

We are coming for you, men ... *and we take no prisoners!*



SMOTHER PLATEAU



DARK RIDER

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The Complete Adventure

Dark Rider

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Prologue

The captives knelt in a long, straggling row, their hands bound tightly behind their backs. Immediately before them, set into the soft, clay earth, stood a low stone altar. On it, his arms and legs stretched taut, an old man threw back his head and howled.

‘God help me!’ he cried, wriggling uselessly. ‘This is wrong! This is wrong!’

Away to his left, a woman approached. Tall and naked, her bare breasts swayed freely as she walked. Nimbly, she swung a powerful thigh across the old man’s chest, her big, fleshy buttocks casting a shadow over his head.

The man turned his blanched, terrified face away. He screamed at his friends, his eyes wide and weeping. ‘Help me!’ he cried. ‘In pity’s name, help me!’

One by one, his companions lowered their eyes, unable to bear the sight. There was nothing they could do. He knew it. They knew it...

It was their friend’s turn to suffer now, but soon, they knew, it would be their turn, too... Their turn to be dragged screaming to the altar. To be held down, to weep, wail and plead for mercy. To gaze, helplessly, as another woman swung herself across their body. To look up as she reached back, as this woman now reached back, and clawed her massive cheeks apart...

‘I can see her hole!’ cried the man. ‘In pity’s name! I can see her little hole!’

‘It is your time ...’ hissed the woman coldly. ‘Prepare yourself ...’

‘No!’ he cried. ‘A thousand times, no! I beg you! Not like this! Not like this!’

A light, musical chant floated up from the women gathered in a circle around the altar; around the captives; around the man who screamed and wept between their sister’s legs...

As the chant grew more insistent, the woman on the altar threw back her head and howled into the early morning sky.

‘I offer this man up!’ she cried. ‘In your name, oh mighty Vakardha ... I offer him in holy sacrifice!’

Then slowly, she lowered her hips, her big fleshy buttocks oozing over the old man’s head. As her crack closed around him, he flung out one last, defiant cry. A scream that faded into a muted wail, a muffled groan, and finally ... the silence of a man entombed.

Entombed inside a woman’s living arse ...

Chapter One: A Visitor from Hell

Nothing could have prepared me for the moment it all began. I was sitting in my rooms in Pall Mall, enjoying an evening smoke and brandy. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate, for it was a miserable evening outside, and London lay in the grip of a damp, yellow fog. How I yearned to be elsewhere. For a merry few seconds, I closed my eyes and summoned an image of San Perriera, and the vast, indomitable plateau that stretched for miles above. A world of beauty, majesty and more...

At that moment, as I sailed away in my dreams, the door to my apartment flew open. A man I had never seen before hurtled into the room and flung himself onto the carpet. A wild, dishevelled creature: a vision from the bowels of Bedlam itself.

‘Professor Devereux?’ he cried, his eyes wide, his hair standing on end, his clothes muddy and torn.

For an instant, I froze. In spite of his vagabond state, there was something about this man that went beyond his outward image. And his accent – not English but French, of that much I was certain.

‘La Perriera Plateau!’ he cried, looking up at me from where he knelt. ‘You mean to ascend?’

I could not restrain a shrill gasp. It was as though a hand had clutched at my throat. I jumped from my chair, ready to tackle the intruder. But, before I could

take another step, he released a long, mournful groan and fell senseless at my feet.

Were it not for the fact he knew not only my name but the very place I had been dreaming of, I would have summoned a policeman there and then. Instead, having determined that the fellow still breathed, I plundered his pockets in the hope of throwing light on his identity. Imagine my surprise on learning – from papers on his person – that his name, it seemed, was Francois Le Pois, from the Paris University. He was, I saw on reading further, attached to the archaeology department, under the auspices of Professeure Le Bruce – a man with whom I had, at one stage, entered into correspondence over a proposed mission to Borneo. In the end, nothing came of it and, in the years that followed, our paths had failed to cross.

Having satisfied myself that my visitor posed no threat, I summoned my landlady and bade her warm up some soup. I lay M. Le Pois in a comfortable chair, and covered him with a shawl. Though the fire still blazed, he had ventured in from a miserable night and looked positively chilled.

After almost half an hour, he woke with a startled cry. I speak decent enough French and was able to assure him he was in safe hands. Having persuaded him to take some broth, followed by a warming brandy, he felt recovered enough to move closer to the fire, where I patiently awaited his story. When it came, and with little prompting from me, it was the strangest tale I had ever heard.

The young man, it seemed, had recently returned from the Amazon basin – from the Perriera Plateau itself! The mission had been led by none other than Professeure Le Bruce. I found myself both excited and despairing in equal

measure. I had, for some months past, been planning such a trek – into one of the few remaining uncharted regions of our planet. I could scarcely put into words my misery at learning of a rival's success. Yet from Le Pois' grim demeanour, it seemed clear that things had not gone according to plan.

'We set out,' he began, 'four months ago now, travelling by steamer to Rio de Janeiro, and from there by caravan into the upper reaches of the Manaos Valley. We were twenty in number; six scientists and fourteen bearers.'

The young man shook his head and tears welled up in his eyes. When he spoke again, his mouth trembled, as if in recollection of a horror so dreadful words alone could not do it justice. 'I am all that remains! All that remains!' he cried a second time, his fingers clawing at my coat sleeve.

'Calm yourself,' I urged. 'You are a scientist. Relay your tale as befits a man of reason. The facts, man! Give me the facts!'

In truth, his cry 'I am all that remains!' had sent a chill into my soul. The terror in his eyes was palpable.

He remained silent for some considerable time, as if reluctant to continue. I knew he would commence again, and waited until, drawing on what little strength remained to him, he continued.

'We set off at daybreak. On the 24th of June. We were full of hope and expectation. Whatever lay ahead of us, we were certain we would see wonders undreamed of in this modern age. The plateau, we guessed, had been cut off from our world for centuries. Millennia, for all we knew.'

Le Pois sagged briefly and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he hurried on, with the air of one who fears his every step may be his last.

‘Our path was a treacherous one. Without guides, we would have lost our way many times. But at length, after several days’ climb, we reached the plateau: a beautiful land untouched by man.’ He sagged again, and his face crumpled. A look of such misery passed over it now that, had he not been seated, I felt sure he would have collapsed.

I waited for him to continue in his own good time. His breathing was ragged and every word seemed to exhaust him.

‘The sun shone brightly, the sky was a wonderful turquoise blue – and the air fresh and clean on our cheeks.’ Misery overtook him again and his face darkened. ‘We were not to know then, that our last days were upon us! We pitched camp several miles inland and settled in for the night. We slept soundly. A sleep from which some of us would never awaken!’

Not for the first time, a deathly cold leaked into the room and I shivered. The Frenchman’s eyes were lifeless, as if his very spirit had fled. ‘Not long after midnight – I know this, for I could not sleep and checked my time-piece only moments before it happened – we came under attack!’

‘Attack?’ I repeated, shocked out of my self-imposed silence.

‘There must have been fifty of them!’ he cried. ‘We had no chance. They

overpowered us in our tents, some while they still slept!’

‘But who?’ said I. ‘What villains were they that set upon you without mercy?’

‘The Shantye!’ answered Le Pois. ‘Barbarous women – whose existence has remained secret from this world a thousand years or more!’

I looked back at him, and my mouth dropped open. ‘Women?’ I repeated, unable to mask my astonishment. ‘You say women attacked you?’

His face took on a grim, melancholy air. ‘I say they were women,’ he continued, ‘but in truth they were devils from hell! Warriors who flung themselves into battle as no warriors have flung themselves before!’

‘The Shantye?’ I repeated slowly. ‘The name is unknown to me.’

‘Then pray you never hear it again!’ he cried. ‘Nor see one come for you in battle. For if you do, prepare to breathe your last!’

‘They slaughtered your companions?’ I inquired. ‘In a murderous attack?’

He gave a mocking laugh. ‘Would that they had. No. Not all of us at least. They finished off five bearers. There and then! In ways we could scarcely believe! Ways no man could dream of...’ He clamped a hand to his mouth and stifled a sob. ‘They took the rest of us prisoner. Carried us off to their village where we

were made to suffer. Suffer in ways no man deserves to suffer – ever!’

Now it was my time to shake my head. I felt none the wiser, and persuaded Le Pois to take a further sip of brandy. Sufficiently restored, I hoped he might end his curious tale and proffer an account I could fully understand.

‘They were naked,’ said the Frenchman, more to himself than to me. A faraway look came into his eyes. It was as if, when he spoke, he relived those dreadful hours again. ‘Giants of women such as I have never seen. Their breasts were large – mighty gourds that swung before them as they walked, their nipples proud and erect. As for their hips, each buttock was a huge pillow of living flesh, their cracks dark and impossibly deep. Their waists, by contrast, were uncommonly narrow, their skin soft and bronzed, gentle as the finest silk. They were beautiful, too, with their hair grown long and lustrous.’ He paused and shook his head. ‘To behold them in the flesh, you might think of them as angels from heaven itself. And yet, I tell you, Devereux – with all my heart – they were monsters from the pit of hell itself!’

I emptied my glass, refilled it quickly and sipped again. At my side, the fire blazed lower now, and, though the room remained warm, I shivered.

‘What torments did these women put you through?’ I inquired keenly. ‘And how, alone of your party, have you survived?’

His answer, when it came, shocked me to the core. ‘They sat on us,’ he muttered grimly. ‘They sat on our faces ... as naked as the day they were born!’

‘They sat on you?’ I repeated slowly. ‘In God’s name, surely not?’

Le Pois dropped his head and gnawed at his lip. 'It was how they finished off our bearers!' he muttered, his lined face ashen. 'They mounted them with their bottoms while they slept – and rode them as only women can!'

'Impossible!' I cried. 'I have never heard the like. You are mistaken!'

'If only I were,' he said in a broken voice. 'But I saw it with my own eyes. Saw what they can do...' He sighed heavily, took a deep breath and continued sombrely. 'There were other men in their camp. So small in stature they were hardly bigger than children. They were from other tribes who live on the plateau. The Shantye hunt the poor devils for sport. As you English would hunt the fox!'

I fell back into my chair, astonished. Le Pois was raving now. What little reason remained leaked out of him before my very eyes. Women who sat on men? Sat on them for sport – naked as the Frenchman had described? No! It was madness!

'They mounted us one by one!' he insisted, aware of my look of disbelief and choosing to ignore it. 'They took us into their fleshy cracks!' He stared blindly at me now, and there were tears in his eyes. 'They showed us their holes, Devereux! They taunted us with their arses' mouths, and made us kiss them! Made us put our tongues inside! Made us worship their bottoms!'

His voice gave way and he crumpled again, sobbing at the dreadful memory. I bowed my head, unable to look him in the eye.

'They tortured us every day. How many passed, I hardly know. We lost all track

of time. They spared the six of us – we scientists. I think because they knew we were different. But our bearers – and the men who were there before us ...’ Not for the first time his voice trailed away and he shook gently. ‘They would take them into the woods. Slung across their shoulders, with their little legs wriggling. We heard them cry out to us. “Save us, Masters!” they pleaded. “Save us from these women’s bottoms!”’ Another wretched sob shook his body. ‘But we could do nothing.’

‘They did not return?’ I inquired, my voice scarcely now above a whisper.

‘The women did – with smiles upon their faces. But the men – no – we never saw them again ...’

‘But you they spared?’

Le Pois uttered an anguished groan. ‘Spared?’ he repeated. ‘If you call what they did to us “spared”, then, yes, spare us they did. But only our lives. Each day, we would be taken from our cages and mounted. Many women straddled us. One after another, until we could barely stand. They forced their little holes into our mouths. Made us ... made us kiss and suckle on them!’ He paused for breath. ‘Afterwards, we were returned to our cells – bamboo cages at one edge of the village. We were one man to a cell, our hands and feet secured with vine. One night ... I somehow freed myself.’ He paused for breath, and it pained me to see how he shook with nerves.

‘I was the last to be secured. My captor was not as diligent, my bonds not as tight as they ought to have been. When night fell, I forced a cane back and somehow squeezed through. My companions ...’ His voice faded away and another dreadful sob wracked his body. He shook his head. ‘They begged me to free them also, but I could not, for I knew I had little time. The Amazons took it

in turns to guard us. Two had just finished their watch. I had a minute, no more, until their replacements arrived. If I could escape, I told myself – make my way home – perhaps I could organise a rescue party!’ Another sob wracked his body. ‘I was a coward. I wished only to be free. I could not take the chance of being captured. Of being sat upon again ...’ He lowered his head. ‘Mon Dieu! May the good Lord forgive me...’

Instinctively, I reached out and rested an arm upon his shoulder. In truth, had I been he, would I not, too, have taken my chance and fled? To divert his thoughts, for I saw he was on the point of breaking down again, I voiced a question I had long wished to ask.

‘What language did these women speak? Were you able to understand them?’

His eyes lit up at once. It was as though, with a serious matter on which to dwell, his spirits lifted.

‘That was the extraordinary thing!’ he cried excitedly. ‘They spoke a form of old Latin. Not classical, you understand, but a bastardised version of the ancient tongue. I do not speak it myself, but the professor was able to converse with them after a fashion.’

It was my turn now to become aroused. ‘Astonishing!’ said I. ‘It has long been argued that the Romans themselves might have colonised the Amazon basin. No proof has been found, but from what you say—’

I scratched my chin thoughtfully. The poor fellow’s account had been a dreadful one – but its import had not been lost on me. Though my heart went out to him

for all the misery he had endured, my scientific mind delighted at the possibilities it presented.

‘From what you say,’ I continued, ‘we must send a further expedition to the plateau—’

‘No!’ he exclaimed, his eyes widening dramatically. ‘I came here to urge you not to undertake such a venture! To warn you! There is no hope for my friends. They are gone now. Nothing can bring them back!’

‘But you mentioned a rescue mission,’ I reminded him.

Le Pois shook his head. ‘I lied,’ he muttered mournfully. ‘Before I left, I heard the women speak. I did not understand their words, but the professor translated. He said,’ and not for the first time, the poor fellow seemed to lose heart. Recovering himself, he pressed on. ‘He said they meant to offer us to their goddess. To sit upon our faces one last time – and suffocate us with their bottoms!’ He lowered his head and sobbed. ‘I did not want to die. I did not want to be sat upon ... and smothered by a woman’s hole!’

My face darkened. ‘You believe the professor ... his entire party ...to be no more?’

‘I knew I had little time. If I had stayed behind and tried to free them – the women would have returned. I had to save myself. You must understand! There was no other way!’

I nodded grimly. Though a side of me recoiled at the notion of Le Pois leaving his friends to their dreadful fate, my rational mind acknowledged the sense in his decision. Poor wretch. What choice did he have?

‘Even so,’ I continued, stirring myself again. ‘I have planned an expedition to the plateau for some time. I will not turn back now.’

His face took on a wild, demented look. ‘You would press on with this madness? In spite of everything I have told you?’

‘I would,’ said I. ‘But we are now forewarned. We will arm ourselves. The women will not take us captive.’

Le Pois threw back his head and roared with laughter: a mad cry of despair that rattled his body. Locking eyes with me again, he said, ‘Then you are a fool! No good will come of this. Those who set foot on the plateau – they will not return!’

‘You returned,’ I reminded him in a quiet voice.

‘Did I?’ he muttered glumly. ‘If you had known me before I set out ...’ He stood up suddenly, turned around and walked towards the door.

‘Where are you going?’ I inquired. ‘It is a foul night. At least remain here until the morning. I will have a bed made up.’

‘There is no point,’ he replied without turning back. ‘It is all up with me now. And if you persist in travelling to San Perriera, then it is all up with you, too.’ His head dropped a little lower and he released a long, mournful sigh. ‘May God have mercy on all our souls.’

A moment later, the door slammed shut, and my maddened visitor was gone.

Chapter Two: The Expedition Assembles

‘You cannot be serious?’

Lord Rogers was a steady, practical man, not given to flights of fancy. His feet were rooted firmly to the ground and he had little patience with those who sought to shift him from the straight and narrow. He was also the finest tracker of his generation: a man who had hunted on every continent and who could follow the spore of any living beast. His expertise, I knew, would be vital in finding a way to the summit of the San Perriera plateau – and then beyond. A first-class shot, he had other skills I feared our party might have use for in the days ahead.

I had laid before him such facts as I was privy to: from the tale as told to me by the Frenchman, Le Pois. I bade him hear me out until I had finished. Now that I had done so, I awaited the inevitable storm. To my surprise, he pulled at his ear thoughtfully, said nothing for several seconds, then addressed me calmly, as I have reported above.

‘I am deadly serious,’ I assured him. ‘Le Pois was raving and, God knows, his story is hard to believe, But that he, Le Bruce and their ill-fated group reached the plateau, I do not doubt for a moment. I have wired to Paris and spoken with a colleague. Le Bruce has not been heard of since June – when the expedition set out. Whatever their fate, and whatever the truth in Le Pois’ tale, I am convinced they are either lost to us – or in the gravest danger. Either way, I mean to set out on their trail. I have booked passage on a steamer to Rio de Janeiro – three weeks from now. Miss it and we are delayed by another month.’ I leaned back in my chair and sighed. ‘So you see the urgency. I must have your answer today. If not, I must press on as best as I can.’

‘These women,’ muttered Rogers, ‘if they exist ... what manner of creature must they be?’

‘Devils in human form,’ said I, ‘if Le Pois is to be believed.’

‘Yet angels, too,’ he pondered. ‘Between whose legs a man might happily end his days...’

I shifted awkwardly in my chair. ‘We may all be tested to our limits – should they take us prisoner as they took Le Bruce,’ I remarked.

‘I have not yet met my match – in man or woman,’ said Rogers idly. ‘But if ever it is to happen...’ He chuckled lightly and let his sentence fade away. ‘I am with you!’ he announced in a firm tone. ‘Let us beard these women in their den – and dare them to do their worst!’

After serious reflection, I had made up my mind to keep our party small. Myself, Lord Rogers and a colleague, Sidney Danvers, whose knowledge of geology and fauna would, I was sure, prove invaluable. Young Danvers agreed with alacrity. A bachelor, like myself and Rogers, my description of the horrors endured by Le Pois and his companions seemed to excite, not distress him. It is ever thus with the young!

The fourth member of our team posed a particular problem. Initially, I had in mind the renowned horticulturalist, Professor Stephen Donald – for I was sure the plateau would be rich with unknown flora. But Le Pois’ account that the tribe who ruled those parts spoke ancient Latin forced me to reconsider my options.

The steamer I had booked for passage was a small one. It could accommodate but four extra persons. I needed a scholar – the best there was – and only one met the bill: Doctor Anne Yelland, the famous Cambridge don.

At 32, Doctor Yelland was by way of an unusual woman: her research into the ancient world had broken fresh ground and utterly rewritten the intellectual playing field. But would she agree? It seemed unlikely, yet she was, I knew, the greatest living authority on classical languages in the western world. My hope was that – unpleasant though the prospect might prove – she would accede to my request. An unknown tribe who spoke an ancient tongue – surely she could not resist the challenge?

It was nonetheless with trepidation that I broached the subject. Though not normally a plain-speaking man, I plunged straight in. There seemed little point in skirting the issue.

‘They are warriors?’ she exclaimed, when I had presented the facts. ‘Ancient Amazons living outside the known world?’

I pursed my lips briefly. ‘So it would appear. From Le Pois’ account they do battle...’ I hesitated, suddenly unsure of myself.

‘In the nude!’ she cried, finishing my sentence for me.

I nodded nervously. ‘Indeed,’ said I, blushing a little. Our topic was crude enough, a matter made no easier by the fact that Doctor Yelland was herself an unusually attractive woman. Her tanned, flawless skin shone with health. She had a rich, ruby mouth and a mane of thick, blonde hair drawn back behind her

ears into a perfect bun. Her bright blue eyes gleamed as she spoke and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

‘There are stories – unconfirmed,’ she admitted, ‘of Amazons – powerful giants of women – who fought their foe as naked as the day they were born. They viewed their female parts not with shame but as weapons gifted to them by Mother Nature. Weapons with which they might conquer all who stood against them: whether man or woman.’

I frowned. My embarrassment fled as the academic in me rose to the surface. ‘You give credence to these stories?’ I asked.

‘Without a doubt,’ said she. ‘There are many tales. The Amazons of Mesopotamia, for example, who, it was reputed, despatched enemy soldiers by sitting naked on their heads – and smothering them to death with their bottoms!’

I shifted awkwardly. This was scarcely a topic for polite conversation. My hostess, however, seemed keen to expound.

‘Horace – in his Secret Histories – speaks of a tribe of Gaullish women who put the finest legions of Rome to flight. It was said that when the women laid siege to a camp, they would seek the highest vantage point. There, in full view of a settlement’s defenders, they would disrobe, bend down and wave their bare backsides in the direction of their foe. It was their way of warning the men that they were coming for them – and meant to sit on their heads. That the men were to die inside their bottoms!’

‘In God’s name,’ I muttered, for her graphic description had shocked me to the

core.

She seemed not to notice, shook her head and frowned. 'Of course, these tales remain unproven. Yet they are, I own, too many to form purely the base imaginings of lustful men. I believe such women did exist. Indeed, from what you tell me – do exist!'

'But so far away? The Americas!' I protested. 'There has never been proof that the ancients crossed those seas.'

'Nevertheless, they clearly did. If, from what you say, these women speak a bastard dialect of Rome, there can be no other explanation!'

I shrugged. 'Do not mistake me,' I assured her. 'I would be as thrilled as any to discover this proof. But until I set eyes on these women—'

'I agree!' said she quickly. 'We are scientists and must have our proof.'

'Then you will join us?' I cried, for, in truth, I had not expected such a swift and positive response.

'Wild horses could not stop me!' she replied, leaping to her feet. She thrust her hand across the desk and I took it gratefully. We shook and the deal was done. For good or ill, our party was complete.

Chapter Three: We Test Ourselves on Women's Holes!

Our group now assembled, I busied myself with arrangements. Sufficient funds had been in place for several months, and equipment long since purchased. It remained only for me to arrange its transport to the docks, for loading onto the SS Leviathon, the steamer on which we had booked passage.

A week before we were due to sail, I received a letter – by hand – from Lord Rogers, inviting me to his house in the country. It was, he assured me, of the utmost importance I attend. I was to bring young Danvers with me, but not Doctor Yelland. He wished to discuss a matter in private – one vital, he insisted, to the success of our cause.

Satisfied that all was now in hand, Danvers and I travelled from Euston the following day and, within a few short hours, we found ourselves in his Lordship's well-appointed sitting room, enjoying a reviving afternoon whisky.

'I asked you here for a reason,' our host began. 'I am a man who leaves nothing to chance. From what you have told me, our expedition may be fraught with danger ... and more. We need to prepare ourselves for whatever lies ahead so that, should the worst come to the worst, we will not be found wanting.'

I put down my glass and could not, I confess, disguise my bewilderment.

'I fail to see, ' said I, 'how we can prepare ourselves other than as we have done already. Our equipment is assembled and, once we reach Rio, we shall hire a party of stout, strong-armed men.'

A broad smile transformed his Lordship's face. 'All well and good, professor,' he answered. 'But if these women exist, and they take us captive – as they did Le Pois and his friends – what use our numbers then?' He shook his head. 'No. When I say we must prepare, I have a different idea in mind.'

He rose sharply, a look of grim determination on his face. 'Come with me,' he instructed. 'There is something I must show you. Whether,' he added with a curious glint in his eye, 'you care for it or not.'

From his sitting room, Lord Rogers led us down a long corridor, then out of the house and into a large, domed annexe at the rear of the main building.

As we entered this curious outhouse, a shrill gasp left my lips and, had Danvers not grasped me by the arm, I swear I would have fallen. A fierce, almost tropical heat burned my face – the result, I later discovered, of a cunning series of pipes, fed with water from several large boilers in a room beyond. There were plants, too – huge, green monstrosities that stretched up to the ceiling, vines and tendrils coiled around each other and reaching to every corner of the room. The ground beneath our feet was soft – almost sandy – and the entire effect, though by no means perfect, was of a rich, Amazonian forest upon which we had, by some chance, stumbled.

But all of this, strange though it might be, was not the cause of my surprise. No, not that at all! Scattered around this spacious, humid world were a dozen or more women. Dark-skinned, big-breasted, wide-hipped and ... dear God, I could scarcely believe my eyes ... utterly naked! Some were shaved between the legs, their fleshy labia long and pronounced. Others sported thick, black thatches of hair. My head reeled at the sight.

Confused, I turned to Rogers, and stammered feebly, 'I do not understand. What is the meaning of this?'

Our host gave a loud snort, as if the answer were too obvious for words. 'These women are here at my request,' he announced flatly. 'So they may test our fortitude. Test us as only women can test a man!'

'Test us?' I repeated stupidly. 'In what manner, pray?' I shook my head slowly, unable to grasp his meaning.

'Ye Gods, man!' cried Rogers. 'Is it not obvious? They are to sit on us! Mount our heads as Le Pois and his friends were mounted. Conquer us with their bare backsides and women's cunts!'

'We are to be smothered?' said Danvers in a quiet voice. There was, I could tell, a hint of glee in his voice. For him, at least, the prospect of suffocation – of being taken into a woman's crack – appeared to hold no fear. For myself, I was not so certain.

'Aye!' confirmed our host. 'We are to be smothered. If we dare!'

'I dare!' cried Danvers eagerly. His gaze swam happily around the room, eyeing the delicious assortment of women who paraded buff-naked before us.

'These ladies are of the highest quality,' said Rogers. 'And I have rewarded them

handsomely. They are keen to play the part of Amazon fighters – women who will show us no mercy when our time comes.’

‘Is this necessary?’ I inquired, unable to hide the doubt in my voice. I am not an old man by any means, but my first flush of youth was now behind me. A confirmed bachelor, I was not, it seemed, as eager as my friends to throw myself into the fray.

Lord Rogers shrugged. ‘You do not have to join us in the battle,’ said he. ‘You may watch and learn, if you prefer. See how we fare between these women’s legs.’ He looked briefly thoughtful. ‘Indeed, it may be useful to have an independent witness.’

I nodded lightly, my mind made up. ‘Very well,’ I replied. ‘I will observe – and see how these women go about their work.’

Turning to Danvers, Lord Rogers said, ‘I suggest we two strip off. Let us do battle with these women as Nature intended we should!’

Danvers, it seemed, could scarcely disrobe fast enough, tearing off his coat, unbuttoning his shirt, and pulling down his trousers. Lord Rogers was infinitely more restrained but, within no more than a minute, both my companions were naked.

‘We will test ourselves by degrees,’ announced our host. ‘First, I suggest we see how difficult it is to keep one eager woman from our face.’ With a rapid gesture, he outlined a nearby patch of earth. ‘We will each of us lie upon our backs and support a woman in turn. Shall we say one minute per girl?’

Danvers nodded enthusiastically. He licked his lips and I could not help but notice that his cock, unlike that of our more leisurely host, had begun to thicken.

His Lordship immediately addressed the women as a group. ‘You will take it in turns to mount us,’ he instructed the ladies. ‘Squat low and open up your bottoms. Each of you will show us your little hole – for it is with that mighty weapon you will seek to conquer us.’

As Lord Rogers spoke, I saw Danvers bounce up and down on his toes, his excitement mounting. His penis had thickened further, and now rose at a prominent angle from his body. Our host, too – belatedly – displayed clear signs of excitement. In just a few short seconds, his cock stood tall and proud, his shaft a sturdy rod of muscle.

Settling himself on the ground, his Lordship indicated that Danvers should follow suit, and, adjusting themselves for comfort, the two men quickly moved into position, lying side by side upon their backs. Two women immediately came forward, as if by some unspoken pre-arrangement. They were plump in the hip, and both clean-shaven at the cunt. Turning their backs, they stood with their legs either side of my companions’ shoulders, then squatted low as Lord Rogers had requested.

