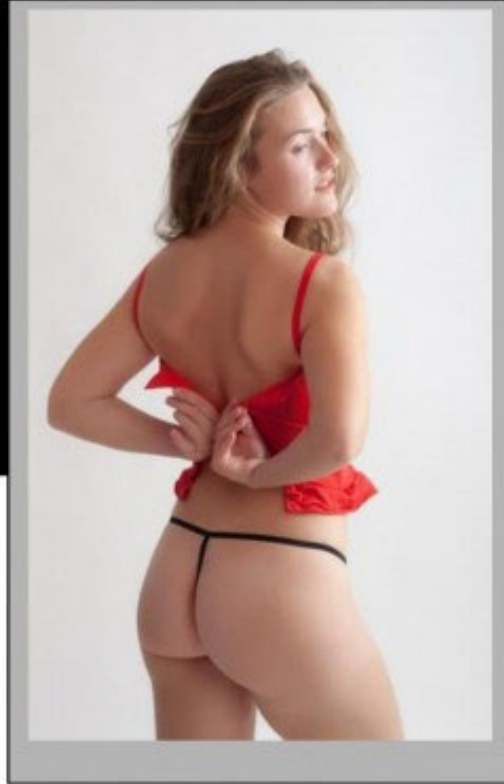


Where dreams come true ...



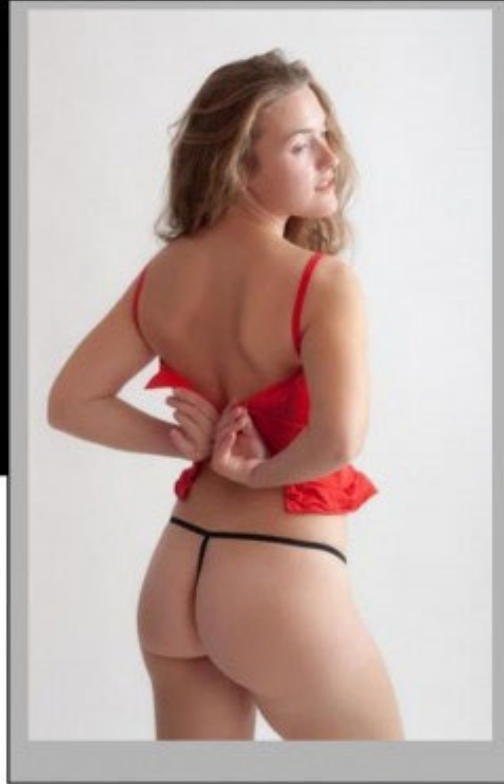
FANTASY SMOTHER

Three Extreme Facesitting Stories

BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

D A R K R I D E R

Where dreams come true ...



FANTASY SMOTHER

Three Extreme Facesitting Stories

BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

D A R K R I D E R

A Note from the Author

The three stories you're about to read, Smother Wish, Hostage Smother and Smother Room, originally appeared in a collection entitled 'Smother Tales,' which I published in 2007.

Although all three stories have been extensively re-edited, they are essentially unchanged. If you've read 'Smother Tales', then don't buy this book. Not unless you need another copy. However, if you haven't read these stories before, then I very much hope you enjoy them.

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!

FANTASY SMOTHER

Dark Rider

Copyright © 2017 Dark Rider

The right of Dark Rider to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, electrostatic, magnetic tape, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without prior written permission from the author.

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

Copyright: [Argument](https://www.123rf.com/profile_Argument) /
123RF Stock Photo

These are adult stories – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[A Note from the Author](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Smother Wish](#)

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Hostage Smother](#)

[Smother Room](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Plot Summaries of other Dark Rider Books](#)

[C is for Condemned \(An Extract\)](#)

SMOTHER WISH

One

Jessica reached back, dug her fingers into her buttocks and opened up her arse. The rounded nub of her anus winked crudely in the half-light; the open maw of her cunt sparkled with dew. The man beneath her shifted nervously and a ragged blast of air warmed her crack.

Giles was one of her favourite clients. He was so easy to please. In three years, his routine had never varied. On the second Tuesday of each month he would arrive on foot, wearing that silly disguise of his: black wig, false beard and ancient, battered trilby hat. He was so cautious, terrified that someone he knew might spot him.

Jessica would greet him at reception, her long blonde hair unfastened, cascading over wide alabaster shoulders. He liked the Roman look – he had told her that on his first visit and she was happy to comply: open sandals and buckled leggings; a simple white toga, slashed from shoulder to waist, exposing the huge melon of her left breast, and the pink acorn of a bone-hard nipple on which he sometimes liked to suckle before they began. It was really quite sweet.

She would lead him down to Dungeon Number Three: the one set aside for those with strong lungs, sturdy cheek-bones and a penchant for the pleasures of a woman's arse. A rectangular block was set into the floor, criss-crossed with a bewildering variety of long, leather straps. At the top end of the framework was a solid wooden board, about three feet high. At its base was a semi-circular opening, like the trap of a guillotine, just wide enough to squeeze a head through. The board was on hinges and could be swung up and to one side. Giles would lie on his back and Jessica would secure him with the straps. Then she would lock the board into place around his neck. He could move his head from side to side but was otherwise quite helpless.

The room was sound-proofed, so they could say what they liked. Jessica still recalled how excited Giles had become the first time she announced that he could scream the house down and no one would hear.

‘You’re a silly boy, really,’ she had told him. ‘Letting a girl tie you up like this. She could do all sorts of naughty things to you. Really rude things. Anything at all, in fact. And you’d just have to take it.’

And from the way his cock had tightened against his belly, she knew that Giles was a man who would take almost anything she chose to offer.

And she had much to offer. She would whip him until his skin was raw, then cover him in oil and rub her naked body over his. She would lick him and tickle him, then beat him again. On other occasions, she would gag Giles with several pairs of her used knickers, step out of sight behind the board, straddle his cock and take him half a dozen times. She enjoyed the ragged shudder of his hips each time he came; excited by the way he moaned his protests, begging her to stop, which she never did until she had drawn all the seed from his body. And then some more...

On other occasions she would masturbate him for anything up to an hour, always taking care to release his penis whenever it seemed he was about to foam. She would vary the procedure, by stepping round to the front, squatting over his head, and showing him her cunt.

‘Look how excited I am, Giles,’ she would giggle. ‘I’m so wet, if I sat on your face I think I could swallow you.’ And she would open herself up, pull at her flesh and let the smell of her sex wash over him.

‘Girls can do such wicked things to boys if they want,’ she would purr. And Giles would twist his head, grunt into the gag of her knickers and weep with despair.

But whatever else she did, their sessions always ended in the same way. As this one was ending now.

Giles’s weakness was harmless enough and she was happy to indulge him. He wanted to be executed: to be facesat to death. Not really, of course, that would have been stupid. He wanted the illusion; to be taken as far as humanly possible; to the point where his heart and lungs heaved in his chest and his head swam with fear. He had prepared a script; one which they both now knew by heart. It had become real. Almost too real. She enjoyed it as much as he did. Perhaps even more. It had surprised her.

She would untie him first. Giles liked to struggle during the ‘ceremony’, as he called it. The dividing board meant that he could kick and claw with total freedom, but with no chance at all of avoiding his fate.

Jessica wore a special outfit for the grand finale: a long, sable-coloured gown, tied loosely at the neck; thick leather boots that climbed halfway up her thighs; a tiny thong that barely covered the indecent bulge of her vulva, held in place by little butterfly bows. And over her head she wore her hood of office: a black, satin mask, moulded tightly to her skin and fastened in a knot at the back.

There were three other girls present now: tall, statuesque, tanned and naked. Giles paid a hefty premium for their all-too brief participation, but it added immeasurably to the pleasure of the moment. One held a drum and beat out a slow tattoo as Jessica approached. Another stood on the far side of the board, out of sight, and held his penis, coaxing the blood into his shaft and scratching

lightly at his balls. It was her job to keep him in a state of permanent arousal; hard and excited, forever frustrated on the edge of release.

The third, a tall brunette, positioned herself nearby. Her breasts were large and heavy, with thick, bullet-shaped nipples. Her legs were long and muscular and between her thighs a dark, luxuriant jungle of hair snaked upwards and outwards across her belly.

Today had been just like all the others ...

Jessica stepped forward, and unfurled a paper scroll.

‘Giles Tremaine,’ she intoned gravely. ‘You have been sentenced to Death by Queening. I am here to carry out that sentence.’

The tall brunette had advanced, fiddled with the ties at Jessica’s neck, removed the gown and retreated. Jessica’s bare breasts trembled in the half-light, and Giles’s eyes widened into huge circles of excitement.

‘Oh, fuck...’ he had whimpered. ‘Oh, holy fuck...’

Jessica unfurled the rest of the scroll. ‘In accordance with our ancient Laws, I will suffocate you with my bare flesh. Your death will be slow and painful and though you may beg and plead for mercy, I will have no pity. This is woman’s work and there will be no reprieve. Do you understand?’

Giles shook his head furiously. 'Please! No!' he screamed. 'Not like this! Not like this!'

The brunette stepped forward and relieved Jessica of the scroll. She plucked at the bows at her hips and tugged the tiny thong free, exposing the shaven bulge of her cunt. Jessica cupped her hands around her mound, framing the pink flesh of her long, swollen slit. Her labia were fat and distended and shone with feminine arousal.

'Let that which makes me woman strike the first blow!' she cried, and moved towards him.

'Oh God, no! Nooooo!' wailed Giles, twisting his face furiously to evade her attack. Jessica rested the damp maw of her pussy on his head and rubbed it gently from side to side.

'In accordance with our Laws, I have marked you with my juices,' she breathed. 'There can be no going back. Sentence will now be carried out. Prepare to be smothered...'

Giles threw back his head and screamed. 'Oh, you bitch! You filthy bitch! You filthy facesitting bitch!'

Jessica suddenly withdrew, turned to the brunette and said, 'You may comfort him one last time.'

The girl stepped forward, dropped to her knees and pressed her cool cheek to Giles's hot face. Stroking his hair lightly, she kissed him on the forehead.

Giles's lips were trembling. 'Please don't let her sit on me,' he pleaded. 'I didn't do anything. I'm innocent. They've got the wrong man.'

'I wish I could help you,' she replied softly, still smoothing his hair. 'But I can't. No one can help you now.' There was a sudden shudder in her voice and her eyes narrowed. 'Do you know what I'm doing?' she whispered.

Giles shook his head. When he spoke, he was barely audible. 'No. I don't.' But he did, of course. Giles knew everything. This was his world. His fantasy...

She brushed her lips against the side of his face and flicked her tongue into his ear. He moaned softly.

'I'm playing with myself,' she purred. 'Because I'm so excited. I'm so excited because I'm going to watch you die. Jessica's going to sit on you, and you won't be able to breathe.' She licked his ear a second time. 'Poor thing,' she murmured. 'It's going to be so horrible for you. Smothered under a woman's arse...'

On the far side of the board, the unseen girl squeezed his prick hard and Giles's body arched dramatically. 'Oh, God!' he squealed, and a dribble of seed wept from the eye of his cock.

'What will she do?' asked Giles. He knew, of course. But he always liked to hear

her say it.

‘She’ll sit on your face. You won’t be able to breathe. She’s very heavy. Her arse is huge! I’ve seen other men try to shift her, of course, but no one ever has. She’ll make you kiss her on the bumhole. That’s the worst bit. Some of the men cry when she makes them do that. I hope you won’t, Giles. I hope you’ll be strong when the time comes.’

‘I – I’ll try,’ he muttered, his breathing shallow. He winced sharply as, somewhere out of sight, a mouth closed over one of his balls and softly sucked at his scrotum.

‘Good boy,’ whispered the woman. ‘She’ll probably wriggle at first, because it usually makes her spend. Once she’s had her fun she’ll just sit there very quietly, not moving at all. So there’s no chance of you catching a breath or anything. You’ll be so frightened by then, and you’ll really struggle. All the men do. But when a woman sits on a man’s face there’s no way he can escape unless she wants him to, is there? And she doesn’t want you to escape. I wouldn’t want you to escape if it was me.’

‘Have you ever smothered a man?’ asked Giles weakly. He was forcing the words from his throat now.

‘Once,’ she sighed. ‘I used my pussy on him. It was lovely. He fought me for ages.’ She giggled. ‘I’m so hairy down there ... I ended up choking him to death.’

The brunette suddenly shifted her head, and brought her wet lips down over his

mouth. She pushed forward with her tongue, as if she were trying to squirrel it into the back of his throat, all the time whimpering and jerking as her own need boiled in her belly.

Her squeals were muted as she came: wriggling her tongue, gasping obscenities into the roof of his mouth. She withdrew quickly and brought her fingers up to his face. The pads were damp and oily, the aroma of musk fresh and warm. She closed her cunt-smelly hand over his nose and pressed hard. He breathed her in, moaned and shuddered.

‘I wish I could smother you,’ she whispered. ‘I’d do it fast so you wouldn’t suffer. Not like Jessica. She’ll take her time, stretch it out, make you pay for being a man. She loves smothering men. Likes to rub her arse all over them, make them beg, make them cry.’

Out of sight, warm fingers stroked against Giles’s lust-hardened cock and he felt his balls twitch in their sacs.

‘Help me...’ he whimpered. ‘For God’s sake, won’t someone help me...’

‘She’ll make you sniff her bumhole. Make you lick it, too. Before she ...,’ she paused and tightened her grip on his nose, ‘...before she finishes you off with her bottom.’

Giles trembled. ‘Please. Don’t let her. Not her bumhole. Not that...’

The brunette withdrew her hand and kissed him lightly on the lips. 'I'm sorry, my darling, you have to be brave. Don't struggle. Let her smother you quickly.'

'No!' he protested. 'I don't want to die. Not like this. Not under a woman's arse!'

The brunette moved away and Jessica stepped forward. Abruptly, she spun on her booted heel, turned about face, bent over and presented him with her bare backside.

'Behold your executioner!' she declared. 'My arsehole is the last thing you will ever see.'

Giles kicked furiously and began clawing at the wooden board. 'God help me!' he screamed. 'Help me, someone, anyone! Oh, God, oh God!'

Jessica unbent her back, turned round, raised one leg and mounted the execution block. Giles stared up into the hard circles of her bottom. Such a sweet bottom. Such a lovely bottom. He wanted it. He wanted it so badly now.

Jessica reached back, dug her fingers into her flesh and opened up her arse. The rounded nub of her anus winked crudely in the half-light; the distended split of her cunt glistened with dew. She was aware of Giles shifting nervously beneath her, and a ragged blast of air warmed her crack.

'Pay homage to the Eye of Darkness!' she commanded. 'For it is she who will take you on your final journey!'

Giles stared up into his tormentor's open arse. Above him swirled a dark brown blur of flesh. Jessica's anus was a hairy, wrinkled knot at the heart of her deep divide. He pursed his lips and raised his head a fraction. The brunette stepped forward again, this time supporting his neck in her big, strong hands.

Jessica's voice was loud and clear. 'Let the prisoner be made to worship!'

The brunette's hands pushed upwards, guiding Giles's face between Jessica's fleshy globes. Pearls of sweat hung from her skin, dribbled into the well of her anus, then dripped again from the tiny hairs that grew there. He fastened his lips around her arsehole, sucking the circle of hardness into his mouth. His tongue probed gently, nudging at the distended sheathe of muscle. Her taste was indescribable: he was in heaven. He held the position for almost a minute before Jessica cried, 'Enough!', raised her arse and broke contact with his mouth. The brunette lowered his head back onto the block.

Jessica closed her hands around the top of the dividing board and shifted her hips from side to side. The brunette reached out, cupped Jessica's buttocks in her outstretched fingers and lowered her rump onto Giles's face. His nostrils flattened around the crater of her anus, and the sour-sweet smell of arse filled his lungs. He opened his mouth to admit the curve of her cunt as she manoeuvred herself into position. One more shift of her hips and there would be no turning back: no escape. He swore into her flesh, his words beating against the warm mush of her slippery sex.

The brunette released her grip on Jessica's backside and transferred her hands to Giles's head.

‘Hold him as tightly as you can!’ commanded Jessica. ‘Once I begin the execution, he may try to struggle free!’

She watched Giles’s fingers open and close; was aware of his thighs moving awkwardly, his hips twitching in time to the fingers stroking at his cock.

Giles swivelled his eyes back and stared up into the brunette’s face. She smiled. ‘Be brave,’ she mouthed silently and tightened her grip on his head.

‘This is it!’ screamed Jessica. ‘Let the smothering begin!’

She dropped her full weight onto Giles’s head. At once his legs lashed out; his hands came up and punched furiously at the dividing board.

‘There’s no escape, Giles!’ yelled Jessica. ‘Say your prayers! It’s time to die! My arse takes no prisoners!’

She brought one hand down and slapped her bottom. Her flesh shuddered and she felt the sap rise in her cunt. Somewhere, far away, she was aware of nails scratching on wood and a man screaming for mercy; a man whose face wriggled helplessly between her damp, contracting cheeks.

‘Come on, boy!’ she yelled. ‘Fight for your life! Try and shift me! This is too easy! Use your tongue!’

