

The gates to men's dreams have been opened wide ...

*... and the Women from Hell have been unleashed!*



# SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

Book One: The Nightmare Begins ...

*They are coming for you!*

## DARK RIDER

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Book One: The Nightmare Begins ...

*They are coming for you!*

## DARK RIDER

## **About the Author**

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

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

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

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

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Dark Rider

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

# CONTENTS

[About the Author](#)

[Prologue](#)

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Five](#)

[Six](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Plot Summaries of other Dark Rider Books](#)

## Prologue

My name is Nathan Blake. I used to be an accountant, but don't hold that against me because I'm not one any more. What I am now is a survivor. For the time being at least. How long I remain one, I can't say. It depends on the Women. And whether they find me. And, if they do, whether one of them decides to sit on my face and finish me off with her bottom. Which she almost certainly will.

Yes, you read that correctly: ... finish me off with her bottom.

I know that sounds ridiculously far-fetched and over-dramatic. But it's what the world's come to. And what Women now do to men on a daily basis – no, make that an hourly basis; maybe even every minute – and all over the planet.

They sit on our faces ... and they suffocate us with their bare backsides.

It's funny, really because, if I'm honest – and I may as well be now because I've nothing to lose – this is a dream come true. For me, at least. It's something I've fantasised about for so long. Something I've wanted to happen to me ever since I was a randy teenager, discovering sex for the first time. Or, to be more precise, discovering the delights of a woman's bottom ... and wanting to bury my face inside it.

I've always longed to be sat on. To have a woman pull down her knickers, take me into her crack ... and smother me with her little hole.

Only now my dream has come true, it's the last thing I want.

The last thing any man wants.

And the last thing he's now likely to get. Literally.

I'm on my own now. I had some friends – well, acquaintances, I suppose – people I met up with while we were trying to out-run the Women. The last time I saw them, they were being hauled off by a pack of randy young females, most of them nude, all of them without pants. The Women, that is, not my friends. Because that's how Women hunt. Without pants ...

No Woman wears knickers any more. Not as far as I can tell. Knickers get in the way ... when you're trying to get a man inside your crack. When you're trying to press your little hole against his face. When you're trying to smother him with your bare backside ...

You're thinking to yourself: this is unnecessarily crude. He shouldn't be talking like this. No woman has ever sat on a man's face and tried to smother him with her bare bottom. That's just my sick fantasy. It's not real.

I wish you were right. I really do. Once upon a time, I wouldn't have wanted you to be right – I won't deny it. But that was before I saw what it really looks like. What it really means.

Now I wish it had never happened. Or that, at the very least, it would end. At one point, I thought it would. For a while, I had hope. Especially when I wasn't alone. When I had friends to lean on. People I could trust. We saw things

together; we went through things together. But now ... now I don't know if they're even alive. And that frightens me. Because I don't want to be alone.

I don't think they are alive. Because Women aren't too keen on taking prisoners. Not for long, at any rate. They have needs, you see. These – what shall I call them – new Women? (Definitely Women with a big 'W', that's for sure.) They have urges they're unable to control.

So even if my friends are alive, they won't be alive for long.

And the same goes for me, too.

My only consolation is that – when I go – I'll go the way I've always wanted to.

Between a woman's buttocks. With her anus pressing down on me...

I must be crazy.

But then, let's face it – the world has always been a crazy place.

And, for the past two weeks – which is all the time that's passed since this nightmare began – it's become a whole lot crazier still ...

**One**

*And the clock struck twelve ...*

I was in the loo at the time. I'd knocked back a tray of lagers and nature had taken its course. The Stronghold was buzzing. Saturday was always the club's busiest night. I'd been dancing and boozing for the past three hours and was – I hate to admit it – beginning to feel my age. Which was all in the head, of course. I mean thirty's no big deal. It's just 29 plus a little bit extra. No more than a few seconds. I should have been out on the dance floor at midnight, to usher in my next decade. But that would have meant peeing my pants, which wasn't how I wanted to remember it.

For the past two hours, I'd been eyeing up one girl in particular: short and plump, with proud, apple-shaped breasts, tightly cropped blonde hair and an arse to die for. More than once I'd told myself – more forcefully with every pint I knocked back – that women like her should rule the world with their bottoms. OK, so it was a stupid thought; the world doesn't operate like that. Not the real world, at least, and, sadly, it never would. But in the world I'd like to have lived in, she'd have pulled down her knickers, chased me round the room, brought me down like a hunted beast and straddled my face. If she had friends, they'd have held me tight while she finished me off with her bottom. Smothered me with the little pink hole she kept there (I liked to think of it like that – however daft it sounds) until I stopped moving. Not that I really wanted her to suffocate me. Well, maybe I did – just a little. Especially after several pints. But only in my dreams. If I had a terminal illness, or was so old I didn't want to carry on – maybe once I reached 50, say – I'd probably be happy enough for her to finish me off. But, just for now, it was a crazy fantasy.

One that I knew I shared with countless other men, all over the world. (Because I've been on the internet and know it's true. Thank God for the World Wide Web. Without it, I'd think I was a pervert.)

I wondered why I felt like that. I've often wondered why. And have never come up with a satisfactory answer.

I'd just emerged from the toilets, when a guy came hurtling towards me. 'You don't want to go out there!' he yelled, his face bleached grey beneath the glare of the overhead lighting. Before I knew what was happening, he'd pushed past and was gone. I shook my head. He must be on something. That wild look in his eyes. Weird.

As I returned to the dance floor, my ears pricked up. Below the blare of music, the hub-bub of voices was as loud as ever. But there was a strident edge to the sounds that filled the air. Something raw and primeval.

*Almost fearful ...*

Around the corner, a short, wild-haired man suddenly appeared, hurrying forward. Blindly, he cannoned into me, stumbled briefly, and then rushed on. I swore, frowned, then swore again. This was ridiculous. What the hell was happening?

I strode forward, turned the corner and froze. The scene before me was ripped from my darkest fantasies: both thrilling and utterly terrifying at one and the same time. There were semi-naked women everywhere, outnumbering the men by at least two to one. Those girls who'd been wearing tops seemed – for the most part – to be wearing them still. But they had removed their skirts or trousers and were now bare from the waist down. Those with dresses were completely naked, having thrown off their clothing and their underwear, too.

They seemed to be working in pairs and, sometimes, larger groups, to bring men down, overpowering them through sheer force of numbers, hauling them onto their backs then straddling them.

I gaped at the nightmare unfolding in front of my eyes, and watched, slack-jawed, as a plump girl lowered her bare backside over her boyfriend's face. (I knew they were a couple because I'd been forced to watch them paw each other while waiting in line for a beer less than half an hour earlier.) I heard the man scream out, 'Ellen! Please! You can't fucking do this!' He might have used his arms to defend himself, but two other women were holding him down, ensuring he couldn't fight back.

'Dear God...' I muttered as the girl's backside engulfed her boyfriend's face. He immediately arched his back and kicked, wriggling furiously. I shook my head, as if it might somehow bring me to my senses. None of this was real ... it couldn't be! A man was being smothered in front of my eyes ... inside a woman's bottom!

I turned away, searching for normality, only to find more of the same. Men were being straddled all over the dance floor. Several women had positioned themselves at the entrances and exits, cutting off all chance of retreat. Many of the men were drunk, which rendered them hopelessly vulnerable. The women – more numerous and sober than their male counterparts – were in complete control. As the men were picked off, one by one, and ruthlessly subdued, it seemed to spur them on to greater acts of depravity.

One man was stripped naked, the clothes torn from his body as females piled on top of him. Hands tugged at his balls and cock, pumping him into life until he was fully erect. I looked on, unable to believe my eyes, as two women took it in turns to thrust their fingers into his back passage, causing him to stiffen further and leak semen from the eye of his cock.

Another two women mounted the young man's head, one sitting on his face, the other straddling her friend's lap, doubling the weight on his nose and mouth. Either side of him, females held his arms down, while others pumped his private parts until a fountain of seed gushed from his tormented balls, soaking his belly.

I looked away, unable to bear the sight any longer. I closed my eyes briefly, shaking my head. This was all a dream. It had to be! Someone had spiked my drink. I was hallucinating. This was my fantasy world come to life. This sort of thing only happened in my dreams. Not in real life!

I opened my eyes again and felt a cold knot in my belly. A woman was gazing at me, across the cluttered melee of the dance floor: the short, blonde goddess I'd been lusting after for most of the evening. Like the other women around her, she was naked. My eyes dropped to the perfect vee of swollen flesh between her legs. Her pudenda was soft and shaven, the bulge of her slit visible even from several feet away.

The moment she caught sight of me, she lunged forward, haring across the dance floor. I remained rooted to the spot for a fraction of a second, then turned, instinctively, and ran towards the toilets at speed. Reaching the door, I found it partially closed. Pressing my face against the wood, I saw that one of the men had hooked his belt through the handle and secured it to an unseen point on the far side.

'For fuck's sake!' I yelled, smashing my shoulder against the door several times in quick succession. 'Let me in!'

Almost immediately, a pair of soft arms wrapped themselves around my waist

and hauled me back. I spun round, tugging myself free, and came face to face with my young blonde goddess.

‘Get off me!’ I yelled, lashing out with one arm, then promptly retreating.

‘I have to sit on you!’ she yelled back. ‘I have to sit on your face! Please! I have to rub my little hole on you!’