The act of squatting opened up their bottoms to their fullest extent, exposing that which, until now, I had always regarded as a woman’s most private place, more secret even than the cunt itself.

‘Dear God...’ whispered Danvers hoarsely. ‘Her little mouth is so ... so beautiful!’

‘A woman’s arse has both an angel’s lips – and a devil’s kiss!’ responded Rogers. ‘Capable of bringing untold joy – or deadly punishment!’

I gasped out loud as realisation dawned. ‘You have done this before!’ I cried, addressing my words to our prone host. ‘You have allowed a woman to mount you ... as poor, maddened Le Pois was mounted!’

‘I have!’ conceded Rogers proudly. ‘Which is why a woman’s bottom holds no fear for me! But the deed has always been done gently. I have never battled with a woman – tried to keep her hole away, for fear she would seek to smother me with it!’

‘Can it truly be done?’ I wondered out loud. ‘Can a woman take a man into her bottom’s crack – and hold him there until he moves no more?’

‘Why not?’ replied his Lordship gamely. ‘A woman’s hips are broad and fleshy. The hole itself is a delicate bloom – with which she may entice us in. Much as a spider lures a fly into its web. Once lodged between her fleshy cheeks, her bottom’s grip may prove unbreakable. These women here will not harm us, but in doing battle with them we will prepare ourselves for a harsher fate should we be taken by your devils on the plateau!’

I shook my head slowly. Just a fortnight ago, my world had been a simple enough place. Now, it had changed completely. Was I wrong to set out on an expedition from which – God help us, if Le Pois was to be believed! – we might never return?

I was still turning over these concerns in my mind when Rogers called out, ‘Let us test ourselves, Danvers! The woman shall mount us now – and take us into their cracks! We, for our part, will fight like the devil to push them off! Agreed?’

‘Agreed!’ acknowledged Danvers, barely able to contain his delight.

‘Devereux!’ cried Rogers. ‘You have your time-piece on you?’

‘I do!’ I replied.

‘Then count one minute from beginning to end. Young Danvers here, I doubt, will last that long inside a woman’s bottom. And though my lungs are strong, the effort in keeping this vixen at bay will tire me out.’

‘Very well,’ said I, extracting my fob. ‘Let us begin!’

I watched, open-mouthed, as the women lowered themselves, their plump backsides opening up around each man’s head. I swear I did not draw a breath, transfixed as I was. From where I stood, I saw my companions swallowed whole, their faces devoured by big, fleshy flanks. Then, as one, each man raised his arms, took hold of his sitter’s hips and pushed. The women, for their part, held on grimly, refusing to be budged. After almost half a minute, Lord Rogers, inch by inch, had managed to push his assailant clear of his face and was drawing short, shallow breaths. Having taken his rest, he allowed the woman to sink back down again.

Danvers, by contrast, was struggling to escape from between his woman's cheeks, and I could tell, from the way his body heaved, that he was struggling for air. Finally, with one almighty push, he saw daylight. A short respite, but enough to draw breath before the woman's arse descended once more.

I do not know if I were more relieved than my two companions when at last I cried, 'Time!' and the women rose. A short break to stretch their aching muscles and my friends entered into battle again. Fresh women advanced, took up their positions and descended. This second time round, Lord Rogers dislodged his opponent quickly and held her in place for almost half a minute before allowing her to reclaim her prize. Danvers, who had struggled the first time round, found the second woman even more difficult to shift than the first. In the end, he was forced to pull his head clear to snatch a breath in an abject admission of defeat.

Four times more, women advanced and laid siege to my companions' heads. By now, Rogers himself was struggling but, though he failed to shift the next two backsides from his face, was somehow able to hold his breath until I called an end to proceedings.

By the time the last women rose, I was utterly spent – and could scarcely divine how weary must be the men on whose faces these females had perched themselves. Their cocks had thickened into full erections – though whether excitement or fear had driven their lust, they alone knew.

'You still prefer to wait this out?' inquired Rogers. 'Our labours beneath these women's bottoms have not encouraged you to take part?'

I bobbed my head sharply. 'If anything,' said I, 'they have strengthened my resolve. The two of you are very much younger. I doubt I would have the energy to shift a lady from my face were she to mount me as these ladies have mounted

you.'

'Then you will take your chance at the plateau?' he continued. 'Should we find ourselves in danger?'

'I will,' said I, 'for no amount of being tortured here will save us from destruction – if only half of Le Pois' tale is true!'

Looking across at Danvers, Rogers said, 'And you, young man – do we continue side by side and bid these women do their worst?'

Danvers nodded. His face was red with exhaustion, but his was the indomitable spirit of youth. 'I am game, sir!' said he. 'If I am to die – let it be inside a woman's crack!'

Rogers laughed crudely. 'Fear not,' he assured the younger man. 'We will not breathe our last today – though these women will test us to our limits!'

Then addressing me again, he said, 'This next ordeal will break us for certain. We will suffer – as you have perhaps never seen men suffer before. One minute's sitting is all we must endure, though I hope, in the days to come, we will strengthen our lungs so we may survive a longer trial.'

I gasped and could not hide my surprise. 'You mean for this to continue? Beyond today?'

‘Most certainly,’ said Rogers. ‘We must prepare ourselves, as soldiers would prepare themselves for battle. There is no other way. I beg you – if you will not join us in our struggle, then act as referee – and help us to endure.’

‘It pains me to see you suffer,’ said I, ‘but if you insist then, yes, I will continue to observe as you request.’

‘Stout man!’ cried Rogers gleefully. ‘Then let us continue.’ Turning to Danvers, he said urgently, ‘I have told the women what to do. Prepare yourself, young man. This time, there will be no shifting a woman’s arse from your face!’

Danvers frowned a little, but, following his Lordship’s lead, settled himself once more on his back and awaited events. The women now divided themselves into two groups, preparing to tackle one victim each. Four in each party were assigned to take a firm hold of their man’s arms and legs, stretching them taut and wide so he could not use his limbs to defend himself. As for the two remaining females in each team, one immediately took up her squatting position over her victim’s face, her open arse poised to attack. Her companion stood facing her, feet either side of the man’s chest and, for the moment, I could not envisage her role.

‘Start your watch!’ cried Rogers and, having checked the second on my time-piece, I signalled for the women to sit. They immediately lowered their bare bottoms onto each man’s face, entombing him inside their long, voluptuous cracks. Thus settled, they pressed down gently, moulding their buttocks around each man’s head, and allowing him no air.

An idea came to me – a way in which I might gain some insight into my companions’ trials. I also held my breath now, keen to see how long I could manage it. Unlike they, of course, I was in no immediate discomfort. Danvers,

for his part, was already struggling. His arms and legs shook violently, as if by some means he might free himself and push his woman off. Rogers was less agitated, but I saw his arms tense and his feet twist from side to side.

Both men were expending energy – which I was not – and using up precious air. After almost half a minute, my chest began to hurt and, a second or two later, I drew breath again. Partly because I was able to, but more so from surprise. I had imagined my friends' suffering could not be enhanced, but I was wrong! As if by prearrangement, the woman who had until now been standing with her feet either side of the man whose task it was to smother, lowered herself gently onto the lap of the woman riding her man's face. Immediately, the weight on my companions' heads was doubled and, with it, all hope of escape was removed.

Danvers was the first to react. To say his body showed signs of panic is to understate the matter. His limbs thrashed wildly, and it was a testament to the women's strength and determination that they managed to hold on, preventing all chance of escape. Lord Rogers did his best to remain calm, but, as the seconds passed, he, too, became increasingly agitated. His back arched sharply and the muscles in his legs stood out like boulders. After my initial shock, I had done my best to hold my breath again, but it gave out once more before I called 'Time' and the women finally rose.

Danvers gave a loud shriek, and his body convulsed as the women released him. Lord Rogers, though less visibly distressed, uttered a loud groan, his face almost scarlet and his chest wheezing noisily.

At last, recovering enough to lever himself up onto his elbows, he looked across at the stricken Danvers and said, 'Could you stand another round?'

The younger man shook his head. 'I ... I want to,' he stammered, 'but – dear

God! – I truly thought my time had come! The weight on my face was abominable! And the woman’s hole – it opened up around my nose! I felt sure she would suck me home! Up into her secret passage!’

‘Mine, too,’ muttered Rogers, still breathing heavily. He glanced at me, and his face, I saw, shone brightly with sweat – both his and that of the women who had ridden him. ‘Now is the time, no doubt,’ said he, with a smile, ‘that you flatter yourself in having the wisdom not to join us.’

I shook my head grimly. ‘I never thought to see men suffer so. It makes me ask if we should quit our mission. In God’s name! If these ladies can reduce men to such wrecks – what torments might we suffer inside an Amazon’s arse?’

Lord Rogers shrugged. ‘We have no choice,’ he said fatalistically. ‘What if Le Bruce and his men still live? Can we abandon them so lightly? For all we know, even as we speak, they are being mounted without mercy.’

‘Even so,’ I muttered, and shook my head again.

Lord Rogers laughed. ‘You are a man of science, Devereux! You cannot stand aside! Though the Demons of Hell themselves await – as they surely do – you must ascend the plateau. You must have answers to your questions!’

He was right, of course, and I knew it. I glanced from my companions to the women, who had gathered in a silent group, as if awaiting further instructions. ‘Will you continue?’ I inquired, addressing our host directly.

‘We must,’ said he. ‘But I require some rest before these women ride me again.’ Climbing to his feet, he turned to the females and instructed them briskly. ‘On your tummies!’ he instructed, indicating a square of earth. Immediately, the women turned their backs on us and settled themselves face down.

Addressing Danvers again, Lord Rogers said, ‘Let us acquaint ourselves more intimately with these ladies’ bottoms.’ Turning to me, he said, ‘Devereux – will you join us at the feast?’

I returned his gaze, perplexed. He saw the confusion in my face and laughed that sharp, familiar laugh of his. ‘Follow my lead if you wish – the pair of you,’ he cried, then dropped to his knees and shuffled in between the open legs of the nearest female. Pressing his fingers into her fleshy arse, he opened up her buttocks, exposing the dark recess of her crack and, at its heart, the thick, bloated fistula of her anus.

‘Is it not a jewel to be prized above all others?’ he cried, before leaning in close, pressing his nose to the hole and sniffing deeply. Then, adjusting his position for comfort, he made a circle of his mouth and planted the lightest of kisses on the raw mouth of her arse.

As if stung into action, Danvers came forward now, a little wearily after his exertions, and lowered his own face into the nearest crack. After battling with a bottom for so long, this must, I imagined, have been a sweet release: to explore a woman’s arse without fear of suffocation. I saw his tongue flash out and spear her wrinkled crater. Carefully – almost, it seemed, reverently – he licked around the outer edges of her hole, before closing his entire mouth around the well and sucking on it noisily.

To my shame – having refused to lie beneath these women’s bottoms – I found

myself increasingly aroused by my friends' endeavours. As each attacked a lady's opening with his tongue, I found my gaze drifting to those several pairs of female cheeks that lay currently unmolested.

In no time at all, my restraint melted away. The sight before me was more than flesh and blood could stand. I threw caution to the wind, pocketed my watch, advanced swiftly and knelt between the nearest woman's legs. Shuffling forward, I reached out and placed a trembling hand on each of her mountainous cheeks. This lady, I recalled, had been the one to ride young Sidney Danvers – she on whose lap another had sat and doubled her weight. She had all but smothered him to death and, as I prised her flesh open, it thrilled me to see up-close the little hole with which she had mounted her attack.

Leaning in closer still, I allowed my lustful gaze to wander over the exquisite crater of her anus. Her skin was soft and dark, a spider's web of wrinkled flesh that glistened with sweat. I pressed my nose against the well and inhaled deeply. A rich, earthy scent filled my lungs and I all but swooned. Had a woman ever smelt so ... delicious? I sniffed twice more: deep, extravagant breaths that made my head spin. I suddenly regretted not having taken part in the battle I had witnessed. What must it feel like, I wondered, to have this woman sit on me? To have her smother me without mercy? To suffocate me with her bottom's mouth?

Retreating a little, I examined the hole from several different angles. A dark, primeval need rose up, and – without a care for the woman's privacy – I eased the tip of one finger into her well. The pad met resistance, and her sphincter closed as if to refuse me entry. Rebuffed, I tried again, pushing a little harder this time and, to my delight, her doorway opened to admit me! I pressed on, driving my finger up to the first knuckle. Her passage pulsed around me, a warm, throbbing tunnel of flesh. Slowly, I withdrew, raised the finger to my nose and sniffed again. A richer, headier smell assailed my nostrils and I swooned once more.

My head reeling, all conscious thought having fled, I again pressed my nose to her hole and sniffed. Then, abandoning all restraint, I extended my tongue and lapped at the well. Round and round I ran my tongue, teasing and probing. She arched her back and her bottom trembled as I tickled the rim of her anus. I heard her moan softly – a muffled squeal that only urged me on. Closing my mouth around the raised circle of her arse’s mouth, I suckled on the dainty jewel, as if I were a baby at the teat, and eager to be fed.

A familiar voice sliced into my thoughts. ‘Pull down your pants, man!’ cried Rogers – for I knew now it was he. ‘Let another lady give you pleasure as you nuzzle at her sister’s hole!’

Glancing up, I was surprised to see two women at my side. They must have risen, unseen, while I gorged myself on their companion’s bottom. I did not resist as they unbuckled my trousers, pushed their hands into my pants and quickly extracted my cock. From the corner of my eye, I saw that my two friends were equally surrounded.

What a sight we must have presented! Three men, on our hands and knees, our faces each buried in a woman’s arse, while others grappled with our private parts.

‘Let us suckle on these women’s holes!’ cried his Lordship gleefully. ‘And plunge our tongues home at the moment of truth!’

Though I heard his words, their sense – in my excitement – was all but lost on me. A raw, primeval longing gnawed at my soul and dragged me towards lust’s abyss. I cared naught for anything but pleasure now. Attacking my woman’s hole once more, I lapped, then sniffed, then lapped again at her bulging well.

Between my legs, soft hands cupped my balls, and fingers stroked the length of my shaft. A gust of pleasure blew through my groin and I knew I was about to come. With my mind in a whirl, I thrust hard with my tongue and skewered the jewel I had been suckling on, driving deep into the girl's most private passage.

How long I remained inside her, I cannot say, but at last I withdrew, utterly spent, and curled foetal-like, on the ground, recovering slowly. Eventually, looking up, I saw Rogers gazing down at me, a broad smile on his face.

‘So what is your scientific view, professor?’ he inquired jovially. ‘How long can a man last inside a woman's arse? And – should she suffocate him with her little hole – is it not a delightful way to perish?’

‘As to your first question,’ I replied, aware he was jesting with me, ‘your guess is as good as mine. As for the second – if one is to perish, then inside a woman's bottom seems as good a place as any.’

‘Let us hope we never find out,’ his Lordship muttered lightly. Then, turning to Danvers, he said, ‘Are you ready to do battle again?’

‘I am, sir,’ replied our youthful companion.

Lord Rogers regarded him with an almost fatherly air. ‘Now we have been sated,’ said he, ‘we will be weaker than before. It will be more difficult to fight these women off. I suggest hand-to-hand combat – but we must hurl no blows. We are men, not animals. We resist but do not attack. You understand?’

Danvers nodded briskly. 'I do, sir. In truth, I do not wish to fight them off. I long to be overcome and ridden again.'

Our host's smile broadened. Turning to me, he said, 'Professor, you will again act as referee? Once our faces are hidden, allow us to suffer for one and a quarter minutes. No more.'

'An extra fifteen seconds?' said I, astonished. 'Can your bodies withstand it?'

'They must,' said Lord Rogers. 'Or must be trained to do so at any rate. And longer still in time. At least three minutes must be our goal—'

'Three minutes!' I exclaimed, astounded at his bravado. 'Impossible, sir! To hold your breath for even two – at rest – would strain a man's lungs beyond breaking point. Three – whilst fighting to shift a woman's bottom from your face. It cannot be done!'

He shrugged. 'We must beg to differ. I, for one, am ready to attempt the task.'

'And I, too,' cried Danvers eagerly. His cock, I saw, had already begun to thicken at the thought of further battles. I sighed. Were I his age and not the oldest member of our group, perhaps I, too, would have longed to have these women sit on me. I had enjoyed my release, true enough, but now that it was over, I had no wish to plunge myself anywhere except into a comfortable chair.

‘I will observe as before,’ I conceded wearily. ‘You will have your minute and a quarter – however much I see you struggle.’

‘Good man!’ cried Lord Rogers. Addressing Danvers one last time, he said, ‘We shall take six women each. They will overcome us, of course, and we shall be ridden. A woman’s cunt shall take us this time. A hairy hole, I fancy. Are you game?’

Danvers nodded, though with less alacrity than before. The prospect of a hirsute cunt appeared to have taken him by surprise. But he rallied quickly as the women broke into separate groups and closed in on their prey.

‘We walk in the jungle!’ cried his Lordship gleefully. ‘Puny men, and open to attack. Surrounded by Amazons, we know our time has come! They mean to take us captive! To sit on our heads and smother us as only women can!’

‘We are doomed!’ cried Danvers, his penis leaping at the sight of the bare-bottomed women closing in on him. ‘They mean to take us to their living cunts! We are to be suffocated!’

From my vantage point several yards away, I observed the scene wryly. Both Lord Rogers and young Danvers had thrown themselves happily into their role. A part of me envied them their bravado – yet a part of me trembled, also. This was a game to them now, but – should we mount the plateau in due course – to be captured by Amazons would be no laughing matter!

I had no time to consider the matter further, for at that very moment the women attacked. Though Danvers and Lord Rogers fought them gamely enough, they

were quickly overcome and pinned flat upon their backs. One woman mounted each man's chest, two seized his legs and two his arms, pulling the latter clear of his face, exposing his vulnerable head to danger.

Both men now successfully pinned, the last, largest and hairiest of the women came forward. Feet either side of my companions' chests, these women dropped onto their knees, shuffled forward, and brought their plump vaginas high over each man's face.

I glanced from Danvers to Lord Rogers and back again. Though both had willingly entered the trap, now that the moment of truth had dawned, I saw a fearful look in their eyes. They had struggled already to last a full minute between a woman's buttocks. Now they must do battle with a plump and hairy cunt, and for many seconds longer. The woman who would ride them had the use of her hands, with which she might hold her man in place. With no chance of pushing her off, this would prove an altogether different struggle.

Moving at the same time, both women extended their arms and reached down. Powerful hands clawed through hair, lifting each man's head, and lodging his face in a long, sticky trench of female slit. I glanced at my time-piece and began to count the seconds. The battle had begun!

Unable to restrain myself, I came a little nearer, keen to view proceedings closely. Gazing down into Danvers' face, I stifled a gasp. His eyes were wide, and his brows steeply arched. A volley of muted grunts broke against his sitter's cunt and his head shook violently from side to side. As our eyes met, I saw a frightened look of pleading. The grunts turned into muffled squeals and in my mind I heard him cry, 'Help me, sir! In God's name, help me! I cannot breathe! I cannot breathe!'

A glance at my watch showed that scarcely thirty seconds had passed and the poor boy was in torment. As if to mock him in his agony, the woman clutched him harder still ... as if by some means she might pull him into her body!

‘I cannot help you,’ I whispered sadly, watching the tears well up in his eyes. ‘This woman is your mistress, now. Only she can show you mercy!’

Another muted screech broke from somewhere deep inside his gut. I looked away, unable to bear the sight or sound a moment longer. Instead, I turned my attention to Lord Rogers who, though clearly less agitated than Danvers, was fighting his own deadly battle against a woman’s cunt.

There was no look of pleading in his eyes. Instead, defiance reigned there, as I knew it would. His lungs were evidently stronger and I wondered – had he chosen to do so – whether he might have freed an arm and forced the woman from his head. The muscles in his legs were taut, and his body trembled with effort. Like Danvers, he grunted feebly and his poor head shook. His eyes had narrowed into slits, and his forehead was damp with sweat.

I glanced at my watch. One minute gone! I announced the time loudly, not certain whether it would give the men hope – or heighten their pain. For Danvers, I felt sure, it would prove a dreadful blow. His body shook horribly, his back arched and he grunted like a man in extremis. To know he must lie at the cunt for another fifteen seconds must be torment indeed. I comforted myself with the thought that it was his choice. Let him suffer if he must. This was none of my doing!

‘Time!’ I cried at last and the women immediately rose. Both men heaved, and screamed like wounded beasts as they filled their lungs with precious breath.

‘Dear God!’ cried Danvers. ‘The cunt is more deadly than the arse! I thought I was doomed this time for sure!’

I smiled ruefully. I rather doubted the truth of his statement. The cunt was mighty, true enough, when wielded as these women wielded it. But the arse’s mouth was surely the more deadly of the two. To be trapped between a woman’s cheeks, held prisoner in her crack ... the grip would be airtight indeed, her weight impossible to shift! No man on earth could force his way to freedom! Nor, surely, dear God! – as Lord Rogers himself had remarked – would he ever want to!

I will not test my readers’ patience with further details of this first afternoon. Save to say, after both men had recovered, they took on the women several times more until, at last, utterly exhausted, Lord Rogers called an end to proceedings. We repaired to his sitting room for a reviving brandy, and from there to his sumptuous dining room where, along with the women who had ridden us, we feasted like men who had not eaten for weeks!

The following morning, I rose early, gave his Lordship my apologies and returned to London. Several matters required my attention before we set sail and, in truth, I had little stomach for further ‘battles with the women’ as Lord Rogers insisted on calling them. Danvers remained behind, though his feelings seemed mixed. A part of him longed to be sat on again, yet he clearly feared it, also. He confided that the pain he had felt while trapped at both the cunt and the arse had been beyond imagining – and the terror also. But he was determined to overcome his fear – the more so in order to prepare himself for what might lie ahead.

As for myself, I left with a heavy heart. What lay ahead was beyond my own imagining. But that it would leave none of us unscarred, I now felt more surely

than ever...

Chapter Four: We Set Out on Our Journey

Six days later, on the third of November, we set sail for the Americas.

One further surprise awaited me before we embarked. Lord Rogers had brought with him two women. The ladies I recognised at once as being those who had smothered my friends at the cunt. Our journey, with stoppages, would take as close to eighteen days as made no difference. Lord Rogers declared that he and Danvers had made great progress. Almost two and a quarter minutes without breath – whether held at the cunt or the arse. But three weeks of travel would undo all the good unless they could test themselves daily. I told him there were cabins only for the four of us, but he overrode my objection. No extra berths were required, he insisted, for the women would sleep with the men. A generous fee to the captain, to cover the women's passage both to and from our destination, and the matter was settled.

I had expected Doctor Yelland to voice some protest of her own, but she simply shrugged and accepted the arrangement stoically.

That first evening, however, after dinner, and the two men having departed – the ladies with them – I felt obliged to offer an explanation.

I had thought at first to obfuscate, make light of certain things, suggest, indeed, that the women were there to provide some 'creature comforts'. But Doctor Yelland is no fool and, in the end, I knew that I must offer her as precise an account as I could – regardless of embarrassment.

To my surprise, when I had finished, she threw back her head and laughed most heartily. ‘What fools they are!’ she cried. ‘To think these women can prepare them to do battle with warriors such as the Shantye!’

‘My thoughts precisely,’ I agreed. ‘They have suffered for a week – and will doubtless suffer more before we reach our destination. And for what?’

‘You have not chosen to test yourself?’ she inquired, regarding me curiously.

‘I have not,’ said I – choosing to omit my brief sojourn between one woman’s cheeks, for that was pure and simple pleasure, hardly testing!

She smiled, emptied her glass and reached for the half-empty bottle on our table. There was a spirited look in her eyes as she poured herself another healthy dose and sipped it freely. ‘Even so,’ she muttered, but let the sentence trail away.

‘Even so?’ I repeated, a trifle puzzled by her remark.

She smiled warmly. ‘It is a long journey – and heaven knows what trials await us at our destination. You men especially...’ She paused, took another healthy sip, then said, ‘If you wish to test yourself. Even for a short while...’

I released a short gasp. I could not help myself. ‘What are you suggesting?’ I inquired stupidly – though it seemed clear enough.

‘I am an expert in my field,’ she reminded me. ‘No!’ she cried, seeing that I was about to voice an objection. ‘There is no need for squeamishness, professor. We know what these women are capable of. If the stories are true – and I for one do not doubt them – their chosen means of combat is to attack men in the nude. To march into battle naked. To use the weapons Nature herself has blessed them with – the cunt, the breasts ... and the arse’s hole!’

‘Surely,’ I attempted feebly, ‘these are rumours ... surely Le Pois himself was driven mad and believed the fiction to be true!’

She would have none of it. ‘These women exist!’ she cried. ‘Of that I am certain. And should we fall into their hands, you men will suffer for it. Have no doubt about it, professor – you will find yourself inside a woman’s arse!’

‘Then we must abandon our mission,’ I said, without conviction.

Still smiling, she shook her head. ‘You could no more abandon this expedition than throw yourself to the floor now and beg me to sit on you!’ Her smile broadened. ‘Forgive me, professor. I have had too much to drink and my tongue runs away with me. But admit it! You are wedded to this venture, come what may!’

I nodded wearily. ‘You are right,’ I conceded. ‘I am not a young man. Should...’ I hesitated. ‘Should anything go wrong ... should I not return ... it will matter not if I know that we have ventured where few have gone before. And seen that which no modern eyes have seen.’

‘I knew as much,’ said she, taking another sip of wine. Standing up, a little

unsteadily, she added, 'So I say again ... should you wish to test yourself – however briefly – I am a woman...' Her hand slipped coquettishly between her legs, fingers splayed around the crotch of her skirt. 'With a woman's holes...'

I will confess, I went to bed uneasily that night. Doctor Yelland was, as I have already remarked, a most attractive lady. Intelligent, fair and – I entertained no doubt on the score – uncommonly brave. It was a warm night and I discarded my blanket, lying naked on the bunk. My mind tossed feverishly, unable to settle. I little doubted that, just a few doors away, Danvers and Lord Rogers were waging battle with their youthful room-mates: testing themselves at the cunt and the arse. As they would from now until we reached our destination.

Deluded fools!, I told myself. So what if a man might train himself to last between a woman's cheeks for two, three, or even four minutes? It would avail him naught should a woman sit on him for five, six, or even longer. Such efforts might delay the moment of truth – but they would not deny it.

When I closed my eyes, in desperate search of rest, I saw Anne come for me, hoisting up her skirt and bending low. In my mind, I watched as she reached behind and peeled her cheeks apart, offering me a glimpse of her hidden jewel.

A creaking sound somewhere nearby tore me from my reverie. The shimmer of a lighted candle illuminated a ghostly figure in the open doorway. I raised my head, a startled cry still-born on my lips. A moment later, the door closed quietly again, and the apparition sailed across the room towards me.

‘Hush!’ said Anne – for it was she, her long white night-dress fluttering around her as she moved. The candle lent a mysterious glow to her face as she flitted briefly into view above me. I backed away, towards the wall, making room for her to slide in alongside me.

She blew out the candle, settled down and nestled in close.

‘I passed Lord Roger’s room,’ said she. ‘Danvers’, too. From what I heard, both men are wrestling with their bunk-mates. They fight the good fight in the hope of preparing themselves for battles ahead.’

‘They waste their time,’ said I, a little anxiously. I should have turned away my visitor at once. Lying beside her made me feel curiously uncomfortable. But happy, too.

‘I agree,’ she replied. ‘But they will pass their time pleasantly enough.’ She paused, then whispered softly, her breath warm against my ear: ‘Would you like me to sit on you? I shall mount you gently. Have no fear, I will not try to smother you.’

‘I ... I do not know,’ I replied falteringly. ‘Is it seemly? I am older than you. Considerably so. A younger man might do you more justice...’

