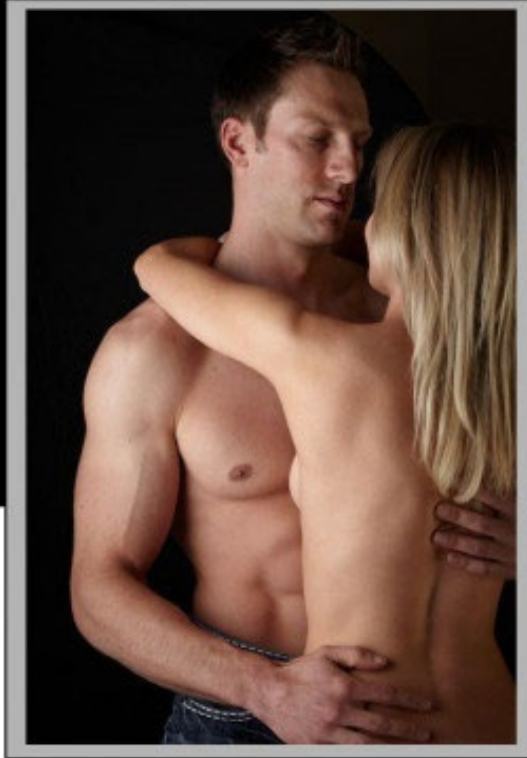


This time ... there is no escape!



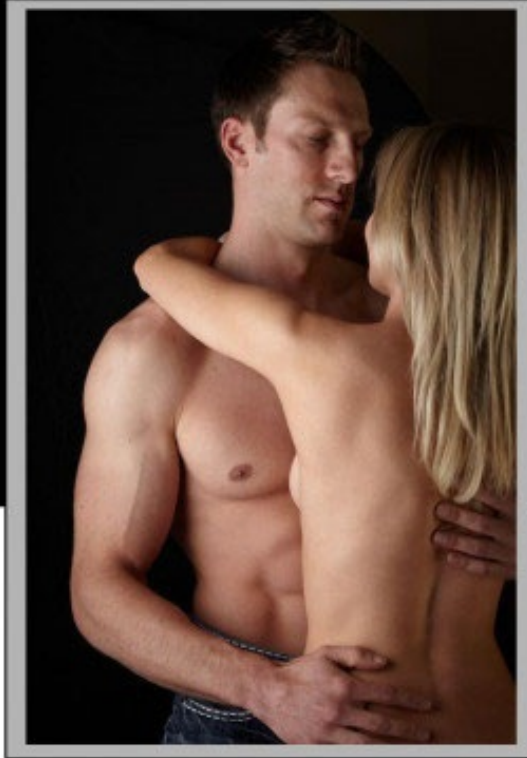
FANTASY SMOTHER 2

Three Extreme Facesitting Stories

BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER JUNGLE!

D A R K R I D E R

This time ... there is no escape!



FANTASY SMOTHER 2

Three Extreme Facesitting Stories

BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER JUNGLE!

D A R K R I D E R

A Note from the Author

The three stories you're about to read, Sisters of Suffocation, Smother Pact and Movie Smother, originally appeared in a collection entitled 'Smother Tales 2,' which I published in 2007. I also previously published them, a few years before that, on a popular facesitting site.

In their original form, all the male characters came to a sticky end. I've no wish to mislead you and will say straightaway that, in the versions that follow, though their fate is not always a pleasant one, my women's victims all live to suffer another day.

If, of course, 'suffer' is the right word. When it comes to having a powerful bare-bottomed woman sit on your face, you may feel differently ...

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 2

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[A Note from the Author](#)

[About the Author](#)

[SISTERS OF SUFFOCATION](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[SMOTHER PACT](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[MOVIE SMOTHER](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

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

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

[College Smother \(An Extract\)](#)

SISTERS OF SUFFOCATION

Chapter One: The Search For a Victim ...

Candles guttered in the darkness. The acrid smell of melting wax suffused the air.

Lucy lifted up her skirt to expose her bottom. Light flickered over the generous curves of her arse. She bent her head low, raised her hips and offered herself for inspection. When a fingertip pressed against the tight brown puddle of her anus, Lucy let out a muted whinny of delight.

‘Does that please you?’ asked the woman at her rear.

Lucy’s head bobbed up and down. ‘Yes!’ she gasped. ‘Yes. It ... it pleases me!’

The hooded woman turned to her three associates. Her dark eyes narrowed.

‘The girl has promise. She is young, yet receptive. How shall we decide?’

A cowed head tilted a fraction. ‘She must prove herself,’ breathed the first of her masked companions.

‘I agree,’ whispered the second. ‘she would not be the first to fail.’

There was a pause before the last of the women spoke. ‘Let her bring us a victim. Then we will know if she is truly one of us.’

Their leader stretched out her hand and stroked the young girl's hips. 'She is soft...' Her fingers burrowed into Lucy's crack, brushing the tiny hairs that sprouted from her sticky flesh. Lucy's body shuddered appreciatively.

'Why do you wish to join us?' she whispered.

'I want the power,' sighed Lucy, struggling now to contain the flood of excitement bubbling in her belly.

'The power over men?'

'Yes. I want ... I want to subdue ... to control ...'

'Then you must show us you are worthy.'

'Tell me how,' breathed Lucy. 'Please, Mistress. Tell me how ...'

'Bring us a sacrifice. A man who will allow us to subdue him ...'

'How ... how shall he be subdued?' Lucy's voice jerked shrilly. The finger at her arse was twisting, pushing at the well of her anus, igniting a fire in her bowels.

‘We shall sit on him. Each of us in turn shall mount his face. He will struggle. He will beg us to release him. We will tell him there is no escape. For we are ... the Sisters of Suffocation! Then you will ride him. You will straddle his worthless head. He will beg for mercy. You will offer him none. You will tell him he is to die. That you are to become a Sister, and that a Sister takes no prisoners. Can you do this?’

Lucy took a deep breath. It was hard to think clearly. The woman’s fingertip had pushed itself an inch into her rectum. She wanted her to push further still, to penetrate her last defence, to touch that inner nerve that would tip her into paradise.

‘Yes, Mistress. I ... I can ... I can ...’

‘The man must be willing ...’

Something kicked into gear at the back of Lucy’s brain. Her voice rose a fraction. ‘Willing?’ she repeated.

‘No man is safe from a Sister. He whom we choose, we take. But the first kill must die gladly. You must tell him he is to lie beneath you. That he will struggle. That he will weep like a child. And that you will ride him screaming into hell.’

She paused, allowing the full meaning of her words to sink in. ‘Can you do this?’

Lucy's slender body tightened. 'Where will I find such a man?' she asked.

'You will find him,' whispered the other woman. 'If you are truly a Sister, you will find him ...'

'Hi, my name's Lucy. Am I the only woman here?'

It had taken her several hours' surfing to find the Facesitting site. She scanned the messages, hundreds of them, and knew that this was it. If she didn't find her man here, she would never find him. She had posted her question two days ago, enough time, she reckoned, to elicit some response.

There were six replies. Her stomach churned. Could one of these be the man she would – she could hardly bring herself to voice the thought – smother...?

Toby was nice, but shy. 'Hello. Hope you don't mind my responding. Keep well.'

Mick was far too matter-of-fact. 'I hope you like the site. Nice to hear from you.'

Jeff was a little too crude. He'd asked straightaway if she would like to ride him. 'Hey, bitch!' he said. 'Your place, my face!'

She didn't like that. Perhaps she should have picked him. Just to pay him back. After all, the man she chose was going to suffer. Oh, how he was going to suffer...

But she didn't.

She struck gold with number four.

'Hi. I'm Smotherhead. Anything you want to know, just ask.'

She liked the name. It was clever. And it spoke volumes. Here was a man who wanted to be sat on. A man who wanted to be smothered. It made her belly tighten; and brought a rush of warmth to her long, hairy pussy.

She left her email address. One of those countless fun ones you could pick up somewhere on the net. One she thought would appeal to a man like Smotherhead: lucy@pussylick.com.

He didn't disappoint her.

'Hi again. Hope you don't mind my emailing you. So what do you do?'

'I'm a teacher,' she told him. 'At a school for boys.'

‘Are they ever naughty?’ he asked cheekily.

It was the response she had hoped for. She knew now that he was the one she would bring to the Sisters.

‘They can be very naughty,’ she replied. ‘I think they do it on purpose. So I have to spank them.’ And then she added, ‘Have you ever been spanked?’

‘I prefer being sat on,’ he replied within hours. ‘A nice big bottom on my face.’

‘I sat on a boy once,’ she told him. ‘I took off my knickers and showed him my naughty bits. I don’t think he liked it. But he was very bad and I wanted to do something rude. Something that would make him cry.’ She thought long and hard about how to finish the message, then typed, ‘Would you cry if I sat on you?’

She wondered how he would react to that one. For two days there was no response. She worried that she’d gone too far and frightened him off. She sat down and typed another message. It was all or nothing now.

‘I want to sit on you, Smotherhead. I want to sit on you as hard as I can. No jeans, no knickers. Nothing at all. Just you and my arse. I want to tie you down and go all the way.’

She came offline. That was it. She had laid her cards on the table. If he didn’t

reply, then it was back to square one. There was always that crude bastard, Jeff. Maybe she should have chosen him anyway. Smotherhead seemed quite nice. She shouldn't be thinking of riding him like that. It wasn't very kind of her.

He replied the following evening; a very short message.

'You're kidding me, right?'

She typed back at once. 'Come online tomorrow,' she told him. 'At six o' clock.' She gave him her Instant Messenger nickname: lucyfacesit. It was wicked, she knew. She felt like a sexy Black Widow, ensnaring him in her sticky little web. She giggled to herself. The sticky little web of her arse ...

Lucy slipped her hand into the slit of her dress and felt between her legs. There were no knickers to impede progress through the thick blonde curls of her pudenda and into the damp mouth of her sex. Her pussy was weeping softly. Raising her fingers to her lips, she saw that the pads were wet and running. Silvery pearls of sap dripped into her curled palm. She sighed and gently licked them clean, savouring the sweet, pungent taste of her own arousal. She thought of Smotherhead lapping at her cunt; his nose wriggling into her tight little bum-hole...

'Oh, Smotherhead,' she breathed softly, her stomach aching with excitement. 'I hope you struggle. I hope you really, really struggle...'

He came online exactly as arranged. 'I hope I didn't scare you,' she told him. 'Talking about my bottom like that. Saying I wanted to put it on your face. The last boy I wanted to sit on ran a mile.'

‘He must have been mad,’ typed Smotherhead quickly.

Lucy consulted her notes. She knew she had to reel him in carefully now. ‘I really would like to sit on you,’ she wrote. ‘I’ll send you a picture. So you can see what I look like. My friends say I’m pretty. I don’t think you’ll be disappointed.’

‘I don’t care what you look like,’ he typed back quickly. ‘I won’t see much, will I? Not with my face up your bottom.’

‘I think you’re so sweet,’ she wrote. ‘Not minding me talk like this. Oh, I so want to sit on you!’

‘I want it, too,’ he replied.

‘I think it’s great you want to love my bottom,’ she responded. ‘You can put your tongue into me if you want. I won’t mind. Really.’

‘Have you got a big bottom?’ he asked. ‘Will it cover my face?’

‘I don’t know,’ she wrote back spontaneously. ‘How big is your face?’ Then added quickly, ‘If my bottom’s not big enough, one of my friends’ is bound to be.’

A minute passed before he replied. 'You mean there'll be other girls there?'

She had decided it was best to be honest. He must come to her willingly. What better lure than the prospect of several more women to enjoy?

'I've got four friends,' she told him. 'They all want to ride you.' She took a deep breath before continuing. 'They've asked me to bring them a man. A man who's not afraid to be sat on. They want to try and smother you. We'll all be bare-arsed. It's the way we want to do it.'

'I think you're having me on,' he wrote back quickly.

'I'm not, really,' she replied. 'It'll be a laugh. Five girls trying to suffocate you. Wriggling their bare bottoms on your head. Just think about it.'

There was a long pause. She wondered what he was thinking. Mulling it over, she supposed. She bit her lip, thought for a moment, then typed, 'If you don't want to, it's all right. I can ask someone else. It's been nice talking. I hope you find some other girls to sit on you. Bye.'

It was a gamble. She knew that. He would either take the bait now or run for the hills.

The minutes ticked by. Nothing. She had gone too far. Oh, well. There was always Jeff. She reached for the mouse, moving the cursor down to the 'Sign Off' box.

A message flashed across the white Messenger screen. 'Please don't go. You can sit on me. All of you. I'm not afraid.'

Her stomach lurched.

'You should be,' she breathed softly, her heart racing as she typed. 'I wish you were here now. I wish I was sitting on your face. My knickers are sopping wet. I'm going to have to take them off.'

'How hard will you sit?' he asked.

'Very hard,' she responded. 'We all will. My friends will soften you up. But I'm the one who's going to sit the longest.' She paused. 'I get so excited thinking about it. I wonder how you'll feel when you see my bottom coming down. Trying to suffocate you. I hope you'll be ... afraid.'

'I will,' he wrote back. 'I promise.'

Lucy took a deep breath. It was time to be honest with him. As honest as she dared. She had to test his resolve. Push him all the way and see what he was really made of.

'We have a fantasy,' she typed. 'The five of us. We sometimes wonder what it would be like to sit on a man so hard that we really smother him. Do you think a woman could do that to a man? Do you think she could smother him with her

big, hairy arse? Could she trap him inside her crack and smother him to death?’

More than a minute passed before the reply came through. She wondered if he’d been playing with himself. She hoped he had. The more excited he became, the easier it would be to reel him in. As long as he didn’t come. If he tossed himself off, he might change his mind. Men were like that. Ruled by their cocks ...

‘Yes,’ came his answer. ‘I think a woman could do that to a man. I sometimes wish a woman would do that to me. Tie me down so I can’t move. Cover me with her bare backside ... make me kiss her little hole ... finish me off with her bottom ...’

Lucy smiled. He was hooked...

‘It’s going to be so good, Smotherhead,’ she assured him. ‘You’re going to think you’re in heaven.’

She finished typing, sat back in her chair and let out a long, trembling sigh. ‘And just after that,’ she breathed softly, ‘you’re going to know you’re in hell...’

Chapter Two: When Sisters Sit ...

It was dark when they met, at midnight under a broken street lamp. The arrangements had been made three days earlier. They would rendezvous on the corner of David St and Tanner Square, at the rear of Banner's Hardware Shop. He was to stand in the back yard, with his face to the wall. She would watch him arrive and join him only if she was sure they were alone. He was to obey her instructions to the letter. If he deviated from her orders even in the slightest, then it was over. There would be no second chance. She and her friends would look elsewhere for a man to satisfy their needs.

He arrived at five to twelve. A stretch limo was parked in the street, its windows blacked out, its headlights dipped. He wondered for a moment if it was hers. No, that was silly. And yet ...

The skin around his shoulders tightened and he shivered...

It was late November, and there was a chill in the air. That was all it was, he told himself. Nothing more. He was being daft. No need to be afraid.

He pulled his coat tightly about him and waited. His stomach had been churning on the journey over. Now, as he stood there, shifting anxiously from foot to foot, it began to heave. He found it hard to swallow.

He heard a click of heels, the pad of shoes across the pitch-black yard. The hairs on the back of his neck bristled. What if it wasn't her? What if it was someone else? He immediately thought how stupid he had been, agreeing to meet her like this. For all he knew, she was a lunatic – a homicidal maniac, even.

The feet were moving faster now, closing in. His every instinct told him to turn. But that could ruin everything. That could–

‘Hello, Smotherhead. No – don't look round!’

It was a soft voice, warm and cultured. He tensed and then relaxed. She was here! Standing behind him. What now?

‘In a moment I'm going to tell you to kneel. I'm going to put a hood over your head and a collar around your neck. Do you understand?’

He nodded. He wanted to ask her why, but thought better of it. Lucy was in charge now. She knew best.

‘We're going on a journey. A journey from which you might not return. Does that frighten you?’

Of course it fucking frightened him. He wasn't mad. But what did she want? The truth or a lie? He took a deep breath. ‘Yes,’ he answered quietly.

‘Good,’ she whispered. Her breath was warm against his neck. ‘This is your last chance to back out,’ she sighed. ‘But I hope you won’t ...’

‘I – I won’t ...’ he stammered, the words forced from the dry channel of his throat.

‘Then genuflect before your Mistress,’ she told him. ‘And prepare to suffer ...’

‘Mistress ...’ he repeated softly, dropping to his knees, his head bowed. His cock began to swell, twisting tightly in his pants. He had never known it so hard.

There was a rustle of material and something warm and soft, like velvet, covered his face. A drawstring was pulled fast, and a solid band of leather circled his throat. A sudden tug and he was pulled off-balance, stumbling around on the end of a short metal leash. He put out his arms to steady himself, scrambling on all fours like a dog.

‘Good boy,’ he heard her whisper, and a hand stroked the top of his head. ‘Mistress is taking you for a little walk. To join the other Mistresses.’

She tugged again and he did his best to follow. It wasn’t easy, shuffling along in the dark, on his hands and knees. Excitement gnawed at his belly: an excitement he had never known before. It was exquisite. Indescribable.