Over the years, I’ve lost count of the many fantasies I’ve enjoyed. Night after night I’ve indulged myself at the computer screen – reading stories, watching videos, concocting ever-more ludicrous scenarios. Assassins who killed with their bare bottoms; Amazon warriors who straddled men’s heads in combat or in ritual sacrifice; condemned men sat on and sentenced to what I loved to call, ‘death by little hole’. I loved women’s bottoms, adored their anuses, and longed to be smothered into submission by a woman who shared my fetish.

I had never found that woman ... until now!

And now that I had, it was the last thing I wanted – even if she was offering me what I’d always craved ... and using the words I’d always wanted to hear.

Reaching out with both arms, she curled her fingers, beckoning me forward.

‘Let me sit on you, please,’ she implored girlishly. ‘Let me smother you with my bottom...’

I shook my head. ‘No! I’ve seen what women can do. I don’t want to be finished off. Not like that!’

I shuddered coldly at the words that were tumbling from my mouth. They were the words of fantasy again. I had hoped this was a dream. It felt like a dream. But I knew it wasn’t. I knew this was real. And I knew this woman wanted to sit on me, to take me into her crack ... to suffocate me with her bare backside!

And then she leapt forward, her arms flailing, catching me by surprise. I stumbled sideways and lost my balance. Falling to my knees, I swore again and lashed out with my fists. I caught the woman a glancing blow on the side of her face, enough to fell any normal person. But she was no longer normal, whatever that meant. She released a loud, guttural roar and flung herself forward, pushing me to the ground. Before I could recover, she had swivelled full circle, bringing her bare backside over my face.

‘Oh, God...’ I muttered, as her bottom opened up, revealing her little hole. Excitement and fear merged in my belly and I groaned as she shifted position, bringing her anus closer.

‘You want it, you know you do!’ she sighed, wriggling her hips. ‘You want my little hole!’

I brought up my arms and pressed my fingers into the soft swell of her buttocks, keeping her at bay. The effect was to open up her arse a fraction more, exposing the full length of her crack. My gaze locked on the dark, fleshy whorl of her anus, and my grip weakened. In spite of myself – in spite of everything I had already seen – I wanted to bury my face in that sweet, exquisite opening.

A waft of earthy scent filled my nostrils and my grip slackened further. Unlike those men I'd seen struggling on the dance floor, I knew I was up against only one woman. For the moment at least... I wasn't the largest of men, but I was fit and worked out. The girl was short and, though her arse looked capable of smothering me if she had help to hold me down, if she fought with me alone, I was convinced I could hold her off.

It was madness not to push her away, to run to the toilets and break down the door. Windows to the rear – I knew – offered access to a yard, and, beyond that, a way out of this hell-hole. I was sure that was where the men who had passed me in the corridor had gone and, if I had any sense, it was where I should go, too.

But – just then – I had no sense. Not with my head inside a woman's crack, and my face so close to the tight, wrinkled well of her anus. The last of my resistance ebbed away, and I deliberately slackened my grip. Immediately, her buttocks moulded themselves around my face as she brought her bottom down. She pressed her little hole against my nose, and her rich, earthy scent filled my nostrils.

I arched my back, clung tightly to her hips and groaned. I was in heaven. For one, ridiculous moment it no longer mattered what she did to me. She could smother me there and then for all I cared. I was inside a woman's bottom: a woman who wanted to suffocate me. I ought to have been terrified, clawing at her like a madman, struggling to push her away before she finished me off.

But instead, I held on fiercely, snuffling her anus, dreaming – in some dark, demented part of my soul – that she was slowly drawing me inside her ... sucking me up into the dark, forbidden cave of her back passage!

Heaving sharply, I threw her off-balance. We tumbled onto our sides, still locked together limpet-like, her fingers clawing at my pants, unzipping me, and taking my penis into her mouth.

I groaned as her lips closed around my cock, then groaned again as she tickled my balls. As I exhaled sharply, she closed her legs around my neck, wriggling her anus hard against my nose, as if she were trying to pull me inside.

I snorted furiously, then moaned into the damp, swollen maw of her cunt. Her private parts were all over me now, draining my resolve. I just wanted to lie there, trapped between her legs, and allow her to finish me off. I didn't care what she did to me as long as I could worship at her little hole. It was all I had ever wanted; to live and die inside a woman's arse...

And then a tumbler clicked into place at the back of my mind, and the urge to live returned. I tried to draw a breath, but nothing came. My lungs burned and my head swam. Dear God, she was suffocating me! She was smothering me to death with her bottom!

I bunched my fingers into fists and pummelled her flesh, rocking from side to side. The girl rolled with me, a screech of pain breaking around my cock, a blast of warm air searing my balls. She sucked quickly, drawing the semen into my shaft and I moaned. Gathering myself, I took hold of her hips and pushed with all my strength. Her air-tight grip on me slackened, and I snorted damp air into my lungs. But the sweet, earthy scent of her arse was as strong as ever and threatened to overwhelm me. The muscles in my arms went limp, and, as her bottom came down again, I deliberately altered the angle of my head so that her anus pressed against my nose.

Dear God, I was in torment – but a torment I longed never to end. All I wanted

was for her to sit on me, to push her off, then have her sit again. It was the stuff of my dreams, my dearest fantasy. Yet, at the back of my mind, was the grim knowledge that the longer I savoured the joys of her anus, the greater the likelihood that other women would venture into the corridor. And when they did, I would be hopelessly outnumbered. I had seen what happened when the women worked together. They would hold me down – both my legs and my arms – while the girl sitting on my face finally finished me off. I would die the way I had always wanted to die ... inside a woman's crack!

But long for it though I might, I wasn't ready for it yet ...

Pushing all my crude yearning to one side, I tightened my grip on the young girl's arse, straightened my arms, and heaved her away from my face. Her anus was damp and sticky, the little brown eye pulsing crudely as it came into view. Dear God, even now, I wanted nothing more than to close my mouth around the wrinkled well and suckle on her hole!

Gritting my teeth, I released a strangled groan and threw her to one side, then rolled on to my front and leapt to my feet.

Instead of jumping up – as I'd imagined she would – the girl thrust her arse high in the air. Clawing her buttocks wide, she exposed her anus without shame.

'You want my little hole!' she cried. 'You want it, you want it! I know you do!'

She was right, of course – I did want it. I wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything else in my life. To lick along the length of her crack; to close my mouth around the plump, fleshy swell of her vagina and bury my face as far into her

bottom as it was humanly possible. But I wanted to live, too. For the moment, at least. Lust and self-preservation had fought it out, and my will to survive now prevailed. I turned around, slipped my hand between the door-jamb and frame and quickly unbuckled the belt that had been fastened in place. My fingers were trembling, and, once or twice, the leather slipped out of my grip. But finally it came free and I pushed the door open.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw, to my astonishment, that the woman was still on her knees, wiggling her arse in the air. She had made no attempt to follow me, convinced that the sight of her anus alone, winking crudely, would be enough to make me turn round and come back to her ...

With a groan of reluctance, I pushed the door wide and slipped through into the room beyond. As I re-fastened the belt around the hand-drier to which it has been attached, my stomach emptied. A young man had appeared at the far end of the corridor, followed closely by three large, bare-bottomed Women. They tumbled past the girl on the floor, who seemed blind to their arrival.

The terrified look on the young man's face made me groan with despair. Every ounce of humanity screamed at me to open the door; to let him through before the Women caught up with him. But if I did that, then they would break through for sure ... and I would be done for, too.

As the man reached the door, he whimpered miserably. 'Help me, please!' he cried. 'They're going to sit on me! They're going to fucking sit on me!'

Before I had a chance to react, he thrust his arm through the narrow gap, and seized me by the forearm.

‘Let me in!’ he cried, weeping now. ‘For the love of God, let me in!’

‘I can’t!’ I yelled back, clawing myself free, tearing my shirt in the process. ‘I’m sorry, I can’t!’

The man pressed his face as far into the gap as it would fit. His eyes were wide with terror, and there were tears running down his cheeks. ‘They’re going to smother me!’ he wailed. ‘They’re going to suffocate me with their little holes!’

‘I can’t let you in! I’m sorry!’ I shouted back. Leaning forward, I felt his warm, frightened breath on my face. Why I said what I said just then, I have no idea. I doubted it gave him any comfort, but the words tumbled from my mouth without any thought. ‘There are worse ways to go,’ I muttered grimly. ‘There are worse ways to go ... than inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘You bastard!’ he screamed, as the females finally reached him, took hold of his arms and wrenched him away from the door. The last thing I saw was the poor sod being upended, thrown onto his back, and straddled.

I immediately rammed the door shut, for what good it would do, tucked my penis back into my pants, and retreated to the far end of the room. A row of windows had been smashed open and a cold, evening breeze blew in from the yard beyond. I climbed onto a small ledge and, taking care not to catch myself on the sharp, jagged glass, eased my legs through the narrow gap and out into the world beyond...

## Two

I had been walking for nearly an hour. Having made my escape, I got as far away from the club as I could, and as quickly as I could. Not that it seemed to matter much. The streets were packed with gangs of marauding females, many of them naked, but all of them bare from the waist down.

Some dragged tormented men behind them, their wretched victims already half-smothered, their cocks limp, their balls – I guessed – as empty as they had ever been. Whatever madness had gripped the Women, they seemed to be moving in some sort of order. Occasionally, a stray man would break cover, whether from fear or a need to mount some ridiculous challenge, it was impossible to say. Most appeared to be drunk, their acts of bravado doomed from the start. The moment a man made his stand, another group of females would appear, as if from nowhere, and bring him down.

