenly his body went into a series of spasms and began to jerk strongly. As his hands clawed the air, Lily drove down hard one last time. Adam's penis tightened and, a moment later, thick wads of milky semen erupted from the eye of his cock. His balls rolled heavily, pumping a second wave of jism along his shaft and out of his swollen glans, spraying seed across his belly. His head gave a tremendous lurch between Helen's buttocks and she felt his nose dig as far into her passage as was humanly possible. The shock of his intrusion struck a nerve deep in her belly and, a moment later, she unleashed herself, flooding his face with her juices as she came.

Adam's body juddered fitfully for several seconds, his back arched one last time and then he collapsed. Helen remained on his face for another minute in case he recovered. Men sometimes did, and had to be smothered a second time. Then, utterly exhausted herself, she rose and climbed awkwardly off the bed.

It was over. Looking down, she was pleased to see how calm and, peaceful Adam looked. His face sparkled with her sweat and juices, dribbling from the edges of his mouth.

Reaching out, she gently touched his cheek. 'I hope you were happy inside my bottom,' she said with genuine compassion. 'I hope my little hole gave you comfort at the end...'

Leaning forward, she kissed him lightly on the forehead, aware of the pungent scent of her anus on his skin. She hoped her smell had helped to comfort him, too – the earthy aroma of her bottom filling his lungs at the moment of truth...

They would tidy him up and phone the authorities before they left. It had been a long three months but at last it was ended.

As she had told him, Adam Ferrier was not the first hostage she had been forced to take into her bottom and finish off, and she doubted he would be the last.

This war would continue ... until the government finally saw the error of its ways.

But there was, she feared, a long way to go yet ...

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!

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Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

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When Women Sit!