

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

FACESITTING FREEDOM FIGHTERS!



BOOK THREE: LILY'S STORY

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 Freedom Fighters!: Book Three (Lily'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 Three charts the journey of Lily Carter, a 23-year-old beautician, from sympathetic onlooker to a fully-fledged member of the Amazon Liberation Front.

To become a member of the Front, Lily must sit on the face of one of the most powerful men in the Government. A man responsible for the deaths of hundreds of innocent women.

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 Three (Lily'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 Senator Calister as he finds himself under the

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

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BOOK THREE: LILY'S STORY

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

‘Your 3 o’clock appointment is here,’ said Mandy, popping her head round the door and grimacing.

Lily looked up from where she was busy preparing the massage table and frowned. Mrs Calister was one of her more important clients, difficult to please and often contrary. Married to Senator Calister, the Justice Minister, she was not to be trifled with. One slip-up, one misplaced word or manicured nail that failed to please, and Lily knew her job would be on the line. Employment was hard enough to find these days, and she enjoyed her work in the beauty parlour – even when it meant dealing with the likes of Emily Calister.

‘Show her in,’ said Lily, glancing at herself in the mirror, ensuring her appearance was immaculate. Mrs Calister had insisted on the dismissal of Lily’s two predecessors for not being ‘up to scratch’ and she had no wish to be the unlucky third.

Mrs Calister liked to talk politics – so much so that Lily often felt as if she were standing in the dock, defending herself against a charge of treason. Senator Calister had cheerfully signed the death warrants of at least 14 women in the past six months: three members of the Amazon Liberation Front, and eleven alleged supporters which, in the eyes of the state, was equally deserving of the guillotine.

‘What do you make of these women?’ Mrs Calister had asked her several times already. ‘I trust you have no sympathy for them?’

Lily had shaken her head and replied with as much conviction as she could muster, ‘Certainly not, madam. I think it’s dreadful what they do to men. We

women should know our place. We're fortunate to be ruled by men – who are wiser than us and always know what's best.'

She hated herself for repeating such garbage, but it was the official Party line and she knew it was what the odious Mrs Calister wanted to hear.

It was never enough for the Senator's wife, who would always wade into deeper waters.

'My husband says they sit on their victims' faces and suffocate them with their bottoms.' She often shuddered when she spoke and lowered her voice to an appalled whisper. 'They say they take off their pants ... and smother men with their little holes!' Her eyes would narrow as if searching Lily's soul. It always made her stomach turn. 'Oh, those poor men!' she would cry, shaking her jowls furiously. 'To die inside a woman's bottom! I call it a crime against Nature!'

'It's dreadful, madam, I agree,' Lily would reply, though, in truth, she thought nothing of the kind. As far as she was concerned, those men who'd been smothered had deserved it. If anything, she considered grimly, they had got off lightly. Women were routinely guillotined for crimes as trivial as dissent. Where was the justice in that? The Front, by contrast, took men between their legs and finished them off with their private parts. Wasn't that a kinder, more humane fate altogether?

Emily Calister dropped her dressing gown, climbed onto the table and lay down on her large, wobbly tummy. Her session always began with a full body massage to 'unwind from the rigours of my day', as she liked to put it. Lily doubted there was much in the way of 'rigour' in her rotund client's life, if her size, clothes and general reputation for extravagance were anything to go by.

‘I see the Front has struck again,’ said Mrs Calister, as Lily oiled the latter’s back and set to work on her shoulder-blades. ‘They smothered a housing officer – simply because he’d evicted some woman who couldn’t pay her rent.’ She huffed and her body gave a slow, jelly-like wobble. ‘Three young children, yet she threw herself from a bridge! I call that thoroughly selfish behaviour! A man shouldn’t have been smothered for it. It was hardly his fault she was mentally unstable!’

Without meaning to, Lily dug a little harder, she couldn’t help herself. Mrs Calister yelled. ‘Be careful, girl!’ she muttered grumpily.

‘I’m sorry,’ said Lily quickly, though she wasn’t in the slightest. How desperately she wanted to tell Mrs Calister what she thought of her, what she thought of that housing officer and how, if she’d been asked to do it, she’d have happily sat on the man’s horrid face and finished him off with her own backside!