From time to time, a man would be smothered on the spot – held fast between a woman's buttocks and despatched without pity; the less fortunate were taken prisoner and hauled along with their fellow-captives. Theirs was the greatest agony. They knew they were doomed, but the manner and moment of their death had yet to be determined. Occasionally, the Women would stop, single out a man at random, and promptly mount him, wriggling furiously until he fell still. Those men who remained wept and begged for mercy – a mercy they knew would never be granted. It turned my stomach to look on, helplessly, as countless men went to their deaths inside a woman's bottom.

Yet a part of me – to my utter shame – longed to be captured, too. To rush forward and be overpowered. To have several Women hold me down while another lowered her backside onto my face and smothered me inside her crack. I had told that poor man in the nightclub that there were worse ways to go than inside a woman's bottom – and I had meant it! To watch these men being straddled in the street – unable to fight back – both thrilled and appalled me in equal measure. It was the stuff of fantasy ... and the stuff of horror, too.

Reluctantly, I retreated into the gloom and picked my way through the dark, scream-laden streets. More than once, I was forced to stop, take a deep breath and remain as still as I could. It helped that the Women's frenzied behaviour had dulled their senses to a degree. Those males they had taken prisoner took up much of their time, while the unfortunates across whom they occasionally stumbled took up the rest.

As the hours passed, I became more adept at keeping myself out of harm's way. Now and then, I would come across a larger group of females on the prowl for prey, but, after a time, their numbers thinned out and my progress became faster.

My flat was only three miles from the club, but I knew, early on, that I risked capture by heading there directly. I wondered if it made any sense at all to make for home. On the other hand, it was at least a place of refuge, a place I knew.

How far, I wondered grimly, had this mad contagion spread? And what the hell had caused it in the first place? All sorts of wild scenarios played out in my head: a drug in the water supply, an alien influence from beyond the stars, witchcraft, a government experiment gone wrong. Anything and everything – except the true cause itself. The most glaringly obvious reason, and the one that I would never have suspected in a million years ...

*Not yet at any rate ...*

Dawn had begun to break over the city when at last, by the most circuitous of routes, I found myself in the foyer of Leighton House. My flat was on the seventh of ten floors. I knew only a few of the other residents: some – like me – were single men, others were couples, a few married, a few living together. It

seemed quiet enough just now and I wondered if I might risk taking the lift. Fine if there was no one else around – a potential death-trap if I reached my floor, only to find it occupied by Women on the prowl for fresh meat.

As quietly as I could, I hurried up the stairs, taking them three at a time, pausing on occasion to ensure the way ahead was safe.

Reaching my own landing at last, I noticed the door to Flat 22 – the one next to mine – was open, the lights ablaze inside. I was familiar with the people who lived there – a couple in their mid-twenties. The man, Danny, was thin, pale and lanky. His girlfriend – they weren't married – was a plump, fresh-faced brunette. Her name was Janet. I knew that because I'd spoken to her once or twice in the lift. She often wore tight-fitting trousers, which showed off her arse to perfection. More than once, I'd watched her walk away from me, my gaze locked to her generous backside.

I'd fantasised more than once about her anus, conjuring up images of its size, shape, texture and scent. Janet and Danny had a wild sex life – I knew that much from the sounds that emanated from their room at night. From the way their bedpost slammed against the adjoining wall and the muffled groans that drifted through in the early hours, they seemed to have few inhibitions. More than once, I had masturbated to the sounds they made, fantasising that Janet had tied me up and was sitting on my face ... smothering me with her little hole.

So when I saw the door to their flat was open, I hesitated. At this time of day – it was early Sunday morning – I would have expected them both to be at home. Indeed, I recalled enviously, Sunday morning was one of their favourite times for frenzied love-making. Or whatever depraved activities they got up to that threatened to propel the two of them through the wall and into my bedroom.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped over the threshold. The flat was laid out on similar lines to mine, with the bedroom at the far end. Every door was open, as if someone had run in and out in a blind panic. Each room was also empty which, as I made my way cautiously forward, left only the bedroom to be explored.

Pausing outside, I steadied myself, then pushed gently at the door. As it opened, my breath caught at the back of my throat. Danny lay flat on his back on the bed, face up, his arms and legs spread wide. His wrists and ankles were cinched into thick metal cuffs, and his limbs twisted unnaturally. His open eyes stared lifelessly at the ceiling, and I had to bite down hard to avoid throwing up. Taking another deep breath to steady myself, I inched forward, cautious baby steps that threatened, at any moment, to turn into a full-scale retreat.

There was a bright, translucent sheen across his face, and beads of moisture dribbled down his cheeks. Leaning in close, I sniffed his pale, cold skin. I recognised the smell at once: it was the scent of female cum, damp and musky. As I sniffed deeper still, the rich aroma of a woman's arse filled my nostrils.

'My God,' I murmured weakly. 'She smothered him with her bottom ...'

By she, of course, I meant Janet. Who else could it have been? I had always suspected they were into bondage. Danny must have let her tie him up, not realising the danger he was in. Janet was a big woman. She would have been difficult for Danny to shift even with both of his arms free. But secured to the bed ... the poor sod would have had no way of defending himself.

There are worse ways to go, I kept reminding myself. Worse ways to go than inside a woman's bottom...

‘I hope you enjoyed it, mate,’ I muttered grimly. ‘I hope you enjoyed being up her arse ...’

Instinctively, I closed my thighs, aware of my growing erection. I knew it was wrong to take pleasure from what had happened, but I couldn’t help myself. Not because I wished Danny harm. If I could have turned back the clock and saved him, I would have done so in a flash. But what I couldn’t do, was to push from my mind the thought of what it must be like to have a woman come down on you like that, knowing you couldn’t do anything to stop her. Knowing she meant to suffocate you ... with the little hole in her bottom.

Was there a crazier fantasy on the face of the planet, I asked myself. Probably. There were doubtless any number of dreadful things some men would like to do to women. But this was women doing things to men. With a man’s blessing. Well, maybe not in Danny’s case – though I liked to think, deep-down, it was. But in my case, and that of so many men like me ... being sat on by a bare-bottomed woman was a fantasy come true.

I knew it made no sense. I would have been hard pushed to explain to myself the urge to have a bare-arsed woman sit on my face and try to smother me – let alone justify the need to anyone else. But there it was. That was me. That was so many men. Crazy...

I felt the rush of movement just a second too late to react. She must have been hiding in a corner of the room, watching me, preparing to attack the moment my guard was down. Janet was a plump, meaty woman and, when I felt her arms and legs wrap around my chest, it was as if a tidal wave of flesh had engulfed me.

As I tumbled to the floor, her weight pinned me flat, forcing the air from my lungs. Stunned, I made no attempt to resist as she rolled me onto my back and

lay full-length on top of me. I was aware of her bright blue eyes gazing down, a moment before her rich, ruby lips closed around my mouth and her tongue stabbed past my teeth.

When her arms reached down and fumbled for the zip in my pants, I surrendered feebly, allowing her to thrust her hand inside and extract my penis. As her fingers closed around the shaft, I arched my back and groaned into the back of her throat.

Releasing her grip on my mouth, Janet pressed a warm cheek to the side of my face and sighed into my ear.

‘I’ve got a little hole, Nathan,’ she whispered crudely. ‘I’ve got a little hole in my bottom. Would you like to see it? Would you like to give it a kiss?’

‘Oh, God...’ I muttered, stupefied, and wrapped my arms around her back, hugging her close.

‘I could sit on you,’ she breathed. ‘The way I sat on Danny. I could hold you inside my crack. I could rub my sticky arse-hole on you ...’

I groaned and arched my back again, driving my penis through the funnel of her fingers. It was madness to crave what she was offering me, but every word she uttered pushed me closer to the edge.

‘You want to be smothered, don’t you?’ she murmured, licking at my ear, teasing

me with her tongue. 'All men want to be smothered. All men want to be sat on.' She released a soft, inviting sigh. 'All men want to die inside a woman's arse...'

'I ... I don't,' I groaned. 'I don't want to ... don't want to ...'

'Yes, you do, my love,' she whispered sweetly. 'You know you do. You know how much you want my little hole. You want to kiss it, and sniff it ... and disappear right up it!'

Something inside me snapped, and the last of my resistance ebbed away. 'I do...'  
I muttered feebly. 'I do want it. I do want to be inside your bottom.'

'Tell me you want me to sit on you,' she whispered. 'Beg me to smother you with my little hole!'

'I ... I want you to sit on me!' I groaned. 'Please! I want you to smother me with your little hole!'

'You're such a good boy,' she sighed, lifting herself from my body. Still clinging to my cock, she swung around, until I felt her warm breath on my shaft, her plump, chubby legs either side of my head. 'Open me up,' she urged gently. 'Open me up and look at my hole.'

A cold knot of excitement warmed my gut as I raised my arms and pressed my fingers into the soft swell of Janet's buttocks. As I eased her cheeks apart, I found myself gazing into the long, dark divide of her bottom. Tiny beads of

sweat zig-zagged over her skin, dribbling into the damp, wrinkled well of her anus.

‘Can you see the little hairs?’ she inquired crudely. ‘Can you see the little hairs around my bum-hole?’

I forced out a strangled ‘Yes’, a bleated shriek of delight as my gaze fixed longingly on the taut, brown crater.

‘My little bum-hole’s naughty,’ sighed Janet. ‘She wants to rub herself all over you. She wants to do to you what she did to Danny...’