Giles began clicking his fingers: his sign that she had taken him as far as he could go, that it was time for her to stop.

She ignored him.

‘Jessica!’ The brunette’s voice rang out behind her. ‘Jessica, he can’t breathe! You’re suffocating him!’

Jessica swung her head round. Her eyelashes were damp and matted, her mask sodden, her neck shiny with sweat. Her tongue flashed out and licked at the leather of her hood.

‘I don’t care!’ she yelled. ‘The fucker’s going to take his punishment this time, whether he likes it or not!’ She swung back, locked her hands onto the top of the board and pressed down with all her strength.

‘Do you hear that, Giles!’ she yelled, jiggling her buttocks furiously. ‘You poor little wimp! This time, it’s for real. This time I really am going to smother you!’

Two

It was half an hour later...

They were sitting in Jessica's private room, wrapped in red silk robes, and sipping brandy.

'Tell me honestly, Giles, what did you think?'

'I was terrified,' he confessed. 'I thought you were going to fucking kill me.'

'I almost did,' she admitted. 'God, you'll never know how much I wanted to do it. I – I don't know, I just seemed to lose control of myself.'

'Have you ever done it before? Just let go like that?'

Jessica shook her head firmly. 'No. Never.' She paused for a moment, as if frightened to frame her next question, then took a deep breath and asked, 'Did it excite you? Thinking I might go all the way, I mean? That I might just sit on you until – until you were dead?'

Giles put down the half-empty tumbler. His heart was pounding. He nodded. 'Yes,' he admitted truthfully. 'It was brilliant. Absolutely bloody brilliant.'

'Would you let me do it again? Sit on you hard. Pretend I'm trying to suffocate you?'

‘It wouldn’t work,’ he told her. ‘Next time I’d know it wasn’t for real.’

‘It could be,’ said Jessica softly, her voice trembling as she spoke. ‘If you wanted it to be...’

Giles shook his head. ‘No way,’ he replied. ‘I mean, it was great. Fantastic. Just being so helpless. I’ve fantasised about it loads of times. But I don’t want to die, I’m not crazy. I know it’s just a fantasy. It can’t be anything else.’

Jessica looked thoughtful. ‘I suppose not. Pity, though – I enjoyed it. I really could have done it, you know. Finished you off. If I’d wanted to.’

Giles drained his glass. ‘I didn’t realise ... I didn’t think ...’ He was struggling to express himself. Jessica came to his rescue.

‘You didn’t think a woman could do it, did you? Actually smother a man with her arse.’

He shook his head. ‘No. No, I didn’t. My God, you have so much power down there. It’s frightening.’

She smiled. ‘I know. Maybe next time I will do it,’ she added darkly. ‘Whether you like it or not. Ride you screaming into hell.’

Giles bit his lip. Less than half an hour ago, he had thought he was going to die. He remembered the tightness in his chest, the pounding in his ears, the pain in his head. He had kicked his legs so high that Jessica had managed to grab him by the ankles and hold him fast. He had wriggled like a landed fish, punching at the board, his knuckles raw and bleeding. A pair of hands had snaked between his thighs, taken hold of his cock and squeezed. He had spent himself furiously, the girl's fingers milking him like a maid at the udder. It was the most exquisite climax he had ever known. Now his penis was stirring again, his body aroused by the memory. He frowned. An idea had come to him. It was crazy. Absolutely crazy. Wrong, too. No way would she agree.

‘What is it, Giles?’

He looked up, unsure of how to proceed. What was it he felt? Embarrassment? A bit late for that, he reminded himself, after all they'd both been through.

‘Do it to someone else,’ he said abruptly, licked his lips and felt his face go red.

‘Someone else?’ Now it was Jessica's turn to frown. ‘Who?’

‘I don't know,’ he hurried on, struggling with this new idea. ‘One of your other clients. One of the ones who likes to be sat on.’

Her eyes widened for an instant and she grinned like a naughty schoolgirl. ‘You wicked man. What a thought.’ She seemed to consider the possibility briefly, then shook her head. ‘There's no one I can think of. No one else who was ever up for it as much as you.’

‘It doesn’t matter,’ he continued. ‘I mean that’s the whole point. We don’t want him to be up for it. We want him to struggle. Struggle like I did.’

Jessica let out a sweet little sigh. ‘My God,’ she murmured, and shifted in her seat. A warm glow tugged at her groin. ‘You want to watch, don’t you? You want to watch me do it.’

Again he nodded. ‘I want you to smother a man properly. All the way. Make him suffer. Make him beg for his life. Tell him what you’re going to do. Tell him that he’s going to die. That you’re going to smother him with your arse!’

‘I don’t know.’ Jessica shook her head. ‘What you’re asking me to do. I mean, I know I said, but, maybe I just got carried away. Excited, too. I’m not sure.’

‘I’ll pay you,’ he added quickly.

She paused for a moment before replying. ‘How much?’

His heart began to race. He had turned a corner. They both had. He named a figure off the top of his head.

‘That’s a hell of a lot of money,’ she whispered.

‘I don’t care,’ he told her. ‘Just the thought of you doing that to someone. Watching him try to fight you, knowing there’s nothing he can do...’ Giles crossed his legs. He hadn’t realised how excited he’d become.

‘Let’s fuck,’ she said suddenly. ‘Let’s fuck now while we’re thinking about it. Talk about it while we do it.’

Jessica stood up, pulled her gown open and drew it back across her shoulders. It slithered down her hard, alabaster body and gathered in a rich, crimson pool at her feet. She was naked again, her breasts trembling and greasy with sweat. Giles made to stand up but she put out her hand. ‘Kneel,’ she breathed. There was a cold edge to her voice that thrilled and frightened him at the same time.

He did as she asked, automatically and without question. Another bridge had been crossed, silently and imperceptibly. Jessica stepped forward until her cunt was level with his face.

‘You must seal our bargain with a kiss,’ she told him. He frowned, unsure of what she meant until she reached out with both hands, trawled her fingers through his hair and pulled him into her crotch.

‘You’ve already paid homage to my bumhole,’ she reminded him. ‘Now it’s time to honour pussy, too. We don’t want her to be jealous, do we? To think you don’t love her as much as my arse. Just because my arse tried to kill you.’

He gazed up into her eyes and she saw that they were filled with tears. Jessica smiled. ‘You may call me, Mistress,’ she told him.

‘Mistress,’ he murmured obediently, as she drew his mouth into the gaping hole of her sex...

A week had passed. Jessica promised to call him if there was any news: if she had found someone. The phone rang at six one evening. On the dot. ‘It’s me,’ she said. ‘I need more money.’

‘I can’t afford it,’ he protested. ‘You promised–’

‘I promised nothing,’ she reminded him. ‘I said I’d do what I could. There are complications.’

‘Such as?’

‘I can’t explain. These things aren’t cheap; if we’re to do it properly. The other girls are in on it. They need to be paid. To keep quiet about what we’re up to. There are other expenses. You think this is easy, well, it’s not.’

‘I’m sorry. How much do you need?’

She told him.

He sighed. 'I'll see what I can do.' He put the phone down. This was getting out of hand. He didn't have this sort of money. He'd already offered her the sum total of his three bank accounts. He'd have to borrow the rest. He just hoped it was worth it. He shut his eyes and remembered how terrified he'd been, struggling beneath Jessica's huge, head-choking arse. He thought of another man struggling; a man for whom there would be no escape. Oh, it was worth it all right. God, was it worth it.

'No, Jessica! That's it. There's no more money. I'm mortgaged up to the hilt.'

'Then it's over,' she told him. 'We need the girls in on this and they won't do it for anything less. Neither will I.'

'I'm sorry.'

'Me, too.'

At least he hadn't paid her yet. The money was still sitting in his flat, packaged into two small suitcases. He'd return it tomorrow. It had been a nice dream while it lasted.

It was 2.30 in the morning when the phone rang again. Jessica's excited voice cut through the fog of sleep that clouded his head. 'It's all right,' she told him.

The girls have changed their mind. They'll do it. We all will.'

Exhaustion fled. Giles was ecstatic. 'You really mean it?'

'Yes,' she confirmed happily. 'I really mean it.'

'Have you got someone? Someone to smother?' He was holding his cock now, and pulling at it hard. It seemed an age till she replied.

'Yes,' she said softly. There was a dry, husky tremor in her voice. 'I've chosen our victim.'

Victim. The word formed a spike of pleasure in the pit of his stomach.

'Who is he?'

'No names,' said Jessica. 'Not yet. First, I need to be sure. We can still call it off, you know.'

'I don't want to,' he told her. His voice was shaking, leaping stupidly up and down as he rocked in his chair.

'Are you playing with yourself?' she asked abruptly.

He felt suddenly embarrassed, caught out at something bad. 'No,' he lied.

She lowered her voice to a dark, brooding whisper. 'Yes you are. You've got your cock in your hand. Remember who I am, Giles.' Her voice was cold and stern. 'I'm your Mistress,' she reminded him. 'I'm the woman who sat on your face and let you live.'

'Mistress,' he repeated nervously. His penis was now so hard it had begun to hurt.

'Think of me, Giles. Think of me riding your face. Next time there'll be no mercy. Next time a man dies. He dies slowly, clawing at my hips, screaming for his mother.'

'Oh, God...' murmured Giles.

'Does that excite you, Giles?'

'Yes, Mistress. Yes...' His voice shot up an octave as he came, thick gobbets of white-hot seed arcing into the air, splattering against his stomach and across his thigh.

Jessica put the phone down. Her work was over for the night.

‘Don’t you want to count it?’ he asked her.

Jessica smiled. ‘I trust you, Giles. We’re one of a kind, you and me.’ She placed the last of the brown bundles into the safe, shut the door and twisted the lock sharply.

‘When is it?’ he asked. There had been nothing else on his mind now for the past fortnight. She had told him to think about it, not to rush in blindly, to appreciate the full seriousness of what they were planning to do.

‘I’m going to smother a man, Giles. A man who doesn’t want to be smothered. I’m going to take off my knickers and sit on his face. He’s going to cry, Giles. He’s going to cry like a baby and beg me not to do it. He’s going to know that you’re watching him suffer. That you’ve paid me to sit on him just because you want to see what it looks like...’

‘Oh, God,’ he murmured weakly, and felt his pulse rate quicken. Jessica was still talking. He struggled to focus on what she was saying.

‘It’s wrong, Giles, you know that, don’t you? What we’re doing is wrong. We’re going to take a man’s life. A man who doesn’t deserve it.’

‘I don’t care,’ he insisted. ‘I don’t care that it’s wrong. I want it to happen.’

Jessica nodded. 'Very well,' she sighed., 'Don't say I didn't warn you.'

He frowned. 'I don't understand, I thought you were as keen as I was.'

'I was. I am,' she hurriedly corrected herself. 'But just remember, it's me that's got to do it. I'm the one who's going to feel him struggle. I'm the one he's going to be begging for mercy.'

'I'm sorry,' said Giles. 'I'm not thinking straight. If you don't want to go through with it—'

'I didn't say that,' she countered swiftly. 'I do want to do it. I want to do it very much. I want to feel that power: to hold a man's life in my hands.'

'Don't you mean between your legs?' he grinned, and immediately regretted it. It was hardly a laughing matter. At least not for the man she was going to sit on...

Jessica smiled back, making light of his guilt. 'It's going to be good, Giles, I promise.'

He nodded. 'I know. I can't wait. I think about it all the time.'

She took a soft breath and leant back in the chair. 'His name is Danny Martin,' she revealed. 'He's a cab-driver, a bit of a loner. No real friends as far as I can tell.'

‘Is he into facesitting in a big way?’

Jessica shook her head. ‘He’s not a client. I told you. He’s a cab-driver. Used to go out with one of my girls. Lucy - the brunette?’

Giles nodded. He’d never asked her name before. To him she was just the tall brunette; the girl whose job it was to comfort him. The girl who kissed him softly, and whispered crude obscenities in his ear while he waited to be smothered. The girl with all that pubic hair...

A sudden thought struck him. ‘Won’t she object? I mean, if he’s her boyfriend....’

‘Was,’ corrected Jessica. ‘I told you. They split up. Once he found out what she does for a living. He couldn’t handle it. Seems sex was never high on his list of priorities, either. Lucy once asked him to eat her out. Apparently he nearly threw up. Bit of a religious nut. Told her it was a “perverse” practice and if that’s what she wanted she had the wrong man.’

‘He’s going to hate this, then,’ muttered Giles.

Jessica grinned broadly. ‘I know. It’s why I chose him. I want a man who’s going to struggle all the way. Right up to the wire. ‘

‘There’s not much point in struggling. Not when you’re strapped to the block.’

‘He won’t be strapped to the block,’ said Jessica.

Giles looked puzzled. ‘What do you mean? He has to be strapped to the block. How else will you hold him down?’

Jessica took a deep breath. ‘Lucy’s going to wrestle him,’ she said. ‘Give him a fair chance. If she wins, we take him to the block. Then I finish the job.’

‘No!’ Giles jumped up from his chair. ‘You can’t! What if he beats her?’

‘He won’t. He’s a small man, and Lucy’s strong. And if he does beat her, well...’

‘Well, what?’

‘One of the other girls will fight him. And then another. And another. Until he’s on his knees. And then we’ll take him to the block. Drag him screaming if we have to. And we’ll all sit on him, one on top of the other. An extra punishment for trying to escape his fate.’

‘My God,’ murmured Giles. The back of his neck was burning, and his armpits were sticky with sweat. ‘When are we going to do it?’ He could scarcely breathe now, he was suddenly so excited. Jessica smiled warmly and seemed to take an age before replying.

‘He’s here, Giles. Waiting in reception. We can do it now if you like. The girls are all ready, and so am I...’

Giles tried to swallow, but his throat was dry. He licked his lips, but his tongue was dry, too. He needed a glass of water. Something. Anything.

‘I don’t understand. Why would he come –‘

Jessica cut him short. Which was just as well. The words were trapped in his throat.

‘We called for a cab. He may not like what we do, but he’s happy to take our money.’

She stood up. ‘Do you want to come and watch me do it?’

The question was purely rhetorical. She knew what he wanted and so did he. He just hadn’t expected it to happen so soon. Not now. There was no time to prepare, to savour the moment. He pressed his hand against his chest. His heart was racing so fast it hurt. Jessica stretched out her arm. Her fingers were long and soft, her nails a painted, shiny red.

‘Come and watch me smother a man, Giles. Come and watch him scream. Watch him beg.’ She smiled, paused, then added softly. ‘Come and watch him die under my arse...’

Three

‘Got a bit of a problem, Danny.’ Jessica was standing in reception, one hand trawling through her hair, dragging a swathe of long blonde strands back from her forehead. ‘The client we wanted you to take home. He’s not feeling too well. Do you think you could help us carry him through?’

Danny frowned and his feet shifted nervously. He was clearly ill at ease in this place. From the other side of a two-way mirror, Giles watched his face darken, his fingers clench and unclench against his sides. How much more nervous would he have been if he knew what the girls had in store for him?

He made up his mind. ‘OK. Where is he?’

Jessica smiled. ‘Follow me,’ she said, turning smoothly on her heel. Giles let his gaze wander the length of her body, his eyes devouring every luscious, mouth-watering curve. She had changed into a short, skintight dress, her big rounded bottom clearly visible through the diaphanous white cotton. The tightness of the skirt gently parted her buttocks, drawing attention to the deep valley of her arse. Giles grinned when Danny’s eyes dropped a fraction. So he had feelings after all. He wondered how they would change when he found those self-same buttocks anchored to his face, squeezing the last tortured breaths from his lungs.

Giles turned to the naked woman standing beside him. ‘Are you looking forward to this?’ he asked.

Lucy smiled. She knew what he wanted to hear and she didn’t disappoint him. ‘Of course I am,’ she replied softly. ‘He insulted my pussy. This is payback time.’

Giles glanced down at the wild, twisting forest of her cunt. He had never seen so much fur on a woman: an extravagant fleece of dark, wiry pubes, adorning the thick, visibly distended lips of her vulva. Hair snaked up across her flat tummy, and down between her broad, rounded buttocks. A trickle of sweat ran along the inside of one leg and he felt the muscles tighten in his groin.

‘Can I touch you?’ he asked. He felt like a nervous kid on his first date. Lucy smiled, reached out and took hold of his hand. Without a word, she pulled his fingers into her crotch, pressing them over the hard edge of her pubic bone. She was already wet, her labia turned to mush, her oily sap smearing his warm, trembling pads.

She leaned into him, flattening her breasts against his chest, and whispered softly, ‘I wish it was you I was going to ride.’

‘Oh, God,’ he murmured, his cock tight against her belly.

‘I’ve always wanted to smother you. Jessica gets all the fun. But if it was me...’ She let the words hang in the air, like a peg on which to fix her next sentence. ‘I wouldn’t have stopped. I’d have gone all the way...’

He pushed his fingers home, sinking his knuckles into the burning mire of her cunt. She closed her thighs and grunted, her sap spilling over his hand as she came. ‘Bastard...’ she whimpered. ‘You fucking little bastard...’

Lucy pulled away, her lips trembling, her big, rounded breasts swinging lightly.

