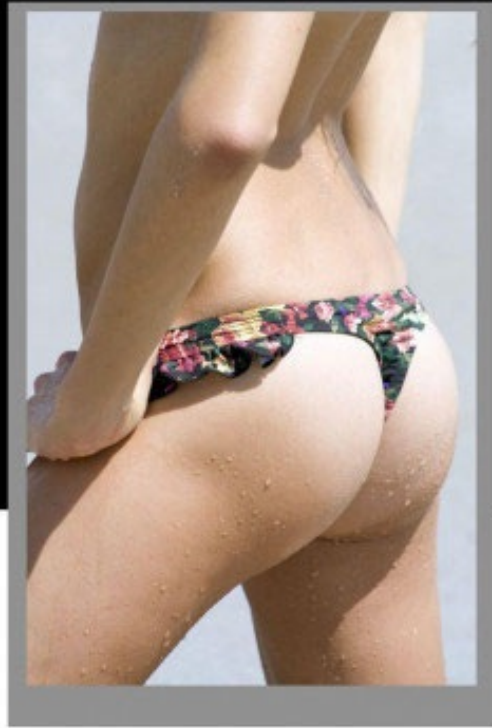


*Only one of them can walk away alive!*



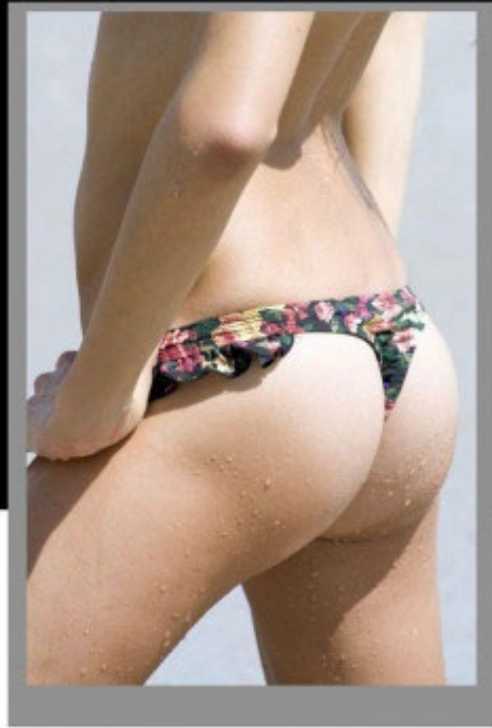
# **FRENCH KISS**

**An Extreme Facesitting Short Story**

**BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER MAID**

**D A R K R I D E R**

*Only one of them can walk away alive!*



# **FRENCH KISS**

**An Extreme Facesitting Short Story**

**BY THE AUTHOR OF SMOTHER MAID**

**D A R K R I D E R**

## **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!

**For more information on my books etc, please visit:**

**<http://darkriderstories.wordpress.com> ;**

**<http://darkridersfacesittingamazons.tumblr.com/>**

## **About this Book**

*French Kiss was originally published on a popular facesitting site back in 1999. It was the second facesitting story I ever wrote (after Bethany's Revenge), and has never been republished – until now. (Though it's probably floating around somewhere!)*

In occupied France, during the Second World War, a Resistance fighter, Aimée, finds herself engaged in a life-or-death struggle with a young German soldier. She quickly realises that only her bare bottom can save her, and proceeds to use it on him ... as only a woman can.

I'm publishing it for free and hope you enjoy it. If you do, I hope you'll take a look at some of my other stories. I have over twenty books out there: a mix of novels, novellas, short stories and collections.

If you haven't read this story before, then I hope you enjoy it. If you have read it before, then I hope you enjoy revisiting it,

## **Other Books by Dark Rider**

*A is for Assassins!*

*B is for Bride!*

*Bared for Battle!*

*Bethany's Revenge*

*College Smother*

*Devil Queen*

*Dungeons of Despair!*

*Fantasy Smother*

*Fantasy Smother 2*

*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 (The Complete Adventure)*

*Smother Plateau: Part One*

*Smother Plateau: Part Two*

*Smother Rampage!*

*Smother Rampage 2*

*Smothered by Amazons*

*When Twins Attack!*

*When Women Hunt!*

*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*

# **FRENCH KISS**

Dark Rider

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*This is an adult story – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors.*

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## French Kiss

Aimée hurried up the steep embankment. She was naked. Bars of sunshine broke through the top of the trees and fell across the huge swell of her breasts. They swept around the flare of her hips and lined the muscles of her thighs. Her thick black hair clung to her face and shoulders; the dark fleece of her pubes glittered about the long slit of her cunt.

