

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

FACESITTING FREEDOM FIGHTERS!



BOOK TWO: SIMONE'S STORY

DARK RIDER

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

FACESITTING FREEDOM FIGHTERS!



BOOK TWO: SIMONE'S STORY

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 Two (Simone's Story) is written as a stand-alone episode in a series of stories about the Amazon Liberation Front, a group of brave women 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 bare bottoms...

Book Two charts the journey of Simone Paul, a young French interpreter in the Ministry of State, as she rebels against her sexually oppressive employer and decides to join the Amazon Liberation Front.

But first, she must pass a self-imposed test ... and sit on the face of the man who has abused her for so long.

This is her story. And soon, in the far-flung future in which this adventure takes place, it will be the story of women everywhere!

I hope you'll enjoy *Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Two (Simone's Story)* – and that you'll look out for other books 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 Michael Daventry as he finds himself under the

bottom of a brave young woman who, though she acts with kindness ... will also show him no mercy!

FACESITTING FREEDOM FIGHTERS!

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

BOOK TWO: SIMONE'S STORY

Dark Rider

Copyright © 2018 Dark Rider

All rights reserved.

Cover photograph produced under licence from www.123rf.com

Copyright:

[jochenschoenfeld](https://www.123rf.com/profile_jochenschoenfeld) /
123RF Stock Photo

*This work contains adult material – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and
should not be sold to, or read by, minors.*

Table of Contents

[About the Author](#)

[About this Book](#)

[Prologue](#)

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

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

‘Nice arse!’ said Michael, cupping his hand around Simone’s left buttock and squeezing it tightly. He licked his lips crudely. ‘Do you work out?’

‘No, sir,’ answered Simone in a thin, restrained voice. She wanted to punch his face, to kick him in the balls, preferably several times over – but it was more than her job was worth. Besides, assaulting him would be an offence. No woman was allowed to strike a man, whatever the provocation. She’d be looking at a six-month prison sentence at the very least.

Simone enjoyed her work in the Ministry of State – up to a point. A French national, her father had been English so she had grown up in a bi-lingual household. Her knowledge of both languages had proved a huge benefit, allowing her to work as a translator – a much better paid job than many women had access to. But there, any advantage had come to an end. She was still a woman, after all, in a world where the female’s status as a second-class sex was officially enshrined in law. Women existed to serve, and to give pleasure. Beyond that, they were the chattel of any man who claimed authority over them – whether it be their husband, father, brother or employer.

True, not every man saw it that way, and there were those who had been fair-minded enough to voice their objections. But the law was the law, and any protest – even verbal – was met with heavy sanctions. Almost as many men as women had been executed for subversion in the past 12 months.

Simone wore slacks in the office, rather than a dress. It was all too easy for a man to slip his hand under her skirt and try to fiddle with her private parts, especially on the bus into work. It didn’t stop them trying to touch her up, but at least they couldn’t get into her knickers.

Working for Michael Daventry afforded her a certain physical protection from other male employees, but not from him. Had he wished, he could have insisted she wear a skirt – he had that right – but he seemed to draw a perverse pleasure in cupping her buttocks through her slacks, and, on occasion, jamming his hand into her crack.

‘What do you think to that bunch of lesbians who are giving us so much trouble?’ he asked, detaching his hand for a moment and transferring it, instead, to her left breast.

His disparaging remark, she knew, was aimed at the Amazon Liberation Front – an underground network of women opposed to the power of the male-run state. The Front had come to public attention some six months previously, when they had kidnapped a junior politician. Though largely unknown to the general public, his capture had struck a blow at the heart of government.

The women’s demands had been simple enough: repeal the Male Superiority Act, dissolve Parliament and call free elections. Elections in which women, as well as men, could both stand for office and vote.

Not surprisingly, the government had refused to negotiate. The women then set a deadline, which quickly passed, and then another, which was similarly ignored. They had threatened to ‘make an example of this man in the fashion of the Amazons of old’, but were clearly reluctant to do so. When a third deadline was set and passed yet again, it seemed that the Front was already a spent force.

And then they had done what they had promised they would do...

Simone could hardly believe the report was true when it arrived in the office. All official documents were run past the censors at the Ministry, and her job was to translate them for transmission to mainland Europe.