‘I do not seek a younger man to sit upon,’ she sighed. ‘I have not sat on any man before – there!’ she announced miserably, aware that I had started. ‘Now you have it. I am as innocent as you. But I have read the tales. From Cicero to Horace. From Homer to Tacitus. All claim the Amazons are real – and master men as only women can. Horace speaks of entire legions captured in battle and

put not to the sword ... but to the arse!’

‘Can it be so?’ I whispered back. ‘That women...’ I faltered again. ‘That women would use their tiny holes in such a fashion? That they are truly so mighty?’

‘You know it is so!’ she hissed, her voice a little higher now. ‘You have heard Le Pois’ tales, and cannot doubt their truth! You have seen your friends do battle at the cunt and arse. How they struggle when women come for them!’

‘Then I say again – as I have said before – what hope is there should we be taken prisoner?’

‘No hope at all should they unleash themselves,’ she muttered fatalistically. ‘They will take us to their arses’ holes, every last one of us – myself included. They will smother without mercy, for they are Amazons, and it is their way!’

‘But surely they are women, too!’ I protested. ‘A gentle side must lurk within.’

‘Women are women,’ Anne whispered back. ‘We can be both merciful ... and ruthless!’

‘Not you,’ I objected.

‘Even me,’ she replied calmly. ‘The Amazon lurks in every woman. A lady may learn to tame her holes ... but they are holes nonetheless, with which – should

she choose – she may conquer!’

I muffled a squeal, but did not protest, as her hand slipped across my belly and fingers closed around my shaft.

‘It is easy to subdue a man,’ she murmured, her hand tightening gently. I felt my penis jerk and a sweet sensation warmed my balls. ‘Your weakness lies between your legs ... as does a woman’s strength...’

I groaned feebly, as her fingers roamed freely up and down my shaft.

‘I ask again,’ she whispered softly. ‘May I sit on you? I promise you will come to no harm...’

I bit down hard on my lip. A muted squeal died somewhere in the back of my throat. ‘Please...’ I muttered weakly. ‘Use your little hole on me... Mount me as only a woman can!’

Though the room was cloaked in darkness, I sensed her smile. Still gripping me lightly, she rose to her knees, swivelled around and swung one leg across my belly. I felt the drapes of her garment briefly brush against my arms, and then they melted away. She was drawing her night-dress up to her waist! Exposing herself for the gentle assault that was to follow!

As her legs shifted back, sliding past me, I imagined her bottom moving into position over my head. My arms being free, I raised my hands, and immediately

found purchase on her flanks.

My ragged breath betrayed my excitement, and she giggled happily.

‘You know where it is,’ she whispered in the darkness. ‘The little hole that nestles in my arse’s crack. My bottom’s tiny mouth...’

‘It lies above me,’ I answered in a softer voice still. ‘Poised over my head ... waiting to attack!’

I drew a deep, excited breath, and the warm, earthy scent of her anus filled my lungs. My penis kicked inside her hand and I groaned with urgent need. Somewhere far away, it seemed, I heard her whisper again.

‘Horace writes that some men – having been mounted in the Amazon fashion – begged their enemy not to suffocate them. And that those who did – were set aside for special torment...’

‘How so?’ I muttered, my arousal mounting.

‘They were staked out, dozens at a time, arms and legs spread wide – and pleased! Again and again, he reports, they were brought to the edge of release – then cruelly denied. Their captors promised them sweet relief – but only should they plead for suffocation! They must beg to be sat upon! Must cry to their tormentress: “Smother me, mistress! Smother me with your little hole!” Only then, would their seed be spilled!’

‘In mercy’s name!’ I whimpered, pleasure coursing through my groin. ‘Was any torture so cruel?’

‘Not a man held out, says Horace. One by one, they cried aloud, “Hold me in your woman’s crack! Take me to your arse’s hole!”’

I tossed my head freely, my mind awash with vulgar images. In my fevered imagination, I saw myself staked out, and a woman at my groin – stroking me cruelly, dragging me screaming to my doom! My breathing hoarse and ragged now, I bit my lower lip and moaned.

‘Smother me, please...’ I muttered feebly. ‘Take me to your bottom’s hole ... and give me my release!’

‘I grant your wish,’ sighed Anne – and, as she spoke, I felt her position alter. She lowered her hips and an earthy smell suffused my senses as her anus came close. ‘It is your time, John,’ she whispered warmly, pumping me a little faster. ‘Prepare yourself...’

‘I come! I come!’ I cried, and jolted sharply. Immediately, Anne’s bottom opened up around me. I felt her buttocks either side of my face, and the rim of her little hole pressed against my nose. Her powerful scent washed over me and I screamed into her crack as the first wave of seed left my sacs.

‘We are one!’ I heard her cry, and then I was lost: a ball of pleasure exploded in my belly and I surrendered to her utterly.

True to her word, Anne rested only gently on me, But I swear by all that is holy,
had I been condemned to die inside her bottom's crack, I would have begged her
to finish me off there and then! For at that moment, I was truly mad with lust.
Mad to the point of oblivion!

In almost three weeks' sailing, that was the one and only occasion on which
Anne visited me. Nor did we speak of it thereafter. It was as though, to all
intents, our time together had never been. In truth, once recovered, I felt not a
little embarrassed. And yet, I felt excitement, too. And – most curiously of all –
relief. Until that moment of sweet surrender, when I had lain between our
doctor's buttocks, a part of me had feared what lay ahead. Now that part of me
no longer trembled. I had no wish to end my days inside a woman's crack – but
if that were my fate, then so be it.

God knows what torments lay ahead of us. But I would suffer them stoutly – and
take my chances on the plateau!

Chapter Five: We Arrive at the Foot of the Plateau

The weather was kind, and, with a fair wind behind us, we made unusually good time. On the twenty-first of the month, we docked in Rio. Our equipment was unloaded, then transported by caravan to Pantagua, a small settlement on the edge of the Santiago Basin. From there, it was, I knew, a ten-day trek to the base of the plateau. The women with whom Danvers and Lord Rogers had wrestled long and hard on our voyage were handsomely rewarded, and promised passage back to England on the next boat home. Their part in our venture was ended. Would, with hindsight, that ours had been, also.

It was in Pantagua that I had hoped to hire a team of some thirty or so bearers. Men who both knew the lie of the land and would provide us with strength in numbers – for that time when we must encounter those dreadful fiends who had done for Le Bruce and his team.

I had assumed I would assemble a party with ease – as is invariably the case on these occasions – but word of Le Pois' return from the plateau, with lurid tales of 'devil girls', rendered the task a difficult one.

Such stories, it seemed, were common currency in these parts – gruesome tales handed down from father to son. Of women who waged battle with their naked flesh; who took their foe between their legs and shamed them with their private parts. Women who sat upon men's faces and smothered them with their bare backsides!

I was forced to pay twice the going rate and, even then, struggled to assemble scarcely more than half the party I had hoped for. Their spokesman – Inchu – was a tall, gaunt fellow with a pinched face and dark, fearful eyes. He spoke only pidgin English. Fortunately, my Portuguese – and that of my three companions – was sufficient for us all to converse as well as we needed to. He begged my assurance we were not in search of 'devil girls' and I – to my lasting

shame – assured him we were not. Had I known then, what I was to learn later, my answer would have been a different one.

Our party finally assembled, we set out at dawn on the 28th of November. A cloudless sky greeted us as we broke cover at Reefa, before crossing an arid plain, then plunging back into the jungle beyond. In the days that followed, we four Europeans spoke little of what lay ahead; partly from fear of saying too much and frightening our bearers; yet partly, too, I confess, because now we were so close to our goal, the enormity of our task became ever more clear with every step we took.

The plateau itself came into view on our eighth day out. On sighting it for the first time, a sickly coldness gripped my belly. My imagination, I confess, briefly ran away with me and that night I slept badly, plagued by crude and dreadful images ... of Le Bruce and his men screaming for their lives as huge, naked women mounted them without mercy!

At last, on the evening of the 7th December, we made camp at the base of the plateau itself. This would, we knew, be our last few hours in the known world. Once we began our ascent on the morrow, we would leave safety behind us. Only God alone knew if we would venture this way again.

The following morning, Lord Rogers set out on his own, assisted by Inchu and three other bearers. His mission was to find the best route forward, and little was to be gained just then by us all breaking camp together.

He returned some four hours later, his face bright with excitement.

‘We have found the way!’ he cried ecstatically. ‘It was easier than we feared. Some three or four miles from here, there is a steep ascent – but manageable with care. We made our way up to a distance of some two hundred feet and the route beyond, though difficult, should not prove beyond us.’

The news both thrilled and disturbed me. Even now, I remained torn. The scientist within longed to break fresh ground. To go where few had gone before; to make contact with a race whose existence had been hidden for a thousand years, and possibly longer. Yet, from what we knew – from what Le Pois himself, deranged as he was, had been able to inform us – we were entering treacherous terrain. Danger would surely dog our every step.

While our bearers readied themselves, I gathered my three companions close and addressed them grimly. ‘This is our last chance to desist,’ I said. ‘To step back from the brink.’

Lord Rogers gave a strong shake of his head. ‘We have come too far to retreat,’ said he. ‘Whatever lies ahead – I, for one, embrace it willingly!’

‘I, too!’ cried Danvers, his face shining brightly. Something sorrowful stirred within me. His was, I mused, the enthusiasm of lustful youth. Science spurred him, true enough, but his loins, poor lad, led him even more firmly.

Anne Yelland’s response was more measured than the men. ‘We have a chance to rewrite history,’ she said in a calm, measured voice. ‘Or, at least, to uncover a history previously unknown to us. This may prove to be the greatest discovery of our time: a lost tribe. We are scientists. We cannot turn our backs on knowledge.’

‘Very well,’ said I. ‘Then onwards we go. And may good fortune guide our footsteps!’

Chapter Six: A Man is Taken in the Night!

It took us an hour to reach the starting-point for our planned ascent. The first few hundred feet, as his Lordship had informed us, were simple enough. After that, the path became steeper and more treacherous. More than once, we lost our way completely. Thick vegetation blocked our progress and we were forced to seek alternative routes. These led upwards for a time, then down, before petering out and sending us back along paths we had already trodden. So many hours passed that nightfall beckoned again before, at last, with a cry of joy, Lord Rogers yelled, 'This way! We are here! We have arrived!'

And so we had. Stumbling along a narrow avenue carved out of the rising rock-face, we burst through a hole in the thick vegetation and found ourselves on level ground once more. We had reached the summit!

The land immediately around us was not only flat, but sparsely grown. In short, an excellent place to pitch our tents. Bearers were despatched to gather firewood, while others set about preparing our resting place for the night. A small fire was lit, food readied and, within the hour, we had settled in for the evening. Six men were assigned to keep watch at regular intervals. We did not anticipate danger at such an early stage, but it seemed sensible to take every precaution.

The night passed without mishap and, the following morning, we broke camp early, after a good breakfast, and set out to explore this new domain. The plateau itself appeared to be formed from a broad sweep of rock which stretched for several miles. The undergrowth was hideously dense in places and, after two days, we had made little progress. Nor had we seen any signs of human life. It occurred to me, more than once, that there was no life – flora and fauna apart – and that, whatever had happened to Le Bruce and his men, Le Pois' tale was nothing more than pure invention: the lunatic dreams of a deranged mind.

On the third night, we made our camp in a more densely thicketed region, and

guards were set as they had been on previous evenings.

At a little after three in the morning, I woke with a start. A shrill, barely human cry split the air. We none of us slept naked, despite the heat, and, as I stumbled from my tent, I saw Lord Rogers, clutching a shotgun, rush towards me. Danvers followed in his wake, a lit torch sizzling in his hand. Inchu appeared close behind, his yellow teeth bared fearfully. Somewhere nearby, I heard another dreadful scream – a cry that made my blood run cold. A moment later, out of the gloom, one of our bearers rushed forward, the whites of his eyes gleaming like twin moons in the dark.

He flung himself to the ground, wrapped his arms around Danvers' legs and sobbed like a child.

Confusion reigned, as more bearers hurried forward, each brandishing a lit torch from our guttering fire. The sight of their stricken companion, arms around Danvers' feet and wailing, had its inevitable effect: they held each other fast, muttering incoherently, panic etched into their dark faces.

'What has happened?' I cried, kneeling down, taking hold of the man at Danvers' feet and tugging at him roughly. He refused to budge and, only when Lord Rogers hurried back, knelt down beside me, seized the man by his neck and hauled him to his feet, did we learn what had happened.

With Inchu translating, we dragged the poor man's story from him. He had been sleeping soundly when awakened by a sudden noise. His friend, Lyko, had been on watch, scarcely two or three feet away. Opening his eyes, Ongo – for that was the poor man's name – could see no sign of his friend. Believing him to have slipped into the bushes to relieve himself, Ongo decided to follow – to play a trick on his friend and frighten him for deserting his post.

He had gone no more than ten or twenty feet when his sharp ears caught the sound of a stifled moan. Adopting a cautious attitude which had, without doubt, saved his life, Ongo crept forward as quietly as he could, taking care not to step on even the smallest of twigs lest he make a sound that would give him away. It occurred to him that Lyko might have been surprised by a snake or other poisonous reptile, and was also keeping quiet so as not to put himself in danger.

Peering through the bushes, Ongo told us, he saw a sight to freeze the blood of the bravest man. Lyko was lying flat on his back, with a woman twice his size hunched over his head, and bearing down with all her weight. A second woman was holding onto the poor man's legs – so tight he was utterly rigid. His cock stood tall and stiff, bobbing in the air, but that was all the movement his body was capable of.

The woman remained in place for several minutes and only rose at a nod from her companion. When she did, Lyko was perfectly still, though Ongo was convinced he still breathed, for the woman leaned over him as if checking for signs of life. Then, very quietly, the one who had held onto his legs, hoisted him onto her back and the pair began to walk away.

It was then that Ongo's nerve finally snapped and he let out a dull whimper. The women turned at once and, as the moon broke through from behind a moving cloud, he saw Lyko's attackers clearly for the first time. They were each of them naked, with huge hips and gourd-like breasts. Between each of their legs, a thick vee of tangled hair spread out across their thighs and bellies. They saw him at the same moment he saw them. A scream left his lips and then he turned and ran, abandoning his friend to his fate – for there was nothing he could do to save him now.

The women had clearly not followed, and he had returned safely to camp, albeit

in a terrified state. His story finally pieced together, Lord Rogers promptly ordered three of our bearers to follow him as he strode, gun in hand, towards the undergrowth. The poor men held back, refusing to budge. In the end, with a groan of despair, he set off alone, rifle cocked, his hunter's instinct overcoming any fears he might have harboured.

He was gone for almost ten minutes, and, as time passed, I saw a creeping terror in our bearers' eyes. Young Danvers was on the point of following his Lordship, when, to my huge relief, our friend broke cover and, his gun slung safely across his shoulder, made his way towards us with a sullen expression on his face.

'The women are long gone,' said he. 'And Lyko with them. If the poor devil still lives, then his fate, I suspect, is sealed.'

'They will doubtless take him to their village,' said Doctor Yelland, who, until now, had remained silent, 'and share him with the other women.'

'You really think so?' I muttered, trying to keep my voice low so as not to frighten our bearers any further.

'It is the Amazon way,' confirmed Anne gravely. 'They will have rendered him unconscious as soon as possible, so as not to alert us.' She shrugged. 'At least that was what they would have hoped for. Ongo disturbed them, but they will be far away by now. Being only two in number, we may assume they were Shantye scouts – possibly hunting for the men with whom they share this plateau. They will have seen our fire, realised we were too many to deal with, but resolved to snare some prey if possible.'

Anne shook her head sadly. ‘Poor Lyko – they will carry him home as a prize and share him with their sisters. Horace wrote of their habits in his Secret Histories. They will take it in turns to mount and drain him until he is so weak he can barely stand. Then he will be given to one of their young – a woman who has not yet hunted in the wild.’

Drawing breath for a moment, Anne ran a weary hand through her hair. ‘While a dozen or more hold his arms and legs – ensuring he cannot shift her from the saddle – the youngster will straddle his head and show him her little hole. A hole no man has ever seen before. Then she will lower herself onto his face ... and smother him until he moves no more.’

‘Dear God,’ I murmured, and felt a ghastly chill on my skin despite the humid warmth of the evening. ‘Is there no hope for him?’

Anne shrugged again. ‘I doubt it. It is their way. The way of the Amazon...’

I regarded her keenly for several seconds. A thoughtful look had dulled her eyes, as if, just then, her mind had wandered to another place. Another time, too... I suppressed a shudder. Anne had told me once before that the Amazon lurked deep within every woman. Yet surely even she could not condone poor Lyko’s dreadful fate?

It was on the tip of my tongue to question her further when she turned on her heel and, without another word, walked slowly back to her tent.

Chapter Seven: Anne Comforts Me...

We none of us slept well that night, our bearers least of all. The poor men huddled closely around the fire, their eyes and ears alert to the merest hint of sight or sound. Lord Rogers grinned sardonically. 'We are safe enough tonight,' said he. 'A fly could not enter our camp unnoticed. These men's fear will see to that.'

He was right, of course. Though Lyko's capture had unnerved me greatly, I doubted the women would return. Even so, sleep did not come easily. More than once, I was tempted to rise and cross to Anne's tent. To seek comfort in her arms; perhaps, even, between her legs. Her words had both aroused and frightened me in equal measure. I could not shift from my mind the dreadful image she had painted: of Lyko pinned upon his back. Of bottom after bottom coming down on him until...

Closing my eyes, I saw and felt myself held down. In my fevered mind, however, it was not an Amazon who straddled me, but Anne herself. When she had come to my cabin on the ship, and taken me so tenderly into her bottom's crack, the deed had been done in the dark. I had smelt and touched her precious little hole – but had not glimpsed its deep and glorious well. Now, as I lay alone in my tent, I saw the delicate bloom of her anus, soft and shiny above my head; saw the little hairs that fringed the fleshy crater. How many holes would Lyko see before his torment ended? How many times would the poor man be forced to suckle...?

Alone with my imagination, I gave a sudden start of fear as a soft hand covered my mouth!

'Hush!' breathed a voice in my ear, as Anne nestled up close beside me. 'I did not mean to frighten you. I used my hand to stop you crying out.'

As her fingers melted away, I felt my pulse begin to quicken. For one awful moment, I had truly believed...

‘You feared an Amazon had come for you,’ whispered Anne, giving voice to my unspoken dread. ‘That you were to be taken as Lyko had been taken?’

‘Yes,’ I replied weakly. ‘Dear God ... that poor man...’

I stopped short as, to my surprise – and, yes, delight! – her warm hand closed around the hidden bulge of my shaft. ‘And yet the thought arouses you!’ she murmured into my ear. ‘As it does all men. Even poor Lyko...’

‘I cannot believe that!’ I groaned feebly. Her fingers were searching for the loose opening into my pants. I groaned again when she found the gap and, this time, closed her hand around the sticky column of my cock.

‘Horace wrote that all men fear a woman’s little hole ... and yet are drawn like helpless moths to its flame.’

I swallowed hard and felt my penis jump inside her fist. ‘It is so small,’ I muttered feebly. ‘So delicate... A tiny jewel, nestling in her sacred shrine...’

‘You think a woman’s arse is sacred?’ she sighed, now pumping me freely.

In truth, I did not know, just then, what to think. My mind was in turmoil, controlled not by logic but by baser needs. A bachelor for so long, I was rarely distracted by the fairer sex. But the way Anne's hand now moved along my manhood, the way she spoke – the way she made me speak!

‘What will happen to Lyko?’ I whimpered. She had told me once already, but – may God forgive me – I longed to hear her say it again, for she had aroused me to such a pitch that my mind was no longer my own.

‘They will carry him to their village,’ she whispered back. ‘Should he awaken on the journey, one of them will sit on him again. She will take him into her bottom's crack – and render him unconscious with her little hole...

‘When they reach their home, other Amazons will come out to greet them. Awakening their prey, the hunters will hoist him high and tell their sisters they have brought a gift. A man on whom they may all sit. The other women will turn, bend low at the waist and show poor Lyko their little holes.’

‘Why must they be so cruel?’ I inquired hoarsely. ‘To expose themselves in such a fashion?’

‘It is the Amazon way,’ muttered Anne. ‘In showing him her bottom's hole, a woman warns a man she means to take him between her cheeks. To mount him in battle as only a woman can!’

As she spoke these last few words, Anne's fingers lightly grazed my sacs, sending a fresh wave of joy into my cock. I released a sob of delight as she continued.

‘I have a little hole, John,’ she whispered, ‘though it has never conquered a man; never mounted one in battle and taken him prisoner...’

‘Take me,’ I moaned feebly, my rational mind now overcome with lust. ‘Straddle me as only a woman can! Smother me in your crack!’

‘It is what they will do to Lyko,’ she murmured softly, ignoring my plea. ‘They will take it in turns to hold him down and sit on his face. To open up his mouth, and force their little holes inside...’

‘Noooooooo!’ I moaned, as another spear of pleasure tore through my groin.

‘Some will press themselves against his nose – as if they mean to suck him home. To draw him into their forbidden passage and keep him there forever...’

I shut my eyes and groaned again. The images Anne had conjured up were dragging me perilously close to the point of no return.

‘What must it be like, John,’ she whispered keenly, ‘to be sucked into a woman’s passage?’

This final image was too much for me. In my mind’s eye, I saw Anne’s little hole open; felt her dark, oily flesh ooze around my head and draw me home. With a thrust of my hips, I drove my cock high. As it slid through the funnel of her fingers, a torrent of seed broke from my sacs, and drenched my belly as I came.

‘Hush, hush,’ whispered Anne, her hand once more around my face, fingers covering my mouth and gently squeezing my nose. ‘Think of poor Lyko, as he comes, too. For they will give him pleasure at the end. He will go to his gods a happy man. This is the final gift of the Amazon...’

At the thought of poor Lyko, himself thrusting one last time as a woman bore down on him with all her weight, I came again, sobbing my release into the palm of Anne’s hand. She held me close until I had emptied myself, then, with a tenderness I had not expected, carefully dried me with a cotton handkerchief. Finally, leaning in close, she whispered, ‘I hope you will sleep now. The women will not return. We are all safe. For the next few hours at least...’

And then, without another word, she rose and slipped from my tent as quietly as she had entered it.

Chapter Eight: Ambushed in the Night!

We broke camp early that morning, a little after dawn. After a light breakfast, Inchu begged for a private word with myself and Lord Rogers. The frightened fellow left us in no doubt that, for him and the other bearers, this expedition was at an end. They would happily accompany us back to that point from whence we had ascended to the plateau, but they would not lead us onwards.

I urged him to reconsider, and even offered to double the men's pay if they remained with us for one more week. But Inchu's mind was made up and he would not be budged. I could scarcely blame him. In truth, though the scientist within me was keen to press on, the man in me was increasingly fearful.

And yet, a part of me was further torn again. Fear and lust waged an unlikely war in my soul. Though I kept these thoughts to myself, I had little doubt his Lordship and young Danvers felt the same. As for Anne, I harboured no doubt at all. She alone of our party was prey to no fear. Perhaps, as our only female, she believed herself safe. Then again, I remembered how she had once remarked that none of us would be safe if captured, not even she as a woman. But whether she believed that or not, I knew her thirst for knowledge – to prove beyond doubt that Rome had conquered the Americas a thousand years before – was enough to push all thoughts of danger from her mind.

Though we had been on the plateau for a good three days now, we had, on occasion, trekked backwards on ourselves. As a result, Inchu was convinced we could return to our starting-point in under two days. He was of a mind not to sleep at all, and said we should press on as fast as possible, but here I drew the line. If these Amazons chose to ambush us en route, I counselled him, fatigue would be our enemy. Our wits must remain at their sharpest if we were to leave the plateau alive.

Though reluctant to delay a second longer than necessary, Inchu glumly accepted

my terms and conveyed them to his men. We travelled long and hard that day until the setting sun forced us to halt, pitching camp by a muddy stream close to the edge of flat grassland, from where attack seemed unlikely. The trees behind us still harboured the threat of danger, but we lit several fires and, having eaten a sparse meal, Inchu chose his most alert men to keep watch at two-hourly intervals.

Would that our schemes, so carefully made, had indeed kept us safe that dreadful night! But fate had other plans in store. At a little after three in the morning, I awoke from a fitful sleep to the sound of raised, fearful voices. The earth echoed to the thump of feet outside my tent. Rousing myself, I seized hold of my pistol, for I had little doubt we were under attack.

I leapt out, acutely aware, in the darkness, of a howl of terror-stricken voices all around me. A cacophony of human fear that made my blood run cold. Just a few feet in front of me, I saw – to my horror! – one of our bearers flat on his back. A monstrous, copper-skinned woman – utterly naked – was sitting on the poor fellow's face. His little feet were kicking furiously, in time, it seemed, to the muted grunts of despair that broke from somewhere between the woman's huge, boulder-like buttocks.

In an instant, I raised my gun, aimed it at the woman's back and yelled, 'Get off him now! At once, woman – or I fire!'

Whether I would have carried out my threat or not, I will never know, for as the words left my mouth, I felt a sharp stab of pain in my neck. It stopped me in my tracks for just a second or two, but that was all that was needed. My arm went numb, and a wave of nausea shook my body. My gun fell to the ground and, a moment later, I too, pitched forward as the darkness took me.

Chapter Nine: One of Us Must be Smothered!

I woke with a start and sat bolt upright, blinking furiously. I shook my head, for it throbbed dreadfully as if I had consumed bad meat, or a surfeit of port. It took me several moments to pull myself together. I was under cover, but not in my tent. Nor was I alone. Looking around, I recognised at once – and with an unashamed sigh of relief – the familiar faces of my two companions: his Lordship and young Sidney Danvers.

‘Thank heavens you are well!’ cried Danvers joyfully. ‘We had feared the worst.’

‘Why so?’ I muttered, shaking my head again, my senses slowly returning.

‘We were each of us brought down by a poisoned dart,’ explained Lord Rogers, cutting in quickly. ‘Apart from those poor men who went to meet their gods in other ways!’

He paced the room like a caged tiger. ‘Anne Yelland has been talking with the brutes,’ he continued. ‘It seems the drug can either render a man insensible or, should he receive too much of it, the poison can kill him. We three were fortunate. At least two of our bearers were not.’ He hesitated, then added, ‘But perhaps they were the lucky ones.’

I looked around, and the frown that had strayed across my features deepened. ‘Where is Anne?’ I inquired anxiously. ‘She has come to no harm?’

Lord Rogers shook his lean, angular head. ‘She is well,’ he replied. ‘Though not of their race, she is a woman and they treat her with respect. It is we men who

must look to our safety.’

‘How many do they number?’ I inquired.

‘Of the party that took us prisoner, I cannot say. I counted at least twenty before they brought me down. But we are in their village now, and Anne says there are more than a hundred, possibly nearly two.’

‘You say they have not harmed her. But why is she not with us? And what of the others?’

Lord Rogers ran a tired hand through his hair and released a sharp sigh. ‘Of our fifteen bearers, two were smothered during the attack.’

‘Smothered?’ I repeated grimly. I recalled, with a shudder, the poor fellow I had seen struggling for his life between a woman’s legs an instant before a dart had rendered me senseless.

Danvers cut in at this juncture. ‘I saw it myself,’ he responded weakly. ‘In heaven’s name, Devereux – it was not as I imagined it would be. When we let those women sit on us – at his Lordship’s house – it seemed such a harmless adventure. Exciting, too – to be mounted in such a fashion; to be taken inside a woman’s crack and forced to worship at her little hole. But this – this was different! When I saw those men struggle. How they kicked their legs and tried to claw themselves free. Only then did I realise for the first time that this is not a game. Oh, what have we done, Professor? What have we done?’

The young lad's fear was genuine – I could see that well enough – and came as a shock to me. Until now, as he had himself admitted, the lure of a woman's bottom had seemed both pleasurable and safe. But the attack on our party had brought a change in his thinking. I had seen little enough of the assault itself, but enough to strike the fear of God into my heart also.