‘I trust you don’t have rebel sympathies yourself?’ said Mrs Calister.

‘No, madam,’ said Lily, struggling to contain her anger. She moved to the small of the fat woman’s back, rotating her hands in a tight circle and trying hard to keep her temper in check.

‘That dear man,’ continued Mrs Calister. ‘How he must have suffered! They left a note claiming that six of them had taken it in turns to rub their little holes on his face ... before one of them finished him off! It hardly bears thinking about. The poor fellow must have been absolutely terrified ... being slowly smothered inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘Yes, madam,’ muttered Lily, desperately trying to shut out the sound of Mrs Calister’s voice.

‘They deserve the guillotine, all of them! They shame law-abiding women everywhere. My husband will sign their death warrants one day – and the sooner the better!’

Lily’s hands tightened, she couldn’t help herself. Her thumbnail dug too deeply into Mrs Calister’s skin and the Senator’s wife yelped again. Horrified, Lily stepped back, her hands at her face as Mrs Calister heaved herself into a sitting position and focused a pair of beady eyes on her.

‘You sympathise with the rebels!’ said Mrs Calister in a low voice. ‘You thought that man deserved what they did to him!’ Her eyes narrowed. ‘That he deserved to die inside a woman’s bottom!’

Lily shook her head. A cold knot formed in the pit of her stomach. ‘No, madam, please, I didn’t mean anything by it! I’m not a sympathiser, truly!’

With a nimbleness Lily would not have expected, Mrs Calister eased herself from the table, crossed to the door and retrieved her dressing gown. To Lily’s surprise, she pushed home a bolt securing the door.

‘Don’t be silly, girl,’ said the Senator’s wife. ‘Of course he deserved what he got. I should know ... it was me who finished him off!’

Lily's mouth dropped open and her heart skipped a beat. For several seconds, her brain refused to function. The world no longer made any sense.

Mrs Calister regarded her with something almost approaching affection. It was as though the dry, malevolent harridan with whom she had been dealing for so long had been miraculously transformed.

'If I wanted to, I could leave here now, tell my husband you confessed to being a member of the Front and have you arrested. You'd be guillotined within the week, and no one would raise an eyebrow.' Mrs Calister sighed. 'What I'm trying to say is: I don't need to get you to confess. I can simply say you did, and that would be enough.'

Lily shook her head. 'I don't understand,' she muttered truthfully. 'Why are you telling me all this?'

'Because the first time I met you, I knew you were one of us. Not like those two girls before you. They'd have betrayed their own mothers if I'd asked them to. That's why I had them removed.'

Lily frowned. 'But I thought—'

'I know what you thought,' said Mrs Calister quickly. 'But I do everything with a purpose – and that purpose is to recruit girls like you for the Front. So what do you say?'

For several seconds, Lily found herself at a loss for words. Finally, she said, ‘Did you really smother that man? I mean, with ... with your bottom?’

Mrs Calister gave a curt, satisfied nod. ‘Yes, I did,’ she replied. ‘He couldn’t believe it when he saw me. He recognised me, of course.’ Her mouth tightened for a moment and Lily thought she saw a sorrowful expression cloud the other woman’s eyes. ‘He thought I was there to rescue him. I can still see the look on his face. “Thank God you’re here,” he said. “They’ve been rubbing their bottoms on me for days!” He looked so dreadfully distressed. “They said their leader was going to take me into her crack ... and suffocate me with her little hole!”’

Mrs Calister paused for a moment, as if the memory was too painful. She shook her head sadly. ‘I’ve taken lots of men into my crack, and finished them off with my little hole. But no one’s been as frightened as he was.’

‘Isn’t that a good thing?’ asked Lily. ‘Didn’t you want him to be frightened?’

The other woman’s mouth narrowed for a moment. ‘No,’ she replied. ‘He was a bad man, of course, and deserved to die inside my bottom. But it’s wrong to take pleasure from sitting on a man’s face and finishing him off. The moment we enjoy it, we become as bad as they do.’

‘But you still sat on him?’