‘Stop!’ There was a harsh, dismissive edge to her voice. He froze, his heart racing, his breath fast and shallow. He heard a clunk of metal, and then several

pairs of hands took hold of him, hoisting him upright. His leg struck something hard and he yelped. A door shut loudly behind him and he found himself sprawled face-down on the floor. His world began to shudder softly, and he realised they were moving. He was in a car! He was in the limo! Even behind the darkness of his hood, there was a feeling of space...

And there were more of them now. Not just his new Mistress...

The car was gliding smoothly through the evening streets. A cork popped and there was a clink of glass, a rush of fizzy, running liquid.

'You've done well,' said a new voice: a woman's, harsher than Lucy's, with a cruel edge to it. Or was he being silly? After all, it was just a voice...

'We will make a Sister of you yet,' said another.

Smotherhead was pulled forward in the darkness, his head yanked upright. 'He knows not to speak unless given permission?' asked a third female voice.

Lips pressed against his ear, whispering through the hood. 'He does now.'

His arms were dragged behind his back. Cold steel pressed against his skin and a pair of cuffs clicked shut.

He suddenly realised how helpless he was. They could do anything they liked to

him now. Anything at all...

A hand groped between his legs. Fingers scurried around his balls, squeezed and made him yelp. His face was pushed down, pressed tight against a woman's thigh: a cushion of warm, curiously comforting flesh. Hands clawed at his head, angling his nose and mouth against an unseen female groin. He could smell her pussy through the thin cover of the hood. The woman shifted briefly and brought her other leg down around the back of his head, trapping him between her big, meaty thighs.

He began to sweat profusely, his breathing laboured. There were fingers at his waist, unzipping him, pulling his trousers down around his knees. He released a muffled scream as the first blow stung his arse. A hand closed around his cock and squeezed; a nail scratched at his anus; another blow raked across his backside. Hands hugged his head, flattening his nose against hard, unyielding flesh. He whimpered in the darkness, shuddered and began to cry ...

He had lost track of time. Not that it mattered any more. He had never felt so happy: spanked, abused, and humiliated. It was heaven.

They had arrived at their destination, wherever that was. His captor had unwound her legs and pushed him to the floor. His neck hurt and his head throbbed badly. He hoped they wouldn't make him sit down; his bottom was raw from the beating they had given him. His balls were aching, too. Fondled for so long, passed from hand to hand throughout, they bulged with seed.

They took him from the car, dragged him across a gravel path and up a series of stone steps into a house. The air inside was warm, but the floor was cold, smooth like marble. He was bundled through another door and down some stairs. Forced onto his back, they secured him to a wooden frame, his arms and legs locked into hard, leather straps.

They left him alone after that; for what seemed like hours. He tugged against his restraints. There was little give. It was dreadfully hot inside the hood and the damp velvet tickled his skin.

In the dark, empty silence of the chamber, he began to reflect on everything that had happened to him. For the first time since he had agreed to meet Lucy, he felt genuinely afraid. Up till now, his fear had been strangely false. Not fear at all, more a perverse excitement. A girl had said she'd sit on him. Her friends would, too. Bare-bottomed. See if they could smother him. Just for a laugh.

A laugh. That's all it was. Not real. Sure, he wanted them to smother him, but only up to a point. Shit! His body began to shake. Oh, shit! What if the bitches really meant it?

Somewhere nearby, he heard the creak of a rusty hinge. A door had opened. Bare feet padded across the room towards him. He couldn't see them, but he knew they were there...

The hood was wrenched from his face. Light burnt his eyes and he shut his lids instinctively.

When he opened them at last, he saw Lucy standing over him. She was naked. It

was the first time he had seen her in the flesh. Her photo had not done her justice. She was tall and slender, with wide shoulders, a flat tummy and a tapered waist. Long blonde hair cascaded across her chest. Her cunt was baby-smooth, shorn of all its pubes, the runnel of her sex long and thin. That was a surprise: she'd been hairy in her photo. Her breasts loomed large over him: boulders of creamy white flesh, tipped with pink.

She looked down at him and smiled. 'Don't worry, Smotherhead. It's not time to die just yet.'

He opened his mouth to speak, but his attention was abruptly drawn to a movement at his feet. His head jerked curiously as four hooded figures glided into view. A blur of gowns shimmered to the floor and the women stood around him naked. He heard a sharp tearing sound nearby and a square of tape was pressed over his mouth. Lucy reached down and pinched his nose. He shook his head from side to side in an effort to free himself, but Lucy held on tight.

'What's it like, Smotherhead?' she grinned. 'Better than a bottom?'

The veins stood out on his forehead and his eyes began to bulge. He was only vaguely aware of a sudden weight across his legs; a heavy dampness climbing up his body. A woman rose above his chest. She was dark-skinned, with waves of sable jet hair, a long neck and huge rounded breasts. Her vulva was a mass of pubes, coarse and tight and wiry.

Lucy let go of his nose and he wheezed loudly, gasping at the air. Hard, muscular thighs pressed at his cheeks and the smell of cunt filled his nostrils. The woman's sex opened over him like a dripping plum; the labia puffed and pink against her hairy mound.

‘Let him know my cunt,’ she declared with theatrical formality, and lowered her swollen gash onto his face. Smotherhead grunted angrily, a pointless protest muffled by the tape. Lucy smiled down at him. She pushed three probing fingers into the damp swell of her sex. As her hand shimmied up and down, diamonds of sap appeared along the length of her slit. She bit her tongue and sighed dreamily.

Not that Smotherhead was taking much notice now. The woman on his face pressed down with all her weight. Her pussy had formed an airtight seal, his nose jammed between her hard, chubby cunt-lips. His eyes began to bulge a second time; a vice-like tightness crushed his head. He screamed into the tape, his body rattling, fingers scratching against the padded bench.

Suddenly the woman raised herself and dismounted. He sniffed at the air, each greedy breath as sweet as any he had ever known.

‘Oh, God... oh, God ...’ he wheezed, though his words were muffled against the tape.

A second woman advanced from his left. She, too, was naked, her Brunette hair cropped almost to the scalp. Her breasts were tiny, her hips almost as straight as a boy’s. This one, at least, he thought, would allow him more air when she straddled his face.

She leaned over him, her tummy coming down over his head.

‘Let him know my belly,’ she declared and pressed the hard flesh of her gut

across his nose. His nostrils flattened against her button, cutting off his air supply as effectively as any cunt or arse.

His body heaved, his torso wriggling like a landed fish. This was different; so different from anything he had ever known. His entire face was covered this time, flattened by his captor's weight. There was no smell, just hard unyielding flesh. His heart was pounding, the blood boiling in his veins. Any moment now and his head would explode. Ice flooded his stomach and he felt himself drifting away, slowly into the darkness ...

Suddenly the woman rose. His first breath was a scream that echoed round the chamber. A shrill snort like a wounded pig. If it wasn't for the fucking tape! He couldn't get enough air; couldn't fill his fucking lungs. The bitches! The cruel, sadistic fucking bitches!

A third woman approached him now. She was, he decided, quite beautiful. Her skin was olive with a deep natural tan. Her eyes were dark and edged with long, thick lashes. Between her legs a fluff of auburn hair barely concealed her vulva, the labia pink and plump. They dripped and trembled as she walked. Her waist was narrow, emphasising the striking flare of her hips. Her legs were muscular but slim, tapering to small, delicate feet. But it was her breasts that really drew his eye. They were huge: voluptuous gourds of flesh topped by tiny cherry-coloured nipples. He had never seen such massive tits. My God, he thought, if a man put his head between those ...

She stood over him, her bosom trembling. Smotherhead was trembling, too, but for different reasons. Lowering herself slowly, she whispered, 'Let him know my breasts...'

Oh, fuck! She was going to—

Warm flesh engulfed his face and put an end to that particular thought. A snort of excitement briefly filled his lungs, which was just as well. The woman must have brought her hands up, mashing herself around him, because once again he could hardly breathe. No – hardly didn't come into it. He couldn't breathe. Her skin was warm and sticky, clinging to his face like cellophane. There was a smell, too: fresh and clean, like baby talc.

This was it. This was how he wanted to go. Forget cunts and asses, this was something else. He wanted her to force a nipple into his mouth and make him drink from her like a baby: wanted to gorge on her boobs, have her push her teats into his nose and suffocate him with her living flesh. Oh, God, to die between those breasts! His thighs were shaking; his fingers stabbing at the air, animal claws of cornered terror. He was glad they had tied him down. If he was free he'd have tried to shift her, and he didn't want to shift her. He wanted her to smother him with her big fat breasts. His face twisted horribly between her tits. The pleasure had suddenly turned to pain. He wanted her to finish him off quickly now, before his fear became too much to bear. He squirmed like a maniac.

'Oh, God! Help me!' he screamed, his cries of terror muffled by her wads of seething flesh.

Then suddenly she rose and he breathed again. His head was spinning, his brain clicking in and out of gear. Sweat stung his eyes and he winced, sobbing silently into the tape around his mouth.

A fourth woman stood over him, once more displacing Lucy in his line of vision. A sick feeling rose in his stomach. He didn't know why. Lucy remained his only point of reference. While he could see her, he felt safe. But without her ...

There was no time for further reflection. The woman straddled him from behind, her huge bottom covering his face. Smotherhead gazed up and saw her tight little bum-hole winking in the half-light; a brown roundel of flesh set between the two hemispheres of her massive arse-cheeks. He managed three short grunts of air, none deep enough for comfort, before he heard her cry, 'Let him know my arse!' and her flanks descended. The knot of her anus opened over his nose, infusing him with its rich, sour-sweet aroma.

His back arched and his hips tightened. This was it. This was fucking it! It was even worse than before: as if every woman was taking him to new levels of terror and endurance. There was no air in his lungs. He couldn't breathe. Her arse was everywhere, a dark pillow of heat, oozing into his pores. His penis began to jerk against his belly, and his balls rolled like marbles in a sack. A needle of exquisite sharpness stabbed at his cock and he felt his seed spin along his shaft. Oh, fuck! He was coming! Oh, God, no, he mustn't! Not like this. He didn't want to die like this, spurting over his belly, his head skewering a woman's arse!

He rose against the straps, like a madman filled with the strength of ten.

'Bitches!' he screamed into the gag, though all that came out was 'Mmmmpgghs!'

Two of the restraints snapped. Suddenly his left hand was free. He tore at the woman's hip, his nails ripping into her flesh, drawing blood. She shrieked and shifted sideways. But not enough to free his nose. Somewhere in the darkness, fingers closed around his shaft and squeezed. His cock erupted, jumping furiously inside the hand that held him tight. Jets of white-hot spunk peppered his belly. A second wave of semen struck the woman's hair. He arched again, a convulsive jerk of terror; a hideous rattle of exertion. A third strap broke and his

other hand came free. He tore at her hips a second time, tugged once, twice and then again.

Something inside him exploded. A vein burst and a boiling heat filled his head. A rush of nausea tore through his stomach and he felt himself vomit.

Then everything went horribly and mercifully black...

Chapter Three: Lucy's First Smother ...

Smotherhead came round with a jolt. For several seconds nothing made any sense. Where was he? When was he? Who was he? There was a pain in his head and a bruise over his eye. He couldn't see it, but he could feel it well enough. It stung like crazy. His left eye was blurred, his vision vaguely pink. Memory returned like an old friend who had left the room and was now peeking slowly round the door.

His first thought was of Lucy; a big-busted blonde standing over him, smiling. His mouth tasted dry and spicy. He licked his lips and a stray pubic hair attached itself to his tongue. It was long, black and wiry. Everything came back to him at once. He closed his eyes and saw a huge, sweating arse lowering itself over his face. Fuck! The bitches had tried to kill him. They'd actually tried to smother him. He shuddered and for the first time in his life his teeth chattered. He thought that only happened in comics.

There were red bands of swollen skin around his wrists and ankles. Long leather straps dangled the length of the bench. He wondered why they had released him. It couldn't be because they thought he was dead. They must have checked. Maybe they had something else in mind. He looked down at his cock. It lay against his thigh, big but limp. Dry semen coated his tummy. He remembered coming, spurting in the darkness as a woman's bottom had squeezed the last breaths from his battered lungs. As he thought about it, his penis began to swell and unfurl between his legs. His balls rolled gently in their sacs.

No time for that, he told himself, jumping nimbly to the floor. He looked around. He was in a large cell. Just one small window and a half-open door. His coat was hanging from a single hook on the opposite wall. No sign of his other clothes. Somewhere off, he heard voices. He crossed the room quietly and poked his

head around the corner.

‘I think we’ve gone as far as we can.’

‘No. I say we finish him off.’

He didn’t recognise either speaker. Still, why should he? He’d only heard Lucy say a few words, and he wasn’t sure he’d even recognise her voice again.

‘I agree with Ruth. Let’s do him in. No one knows he’s here. We won’t get a better chance.’

Smotherhead shivered. They really meant it. They really wanted to kill him. There was a long silence before the next voice spoke.

‘It’s not up to us. It’s up to Lucy.’

His heart skipped a beat. Lucy. She had such a lovely bottom. And that pussy. It was fucking gorgeous. All long and smooth and sleek and wet. It was all he’d ever dreamed of. To be sat on forever. Smothered slowly by a naked woman.

‘I want to do it.’

Now that voice he knew. The bitch. But then again... He was confused. He wanted her to do it, too. Deep down, he knew he did. He should go back now. Lie on the bench and wait for them to come for him. They'd probably tie him down again. Or maybe they'd just pin him. He'd struggle like a madman, but he'd never shift her. Not if she was sitting on his face with all her weight and they were holding on to his arms and legs. He'd never get away. He'd wriggle and he'd writhe and he'd scream and he'd plead. And they'd just ignore him. Lucy would ride his face bare-arsed, squirming her bottom around and around until ...

His cock was rock hard. Fear and pleasure filled his belly and he felt his knees wobble. Oh, God, he wanted it so much. He wanted her to sit on him forever. No, that wasn't it. He wanted ... What did he want? This and not this. The fantasy, not the fact. Nothing wrong with that. Why couldn't he have both? It wasn't fair. He wanted both!

'Will you do it with your arse?'

They were talking again. It cut across his muddled thoughts.

'Yes.'

'We'll hold him down. He'll never push you off.'

'What will it be like?'

‘He’ll struggle. You’ll have to be brave. When he starts screaming, you’ll probably want to let him go, but you mustn’t.’

‘How long will it take me to smother him?’

‘Not long. Especially if you use your bottom. If you’re having trouble getting a grip, one of us will sit on your lap. The double weight will do for him. He’ll kick a bit and punch but whatever he does, he’s not getting out of here alive.’

‘God,’ whispered Lucy. There was a shiver in her voice and he had this fleeting vision of her crossing her legs. ‘I think I’m going to come.’

‘Save it for when you make the kill. It’ll be all the better when you empty yourself into his mouth.’

In the other room, Smotherhead backed away. He’d heard enough. However much he wanted to be sat on, he didn’t really want to die. He was crazy, but he wasn’t mad. If that made any sense. He didn’t care if it did or it didn’t. It was time to get the fuck out of there.

He tiptoed quickly over to the hook, retrieved his coat and studied the tiny, barred window. It was unlocked, but the hinges had been painted over. He licked the corners of his mouth nervously. He had to think this through. It was the only way out. If it was a way out. For all he knew it led into another cell. But the moment he tried to force it open, the paint would crack and they’d hear it for sure. That meant he had just one chance and he’d have to move fast. Any moment now, and they would be coming for him. And once they had him, he knew there was no way he was leaving this room on his own two feet. The

bitches would be carrying him out. He looked down at his cock. It would help a lot if the fucker could go down for a few minutes. His head was telling him to get the hell out of here; his balls were telling him something different altogether.

He dragged his coat on and tied the belt around his waist, then took a deep breath. This was it; all or nothing. He closed his fingers around the window lever; his eyes darted left and right, sizing everything up.

Craaack!

The wood splintered, and a gunshot of sound echoed around the cell.

‘Oh, fuck!’ he yelled, aware of the reaction in the next room. He was on auto-pilot now; no thought, just action, wrenching up the metal latch, swinging the window wide, scrambling through. He caught his leg on a shard of broken wood and screamed as it ripped into his skin. The women were behind him; he could hear them cursing and yelling and running across the room.

‘Don’t let him get away! Please don’t let him get away!’

It was Lucy, her voice desperate, like a little girl at Christmas, watching her present disappear before her eyes.

‘I want to sit on him! Pleeeeeease!’

Her voice rang in his ears as he fell onto a hard, cobbled surface. A thick chill froze his skin. Not just fear; fresh air, too. He was in the open: a small, blacked-out yard. He didn't think, didn't look around. He just ran. And he kept on running until his lungs and legs collapsed and he fell exhausted in a ragged heap.

He lay in the dark, his back against a cold stone wall, trying to control the short, sharp breaths that rattled his chest. How long he sat there, knees hunched, arms around himself, he couldn't say. Might have been minutes, might have been hours. He was no longer thinking straight. He didn't care. This was all about survival and he had survived. That was all that mattered.

