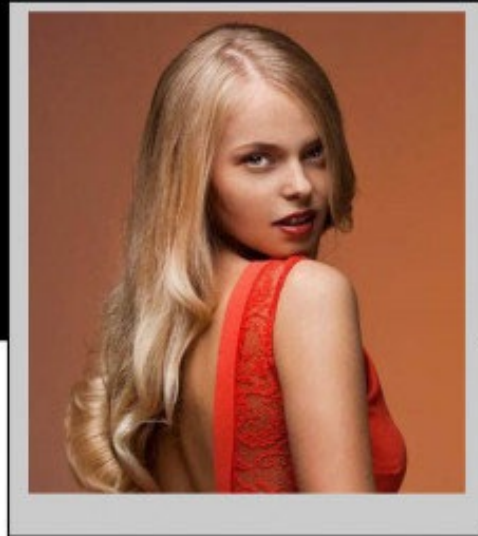


How every man should end his days ...



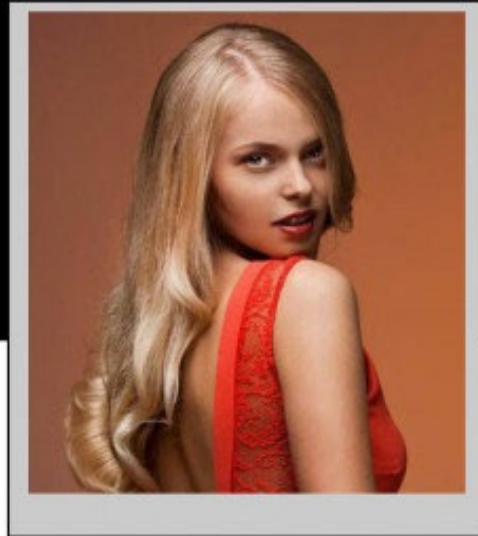
INSIDE A NURSE'S BOTTOM!

A Facesitting Novella

BY THE AUTHOR OF *SMOTHER ME HARD, MRS PARKER!*

D A R K R I D E R

How every man should end his days ...



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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!

INSIDE A NURSE'S BOTTOM!

One Man's Facesitting Fantasy

Dark Rider

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This work contains adult material – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors. All characters are over the age of 21 and this is a work of pure fantasy.

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One

My appointment was for 3 o'clock. I arrived a few minutes early and wondered if I ought to wait before ringing the doorbell. I'd never been to see a Mistress before and wasn't sure of the protocol. On the other hand I didn't want to be late, either. She might think it rude. Besides, I was paying for two hours and had travelled a long way.

I say 'I', but it would be more accurate to say 'we'. That's because there were two of us standing outside the door. Me – James Aaron – and my wife, Mrs Emma Aaron. Except that she wasn't my wife. Not in the legal sense. Just for the purposes of my appointment.

Confused? I'm not surprised. I'm beginning to lose track myself.

It might help if I back up a few weeks to when it all began, to when I first emailed Mistress Karen and told her what I had in mind. She was very accommodating, right from the word 'Go'. Absolutely brilliant. I told her money was no object because about a year ago I'd won the lottery and hadn't spent a fraction of it yet. I was single, too, and didn't want to travel the world searching for elderly, unattached widows eager to ply me with gin then ravish me senseless.

After I explained the rather complicated nature of my fantasy, Mistress Karen said the best way to go about it would be to hire the additional services of some friends of hers – budding actors who needed the money and would do a great job, no questions asked. From what I'd told her, she said, a wife would be a good starting point and she knew just the woman.

I emailed her a script, detailing how I'd imagined the whole thing would unfold

and, after about a week, she returned it with distinct improvements. She said if I was happy to go ahead she would pass it on to the other parties we'd need to involve and we could all learn our parts.

I said that sounded great, paid a rather large deposit into her bank account and settled down to learning my lines.

Which brings me back to just before 3 o'clock on the day in question and my dilemma over bell-ringing rituals.

'I wouldn't worry, sweetheart,' said Emma, linking her arm through mine. 'It's not as if you're coming out again, is it? You know, this – well – being your time.'

The way she said 'your time' sent goose-bumps along the back of my neck. When she snuggled just a tad closer and said, 'You mustn't be afraid, James, about what's going to happen to you,' my tummy gave a serious flip. 'Sister Karen's a trained professional. She's done this to hundreds of men over the years. She's the best in the business, you mustn't worry.'

'She's going to sit on me,' I said miserably, surprising myself because I was playing a part after all and had no cause to feel distressed. 'She's going to tie me down and do me in.' I swallowed hard (I really did!). 'I'm not coming out of here alive.'

‘And aren’t you the lucky one?’ said Emma, squeezing my arm gently. ‘Going out inside a nurse’s bottom. Some men have to take tablets, or be given an injection. You’re going to have a naked woman sit on your face – no knickers or anything! – and suffocate you with her anus. You should be happy, not sad.’

‘I know,’ I answered quietly. ‘It’s just...’ And then I ran out of steam.

‘I’ll be there – with you – right to the end, holding your hand. You won’t be alone. When your time comes ...’

‘Will you give me a wank?’ I asked. ‘While I’m being smothered?’

Emma’s face puckered a little. ‘I’m not allowed to, darling, you know that. But I’ve paid for an extra nurse. She’ll give you a good seeing-to while Sister Karen is sitting on your face. That’s why we couldn’t fuck last night. Your balls had to be nice and full.’

I looked at my watch. It was almost 3 o’clock. That solved my dilemma over bell-ringing etiquette.

‘Here we go, then,’ I said with a genuinely heavy sigh, and pressed the buzzer.

Two

The door was opened by an attractive young woman, dressed in a clinging black top and tight grey leggings. The top – through which her nipples poked – strained to breaking point around her breasts, emphasising their soft, natural curves. As for the leggings, they hugged her thighs, calves and, most obviously, the perfect swell of her vagina. Call me old-fashioned, but I've always loved the perfect swell of a tightly covered vagina: the long, rounded bulge that hints at the treasure within.

Her thick blonde hair was pinned beneath a starched white hat, emblazoned with a bright red cross. Despite the unusual nature of her outfit, I realised at once that she was a nurse. (Though, to be fair, it helped that I'd written the script, which proclaimed, at this point, that 'The door is opened by an attractive and incredibly sexy young nurse.')

'Mrs Aaron?' she said, addressing Emma.

Emma nodded, and said 'Yes', before indicating there were two of us, in case the attractive and incredibly sexy young nurse hadn't noticed I was there. 'This is my husband, James,' she explained. 'He's a wee bit anxious. Well, you know – bearing in mind what's going to happen to him.'

The vision in leggings turned and gave me one of those big, heart-warming smiles normally reserved for children who don't want to go in to see the dentist because they think he's going to rip out all their teeth and not even give them a toffee.

'I'm Nurse Amy,' she said, extending her hand for me to shake. 'I'll be assisting in your suffocation this afternoon. You mustn't worry, we'll be very gentle with

you.'

'Thank you,' I said, 'that's very kind. I am rather nervous.'

'There's no need,' said Amy. 'The fact that your wife has brought you here shows how much she cares about you.' Her bright eyes sparkled as she spoke. 'You're with women now, and you mustn't be afraid.'

She leaned forward and breathed warmly in my ear, 'None of us is wearing any knickers if that helps...'

I swallowed hard but said nothing. My imagination raced ahead an hour – or thereabouts – when I knew I'd be in a happy place. The happiest place in the world. Where none of the women was wearing anything at all, let alone knickers.

'Sister Karen is ready to see you both,' said Amy. She led us through to the next room, her bare – and panty-free – buttocks swaying loosely inside the tight, grey leggings.

Knocking on a broad, oak door, she paused briefly, then opened it, poked her head through the gap and said, 'Your three o'clock appointment is here, Sister.'

I heard a faint response and the next moment we were ushered into Sister Karen's inner sanctum.

Mistress Karen had sent me several photographs of herself – both clothed and unclothed – so I knew what to expect. Well, sort of. She'd never sent me a photograph of herself as a nurse, though she'd supplied me with three close-ups of her anus so that I knew what I was letting myself in for. It was a small chocolate-brown whorl of muscle nestling in a much darker surround of flesh, which was itself set in a long, hairless crack. Above it sat a plump, long and very smooth vagina which, in the photographs at least, appeared to extend forever.

I had no complaints at that point, and was sure I'd have none later this afternoon when I finally saw her delicious dark jewel in what I suppose could be described, rather more accurately, as the 'real flesh'.

Just now, as she rose to greet us, I could see she was dressed to impress not arouse. Like Nurse Amy, she wore a starched white cap, but, unlike her provocatively attired colleague, she had squeezed herself into a buttoned white outfit that emphasised her firm, pleasingly full figure – as it flowed from an open neck down to a hem that ended a sensible but still tantalising three inches above the knees.

She advanced, hand outstretched in greeting, before ushering us into two comfortable chairs. She sat opposite, while Nurse Amy perched herself on a seat to the right.

'First of all,' she began, addressing Emma, not me, 'can I thank you, Mrs Aaron, for booking your husband into our Suffocation Clinic. We're a small organisation, and we do pride ourselves on the service we provide.'

'Not at all,' said Emma. 'You came very highly recommended. A dear friend of mine, Sally Banner, booked her husband in about six months ago. She was very impressed by the way you finished him off. She said she was as sure as she

possibly could be that John – her late husband – was very happy to end his days inside your bottom.’