The swim had refreshed her. Trails of moisture squiggled down her back, and ran across the broad expanse of her buttocks. She had been on the run for three days now, dodging the enemy patrols. So far her luck had held, but it had been touch and go. The forest had given her much-needed cover. She could not be more than five kilometres from the border. Another few hours and she would be safe.

She reached the top of the slope and stopped dead in her tracks. Her clothes had gone. She had left them in a neat little pile beneath the tree. Her bag had vanished, too, the one with the photos and the microfilm. She cursed softly and felt her heart thud against her ribcage. Something stirred to her right and she wheeled around, her big breasts swinging freely.

A young soldier stepped out from behind the bushes. He was tall and lean, with a thin face, wide, staring eyes and a long, spotted neck. What was he? Eighteen? Nineteen? No older, surely. He swung her bag in one hand, the fingers of the other wrapped tight about the trigger of his rifle.

‘Hands high!’ he yelled, gesturing with the gun.

Aimée raised her hands in the air. She cursed silently. It was impossible! To have come this far, and to be caught so close to home. No! She would not have it! She would not be cheated like this!

The French girl parted her legs crudely and thrust her hips forward. The young man's eyes danced up and down. The blood rushed to his head; his neck turned pink and his face darkened. He licked at the dry edges of his mouth and shifted nervously. Now Aimée knew what she must do.

She turned round slowly, bent down and raised her bottom in the air. Reaching back with both hands, she peeled her cheeks apart in a vulgar display of naked flesh.

Her cunt hung open, its pink lips damp and shiny. Warm air fanned the delicate wet knot of her anus. She heard the soldier swear beneath his breath, his greedy eyes devouring the big white circles of her arse. Flexing the muscles of her rectum, Aimée twitched its taut brown mouth and shimmied her hips from side to side. Her heavy breasts wobbled and the young man groaned. Suddenly he was tugging his belt free, and ripping at his trouser buttons.

Aimée watched him upside down between her legs. She knew that the animal within had taken over. The young man still clung to his gun, but it shook loosely in his hand, pointing everywhere and nowhere as he finally kicked his pants and trousers free.

Aimée stood up and wheeled about. She lay one arm around her breasts and pressed a hand between her legs. Her knees appeared to buckle and she squealed, 'Non! Non!' as the young man stumbled forward.

‘We will fuck!’ he shouted in broken French, advancing as nervously as Aimée appeared to retreat.

‘Non! Non!’ she cried a second time. The soldier’s penis was long and erect, like a tall marble column. He was circumcised; his knob pink and shiny. He was close now, almost on top of her. One more step and he would be hers, the careless fool.

He brought the gun up sharply and struck her hard across the face. She fell backwards, blood gushing from a tear in her cheek. It wasn’t he who was the fool, it was she. She cursed herself for her stupidity. She had not expected that. Idiot! Idiot!

Her head hit a rock, and her stomach heaved. Suddenly he was on top of her, pulling at her legs, opening her up. His penis stabbed at the deep runnel of her sex. They were clumsy jabs and missed their mark, grating into her thighs instead. She felt sick, she couldn’t think. This was not what was supposed to happen. She tried to concentrate. She MUST concentrate! If she did not, this filthy little pig would have his way with her.

She shifted sideways and her breasts smacked hard against his face.

‘Mein Gott!’ he screamed and closed his mouth around the fat pink plug of a nipple. He palmed her cunt, his fingers sliding through her love-flesh. In a stupor of confusion Aimée thrust one arm between their bodies and felt for his cock. It was huge and hot and sticky with excitement. She closed her fingers round his shaft and pumped.

Above her, the young man threw back his head and squealed. He tried to break free, but she held on tight. His penis juddered in her hand and his balls began to jerk.

‘Mein Gott! Mein Gott!’ he screamed repeatedly, as the first of his cream shot into the air.

He tumbled back and Aimée pounced, throwing herself across his body, her legs either side of his chest. His cock spat furiously and he arched his back. His hips jerked off the ground and sent the French girl sliding forward, so that her thighs closed around his head. She dug her hands into his hair and hugged him to her sex. He opened his mouth to scream and she filled it with her cunt.