‘What of our weapons?’ I inquired. ‘Did they take those, too?’

Lord Rogers shook his head and released a heavy sigh. ‘They destroyed them after they had captured us. It seems that though they use their poisoned darts when the need arises, they otherwise shun all weapons.’ He paused. ‘Other than those that Nature herself has blessed them with...’

‘Dear lord,’ I muttered, shaking my own head now. ‘It is just as Anne foretold. And Le Pois before her...’ I ran a hand through my hair, thinking hard. ‘What exactly did you see?’ I asked, addressing young Danvers. ‘When the women attacked?’

Though the lad remained shaken, I needed to know what had happened – and hoped, too, that it might do him some good to repeat the story.

He shrugged. ‘It was horrible,’ he murmured, his eyes narrowing. ‘I saw one poor fellow brought down and sat upon. Somehow, he clawed his way free. He turned his head towards me and I saw the terror in his eyes. A moment later, another of the Amazons dropped to her feet, took hold of his wrists and pulled his arms away. He screamed dreadfully, for he knew now there was no way he could defend himself. The woman astride him, wriggled her bottom as if to torment him. I saw...’

Danvers' voice cracked and, for a moment, he seemed on the verge of tears. Gathering himself, he rushed on, as if it were the only way he could force out the words.

'I saw her anus open and close. She did it to frighten him! As if to say, "This is my little hole, and she is coming for you!" He screamed more fearfully than ever, and I heard him beg her for mercy. Plead with her not to smother him with her bottom!'

Danvers bowed his head, wrapped his hands around his face and was silent for a few seconds. Looking up again, he said, in a soft, barely audible voice, 'She lowered herself so slowly – as if to make him suffer all the more. He threw his head from side to side and his little hands clawed the air. The woman holding on to him shouted words of encouragement to her companion. I could not understand her tongue, but when she looked down at the poor man and laughed, it was enough to make me weep.' He bit his lip, sighed, then went on with obvious difficulty.

'He struggled dreadfully – after she took him into her crack. He fought for his life – his little legs kicking so madly – but she was too strong for him. She slowly wore him down until ... until at last he stopped moving. I watched her smother him and then ... then I remember nothing.'

I rose unsteadily and began to pace the room, seeking to clear my head. 'We have stumbled into great danger,' I announced, aware that I was stating the obvious. 'These women – who we could not be sure even existed – are everything we feared they would be and more.'

'But what are we to do?' asked Danvers, glancing anxiously from me to Lord Rogers.

‘We must escape,’ declared his Lordship simply. ‘That much, at least, is clear. As to how...’ He shrugged his shoulders. ‘That may prove more difficult.’

I rubbed my chin thoughtfully. ‘How long have we been here?’

‘No more than seven or eight hours. I spoke to Anne before you revived. She said we were all swiftly subdued, and conveyed here within two hours. I myself came round about an hour ago – which was when we last spoke.’

‘She is unharmed?’ I inquired anxiously.

‘Perfectly,’ he confirmed. ‘They did not bring her down with a dart. Possibly because she is a woman. Even so—’

Which was as far as he got before the door to the hut in which found ourselves was opened suddenly and in walked Anne herself!

‘Thank heavens you are safe!’ I cried, advancing quickly, and taking her by the arm. ‘They have treated you well?’

Anne nodded. ‘Very well. They have made it clear I am an honoured guest.’ She glanced around anxiously, as if fearing she might be overheard. A look of distress transformed her face as she continued.

‘They believe me to be your leader. Because I am a woman. That all of you men – yourselves as well as the bearers – are under my command.’

I gave an understanding nod. ‘Of course. That would make sense. They dominate here and would imagine females to be supreme the world over.’

‘It is, I believe, the only reason they have spared you. The other men, too,’ continued Anne. ‘Because they view you as my property.’

Lord Rogers was forced to stifle a snort of laughter, then quickly raised his hand apologetically. Anne cast only a brief glance in his direction before pressing on. ‘But they are puzzled,’ she said.

‘How so?’ asked I, aware of the deep flush that coloured her face.

‘Compared to an Amazon, I am not a big woman. They have noted the size of our men. All but two of our bearers are larger than I. They assume I must be powerful indeed to subdue such men as yourselves.’

‘But they are not suspicious?’ I inquired anxiously.

Anne shook her head. ‘No. But they have begged that I show them how I...’ She hesitated and looked suddenly uncomfortable. ‘How I master you...’

‘In what way?’ I began, then stopped in my tracks. The reply to my own question

had struck me almost at once.

Anne dropped her gaze briefly, and looked more uncomfortable than ever. Looking up again, she said, 'They wish to see me sit on a man's face ... and smother him between my legs!'

'Surely you have told them that is not possible!' cried Danvers, cutting in, his face ashen.

'I tried,' muttered Anne, her face creasing miserably. 'I told them all my men had been faithful servants and none deserved to be treated so. But their queen – they call her Aryannah – was insistent. I feared if I did not agree, she might suspect my motives. So, in the end, I said yes. I ... I asked them to choose one of the bearers and I would sit upon him.' She bowed her head and looked suddenly wretched.

'You had no choice,' said I, attempting to console her. 'You must not blame yourself.'

Anne buried her face in her hands. 'You do not understand!' she cried, looking more wretched than ever. 'They said they did not want me to sit on a bearer. They wanted me to smother one of you!'

'Dear God!' shrieked Danvers, the blood draining from his face. 'You surely told them no!'

Anne turned to face him and there were tears in her eyes. ‘Of course I did. But they were adamant. And angry, too. They could not understand why I was so reluctant. Aryannah said that if I did not sit on one of you, then she would do so herself!’

‘The brutes!’ I cried. ‘We none of us would not last long inside an Amazon’s crack!’

Looking from one of us to the other, Anne’s face slowly lost what little colour it still possessed. ‘That was when I agreed. But on one condition. I insisted upon it – and it seemed to please them.’

I gazed at her quizzically. She appeared reluctant to continue and I was forced to press her. ‘What condition?’ I inquired cautiously. Her reticence had unnerved me.

‘I said you were all – all my special property. I wished no harm to come to you. I would sit on one of you, but I would not ... I would not finish you off. Instead I would render you senseless.’

‘Dear God!’ cried Danvers. ‘It is almost as bad!’

‘It is nothing of the sort!’ said Lord Rogers stoutly. ‘It seems to me we owe Dr Yelland our lives. One of us at least.’

A growing concern dimmed young Danvers’ eyes. ‘Who are you to sit upon?’ he

inquired anxiously. 'Please say it is not me...'

To say I was astonished by his timid response does not do justice to the extent of my bewilderment. Where was the brave young man who – at home in England, and en route to this god-forsaken continent – had struggled happily between the buttocks of so many women? Now, too late, it seemed, he understood this was no game we played. Had Anne herself not warned me this would happen, when she and I had spoken on the subject on my return from Lord Rogers' estate?

'I told them I would choose my man in private,' said Anne. 'That is to say ... I would let one of you choose.'

'Then let it be me,' said Lord Rogers stoutly. 'The lad here is beside himself with fear, and – with all due respect, Professor,' he added, with a polite bow in my direction, 'suffocation to the point of passing out might prove too much for a man of your age.'

Though I bridled at the suggestion, I saw, nonetheless, that there was sense in his argument.

'There is another condition,' said Anne in a quiet voice, 'which may have a bearing on matters. Aryannah forced me to accept it. It was a monstrous one, but I dared not deny her.'

'More monstrous than suffocation?' said I, unable to conceal the disbelief in my voice.

‘I will let you be the judge,’ said she with a sigh. ‘These women are powerfully built, and can take a man down with ease. Aryannah is no fool. She can see I am not as strong as her warriors. She asked how I conquered men. I told her that...’ Anne hesitated, and bit her lip glumly ‘I told her that you men held me in such dread that whatever I bade you, you did without question. That ... that if I needed to subdue a man, you were happy to help me in the task.’

‘Dear Lord!’ I cried. ‘One of us is to help you subdue his Lordship?’

Anne nodded weakly. ‘It was the only way. How else might I commit the act? You could pretend to fight me, of course, yet what a convincing performance it would have to be! But if one of you were to help me – then we might carry off such a pretence!’

Wearily, I ran a hand through my hair. ‘What you say is true,’ I acknowledged, glancing miserably at my companions.

‘There is another condition,’ said Anne, her voice dropping lower. ‘At least...’ It was clear she was reluctant to continue. Ever the practical woman, however, she gathered herself quickly and pressed on. ‘We must do battle in the nude. In Aryannah’s words ... as naked as Nature intended we should be.’

‘From what we know of the Amazons,’ said I stoically, ‘this comes hardly as a surprise.’

‘I cannot do it!’ cried Danvers mournfully. ‘Please do not ask me! I cannot hold another man down while ... while you smother him with your bottom!’

‘I will do it,’ said I, turning to address Lord Rogers. ‘Though heaven knows, it will be no easy task.’

‘I will fight you fiercely,’ said his Lordship, with a sly grin. ‘But not so fiercely that you fail to overcome me.’

‘We must be careful,’ said Anne. ‘As I have said, Aryannah is no fool. If she suspects – even for an instant – that we are acting...’

‘She will not,’ Lord Rogers assured her. ‘But we must all play our parts well. Do we have time to practise?’

Anne shook her head. ‘I wish we did. But Aryannah insists the battle must begin at once.’ She glanced anxiously at the door of our hut. ‘I have already delayed too long.’

‘Then let us waste no more time,’ said his Lordship, extending his hand. Anne took it gingerly. ‘It will be an honour to have you ride me,’ he announced.

‘I wish I could be as sure,’ said Anne in a quiet voice. ‘I ... I have never done such a thing before. What if I sit for too long? I must render you senseless, but I do not wish to harm you.’

Lord Rogers shrugged. ‘It is a risk we must both take.’ He smiled carelessly. ‘Should this be the end for me, dear lady, do not blame yourself. It will be an

honour to perish inside your bottom's crack!

Chapter Ten: Anne Rides into Battle!

Our first view of the Amazon stronghold was a grim affair. Their village was a straggling collection of timber buildings, constructed in a sweeping crescent nestling in the shadow of higher ground. Towards the centre, a rough square had been carved from the baked earth, and it was here that upwards of a hundred or more women gathered on rows of tiered seats. The structure resembled a makeshift arena, into which the three of us – Anne, Lord Rogers and myself – now advanced.

Danvers kept to the rear, flanked either side by a large Amazon, naked save for tiny leather cloths that barely covered their plump vaginas. I glanced back once or twice and saw the eager way in which they studied him. He saw it, too, and visibly shook. No doubt we shared a single, terrifying thought: should these women ever try to mount us, they would smother us for sure!

A powerfully built Amazon came forward to greet us, her large breasts swaying smoothly from side to side. From the gilded chain around her neck, and the way the other women made way for her, I had no doubt she was Aryannah, their queen of whom Anne had spoken.

My Latin was good enough to make out most, though not all, of what she said as she spoke to Anne.

‘You have made your choice,’ said she, regarding Lord Rogers with a keen, appraising eye.

Anne shrugged lightly. ‘He is the strongest of the three,’ she explained. ‘It seemed only right to honour you by doing battle with him.’

Aryannah's face broadened into a wide grin. Glancing at me, she said – a little disparagingly, I thought – ‘But you choose the old man to assist you, not the boy?’

‘It will make the contest more interesting,’ said Anne. ‘And do not be fooled by his age. He has held down many men as I have ridden them.’

‘And not shirked his task – even when you have taken them to their gods?’

Anne glanced at me as she spoke, and, despite the dreadful import of her words, her reply thrilled me in a way I am ashamed to confess. ‘He knows that should he disobey me – then I will take him into my bottom's crack and finish him off with my little hole!’

‘You would ride him till he breathes no more?’

‘I would,’ said Anne, unflinching. We both knew it was the answer the Amazon craved.

Aryannah's smile broadened further. It was a cruel smile – one that caused me to shudder, despite the heat of the mid-afternoon sun. Stepping back, she gestured to the roughly hewn pit that was to be the scene of our battle.

‘The place has been prepared,’ said she. ‘Let us see how you master your man.’

Anne responded with a brisk nod, though I could see she was ill at ease. Now that the moment of truth was upon us, I knew she would need more strength than Lord Rogers and I combined.

Addressing the two of us directly, she said, in as stern a tone as she was able to muster, 'Remove your clothes, and let the three of us do battle!' Slapping her hips forcefully, she added, 'My bottom yearns to do its woman's work!'

She spoke in the barbarised Latin tongue used by the Amazons themselves. Though I doubted Lord Rogers understood the words, the way she gestured idly at him was evident enough. Though he disrobed shamelessly, I could tell that when Anne herself began to undress, she did not do so with any sense of excitement. Her face blushed a little, and I caught her eye. It seemed to beseech me to forgive her for what she was about to do. I returned a weak smile. Sufficient, I hoped, to bolster her courage, but not enough to give the Amazons cause to doubt us.

At some point beforehand, Anne must have removed her undergarments, for when she tugged down her shorts, she was naked underneath. I caught a glimpse of her dark womanly vee, just a moment or two before she pulled off her shirt and exposed her breasts.

It was a most unsettling feeling: to stand between my two friends, and the three of us now nude. Though I had been intimate with Anne on two separate occasions already, it was the first time I had seen her naked.

Aryannah clapped her hands excitedly while, at the same time, the women all around us emitted a wild cheer of approval as we entered the makeshift arena.

From the corner of my eye, I saw young Danvers shiver – and he alone of us the only one still robed!

As if by some unspoken arrangement, Anne Yelland and Lord Rogers took up their positions opposite each other: two fighters ready to begin battle. A battle we knew only one could win. Without thinking, I stood alongside our naked doctor, struggling, even as I did, to avert my eyes from the proud swell of her breasts and the dark, threatening vee of her cunt.

For several seconds, the two protagonists circled one another. I took my cue from Anne, not moving with her, but stepping off to one side, as if, the moment she distracted his Lordship, I might launch my own attack and help to bring him down.

The Amazons meanwhile, cheered and clapped their hands supportively. I suspect Anne, for her part, was loathe to make the first move, horribly aware of what must follow once she had Lord Rogers on his back. And so, throwing caution to the wind, I flung myself forward, arms around his waist. The roar of approval that rose from the crowd appeared to confirm that I had done the right thing. Lord Rogers pretended to resist, but I knew, from the way in which he fought me, that he was holding back.

The moment his Lordship struck the earth, I straddled his midriff, pinning his arms to his sides. I confess I felt uneasy, finding myself astride a naked man, and myself in the same condition. But we both knew our lives depended on this charade. If the Amazons were to suspect – even for a moment – that our aim was to trick them, I had no doubt they would take all three of us into their bottoms and finish us off with their holes!

His Lordship rocked beneath me and I almost lost my balance. Though he

seemed to push hard, I knew that had he employed his full strength he would have upended me easily. A moment later, however, resistance became academic. Striding forward, Anne dropped to her knees, and shuffled forward, legs either side of him.

I saw at once the anxiety in her face. She had no wish to straddle his Lordship like this, but knew – for all our sakes – that she must.

‘Courage, Anne!’ I muttered, aware that the Amazons would not understand my meaning. Her eyes brightened a little, but I knew how much she loathed what she must shortly do.

Glancing down between her legs, she caught his Lordship’s eye. I saw him wink, as if to say, ‘Do what you must, dear lady. I understand.’

Anne tightened her lips, then cried – once more in barbarous Latin – ‘Prepare yourself, man! My bottom is coming for you! You cannot escape me now!’

As her voice carried across the arena, the Amazons reacted as we knew they would, punching the air and yelling with joy.

It was his Lordship’s cue, at that point, to make a goodly fist of struggling. Or the pretence of such, at any rate. He heaved himself from side to side, and once again I almost lost my grip. But though giving a credible impression of a man fighting for his life, he held enough back for me to keep him in his place.

Anne's breasts – so close to me now, it was all I could do not to reach out and suckle on her teats – quivered gently as her breathing grew more rapid. I saw her fingers tremble, too, as she prepared herself for the moment of truth.

Reaching back – and drawing another huge cheer from the Amazons – she peeled her cheeks apart. I saw his Lordship's eyes widen – a heady blend of pleasure and despair – and knew at once he must be gazing up at our good doctor's anus.

'My little hole comes for you!' she cried, to yet more squeals of delight from our Amazon captors.

'I beg you, no!' Lord Rogers cried. 'Have mercy on me, please! Have mercy!'

Though they might not understand his words, the Amazons caught their meaning well enough: a man in mortal dread, aware that a woman's arse was coming for him – and that there was no escape! They gathered close around us now, jostling for position, keen to see the precise moment Anne took him into her crack...

'I cannot...' she muttered in obvious distress. 'It is wrong, John. It is wrong...'

'You must!' I responded sharply. 'All our lives depend on it! You must smother his Lordship – now!'

Her mouth creased miserably – for she knew I spoke the truth. A moment later, with a huge effort of will, she dropped her bottom onto Lord Roger's face,

wrapping her cheeks around his head.

His body jerked and he wriggled like a man possessed. Anne wriggled, too, now throwing herself with gusto into a battle we all knew she must win. With the Amazons roaring her on, she threw back her head, closed her eyes and bore down hard with all her weight.

To feel his Lordship heave beneath me was a dreadful experience. Though he had offered himself up willingly – and knew the price he must pay to save our lives – the pain he suffered now was real enough. Deprived of air, his natural urge to live kicked in and he heaved more violently than ever. I, for my part, clung on fiercely, not giving him any quarter as he struggled beneath me.

By now, the cries all around us had grown to deafening proportions. Sweat poured from Anne's face, soaking into her neck, and running down between her breasts to coat her belly. She released several agonised grunts as the effort to suffocate his Lordship began to take its toll. Though she only meant to render him unconscious, the task itself was fraught with hazard. She must sit long enough to send him to sleep – but not so long that she caused him any harm.

He gave one last violent shudder between our legs, went limp, twitched sharply several times in quick succession, and then fell finally still. Anne opened her eyes, raised her arms in the air, threw back her head and cried, in ancient Latin: 'My little hole has conquered him! All praise to my mighty bottom!'

'All praise to your arse's hole!' cried the Amazons in turn, punching the air and noisily stamping their feet.

With some difficulty – for her legs had grown stiff – Anne rose from the saddle of his Lordship’s face, freeing his poor, beleaguered head. His skin was red, bruised, and damp with sweat. Glancing up at her, I saw her grimace briefly, fearful she had done our friend serious harm. ‘He breathes,’ I whispered happily, ‘You have rendered him unconscious – but he lives!’

Her face brightened at once and, aware of the role she still had to play, she punched the air triumphantly.

Rising awkwardly from his Lordship’s chest, I motioned young Danvers forward. His face was ashen and his hands shook violently. Though only a bystander, the experience had clearly unnerved him.

‘Help me carry his Lordship back to our hut,’ said I. Though no permission had yet been given, I guessed, correctly, that the women would not stand in our way. We were – in their eyes – the property of Anne Yelland. If she did not oppose us then nor, it seemed, would they. For form’s sake, nonetheless, I bowed reverently, addressing our doctor in a servile voice.

‘May we tend to our friend?’ I inquired, without raising my head.

‘You may,’ she answered weakly. It was evident, from the way in which her voice shook, that wrestling with Lord Rogers had exhausted her. ‘I will come to you later.’ Then, in a softer voice still, she added, ‘Thank you, John, and I pray our friend forgives me.’

Lifting my head at last, I responded with a thin smile – for I had no wish to raise suspicion, ‘You have saved us all with your bottom, Anne. It is we who should

thank you.' Then, turning away with another reverent bow, I took hold of his Lordship's legs, while Danvers gripped his arms. With some difficulty, for he was a heavy man, we carried him back to our hut.

Chapter Eleven: We Are None of Us Safe Now...

It was more than an hour before his Lordship awoke. In the meantime, Danvers and I made him as comfortable as possible, resting his head on a small pillow and covering his naked body in a thin blanket. (This was more for the sake of modesty than anything else; the oppressive jungle heat makes any form of dress all but unnecessary. Another reason, perhaps, why the Amazons themselves are almost permanently nude.)

When he did finally open his eyes, our friend emitted a long groan, sat up sharply and passed a trembling hand across his brow.

‘In heaven’s name,’ he muttered, shaking his head. ‘How long have I been out?’

‘A little over an hour,’ I informed him. ‘And thank God you are with us again. I feared the worst when you went still.’

Lord Rogers released a short, whistling sigh. ‘I feared it myself for a while,’ he muttered. Suddenly animated, he rushed on quickly. ‘All we have been through – all the preparation I sought to give us – it means nothing when you are between the buttocks of a woman who truly means to master you.’

‘You could have shifted Anne if you had tried – even though I held you down,’ I protested.

He shook his head doubtfully. ‘I am not so sure that I could. If my arms had been free – then, yes, perhaps. But she was stronger than I had imagined.’ He chewed his lip thoughtfully. ‘If a fully grown Amazon had chosen to mount me – she

would have finished me off with ease!’

‘What was it like?’ asked Danvers cautiously. He had spoken scarcely one word since returning to the hut – a very different man, now, to the confident youth with whom we had set out. ‘To be utterly smothered?’

‘Like nothing we could prepare ourselves for,’ answered his Lordship plainly. ‘To be trapped inside a woman’s crack – a woman who means to smother you with her bottom. Truly smother you, I mean...’ His voice trailed away. ‘The sensation is a monstrous one! There is no pleasure to be had from it. At first – yes! What man could not find himself aroused at the thought of a bare-bottomed female sitting on his face – as we did at my house in England? But when one’s breath grows short, pleasure flees like a thief in the night!’ He hesitated, as if reluctant to continue.

‘I may speak freely?’ said he. ‘It is not my intention to debase the good doctor.’

‘Of course,’ I responded, speaking for Danvers, also. Were that anxious young man to speak for himself, I mused, we might be waiting some time yet.

‘When I lay beneath her open arse – before she fully sat upon me – I was utterly transfixed by the sight of her anus.’ He rubbed his chin, as if struggling for the right words. ‘We have seen ladies’ holes – we know their varied shapes and sizes. We have plunged our faces into women’s cracks so we might grow accustomed to them. In such a fashion we hoped we might prepare ourselves for whatever trials we might be forced to suffer here on this plateau.’

Lord Rogers broke off again. His recent ordeal appeared to have taken a greater

toll on him than I had realised.

‘But to see a woman’s little hole – that mighty jewel that guards the entrance to her arse! – and know she means to use it to subdue you... That is something else, my friends! I both longed for Anne to lower it onto my face – and yet feared it as I have feared nothing before!’

‘Hardly surprising,’ I suggested dryly, ‘for you knew she meant to smother you with it – however kindly.’

‘True enough,’ acknowledged our companion. ‘But for one moment – as she hovered above me – I saw not Anne’s bare bottom, which I knew would do its best to spare me. I saw the arse of an Amazon warrior! And in that moment, I knew for sure – had one of those bare-arsed devils taken me into her crack, I would not be breathing now!’

‘Dear God!’ muttered Danvers, burying his face in his hands. ‘What have we done? What have we done...?’

‘Rest easy!’ I assured him, slipping a fatherly arm around his shoulder. ‘We have no reason to fear these women’s holes. Not while we have Doctor Yelland to protect us.’

‘But what if she cannot?’ countered Danvers, refusing to be consoled. ‘What if they come for us and she cannot persuade them to show mercy? They will take us into their bottoms! They will finish us off!’

‘They will not!’ I insisted, though more from a need to calm him down, than from any true conviction. Addressing Lord Rogers again, I begged him to continue. Our young friend might be loath to hear more, but I judged it vital that we learn as much as possible from his Lordship’s experience.

‘When the good doctor lowered herself,’ said he, returning to his tale, ‘’twas as though a fleshy cloud had descended upon me, blocking out all sight, sound, and – aye! – even reason! I was in both Paradise and Hell. Anne had somehow contrived to mount me in such a way that her anus was locked fast round my nose, and her pussy in my open mouth. My instinct – as she descended – had been to draw one last breath. And in that moment, she drove herself home!’

Wearily, he shook his head again. ‘Unable to use my arms to shift her, I knew I could never escape! In my madness – for I can describe it in no other way – a part of me had no wish to break free. Dear God! I heard myself cry: “Let me perish like this. Inside a woman’s bottom, with my nose crushed tight against the entrance to her passage!”’

Another brief pause, another sigh, and then he went on: ‘My madness lasted only seconds. Until the last of my breath had gone. Then, Devereux – as I know you will attest – I fought you like a madman to be free.’

‘It is true,’ I acknowledged. ‘’Twas all I could do to hold you down – though even then I thought you must be holding yourself in check.’

‘Not I,’ he revealed, to my astonishment. ‘At first, yes – but not at the end. It was then that I truly fought with all my strength. I believed – just then – that I was utterly doomed! That Anne – without meaning to – would finish me off with her bottom!’ He rubbed his chin gingerly. ‘And I was right. For our doctor did, indeed, render me insensible with her arse. As, I believe, she would have

rendered any man.'

'But she did not kill you,' I reminded him unnecessarily. 'Nor would have, at any price.'

'She might have,' said he, 'had she sat upon me any longer. She is a woman – with a woman's holes – and could not have helped herself...'

'It is hard to believe,' said I, shaking my own head now, 'that women have such power between their cheeks. That their holes may give great pleasure to a man ... yet end his life as easily.'

I might have continued had not, at that moment, the door to our hut opened. I spun on my heel, my heart racing. All manner of notions rushed through my head. That the Amazons had changed their minds and come for us. That they meant to take us into their cracks and smother us without mercy. They were wild, ridiculous thoughts, of course, but I could not help myself.

Imagine my relief, then, to see the kind, familiar face of Anne Yelland, our saviour and protector in these dreadful times. She was fully clothed again, though her shirt was open at the neck and, from the way her bosom heaved majestically, it was clear she wore no under-garment.

'Anne!' I cried, as she approached. 'Thank heavens you are safe!'

The words were hardly out of my mouth before her smile vanished, replaced by

a look of utter dismay. 'I am not safe,' she responded grimly. 'We are none of us safe now...'

Chapter Twelve: An Impossible Tale

It took our good doctor almost half a minute to compose herself. Though it was clear she had much to tell us, her first concern – so typical of her caring nature – was for Lord Rogers. Racked with guilt, she was fulsome in her apology for the ordeal she had been forced to put him through. He, in turn, was keen to set her mind at rest, and to assure her that he was now fully recovered. He said nothing of how he had felt while trapped between her cheeks. Instead, he bade her sit down, make herself comfortable and tell us what it was that concerned her.

‘I have found out what happened to Professeure Le Bruce and his party,’ she began with a miserable shake of her head. ‘It is a dreadful tale. I can scarcely bring myself to repeat it...’

Taking hold of Anne’s hand, I gripped it firmly. ‘Have courage,’ I urged her. ‘It is best we know. If nothing else, it may prepare us for our own fate.’

‘That is what I fear!’ cried Anne, shaking badly. There were tears in her eyes. ‘These women are fiends in human form!’

She fixed Lord Rogers with a wild, terrified stare. ‘What they made me do to you! What they would have done to you yourselves if I had not ... if I had not sat on you myself!’ Her shoulders sagged. ‘Oh, it is monstrous! What are we to do?’

Danvers leapt up and began to pace the floor like a caged beast. ‘I told you!’ he cried. ‘We are doomed! All of us! We will be smothered! Every last one of us! Smothered inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘Calm yourself, man!’ I implored him. ‘We are not doomed! Let us hear what Anne has to say. Then we will make our plans.’

The young man shrugged. For a moment he seemed ready to respond. Then the fight drained out of him. Dropping to his knees, he found himself a place to sit and, wringing his hands miserably, finally fell silent.

With all our attention now focused on Anne, she resumed her tale.

‘It seems,’ she began, ‘that Professeure Le Bruce and his party were captured – much as we were – not long after ascending the plateau. Aryannah says they numbered some twenty in all. Fourteen bearers – and six Europeans. Or “the pale ones” as she calls us. One man escaped–’

‘Le Pois!’ I cried without thinking, though my remark, I knew, was unnecessary.

