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... and now she'll make him pay!



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A MODERN FACESITTING NOVELLA

*From the author of Smothered by Amazons*

D A R K R I D E R

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## **About the Author**

I am a published mainstream erotic (and non-erotic) novelist and online author with hundreds of stories (erotic and otherwise) to my credit.

Under the pen name, Dark Rider, I specialise in erotic, off-the-wall adventures – often in the fantasy genre – with a particular emphasis on femdom and facesitting.

In real life, remember: you owe it to yourself and others to take care, practise safe, legal and consensual sex.

However, if fantasy, adventure and powerful women appeal to your sense of fun, then hold on tight and get ready to enjoy an erotic, action-packed ride!

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

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

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

## **About this Book**

*Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!* was originally published on a popular facesitting site back in 2000. The version you're about to read has been substantially edited and the ending revised. Essentially, however, it is the same story so, if you've read it before, you may not want to download it again.

But if you haven't read it before, then I hope you enjoy it.

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...

## **Other Books by Dark Rider**

*A is for Assassins!*

*B is for Bride!*

*Bared for Battle!*

*College Smother*

*Devil Queen*

*Dungeons of Despair!*

*Fantasy Smother*

*Fantasy Smother 2*

*Mission of Mercy*

*Mother Smother!*

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

*Smother Frontline 1*

*Smother Frontline 2*

*Smother Frontline 3*

*Smother Frontline 4*

*Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)*

*Smother Maid*

*Smother Plateau (The Complete Adventure)*

*Smother Plateau: Part One*

*Smother Plateau: Part Two*

*Smother Rampage!*

*Smother Rampage 2*

*Smothered by Amazons*

*When Twins Attack!*

*When Women Hunt!*

*When Women Sit!*

## **Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider**

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

### **Writing as JD Lang**

*The Taking of Amy*

*Come Into My Parlour*

*Pounded by Studs!*

*Pounded by Her Teacher!*

*Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!*

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

*Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training*

*Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!*

*Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall*

*To Serve Their Master*

**SMOTHER ME HARD, MRS PARKER!**

Dark Rider

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

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# Chapter One

He had chosen her because she was a big woman. She was attractive, too, though to Colin that was just an unexpected bonus.

His eyes followed the contours of her body as she preceded him into the room, her red figure-hugging vest stretched tight around the boulders of her breasts. They jiggled gently from side to side, her long, hard nipples pushing out through the material, twisting the flimsy cotton into dark, diaphanous crests. Tight black leggings gripped her arse. There was no hint of panty-line, and as she walked ahead of him her buttocks rose and parted, drawing his gaze to the deep, dark gully between her cheeks.

She stopped suddenly, turned to him and frowned. But it was too late. The door closed behind her. Colin pressed a series of buttons on the electronic lock and walked past her into the centre of the room.

It was the room which had surprised her. It was large and almost empty, with four bare walls and a high ceiling. Apart from a small old-fashioned clock over the door, it contained just one piece of furniture: a low, padded bench against which Colin was now leaning.

She turned again and addressed him rather sternly.

‘This is not your father’s study, Colin.’

He removed his tie and began to unbutton his shirt. ‘I know that, Mrs Parker,’ he said flatly. ‘My father’s away for the weekend. That’s why I planned this for

today.' He slipped off his shoes and socks, discarded his shirt and began to unzip his trousers.

Mrs Parker straightened her back and her breasts swung freely. 'I think it's best if you stop right there, Colin. I don't know what you have in mind, but this can only end in tears.'

He ignored her, tugged down his jeans and kicked them halfway across the room. 'You're not wearing a bra, are you?' he remarked. 'Or any panties.'

'How dare you!' she exploded, but her face had turned scarlet and he knew he was right. She turned abruptly and searched for the door handle. There wasn't one. She scabbled at the lock, but there was nothing to get hold of.

She wheeled round, her green eyes blazing. 'Open this door at once!' she screamed, then froze as Colin peeled his boxers down and dropped them on the floor. Mrs Parker shook her head, looked away for a moment, then turned back and raised her eyes to the ceiling.

'You look ridiculous, Colin. You know that, don't you?'