‘I had to. He was responsible for an innocent woman’s death. She left three children. It wasn’t her fault she couldn’t pay the rent. Her husband was in prison

– he was one of those good men who oppose the treatment of our sex. A woman would have been guillotined, but men get off more lightly.’ She sighed. ‘If you can call a ten-year sentence light. She’d lost her job because she wouldn’t let her employer fiddle with her. Our man knew that, but it made no difference.’

‘You were right,’ said Lily, her mouth curling angrily. ‘He did deserve to die inside a bottom!’

A pale smile brightened Mrs Calister’s face. ‘He didn’t see it that way,’ she remarked quietly, ‘when I told him I wasn’t there to rescue him ... but to carry out the sentence passed on him by the Amazon High Council. “I’m here to suffocate you,” I told him, “with the little hole in my crack!”’ She shook her head again. ‘The poor man burst into tears. He couldn’t believe it.’

‘And you really did ... sit on him?’ asked Lily, as if, even now, she couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

Mrs Calister nodded. ‘Yes. I did. The other girls held him down – so he couldn’t push me off. That’s how we always do it. We never tie a man up, not unless we have to. The Amazons of old used to work together – as a team. They’d bring a man down and one of them would finish him off. That’s how we do it ... so we’re all involved.’

‘What ... what does it feel like?’ asked Lily. ‘To have a man’s head inside your crack?’

‘It’s hard to describe,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘Every man is different. Most of them struggle, of course, but some men ...’ She sighed and looked momentarily

distracted. ‘Some men remain as still as they can, as if trying to pretend they’re not afraid. That doesn’t last, of course. As soon as they run out of breath, they fight like crazy to get out of your crack. Every last one of them. That’s when you have to hold on tight. You mustn’t let them get out from between your buttocks, that would be cruel. Once you have a man’s nose against your hole, you have to keep it there ... until he stops moving.’

‘It ... it sounds very clinical,’ said Lily hesitantly.

‘It is what it is,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘But there are worse ways for a man to go, than being finished off inside a woman’s bottom. It’s a kinder fate than the one the state metes out. They use the guillotine. On men and women alike. Never forget that.’

Lily shrugged. ‘I suppose so,’ she muttered.

‘If we can, we always try to give them pleasure – while they’re being smothered. It helps distract a man if you can keep him on edge.’ She smiled. ‘Men have such a personal relationship with their cocks. If you can make his penis happy, he doesn’t really mind what you’re doing to him.’ She straightened her back as if addressing a wider audience. ‘And that’s the difference between us. We do what we have to do, but we don’t have to take pleasure from it. Not if it can be avoided.’

Lily was struck by another thought. ‘How long did it take you,’ she inquired in a hushed voice, ‘to ... well ... to finish him off?’

‘Just a few minutes, said Mrs Calister. ‘As long as you get a good grip, the man

will generally pass out within a couple of minutes. After that, it's just a case of sitting tight.'

'Did he struggle? The man you smothered?' asked Lily.

'He didn't want me to sit on him,' said Mrs Calister. 'But then men never do. It took five girls to hold him down. Two for his arms, two for his legs – and one to hold his head still so I could take him into my crack.'

'Is it difficult getting a man between your buttocks?'

'It depends on both the man – and the woman,' said Mrs Calister. 'It will not have escaped your attention that I am on the larger side. I can cover a man's face quickly. Once I have him between my buttocks, it's just a matter of time before I smother him.' Her face creased and a sad look dulled her eyes. 'I smothered that young fellow as fast as I could. It seemed cruel not to. I can still hear him crying when I came over him. One of the girls was holding his head ... so he had to look up into my crack. He could see my little hole. He knew it was coming for him ... and it frightened him dreadfully.'

'I still don't understand,' said Lily once again. 'You're the Senator's wife! A man who signs women's death warrants. Why would you sit on anyone's face like that?'

'Because I hate everything my husband stands for,' said Mrs Calister bitterly. 'I've been with the Front from the start. My husband has access to information. I can pass that information on. At least I could until now...'

Lily frowned. 'What do you mean?'