‘God, I’m going to enjoy this,’ she breathed.

‘Me, too,’ he murmured.

Lucy’s face lit up and her eyes sparkled. ‘We’re going to make him suffer, Giles. All the girls are in on this. By the time we’ve finished with him, he’s going to wish he’d never been born...’

Jessica opened the dungeon door and stepped to one side. ‘After you,’ she smiled. Danny passed through. Before he could react, hands lashed out, a hood was tugged over his head and he was bundled to the ground. It took only half a minute for her girls to subdue him. Simone and Hannah were quick workers, binding his wrists behind his back, locking his ankles into a pair of metal cuffs. Jessica pushed him face down and straddled his back. Each girl produced a pair of scissors and cut the clothes from his body. In less than three minutes he was naked, writhing helplessly on the cold stone floor.

They carried him to the far side of the room, still struggling. Hoisting him to his feet, they fed a series of thick chains under his armpits, and fastened them to a set of solid hooks fixed into the wall. Only then did Jessica yank the hood from his face. Danny blinked sharply several times as the rush of light stung his eyes.

‘What the fuck are you playing at?’ he yelled, tugging fiercely on his restraints.

Jessica smiled, her teeth bared like those of a hungry wolf. 'Oh, we're not playing, Danny,' she purred softly. 'Far from it...'

She swept her hand round with a flourish, inviting him to take in his new surroundings. His eyes narrowed as they scoured the airy, well-lit room. A huge blue mat dominated one corner; to its immediate right was a low, padded bench. A man was lying on his back, his body secured by a series of long, leather straps. A girl stood to one side. She was naked, her long brunette hair tied up in a severe bun, a tangle of thick, dark fur bursting jungle-like from between her big, meaty thighs. He recognised her at once.

'Lucy...' he breathed. 'For God's sake, what's going on?'

Jessica gestured towards the mat. 'Lucy is going to wrestle you,' she announced.

'The fuck she is,' retorted Danny, shuffling uselessly on his feet and tugging at the chains. 'This place is going to be shut down. When I get out of here –'

'Ah, but that's the whole point,' interrupted Jessica. 'You're not getting out of here. We have a little surprise for you. Something ...' She broke off, grinned for a moment, then added, 'something we don't think you're going to like very much.'

Jessica crossed her arms at the front, reached down, took hold of the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head in one fluid movement. Underneath it, she too was naked. The long slit of her shaven sex was pink and partially distended, its tender edges glistening with arousal. She heard the catch in Danny's throat as she kicked off her shoes and crossed to the block. She stood for a moment with

her back to him, allowing his eyes to feast on the hard, alabaster globes of her rump. Then she slapped each buttock in turn, her flesh rippling softly under the blows.

‘I’m going to sit on you, Danny. I’m going to sit on your face and smother you...’ She squeezed her buttocks hard. ‘With this, Danny. This big, fat hairy arse of mine.’

‘No!’ His voice was shrill with fear and outrage.

Giles looked up at her from the block. There was a gleam in her eyes that both frightened and aroused him. His life, too, was in her hands again. She had told him her plan, and he had agreed. Now he was no longer so sure. Jessica looked into his face, but her words were addressed to another.

‘I’m going to show you how it’s done, Danny. You’re going to see what it’s like when a woman sits on a man’s head and suffocates him.’ She suddenly lowered her voice to a whisper. ‘Do you trust me, Giles? Trust me not to finish you off, too?’

She watched his Adam’s apple pump up and down in his throat. He nodded weakly, as if afraid to say the magic word.

Jessica smiled. ‘We’ll just have to see, won’t we?’

She moved round to the top end of the bench, raised first one leg, then the other,

and positioned herself over his head.

‘I’m going to smother him, Danny. The way only a woman can. So you’ll know what to expect when it’s your turn to die. When my hot, stinking arse comes down over your face for the last time...’

‘No! Noooo!’ he screamed, rattling the chains furiously.

‘No one can hear you, Danny. It doesn’t matter how loud you scream.’

‘Please... I’ve got a wife and children. Please... I don’t want to die. Not like this...’ Giles was speaking now, throwing himself into the part they had rehearsed. It wasn’t enough that Danny should be smothered. They wanted him to see another man suffer first. Suffer the same fate that lay in store for him. That way, Jessica had reasoned, it would make him struggle all the more when his own time came.

Giles’s restraints had been fastened loosely, so that he could raise his hands and punch the air. Around his feet, too, the bindings had been left deliberately slack; allowing him to lunge and kick, while still preventing any chance of escape.

Jessica looked down between her legs, her eyes wide and shiny. ‘You’ll remember our arrangement, Giles,’ she whispered. Again he nodded. His heart was racing; his stomach churning with anticipation. She smiled. ‘Well, I lied...’ she breathed gently. ‘I am going to smother you. Say your prayers, my darling. This time there’s no escape...’

The blood drained from Giles's face. His whole body went rigid, and his stomach heaved.

'No!' he screamed. 'Dear God, no! Noooo!'

Jessica glanced across at Danny. He seemed frozen to the spot, his jaw hanging open. He shook his head in disbelief.

'You see what it's like, Danny. He doesn't want to die either. But he's going to. He's going to die slowly and horribly, with his face up my arse.'

'You bitch! You bitch! You treacherous fucking bitch!' Giles was screaming now, his body twisting against the hard leather straps.

'Time to go bye-byes,' giggled Jessica and dropped her huge backside onto his head. She wriggled her hips from side to side, muffling the screams of terror buffeting her cunt. Giles's hands clawed the air and his legs bent horribly. His buttocks shuddered against the warm padding of the bench.

'Oh, God, no, please, God no! Let him go! Let the poor fucker go!' yelled Danny. Tears of rage and horror were running down his face; his eyes were red and stinging.

'I can't, Danny!' cried Jessica. 'It's too late. He defied my arse once before. Now he has to die. Just like you're going to die.' She threw back her head and clawed at her breasts. 'Oh, Danny, this is so good. I hope it'll be as good when I'm

riding you!’

‘Help me!’ screamed Danny. ‘Oh, God help me, someone! Lucy! Lucy! Please! Don’t let her kill me! Not like that! Oh, God, please, no - not like that!’

‘He’s got his tongue up me, Danny!’ cried Jessica. ‘He can’t breathe! He’s got his tongue up my arse and he can’t breathe!’

Danny was beside himself, shaking and crying like a child. Lucy stepped up to him, a big swathe of material in her hands. ‘You don’t want to see the end, Danny. Not the final smothering. It’s just too horrible. Too horrible for words.’

She moved in close and thrust the hood back over his head, blocking out the sight of Giles’s body squirming and twisting on the bench. Jessica’s nails raked along her victim’s chest. She tightened her thighs, sat upright and concentrated all her weight on his upturned face.

The moment, the mask was in place, she jumped up, placed a hand across Giles’s mouth and pressed hard. His body heaved dramatically as he snorted in air through his nose. His chest ran with sweat, his head slick with Jessica’s warm, animal spendings. She pressed a finger to her lips and shushed him, holding her other hand tightly across his mouth until his breathing began to ease. Leaning close, she whispered in his ear.

‘It’s all right, Giles. You’re safe now. I’m going to remove my hand, but don’t say a word. Do you understand?’

He nodded weakly, his strength almost gone. He couldn't have spoken even if he'd wanted to. Jessica leant closer still and said, 'I had to do it, Giles. I had to make it look real. I knew you wouldn't struggle so hard if you thought it was make-believe. Do you forgive me?'

He nodded again. More vigorously this time. 'My God,' he breathed, his voice trembling. 'I thought that was it. Another few seconds. Oh my God, Jessica...' There were tears in his eyes and he began to shake. 'I was so frightened. So bloody frightened...'

Jessica smiled and kissed him on the forehead. 'I know, my darling. But you know what he'll feel like now. ' She gestured in the direction of Danny, still wriggling stupidly under the hood and crying like a child. Simone and Hannah were already unstrapping Giles from the bench. He eased himself into a sitting position with some difficulty. Every muscle in his body felt as if it had been turned inside out.

'Do you still want to do it, Giles? Now you know what it's like. Do you still want to watch me smother a man with my arse?'

He looked suddenly like a small child, sitting there, his legs dangling loosely over the bench. His head bobbed up and down several times. 'Yes,' he said weakly. 'I do. Please, Jessica. Let me see you do it. Make him cry, Jessica, make him beg. But smother him. Smother him with your bottom, please...'

Jessica drew herself up to her full height. She took a deep breath and her breasts rolled heavily. She turned towards Lucy, Hannah and Simone. 'You heard him, girls. Does anyone want to back out? It's now or never.'

All three of them shook their heads. Jessica smiled warmly and Giles's heart skipped a beat. Lucy looked up, placed her hands on her hips and parted her legs defiantly. 'I'm ready for him,' she announced. 'Let's stop fucking around and get on with it.'

'Well, Giles,' grinned Jessica, cupping her buttocks in her hands and squeezing them gently. 'It looks like we've got ourselves a smothering to attend...'

Four

Danny was standing on the mat, cowering in the corner of the room. They had removed his hood, untied his hands and feet and led him into position. Immediately, he had huddled up against the wall, trembling violently, his hands crossed modestly in front of his cock. Lucy joined him on the mat, pacing up and down, stretching her legs, coiling and uncoiling her arms as she limbered up for the contest.

‘The rules are simple,’ lied Jessica. ‘Defeat Lucy and you go free. But if she can wrestle you into submission and jerk you off, then the penalty is death. You’ll be taken to the block. Lucy, Hannah and Simone will hold you down, while I sit on your head and carry out the sentence with my arse. Do you understand?’

Danny pressed himself even closer to the wall and whimpered. There seemed no sense in him now. His teeth began to chatter, and he slid to the mat, arms hunched over his knees. ‘I want to go home,’ he wailed childishly. ‘I want to go home, please...’

In the opposite corner of the room, Giles sat on a chair and watched the proceedings. Danny hardly seemed to notice he was there. Giles didn’t mind. He held his own penis and stroked it smoothly, Danny’s terror adding a sweetness to the need that now clutched at his balls.

‘Let it begin!’ cried Jessica.

Danny screamed and fell sideways, gibbering inanely. Lucy leapt forward, took hold of his arms and pulled him upright. It seemed to sting him into life. He lashed out with his right fist and caught her a glancing blow across the cheek.

She staggered back a few feet and Danny punched again. This time the blow fell short. Lucy recovered herself, dropped to her knees, flung one arm between his legs, and pulled him down onto his back. Straddling his tummy, she climbed up his chest, tugging his arms down by his sides and pinning them against his body.

‘Oh, sweet Jesus, no!’ he screamed as she rose on her haunches, her huge, hairy cunt inches from his face. ‘You filthy fucking bitch!’

Lucy fell forward, clamping her sex across his head, grinding her open vulva into his mouth, her rich, wiry pubes scratching his nose and cheeks. His left leg bent sharply and he kicked with his right, arms up around her buttocks, fingers clawing at her hips. She plunged her hands into his hair, pulling hard and holding him fast to her boiling cunt.

There were weird, inhuman noises coming from his mouth; mad little squeals of horror and disgust. Lucy’s buttocks began to writhe, and her pelvis jerked sharply. She was humping his head now, forcing the fat, bloated panels of her labia towards the back of his throat. He gagged and heaved, hands still smashing uselessly against the pillows of her arse.

‘Please, Jessica!’ she screamed. ‘I can do it! I can finish him off. Please, Jessica, let me smother him for you. Let me choke him with my cunt! Please, Jessica, please!’

‘Take him as far as you dare!’ answered Jessica. ‘It doesn’t matter if he passes out, but you mustn’t kill him. That’s my job.’

Lucy wrinkled her nose and let out a wail of despair. She loosened her thighs for

a moment, freeing Danny's nose, allowing him to snatch the briefest gasp of air. She reached down and pushed her fingers into her pubes, searching for the folds of her cunt. Slowly, she peeled them forwards, so that they moulded themselves across Danny's nostrils. His eyebrows arched and his pupils dissolved into tiny dots of terror.

'Good! That's better!' grunted Lucy. 'Can you breathe, Danny? You can't, can you? This is what it's going to feel like when Jessica's on you. Except it'll be worse. Because she'll have her arse on your face.' She reached forward and smoothed his forehead gently. 'You won't be able to see anything, Danny. It'll be hot and dark and smelly. She'll be heavy, too. So fucking heavy you won't be able to breathe...'

Danny began to jerk beneath her, twisting his hips from side to side. With a sudden tug, he pulled his head free, inhaling fiercely, smacking her buttocks with the flat of his hands.

'Are you struggling, Danny? Are you trying to get away? What a naughty boy you are! Such a very naughty boy!'

He rolled again. This time Lucy rolled with him, onto her side, as he scrambled free of her grip. He jumped to his feet, ready to run across the room, but the naked Hannah and Simone barred his way. He turned to his right and there was Jessica, her face twisted into a snarl of fury, her legs parted, one hand rubbing the inside of her thigh.

'If you leave the mat,' she told him, 'it means it's all over. It means we take you to the block and I sit on you...'

Danny's eyes flooded with tears; frustration and despair tearing him apart. On the far side of the room, Giles squeezed his penis and felt the seed begin to gather in his balls. Not long now... He closed his eyes and imagined Jessica's arse descending; watched as Danny twisted his head left and right and screamed for her to have mercy on him. A bubble of seed broke from the eye of his cock, and Giles restrained himself with a grunt. That was close. Too close...

Lucy's arms swept about Danny's shoulders. She swung him round, looped her left leg between his and catapulted him to the floor.

'It's time,' said Jessica quietly. 'Empty his cock...'

Danny gave a roar; a mad squeal of terror, like a wounded pig. He heaved himself upright, but Lucy was too quick. She threw herself against his chest, swivelled round, took hold of his arm and flung him across her shoulder. He landed on his back at her feet. She dropped to her knees, her backside anchored to his face. Leaning forward, she seized hold of his ankles and pulled his legs up, feeding them backwards through her palms, until he was doubled at the waist, his open arse towards her face. He screamed when she pushed his left leg down, securing him in position. Reaching forward with her right arm, she crossed two fingers together and jammed them into his anus, wriggling her joined digits along his rectum. A muffled scream broke from between her own buttocks as Danny's body went into spasm. Deep inside his arse, she touched a nerve and his hips jerked convulsively. Sperm shot from his penis, big white dollops of cream splattering his belly and running down his sides.

Lucy plucked out her fingers and stood up. Danny screwed himself into a small ball, shaking and sobbing like a child. Seed oozed from his cock, dripping onto his thighs. Across the room, Giles jumped to his feet for a closer look. He could hardly believe how well this was turning out. It had exceeded every hope he had.

Hannah and Simone stepped onto the mat, bent down and took hold of Danny's arms and legs. He lurched wildly, uncoiling like a snake, twisting to escape their grip. Lucy seized his head and tugged it back, knocking him off-balance. They upended him suddenly. Lucy and Hannah grabbed hold of his arms and shoulders, while Jessica and Simone took hold of a leg each. They carried his struggling body across the room and deposited him on the block. Strong though they were, it took three of them to hold him down, while Jessica drew the straps across his body and secured him to the frame.

'Oh. God in heaven, no, please!!' he screamed. 'Sweet Jesus! You can't fucking do this to me! Please! Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!'

They took no notice, holding him tight until Jessica was happy that every last restraint was in place. Only then did they release him, stand back and take stock.

Jessica was exhausted; they all were, their breasts and tummies sopping wet, their buttocks hot and slick with sweat. Jessica forced one hand into her gluey crack, dragging her fingers through the treacle-like valley of her arse.

'My God,' she whispered softly. 'I'm so fucking wet...'

Behind them, Danny screamed. 'Help me! For God's sake, someone, help me!'

Jessica shook her head sadly. 'I told you, Danny. No one can hear you in this room. The walls are soundproofed. You might as well save your breath. You're going to need it soon enough.'

‘I’ll give you money!’ he squealed. ‘Lots of it. Lots of money! I’m rich! I am! I am!’

‘We don’t need your money,’ said Jessica. ‘We’ve got money. Giles has given us money, haven’t you, Giles?’

Danny’s eyes glared past the three women as Giles came between them. His cock was hard, his fingers moving up and down the shaft.

‘What the fuck? What the fuck’s this mean?’ chattered Danny, his little eyes blinking rapidly.

‘Giles has paid me to smother you,’ purred Jessica softly. ‘He’s my favourite client. I couldn’t say no, could I?’

‘What have I ever done to you, you bastard?’ shrieked Danny. ‘It’s not fair! It’s not fucking fair!’

‘Of course it’s not fair, Danny,’ agreed Jessica. She reached out and smoothed the palm of her hand across his forehead. ‘This isn’t personal, you know. I don’t hate you or anything. I just want to know what it feels like to sit on a man ... and smother him to death.’

Danny’s eyes lit up. ‘If I give you money,’ he cried suddenly, ‘you could find another man. Do it to him instead! I won’t tell anyone. I promise! Just let me go. Please!’

Jessica turned to Giles. His face was burning with excitement. 'What do you say, Giles? Shall we let him go?'