He didn't know, because there were no mirrors in the room, but he was happy to take her word for it. He was 18 years old, pale and skinny, with long, untidy hair, patchy brown stubble and spots. And he was naked. He looked down and wondered where his cock had gone. A small, milky-white sausage peeked out from between his legs. His pubic hair was light and fluffy and he knew he looked exactly what he was: a rather gawky, undeveloped young man.

‘I think you should put your clothes back on, right now,’ said Mrs Parker.

He looked at her and smiled. ‘I like your hair,’ he announced brightly. ‘It’s nice and black and you’ve got lots of it. No grey, either, not bad for a woman your age.’

Colin was being cheeky now, and they both knew it. He felt his tummy wobble for a moment and wondered if his courage was about to desert him.

‘Is your pussy hair as black and shiny?’ he inquired. Though he tried to sound confident, the words quivered in his throat.

Mrs Parker looked up at the clock. It was 7.15 pm. When she turned back, Colin was sitting on the bench, his thin legs kicking idly. Mrs Parker paced up and down along a short, imaginary line, then said, ‘I really can’t believe you’ve done all this. I really can’t.’

Colin shrugged. He stretched out one arm and began to pull nervously at a leather strap. It was one of several that lined both sides of the bench.

‘You told me your father wanted to see me. Instead—’ She looked around and gestured at the four white walls. ‘Instead, you show me this. What the hell do you think you’re playing at, Colin? What do you think Julie’s going to say when she hears about this?’

Julie was Mrs Parker's 18-year-old daughter. She and Colin were in the same class at school. She was small and slim, with bright blue eyes, pink lips and a sweet little turned-up nose. She had tiny breasts and hips that hadn't yet ripened into what he regarded as those becoming a 'proper woman'. Even so, he had long fancied her. But like all the other girls he knew, she didn't fancy him at all. She was a high-flier, certain to pass all her exams with top marks, go to university and, in due course, conquer the world. She had no time for him, and never would. It saddened him. He wished things could have been different. Now they never would be.

'She says I'm a geek,' he muttered miserably. 'A bit of a nerd.'

'People don't always mean what they say,' replied Mrs Parker sympathetically.

'I built all this, you know,' said Colin, ignoring her response. 'Cost me a fortune, but it didn't matter. I hacked into loads of bank files and took everything I needed. It was dead easy.'

'Colin!' Mrs Parker looked appalled. 'That's fraud! For God's sake, are you mad? You could go to prison!'

'The walls are soundproofed,' he continued in a flat voice. 'Nobody will be able to hear me when I scream. And the door is on a special time-lock. You won't be able to get out of here until you've done what I tell you to do.'

Mrs Parker's eyes narrowed. 'What do you mean, "No one will be able to hear you when you scream?" What are you talking about?'

‘When you try to murder me,’ he explained. ‘I’m going to scream when you try to finish me off. I’ll beg you to have pity on me. I’ll tell you I’m too young to die, but you won’t take any notice. You’ll just go ahead and do it anyway.’

Mrs Parker shook her head sadly. ‘You’re a sick boy, Colin. You don’t know what you’re saying...’

Colin stretched out on the bench and began to fasten loops around his ankles first, then his calves. ‘You’ll have to help me with some of these,’ he said. ‘I can’t do them all.’

‘I’m not going to tie you down, Colin, and that’s final. I’m just going to wait here until you open this door and then I’m going home.’

‘That’s a pity,’ said Colin, drawing a buckle tight around his waist. ‘Because if you wait that long, you won’t have much of a home to go to. And you won’t have Julie, either.’

Mrs Parker advanced instinctively. ‘What are you talking about?’

‘I put something in her bag at school. She’s got a small plastic bear. Some sort of lucky mascot?’

‘I gave it to her for her fourteenth birthday,’ said Mrs Parker slowly. ‘She always takes it with her into exams.’ She frowned. There was something in the way

Colin spoke that made her feel uneasy.

‘I took it out and swapped it,’ announced Colin. ‘The new one looks just the same except for one small difference.’ He smiled with sudden confidence. For the first time since they had entered the room, he felt in charge. ‘It’s got a bomb inside ...’

‘Don’t be stupid!’ countered Mrs Parker, but the blood had drained from her face. ‘Where the hell would you get a bomb?’

‘I made it. I’m a geek, remember, a nerd. I can do things. I can do things other people can’t.’

Mrs Parker shook her head. ‘I don’t believe a word of this.’