'I think he suspects me,' said Mrs Calister quietly. 'He's begun locking his papers away at night and his behaviour to me has altered. I may be wrong, but I can't afford to take any chances.' She hesitated, then looked Lily squarely in the eyes. 'I need you to sit on his face and finish him off for me!'

Lily's mouth dropped open. 'You can't be serious!' she cried. 'You ... you want me to smother your husband?'

'It's the only way,' said Mrs Calister grimly. 'I believe you're a brave girl – and the Front needs as many brave girls as we can get.' She paused. 'Girls who are prepared to use their bottoms like the Amazons of old used their bottoms!'

'But I'm not a big woman!' objected Lily, unable to prevent her gaze from roaming across Mrs Calister's broad, impressive hips. 'I couldn't hold a man's head between my buttocks! He'd get out!'

'No he wouldn't,' countered the other woman firmly. 'Turn round. Drop your pants. Let me see your little hole!'

Her demand was delivered in such a commanding tone that Lily immediately obeyed, leaning over the massage table, her bottom raised high in the air. She felt her skin burn red with embarrassment when Mrs Calister crouched behind her, took hold of her buttocks and eased them apart.

‘You have a shallow crack,’ she observed, ‘but deep enough to cover a man’s face.’ Mrs Calister leaned in a little closer and Lily felt warm breath against her skin. ‘Your hole is a large one. Pressed hard against a man’s nose, you would easily cut off his breath.’

She stood up, evidently satisfied with what she had seen. Lily turned round and felt curiously insignificant beneath the older woman’s stern gaze.

‘I believe you’ll have no trouble smothering my husband,’ said Mrs Calister flatly. ‘The question is: will you do it? Will you take him into your crack and finish him off with your little hole? For the good of women everywhere?’

It shocked Lily to hear Mrs Calister speak so bluntly about having her husband smothered. Even now, she half-expected to be told the whole thing was a joke or, if nothing else, simply an attempt to catch her out as a possible Front sympathiser. But now, as Mrs Calister gazed back with her stern, determined eyes, Lily knew it was far from a joke. The other woman meant every word.

‘Well?’ prompted Mrs Calister, after half a minute’s silence. ‘I need your answer now.’

Lily swallowed hard. Depending on her reply, her world, she knew, was about to change forever. Taking a deep breath, she drew herself up straight and spoke in a trembling voice.

‘All right,’ she said. ‘I’ll do it. I’ll sit on him. I’ll sit on your husband’s face ...’

and smother him with my bottom!

Two

It was two days later and Lily could still hardly believe that she was about to sit on the face of one of the most powerful men in the country. And not just sit on his face ... but finish him off with the hole in her bottom!

Mrs Calister had told her to arrive at her house at three o'clock precisely. Her maid, Tanya, opened the door and ushered Lily in without a word. Entering a well-appointed sitting room, Mrs Calister came forward and embraced her warmly.

'Tanya is one of us,' she announced quickly, indicating the tall, black-uniformed woman who had followed her into the room.

'You won't regret what you're about to do,' she continued reassuringly, though Lily remained unconvinced. What troubled her more, at this late stage, was whether she would even have the courage to go through with it.

'The Senator is in the therapy room,' explained Mrs Calister. 'It's his private treatment chamber in the basement. He spends two hours a day inside an oxygen tent. He believes it rejuvenates his body and will allow him to live to well beyond a hundred years of age.' She smiled haughtily. 'Possibly it might have done,' she continued, 'if you weren't going to sit on his face and suffocate him with your bottom.'

Lily clenched her fists anxiously. She couldn't hide her nerves and Mrs Calister bobbed her head knowingly.

‘You mustn’t be afraid,’ she said. ‘Nor must you think you’re doing something wrong. My husband is responsible for the deaths of a hundred women this year alone – and many more will go to the guillotine if he isn’t stopped.’ Her eyes narrowed. ‘Only your little hole can save them. You must cling to that thought when you’re sitting on the Senator’s face and you can feel him wriggling between your buttocks. Do you understand?’

Lily nodded. When Mrs Calister put it like that, she knew she had no choice in the matter. Women everywhere had been treated badly for too long. It was time to fight back.

‘I do,’ she said, with feeling. ‘I’ll do what I have to do. I’ll smother him with my bottom.’

