

She was born to punish men ...



Facesitting Without Mercy

SMOTHER MAID

BY THE AUTHOR OF *WHEN WOMEN HUNT!*

DARK RIDER

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About the author

Dark Rider is a published mainstream erotic novelist and prolific online author with hundreds of stories to his credit.

He specialises 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 facesitting women appeal to your sense of fun, then hold on tight and get ready to enjoy an erotic, action-packed ride!

If you'd like to keep up with news from Dark Rider, then go to the Dark Rider blog at <http://darkriderstories.wordpress.com>

About this book

This story was originally published on the internet in 1999 under the title, Maid in Heaven. I don't want you to feel cheated so, if you read the original version, you may wish to skip this one

On the other hand, with luck, it's so long ago, you can't remember it!

Even if you do, I'm hoping that, for the price of a cup of coffee, you'll still want to download this version. I've always regarded it as one of my best.

As well as one or two minor changes, I have rewritten the ending. Not to put too fine a point on it, the original conclusion was much darker. This one, though unpleasant, perhaps, for the victim (though that may be a matter of opinion!), would allow for a sequel, should there ever be sufficient demand for one.

If you've not read any of my stories before, I hope this one whets your appetite.

SMOTHER MAID

Dark Rider

(Originally published as Maid in Heaven)

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

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One

He dug his fingers into the girl's fat buttocks, opening her up. She fell onto her face, laughing.

'Oh, Master Edward!' she giggled. 'You're so wicked!'

The young man lowered his head, until his nose brushed against the ragged circle of her bum-hole. He sniffed twice, extended his tongue and ran its tip around the hot and salty rim. Emmy growled into the mattress, biting at the sheets. She pulled away from him, rolled onto her back and spread her legs wide.

'You're such a naughty man, sir. To trifle with a young girl, so.'

He grinned and licked his lips. 'You're a game little hussy, I'll give you that,' he said, tugging at his trousers and unbuckling his thick leather belt.

She poked out her tongue and wiggled it crudely. Then she raised her hips a fraction and showed him her cunt. Her labia were long, pink and distended; a slippery wet gash at the heart of her jungle-thick pubes.

'A man'd need a map to find his way in and out of you, Emmy!' he cried, rocking back onto his haunches and pulling at his pants.

She lunged forward like a wild beast, tearing at her victim's flesh. It took him by surprise and he fell onto his back. Emmy straddled his stomach, wriggling her

way up his body until she was sitting on his chest.

‘Pussy’s hungry, Master Edward!’ she trilled and shuffled forward on her thighs. ‘She wants to eat your head!’

‘No!’ he protested. ‘Not yet!’ But the words were jammed back into his throat as she bounced forward, trapping him between her legs, grinding the hump of her vulva down over his face. She jiggled happily from side to side, threw back her head and emitted several sharp squeals. The young man twisted, clawing at her fat hips, cursing mutely into the hairy maw of her cunt.

‘Can’t shift me now!’ she warbled. ‘Can’t shift Emmy!’ And she jerked her pelvis hard as if fucking his mouth with an imaginary prick.

His muffled groans became screams and his body arched like a taut bow.

‘Who’s the master now?’ she yelled, ignoring the desperate punching at her rear. ‘Pussy’s got you! She’s going to spend! She’s going to spend all over you!’ She threw back her head, bared her brilliant white teeth and screamed.

Her hips shuddered like a drill as she came, her sex exploding over the young man’s face. As her thighs relaxed, he tore his head out from under her arse, cursing and gasping for air. She reached down with both her hands and dragged him back, holding his face tight against the long slit of her sex.

She bit her lip and squealed again, humping his mouth hard as the maw of her

cunt dissolved a second time. Then she slumped forward, sobbing like a child, released his head and rolled onto her back beside him.

‘Oh God,’ she breathed, the circles of her breasts rising and falling like big rounded pistons. ‘I’m dyin’ ... I’m dyin’, you wicked young man ...’

Edward pulled himself up onto his elbows. He was wheezing heavily, his lungs aching, his head spinning. His face was drenched in sweat and come. Silver beads of moisture dribbled from his chin. Her smell was everywhere: rich and warm, like scented spice.

He dropped his head onto the pillow. ‘You ... you could have killed me, Emmy. You could have killed me there.’

She rolled onto her side and raised herself on one arm. Reaching out, she brushed her hand against his cheek, gathering her sap on the pads of her fingers. She smeared it lightly across his nose and mouth and clamped her palm hard across his face. ‘But what a way to go, Master Edward. What a lovely way to go!’

He pulled away. She had that look in her eyes again. That look that always worried him. It was as if a madness bubbled just below her surface; as if a demon nestled there, just waiting to be freed.

‘I like to sit,’ she said. ‘I always have. Sit on a face. Feel a boy struggle.’

‘You do it well,’ he was forced to admit. ‘I’ll give you that.’

‘Had a lot of practice,’ she told him. ‘Needed it, too. Brung up where I was.’

‘Brought up,’ he corrected her. ‘Brought up!’

She ignored him. He was always trying to improve her. She didn’t need improving. There was only one thing she needed. There had only ever been one thing she needed...

‘They’d pinch the knickers off your bum down my street,’ she told him. ‘You learn to take care of yourself.’

She was reminiscing now. He liked it when she reminisced. He liked her stories. The ones about the men she’d sat on. They turned him on. The educated young man of the house, the Master in his father’s absence. And Emmy, his bit of rough, his dirty, common piece of skirt.

‘First boy I ever sat on, ‘e’d have croaked if they hadn’t dragged me off. Got me bum on ‘im.’ She sighed and looked dreamy for a moment. ‘No man can shift me when I got me bum on ‘im.’

She reached across and pressed her hand over the bulge in his trousers. ‘Want me to put me bum on you?’

Emmy grinned wickedly, then rolled suddenly onto her tummy, her skirts up around her waist. She knew without looking that his eyes had wandered down to her bottom. They always did. Master Edward loved her bottom. Feared it, too, because of what she threatened it could do to him.

‘You can have a sniff if you like,’ she whispered, turning her face towards him. She saw the longing in his eyes. He straddled her back quickly, leant forward and rested his warm cheek against her left buttock. She felt his heart pounding against her lower spine when he hunched close, his fingers scurrying into the gully of her arse.