Colin shrugged. ‘Fair enough.’ He looked up at the clock. It was now 7.18. ‘The door will open at 7.59, and the bomb will go off at exactly 8 o’clock. You won’t have time to get home, but you should hear the explosion when you get to the end of the street.’

‘You really are a very sick boy, Colin! Open this door now. Now, I say!’

‘I can’t. I told you. It’s on a timer. It won’t open before 7.59. Not unless you activate the cut-off mode.’

‘And how do I do that?’ asked Mrs Parker impatiently.

Colin looked down at his right leg. He had secured the last strap around his thigh, close to a main artery. There were wires extending from it and they fed into a small red box below the bench.

‘There’s a tiny chip inside the lock that monitors my heartbeat. If it stops, then the door will open automatically. It’s as simple as that.’

‘No...’ Mrs Parker shook her head and began pacing up and down again. ‘No! No, no, no!’ She was shaking now, trembling with anger and frustration.

‘I asked her out,’ said Colin sadly. ‘I asked her out and do you know what she told me? She said, she didn’t go out with creeps.’

Mrs Parker rolled her eyes with frustration. ‘I told you, Colin. People don’t always mean what they say!’

‘Oh, she meant it, all right. That’s when I decided one of us had to die. I don’t mind which of us it is. It’s up to you.’

Mrs Parker came forward boldly, grabbed Colin by the shoulders and shook him. ‘When – will – you – listen – Colin? I’m not going to kill you!’

He ignored her attack, looked down between his legs and watched his penis

harden.

‘You’re getting me excited, Mrs Parker! You’re getting me excited!’ he yelled happily.

She released him suddenly and stepped back. Colin lay down and gazed up at the ceiling. ‘You have to sit on me, Mrs Parker. You have to sit on my face and smother me, it’s the only way.’

Her mouth opened wide, but no sounds emerged. Instead, she stared left and right, as if searching for something she had lost. ‘You’re mad,’ she said quietly. ‘You are completely and utterly stark, staring mad!’

‘What I’d really like is if you made me kiss all along the crack, right down to your arse-hole before you finish me off. I’d like to sniff it, too. I bet you smell really nice down there.’

‘You disgusting little pervert!’

Colin was off in a world of his own now. ‘Have you ever made Mr Parker lick your bottom? Or does he prefer to suck on your pussy?’

Her arm lashed out angrily and she caught him a stinging blow across the side of his face. He yelped, and his cock grew harder still.

‘You don’t have long, Mrs Parker. If you want to save Julie, you have to sit on my face. I want to know what it’s like to have a woman’s arse all over me, trying to do me in.’

Still she hesitated. This whole situation was crazy. It couldn’t be happening. Instinctively, she glanced up at the clock. It was 7.21.

Colin saw the concern in her eyes. ‘It will take you ten minutes to run home,’ he reminded her. ‘At the very least. That means you have to leave here no later than eleven minutes to eight, and that’s cutting it fine. I reckon it’ll take you eight or nine minutes to kill me. Four to make me pass out and then another four or five to finish off the job.’

She looked down at him and he noticed her mouth was trembling. ‘Please, Colin, tell me this is just a game. Tell me, please...’

‘It’s not a game,’ he replied. ‘I want you to sit on my face. I asked Julie to do it, but she wouldn’t. She said it was dirty.’ His eyes misted over. ‘I think that’s why she called me a creep.’ He took a deep breath and brightened a little. ‘That’s why you have to do it, Mrs Parker. To save your daughter’s life, you have to do what she wouldn’t do.’ He paused briefly, then said, ‘I think that’s what they call irony.’

She moved round behind him, her arms trembling. ‘I don’t have to sit on you. I could use my hands. I could strangle you, or, or...’ she was thinking out loud now, ‘I could put one hand over your mouth and pinch your nose.’

‘My hands are still free,’ he told her. ‘I’d fight you. You’d beat me in the end, of

course, but you'd have wasted too much time. You wouldn't get home before the bomb went off. But if you sit on me hard, I promise – I won't try to get out from under your bottom.'

Mrs Parker moved towards him. She looked down for a moment or two, a confused woman – a mother – on the edge of a momentous decision. Suddenly she raised one leg...

'No!' His voice rang out loud and clear. She drew back and shook her head, perplexed.