He rummaged in his pocket and felt his wallet. Thank Christ for that. He had no idea where he was, but at least he had money. He stood up, bare-footed, still shaking with exhaustion. He knew he must have looked a sight, but he didn't care. All he wanted was to get home. Out in the street, he hailed a cab. The driver barely gave him a second glance. Not when he flashed a wad of notes and told him where he wanted taking.

Half an hour later, he was back in the comfort of familiar streets. He began to relax. Soon be home now. Soon be safe. He hadn't told Lucy where he lived. He'd thought about it once or twice; now he was glad he'd kept shtum.

His apartment had never felt so warm and inviting. He slammed three bolts across the door, checked all the windows were locked and then sat down. Fuck, what a night!

He had a hot bath, dried himself off and climbed into bed. He was tired now. Absolutely wiped out. The sheets felt warm and soft against his skin. It was good to feel safe. Closing his eyes in the darkness he saw that shadowed cell again; watched as woman after woman lowered herself onto his face. The only one who

hadn't sat on him had been Lucy. Shame about that. He licked his lips and imagined how she'd taste; that big fat slit of hers had looked so yummy.

Something moved in the darkness. Hell, things always moved in the darkness. It was the noisiest apartment he had ever lived in.

But this was something different ...

Something warm and hard; across his chest. Alive and pulsing ...

A hand clamped tight around his mouth and a voice whispered softly in the black hell of his room.

'You didn't think we'd let you get away, Smotherhead...'

It was Lucy! It was fucking Lucy!

There were hands around his head holding it tight; weights across his legs and stomach. Jesus, they were climbing all over him, pinning him to the bed!

He couldn't move! He wanted to scream, but his throat had seized up and besides, the hand over his mouth pressed even tighter. Warm breath, sweet and sticky, fanned his face as Lucy leaned closer in the darkness.

‘It was all a game, Smotherhead. We found your address in your wallet; made a copy of your key. Let you escape. Got here before you...’

He grunted weakly and his body shook.

‘We thought you might have stayed willingly. That would have been great. Knowing you wanted it. That you were happy to let me go all the way. But this ...’ She paused, allowing her words to gain emphasis from delay. ‘Oh, this is even better. Because now you’ll suffer. Now you’ll really suffer ...’

He shook again, more feebly than before and croaked a muted shriek of terror into her hot, sticky palm.

‘I’m going to smother you,’ whispered Lucy. ‘You know that, don’t you?’

Little snorts of protest came from his nose and his eyes narrowed tightly. Oh, God, this couldn’t be happening. This couldn’t be fucking happening!

‘I’m going to slide my pussy over you. See if I can trap you inside my cunt.’ She gave a little whimper and, in the half-light now, he saw her breasts wobble.

‘You’re allowed to struggle...’ she murmured sweetly. ‘Pussy likes it when a man tries to fight her.’ She reached out with her other hand and smoothed the hair back from his forehead. ‘You won’t go quietly into the darkness, will you Smotherhead?’

He grunted savagely against her hand.

Lucy giggled. 'I think he just told me to fuck off,' she informed the others. A small pair of hands closed over his cock, stroking him through the sheets. Smotherhead wriggled his hips responsively and the hands pressed harder. Fingers moulded themselves around him like a glove, pumping gently. Lust kicked all his other senses into touch and he squirmed, lost in his own delight.

'Give yourself up to pleasure,' murmured Lucy, her breath searing the side of his head. 'When I'm on your face and you know you're going to die, just think of your cock.'

He let out a muted whimper, a muffled wail of torment and despair. The hand pulled away from his face and he was able to breathe freely for a moment.

Lucy's voice was trembling now, throaty with her own excitement. 'You're my first smother,' she told him. 'I may not get it right. It means you'll suffer because I'll take a long time to kill you. I hope you'll be brave, Smotherhead. I hope you'll be brave for Lucy...'

His lust-hardened cock throbbed between another woman's coaxing fingers. His body was raddled with pleasure, all his thoughts centred on his shaft. He wanted to tell her to fuck off; to leave him alone. But his brain was no longer his to command. This was his one chance for glory. To die wriggling under five homicidal women.

'Tell me to do it,' whispered Lucy, leaning forward, her tongue lapping wetly against his skin. 'Beg me to sit on your face and smother you to death. Beg me,

sweetheart ...'

Smotherhead's head was reeling. Oh, God. This was it. He couldn't shift them even if he wanted to, and he didn't really know if he even wanted that.

'Do ... do it ...' he stammered weakly.

'Do what, my darling?' whispered Lucy.

'Suff...', he swallowed hard. 'Suffocate me. Please. Please sit on my face and smother me with your bottom!'

She breathed sweetly into his ear. 'I won't be gentle,' she told him. 'It'll be a long, hard ride. Pussy first, then my little girl's arse. I'm dark and smelly down there,' she sighed. 'I haven't washed for two days ...'

His body jerked and his eyes bulged like two fat pennies.

'It's time,' whispered Lucy, rising on her haunches and slithering forward onto his neck. 'Time to die, Smotherhead ...'

He opened his mouth to say something. To tell her it was what he wanted. No, to tell her he didn't want to die; to tell her ...

It didn't matter any more. Obscene images crowded out every other thought in his head. What he really wanted was to struggle. To fight against the cunts and arseholes that were riding roughshod over his body. To resist the lure of the hands stabbing at his cock and balls, dragging him helplessly towards his climax.

Lucy's cunt blossomed over his face, like a warm, exploding peach. There were fingers trawling through his hair, holding him fast. His arms and legs were pinned flat and his hips were anchored to the mattress. He couldn't move! He was being smothered and he couldn't move!

He thrust hard with his tongue, stabbing at the runnel of Lucy's sex. It was the only weapon he had now. He dragged it up towards her nubbin, probing for the hard little morsel of flesh, closing on the tight nerve-bundle of her clit. He flicked at her: once, twice and felt her hips shudder with glee.

Her thighs softened and slipped, allowing him to drag his head free for a fraction of a second.

'Oh, God!' he heard her wail. 'He's making pussy come. He's making her ...' And then darkness descended again. Her thighs hardened around his head and she screamed: a banshee-like keen of delight that echoed around the apartment.

He opened his mouth gladly to admit the exploding mush of her sex. She kicked her hips forward several times, flooding his throat with her oily love-juice. It tickled the roof of his mouth and dribbled down his chin. His cock jerked strongly between his legs, trembling on the edge of delight. The hard, coaxing fingers released him – a moment before he was certain he would spend – and his penis bobbed impotently against the sheets.

The bitches! The bitches weren't going to let him come!

Lucy rose from his face and swivelled round. The smell of her bottom washed over him: crude and vulgar; a heaving pillow of forbidden meat. The upturned crater of her anus pulsed gently, a brown knot of hardened flesh that seemed to open and close as she lowered her arse.

Smotherhead shrieked as her cavernous backside closed around his face. Her asshole nudged against the bridge of his nose and he retched as a familiar sour-sweet smell covered him like a blanket. He opened his lips around her cunt, drawing the fat slabs of her labia into his mouth. Oily goo trickled into the back of his throat, mingling with the smell of bottom as her anus twitched and opened around his nose.

He was choking on Lucy's arse. His cheekbones were clamped together, drawn up between the circles of her bottom. It was dark and damp; warm and smelly. He screamed into her cunt and she bounced hard, as if to stifle further protest. Her thighs tightened around his head and suddenly he knew that two women were straddling him. The combined weight was almost unbearable. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't even move his mouth. His head was hurting badly; his eyes crushed down into their sockets, the bones of his face splintering under the full weight of Lucy's naked arse.

Beneath the sheet, he scratched the mattress, his fingers bent into ragged claws. His arms were tight against his sides. He couldn't use them to defend himself. There was a woman across his thighs, pinning his legs flat against the bed. Another girl across his aching chest.

It was hopeless. He couldn't move. They had him now and they weren't going to let him go!

Excitement gripped his balls. Pleasure hurtled up his penis, into his belly, across his chest and down his legs. His body went into spasm, torn apart by the lust ripping through his groin.

As the first of his seed spat from the shivering eye of his cock, he angled his head towards the very centre of Lucy's bottom and imagined himself being sucked up into her dark, convulsing anus. He thrust hard with his tongue and speared the hot little nut-brown hole. Her burgeoning flesh opened all around him. The warm meat of her arse filled his mouth, dripping over his tongue ...

'This is it,' whispered a trembling, far-off voice. 'Time to die, my darling. Time to die under my big, bare bottom...'

Smotherhead's hands clawed uselessly beneath the sheets, and his hips jerked. A feeble little moan shuddered in the rear of his throat. He twitched several times in quick succession and then went still.

His struggles had hardly subsided when hands took hold of Lucy's arse, bodily lifting her from Smotherhead's face. She wheeled around, her eyes blazing. What was happening? She didn't understand!

One of the girls was laughing. 'You didn't think we were really going to finish him off, did you?' she said.

'Yes!' said Lucy. 'Of course I did! You told me I had to! I wanted to!'

‘We had to find out how serious you were,’ said the girl. ‘To see if you were one of us. We don’t really kill the poor bastards, we just make them think we’re going to. That way they really struggle.’

Lucy stared back at them blankly, as if unable to understand what was happening.

‘You have to admit,’ said the first girl. ‘When a man thinks you’re going to bum him to death, he fights like a tiger. It’s so much more fun to have him wriggle between your legs if he thinks you’re trying to do him in.’

‘So we don’t – we don’t go all the way?’ said Lucy, who, now she was beginning to recover, felt a sudden, unexpected pang of relief. What had she been thinking of? Dear God – the power she possessed between her legs. The things she could do with her pussy and her arse ...

‘If we did that, we’d have the police all over us. And anyhow, it’s wrong. We’re not fucking killers. We just get our kicks making a man suffer. And you can’t make him suffer any more than by telling him you’re going to stick your bottom on his face and smother him to death.’

The other girl was leaning over Smotherhead, checking his breathing. ‘It’s OK,’ she said. ‘He’ll be out for a bit. We better leave before he wakes up.’

‘Won’t he tell?’ asked Lucy.

‘Of course he won’t. What’s he going to say? Five women dropped their pants and took it in turns to sit on his face? Anyhow, believe me, once he’s got over it, he’ll look back on tonight as the best thing that ever happened to him. It’s what men like him dream of. They want to know what it’s like to be completely helpless. To have bare-arsed women take control and smother them to within an inch of their lives.’

‘We’re providing a service,’ said Ruth. ‘And you’ve got to admit, it gave you a great kick.’

‘Yes,’ said Lucy. ‘It did.’

‘Come on,’ said the first girl. ‘Let’s get out of here. I don’t know about you, but I’m starving. I know this great little restaurant. The manager is always trying to sneak a look at my bum when I’m in there. I think he might be just the sort to punish, if you know what I mean.’

The girls left quickly. Lucy was elated. This was just the beginning. She could hardly wait for the next time ... now she was a Sister of Suffocation...

THE END

SMOTHER PACT

Chapter One

Tom and I had seen the videos. It was all a bit of harmless fun. I mean, let's be honest: in real life beautiful women don't take off their panties, sit on your face and try their damndest to smother you.

Do they?

Tom and I met over the internet. A facesitting chatroom. We got to talking, exchanging fantasies. The one we had was common enough, if starkly unrealistic. We wanted to be smothered to death by a beautiful, dominant woman. A real bitch: a woman who once she began the job would make sure she finished it, too.

It was a crazy idea, but we set out to make it happen. I suppose you could describe it as a smother pact. The chatroom seemed a good place to begin. After all, it attracted women as well as men. Mind you, it wasn't the easiest subject to broach. A month went by and we seemed to be getting nowhere. There were several girls happy to indulge us up to a point: happy to pretend to smother us; to take us as far as humanly possible. But they didn't want to kill us.

Janet and her friend had no such scruples. We'd thrashed out the scenario for the hundredth time and waited for the hundredth same response. But this time it was different.

'How much?' she asked.

‘What do you mean?’ I typed back rapidly.

‘How much will you pay us?’

‘How much do you want?’

‘Ten thousand dollars each.’

‘That’s a hell of a lot,’ I replied.

‘You can’t take it with you,’ she pointed out.

She was right, of course. What were we worrying about? Raising the loan was easy. Paying it back was frankly academic. We weren’t going to be around, were we?

So the deed was done. We asked for a photo of Janet and her friend. After all, we didn’t want to be smothered by a pair of old witches. We weren’t disappointed. The girls were in their early twenties. Janet was a brunette; Lee a natural blonde. Lee had a shaven vulva. The slit of her pussy bulged like the flesh of some ripe, exotic fruit. Janet sported a forest of dark curls: the lips of her sex were long and pink and dappled with sweat. She said she’d shave her pubes if we preferred. Tom and I talked it over and decided it didn’t matter. We didn’t mind which girl sat on us. We drew lots: Tom got Janet, I got Lee.

Janet lived in a big house outside of town. She told us that she'd converted her barn into a soundproofed dungeon. Not that it mattered how much we screamed because the nearest neighbours were six miles away. She sent us photos of the set-up. It was very impressive: she had racks and cages, chains, paddles, the lot.

We arrived just before mid-day. Janet had laid on a light lunch, though to be honest neither Tom nor I were hungry. We'd spent most of the journey talking over what we'd planned, comparing notes on how we thought we'd cope. By the time we pulled up outside the ranch, we were a raw mix of fear and excitement.

Both girls greeted us with a warm hug and a friendly kiss. It was almost like going on a double date. Janet's photo hadn't done her justice. She was beautiful, with masses of dark hair, big breasts, a narrow waist and long slender legs. I felt a pang of envy that Tom was going out beneath her gorgeous butt.

Lee was slightly shorter, with cropped blonde hair and big blue eyes. Her breasts were small and pert, unlike her buttocks, which bulged against the fabric of her black, figure-hugging tights. I felt my cock begin to harden at the thought of what she was going to do to me before the day was over.

After lunch, the girls took us through to the dungeon. Two wooden trestles had been set up side by side in the centre of the room. Dozens of loosely strung leather straps ran the length and width of the broad rectangular framework.

'This is where we'll smother you,' explained Janet. I was surprised by how matter of fact she was.

Lee bent down and scooped up a handful of straps.

‘It doesn’t matter how much you want this, once you run out of breath you’ll struggle. You won’t be able to help yourselves. We’ll need to tie you down. You don’t mind?’

Tom and I exchanged a brief look.

‘No,’ I replied for both of us. ‘We’re in your hands. Whatever you think best.’

‘If you want to experience the illusion of struggle, we can leave some of the restraints a little slack,’ said Janet. ‘You won’t be able to escape, of course, but it should make it more exciting for you.’

Lee smiled. ‘For us, too,’ she added.

This was one of the things Tom and I had discussed on the drive over. It was the struggle that particularly appealed to us and we’d wondered how that would work in practice. Janet’s words were music to our ears.

‘Another thing,’ she continued. ‘A password.’

‘Why do we need a password?’ asked Tom. It seemed a reasonable question.

‘In case you change your mind at any point,’ explained Lee.

‘Won’t it be difficult to let you know?’ I asked. ‘If we’ve both got a faceful of butt?’

Janet smiled. ‘We’re not going to smother you straight off. We’ll go through a few dummy runs first. After all, you’ve paid enough. You might as well get some enjoyment out of it before we get down to the serious business.’

Tom looked a little unsure. ‘I don’t know,’ he said quietly.

Janet looked him straight in the eye. ‘How long can you hold your breath?’

‘About three minutes,’ he answered. A month ago it had been less than two, but we’d both been practising since then.

‘Once I’m on your face that’s all you’ll get,’ replied Janet. ‘Think about it.’

She had a point. If we were going out, we might as well get some fun before the end. But there was one thing we were definitely decided on. No password.

‘In that case, once we begin, whatever you say, however much you beg us to stop, we won’t. Are you absolutely clear about that?’

We were.

Janet looked us both squarely in the face.

‘Very well, gentlemen,’ she addressed us solemnly. ‘Welcome to your execution chamber...’

Chapter Two

There was one more surprise in store for us. We were made to strip and then led over to a padded cell at the far end of the room. There was a single dim light bulb set into the ceiling. The girls fastened manacles around our wrists and ankles, forced us inside and shut the door. A bolt was pushed home and for the next hour we waited, alone with our thoughts. It was our very own condemned cell. From where we would make our final walk ...

‘Nervous?’ I asked Tom. My heart was thumping hard against my chest. My cock felt as if it had turned to stone. I’d never been this aroused in all my life.

‘A bit,’ he replied. But his twitching penis told another story. Then he added, ‘I hope I don’t embarrass myself. You know, make a fuss or anything.’

‘That’s all right,’ I said, trying to reassure him. ‘We’re allowed to struggle. I mean, that’ll be part of the fun.’

‘It’d be awful to change your mind, though,’ he pondered. ‘And not be able to let them know.’

‘It wouldn’t be awful at all,’ I countered. ‘It’d make it even better. Then they’d really be smothering us against our will.’

Tom’s face lit up and he took a deep breath. ‘Yeah, I suppose you’re right,’ he

said more confidently. Then he extended his hand and we shook. 'Thanks, Bill,' he said quietly.

'What for?' I asked him.

'I'd never have had the courage to do this on my own. But knowing there are two of us, well, it makes a difference.'