‘Good girl!’ said Mrs Calister. ‘I knew I could rely on you. Now this is what will happen. As I’ve already told you, the Senator is in an oxygen tank. At least his body is. His head is outside the tank, resting on a pillow for comfort. The doctors who’ve designed this ridiculous contraption insist that he keeps as still and relaxed as possible. That way his brain will be nourished with oxygen. To achieve that, his head is securely strapped down. It’s not uncomfortable, but it does mean he’s locked into position.’ Her smile broadened. ‘You’ll have no trouble sitting on his face, and with his hands inside the tank he’ll be unable to push you off.’

‘It all sounds very easy,’ said Lily.

‘It will be,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘The hardest part will be keeping your nerve. I remember the first man I smothered. He was terrified. There were other women holding him down, of course, so he couldn’t get away. He knew I was going to finish him off and his head was going everywhere. It took me almost half an

hour to do what I had to do.'

'Do you think it will take me that long?' asked Lily anxiously.

Mrs Calister smiled reassuringly. 'It doesn't matter if it does. There'll be nothing he can do to save himself once you get him inside your crack It will just be a matter of time.'

'When do you want me to do it?' asked Lily.

'There's no time like the present,' said Mrs Calister. 'Are you ready?'

'As ready as I'll ever be,' said Lily.

'Then let's do it,' said Mrs Calister. 'Let's get my husband between your buttocks.'

The treatment room was a wide, spacious area located, as Mrs Calister had already indicated, in the basement.

When Mrs Calister, Lily and Tanya entered the room, Lily's heart skipped a beat.

She saw the oxygen tank at once. It was a clear, plastic box, fixed to the floor in the middle of the room. Senator Calister's naked body lay flat on a raised dais, his head protruding through an aperture at one end, and secured, as Mrs Calister had described, to a small, cushioned platform.

'Good evening, Edrich,' said Mrs Calister, moving into view, a little to the right of her husband. His head remained quite still, but his eyes swivelled round to greet her.

'Why are you here?' he muttered sullenly. 'Is there a problem?'

Mrs Calister shrugged. 'Only a small one,' she said, 'but it will soon be resolved.' She looked towards Lily and beckoned her forward.

'What the hell ...' said the Senator, his eyes narrowing.

'This is Lily,' said Mrs Calister. 'She's my beautician. Only 23 years old and, as you can see, not a big girl.'

'Have you gone mad?' growled the Senator. 'I'm naked, woman! And what the hell does her age or size have to do with anything?'

Mrs Calister shrugged. 'Lily is going to sit on your face and suffocate you with her bare bottom. I wanted you to know that even a small woman can smother a man if she gets him inside her crack.'

This time her husband's eyes widened and his cheeks flushed red. 'You are insane!' he said, raising his voice, but not his head. Out of the corner of one eye, he caught sight of Tanya, in her starched black uniform.

'Dear God!' he shrieked. 'Has the whole world come in to gawp at me?'

'Tanya is here in her capacity as my deputy – in the Amazon Liberation Front.'

Senator Calister's mouth dropped open. He was suddenly unable to speak.

'Yes, I thought that might shut you up,' said Mrs Calister. 'For the past six months, you've been playing host to two members of the very organisation you've made it your life's work to eradicate. But don't worry, no one will ever know. After Lily here has finished you off, Tanya and I will continue your good work.' She smiled wickedly. 'Or at least we'll pretend to. Secretly, of course, we'll continue to do our best to help the Front from behind the scenes.'

'You can't be serious,' said the Senator hoarsely. 'This is some sort of sick joke.'

'It's no joke, Edrich,' his wife responded. 'I'd smother you myself, but the police, I know, will run very thorough tests on your body to check for DNA. It would do no good to find traces of my cum down your throat – or Tanya's for that matter.' She indicated Lily with a broad flourish. 'Our friend here, on the other hand, can drown you in her juices and it won't matter. She won't be undercover after this: she'll be joining an active rebel cell.'

Though it was hard for him to move his head, the Senator's eyes flashed from one woman to the next.

'I'll give you a chance,' he said. 'Unlock the tank and we'll say no more about it. I won't take it any further.'