'You have to do it in the nude. No pants, no vest. I want to see everything before I die.'

'I don't have to be butt-naked to take you out, you little creep,' she told him. 'If I have to smother you, I'll smother you fully dressed.'

Colin's mouth tightened severely. 'I told you, Mrs P. You do it my way, or I fight you.'

'You won't be able to shift my bottom,' she warned him. 'It won't make any difference that your hands are free. If I have to kill you to save my daughter, then I'll kill you. But I'm going to do it my way...'

## Chapter Two

Colin's eyes blazed brightly. 'But can you take the chance?' he asked, and turned his head to where the clock showed 7.29.

Mrs Parker raised her leg and swung herself across his chest. She crossed her arms in front of her, tucked her fingers around the hem of her vest and lifted it high over her head. Her massive breasts swung free and she was aware of Colin's excited squeal of breath.

'Do you like what you see, Colin?' she asked him angrily. 'Do you like what you see, you fucking little bastard?'

'Take your pants down, Mrs Parker. Please take your pants down.'

'No!' she yelled and closed her thighs around his head.

'I want to kiss you on the bottom!' he screamed. 'I want to kiss your little wrinkled hole!'

'No one kisses me there!' she yelled back, digging her fingers into his hair and dragging his head up between her thighs. She felt a muffled blast of air against her cunt, and then his hands were scratching at her hips. She looked up at the clock. It was 7.31. She had to do this quickly.

She looked down and watched as Colin's head wriggled from side to side. He was grunting and squealing into her pussy. It was hard to believe he could really

want to die like this.

His nose butted up against her clit and she swooned. Holy shit, that was so good! It shouldn't be, but it was. She urged herself forward, instinctively, and felt his mouth close around the swell of her slit. It was a crude sensation; so dirty and yet exciting, too. His hands were clawing at her hips, climbing up her back. She pushed again, driving her clit over his forehead. Something warm and wet gushed down into her groin and she realised she was coming. Oh, my God, she was coming!

The clawing hands had reached her hair. Colin's fingers knotted around her long, black curls and pulled. Too late, she knew what he was doing. Her pussy clenched and spasmed freely, and she screamed with pleasure. At the same time, Colin pulled her back, dragging her cunt away from his head. She stumbled sideways, gasping her excitement across her swinging breasts.

Colin was gasping, too, but with a triumphant grin on his face. Mrs Parker looked down and saw the heavy patch of wet that soiled her crotch. Her pussy lips still quivered gently and her strength had not returned.

She looked up at the clock. It was 7.35.

'You're running out of time, Mrs Parker. If you don't do it my way, you're never going to.'

He was right, and she knew it. She glared at him with utter loathing. Quickly, she reached for a side-fastener, undid a short zip and peeled her leggings down.

She was naked underneath, as he had guessed. Her curly chestnut pubes were matted to her groin, the dark locks thick and damp and shiny with her juices. She shook her head and her sable hair flowed around her shoulders like a cape.

‘You’re a beautiful woman,’ he told her as she came towards him. ‘You’ll do me in with your bottom, won’t you?’

She nodded angrily, moving round behind his head.

‘But you have to make me lick you first – right down into the crack. I want to sniff your little hole. You have to make me sniff your little hole!’

‘All right!’ she snapped. ‘I’ll make you sniff my fucking arse-hole! It hardly matters if I’m going to kill you, does it!’

‘Of course it matters!’ cried Colin. ‘I want to know what it smells like! I want to know what it tastes like!’

She swung a thigh across his chest, reached back and opened up her arse.

‘Oh, God,’ she heard him murmur. ‘You’re beautiful, Mrs Parker. You’re fucking gorgeous...’

‘You creep, you’re looking up my bottom!’ she railed. ‘How can that be beautiful?’

He ignored her interruption and extended his tongue, so that its tip tickled the edges of her rim. In spite of herself Mrs Parker shuddered strongly. He flicked it back and forth, teasing the tiny hairs that edged her nut-brown hole. Then he lapped her up and down, drawing a thin damp line along the length of her crack. She heard him suck his lips together and knew he was savouring her taste. A moment later, she felt the warm point of his nose press against her anus. He took a deep breath and she felt him tremble.

‘Oh, God,’ she heard him moan. ‘It’s fucking wonderful! I never knew a woman could smell so lovely...’