‘At six o’clock this morning, having received no response to our latest request, the High Council of the Amazon Liberation Front was forced, with great sadness, to authorise the suffocation of the prisoner, Jared Kent. While the prisoner was forcibly restrained by four Council members, our leader took him into her bottom’s crack ... and smothered him with her little hole.

‘We now give you official warning: this is not the end of our war of liberation, but only the start. We encourage women everywhere: rise up and use your bodies as the Amazons of old used theirs. If your husband, partner or employer abuses you or supports the subjugation of our sex, take him between your legs and smother him at the cunt or the arse. Do it while he sleeps or disable him in some way first. But do it – for the good of women everywhere!

‘Signed: The High Council of the Amazon Liberation Front.’

The report had both thrilled and shocked Simone in equal measure. That a woman could do such a thing to a man – take him between her legs and smother him with one of her holes – did not seem possible. Even if the man were held down, or weakened in some way, could she really finish him off in such a fashion?

The Front had suggested smothering men in their sleep and, in the weeks that followed, there were many unsubstantiated reports of women taking the call to heart: women who had sat on their husbands’ heads during the night and smothered them with their bottoms. She had seen the evidence in official documents here at the Ministry of State, but the information had been suppressed

for fear of encouraging copy-cat attacks. The women in question had been arrested, sentenced and promptly executed without trial. Men showed no mercy when they were under attack!

All this flashed through Simone's mind as Michael Daventry briefly squeezed her breast, then returned his attention to her arse, cupping each buttock in turn.

'I hope they are crushed, sir,' said Simone, giving him the only answer she could.

'They say they take men into their bottoms,' he whispered slyly, wriggling his fingers between her cheeks. His lips pressed against her ear and she felt his warm, stale breath on her skin. 'They smother them' – he swallowed hard and she felt him shiver with excitement – 'with their little holes!' He swallowed again. 'Can such a thing be possible?'

'I don't know, sir,' said Simone, biting down her disgust. His finger was nudging her anus.

Almost at once, Michael Daventry removed his hand, and eased it beneath the waistband of her slacks. The bastard was trying to get into her pants!

She wanted to push him away, to tell him how loathsome he was, but she knew she didn't dare. He was a man – and her employer, too – he could do what he liked to her. Though it went against every instinct in her body, she tried not to tighten her buttocks as he slid his warm hand into her crack.

‘You have a little hole,’ he whispered crudely, now searching for it with his finger.

‘Yes, sir,’ she responded in a shrill, anxious voice. She felt his hot, clammy touch against the well of her anus. He was pushing at the opening ... trying to squirm his way into her passage!

Simone tried to empty her mind of everything as she felt him enter her. He leaned in close again and breathed foul air against the side of her face.

‘They say the anus is a powerful weapon – these Amazons,’ he muttered. ‘They encourage women everywhere to rub it on a man’s face. To suffocate us with that hairy little mouth ...’

The bastard was turning himself on with his own filthy talk! Swivelling round, he pressed himself even closer and she was aware of how stiff he’d grown. His cock was hard against her thigh and he was rubbing himself on her – dry-humping her leg!

‘Can a little hole do such a thing?’ he inquired madly – for she had no doubt that lust had driven him over the edge. ‘Can it truly smother a man to death?’ His breathing grew more rapid. ‘Is there no hope for a man ... if a woman takes him into her bottom?’

‘I cannot believe it, sir,’ said Simone, forcing out the words. At that precise moment she not only wished it were possible, she would have happily sat on his face and smothered him herself. The swine was already inside her anus and up to his first knuckle!

And then the phone rang. It immediately brought him back to the real world. He had, she knew, been expecting a call from his superior. He could ignore it, of course, but then he would have to explain why. Michael Daventry, she reminded herself, might very well be the pox-ridden son of a pox-ridden whore, but he was diligent and faithful to the cause.

Reluctantly, he removed his finger from her back passage and, with some difficulty – his cock so erect it had clearly slipped out of his pants and was jutting up against the crotch of his trousers – crossed to his desk and picked up the receiver.