Mrs Calister snorted dismissively. 'Do you take me for a fool, Edrich?' she inquired. 'I've told you that the three of us are members of the Amazon Liberation Front. If we let you out of this room alive, you'd sign our death warrants at the first chance you got.'

'I wouldn't!' he promised, unable to hide the note of panic in his voice. 'You have my word!'

'Your word means nothing, Edrich,' said Mrs Calister quietly. 'Mine, on the other hand, does.' She turned to address Lily. 'Take off your skirt and shoes, girl – and your knickers, too. You can keep your top on – and your socks. We only need you naked from the waist down.'

As Lily undressed, Senator Calister's eyes widened fearfully. 'Dear God...' he muttered in a thin voice. 'You really mean this. You're really going to let her sit on my face ... and smother me with her little hole!'

'I am,' said his wife. 'And I can tell you now – it's a more humane fate than being sent to the guillotine.'

‘Humane?’ he shrieked, his head rattling against its restraints. ‘You call being butt-smothered humane?’ He face tightened angrily. ‘I don’t want to die inside a fucking arse!’

‘Nevertheless,’ shrugged Mrs Calister, ‘that’s what’s going to happen to you.’

She beckoned Lily forward. The latter was now bare from the waist down and, as Senator Calister caught sight of the tangled vee of her vagina, he released a shrill moan.

‘Turn round and bend over,’ instructed Mrs Calister. ‘Open up your bottom and show my husband your little hole.’

Lily immediately did as she was asked, drawing another terrified shriek from Senator Calister as she peeled her cheeks apart and exposed her anus. The hole itself was a pink circle of flesh, the edges fringed with short, curly hairs. The opening stood a little proud, a raised, muscular dimple, with a hint of darkness in the heart of its upturned crater.

Addressing her husband, Mrs Calister said, ‘Just think of it, Edrich – you’ll be the first man she’s ever sat on. What a proud moment for you...’

Her last line was delivered sarcastically, but the Senator scarcely noticed. Just then, his full attention was focused on Lily’s anus, pulsing lightly in the centre of her crack.

‘Please, Emily!’ he cried, his eyes pleading as he turned back to his wife. ‘Don’t let her sit on me! I don’t want to die inside her bottom!’

‘It’s too late for that,’ said his wife coldly. She reached into her pocket and removed a small square of paper. Opening it up, she read the contents in a flat, emotionless voice.

‘Senator Edrich Calister, you have been found guilty of crimes against women by the High Council of the Amazon Liberation Front. The Council accordingly sentences you to Death by Woman’s Bottom, that sentence to be carried out forthwith by Lily Carter.’ She put the sheet of paper away, turned to Lily and said, before her husband could utter a word of protest, ‘Lily, please straddle the Senator’s face, open up your bottom and show him your little hole.’

‘You’re fucking crazy!’ screamed he Senator. ‘All of you! You’re demented!’

Ignoring his outburst, Lily came forward, swung a leg over his head and stood with her legs spread wide. Reaching back, she took hold of her buttocks and eased them apart.

Mrs Calister leaned in close, her breath warm against her husband’s face. ‘Can you see her little hole, Edrich? The little hole every woman has inside her bottom? The one she’s going to smother you with?’

He stared back at her, a look of utter panic in his eyes. ‘Please, Emily!’ he cried. ‘Don’t do this to me! There must be something I can say! Something I can do! Please!’

‘This is how those women felt,’ she reminded him bitterly ‘The ones you sent to the guillotine! You didn’t show them any mercy ... and nor will Lily’s bottom show you any!’

Addressing Lily again, she said, ‘Lower yourself onto his face – but slowly. Don’t sit on him yet, just show him your little hole. Get as close to his nose as you can, so he can see right up into the well.’

‘Oh, dear God!’ shrieked the Senator as he heard his wife’s instructions. ‘Please, Emily, have mercy! Have mercy on me, please!’

As Lily did as she was told, she felt a cold knot of excitement in her belly. Though Senator Calister was unable to turn his head away, those small movements of which he was capable caused him to tremble against her thighs and, as his breath emerged in fearful blasts, it warmed the tender skin of her anus.