She heard him breathe again, glanced at the clock and saw that it was 7.42. A pair of damp, excited lips closed around the knot of her anus and sucked the muscle gently. She wanted to drive back there and then: impale her arse on his tongue and take him hard and without mercy. But she didn’t dare. She had to do this his way. The delay was agonising. How long now? How fucking long till the bastard let her suffocate him?

He was speaking. ‘I’m going to take one last breath, Mrs Parker. When I click my fingers, I want you to press down slowly. I want my nose inside your anus – up your lovely passage – so I can smell you when you smother me. Do you understand?’

His words were like a dart of terror to her heart. ‘It’s not too late,’ she urged him. ‘There has to be some other way. Please, Colin! I don’t want to smother you. Not like this!’

‘There is no other way, Mrs Parker. You’re doing this to save your daughter. You’re doing this for Julie.’

‘For Julie ...’ she repeated slowly.

‘Promise me you’ll have no mercy. Promise that you’ll smother me. Say it, Mrs Parker. Tell me you’re going to smother me. Tell me that I’m going to die ...’

‘I won’t have any mercy on you, Colin. Not once I start. I’ll finish you off,’ she muttered softly. She steadied herself now. It was almost time. ‘I’ll do you in with my bottom. I’ll smother you ... I’ll smother you until you’re dead!’

Tell me I’m a bad boy! Tell me bad boys must be punished!’

‘They have to be punished!’

‘Are you going to sit on me?’

‘Yes! I’m going to sit on you, you bastard!’

‘Make me kiss your little hole, Mrs Parker. Tell me I have to kiss it!’

‘Kiss my arse-hole, you snivelling little creep!’

‘Please don’t make me put my tongue in, Mrs Parker.’

‘Put your tongue in, you bastard son of a bitch!’

‘Is this the final smothering, Mrs Parker? Am I going to die now?’

‘Yes you are! You’re going to fucking die. You’re going to fucking die under my arse!’

‘I’m going to fight you, Mrs Parker. I’m going to fight you!’ he screamed.

‘You bastard! You fucking little bastard!’ she yelled back at him.

‘Oh Mrs Parker, you’re too strong for me! Please, Mrs Parker. I don’t want to die. Not like this. Not inside your bottom! Oh, God, please Mrs Parker! Don’t smother me! I’m only eighteen! Pleeeeeease!’

She heard the suck of breath, her stomach churning as his nostrils flattened around her chocolate-brown anus. He clicked his fingers and she pushed down with her hips: gently now, so as not to lose her grip on his nose.

She felt her buttocks swallowing his head. The ridge of her vulva opened around his mouth, and he pierced her with his tongue. She straightened her back, bringing all her weight to bear on his upturned face.

Colin's hands began to claw along the padded bench. He closed his fingers into fists and punched the table. He had promised not to struggle, but how long she wondered – how long before those hands came up and ripped into her flesh? His fingers spread and gripped the edges of the bench. She felt the struggle being waged between her buttocks. All that damp, heavy flesh bearing down on him... His tongue stabbed furiously. His nostrils flared and thudded breath against her hole.

Now his legs were kicking. His back arched and he grunted madly. A screech of fear broke around her vulva; a snort of air blasted at her arse. At last his hands came up, the fingers bent like grappling hooks, tearing at her hips. She held his wrists and forced him back, wriggling her bottom from side to side. His penis thrust and bounced against his tummy.

'I hate you, Colin!' she screamed. Her arse resounded with his muffled grunts: no, they were more than grunts, they were squeals of terror. She wondered what it felt like now; now that he was choking on her naked bottom.

She could hardly believe this was happening. She was smothering a young man with her arse! She had such power down there: it came as some surprise. But what truly horrified her now, was that she didn't care. Didn't care for Colin or his stupid games. He had to die! He would die! Her insides burned with raw, primeval need. She was an animal, tearing her victim to pieces: the female of the species conquering the male. She was woman! She was power! She was—

A raucous buzz of sound cut across her thoughts. A light flashed over the door

and it opened with a thud. She jumped up at once, aware that Colin had gone limp. She had done it! She had smothered him with her bare backside! She glanced up at the clock: 7: 48. There was hardly any time at all. Twelve minutes stood between Julie and disaster.