‘Die, you pig!’ she screamed. ‘Die between the legs of a free-born French woman!’

He grunted madly and his arms came up to claw at her hips. She felt the thud of his breath against her pussy. He must have lashed out with his tongue, for suddenly she felt something warm and wet slice into her sex. He touched a nerve and set her clitty spinning.

‘Bâtard! Bâtard!’ she screamed as the first rush of pleasure tore through her belly.

The young man arched his back. He was fighting for his life, gasping his terror into his attacker’s French vagina.

She held on tight and screamed, ‘Non! Non!’ as if the very words themselves would be enough to end his struggles.

Her cunt convulsed and went into a second round of spasms. This fresh onslaught was all too much for Aimée and her thighs went limp around the young man’s head. He tore himself free, snorting through his nose and mouth, then punched savagely at her arse and forced her off him, onto her back.

He crawled forward on his hands and knees. His penis still jerked, gently leaking semen. He forced himself between her legs and stabbed at her cunt. She rolled again and left him sobbing with frustration. Suddenly his hands were around her neck. They were big and strong, the fingers digging into her skin. She reached for his prick and heard him squeal. They rolled sideways, across the spiky grass and over the edge of the embankment.

Aimée released his cock and wrapped her arms around his back, holding him tight as they spun down the slope. They hit the water at speed and broke apart. His arms and legs came up, splashing wildly, blinding her with spray. She grabbed hold of his wrists and pushed him down, writhing against him. His knees came up and caught the side of her injured face and she screamed. Then something struck her on the buttocks. It was his nose! She was over his face – her arse above his head!

She dropped down, through the water, wriggling herself into position. The river was shallow here, hardly up to her waist even in a sitting position. The young man thrashed beneath her. His right leg came up, at right angles to the water, and kicked freely. His arms emerged in a flurry of confusion, fingers twisted, stabbing at the air.

Aimée took hold of his wrists and held him tight. His head was buried in her

arse, her buttocks driving him into the mud. She felt him squirm, felt unformed words of terror thump against her backside and her cunt. His nose squirreled its way past her anus, like a tiny penis burrowing its way into her bowels. She looked down and saw the pencil-thin vapour trails of semen swimming tadpole-like beneath the surface of the water.

Bubbles of air broke from his mouth and tickled her cunt. He was wriggling furiously, his struggles churning up the sand, muddying the cold, grey water. Aimée tightened the muscles of her arse and felt his arms thrust inside her fists. He screamed against her buttocks. She felt the peel of terror thud into her belly as she came, releasing all her pleasure, all her hate across the face of her terrified victim.

‘Die, you bastard!’ she screamed, as she forced his arms beneath the water. Was he drowning or was he being smothered? It hardly mattered. It was him or her. This was war. Kill or be killed. And there were worse ways to go, were there not, than beneath her naked arse?

His hands formed claws and tore into her flesh. He kicked desperately and she came again. She bit her tongue and held on fast, leaking her excitement past lips that opened wide around her cunt and bottom.

He twitched convulsively; little jolts of movement that told her it was almost over. She felt her pussy bulge inside his mouth and swore with pleasure. Merde! It felt so good. She was a woman. He was only a boy, but he was her enemy. He would die between her legs; sucking on her bloated French pussy.

His body went limp and still she sat. He kicked again. She knew he would. She recalled the first man she had ever smothered: a spy who had betrayed two friends of hers to the Gestapo. He had tried to fool her into thinking he was dead:

had pretended to have passed out, then struggled to escape her arse. She had not allowed him to. He had died slowly; she had made sure of that. There had been six of them, and each had sat on him in turn. But it was she who had finished him off...

She remembered how he had kicked and squirmed. Her crack had been so hot and sticky, her bottom drenched in sweat and tears. Her sweat; his tears. He had died with his tongue in her cunt, his nose in her arse, and his semen leaking out across his big fat belly.

This squirming boy was hers, now. He was hers to conquer; hers to subdue. Hers to smother with her naked flesh.

She was pleased that he was struggling. It felt so good when a man struggled.

She held on tight and felt his fear.

She held on tight, until she felt nothing at all ...

## **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](mailto:amazondarkrider@gmail.com).

Thanks again!