‘What ... what did she do to Danny?’ I asked stupidly. I knew very well what Janet’s anus had done to Danny. Why was I asking such a ridiculous question? What the hell was happening to me?

‘She smothered him,’ Janet giggled, easing herself back, bringing her bottom so close to me now that I could smell its rich, earthy scent. ‘She pressed herself against his nose so he couldn’t breathe ... and then she finished him off!’

My own breathing had become a rapid thud of air, leaving my body in short, sharp bursts.

‘Do you want me to finish you off?’ she inquired wickedly.

‘Please,’ I whimpered, hardly aware, now, of where I was or what I was saying. A powerful need gripped my belly as a fresh wave of female scent washed over me. All I wanted was to be sat on; to have this woman take me into her warm, hairy crack and smother me with her bottom. ‘Please finish me off! Please! Don’t have any mercy! Smother me like you smothered Danny!’

The words were hardly out of my mouth before Janet heaved herself backwards, bringing her bottom over my face. I saw the dark, cavernous hole of her anus, pulsing crudely as it edged closer. Instinctively, I widened my mouth to admit the plump swell of her cunt, gorging on the fleshy slit. My nostrils flared against the opening to her arse, the little hole spreading around me, as if to suck me home, to welcome me into her passage.

‘You want to get right up inside me, don’t you?’ she breathed. ‘You want to get inside my bottom...’

I had no answer for her this time. Every ounce of my awareness was now focused on my cock, as her fingers roamed freely, teasing the seed from my balls. One last gasp of air and she had covered me completely, her bum-hole pressed against my nose, her buttocks warm around my face. A rich, earthy scent filled my lungs and I groaned. It was only then that I realised I could no longer breathe. I was trapped inside Janet’s crack, snorting against the wrinkled hole of her anus, gagging on the swell of her vagina!

I arched my back, my hands clawing at her hips. I lashed out with first one leg, then the other, in a vain attempt to twist myself free. It was pointless. There was no way I could shift her now; no way at all ...

My head began to spin, my lungs at bursting point. Dreadful waves of nausea coursed through my belly and I arched my back again. This was it! Dear God, I

realised grimly. This was it! A woman was going to finish me off inside her crack! The way I had always wanted to go...

And then my eyes stung as the world swam back into view. A bright overhead bulb blinded me and I released a deep, animal roar as air flooded into my lungs. I heard a woman scream, but I was too far gone to take any notice. I had to get my breath back; my head felt as if it might explode. Who was I? Where was I ...?

Everything came back to me in a flash and I sat bolt upright on the floor. What I saw next made me close my eyes again and shake my head. It wasn't real, it couldn't be. Janet was lying on her back, her plump, fleshy legs kicking in the air. A large black man was lying on top of her, his head between her flailing thighs, lapping at her vagina. Janet's shriek of despair turned quickly to a cry of joy, then a brief whimper of delight before her body shook and a last, ear-piercing squeal of pleasure left her throat. A moment later, she fell still, the feeblest of moans on her lips.

The black man remained in place for a few moments longer, still licking gently at her cunt. Then at last, with a deep, exhausted sigh, he raised his head, pushed up with his arms and rolled off Janet's naked belly.

'What the hell ...?' I muttered, before running out of anything else to say.

The black man stood up, stretched out an arm and helped me to my feet.

'My name's Tom,' he announced. 'Tom Madeley.' He paused, then added, finally, 'Doctor Tom Madeley. Flat 18.'

I frowned, then rubbed the back of my head. ‘I know you,’ I muttered. ‘At least, I mean, I’ve seen you.’ I rubbed my head again. ‘Well, you know what I mean...’ I released a dull groan as my eyes roamed over Janet’s body. She appeared to be sleeping soundly.

‘What have you done to her?’ I asked quietly. ‘I don’t understand. She almost killed me. Now she’s fast asleep.’

‘I brought her off,’ said Tom bluntly. ‘Made her come.’ He shrugged. ‘It seems to be their only weakness.’

I transferred my gaze to my new acquaintance. ‘What do you mean ... their only weakness?’

There was a large TV screen on the wall opposite the bed. Tom crossed the room and switched it on. It appeared to be tuned to a TV Channel. A bare-breasted woman gazed back at us. I felt the air catch in the back of my throat when she spoke.

‘... I repeat once more – to those men watching this broadcast. Resistance is futile. Women are in control now, and your days are numbered. I urge you – for your own peace of mind – hand yourselves in to the first female you see. Some of you will be sat upon and finished off at the arse. This cannot be helped – and is the price some of you must pay. We Women have needs ... and these needs must be satisfied. If a Woman shows you the hole in her bottom, then you know your time has come. Let her sit on you – let her take you into her crack willingly and you will be smothered with kindness...’

I shook my head. 'This can't be happening. This is crazy. Like some sort of ... some sort of ...'

'Dream?' suggested Tom helpfully.

'I was thinking more along the lines of nightmare,' I countered, running a weary hand through my hair.

'Did you ever have dreams like this?' asked Tom. 'About women sitting on your face? About having a woman try to suffocate you with her bare arse?'

I looked away for a moment. 'Of course not,' I lied. 'Who the hell would want that?'

Tom regarded me in silence for a few moments then smiled. 'I did,' he admitted freely. 'There were some days when it was all I did think about.' His eyes shone brightly. 'A world in which every woman wanted to hunt me down, sit on my face ... and smother me to death with her arse.'

'Really?' I said, unable to hide the surprise in my voice. 'You really wanted that? To have a woman ... do that to you?'

Tom nodded. 'I did,' he confirmed without any hint of shame. 'And I know I'm not the only one... Lots of men feel the same way. I don't know why, but we do. We want a woman to sit on our face ... and suffocate us with her little hole.'

I swallowed hard. I shuffled my feet and, for several seconds, avoided his eyes. Finally, plucking up courage, my face flushed with embarrassment, I said, 'I wasn't ... I wasn't telling the truth.' I rubbed the side of my face, and looked away again. 'Some days ... it's all I've dreamed about, too. Wanting a woman to do things to me. Things I couldn't control.' I ran my hand through my hair again. 'Sometimes it's almost driven me mad. I've wanted it so much!'

'And now it looks as if we've got it,' said Tom. 'Our dreams have come true. Women everywhere want to sit on us. They want to get us inside their cracks ... and finish us off with their bottoms!'

'But it's crazy!' I protested. 'I mean, it happens in dreams – in fantasies – but not in real life. Women don't do that sort of thing. Not in the real world!'

Tom shrugged carelessly. 'Maybe they didn't, but they do now. Somehow, what we dreamt about – what we hoped for – it's become real. I know it sounds crazy, but it's happened. Somehow ... it's actually happened.'

# Three

‘Do you have any theories?’ asked Tom.

We’d moved into the front room, away from Danny’s body. Neither of us wanted to look at him; to be reminded of what these Women might do to us if they ever got the chance. Between us, we carried Janet through, having taken the precaution of tearing up some sheets and fashioning makeshift binding for her arms and legs.

I shrugged. ‘Not really,’ I replied. ‘A government experiment gone wrong? Aliens from another galaxy? Something in the water?’ I shook my head wearily. ‘If it wasn’t for the fact that I’m pretty sure I’m not asleep, I’d say I must be dreaming.’

Tom regarded me thoughtfully for several moments, then said: ‘That might not be as far-fetched as you think.’

‘Which one?’ I replied. All the options I’d listed seemed on the far side of crazy to me.

‘Have you ever heard of the Law of Attraction?’ he asked out of the blue.

I frowned. It meant nothing to me.

‘It’s the theory that the universe will grant us what we ask for. If we only wish for it hard enough.’

‘Sounds like a right load of bollocks,’ I muttered.

‘You’re probably right, but it’s something I’ve always—’ He broke off and gazed longingly at Janet’s unconscious body. A faint smile tugged at his mouth. ‘It’s something I’ve always hoped might be true.’ He looked back at me, and there was a bright gleam in his eyes. ‘Can you imagine it? Having everything you’ve ever wanted? Even this ...’

‘You mean women running out of control?’ I huffed doubtfully. ‘And trying to sit on your face whether you like it or not?’ I hesitated, aware of the excitement I couldn’t keep out of my voice. ‘Having them smother you with their bare backsides?’

Tom’s smile broadened a little. ‘Something like that,’ he answered, his eyes boring into mine, as if daring me to deny the way I felt.

‘They say the universe is composed of fewer than five per cent atoms,’ he explained. ‘The rest is dark matter and dark energy. It’s these that make up everything out there – a power we can draw on to fashion our existence.’ He sighed. ‘Maybe it is a load of crap, but answer me truthfully: haven’t you ever asked for something like this? To have any number of women sit on you whether you like it or not?’ He took a deep breath. ‘I have. I’m not afraid to admit it.’

I opened my mouth, ready to say, ‘No, I’ve never thought about anything like this, you’re on your own, mate.’ Only I couldn’t. Because it wasn’t true. I had imagined a world just like this. Well, maybe not exactly like this because in the world I’d dreamed up, I’d just be sat on and smothered forever. If there was any truth in this – what did he call it? – Law of Attraction – then something had gone

badly wrong. But then maybe it had. Too many of us asking for the same thing but not really thinking it through. So what we'd ended up with wasn't the heaven on earth we'd envisaged. It was hell on earth instead.

My shoulders sagged. What was the point in denying anything now? We were in this together. We might as well be honest with each other.