She dragged her clothes on quickly and ran for the door. She was hopelessly dishevelled but she didn't care. Nothing mattered now. She had twelve minutes to get home and save her daughter. Only twelve short minutes ...

# Chapter Three

A light was on in Julie's room. Music blared, drowning out her mother's desperate screams, the ringing of the bell. Mrs Parker fumbled with her key in the lock. How long? For God's sake now, how long?

She flung the door open and ran up the stairs, bursting in on her startled daughter as she writhed on the mattress, her panties on the floor, her fingers down between her legs, playing with her damp, excited pussy.

'Mum!' shrieked Julie, and sat bolt upright on the bed.

'We have to get out of here!' her mother screamed. 'We have to—' And then she saw it. The small plastic bear, lying on the floor by Julie's bag, staring blindly up at her and grinning its big, lopsided grin. She raced forward, grabbed it, pulled the window up and flung it out as hard as she could.

Her daughter stared at her as if she'd gone completely mad. She was standing by her bed, tugging up her panties, her oval face red with anger and embarrassment.

Mrs Parker looked down at her watch. The digital display flashed '8:00'. She waited for the sound of the explosion. Nothing. A minute passed and then another. She shook her head. 'I don't understand,' she murmured weakly. 'He said there was a bomb!'

Julie's eyes were wide and confused. 'What are you talking about?' she asked, smoothing down her tiny, thigh-high skirt.

‘Colin Clearey. He – he told me he’d planted a bomb in your bag. He said it would go off at eight o’clock!’ She knew she sounded desperate. Her mind was racing. If there hadn’t been a bomb, then what was Colin playing at?

‘Oh, my God...’ she murmured and sank down on to the edge of the bed. ‘I smothered him.’ She looked up at her daughter’s pink, bewildered face. ‘I smothered him for you...’

‘Smothered him?’ Julie shook her head. ‘You – you smothered Colin Clearey?’

‘I sat on his face...’ Her mother was rambling now. Julie felt her heart thump anxiously.

‘You sat on his face? I don’t understand. Why did you sit on his face?’

‘Because I asked her to ...’

Julie’s head span round. Mrs Parker looked up and gazed with blank astonishment. Colin leaned against the bedroom door and smiled wickedly at the mother and her daughter.

Mrs Parker shook her head. ‘No! You can’t be here. I smothered you! I ... I know I did. Your heart stopped beating and the door opened!’

Colin grinned, but it was a cold, lifeless grin. Like that of the bear she had thrown out of the window.

‘Of course the door opened. I’d set it to open when it did. You didn’t stop to check whether I really was dead, you just assumed I was. Because I told you that if I died, the door would open automatically.’

Mrs Parker stood up. She paced the room, shouting angrily. ‘You horrible little bastard! You planned it all. Just to get me to sit on you!’

Colin’s grin became a smirk. She wanted to punch him hard, to wipe the smile from that smug, arrogant face.

‘Getting you to delay things was the hard bit. I knew the door would open at 7:48. I can hold my breath for almost four minutes. A lot of practice, mind. But worth it.’

Colin came forward, right into the room. He looked around, then perched on the side of the bed and dandled his legs. ‘Is that a damp patch?’ he asked suddenly, leaned forward and sniffed the sheet. ‘Oh, cool! You’ve been playing with your pussy, Julie!’

The girl’s face turned an even deeper red and she stamped her foot. ‘Get out of here! Get out of here, you filthy little pervert!’

Colin ignored her shrill response, lay back and stretched himself out on the bed.

He put his hands behind his head and gazed up at the ceiling. Mrs Parker rose and moved to between him and the door, blocking his escape. He seemed totally unconcerned.

‘It was so easy,’ he went on. ‘If I’d known you were that stupid, I’d have done it before.’

‘You know how much trouble you’ll be in, don’t you?’ said Mrs Parker bitterly. ‘Once the police get to hear about this.’

He snorted with derision. ‘Oh, yes, I can just hear you telling them. “Officer, he said he’d planted a bomb in my daughter’s bag, and if I didn’t sit on his face and smother him to death she’d be blown up.” He looked at her with undisguised contempt. ‘It sounds a bit far-fetched, don’t you think?’

Her colour deepened. She was furious: with him and with herself. But there was worse to come.