The call was a mercifully long one, long enough – thank God! – for his erection to subside. Better still – from her point of view – it seemed it was important enough for him to drop his interest in her bottom. For the moment at least. But from the way he occasionally sniffed his finger – the one that had been inside her! – and smiled dreamily, she doubted it would be long before he tried again.

It was at that point she made the decision that would change her life.

She would give him what he wanted – her bottom. But not in the way he wanted her to. Simone had no doubt he would try to enter her again and, after his finger, his cock would not be far behind. She would not allow him to enter her bottom again, and certainly not – heaven forbid! – bugger her little hole!

As he pored over his papers, his lust temporarily forgotten, Simone crossed the room and addressed him directly. It was now or never. If she delayed, her courage might fail her.

‘Would you like to see me, sir?’ she inquired hesitantly. ‘Here in the office, after work?’ She leaned forward, so that her breasts swayed provocatively, and lowered her voice to a whisper. ‘So you can get to know my bottom better?’

He looked up at her, his eyes wide with astonishment. He didn’t reply at once. It was clear, from the way his mouth dropped open, that she had caught him by surprise. He allowed his gaze to roam over her breasts, then back to her face. Finally, he said, ‘You mean it? I can have you?’ He swept his hand across the papers. ‘Here? Over this desk?’

Simone recoiled at the very thought, but she had made up her mind, and there was no going back.

‘Yes, sir,’ she replied. ‘You can have me however you like.’ She leaned forward a little more, forcing herself to smile. ‘I want to get on in the world, sir. I know who my betters are ...’ She licked her lips in what she hoped was a sufficiently crude manner. ‘And I hope they will take care of me.’

He bought the lie completely as she knew he would. Whatever the size of his brain, like most men it was his cock that made the decisions.

‘It will have to be tomorrow,’ he told her. Gesturing at the paperwork on his desk, he snarled bitterly. ‘I have to sort this crap out first.’

‘Shall I bring wine, sir?’ she inquired. ‘So we can loosen up a little? Before we begin?’

Wine seemed to fit the bill as far as he was concerned and he said he would leave the details to her. But she was to make it red – and nothing weak.

That suited her perfectly, reflected Simone. The stronger the better. But not for the reasons Michael had in mind ...

Two

When Simone arrived home that evening, she was shaking with excitement. And fear, too. She was about to cross a line – had already crossed it, in fact – and there was no turning back. She must go through with what she had in mind – after which she would be an outcast: a rebel with a price on her head ...

But she didn't care. The thought of that bastard, Michael, with his finger up her arse – inside her most private place! – revolted her each time she thought about it. How many other women had he molested over the years, she wondered. How many bottoms had he been inside? More, she suspected, than she could ever imagine.

She had had trouble sleeping these past few months – ever since that day she had read the bulletin the Front had sent, announcing they had smothered their hostage. The women's reference to an Amazonian past – a mythological legend that spoke of women running the world: women who went into battle with men as naked as the day they were born, and conquered them with their bodies – their breasts, pussies and bare backsides, had thrilled and unsettled her. Could it be true? She had heard the stories, of course – most women had. But they were whispered tales passed down from mothers to daughters and believed by most to be nothing more than stories designed to give women hope in a world where men had taken it away.

Her doctor had prescribed a strong sleeping draught, and it had worked well enough. He had given her a week's supply, but a few days had been enough, and she had plenty left over. The drug had a bitter taste, but a strong red wine would hide it perfectly. It wouldn't take much, no more than a glass she reckoned, and Michael would be out for the count. Well, not completely out, but as feeble as she needed him to be for what she had in mind. He wouldn't be able to push her off ... when she sat on him.

She brought the wine into work the following day, along with two sachets of the sleeping powder. It was the longest day of her life. Twice Michael had tried to finger her again, and, more than once, rubbed himself up against her leg while he cupped her buttocks and whispered filthy things into her ear.

‘I can’t wait to get inside you,’ he muttered. ‘I have a big cock – you won’t be able to walk in the morning.’

No, she reflected sombrely, again biting down her disgust. It is you who will not be walking in the morning ...

The end of the day could not come soon enough for either of them – though for very different reasons.

As the office emptied and doors clanged shut, Michael Daventry was beside himself with renewed excitement.