‘That’s a good boy,’ she cooed softly. ‘Open Emmy up...’ She wriggled her hips, and her haunches wobbled.

She felt his nose edge down into her crack, and enjoyed the rapid beat of his breath on her skin. He sniffed her slowly and she heard him moan. Lowering his head, he buried his face in her arse, and nuzzled like a grazing beast. She felt her tummy tighten when his mouth closed around the pursed fistula of her anus. She chewed on a sheet and whimpered, ‘I like being a girl ... I like the things that boys can do to me ...’

She felt his tongue punch at the dark muscle of her anus, probing for a way into her back passage. She squeezed her buttocks tight and then relaxed. The tiny hole shivered sweetly, opening to admit him. She stretched out her arms and groped for her young Master’s arse, dug her nails into the tender curve of his flesh and felt his cock wriggle between her shoulder-blades.

His hips began to pump: a steady pulse that matched the rhythm of his tongue. She felt his body tighten for a moment, then shudder strongly.

‘Nggghh!’ he groaned. ‘Nggghh! Nggghh!’

His mouth tightened around her anus, lips chewing on the wrinkled knot. Emmy ground her cunt into the sheets, butting the swollen knot of her clitoris against the mattress. They screamed and came together, hips jerking, bodies twisting as they emptied their loins. Emmy felt her lover’s penis jump against her back. Gobbets of white hot cream soiled her flesh and dribbled down her sides, tickling her skin.

They rolled apart a second time. This time it was Edward who spoke first.

‘Oh, Emmy,’ he murmured weakly. ‘Oh, Emmy, when I’m down there, when I’m down inside your dear, sweet, delectable bottom...’ He closed his eyes. He was afraid to finish the sentence, to give substance to his thoughts.

‘You want botty to love you, don’t you?’ she whispered. ‘You want botty to sit on your face and love you to death...’

They were the words she always used. Silly words, childish words. The words his nanny might have used. The words she knew he loved to hear.

She watched him nod his head. ‘Oh, God, yes. When I’m down there I want you to smother me. To take off your drawers and mount me. Ride me as you would a stallion. No mercy. Full gallop. The Mistress of my head. The woman between whose legs I would gladly die!’

His voice rang out around the room: loud and shrill, laced with madness, the madness with which her sweet, delicious bottom always seemed to fill him.

She swung her leg over his body, settling herself on his chest, her back to his face. She crossed her arms in front of her, reached down and pulled up her dress, tugging it over her head and discarding it on the floor.

Now she was naked, and his body shivered beneath her.

‘Let botty do it,’ she sighed sweetly. ‘Let botty put you out of your misery.’ She raised herself on her knees and wriggled back until the cavern of her arse opened over his head. She reached back with both hands and spread her buttocks impossibly wide.

He stared up into a dark brown blur of flesh. Shadows swam around the swollen eye of her anus, like a star that had burst and spread its tentacles across her softened flesh.

‘If you lie quite still,’ she told him, ‘I can position myself properly. I have to make sure I cover your nose. If you can breathe through it, it’ll take longer to do you in.’

Edward hardly seemed to be listening. ‘You have such a lovely bottom, Emmy. I ... I want ... I want ...’

She giggled happily. ‘You want to put your head up it, don’t you?’

He nodded sharply. ‘Oh, God, yes! Yes I do!’

‘Well you can’t,’ she told him. ‘Even my bum ain’t that big! But this is the next best thing, I promise ...’

Edward’s eyelids flickered anxiously and he licked his dry, narrow lips.

‘Do you promise, Emmy? Do you really promise?’

‘Course I do,’ answered Emmy warmly. ‘You’re going to die a happy man, Master Edward. I’ll make it really good.’

‘I’ll resist you, Emmy, you know that, don’t you? I won’t give in without a fight.’

‘Don’t matter how much you struggle, Master Edward. Once I’m on you, you’re a goner.’

She looked down, between her parted legs, and watched his throat wobble. ‘You think I’m joking, don’t you, sir? You don’t think I can really do it.’

The young man shifted awkwardly. The rich odour of her bottom washed over him like a warm, scented breeze.

‘It – it’s just a game, Emmy. Remember, won’t you? It’s just a game...’

Emmy grinned wickedly. ‘Just a game, Master Edward,’ she repeated.

The twin circles of her arse began to lower. The diamond of her deep brown crack stretched around his head. He watched as the wrinkle of her anus blurred and grew. Then darkness took him.

The smell of arse was overwhelming. Emmy bore down with all her weight and the young man’s hips jumped. He brought his arms up, reaching for her buttocks. Emmy grabbed his wrists and held him fast. His fingers curled and wriggled, his hands trapped inside the hard circle of her fists. He turned his body sideways, twisting on the bed. He drew one leg up, bent sharply at the knee and kicked with the other, attempting to propel himself back. Emmy held on tight and clenched her hips.

‘Time for Master Edward to go to sleep,’ she cooed. ‘Time for him to go to sleep for ever...’

He couldn’t hear her, of course. Her flesh was spread around his ears. It stopped up his mouth and closed his long, tapered nostrils. Neither sight nor sound could penetrate his world now. Nor air...

His hands began to flap, then clenched and unclenched wildly. He made fists of his fingers and tried to punch himself free. A thunder of muted grunts beat against Emmy's arse and made her press down all the harder. He couldn't breathe. She knew, of course. It was such a special feeling. The shudder of his face between her buttocks; the spasm of his body, kicking its way towards a lonely, dark, damp death...

Emmy's mouth hardened into a cruel smile. 'Told you I could do it, Master Edward. Told you I could take a man. Take him all the way...'

She felt his body kick beneath her and wondered how long he had to live. He was really struggling now, as he had promised. She had known he would. Now that he knew his little girl meant business. That this was no game after all. Poor Master Edward. Such an innocent boy...

Any second now and he'd begin to weaken. Then he'd stop altogether and that would be that. She'd sit on him for a few minutes more, of course, just to make sure he wasn't pretending. She hoped he liked it. She hoped he liked being sat on like this. She hoped he liked being smothered...