‘It won’t stop me, of course,’ he smiled. ‘Word will get round, you needn’t worry. “Hey, guess what, guys – Julie’s mum sat on my face. She tried to smother me with her bottom. Her arse is huge. Apparently, she wriggles on her husband’s head every night.’ He paused, then added, almost as an afterthought. ““They say she’s training Julie up to facesit boys as well”...’

‘Stop it!’ yelled Julie, and flung herself onto the bed. She straddled his chest and began to thump him with her tiny fists. He caught her hands and held on tight as the two of them swayed awkwardly.

‘I’m going to tell everyone!’ he laughed. ‘You won’t be able to show your faces anywhere. Either of you!’

Mrs Parker closed the door and turned the key in the lock. Colin must have heard the sound because he raised his head and looked across the room.

‘Are you locking us in?’ he smiled wickedly. ‘Are we going to have an orgy?’

Mrs Parker glared at him. Her mouth closed tightly and she crossed to the bed. Without a word, she unzipped her leggings and peeled them down over her large, flared hips. She kicked them to one side and stood over him, naked from the waist down. Her dark pubes curled and shone with sweat, her cunt a swollen bulge of pink and tender flesh.

‘You can have me, Colin,’ she said in a quiet voice. ‘I’ll give you the fucking of your life. They’ll have to carry you out of here. But you must promise not to tell anyone what happened at your house.’

Colin’s grip relaxed for a moment. Julie broke free and shuffled forward on her knees. ‘No!’ she screamed. ‘I won’t let you do it, Mum! I won’t!’

Her skirt rode up around her waist, exposing the scarlet vee of her panties. The gusset had bunched itself into the mouth of her cunt; and an oily damp patch had spread across the thin cotton fabric, discolouring her crotch.

Colin's eyes widened into bright blue pennies. 'Are you going to sit on me?' he asked her. 'Are you going to sit on my head like your Mum did?'

Julie trembled. She stared down at his pale, arrogant face and felt her loathing grow.

'You bastard!' she screamed. 'You deserve to die! You deserve to fucking die!'

She catapulted herself forward, before he had a chance to catch his breath.

'Oh my God, no!' he screamed, suddenly aware of the danger he was in. It had turned him on to follow Mrs Parker home. To walk unannounced into Julie's bedroom. To sit on her bed and know he was heavily outnumbered. He didn't think they'd really try to do him in. Not like this! Oh, fuck!

He screamed, then grunted, and kicked his legs in the air. Julie's little pussy closed around his face, her sodden panties damp across his nose and mouth. She clawed her fingers through his hair and held on tight.

'Julie!' screamed her mother. 'What are you doing?'

'I'm doing what I should have done before!' she yelled. 'He shouldn't have made you sit on him, Mum! He shouldn't have!'

Her mother watched, confused, for several seconds, then made her mind up. She

came forward quickly and settled herself over Colin's groin. She held on to his wrists and felt him kick and push against her. His penis bulged inside his pants and twitched against her buttocks.

'I'll hold his arms, darling,' she whispered softly. 'We'll do this thing together. Just you and me.'

'He's fighting me, Mum!' shrieked Julie, struggling to restrain their prisoner.

'I know he is, my sweetie. He'll do that for a while. He did before. Back at his house.'

'How long will it last?' Julie's hips bounced sharply. 'Oh, God! The fucker tried to stick his tongue in me! The dirty little bastard!'

'He can't help it, poppet! He knows he's going to die! He knows you're going to smother him with your pussy. He wants to breathe! You mustn't let him!'

'I won't, Mum! I won't let him breathe! My pussy will never let him go!'

'Good girl, Julie,' urged her mother. 'Hold on tight, my angel. There are two of us now. He can't get away.'

Mrs Parker felt the stiffness in Colin's arms, the drag of flesh on flesh that wore him down. A minute passed and then another. His penis jerked between the

cushions of her arse. He tried to lash out with his legs, but they were wild, unfocused lunges. She wriggled her hips, tightening herself around his trembling cock. All at once the shaft began to kick; again and again, spurting its cream inside his trousers.

Colin gave a massive groan, then two sharp squeals. He writhed horribly for several seconds, and then his body went limp.

‘I can’t feel him any more,’ said Julie feebly, utterly exhausted by now.