Somewhere nearby a clock struck three. The door opened and we stepped back into the main dungeon. Lee and Janet stood either side of us. Each girl now wore a high-cut leather thong fastened in tiny bows at the waist. Other than that, they were both naked. Janet looked great. Her skin was slightly darker than Lee's. Her breasts were big and heavy; her nipples plump, like big brown berries, sprouting from the crinkled circles of her areolae. She had a narrow waist and a soft, concave tummy; her legs were long and muscular, her buttocks full and rounded. Once again I felt that pang of envy. Tom was a lucky guy.

The girls took hold of each of us and drew us to one side. I looked across at Tom and watched as Janet pressed herself close and held him in her arms, whispering into his ear. I wondered what was going on until Lee did the same to me. I felt her warm breath on the side of my face, her apple-hard tits digging into my chest.

'Do you want me to use my pussy or my arse, Bill?' she whispered softly. 'At the end. When I'm going down on you for the last time.'

It was funny, I know, but I suddenly wasn't sure. Lee sensed my hesitation.

‘I’ll use both while I’m softening you up. So you won’t miss out on anything. But there are two ways of smothering you. It’ll be faster if I use my butt. My arse-hole will be over your nose and my pussy in your mouth. I’ll squeeze my cheeks real tight and that will cut off the air completely.’

She paused briefly to let the full implication of what she’d said sink in. Then she continued, ‘If I use pussy, it may take a little longer. Especially if I climax, because it’ll loosen my grip while I’m coming.’

I swore under my breath. I couldn’t help it. The thought of Lee spending herself like that hadn’t occurred to me.

‘I’ve got a long slit,’ she explained, ‘so there’ll be no problem covering your nose and mouth. Although you won’t be able to move much, you’ll be able to look up at me. I’ll give you a nice big smile and stroke your hair if that helps. It might make it easier at the end.’

The thought of peering up into Lee’s big blue eyes as I slipped away sent shards of pleasure zipping through my cock. She pressed herself close again and I felt my shaft shudder against her warm tummy.

‘Use your pussy,’ I whimpered, suddenly making up my mind, before adding, ‘please’. She gave me a reassuring hug, and whispered, ‘I’ll make it good, don’t worry.’

‘Sounds pretty final, either way,’ I considered.

‘About three to four minutes at the outside,’ she confirmed. ‘You’ll probably pass out in less. Then it’s just a case of me sitting tight until you stop breathing. Janet and I have decided to give it ten more minutes after that; just to be absolutely sure.’

There was something I wanted to ask. Something that had crossed my mind more than once.

‘I know it’s a silly question,’ I began, ‘but will you enjoy smothering me?’

Lee pulled back and gave me a big, heart-warming smile. ‘Of course I will, silly! Why do you think we’re doing this? It’s not just the money. You’re not the first, you know. We’ve done this before.’

‘Really?’ I must have sounded shocked. Lee wrinkled up her tiny nose and looked serious for a moment.

‘That’s why you have to be certain. Janet and I know what we’re doing. We really will smother you. And we’ll love every moment. And the more you struggle, the more we’ll enjoy it. It gives us such a kick. We’d hate it if you changed your mind. You’re nice guys, but we really want to finish you off. You know—’ She paused and cupped one hand tightly around her vulva. ‘With what we’ve got between our legs.’

My mouth was suddenly dry with lust and longing. There was nothing I could say. I knew I wanted this now. More than I’d ever wanted anything in my life.

Lee raised her damp hand and pressed it to my face.

‘Oh, God,’ I murmured weakly as the smell of sweat and pussy filled my head. ‘I want you to smother me, Lee. I want it so much.’

‘I’m a woman, Bill,’ Lee whispered softly. ‘No one else can do what I’m going to do to you. Think about it, sweetheart. You’ll fight me all the way, I know. But you’re going out under my arse...’

Lee’s words were still ringing in my ears as she fastened me to the execution frame. There was a thick cushion behind my head, but that was the only concession to comfort. Tom was already in place, his torso covered in a bewildering mesh of straps, his legs pulled wide apart and his ankles secured to the lower corners of the rack. There were thick leather hoops around his wrists, attached to short chains hooked into the ground. It meant that he could bend his arms only so far, the effect being to facilitate the appearance of struggle but no more.

‘This is it, mate,’ said Tom, looking across at me. He smiled briefly and bit his lip. Deep down, I knew, he was terrified. I understood the feeling. In a very short time, we would each be struggling for our lives between the buttocks of a merciless bare-bottomed woman.

I swallowed hard and nodded back.

‘We’re lucky men,’ I reminded him. ‘Going out the way we’ve always wanted.’

At that moment, Tom didn't seem at all convinced. There was a look in his eyes that hadn't been there before. For a moment I thought he was about to crack.

'It'll be great!' I said, doing my best to reassure him. 'We're going to be smothered to death by two naked women. Janet's going to sit on your face. I mean, look at that arse, Tom, just look at it!'

While I'd been speaking, the girls had straddled our chests, thighs either side of us, hands resting lightly on our legs. I looked up into Lee's butt. The string of her thong was barely visible between her dimpled arse-cheeks. I glanced across at Janet and watched as she manoeuvred her magnificent backside over Tom's face.

As if on cue, the two girls looked across at each other and nodded. Glancing over their shoulders, they smiled at each of us in turn.

'This is it boys,' said Janet. 'Any last requests?'

'No mercy,' I answered, speaking for both of us.

Janet grinned. 'That goes without saying,' she breathed softly, then looked across at Lee. 'Let's do it,' she said.

Both girls turned their faces away and shifted into a kneeling position. I looked up and saw Lee's hands move to the bows at her waist. She gave a sharp tug either side and her thong came away. She eased the string down between her

buttocks, inch by wicked inch. With a final, casual tug she pulled it free and tossed the flimsy leather to one side. Reaching back with both her hands, she pressed her fingers into her crack and prised her arse-cheeks open.

I heard Tom mutter, 'Oh fuck...' but I didn't look across. I guessed what he was staring at because I was staring at it, too. Or something very similar. Lee's big, brown anus winked at me from the heart of her open arse. Her crack was damp with sweat; beads of moisture had slithered down between her cheeks, dribbling into the ridged well of her dark, wrinkled arse-eye.

'Oh, no, please no,' I heard Tom whimper and hoped for his sake that he was throwing himself into the role of a man being smothered against his will. The alternative didn't bear thinking about.

Not that I had much chance for thought after that. I managed to take a single deep breath before Lee lowered her rump over my face and blotted out all sights and sound. Something warm and wet pressed against my nose. The smell of arse was unmistakable; it filled my nostrils, wafting into the back of my throat so that I could taste it on my tongue. I couldn't open my mouth around her cunt because her butt was everywhere; soft, warm flesh pooling around my face, cutting off the air supply completely.

I lay quite still for about half a minute, content to drown in the clammy darkness of her arse. Then I tried to ease my head from side to side; to see how strong she really was. Lee's hips went with me; left and right; up and down. It was as if she were able to second-guess my every move. I lifted my legs and twisted to the right, pulled on the chains, and stretched my fingers. Her butt was out of reach; no way could I grab it and try to throw her off. I felt a growing restriction in the back of my throat; a swirling lightness in my head gave way to pain and fear began to gnaw at my belly. I couldn't breathe! I couldn't fucking breathe!

Chapter Three

Lord knows how long I lay there, shifting uselessly, grunting my pain into Lee's bare butt. All at once she leaned forward and I saw daylight. My lungs sucked air; once, twice, before her backside descended again. This time Lee did all the wriggling, swaying gently, wiping her bottom across my face. My breath kept coming in short sharp blasts; enough to keep the fear at bay. Although my nose was trapped inside her crack, this time my eyes peeked out between her cheeks. I twisted my head sideways, towards where Tom was being straddled. I couldn't see his face at all. It seemed to have been swallowed up by Janet's arse. But his arms and legs were lashing out and I could hear his muffled screams. I watched as Janet unfurled one leg and imagined she was about to give him some relief. But instead she unfurled the other, then stretched both legs so that they were resting on Tom's thighs. The effect was to concentrate her entire upper body weight over his face. His chest twisted horribly and his tortured groans made my stomach turn.

Then Lee must have shifted backwards, because something warm and fragrant covered my face and now it was my turn to struggle. I felt her lurch from side to side and suddenly it was as if there were two women sitting on my head. Her legs were pressed against my thighs and I realised that she was doing to me what Janet was doing to Tom. Again and again I tried to find a gap between her cheeks; anything, just enough to snatch a desperate breath. It was useless. She was taking me too far. I clawed the empty air; my stomach lurched and for one dreadful moment I thought I was going to be sick. Then I shrieked and the last of the air left my lungs. Lee's fingers were curling around my penis, pumping me hard. My balls rolled heavily and I felt the semen flow into my shaft. My pain was banished to another place; somewhere far beyond this world. All I knew now was the pleasure boiling up inside my prick.

And then it was over. Lee's long, cool fingers slipped away and my body bucked and twisted, deprived of that one last stroke that would have emptied my cock. If

she hadn't lifted her butt from my face at that point, I'd have passed out for sure. It was a blessed relief to see the roof of the barn, to breathe the damp, slightly fetid air. My heart was banging in my chest; one more thump and it would surely rupture and explode. My head was spinning and I could no longer think straight. I looked up and watched transfixed as Lee's open vulva came down over me for the first time. I saw her labia: pink, bloated and distended. Her pussy felt like warm fruit bursting over my face, covering my nose and mouth. Lee began to ride me gently; her sex was hot and slippery. Something small and hard pressed against my nose and I heard her moan fitfully.

And so it began again. I'll never know how long it lasted. An hour? Two? Time had lost all meaning. My world became a tortured pleasure-ground: an intoxicating blend of terror and delight; of pain and ecstasy. The tears that pooled from my eyes were of happiness and horror. I wanted to die and I didn't want to die. I wanted my ordeal to last for ever and I wanted it to end at once: in one last, shuddering squeeze of Lee's powerful legs.

Then suddenly everything went quiet. Lee's arse had almost choked the last breaths from my battered lungs. This time I truly believed I was about to die. She had told me she would finish me off with her pussy, but she'd never sat on me this long before. My head was being crushed between her thighs. She pressed so heavily that the crater of her anus had opened over my nose; her vulva filled my mouth, engorged and mushy with arousal. I kicked my legs and punched the air with fear-hardened fists. My spine arched and my hips bucked. I screamed my terror into her cruel, unyielding backside. After all the bravado and all the pretence, I finally knew the meaning of fear. A fear that filled my balls, hardened my cock and sent showers of ice into my stomach.

Lee turned around and resumed her new position, kneeling over me, her open cunt dribbling above my head. I was so far gone, I couldn't think straight. It suddenly felt so good to be alive. My chest rattled, and I rasped like an asthmatic, sucking huge gulps of air into my lungs. My face was sodden: with sweat, with tears and with Lee's warm, oily juices. I glanced over at Tom. He

was shaking his head from side to side and hardly seemed to know that I was there. I heard him mutter, 'No, no, no,' over and over again, swearing and praying and calling for his mother.

Janet had settled herself into a different position to Lee. Her butt was over Tom's face. I saw her reach back and peel her cheeks as far apart as she was able. Tom looked up and his eyes became huge, distended circles of fear as he focused on the crude, rounded knot of her anus.

Something warm and wet dripped onto my face and I looked up. Lee's cunt was leaking sap: it gathered on the folds of her labia and dribbled down the insides of her thighs. I had never seen such a beautiful sight in all my life.

'It's time to die, Bill,' she said quietly. 'Time to be smothered by pussy. Are you ready?'

I swallowed hard. 'I – I think so,' I stammered, without much conviction.

'That last face-sit was to give you a proper taste of smothering, Bill. To show you what it's like when I mean business. That's what it's going to be like when I ride you for the last time. Do you understand?'

I nodded feebly. I understood only too well. Though I didn't turn my head, I knew that Janet was speaking softly to Tom, giving him a similar, final message of farewell.

Lee straightened her back and steadied herself for a moment.

‘This is it, Bill,’ she said quietly. ‘The Final Smothering. Be brave, my darling. Pussy takes no prisoners.’

I watched transfixed as Lee’s cunt lowered towards me. I tried to put all my fears to one side, feasting on the swollen gourds of her labia, the pink maw of her sex, the pearls of sap that glistened in the open mouth of her pussy as it descended. I was going to die. I was going to be smothered. I was going to ...

‘Geronimo!’

Lee’s cunt smudged my lips for an instant and then withdrew.

I had said the magic word. Relief washed over me. And shame, too. When Lee had held me in her arms in those moments before Tom and I had been secured to the execution frames, I had finally cracked. I had given Lee a password: ‘Geronimo’. I never thought I’d need it. But just in case. You never knew. It wouldn’t do any harm.

Lee was already unstrapping me from the frame. There was no going back. She had told me that, too. Once I withdrew from the game, it was over.

For me at any rate.

Tom's face had twisted into a blaze of anger and confusion. I didn't have to say anything. He knew what was going on. Suddenly he was screaming.

'You bastard! Bill! You bastard!'

I shook my head. 'I'm sorry, Tom, I couldn't go through with it. I thought I could. I was wrong.'

'Then I don't want to go through with it, either!' he yelled.

'Then give Janet the password,' I told him.

'I didn't choose a fucking password!'

I swallowed hard. My eyes latched onto Janet's and she shook her head slowly. I felt suddenly sick to my stomach. Tom was crying now, no longer screaming, but weeping like a baby.

'I don't want to die. Not like this!'

His face was flushed and damp with sweat. A small vein throbbed over his right eye. 'Make her stop, Bill, make her stop! Please! For God's sake!'

‘I can’t! You didn’t choose a password. You might be just pretending.’

‘I’m not! I’m not fucking pretending! Sweet Jesus! She’s going to smother me, Bill! She’s going to smother me with her fucking arse!’

‘Take a deep breath, Tom,’ said Janet.

‘No! Noooooo!’ he screamed, over and over again. Janet looked me in the eye one last time. I knew what I had to say.

‘Do it, Janet. Do it now and do it good.’

‘No, Bill! No, please! Noooooooo!’

It was terrible to hear him cry like that. And then suddenly nothing. No, that’s not true. He was still protesting, still begging, but now his pleas were muffled. They were formless grunts, devoid of meaning, stifled forever in the closed surrounds of Janet’s arse. He kicked his legs in the air and clawed with his hands. But the restraints were too short for him to do anything other than twist stupidly, like a landed fish. I knew. I’d been there, done that.

Lee touched me lightly on the arm. ‘Do you want to leave?’ she asked. ‘It won’t be nice. It’ll take a few minutes. He’s really going to struggle now.’

Her face was a picture of concern. I shook my head. No. I didn’t want to go. I

wanted to see it through.

‘I need some help.’ Janet’s voice broke into my thoughts. ‘He’s really fighting. You’ll have to hold his legs, Lee.’

‘Sure,’ said Lee and went round to the foot of the frame. Tom was kicking so madly that he almost caught her in the face. I felt helpless. I wanted to do something – anything – to help. Lee flung herself forward and covered his thighs with her body, using her weight to pin him down.

The sweat was running down Janet’s back. She lurched this way and that, her face contorted with effort.

‘He’s trying to get out from under my butt!’ she screamed. ‘Bill! You’ve got to help me! Hold his head in place!’

I leapt up and knelt behind Janet’s arse. Tom was squirming like a man possessed. I clamped my hands either side and held him fast. It wasn’t easy. I felt his head shudder against my fingers. With three of us holding him fast, he must have known there was no escape.

I looked down, past Janet’s splayed buttocks and knew it could have been me, fighting so furiously, kicking and clawing and gasping for a breath that would never come. I thought it was what I had wanted. Now I knew how wrong I’d been. I just hoped Tom was happy. It was hard to imagine that any woman could have smothered him as effectively as Janet. I half-wondered if I’d been beneath her butt and not Lee’s cunt, whether I’d have held on to my password and surrendered to that gorgeous arse.

Tom's body gave two savage heaves and slumped. His buttocks twitched and his fingers shook. I heard a long, deep groan emerge from the depths of Janet's arse. Lee reached out, took hold of Tom's cock and jiggled her fingers up and down. A stream of white-hot cream spat from his shaft, dancing in the air, splattering his belly. Janet grunted with effort, tightening her butt and bearing down with all her weight. I let go of Tom's head. The girls didn't need my help anymore. They could finish him off on their own.

Tom's body went suddenly limp. His cock still bobbed between his legs, spitting the last of his seed across his twisted right thigh. Still holding on to his legs, Lee turned to me and said, 'Go back into the cell, Bill. He's only unconscious. We're going to finish him off now. It's best you don't see...'

This time I needed no second telling. I turned away, crossed the room as fast as I could, and pulled the cell door close behind me. I sat there for several minutes with my hands over my ears, trying to shut out the sounds of the women as they huffed and puffed and screamed with pleasure at the work they were doing.

Finally, everything went quiet. I sat there for several more minutes, afraid to move, waiting for the door to open, for one of the women to usher me back out. I didn't want to get up and look. I didn't know what I wanted.

I don't know how much time passed before the silence became too oppressive for even me to bear. Finally, I could take no more. I got up, crossed the small cell and pulled on the handle of the cell door.