Karen’s face flushed a little and she seemed genuinely touched. ‘It’s kind of you to say so,’ she replied. ‘I do remember Mr Banner – he was extraordinarily anxious, poor man, but I like to think that when he saw my little hole and knew it wasn’t going to hurt him, it put his mind at rest.’

‘James is frightened, too,’ said Emma, reaching out and taking hold of my hand. ‘I’ve told him there’s nothing to worry about, and reminded him how lucky he is, but–’

Karen waved away my wife’s concern. ‘It’s a perfectly normal reaction,’ she said. ‘All men are nervous beforehand. Some have never had a woman sit on them before – and they’ve certainly never had one try to suffocate them with her anus!’

She picked up a wodge of papers. ‘Let’s get the legal stuff out of the way first,’ she said, ‘then we can get on with talking about what’s going to happen.’ She smiled at me affectionately. ‘When we go into the Suffocation Room and I sit on your face.’

‘Of course,’ said Emma, and squeezed my hand. ‘I’m sure we’ll all be more relaxed once we can get things underway.’

‘First off,’ said Karen, ‘I need to go over a few points. Mostly legal stuff, as I say.’ She picked up the top sheet of paper and handed it to Emma, along with a pen. ‘As you know, under the Termination Act, all men, on reaching the age of

42, have to be humanely put to sleep.’ She looked at me sadly and sighed. ‘It’s an unfortunate state of affairs but, with men outnumbering women by 2:1 in a dreadfully overpopulated world, it’s the only way to preserve scarce resources.’

‘James understands,’ said Emma, squeezing my hand again. ‘He’s always known this day would come. We both have.’

‘Again, as you know,’ said Karen, returning to her point, ‘the state has authorised a number of humane methods of despatch, generally by way of medication or injection. These are standard options and no extra precautions need to be taken.’

She paused briefly, threw me another warm smile, then said, ‘However, where a more, shall we say ”personal” service is required, we need to get a man’s legal guardian – in this case, as James’ wife, that would be you Mrs Aaron – to officially authorise termination.’

Emma scanned the document she was holding and gave a little nod. ‘Of course,’ she said. ‘I’ve discussed it with James and I’ve told him that it really would be so much nicer if he went out inside a woman’s bottom. Tablets or a needle are – well – so impersonal!’

‘And are you happy, James,’ asked Karen, ‘for me to suffocate you with my anus?’

Now it was my turn to nod. ‘Yes,’ I said. ‘If you think it won’t hurt?’

Emma gave a little laugh and squeezed my hand again. ‘Of course it won’t hurt, silly,’ she said. ‘It’s just a little hole – inside a woman’s bottom! It’s nothing to be frightened of.’

‘Your wife is right,’ said Karen. ‘I’ve sat on hundreds of men in the past three years. It really is a lovely way to go.’

I looked at Emma who smiled back at me and said, ‘Don’t worry, sweetheart, Sister Karen knows what she’s doing.’

And with that, she signed and dated the paper and handed it back.

‘Excellent,’ said Karen, quickly checking the document before dropping the paperwork onto her desk. She threw me another warm smile, then said, ‘Right, let’s get down to business.’

Three

‘What you need to know first,’ said Karen, addressing both of us, ‘is that the suffocation procedure itself takes about an hour.’ She watched me shift anxiously in my chair and raised her hands palm up in a calming gesture.

‘Don’t worry, James, it’s not as bad as it sounds. You’re probably thinking, “Gosh, that’s a long time, surely she could finish me off much faster than that?” And, yes, of course I could. Providing you’re well secured, I could send you to sleep in just a few minutes, it’s not that difficult once I get you into my crack. After that, it’s just a case of sitting on you – pressing down with my anus over your nose – until you stop breathing.’

‘So why does it take so long?’ asked Emma, aware that I was finding it difficult to speak. ‘I’ve heard of other clinics where the men are smothered very quickly.’

‘That’s true, they are,’ said Karen. ‘I worked in one myself before setting up my own business. I could easily get through thirty men a day, it was like a conveyor belt. A man would come in, be strapped down, and I’d sit on him. It was always a wife’s decision – opting for suffocation – never the man’s, and not all of them wanted to be sat on. Loved ones assumed that it was a kind way out. Given the alternatives – tablets or injection – what man wouldn’t want to end his days inside a woman’s bottom?’

‘So what was the problem?’ asked Emma, leaning forward with interest.

‘It was all too fast to make a man happy,’ said Karen. ‘Basically, they were just being suffocated. There was no pleasure to the procedure, as there is here. Once a man’s excitement at seeing my anus had worn off, it wasn’t very pleasant. You only have to hold your breath for a minute to know how uncomfortable that can

be. The men were always panic-stricken. Even though they were well secured, they used to struggle dreadfully. It wasn't nice for them and I didn't enjoy it, either.'

Karen frowned and shook her head. 'Sometimes a man would change his mind. That was always difficult. Wives and partners weren't allowed to be present at the actual suffocation, so there was no one to help calm them down, or put their minds at rest. Fortunately, the smother rooms were soundproofed, so if a man did kick up a fuss, no one knew. It would have been upsetting for loved ones to hear their man screaming the house down – and believe me, some did.'

'That sounds dreadful!' said Emma, taking my hand and giving it another reassuring squeeze. 'Those poor men. How they must have suffered, being alone like that, and knowing you were going to finish them off.' She paused, deliberately, for my benefit. 'With the hole in your bottom!'

'There was nothing else I could do,' said Karen. 'Once a man's guardian has signed the termination papers, there's no going back. All I could do was tell a man he had to be brave and that I'd try to suffocate him as fast as I could. But I didn't enjoy the work. Some men were desperate to speak to their wives one last time, but that wasn't allowed, either.'

'So you just – did it?' said Emma. 'You just ... took them into your crack and smothered them with your little hole?'

Karen nodded sombrely. 'I had no choice. I also knew it was important to do it quickly ... to put them out of their misery. A few of the nurses, I'm afraid to say, got a kick out of suffocating a man when he was frightened. It gave them a buzz. Some even loosened the straps a little so the man could struggle. It made him think he could get away, which was very cruel. Some of the girls would even

take a man to the point where he almost passed out, then let him catch a breath.’

‘Oh, how awful!’ cried Emma. ‘They must have thought it was all over, but it wasn’t!’

‘I know,’ said Karen. ‘They’d be smothered all over again. It was horribly cruel. Some of the girls didn’t think it mattered. The men were there to be suffocated and they didn’t see why they shouldn’t have some fun while they were doing it.’

‘Couldn’t you have reported them?’ said Emma. ‘Surely the authorities wouldn’t have approved?’

Karen shrugged. ‘It would have been my word against theirs. Besides, you have to remember, I was the only one in the room. It was my responsibility to finish the poor man off. If I hadn’t done it, one of the other girls would have sat on him – and abused him with her anus.’

‘It sounds to me as if the men were lucky to have you sit on them,’ said Emma. ‘I’m so grateful it’s you finishing James off and not one of those dreadful women.’

Karen blushed. ‘I’m not sure they felt that way,’ she said, ‘though I always tried to be kind. I’d tell them that being smothered inside a woman’s bottom was a much nicer way to go than having an injection. I found it often helped to let them sniff my hole for a few minutes. It’s something I do here, by the way, before sitting on a man. It seems to help if they get to know my anus beforehand.’

Emma gave me another reassuring squeeze. ‘Did you hear that, James?’ she said happily. ‘You’ll get to see Sister Karen’s hole before she finishes you off. Won’t that be nice? Being able to sniff her anus?’

‘Yes,’ I answered stupidly. ‘It will be, thank you.’

Karen smiled. ‘You mustn’t worry,’ she told me. ‘Your happiness is important to me. Our motto is “Smothered with Kindness”, and that’s exactly what will happen to you. And your wife will be with you throughout. It won’t just be me and Nurse Amy.’

‘I’m not worried,’ I lied. ‘I mean, I’m nervous, of course, knowing you’re going to – well – suffocate me with your bottom. But I know you’ll – you’ll do a good job and not try to hurt me when you do it.’

‘That’s the spirit, James!’ said Emma, squeezing my hand again. ‘That’s my brave little soldier! Not afraid of a woman’s tiny hole!’

Karen rose, swung her desktop monitor around and stabbed several keys. The screen lit up at once.

‘I think it’s important,’ she said, ‘before I sit on you, that you have some idea of what my bottom looks like – especially my little hole. Are you all right with that?’

I nodded mutely. I wanted to speak, but the words wouldn't come. I wasn't acting, I really did feel tongue-tied. I had begun to realise that the longer this went on, the more life-like it felt. My fantasy was beginning to tip over into reality. Sister Karen was going to pull down her pants and sit on my face, and she was going to suffocate me. Between her buttocks. With her tiny little anus. Until I stopped moving.

Dear God! I was going to die inside this woman's bottom...

Four

I was staring, open-mouthed, at a large, throbbing anus. Its rhythmic beat mesmerised me. Grooves of tight, meaty flesh stretched alternately outwards to form a soft, barely wrinkled plane, then inwards, as if a tiny mouth had puckered for a kiss. It was possible, watching it, to imagine being drawn into its warm, dark centre and vanishing forever into the passage beyond ... sucked screaming into the depths of a woman's arse! It was, I had to confess, both thrilling and utterly terrifying in equal measure.