‘Indeed,’ said Anne. ‘But he did not escape at once – as he himself confessed to you in London. It was only after the party had been in captivity for some five to six days. Guards found his cage empty and, though they sent out scouts to hunt him down, he somehow managed to evade them.’

‘I would say he was a lucky devil,’ I remarked, ‘were it not for his pitiable state when we met.’ I remembered the maddened look in his eyes. The tales he had told me and which, at the time, I had listened to in sheer disbelief. I knew better now. We all did...

‘You know a little of what followed,’ said Anne. ‘How the bearers were each mounted in turn. How they – and other men held captive by the Shantye – were ritually smothered. Until only Le Bruce and his four companions remained.’

Anne cradled her head in both hands for several seconds. Having composed herself afresh, she went on.

‘It seems the Shantye kept the men captive for a further month, debating what to do with them. In the end, their priestess – they call her Mordai – told the queen that she had spoken with their goddess, Vakardha, who had commanded that they be offered up to her in holy sacrifice...’

‘In God’s name!’ I cried, unable to contain myself. Sitting on the ground beside me, Danvers shuddered.

‘Though the bearers had been smothered here – there is a sacrificial altar at the far end of the village – Le Bruce and his three companions were taken to a place they call ... the Cave of Holes! It is a sacred place of worship, dedicated to Vakardha. Aryannah will not be drawn on the precise details of what happened there. I do not know why, but this I do know. Before they set out, Le Bruce and his men were ridden by many women. Smothered over several days – again and again until they were barely alive.’

Beside me, Danvers sobbed quietly. The poor fellow was in a dreadful state. I longed to console him, but I knew no words of mine could help him now.

‘After that...’ Anne’s voice trembled as she spoke. It was evident that hearing the story once, from Aryannah herself – and now recounting it to us – had taken

its toll. 'After that,' she repeated, 'the men were taken from this place and offered up in sacrifice...'

'They smothered them to death?' I muttered, hoping to at least spare her the agony of using those words herself.

Anne shook her head. 'No. That is the part I do not understand. The part Aryannah herself will not confide to me. She said ... she said that the Amazons themselves are not permitted to use force against men in the Cave. They may restrain them for the purposes of suffocation – but cannot smother men themselves. That is why Le Bruce and his party were ridden so harshly before they set out. It was their last chance to mount the men and take them to their holes.'

'Then how were they finished off?' I asked, for Anne's description made no sense to me.

Anne shrugged lightly. 'She says ... she says that Vakardha herself took them into her bottom. That the goddess herself finished them off!'

'Impossible!' cried Lord Rogers, stirring himself for the first time since Anne had begun. 'You must have misunderstood her.'

'I did not,' said Anne defiantly. 'I thought I had at first, and asked her to repeat herself. She was emphatic. I have no doubt as to her meaning. Their goddess did not simply smother the men between her buttocks.' She paused, and then added, with sudden, grim finality. 'She took them up into her hole itself!'

Chapter Thirteen: Anne Must Ride Again!

It was several seconds before I broke the silence. When at last I did, I was unable to hide the disbelief in my voice.

‘She took them into her hole?’ I repeated. ‘How is such a thing possible? Even if this goddess were a real woman, she would have to be a giant, and the man himself unnaturally small. Both of them beyond the realms of anything Nature has ever produced!’

‘That was my feeling, too,’ said Anne. ‘Which is why – yet again – I asked her to repeat herself. I said that, though I spoke her language tolerably well, I had clearly not grasped her meaning. But she was adamant. “Our goddess took them into her little hole,” she insisted. “And from there into her secret passage. Where they died the death of deaths!”’

I shook my head slowly, utterly bewildered. ‘Her words must have been in some way metaphorical. Otherwise her tale makes no sense!’

‘I agree,’ said Anne. ‘But whether her story is true or not, she has given me to believe it is so.’ She broke off abruptly, and buried her head in her hands once more. ‘Oh, I cannot say it,’ she muttered despondently. ‘I cannot...’

Lord Rogers, guessing at her meaning before I had fathomed it for myself, broke in quickly. ‘She means to take us to this Cave of Holes!’ cried he. ‘We are to share the same fate as Le Bruce and his men!’

Lifting her head slowly, Anne looked miserably from one of us to the other. ‘She

did not say as much,' she conceded, 'but I do not trust her. So, yes, I believe it may be so. Not now – but soon.' She ran an anxious hand through her hair. 'I taxed her with when I might be able to leave – and take you all with me. She refused me an answer. She insists I am her honoured guest – but I know she wishes to see me mount more men. I do not think she trusts me. I showed mercy to Lord Rogers – and mercy to men is not a Shantye virtue.'

'Which makes it even more vital we escape as soon as possible!' cried Danvers. 'Before they sit on us! Before they take us into their cracks!'

'He is right,' said Anne. 'The longer we remain, the greater the danger. To you men especially.' She sighed. 'The problem will be managing any escape. Our bearers are kept in cages near the market square. The same ones Le Bruce and his party once occupied. The Amazons look at them with great longing. There are no other male captives in the village at present, and I fear they are keen to smother our men.'

Lord Rogers, still naked, strode up and down the hut, turning matters over in his mind. Finally, he said: 'It will be a difficult thing to rescue even ourselves. I do not see how we can all of us escape unseen. It may be that our best hope is to flee – then return with help.'

'I doubt it would be in time,' said Anne. 'The moment we had gone, they would take our poor bearers between their legs. It is only because I insist they are my property that Aryannah has so far spared them.'

'Besides which,' I remarked dismally, 'from where would we summon aid? Le Pois himself was unable to muster a force. If we abandon our men, we condemn them to certain doom!'

‘Then what are we to do?’ cried Danvers despairingly. ‘If we cannot save our bearers, then we must at least save ourselves!’

I opened my mouth to protest, but Lord Rogers cut me short.

‘The lad is right,’ said he. ‘I have no wish to leave our men to certain death, but we have no choice. If we can rescue them, then all well and good. But if not—’ He shook his head and sighed resignedly. ‘They will die inside these women’s bottoms – and we cannot help them...’

‘From what Anne says,’ I observed, ‘we are safe enough for now. But we must make our plans quickly – or take any chance that comes our way.’

Anne rose – and glanced from one of us to the other. ‘I must not delay any longer,’ she said in a sombre voice. ‘I fear that in my absence, the women may weaken and abuse our servants. To have so many males at their mercy, yet be unable to mount them as their nature demands, is almost too much for them to bear.’

‘Of course,’ said I. ‘You must go. As for ourselves, we can only wait and pray...’

Several hours passed and a bad time we had of it. Lord Rogers paced the floor

like a caged beast, pondering all manner of schemes to set us free. Danvers sat quietly in one corner of our hut, sobbing from time to time, convinced we were doomed. As for myself, I made myself as comfortable as I could and rested.

If we were to make our escape, I reasoned, we must all remain as alert as possible. Worry was pointless. What would be would be. I had no wish to end my days inside a woman's bottom, but, if that were my fate, then I would go to it as bravely as I could. Lord Rogers, I knew, would fight to the end; as for poor Danvers, I feared for him greatly. Gone was the excitable youth who had embarked with us on this ill-fated quest, the young man keen to bury his face in any woman's bottom and dare her to do her worst. Grim reality was his companion now, for he had seen what the Amazons could do to a man. Had seen, indeed, what Anne herself might have done to one had she wished.

We had been provided with water, fruit and some cold cuts of meat. Danvers found it hard to get anything down, though Lord Rogers and I were happy enough to sate our appetites. We were both aware that we would need all our strength in the hours ahead.

It was early the following morning, when the door to our hut was opened again, and Anne entered. Her face was ashen, and, if Lord Rogers had not moved quickly towards her, I believe she would have fallen on the spot.

'What is it?' I inquired anxiously, as we huddled close around her. 'Have the fiends harmed you in any way?'

Anne shook her head. 'It is worse than that.' She took a deep breath, struggling to compose herself. 'They wish me to ride another man. But this time ... this time I must finish him off!'

‘In heaven’s name, no!’ I cried, shocked to my core. ‘They cannot make you do such a thing, surely?’

‘They can – and they will,’ replied Anne despondently. ‘I have been arguing with Aryannah half the night – but all to no avail. I told her my men were workers I could sell for gold, but she was adamant. I feared that if I continued to refuse, she would deem it an insult – and have you all smothered!’

‘You agreed?’ cried Danvers, utterly appalled. ‘You agreed to smother a man?’

‘I had no choice,’ responded Anne angrily. ‘If I had refused, it would have spelled your doom for sure! She yearns to ride your faces. She has said as much to me more than once. It distresses her that I have not allowed her to sit on you.’

‘She wishes to ride us?’ said I. ‘To take us into her bottom’s crack?’

‘She does. Several times during the night she has said to me, “What gift might I bestow on you – in return for the pale ones?”’

‘But you have denied her?’ cried Danvers anxiously.

‘For now, yes,’ said Anne. ‘But I know she wishes to mount you all. If not with my agreement – then without it.’

‘But as for our bearers...’ said I, hardly wishing to finish a sentence I had reluctantly begun.

Anne nodded gloomily. ‘Our servants are a different matter. To the Amazons, they are no worthier than those men who live elsewhere on the plateau – fit only to be sat upon. As for Aryannah – she cannot understand why I do not wish to mount a different man each day and ... and finish him off with my little hole!’

‘In God’s name,’ I muttered, shaking my head slowly. ‘Are there no depths to which these women will not sink?’

‘I fear not,’ said Anne. ‘And now they have exacted this dreadful promise from me. To sit upon one of our bearers! To take him into my bottom’s crack ... and suffocate him with my little hole!’

‘Has the man been chosen?’ I asked cautiously. ‘Does he know you mean to smother him?’

Anne gazed back at me forlornly. ‘No. Aryannah says I must choose the man myself. Go among our bearers and select my poor victim. I am to do it this evening, though I will not mount him until sunrise tomorrow. That way he will spend his final night fully aware of his fate on the morrow. That he is to lie between a woman’s legs – with no hope of reprieve.’

‘The devils!’ I cried, unable to contain my horror. Then, belatedly, another – more prosaic – thought occurred. ‘How will you hold the poor fellow down? He will struggle, surely? Knowing you mean to smother him with your bottom.’

Anne hesitated, and blushed again. ‘Aryannah was much taken with how you and I subdued his Lordship. She ... she is keen to see us take another man together...’

Now it was my turn to blush. My jaw dropped open and I gaped stupidly for several seconds.

‘I’m so sorry, John,’ said Anne, patently distressed. ‘If there had been any other way...’

I pulled myself together quickly. Poor Anne! For all our sakes, she had agreed to take a man between her legs. To sit on his face and suffocate him with her little hole. What agonies must she be enduring – yet my thoughts were all for myself. That I should have to hold the poor fellow down while he breathed his last.

‘It is not your fault,’ I replied meekly. ‘You do what you do for us.’ I drew myself up straight. ‘I will gladly hold this man down for you! If the poor fellow is to be smothered – better he lie inside your gentle arse than any other! You, at least, will take no pleasure from the act.’

‘There is one more thing,’ said Anne, her face still pink, her eyes damp with tears. ‘You must be with me when I choose the man I am to sit upon. Aryannah insists he must know how the deed is to be done. That you are to hold him down as I take him into my crack.’ Anne shook her head sorrowfully. ‘She wishes him to be fearful. To contemplate the fate he is to suffer...’

I swallowed hard. Then, composing myself with some difficulty, responded, in as calm a tone as I could muster, 'Of course. I understand ... and am proud to be at your side.'

I reached out, took both of her hands in mine, and squeezed gently. 'Do not reproach yourself,' I implored her. 'What you do, you do to save our lives. If I were this man – and I knew my time had come – I would deem it an honour to breathe my last inside your crack!'

Comforted a little by my words, Anne forced a grim smile. 'You are a good man, John,' she replied, 'and I thank you. I pray that the man I must sit upon tomorrow will feel the same way. But if he does not, then – with your help – I will do my best to finish him off quickly.'

'Whether he feels it or not,' said I encouragingly, 'he is the most fortunate of fellows. Though he does not know it...'

Danvers leapt to his feet, his face livid. 'How can you talk like this?' he cried. 'A man is to be smothered! As we will be smothered in our turn! And yet you speak of his fate as if it is something to be desired!'

Releasing Anne, I addressed our young friend directly. 'I do not say it is to be desired. But if we are to die in this god-forsaken pit – then I, for one, would rather it were between this good woman's cheeks than those of any Amazon!'

Though Danvers remained unmoved – the young have no wish to die, believing themselves immortal, whereas I, an older man, am aware my time grows short – he quietened down and again fell silent.

‘Thank you, John,’ said Anne softly, though I could see from her face she was far from convinced the act she would shortly carry out was an honourable one.

Glancing from one of us to the other, she was, I knew, reluctant to take her leave. But go, I also knew, she must.

‘I will return this evening,’ she said. ‘In the meantime, there is, I hope, much for me to learn. Though these women are primitive, their culture is one I have long yearned to study in person.’

‘Of course,’ said I. ‘Do not apologise. We are scientists, after all. As for what the future holds – we can do no more than await its outcome.’

Chapter Fourteen: Anne Chooses a Man to Sit On!

The day passed without further incident. What followed that evening however, will haunt me forever.

Anne returned to us, as promised, shortly before sunset. She was not alone, entering our hut followed by two large Amazons.

‘It is time, John,’ she said flatly. There was a grave look in her eyes. She was not free to speak – that much was obvious. Had something occurred, I wondered, since last we met? This was the first time she had not been permitted to visit us alone.

The moment she and I had left the hut, followed by her guardians, we were joined by several other women – among them Aryannah herself.

As a party, we made our way across the open market square towards the far end of the village where our bearers were imprisoned. As we neared them, a voice cried out to me – sharp and strident. I recognised it at once, and, with it, the familiar face of our headman, Inchu.

‘Master!’ he cried, addressing me with fear in his eyes. ‘Help us, please! These women–’ He glanced from one to the other, visibly shaking. ‘They mean to sit on us, Master! They mean to take us into their bottoms!’

How I longed, just then, to offer him words of comfort. To reassure him that all was well – or that it would end well, at least. But I did not believe it myself and had no wish to offer him false hope. Besides, to the Amazons, I was merely a

servant myself – Anne’s property. I had no wish to arouse their suspicions by speaking out of turn.

Sensing my reluctance, Anne herself now spoke, addressing Inchu directly. ‘I am sorry,’ she began, in as level a voice as she could muster. ‘One of you must–’ She broke off briefly, clearly struggling. ‘One of you must be smothered, Inchu. To save the others...’

His eyes widened fearfully. ‘Not me?’ he cried. ‘I am not to be sat upon?’

Anne gave a quick shake of her head, anxious to put him at his ease. If Inchu panicked, fear would quickly spread to his men and that we wished to avoid if at all possible.

‘Do not be frightened, Inchu,’ she said in a low voice, ‘I will not sit on you. But I must choose one of your men. If I do not – the Amazons will mount you all. None will be spared!’

His low brow furrowed, and he seemed to think furiously for several seconds. Finally, he leaned forward, and said – keeping his voice as low as Anne’s – ‘Makito! He has no wife or child. Let him be the man you sit upon!’

‘Which one is he?’ inquired Anne anxiously.

‘Makito!’ cried Inchu, waving his hand high. Six cages away, a sallow-faced youth raised his fist in salutation, horribly ignorant of why he had been singled

out. I saw Anne take a breath to calm her nerves, before, with myself in tow, she walked towards the doomed young man.

‘You are Makito?’ she inquired, pausing outside his cage.

‘I am,’ he answered nervously, his eyes suddenly wide. ‘Are we to be set free, Madam? Are we going home?’

Anne opened her mouth to speak, then quickly closed it. I saw her fingers ball into fists of despair at what she was about to say. Not wishing to reveal that Anne and I were equals, I bowed low, and said, in a deferential voice, ‘May I speak on your behalf, Madam?’

She tilted her head a fraction and nodded briskly. Words were still beyond her. I took it as my cue to speak, reluctant though I was.

‘I am sorry, Makito,’ I began, addressing the young man plainly. ‘You are not going home.’ I took a deep breath. ‘You are to be smothered. Our doctor must take you into her crack...’

The poor fellow’s eyes grew wider still, and his mouth gaped horribly. As the full import of my words struck home, his poor little legs gave way. Swooning, he stumbled forward, his hands thrust pleadingly towards me.

‘Say it is not so!’ he cried. ‘Please, Master – say it is not so!’

‘It is so!’ I answered flatly, while wishing with all my heart that it were not. ‘You are to be sat upon. I myself will hold you down while this lady—’ I indicated Anne as I spoke, ‘suffocates you with her bottom!’

The words had scarcely left my lips when Makito threw his head back and released the most dreadful howl of despair. By now, of course, the other bearers were alerted to his plight. As he screamed mournfully, one man spoke to another, passing on the dreadful news. In no time at all, his fate was known to everyone.

‘It is all right!’ cried Inchu, doing his best to reassure them. ‘Only Makito is to be smothered. Master has told me the rest of us are safe. Only one man is to be sat upon!’

‘Why me? Why me?’ cried Makito, petrified.

‘Because you have no family,’ I informed him coldly. ‘Your companions have wives and children—’

‘I have a mother!’ he cried quickly. ‘And two sisters! It is not fair! It is not fair!’

‘Life is not fair!’ I reminded him. ‘I am sorry, my friend. I wish it could be otherwise – but it is not. Anne must take you into her crack. You must prepare yourself.’

Turning towards her, Makito’s face crumpled, and heavy tears scored his face. ‘I beg you, Madam!’ he cried. ‘I beg you – do not sit on me! I am frightened! I am

frightened!’

Summoning all her courage now, Anne came forward quickly, looked at him tenderly and said, ‘If I do not sit on you, Makito – then one of these other women will. You will suffer terribly, for they will take their time and use you cruelly. I will not. I promise, Makito – I will finish you off quickly!’

‘I do not want to be finished off!’ he wept. ‘I do not want to be smothered!’

Ignoring him, Anne stepped back, her face suddenly ashen. ‘There is one more thing you must know.’

To my great surprise, she proceeded to unbuckle the belt that held her shorts in place. Unfastening them quickly, she allowed them to drop to the ground. Beneath them, I saw, she was wearing no pants. Then, turning swiftly around, she bent low, so that her bottom rose high in the air. Reaching back, she clawed her buttocks wide, exposing the wrinkled bud that nestled in the heart of her crack.

Despite himself, Makito gazed at her anus, as if suddenly turned to stone, and unable to move.

When Anne spoke, I knew for sure she was simply repeating a mantra forced upon her by our captors. This was not our good doctor talking – but Aryannah herself!

‘Behold my mighty weapon!’ she cried. ‘The hole of holes – and conqueror of men! Dream of her tonight, Makito, and tremble – for she means to slay you on the morrow!’

Makito’s face crumpled. His body sagged and he fell to the ground in a heap, cradling himself tightly and sobbing. His fear spread quickly to the other men and they, too, now clutched at their cage-bars and screamed. I felt as if I had fallen into hell – and was listening to the wailing of the damned!

Straightening her back, Anne tugged up her shorts. Then, without a further word, she strode towards Aryannah, who stood just a few yards away. A broad smile broke across the latter’s features, and she finally spoke.

My ancient Latin was no match for Anne’s, but I grasped the gist well enough.

‘He fears your little hole!’ she cried gleefully. ‘He will not sleep tonight – and tomorrow he will sleep forever!’ She threw back her head and released a screeching howl of joy. Immediately, the other Amazons joined in – a communal bonding of their spirits. It made me feel sick inside to see what joy it gave them – celebrating, as they were, what was to follow in the morning: the ritual suffocation of an innocent young man.

I gave thanks for the fact that Danvers had been spared this sight – though the women’s cries would, I knew, have carried across to our hut. He was a hopeless bundle of nerves as it was. To see and hear poor Makito – wailing in despair – would have proved more, I was certain, than he could bear.

I shuffled awkwardly from one foot to the other, unsure of what to do next.

Almost immediately, however, matters were taken out of my hands. A careless gesture from Aryannah, and two of her guards advanced, seized hold of my arms, and promptly led me back to our hut.

I caught one last glimpse of Anne's despair-lined face. Then the women hurried me on, and we parted from each other once again.

Chapter Fifteen: Makito is Mounted!

It was a long night – and a dreadful one, too, for all of us. For hour after hour, Makito’s mournful cries echoed around the village, preventing sleep. He knew he was to be suffocated at sunrise, and nothing on earth could ease his misery.

I lay with my eyes closed, but otherwise conscious – as did my two companions. I have no doubt we shared the same waking nightmare, while pondering a similar question: what must it be like for a man to pass his final few hours, horribly aware that, on the morrow, a woman would take him into her bottom’s crack – and smother him to death with her little hole?

Makito was a condemned man: due to be executed by a woman who would take no pleasure from the act, but must pretend to do so for all our sakes. As I lay there, in my own tormented silence, I wondered how poor Anne was feeling – knowing she must mount Makito in the morning.

I, too, of course, would have my part to play – for I must hold the poor man down while Anne’s bare bottom did its work. Troubled though I was at the prospect of the struggle to come, I knew that, for all our sakes, I must be as resolute as she when the time came.

When at last dawn broke, I rose with a sickness in my stomach. Though I breakfasted on fresh fruit and water – for, like the others, I knew I must keep up my strength – in truth, I had no appetite.

Makito's howls of despair continued to drift in from the far side of the village. I buried my head in my hands, scarcely able to contemplate the deed that was almost upon me now.

'Take heart, old man,' said Lord Rogers gamely. He clapped a hand on my shoulder and, when I looked up, gave me a stout look of support that helped to stiffen my resolve.

'If one of these bare-bottomed fiends were to sit on Makito,' he reminded me, 'he would suffer dreadfully. You and Anne will treat him with kindness as he goes to meet his Maker. He may not know it, but we do – and it is to that knowledge you must cling.'

'You are right, of course,' said I, climbing to my feet. 'And I should not bemoan my fate – nor Makito his. It is Anne for whom I feel sorry. It is she – poor innocent lady – who must perform this dreadful deed.'

As if Fate herself had overheard my remark and rung the start of another Act, the door to our hut opened and Anne came in. The sight of her shocked me at first for she was all but naked, her only concession to modesty, a small leather thong that barely concealed from view the bulging swell of her vagina. As for her breasts, they were, in true Amazon fashion, proudly exposed to the world and swung smoothly before her as she walked.

'Anne!' I cried, hurrying forward, then drew up short. Though my instinct was to embrace her, the fact that she was all but nude caused me to withdraw at the last.

'It is almost time,' she said quietly, blushing a little – for she could see the

astonished look on our faces. She glanced from one of us to the other. 'From now on, Aryannah has commanded me to carry myself as an Amazon. My thong aside – I am to be as naked as the day I was born.'

'The heathen swine!' I cried, unable to hide my fury.

Anne reached out quickly and took hold of my hand. 'It is of no matter, John, truly. But ...' She looked at each of us in turn, a forlorn expression on her face. 'Aryannah insists that ... that from now ... we are all to be naked.' The corners of her mouth dropped miserably. 'Our bearers have already been stripped, poor devils. And you men must disrobe, too. I am sorry...'

'Merciful heavens!' I cried, shaking my head in disbelief.

Anne's hand tightened around mine. 'We are scientists,' she said, attempting to comfort me. 'Men and women of reason. We are not in our own land, and must adapt ourselves accordingly.'

Danvers seemed ready to voice another complaint, but, before he could speak, Lord Rogers spoke up.

'We are in Rome now,' said he, echoing Anne's words, 'and must follow the customs of our hosts. However much we fear them.' Without waiting for the diffident Danvers to reply, he added, addressing Anne directly, 'We will follow your lead, and defer to you in all things. I have little doubt our lives depend upon it.'

Anne smiled, and her face relaxed a little. But only for an instant – and then her face darkened again.

‘There has been another change of plan,’ said she, addressing our companions. ‘You two are to bring Makito from his cage, and hand him into my care.’

‘We are to help you?’ said Danvers, gaping. ‘Drag the poor wretch to his doom?’

‘Aryannah would not be dissuaded. It pleases her to see you do my will. Even at the expense of another man’s life...’

‘We will escort him as you ask,’ said Lord Rogers. ‘It is the least we can do.’

Stepping away from me, Anne forced a grateful smile. Taking a deep breath, her bosom rose sharply and her nipples stood tall and proud.

‘We do not have long,’ she said. ‘The arena has been prepared, and poor Makito awaits his execution.’ She shook her head sadly. ‘And I, his executioner ... I pray I have the strength to do what must be done – and to do it quickly for his sake.’

‘You will!’ said I. ‘And I will hold him firmly down ... while your bottom does its woman’s work!’

Anne forced another grateful smile. ‘They have asked me to say things to him,’

she said in a quiet voice. ‘While ... while I perform the deed.’

‘What sort of things?’ I inquired cautiously.

‘Cruel things,’ she replied, her eyes tightening. ‘I am to tell him...’ She took another deep breath. ‘I am to tell him that my little hole is coming for him. That she takes no prisoners! That I ... that I am to smother him as Nature herself intended him to be smothered!’

‘It is their way,’ I reminded her. ‘If you did not sit upon him, another would take your place and do the deed.’

‘But I do not wish to frighten him!’ she muttered sadly. ‘To tell the poor man there is no hope. That he is to die inside my crack!’

I clung onto her hands firmly. ‘Every man’s time on earth is finite. One day we will all go to meet our Maker. When my own day comes, I can dream of no more joyful end than to lie between a woman’s buttocks – and have her ride me as you yourself will ride Makito!’

‘You do not know what you are saying!’ Anne responded, visibly shocked.

Lord Rogers broke in at once. ‘You must do what you did to me,’ he said, seeking to distract her. ‘Hold him fast between your cheeks and bear down hard. Offer him no quarter – and you will finish him off quickly.’ He hesitated, then threw caution to the wind. ‘And I agree with our professor. Were I Makito – and

knew you must take me into your bottom's crack – I, too, would die a happy man.'

Anne bowed her head, but said nothing. I could see, however, that she was moved, and her courage bolstered by his Lordship's words.

'I know the poor man will struggle,' said I, addressing her again. 'But we shall master him together. He is weaker than Lord Rogers and will not throw me off, however hard he tries. It will be an easy matter for you ... for you to take him into your bottom's crack. And for your little hole to do its woman's work...'

Anne responded with a light nod. Then, turning to young Danvers, who stood close by, twisting his hands miserably, she said, 'Sidney, I know you are frightened, and I am sorry for it. I know you have no wish to see Makito smothered. Believe me when I say, I do not wish it, either. You must be brave. As we must all be brave.' She shook her head sadly. 'Remember, you have buried your face in many bottoms, and know how it feels. Not simply the pain – but the pleasure, too. Think of this when you see me mount Makito. That my little hole will also bring him joy. If a man's time has come, is it not – as your friends have declared – a kindness for a woman to take him to his God between her cheeks?'

Danvers shook his head slowly. 'What you say is true, Doctor Yelland,' he answered in a quiet voice. 'I remember the joy.' He sighed. 'I pray Makito will know it, too – when you take him into your crack...'

'Good boy!' said Anne, smiling at him warmly. I applauded her courage for, once again, she was thinking of others, not herself.

Straightening her back, she clenched her fists and breathed hard. 'We must waste no more time. It is cruel to keep Makito waiting. Let us do what must be done, and put the poor man out of his misery.'

Reluctantly acceding to Aryannah's command, we three men quickly stripped until we were utterly naked. To my surprise, I did not feel the embarrassment I had imagined I would. As Lord Rogers had put it so aptly, we were in Rome now after all...

The morning sun was pleasantly warm on our skin as we strode towards the makeshift arena. As before, the Amazons had gathered in a large crescent around the area where the battle was to take place. The cages had been wheeled forward so that our remaining bearers might have a good view of the event. That, I thought, was unnecessarily cruel, for it would only bring home to these men the fate they might one day suffer themselves.