Giles shook his head sharply. 'No! Do it now. Sit on him. Smother him with your arse!'

Danny's mouth widened in horror. 'You bastards! You fucking bastards!' he screamed.

Jessica turned to the girls and nodded. 'It's time,' she said.

'Oh mother of God, no!' screeched Danny, his head twisting backwards, his every sinew taut against the straps that held him fast.

'Release the bindings a little so he can move,' said Jessica. 'Then hold him down. It'll be better that way. He'll be able to struggle.'

Danny yelled obscenely. His hair was sopping wet and every time he turned his head, diamonds of sweat sprayed the air.

'Oh, fuck, I'm going to die! I'm going to fucking die!' he screamed. 'Help me someone. Someone fucking help me!'

Jessica positioned herself over his head, her thighs splayed. She reached back and parted her huge meaty globes. Sweat sparkled in the hairy groove of her butt, dripping into the eye of her anus, slithering round her fat fleshy curves.

Danny stared up into her open arse. ‘Oh fuck! I can see your hole! I can see your fucking hole!’

‘Do you want to kiss it, Danny? Do you want to pay it homage?’

Danny shut his eyes, his head shaking. He burst into tears. ‘Sweet Jesus! Sweet Jesus someone, help me!’

‘You’re going to push your nose into my arsehole, Danny. Just before you die. The smell and the taste of my arse will be the last thing you ever know...’

Suddenly Danny began to pray, the words tumbling over his trembling lips. ‘Our Father who art in heaven ...hallow ... hallowed be Thy name, Thy ... Thy kingdom come...’

‘I’m going to smother you, Danny,’ breathed Jessica softly. ‘The way only a woman can. Are you ready to die, Danny? Are you ready to die under my arse?’

‘...Thy will be done...’

‘This is it!’ cried Jessica. ‘Hold him, girls! I’m going down!’

'Oh, dear God no! Please, nooooo!'

Jessica dropped her backside onto his face. Danny's body arched horribly and she felt him gasping for air. She dug her nails into his chest, using it for support.

Giles felt his heart lurch in his chest. This was it. He was watching a man being smothered; a heavy, bare-arsed woman clamped to his face. He knew how awful it felt; how dreadful it was to have the breath squeezed from his lungs; to kick and twist, to claw and punch and know that there was no escape. Now he could see it: he could see the top of Danny's head, buried face-deep in Jessica's huge arse. He shut his eyes for a moment and tried to concentrate. He squeezed his cock and felt the seed overflow into the root of his shaft. His knees buckled and he grunted. Almost there. Almost there, now.

'He's struggling, Giles!' Jessica's voice sounded out loud and clear. 'He knows he can't escape! Oh, God, he knows he's going to die!'

'What's it like?' squealed Giles, tugging at his prick, aware of the growing tightness in his balls. 'Is it good? Is it good?'

Jessica threw back her head and covered her breasts with her hands, stretching her nipples into long, elastic stalks. 'It's beautiful, Giles. Oh, God it's so fucking beautiful!'

She dropped her chin onto her chest and wriggled her hips. 'Oh, come on baby!' she trilled. 'Fight me! Don't give in! Not yet! Not yet!'

Danny's body kicked wildly, shuddered and twitched. One of the buckles snapped and his right arm flew out.

'My God! screamed Jessica. 'He's trying to get out from under my arse! Hold him someone, quickly!'

Lucy threw herself across his body, clawing at his wrist, taking it between both hands and gripping tight. His fingers twisted into talons, ripping at the air. Inch by inch she forced his arm down until it was flat against the bench. She gritted her teeth, her face creased with effort.

Giles began to pump his cock furiously, Danny's desperate efforts to free himself adding a fresh piquancy to the sweet sensations coursing through his shaft. The man's body began to rattle on the bench, a dreadful rush of muted grunts bursting from someone deep inside Jessica's cavernous arse.

'This is, Giles!' she screamed. 'He knows he can't shift me! Oh, God, his nose is up my arse! His nose is up my fucking arse!'

The girls pressed down with all their strength. Danny's body jerked one last time and went suddenly limp.

Jessica threw her head from side to side, fingernails clawing across her victim's skin. 'I'm coming!' she squealed. 'Oh, my fucking pussy! I'm coming!'

She drove herself back and forth, grinding her cunt hard against Danny's face, butting her clit on his nose as she came, spending herself furiously over his head.

Giles fell to his knees, his fingers racing up and down his cock. It tightened one last time, then erupted into the air, almonds of semen shattering against his stomach, drenching his belly, soaking his hands and thighs.

He keeled over, shivering on the cold stone floor, legs drawn up to his tummy, sobbing with relief. He was hardly aware of Danny being unstrapped, of the women moving around him. At last, he raised his head and found himself gazing into Jessica's warm, blue eyes. She stretched out her hand and helped him to his feet.

'Was it good?' she asked softly.

He nodded, but said nothing. He couldn't. He was too exhausted to speak. It was as if every ounce of energy had been sucked from his soul. Jessica guided him towards the bench. Danny's body was gone, but the black leather padding was soaked with his sweat. Jessica put her arm around Giles and he leaned into her, his face resting against the warmth of her breast.

'You're tired,' she said. 'Come on, lie down...'

He didn't protest as she eased his body round and stretched his legs. There were fingers on his arms and thighs. They squeezed too hard and held him tight. He looked up and saw that Hannah and Simone were standing over him, arms wrapped around his legs. Jessica straddled his chest, pinning his hands against his sides.

‘What...?’ he began. His heart began to thump. There was something wrong here. Something dreadfully wrong. A fourth figure came into view. He had expected it to be Lucy, but it wasn’t. It was the one person he had not expected to see.

It was Danny...

‘No!’ Giles’s head shot up, his face a frightened mask of disbelief. ‘You’re dead! I saw you!’ He looked up at the woman sitting on his chest. ‘Jessica?’

‘Don’t say I didn’t warn you, Giles...’

‘I don’t understand. What’s going on?’

‘When we were haggling over money. I told you. I told you to be careful. To be sure that this was something you really wanted.’

‘Oh my God...’ his voice faded to a whisper. ‘You double-crossed me. You fucking bitch, you double-crossed me!’

‘Danny wanted what you wanted. Only he offered more. I gave you the chance to pull out, but you didn’t want it. You wanted to see a man die. That’s not a very nice thing to want, Giles.’

‘You wanted it, too!’

‘We’re not talking about me. You were the one prepared to buy people to do your dirty work. Now you have to pay the price... ‘

‘No! You can’t! This is some sort of sick joke!’

Jessica shook her head. ‘Danny wanted to feel what it was like, just like you did. Now he wants to see what it’s like when you’re smothered. Everything up to now has been pretence. First you, then Danny. He’s a good actor, don’t you think? But then he is one. Not a cab-driver. Sorry, Giles. Another lie.’

Giles pushed up against the arms holding him down. There was no give. The girls pushed back, tightening their grip.

‘You can’t smother me, Jessica. Please! You can’t!’

She smiled. ‘Oh, I’m not going to smother you, Giles. That was your fantasy. This one’s Danny’s.’

Giles frowned. If Jessica wasn’t going to sit on him, then...

He looked up. Lucy was standing over him, her legs parted, the crimson slash of her cunt dribbling with sap and sweat. His eyes swam over her legs and belly. The thick mat of her pubes spilled across her hot, undulating flesh. She reached

down and eased her arse cheeks open. Squiggles of hair matted her crack, long, curling tufts sprouting from the dark knot of her anus.

Jessica's voice was a far-off whisper, barely audible now.

'Danny wants to see a hairy woman do it. It's his turn on. Sorry, Giles...'

'I'd like to make it quick,' said Lucy, smiling down at him. 'But Danny's paid us a lot of money. Far more than you. He wants it slow. He wants you to suffer the way you wanted him to suffer. Only more...'

Giles's eyes filled with tears. His stomach heaved. He knew what it was like to be smothered. To feel a woman's bottom anchored to his face and believe that there was no escape. But he had escaped. Twice now. And that made it worse. Because he knew the horror that lay ahead. Oh, God, he knew!

Lucy's fingers strayed into her crack, brushing against her anus, dislodging pearls of liquid, sending vapour trails of sweat scurrying down her thighs.

'It's going to be horrible, Giles. You're going to suffer like no man has ever suffered. Your head is going to be buried in my big, hairy arse. You're not going to be able to breathe...'

Giles twisted against the arms that held him down. And screamed. A pathetic cry of terror that echoed round and round the dungeon walls.

‘Use your bottom on him,’ said Danny. ‘But make it slow. I want to see him struggle...’

Giles’s head swivelled round one last time. ‘Please, Jessica. Don’t let her. Please, Jessica, I’m begging you...’

She smiled. ‘I know you are, Giles. That’s what makes it so exquisite...’

A blur of flesh warmed his cheeks as Lucy’s thighs tightened around his head. A raft of smells washed over him: of sweat and pee; of arse and cunt. He glanced up one last time and saw the brown knot of her anus, the fat slit of her sex, the dripping jungle of her pubes...

And then the darkness came, and with it the beginnings of a long, terrifying struggle. One that Giles knew, however much he fought her, he could never win.

Beyond his sight, Jessica smiled. This would, she hoped, show Giles that there were some things you just didn’t do. Some lines you didn’t cross. Danny had paid her to see another man struggle, just as he had struggled under her own bare bottom. But unlike Giles he did not want to see a man die. Ironic, because he had paid twice as much as Giles for the privilege. But then he was having twice as much fun. Or maybe he wasn’t. He’d been smothered, and now he was watching another man undergo the same exquisite torture, just as Giles had first watched him and was now suffering under Lucy.

The young girl had been given her instructions. She was to take Giles just so far, and then contrive to shift a little too far forward, allowing him air. Giles would be too frightened to realise her action was deliberate. And so the battle would

continue, and every inch of the way poor Giles would think his final few seconds had come.

She watched Danny take hold of his cock and play with himself gently, as Giles had done before him.

Men were so silly, and they wanted such silly things. Still, they paid well, and she rather imagined that once this little game had run its course and Giles gave the matter a great deal of thought, he might want to play it again.

And hopefully again. And again. And again...

In her world, she reminded herself happily, anything was possible...

HOSTAGE SMOTHER

Prologue

They had been taken separately, and with quiet efficiency. First the daughter, then the mother. Both had been snatched from the safety of their home, Laura at a little after mid-day, as she relaxed in the garden, with a glass of wine and a magazine. She might have fought with her attacker, but a loaded pistol to the neck persuaded her otherwise. Hooded and gagged, she had been thrown into the boot of a car and driven for two hours. Having reached an unknown destination, and still hooded and gagged, she had been left in a large room – though, of course, she had no idea of its size – for a further five hours, taking her into the early evening. At a little after 7 that same night, the door to her cell had opened and a second occupant had been led in. Only when her hood was removed, did she realise, to her surprise, that the new arrival was her mother, Jackie, snatched shortly after she had arrived home from her job at the bank.

Their kidnapper was a tall man, who informed them that his name was Alan. That apart, they had no clue to his identity, for he wore a black balaclava and spoke in a distorted whisper. What he did tell them was that if they gave him no trouble and did not try to escape, he would not harm them and they would be freed within 72 hours. After they had agreed to his terms, he untied Laura, and explained that there was food and drink in an adjoining room, as well as bathroom facilities, which they were welcome to use. Having satisfied himself that – freedom apart – they had no other needs, he left Laura to untie her mother, exited the room and barred the door behind him.

A brief survey of the three rooms that comprised their cell revealed it to be windowless and secure. Any hopes they might have entertained of escape were quickly dashed.

‘I don’t understand,’ said Laura. ‘What does he want with us? We don’t have much money, and there’s no one who would pay a ransom.’

Jackie was equally bemused. Her husband had left her many years previously, and no one in the family had access to serious funds.

‘He must be going to contact the bank,’ she decided. ‘It’s the only explanation.’

And that was that. Their kidnapper, true to his word, had left a plentiful supply of food and drink in the kitchen, and even a television set to while away the hours. In addition, there were two single beds, made up with fresh laundry and extra blankets. Though their experience of kidnapping had until now been completely academic, it was, they decided, so far at least, a rather strange one.

It was to get even stranger the following morning...

Before they went to sleep that night, Laura and her mother discussed the possibility of overpowering the man when he returned. They dismissed such a plan for a number of reasons. For one, they had no idea when he would return. Then again, they knew he was armed; on top of which, they had no idea if he would return alone or with others. So far, they had been treated well. It seemed foolish to antagonise him if this could be avoided.

It was a decision they would come to regret.

When Alan did return – at a little after 11 the following morning – his manner

had changed. When Jackie summoned up the courage to ask how long he intended keeping them prisoner, he told her to shut up, waved the gun at her threateningly, and paced up and down for several minutes. Finally, he said, 'I have a new plan.' Before either of the women had a chance to respond, he raised his revolver and pointed it at Laura.

'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but I only need one of you now.'

'No!' screamed Jackie, and flung herself in front of her daughter. She closed her eyes, waiting for the bang of the gun, and whatever might follow. But there was nothing. When she looked at him, the gun was still levelled at her, but Alan's finger, she noticed, was no longer on the trigger.

'Get out of the way,' he told her.

'No,' said Jackie calmly. 'Please. You don't have to do this. There must be another way.'

'I'm going to kill her,' he said. 'I'll shoot you in the leg, if I have to. Then you won't be able to stop me.'

Jackie knew he was right, and that, if he chose, there was nothing she could do to stop him carrying out his threat. She had never felt so helpless in her life. There was only one thing left to her, only one card she could play, and she knew it. She was still in her early forties, an attractive, athletic woman. What the hell...

‘You can have me,’ she told him calmly. Her hand edging slowly across her blouse, searching for the buttons.

‘What?’ he muttered, and it seemed clear that she had caught him by surprise.

‘Mum, no,’ she heard Laura murmur behind her, but it was too late. Seizing the flimsy cotton in both hands, Jackie tore her blouse open, then tugged down her bra, exposing her plump, gourd-like breasts. Her nipples stood proud, like two big brown cherries.

‘I’m a woman,’ she reminded him unnecessarily. ‘And if you spare my daughter, I’ll give you the fuck of your life!’

She watched him retreat a little, and saw his fingers shake around the gun. Driving home her advantage, she dropped one hand to her skirt, and hoisted up the hem to reveal the vee of her thong.

‘I’ll do anything you like,’ she told him. ‘Anything at all. Anything you’ve ever wanted. We can be so fucking dirty, you won’t believe it...’

‘Mum!’ cried Laura. ‘You can’t do this! Please! I don’t want you to!’

‘Keep out of this, darling!’ said Jackie firmly, yanking her thong to one side, exposing the long, hairless bulge of her cunt. ‘I shave,’ she told him unnecessarily. ‘You can lick me all over. Put your tongue right inside me – ’

‘Shuttup!’ he yelled, recovering himself at last, and levelling the pistol again.

There was such anger in his voice that Jackie dropped her skirt at once, alarmed – and now ashamed, too – that she had gone so far.

Time seemed to stand still. Then, without another word, he backed up to the door, stumbled through and slammed it shut behind him.

Jackie dropped her face into her hands. ‘Oh, God,’ she murmured. ‘What have I done?’

Laura put a comforting arm around her mother’s shoulder. ‘It’s OK, mum,’ she whispered soothingly. ‘I understand. You don’t have to say anything. You did it for me. I know. Thank you...’

An hour passed, before the door reopened. Both women looked up as Alan came into the room. He did not venture far, raised the gun in Jackie’s direction, and said. ‘You. Come with me. Now.’

Laura placed a hand on her mother’s wrist. ‘Don’t do it, mum,’ she said. ‘Don’t go with him.’

Jackie pushed her daughter’s arm away, gently but firmly. ‘It’s all right, darling,’

she said. 'There's nothing to worry about. Everything will be fine.'

'Quickly!' said the man, waving the gun at Laura now, as if still unsure of himself. Jackie stood up, took a deep breath and crossed the room. The man stood to one side, ushering her through. Recovering herself, Laura leapt to her feet, but before she could take more than two strides towards the door, it had slammed shut, a bolt on the far side rammed loudly into place.

'So what happens now?' said Jackie anxiously. 'Shall I take my knickers off? Where do you want to do it?'

'That's not what's going to happen,' said the man. 'I don't want to fuck you. That's not why you're here.'

Jackie frowned. She was genuinely puzzled. 'I don't understand,' she said. 'If you don't want to fuck me, then what do you want?'

'I brought you both here for a reason,' said the other man. 'I brought you here to help me punish someone.'

'Punish someone?' Jackie's frown deepened, her confusion growing. 'How can we help you punish someone?'

He gestured towards another door, off to the left. 'Go through,' he said. 'You'll see. I'll explain everything soon.'

The room which Jackie now entered was small and warm, the walls bare, a single piece of furniture dominating a central space – a long, low bench to which a naked man has been strapped.

'Oh, my God!' she cried, taken by surprise. 'What the hell...?'

The man turned his face towards the sound of her voice. He might have answered her were it not for the fact that a length of tape had been stuck across his mouth. He raised his head a little but was only able to grunt mutely. Beads of sweat ran down his forehead, and there was genuine fear in his eyes.