'This is my little hole,' explained Karen, as I gazed at the computer screen. 'The opening into my bottom...'

I'd seen it before, of course, but only as an image. A flat unmoving jpeg fixed to an email announcing, 'I'm attaching a photograph of my anus. It will help if you masturbate while looking at it ... and pretend that I'm sitting on you.'

Karen was still speaking, and I had to force myself to concentrate. The image of her tiny hole – the dark, beating heart of her bottom – was impossibly distracting.

'This is what you'll see when I straddle you,' she said, 'and finish you off with my arse.'

Emma reached out and held my hand again. 'Isn't it beautiful, James – Sister Karen's tiny opening? Isn't it the most wonderful sight ever? The way it opens and closes – as if it wants to gobble you up!'

I wanted to answer, but my mouth had dried up. Not only that, but my heart was thudding so loudly I thought it would drown out anything I tried to say.

‘Does it frighten you?’ asked Karen. ‘Knowing I’m going to suffocate you with it?’

I nodded mutely before finding my voice at last.

‘Yes, it does,’ I said. ‘It really frightens me.’ Which was when I turned to Emma and said, ‘I don’t want to do it. I’ve changed my mind. I don’t want to die inside a bottom. I don’t want to be smothered by an anus!’

Emma immediately leaned across and wrapped her arms around me. ‘You mustn’t be frightened, James! It’s a lovely way to go. Inside a woman’s crack.’

‘But I don’t want to die inside a crack,’ I blubbered. ‘I don’t want to be smothered by an arsehole!’

‘I’ve signed the papers, James,’ said Emma firmly. ‘There’s no going back. You have to be suffocated!’

‘Your wife is right,’ said Karen, coming forward and dropping down beside me. ‘You’re 42 now, and the law says you have to be terminated. I understand why you’re frightened, all men are frightened when they see my anus for the first time. It’s only natural, because you know I’m going to sit on you. But there really is nothing to worry about, I promise. It’s just a little hole.’

She stood up and addressed Emma. 'I can't show James my actual anus before suffocation – it's against the rules – but I can give it a rub and let him sniff my fingers if that's OK? It might calm him down.'

'I think that's an excellent idea,' said Emma, relaxing her hold and moving back a little. 'What do you say, James?' she said, tilting my chin to look at me. 'Would you like to sniff Sister Karen's fingers? So you know what her bottom smells like?'

'I'm not sure,' I muttered miserably. (Not for the first time, it surprised me how much I'd thrown myself into the role. I really did feel miserable, and not a little bit frightened. As far as I was concerned, just then, I was going to end up with Karen's anus on my face!)

'He'll do it,' said Emma quickly, then gave me a reassuring smile. 'It's for the best, darling, you mustn't be afraid.'

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Karen step back, hoist up her skirt and wriggle her fingers into her crack. 'I'm just going to put them inside,' she said. 'Not all the way in, just far enough to give you an idea.'

'Oh, God,' I muttered, partly from excitement but, more than that, alarmed.

Extracting her fingers, she moved in closer, with her hand lightly cupped. 'You might want to hold his arms,' she said to Emma. 'In case he tries to push me away.'

Emma immediately took hold of my wrists and pinned them together. ‘I hope you’re not going to make a fuss, sweetheart,’ she said, with a touch of concern in her voice. ‘It’s costing a lot of money to have you suffocated. Most wives have their husbands put to sleep for nothing – with tablets or an injection. You should be grateful you’re going out inside a woman’s crack.’

‘I am,’ I muttered, my fingers flexing anxiously. ‘I’ll try not to let you down, I’m sorry.’

Karen raised an arm and moved her hand towards my face. I caught a hint of bottom scent and breathed her in. When she pressed her fingers to my nose, I felt giddy with delight. Her smell was rich, but not overpowering: a damp hint of earth and musk. I flexed my arms and felt Emma tighten her grip.

‘Relax, James,’ she whispered. ‘There’s no need to be frightened. It’s only the smell of a woman’s bottom-hole. It won’t hurt you ...’

I wanted to say that it was all right for Emma, she wasn’t the one who was going to be suffocated. But I didn’t. I just made a stupid gurgling noise and breathed a little deeper. When Karen finally removed her fingers, I sniffed again, savouring the smell that still lingered on my nostrils.

‘There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?’ said Emma, releasing my wrists and giving me a gentle hug.

‘No,’ I muttered. ‘I’m sorry I made such a fuss.’

Returning to her chair, Karen said, 'I'm going to talk you through the process now, James, because it's important you know exactly what will happen to you once you enter the Suffocation Room. Is that OK?'

'Yes, of course,' I replied. (If I'm honest, apart from being sat on, this was the part – the description of what was going to happen – that I was really looking forward to!)

Five

‘After you leave here,’ said Karen, ‘you’ll be taken to a waiting room. There’s another patient booked in before you, so you’ll have someone to chat with. If it helps, he’s as nervous as you are about being smothered.’

I opened my mouth to reply, then closed it again. A cold knot of excitement hardened in my tummy.

‘You’ll both be naked,’ she continued. ‘We find it’s best that way. It speeds up the procedure once you enter the Suffocation Room.’ She turned to Amy, who was sitting quietly at the back.

‘Nurse Amy will bring you through. Just so you know, she’ll take you by the cock, which needs to be erect.’ Her mouth widened into a smile. ‘There’ll be porn videos playing in the waiting room – mostly doggy fucks and cowgirl riding. Hopefully they’ll arouse you, but if not, Nurse Amy will use her hand to stiffen you. She’ll be naked herself, which should help.’ Her eyes sparkled wickedly. ‘It’s hard not to get a stiffy,’ she said, ‘when a bare-bottomed woman is holding on to your cock!’

I shifted awkwardly and was aware that I’d blushed.

‘There’s no need to be embarrassed,’ said Karen. ‘Nurse Amy has stiffened

hundreds of men before their suffocation. If you'll pardon the pun, you'll be in good hands.'

I shifted again and gave a feeble moan when Emma pressed her fingers into my lap. 'Just listen to that,' she whispered. 'Your bad boy's going to have a lot of fun. And that's even before you're smothered!' She turned to Karen and added, unnecessarily, 'that's my nickname for James's cock – his bad boy!'

'Well, he's certainly going to have some fun,' said Karen happily. 'Once you're in the Suffocation Room, you'll see a long white table bolted into the floor. It's shaped like a cross with buckles to secure your arms and legs. That's so you can't push me off once I sit on you.'

I swallowed hard. In my mind's eye I could see the table and imagined what it would feel like to be spread-eagled and secured, my head face up, waiting for Karen to straddle me.

'Both Nurse Amy and I will be naked, but your wife will remain clothed. You won't be able to see her because your head will be strapped into an upright position. That's so that I can maintain a secure hold once I sit on you. However, Emma will be able to hold your hand, to give you some comfort throughout the procedure and, of course, at what we call the moment of truth – when you pass out inside my bottom.'

'Oh, dear God,' I muttered, both alarmed and aroused in almost equal measure.

'Nurse Amy will masturbate you throughout. That way you'll be erect and excited from start to finish. Being aroused will take your mind off what's

happening to you. Though I could easily suffocate you in a few minutes, the procedure lasts almost an hour. Just before I take you under, I'll signal to Nurse Amy and she'll bring you off. That way you'll have the most exquisite orgasm as you pass out.'

Karen paused, giving me time to take everything in, then said, 'After you've gone to sleep, I'll remain sitting on your face for about ten minutes until you stop breathing. Three or four minutes is usually enough, but I like to be certain. I've sometimes had men wake up, and been forced to finish them off all over again. We don't want that. Your balls will be completely empty, so it wouldn't be much fun.'

She paused again, as if toying with another thought. Finally, she said, 'Are you happy if I masturbate when I'm sitting on you? Some men find it a comfort if I empty myself into their mouths. I can generally climax three or four times over the course of an hour. Of course, it's a lot of juice for you to swallow, so if you'd rather not ...'

Emma took hold of my hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. 'Won't that would be lovely, James – drinking Sister Karen's come – while you're inside her bottom?'

I released another agonised whimper when she turned to Karen and said, 'There's no danger of him drowning, is there? In your juices, I mean – before you suffocate him?'

Karen shook her head. 'None at all,' she assured Emma, while I sat there, speechless as a fool listening to two women discussing my imminent demise and the manner it would take. 'James will be able to swallow my come easily enough. My pussy will be in his mouth and, ordinarily, with my anus over his

nose, he wouldn't be able to breathe. But I'll lift myself up every minute or so, so he can grab a little air. The idea is to weaken him slowly over the course of an hour. When I perform what we call "the kill", I'll press down really hard with both holes and finish him off quickly.'

'He won't be in any pain, I hope?' said Emma, squeezing my hand yet again.

Karen shook her head. 'Good heavens, no,' she assured my wife. 'Nurse Amy will be pumping his cock so hard, James will be far too happy to realise he's about to die.'

If you've never heard one attractive woman discussing with another equally attractive woman, how she and a third – also attractive woman – plans to kill you with her bare bottom, then you won't fully appreciate how I felt just then. Excited, terrified, excited, terrified. It basically went like that in my head at speed until I thought my heart would give out.