It was locked! I froze for a moment or two, then, regaining my senses, I pulled again, as hard as I could. Then I started hammering on the padded panels.

‘Let me out!’ I cried. ‘What the hell’s going on?’

I must have hammered and shouted for a good ten to fifteen minutes, but there was no response.

How long do you keep that up before it hits you that no one is going to answer? What do you do when the realisation finally dawns? The women were up to something, I just wasn’t sure what. Maybe they were doing whatever they had to do to get rid of poor Bill’s body. Or maybe ... no, that was daft... They wouldn’t would they? They couldn’t ... come for me ... do to me what they had done to Tom?

I was a witness to his murder! Dear God, how could I have been so stupid! They couldn’t let me live! Not now. Not after I had seen them...

And then I heard a bolt being pulled back on the far side of the cell door. I stepped back, naked and afraid, pressed into the far wall...

The door to the cell opened. Someone stood in the doorway, and I could hardly believe my eyes. ..

It was Tom...

Epilogue

I thought he'd be angry, but he wasn't.

'It wasn't your fault,' he told me. 'Besides...' And then his voice drifted away. When he recovered himself enough to speak again, he said, 'I can't tell you what it was like, Bill – to be that frightened... To have Janet smother me like that, to think ... to know she was going to finish me off. With her bare arse...'

I felt ridiculously jealous. Tom had suffered horribly for so much longer than me, but he was none the worse for his ordeal. In fact, the more we talked about it, the more I regretted giving Lee the password. If I hadn't, she'd have done to me what Janet had done to Tom. Smothered me into unconsciousness, taken me further than I'd ever been taken before...

They'd gone, of course, disappeared without a trace. Just a note left behind to explain themselves. They'd never had any intention of smothering us all the way, and hoped we'd be grateful we'd stumbled on them, and not two homicidal bitches.

We were.

It was a lucky escape, no two ways about it. Sometimes in life, you get it into your head you want something more than you want anything else. But you don't. Not really. At least we didn't.

It doesn't mean we won't try it again, of course. Just that next time, we'll be more careful.

Of course, we have to hope we choose the right girls again.

If we don't... well ...

It doesn't really bear thinking about.

... Does it?

THE END

MOVIE SMOTHER

Chapter One

Tony Delaney couldn't believe his luck. Attracting the attention of even one woman was unusual for the young car mechanic; two was completely unheard of. 'Xender's' Nightclub was packed solid this evening, and one look around the crowded dance floor had convinced him that, as usual, he'd be heading home on his own.

He'd downed two beers as quickly as he could. It was the only way he could muster up courage to ask for a dance. The first girl he'd approached had stared him up and down, turned to her mate and laughed. Very loudly. He wouldn't have minded, but she was an ugly old cow, and he'd only made the effort because he thought she'd be as grateful for him as he was desperate for her.

Tony drank his third beer of the evening and made his way towards a second girl. This one didn't laugh. She just swore, then pushed her way past him and vanished into the toilets never to be seen again.

Fuck her, he told himself, then wished he could. This was all a lousy waste of time. He wondered why he'd even bothered. He could get as drunk as he liked, but there was no girl on earth who was going to get so drunk she'd want to spend some time with him.

But he was wrong. He was sitting at the bar again, contemplating whether he should call it a night and go home, or drink himself stupid by closing time, when a tap on his shoulder made him swing round.

A young blonde girl brushed close and gave him a big smile. 'Hi, my name's Karen. You're going to think I'm very forward,' she began, 'but I was wondering if you'd like to dance.'

He thought it was a joke at first, and not a very good one. He'd say 'Yes, I'd like a dance,' and she'd say, 'Yes, I bet you would,' then laugh and walk off, leaving him standing there on his own. As per usual.

Only this time, that wasn't how it had turned out. She really did want to dance. And they had. Several times. Then a drink, then another dance. Then a hug and a kiss, and a cuddle in the corner. He couldn't believe his luck. If she was playing him for a sap, this was one sort of joke he was happy to be the butt of.

And then her friend – Janet – turned up, and things had got even better. He'd danced with her, too, kissed her and groped her, with Karen joining in and giggling as the three of them stumbled around the nightclub floor.

It was the sort of evening he didn't want to end. And neither, it seemed, did they. A little after ten o'clock, Karen had leaned across and whispered in his ear, 'Do you want to come back to our place? We can have a private party, just the three of us. It'll be great, what do you say?'

What could he say? What the hell would any man have said in the circumstances?

And so he'd gone with them. They had a car parked round the back, a sporty little number into which they'd all squeezed, then driven off into the darkness, along streets he didn't know, into areas he didn't even think about. He wasn't

thinking about anything much, just girls. Real live, soft, delicious, firm-breasted, long-legged, big-bottomed girls.

He had, he reckoned, died and gone to heaven.

But he hadn't. Not died. Not yet. And he hadn't gone to heaven, either.

He'd gone to the other place.

Big time ...

That's what he thought now, at any rate, huddled in the corner of the large, sparsely-furnished chamber, his wrists and ankles cuffed together, a long silver chain looped through a belt around his waist and fixed into the wall so that he couldn't move more than a few inches in any direction. They'd gagged him, too, with a rubber strap, and taken all his clothes.

Several arc-lights had been positioned around the room, and three camcorders set up on tripods. Karen and Janet were busy checking lengths of wire and consulting clips of notes. They spoke to each other on occasion, but never to him. At last, apparently happy with their arrangements, Karen came across and squatted down in front of Tony.

'I'm going to remove your gag,' she told him. 'Then I'll tell you what's going on. If you make any sort of fuss, I'll shut you up again. Is that clear?'

Tony gave an anxious nod and was relieved to have the rubber ball removed from his mouth. His jaw ached, and he worked it carefully for a few seconds before speaking.

‘Where am I?’ he asked. ‘What the hell’s going on?’

‘You’re in the basement of our house,’ explained Karen. ‘We’re well out of town, and though I’d rather you didn’t, if you decide to call for help, there’s no one to hear you for miles.’

‘This – this is some sort of kinky game, right?’ he suggested, his eyes wandering to the cameras and the lights.

‘We’re making a film,’ said Karen. ‘Videotape and camera shots, that sort of thing.’ She broke off and smiled at him. ‘You’re going to be our star, Tony. I hope you won’t let us down.’

‘What sort of film?’ he inquired anxiously. ‘Some sort of – some sort of sex film?’ It was, in the circumstances he reckoned, not that wild a guess.

‘Something like that,’ said Karen enigmatically. She fixed her eyes on his for a moment, took a deep breath and said, ‘You’re going to be smothered, Tony. Very long, very hard, and finally ...’ She broke off and watched the horror in his eyes. ‘Finally, all the way, Tony. All the holy fucking way ...’

He shook his head. ‘I don’t understand!’ His voice was full of anguish. ‘What

the hell are you talking about? What the hell do you mean, “all the way”?’

Karen’s voice was cold and measured. ‘We’ve been paid a lot of money to produce a special sort of tape,’ she continued. ‘A smother movie.’

‘You’re crazy! You’re fucking crazy!’ yelled Tony and tugged at his restraints. It was useless. He’d been fastened down too well.

‘That’s good,’ said Karen. ‘You’re frightened now. You’ll struggle more. That’s what our clients want. None of this gentle crap where you know everyone’s playacting. They want real-live action. A genuine fight.’

‘Oh, shit ...’ muttered Tony and drew his knees up into his chest. ‘This can’t be happening. This can’t be fucking happening.’

‘Oh, it’s happening, all right,’ Karen assured him.

‘Why me? Why’d you fucking choose me? I thought you liked me! I thought we were friends!’

Karen got up. Standing over him, with her legs spread wide and her hands on her hips, she seemed suddenly very threatening. Tony felt the goose-bumps rise across his skin.

‘We chose you because no one would miss you,’ said Karen.

Janet came up behind her friend, looked down at him and smirked. 'We could have had any man we liked,' she announced. 'But our clients wanted someone ordinary. Someone who looked as if they'd never scored. Someone just like you.'

'You cunts!' screamed Tony. 'You lousy fucking cunts!'

There was a ring at the door. Janet crossed to the small intercom, pressed a button and spoke. Tony couldn't hear the reply, but it was clearly satisfactory. Janet said, 'Come right down,' then pressed a second button, and he heard a long-drawn-out buzz.

Tony's head came up and his eyes were full of panic. 'This is against the law! You'll go to fucking prison. You know that, don't you!'

'No one knows you're here,' Karen reminded him. 'No one saw us leave together. We were very careful. There's no way out of this, Tony. You might as well lie back and accept it.'

There was a loud click in the corner of the room, a door opened and three young women filed in. They were dressed in dark overcoats, and each carried a small, black valise.

They removed their coats quickly and came across to join Karen. A brunette in a tight jumper and baggy blue jeans looked Tony up and down without expression.

‘Is this him?’ she inquired flatly. ‘He’s an ugly son-of-a-bitch. The sooner we cover that face of his the better.’

Her two companions – a petite, pig-tailed blonde and a plump Asian girl – popped their heads into view and looked at him with equal disinterest.

‘Does he know what’s going to happen to him?’ asked the blonde calmly.

‘I’ve just told him,’ replied Karen. ‘He knows the three of you are going to smother him. He just doesn’t know how and in what order.’

Tony heaved himself from side to side and punched the air with his clenched fists.

‘It’s good to see he’s got some fight in him,’ remarked the tall brunette. ‘I really love it when they try to get away.’

‘He’s got some limited movement,’ explained Karen coldly. ‘We’ll free his legs and lengthen the chain, but his hands will stay cuffed.’

‘No gag, I assume?’ inquired the Asian girl.

‘No,’ answered Karen. ‘He’ll scream a lot, of course, but the clients are very

keen on that. They want to hear him begging for his life.'

'Sweet Jesus!' cried Tony, his body heaving from side to side. 'You fucking let me go, you bitches! Fucking let me go!'

'I've seen enough,' said the tall brunette. 'Let's get this show on the road.'

Janet retreated to the rear of the room and flicked several switches on a bulky desk control. At once, the arc-lights burst into life, momentarily blinding the young man.

When he looked up again, his vision beginning to clear, he saw that the tiny blonde and the fat Asian girl had stripped down to their bras and pants. The tall brunette had removed her jumper and tee-shirt, to reveal a pair of large, rounded breasts, tipped with long, rosy nipples.

Before Tony had a chance to work out what was going on, Karen stepped behind him, swung her legs across his back and used the weight of her arse to press his head down onto the floor. He tried to fight her off, but with his arms and feet securely bound, it was a futile effort. He heard the sound of metal links as she fed them through the belt around his waist, lengthening the chain inch by careful inch. Satisfied with the result, she stood up quickly, swung Tony around and dropped her bottom onto his stomach, pinning his back to the floor. She quickly unlocked the hoops that held his feet together, then stood up and crossed to join the other women.

Tony rubbed his stomach tenderly and gasped. He blinked against the glare of arc-lights and tried to focus on the line of girls a few yards in front of him. Karen

had taken up position behind one of the fixed camcorders. Janet, holding a smaller mobile version, was tiptoeing around to his immediate right.

‘We’ll begin with the jeans smother,’ said Karen. ‘Then we can move on to the rougher stuff. In your own time, Sandy.’

‘I’m ready,’ replied the tall brunette, advancing on the young man cowering in the corner.

‘Oh, fucking hell, no! For Jesus’ sake!’ screamed Tony, scrambling to his feet and backing up against the wall.

‘It’s just you and me, sweetheart,’ giggled Sandy, suddenly checking her stride and approaching him from a new direction. She pressed the flat of her hand against her crotch and circled her groin. ‘Let’s get your head down here, where it belongs,’ she purred. ‘Underneath a woman’s pussy ...’

Tony bared his teeth, like a cornered beast, his hands outstretched, his fingers scrabbling at the air. He muttered incoherently beneath his breath, and bent his legs in readiness for her attack.

Sandy feinted left and right, drawing Tony off balance. She lashed out with her leg, tripped him over, and sent him crashing onto his back. Before he had a chance to recover, she straddled his chest, her powerful thighs either side of his body.

‘That’s great!’ yelled Janet, moving close to Tony’s head. ‘Let’s see some terror in those eyes of his. Let’s see that pussy going for the kill!’

Tony arched his back and screamed as Sandy shuffled forward inch by inch.

‘There’s no escape!’ she cried, wriggling her backside across his chest and neck and settling herself on his chin. ‘I’m going to sit on your face, Tony,’ she told him, tightening her thighs a little. ‘I’m going to smother you to death ...’

‘Dear God!’ he screamed, his eyes wide with panic. ‘Dear God, please, noooooo!!’

Karen came forward now, snapping away rapidly with her camera. ‘That’s lovely!’ she enthused. ‘He’s really frightened. The clients will love this!’

Janet waited for Karen to step out of shot before zooming in on Sandy’s thighs. Some time tomorrow they’d edit, dub and overwrite as necessary. That’s when all the clients’ films would finally come together. Just now, all that mattered was to capture what they could on video.

Tony’s head was shaking rapidly from side to side. Out of the corner of one eye, he saw Janet moving slowly round him, cold-heartedly filming his terror. His chin was buckling under the weight of Sandy’s bottom, but though he wanted her to move away, he knew where she would end up next, and the prospect made his stomach turn.

‘Time to be smothered,’ giggled the tall brunette and slithered forward, covering his face with her crotch. Her jeans were loose around the gusset and he caught a whiff of something pungent, the smell of knickers scrunched up in the crack of her cunt. And then his world went dark and a terrible weight bore down on his head, closing off his nose and mouth. She began to move her pussy round, a bulge of warmth that circled his face, bending his nose, and crushing his cheeks.

Janet hurried forward, round to the front, recording Tony’s smothering from a different vantage point. Then she stepped to one side, still filming as his body arched and his arms and legs thrust up and out at angles to his body.

‘Can you make him pass out?’ asked Karen, still snapping away. ‘It’ll give us an idea of how long he can last.’

‘Sure,’ responded Sandy, licking away at the edges of her mouth. She closed her thighs a little tighter, reached down and took hold of his hair with both hands. ‘I’ll just make sure I’ve got a proper grip. Don’t want him coming up for air, do we?’

‘Shit ...’ whispered Janet, stepping back sharply so as to avoid being caught by Tony’s flailing legs. ‘Just look at the way he’s struggling. I’ve never seen anything like it. This is one of the best we’ve ever had.’

‘He’s fucking terrified,’ declared Sandy, shifting her arse a little to one side. ‘I can feel it! Jesus! This is so good! He’ll make me piss myself if he’s not careful!’

‘Pee on him if you like,’ said Karen. ‘Just tell us what you’re doing, that’s all.’

The clients want to know whatever's happening.'

Sandy leaned forward, strangling Tony with her thighs, hugging his head into her cunt. 'You bastard!' she squealed. 'You ugly fucking bastard, you deserve to die!'

A volley of grunts thudded into her jeans – garbled squeals of terror that tickled at the walls of her bladder.

'I'm gonna piss myself!' she gasped. 'I'm gonna fucking piss myself!' And then she threw back her head and screamed. Her pussy opened and waves of urine squirted into her panties, soaking the cotton crotch and oozing into the gusset of her jeans.

'Don't let up!' yelled Karen breathlessly. 'This is brilliant! We're getting some great shots!'

Sandy held on even tighter now, grinding her stinking crotch against the young man's face. A urine-sodden bulge of meat moulded itself around his head, cutting off all sight and sound.

And still he struggled, his legs tightly crossed, his lungs bursting, his fingers clawing at each other in his anguish. One giant heave, and then another; a muffled gasp of terror screeching through the piss-soaked vee of her crotch.

Tony was fighting for his life, and Sandy knew it. She had to hold on tighter still,

for this was the moment of greatest danger; the moment when Tony's fear would fuel his final bid for freedom.

'Sweet mother of God!' she wept. 'I'm coming! I'm coming in my fucking pants!'

She bucked her hips and felt her pussy spasm strongly. Her climax started somewhere in her belly, burrowed its way into her cunt, then flooded her entire groin with liquid pleasure.

'Mummy!' she squealed. 'I want my fucking mummy!' But somewhere at the back of her mind, a voice screamed out to her. 'Hold on!' it urged. 'Just another few seconds and he's gone. Hold on, you stupid bitch, hold on!'

Sandy tightened her legs one last time and felt the man beneath her shudder, kick, and finally fall still. Then she toppled forward, utterly exhausted, her chin awash with her own dribble, her cunt cold and sticky as she exposed her urine-drenched jeans to the air.

She climbed awkwardly from Tony's unconscious body. Karen came across, knelt down and checked for his pulse. A little rapid, of course, but only to be expected. No real harm done, that was the main thing. Sandy must have been on top of him for well over three minutes, maybe four. That was all a man could take, she knew. Smothering was a skill like any other. You had to time it carefully. Three to four minutes till the lungs gave out, seven till the body went into a coma, ten to fifteen before death ensued.

He wasn't dead yet. Just out for the count. It was the first time tonight, but it

wouldn't be the last.

They had a long way to go yet.

A very long way, indeed ...