‘I’ll pour us both a drink,’ said Simone, ‘before you do whatever it is you’re going to do to me.’ She smiled crudely. ‘I hope it involves my bottom.’

That was all Michael needed. His eyes blazed with undisguised lust and, when Simone turned to pour two glasses, and deliberately wiggled her arse, he almost collapsed. It gave her all the cover she needed to empty both sachets into his glass and fill it to the brim. She filled her glass, too. Though she had made up her mind to go through with this, it wouldn’t harm her, she told herself, to relax a little.

‘To my bottom!’ she announced, handing him his glass, clinking it sharply and throwing back the first mouthful.

‘To your little hole!’ he responded, throwing back the wine with even more vigour – as she had hoped he would. He licked his lips and frowned. ‘A little bitter,’ he remarked.

Simone smiled and took another sip, hoping he would follow suit. ‘Your mouth will soon have something sweet inside it,’ she purred crudely and was pleased to see him all but drain his glass and push it forward for a refill. She sloshed in another healthy measure. It wouldn’t take long now. Her doctor had warned her more than once: no alcohol – the combination could floor an elephant.

As Michael set his glass down, he almost missed the table and she watched him totter unsteadily.

‘What the f–?’ he muttered and put his hand out for support. Simone crossed to a bag she had left by the door, reached inside and extracted a roll of tape and scissors. Securing him was probably unnecessary, but it seemed pointless to take any chances.

Michael was reeling awkwardly already, struggling to keep his balance. His face tightened as he caught sight of Simone approaching with the tape.

‘I drugged your wine,’ she explained. ‘You won’t pass out – not straightaway – but you won’t be able to stop me doing what I’m going to do to you.’

‘You’re mout of a – bout of a – out of a – a job ...’ he slurred, swaying from side to side.

Simone took hold of Michael’s shoulders, swung him round and forced him forward over the desk. His glass went flying, shattering as it hit the floor, staining the carpet blood-red.

‘You’re a fucking dead woman,’ he muttered drunkenly as she wrapped the tape around his wrists, binding his arms together against his back. Satisfied with her work, she heaved him back off the desk, and roughly manhandled him onto the carpet. He kicked out with his legs, but they were weak efforts, and it took her no time at all to secure his feet. Finally, tearing off one last length of tape, she plastered it over his mouth, followed by a second strip to ensure the first wouldn’t come off.

Looking down at him, Simone allowed herself a snort of disgust.

‘Merde!’ she announced bluntly, her clipped French accent more apparent now as the effects of the wine began to hit her. ‘ You are a dirty little bâtard! Fit only for a woman’s arsehole!’

He stared up at her, struggling to focus. Simone dropped to her knees and straddled his chest, then leaned forward and looked him straight in the eye.

‘You remember those reports, hein? How those women smothered that poor bâtard – Kent – with their little holes?’ She grinned happily, acutely aware of how frightened he now was. ‘How it was they say: les femmes everywhere – tout le monde! – should rise up and take you men into our bottoms?’

Michael threw his head from side to side and moaned. Though he was weak, and his limbs no longer functioned properly, it seemed the shock of what was happening had woken him a little. Bonne! Simone reflected. She wanted him to be awake. She wanted him to suffer – as he had made her, and countless other women, suffer over the years.

‘I am going to sit on your face,’ she told him calmly. ‘I am going to sit on your face, Michael Daventry ... and suffocate you with mon petit trou – the hole in my bottom!’

This time, his eyes blazed open and he groaned forlornly into the tape. Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead and dribbled down both cheeks.

‘I will not do it quickly, though,’ she told him, ‘because I do not have to, n’est-ce-pas? I have all the night – tres many hours – to make you suffer.’

This time Michael’s body gave a violent judder and he released a shrill, despairing moan, muffled against the back of the tape.

Simone smiled. She was rather enjoying this now. Perhaps the wine had gone to her head a little, but he was still a bad man ... and bad men deserved to be punished.

Standing up, she quickly removed her slacks and tossed them aside. Underneath, she was wearing a pair of tight black pants, the crotch of which bulged around the swell of her vagina. She dropped to her knees again and shuffled forward.