‘Don’t let him go,’ her mother whispered back. Her breathing was hard, subdued and shallow. ‘His heart’s still beating. I can feel it. We haven’t finished him yet.’

Another monstrous judder wracked the young man’s body. His hands tore free and raked the air. Julie closed her thighs and held on tight. She felt his final tortured gasps tickling her excited clit.

‘Oh, Mum!’ she screamed. ‘Oh, Mum, I’m coming!’

‘It’s all right, my darling!’ said her mother soothingly. ‘Let yourself go! It’s almost over now...’

Julie’s buttocks shuddered violently. She rose over Colin’s face and shimmied her hips from side to side. ‘Oh shit!’ she squealed. ‘Oh fucking help me, Mummy! Fucking help me!’

She drove her pelvis hard, scything back and forth across Colin's head. She felt his mouth and nostrils thud against her vulva. His body twisted one last time and finally went still. Julie's hips trembled lightly. She sat there for several more seconds, unable to move, her breathing heavy, her juices leaking through her panties.

At last, her head slumped forward and she moaned, 'Oh, God, oh God, I did it. I really, really did it...'

Her mother was already standing by her side, her arms around her daughter's shoulders, easing her away from Colin's head.

'It's over now,' she whispered gently, holding Julie close and smoothing the lines of her long auburn hair. 'We did what we had to do.'

A groan came from the bed and she started. 'Dear God,' she breathed. 'The bastard's still alive!'

Julie turned in the direction of the sad little whimper. She nibbled her lip anxiously and released a short, despairing sigh, 'I can't do it,' she muttered. 'Not again. I just can't, mummy.'

Her mother took a deep breath. 'You won't have to,' she said, her face hardening. 'It's my turn now. It's time I finished what I began...'

Releasing her daughter, Mrs Parker swung a fleshy leg across Colin's prone

body and settled her bare bottom on the young man's face. His eyes flickered open a fraction of a second before her buttocks closed around him. But he didn't struggle. Not this time. The fight had gone out from him now. Mrs Parker pressed down heavily, sitting very still, concentrating her entire weight over his nose and mouth.

Julie watched as Colin's arms trembled lightly. She reached out, and took a gentle hold of his hand. His skin was warm and sticky. She felt fear in the faint, almost imperceptible quiver of his fingers. Her heart began to race as his hand suddenly tightened. She looked up at her mother and saw that her eyes were shut, her face lined with effort. A bead of sweat ran down her chin and swirled in the hollow of her neck.

A moment later, Colin's body jerked weakly into life. Exhausted though he was, instinct had kicked in: the instinct to survive, whatever the odds. Releasing Colin's hand, Julie tugged at his zip, exposing his dark, semen-stained boxers. She lowered the waistband and extracted his smooth, skinny prick. He was still fully erect, bubbles of cream leaking from the eye of his glans. Leaning forward, she opened her mouth around the twitching bulb of his shaft.

Briefly extending the fingers of her other hand, she stroked his tender sacs and heard a plaintive moan break from inside her mother's bottom. Colin's body gave a sharp jerk and he moaned again. Despite everything he had done, they had hoped to spare him, but he had spurned their offer. They had to finish him off now or he would destroy them.

'I'm sorry,' whispered Mrs Parker, as she felt Colin's head heave between her buttocks. He had wanted to expose them to the world, to ridicule mother and daughter in public. She had no choice: it was time to end this whole nasty business. And if that meant using her bottom to silence him once and for all – then so be it!

Julie, for her part, held on grimly to his lower half. Extending her arms, she quickly wrapped them around his legs, pinning him down. She felt his body kick as he fought – even now – to wriggle free. It was a hopeless endeavour. He was going nowhere. Julie was determined to hold him in place, so that – however much he struggled – her mother could do the work for which her own bottom was not large enough.

As she felt him twitch and judder, she sucked a little harder on his cock. It wouldn't be long now, she told herself. Not with her mother bearing down with all her weight. Poor Colin would soon be out of his misery...

The same thought was going through Mrs Parker's mind. She felt a surge of both happiness and relief as the tip of Colin's nose lodged inside the opening to her passage. It gave her some comfort to know that, however frightened he was, he was at least where he had always wanted to be.

*Inside her damp, fleshy bottom.*

Not long now...

THE END

## MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR

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

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

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Thanks again!