‘Please don’t sit on me!’ he wept. ‘Please don’t sit on me!’

‘Can you smell her bottom, Edrich?’ asked Mrs Calister. ‘Can you see the hair that grows around her little hole?’

Without waiting for an answer, she turned to Lily again and said, ‘Can you flex your anus? So it opens up a little? I’d like him to see as much as possible before you sit on him.’

The Senator shrieked again, his arms and legs rattling furiously inside the oxygen tank. Through the clear plastic sheeting, Lily was surprised to see his penis had unfurled, and begun to harden. Mrs Calister noticed it, too, and laughed.

‘Men always stiffen up when a woman sits on them,’ she remarked happily. ‘We usually give them relief – while they’re being smothered. We don’t suffocate them for fun. We do it because we have to. So, if we can, we try to give them some pleasure at the end.’

She gestured idly at the tank, then spoke directly to her husband again. ‘We can’t bring you off, Edrich,’ she told him, ‘but if you want to give yourself a tug – to take your mind off Lily’s little hole ...’

The Senator screamed and shook more furiously than ever. It seemed the prospect of masturbating himself while Lily smothered him didn’t offer much comfort. Mrs Calister shrugged. ‘Suit yourself, Edrich. But I think a little pleasure would take your mind off what Lily must do to you.’

‘I don’t want pleasure!’ screamed Senator Calister! ‘I want you to let me go! I don’t want to be sat on! I don’t want to be fucking sat on!’

‘I’m going to count to three, Edrich,’ said Mrs Calister calmly. ‘And then I’m going to tell Lily to lower herself onto your face, take you into her delicious young crack ... and finish you off with her bottom.’ She paused. ‘Are you ready?’

‘Of course I’m not ready!’ cried the Senator defiantly. ‘How can I be ready? How could any man ever be ready to be smothered by a woman’s bottom?’

‘Goodbye, Edrich,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘I’m pleased to say that it hasn’t been a pleasure...’

‘You heartless cow!’ he screamed angrily. ‘You heartless fucking cow!’

‘One ... two ...’

‘Dear God, no! Please, Emily, nooooo!’

‘Three!’ said Mrs Calister more calmly than even she had imagined she could manage it.

As for Lily, she felt anything but calm. She was excited, but nervous, too. Mrs Calister had placed a lot of trust in her and she didn’t want to disappoint the older woman. On the count of three, she took a deep breath, closed her eyes ... and lowered herself onto Senator Calister’s face!

A moment before her anus covered his nose, she heard the Senator shriek one final time, and a blast of warm air struck her vagina. And then she was on him, her buttocks draped around his face, his head inside her crack. She felt his lips against her pussy, too. In screaming, he had opened his mouth, allowing her to push her cunt partly inside. At the same time, as she bore down hard, she felt the well of her anus widen around his nostrils. Unable to either turn away or push

her from his face, Senator Calister could only gurgle his despair into the maw of her sex. And when she pushed down harder still, and his nose entered her passage, she felt him heave with horror.

Opening her eyes, Lily turned to Mrs Calister, as if for reassurance. 'He's in my little hole!' she cried. 'His nose is up my bottom!'

'Good girl!' said Mrs Calister. 'You'll finish him off more quickly now you've got him in your passage. Is your pussy in his mouth?'

Lily nodded sharply. 'Most of it,' she muttered.

'Push down as hard as you can. See if you can get it all in – or as much as possible. And keep his nose where it is. That's the most important thing when smothering a man. Once his nose is in your passage, that's half the battle.'

'I'll try,' said Lily, wriggling her buttocks as if she might impale herself on him a little more deeply.

Gazing ahead – through the glass – she saw how fiercely the Senator was now struggling. His hands were punching the top of the tank, as if trying desperately to find a way through. As for his legs, they were lashing out in every direction while his hips twisted frantically. His cock, she noticed, was absolutely rigid, a thick phallus of flesh completely at odds with its owner's deadly predicament.

'I told you,' said Mrs Calister, by way of confirmation. 'Men can't help

themselves. My husband is terrified – but he’s aroused, too. That’s why a woman’s bottom is such a powerful weapon. Men fear it, because they know what it can do to them. But once they’re inside it – up through the hole and into the passage – they’re helpless with excitement!’