Reaching down, she slipped her fingers into the gusset of her knickers and pulled it to one side, exposing the thick, matted vee of her sex.

Michael's eyes opened even wider and a volley of muted grunts broke from the back of his throat.

'Does pussy frighten you?' inquired Simone coyly. She ran one hand through the forest of curls that covered her fleshy slit. 'Is it because she is so hairy? Is it because I am a woman ... and I could smother you with my pubes?'

Michael squealed again and shook fiercely. His panic was like oil to her flames and she felt a warm glow in her belly.

'It is good for you to be afraid,' she told him. 'You will suffer more if you are afraid...'

How she detested this man. He had molested her for so long, fiddling with her crack, groping her breasts and buttocks and yesterday – mon Dieu! – inserting his finger into her rear passage! No man had the right to do that to her, and for this she would make him pay dearly!

Shuffling forward, Simone brought the monstrous bulge of her vagina directly over Michael's head. Then, still holding the crotch of her pants away from her pussy, she lowered her slit onto his face. Though he turned his head away, it was a pointless manoeuvre. She simply reached down with her other hand, cupped it around his cheek and forced his head upright so that his face was pressed tight against her bush.

The moment he was under her, Simone pressed down with all her weight, forcing his nose between her labia and cutting off his breath completely. Michael's eyes widened fearfully and he snorted what little air he had left into her slit. Simone looked down at him and smiled.

'What does it feel like?' she asked him. 'To be inside my woman's pussy – but not as you imagined it, n'est-ce-pas?'

In reply, he snorted again, a vain, desperate attempt to suck in air. But there was none to be had. All he could breathe in, Simone knew well enough, was the damp, fishy scent of her vagina. As Michael's eyes bulged, and the sweat ran down his forehead, it pleased her to know he was suffering. It thrilled her, too, to know that, if she remained where she was, Michael Daventry would eventually stop moving forever, his head smothered inside her pussy. She could see, in his eyes, the dreadful realisation that he knew it, too.

It crossed her mind, more than once, to do just that. Remain where she was and finish him off. But that would be too easy. The whole night lay ahead of her, and she was determined to make the most of it. Besides which, it was not with her pussy that she planned – finally – to end his worthless life, but with her bottom. And, more particularly, with that special little hole that nestled deep inside her crack.

With some reluctance, but aware of greater pleasures still to come, Simone raised herself from Michael's head, allowing him to snort in precious air for several seconds. Having given him both relief and hope – the second of those so deliciously cruel – Simone dropped her cunt a second time and held Michael to her swollen slit as tightly as she had before.

And so it went on, with the same process endlessly repeated. Simone would press down hard for as long as she dared, allow Michael a few short breaths, then sit on him again. All the while, he wriggled helplessly between her legs and sobbed out his heart. The effects of the sleeping draught, she knew, would only last for an hour or so, but that didn't matter. He was well secured and going nowhere. And by then, he would be so much weaker. Her cunt would see to that ...

Besides which, of course, she wanted him to wake up. Half-asleep as he was, Michael Daventry was frightened and in pain. But while he was not fully aware, it was impossible for him to suffer as much as she wanted him to suffer. Simone wanted him to come round – for only then would he truly understand that she was going to finish him off ... with the little hole in her bottom!

Simone had been straddling Michael's face – on and off – for almost ninety minutes, and her legs had begun to ache. Climbing to her feet – a little awkwardly – she stretched out her limbs and paced the office several times to limber up. Michael wriggled about on the floor, grunting into the tape around his mouth. It occurred to her that, although he was well secured, it wouldn't do any harm to strap a few more lengths of tape around his legs and upper body. She'd brought two rolls with her and it seemed a shame to waste them.

When he realised what she was up to, Michael wriggled even more furiously, muffled screams breaking from the back of his throat. Utterly terrified, tears ran freely down his face and, were it not for the fact that Simone knew him to be such an evil bastard, she might have found it hard not to feel pity for him. It took her five minutes to complete her work, by which time she had used up all of the remaining tape. Michael was now so well trussed up that any useful movement was all but impossible.