Chapter Two

Tony's eyes flickered open. His head hurt, his chest hurt, and his hands were bleeding where he'd dug his fingernails deep into his own flesh. There was a smell of urine on his face that made him want to retch. As his vision slowly cleared, he remembered, with a sudden fright, just exactly where he was.

'Oh, God!' he gasped and raised his head to look around him. Sandy was standing a few feet away, chatting to the plump Asiatic girl. 'You bitch!' he squealed. 'You fucking bitch, you almost killed me!'

Something snapped inside him, and he trembled violently. Suddenly, he was crying, unable to hold back the tears. The two girls finished their conversation and the dark, fat woman came towards him. Her white bra and pants stood out against her shiny brown skin. Tony stared at her through a bleary mist, his Adam's apple pumping rapidly.

'I want to go home...', he muttered. 'Please, I want to go home...'

'You're not going anywhere,' said a loud, familiar voice. Janet came over, the mobile camcorder locked around her wrist. 'We've got a lot of filming to get through.' She grinned coldly. 'A lot of smothering, too...'

Tony backed away as the fat girl came a little closer. 'Oh, Jesus, no, please. Not any more. I can't take any more, please ...'

‘My name is Vindri,’ said the chubby Asian girl. She reached behind, undid her bra and dropped it on the floor. Her massive breasts fell free and swayed from side to side. They were a deep chestnut-brown, with rich chocolate-coloured areolae and fat, cork-shaped nipples.

Easing her fingers beneath the waistband of her panties, she tugged the string free of her cunt and peeled her panties down over her long, meaty buttocks. Completely naked at last, she rubbed the insides of her broad thighs and pinched the flesh at the top of her legs. Raising one heel off the floor, she moved from foot to foot as if she were a wrestler preparing for a bout.

Tony hugged his knees close to his chest and whimpered feebly. ‘Oh, God, please, no, please, please...’

Vindri said nothing, but instead turned slowly round and presented her backside to him. Tony’s eyes focused on the giant mounds of her bottom: two huge, wobbling spheres of dark brown flesh.

Tony scrambled to his feet, his legs a little jerky. As he rose to his full height, his head began to spin and he felt strangely light-headed. His fight with Sandy had taken more out of him than he had realised.

‘It’s not fair!’ he wailed, and waved his manacled hands in the air. ‘I can’t move! I’m tired! You’re too fucking big for me, you bitch!’

Carefully, the plump Asian girl took a hold of her buttocks and eased them apart. ‘No jeans this time, little man,’ she whispered, ‘just a big, bare arse.’

Her cheeks were dark pillows of meat, either side of an even darker, horribly deep chasm. At the heart of the brown divide was her anus: a black, rope-like circle of flesh.

‘See what you’re going to suck on, boy,’ she murmured softly. ‘See how I’m gonna smother you...’

Tony’s stomach churned horribly. Beads of sweat broke out across his forehead, and he dropped to his knees, his hands clasped tightly together. ‘Please!’ he begged her. ‘Please don’t do this! It’s not right! It’s not fucking right!’

He heard the cameras whirring all around him, and turned to see Karen filming from the far end of the room, while Janet moved in close to catch the terror in his eyes.

‘The clients are going to love this!’ said Janet. ‘He’s begging for his life already!’

Karen left the recorder running and came forward, holding her camera. ‘Let’s do it, Vindri!’ she said. ‘Sit on his head and I’ll get a few close-ups.’

‘Time to suck a little pussy,’ giggled the Asian girl and moved a fraction closer to her victim. Tony backed away, still squealing, his hands like claws in front of his body, in readiness, once again, to defend himself from imminent attack.

The young woman came forward quickly now, her arms outstretched, her hands grappling with Tony's, pushing him back. He stumbled, but Vindri held on to his arms, forcing him to the carpet at her own pace, driving one of her massive thighs in between his legs, and preventing him from regaining his balance.

Easing him on to his back, she straddled him swiftly, and manoeuvred herself across his chest.

Tony's body shifted from side to side. Vindri shuffled her thighs around his head, positioning her plump, protruding cunt over his face.

'Jesus, noooo!' he screamed as she dropped her pussy onto his nose. His body went into spasm, and his legs and arms kicked furiously.

Karen came forward, snapping away with her camera. To the other side, Janet filmed the scene with calm detachment, moving up and down the length of Tony's body, from his trapped head, down to his twisting feet and toes.

He groaned and squealed beneath the fat girl's vulva, her thick, distended pussy lips moulded to the shape of his head, as if she might somehow contrive to suck him inside her capacious cunt.

'How long do you want me to ride him?' Vindri asked, her big eyes rolling with delight.

'We'll go for two minutes,' Karen decided. 'With a bit of luck, we'll be getting

some really wild shots of him by then.'

Vindri looked down at the top of Tony's head. Though his arms and legs were thrashing madly, her thighs were locked so tight around his face that his head was almost still. She felt his stifled grunts of fear, the squirm of his mouth against her pussy hole, the dig of his nose in her anus. 'You're really going to suffer, boy,' she whispered coldly. 'Pussy's gonna smother you to death...'

'Let's get a few pictures of his cock,' said Karen, more to herself than anyone else. 'Those balls of his are really bursting now.'

It was true. The more he was deprived of air, the faster the flow of semen into Tony's stone-hard sacs. His penis was at maximum erection, a rigid column of flesh, the skin tugged back at the top to expose the swollen glans with its tiny slit. A bubble of silvery liquid oozed from the eye of his urethra, and dribbled down the shaft.

'Do you want me to jerk him off?' asked Vindri, glancing over her shoulder, enjoying the struggle developing beneath her arse.

Karen shook her head. 'Not yet,' she told the Asian girl. 'We'll get him to spill his load before we kill him. Should be quite a sight by then.'

'He'll flood the fucking room,' laughed Janet, zooming in on a second bead of pre-come oozing from his slit.

‘After you’ve finished the forward sit, we’ll go for a reverse. You can play with him for a while and maybe suck him for a bit. So long as you don’t make him come.’

Over in the corner of the room, Sandy and the young blonde, Mel, sat side by side in chairs and watched the young man’s dreadful ordeal.

‘What was it like?’ asked Mel, crossing her legs and exerting a minute pressure on the nub of her clit. She sighed sharply and pressed a little tighter.

‘It was great,’ said Sandy, her eyes still fixed on Tony’s skinny body as it writhed around the floor. ‘Until you’ve had a man between your legs like that – down under your cunt and arse, I mean – you’ve no idea of the power you’ve got.’ She looked the other woman straight in the eyes, and added, ‘He can’t get away, not if you don’t want him to.’

Mel swallowed hard. ‘I’ve never done it before. Never tried to suffocate a man, I mean. I feel a little nervous.’

Sandy smiled. ‘You’ll be all right. Look at Vindri. She’s had him under her for nearly two minutes now. He’s almost out for the count.’

‘What must it be like?’ pondered Mel out loud. ‘To be under there like that. Not able to breathe or anything? It must be terrifying.’

‘It is. But only for him. That’s what you’ve got to remember. You’re the boss

once you get on his face. Don't show him any mercy. Cover up his nose and mouth and just sit tight. He'll struggle for a bit, but if you hold on hard and don't let him breathe, you'll smother him sooner than you know.'

'I hope so,' sighed Mel softly. 'I don't want to let everyone down.'

'You won't,' said Sandy sympathetically. 'This one will give you no trouble at all, believe me.'

Mel chewed her tongue for a moment, turning something over in her head. Eventually, she said, 'Have you ever, well, you know—', and she nodded gently in Tony's direction. 'Have you ever sat on a man till the end?'

'A couple of times,' answered Sandy. 'Karen and Janet usually do their own dirty work, but now and then, if the money's good and the clients want a change...'

'Christ...' whispered Mel, with awe in her voice. 'That must be something else!'

'I don't like it, really,' admitted Sandy truthfully. 'I mean, don't get me wrong. It's great to have a man struggling under your arse. But knowing what you're doing to him, knowing how frightened he is... Well, let's put it like this – the money's gotta be good.'

'Has Vindri ever done that to a man?' asked Mel, with another glance towards the fat Asian girl. Though his screams of terror were largely muted, the awful grunts that emerged from between her thighs were evidence enough of Tony's

suffering.

Sandy's eyebrows rose a fraction. 'What do you think?' she asked, with a smile.

Over in the corner of the room, Karen debated whether to call a halt to the proceedings. Tony had been under Vindri's pussy for a good two minutes now, and his body was twisting horribly.

'I can finish him off for you,' suggested Vindri without emotion. 'I'll even do it for free, no extra charge.'

Karen shook her head. 'Keep going till he passes out. That's all we want for now.'

Tony's fingers were clawing at the floor, raking up huge tufts of splintered nylon. His back arched wildly and, for one split second, both his feet left the ground together. Then his body fell utterly still.

Vindri dismounted slowly, and with obvious reluctance. Karen came forward and felt for the young man's pulse. It was weak, but it was steady.

'He'll come round in a few minutes,' she said calmly. 'We'll go for a breast smother next. Can you knock him out with your tits?'

'No problem,' answered Vindri, kneeling by the young man's cock. Though he

was unconscious, his penis remained erect against his belly.

‘How about some shots of me sucking his stones while he’s out?’ she asked, cradling his sacs in the palms of her hands.

‘Good idea,’ said Karen. ‘If we can stimulate a bit more spunk, it’s all the better later on.’

Immediately, Vindri bent her head, extended her tongue and began to lap at Tony’s balls. They rolled apart, two fat, heavy bags of seed, feeding into the stem of his cock.

‘Better pinch the base of his shaft, just in case,’ cautioned Janet. ‘We don’t want him coming off before we’re ready.’

Vindri’s fingers closed around his root and squeezed, shutting off the blood supply to the shaft. Then, opening her mouth to its fullest extent, she sucked home first one, and then a second bloated testicle. Her cheeks bulged with Tony’s sacs, his prick pressing hard against her nose, jerking unevenly from side to side as she chewed on his flesh.

Karen snapped away with her camera, while Janet moved around them slowly, filming the scene from every possible angle. Vindri continued to make strange, slurping noises for more than a minute and a half. Then Tony’s body gave a sudden lurch and his eyes flicked open.

‘Enough!’ said Karen abruptly, and Vindri retreated, allowing Tony’s testicles to plop loudly from inside her mouth. He threw back his head at once and squealed, aware of the awful need that gripped his lower body.

Vindri came round behind him, squeezing her breasts, moulding her massive orbs with her hands.

‘Oh, God in heaven, for pity’s sake, noooo...’ moaned Tony, without moving. His strength was gone, his watery eyes focused uselessly on Vindri’s bosom as it wobbled over his face.

‘Oh, please, for God’s sake, no ...’ he whimpered as her tits came down around his head, each breast either side of his face, enveloping him in a warm, sticky prison of flesh. His body arched and his hands came up, joined at the wrists, weak and useless.

Across the room, Mel looked on with renewed interest. ‘I couldn’t do that,’ she conceded, addressing Sandy, though with her eyes fixed on Vindri’s massive chest.

‘Not many of us can,’ said her companion quietly. ‘We all have our strengths and weaknesses. Mind you,’ she added, ‘a girl like Vindri could suffocate a man with any part of her body. Most of us can do it with our cunt and arse. It’s only big women can use their tits to smother a guy.’

‘He’s getting very weak, isn’t he?’ remarked Mel, observing the uneven nature of Tony’s struggle. At times, he kicked furiously and clawed at Vindri’s shoulders. But she was able to reach out, take hold of his wrists and force his arms back

very quickly.

‘It’ll make it easier for you,’ said Sandy. ‘That’s why you’re going last. You’re the smallest, see. If you’d gone first, he might have thrown you off. By the time you get to sit on his face, he’ll never shift you...’

Back in the corner of the room, Vindri licked her lips and dribbled freely. She squirmed her cunt against the carpeted floor and felt the blood pump into her already engorged clitoris. She wanted to come. She knew that all she had to do was press her pussy just that little bit harder, and she would flood the carpet with her juices. But she knew also that she must hold back. There was one more smother still to come. That was when she’d be allowed to unleash herself. She must restrain herself till then.

Tony struggled fitfully. Vindri knew his strength had been completely sapped. He was fighting for his life with very little effort now. It took all the fun out of smothering him. He was exhausted. A man had to be at full strength to fight her off, and even then the likelihood was slim. But at least she could pretend he had a chance. She held her breasts a little tighter, wanting to finish him off quickly now. He rewarded her with a kick of his heels and a brief arch of his back. Then he slumped and groaned feebly into her bosom. And a second later, his body went limp once more.

‘This one’s useless,’ she complained, as she stood up and waited for him to come round yet again.

‘Your arse will get him going next time,’ said Karen sympathetically. ‘Give him a few whiffs of your hole before you begin. That never fails.’

Vindri paced up and down, stretching her legs, and patting the insides of her thighs. Though she had yet to climax, her juices were running freely down her legs: thin squiggles of liquid pleasure merging with the sweat from her crack.

Once again, Tony's eyes opened and he shook his head. Vindri came forward quickly and squatted down over his face. The young man's body tightened and his hands fashioned themselves into terror-stricken fists.

Instead of lowering her bottom onto his nose and mouth as he had feared, Vindri sat there quietly, moving her hips from side to side. Tony stared up into her open arse. Studying the black circle of her anal hole, his eyes fixed on the dark, muscular rim, and the tiny brown hairs that sprouted from her crack. Sweat glistened on her skin, trickling into her anus, and dribbling down across her smooth, trembling flesh.

Suddenly, the very heart of her anus opened like a flower, revealing a rich, chocolate-brown centre. There was a sharp, extended hiss of gas and he retched violently as she farted on his face.

Then, with agonising slowness, she lowered her arse, pressing her shiny anal hole against his nose. She wiped herself back and forth, smearing him with her smell, infusing his lungs with the odour of her warm behind. In spite of himself, Tony began to breathe a little more rapidly, sniffing at her anus, extending his tongue in search of her cunt.

'Great stuff,' murmured Janet, filming at a distance, but with the zoom fully engaged. She watched as Tony's nostrils flared and he began to nuzzle at the centre of her butt-hole.

Karen came forward, took hold of Tony's hair and gripped it strongly. He rolled back his eyes and stared into her upturned face.

'We're going to kill you now,' she whispered coldly. 'Vindri's going to smother you with her arse.'

It was a lie, of course, but there was no way he could know it wasn't true. His eyes filled with tears and the edges of his mouth came down.

'I'm going to film you being smothered,' Janet continued cruelly. 'Think of that while Vindri's riding you. I'm going to be recording every moment. And when it's over, we'll play it back and jerk ourselves off. We might even fuck our boyfriends while we're at it. All of us just watching you being smothered by a big fat, naked arse...'

'Oh, Jesus, nooooo!' he screamed and tried to turn his head away.

Janet stood up and retreated quickly. Picking up her camera, she began to film again, her attention now fully fixed on Vindri's giant cheeks.

'Do it,' she ordered. 'Smother him with your butt...'

'With pleasure,' murmured Vindri, and lowered her huge behind onto Tony's terror-stricken face...

Chapter Three

Tony's body jerked sharply, a dreadful blur of twisted limbs, and hard, contorted flesh.

Janet took up a position behind Vindri's arse and filmed the top of Tony's head, his entire face jammed tight between the fat girl's buttocks. Karen moved in a little closer, taking several stills from every angle.

A volley of muffled screams broke from between the fat girl's thighs. She wriggled her arse from side to side, smearing Tony's face with her sweat and juices, enjoying the prod of his nose against her anus. Reaching forward, she took hold of his cock and stroked his shaft up and down. The action triggered a fresh wave of muted grunts, as Tony's legs bent at the knee and thrust towards the ceiling.

Lowering her head, Vindri opened her mouth very wide and closed her lips around the young man's penis, driving down until she had enveloped him completely. She rose and fell over his cock, the shaft now slick with her saliva. Forming her fingers into cups, she cradled his sacs in her hands, rolling the stone-hard balls while she continued to suck on his prick.

His pelvis kicked, and another volley of screams broke from deep within her arse. His body convulsed, shaken by a series of quick judders as if he had been wired into the mains. Vindri squeezed the base of his shaft to stop him coming, still sucking on him gently.

‘That’s brilliant,’ murmured Janet, tiptoeing around, still filming Tony’s fate from every angle. ‘Full arse smother, now, Vindri. Take him out!’

Immediately, the young Asian girl straightened her back, sat upright and bore down on him with all her weight. A dreadful peal of terror died somewhere in the centre of her arse, her swollen cunny forcing its way into Tony’s mouth, her anus spreading to its full extent around his nostrils.

Vindri threw back her head and screamed at the ceiling. ‘I’m coming!’ she cried. ‘I’m coming with my pussy on his head!’ And then she screamed again, as the full impact of her climax hit her: a long drawn-out wail of ecstasy that rang around the room.

Tony’s arms and legs convulsed horribly. His back arched and his buttocks clenched. And then he fell still, his chest still heaving, but the rest of him a flaccid tangle of flesh.

Vindri sat quite still for another half a minute, while Karen and Janet continued to film and photograph the final scene. Then, satisfied that there was no more to be gained from the situation, they signalled to Vindri and the plump young Asian girl dismounted.