Two

From somewhere near came a sudden smash of glass. Emmy caught her breath and jumped. Edward's head jerked out from between her buttocks and he gasped furiously. Emmy shifted forward and rolled off him. Her eyes narrowed and she listened hard. Nothing. And yet that noise...

She leant forward and blew at the candle, plunging the room into darkness. Behind her, Edward continued to heave and groan. She stretched out one arm and clamped her hand across his mouth. He immediately reacted, squirming beneath her as she rolled backwards onto his chest.

'Shush, Master Edward!' she breathed harshly. 'I'm not going to hurt you. Not now.'

His body twitched nervously. She could tell from the way he shook between her thighs that he had little confidence in anything she said.

'I heard a sound,' she whispered. He seemed to quieten. Emmy removed her hand slowly and rolled off him for the second time.

Edward raised his head. His face felt as if it had been dipped in warm oil and he shivered sharply. 'What – what sort of sound?' he asked, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth and drawing off a dribble of the girl's juices.

'I think we have a burglar, sir!'

‘No!’ The young man shivered again. He was no hero. If there were intruders in the house it was a job for the police, not for him. ‘We must summon help!’ he told her. ‘The constables must be called!’

In the darkness, he felt Emmy snuggle up against him. ‘Hush, sir,’ she whispered. ‘There’s no need for us to panic. If we sound the alarm, he’ll be off like a shot.’

The thought that the intruder might run like a rabbit was not a drawback in Edward’s opinion. Emmy’s hand closed around his wrist and squeezed. He felt the swell of her breast graze his left cheek and he shuddered happily.

‘No time for that now, sir!’ giggled Emmy, as he pressed his mouth to her neck.

‘At least let me put my trousers back on,’ pleaded Edward, groping in the dark.

‘No time for that, either, sir!’ squealed Emmy. ‘Just bring your belt so we have something to tie him up with.’

‘Emmy!’ he protested.

‘Hurry, sir!’ she whispered back. ‘We mustn’t let him get away!’

‘Dammit, no!’ argued Edward as she took him firmly by the hand and dragged him off the bed. ‘Emmy, this could be dangerous!’

‘For him, maybe!’ giggled the young maid, leading her Master to the door.

Another, more important thought struck him rather late. ‘Emmy!’ he hissed. ‘You can’t go down like this! You’re naked!’

She chuckled softly. ‘I know, Master Edward. I know!’ She peered out into the hallway. ‘Not a sound now, sir,’ she hushed him. ‘Not a sound...’

They crept along the corridor until they reached the landing stairs, then tiptoed down towards the drawing room. Emmy pressed her head up against the door and listened carefully. She squeezed Edward’s hand and he had to fight the urge to yelp.

‘There’s someone in there!’ Emmy whispered, her breath warm and sweet against his face.

‘Then we must call the police! It’s they who tackle villains!’ Edward reminded her.

‘Phooey!’ retorted the young girl. ‘By the time they get here he’ll be long gone.’

Her fingers closed around the door handle. Edward’s eyes blazed. ‘What are you doing, Emmy? No!’

But it was too late. In a flash, she swung the door open and charged in. A reluctant Edward followed her, his stomach tight with fear. The French windows were ajar, a sickly wash of yellow moonbeam lighting up a distant corner of the room. A man was kneeling by the safe, his head pressed to the lock, his fingers turning slowly.

He leapt up straightaway, grabbed a heavy worsted sack and ran for the exit. Emmy flew across his path, dived low and brought him tumbling to the carpet. His head struck the edge of the hearth and he went suddenly very still. Emmy was up and on him in a flash, straddling his stomach, her powerful legs pinning his arms to his sides.

Edward lit a small gas-lamp. He struck two matches and soon a dozen candles illuminated the room.

One look at the safe was enough to stir him. 'The villain!' he yelled, pulling open the door and checking all the contents. He rocked back on his bare legs and sighed with relief. 'A thousand pounds in bonds, and another two in ready money,' he muttered to himself. 'Another minute, Emmy and the scoundrel would have fled with everything!'

'Didn't I say so, sir? I told you what we had to do. We had to take the man between us before he got away.'

Edward stood over her, a candelabra raised high in his hand. A spread of light lit up the burglar's face. He was a young man, hardly more than 21, 22, clean-shaven, but with a scar running down his right-hand cheek. A trickle of blood dribbled from a small cut on his forehead; evidently where he had caught himself when he fell. Though it had knocked him clean out, he was beginning to stir.

‘Quickly, sir!’ said Emmy, taking charge. ‘Use your belt to tie his feet. I have his arms, so between us he won’t be going anywhere.’

Edward’s eyes narrowed. ‘Wait a bit, Emmy,’ he said, leaning down for a closer look. ‘I know this fellow. His name is...’ He furrowed his brow and thought for a moment. ‘Donald Bridge! My God!’

Emmy frowned. The name meant nothing to her. ‘Who’s Donald Bridge?’ she asked. ‘Apart from being a useless burglar!’ She giggled and bounced on his chest. The rough edges of his jacket rubbed against her pussy and she squealed wickedly.

‘He’s not just a burglar, my sweet,’ declared Edward. ‘This man is wanted for murder!’

Emmy flinched. ‘He don’t look like a murderer,’ she remarked, squinting at his face. His head was beginning to roll from side to side and his lips were trembling.

‘He’s coming round!’ said Edward. ‘Quickly, Emmy, we must secure him further!’

They dragged their prisoner upright and led him across the room. Edward untied two curtain fasteners and used them to bind his arms to the back of a tall Queen Anne chair. They stood and watched him for a few minutes and finally his heavy eyelids flickered open.

‘What the –?’ He came round with a jolt and pulled against his restraints. Then he caught sight of his captors for the first time and his eyes grew wider still. A man without trousers and a woman without – ye Gods, a woman without anything at all on! – gazed at him curiously.

‘Where am I?’ he asked, with a bewildered shake of his head.

Edward snorted. ‘You know full well where you are, sir. Forty Seven Belgrave Square. The home of Lord and Lady Cotton who, as I am sure you also know, are gone to the country for the month. Leaving the house conveniently empty – or so you believed!’