Leaning in close, Simone pouted mockingly. 'Poor Michael,' she whispered. 'He knows a woman is going to sit on his face and finish him off with the hole in her

bottom. A tiny, hairy little hole ...’ She breathed warm air against his skin and felt him shudder. ‘But he doesn’t know when...’

Michael’s head rocked from side to side and a huge sob racked his body. He was so dreadfully frightened – no longer the hard man who held the lives of others in his hands. Simone, he knew, now held his in hers. Or, more accurately ... she held it between her buttocks.

Simone took another sip of wine and felt the alcohol rush to her head. Her tummy wobbled with excitement. What power she had between her legs – a power she had never previously understood. The power to subdue a man. The power all women possessed if they would only unleash it.

Taking stock of her situation, she wondered how all of this would end. For her, that is – not Michael Daventry. For him, of course, she knew how it would end. Before she left the office, she would take him into the crack of her bottom ... and suffocate him with her little hole. But what of her? Where would she go? Where would she run to? She must find her way to the Amazon Liberation Front – that much was certain – and join them in their war on men. She had access to documents – here at the Ministry of State. Information on suspected members. Nothing concrete – or they would have been rounded up. But enough to go on after she left here tonight. She had already packed a bag, aware that time was short. They would find Michael’s body in the morning – and the note she planned to leave with it. And then she would be on the run. A wanted criminal ...

A plaintive moan brought her back to the here and now. Michael was wriggling again, trying, in some vain manoeuvre, to shuffle towards the door, as if he might somehow escape into the hallway and out of the building. What a stupid man! Simone walked over, took hold of his legs and dragged him back into the middle of the room. He wriggled and wept. He seemed to be doing a lot of weeping, she reflected. So many tears for such a big, powerful man.

Having once more positioned him where she wanted him, Simone pulled down her knickers and dropped them on the desk. It was time he saw her little hole ... the hole that would finish him off.

When Simone dropped onto his chest, and shuffled over Michael's head, another muffled scream broke from the back of his throat. When she reached behind and clawed her arse open, he screamed even more.

Looking past her shoulder, she addressed him directly. 'I am going to sit on your face again,' she told him. 'I am going to take you deep into my bottom and rub mon anus on you!' She had made up her mind to be blunt. Anus ... it was such a lovely word.

Not surprisingly, he screamed again and a fresh flood of tears soaked his cheeks.

'She is coming for you, Michael Daventry,' she warned him. 'Mon anus ... mon petit trou ... the hole in my bottom!'

Another muffled scream broke from between her legs as Simone lowered herself onto Michael's face. Oh, how delightful it felt to have him trapped between her cheeks, deep in her crack, his nose against the opening to her passage. How degrading for him ... to be in such a place!

Simone remained in position for almost a minute, savouring his struggle. When she judged he had had enough, she raised herself a fraction, allowed him the briefest snatch of air, then dropped back into place. She sat for another minute,

rose, then sat again. From time to time she contented herself with simply scything her arsehole back and forth across his face, smearing him with her scent and the damp, fetid moisture that had gathered in the well of her anus. It felt good ... to rub herself on him.

Another hour passed and, by now, she was utterly exhausted. She had not realised how much simply sitting on a man could take out of her. As for Michael, he was not just exhausted but broken, too, in mind and spirit. He sobbed incessantly, and his entire body shook from head to toe.

Glancing at a clock on the wall, Simone saw, to her surprise, that it was almost two in the morning. It was time, she decided, to end this. She needed to get back home and grab some rest. The office would open at six, and it wouldn't take long for them to find Michael's body.

Now that the moment of truth had arrived, she felt curiously nervous. Reaching for the wine bottle, she poured herself a small glass and drained it in one. The alcohol warmed her belly and fired up her courage for what she had to do next.

Crouching down beside him, she took hold of Michael's head and hauled it around, forcing him to look at her.

'This is it, mon ami,' she said in a soft voice. 'You have suffered enough between my legs. Now is the time to take you into my bottom ... and finish you off with my little hole!'

By now, Michael was so weary that, even when he sobbed and shook again, he barely moved at all.