'Right,' said Karen. 'I think that's everything.' Turning to address me one last time she said, 'Well, James, if you'd like to remove all your clothes, Nurse Amy will take you through to the waiting room...'

Six

It was a peculiar experience, undressing in front of an audience. The room was well-heated but I still felt a little chilled as, last of all, I removed my pants and stood naked in front of three women.

When Nurse Amy came forward, reached out and took hold of my cock, it was all I could do not to squeal. Her hand was soft and cold and, as her fingers closed around my shaft, I immediately hardened.

‘Good boy!’ she muttered happily, and gave me a little pump. Not surprisingly, my penis thickened again. ‘Wait till you see me with nothing on,’ she added with a crude giggle. ‘Then you’ll really get a stiffy!’ She leaned in close and breathed warm air against my face. ‘I’ll have to be careful,’ she whispered, ‘or you’ll be spilling your seed all over me!’

My legs gave a dangerous wobble. She relaxed her grip when I thrust instinctively. Without the friction of her fist around my cock, it was a pointless effort. ‘Naughty boy,’ she sighed wickedly.

Emma came forward now, threw her arms around me, and said, ‘I’ll see you in the Suffocation Room, darling. I hope you’re going to be brave for me ... when Sister Karen sits on you!’

‘I will,’ I answered, aware of my penis jerking rigidly inside Amy’s loose grip.

‘I love you, you know that, don’t you?’ said Emma, playing her part to the hilt. She reached up and squeezed my cheek gently. ‘I only want you to be happy ... inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘He will be,’ said Karen, with another warm smile. ‘I’ll make sure of it.’

‘This way,’ said Amy, before I had a chance to reply, and quickly steered me towards a door at the rear of the large room. It was a strange – but not unpleasant – experience, being led by the cock. My gaze was locked on the hard swell of her buttocks as they jiggled loosely inside her grey leggings.

Passing through into another room, we crossed a short expanse of carpet to a further door, to which a sign had been fixed that stated simply, ‘Suffocation Waiting Room’.

Turning to face me, Amy said, ‘Were you looking at my arse?’

‘Yes, I replied, blushing like a schoolboy caught spying on his French mistress in the shower.

Still holding onto my cock, Amy moved in close. She was a few inches shorter than me and, when she looked up, I was gripped with a sudden urge to kiss her.

‘Put your hands down my pants,’ she said quietly, ‘and give the girls a feel.’

‘I beg your pardon?’ I muttered stupidly.

‘You heard,’ she said, this time more firmly. ‘Put your hands down my pants and give my bottom a squeeze. You know you want to.’

I don’t know when the last time was that a perfect stranger – attractive and shapely in all the right places – asked you to put your hands down her pants and fiddle with her buttocks, but I don’t suppose it will surprise you to learn that – after the usual nervous hesitation – I did as she asked. As my fingers slipped beneath her waistband and onto her soft, silky skin, I felt my heart skip a beat. When I closed my hands around both arse-cheeks, it skipped again. I pressed in close and sighed when she pumped me gently.

‘Put your fingers into the crack,’ she whispered, ‘if you don’t mind it being hot and sticky.’

I did (put my fingers in, I mean) – and she was right. Her skin was warm and damp and clung to my fingers as I ran them up and down the shallow channel.

I groaned when she sighed and said, ‘It’s what Sister Karen’s arse will feel like when she sits on you ...’, and threw in a shrill squeal when she added, ‘You can touch my hole if you like. Push your finger all the way in ...’

She slackened her grip when I suddenly thrust. If she hadn’t I’m sure I’d have come and ruined everything – including her tight grey leggings. I peeled one buttock away with my left hand and pushed at the hole with the fingers of my

right. Her anus was soft, warm and deliciously yielding. As it opened around me, Amy whispered crudely, 'Imagine being sucked inside. All the way up into my bottom. Then I close my little hole ... and never let you out again!'

This time, when I groaned, my legs all but gave way. 'You can pull it out now,' she whispered, 'it should be nice and smelly.'

I groaned for a third time as, reluctantly, I eased my finger from her body. She tightened her anus deliberately and sighed, 'Botty doesn't want to let you go ...' The truth, of course, was that I didn't want to pull out, either. I liked the warm, sticky tightness of her passage and wished, just then, that it was Amy who was going to sit on me. Amy who was going to smother me to death with her bottom ...

'Don't sniff it just yet,' she said, pulling away, but still tugging my cock. 'Keep it till you're in the waiting room. It'll give you something to think about before I come for you ...' She giggled wickedly. 'Before Sister Karen sits on your face ... and suffocates you with her anus!'

And with that, she opened the door, released my cock, and ushered me through.

Seven

The room I now entered was narrow, plainly furnished, and with TV screens fixed high on each wall. I saw, at a glance – as Karen had indicated – that they were playing a variety of sex tapes. On two screens women rode men furiously – men who had been secured to beds and benches by a variety of straps but still struggled (heaven knows why!) to escape their fate. On the other two, females were being vigorously fucked from behind, and clearly having the time of their lives. It was hard to know where to look first. They both had their appeal.

The sound was on, but pitched low. Enough to arouse a viewer's excitement, but not so loud as to make conversation difficult. That last point had force because I wasn't alone. There were two chairs in the room, placed directly opposite each other. One was vacant, but the other was currently occupied by a man about my age (naturally – that's why we were about to be terminated, after all). He was naked like me, his cock fully erect as he watched a stranger being ridden senseless by a big-busted blonde. He was stroking his shaft and barely acknowledged me as I entered the room.

I was so distracted that it was a moment or two before I remembered to sniff my finger – the one that, until a short time ago, had been deep inside Amy's arse. Her smell remained strong and, the moment I breathed her in, my cock gave a vigorous jolt.

'It's nice, isn't it?' said the other occupant.

'I'm sorry?' I muttered blankly, still sniffing my finger and rubbing it against my nose.

'The smell from Amy's bottom,' he said, now making his meaning clear. 'She let

you put your finger up her, didn't she? Into her passage.'

'Yes,' I said cautiously, as if we were playing verbal chess and I didn't want to commit myself to my next move. 'She did.' I hesitated, then added, 'And you're right. She smells lovely.'

'My name's Steve,' he said, still holding onto his cock, and doing his best to maintain an erection.

'James,' I replied. 'Nice to meet you.'

'I bet you wish she was going to do you in,' said Steve with a sigh. 'I did, when she let me put my finger up her. And those fabulous buttocks. The way they move inside her pants ...'

He sighed again and closed his eyes as if imagining what it would feel like to have Amy sit on him.

'She does it to get us worked up,' he said, opening his eyes again. 'So we won't be frightened – when we go in there.'

He gestured with his head and I saw, for the first time, that there was another door leading out of the chamber. One to which a sign had been affixed which read, quite simply, 'Suffocation Room'.

‘There’s someone in there now,’ he explained. ‘Left just before you arrived. Different nurse took him in: Janet. Nice girl. Blonde. Big breasts.’ He sighed again. He seemed to do a lot of sighing. ‘They’ve got a rota system going. We’ve got Nurse Amy and Sister Karen. He’s got Janet. Sister Karen, too, of course. She suffocates all the men.’

He stopped speaking and looked at the door. ‘Just think. She’s probably sitting on him now, poor bastard. Doing him in with her arse.’

‘Not for another hour, surely?’ I said. ‘If he’s only just gone in.’

My new friend laughed. Not loudly. Not even with much enthusiasm. ‘His wife didn’t pay for an hour,’ he said. ‘Just a straight suffocation. He’ll get a wank, mind. We all get a wank. Won’t be more than ten minutes, though.’ His face clouded over. ‘Then it’ll be my turn.’

‘How long are you booked in for?’ I asked hesitantly.

‘Same as him, poor sod,’ he replied. ‘My wife didn’t want to fork out, either. Still, I suppose I should be grateful. It’s got to be better than a needle. I’ve never liked needles. And tablets are a bit impersonal. Woman’s arse has got to be better, eh? Inside a crack, and everything. Sniffing her butt-hole while a nurse – you know ...’ He made a crude pumping gesture with his cock. ‘Drains your balls...’

He looked me up and down, as if trying to guess my weight, then said, ‘You’re in for the full hour, then?’

‘Yes,’ I said, but trying not to sound too happy about it. It didn’t seem fair – if he was going to be smothered quickly.

‘Lucky you,’ said Steve, as he gazed up at a screen and gave himself another pump. Without looking away, he said, ‘I wish I was in there for an hour. I wish I wasn’t being done in quickly.’

‘It won’t be that bad,’ I said, knowing that probably wasn’t true.

‘It’s all right for you,’ said Steve, tearing himself away from the image of a man being ravished against his will by what looked like a policewoman. ‘She’ll tire you out for an hour. By the time she does you in, you won’t really care. Me – I go in, they’ll tie me to the bench, and then she’ll sit on me. Bare-arsed, no messing about. I’m straight into her crack and that’s it.’

‘You’ll be getting a wank,’ I reminded him. ‘It’s not all bad. It’ll keep your mind off, well, you know, being smothered.’

‘Are you frightened?’ he asked, changing the subject. ‘About being sat on? By a woman without knickers? A woman who’s going to suffocate you ... with the hole in her bottom.’

‘No,’ I lied. I hoped my answer might calm him, but it didn’t.