The man continued to feign an air of innocence. ‘I remember now,’ he began cautiously. ‘There was a fellow. An ugly looking chap. I saw him enter and followed, sir, for I believed him to be up to no good. I tackled him and he ran. And that was when you found me. You thought me to be the villain, sir, an easy mistake to make.’

Edward shook his head sadly. ‘You are fooling no one, Donald Bridge!’

At the mention of his name, the prisoner froze. Edward smiled triumphantly. ‘Your goose is well and truly cooked!’ he told the man. ‘You are wanted for murder, sir, and after tonight’s little escapade will hang for sure.’

The man’s eyes flitted from Edward to Emmy and back again. His mind, it seemed, was working overtime. Finally, he said, ‘If I go down, then others will

go with me.'

Now it was Edward's turn to look puzzled. 'What do you mean by that, sir?' he asked.

'I mean, sir,' and he emphasised the word 'sir' with barely disguised contempt, 'that if the house should be deserted, what have you and the strumpet been up to, that's what some would like to know.'

Edward's skin went cold. The man was right. If his parents were to learn of this – heaven forbid! He would be disowned for sure, cast him out without a penny to his name. He licked the edges of his mouth. Damn the man! What was he to do?

Beside him, Emmy stirred. 'Do you have thruppence, sir?' she asked.

Edward looked bewildered. 'Thruppence?' he repeated stupidly. 'Why should you need thruppence, Emmy?'

She stared up at him. Her large breasts quivered softly. 'You must trust me, sir. I have a plan.'

He looked uncertain for a moment, then crossed the bureau, pulled open a drawer and extracted three coins.

'Watch over him carefully, sir,' said Emmy, taking the coins and moving to the

door. 'I won't be long.'

In fact, she was ten minutes. When she returned, she had dressed, though from the way her bodice hung open at the front, he suspected she had merely donned the skirt for decency and remained sublimely naked underneath.

'I sent a message, sir. I have a plan, but it requires help.'

Edward frowned. 'Help? What sort of help, Emmy?'

'You'll see, sir.' She said mysteriously, and gazed coolly at the prisoner. 'Did he give you trouble, sir? He looks the sort as would.'

'He keeps protesting his innocence,' replied Edward. 'It is becoming rather tiresome.' And he yawned idly.

'I never did it!' exclaimed the man.

'You see,' said Edward, feeling vindicated. 'It's all he ever says. I didn't do it, I'm not a murderer. They've got the wrong man.'

'It is true, sir, as God is my judge!'

‘Well, he ain’t your judge,’ interrupted Emmy. ‘We is.’ She gazed up at Edward. ‘What will happen to him, sir? Once they take him?’

Edward drew himself upright. ‘He’ll hang, Emmy. He’ll hang for sure. The law must take its course and he’s a wrong ‘un.’

‘Then let me do it, sir. Let me carry out the sentence of the court.’

Edward stiffened. ‘Emmy, my sweet, are you suggesting we hang the blighter ourselves? It’s quite absurd!’

Emmy shook her head. ‘Not hang him, sir. Let me sit on him. Let me smother him with this!’ She turned abruptly, then raised her skirt to expose the huge circles of her arse.

‘God in heaven!’ The man in the chair heaved himself from side to side and tugged against the ropes.

Emmy pulled her skirt right off and stood there naked. Her breasts were wobbling and a sheen of sweat covered both her thighs. ‘Let me do it, Master Edward,’ she pleaded. ‘I can take him! I know I can!’

Edward shook his head. ‘Emmy, what you’re suggesting, it’s – it’s not right. It is the law – it is the law that must execute him not us.’

‘You heard him, sir. If we hand him over he’ll spill the beans about...’ she paused, then finished, ‘about what we was up to’.

‘Even so, Emmy,’ considered Edward. ‘To do what you suggest. It’s wrong, surely you must see that?’

‘Why, sir?’ countered Emmy. ‘Why is it wrong? The law says the man must die. This way will be better than theirs. It is a kindness, sir, not an act of cruelty.’

‘You’re crazy! You’re both confounded crazy!’ The prisoner was straining furiously, his face red with anger and with effort. ‘Standing there and talking like this!’

Emmy ignored him. ‘You know what it’s like, sir, when I sit on you. Remember what it felt like when you thought I was going to take you all the way.’

‘Don’t, Emmy, please...’

She knew that he was weakening. ‘Think what it’ll be like to watch him struggling under my bottom. I know you like my stories, sir, the ones I tell about the boys I sat on. How I almost croaked ‘em, and would have if they hadn’t dragged me off.’

‘It can’t be done,’ protested Edward. ‘A man cannot be smothered like that. It is impossible.’

‘No, Master Edward,’ insisted Emmy. ‘It can be done – and I can do it!’ She watched his dark eyes narrow lustfully and added, ‘Just think of it, sir. Think what it would look like.’

He gazed at her longingly, his eyes swimming over her large, buoyant breasts, her big, flared hips, her plump little legs and her small waist. A cruel and wicked image filled his mind: it was of Emmy, as naked as the day she was born, riding the face of a helpless screaming man. And that man was Donald Bridge...

‘Very well,’ he answered quietly. ‘You may do it. Emmy. You may sit on his face and we shall see if what you say is true.’

‘No!’ The protest was loud and clear and echoed around the room. Donald Bridge was clearly not as keen as the pair of them were at his ending his life between the parlour maid’s chubby little arse-cheeks.

Emmy glared at him and said, ‘It’s me or the rope! Don’t say you prefer the hangman to a girl’s bottom?’

‘I’ll take my chances,’ he retorted. ‘I ain’t hangin’ for somethin’ I didn’t do. And you ain’t sitting on me without knickers, you filthy whore!’

A loud rat-a-tat on the French windows brought their conversation to an end. Edward froze, but Emmy smiled and crossed the room. ‘It’s all right, Master Edward,’ she announced. ‘I was expecting this.’

She flung open the doors and, before Edward could raise his voice in protest, two women he had never seen before stumbled across the threshold and into the room.

Emmy introduced them with a broad grin. 'This is Ruby, sir, as works for Lady Peterson in Marylebone.'