On the spur of the moment, Simone made a decision, reached out and tore the sticky tape away from Michael's mouth. Damp as it was from several hours of her sitting on him, it came away easily. The moment his mouth was free, he began sucking in air, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

Without waiting for him to speak, Simone straddled Michael's chest, reached back and opened up her bottom for the last time. It was only then, as the bloated bulge of her anus came into view, that Michael found his voice.

'Please don't smother me!' he whispered hoarsely. 'I won't tell anyone! I promise! We ... we can forget this ever happened!'

Simone looked down at him over her shoulder. Michael gazed back at her, his eyes damp and mournful. He was pleading for his life now and he knew it, his lips trembling around every word.

'I don't want to die inside your bottom. Please ...'

'Do you take me for une imbécile?' she replied tartly. 'Your promise would last until I set you free. And then I would be une femme morte! A dead woman!' she added in case she had not made her meaning clear.

'You wouldn't! Please! I don't want to be smothered!' he wept. 'Please don't take me into your bottom!'

‘You are a bad man,’ she responded quickly, ‘and have hurt so many women. If I set you free, more women will die. That, I cannot allow. Mon petit trou must mete out justice!’

And then Simone turned her back and began to lower herself slowly onto his head.

‘Oh, dear God, nooooo!’ he screamed, and she knew that Michael had turned his face away. No matter, she reflected, for he could not escape her now. She would take him into her crack and wriggle his head around until it was where she wanted it to be – up against the open mouth of her anus. And then she would finish him off!

As Simone wrapped her arse around Michael’s head, she felt his nose nudge one of her cheeks. As carefully as she could, she eased herself sideways, attempting to slide her buttock under and around to capture his head, even though he had turned it away. When he refused to budge, she reached back with one arm, took a fistful of his hair in her hand and pulled hard.

Aware that she was trying to hoist him around, and yelping with pain, Michael did his best to resist, but he was exhausted now and, though he fought as hard as he could, they both knew it was a lost cause.

Inch by inch Simone slowly tugged him around, until, with a triumphant cry, she pulled him into her crack and pressed her little hole against his nose. Michael opened his mouth to scream, and to draw in air. It was a fatal error. Simone immediately pressed down harder still, forcing the hairy bulb of her slit past his lips, and stopping up his mouth with her cunt.

Michael screamed again. Simone, for her part, continued to press down – and squealed with delight as first the tip, then the pointed edge of his nose, penetrated her anus. Unable to breathe at all now, Michael wriggled like a landed fish, snorting the scent of her body – pussy and arse – deep into his lungs.

Looking down, Simone watched as Michael's hands opened and closed, and his fingers clawed the carpet. His body twisted frantically and, between his legs, to her complete astonishment, she saw the unmistakable bulge of his erection!

The harder she pressed, and the more he wriggled, the bigger his cock seemed to grow until, to her even greater surprise, she saw it give a powerful kick inside his pants. As semen spat from the shaft, a dark circle of jism began to stain his trousers. His body gave one last, ferocious jolt and he fell still, his seed still leaking – unseen – from the eye of his cock.

It was over ...

Rising awkwardly, Simone dressed quickly, but left her knickers where she had discarded them on the desk. Dipping into her bag, she brought out the note she had written the night before and read it aloud one last time:

‘Michael Daventry was a bad man – and the enemy of all women. He thought he was safe – but no man is safe. Women's holes are everywhere – and they are coming for you, men. Signed, Simone L Paul – on behalf of the Amazon Liberation Front.’

OK, so she wasn't a member – not yet at any rate. But she hoped her note would strike fear into men's hearts – especially if they believed that no man was safe

from the Front, not even here in the Ministry of State.

Retrieving her knickers, Simone rolled them around the note, then proceeded to force them into Michael's mouth – the ultimate humiliation, both for him, and men everywhere.

Simone looked around the office one last time and sighed. This was the end of her life here, but, with fortune on her side, perhaps it was the beginning of a new and better life for her, in the company of those women who shared her beliefs and her outrage.

Slinging her bag over her shoulder, she crossed to the door and switched off the light. Then she made her way out into the hallway, down three flights of stairs, out through the main entrance ... and into whatever future now lay ahead of her.

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!

Facesitting Femdom: Sitting on Richard's Face!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book One: Sitting on the Hostage's Face!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Three: Lily's Story

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!