As for poor Makito, he clung to the bars of his own cage, still weeping and wailing. I knew he had enjoyed no sleep – how could he, aware of his pending suffocation? He looked utterly exhausted and, though I knew he would struggle, I knew, too, that fatigue would make him easier to restrain.

As we entered the arena, Aryannah came forward, and flung her arms around Anne, as if greeting a long-lost sister.

'Are you ready to do battle?' she inquired in her ancient Latin.

‘I am,’ replied Anne.

‘You will sit upon his face and not rise until the deed is done?’

‘I will,’ she confirmed, in as firm a voice as she could manage.

Aryannah smiled broadly, turned to my two companions and cried, ‘Then let he who is to be smothered be brought forth!’

Reluctantly, Danvers and Lord Rogers walked over to the cage in which Makito howled and sobbed. On seeing them approach, Makito wailed again and clung even more fiercely to the wooden bars.

Flinging the door wide, the pair entered grimly.

‘Forgive us for what we must do,’ said Lord Rogers, with genuine sorrow. ‘Will you not walk with us of your own free will – and face your execution like a man?’

Makito glared back at the two men, his big white eyes widening further. ‘I am to be smothered!’ he cried. ‘I am to die at the hole!’

‘There are worse ways, man!’ said Lord Rogers. ‘She will finish you off quickly!’

You will not suffer!’

‘I will! I will!’ cried Makito, weeping freely, his knuckles now white as he clutched at the bars.

‘Then you leave us no choice,’ barked his Lordship, advancing swiftly, seizing hold of Makito’s arm and tugging hard. Danvers came forward, too, and took hold of his other wrist. Though he loathed what he must do, he pulled hard, ignoring Makito’s howls of terror.

‘Help me, brothers!’ screamed Makito, pleading with his fellow-bearers. It was a vain cry for help. No one could save him now...

It took only a few vigorous tugs to free Makito’s arms. The poor fellow was plainly exhausted, having spent the past few hours weeping and howling in his cell. My heart went out to the doomed young man as I saw my friends drag him from his cage, and across those few yards of ground to the arena where Anne and I were waiting for him.

‘Please!’ he wept mournfully. ‘I do not want to die! Not inside a woman’s bottom! Please!’

Having reached the arena, my friends hauled him forward so that he fell face-down on the dry earth. Before he had a chance to react, they retreated quickly, while the Amazons closed ranks, denying him any chance of escape.

Hauling himself to his feet, Makito's eyes flashed everywhere, finally alighting on Anne, who stood, just a few yards away, regarding him sadly.

Immediately, Makito rose, scrambled forward, then dropped to his knees again, his hands clasped pleadingly in the air.

'Please, Madam!' he wept, his body shaking horribly. 'Do not sit on me! Spare my life! Please! I beg you!'

Oh, how I felt for Anne! What must she be feeling now – to see this poor fellow beg for his life, when she knew she must suffocate him, come what may! I knew, too, that Aryannah would have schooled her in her actions, and that whatever she did next would not be of her making.

When, a moment later, Anne turned her back, bent low at the waist and, with one careless gesture, tore off her thong, I knew it was Aryannah who spoke and not she.

'Behold the weapon with which I will slay you, man! My little hole is coming for you – and she takes no prisoners!'

Both Makito and I stared open-mouthed into the long, hairy crack of Anne's bottom. But while I, marvelling at her darling anus, saw only a thing of exquisite beauty, for it meant me no harm – Makito saw the instrument of his destruction...

‘You must be brave!’ I urged him, as one man to another. ‘Do not shame yourself before your fellows! There is no escape for you now. Accept your fate willingly!’

Stirring suddenly from his stupor, Makito’s head turned sharply left and right, as if searching – even now – for some means of escape. But the Amazons had gathered close around him, shutting off all chance of retreat. His little shoulders shook, as he threw back his head and released another long, penetrating howl of despair.

Poor Anne! It was wrong that she – who only wished to end his life quickly – should suffer any more. I could bear it no longer and sprang forward, seizing Makito by his shoulders and pulling him towards Anne on his knees.

Realising what I had done and why, Anne spun round to face us both, a determined look on her face. Makito struggled fiercely, for he knew I meant to hold him down. But, as I have already remarked, he was utterly fatigued and, though he tried hard to resist, I upended him easily and straddled his chest.

‘Master, please!’ he beseeched me, tears welling up in his eyes. ‘Have mercy! Have mercy! I do not wish to die! Not at the hole! Not at the hole!’

‘You must be brave!’ I urged him yet again. ‘I wish I could save you – but I cannot!’

Anne came forward now, her face ashen. Bearing down on Makito’s chest, I felt his body rattle between my legs. Anne’s eyes were tightly closed as she eased herself over his head.

‘Why me, little hole?’ he cried, gazing up into the dark, forbidding well of her anus. ‘Why me? Why me?’

‘Have courage, Anne!’ I cried, seeking to lift her spirits. ‘Remember! This is not of your doing! You are as helpless as the man you ride!’

Her eyes flashed open and I saw a look of bleak despair crumple her face. ‘I have to smother him, John!’ she muttered mournfully. ‘I have to hold him inside my bottom so he cannot breathe!’

‘If you do not mount him,’ I reminded her, ‘one of these heathens will take your place! They will torture him monstrously ... whereas you will smother him with kindness!’

Gazing down between her legs, Anne stared into Makito’s terrified eyes, and I saw her visibly weaken.

‘I cannot do it, John!’ she muttered. ‘I cannot take him into my crack!’

Hope dawned in Makito’s eyes – false hope for, though he dared to dream that he might live, I knew that Anne must finish the work she had begun. I was grateful the Amazons did not speak our tongue, for they doubtless imagined Anne was giving me instructions and I replying.

‘You must!’ I responded sharply. ‘For the sake of all – you must smother him

with your bottom!’

‘No Master, please!’ Makito cried again, staring up at me, unable to fathom why I urged Anne on when she herself had no wish to sit on him.

‘He’s frightened, John!’ she cried. ‘He doesn’t want to be smothered! He doesn’t want to die inside my crack!’

‘Of course he doesn’t,’ said I. ‘But you have no choice! Please, Anne! You must do this! For all our sakes!’

She gazed back at me, and I could see from the look in her face that she knew I was right. Glancing past her shoulder, I saw Aryannah regard me now with what seemed like growing suspicion. She might not speak our language, but even she could grasp the meaning of the anxious words passing between us.

‘We are being watched,’ I said, returning my attention to Anne. ‘She suspects...’

Anne bit down on her lip. Then, addressing our victim directly, she said, ‘Forgive me, Makito, I have no choice. I must smother you with my bottom!’

I was forced to hold on tightly now, as poor Makito heaved and groaned.

‘All men’s time must come,’ said I fatalistically. ‘This is yours.’

‘I am too young! Too young!’ he wept. And it was true, of course. He had been selected for that very reason – youthful and with no dependants.

Reaching back, Anne clawed at her buttocks, widening the gap between her cheeks. When I heard Aryannah and the other Amazons give a wild whoop of joy, I knew she had done it not to terrify Makito – which, from his blood-curdling screams it clearly had – but to impress upon the queen her utter seriousness. Anne realised she had erred and was determined now to rectify her mistake. If Makito was to die, it would not be in vain.

‘Prepare yourself!’ she cried, in true Amazon fashion. ‘My little hole is coming for you!’ She announced this in English and Latin – for the benefit of both Makito and the Amazons. The latter roared their approval, and the air filled with their dreadful cries.

Poor Makito knew his time was almost up. That, for him, there would be no reprieve. Yet still he struggled – defying his fate to the bitter end.

‘No hole, Madam! No hole!’ he cried stupidly as Anne lowered herself onto his face.

‘She comes for you!’ I told him. ‘Be brave, my friend! Be brave!’

They were foolish words, of course. How could the poor man be brave when he feared Anne’s arse so dreadfully? It mattered not that I, in my delirium, could imagine no sweeter death than to perish inside Anne’s bottom. It was not I who

now stared both death – and her little hole – in the face!

And then she was on him, her buttocks moulding themselves like jelly around the sides of his face, snaring him between her cheeks.

‘Oh, John!’ cried Anne, her shrill voice dragging me from the darkness of my thoughts. ‘His little head is in my crack! He wriggles, John! Oh, how he wriggles! He knows he is to die at the arse!’

‘What a happy death it is!’ I cried madly. ‘To breathe his last inside your crack!’

‘How can it be happy?’ she wept, tears breaking from the corner of both eyes. ‘To die inside my bottom?’

Dropping her gaze, I saw Anne focus on my shaft. To my shame I had, in the last few moments, grown fully erect. My penis danced gaily as if celebrating our victory over Makito!

‘You are excited!’ she murmured, her misery abruptly pushed to one side.

‘I cannot help myself!’ I answered. ‘The thought of you riding this poor man with your bottom – it arouses me! God help me, Anne – how I long to take his place!’

‘No!’ she cried and, in doing so, rose a fraction from the saddle of Makito’s

head. A loud, rasping squeal broke from between Anne's legs as the poor man – almost finished off – found himself suddenly able to breathe. It was the cruellest of reliefs, for, the moment Anne heard him cry, she pressed her bottom down hard, taking him back into her crack, and the battle began again.

Briefly revived, Makito heaved beneath me. He had thought himself spared, but now knew he was not. What fresh agonies must be enduring, I asked myself – to believe himself free, only to be mounted again?

Doing my best to ignore my arousal, perched naked as I was astride Makito's wriggling chest, I clung to him fast, ensuring he would not shift Anne from his face. Though he fought me ferociously – not wishing to perish at the hole – between us, we slowly wore him down. Cheered on by our Amazon captors, I lost myself in the moment, and it was only when I heard Anne mutter, 'It is over, John, I have smothered him...' that I realised the battle was ended.

Rising unsteadily to my feet, I saw – and felt – that my cock had grown harder still. The Amazons had spotted this, too, and to my embarrassment, I saw them regarding me eagerly. As for poor Makito, he lay flat on his back, his face awash with the sweat from Anne's body. She looked painfully weary – exhausted by her efforts – and as I moved forward to take hold of her arm, she briefly stumbled.

Two Amazons advanced, and, without ceremony, pushed me to one side and escorted Anne away. I was about to voice a protest, before thinking better of it. It was not my place, I knew, to speak or act out of turn. A moment later, all further thought was rendered academic. Two pairs of arms seized hold of mine and I found myself being shuffled towards a large, timbered building on the far side of the square where I knew, from what Anne had already told us, Aryannah herself held court...

Chapter Sixteen: Aryannah Sits on Me!

My role in Makito's ordeal at an end, I had assumed I would be returned to our hut, together with my companions. Instead, I now found myself in Aryannah's personal dwelling, two women either side of me. They regarded me keenly but said nothing. I imagined this was where Aryannah had previously conversed with Anne. Where Anne herself was – or my other friends – I had no idea. It was some minutes, too, before Aryannah herself appeared. Her mood appeared to have changed. It did not, I felt, augur well for me. I saw also, to my anxious astonishment, that she had removed her thong. Her cunt bulged dramatically, a swollen bulb of flesh, barely hidden behind a forest of thick black curls.

I will admit to some nervousness in the queen's presence. These women were a race apart from our own females. None who had known them for even a short while could fairly describe them as the gentler sex. In habits they were more like men, but men with dreadful women's needs. It was a curious mix, my unease just then not improved at finding myself standing naked and erect in the presence of Aryannah and two of her entourage.

It seemed to me as if she were trying to make up her mind about something. How I wished Anne were here, for I knew she would protect me. In her absence, I felt alone and vulnerable.

As if coming to a sudden decision, Aryannah barked several instructions at her two companions. I had assumed them to be her personal guards but, though my Latin was by no means the equal of Anne's, I had sufficient mastery of the tongue to grasp the words, 'Take two for yourself, my sisters, and we will meet at the water's edge.'

The words themselves did not come to me as complete sentences, I hasten to add, but filling in the gaps, it was, I felt, an accurate translation. Her reference to 'sisters' may have been a term of respect – not filial recognition – for Anne

herself was a ‘sister’ in their presence, yet there was a relaxed air about the group which inclined me to believe they were, indeed, family.

Be that as it may, the other two women immediately departed, leaving me alone with Aryannah – and still no sight nor sound of Anne herself.

The queen regarded me with what I can only describe as barely concealed lust. The stiffness in my shaft had not subsided, and its length had clearly aroused her interest. Even so, when she reached out and closed one hand around my manhood, while sliding the other beneath my sacs, it was all I could do not to scream for help. It occurred to me that had I been so daring, she would have stifled me at once. Or possibly worse.

As Aryannah stroked my shaft, I reacted as any man would, growing stiffer yet, and quivering with need. She muttered something in Latin. Though I failed to catch it all, what I did catch made my breath run cold.

‘You are my bottom’s man, now,’ she hissed, licking her lips with relish.

‘Dear God!’ I thought, ‘she means to sit on me!’

My poor, crazed mind had barely expressed the thought when Aryannah released my penis, hoisted me into the air and threw me over her shoulder. A moment later, she had slipped through a door to the rear of the hut and was running at speed, and I rocking helplessly across her back. My head hung low so that, as she hurried through a narrow avenue of trees, my gaze fixed itself on the shifting boulders of her giant bottom. As she ran, her buttocks heaved from side to side, the crack opening and closing, first exposing the long, dark canyon of her arse,

then hiding it from view again. At no point, I am pleased to say, did I catch a glimpse of her little hole, for it was lodged too deep inside her bottom to be visible. But the thought that, unless I had misunderstood her completely, she meant to take me to her hidden anus, filled me with dread.

When we finally came to a halt, near the bank of a wide, slow-moving river, Aryannah deposited me in a heap on the ground. I cast my gaze about me anxiously, still clinging to the hope that Anne might suddenly emerge to save me. But that unlikely chance was pushed utterly from my mind by another sight, which turned my insides to ice.

Breaking through the curtain of trees that surrounded us on all sides, Aryannah's two sisters hurried into view. Each of the women bore a human burden on her back – struggling captives whom I immediately recognised as two of our bearers. Depositing them on the ground alongside me, the women gathered in a tight group, regarding us with open delight.

I was still struggling to make sense of our plight when the sisters seized lengths of vine from where they had lain scattered on the ground and promptly secured both myself and one of the other men side by side to the base of a thick tree. The third fellow they left alone – a fact which, from the way he shifted anxiously, both relieved and alarmed him in equal measure.

Any thought that he might be set free was banished a moment later in grim fashion. One of the Amazons reached out, seized his arms and upended him. A moment later, she had straddled his chest, with her huge backside towards his face. Reaching down, she undid the butterfly bows that held her thong in place, releasing her cunt and exposing the dark, muscular whorl of her anus.

The instant the poor fellow caught sight of her bottom's eye, he released a loud,

piercing howl.

‘My little hole comes for you!’ she cried, wriggling her buttocks from side to side. She spoke in the Amazon tongue and, though the fellow spoke no Latin himself, the way she slithered towards him was evidence enough of her deadly intent.

The poor man heaved furiously, but his range of movement was severely limited. Tossing his head back, his eyes fixed on me, as if somehow I might save him.

‘Help me, Master!’ he cried. ‘Help me!’

Tears filled his eyes and, as I gazed back at him, I felt them well up in mine also. For there was nothing I could do to save him. Nothing at all...

A moment later, the Amazon had lowered her bottom onto his face, wriggling her buttocks from side to side. I heard his muffled moans of despair, seeping out from between her broad, fleshy cheeks. Alongside me, my companion in distress sobbed freely, straining hard against the knotted vines that kept us both in check.

Watching another man being smothered so cruelly was a grim affair, but there was worse to come. Just when she seemed to have taken the poor fellow as far as it was possible to take a man, the Amazon rose from his head and Aryannah took her place. Unlike her sister, as I had already noted, the queen had long since removed her thong, her cunt and bottom obscenely bare. She allowed the poor man just long enough to draw one or two breaths. Then she took him into her dreadful crack and his ordeal began anew.

If anything, his struggles this time round were even more ferocious than before. His first assailant had taken him to the edge of suffocation; so close that his fear now knew no bounds. His little legs kicked this way and that and his fingers clawed at the air. Aryannah gripped his wrists tightly, keeping his hands well away from her hips, so that he could not shift her. In truth, she was a powerful woman and I doubted any man alive could have shifted her arse from his face even had his arms been free.

As with her sister before, Aryannah took the poor man to the very edge of oblivion. Then, as he looked certain to have breathed his last, she relaxed her hold on him and rose. The third Amazon now came forward, slapping her hips, and grinning broadly. The poor man tried to raise himself from the ground, scrabbling crablike away, as he saw her tear off her thong. But his efforts were so feeble, his strength clearly all but gone, that he succeeded in barely moving a foot or two before the woman was on him, thighs either side of his chest, her huge backside over his head.

The man beside me screamed as he saw his companion mounted yet again. I, for my part, watched, transfixed, as the poor fellow was ridden for a third time. Despite his growing fatigue, he still struggled gamely. I marvelled at the way a man might cling to life – in the face of what was surely certain doom. Yet once again I found myself asking: was death inside a woman's crack truly to be feared? Or was it to be longed for when one's time was up? Watching Anne despatch Makito – aroused as I was by my involvement in his fate – had almost made me long for such an end. Now, as I observed the dreadful battle being fought in front of me, I found myself convinced that suffocation at the arse was no more to be longed for than any other form of death. Indeed, it suddenly seemed a monstrous way to die.

To my huge surprise, for I had imagined this woman would finish him off for sure, she suddenly rose and walked away, leaving her exhausted victim floundering like a landed fish. He gasped for air, his body soaked in sweat and, I

had little doubt, female sap – for all three Amazons had screamed with joy while riding him.

As he lay there, shaking fitfully, the first to mount him returned to the fray. From the manner in which she slapped her hips and licked her mouth, I was certain that this time he was to be put out of his misery. Looking up, aware of the steely glint in her eye, he sensed it, too, and – as fear lent him strength – he pushed himself to his feet and somehow, despite his sheer exhaustion – made to run.

It was a pointless endeavour. All avenues of escape were cut off to him – for as he made his hapless bid for freedom, the other two females moved to close him down. He turned to face his merciless foe, legs bent and hands clenched into small, defiant fists. He seemed, for one moment, to be on the verge of launching himself at her. But then he wilted and it was she who struck, not him. She threw herself forward, upending him with ease. As he tumbled onto his back, she mounted him for what was to be the last time.

Somehow, he managed to bring up his arms, cupping the woman's buttocks in his hands. She, for her part, roared with laughter as she pressed down, bringing her full weight to bear on him. Inch by inch, her bottom drew closer to his face. I saw his terrified eyes widen into huge pennies of despair as her monstrous hole came into view. He knew how she meant to use it on him and fear lent him strength as he pushed ever harder to keep her away.

It was a battle no man alive could have won. I glanced sideways at my fellow-captive and saw that he, like me, was utterly transfixed by the unfolding struggle. One – dear Lord! – in which we would shortly be engaged ourselves.

Returning my attention to the man on the ground, it pained me to see how much he fought to keep the woman's arse at bay. One last push of her powerful hips,

and his strength deserted him. The weight of her flanks finally broke his resolve and his arms fell back. He had scarcely time for one last, heart-wrenching scream of terror before her bottom covered him completely.

The final battle was short and dreadful. The poor fellow kicked with his legs as he fought in vain to shift the woman from his head. Muffled squeals leaked out from inside her crack as she went about her woman's work, punching the air and howling with delight. The other two Amazons cheered her on and it was, I felt, all they could do not to throw themselves forward and join their sister in battle.

I could not help but notice that the poor man's cock – like mine – was now fully erect, jutting up against his belly and within easy reach of his assailant. When she reached down, took hold of his shaft in one hand and pumped him crudely, I knew the end was near. A moment later, wad upon wad of creamy semen spurted from the eye of his urethra, drenching his belly. He kicked one last time, wriggled as if he were on a bed of hot coals, went limp, jerked again and finally went still.

Astride his face, his conqueror did not immediately budge. Instead, she flung back her head, raised her arms to the sky and chanted a prayer of thanks to her goddess. I could not make out all the words, but caught a flavour of her speech. It seemed she was thanking the heavens for giving her this man to sit upon and to conquer with her little hole.

Rising at last, she dragged her deceased victim away from the scene of his final battle. As she did, the other two came forward and quickly untied my companion. He resisted fiercely, kicking like a wild, injured beast as they dragged him away from the tree. He knew what was to happen to him now and it made him all the more determined to avoid his fate if he could.

It was the vainest of hopes, for there could be no escape from these women's bottoms. I knew it now as well as I knew anything on this earth.

For the next ten to fifteen minutes, I was forced to watch as the poor boy endured the self-same treatment as his predecessor. The women again took it in turns to ride him, pressing their little holes into his face time and time again until he was reduced to a sobbing wreck. When the second sister rode him one last time, I felt a sigh of relief as he finally fell still and I knew his torment was at an end.

As his lifeless body was dragged clear and the women came for me, I determined that, come what may, I would do my best to die like a man. I would not beg – or even fight these women as my companions had done. I would accept my fate willingly for, in doing so, I hoped to rob them of that which they held most dear – the terror with which their little holes filled men.

I knew, too, as they dragged me forward and deposited me roughly on the ground, that Aryannah herself was to ride me now. It was her mighty crack inside which I would lie – and her little hole that would finish me off.

As she settled herself over my head, I found myself staring up into the deep, sweaty channel of her arse. When she reached back and clawed her buttocks open, I released a morbid groan of despair. A rich, earthy scent filled my nostrils as I gazed upon her anus for the first time. The hole itself was deep and muscular, the edges lined with dark, downy hair. A starburst of wrinkled flesh, almost black against the chocolate-brown surroundings of her crater, stretched out on all sides, the entire mouth throbbing like a heart-beat at the centre of her crack.

As she lowered her little hole onto my face, I steeled myself for the moment of

truth, determined not to budge an inch. When it paused above my nose, opening and closing like a flower in the sun, I came close to losing my nerve and turning away. But this, I told myself, was what she wanted. Indeed, as I remained stock-still, it became immediately obvious to me that she was puzzled. She had expected me to cry like a child, to plead with her for mercy; if nothing else, to struggle fiercely. When I did not, it made her pause. But only for a moment. In the next, she pressed herself against me, shutting me off from the outside world. As her anus expanded around my nose, I endured, for one giddy moment, the dreadful image of being sucked bodily into her bottom's passage!

My world was in utter darkness. As she pressed down, the weight of her bottom became almost too much for me to bear. Not only could I not breathe, but it seemed to me as if my cheek-bones might suddenly shatter under the pressure. Even so, I strove to keep still, willing myself not to move.

It was, I quickly realised, a hope doomed to failure. What little chance I had of defying her was lost the moment she reached out and took my swollen shaft in her hand. As her fingers slid from one end to the other, tips tickling the sensitive skin of my sacs, I released a muted gasp, expelling air into the plump swell of her vagina. I kicked instinctively and my arms flew up, though her thick, powerful thighs kept my hands away from her hips. When I changed tack and tried instead to seize the hand that gripped my dancing cock, she swatted me away like a fly. And, in truth, I had no wish to remove her hand. As the first wave of pain shook me from top to toe, the pleasure in my groin afforded me sweet relief in spite of all my good intentions.

Trapped inside her damp, steaming crack, my nose lodged itself deep in her hole, and the bulb of her cunt filled my mouth. I threshed wildly, unable to breathe and unable, too, to shift her from my face, however hard I tried. How long I fought for breath I have no idea, but – dear Lord! – I was surely on the brink of death when she rose suddenly from my face and I sucked on warm, fetid – yet unspeakably beautiful – air!

My relief lasted only seconds and then a second woman took her place. I had scarcely a chance to draw breath, before a bulky pair of buttocks closed around my head, and battle was resumed. Again, I fought fiercely, all thoughts of lying still now banished. Another notion came to me instead. The more furiously I fought her, the quicker I would run out of air. And the sooner I ran out of air...

It was not a happy thought, and yet, in a way, it brought me comfort.

How long the battle raged, I cannot say, but just as I felt sure my time was up, the Amazon rose. By now, it was a procedure with which I had grown horribly familiar. I was given a few seconds' respite before the remaining woman mounted me and began my torment afresh. Once more, I thrashed and kicked, struggling for breath in the mountainous canyon of her arse. Again, she offered me no quarter, taking me to the edge of oblivion before promptly rising. As she walked away, I gasped for air like a dying fish.

At the back of my mind, a grim thought fought its way to the surface. Forcing myself up by my elbows, I knew this deadly game was almost over. My predecessors had been ridden like this – smothered three times in succession but spared at the last. At that point, she who had mounted them first had returned to finish them off.

As I gazed ahead through weak, misty eyes, I saw Aryannah advance, a broad smile on her face. I had been inside her bottom once before and knew the power of her little hole. If this were to be my final ride, I knew for sure there was no escape. Once she had me inside her crack, my death would be assured. I had determined more than once not to fight these women – and each time my resolve had crumpled when they came for me. This time my mind was made up. I would fight her to the bitter end, though I was dreadfully exhausted and my strength all but gone.

Climbing unsteadily to my feet, I prepared myself for her assault. I had little doubt she would bring me down easily and, after that, I would have little chance of avoiding my fate. But that I should not surrender tamely was all that mattered to me now. Though my efforts might prove futile, at least I would die as a man between her legs.

‘It is your time!’ she cried, picking up speed as she approached. Before I could react, she had flung herself forward and I was on my back, hitting the earth with a sickening thump. I lurched sideways in a bid to escape, but my effort was in vain. Aryannah’s huge thighs pressed close around my body, holding me fast.

As I gazed up, I saw her massive backside wriggle towards me, its long, dark crack shimmering with sweat. Reaching down, she took hold of her cheeks, and clawed them apart, exposing, once again, the open mouth of her anus. I bit down hard, steeling myself for what was to come: the moment of truth when she would lower herself onto my face ... and take me to her little hole!

An age seemed to pass and still she did not move. It was as if she were teasing me with delay. Tormenting me with the sight of her open arse, the dark, wrinkled hole pouting crudely.

She lowered herself to within an inch of my face, then rose again. She repeated this action several times in quick succession. Each time I was sure I would be smothered, she plucked her little hole away. Relief surrendered to misery, as, each time I steeled myself for suffocation, she cruelly spared me. I heard her sisters laugh, then cheer her on, then laugh again. The fiends took great delight in knowing how much I was suffering between their sister’s cheeks.

It came as both a shock and sweet relief, when finally she took me into her crack and pressed her little hole around my nose. I was flung into immediate torment

as I had no chance to draw breath. Kicking with my legs and punching with my arms, I thrashed wildly beneath her, screaming my despair into the plump swell of her cunt.

My face felt hot and damp and, as she twitched violently several times in quick succession, I knew – to my horror – that she was leaking her woman's sap into my mouth! My senses spun and I sensed the end was near. As a grim darkness descended, it felt to me as if not just I, but the ground beneath me, shook with fear. Somewhere, far off, I heard the sound of many screams. Then the earth shook again and the world as I knew it came to an end ...

Chapter Seventeen: The Amazons Hunt for Men!

When passing out inside Aryannah's crack, I could scarcely believe that I would see the light of another day. Imagine, then, my surprise not only to awaken, but to find myself gazing upon the familiar faces of my three companions, Anne Yelland, Lord Rogers and young Sidney Danvers.

'Thank God you are alive!' cried Anne, hugging me close as I raised myself onto my elbows. Her thong aside, she was utterly naked, as were we all, yet embraced me without a shred of shame. How far we had travelled, I reminded myself, since first we had arrived on this infernal plateau.

'I do not understand,' said I, shaking my head. 'Why did Aryannah spare me?'

'She did not spare you,' said Anne flatly. 'Not from kindness at any rate.'

'Then why do I live? I was almost at the brink. Her little hole had all but finished me off!'