The girl curtseyed nervously and bobbed her head. She was tall and well-built, her broad hips wobbling gently inside her buttoned coat. Her companion was shorter, with chestnut ringlets and a bright pink face. Her eyelids fluttered anxiously when Emmy added, 'And this is Anna, sir. Under-maid to the same establishment.'

Perplexed, Edward shook his head. 'I don't understand, Emmy. What is going on?'

'I used your thruppence to call a boy, sir, and had him deliver a message to my pals here. I always said as I would let 'em in on the fun, if ever a man such as this came my way.'

Edward glanced at the prisoner and gave a low whistle. 'You mean to say you all intend to...I mean, all three of you will...?'

He left the sentence hanging in the air. Try as he might, he could not conclude it to his satisfaction. Emmy did it for him,

‘We can smother him, sir. We can smother him to death with our bottoms!’

‘Will it be done in the nude?’ asked Edward. ‘Will you use your bare buttocks on him?’

‘We will, sir. We shall be as naked as the day we wuz born.’ She gazed down at their trussed-up victim. ‘But it will be he that cries like a baby, sir.’

‘You ain’t doing it, I tells you!’ screamed Donald Bridge.

‘Shut your mouth, sir!’ yelled Edward angrily. ‘Or it will be shut for you!’

Donald’s face paled. ‘Oh, good God,’ he murmured feebly. ‘You mean to do it. You really mean to do it...’

‘Of course we means to do it,’ said Emmy quietly. ‘There’s no escape for you now, Donald Bridge. Anna, Ruby and me, we’re gonna do for you. You ain’t getting out of here alive.’

‘We need to do it properly,’ said Edward. ‘There are forms of procedure that must be followed. A proper judgment must be handed down before the sentence is carried out.’

Emmy nodded. ‘I understand, sir. If you please, me and the girls will get ourselves ready.’

Edward looked puzzled.

‘We needs to strip and wash ourselves, sir,’ explained Emmy. ‘The girls are hot and sticky from their journey.’

‘Of course you must strip,’ agreed Edward. ‘But there is no water heated. You will have to take him as you are. It hardly matters, does it?’

Emmy smiled, and looked down at Donald Bridge’s mortified expression. ‘Not for us, sir, it don’t. Just thought it might be nicer for him.’

‘He is to be smothered between your arse-cheeks, Emmy. I hardly think “nice” comes into it.’

Emmy dropped a sudden curtsy and grinned. ‘No, Master Edward, I don’t suppose it does, does it? Very well, sir. Ten minutes. That’s all we needs. And then we can begin.’

She looked down at Donald Bridge and smiled. ‘I’m gonna enjoy this,’ she whispered.

Anna and Ruby came forward and stood either side of her. Emmy draped her arms around her friends’ shoulders and chuckled softly. ‘We all are,’ she added, with a wicked glint in her eye. ‘It’s gonna be the bestest smothering there’s ever been ...’

Three

Donald Bridge heaved against his restraints. He gazed up at Edward and there were tears in his eyes.

‘You can’t let ‘em do this to me! I’m begging you, sir! You can’t let ‘em sit on my face! It ain’t natural!’

‘It’s better than the hangman’s rope!’ countered Edward angrily. ‘And that is what awaits you, sir! There is no escape whichever way you choose!’

‘But this is not the way I choose!’ insisted Donald. ‘You must let me take my chances with the court!’

Edward’s eyes blazed. ‘I am your court, sir. And your judge, also.’

The door to the drawing room opened and the girls came in. Their hair was down, their feet were bare and they wore long white dressing gowns that fell to just above their ankles.

‘And these ladies,’ added Edward with a dramatic flourish, ‘these ladies are your executioners!’

The three girls padded to a halt. They stood in a straight line as if awaiting Edward’s orders. He looked them up and down and felt his penis harden. My God, he wanted all three of them there and then! He swallowed hard and

dragged his mind back to the matter in hand. If only he knew what to do next.

‘Would you like to inspect our bodies, sir?’ asked Emmy, taking charge as always.

Edward nodded, happy to go along with whatever she suggested.

One by one the girls reached down, bunched up the hemlines of their gowns and pulled them high, exposing an exquisite wealth of pliant flesh.

Ruby was a tall, well-built girl, with generous hips and long black hair. Her pubes were thick and curly, and hid her cunt from view. Her thighs were fat but firm, her calves neat and tapered. The nipples of her large, rounded breasts were taut and long, like fleshy spikes. Emmy, he knew well enough, with her heavy boobs and plum-shaped arse. Anna stood to Emmy’s left. She was shorter than the others, with tight chestnut pubes and a swollen cunt that was already dripping honey onto her thick, muscular thighs. Her breasts were small, like two small apples perched above a tiny waist.

Edward passed around behind the girls. He fell to his knees at Anna’s rear and kissed her lightly on the bottom. He nuzzled at her sticky crack and sniffed the rich aroma of her cunt and arse. It was divine. He moved on to Emmy and then to Ruby, licking each of their buttocks in turn before proceeding to inspect a trio of open cunts. He peeled back the hood from each tiny clitoris and nibbled gently, rubbing his nose into the crevice of their slits.

When he stood up, it was with some difficulty, for his penis was now fully erect and twisted in his pants. His heart thumped with anticipation as the girls dropped

their gowns and covered their bodies again.

Donald Bridge shook in his chair and swore loudly.

‘He should be gagged, sir,’ said Emmy, reaching into the pocket of her gown and drawing out a swathe of dull white cloth. ‘So he don’t cry out too much. You can use my drawers, sir. I don’t need ‘em any more.’

‘An excellent suggestion,’ agreed Edward, taking the knickers, and moving to behind their victim. The crumpled material felt damp and sticky in his hand. The smell of Emmy’s body clung to the gusset of her pants: an intimate mélange of juice and sweat; of arse and pee.

‘No!’ screamed their prisoner, then ‘No!’ again, before all further sound was stifled by a mouthful of cotton. Edward fixed a knot behind the man’s neck, then stepped back in front of him.

Emmy’s hands was trembling with excitement. ‘Will you pass the sentence of the court, sir?’

Edward’s lips and mouth were dry. He found it hard to speak. For one awful moment he wanted something he should not have wanted. He wanted to change places with Donald Bridge. He wanted it to be him who was to be held down and smothered by these three little vixens. He shut his mind to the image, swallowed hard and assumed his most magisterial tone.