‘He’s really struggling!’ said Lily. ‘I know he can’t get away, but he’s trying so hard!’

‘No man wants to be smothered,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘He’ll fight you all the way, but you mustn’t give in. You must press down as hard as you can and make sure you keep his nose where it is.’

‘I feel sorry for him,’ said Lily unexpectedly. ‘The poor man doesn’t want to be inside my bottom! Oh, Mrs Calister – do I have to suffocate him?’

‘Yes, you do,’ said the other woman. ‘You can’t back out now. If you do, I’ll have to use a pillow on him. I can’t sit on him myself – nor can Tanya. Our DNA would give us away. It wouldn’t be fair to him, Lily. If you got off his face now, he’d think he was safe and that would be cruel.’

‘I understand,’ said Lily. ‘I won’t let you down, I promise.’

Mrs Calister placed a reassuring hand on Lily’s shoulder. ‘It won’t be long now,’ she said kindly. ‘You’re doing a wonderful job.’

‘Thank you,’ said Lily, then uttered a sudden squeal as the Senator’s nose dug a

little further into her bottom.

‘It’s all right,’ said Mrs Calister and squeezed her arm gently. ‘He’s in a little deeper, isn’t he?’

Lily nodded.

Mrs Calister smiled. ‘That often happens, towards the end – when the man knows it’s almost over. It’s as if he’s trying to say to you: I want to be inside your bottom. It’s where I belong ...’

Lily was still trying to come to terms with this when she heard Mrs Calister cry out and point towards the tank. Lily glanced down again. Though the Senator’s body still writhed fiercely and his legs continued to lash out, his hands were now at his private parts, one cupping his balls, as the other flew up and down his shaft.

‘He’s giving himself pleasure!’ cried Mrs Calister happily. ‘He knows he can’t get away from your bottom and he’s trying to distract himself!’

The words were barely out of Mrs Calister’s mouth when the Senator’s body gave a violent jerk. Wads of milky semen spat from the eye of his cock splattering the walls of the oxygen tank. At the same time, his head gave one last furious jerk and his tongue shot out, plunging into Lily’s pussy. She screamed, wriggled her hips one last time and came, flooding his throat with her juices.

She was hardly aware of what was happening as she slumped forward, utterly exhausted. A moment later, Mrs Calister was helping her to her feet. Her legs were weak and wobbly and she could hardly stand up. Mrs Calister led her gently to a chair and sat her down.

‘Well done,’ she said kindly. ‘For a first-time sit, you did very well.’

Lily looked up, her eye blurred with tears. ‘Is he ...?’ she began, unable to finish the sentence.

Mrs Calister nodded. ‘Yes. It’s over.’

‘Was I all right?’ asked Lily. ‘Did I do it properly? Smother him, I mean?’

‘You did,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘And you’ll do it even better in future. The first time is always hard.’ She smiled. ‘The more men you sit on, the easier it will become.’

‘We only sit on bad men, don’t we?’ asked Lily. ‘If I join the Front. I won’t have to sit on anyone who hasn’t done anything wrong? I mean – just because he’s a man?’

Mr Calister shook her head reassuringly. ‘No, you won’t have to sit on anyone who doesn’t deserve it,’ she said. ‘We’re taking this war to the men who want to keep women down. They’re the men who deserve to be sat on.’

‘So what happens now?’ asked Lily.

‘Your life is about to change,’ said Mrs Calister. ‘I’ll report my husband’s assassination within the next hour. The police will want to interview me and Tanya – and they’ll take samples of our DNA to make sure it wasn’t either of us who sat on him. In the meantime, we’ll get you to a safe house. You can’t go home, I’m afraid, your past life is behind you now.’

Lily nodded. ‘I thought it might be,’ she said in a low voice.

‘You’ll meet up with some other girls who’ve recently joined the Front, and after that you’ll be part of an active field cell, taking the fight to the enemy.’

Mrs Calister threw her late husband a weary glance. ‘

My husband may have been the first man you’ve taken into your bottom,’ she said quietly, ‘but he won’t be the last.’

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!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!