'You can thank Vakardha!' said Lord Rogers, breaking in excitedly.

I stared back at him, perplexed. 'Vakardha?' I repeated blankly. For a moment, the name meant nothing to me. Then I remembered. 'Their goddess?' I recalled vaguely, shaking my head.

'I understand that a rough translation,' said he, with a deferential nod to Anne, 'is "She Who Guards the Plateau", or the "Goddess of the Mountain".'

‘Except it is not a mountain,’ said Danvers breathlessly. ‘It is a volcano. Not a large one it seems, but from what I have been able to gather, possibly a dangerous one.’

‘But how did—?’ I began, then drew up short as understanding dawned. ‘The volcano erupted! Of course! I felt the tremors! While Aryannah was sitting on me! I thought it was my fevered imagination – brought on by lack of oxygen.’

Danvers shook his head. ‘The eruption was a minor one. Plumes of smoke, some ash, nothing more. But the tremors are, I believe, of some significance. Or rather, the gaps in between.’

‘Are we in danger?’ I inquired, then huffed lightly. ‘Any more so at least than being at the mercy of these women’s bottoms.’

‘I cannot be sure. But Anne has spoken with Aryannah. There have been several tremors in recent weeks, though none for at least ten days.’

‘Is that of some significance?’

‘I believe so, yes. It is a familiar pattern – in the days before a major event.’

I was still coming to terms with this fresh peril, when Anne spoke up.

‘Aryannah has spoken to her priestess – whose role it is to interpret such events. She says their goddess is displeased. That is why she “growls”. She is angry.’

‘At their treatment of us?’ I inquired hopefully.

‘Sadly, no,’ answered Anne. ‘At least not as we might hope it to be. Their priestess claims that Vakardha is angry because the two men Aryannah and her sisters smothered were not ridden in her honour – but to satisfy their own base needs.’ She paused. ‘It seems there were tremors just before Le Bruce and his men were suffocated. That is why they were offered up in sacrifice. To appease Vakardha! When the tremors struck again, Aryannah knew Vakardha must be angry, though she did not know why. It was for this reason she rose from your head and did not complete your suffocation. Your companions were not as fortunate.’

‘But I still do not understand,’ said I. ‘Aryannah views us as your property. I thought we were safe.’

Anne returned my question glumly. ‘Aryannah is no fool. She saw through our charade when I mounted Makito. After I was taken away, she told me as much. She said I was a woman and she would not punish me. But my men were now forfeit to her. She and her sisters would exact their revenge first – she on you for your part in the deception, and her sisters on two bearers. After that, the rest of the men would be sat upon and smothered at the arse.’

After a brief pause to draw breath, Anne hurried on. ‘The rest, of course, you know. But – since the tremors – everything has changed. The priestess has convinced Aryannah she was selfish in wishing to have you all for herself. The bearers are a different matter. Some will be taken into the woods and smothered – for Vakardha recognises that women have needs, and there are men to spare.’

Others ...’ She shook her head and frowned. ‘Some will be kept – four, I believe – so that seven may be sacrificed to Vakardha herself – at the Cave of Holes!’

Now it was my turn to shake my head and frown. ‘This Cave of Holes,’ said I. ‘You have mentioned it before. Are we any the wiser as to its meaning?’

Anne shook her head. ‘All I know is that it is a place of great importance to the Shantye. Le Bruce and his men were sacrificed there – and this may be our fate, too. Unless we can fashion a means of escape.’

I turned to Lord Rogers in the hope that he, our man of action, might have devised some scheme. He gazed back at me with equal glumness.

‘They are too many for us, and stronger, also. This hut itself is badly sited, in the centre of the village, surrounded by women. And even if we were to escape, there is nowhere to run. We do not know this part of the jungle – nor our way back to where we gained access to the plateau.’

‘Inchu would know!’ said I, as hope fluttered briefly in my breast. ‘His tracking instincts would lead us to freedom, I am sure.’

Anne released another long sigh. ‘Then we must pray,’ said she, ‘that he is not one of those who are to be taken into the woods and smothered at the arse!’

We none of us slept well that night. As on the previous evening – before Makito had gone to meet his Maker – the bearers' howls of despair disturbed us constantly. By sunrise, we were utterly exhausted.

Food and drink were brought to us, and a little water with which to wash. After that, we were forced to wait awhile until, at last, two women arrived and exchanged brief words with Anne.

'We are to go with them,' said Anne. 'A journey has been planned. We are to be taken to Vakardha. It is a full day's journey. Aryannah will tell us more.'

And with that perfunctory explanation, we emerged into the sunlight and made our way across to the main square. The first thing I became immediately aware of was that only four cages remained inhabited. The others were now empty. It was with a sigh of relief that I spotted Inchu. The man might not be the most agreeable of companions, but if we were to effect our escape and return to where we had arrived on the plateau, his survival was essential.

'Where are my other men?' asked Anne, addressing Aryannah directly. It was a pointless question, for we all knew the answer long before it was given.

'My sisters have taken them into the woods,' replied the queen in her flat, pidgin Latin. A joyful glint entered her eyes. 'They have been mounted...'

'You mean smothered!' said Anne defiantly. 'They were my men! You had no right!'

‘I had every right!’ replied Aryannah. ‘But it is of no matter now. We have a journey to prepare for. Our goddess calls us to her. We must travel to the Cave of Holes.’

‘Why?’ asked Anne, though she, like we, knew the answer to her question well enough. ‘Why must we travel?’

Aryannah returned her look sullenly. It was clear she had no wish to be drawn into detail. Gesturing towards a pile of small, bulky sacks heaped on the ground, she said simply, ‘Let your men take up their provisions. There is food and water for the journey. We delay no longer. Come!’

Then she turned her back on us, confirming that further discussion was at an end. When I saw Anne open her mouth and take a step forward, I laid a restraining hand on her wrist. She had pushed our enemy far enough, I judged. Now was not the time to rile her temper further.

And so we embarked on our journey. We three men and our native bearers made seven in all, walking in single file along a narrow path that cut its way through the jungle. We were linked by sturdy vine so that none might make a bid for freedom without bringing the others down. We did not speak at all, for there was nothing to say. Anne, for her part, walked several yards ahead, occasionally conversing with the other women. We were not a large group, numbering only twenty or so in all. We seven men, Anne, and fifteen Amazons including Aryannah.

After half a day's march, we stopped for food, water and a little rest. Even the Amazons could see their rapid pace had left us weary. While we gathered ourselves, Anne came over, squatted low and said, 'I have been talking with the women.' She glanced past her shoulder to ensure she would not be overheard, then added, 'They speak freely with me, though whether because they trust me or simply do not care, I cannot say. It seems we are close to a small village – a male encampment not far from the volcano itself. Scouts sent out two days ago report there are no more than a dozen men.' She paused. 'The Amazons mean to take them by force – and smother them at the arse! It is their way of showing Vakardha they are worthy to enter the Cave of Holes.'

'Are none to be spared?' asked I, appalled.

Anne shook her head. 'None.'

'The poor fellows! If only we could warn them.'

Anne shrugged. 'We cannot. All we can do is pray for their souls when their time comes.'

'But who will pray for ours?' muttered young Danvers grimly.

Now that the Amazons knew men were within striking distance, they were filled with excitement. When we broke camp, a few minutes later, they set off at a

rapid pace, slapping their hips and talking crudely to each other. ‘Our holes are coming for you, men,’ I heard one of them mutter in her ancient Latin. ‘You will make our bottoms happy!’

For my part, I felt a weight in my soul that nothing could shift. The knowledge that each step we took brought these women closer to their victims’ village – and that they meant to take every last man into their cracks – made for a miserable journey.

At last, after a brisk hour’s walk, we found ourselves on higher ground, overlooking a wide, slow-moving stream. On the near side, lay a dozen or so wooden huts. The Amazons made no attempt to hide their intentions from us. Gazing down, I saw a dozen men going about their innocent business. In stature, they were unusually small – almost child-like in build – and no match, I knew, for the tall, broad-buttocked women who were soon to attack.

While Aryannah and the others made their final plans, Anne gathered us all a few yards off and, in a low, trembling voice, gave us news that shook me to my core. Because she spoke quickly in English, our bearers caught little of what she said. In the circumstances, I felt, that was all to the good.

‘I am to join the Amazons,’ she announced, ‘when they go into battle. Four will remain behind, to guard you men. This leaves eleven Amazons to take the village – but the men to be mounted number twelve. Aryannah is keen for me to prove my loyalty by taking one of the men into my crack.’ She briefly drew breath and shook her head sadly. ‘Though I do not wish to smother an innocent man, if I do not, then another will ride him in my place.’

‘So if his fate is sealed, you can at least take advantage of that fact to further our safety?’ said Lord Rogers perceptively.

‘That was my thinking, too,’ confirmed Anne. ‘And at least I will do my best to finish him off quickly. He will not suffer as he might suffer were an Amazon to sit on him.’

‘The four who remain behind,’ muttered Danvers, ‘does it not pain them to be omitted?’

‘Greatly,’ said Anne. ‘But they are Amazons and bow to Aryannah’s will.’ She paused, then added, ‘I have little doubt they will be rewarded for their loss.’

‘They will not sit on us?’ cried Danvers, the colour draining from his face.

‘They will not smother you, no,’ said Anne. ‘Not to the death, for Aryannah forbids it. But as to any other punishment, I cannot say. You three, I believe, are safe. As for our bearers, they may not be as fortunate. The women may lose control ... when they see their sisters in battle.’

‘Dear Lord...’ muttered Danvers, his hand in his hands.

‘Take heart,’ said I, claspng his shoulder. ‘We are all of us safe from suffocation. That is what matters. Remember – seven are needed for the Cave of Holes. They cannot harm us till then...’

I realised, the moment I had spoken, that my remarks were hardly likely to comfort him. But I saw no other way to express myself. As things stood, we

were safe – for the present at least. As for what the Cave of Holes might bring – that remained to be seen.

Stepping back, with a look of grim determination on her face, Anne glanced from one of us to the other. Pointing to some trees a few yards away, she said, ‘The women mean to watch proceedings from there. You will be made to watch also. Please do not think ill of me, whatever you see me do.’

‘We will not,’ said I, speaking for the others, ‘and fortunate that man you choose to sit upon!’

Anne smiled wearily. She carried the weight of all our lives on her shoulders now. I could not imagine how heavy such a burden must be.

As we watched her leave, two Amazons came forward in her place and signalled for us to follow. Without a word, we seven men rose and crossed to the vantage point Anne had previously indicated. From here, we could see right down into the village below. See, too, Aryannah and her party as they made their way down towards those poor, unsuspecting men on whose faces they would shortly sit.

We seven were made to sit in silence, side by side, so we might witness events as they unfolded. Our four guardians stood behind us, shuffling anxiously, barely able to control their delight as they watched their sisters close in on their prey.

Quietly, Aryannah and her party spread themselves wide, ensuring all avenues of escape were blocked off. It sickened me to watch those small, innocent men going about their daily business, unaware that, in just a few short seconds, they would be struggling for breath inside women’s bottoms!

When the assault began, it was swift and ruthless. Each woman – including Anne herself – had evidently selected a victim before she launched her attack. As the Amazons emerged from the cover of the jungle, I heard their familiar battle cry: ‘Our holes are coming for you, men! Prepare yourselves!’

The poor wretches were caught completely by surprise, and several stood rooted to the spot, unable to move. Not that flight would have helped them now. I saw the first man fall as Aryannah flung herself forward, upending him quickly and straddling his chest. It seemed to awaken his companions, who now broke and ran.

To my bewilderment, Aryannah did not proceed to finish off her victim. Instead, she simply wriggled her bottom over his face, exposing to him – though I could not see it from such a distance – the open hole of her arse. I heard him scream with terror and twist his little head this way and that.

All around the village, the Amazons chased and overcame their prey. One by one, they mounted their chests but, like Aryannah before them, did not attempt to take the poor men into their cracks. For a moment or two, I dared to hope that the men would be spared – that a spark of compassion had found its way into the women’s hearts.

More fool me as I suddenly realised the more sinister nature of the women’s actions. As more and more men were mounted, the awful truth dawned. They were all to be smothered at the same time – as an offering to Vakardha! Scanning the scene below, I saw the last two men straddled. One of the women I recognised as Anne. I watched, transfixed, as she forced her man onto his back, then climbed onto his chest, her arse towards his head.

Yet though I felt for her unknown victim, my heart went out all the more to Anne herself. The man's fate was sealed, but it was Anne who truly suffered. It was she who must take him into her bottom's crack, while he begged her to have mercy on him.

All the men were screaming now, for they knew – barring a miracle – that their time on earth had come! They cried to each other, weeping freely as the women rose high over the heads and clawed their buttocks wide. Anne followed suit, the man beneath her wriggling so furiously, it must have taken all her strength to hold him down.

I was so distracted by the sight below, that I failed to notice our Amazon guardians take up new positions behind our four bearers. As a movement to my left caught my eye, I turned in time to see the women fling their arms forward. In identical fashion, each quickly clamped one powerful hand across a bearer's face, while taking hold of his manhood with her other, and pumping hard.

The men reacted at once, kicking with their legs and twisting furiously. The women were too strong for them, of course, and impossible to shift. We three Europeans, sitting so close we could have reached out and touched each of the men had we wished, sat anxiously transfixed, watching our companions being slowly smothered!

The women themselves burst suddenly into voice, singing in unison, as if celebrating some great event. And then the truth of the matter hit me. They had been denied the joy of talking men into their cracks, but they were not to be denied the joy – while their sisters below went about their women's work – of battling men in close combat. Though the bearers themselves were clearly petrified, convinced their time was up, I knew better. Anne had told us that seven men were needed for the Cave of Holes. I could not believe these women would defy their queen. Our bearers' purpose was to give the women pleasure. A vicarious one, true enough, for I had no doubt it pained them greatly not to be

part of the struggle being waged in the village below. But pleasure nonetheless.

Beside me, poor Danvers shook like a leaf. ‘We are all to be smothered!’ he cried. ‘These women mean to finish us off!’

‘Take heart!’ said I, in a deliberately low voice. Though the Amazons spoke no English, I had no wish to distract them lest they turn their attentions on us. In his present state, I felt sure our young friend would try to run. Such an act would only incur the women’s wrath, and we might all suffer the consequences. ‘They will not suffocate these men. They mean only to exact some pleasure while their sisters go about their work below.’

My words appeared to mollify him a little, but though he fell silent he continued to shake fitfully. Alongside him, Lord Rogers spoke up wisely. ‘At least they give pleasure to their captives. See how large our bearers’ cocks have grown. Should death not follow – and I believe the professor is right – I would gladly take the place of one of these men!’

In truth, though it pains me to confess it, all our cocks had now risen, as if we, too, yearned to be held. We were men, after all, with the weakness of our sex. Tearing my eyes away from our bearers, I focused instead on the battle below. As I had previously noted, not one of the men had yet been smothered. My belief that they were all to be ridden at the same time had proved correct. Satisfied that every man had now been successfully straddled, Aryannah raised her arms high in the air.

‘Oh, great Vakardha!’ I heard her cry. ‘We offer up these men in holy sacrifice. Let it please you as we take them to our little holes!’

The men, I guessed, spoke Latin as their captors did, for they broke into voice all at once, weeping, screaming and begging for mercy. The women ignored them, of course, as I knew they would. Again, I watched, transfixed, as both Anne and the Amazons reached back, clawed open their bottoms and exposed themselves crudely to the men they straddled.

As one, the women lowered themselves, taking each man into their cracks. What a dreadful sight it was for us to see so many little legs kick, and hands claw desperately at buttocks. The women, for their part, clung on tighter still, wriggling their cheeks and chanting a fervent, communal prayer to their goddess. Each man was a sacred offering – a gift to Vakardha.

As a series of shrill muted squeals sounded in my ears, I looked, once more, at the men being tortured alongside me. The women, I now saw to my surprise, had been rubbing their private places hard against the men's backs as they abused them. The result was inevitable. Timing their release perfectly, each woman reached fruition at the same moment – and not only as her sisters. Our bearers' cocks gushed freely as they came, their swollen balls surrendering their seed.

The air was thick, not only with cries of both delight and doom, but with the smell of a raw, shared excitement. Not for the first time, I found myself astonished that women – whether by the hand or the arse – could bring both pleasure and pain into a man's life, even when their purpose was to end it. Down by the riverbank, the villagers' ordeal was almost at an end. These, too, were men who had known both joy and torment in their final minutes. Again, I felt a ridiculous pang of envy. In fear for his life, as each man had clearly been – he had died nonetheless at the arse. Smothered by a woman's little hole. Was that not the sweetest of deaths when all was said and done?

Most of the men had now succumbed and lay quite still. Astride them still, their conquerors wriggled happily, chanting their prayers of thanks into the jungle roof. I saw Anne's man give one last, frenzied kick, then fall limp. Like the

Amazons all around her, Anne wriggled her cheeks from side to side. But while the other women bounced with joy at the thought of what they had done, she wriggled only to ensure that if she had not yet put her man out of his misery, she soon would.

As those poor wretches in the village had now fallen still, so had the men who sat alongside me. The Amazons examined each of them in turn, searching for tell-tale signs of life. From their shared looks of grim satisfaction, I knew that the men, though now insensible, still lived. I gazed down at my own cock – the shaft erect and balls swollen – and felt another pang of envy. Our bearers, at least, had been relieved. We three men had not. Again, that maddening thought occurred to me. If death were not my grim reward, how happy I would be to have a woman smother me now, and bring my manhood to fruition!

Little did I know just then – that it would not be long before my wish was granted. And in a way I could never have imagined...

Chapter Eighteen: We are all Smothered!

It was several minutes before those Amazons who had ventured into the village returned to the higher ground on which the rest of us were lodged. When they finally emerged through a gap in the trees – with Anne the last to appear – I saw a ghastly look on our young doctor's face. It vanished at once, and I knew why. She could not hide her feelings from we men, but it was vital she hide them from Aryannah and the others. Our very lives might depend upon it!

By slow degrees, our bearers regained their senses, moaning fitfully at first, then waking sharply and huddling close for comfort. I could tell, from the look in their eyes, that not one of them had expected to see the light of another day. Inchu, who was roped two men away from me, leaned over and said, in his broken English, 'Master, we are frightened. What do they mean to do to us?'

I shook my head despondently. I had no answer for the poor fellow. None at least that would give him comfort. 'I do not know,' I replied truthfully. 'But you must tell your men to keep their spirits up. We will find a way to outwit these women, you have my word!'

Why I said such a thing when I did not believe it myself, I do not know. No other reply seemed fair to him just then. His fear – and that of his men – was so real that I could almost taste it on my lips. If we were doomed – as well we might be – there seemed no point in adding to their distress.

As those women who had gone into battle swapped smiles and tales with those who had remained behind, Anne approached with her head held deliberately high, though I saw from the pained expression on her face how distressed she was. The bearers did their best to shuffle away as she dropped to her knees beside us. It was clear to me that they feared her as much as any Amazon's.

Extending an arm, I took hold of her hand and spoke first. ‘You did what you had to do, Anne. You must not blame yourself.’

She shook her head and there were tears in her eyes. ‘He was so small, John – barely more than the size of a child. It was not a fair fight. Any woman could have mounted him. On the way down, Aryannah made light of what we were to do. She said these men were simple farmers: a peaceful race who do not even hunt for meat – but live on fruit and berries. She said we would have no trouble taking them into our cracks. And she was right...’

‘As with poor Makito,’ I reminded her, ‘if you had not ridden him, then another woman would. His fate was sealed – and not by you. Again, you are as much a victim as the man you were forced to smother.’

Anne’s face crumpled and she seemed far from convinced. ‘I have taken three men into my bottom, John! Lord Rogers I was allowed to spare. But Makito and this other man... I have had to suffocate! The poor lad in the village begged me not to smother him. He pleaded for his life when he saw my little hole! I told him I was sorry. That I had no choice, and that he must ... must prepare himself for my bottom!’

She closed her eyes for a moment and bit her lip. When she spoke again, a look of utter despair darkened her face. ‘He said ... he said if it must be done, would I do it quickly? I promised I would. I told him to open his lips wide so I might place the bulb of my pussy into his mouth and my little hole over his nose. I said that if I took him in such a fashion, his suffocation would be swift. It pained me to be so precise in my instructions, but I could think of no other way.’

Anne shook her head again and I thought, for one dreadful moment, she might break down completely.

‘He wept like a child, John. “I fear your little hole!” he cried. “I fear it with all my heart!” I told him to close his eyes and think of happy days. That it was best if he did not see me come for him. He did as I asked, and then ... then I lowered myself onto his face and took him into my crack!’

Lord Rogers and young Sidney Danvers had listened in rapt silence as Anne had related her tale. But on hearing these last few words, poor Sidney – whose nerves had been tested too often these past few days – released a thin whimper of despair.

‘It is what they will do to us all!’ he muttered. ‘They will take us into their cracks and smother us to death! There is no hope for us now!’

‘Hush!’ said I, reproaching him sternly. I glanced at Inchu and the other bearers, relieved to see they had not caught his meaning. Had they done so, heaven knows how they might have behaved, for they were fearful enough as it was.

‘You cannot blame him,’ said Anne. ‘We are all in danger now – whether we like it or not – though I believe I may have regained Aryannah’s trust.’ She hesitated briefly, then added, in a barely audible voice, ‘By sitting on that poor man...’

She rose quickly, aware, perhaps, that she had remained with us too long. ‘I told Aryannah I would speak to you – to calm your nerves after what you had seen below. For the moment at least, she does not doubt my word.’ Her countenance darkened again. ‘That may be our only hope now...’

After a short rest, and replenished with food and water, we set out on the final leg of our journey. We were, Anne believed, no more than an hour's walk away, and, with luck, should arrive before sunset. Twice during the following hour the ground shook fiercely, and a sullen drum-roll filled the air. An acrid smell of sulphur stung our nostrils.

'It is not good,' muttered Danvers. 'The time between each tremor grows shorter. It may not matter what these women have in store for us. Vakardha may destroy us herself – whether we are sat upon or not!'

When at last we broke through a solid wall of trees and found ourselves on open ground again, we none of us could restrain a gasp of surprise. Beyond the jungle, filling all our vision, nestled as it was in a thick framework of foliage reaching to the clouds, lay the towering brown funnel of Vakardha herself!

Plumes of smoke issued from the mouth of the volcano, and again, as we stood there gazing at the view, the ground shook strongly several times in quick succession.

'This is not good,' muttered Danvers. 'Not good at all!' He glanced around anxiously. 'We are on high ground. Should the volcano erupt, we will have nowhere to run.'

Further discussion was cut short when Aryannah came forward and spoke quickly to Anne, who, in turn, addressed us grimly.

‘The Cave of Holes is close to the foot of Vakardha herself.’ She pointed in a westerly direction. ‘The entrance is no more than two hundred yards away. At the base of the volcano.’

‘Dear Lord!’ cried Danvers. ‘We are walking towards certain doom! These women are mad! We should make our way back to the river. It is our only hope!’

‘Aryannah will not be swayed,’ said Anne. Lowering her voice so the bearers were unable to catch her words, she added, ‘She believes with all her heart that Vakardha is angry – and can only be calmed by human sacrifice.’

Sidney Danvers huffed dismissively. ‘And this is meant to give us hope? We may as well climb to the top of the crater now and throw ourselves in!’

‘The lad is right,’ said Lord Rogers, who had been quiet for some time. ‘We are running out of options. No chance to escape has yet presented itself. We are roped together and lack a blade of any sort to free ourselves. We cannot run – for as we are chained together we would be caught for certain.’ He shrugged his shoulders. ‘Yet even were we free this instant – what chance do we have in the jungle? The women would capture us easily.’

He regarded us with a melancholic air. ‘I am at a loss my friends, and can only urge caution. It may be that we must advance to the very edge of the cliff before an opportunity presents itself.’

‘Or, more likely, we are thrown from it,’ countered Danvers gloomily.

‘If that is to be our fate,’ returned his Lordship, ‘then let us pray we can take some of these devils with us!’

It seemed a futile hope, but we had little enough to raise our spirits just then, and I concurred with a grim smile.

Setting out across the open plain, we reached the base of Vakardha in just over a minute. A few yards from where we stood, I saw a narrow opening in the rock – the entrance, I fancied, to our destination: the fabled Cave of Holes in which Le Bruce and his party had met their grisly fate. For one quiet moment, I was back in my rooms in Pall Mall, gazing upon the stricken face of poor, half-mad Le Pois. The evening on which this dreadful adventure had begun.

The memory was immediately dispelled by sounds of a heated discussion between Anne and Aryannah. A moment later, I saw Anne’s face colour with despair. I knew well enough that whatever the point in dispute, our doctor would be forced to cede her ground. But I could not have anticipated what was to follow.

Walking over to us now, a look of utter gloom on her face, Anne glanced the length of our line, from we Europeans to our bearers, then back again.

‘What is it?’ I inquired, as six Amazons, Aryannah among them, followed in her wake.

‘Aryannah has explained to me the ritual that must be observed before we enter

the Cave of Holes.’ As Anne paused for breath, it was clear to us all that she was labouring under a dreadful burden.

Gathering herself, she continued: ‘No conscious man may enter this sacred place. Nor he—’ She paused again. ‘Nor he who is heavy with seed...’

The three of us reacted instinctively, and at the same moment.

‘We are to be smothered?’ we cried as one.

‘Not only that, but drained, too – so that your bodies are without milk. These are Aryannah’s words, not mine. She says Vakardha will be angry if this rite is not performed.’ Glancing at the bearers, she said quietly, ‘Those Amazons who remained behind when the village was taken will deal with our bearers. I myself ...’ she lowered her eyes briefly, in obvious distress. ‘I am to sit on one of you,’ she said. ‘Aryannah and one of her sisters the others...’

I saw the blood visibly drain from Sidney Danvers’ young face. Anne reached out with her hand and took his wrist gently. ‘If you are willing,’ she said, ‘I will take you into my own crack – and smother you as quickly as I can.’

Danvers’ expression was pitiful to behold. ‘I do not wish to be smothered!’ he said. ‘There must be some other way. Please!’

Anne shook her head. ‘There is not,’ she replied. ‘You either lie between my cheeks – or between those of an Amazon warrior.’

‘Accept Anne’s offer,’ I urged him strongly. ‘You are the most fortunate of we seven. Better that Anne take you into her bottom than one of these fiendish brutes!’

Though he had no wish to be sat upon again, the poor lad nodded reluctantly.

‘You will not hurt me?’ he beseeched her in a low, trembling voice.

‘No more than I must,’ she answered truthfully. ‘I will render you insensible as quickly as I can. You have my word.’

‘How can you be sure you will not ... you will not suffocate me?’ he inquired anxiously. ‘You have smothered two men already!’

‘I cannot be sure,’ she admitted. ‘But if this is the end – would you not rather die between my cheeks than those of an Amazon?’

Again, Danvers nodded sombrely. ‘I would,’ said he in a weak voice. Then, doing his best to compose himself now that he knew the worst, said, ‘How is it to be done?’

‘You must each kneel side by side, while we women take up our positions at your rear. We will milk you from behind until you spill yourselves on the earth. Once Aryannah is certain you are empty, you will lie on your backs and we will mount you with our bottoms. Once insensible, you will be taken into the Cave to

recover. After that ... I do not know.'

Anne's blunt description shook us all to the core. The bearers had understood most of it, too. Inchu, who spoke the best English, translated for his men, urging them to be brave. It was clear from the agitated way in which they shook that they were once more on the brink of despair. The poor fellows had already been smothered unconscious by Amazon hands, and were now to be sat on with the same result. They had been drained, too, and it was unlikely they would spill themselves for long. Unlike we three Europeans who had been aroused constantly by what we had seen, yet not enjoyed release. My own sacs ached terribly and, though I had no wish to lie beneath an Amazon's bottom, I had every wish to be milked.