Jackie felt the cold barrel of the gun nudge her shoulder and she froze on the spot, her heart racing.

'If you do as I ask,' said the man at her shoulder, 'then you and your daughter will go free. If you refuse, then you'll go free, but she doesn't....'

Jackie's stomach hollowed. Whatever he asked, she must do, she knew that for certain. But if he didn't want to have sex with her, what the hell did he want?

'I want you to sit on him,' said Alan, as if reading her mind. 'Sit on him and make him suffer.'

Jackie spun round. 'You want me to do what?' She could hardly believe her ears. What the hell did he mean by sitting on him? He must be joking, surely? All she had to do was sit on the man? It didn't make sense. What sort of lunatic was he?

Alan seemed to sense her confusion. She caught him smile behind his mask, saw the light shake of his head. 'You don't get it,' he said. 'I mean, sit on his face. Park that big bare arse of yours on his head and smother him hard.'

Jackie's hands flew to her mouth, and the colour drained from her cheeks. 'You can't be serious. I can't sit on the poor man's face. Oh, God help him, not that!'

'That's exactly what I mean,' he replied. 'This bastard crossed me and he's going to pay for it. I could have shot him, but that would have been too easy. Besides, I'm not a violent man. If I can avoid it... This way is better.' He paused, waved the gun at her skirt and said suddenly, 'Show him your pussy.'

Jackie shook her head. 'Oh, God, no, please!'

There was barely controlled anger in his voice now. 'Show it to him! You were happy to show it to me! You said I could lick it all over! You said I could put my tongue in it!'

'That was different,' Jackie protested.

'How was it different?' yelled the man.

‘I thought you wanted it,’ she replied, her arms up, her hand shaking. ‘I thought you wanted to do things to me. This man doesn’t want to do anything to me. He hasn’t hurt me.’

Alan’s face twitched angrily behind his mask. ‘If you don’t show him your cunt now, I’ll go back into that room and shoot your daughter. Don’t make me do it, because I will!’

There was something in his voice that told her he meant business. But even if he didn’t, Jackie knew she couldn’t take the chance. Turning back to the man on the table, she lifted up her skirt. ‘I’m sorry,’ she said, reaching for her thong, pulling it to one side, exposing the swollen maw of her cunt. She saw his eyes widen, watched a dribble of sweat run down his left cheek, heard the muted gasp of horror behind the tape that sealed his mouth.

‘Tell him,’ said the man at her shoulder. ‘Tell him what you’re showing him. I want to hear you say it. Say it!’

Jackie took a deep breath, her lips trembling as she spoke. Her mouth was suddenly very dry, and it was hard to squeeze out the words. ‘This is my pussy,’ she whispered. ‘My pussy... I’m sorry...’

Again the gun pushed against her shoulder. ‘Describe it to him,’ said the man behind her. ‘Tell him what it looks like, what it feels like. Say something dirty to him...’

Jackie swallowed hard. This was complete and utter madness. This couldn't be happening! She must have fallen asleep. This was a nightmare. Not real! It couldn't be real. It couldn't be...

'This is my big fat, shiny pussy,' she said. 'It's soft and hairless. I shave it, you see, because I like a man to put his tongue in me. Do you like my pussy? I hope you like her. I hope you think she's the most – most beautiful pussy you've ever seen. My pussy loves to fuck. She loves to be fucked. And to be licked. She loves... she loves ...' Jackie spun round, her hands over her face. 'I can't do it!' she cried. 'I can't say any more! Please don't make me say any more!'

'That's OK,' said the man. 'That was good. That was very good...'

Now his voice was shaking. Jackie was horrified. Listening to her torment the man on the bench, talking about her pussy like that had excited him. Any hope that he might relent, that his suggestion she might sit on the man's face was nothing more than filthy talk, vanished in an instant. But before she had a chance to think more clearly, he motioned her back towards the door. She walked blindly forward, despair gnawing at her tummy. He had offered her a way out, a way to save Laura and herself. But at what cost? The last thing she heard before the door closed behind her was a long, agonised moan from the man on the bench.

Jackie was sitting across the table from her kidnapper. He had given her full instructions, everything he wanted her to do to the man on the bench – whose name, it seemed, was Peter; everything he wanted her to say. This went beyond punishment, she knew. What he wanted her to do to the other man excited him immensely. She wondered if she could make use of that, catch him off guard, but

dismissed the prospect as unlikely. He was armed and never came close enough for her to tackle him. Besides, if she tried anything at all and it went wrong, heaven knows how he would react. If a chance presented itself, she would take it, she decided, but planning for a happy stroke of luck seemed pointless.

After he had satisfied himself that she knew what to do, her kidnapper allowed her to return to Laura. It was at Jackie's request. She knew her daughter would be suffering badly on her own, fearing the worst, imagining that her mother was undergoing all manner of degradation. Though she had no wish to explain what she must do to free them both, Jackie knew that doing nothing was worse still.

When Jackie stepped back into the cell, Laura rushed forward and embraced her mother warmly.

'It's all right,' said Jackie. 'Nothing's happened to me. I'm fine. Don't worry.'

Laura stepped back. 'Nothing happened?' she repeated. 'But I don't understand. That horrible man, I thought he was going to ... I thought he was going to do terrible things to you.'

Jackie shook her head. 'It's not him who's going to do something terrible,' she said. 'It's me...'

'What do you mean?' asked Laura, confused.

'Sit down,' said Jackie. 'Let me explain. It's important you know what's going

on out there, so you know I'm OK. That nothing bad is happening. Not to me, at any rate.'

Laura did as Jackie asked, perching on a chair opposite her mother.

Jackie took a deep breath, and plunged straight in. 'There's another man out there, his name is Peter. He's not an accomplice, he's someone who crossed Alan. Alan was going to kill him at first. But then he had a better idea. Better from his point of view, at least.'

'Surely anything is better than killing someone,' said Laura.

Jackie shrugged. 'Yes, I suppose it is. Then again...' She ran a hand through her long, auburn hair. 'Alan is a fetishist. There's something he likes to do, something he likes to see being done. Done to other men...'

Laura's face clouded over; a look of alarm creased her features. She looked as if she might speak, but she bit her lip instead and waited for her mother to continue.

'Alan likes to have women ... he likes ...' Jackie was struggling to get it all out. With a desperate effort, she continued, 'He likes to have women take off their panties and sit on his face...'

'Oh, my God,' whispered Laura. 'He wants you to queen him!'

Jackie frowned. 'Is that what they call it? I didn't know. I didn't realise people did this sort of thing. I suppose I should have, but I didn't.'

'You can't do it, mum!' cried Jackie. 'It's not right! Please!'

'I don't have any choice, Laura. If I don't do what he says, he may kill you!'

'Then let me do it. Let me take off my pants and sit on his face. I'm stronger than you. If I can get him between my legs, I may be able to keep him there. What if he can't shift me? I might be able to smother him out!'

Jackie shook her head. 'It's not him I'm going to sit on,' she explained. 'If it were that easy, don't you think I'd have thought of it? Let's face it, you may be stronger, but my arse is twice the size of yours. If I could get on top of him, I wouldn't let the bastard up for air, however much he struggled.'

'I don't understand,' said Laura. 'I mean, you said he's into facesitting, so why isn't he...' and then her voice trailed off. She suddenly remembered what her mother had said. 'Oh, my God,' she whispered. 'He wants you to bum-smother that other man!'

Jackie nodded. 'Yes. He's got him tied up out there, naked, strapped to a bench. He's taped up his mouth so he can't scream for mercy. Or bite when I sit on him. All I have to do is cover his nose and he won't be able to breathe. He wants me to make him suffer. He wants me to pretend I'm ... I'm going to smother him to death...'

Again, the colour drained from Laura's face. 'But you're not, are you mum? You're not going to ... not do that, are you?'

Jackie looked back at her daughter forlornly. 'I don't know, Laura. I don't know how far he wants me to go. I mean – what if I'm sitting on that poor man's face and he tells me I'm not to get up? That if I do he'll shoot you? What do I do, then? I can't take that risk. I can't!'

Laura dropped her head into her hands. 'Oh, fuck!' she said. She was silent for a few moments, then looked up and said, 'Mum you have to tell him you can't do it. Say I'll do it instead. Tell him I'll sit on that man's face. Tell him I'll do whatever needs to be done!'

Jackie stood up. There was a steely resolve to her expression now. 'No, Laura,' she replied. 'That's not going to happen. This is something I have to do. Don't worry. Everything will turn out all right. I promise!'

Behind her, she heard the door slide back. Alan had promised her ten minutes. That time, she realised, was now up.

As he entered the cell, Laura wheeled around to face him. 'Let me do it!' she shouted. 'Let me sit on that man's face! I'll wriggle and everything! I'll even toss you off while you're watching! Just think about it, Alan! An 18-year-old woman wanking you dry!'

'Stop it, Laura!' cried her mother, grabbing her by the shoulders, dragging her back, forcing her down onto the chair. 'I told you! I'm doing this, not you!' And then, without giving Alan a chance to reconsider, she spun around and strode

past him into the corridor beyond. He hesitated only briefly before following, then slammed the door shut and slid the bolt back into place.

‘Your daughter is a determined young woman,’ remarked Alan as Jackie undressed.

‘Not as determined as her mother,’ she replied, removing her knickers, straightening her back and standing before him naked for the first time.

‘You have the better body, too,’ he said matter-of-factly. ‘Your daughter’s too skinny. You, on the other hand...’ He stretched out an arm.

‘Do you have to?’ she asked him, flinching.

‘Yes, I do,’ he replied. ‘You have a beautiful body. I want to touch it...’

She closed her eyes as he roamed across her bare flesh, cupping her large breasts in his hands, stroking her spine, running his fingers over her thighs, then up towards the swollen vee of her vagina.

Dropping to his knees, he crouched in front of her and said, ‘I’m going to put my arms around your waist. If you try anything at all, I’ll shoot you in the back. Do you understand?’

Jackie nodded. She hadn't come this far to do anything stupid now. Instead, opening her eyes again, she looked down at him and asked quietly, 'What are you going to do?'

Looking up, he said, 'I want you to stare straight ahead. I'm going to lift up my mask and then I'm going to press my face into your pussy. Into your big, juicy slit. And then I'm going to worship you, because that's what a pussy is for. To be worshipped. Do you understand?'

Jackie swallowed hard. She wasn't sure that she did. But that it was important to Alan was all that mattered. She raised her head, and stared straight ahead, focusing her attention on a small spot on the wall opposite. Then she parted her legs a little, and waited for the moment he would press his nose and mouth into her open cunt.

She shuddered at his first touch. It was surreal: to be exposed like this, to have a dangerous man kneel between her legs, and pay homage to her vagina. For a moment, she had to fight back the urge to reach down, grab the back of his head and hold him there. And then she felt his tongue, its damp surface running up and down the length of her slit. She buckled slightly at the knees, and let out a small whimper, then recovered herself, cursing inwardly at her weakness.

He lapped at her cunt for several minutes, pausing from time to time to sniff her swollen lips, and to nibble gently on her clitoris. Then all at once, he pulled back, stood up quickly and stepped behind her. Jackie froze, uncertain as to whether or not she should speak or move at all. She was aware that, having stepped behind her, Alan had again dropped to his knees. This time there was no need to admonish her, for there was nothing she could have done to take advantage of his submission.

She let out a sharp breath when his hands closed around her buttocks. He must, she realised, have placed the gun on the floor, but it didn't help her much. If she tried anything he would certainly be able to reach it before she could.

'I want you to relax and lean forward,' he told her. 'I'm going to cup your buttocks in my hands and ease them apart. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' she replied, bending a little at the waist, the action itself opening up her bottom.

'Oh, my God...' he murmured. 'I can see your lovely little arsehole...' From the warmth of his breath in her crack, Jackie knew he had leaned forward, and was studying her closely.

'There are tiny hairs around the edge,' he muttered. 'And hair in your crack. Oh, God, Peter's going to hate it when you sit on his face. He's going to be so fucking frightened. But he shouldn't be, because there's nothing in the world as lovely as a woman's crack and arsehole...'

The words were out of Jackie's mouth before she thought them through. 'Do you want me to sit on your face, Alan? Shall I rub my hairy little bum-hole on you? Would you like that?'

He ignored her for a moment, and instead pressed forward, pushing his nose into her rim, sniffing her flesh. After a few seconds, he withdrew, and returned at a different angle, this time lapping with his tongue at the edges of her anus.

‘I wish you would sit on me,’ he whispered. ‘I wish it wasn’t Peter you were sitting on. I wish it was me tied to that bench. I wish you were sitting bare-arsed on my face. I wish you were trying to smother me! Oh, God ... I wish you were queening me as hard as you could!’

‘I will!’ cried Jackie. ‘I’ll queen you all the way, Alan – I promise! I’ll sit on your face and I’ll smother you to death with my bottom!’

Why she said that, she had no idea. She had meant to excite him, to see if, as Laura had suggested, she could tempt him down between her arse cheeks. If she could part him from his gun and wrap her buttocks around his face, she might be able to subdue him after all, smother him unconscious, however hard he fought her. But then her anger had boiled over, and she had told him what she really wanted to do: to trap him inside her arse and finish him off.

In that moment, he pulled back, jumped to his feet and swung her around. Though his face was again covered, she could see the anger blazing through.

‘You would, too, wouldn’t you?’ he barked at her. ‘If I let you get on top of me, you’d fucking kill me! Maybe I should let you try, you and your daughter. I bet the two of you could hold me down. Mother and daughter – smothering a man to death! You’d like that, wouldn’t you?’

‘I didn’t mean it!’ said Jackie. ‘I got carried away. I’m sorry!’

She half-expected him to hit her just then and steeled herself for the blow. But it

never came. Instead, he seemed to recover, his chest rising and falling less dramatically as his anger began to subside. One thing was apparent, though, and that was the bulge in his trousers. Angry or not, it was clear that the thought of her sitting bare-arsed on his face had seriously aroused him.

‘Don’t mess me around,’ he warned her. ‘I give you my word, if you do as I ask then you and your daughter will go free, unharmed. But if you try to pull a fast one, to get away, I won’t be responsible. You will. Do you understand?’

Jackie nodded. She understood only too well. Alan was presenting her with an easy way out of this whole mess, and she would be a fool to refuse it.

He gestured at the long white robe that lay across the back of the chair. ‘Put it on,’ he told her. While she was doing so, he bent down to retrieve her discarded white knickers. She watched him press them to his nose and sniff long and hard. The way he crumpled them gently in his fist left her in no doubt as to the pleasure her smell had given him.

‘Put them back on,’ he said, stretching out his arm. ‘I want him to know what you smell like.’

At first, Jackie wanted to refuse – because it seemed to add a further layer of degradation to what she must do. Then it occurred to her that at least it offered her some form of modesty, however flimsy. She retrieved her pants and slid them up to her waist, quickly, before he could change his mind.

‘OK,’ he said, barely able to control the excitement in his voice. ‘You know what you have to do. What we agreed?’

She nodded. 'Yes. I know what I have to do. I won't let you down.'

Alan smiled behind the balaclava. 'You know he doesn't want this, don't you? You know he's going to struggle. That if he could speak he'd beg you not to smother him?'

Again Jackie bobbed her head. 'I know,' she answered in a quiet voice.

Alan gestured towards the door to the other room. 'Then let's get started. Let's make the bastard regret the day he ever crossed me. Make him suffer, Jackie. Make him suffer for me...'

'I will,' she replied, not because she wanted to do this, but because she knew it was what he wanted to hear. And if saying what he wanted to hear got her and Laura out of here quickly, then she would say it. She'd say anything. And do anything as well...

Taking a deep breath, she turned and walked towards the door, opened it and stepped through into the other room. It was time. God help her, and God help poor Peter on the other side. Nothing could save either of them now...

She saw his head turn, and the look of abject terror in his eyes as she approached the bench. He raised himself a fraction and grunted into the tape around his mouth. Again and again he begged her not to do what he knew she was going to

do. Alan had told him what would happen, in great glorious detail. He had said as much to Jackie, and taken huge pleasure, it seemed, in relating Peter's horrified reaction.

Now he came forward again, and addressed Peter formally for the last time. 'This is Jackie,' said with a note of triumph in his voice. 'She's going to sit on your face. I've seen her arse, Peter. I've seen her tiny little bum-hole, and the hairs in her crack. I've seen her big, fat, bloated cunt...'

Peter's response was instant: a prolonged and fearful grunt of terror, muffled by the sheets of tape around his mouth. Alan smiled, turned to Jackie and said, 'Tell him what you're going to do. Tell him, so he can hear it from you.'

Jackie advanced quickly and stood just to the side of the terrified young man. She guessed he was in his late twenties and, for one brief moment, she thought that Laura should be sitting on him, not her. She must have been at least ten years his senior.

'Hello, Peter,' she said, her voice trembling. 'My name is Jackie...' She reached out and touched him lightly on the shoulder. Alan had said that she could tell the young man how much she didn't want to do this, that it wasn't her idea and that she'd be as kind to him as possible. That wasn't how it would go, of course, because Alan wanted Peter to suffer. But he wanted him to hope, too, because that would increase his agony even more.