‘I am,’ he said. ‘I’m bloody terrified.’ He gestured at the TV screens. ‘It’s all right showing us these things. Trying to get us going. But I’m not being fucked to death, am I? I’m being suffocated. A woman’s going to take off her pants, sit on my face ... and do me in with her anus!’

Eight

‘It’s a lovely way to go,’ I said, trying to reassure him. ‘Better than the alternatives, you said so yourself.’

‘It’s still inside a butt-crack!’ he responded sharply. ‘It’s still a woman’s arsehole on my face ... doing me in!’

‘So why did you say yes, then ... if you’re so frightened?’

‘I didn’t,’ said Steve. ‘Well, I didn’t ask for it, at any rate. It was my wife’s idea. She knew I was nervous about – well – being terminated, what man wouldn’t be? She said it would be nicer to die inside a nurse’s bottom. Trouble is, we couldn’t afford a deluxe suffocation, just the bog-standard knickers down, into the crack, and sit there until I stop breathing.’

‘But you still get a wank?’ I said. ‘To keep your mind off what’s happening?’

‘Oh, yes, you get the wank. Nurse Amy still fiddles with your balls, but they can’t guarantee it’s painless. All Sister Karen will guarantee is that it’s quick. I have to open my mouth so she can squeeze her pussy inside when she sits on me. She rests her anus on my nose and then just presses down as hard as she can. She says it’s best if I breathe out before she begins. That way I’ll be short of air from the start and it won’t take so long to finish me off.’

‘Will your wife be holding your hand?’ I asked. ‘While you’re being smothered? To give you comfort?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Steve. ‘That’s allowed, thank goodness. I don’t think I’d be able to go through with it if I was being suffocated on my own. It will help me, knowing she’s there, definitely.’

He sucked in his cheeks as if he had something on his mind but wasn’t sure how best to put it. Finally, he said, ‘You can watch it, you know, if you want.’

‘Watch what?’ I asked.

‘The bloke before – being suffocated. You can watch it on one of those.’ He gestured towards the TV screen directly opposite him. The one that was over my head. I turned instinctively, but all I could see, just then, was that a thin, elderly gentleman, with very little hair, was shafting a large young woman from behind as hard as he possibly could. She was leaning over a desk and looked as if she might be his secretary.

‘She’ll tell you, when she comes in for me. That’s how it works. I could watch the bloke that went in just now, if I wanted. There’s a button on the screen. That blue one. Press that and you can see what’s going on next door.’

‘You’re kidding me!’ I said, in as startled a voice as I could manage. (I hadn’t written this bit in. It was Karen’s idea.) I hesitated. ‘You’re not tempted, then? You know – to see what it looks like?’

‘Not on your life,’ said Steve, looking thoroughly appalled. ‘It won’t be nice, will it? He’ll be struggling. I don’t want to see that. Not when I have to go in

next.'

'No, I suppose not,' I said quietly.

'You can see me, though,' he muttered. 'That won't matter. Might make you feel better, seeing me suffer. Knowing it's going to be easier for you.'

'I couldn't do that,' I said, 'it wouldn't be right,' while all the time thinking, 'I do want to see you being sat on, so I know what it looks like, when Karen is sitting on me!'

Steve shrugged. 'Up to you,' he said. 'I don't mind. To be honest, it'll make me feel better, knowing you're looking at me ... while I'm being smothered.'

A red light flashed over the door into the Suffocation Room. I hadn't noticed it before.

'That's him finished off,' said Steve, giving his cock a few vigorous tugs. He was still erect and determined to stay that way. 'That's what the red light means. She's done him in.' He took a deep breath, to steady his nerves. 'It'll turn green in a minute. Give me 30 seconds to get ready. Not that there's much to get ready for. Then she'll come in.' He shifted anxiously. 'Oh, God,' he muttered. 'I don't want to go on with her! I should have taken the injections, tablets, anything. Why'd I choose a woman's arsehole?'

Which was when the green light flashed.

‘Oh fuck, ‘ Steve muttered, and his face crumpled. He narrowed his shoulders and sunk in on himself. ‘This is it! Oh, God, this is it!’ He tore his gaze away from the light and looked straight at me. ‘I’m going to be smothered!’ he cried. ‘I’m going to be smothered inside a nurse’s bottom!’

‘You have to be brave!’ I told him, repeating what Emma had once said to me. ‘You’ve got to face it like a man! It’s only a little hole and it won’t take long!’

He doubled up, one hand still tight around his cock, the other clamped to his forehead. ‘Oh, God, oh, God, oh God...’ he muttered frantically. ‘I don’t want to be smothered!’

I was about to stand up and go across to comfort him – though there was nothing I could say to make things better – when the door to my right opened and Amy came in. Though she still wore a starched white cap, emblazoned with a red cross, she was otherwise naked. A dark bushy vee between her thighs caught my eye, followed swiftly by the swell of her hips, smooth legs and pert, apple-shaped breasts. Her nipples stood out like little pink corks.

Steve looked up as she approached and seemed utterly shell-shocked when she reached out, took hold of his cock and eased him to his feet. He tottered unsteadily and gave a feeble whimper.

‘Time for your suffocation, Mr Chandler,’ she said, tugging him gently. ‘Sister Karen’s taken her knickers off and is ready to sit on you.’

Steve looked at me, with his face screwed tight, and I could swear there were tears in his eyes.

‘I don’t want to be smothered!’ he squealed miserably. ‘I don’t want to die inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘It’s for the best, sweetheart,’ said Amy, pulling him along behind her. ‘There’s nothing to worry about, it’s just a little hole.’

She walked through into the next room, with Steve tottering nervously in her wake. Just before the door closed, the last thing I heard her say was, ‘Sister Karen will finish you off quickly. She’s got a lovely big bottom. It won’t take her long to suffocate you, I promise. And I’ll give you a fabulous wank before you die ...’

Nine

After the door closed, I remained motionless for almost half a minute, imagining what was happening in the adjoining room. I looked up at the TV screen – currently showing a leather-clad woman vigorously riding a man who seemed to be chained to a bench in a dimly lit cell – and wondered if I dare press the blue button. Did I really want to see Sister Karen smother Steve inside her bottom? To watch her wriggle on his face and suffocate him with her anus? The way she was going to suffocate me?

I think you'll have guessed my answer by now. Which is why I took a deep breath, felt my heart pound loudly in my chest, reached out ... and did what I was always going to do.

The on-screen picture changed in an instant. I immediately tumbled back onto the chair, my fist around my cock, and gazed mutely at the scene unfolding on the other side of the wall.

Steve was being manhandled onto his back by two naked women, Karen and Amy, helped by a third fully dressed woman I had never seen before but who I assumed was Steve's wife. Though it was the first time I'd seen Karen naked, the picture quality wasn't brilliant and it was hard to make out anything definite other than the fact that she seemed to have an unusually large arse. I was more taken, just then, by poor Steve trying his best – and failing – to avoid his inevitable fate.

'Please, Jenny,' I heard him whimper – and assumed he was appealing to his wife – 'don't let her sit on me!'

'Don't be such a baby!' she replied sternly. 'Lots of men have been sat on like

this. It's the kindest way there is to be finished off!

'Can't I have a tablet?' he begged, as they forced him onto his back and began buckling the straps around his arms and legs. 'Or an injection? I don't mind an injection! Oh, God! Anything but this!'

I noticed, for the first time, that although the upper part of the suffocation bench was, indeed, in the shape of a cross – as Karen had described it to me – the lower half resembled a 'Y'. The effect was to force Steve's legs apart, enabling Amy – I guessed – to position herself between his thighs while she masturbated him. There were also two raised blocks near the crown of the bench, either side of where Steve's head was now positioned. Again, I quickly realised, this was where Karen would stand, prior to lowering herself onto his face.

Where she would stand, before she sat on my face, too ... and smothered me to death with her anus.

The moment the final strap had been fastened, Karen turned to Steve's wife and said, 'Do you want to say goodbye to your husband ... before I sit on his face and suffocate him?'

Her blunt language might have terrified Steve – who shook fiercely and released a pitiful wail – but I'm ashamed to say that it thrilled the life out of me.

Jenny came forward and pressed a hand to Steve's cheek. 'I know you're frightened, sweetheart,' she said soothingly, 'but try to be brave. It's only a little hole.'

‘Please, Jenny,’ I heard him whimper. ‘Don’t let her sit on me!’

‘I’m sorry, darling,’ she answered quietly, ‘but it’s for the best. Sister Karen has to smother you.’

With that, she moved away, took hold of his hand and squeezed it gently. All of this I could see – or at least make a guess at – from where I was sitting, fist around my cock, staring up at the TV screen.

I watched, transfixed, as Amy moved into the gap between Steve’s legs, took hold of his cock, and began to pump gently. From the way her other arm moved, I guessed she was also fiddling with his balls so as to maximise the pleasure in his groin.

I heard him squeal, a strange mingling of fear and excitement and half-wished – just then – that it was me on the bench, waiting to be suffocated. Of course, it would be me soon enough, and the prospect sent a warm thrill through my body. Still holding onto my shaft, I raised my other hand to my nose and sniffed my fingers. Amy’s smell had faded somewhat, but if I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, I could just make out a faint, arsey scent.

A squeal from the TV screen made me open my eyes and focus, once more, on what was happening in the other room. Karen had moved into position, legs either side of Steve’s shoulders, her bare backside over his head.