‘Donald Bridge,’ he began. ‘You are guilty of several crimes, the details of which we do not need to go into further.’

The young man grunted into his gag and shuddered fiercely.

‘There can only be one punishment for your sins, and that is death.’

He grunted again, more furiously than ever. The chair tottered sideways and a vein began to throb over his right eye.

‘It is the sentence of this court that you be taken from this place to a place of execution.’

Emmy grinned. ‘My bedroom, sir. We can do it in my bedroom.’

Edward frowned. ‘I’ll thank you not to interrupt the court, Emmy.’

She bowed demurely. ‘Beggin’ your pardon, my Lord,’ she grinned.

‘You will be taken to Emmy’s bedroom.’

The prisoner grunted savagely. His shoulders rose and fell and his chest heaved.

‘There you will be held down and allowed to struggle...’ Edward was improvising, of course, making it up as he went along. He was saying what he wanted to hear. What he would have wanted to hear if it had been he, not Donald Bridge, who was to be smothered by these women.

Even muffled by Emmy’s pants, the condemned man’s screams filled the drawing room. Thank heavens they had gagged him when they had, reflected Edward. He drew breath for a moment and went on.

‘ ... while Emmy mounts you as naked as a new-born babe...’

Another manic grunt.

‘... places her bottom on your face ...’

‘Mmmmmmph!’

‘... and carries out the sentence of this court ...’

‘Mmmmph! Mmmmmph!’

‘And may God have mercy on your soul. Take the prisoner away.’

Emmy reached into her pocket and produced a big black hood.

Edward looked startled. 'Where on earth did you get that from?' he asked.

Emmy smiled. 'Never you mind, sir,' she answered softly. 'I just knew one day it would come in handy.'

It took them ten minutes to drag their prisoner downstairs. After they had hooded him, they tied more rope around his arms and legs before releasing him from the chair. He struggled manfully, but with four of them to hold him down, there was little he could do. At last they reached the lower floor and Emmy's quarters.

Emmy's bed had been moved into the middle of the room. They threw the prisoner onto his back. Ruby sat on his chest, pinning him flat with her broad hips. Emmy took hold of his feet, which were kicking furiously, and did her best to hold him steady.

'Ruby will go first,' said Emmy. 'Master Edward, sir, will you keep his head still? Until Ruby has sat herself on his face. He's bound to struggle, even with three of us holding him down.'

'What about the hood?' asked Edward. 'Should we not remove it so that he can see her nakedness as she descends?'

Emmy shook her head. 'Not yet,' she answered darkly. 'He'd have to wear it if this was his hangin'. Let him suffer in the dark. The hood ain't very thick. He'll feel Ruby soon enough and smell what's on his face.'

Donald must have caught the conversation, for he raised his head at once and shook violently.

Ruby came round to the front and swung one short leg across his neck, her back towards Edward. She lifted her gown over her head and threw it to one side. Edward stared at the girl's bare arse, the rich folds of her pussy oozing down between her thighs. He felt his balls tremble in their sacs and wondered how much more of this he could take.

The young girl settled herself over Donald's face, and giggled as the rough cotton of the hood tickled her backside.

'Do it!' ordered Emmy and Ruby immediately dropped her full weight onto the man's head. Edward stepped back, his stomach churning with excitement. Ruby's arse wobbled like two fat blancmanges. Her white flesh oozed around the black ball of Donald's head. A muted roar broke from between her cheeks. Edward crossed to one side and viewed proceedings from another angle.

Donald's body shuddered dreadfully. It was clear that despite the ropes that laced his body, the girls were struggling to hold him down.

'He fights us, sir!' squealed Emmy. 'He fights us like a man who knows we

mean to smother him!’

‘How far will Ruby take him?’ asked Edward excitedly.

‘As far as she dares!’ replied Emmy. ‘Do not worry, Master Edward. We know what we’re doing!’

Then Emmy said something that took him utterly by surprise.

‘Why don’t you fuck her, sir? Fuck Ruby while she rides him!’

Edward’s stomach tightened. He returned to his original position and gazed at Ruby’s arse. She was rocking rhythmically across Donald’s face. Each time she slid backwards her cunt opened like a flower. The thick bulge of her flesh was shiny with her honey, the hood smeared with her juices.

He pulled down his pants and freed his lust-hardened cock. Stepping forward he presented the glans to Ruby’s arse, waiting for the moment when she would be within his reach. The moment arrived. He stabbed forward and entered her smoothly. Bringing his arms up, he steadied himself on her hips, then drove forward, burying himself up to the hilt.

He grunted savagely, his screams merging with those of the man Ruby was riding. His balls bulged and trembled, sending quivers of delight deep into his groin. Suddenly he was coming, spurting into the girl as she came to a halt and wriggled furiously over Donald’s face. She threw back her head and screamed

her release into the ceiling as Edward stepped back and his cock emerged, still ramrod-hard and slick with her spendings.

Before Edward had recovered his senses, Ruby and Anna swapped positions. The small girl straddled the condemned man's face, allowing him to grunt and snort for just a few seconds before clamping her chubby cheeks around his head.

Edward's excitement had not abated. His balls still ached, and his penis shuddered with renewed anticipation. He stepped forward a second time, geared his movement to perfection and cleaved into Anna's swollen cunt.

He held on to her hips and thrust with all his might. Anna drove back to meet him, squirming around Donald's head. Edward leant forward, across her shoulders. Emmy had released their victim's legs and they were twisting horribly. His knees bent and his heels thumped uselessly against the mattress. A dreadful squeal broke from beneath Edward's balls and Anna's arse as Donald groaned his terror into the flesh around his face.

Emmy leant forward and unbuttoned the prisoner's trousers. Extracting his cock she began to stroke him rapidly. His hips jerked. She released his penis and it bobbed softly for a second. Then it juddered and leapt, spitting wads of hot white cream into the air.

Anna screamed. Edward screamed. Somewhere in the darkness, gasping his terror into Anna's bottom, Donald screamed.