'My daughter and I are being held prisoner,' she explained, exactly as Alan had instructed her. 'Alan has threatened to kill my daughter unless I do as he asks and sit on your face. So I have to do this, you see. I'm really sorry, but I don't have any choice.'

Though Jackie had hoped her words might calm the young man, they seemed to alarm him all the more. He began to shake his head from side to side, screaming into the tape, arching his back, and clawing at the air with his hands.

She knew now that she mustn't delay. To keep him on the edge like this, threatening to sit on him but holding back just added to his torment, which was not what she wanted. The time had come to do what she must do, for Laura's sake...

Taking hold of the belt around her robe, she dragged it loose, reached for the lapels and pulled them apart, exposing her big brown breasts and the vee of her panties, her damp mound bulging through the thin, transparent cotton.

Letting her robe slip to the floor, Jackie raised one leg and straddled the young man's body, sitting down on his chest. She took a deep breath to steady herself, then moved forward a few inches, sliding towards his head. He raised himself and screamed at her, tears of fear and fury breaking from his wide, staring eyes.

Jackie reached forward with her hands, clasped them either side of his head and pushed him back, at the same time raising herself from his chest and repositioning herself over his face.

'Try to keep calm,' she said soothingly. 'Try not to be frightened, Peter. It's only a pussy, and I've got my knickers on. It won't be so bad, I promise...'

The man beneath her arched his back and she felt his body tense, hard and

fearful.

‘I’m sorry, Peter!’ she cried. ‘I’m so sorry!’ And with that, she brought herself down full weight onto his face, covering him completely, driving her bulge hard against his nose and mouth.

‘That’s it!’ shouted Alan from the chair to which he had retreated. ‘Hold him hard. Don’t get up! Don’t get up until I tell you!’

‘I’m suffocating him!’ she cried. ‘I’m suffocating the poor bastard!’

Alan shook his head. ‘It’s only been a few seconds. He can take longer than that!’ He looked at his watch. ‘Give him 30 seconds to begin with! I’ll tell you when to get up!’

‘No, please!’ yelled Jackie. ‘I can feel him struggling! He doesn’t want me to sit on him! He doesn’t want it!’

‘I don’t care what he wants!’ shouted Alan. ‘Don’t get up until I tell you, or it’ll be the worse for Laura.’

And so Jackie sat there, holding a terrified man to her cunt, gazing into his eyes, silently pleading with him to forgive her. When at last Alan gave her permission to rise, she did so gratefully, drawing back to settle on Peter’s chest. The poor man arched his back, snorting in air through his nose. Alan gave him half a minute to recover before ordering Jackie back on to his face. Over the next ten

minutes, the process was repeated, on, off, on, off until Jackie lost count of the number of times she had ridden her victim's nose and mouth. Though on each occasion Alan allowed Peter 30 seconds to fill his lungs, the length of time Jackie spent sitting on the young man's head was gradually extended – from half a minute, through to 45 seconds, a minute, a minute and a half and, finally, two minutes.

When at last Alan ordered her to climb off Peter's chest and stand to one side, she hoped with all her heart that the ordeal was finally over. She was stiff, and glad of the chance to stretch her legs, as Alan crossed to the bench and examined Peter's red, blotchy face.

'So what's it like?' Alan asked him. 'Being pussy-smothered by a woman? Did you think you were going to die? Were you worried she might take you all the way? Because she could, you know. She could sit on your face and smother you with her cunt.'

Jackie tried to shut out what Alan was saying, to drive the memory of what she had done to Peter from her mind. But the heat from her pussy was a vivid reminder of what had just happened.

She barely had time to recover when she was dragged back to reality with a horrible wrench.

'Take your knickers off,' Alan told her.

She stared at him with undisguised horror.

‘Take my knickers off? Why?’ she asked stupidly.

He came over, took her by the arm and led her a few feet away. ‘Because this isn’t over yet. You know it isn’t. I told you what I wanted you to do, and you’re going to do it.’ He looked her straight in the eyes. ‘If you know what’s good for you...’

She wanted to tell him he was a bastard, and that if she could have sat on anyone’s face just then it would have been his. Only in his case she would never get up. She would remain sitting on his face until he had stopped breathing. She would have taken great pleasure in smothering him with her arse, but she knew she couldn’t tell him that, however much she would have liked to. Damn the bastard. Damn him to hell and back!

Jackie took a deep breath and walked back to the bench. There was, she now realised, only one way to get through this, only one way to cope with the full misery of what she must do to Peter. She must forget that he, like she, was a helpless victim. She must push from her mind how frightened he was, and how disgusted he felt with how she had already used him and was about to use him again.

Now, when she looked at Peter’s face, she saw Alan’s face instead. It was Alan she was going to sit on and smother, not Peter. That was what she told herself. That was what she knew she must believe if she was to get through the coming ordeal. The man she was to sit upon no longer mattered. All that mattered was that she did what she had to do, so she and Laura could get out of here in one piece.

Reaching down, she pulled at the crotch of her knickers, exposing her slit. 'See this,' she told Peter, ignoring the dreadful grunt of protest that rose from behind the tape. 'This is my fucking cunt, you bastard. My big, fucking pussy. You're going to get it all this time, no mercy!'

And then, without thought, blanking everything from her mind, she yanked her knickers down and threw them aside, baring herself completely, throwing one leg across Peter's chest, settling herself on top of him for an instant, before rising again and shuffling into position over his face. This time, reaching down, she peeled her pussy lips apart, opening herself up so that she could take him right inside her when she sat on him.

She heard his muted scream, and felt him shake fiercely between her legs as she covered him with her cunt, bearing down with all her weight, locking her thighs around his neck, watching with almost malevolent glee the terror in his eyes.

'I'm going to smother you, you bastard!' she told him. 'This time I'm not getting up! This time I'm going to finish you off, do you hear me? I'm going to kill you with my pussy!'

Peter lurched between her legs, twisting and turning, screaming into the chasm of her cunt. In spite of herself, Jackie felt a dark, primeval glow within. She, a woman, was sitting on a man's head and slowly suffocating him. Nothing could stop her now, nothing at all, not unless she chose to show him mercy. My God, she had never before realised what power she possessed down there. Her pussy had become a monster, out of control, locked around a man's face, smothering him to death...

It was the hands on her shoulders, wrenching her clear of Peter's head that brought her back to reality. That, and a fierce slap across the face, which made

her scream and curse out loud.

‘You stupid bitch!’ cried Alan, dragging her off the prone man’s body. ‘What the hell were you trying to do? You might have killed him!’

Jackie tried to empty her mind, to focus on the here and now. ‘I thought that’s what you wanted me to do,’ she replied. ‘Smother him to death between my legs. I know it’s what you’d like to see. What you’d like a woman to do to you...’

It was only then that she realised the shocking truth of what she had just said. Alan’s cock was jutting up, tall and erect. He had unzipped himself and must have been playing with his penis throughout. A drop of pre-cum oozed from the eye of his urethra.

‘Oh, my God,’ she whispered. ‘You were wanking yourself while I was sitting on him. You were getting off on watching me smother the poor bastard...’

Behind his mask, Alan snorted with contempt. ‘Of course I was. What did you expect? Sitting on him like that, holding him to your cunt, I almost fucking came, you bitch! I almost fucking creamed myself!’

Jackie felt sick to her stomach. She took another deep breath to steady herself, to blot out everything that was happening to her, steeling herself to press on. In a moment or two she would have to turn round, go back to Peter and sit on him again. And while she rode the poor man’s face, aware of his terror, and his disgust, Alan would be sitting nearby, playing with his penis, preparing to spill himself across his pants. That was the reality of her situation, whether she liked it or not.

‘This time take him with your bum,’ said Alan. ‘Sit over his face, reach back, open up your arse and show him your hole. Tell him that this time you’re going to finish him off. Not right away, but after he’s suffered. After you’ve made him pay. Tell him you’re going to smother him to death with your bare arse...’

Jackie felt her knees go weak, and her legs tremble. ‘No, Alan, please. Don’t make me do it. Fuck me instead. You’ve got a big, hard cock. You don’t want to wank yourself off, why not let me sit on it? I’ll ride you hard, Alan. It’ll be the best fuck you’ve ever had...’

Her words affected him more acutely than she could have imagined. He let out a sharp, guttural cry, doubled up and staggered back a few feet, one hand still waving the gun, the other tight around his cock. She realised how much he was struggling not to come, not to weaken, not to take her up on her offer.

‘Alan,’ she whispered, stepping forward, one arm outstretched, her fingers splayed. ‘Let me finish you off...’

He looked up and, even behind the mask, she could see the battle being waged in his mind. His desperate urge to come, fighting with the belief that holding back would bring a greater pleasure yet. The curse of all men in the moments before orgasm...

‘No!’ he cried. ‘Not yet! Not yet!’ And then, with almost superhuman effort, he pulled back from the edge, breathing deeply. Straightening his back, he stood upright, baring his teeth behind the mask.

There was a silence between them that lasted for several seconds. The silence of victory and defeat. Jackie knew her final chance to avoid what she must do had gone. That she must indeed now return to where Peter lay sobbing on his back, blubbing his terror into the tape around his mouth. She must sit on his face, her arsehole over his nose, and smother him with her bare backside for as long as Alan told her to. This was her reality; the reality she must now embrace.

Peter fell back into the chair, and began to tug at his cock again, willing it back to full erection, preparing himself, too, for his moment of truth...

Jackie stood over Peter, and looked down into his red, tear-filled eyes. 'I'm really sorry,' she whispered. 'This time I have to smother you properly. This time I have to do it with my bare arse...'

Peter arched his back and screamed again, the muscles in his arms hard and well-defined. Jackie looked away, swung herself over his chest and raised her huge backside into position above his head. Reaching back, she peeled her cheeks apart, exposing her deep divide, the hairy channel of her crack, and the chocolate-brown knot of her anus.

'Can you see my bum-hole, Peter?' she asked him. 'My big, brown bum-hole...'

Beneath her, the poor man sobbed like a child, twisting frantically as she lowered herself on to his face. 'There's no escape,' she whispered. 'No escape from my bum-hole, Peter. No escape from my big fat buttocks. This time,' she added in a harsh whisper, as Peter had told her she must tell him, 'I'm going to smother you to death with my bare arse...'

And then she was on him, taking him into her crack, moulding her flesh around his head, sitting back with all her weight. Though he had struggled before, this time his every movement seemed to be charged with fear; a fear that made him shift furiously again and again, desperate to escape from between her cheeks. But there could be no escape, for sitting upright as she now was her entire weight was centred on his nose and mouth.

His cock, too, like Alan's before him, had grown fat and erect, blood filling the shaft, his balls bulging with seed. She wanted to lift herself from his face, aware that by now he must be painfully close to passing out. But until Alan gave her the word, she could do nothing. Behind her, she heard the bastard grunt, as he tugged himself into a state of furious arousal, hurrying towards release.

And then, to her own horror, Jackie felt the first, distinct murmurings of pleasure in her cunt, a tingle at her clit and a warmth in her belly.

'Oh, my God...' he hissed, as the feeling grew, bubbling up between her legs. 'No, please, please, no...' she breathed, trying desperately to control the tide of pleasure coursing through her sex. It wasn't right, she could not – must not! – come on Peter's face!

Blindly, she reached out, fumbling for Peter's cock. This was something Alan hadn't asked her to do, but she didn't care. Why she was doing it, she had no idea. Was it to give Peter pleasure in his final moments or because she was so close to coming herself that she desperately wanted to hold onto the nearest cock and squeeze its jism free?

She heard Alan scream behind her, felt her own release explode between her legs and tugged simultaneously at Peter's prick, sending wads of white hot semen scudding into the air. The three of them were coming together, their pleasure

triggered by the same appalling act: a naked woman riding a man's face for all she was worth, smothering him with her bare female flesh...

She collapsed onto Peter's stomach, the last of his seed splattering her face. She didn't care. She was exhausted, as drained by her own release as he – and Alan behind him, she had no doubt – was drained of his come.

It was some time before she found the strength to slide from Peter's chest. The poor man was still alive – thank God! She had, for one terrifying moment, feared she really had finished him off. Another few seconds and ... she dismissed the thought from her mind. It was too awful to contemplate. He was alive, that was all that mattered. His breathing was loud and laboured, the semen running down the sides of his belly.

Alan was standing up, wiping the spunk from his crotch, mopping himself dry with a handful of tissues. Jackie looked over at him, and struggled to hide the contempt in her eyes. He smiled from behind his mask; not a threatening smile any longer, but a smile of contentment ...

When he had finished, he handed over a box of fresh tissues and asked her to wipe Peter dry. When she had done so, and disposed of everything in a bin, Alan said. 'Whatever you may think of me, I'm a man of my word. You and Laura are free to go. I'll take you home shortly.'

Jackie could hardly believe it. Even now, at the last, she feared this was all a trick, and that, having satisfied himself once, Alan would backtrack on his promise and put his prisoners through yet further degradation.

She glanced in Peter's direction. Alan shook his head. 'It's OK. I'll let him go, too. I don't think either of you will be talking about this, will you?'

This time, Jackie shook her head. Good God, if any of this ever came out – it didn't bear thinking about...

Half an hour after Jackie and Laura had been reunited, they were gagged, hooded, bundled into the back of a van, and driven the two hours home. It was early evening when they arrived. Alan carried them one by one into their house. He untied Jackie first and warned her that if she called the police or did anything to try and find out who he was, that he would come back for Laura, and this time he would kill her.

Jackie gave her word that she would do nothing stupid, and she meant it. There was nothing she could do. She had no wish to see Alan again, nor to have this whole thing dragged through the papers and the courts if he were ever found.

After Alan had driven away, and she had untied Laura, the two women vowed never to mention the matter again. Jackie rationalised the experience as best she could, realising that, for all they had been through in the past two days, no harm had come to either of them. True, she had taken off her knickers and sat bare-arsed on a man's face, but if anyone had suffered through Alan's actions it was Peter, God help him; poor Peter who had been stripped, gagged, tied to a bench and viciously queened by a naked woman.

She wondered where he was, who he was, and hoped that he, like she, could

come to terms with what had happened. To her embarrassment, in the weeks and months that followed, when she recalled the moments before she had come, when she first realised how excited she had grown, Jackie found herself becoming aroused all over again. She could not deny the pleasure she had felt, sitting bare-bottomed on a man's face, smothering him without mercy, knowing the power she held over him.

Whoever he was, wherever he was, she hoped he could forgive her...

Though she would never know it, Peter had forgiven her. Not that there was anything to forgive. When Alan had returned to his house in the suburbs, the first thing he did was enter the room where he had last seen his friend. The other man looked up, a glass of whisky in his hand, and a huge grin on his face.

Alan smiled. 'Didn't I tell you it would be good?' he remarked, pouring himself a glass from the half-empty bottle.

'Good?' echoed his friend. 'It was fucking brilliant! I really thought she was going to finish me off. What an arse that woman had on her. I tell you, mate, I could have died a happy man down there.'

Alan shrugged. 'You lucky sod. I knew you were in for something special when I sniffed around her cunt and bum. God, she was lovely. You drew the winning ticket, all right.'

Peter grinned, and raised his glass. 'This is the best idea we've ever had. Getting women to sit on us like that. Here's to the next time,' he added cheerfully. 'See if we can't get you a big-arsed girl to give you the time of your life. Mind you, that blonde nurse last month wasn't bad...' And he drifted off into the silence of happy reverie, recalling previous smotherings the two friends had enjoyed.

It wasn't a bad scam, he reflected, when all was said and done. In the end, no one was really hurt, and if anyone suffered it was the men. The women got off lightly, he reckoned. And so far none of them had failed to come. Most of them seemed to like it, from what they could tell. That was why they'd chosen Jackie and her daughter, of course. It took months sometimes to find the right couple.

'To the future!' said Peter, raising his glass.

'To the future!' echoed Alan as the tumblers met. 'And to a woman's arse – the most beautiful of Nature's creations!'

'To the arse!' grinned Peter, and reached again for the bottle...

SMOTHER ROOM

(A fantasy)

One man's fantasy is another man's fact. And what is true of men is true of worlds. In an infinite universe, everything that can ever happen has happened and will continue to happen. If not there, then somewhere else. And if not somewhere else, then somewhere else again. In our world, just a few hours ago, one man shut his eyes and dreamed. What he dreamt was unreal, but only in that here, in our world, it would never happen. Though the fantasy pleased him, and gave him much physical pleasure, it saddened him to think that he could not fashion this world to his own design. It might have saddened him even more to know that at that precise moment, on a planet far away, in a galaxy of whose existence he would never be aware, the very events that had caused him to arch his back, thrust his hips and sent a stream of white, hot cum across the pillow beneath his groin were taking place, not in fantasy but in life. That another man – a man just like him – was living his dream. Better, perhaps, that he did not know, for the thought might have been too much for him to bear...

Hospitals are places of recovery and care. The nurses are young, hardworking and highly trained. They are chosen for their strength, beauty and firm, voluptuous flesh. Men are frequently ill, being the weaker sex, and often confined to bed. Their strong sexual drive renders them vulnerable to periods of madness, during which time they need to be subdued, and vigorously milked to render them 'tame' – a technical phrase indicating that their violence has been brought under control.