To my surprise, the angle of the camera abruptly altered, zooming in to give me

a clear view of Steve's face. His eyes were wide, like two fearful pennies, focused on Karen's bottom just above his head. Though I was unable to see what he was looking at, I could guess easily enough. It was Karen's asshole!

'Oh, God!' I both saw – and heard – him cry. 'I can see her fucking anus! I can see her little brown hole!'

'It's nothing to be frightened of, sweetheart,' I heard his wife reassure him pointlessly. 'It's just the opening into her bottom. It's how she's going to finish you off.'

I'd written all of this. I knew most of it sounded daft and over the top, but I didn't care. It was what I wanted to hear and, as I watched Steve's face crumple, I felt a joy I knew would only be equalled – and hopefully surpassed – when it was my turn to look up into Karen's crack; my turn to see her anus shudder over me. My turn to know ... she was going to suffocate me with her little hole!

'It's time,' I heard Karen say, her voice loud and clear over the loudspeaker system. 'Time for you to die, Steve ... inside a nurse's bottom.'

'Oh, God, no!' he cried again. 'Please, no! I don't want to be smothered! Not by a little brown hole!'

I watched, utterly transfixed, as Karen lowered her backside onto Steve's face, and pumped myself a fraction faster as his head disappeared between her cheeks.

In heaven's name, I found myself thinking. He's actually inside her bottom! Between her buttocks. His nose is up against her little hole! She's really trying to suffocate him ... with her anus!

'You lucky bastard!' I moaned happily. 'You lucky fucking bastard!' My balls gave a jerky roll and I felt my penis judder. My legs shook and, if I hadn't been sitting down, I'm sure I would have lost my balance as, on the screen above, I watched poor Steve rattle furiously.

Jenny was holding onto his hand, urging him to be brave and telling him how much she loved him. Reminding him, too – though there was no way he could hear her now – that he was such a lucky man to have a hairy-arsed nurse sit on his face and smother him with her anus.

'He doesn't want to be smothered!' I found myself muttering. 'He doesn't want to be smothered by a little hole!' My breathing was coming fast and hard now. 'He doesn't want to die inside a woman's arse!'

Whoever was controlling the cameras was doing a brilliant job, I had to give them that. One minute I was watching Steve's hands claw furiously at the empty air; the next I was treated to a close-up of his penis, expertly masturbated by young Amy. When I realised, to my delight, that she also had a finger up his arse and was pumping his passage, I was forced to relax the grip on my penis or I knew I would have come.

Whatever else was happening to Steve now, he was no longer acting. His legs jerked violently, and his entire body had gone into spasm. A series of muffled squeals rose up from inside Karen's crack, amplified by the TV speakers. The camera angle changed again and I saw the top of his head, barely visible between Karen's buttocks. It twitched spasmodically.

‘Not long, now, sweetheart!’ I heard his wife assure him. ‘Not long before she kills you with her bottom!’

Karen had written that line, not me, but it hit the spot. Not because I wished Steve any harm, I didn’t – though it thrilled me to think I might not be the only man in the world who wanted to end my days inside a woman’s arse. Not that Steve did, of course, poor bastard. He’d told me that in the room and now, as I watched him writhe furiously in Karen’s crack, I believed it as much as I had ever believed anything.

Wrapped in my fantasy, I groaned and crossed my legs, wanting to bring myself off. I mustn’t, of course, because that would ruin everything. Even I knew that.

Just then the camera zoomed out and the view altered again. This time I had a sideways view – the entire length of Steve’s body. I watched as he rattled sharply. His hands clawed, his hips bucked and his cock drove high through the funnel of Amy’s fist, her finger lodged deep in his passage. Wads of semen flew from his shaft, like fat, creamy bullets splattering onto his belly. One last, muffled squeal broke from inside Karen’s crack, as Steve bucked again – and then the screen went blank. A moment later, it came back to life and I was treated to the sight of a big-bottomed woman bouncing rodeo-like on a skinny man’s cock and screaming obscenities at the ceiling.

It was over.

For Steve, at least.

As for me, I realised – with a sickly mix of fear and delight – both the best, and the worst part of this incredible day was about to begin ...

Ten

I'm not sure how much time passed as I sat there, breathing heavily and holding onto my cock. Above me, a blur of naked women flew across the TV screens, either fucking, or being fucked, with thoroughly abandoned lust.

I hardly registered the red light flashing over the door: signalling that Steve had been suffocated. That the nurses were preparing the room for their next patient: me. All I could see, in my fevered imagination, was Steve being ridden by a bare-bottomed nurse – a woman who, just a few minutes from now, would be sitting on my face and doing her best to suffocate me with her arse.

When the light above the door changed to green, I felt a cold chill in my stomach, aware that my wait was almost over. That I was about to enter the Suffocation Chamber ... and end my days inside a woman's bottom.

A moment later, the door clicked open and Amy entered. As before, she was naked, apart from the little starched hat perched on top of her head. I stood up without thinking and shivered happily when she reached out to take hold of my cock.

'Someone looks happy to know a nurse is going to sit on him,' she said in a soft voice, her fingers tickling my shaft. 'A nurse who won't be wearing any panties.'

Not for the first time, it filled me with delight to hear the words I'd written spoken out loud – to have my fantasy brought to life. My penis gave a little jerk and I sighed when Amy reached out and cupped my sacs in her hand.

‘In a moment,’ she said, ‘I’ll take you into the Suffocation Room.’ She smiled and jiggled my balls. ‘Sister Karen’s just cleaning herself up after suffocating Steve.’ Her smile widened. ‘He really struggled when she sat on him. The poor man didn’t want to die inside her arse.’

I groaned feebly and my legs gave a dangerous wobble.

‘She came a couple of times in his mouth,’ said Amy, grinning. ‘Just before she finished him off with her hole.’

‘Will she come in my mouth?’ I asked unnecessarily.

‘Of course she will,’ said Amy, leaning in close and stroking the side of my face. ‘Don’t you worry, sweetheart, you’ll get a full load. Sister Karen can really squirt out her juices once she gets going.’

I wobbled again when she tightened her grip on my cock. ‘Are you ready?’ she asked. ‘To die inside a nurse’s bottom?’

I swallowed hard. ‘As ready as I’ll ever be,’ I answered.

‘Good boy,’ she said, ‘that’s the spirit.’ She smiled again. ‘After all ... it’s just a little brown hole.’

Eleven

Entering the Suffocation Room was the most thrilling and, equally, the most daunting moment of my life.

If you've never fantasised about having a bare-bottomed woman sit on your face and smother you to death with her anus, then, of course, the idea is ridiculous. I mean, why would you want that to happen? What pleasure could there possibly be in having a little brown hole press down so hard you can't breathe? Especially when its owner means to suffocate you with it ...

I'll be honest, I'm not so stupid that I want a woman to smother me to death. Not yet, at any rate, when I'm reasonably fit and healthy. Maybe at the end of my life, who knows? If I'm aware that – for whatever reason – I haven't got long, then perhaps I'll ask a woman to take off her knickers, sit on my face and finish me off with her arse.

But for now, it's the fantasy I want – with the underlying threat that maybe – just maybe – a woman really will try to suffocate me with her anus.

Which is why, as I entered the Suffocation Room, I knew – deep down – that I wanted Karen to sit on my face and do whatever a woman would have to do if she were really trying to finish me off.

With Amy holding onto my cock, my attention was torn between the pleasure that flowed from having a bare-bottomed woman lead me by the shaft, and the thrill of seeing Karen and Emma waiting for me at the Suffocation Bench. Emma was fully clothed, and Karen naked. Just then I wasn't sure which image was the more arousing: my 'wife' waiting to see me suffocated by a naked nurse – or the naked nurse herself.

In the end, I decided it didn't really matter. I was excited, that was all that mattered. I was going to be sat on. I was going to 'die' inside a nurse's crack. This was going to be the most fabulous day of my life.

'I need you to lie down, sweetheart,' said Amy, steering me into position. As I climbed onto the bench and spread my legs, she maintained her grip on my cock, waiting until I was settled before saying, 'I have to let go of your willy now while we tie you down, is that OK?'

I nodded dumbly, and gave a moan of despair when she released my shaft. Almost immediately, all three women – Emma included – set to work buckling straps around my arms and legs. My penis remained upright, which was hardly surprising: I was being fastened to the table by a trio of ruthless young females, one of whom was going to sit on my face and suffocate me with her anus. No way was I going to lose my erection when that was my fate.

In no time at all, I was fully secured. My head rested in a shallow dip, forcing me to look straight up. An elastic tape had been fastened around my forehead, ensuring I couldn't turn in either direction.

Emma leaned over and said, 'This is it, darling. Time to be brave.' When she leaned in closer still, I caught a whiff of sweet, scented breath. Her eyes met mine as she added, 'You're such a lucky man, James ... to be smothered by a nurse with no knickers.'

I knew I was lucky. I didn't need to be told. Amy was already back between my legs, feathering my balls and stroking my cock. When I felt her finger ease into my anus, I had to bite down a squeal just as Emma kissed me on the lips and

pushed her tongue into my mouth. I squealed again as Amy wriggled further into my bottom. Only when she was up to her third knuckle and lodged as far inside me as possible, did Emma pull away.