And then it was over. Edward withdrew, utterly spent, barely able to stand as his pleasure left him. Anna dismounted, her thighs damp with exhaustion and

delight. Donald's penis jerked its drunken dance of lust against his belly. His masked head lolled aimlessly. The sounds that came from beneath the hood were terrible to hear. Edward felt suddenly sick.

Emmy strolled to the front of the bed, the white gown flapping around her ankles. Ruby approached with a pair of scissors and began to cut away at the ropes. Anna stood to one side, ready to pounce if Donald should try to move himself. There was little chance of that, it seemed. He lay there quivering. His chest rattled and muted sobs broke from behind the mask and gag.

Emmy reached down, untied the string around Donald's neck and removed the hood. His eyes blinked in the gas-lit gloom. Now she undid the knot behind his head and eased the gag from his mouth.

He looked up at her, his face red with sweat, his eyes pink with tears. His skin was drenched, his short untidy hair matted to his scalp. He tried to raise his arms and legs, but seemed barely able to move.

Emmy swung her leg across his head and settled herself over his face, her hairy cunt above his mouth. She reached down and smoothed his brow.

'Soon be time to carry out the proper sentence,' she told him softly. 'No gag or hood this time, Donald. This time it's just you and me. Your face...' she paused, then added, '...and my bottom.'

He shivered and his mouth tightened in a muted sob.

‘Gotta be brave, Donald,’ she whispered. ‘Gotta be very, very brave...’

She slipped her hands behind his head and drew him towards her. At the same time she edged forwards and slithered her cunt across his face. He squealed horribly but his cries were stifled by her flesh.

Suddenly it was as if his strength had returned. He brought his arms up and tore at her hips. His back bent like a bow and his upper body twisted into a wrestler’s bridge.

Either side of him, Anna and Ruby took hold of his wrists and dragged his arms away from Emmy’s bruised behind. They allowed his legs to kick uselessly. He was going nowhere ...

Edward felt his cock begin to stiffen again. This was incredible. It was all that he had dreamt and more. What torments must Donald be enduring, his nose and mouth squashed flat inside the slit of Emmy’s bloated sex? The young girl was holding on so tight and squirming. She swore aloud several times and jiggled her hips from side to side.

She looked up at Edward and her eyes were damp with tears. ‘Pussy’s coming, Master Edward,’ she whimpered. ‘Pussy’s coming on his face!’

And then she tossed her head furiously and let out the most incredible scream he had ever heard.

Viciously, she tore at Donald's head. It seemed to Edward as if she were trying to pull it right inside her cunt. Donald's arms and legs went into spasm. It was all the girls could do to hold him down. Edward began to pump himself: the need in his balls was becoming desperate again.

Emmy rose with a loud squelch. Her cunt was sodden. Strands of moisture dangled from her pubes, stretching down to Donald's nose and chin. A spider's web of lust congealed around his face.

'You ... you whore!' he muttered feebly. 'You bastard ... bastard whore ...!'

She swung herself around, now settling the circles of her arse above his head. He stared up into the dark shadow of her crack and began to sob uncontrollably. Emmy reached down and parted her huge buttocks, exposing the damp brown fistula of her anus.

She looked down between her legs, into his terror-stricken eyes and said, 'It's time, Donald. Time for Emmy to carry out the sentence of the court.'

He twisted his head from side to side and screamed. 'Nooooo!'

'Hold him, girls,' she told her two companions. She giggled sweetly. 'I think the prisoner is gonna struggle.'

Edward stared ahead of him, utterly transfixed. He began to pump himself vigorously: sparks of pleasure leapt up and down his shaft. He was almost at the

point of no return. So was Donald. Lucky, lucky Donald ...

Emmy edged down slowly. 'Do you want to kiss my arse?' she asked him sweetly. 'Lick me on my bum-hole before I do you in?'

Donald screamed and heaved himself off the mattress. For one moment it seemed he might be on the point of breaking free. But Anna and Ruby had been prepared for this and forced him down, leaning into his chest and pinning him flat.

'I'll take that as a no,' sighed Emmy.

She dug her fingers into her buttocks and wriggled her hips so that her flesh wobbled gently. Looking across at Edward, she said, 'You have to tell me when, sir. You have to tell me when to carry out the sentence of the court.'

Donald's head twisted one last time. His tear-stained eyes widened fearfully, and his damp lips trembled. Sweat from Emmy's arse dripped onto his face.

'Please...' he murmured. 'In the name of God, please don't let her do this to me...'

Edward's hand tightened around his cock. He drew himself up straight and let the silence answer for him.

He nodded sharply and Donald screamed again. Emmy's arse came down over his head, enveloping him in flesh. She caught him neatly, his upturned face buried in her crack. His nostrils flattened against the circle of her anus; her pussy opened around his mouth. Her backside shuddered, and she closed her thighs. There was no way out this time. She would show the Master how powerful her bottom really was. She would show him what it could do to a man; what it might do to him if he wished it; what it might yet do if she ever chose...

She wriggled and laughed. The tip of Donald's nose pushed into her arse-hole and tickled her sweetly. His lips rubbed against her slit and nudged the hard little nub of her clitoris. Pleasure was coursing through her belly. A raw animal passion melted her insides.

Donald kicked and punched; he groaned and grunted; screamed and shook. But there was no escape.

'Now!' squealed Emmy as her pussy shook with pleasure.

Edward looked confused. He wondered what she meant. He felt his penis judder in his fist. Almost there now, almost there ...

Ruby released Donald's right arm and came round to the front. She straddled Emmy's lap, immediately doubling the weight that bore down on the condemned man's head. He kicked wildly and clawed with his free hand at Emmy's bottom.

Edward was stunned. 'My God,' he murmured, as the girls rocked up and down, clinging tight, their breasts squashed against each other.

‘Now!’ squealed Emmy for the second time. Anna let go of Donald’s arm and stepped up close to her companions. They parted abruptly, their steamy skin crackling as they made an opening in the middle. Anna squeezed herself down between their bodies and sat herself on Ruby’s lap.