Donald Smith was one such man, admitted three weeks ago, suffering from acute mental paranoia brought on by an increase in his testosterone levels, the latter a direct result of a doctor's prescription for depression, with the matter now in the hands of his lawyers.

As for Donald, his medical team had rarely seen such a severe case of repressed

sexual tension. The patient had undergone 48 hours of round-the-clock masturbation at the hands – quite literally – of a highly trained team of young female nurses. Having been milked almost non-stop for two days, his fever had been brought under control, and a daily regime of cold baths, laxatives and sleeping draughts had stabilised his condition.

At the end of the second week, he had been deemed well enough to be transferred to a general ward, and there he had remained until yesterday. At three o'clock in the afternoon, he had shown signs of physical agitation and, as a precaution, he had been stripped naked, a dozen restraining belts sent for and he himself heavily sedated and strapped to his bed.

When Matron took his pulse an hour later, she expressed her concern quite openly. 'I'm not happy with Mr Smith's heart rate,' she told his doctor, Susan Hale, a young and recently qualified intern.

Dr Hale had carried out the usual tests. She had lifted up the patient's penis, and cupped his sacs. 'They're heavier than I would have expected,' she remarked. 'When was he last masturbated?'

'Two nights ago,' replied Matron. 'He's shown no signs of arousal or instability since we moved him here, so his nurses were taken off milking duties.'

Dr Hale leaned over, and, still gripping Donald's cock in her hand, opened her mouth and fed his length inside. She hollowed her cheeks and sucked on him for half a minute. Releasing his member, she studied it for several seconds, peeling back the foreskin and sniffing at his glans.

‘No sign of pre-cum,’ she remarked, ‘but he is a little harder.’ Lifting up her skirt, she pulled down her knickers to reveal a thick, hairy bush. Handing her panties to the other woman, she hoisted herself onto the bed, threw one leg across Donald’s chest and shuffled back until she was directly over his face.

‘Would you open up my cheeks?’ she asked. ‘Let’s see how he reacts to a woman’s bum-hole.’

‘Of course,’ said Matron, reaching out and peeling apart the doctor’s large round buttocks. Her crack was long and deep, the lips of her anus shrouded in a matt of thick, wiry hair.

‘Ease me back’, said Dr Hale, ‘and position my hole directly against his nose.’

Matron did as she was asked, the procedure a familiar one in cases such as this. Once properly in place, Dr Hale reached between her own legs, found the patient’s mouth, and drew it open very gently. Then, with deliberate care, she lowered her pussy past his lips, until she was securely lodged inside him. Only then did she straighten her back and bring her full weight to bear over the man’s head.

For several seconds, nothing happened. Then, almost imperceptibly at first, but more obvious as the seconds passed, his penis began to stiffen and grow.

‘He’s coming round!’ cried Matron. ‘We’ll need some milking nurses!’

Dr Hale immediately rose, hoisting herself free, and jumping to the floor. Matron was already stabbing at her pager, summoning help. Dragging Dr Hale's tiny cotton pants from her pocket, she handed them back.

'Thank you,' said the doctor, pulling her knickers on quickly. 'Using my arse was a mistake. I didn't think he'd react so strongly to being trapped inside my crack. If he gets another sniff of my hole, heaven knows what he might do!'

Already, the transformation in Donald's condition was apparent. His arms and legs had begun to twitch, and his head jerked awkwardly from side to side. The sound of running feet broke the silence in the ward. Two young women hurried up and positioned themselves either side of the bed. Dr Hale immediately recognised the starched white uniform of trainee milking nurses.

'Where are Sisters Parker and Stevens?' asked Matron loudly.

'They've been called to Ward 7,' replied the shorter of the two girls, a chubby blonde with big blue eyes and a bright, lively face. Inexperienced she might be, but the prospect of action clearly excited her.

Frustrated, Matron shook her head. 'It can't be helped,' she muttered. 'All right, one of you stroke his balls, and one of you milk his shaft. You must take it in turns to bring him off as often and as quickly as you can. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Matron,' replied both girls, bobbing with enthusiasm. They immediately swung into action, giving their attention to the patient's private parts as instructed.

‘We may need more restraints,’ muttered Dr Hale, looking concerned.

‘Surely not?’ said Matron. ‘We have a dozen holding him down. That’s more than enough.’

The doctor frowned. ‘I’m not so sure. I’ve seen a man break free of 20 straps when aroused.’ She lowered her head briefly. ‘This is all my fault. I shouldn’t have used my bum on him like that. It was asking for trouble.’

Matron placed a consoling hand on the younger woman’s shoulder. ‘You had to test his limits,’ she reminded her. ‘You did the right thing, queening him with your bare arse. And don’t worry. Once my girls have jerked him off a few times, he’ll settle back to sleep like a baby.’

‘Thank you,’ said Dr Hale. ‘I’m sure you’re right. It’s just, well, this is my first proper job since qualifying, and I don’t want to mess up.’

‘You won’t,’ said Matron soothingly. ‘Why don’t you leave us now? It’ll take an hour at least to drain him completely. I’ll call you if there’s any change.’

‘That’s kind of you, but I’ll stay,’ said Dr Hale. ‘I’d like to see this one through.’

Matron was about to answer, when one of the girls piped up. ‘He’s not coming, Matron! We can’t get him stiff!’

‘What are you talking about?’ replied Matron tersely. ‘You must be wanking him too hard. Slow down, go at him gently.’

‘We are going gently,’ said the other girl, a tall, big-breasted brunette. ‘But he’s not responding at all!’

Dr Hale crossed to the foot of the bed, hoisted herself up and knelt on the mattress between the patient’s open legs. She thrust first one, then two fingers into her mouth, lubricating them with saliva. Then, very carefully, she leaned forward with her other hand and parted the man’s buttocks. ‘He needs more stimulation,’ she said in a quiet, assured voice. ‘A couple of fingers up his arse should do the trick.’

‘Good thinking!’ said Matron, crossing to the front of the bed, and opening up her blouse to free her big, voluptuous breasts. ‘And it never does any harm to give a man some teat,’ she added, bending over Donald’s face, parting his lips and feeding a fat, puffy nipple into his mouth.

Working as a team, the women fought to bring Donald to full erection, their fingers, palms and breasts uniting in a common cause. Painfully slowly, inch by inch, they coaxed his penis into life, until it stood tall and proud, a thick column of trembling man-meat.

All at once, Donald arched his back, and his fingers clawed at the bed. A moment later, his eyes flew open as consciousness returned. With a deep, animal-like roar, he screamed into Matron’s huge, suffocating breast.

But he didn't come...

'My God!' cried Dr Hale, her fingers lodged deep in his rectum. 'He's fighting us! I'm stroking his prostate. He has to come! He must!'

'No man has ever resisted my breast before!' muttered Matron, forcing her flesh deeper into Donald's mouth. 'I don't understand! What's going on?' She raised her head towards the two nurses, still furiously milking Donald's shaft. 'Bring him off, girls! Bring him off!'

'We can't!' yelled the one at his shaft. 'It doesn't matter what we do, he refuses to come!'

Before Matron had a chance to respond, a loud thwack, followed quickly by a second, rang in her ears. It took her a moment or two to realise what had happened, and, when she did, the colour drained from her face.

'Two straps have gone!' she cried. 'He's breaking free!'

Between his legs, Dr Hale drew away, extracting her fingers from his arse. 'Stop wanking him, girls!' she yelled at the nurses. 'He's almost out of control!'

Matron's head flew up. 'He's sucking on my tit!' she cried, and immediately pulled back, dragging her swollen flesh from Donald's mouth.

Bundling her breasts back into her blouse, Matron searched for her mobile. Hitting several keys, she yelled into the mouthpiece even before she was put through.

‘We need more straps!’ she cried. ‘More straps for Bed 13! We have a live one! Repeat, we have a live one!’

And as if things were not already bad enough...

‘The other patients!’ cried Dr Hale, aware, suddenly, of commotion behind her. ‘They’re waking up! They know what’s going on! They’re getting excited!’

There were twelve other beds in the ward, each of which was occupied by low-level patients, men whose condition was deemed to present no danger either to themselves or to the public. But it was essential they be spared any sight of sexual stimulation in others. Lightly sedated, they should have remained unconscious, but the fuss surrounding Donald had roused them from their slumber.

Matron was yelling into her mobile again. ‘We have an emergency code red. I repeat, emergency code red. I need as many milking nurses as possible on Felix Ward. I repeat, every available nurse to Felix Ward now! We have a dozen men who may need to be subdued!’

One man stumbled from his bed, his erect penis thrusting from the slit in his pyjamas. ‘I need a woman!’ he cried. ‘Oh, God, I need to fuck a woman’s cunt!’ To his left, two more men heaved themselves upright, holding their cocks and wanking furiously.

The women were too far from the door, their retreat cut off in any event by the ragged line of patients now gathering in a group and edging towards them. As the men drew closer, they threw off their pyjamas.

‘My God!’ muttered Dr Hale in a shrill whisper. ‘They’re going to rape us!’

‘We’ll have to wank them!’ said Matron. ‘Bring them off before they can do any harm.’

‘There are too many of them,’ said Dr Hale. ‘We might get one or two, but the others will take us in both our holes! Look at them – they’re crazy for sex!’

Matron licked her lips. ‘I have a mouth and two hands,’ she announced defiantly. ‘I’ll take three of them before I’m entered!’

Whether her boast would have been fulfilled, she was not, fortunately, to discover, for at that moment, the double doors to the ward flew open and a horde of nurses poured through – young, eager and as naked as the day they were born. Before the men had a chance to defend themselves, the girls were on them, flinging them to the floor, two or three to a man, pinning the patients down, grabbing their cocks and milking them furiously.

Though it was clear the situation had been contained, the problem of Donald’s resurgence had not gone away. Indeed, he had now broken several more straps, and was clawing at his remaining restraints with both hands.

‘We need more belts!’ cried Matron. ‘Where the hell are those fucking belts!’

As if in answer to her plea, a young woman ran up, clutching a handful of leather restraints.

‘About time!’ said Matron, grabbing one and ordering the others to do likewise. Quickly, and with difficulty, they managed to fasten four new belts in place, but it was clear they would not hold Donald for long.

‘What are we going to do?’ asked Dr Hale, as Donald arched his back and heaved himself towards the ceiling.

‘There’s only one thing we can do,’ replied Matron. ‘One one place we can go, and only one person who can deal with him now.’ She looked Dr Hale firmly in the eye. ‘We must take him to the Smother Room!’

Dr Hale looked unconvinced. ‘The Smother Room is reserved for the most serious emergencies,’ she reminded the other woman. ‘There are rules and regulations. He’ll need to be signed in. If anything goes wrong...’

‘We don’t have time!’ yelled Matron furiously. ‘I’ll sign him in! If anything goes wrong, I’ll take the blame! But we have to move quickly. If we don’t get him there fast, it may be too late for all of us!’

Seconds passed, but it seemed like hours. Finally, Dr Hale nodded. ‘Very well,’

she said. 'We'll take him to the Smother Room. But it's my fault he's awake. I'll authorise the procedure – and I'll carry it out.'

'It needs a fully trained nurse,' protested Matron. 'Only Nurse Carter has the experience!'

'There's no time to discuss it!' said Dr Hale. 'You said it yourself – we have to act quickly!'

There was no gainsaying the fact of the matter – time was of the essence and Matron knew it. 'At least let me call her,' she pleaded with Dr Hale. 'Just in case you don't subdue him!'

Doctor Hale bobbed her head reluctantly. 'Very well,' she agreed. 'But she's to be a last resort. Now, let's go!'

The Smother Room was located at the far end of the hospital, well away from the other wards. Sufficiently distant so that no man might hear the dreadful screams that sometimes emerged from the large, white-walled cubicle, when a patient was being 'tamed'.

They reached it via the lift in under three minutes, signed the patient in, shut the door behind them and prepared for their task. What happened here was outside normal practice; a different legal situation held sway. Things sometimes went

wrong, as with all medical procedures. When they did go wrong, the matter was investigated and a ruling made. When things went right, nothing was ever said. But it was, as Dr Hale had pointed out, a measure of last resort.

The room contained more straps, and a team of six or seven powerfully built nurses moved quickly into action to secure the patient yet again. Some sat on his chest to hold him down, and, though they were large women, chosen for the job, it was no easy task to subdue him.

When finally he had been secured, Dr Hale looked less than happy with what she must do next.

‘May I call Nurse Carter now?’ asked Matron. ‘Just in case?’

Dr Hale nodded, a weak, barely noticeable bob of her auburn head.

Matron pressed a switch on the wall and spoke clearly into the mouthpiece. ‘Nurse Carter to the Smother Room! I repeat, Nurse Carter to the Smother Room. Now! Please!’

When she turned back, it was to see Dr Hale, tugging off her doctor’s coat, before removing her bra and pants. A moment later, she stood there in the middle of the room, completely naked.

Weighed down by a dozen heavy straps, Donald Smith raised his head, caught sight of the voluptuous beauty about to approach him and knew in an instant

what was about to happen.

He opened his mouth and let out an ear-piercing scream. ‘Noooooo!’ he cried. Over and over again.

Addressing the other women, Dr Hale said, ‘Nurses – sit on him. Let’s get this over with as quickly as we can.’

Immediately, half a dozen bodies flung themselves at Donald’s legs and chest, pinning him down. Matron, for her part, came round to the back of his head, pressed her hands either side of his skull and held on tight.

‘This one’s a struggler, Miss Hale,’ she said. ‘Good luck!’

‘Thank you,’ said the doctor, swinging a leg across Donald’s chest, facing forward, her big, hairy pussy resting lightly on him for a moment. Then she rose, and shuffled forwards, until the raw trench of her slit was positioned directly over his face.

He screamed again and tried to turn his head away. Matron held on tight, and it was all she could do to keep him looking straight up. ‘I can’t hold on much longer!’ she hissed through clenched teeth. ‘You must sit on him now, Dr Hale! Now! You must smother him now!’

Another wail of animal-like distress escaped Donald’s lips, and then Dr Hale descended, locking her thighs around his head, jamming her pussy into his

mouth and over his nose. His eyes glared back at her and she felt him gag inside her cunt. His entire body went into spasm, and she felt him buck beneath her, in spite of the weight of so many women holding him down.

‘He’s struggling like a wild man!’ cried Dr Hale.

‘Any man would,’ responded Matron. ‘He knows you mean to smother him out!’

‘I’m not going to hurt you, Donald!’ cried the doctor. ‘I’m just going to send you to sleep. That’s all! There’s nothing to be frightened of!’

‘He doesn’t believe you! He knows it can go wrong! That’s why he’s fighting us!’ yelled Matron. She was forced to release Donald’s head, unable to maintain any useful grip now that Dr Hale had wrapped her legs around the patient’s neck. Instead, she stepped back and circled the bed, surveying the position, studying progress, searching for any weakness, anything that might allow Donald to escape.

She did not like what she saw. He was heaving furiously, and the women were hardly able to keep their place on top of him. Suddenly, with a wild roar, and a surge of bestial strength, he broke free of Dr Hale’s grip, gasping for air, regaining some strength. She shifted her position quickly, taking him back into her slit, but the damage had been done. Now they would have to start again!

Behind her, two women toppled from Donald’s heaving body. One of his hands broke free and he tugged at his restraints. Two snapped at once, and then a third before the women were able to climb back on top of him.

‘My God...’ muttered Matron. ‘He’s breaking free again. You have to smother him out, Dr Hale! You can’t afford to be gentle! You must finish him off, now!’

But it was clear from the way Donald was thrashing around, and a second scream of anger that broke from his lips, that Dr Hale was losing the battle. Matron ran to the wall speaker, pressed the switch and screamed into the mouthpiece. ‘Nurse Carter to the Smother Room! Nurse Carter to the Smother Room! Now! This is an emergency! I repeat, Nurse Carter, this is an emergency!’

In the wards around the hospital, frightened men were stirring. Originally oblivious to the fact that a patient was undergoing treatment in the Smother Room, the repeated calls for Nurse Carter aroused them from their slumber.

‘Oh. God!’ cried a confused old man, his scream echoed by many others in different wards. ‘I don’t want to be smothered! I don’t want to be smothered!’

A nurse was quickly despatched to calm him down. Stroking his forehead gently with one hand, while milking him with the other, she whispered, ‘It’s all right, Mr Davis. You’re not going to be smothered. Let’s get that naughty semen out of you so you can go back to sleep...’

The nurses were working overtime now, with almost every patient in the hospital needing to be milked. Those who saw the tall, wide-hipped nurse hurrying down the corridor to answer matron’s call were the hardest to relax. They knew, as they saw Nurse Carter run by, that in a few minutes’ time, her big, wobbling arse cheeks would be wrapped around a poor man’s face...

In the Smother Room, things were almost completely out of control. Donald had broken eight of the straps that held him down, thrown off four of the six women, and had avoided suffocation now for more than two minutes.