Karen's face swung into view now, smiling down above two full, rounded breasts. Her nipples were long and thick, her pale skin flawless. 'Hello, James,' she said. 'Are you ready to be suffocated? Inside my nurse's bottom?'

'Yes,' I answered, though in such a weak voice I could barely hear it myself. 'Thank you.'

'That's lovely,' she said. 'In a moment, I'll straddle your face. My pussy is nice and smooth, but I've got a hairy crack.' She smiled again. 'And an even hairier little hole.'

'Oh, God,' I moaned, partly at the image she had conjured up and partly because Amy was gently twisting her finger, while still pumping my shaft and feathering my balls.

'It's best if you open your mouth so I can put my pussy inside,' said Karen, speaking as calmly as if she'd been explaining how to boil an egg. 'My anus will be over your nose so you won't be able to breathe. Does that sound OK?'

'That sounds lovely,' I said, though even to me it seemed like a daft reply.

'Your wife will hold your hand,' said Karen. 'I hope that will give you some

comfort while I'm suffocating you.' Her smile broadened. 'And Nurse Amy will ensure you remain excited throughout.' She jiggled her hand in a crude up-and-down motion. 'She'll empty your balls just before I finish you off.'

Her words – and actions – were designed to excite me. And why not? That's how I'd written it, after all. This was what I wanted her to say because I knew it would make me happy. And God, did I feel happy just then.

'Thank you,' I said, 'for being kind enough to suffocate me ... with your little brown hole.' I licked my lips. My mouth felt dry and my stomach was cool with excitement. 'I'm very grateful.'

'It's my pleasure,' said Karen. 'I always enjoy sitting on a man's face and finishing him off with my anus.' She grinned. 'There's no lovelier way for a man to die ... than inside a nurse's bottom.'

'Did Steve struggle?' I asked abruptly. 'When you sat on him?' I hesitated. 'When you finished him off with your hole?'

A sad look dulled her eyes. I had to give her credit, she was acting her part to perfection.

'Yes, he did, I'm afraid,' she said softly. 'He begged me not to sit on him. He said ... he said he was afraid of my anus. Because it was a hairy little hole, and he knew I was going to use it ... to smother him to death.'

‘Oh, God,’ I moaned with genuine feeling. ‘The poor bastard. Knowing he was going to die ... inside your crack!’

‘You’re not frightened, are you, James?’ she asked. ‘You’re not afraid of my little hole?’

‘No,’ I muttered truthfully. ‘I want you to sit on me. I want to die inside your bottom!’

‘We’re both very grateful,’ said Emma, breaking in. ‘I’d have smothered James myself, but I know you’ll do a better job, being trained to suffocate men.’

‘James is lucky to have you,’ said Karen. ‘Some wives do try to smother their husbands, to save money. But it can take hours if you don’t get a proper grip. A man can really suffer if he’s not held down properly.’

I’d written all of this, and maybe it was a little crazy, but I didn’t care. This was my fantasy and I was going to enjoy it for all I was worth.

‘Are you ready,’ repeated Karen, smiling down at me, ‘to die inside a nurse’s bottom?’

‘Yes,’ I said, though I was anything but.

‘Then let’s get you into my crack,’ she replied, grinning wickedly.

With that, Karen peeled her buttocks wide, exposing the puckered opening of her anus, and slowly lowered herself onto my face. She had all but covered me, when Amy pumped the finger in my passage, then gently squeezed my cock. I released a shrill squeal, emptying my lungs as Karen’s arse-cheeks closed around my head.

A moment before she snared me in her crack, I caught a whiff of her anus, its rich, earthy scent wafting over me. Had I died just then, I would have left this world as cheerfully as a man ever could.

For the next hour, Amy pumped and probed, while Karen rose and fell over my face. Each time she took me into her crack, her grip was unyielding. With her anus pressed over my nose, her pussy filled my mouth, its plump lips pulsing strongly. At first, when I struggled for breath, I was truly fearful. With my arms and legs pinned far apart, I was unable to defend myself. Karen sat for just long enough to drive the last of the air from my lungs, then several seconds more to make me suffer.

At times she would sit on me for so long that I was genuinely afraid. At others she would ease her grip early on, so that I never knew, from one moment to the next, what to expect. Whenever the strain grew close to becoming unbearable, and I thought – as I did at times – that Karen really was going to suffocate me, Emma would give my hand a gentle squeeze, reminding me that I wasn’t alone, that she was there for me throughout. That knowledge thrilled me even more.

What with that, and Amy’s finger in my anus while she teased my balls and pumped my cock, I was constantly torn between terror and delight. There were times when I wanted to scream, ‘Finish me off, please! Finish me off with your

little brown hole!’ And others when I wanted to plead with Karen for mercy, to beg her to let me out of her crack and not suffocate me.

Had any man ever been in such a frenzied state of confusion? When my pain and dread were at their worst, Amy’s handling of my cock lessened my fear and focused my mind on the joy in my balls. Had I been asked, just then, if I would trade an orgasm for death inside Karen’s bottom, I would have begged her to finish me off. I wanted to come so badly that death held no terror for me. Not if it meant being finished off inside a woman’s crack.

It was, without a shadow of a doubt, the most wonderful hour of my life. I was barely conscious when Karen rose for the last time, her sticky cheeks breaking away from my face with a warm, clammy plop. She had climaxed in my mouth several times, and the smell of her arse was all over me. I was exhausted with pleasure and desperate to come. Amy had taken me to the brink countless times, but never beyond. My bulging balls hurt badly and it was only Amy’s gentle fondling that stopped me from weeping with pain.

With some difficulty, I opened my eyes, tears running down my cheeks, mingling with Karen’s sap and the sweat from her bottom.

‘I want to come,’ I moaned in real distress. ‘Please, Sister Karen, I want to come...’

‘You will,’ she replied in a soft, compassionate voice. ‘Just before I suffocate you with my anus.’

‘Are you going to do it now?’ I muttered in a feeble voice, amazed that I could

speaking at all. I'd never felt so weak. It was as if every last drop of whatever made me me was rapidly leaking away.

'I am,' she said. 'I'm going to sit on your face one last time ... and smother you to death with my little brown hole.'

'Oh, God,' I murmured, torn between despair and excitement. 'I'm going to die inside a nurse's bottom!'

I felt Emma squeeze my hand but didn't have the strength to respond. Instead, I stared up into Karen's long, sweat-drenched crack ... and focused my gaze on her small, wrinkled opening.

'Goodbye, sweetheart,' whispered Emma, to one side. 'It's time for you to die now ... between a woman's buttocks.'

Even as she spoke, Karen began to lower herself, inch by inch towards my face. She must have tensed her sphincter because her anus opened and closed several times in quick succession ... as if it was getting ready to feed!

When she had lowered herself as far as she could without touching my face, Karen paused, like a runner preparing to burst out of the blocks. I don't know why that image came into my head. It wasn't the sexiest thought I'd ever had, but that didn't matter just then. All that mattered was that I knew she was going to sit on me.

Without pants ...

And finish me off with her little brown hole ...

‘This is it, James,’ she said at last, in a soft, even voice. ‘Prepare for suffocation ...’

And then, so slowly that she barely seemed to move at all until I felt her damp, earthy flesh against my skin ... she lowered herself onto my face.

As Karen’s anus pressed itself against my nose, I instinctively parted my lips, allowing her to ease her damp vagina into my mouth. A moment later, I drew the first of several pointless breaths, snorting the musky air from her body and into mine. The smell of her arse was exquisite, a heavenly aroma that drowned my senses.

Somewhere in the darkness, I heard a squeal and realised, to my delight, that she was coming in my mouth again, her warm, oily juices spurting over my tongue. At the same time, I felt Amy’s finger jiggle in my arse, touching a raw nerve that made me jerk and snort the last of my air into Karen’s anus, inhaling her rich, earthy scent in return.

Amy pumped furiously now, fingers feathering my balls, dragging me to an impossible pitch of arousal, yet somehow keeping me in check. I was torn between joy and despair and knew that if this went on for much longer, I would go mad with lust. I knew how delicious it felt to be on the verge of climax, knowing that I was about to come and desperate to empty my balls. But to be hauled to the edge of release and left dangling over the abyss was a joy I can

never describe.

My head span and I could no longer breathe. I ought to have been screaming with pain, but instead I was happy. Deliriously so. A surge of joy swept through my groin, threatening to tear me apart. I felt Emma squeeze my fingers and, though I was fully secured, I heaved so fiercely it was a wonder I didn't break free of my restraints.

I was tumbling into an inky blackness as Karen bore down with all her weight. Her anus widened around my nose, as if, had it been possible ... she was trying to suck me up into her bottom!

I gurgled, choked and snorted like a strangled pig, heaving as if a thousand volts burned through me. I was vaguely aware of Karen coming again, driving her pussy deep into my mouth and spilling her juices into my throat. At the same time, I felt my balls finally unleashed, sending waves of semen into my cock. Jism pumped through the shaft, emerging in thick, creamy wads, splattering onto my belly. The first surge had barely finished when a second gush, and then a third, ripped through my penis, bursting free like bullets from a gun.

As, to my amazement and delight, the third wave coursed through my shaft, Karen came one last time, filling my mouth with her sap. Simultaneously, the dark cloud that had threatened to engulf me for so long, finally descended and, with a muffled scream of delight, my world went black and my frenzied torment came to its joyful and inevitable end.