'Yes,' I muttered, lowering my eyes, embarrassed at my admission, even if Tom, it seemed, had no shame whatsoever. 'I have dreamed about something like this. About being sat on. About ... about being smothered inside a woman's bottom.'

When I raised my eyes, he was smiling at me. As if he'd just found a long-lost friend. At that moment, I felt exactly the same way.

'Do you really think that's what's happened?' I asked, still struggling to get my head round the idea. 'That somehow, men all over the world – we've conjured this up?'

'Who knows?' said Tom honestly. 'Maybe it is just a powerful solar flare hitting the earth and altering women's DNA. Or something in the water or ... I don't know, fracking. All that really matters is: we have to deal with it. And if we fail ... if they catch us, well ...' He shrugged.

'There are worse ways to go than inside a woman's bottom?' I said, finishing his sentence for him.

His smile broadened again. 'Precisely.'

'You've done a lot of thinking,' I suggested. 'About all this.'

'I'm a doctor,' he reminded me. 'I work in a research lab. I spend every day of my life asking questions, trying to piece things together, looking for new solutions. It's natural for me: wanting to know why something's happened.'

'Is there any way we can change things back?' I wondered aloud. It seemed a pointless question. Tom might be bright, but I doubted that even he had an answer for this one.

'Possibly not,' he answered glumly. 'I think – for the time being at least – we have to accept what's happened, and do our best to survive. It won't be easy.' He glanced across to where Janet lay, still trussed up like a chicken on the floor. 'Not with women like her trying to hunt us down.'

I scowled. 'I still don't understand what happened. Why is she out for the count?'

Tom puffed out a heavy sigh. 'That was a stroke of luck, really. I'd seen what happened when she smothered Danny.' He looked momentarily glum. 'That was how I knew.'

'Knew what?'

‘How to disable her.’ He rubbed the back of his neck and looked suddenly very tired. ‘I heard a commotion out on the landing. From the floor below. I came up – and there she was – sitting on Danny’s face.’ He lowered his head. When he looked up again, there was a sombre look in his eyes. ‘I should have tried to stop her, but I couldn’t. I thought it was some kinky game they were playing. That he got his kicks by having her sit on him.’

‘I’d have thought the same,’ I agreed, ‘if it had been me. I’d have thought he wanted it, too. To be sat on.’

Tom looked suddenly sheepish. ‘It was more than that,’ he continued softly. ‘Watching her ride him like that, it ... it turned me on. I didn’t want her to stop. I wanted to see how far she’d go. I wanted ...’

‘You wanted it to be you,’ I said, finishing the sentence for him. ‘You wanted her to be sitting on your face. You wanted her to be rubbing her bum-hole all over you ... trying to smother you with it.’

Tom nodded. ‘God help me, I did,’ he admitted. ‘I started wanking. I couldn’t help it. It was as if something had taken me over. As if I couldn’t control myself. And then ... and then she saw me! She saw me standing there, holding my cock and jacking myself off while she smothered poor Danny!’

I opened my mouth to speak, then closed it again. Just then, I could think of nothing to say.

‘I thought she’d jump off Danny and start on me instead. But she just kept riding him, as if she couldn’t stop. As if she didn’t want to stop...’

Tom shook his head again, as if struggling to marshal his thoughts. ‘She was moaning, as if she was going to come. She had this excited look in her eyes. She looked straight at me – still wriggling her hips – and she said ... she said, “It’s your turn next, sweetheart. As soon as I’ve finished Danny off, I’ll sit on you. I’ll do you in, too. I’ll do you in with my arse-hole!’

Tom broke off, and there were tears in his eyes when he next spoke. ‘She was so calm about it. So matter-of-fact.’ He shook his head. ‘I should have run. I should have got the hell out of there. Or even tried to stop her suffocating Danny. But I didn’t. I couldn’t move. I just stood here, wanking, thinking how I couldn’t wait. How I wanted her to sit on my face. How I wanted her to ... to take me into her crack and finish me off with her bottom!’

‘That’s how I felt in the club,’ I told him, recalling the moment this whole nightmare had begun. ‘And out on the streets. Every time I saw a man being sat on, I ... I wanted to change places with him. I wanted to be the one who was being smothered. I wanted to know what it would feel like ... to be ... to be inside a woman’s bottom! A woman who wanted to suffocate me with her bare arse ...’

‘I’ve been up all night, watching all the news reports,’ said Tom, changing the subject dramatically. ‘This isn’t just happening here. It’s happening all over the world. In every country on earth ... women are taking men between their buttocks. Sitting on their faces ... rubbing their arse-holes on them. Finishing them off ... inside their cracks!’

I was about to respond, when, behind me, I heard a faint moan. I spun round and saw Janet began to move. Looking at her large, naked body, I was glad we’d tied her up. If she managed to get free, we’d both be in trouble.

‘She’s coming round!’ I announced unnecessarily. ‘What the hell do we do now?’

Tom snatched hold of my arm. When he spoke, his voice was shot through with barely controlled emotion.

‘When I saw her on top of Danny, she was so excited – doing what she was doing to him – that she started to come. She couldn’t control herself!’

‘OK, so she was getting off on having him trapped inside her arse. I don’t see—’

Tom cut me short. ‘She came! She came on Danny’s face! And the moment she did, she collapsed. It was as if someone had suddenly flicked an off switch. She went out like a light. I left her where she was. Danny was dead. There was nothing I could do for him and I didn’t know what to do about Janet. I didn’t know she’d woken up again till I came back ... and saw her sitting on you! That’s when I thought – if she’d passed out once before ... maybe she would again. Maybe it’s the only weakness these women have. If you can make them come...’

I frowned. ‘You mean ... if she tries to sit on one of us again – the other one has to jack her off?’ I could scarcely hide the astonishment in my voice.

‘Something like that...’

‘Why don’t we just do it to her now? Give her a good licking before she comes round.’

‘Because then we won’t know,’ said Tom.

‘Won’t know what?’ I asked. I would have said more but, at that moment, Janet opened her eyes, sat bolt upright and gazed straight at us.

‘What the hell’s going on?’ she inquired in a dull, mystified voice. ‘Where am I? What’s happened?’

‘That,’ said Tom, without taking his eyes off Janet for a second, ‘is what we’d like to know, too ...’

# Four

‘Don’t you remember anything?’ asked Tom. ‘Anything at all?’

Janet shook her head. ‘The last thing I remember is tying Danny to the bed. We were going to have some fun. He liked me to restrain him so we could pretend I’d kidnapped him. We’d make-believe his wife hadn’t paid the ransom, so I was going to ...’ She grinned, as if she found this all rather amusing. ‘I was going to fuck him to death.’

I frowned. ‘You don’t seem very ... upset,’ I ventured, ‘about what you did to him.’ I ran a hand through my hair and my scowl deepened. ‘You sat on the poor bastard’s face ... You smothered him with your arse!’

Janet sighed. It was as if something had switched off inside her. As if her emotional side had been closed down; a part of her mind no longer operating as it should.

‘I can hardly even remember him,’ she confessed. ‘Except ...’ Her voice trailed away.

‘Except what?’ pressed Tom.

Janet looked at us each in turn and then she smiled. ‘Except that ... I think that’s how he’d have wanted to go.’ She nibbled her lip softly. ‘Inside my bottom...’

‘Inside your bottom?’ I repeated. Though the idea seemed ridiculous, I felt my

cock stir. Trussed up and naked as she was, it was hard to keep my eyes from wandering over Janet's plump thighs and broad, fleshy hips.

She shrugged. 'Isn't that how all men want to go?' she said quietly. 'With a woman's arse wrapped around them?'

I opened my mouth to speak, but words failed me. I wanted to say, 'No, that's not how all men want to go,' but deep down, I knew it wasn't true. It should have been, but it wasn't. Not for me, at least. I shook my head miserably. What was happening to me? What was happening to all of us?

There was a TV in the corner of the room. Tom flicked it on. The same, familiar news report was running across every channel:

'Men of the world, your days are numbered. Women's bottoms are coming for you. Some will be spared, but many will not. Resistance is futile. Hand yourselves in to your nearest female and she will decide your fate. Submit willingly to her bottom and she will finish you off quickly...'

Every now and then the report cut out, to be replaced by shots of bare-bottomed women running through the streets, dragging men from their hiding places and mounting their heads. Janet watched open-mouthed, her eyes wide, her hands clenched tight.

'Does it excite you?' asked Tom. 'Watching what those women are doing? Knowing you could do it, too – if you wanted?'

Janet nodded. ‘Yes,’ she answered in a low, shaky voice. ‘It does ...’

Her breathing had grown more rapid and she began – all at once – to rock from side to side, wriggling her buttocks. All at once, her body jack-knifed and she released an excited squeal.

‘Are you all right?’ I asked, taking a step forward.

Tom’s arm shot out and held me back. ‘Be careful!’ he cautioned. ‘I think she’s turning...’

‘Turning?’ I repeated stupidly, watching Janet wriggle on her arse.

‘You want to sit, don’t you?’ said Tom, addressing her directly. ‘You want to sit on a man’s face...’

Janet bobbed her head and squealed again. ‘Yes!’ she cried, her face flushed, her teeth bared angrily. Despite the strips of sheet around her feet and arms, she shook frantically, and I began to wonder about the likelihood of her breaking free. There were two of us – Tom and me – but I wasn’t sure how much I fancied our chances. Not if ... not if we wanted to be smothered.

‘I have to sit on a man!’ she shrieked suddenly. ‘Please!’ She looked quickly between the two of us. ‘Please!’ she wept, tears of frustration filling her eyes. ‘I need to have a man’s head inside my bottom!’