As the earth rumbled beneath us once more – much to Danvers' anguish! – it was clear that Aryannah would brook no further delay. As those women who were to mount us came forward, we men did as we were bidden, knelt on all fours and offered up our cocks like beasts in the field.

I envied young Danvers as Anne took hold of his shaft and began to pump him vigorously. Then all other thoughts were banished as Aryannah herself closed her fingers around my rigid length. I heard Lord Rogers emit a groan of ecstasy as his own cock was taken in hand, then Danvers, too, as Anne quickly brought him to the edge of release.

We spilled ourselves in rapid succession. The bearers, too, were emptied for a second time, squealing in pain as their little cocks jumped and spurted what little semen remained to them. Only when our women judged us all fully drained – and we gave a shriek of pain, as men do when milked beyond reason – did they release our shafts and roll us onto our backs.

Exhausted as we were, we made no attempt to resist our captors, stirring into life only when we saw a pair of huge buttocks open up over our heads.

A bearer at the far end of our row now panicked – and who could blame him? With a cry of despair, he tried to wriggle out from under the Amazon’s capacious arse. It was a pointless move, though his fear was infectious, and not only did his fellow-bearers resist but so, without thinking, did we three Europeans.

‘Dear God, no!’ cried Sidney Danvers as Anne dropped her bottom onto his face.

‘Steady, man!’ I urged, for I doubted Anne could hold him down if he truly fought her. I saw his Lordship buck fiercely, too, as an Amazon took him into her crack. That was the last thing I saw, for at that moment Aryannah lowered her arse and I felt her anus open around my nose.

Distracted as I was, I had no time to take in air and, as Aryannah pressed down, I felt a surge of terror rattle through my body. I kicked furiously, but the fact that we men were all roped together had its inevitable result. As each of us kicked in turn, we effectively restrained one another. I was vaguely aware of movement all around me and knew, though I drew precious little comfort from the fact, that we were all of us fighting the same battle.

For half a minute, I clung madly to the hope that I might briefly shift Aryannah from my face and snatch a saving gasp of air. More fool, I! She was more than my match in bulk and strength and, had I – against all the odds – succeeded in gaining some respite, it would have done no more than prolong my agony.

As the air in my lungs gave out, my head began to pound. I gurgled stupidly into

the swell of Aryannah's plump vagina and thought, for one awful moment, that I would vomit. In the darkness behind my eyelids, a thousand stars exploded into life. I was vaguely conscious of arching my back and giving one last, ferocious kick. And then, not for the first time in recent days, my world came to a dark and sickening end...

I know not how long I slept. Not long, I suspect, for as I came round I felt the sting of a woman's hand on my cheek. As I opened my eyes, the hand struck again. Blinking rapidly, I saw Aryannah step away, a satisfied look on her face.

Glancing either side of me, I saw others being likewise slapped awake: Lord Rogers for one, and two of the bearers. Inchu, Danvers and one other man sat upright, shoulders hunched, and with the appearance of men who scarcely knew who they even were.

As I came fully to my senses, I realised I was sitting on cold rock, no longer in the open air. A damp mustiness filled my nostrils, and the smell of sulphur, strong in the outside world, was now stronger still. Bright lights shone all around me, and I saw that the cave walls were lined with lighted fire-brands.

We men were no longer roped together, but instead our feet were bound and our hands fastened with vine behind our backs.

It was with some relief that I saw Anne walk towards me, though the look of grim concern on her face was not designed to lift my spirits.

‘How long have we all been unconscious?’ I asked, keen to gain some sense of time.

‘No more than fifteen minutes,’ said Anne. ‘Sidney was the first to revive. I was so relieved – for I feared I had finished him off. He fought like a tiger and I, in turn, was forced to press down with all my weight. When he went still, I truly–’

‘Put such thoughts from your mind!’ said I, cutting her short. ‘You did not suffocate him. Though the poor lad was fearful, I know it will have given him comfort to know he lay inside your tender crack.’

Anne shrugged. ‘I doubt that very much – but it is good of you to say.’ She looked around anxiously. ‘While you slept, the tremors have grown more frequent – and stronger still. Aryannah is keen to begin the ritual. She fears Vakardha grows angry...’

‘I suspect we have more to fear than an angry goddess,’ said I. ‘The heat in here is dreadful. And the smell of sulphur...’ I shook my head slowly. ‘We are close to the mountain’s base. If Vakardha should erupt...’

‘Our time is growing short,’ said Anne. ‘We are all of us in danger now.’

‘Will Aryannah not be persuaded? Can you not convince her it is not her goddess she must fear – but Mother Nature herself?’

‘I have tried – while you slept. She will have none of it. She sees salvation in sacrifice not science!’

I glanced around curiously. The vault in which we were gathered was an unremarkable one: sloping walls, which dripped with yellow sulphur, nothing more. A breath of air from behind me suggested the entrance through which we had all been carried, but, that apart, I saw no sign of the so-called ‘Holes’ that gave this place its name.

‘We are in an ante-chamber,’ explained Anne, sensing my confusion. She gestured towards a shelf of rock some yards distant. ‘The sacrificial chamber itself lies just beyond.’ She shook her head, and muttered, ‘We do not have much time.’ Then, leaning forward, she passed one arm behind my back and thrust something sharp into my fist. I felt it dig against my flesh and realised she had handed me a shard of flint!

‘I have done my best,’ she whispered. ‘His Lordship and young Sidney are similarly armed. I have been unable to get close enough to our bearers.’

‘You are an angel, Anne,’ said I. ‘There is hope yet!’

‘You must free yourself first,’ said she. ‘The vine is thick. I cannot vouch for the weapon I have given you.’

‘It is better than nothing,’ I assured her, gripping the tool between my hands and pressing it to my back.

‘Be careful,’ she murmured, rising quickly as Aryannah approached. The Amazon spoke rapidly and I struggled to catch every word. Her meaning, however, was clear enough: it was time to enter the fabled chamber ...

As I struggled to my feet, I feared the flint might be discovered. Fortunately, there was sufficient slack around my legs for me to move unaided. The Amazons seemed content to steer us all forward in gentle fashion now. In our dimmed surrounds, no heed was given to our hands, for which I am certain I was not the only one to offer a silent prayer of thanks!

With Aryannah and her sisters at the head of our group, and the remainder – including Anne – at our rear, we made our way into the next chamber, ducking low beneath the shelf of rock that marked the entrance. Lord Rogers was the first man through, followed by Sidney Danvers and myself. Inchu was close behind me and, behind him, our three remaining bearers.

With my head bowed low, I was unable to immediately take in my new surroundings. A piercing shriek stung my ear and I realised young Danvers had cried out ahead of me. A moment later, Lord Rogers himself released a heart-felt groan and my heart sank, for I knew he was not a timid man. A moment after that, I too, like my friends before me, passed into the chamber beyond and saw the reason for their cries. It was, without a shadow of a doubt, the grimmest and most shocking sight I had ever seen!

Chapter Nineteen: The Cave of Holes!

How to describe the truly indescribable? The incredible sight that faced us as we stumbled into the next chamber will remain with me for the rest of my days. And the dreadful events that followed can never be erased from my memory!

We seven men found ourselves in a broad, high-vaulted grotto, its smooth, uneven walls stretched high above us on all sides. The walls themselves were pock-marked with deep, wrinkled openings, the like of which we could never have imagined in our wildest dreams. These were not mere hollows in the living rock: they were living things themselves! Plump, muscular holes that pulsed crudely: openings – in mercy’s name, I can hardly bring myself to repeat it even now – in the shape of a woman’s anus!

There were dozens of these devils’ mouths – throbbing obscenely all around us. Aryannah and the others fell to their knees, heads bowed, muttering barely audible prayers to their goddess. Then, rising as quickly as they had fallen, the woman fanned out, either side of we men, while Aryannah herself stood with her back towards us, arms flung high in the air.

‘Oh mighty Vakardha!’ she cried in her barbarous Latin. ‘We who are unworthy to stand in your presence beseech you to show us mercy now! We bring you offerings to appease your anger!’

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before the entire cave shook horribly and a ragged drum-beat filled the air. I glanced at Sidney Danvers who returned my look grimly. ‘We have little time,’ he declared. ‘Perhaps only minutes...’

‘But these openings?’ said I. ‘What are they? Not living things, surely?’

Danvers' face creased thoughtfully. 'Perhaps some species of organism with which we are unfamiliar,' he suggested. 'But I have seen nothing like it other than...' His voice trailed away. 'It is impossible,' he muttered, voicing my own thoughts precisely. 'They cannot be what they appear to be! Not arses' holes! They cannot be!'

Behind his back, I saw his arms move sharply up and down – and could only hope that he was having more luck than I in loosening his bonds.

We had no more time to consider the matter. Surrounded on all sides by Amazons, an attempt at flight was impossible. Now, two women came forward, seized one of our bearers and promptly upended him. Taking hold of the vines around his legs, they tightened them more until he could barely move. Satisfied with their work, the pair hoisted him into the air, then carried him towards a far wall – one lined with thick, pulsating holes!

The man began to scream, his body swinging violently as the women conveyed him across the chamber. Inchu turned his thin, penetrating gaze towards me. 'Master!' he cried. 'This cannot be! Say it cannot be!'

'I wish I could,' I answered in a low voice, my attention fixed on the poor man's progress. Having reached the far wall, the Amazons now stood motionless, as if awaiting instructions. At the bearer's head height, a plump, throbbing anus opened and closed, as if hungry for food and longing to be fed. The man's feet were towards the hole, and, as he raised his head and gazed at the monstrous opening, he screamed again.

As another ferocious tremor shook the cave, Aryannah dropped to her knees, her

arms raised high above her head.

‘Oh, mighty Vakardha!’ she cried. ‘Let your bottom accept this man in holy sacrifice!’

The man screamed again as the women edged forward, pressing his feet into the crude, voracious opening.

‘It is alive!’ cried Lord Rogers, his face ashen. ‘It is a woman’s hole and it means to devour him!’

I sat transfixed, my jaw gaping as I watched the poor man being fed into the wrinkled well. Could it be, I asked myself? Could it really be a living arse’s hole?

‘He is being sucked into her bottom!’ cried Inchu. ‘She takes him into her passage!’

‘No!’ cried Danvers, in utter disbelief. ‘It cannot be Vakardha’s bottom! It is some aberration of Nature! A living growth unknown to us!’ And yet, as his eyes narrowed tightly, I could tell he doubted his own words.

As the wrinkled flesh – for flesh was what it was, I had no doubt – closed around the poor man’s feet, he released another penetrating howl. Very carefully now, the women fed his body into the channel beyond – a monstrous living passage! – until, at last, only his head remained visible. When, with a final hideous squelch,

and a chill, piercing squeal of terror, he at last vanished from sight – I felt a cold knot of terror form in the pit of my belly.

Already, a second man had been hoisted into the air and brought forward like his predecessor, This man – having seen his companion’s fate – screamed even louder than his friend, and fought for his freedom as fiercely as any man ever had. But he, too, was easily inserted into one of Vakardha’s holes – for whatever Danvers might say, this was how I now saw the hideous, wrinkled mouths. The moment he had been pushed home, the women fed him deeper and deeper into the unnatural passage beyond, until he, too, with a blood-curdling scream, disappeared from sight.

As the third man was raised high, weeping like a child and wriggling furiously, I felt the vine behind me snap. Though my legs were still roped together, my hands were no longer bound!

Those two Amazons who guarded me, as they guarded each of us, seemed oblivious to my success – their attention fixed only on those poor men being fed into Vakardha’s bottom! I remained very still, not wishing to raise their suspicions. Glancing sideways, I tried to see if either of my friends had managed to free himself. It was impossible to say. One thing I did know, however, was that, should the time come, we must all attack at once. We were heavily outnumbered, our chances of survival slim. But it was the only hope we had.

Those Amazons transporting their latest victim to his doom had travelled no distance at all when the ground shook more fiercely than ever. They lost their footing, stumbled and dropped their man.

Aryannah leapt to her feet, her eyes blazing. ‘Our goddess is displeased!’ she cried.

In the confusion that followed, the reprieved bearer somehow hoisted himself upright. With his feet tightly bound, he shuffled awkwardly, before falling onto his side and winding himself. Before he had a chance to right himself again, the women seized hold and raised him high once more.

This second time he fought more furiously than ever. He had tasted freedom for only moments, but it was long enough to give him hope! And now, to his renewed despair, the women were again conveying him towards that dreadful hole that had swallowed his companions!

It was all I could do not to leap up, rush forward and help him in some way. But that, I knew, would be utterly foolish. The other women would surely overpower me with ease. I glanced in Anne's direction. Her face was grey for she, too, was aware we were moving closer to that point where action must be taken.

And then – all at once – everything was thrown into fresh confusion. A powerful tremor – more violent than anything that had preceded it – shook the cave. To my horror, a wall opposite – and close to where the unfortunate bearer was being conveyed – sundered with an ear-piercing crack. The holes that lined the walls began to pulse ever more strongly, and, as the Amazons regrouped, unsure of how to continue – for they had dropped their man yet again! – Aryannah rose unsteadily to her feet.

‘All must be smothered!’ she cried. ‘Vakardha’s holes must be fed!’

The Amazons’ response was immediate. Obeying their queen without hesitation, they gathered around the few remaining men, seizing hold of arms and legs and hoisting us into the air. To my surprise – and delight! – I saw Lord Rogers lash

out with his shard of flint. He, too, was free and had clearly been biding his time! He caught one of the women across her arm and she fell backwards, upending two of her companions in the process.

I had lost my flint as I was hoisted high, but caught my captors unawares, lashing out with my fists. The bonds around my legs still being loose, I struck out with my feet, too. Another tremor rattled the ground beneath us, and the Amazons dropped me. Anne, I saw, had now entered the fray. Flinging herself at those women who were still endeavouring to force their captive into Vakardha's hole, she tried to wrestle the man free. It was all or nothing now, but the odds she faced were too heavy. Another Amazon rushed forward and dragged her away. Yet again, our doomed bearer was hoisted high. This time – despite another earth-shattering tremor, which served to widen the fissure further – they succeeded in carrying him to the hole itself!

I could do nothing to help for, even as I tugged the ropes away from my legs, they pushed the poor man into Vakardha's opening! He released a terrified scream as his body was drawn slowly into her passage. Another drum-roll and the fissure split into three, a spider's web of damage slicing through the rock. As acrid fumes poured into the chamber, two of the Amazons panicked, lost their nerve and ran. Clearly, Vakardha was angry and she was wreaking her revenge. They had no wish to be present at a time like this, whatever their loyalty to Aryannah.

The ground shook so violently, I could hardly stand. Somehow, I managed to cross to the far wall, and begin to tear at the ropes that held our bearer's hands behind his back. If his arms were free, I reasoned, he might somehow claw his way out. I had scarcely achieved my aim, when the monstrous passage swallowed his head! Reaching up, I seized hold of one of his flailing hands and pulled hard. Lord Rogers was at my side in an instant, lending his strength to mine. All around us – as the cavern continued to sunder – the Amazons were beside themselves in panic. Aryannah fell and, before she could right herself, Anne flung herself forward and pinned her down. I then saw a sight I will never

forget, as – aware that all our lives depended on her now – Anne straddled the queen’s head ... and took Aryannah into her crack!

I was unable to watch the battle unfold, for I was desperately attempting to haul our poor bearer from the depths of his living hell. Now that I was able to view the dreadful hole up close, I cried out loud, for my logic could no longer deceive me. Though Danvers might insist that this was some form of life unknown to science, I had no doubt at all: I was gazing into a woman’s anus! Yet not a little hole – for the opening was large enough to accommodate a man’s head! The wrinkled mouth pulsed with menace, a spider’s web of pink, mottled flesh nestled in a rich, chocolate brown crater.

Not for the first time, I found my mind wandering. If this were indeed some supernatural form of anus – a woman’s little hole expanded to giant proportions, and beyond it her unearthly private passage – was it truly a death to be feared? Or one to be happily embraced? As the notion struck me, I was horribly aware of my penis slowly engorging. Around me, all was bedlam. Anne fought on gamely against Aryannah, their arms and legs locked around each other’s bodies. Lord Rogers was struggling with another Amazon. He seemed, just then, to have the upper hand, for he had her on her back and she could not use her hole to subdue him. As for Danvers, he was nowhere to be seen. I guessed his nerve had finally failed and he had fled. Or worse still – that he had been sucked into one of these deadly holes himself!

The floor of the cave shook again, and I felt my legs give way. I had barely regained my feet, when I felt arms around my waist. An Amazon, unable to hoist herself from the shuddering ground, seized hold of my shaft and proceeded to pump me vigorously. Her aim, I guessed, was to rouse me with pleasure in the hope I would release the man I was trying to save.

My mind was in a whirl. Why, I asked myself, did she not simply attack me? Why pump my cock when she could have easily seized my balls and caused me

pain?

And then the answer struck me like a thunderbolt! This was a sacred place! Had Anne not told us so herself, before we left the Amazon village? The women might restrain a man here – and offer him up to Vakardha – but they were forbidden to use force themselves! This was Vakardha’s domain, not theirs. It explained – in a trice – why Lord Rogers and Anne had not yet been overcome. The women were hampered by their sacred code. They could resist, but not cause harm. An Amazon’s deadliest weapon was the hole in her bottom – but here, it was Vakardha’s holes that reigned supreme!

Even so – and despite my having recently been drained – a woman’s hands around my shaft soon had its inevitable effect. In a matter of moments, a warm, familiar glow suffused my sacs.

Drawing on all my strength, I somehow tugged our bearer’s head from inside Vakardha’s passage. Emerging, he released a wild shriek of joy. That said, the look on his face was dreadful to behold. The moment he had reappeared, gasping for air, his skin slick with oil, he screamed again.

‘Master!’ he cried. ‘Save me, Master, save me!’

‘I will!’ I cried, tugging harder on him. But even as the words left my mouth, the Amazon behind me tugged harder still on my aching cock. Then – to both my utter horror and delight! – she eased a finger into my rectum, pushing deep until she touched a hidden spot that made me groan.

As I weakened, and the first gush of thin seed broke from my poor, tortured sacs

into my shaft, I felt my grip on the bearer slacken. He felt it, too, and screamed again.

‘No, Master, please!’ he shrieked. ‘Do not let me go! Do not let me go!’

A muffled groan left the back of my throat as my seed left my shaft and splattered onto the ground. ‘I am sorry...’ I whimpered feebly, as my grip loosened further. It was hard enough to hold on now, as Vakardha’s passage fought to draw him home a second time. But drained of both my seed and my strength I was no match for the goddess and my grip finally broke. A last, despairing cry fell from the poor man’s lips and his face twisted horribly. A moment later, he was gone, his entire body sucked into the dreadful passage beyond, and from which, this time, there would be no escape!

Filled with shame, I broke away from the Amazon who had laid me low. I expected her to pursue me and, when she did not, prepared myself for further mischief. It was only then that I saw the reason for her reticence. Her gaze, like mine, was now transfixed by a huge fissure that had opened in that section of cave where I had last seen Sidney Danvers. That he was lost to us I was certain, a belief confirmed in my mind by the pungent waves of smoke that issued from inside the wall.

Spinning on my heel, I hurried over to where Lord Rogers lay prone on his back. His assailant had managed to upend him and was now astride his chest. Despite the fact that she was in a position to use her arse to smother him, she did not – bound, as she was, by the Amazon code. They were forbidden to take any man’s life in the Cave of Holes! She could pin him down, but no more. Taking hold of her arms I heaved her from his Lordship’s body. By now she was so docile that had I chosen to pick up a rock and end her life she would not have fought me. But I did not wish to harm her. She was a prisoner of her nature, after all – however many men she had smothered.

Unlike Lord Rogers, Anne required no help from me. Having rendered Aryannah unconscious with her bottom – no mean feat I was certain, despite the queen’s reluctance to resist – she now approached the other women. Fearful that she meant to sit on them, too, they grouped together anxiously – the tables well and truly turned!

It was only as we three drew ourselves together that I spotted poor Inchu, huddled into a nervous ball. With his arms and legs still restrained, he remained helpless and fearful. Retrieving a small flint, Lord Rogers quickly cut through the vines. The moment our bearer was free, he fell into his Lordship’s arms, sobbing like a child.

We were still debating our next move, when another fierce tremor shook the earth. A dozen fresh fissures opened up, sending blasts of poisonous air into the cave.

The once-so-powerful Amazons were in the most dreadful state, confused and wailing mournfully. Unable to overcome us with violence – and sure they had somehow angered Vakardha – they seemed bereft of options.

A movement caught my eye and, swivelling about, I saw Aryannah, already revived, climb awkwardly to her feet. Gathering her women in a tight circle, she muttered angrily in words that failed to carry to us, given the heat and fury of the cavern. Be that as it may, the women turned at once and ran, disappearing through the gap by which we had all entered. Her face a picture of fury, Aryannah now turned to address us directly. She screamed a few mangled words of Latin at Anne, before turning on her heels and fleeing the Cave of Holes herself.

We were alone now, but in greater peril than ever. As the ground beneath us shook violently, it was clear, even to a non-geologist such as I, that the volcano was on the brink of a devastating eruption.

Anne turned and addressed us sombrely. ‘Aryannah says we have enraged Vakardha. That if we remain here, the goddess will take us all onto her bottom and destroy us. But if we choose to run – and follow the Amazons outside – then they will take us into their own bottoms and finish us off themselves. Either way – we are doomed!’

Lord Rogers chuckled grimly. ‘And either way – so are Aryannah and her Amazons. None of us will walk away from this alive.’

‘If we have time,’ said I, ‘then I would rather die between a woman’s cheeks, than burn alive in this infernal place. If an Amazon can finish me off before the volcano does, then I for one will not resist her!’

Lord Rogers nodded. ‘I agree,’ said he. ‘Let their bottoms do their worst. We will die as happy men!’

Though Inchu nodded his reluctant concurrence, Anne merely shrugged. ‘I will fight them,’ she said. ‘But I agree. Rather out in the open, than here!’

We extended our arms, and shook each other’s hands warmly.

‘I am only sorry young Sidney Danvers is not with us,’ said I as we walked

towards the exit. 'But perhaps it is best he has gone. He had grown to fear suffocation. This end would not have pleased him...'

Lord Rogers had barely opened his mouth to reply, when a piercing cry rang out from behind us. The four of us spun round, unable to believe our ears – nor indeed, our eyes! The familiar figure of Sidney Danvers, his face and body thoroughly blackened, his hair damp and dirty, emerged through a fissure in the rock.

'Professor!' he cried, stumbling towards us, a guttering fire-brand clutched high in his hand. 'Hurry, please! There is little time!'

'We had thought you lost,' said I. 'But it is of no account now. We go to meet our Maker. The Amazons await us outside. We are to die inside their bottoms, rather than in this hell-hole!'

Danvers shook his head. 'No!' he cried. 'You don't understand! I have found a way out! He gestured frantically in the direction from which he had come. 'There is a passage beyond – a tunnel of some sorts. I cannot be sure where it leads – but though it dips at first, for a hundred yards or so, it then strikes higher ground.'

'You are certain it is safe?' said I, clutching at his arm.

Sidney shook his head. 'That I cannot say. I could only explore it so far. For all I know it peters out, drops low again – or never ends at all. The air is poisonous. We will not last more than an hour if it fails to clear.'

‘The odds are hardly in our favour,’ muttered Lord Rogers languidly, then shrugged. ‘But hope, however small, is hope nonetheless.’

‘And more hope than awaits us under Amazon bottoms,’ said I.

Another violent tremor struck the cave, and the air was again rank with acrid fumes.

‘We have no more time!’ cried Danvers. ‘We go now – or we do not go at all!’

Our decision, I realised only later, was never in question. We had come this far together. It seemed foolish to throw in our hand now – however slim our chances of survival. Pausing only to gather those few lighted fire-brands that still remained, and with young Danvers leading the way, we passed through into the tunnel beyond. Behind us lay certain death. As to what lay ahead, we knew not. But young Danvers had given us hope. And hope, just then, was all we had to cling to!

Chapter Twenty: The End of Our Adventure

Our journey through the tunnel was a long, uncomfortable one. As our world shook fiercely – both beneath and all around us – we hurried on in silence. Our own alone, at least, for the air itself was rent with the most dreadful sounds of natural fury. It was as if a powerful storm had broken out above and below us. Had we shouted at each other in our loudest voices, we would not have been heard. The world, it seemed, was coming to an end; the gates of Hell itself opening to admit us.

As Danvers had explained, the passage dipped at first, then rose steadily for several hundred yards, before dipping again. At one point, we reached a junction, with two paths leading off. Lord Rogers set off down one, and I the other. When we returned a minute later, our decision was made. My own path petered out into a solid wall of stone. Lord Rogers, by contrast, had not only come across a wider tunnel further down, but the air was fresher, too! That fact alone raised our spirits, for if there was air, there must be a way out! In spite of that, it was almost another hour before we finally burst out through undergrowth and into the light of day!

When we emerged, naked, blackened by soot and reeking of the sulphur stench that still filled the air, we flung ourselves to the ground, sobbing with relief.

Looking back, we saw the havoc wreaked by Vakardha. Glowing rivers of lava still ran down the mountainside. To our surprise, it had flowed up one side of the valley, too, and pooled no more than half a mile from where we stood. Had we fled up the hill on the surface, we would have been overtaken for sure. But travelling underground – though the heat was oppressive and the air deadly – we had been protected by the solid rock. Young Danvers may have lost his nerve when it came to being sat upon by naked women, but his keen geologist's mind had saved all our lives! Without him, we would not have survived to tell this tale.

As for Aryannah and her women, we had little doubt that Vakardha had claimed them for her own. The thought saddened me. True, the women were ruthless in despatching men and must, over the years, have taken countless hundreds of poor souls between their legs. But it was in their nature to smother, and who were we to condemn them for it? All men must die, and in the wild that death can be a grim and miserable one. Was death inside a woman's bottom such a dreadful fate when all was said and done?

With Inchu to guide us, we made our way slowly back towards that part of the jungle where we had first mounted the plateau. We found a river soon enough and washed and cleaned ourselves. We were forced to remain naked and to skirt the Amazon camp lest we be taken prisoner again by those women who remained. But there was food in plenty to be had – wild berries, fruits and nuts and, after two days' solid travelling – and Inchu's infallible sense of direction – we reached the place where we had first arrived on the plateau.

From there it was an easy climb down to the base of the plateau itself. And from there, several days walking saw us arrive back at Pantagua, a full twelve days after we had left the plateau. It had taken ten on the outward journey, but then we were better equipped, and not as weary as we now were.

From Pantagua, word was sent on ahead and, in the fullness of time, having rested and recovered, we set out for Rio, where we booked passage on a cabin steamer and sailed for home. I omit any further detail as it is unimportant.

We arrived in England three weeks later, and made our way to Lord Rogers' estate in the country.

We quickly decided, by mutual agreement, never to speak of what had happened to us. Not only did we suspect that none would believe our tale, we feared, too,

what might befall future travellers should another expedition set out. There was also the question of the Amazon themselves. Though they were without doubt a ruthless race who took great pleasure in mounting men and taking them into their bottoms, was it our place – as I have noted more than once – to judge them for it? Further expeditions might have gone equipped with weapons – sufficient to defeat any number of bare-bottomed women. We Europeans have a woeful history of destroying foreign races and we four did not wish to be responsible for further havoc.

There is little more for me to say. This account – which is as true and faithful a record as I am able to assemble – must stand as a testament to what befell we four travellers in the early days of December 1897. We were fortunate to return alive, albeit not unscathed by our experience. All but one of our bearers were not. It is in memory of them that I dedicate this account.

God rest their souls.

Amen.

John Devereux FRSA, GBA, 23 March 1898

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 I hope you enjoyed this book and will want to read others by me.

For more information on my books etc, please visit:

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

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

Message from the Author

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

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

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

B is for Bride!

Bared for Battle!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

Mission of Mercy

Mother Smother!

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

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother 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