Edward fell to his knees, stroking his shaft furiously. This was all too much for him. Donald’s head was being crushed beneath the weight of three bare-bottomed women! His exhausted body shuddered horribly, hands clawing first at Emmy’s hips, then at the mattress, then at his own skin. He kicked and twisted and moaned fearfully. Borne down by hundreds of pounds of naked female flesh, he still struggled to escape. But it was useless. There was no hope. He slammed his fists against Emmy’s hips one last time, and went limp. A second or two passed and then, incredibly, a muted roar escaped from between the women’s legs. Donald’s body jack-knifed high in the air, twisted horribly and fell finally still.

Edward stumbled forward as his cock exploded in his hand, sending shards of milky sperm across the carpet. He pressed his head against the floor and moaned feebly. When he looked up, the girls had dismounted. They were drenched in sweat, their bodies damp and shiny. Emmy turned to him and smiled. ‘We did it, Master Edward. I told you we could.’

Edward shook his head. ‘It was wrong, Emmy. It was very wrong. We had no right.’

Emmy pouted. ‘They’d have hung the poor man’, she reminded him grimly. ‘Choked ‘m like a chicken til ‘e croaked. It was a kindness, surely ... for me to shove ‘im up my arse?’

She was being deliberately crude now. He both knew it and delighted in it. Her vulgar language always aroused him; always made him want her all the more. Made him want to beg her to sit on him. To do things to him. Filthy, wicked things ...

Emmy gazed back at him without expression for several seconds, before her face dissolved into a wide grin.

‘He ain’t really dead!’ she laughed. ‘He’s just passed out, that’s all.’

Edward’s mouth gaped and he felt the blood rush from his face. ‘Not dead?’ he muttered, ‘but I thought ...’ He shook his head. An unexpected sense of relief washed over him. ‘You’re sure?’

Emmy nodded. ‘Course I am. We checked his breathing just now. While you was ...’ she giggled. ‘Restin’ up.’

‘But it seemed so real. And the poor fellow – to have three of you bearing down on him. I thought ...’ Again Edward’s voice trailed away.

Emmy smiled. ‘I know what you thought. I wanted you to think it. I told the girls–’ She gestured with her thumb at Anna and Ruby, who were quietly brushing themselves down. ‘I said “We has to make this real. For the Master. It’ll make ‘im ‘appy.”’

‘It did make me happy,’ sighed Edward. ‘I am ashamed to admit it, but – but to

see the poor fellow struggle the way he did. To hear you tell him what you planned to do ... That you meant to execute him with your darling little bottom! Dear God, Emmy ...' He looked her in the face and there were tears in his eyes as he spoke. 'I wanted you to do it to me! I wanted to change places with Donald Bridge! I wanted it to be me you were smothering not him! Me you were executing in the name of the law!'

Emmy's smile broadened. 'I knew you would.' A long, pink tongue flashed out and she licked the corner of her mouth. 'And now we can do it, if you want. Now you know what it's like...'

Edward threw her an anxious frown. 'It would be safe?'

The young girl reached out. Her soft fingers grazed the side of his face. 'Emmy wouldn't hurt you, Master Edward,' she whispered. 'I'd punish you with my bottom – but I wouldn't finish you off. Even though I could ...'

He returned her smile weakly, then glanced across to Donald Bridge. The slow rise and fall of their prisoner's chest confirmed the truth of what Emmy had told him. The poor, tortured man was still alive. Which presented them, he realised, with a fresh problem.

'What are we to do with him now?' he mused aloud. 'We cannot hand him over to the police. He will reveal our secret. May even tell them that you sat on him!'

'I have an idea,' said Emmy. 'If you was willin' to agree, Master Edward...'

He regarded her cautiously. Her most recent scheme had been grisly enough. What dreadful machination did she now have in mind?

‘Your house in the country, sir – we could take ‘im here. Keep ‘im in the cellar. Do this again. Pretend we was gonna ...’ she grinned sheepishly. ‘You know ... finish ‘im off. We could have such fun with ‘im. Every day. Just you and me.’ She licked her lips again. It made him go weak at the knees. ‘An’ afterwards, I could sit on you. An’ pretend you was a prisoner, too. An’ I was doin’ the court’s work ... executin’ you with my bum ...’

Edward released a long, shuddering sigh and felt his legs buckle. He glanced at the still-slumbering man, then back to Emmy, and made his mind up at once.

‘We shall do it!’ he cried. ‘We shall take him there directly! And you shall have your way with him again! And then you shall do to me what you have done to him!’

He threw his arms around the girl and clung to her tightly. He felt her breasts beat violently against him, her soft flesh warm and yielding.

Breaking away, he regarded her warmly. ‘You are a devil in human form!’ he cried. ‘But you are my devil, Emmy, and I love you for it!’

‘Let’s have some fun first, Master Edward,’ she whispered. Glancing back at her two friends, she added, ‘Just the three of us.’

Ruby crossed to the bedroom door, and turned the key in the lock.

Edward frowned. A cold shiver ran down his spine. ‘What are you doing?’ he asked nervously. Emmy always made him nervous. He could never be certain of her limits. He wondered sometimes where they lay. Or worse, still – whether she even had any ...

The young maid’s mouth widened into a wicked grin. ‘We haven’t finished, Master Edward. Not yet.’

Edward stumbled to his feet. He was exhausted and there were three of them. Dear God, this was his greatest fear and his greatest fantasy.

‘No,’ he murmured feebly. ‘No, Emmy, please... I can’t take three of you! It’s too monstrous!’

She smiled back at him. ‘You want it, sir, you know you do...’

‘No, Emmy,’ he protested. ‘I don’t want it! I don’t want it at all!’

But he did. He knew that as well as he knew anything. He wanted this desperately. Wanted to be smothered the way Donald Bridge had been smothered. For as hard and as long, and – God save him! – wherever it led ...

The young maid edged closer. Anna and Ruby moved to cut off Edward’s retreat. Emmy reached out, her fingers stretched and beckoning. A dribble of sweat ran down between her breasts, across her tummy and into the blonde swell of her

engorged vagina.

‘Come on, Master Edward,’ she smiled cruelly. ‘Come to Emmy ...’

THE END

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B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

College Smother

C is for Condemned!

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Smother Plateau (The Complete Adventure)

Smother Plateau: Part One

Smother Plateau: Part Two

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When Women Hunt!

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