She rolled onto her back, legs high, exposing the dark, wrinkled hole of her anus. 'Please!' she cried again, addressing me directly. (Was that because she saw me as the weakest link? Dear God! Gazing into her open arse, my eyes running the length of her damp, sticky trench, I felt as if was!) 'You want me, Nathan! You know you do! You want my little hole! You want to get inside my crack!'

'Oh, God...,' I muttered, staggering forward, my gaze locked on the puffy slit of her anus. 'Your little hole ... your little hole is so beautiful!'

'That's it, Nathan!' she cried, wriggling her hips, her anus pulsing crudely. 'You know you want it! You know you want me to sit on you!'

A sharp stab of pain – as Tom struck my cheek with the flat of his hand – brought me to my senses, and I drew up short.

'This is how they do it,' he said breathlessly. 'They lock onto the need we have ... the need to be sat on!'

With a huge effort of will, I tore my eyes away from Janet's arse and focused all my attention on Tom.

'There's only one way to stop her,' he said. 'There's only one way to save us now.'

'I don't understand,' I murmured truthfully.

Tom unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. ‘We have to bring ourselves off. So we don’t want it any more. Then ... then we have to do the same to her!’

‘You’ve got to be kidding!’ I yelled, as Tom began to rub his penis quickly. As he fell to his knees, groaning, I looked away, disgusted. But as I caught sight, once again, of Janet’s exposed backside, I felt a wave of pleasure warm my groin.

‘Don’t listen to him!’ yelled Janet. ‘You want my bum-hole, Nathan – you know you do!’ Her face widened into a broad smile of delight. ‘And my bum-hole wants you! She wants to do things to do! She wants to suck you right up inside her! All the way up into my passage! All the way up!’

I released a strangled moan and – like Tom before me – I fell to my knees. But, unlike him, I couldn’t keep my eyes off Janet’s arse! Advancing on all fours, my head lolled from side to side and I extended my tongue greedily. Without a second’s thought, I lowered my head into the gap between her legs and closed my mouth around the pouting bud of her anus. Rolling onto my back, I allowed her to press her bottom down, so that her buttocks moulded themselves around my head. Reaching up, I seized her hips and held on grimly, pushing my face as far into her crack as I possibly could.

‘You’re a good boy, Nathan!’ she cried, bearing down with all her weight. ‘Oh, you’re such a good boy! I’ll finish you off – I promise! I’ll smother you with my little hole! Just the way I smothered Danny!’

My lungs were burning now, and my breathing laboured. But I clung on tight as if I were terrified she’d let me go. Because I didn’t want her to let me go. Not ever! A madness had infected me – I knew that – but it was a madness I craved more than life itself. My chest had begun to hurt, and a wave of nausea heaved in

my gut. My grip on Janet's hips began to weaken, but I hoped I could hold on long enough for her to finish me off. This was how I wanted to go ... inside a woman's crack, with her anus pressing down on me!

And then, abruptly, it was over. I was gasping for air, and my eyes stung as an overhead light blinded me. I was aware of Janet thrashing on her back, and Tom's body curiously entangled with her arms and legs. As I heaved myself upright, I realised, to my amazement, that – not for the first time – Tom's head was in-between Janet's thighs, his tongue lapping feverishly at her vagina.

As my head began to clear, I remembered the first time Tom had saved me and – despite the fog that dimmed my senses – I understood what was happening. For the second time that morning, Tom was bringing Janet off, plundering her cunt with his tongue until ...

A shrill cry filled the air as Janet arched her back, moaned feebly, and finally fell silent.

Tom remained in place for several seconds longer, licking rapidly, making sure that Janet was genuinely unconscious and not feigning.

Finally, he raised his head, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and heaved himself upright.

'Are you all right?' he asked, addressing me in a flat, weary voice.

I nodded uncertainly. 'I think so,' I muttered, then sagged, my hands around my face. 'Oh, God, I did it again. I let her get to me.' I groaned. 'I wanted her bottom so much. I wanted her to finish me off. I wanted her to ... to smother me with her anus!'

'It wasn't your fault,' said Tom, climbing to his feet, and pacing the room like a caged tiger. 'I've had time to work out what's happening. I told you. Maybe it's because I'm a doctor. I'm not just looking for symptoms, I'm looking for cures. Or at least for the reasons this is all happening.'

'And you think you know? That it's this – this stupid thing about the universe granting us what we've wished for?'

Tom shrugged. 'Of course not,' he confessed. 'How can I be sure? How could anyone?' He sighed, glanced at Janet, then shook his head wearily. 'What we do know – men like you and me – is that we get excited when we see a woman's bottom. It's what turns us on. Their anuses are weapons. One they know they can use against us. The moment we catch sight of a woman's little hole, we're finished. All we want to do is bury ourselves in her crack.'

Tom brought up both his hands and buried his face in them. 'Dear God – we'd shove our heads up a woman's passage if we could!'

He began to pace the room again. 'It's crazy! We know we shouldn't be thinking like this, but we can't help ourselves. It's our fantasy – and now it's come true. We can do what we've always dreamed about. Only if we do – then these women will finish us off. It's not a game anymore. It's real life.'

‘What about those men who haven’t dreamed about this?’ I objected. ‘I mean – not every man wants to be sat on. Not every man wants to end up inside a woman’s arse!’

Tom shook his head sadly. ‘It doesn’t matter. They’re trapped along with the rest of us. Whether they like it or not.’

‘Then how the hell do we ever beat these women? I mean – where can we go? We’ll never be safe. There are too many of them. And if all they have to do is show us their bottoms ...’

‘I’ve already told you,’ said Tom. ‘If you’d only listen. We’re vulnerable because we get excited whenever we see a woman’s arse. Even if we know all she wants to do is get us into her crack so she can finish us off!’

‘That’s stating the obvious, isn’t it?’

Tom sighed wearily. ‘My point is this: if we’re not excited, we’re not as vulnerable. That means – like it or not – we need to keep tossing ourselves off.’ He paused, with a sideways glance at Janet. ‘Or get a woman to do it for us, which – quite frankly – would be my preferred option.’

I looked at him in disbelief. ‘This is like some schoolboy fantasy. Jacking ourselves off all the time? You can’t be serious.’

‘A few minutes ago, Janet almost smothered you. Inside her bottom! For the

second time today. How do you think I was able to resist? How do you think I was able to save you?’

I shook my head. ‘You really mean it? That’s what we’ve got to do?’

‘Yes,’ he answered sombrely. ‘And we need an ally. A woman we can trust.’ He gestured towards Janet. ‘Otherwise, we’ll never get out of this alive ...’

‘You think we can trust Janet?’ I muttered, unable to hide the doubt in my voice. ‘A woman who’s already tried to suffocate me twice?’

‘She’s the only one we can trust,’ said Tom flatly. ‘You’ve seen what happens when I jack her off. She loses the urge to sit on us. Just as we lose the urge to be sat on if we jack ourselves off!’ His eyes swam over her naked body. ‘If we can keep each other under control, we have a chance. A slim one, admittedly. But it’s better than no chance at all.’

I considered the idea for almost a minute. It was crazy. But then everything about the world in which we now lived was crazy. Tom had a point. His suggestion might sound far-fetched – God knows, I had my doubts – but, just now, it was all we had.

‘All right,’ I said finally. ‘So what do we do now?’

‘We wait for Janet to come round again,’ he replied. ‘Being wanked seems to knock her out for about ten minutes at a time. After that, the effect lasts about an

hour. It might be longer if she doesn't get excited. Those images she saw on the TV screen – of other women sitting on men – they got her going. And, let's face it, it had the same effect on us. We need to avoid that sort of visual stimuli. All of us.'

'It's not going to be easy.'

'I know. But it's our only chance of getting out of this alive.' Tom shrugged. 'Still – look on the bright side.'

'There's a bright side?' I said.

'Sure,' said Tom. 'If we fail, then – as you've already pointed out – the worst thing that can happen is a bare-bottomed woman sits on our face ... and smothers us to death inside her crack!'

I grinned. 'Well, when you put it like that,' I said stoically. 'What the hell have we got to lose?'

## Five

It took Janet another five minutes to come round. After she had revived, and Tom told her his plan, I half-expected her to laugh in our faces. But, to my surprise, she nodded slowly, took a deep breath and said, 'I'll do whatever I can.' She looked from one of us to the other. 'I don't mind jacking you off. If that's what it takes to keep you safe.'

'We'll return the compliment,' said Tom. He smiled grimly. 'If we don't, you'll only try to sit on us.' He hesitated. 'But you'll have to warn us – if you think you're turning. We can't keep you tied up – so we'll have to trust you.'

Janet lowered her head for a moment. When she looked up again, there was a sadness in her eyes. 'I don't want to smother any more men,' she said. She gestured towards the TV, which was currently switched off. 'I don't want to be like those women. I don't ...' She bit her lip anxiously. 'I don't want to be out of control.'

I watched nervously as Tom undid the knots in the lengths of sheet we'd used to secure Janet. A part of me remained distrustful. What if she were playing a game with us? What if she still felt the urge to sit?

'You can put on some clothes if you like,' said Tom, 'but the moment we leave the flat, you'll have to be naked – or at least bare from the waist down. All the women are like that now.'

Janet shrugged. 'Good job it's a warm summer,' she answered with a grin. 'I'll

stay as I am for the moment. Maybe a t-shirt when we leave. Might as well get used to the way it has to be.'