‘I can’t hold on!’ cried Dr Hale, her cunt sliding awkwardly across his face. ‘He’s too strong for me!’

‘You must!’ urged Matron. ‘Nurse Carter won’t be long! But you must hold on until she gets here!’

But Dr Hale could not hold on, and a moment later, she was thrown to the floor, exhausted and beaten. Only Matron’s presence of mind in throwing herself across Donald’s chest, kept him flat on his back, though for how long was anyone’s guess.

And then the door to the Smother Room was flung open and Nurse Carter stumbled in, gasping with effort, her big breasts heaving.

‘Oh, thank God, Nurse Carter!’ cried Matron. ‘We can hardly hold him down!’

‘What’s the situation?’ asked the young arrival, hoisting up her starched blue dress, pulling it over her head and throwing it to one side. Her hips were huge, her buttocks a pair of smooth fleshy pillows. The tiny red pants that covered her

cunt were fastened either side in small butterfly bows. She quickly flicked them free, and tossed them aside, to expose her huge, hairy slit.

‘Mr Smith is a depressive paranoid,’ explained Matron. ‘He’s been sedated and thoroughly drained. We thought he was on the mend, but now he’s relapsed.’

‘Has he been milked since he came round?’

‘No. We tried everything. Two nurses at his cock and balls, my teat in his mouth, and Dr Hale even put two fingers up his arse. Nothing!’

‘How has he been smothered?’ asked Nurse Carter coming round to the front of the bed, surveying the wreckage.

‘I rode him full frontal,’ said Dr Hale. ‘My arse got him going early on. I didn’t want to use my anus again in case it aroused him further.’

‘He’s thrown everyone off, and broken most of his straps!’ added Matron. ‘We’re struggling to hold him down!’

Nurse Carter narrowed her eyes. ‘OK, all of you – back on his chest. Pin him flat for as long as you can.’ She reached behind and peeled her buttocks apart. ‘I’m going in with my arse!’

At the mention of her arse, Donald, who until then had been concentrating all his

efforts on shifting the weight from his chest, spun round and glared at the large-hipped woman moving into position just behind him.

‘My God...’ breathed Dr Hale, as Nurse Carter climbed onto the bed. She had caught sight of the nurse’s long cavernous crack. Though she herself had a hairy arse, what she saw now took her breath away. Nurse Carter’s trench was overgrown with long, wiry pubes. The upturned crater of her anus bulged with crude, unspoken threat, a whorl of brown, knotted flesh, thrusting through the forest of matted hairs that surrounded it. She suddenly understood why Nurse Carter had been called for. And why Donald’s face, gazing into the dark, dreadful chasm of her arse, had drained of all its colour.

‘Hold his head, Dr Hale!’ cried Nurse Carter. ‘I need to get a firm grip on him!’

‘Please, no! Please, no!’ he screamed and shook fearfully from side to side, shifting two women in the process. Matron came round to join the doctor.

‘We’ll do it together,’ she said. ‘It’ll take the two of us to hold him steady.’

Donald lurched and screamed again, as the woman held on to his head and kept him facing upright. For a moment, the fight seemed to go out of him, until they realised that he was transfixed by the sight of Nurse Carter lowering her huge, hairy arse.

‘I am a man...’ he whispered weakly, a second before she closed her cheeks around his face.

‘And I am a woman!’ she cried, sitting back, her full weight bearing down on him for the first time.

Withdrawing their hands, Dr Hale and Matron watched, transfixed, as Donald’s head shuddered violently, his screams of terror muted in a woman’s bare backside.

‘My God!’ whispered Dr Hale. ‘I never thought to see such a thing. Oh, the poor bastard...’

‘It’s for his own good,’ said Matron. She put an arm around Dr Hale’s shoulder. ‘Come on, let’s help the others hold him down.’

‘No!’ yelled Nurse Carter. ‘Let him alone! I can take him without help! Get off him, now! Now, I say!’

There was an authority to Nurse Carter’s voice that brooked no dissent. Immediately, the other nurses slid from Donald’s body.

‘She can’t do it on her own, surely?’ cried Dr Hale.

‘Nurse Carter knows what she’s doing,’ said Matron. ‘She’s going to let him fight her. It’ll weaken him, the more he struggles to get out from under her bottom...’

‘But what if she’s wrong? What if he shifts her?’

‘He won’t. No man has ever shifted Nurse Carter. When her arse comes down, it stays down! Mr Smith is going nowhere...’

The battle was fiercely fought, for Donald’s hands were free now, and they came up, blindly, to claw at his attacker’s flesh. Nurse Carter grabbed him by the wrists and held his arms away, sapping his strength with every passing second. Her grip on his face was unbreakable, and though he shook from side to side, twisting and squirming beneath her, she offered him no quarter.

Dr Hale’s hand shot out suddenly. ‘Look!’ she cried. ‘My God! His cock! It’s leaking!’

Sure enough, Donald’s penis, which had remained erect but dry throughout, was dribbling semen. Nurse Carter cricked her head a fraction, catching sight of Dr Hale, and said, ‘You have to suck on him! Finish him off with your mouth! Quickly! While he’s aroused! We must tame him together!’

It took Dr Hale a moment or two to respond. She was stunned to see that being taken to the brink of suffocation had almost caused Donald to orgasm. Then, recovering, she leaned forward, folded her hand around his shaft and drew it into her mouth. He bucked at once, driving himself up into her throat, his huge, swollen prick thrusting with a force she could not have imagined.

Again and again, he drove himself home, and again and again she lapped at his shaft, sucking in air, caressing his length with her lips. Then, one final, dramatic lurch and he came. Thick wads of hot white semen blasted into her mouth, his

manhood pumping like a piston. She clung to him fiercely, savouring every drop of his jism, enjoying the victory that was hers and Nurse Carter's. She knew without even seeing the other woman that it was over. Donald had been tamed. They had conquered him between them: her mouth and Nurse Carter's bare backside. She felt him slump senseless around her, even as his cock continued to spill its load into her throat.

When at last she rose, licking her lips, and swallowing the last of Donald's spend, the first thing she saw was Nurse Carter still straddling his face.

'Sometimes a man fakes unconsciousness,' she explained, 'so I sit on him for another few seconds, just in case.' She smiled. 'I think this one's gone,' she said, and finally rose from the saddle.

She bent down to pick up her tunic, as Matron tested for Donald's pulse, and listened carefully to the rhythm of his heart.

'He's all right,' she said at last. 'His breathing is quite shallow, but that's normal. Now we've got him to come, it should be easy enough to milk him back to full health.'

'I didn't think we were going to do it,' said Dr Hale.

'No,' agreed Nurse Carter. 'He was a tough one. I've had a lot of men under me, but no one half as strong. If you hadn't sucked him off when you did, he might have shifted me. Thank you.'

They looked down at Donald's face. He looked suddenly very relaxed, as if he had fallen into a pleasant, dreamless sleep. They would sedate him now, and begin his treatment again. He had been thoroughly milked, so should give them no immediate problems. All the men here required milking as part of their treatment, often for many months until their bodies adjusted to a new balance. Given time, there was no reason Donald should not make a full recovery.

That was what nursing was all about in this particular hospital, in this particular country, on this particular planet, in this particular universe...

Meanwhile, back in our own world, another man reflected on his fantasy, and wished with all his heart that some dreams could come true...

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

C id for Condemned!

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

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!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider

If you enjoy my facesitting books, but would like to read other non-facesitting-themed erotic stories, I also write under the name 'JD Lang'.

Writing as JD Lang

The Taking of Amy

Come Into My Parlour

Pounded by Studs!

Pounded by Her Teacher!

Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!

Victorian Prison Girls – A Prequel: For Her Mother's Sake

Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall

To Serve Their Master

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

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

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

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

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

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

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

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

Bared for Battle!

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

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

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

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

College Smother!

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

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

Dungeons of Despair!

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

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

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

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

Breaking a man on the bench is one thing, but, when a treasonous plot is

uncovered, Lharra must venture further afield, and use her new-found skills not only to defeat an evil man ... but to save the very Queendom itself!

Devil Queen

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

Fantasy Smother

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother 2

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

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

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

Mission of Mercy

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyltra – renegade Amazons in a world that has turned its back on the old ways. Tricking their way into the dungeon, the women make the men an unusual offer. One that seems also to offer no way out. But are things always what they seem...?

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

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

Smother Frontline 1

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

Also included is a short story, 'Rachel's Revenge!', in which a young woman sets out to punish a man who has assaulted several vulnerable females, including

herself. The vengeance she wreaks is both merciless and total.

Smother Frontline 2

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

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

Smother Frontline 3

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

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

Smother Frontline 4

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

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

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

Smother Maid

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

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

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

Smother Plateau

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

Gathering together a small group of friends, Devereux and his fellow-explorers set sail for the Amazon Basin. Arriving on the fabled Perriera Plateau, they soon come face to face with women whose creed is a simple one: We Take No Prisoners! But as the explorers soon discover, the ruthless facesitting warriors

are not the greatest threat they face in a deadly race against time...

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

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Nathan Blake finds himself catapulted into a terrifying, dystopian world in which, overnight, every woman on the planet is overcome with the urge to sit on a man's face ... and smother him with her bottom!

With a motley crew of acquaintances, he must escape from the city. But even then, can he be sure that he, and men like him, will ever be safe again?

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Nathan Blake and his friends continue their perilous journey to freedom. With Women ready to sit on them at every turn, they must navigate a succession of perilous adventures if they are to escape from the city. But, as the Women close in, they are about to find themselves in even greater danger yet ...

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

'Our bottoms are coming for you, men! There is no escape!'

As a new world order comes into being, the Women have set up prison camps across the globe. Cut off from his friends, Nathan Blake finds himself trapped in one such camp, along with hundreds of other men, whose sole purpose in life is to be sat on and smothered by their insatiable, bare-bottomed captors.

When Nathan is made a trustee, it seems to offer a chance of escape. But as the days pass, it looks increasingly likely that not only his fate, but that of every other man on the planet, is now sealed.

For some men, the torment is too great. But in the brave new world of The Women's Republic ... there is only one way out!

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Now imprisoned in the Smother Camp, Nathan Blake finds himself in ever-increasing danger as the Women's primal needs put every man on the planet at risk. When a terrified inmate, Arthur, asks for the camp commander to put him out of his misery, Nathan begins to wonder how much more of this he can take. And when the camp commander sends for him, it seems his luck may finally have run out ...

Smothered by Amazons

This book contains two short stories, Smother Warriors and When Amazons Attack!

In Smother Warriors, young Ellyn must undergo a sacred ritual in order to become a fully-blooded Amazon warrior. With her sister, Rhanee, she travels to the village of Angor where she takes on a young man in naked hand-to-hand combat. A fight from which only one of them can walk away...

In When Amazons Attack!, Zanya, a ruthless Amazon commander, leads her warriors in a merciless assault on a village of unsuspecting, and utterly helpless, males ...

When Twins Attack!

A short story prequel to Dungeons of Despair! When Twins Attack! recounts the story of the day Anya and Delphi's mother took them on a ceremonial hunt – and they first took men between their young, Amazonian legs ...

When Women Hunt!

"Behind the bars of their wooden cages, twenty terrified men watched helplessly and in wide-eyed horror as a hundred or more women – naked and screaming – ran across the village square towards them..."

WHEN WOMEN HUNT! is a collection of three short stories, in which Amazon warriors unleash themselves on hapless, terrified males...

In *The Huntress*, a young Amazon girl, Hanna, embarks on a ceremonial Hunt. A dozen men have been released into the wild. To be accepted as a woman of the tribe, Hanna must hunt them down and conquer them in the ancient Amazon way. With her mother at her side, she sets out on the road to womanhood, armed only with the weapons with which Nature herself has blessed her...

In *Warrior Woman*, Roman roué, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of a distant British province, engineers a perverse form of entertainment for his guests. With freedom as their prize, Iceni warrior Camilla and her opponent, Lysiteles, a simple farmer, face each other in naked combat. Though it is a battle only one of them can win, when the farmer's wife seeks revenge as only a woman can, has Marcus Domitius finally gone too far...?

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

When Women Hunt 2

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

In 'Storming the Castle!', the Amazon Army's triumphant advance through the Land of Men has been halted at Castle Fendrah. Knowing that reinforcements

will soon arrive to drive them back, the Amazon commander enlists the aid of Freya, a skilled mountain climber, who attempts the near-impossible ascent of the enemy fortress. Her mission is a simple one. Enter the castle, subdue the guards and open the gates – allowing her fellow-Amazonians to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

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

C is for Condemned (An Extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my novella, C is for Condemned:

There was an air of lively anticipation as the door to their private chamber opened and the three judges stepped back into the room.

Behind the low, wooden rail that separated them from the judges' bench, six naked men huddled together in an anxious line. High above them, in the public gallery, women crowded close, those at the front leaning forward as far as they were able to. They were anxious, also, but for very different reasons.

Settling into their fat leather chairs, the three judges waited for the gentle hubbub to fade into silence. As the room grew quiet, Madame Allais cast her gaze along the row of nervous male faces, took a long breath, and finally spoke.

'The Council of Men has been found guilty – as charged – of crimes against the Women's Republic. After much deliberation, we have decided – by a verdict of two to one ...'

A low moan broke from one of the defendants, a young man of scarcely nineteen years, fresh-faced and shaking fearfully. Beside him, an older man – Elder Paquin, Head of the Council – reached out and slipped a consoling arm around the other's shoulder. Madame Allais felt her belly tighten. She felt sorry for the lad – for all of them, in fact. She had no wish to prolong anyone's suffering, even men who had, by their own admission, condemned to death so many women whose only crime had been to ask for freedoms so long denied them.

When the Revolution had come, and women had taken control, Madame Allais had found herself reluctantly thrust into a position of authority. As a lawyer – and a patriot – she had accepted her role, albeit with misgivings. The new ruling cadre – the Amazon Council – had demanded that the enemy be punished. Examples must be made – so men would know their days of power were at an end.

In honour of their Amazon past – a glorious age that had ended a millennia

before – women now proudly paraded themselves bare-breasted, as had their warrior ancestors a thousand years earlier. But there were many who longed to go further: to restore the Days of Empire and return all women to their rightful role, ensuring men would never rise again and rule with violence as they had.

It was in response to such demands that the Council of Men had gone on trial. And why, even now, the judges' decision was so keenly awaited. Their ruling would set the course for a New Republic: one in which women, not men, forever held sway.

'I repeat,' said Madame Allais solemnly, 'The Council of Men has been found guilty – as charged – of crimes against the Women's Republic.' She paused for a moment, aware that a fresh, expectant silence had fallen on the room. Not even a hint of breath could be heard as a hundred or more women – and six frightened men – awaited her judgment.

Reaching for the square of black silk that had been placed directly in front of her, Madame Allais carefully placed it on top of her thick, auburn hair.

'Our law allows for only one punishment. By the power invested in me by the Amazon Council, the defendants are sentenced ...' She paused again, aware of the young man trembling in Paquin's protective grip. Then, taking a deep breath to steel herself, she pronounced those words that would change the world forever.

'... to death by woman's bottom!'

'Nooooooooo!' An agonising shriek broke from the defendants' bench, and she saw the young man stumble, tears running down his cheeks. A moment later, tumultuous applause sounded around the court-room.

Gathering herself, Madame Allais hurried on. 'As from today, no man shall perish at la guillotine. Instead, should his sentence demand it, he will lie inside a woman's crack – as in the ancient days – and be put to death by her arse's hole!'

A second, plaintive moan broke from the young defendant – so shrill it carried to Madame Allais' ears above the cries of joy that still echoed around the room.

'Silence!' she demanded, addressing the public gallery. 'Behave as women should behave – and not as men!'

The authority in her voice had an immediate effect and the screams of delight reduced to happy murmurings.

Turning to address the men directly, she continued in a quiet, unemotional voice.

‘On the third day from now, at the break of dawn, you will be taken from your place of confinement, to a place of lawful suffocation...’

The young man moaned again, cutting her short. Had his friend not held on tight, he would have fallen to his knees. Madame Allais suppressed a pang of pity for the lad. It was not death that frightened him, she understood well enough, but its manner. His neck might not have welcomed la guillotine, but he feared the embrace of a woman’s bottom all the more.

Resuming her speech, she went on more calmly than her thumping heart should have allowed. ‘There, you will each, in turn, be sat upon by a bare-bottomed woman ... and smothered at the arse until you are dead. And may your gods have mercy on your souls.’

‘We are men!’ cried Paquin, finding his voice at last. ‘We should die by the axe. Even – mon Dieu! – by the hangman’s noose. But not this! Not between a woman’s cheeks!’

‘It is no shame to die at the hole!’ responded Advocate Celice. ‘It is Nature’s weapon – and given to woman so she might conquer men!’

Paquin shook his head violently. ‘It is a cruel and heartless punishment! See how this poor lad weeps. Show him pity, I beg you! Let him to die at the blade – even if we other men must meet our death inside a woman’s crack!’

‘There can be no exceptions,’ replied Madame Allais solemnly. ‘You will all perish at the hole.’ She rose quickly, to forestall further argument. ‘This trial is ended,’ she announced. ‘Take the prisoners away!’