Karen fetched a pitcher of cool water from a table in the far corner and proceeded to splash some liquid over Tony’s face and chest. After a couple of minutes, he began to stir. His skin was soaked now, in sweat, come and water. His face was a deep crimson hue, puckered in places where Vindri’s weight had cut into his flesh.

He curled his body into a tiny ball and sobbed quietly, hugging himself and hiding his head between his legs.

Karen turned to Mel and smiled. 'Time to get ready,' she said. The girl stood up, opened her valise and extracted several items of clothing: white ankle socks, a blouse, a pleated skirt and a pair of thick green panties.

Dressing quickly, she combed her hair into two long, blonde plaits and turned to the other women for their opinion. 'Do I look the part?' she inquired, with a little curtsy and a bob of her head.

'Every inch the naughty schoolgirl,' observed Karen with approval. 'Go get him, young lady. Show us what you can do with your little girl's pussy...'

Mel crossed the room, her tiny chest throbbing with excitement. Tony looked up, shook his head and wept out loud.

'No more,' he wailed. 'Dear God in heaven, please, no more ...'

Mel raised her hands to her face in mock alarm. 'Oh, sir!' she squealed. 'What are you doing? You want to put your thingie in my pussy, don't you? I'll have to fight you, now. I'll have to defend myself as only a young girl can.' She raised her skirt and showed him her pants. 'I'm going to have to use my naughty bits on you!'

Tony tried to clamber to his feet, but his legs were dreadfully unsteady now and

he stumbled sideways. Mel was on him in a flash, straddling his head, and bringing her bottom down onto his face.

Karen and Janet swung into action, filming and photographing the scene from every vantage point. Mel rolled her bottom from side to side, leaning forward and taking hold of Tony's hands, as if she were trying to prevent him fighting back.

'Oh, sir, you're so strong!' she squealed. 'I think you're going to shift my bottom from your face!' And sure enough, she suddenly toppled sideways, allowing Tony to breathe again.

She was toying with him, now – acting out the part she had been assigned. The client wanted a final schoolgirl smother: to see a youngster wrestling with a stronger foe. He wanted to see her struggling as she tried to overcome an older man. He wanted her to win, of course, but only after she had worn her opponent down.

Mel shifted sideways, and clambered across Tony's body until her pussy was over his face. Raising her skirt, she shuffled forward, her mouth set in a straight, determined line.

'I'm going to use my pussy on you now, sir! My little girl's cunt is coming to get you!'

Tony opened his mouth to scream, to beg her to have mercy on him. But even as his lips parted, Mel brought her cotton-covered sex down onto his face, and covered him completely. He kicked and threshed, as he had kicked and threshed

so many times before. But she held on tight, giggling out loud and squeezing at her tiny breasts.

After a minute or so, his tired body jerking only fitfully, she fell forward, deliberately releasing him, while cursing under her breath. His head fell back and he sucked greedily at the air.

‘You’re so strong!’ she told him, struggling to her feet. ‘There’s only one way I can stop you now...’

He turned towards her, his eyes rolling blindly, his face soaked with tears. Behind him, Mel had begun to unbutton her short, pleated skirt. It fell around her feet, exposing her thick, green panties, the material scrunched up into her crack.

Taking a deep breath, she thrust out her little breasts, bent her thumbs beneath the waistband of her thong and eased the cotton down over her hips.

‘I’ll have to sit on you without panties,’ she whispered softly, ‘and smother you with my bare bottom!’

Dropping to her knees, she shuffled forward, her thighs either side of Tony’s head. He stared up at the soft white flesh of her buttocks, and let out a subdued murmur of despair. Reaching back, Mel dug her fingers into her skin and prised her cheeks apart, exposing the pink line of her crack and the chestnut-brown opening of her anus.

‘That’s perfect!’ cried Janet with approval as she moved in close to catch a close-up of the tiny little hairs that fringed Mel’s anal hole. Karen snapped the look of open-mouthed horror on Tony’s face as he gazed up into the young girl’s arse.

‘Tell him what you’re going to do,’ said Karen, moving round to the other side, still snapping away calmly. ‘The clients like to hear the words, as well as see what’s going on.’

Mel wriggled her bottom from side to side. ‘I’m going to smother you, sir,’ she told him, with a determined tilt of her chin. ‘I’m going to smother you to death with my arse!’

‘No, please,’ he groaned, his lips trembling as he spoke. ‘I can’t take any more. I don’t want to die like this, please...’

‘Look at my bum-hole, sir,’ Mel continued. ‘Isn’t she a sweet little thing? Don’t you want to sniff her all over before she smothers you? Because she will, sir. She’s going to come right down on top of you and smother you to death...’

The light returned to Tony’s limpid eyes, and for one brief moment his strength gathered. He arched his back and roared up into her bottom. ‘You can’t do this!’ he screamed. ‘You can’t fucking do this!’

Mel lowered her arse slowly, following the movement of his head, guiding her anus towards his nose. ‘Give me a sniff, sir, and I’ll smother you quickly. I promise!’

Tony's back arched again. 'No!' he screamed defiantly. 'Keep your stinking little arse away from me, you bitch! Keep it away!'

'I'm going to smother you, sir!' she yelled back. 'I'm going to smother you now, as only a young girl can. With my little hole!'

She closed her cheeks around his face, trapping his nose in her crack, moulding her small, hairless cunt to his mouth. Tony's arms lashed out and he stamped his feet. Then he tried to turn himself sideways on, in a vain attempt to throw her off-balance.

Mel reached out, holding onto the young man's arms for support. She wriggled her bottom around and around, skewering her anus onto his nose, feeling the dig of flesh in her arse as his nostrils flattened around the rim. Her pussy tightened, and she was aware of a ball of pleasure gathering in the pit of her stomach.

'Oh, Jesus, I'm going to come...' she murmured truthfully, wriggling her tiny hips and pressing down with all her strength.

'Not yet,' cautioned Janet, alternating between shots of Mel's excited face, her grip on Tony's arms, and the narrow shot of his head stuck between her little white buttocks.

A minute passed, and then another. Tony's efforts grew more extreme. He clawed the air, he raked the carpet, he tore at his own skin. His feet thudded up and down, he kicked out with both his legs, and twisted his lower body into what seemed impossible shapes and angles. But try as he might, he couldn't shift the pretty young girl from his face.

Mel chewed at her lip, closed her eyes and turned her head towards the ceiling. That she was on the point of coming was obvious to everyone. She tightened her grip on Tony's head and muttered foul obscenities beneath her breath. Tony might be losing the battle for his life, but Mel was, with equal certainty, losing the battle to restrain the climax growing in her belly.

'Just another few seconds,' encouraged Karen, as Mel squirmed on Tony's face and drew blood from her bitten lower lip.

'I can't help – I can't help myself,' she muttered breathlessly. 'Gonna come – can't hold back – gonna come ...'

Tony's backbone curved dramatically, a concave twist of flesh and bone that bent itself impossibly out of shape. He screamed a final release of air into Mel's cunt, and went suddenly limp. At the same moment, Mel's head fell forward, her blonde hair sticking to her face as she came, wriggling her bottom and filling the air with curses.

'That's it, sweetheart,' muttered Karen. 'Let him have it all. Empty yourself onto his head. Smother him, baby, smother him with that lovely little arse!'

Mel grunted fiercely, struggling to maintain control. Her buttocks parted as she came, the tiny circles of flesh quivering uncontrollably as she spent herself on his face, swearing crudely and calling for her mother.

Her backside was now clear of Tony's face, the side of her head rubbing softly

against his gently throbbing prick. A drop of pre-come oozed of its own accord from the slit of his urethra, and the barely discernible rise and fall of his chest showed that he was still, if barely, breathing.

Karen helped Mel to her feet, put her arm around the young girl's shoulder and gave her a sympathetic hug. 'You did well,' she told her. 'For a first-time smother, that was pretty cool.'

Mel nodded feebly. She was utterly exhausted, her efforts having taken more out of her than she had realised. 'Did I finish him off?' she asked in a quiet voice. 'Did I smother him to death?'

Karen shook her head. 'No. The poor sap's still with us, but that's OK. Janet and I can have a little fun with him now. Before we film the final shoot.'

Mel sat down, took several deep breaths and ran her hands through her hair. Vindri and Sandy began to dress and, when she had finally recovered, Mel removed her outfit, and put her old clothes back on again.

Janet counted out three separate piles of bank notes, counted them a second time, then pushed them into small brown envelopes and handed them over.

'You all did very well,' she told the girls. 'If we need to call on you again...?'

'No problem,' answered Sandy first, and the others nodded in agreement.

‘What will happen to him now?’ asked Vindri, turning her head towards the young man huddled in the corner of the room.

‘We’ll finish him off,’ said Janet, showing the three women to the door.

‘Can’t we stay and watch?’ asked Sandy. ‘I’ve smothered a few men in my time, so I know what it’s like.’

Karen shook her head. ‘Best if you don’t,’ she answered quietly. ‘Doing it’s one thing. Watching it happen is something else altogether.’

Tony’s head came up and he blinked away the tears that filled his eyes.

‘You can’t let them do this to me, please... You can’t just take their money and leave. They’re going to kill me! They’re going to fucking kill me!’

Sandy shrugged. ‘Tough cookie,’ she grinned and turned away as Karen pressed a button and unlocked the door.

‘Please, one of you!’ screamed Tony, stumbling to his feet and pulling forward on his chain. ‘One of you go to the police! Tell them what’s happening! Oh, God, please, tell them what’s happening!’

But one by one the three girls turned their backs on him and filed out of the basement. The door closed behind them with a final, sickening thud.

Without a word, Karen and Janet crossed to the far side of the room, opened up a small box and began to root around inside. They extracted various items, a blonde wig, a short dress, a bra and pants. Then they came over to Tony and spread the items out on the floor in front of him.

Working together, they quickly dressed Tony in the clothes and fastened the wig to his head. While Janet sat on his chest and held him down, Karen applied a thick line of lipstick to his mouth, then darkened his eyes with black mascara. He didn't have the strength to struggle and, though at first he protested, he very quickly let them do what they wanted. At least they weren't trying to smother him any more. Perhaps, he reasoned, that had all been a joke. Perhaps they had something else in mind. Something not as bad.

Dear God, please, he whispered to himself. Let it be something not as bad ...

Finally, apparently satisfied with their work, Karen undid the cuffs around Tony's wrists, released him from the wall and held up a mirror so that he could see himself properly for the first time.

'You make quite a pretty girl, don't you?' she chuckled.

Tony squirmed at his wild reflection. 'What the fuck are you playing at now?' he asked, rubbing his chafed wrists, and stretching his legs.

But Karen and Janet did not reply. They were busy fastening leather belts around their waists: thick straps of leather, with a long bulbous extension at the centre of each. Tony's eyes widened in horror as he recognised the lengths of rubber for what they were: fat, bubble-headed phalluses, swinging up between the women's

legs.

‘You’re going to find out what it’s like to be a girl,’ Karen whispered, slicking her rubber length with oil, and coating her ‘cock’ from tip to root.

Janet walked towards him, stroking her own, softly bobbing phallus. ‘You want it, bitch, you know you do...’

‘Oh, my God!’ screamed Tony and backed away, into the wall.

Karen was already approaching from the opposite direction. ‘We’re going to fuck the arse off you,’ she told him. ‘By the time we’ve finished with you, baby, you’ll be begging us to smother you to death...’

Chapter Four

Tony twisted sharply, hardly knowing where to turn. Free of the restraints that had held him in place for so long, he found his muscles tight and exhausted. He hobbled slowly towards the door, and punched the exit button several times. When that failed, he grabbed the handle and pulled it hard. Nothing. He turned around and watched helplessly as the two girls closed in on him.

‘This is what we really love,’ said Janet. ‘Setting you free, and knowing that you can’t go anywhere.’

‘You fuckers!’ he screamed and tried to run across the room. But his legs were painfully weak and it took the girls no more than two or three strides to close him down again.

Karen held her cock in her hand and smoothed the rubber shaft. ‘Come on, little girl,’ she whispered. ‘Come and take it like a woman...’

‘I’m not a fucking woman!’ Tony screamed, tugging at the wig and throwing it at her. ‘I’m a fucking man, you bitch!’

Janet giggled softly. ‘You’re not a fucking man,’ she whispered. ‘You’re a man who’s going to be fucked ...’

Tony backed into the wall, his arms raised, his fingers bunched into fists. He was trembling now, and his legs had turned to jelly. His eyes focused on the two black phalluses swinging between the girls’ legs, and he felt a lurch of vomit in his belly.

‘Oh, Jesus, no, oh Jesus, no...’ he muttered and felt the dribble running down his chin.

Karen fainted sharply to his right, and he moved to head her off, at which point Janet advanced from his left. Confused, he turned to face his second attacker, then round to face his first. He backed away, stumbled over his own feet and fell to his knees.

Karen was on top of him at once, her powerful arms locked around his stomach, lifting him into the air. He felt the solid length of rubber gouge its way between his buttocks and screamed. Janet came round in front, took hold of his arms and between them the two girls wrestled Tony to the floor.

Janet climbed across his body, shuffling up onto his shoulder-blades, preventing him from fighting back. He wriggled like a landed fish, then screamed as something cold and wet was applied to his anus. Karen was rubbing jelly onto his arse-hole. He wriggled his buttocks from side to side and screamed again.

Janet leaned forward, bringing both her hands around to the front of his face. She closed off his mouth with her palm and pinched his nostrils shut with her forefinger and thumb. She tugged his head round to face one of the running cameras.

‘The clients like a bit of hand-over-mouth,’ she told him. ‘Smile for the camera, little girl...’

‘Mmmph! Mmmph!’ he squealed and shook his arse violently at the first touch of phallus on his bum-hole.

‘It’s time to be buggered, sweetie,’ giggled Karen from between his legs. ‘Try not to make too much of a fuss.’

She eased the rubber cock into his rectum, moving gently forward on her knees, penetrating Tony as slowly as she could. He screeched and grunted, unable to breathe through his nose or his mouth, his airwaves completely closed by Janet’s powerful grip around his head.

She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. ‘Perhaps we’ll smother you like this. Hand over mouth and a cock in your bottom. What do you think, Tony? Is that a nice way for us to finish you off? Is this what you’ve always wanted, sweetie?’

‘Mmmph! Mmmph!’ he grunted violently and shook a little more. A further high-pitched squeal of torment accompanied Karen’s final, gentle thrust into his bowels. Completely lodged inside his arse, she leaned forward, extended her tongue and licked along the curve of Janet’s salty spine.

Janet closed her eyes and cooed softly. ‘Karen’s licking my back,’ she whispered into Tony’s ear. ‘She’s licking me while I smother you to death. Isn’t that so absolutely gorgeous?’ And then she cooed a little more, closed her mouth over Tony’s ear and dribbled on his skin.

He tried to buck his hips, an instinctive shift of his body, as if somehow, even now, he might shift the woman buggering his arse. But it was hopeless. The

combined weight of his twin oppressors was too much for him.

His eyes rolled back in their sockets, and his chest began to hurt. He had inhaled no air for over a minute now, and suddenly his stomach heaved. Behind him, Karen straightened up, shifted her weight onto her hands and began to shimmy her hips back and forth. Tony's rectum twitched around the rubber phallus as it moved inside him. His testicles were full of seed, and his balls ached badly now. But his penis had somehow twisted underneath him, so that however much pressure it was under at that moment, his rise of pleasure was contained. He tried to shift his hips around, to change position, to make himself come, but it was hopeless.

Karen continued to thrust inside his body, a soft invasion of his helpless arse that added to his state of terror and excitement. Bright spots of light exploded in his eyes, as the lack of oxygen began to tell. Then all at once, he was breathing again. Janet's hands had slipped away, closing now around his neck and squeezing tightly. Behind him, he felt Karen shuffle back, extracting her artificial cock with a loud, slightly painful plop.

She must have stood up, because the next thing he knew, he was being rolled onto his back, and Karen came into view, bending over him, her thighs pressed around his chest as she settled herself on him. Janet knelt between his legs, took hold of his ankles and pushed his feet up until Karen was able to wrap her arms around his thighs and hold him fast, with his backside open and exposed.

Now he felt the second rubber phallus nibble at his anus. The edges of his mouth creased into a sob, but no sound emerged. Tears welled up in his eyes, and overflowed down his cheeks, making his mascara run, merging with the crimson lipstick dribbling over his chin.

‘What a dirty little slut you are,’ said Karen sternly. ‘A filthy little whore who likes to take men up her arse and cunt.’

Tony shook his head from side to side, but still the words refused to come. His mouth had closed up, and every attempt to speak was stillborn in his throat.

Karen held onto his legs a little tighter now, aware of the panic in Tony’s eyes as, behind her, Janet edged her phallus into his trembling rectum. He squealed: a formless grunt of terror that was repeated twice more as the phallus probed a little deeper.

Karen eased her cock forward, the big black length resting against Tony’s cheek for a moment before she drew back and presented it to his mouth.

‘I’ll make a deal with you,’ she told him. ‘If you suck on my cock then I promise not to bugger you again.’

Tony closed his mouth instinctively, his lips narrowing into a tight, uneven line.