As she paced up and down, massaging the stiffness from her legs, I couldn't help but follow her arse around the room. I'd been inside her bottom twice now. I couldn't see her little hole, but I knew it was there. I knew what it looked like, smelt like, felt like ...

'Oh, God,' I murmured, closed my eyes and moved away. I felt a familiar need rising in my groin.

'Do you need jacking off?' asked Janet. 'Are you getting excited again?'

I nodded mutely, a wave of embarrassment washing over me. 'I'll go to the bathroom,' I muttered, 'I won't be long.'

'I'll come with you,' said Janet. 'It'll be quicker if I do it for you.'

I turned back, and she must have seen the look of disbelief in my eyes.

'We'll have to get used to it,' she said, 'if we're going to get out of this alive.'

Keep the door open,' said Tom.

I flashed him a puzzled look.

‘It’s all right,’ he said, ‘I won’t peek. But,’ he added, addressing Janet directly, ‘we can’t take the chance of you suddenly turning – and trying to sit on Nathan’s face. Not with the door locked.’

Janet sighed. ‘You still don’t trust me,’ she replied in a melancholy voice.

‘It’s not that,’ said Tom. ‘You may not be able to help yourself. We have to be careful.’

It’s crazy, I know, but the thought of being locked in the bathroom with Janet, with her trying to sit on me again, thrilled rather than frightened me. The fact that she remained naked, and was about to empty me with her hand didn’t exactly help matters.

‘Imagine you’re at boarding school,’ she whispered wickedly, her arm around my shoulder, guiding me through the door. ‘And I’m the naughty Matron.’ I felt my legs give way and, when I caught a wave of pussy scent, drifting up from between her thighs, it was all I could do to remain upright. I’d forgotten how lusty her sex-life had been with Danny. The woman, I guessed, was insatiable. I doubted if she’d regard wanking Tom and me on a regular basis as much of an imposition.

‘Pull down your pants,’ she said – as calmly as if she’d asked me to roll up my sleeve for a jab. ‘I’ll toss you off into the sink.’ She smiled crudely. ‘You may have to hold on to something. Can’t have you falling over when you come ...’

I gave a small groan, then tugged down my trousers with all the eagerness of a teenage boy about to have his first shag. My penis was upright, and already just about as hard as it could be. Breathing heavily, I leaned across the lip of the sink, and gripped the sides. I released a shrill squeal as Janet reached out and closed her fingers around my shaft. She stood sideways on, so that, if I turned my head a fraction, I could focus on her plump, gourd-like breasts, then beyond them into the gap between her thighs. One of her arms had snaked around my body and I felt a soft, warm hand attach itself to my far buttock.

Janet's vagina was a swollen bulb of flesh, her slit a grey crease in the smooth maw of her sex. Without thinking, I let go of the sink-edge closest to her, and rearranged my arm so that it swept around her waist, then down across the curved swell of her left buttock. Searching eagerly, I found her crack, before wiggling my fingers into the hot, sticky trench between her butt-cheeks.

Her hand was flying up and down my penis now, my balls cold against the damp surface of the sink. Leaning into me, she breathed warm air against the side of my face.

'I bet you'll come if you touch my hole,' she whispered seductively. 'See if you can find it.' She giggled softly. 'You know it's not far away ...'

My penis gave a dangerous jerk, and I groaned. I didn't need to find her hole to spill myself into the sink. The simple act of her talking about her anus was enough to make me come. Even so, as the first of my semen spat freely into the sink, I stretched my arm as far as it would go, my fingers desperately searching for the opening in her bottom.

I cursed through gritted teeth as I continued to spend, then howled with renewed delight as my middle finger found her hole!

‘Oh, smother me! Smother me!’ I begged her as a final wave of jism left my balls. I meant it, too. Just the touch of her hole, my hand trapped in the sticky prison of her arse was enough to send me over the edge and back into the nightmare world of my dreams.

And then I collapsed, leaning into Janet so heavily that she almost toppled, too. I was sobbing freely, tears of happiness and despair drenching my face. Janet cuddled me gently, releasing my still-dribbling cock to hold me close.

I heard Tom speaking, somewhere behind us.

‘Is everything all right,’ he asked, a note of concern in his voice.

‘He’s fine,’ said Janet. ‘It just got to him, that’s all.’ She smoothed my hair away from my face and hugged me a little tighter. ‘He’ll be all right, now he’s come.’

‘What about you?’ asked Tom, in his matter-of-fact manner. There were times when it was easy to see he was a doctor. No emotion. Just a need for the facts and a way to analyse them.

‘I’m OK,’ said Janet. ‘I thought for a minute ...’ She hesitated. ‘I thought I might be turning again. When I was holding Nathan’s cock. But it’s passed.’

Even in my half-dazed state, I registered the fact that she had omitted to mention my search for her anus. A search she had actively encouraged. Was she about to turn? And was it my fingers so close to her hole that had endangered her – or was the fact that she had suggested it herself a sign that she was turning?

Either way – thank heavens – the moment had passed. As my senses began to return, I found myself wondering what would have happened if we'd been alone? I'd pulled my finger from her hole the moment I'd begun to spend, but not because I'd lost interest in her. Even now, with my balls utterly drained, I still wanted to touch her there. If this had been a normal situation, and I thought there was any chance of her agreeing, I'd have asked if I could go down on her bottom. If I could press my face into her crack and nuzzle her.

I pushed such thoughts from my mind, wiped myself clean and zipped up my trousers. Belatedly, I raised one hand to my face and sniffed the finger that I'd used to probe Janet's hole. The scent of her arse was weak but unmistakable. I breathed it in several times, my eyes closed, as I conjured up, even now, a vivid image in which my head was trapped inside her crack. Dear God, I asked myself: how the hell was I going to get through whatever lay ahead of us when, even now, having only just come, I still longed for the damp, sticky prison of a woman's arse...

Janet was already in the front room, chatting with Tom, when I entered. I glanced sheepishly in her direction and muttered, 'Thank you.'

She returned my angst-ridden look with a broad smile. 'Any time,' she answered cheerfully. 'If it helps to keep you safe.'

'So what's the plan?' I asked, falling into an empty armchair. 'We can't stay here, I suppose, and ride this out?'

Tom shook his head. 'I doubt we'd be safe for long.' He stood up, crossed to the window and nudged the curtain back a fraction. 'There are Women out on the street. Small groups just now, looking for men. It's a miracle they haven't found us yet – but it's only a matter of time.' He let the curtain drop, turned and looked first at Janet, then at me.

'We need a good meal inside us, pack some food and drink – I've got a couple of rucksacks downstairs – then get the hell out of the city. That's where the Women will be at their strongest. It's easier to pick us off, too – out on the streets. The countryside will be our best bet. Find a village – maybe meet up with other survivors—'

'You think there'll be others like us?' I said, interrupting.

Tom shrugged. 'Why not? It can't be just us. It wouldn't make sense.'

'When do we go?' asked Janet.

'As soon as it gets dark,' said Tom. 'That will give us the best cover. And the Women have to sleep sometime.'

'Tom looked at his watch. 'It's just gone 2 o'clock. That means it will be dark in about 8 hours. I suggest we eat, get some sleep and be ready to head out at about 10 this evening. None of us has had much rest for almost 24 hours. We need to get some shut-eye.'

I glanced at Janet. I didn't like what I was about to say, but I couldn't see any way round it. 'We can't all sleep at the same time. How's that going to work?'

'I've got some pills,' said Tom. He allowed himself a weak grin. 'Well, I am a doctor – it's one of the perks.'

'That's a brilliant idea,' I remarked. 'Knock us all out so if the Women do turn up, they can suffocate us in our sleep.' I shrugged. 'I don't mind being smothered – but if that's how I'm going to go, I'd like to be awake so I can enjoy it.'

'They won't knock you out completely,' said Tom. 'But they will help you doze off in the first place.' He turned to Janet. 'We'll still have to tie you up. Just in case.'

Janet sighed. 'Better safe than sorry,' she conceded. 'But in that case...' She looked from me to Tom, then back again. 'Will one of you lick me to sleep? Like you did before. I'd rather that than a pill.'

'I'll do it,' I said quickly. It was hard to disguise the eagerness in my voice. I must have sounded like a love-lorn teenager. I looked at Tom. 'I haven't done it yet. I should get used to going down on her.'

Tom shrugged. 'It makes sense,' he agreed. 'But be careful. I don't want to have to rescue you three times in one day.'

‘Is that OK?’ I asked Janet. I know it sounds crazy, but it seemed the polite thing to do.

‘Of course,’ she replied. ‘Fair do’s, after all. I did bring you off...’

‘We’ll sleep in my flat,’ said Tom. ‘Have something to eat now, then grab some rest. I’ll set an alarm for 9 o’clock. Another bite to eat, then we leave.’ He looked at both of us in quick succession. ‘Agreed?’

We both nodded our assent. There was nothing else we could do...

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After a quick sandwich and a cup of tea, Tom cut up fresh strips of sheeting and, between us, we bound Janet’s hands and feet, then wrapped a further length around her waist and secured it to a heavy tallboy. If she did try to break free she’d bring it down for sure and wake us.

We’d dragged a mattress from Tom’s spare room and placed it alongside his bed. The idea was that we would all sleep together, which seemed the safest option.

Once Janet was safely settled, she lay on her side, with her knees pulled up to her tummy. In doing so, she exposed the long, puffy slit of her sex, and, behind it, the small wrinkled mouth of her anus.