Epilogue

Even now, looking back, I find it hard to believe that everything I've just described really happened. It cost me a small fortune, but you only live once and, if I had the chance, I'd do it again. Who knows, perhaps I will. It would have to be a different fantasy next time, of course, though hopefully with a similar outcome. To be fair, I've only dipped into my lottery win and Mistress Karen has a fertile imagination. And a good team, too.

Once I'd recovered (it was an hour, apparently, before I came round!), I took them all out for a slap-up meal at the swankiest restaurant in town and then on to a private party where we all got stupidly drunk. Steve and I swapped stories about what it felt like to have Karen 'finish us off'. He, of course, hadn't been inside her crack for as long as I had which, viewing the video afterwards, he seriously regretted. But she had made us both pass out, having smothered us to sleep between her buttocks, and that was an experience that had thrilled us equally. Steve told me how Karen had suggested him for the part. He was a budding actor and one of her regulars. He'd always wanted to be smothered to sleep, but had never had the courage – or the funds – to turn his fantasy into reality.

Until I came along ...

As for the girls, well, what can I say? If I'm ever going to be smothered again – and let's be honest the odds are quite likely – I couldn't ask for better company.

And that's where I'm going to leave this story, because this is the end.

For now, at least.

Sleep well tonight. And have pleasant dreams. About what it might feel like to take your last breath ...

... inside a nurse's bottom!

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!

I also have three blogs (though Wordpress is largely discontinued):

BDSMLR: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.bdsmlr.com>

<https://heaven-sdoorway.bdsmlr.com/>

Wordpress: <https://darkriderstories.wordpress.com/>

Remember: everything I write is fantasy – and not meant to be taken too seriously.

But I hope you have as much fun reading my stories, as I have writing them.

Take care, keep safe, and all the best,

Dark Rider

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

C is for Condemned!

College Smother

Curse of the Devil Queen

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Facesitting Forever!: The End of an Era

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

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Two: Simone's Story

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Three: Lily's Story

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

Mission of Mercy

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 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!

Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!

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 Ghanee 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, Landorh, 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.

Curse of the Devil Queen

As Lorcan continues his perilous journey across the Eastern Lands, Queen Orelia plots his downfall, while the ruthless Dorian scouts bring terror and despair to the countless men they take between their legs and sit on!

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!

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

In another time and another place, the world is under the harsh, authoritarian rule of a male global government. Men hold sway and women have few, if any, rights.

Harking back to a distant, mythological past, when Amazons were said to reign supreme, some females have risen up and formed an army of resistance: the Amazon Liberation Front.

Following the example of those fiercesome warriors from whom they draw their inspiration – and their name – the Front eschew the weapons made by men. Instead, they rely on the armoury with which Nature has blessed them. The Amazon ruled with her body, often smothering her foe at the breast or the pussy. But her favoured method of despatch was to sit on a man's face ... and suffocate him with her bare bottom!

Aware of the need to strike terror into the hearts of those they seek to overthrow, the Front – like the Amazons of old – have taken the battle to men armed only with their bodies. Their fight for freedom has begun ... and they will let nothing stand in their way!

For three months now, one cell of fighters has held an influential man hostage, hoping to extract concessions from the government. When the authorities refuse to bargain, however, they are ordered to deal with the hostage as only women can. One of them must sit on his face ... and smother him with her bare bottom!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Two: Simone's Story

This is the story of Simone Paul, a young French interpreter in the Ministry of State, as she rebels against her sexually oppressive employer and decides to join the Amazon Liberation Front. But first, she must pass a self-imposed test ... and sit on the face of the man who has abused her for so long.

[Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Three: Lily's Story](#)

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother

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

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

Smother Room is pure and unadulterated fantasy. Set in another country, on another planet, in another galaxy where anything you've ever dreamed of can

come true, a team of dedicated young nurses fight desperately to 'save' a patient with nothing but their hands, and their voluptuous bare bodies. This story could only take place ... where anything is possible ...

Fantasy Smother 2

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

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

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

Mission of Mercy

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyldra – 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!

Unable to escape from the Smother Camp, Nathan Blake finds himself in ever-increasing danger as the Women unleash themselves on their prisoners. When Arthur, a long-suffering inmate, begs the camp's commander to put him out of his misery, Nathan begins to wonder how much more he can take.

And when Nathan himself is sent for, he fears his luck may be finally running out.

Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!

In the final instalment of Smother Rampage!, Nathan Blake and his fellow-travellers encounter new friends – and enemies – in their desperate bid to escape from the army of facesitting Women rampaging across the planet. As it becomes clear that the clock is ticking down, Nathan makes the biggest decision of his life in the hope of fulfilling his dearest – and most dangerous – fantasy. But is everything as it really seems ...?

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, Icenian 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 Marrakech 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.

Extract from Curse of the Devil Queen!

Not far away now, Venyn noticed, with growing delight, Gellyn and Roseene approached in silence. The men were oblivious to the danger they were in and it gladdened her heart. When, with equal stealth, she spotted Anya arriving from behind, it was all she could do not to rush at the men there and then. What fools they were to think they could conquer her so easily!

Judging the moment perfectly, Venyn unfolded her cowering body, straightened her back and stood tall. The bandits staggered to a halt and, for the first time, appeared hesitant.

‘You are right, men,’ said Venyn proudly. ‘I am a woman – and I have a woman’s holes!’ She swung round quickly, and bent low at the waist, exposing her dark, muscular anus and the long, swollen bulge of her cunt. ‘Gaze upon my body’s weapons!’ she cried. ‘And prepare to meet your gods!’

The bandits exchanged another look, their confidence replaced by uncertainty. A moment later, confusion turned to fear as Anya rushed forward, a war-like scream on her lips. As the two bandits turned and backed away, they became immediately aware of Gellyn and Roseene approaching from behind.

Before they had a chance to draw their swords, the women were on them. Venyn spun round and hurried forward, joining the fray. In no time at all, the pair were on their backs, wriggling helplessly, as Roseene and Gellyn straddled one man each and pinned him to the earth. Anya and Venyn tugged the bandits’ swords from their scabbards and held them high.

The men flinched, expecting the blow to fall at once. Venyn shook her head, and bared her teeth in an evil smile. ‘You think we would despatch you with your

own swords ...' she chuckled happily, 'when we have holes in our bottoms?'

She gestured towards Anya and, at her signal, both women crouched low over the men's heads. As their buttocks parted, each woman's anus twitched and puckered crudely.

'In mercy's name!' cried first one man, then the other. 'You cannot mean to sit on us!'

Gazing down between her thick, powerful legs, Venyn relished the look of utter despair on the face of the bandit she was hunched over. His skin was pale, his eyes wide with horror.

'Do you fear the little hole, man?' she inquired carelessly. 'The entrance to my woman's arse?'

'I fear her...' muttered the bandit miserably. *The edges of his mouth had dropped and he seemed on the verge of tears. 'Please, mistress,' he wailed in a mournful voice, 'spare my life, I beg you. Do not take me into your bottom's crack!'*

'Nor me!' cried his companion, staring up between Anya's legs, his gaze fixed on her anus. 'I meant you no harm! Please!'

'You would have taken possession of my holes,' Venyn reminded him, 'and emptied your seed into my body! Robbed me, then slain me without mercy!'

‘Never, mistress!’ cried the other bandit. ‘We meant only to frighten you! We are exiles. Poor men starving in the wild. The women of Rhasadhor took everything we had. They cast us out, without food or water. Have mercy on us, please!’

Venyn huffed disdainfully. ‘You do not look as if you starve,’ she said. ‘Nor lack for other comforts in the wild. You are men, with men’s base urges. We are women – and put on earth to conquer you!’

She reached back and clawed her buttocks wide, as if to emphasise the point. The man beneath her sobbed miserably, then screamed. Anya opened up her own arse in similar fashion, drawing a banshee-like wail of despair from the man she was about to sit on.

‘Prepare for suffocation!’ cried Venyn and Anya together. ‘Inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘Oh, mercy, mistress, have mercy!’ screeched each man, heaving fiercely. Perched on their chests, Gellyn and Roseene had no trouble pinning them down. When they reached forward, took hold of each man’s head and held it fast, the bandits went rigid with fear.

Slowly, Venyn and Anya lowered themselves until their wrinkled openings grazed each man’s nose. Forced to inhale the women’s rich aroma, the men wept and shivered, praying to their gods for deliverance.

‘Your gods cannot save you now!’ cried Venyn. ‘For even they must bow before

a woman's arse!'

With calculated cruelty, as if they had long practised and prepared for this moment, Anya and Venyn eased themselves to and fro, scything their private parts across the men's faces, smearing them with the scent and sweat of their holes.

With each jerk of their hips, the women's excitement grew until, unable to hold back any longer, they closed their thighs and pressed down hard. Both men gave a violent heave and screamed mutely. Perched astride their chests, Gellyn and Roseene enjoyed the struggle almost as much as if they had been sitting on the men's heads themselves. It was always a joy to hold a man down while a fellow-scout smothered him inside her crack. Besides, they knew their time would come. These men were not destined for a quick and easy death. They would suffer at the arse many times before they were finally taken to their gods.

This was only the beginning. Two captive male heads, and four eager arses' holes. On such a day, they all reflected, it was good to be alive. And even better to be a woman ...