‘Come on, little girl, suck on your master’s cock,’ she cooed softly. ‘Suck me till I come...’

Tony shook his head, closed his eyes and sobbed quietly.

‘What’s the matter little girl? Don’t you want to suck on my prick? My big fat

juicy spunk-filled prick?’

‘Please, Master, please, nooooo...’ he wailed, finding his voice with difficulty at last.

‘No?’ repeated Karen sternly. ‘No, what? No, you don’t want to suck on my cock? No, you don’t want to please me?’

‘It’s rude ... it’s not – it’s not right...’ wept Tony, his face crinkling with disgust.

‘I want to be sucked,’ said Karen coldly. ‘If you won’t take my cock in your mouth then Janet here is going to bugger you again. And then we’re going to take it in turns to smother you to death...’

‘No!’ His voice was shrill, a peel of unashamed terror.

Karen looked over her shoulder. ‘Fuck him in the arse again,’ she said, and tightened her grip on his ankles.

‘Oh, Jesus, no!’ screamed Tony. ‘I’ll suck you, Master! I will! I will!’

‘Say it,’ she told him. ‘Say you want to suck me off. Say you want to swallow all my cream...’

‘I want to suck you off, Master. Please put your penis in my mouth and let me milk you. I want to drink from your cock. I want to swallow all your spunk!’

‘Every last drop?’ she inquired with a grin.

‘Every last drop!’ he repeated loudly.

‘Open wide,’ she told him and was delighted to see the reluctant look on his face as he parted his lips. She leaned forward very slowly, first grazing the edges of his mouth with the tip of her phallus. Tony knew what he had to do. He made a circle of his lips and closed it around the artificial glans. Then, by slow degrees, he drew the big fat cock into his mouth until it was lodged as far as it would go.

She began to move easily inside his mouth now, wriggling on his chest and rolling her breasts from side to side. Behind him, Janet came forward again, pushing back into his rectum. Tony’s eyes bulged and he squealed in protest.

Karen looked down at him and grinned cruelly. ‘I’ve changed my mind,’ she whispered. ‘I like fucking you in the mouth, while you’re being buggered up the arse, you dirty little whore...’

She released his legs, allowing them to fall to the carpet. Behind her, Janet pushed them up again, maintaining her grip on his bottom, moving easily inside his body.

Karen brought her arms up, took hold of her breasts and began to mash them one

against the other, occasionally tugging at her nipples and squealing softly. She began to shuffle a little more vigorously on Tony's chest, biting her lip and sighing loudly.

'Ooh...' she moaned. 'I think I'm going to spend myself. I think I'm going to cream myself in my little slave's mouth...'

Reaching down suddenly, Karen took hold of his nose with her right hand and squeezed the nostrils shut. Then she closed her thighs tightly around his head, squashing his mouth shut around her cock.

'Come on, baby,' she whispered softly. 'Suck my big fat cock. Suck my big fat hairy, spunk-filled cock...'

Tony's eyes widened into huge circles of undiluted panic. Without any warning, Karen began to bounce over his face, squealing as she came, grinding her cock deep into the back of Tony's throat. Between his legs, Janet thrust again, more violently than before. He heard her scream, too, as the dimpled end of her artificial prick impacted on her clit and took her over the edge.

Karen squeezed her belly hard, putting pressure on her bladder. She lurched again, and this time her pussy opened to allow a wave of piss to erupt into the hollow stem of her phallus, along its length and out through its eye into Tony's mouth.

'I'm coming again!' squealed Karen happily. 'I'm coming all down your throat you dirty little girl!'

Tony's neck bent sharply at the base and he retched as the waves of pee ran down his throat. Janet thrust wildly into his arse, all her restraint thrown to the wind as she emptied her cunt up against his buttocks.

And then it was over. Karen rolled off Tony's face and Janet withdrew her cock from his bottom. The two girls stood up and removed their belts. Janet crossed to the box and extracted one final item. Then she switched on the camera again and came back to join Karen.

The women exchanged a quick glance, and Karen said, 'Let's get this over with.'

Tony struggled up onto his elbows, and stared through bleary eyes as the girls approached. Janet was holding something in her hands. It looked like a sheet of plastic. Before he had a chance to react, Karen knelt down at his side and pulled his head back. That was when he saw the transparent bag in Janet's hands.

'Noooo!' he screamed as the bag was brought down over his head and secured with a rubber tie around his neck. The air was warm and damp inside the plastic wrapping and when he breathed, as he still was able to for the moment, the plastic bubbled up around his mouth.

Now he was rolled onto his stomach and first his hands, and then his legs, were fastened securely behind his back.

Rolled onto his back once more, he was aware of a blur of flesh in front of his face and then a dark, hairy vee descended, as Karen brought her pussy down

onto his head. She held on tight, grinding her cunt against his nose and mouth. Janet moved quickly, using her small digital camera to capture the scene for their clients.

Rising quickly, Karen and Janet changed places. Janet lowered her arse onto Tony's boiling, air-starved face and brought all her weight to bear on his head. Karen snapped away from every angle, while behind her the three video cameras whirred away smoothly, recording every twitch and jerk of Tony's body.

He was writhing furiously now, the oxygen inside the bag a cloud of damp and fetid air. Janet got up and came to stand by Karen's side. They watched together as Tony wriggled on his back on the carpet. He could see them through the misty plastic: two blurry figures standing over him, watching him slowly suffocate.

He wanted to tell them that they were bastard mother-fuckers; that he hoped they'd rot in hell forever. But he couldn't speak, he could only grunt stupidly, and with each gasp of air the bag began to blur a little further until he could see nothing at all.

They watched his little legs as they kicked; and the way his body shifted round and round as he tried to lift his bottom and right himself. Karen looked at the clock on the wall and counted off the second minute, while Janet moved around, still taking snaps from every vantage point.

It was when they saw his back arch sharply several times in quick succession that they knew the end had almost come. Which was when Karen stepped forward, untied the fastener around his neck and pulled the bag off his head. He roared like an elderly asthmatic, gasping and wheezing, his scarlet skin running with sweat. His eyes rolled stupidly and he seemed incapable of intelligible speech.

Karen pulled him into position opposite one of the cameras, with the other two still rolling from either side. Sitting just behind him, with her legs either side, she pulled him up between her thighs so that his back was resting flush against her belly and her breasts.

Janet forced his legs apart, and cradled his swollen testicles in the palms of her hands. His balls were absolutely solid now, packed with seed, so heavy that they barely moved. 'He's ready,' she said, with a glance at her friend.

Karen leaned forward and whispered into Tony's ear. 'We're going to finish you off now,' she told him. 'This is the final smother, sweetheart. It'll soon be over...'

'I don't want to die,' he murmured feebly. 'Please, I don't ... don't want to die...'

'I'm sorry, sweetheart,' whispered Karen, 'but it's what the clients want. They've paid a lot of money to see you being smothered. Paid us a lot of money, too, of course...'

'I'll pay you...' he whimpered. 'I'll pay you money ... any money ... please don't kill me. Please don't do this to me...'

Suddenly, Karen's hand came round and covered his mouth. She held him very tightly for a few seconds, testing his ability to fight her off. Satisfied that all his strength had now deserted him, she kissed him gently on the side of the face and

said, 'I'll give you another ten seconds, angel, then I'm going to pinch your nose shut. After that, it'll take about three minutes before you pass out, maybe sooner. Once you're unconscious, Janet and I will take it in turns to sit on your face. Five minutes at a time until it's all over.'

Tony shook his head and grunted twice, but it was a feeble gesture of defiance.

'It won't hurt,' promised Karen. 'Not once you've passed out. And Janet's going to jerk you off, so you'll have a lovely big come before you die...'

Tony's body hardened between her legs, his terror palpable now. They were going to smother him to death. This time he knew there was no way out...

'Just another few seconds,' whispered Karen, bringing her other hand round and down towards his nose. His nostrils twitched at a familiar odour. 'I put them up my arse,' she told him calmly. 'While I was talking to you just now. I pushed them right up into my back passage so they'd be nice and smelly for you.'

He jerked again, but he didn't turn his face away, she noticed. Instead, he began to sniff her very slowly, as if savouring the sour-sweet scent of her forbidden places.

'It's a special smell, my darling,' she told him, poking her fingertips into his nostrils, 'a very, very special smell...'

Tony threw back his head and moaned silently.

‘It’s time,’ said Karen gently. ‘Time for us to smother you to death...’

Her fingers pinched tight around his nose. Tony squealed into her hand and she felt him struggle a little. Then more strongly still. Janet took hold of his penis and began to stroke him, holding him tight inside the funnel of her fingers.

His buttocks shifted from side to side and he raised his hips to meet her downward thrusts, squealing again and again into the hand around his mouth. Karen tightened her grip, still whispering into Tony’s ear.

‘You can struggle if you like, Tony. It’s OK to struggle. The clients like it when a victim struggles...’

His shoulders tightened and he tried to draw away from her, but Karen held on fast and kept on whispering.

‘Soon be over now, Tony. Soon be nothing but the dark. Then we’ll sit on you. You might come round, of course, but you’ll never a shift a bottom from your face...’

Janet was rubbing very fast now, pumping up and down between his legs. Suddenly, his back hollowed, his hips jerked and he came, flooding his belly with spunk. Huge wads of cream spat everywhere, soaking Janet’s hands, striking the underside of Tony’s chin, dribbling down his legs.

‘You had so much spunk inside you, Tony,’ whispered Karen. ‘So much lovely hot spunk...’

His body twisted and his eyes rolled back into their sockets.

‘Almost over now,’ she whispered softly. ‘Almost over, darling...’

His legs were kicking, and his hands punched uselessly behind his back. He squealed, grunted, and his penis jerked again, spilling a second wave of semen onto his belly. Every muscle in his body rattled and he went still. Then rattled again, threatened to break in two and finally went silent for the last time.

Karen held on for another half a minute, making sure that Tony wasn’t faking. Janet continued to stroke his cock, milking a few remaining dribbles of come from the slit of his urethra.

Removing her hands, Karen lay Tony gently on his back, then stood up and crossed to the camcorders, checking the visual range of each in turn before coming back and squatting over Tony’s head. She pressed her buttocks down over his face, ensuring that the seal was tight, then straightened her back and brought her full weight to bear. Janet took a few remaining photographs, but with the struggle at an end, there was precious little to record now.

After five minutes, the two girls swapped position, and, after a further five, they changed around again. After eleven and a half minutes, Tony’s body jerked abruptly and began to twitch. It was not unusual. Most of the men they had smothered had, at some time, moved with unexpected force, and then fallen still again.

They took it in turns to sit, as they had promised, for another five minutes each. After twenty minutes, they rose from his body for the last time. It was over.

Karen knelt down and pressed her ear close to his mouth. At the same time, she felt for his heart beat, fingers splayed across his chest. After a few moments, she looked up.

‘He’s OK,’ she said.

‘That’s a relief,’ said Janet. ‘We really pushed him to his limit there. I thought for a minute we’d taken him too far.’

‘It’s not easy,’ said Karen, ‘trying to pretend. Getting a grip that’s tight enough to cut off his air, but loose enough to let some through once he’s passed out.’

Janet was studying the video replays. ‘Yeah, well it looks real enough,’ she decided. ‘No one will ever know the truth.’

‘Let’s hope not,’ said Karen. ‘If those bastards who want this stuff ever found out, we’d be as dead as they think Tony boy here is.’

Janet stared down at the prone, slumbering figure of their latest victim. ‘I suppose we’d better move him before he wakes up. Poor sod...’ There was genuine remorse in her voice. ‘How many more lives are we going to ruin...’ she murmured softly.

‘We have no choice,’ Karen reminded her. ‘We can’t let him go home. If he ever blabbed. If anyone ever found out he really was alive...’

‘I know,’ said Janet. ‘There’s no other way.’ The expression on her face suddenly changed. A grin broke through the frown that had briefly settled there. ‘Anyhow, it’s what all men want. What they say they want at any rate. The bastard should be grateful. We’re giving him the keys to Paradise...’

It was almost 40 minutes before Tony came round. Lying naked on a small bunk, he sat up at once and swore as the memories of the past few hours came flooding back. Another man was sitting opposite, perched on the edge of an identical bunk. He was thin-faced, with sallow skin and a bald, uneven head.

‘Who the fuck...?’ began Tony, but the sentence died in the back of his throat. He could think of nothing to say, his mind hollow and confused.

‘My name’s Dave,’ said the other man, extending his hand. ‘Welcome to hell...’

Tony frowned. ‘What do you mean?’ he asked. ‘Where are we? Where are those bitches who brought me here? Those bitches who ... who...’ and again the words died on his tongue.

‘The women who sat on your face and damn near smothered you to death?’ said

the other man, finishing the sentence for him. He turned his gaze towards the door. 'They're out there. On the other side. Waiting...'

'Waiting?' repeated Tony. 'Waiting for what?'

'Waiting to do it to us again,' said Dave. 'They can't afford to let us go, you see. Because it would blow their whole scam. But they don't have the heart to finish us off, either. So instead they use us. Them and their friends...'

'Their friends?' said Tony, still struggling to make sense of anything.

'I've been here for six weeks. Every fucking day they've come for me. Every fucking day they've brought their friends in here. Or their clients. They pay them, you see. They pay the bitches to do things to us. To fuck us, to rape us, to sit on our faces and...' This time it was Dave whose words faded into nothing.

But nothing was enough for Tony. Because he knew what that nothing meant. It came to him in a blinding flash of awareness. He didn't need an explanation. They were prisoners. Prisoners of women who could never let them go. Women who would make them suffer every day of their lives...

Was that heaven, or was that hell? He had no idea. But he knew he was going to find out.

One way or the other...

THE END

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 is for Condemned!

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

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.

Devil Queen

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

Dungeons of Despair!

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

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

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother

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

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

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

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-Amazons to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

When Women Sit!

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

College Smother (An Extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from 'Smother Slave' – one of two stories to be found in my book, College Smother:

Michael raised his head and Lucy felt the tip of his nose brush against her anus.

'Sniff me first,' she told him, and giggled. 'It's a smell you'll have to get used to.'

He breathed in deeply, as if savouring the aroma of some rich, exotic scent.

'That's good,' she sighed. 'Now put out your tongue and lick around the edges of my bum-hole. Tickle the rim.'

Lucy bent her full weight into the young man's chest, spreading her fingers for maximum support. Her anus had always been particularly sensitive. Sean had been able to give her orgasms simply by sucking on the hole itself. If Michael hit the spot with her, she knew that she might collapse on his face if she weren't careful. Not that it mattered, of course. But she wanted to enjoy the play of his mouth on her arse for as long as possible.

His tongue came out and flicked around the circle of her anus. Lucy bent her neck and gurgled at the ceiling. This was good. This was very good. His tongue skipped back and forth; up and down; around and around. She shimmied her hips and spat out crude obscenities.

Oh God, she thought! To be a woman, with a woman's lusts! How absolutely fucking wonderful! Her belly tingled with excitement.

'Your mouth!' she squealed, oblivious to all around her. 'Use your mouth on me, you worthless piece of shit!'

Sonya and Corinne exchanged a look of warm approval. Michael was a worthless piece of shit. They liked the way this new girl worked. She'd bring a new dimension, maybe, to their victim's torture.

Michael closed his lips around the knot of Lucy's anus. His hot breath beat against the pink, constricted well.

Lucy's head fell forward now, her lemon-shaped breasts trembling, her nipples fat like tiny corks. 'Give me a Frenchie!' she shrieked, abandoning all inhibition. 'A French kiss!' she elaborated loudly.

Corinne bent low and whispered in the young man's ear. 'She wants you to put your tongue up her arse,' she told him. 'As far as it will go...'

As soon as Lucy heard the words, her stomach tightened. A surge of pleasure broke from inside her cunt and tore across her belly.

'Do it!' she squealed, heaving herself back, crashing her full weight onto his head. She squirmed her oval cheeks around his face, then yelled a second time as Michael's tongue thrust out, stabbing at her bottom-hole, and spearing her

sphincter.

‘Oh, fucking shit!’ she screamed as the climax broke inside her. She straightened her back and sat bolt upright, centring her weight on her victim’s nose and mouth. Bringing her hands up to her breasts, she plucked at her nipples, tearing at her teats, stretching her flesh until she cried again, with self-inflicted pain.

She bounced, oblivious to Michael’s torment. He couldn’t breathe; and she didn’t care.

Sonya leant forward. ‘You can kill him if you like,’ she said. ‘Smother him to death with your arse.’

She spoke the words deliberately loud. So Michael, too, could hear what she was saying. Either side of him, Janet and Mo bent down close and whispered to him.

‘Bye, bye,’ said Mo, and nibbled at his lobe.

Janet licked inside his other ear. ‘You’re a dirty, cunt-sucking bastard,’ she murmured. ‘You deserve to die...’

The young man’s body jack-knifed and his hands clawed along the leather-lined bench. Sonya took hold of his penis and rubbed it hard, until his balls bulged with seed. She squeezed the base of his shaft and stemmed the flow of semen into his cock.

Lucy wobbled like a human jelly, rolling her hips from side to side, shrieking her release at the ceiling until, as suddenly as it had begun, her pleasure spent itself and she fell forward, utterly exhausted...