‘Make it good,’ she whispered, as I lowered my head into the gap between her buttocks. With my right hand, I raised her uppermost cheek. It was heavier than I had imagined and I was forced to push hard in order to open up her crack.

Beads of sweat glistened the full length of Janet’s deep divide, with pearls of moisture gathering around the rim of her anus and dribbling into the well. How I longed to dip my tongue into that sweet little hole and lick her dry! Instead, I pressed my nose against her warm, wrinkled flesh and sniffed deeply, filling my nostrils with the rich, earthy scent of her arse. At the same time, I opened my mouth and closed my lips around the soft slit of her vagina. Extending my tongue, I ran it up and down, coating her skin with my saliva.

Her body shifted slightly and, above me, I heard her groan. Altering the angle of my head slightly, but with my nose still pressed hard against her anus, I probed for her clitoris, nudging it free of its protective hood. This time, a muted squeal broke from the back of Janet’s throat and she wriggled her bottom, wiping her little hole across my face.

I immediately flicked the tip of my tongue against her clit, then tickled it several times in quick succession. The tiny nub of flesh engorged, and throbbed against my mouth. A moment later, her bottom kicked strongly, and she squealed again. Warm juice dribbled from her slit as she came, moaning fitfully.

I widened my mouth as far as possible, so as to savour every last drop of her come. Then, as her pleasure ebbed away, I dragged my mouth from her cunt and closed my lips around the tightened knot of her anus, suckling on her gently. For one maddened moment, I imagined her rolling on top of me, taking me deep into her crack and smothering me with her bottom.

‘You can stop now,’ said Tom, his hand on my shoulder. ‘You made her come. She’s asleep.’

Reluctantly, I pulled away, releasing her sweet little rosebud.

‘You’d stay there all night, wouldn’t you?’ said Tom. ‘With your head up her arse. If you could.’

I nodded slowly. It was the truth, there was no point denying it. I was living my dream. A dream in which all I lived for was to bury my face in one woman’s bottom after another. Forever...

‘If it’s any consolation,’ said Tom, ‘I feel just the same way.’

‘You hide it well,’ I countered miserably.

‘One of us has to,’ he said bluntly. ‘It’s not easy, you know, trying to be strong. Now she’s asleep ...’ He allowed his gaze to wander over Janet’s gently slumbering body. When he spoke again, there was a greedy look in his eyes. ‘All I want to do is suckle on her, too. To sniff her arse. To fiddle with her little hole ...’

He tore his gaze away, as if one more moment spent staring at her body might prove too much even for him.

He handed me a glass of water and two tablets. 'Take these,' he said. 'They'll send you to sleep in five minutes. I've set the alarm. Let's get some rest while we can. We're all going to need it...'

## Six

I woke with a pounding headache. Tom was nowhere to be seen, but the smell of bacon frying told me he was busy in the kitchen.

I turned my head and saw that Janet was awake, too, though still tied securely to the bed. I wondered how long she'd been conscious. The thought of her staring at me while I slept, longing to sit on my face and smother me with her bottom wasn't one I ought to have encouraged, but I couldn't help myself.

'How are you?' I inquired cautiously.

'If you mean do I want to sit on you, then the answer's no,' said Janet. 'I don't know why. It doesn't seem to make any sense. Maybe I'm becoming immune ...'

I wasn't sure if that idea pleased or distressed me. A little of both, if I'm being truthful. What if what had happened was beginning to wear off? What if the Women were losing their urge to sit? What if they were returning to normal? Was that a good thing ... or a bad thing? For the life of me, I couldn't be sure.

Any further debate I might have had with myself was cut short as Tom came into the room. He was carrying a knife with which – and without repeating my own question – he quickly cut Janet free.

‘You’re not frightened, then?’ she asked him, rubbing her wrists.

‘That you might try to sit on me?’ asked Tom. He shrugged. ‘You didn’t look excited. Besides – you’re a big, strong woman, but you couldn’t take down two of us.’

‘Something smells good,’ said Janet, changing the subject abruptly.

‘Bacon and egg sandwiches,’ said Tom. ‘And fresh coffee. I’ve been up half an hour. I’ve packed rucksacks. We shouldn’t hang around.’

It took us fifteen minutes to devour the rounds of sandwiches Tom had prepared, drain the coffee jug and dress for the journey ahead. As a concession to the cooler night air, Tom provided Janet with a coat he’d taken from her wardrobe. But nothing else, he told her.

I was about to ask why, when he flicked on the TV screen for the last time.

The scenes on view looked ominously current. It was night-time, and Women were still thronging the streets. To my surprise, they were naked, with no concession by way of clothing to the change in temperature. Every now and then, a hand-held camera would close in on a group of females – those who had latched on to an unfortunate male and were dealing with him as only these Women could.

The newscaster’s voice was chilling in its calm brutality.

‘Men of the world, your time is over. From this day onward, your place is beneath a Woman’s bottom. You will worship at our little holes – as Nature herself intended you should worship! Those of you who please us with your tongues will be treated kindly. Serve us as we deserve to be served, offering yourselves up to our little holes, and you will be allowed to live.’ She paused, and a broad malevolent grin spread across her face. ‘Defy us ... and you will be smothered without mercy!’

‘Well, that answers one question,’ I muttered as Tom switched off the TV.

‘That the Women aren’t returning to normal?’ said Tom, as if reading my mind.

‘How did you know?’ I asked, genuinely puzzled.

Tom laughed. ‘I heard you and Janet talking. Your voices carry, and I have very good hearing.’

Another thought occurred to me. ‘They said they’d spare us ... if we agree to worship their bottoms.’ I ran a hand through my hair. ‘Do you think that’s true? If we give ourselves up? If the worst thing we have to face is a lifetime of being inside a woman’s arse ...’

My voice trailed away. Even to me, what I’d said sounded crazy.

‘It might be true,’ allowed Tom grudgingly, ‘but somehow I doubt it.’ He

shrugged. ‘Maybe some men will be spared ... for a while. But in the end...’ He shook his head. ‘In the end I don’t think they’ll be able to control themselves. In the end, I think they’ll want to finish us all off. To sit on every man on the planet ... and suffocate us with their bottoms.’

‘He’s right,’ said Janet, her interruption taking me by surprise. ‘I don’t want to sit on you now – though I don’t know how long that will last. But I know that when I do want to sit, I won’t be able to stop myself. I don’t think that feeling will ever go away. Not unless we can find some way to make it go away.’

I shrugged. ‘That’s that, then,’ I sighed disconsolately. I slung on a rucksack and straightened my back. ‘No point in hanging around. We might as well get this show on the road.’

With Tom leading us, Janet behind, and me keeping up the rear, the three of us made our way down the stairs and into the foyer. Waving at us to keep out of sight, Tom crept over to the door and scanned the street for any sign of the Women.

Satisfied that, for the moment at least, the way ahead was clear, he signed to us to follow. A few seconds later, we were hurrying down an empty street, hugging the shadows as we ventured into the terrifying unknown.

To be continued in Book Two: At the Mercy of Women!

## **Message from the Author**

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

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

[amazondarkrider@gmail.com](mailto:amazondarkrider@gmail.com).

Thanks again!

## **Other Books by Dark Rider**

*A is for Assassins!*

*Bared for Battle!*

*B is for Bride!*

*Bethany's Revenge*

*College Smother*

*Devil Queen*

*Dungeons of Despair!*

*Fantasy Smother*

*Fantasy Smother 2*

*French Kiss*

*Mission of Mercy*

*Mother Smother!*

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

*Smother Frontline 1*

*Smother Frontline 2*

*Smother Frontline 3*

*Smother Frontline 4*

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

*Smother Maid*

*Smother Plateau*

*Smother Rampage 2*

*Smothered by Amazons*

*When Women Hunt!*

*When Women Hunt 2*

*When Twins Attack!*

*When Women Sit!*

## **Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider**

### ***A is for Assassins!***

War is a nasty business. There are many innocent casualties, and, very often, armies will stop at nothing in pursuit of victory.

In *A is for Assassins!*, three women soldiers set out on a mission that could help to save hundreds, if not thousands of lives. They have been trained to liquidate their enemy in a unique fashion – in the nude and without mercy!

An important communications base must be secured and only these women possess the skills to breach the complex security that protects it.

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

*And take no prisoners...!*

### ***B is for Bride!***

For more than thirty years, a vicious war has raged between the kingdom of Eraldore and the queendom of Rhardhur. To end hostilities, a royal marriage is arranged: between King Seegal's son, Hengrid, and Princess Naenia, only daughter of Queen Ghanee of Rhardhur.

For poor Hengrid – a sensitive poet not a soldier – the match is a miserable one. In love with his childhood sweetheart, Layla, he has no wish to marry another. But that, as it turns out, is the least of his concerns. Naenia is of Amazon blood – and Amazons treat their mates not as husbands, but as enemies in battle.

As Hengrid prepares for his marriage, he knows that on the wedding night itself, Naenia will mount him in the ancient Amazon fashion, taking his head between her bare buttocks and riding him as only a woman can. Whether he survives to see another dawn is no longer in his own hands. His new bride will decide if he lives or dies. And Amazons, as Hengrid is well aware ... are not known for taking prisoners!

### ***Bared for Battle!***

As the war with Queen Eirwhen moves towards its inevitable conclusion, Lendorh, King of Staveling, readies his men for a final stand at Castle Brandor. With the Army of Women gathered in overwhelming numbers outside the castle walls, Yarna, their supreme commander, marshals her troops for one last, triumphant assault. In a battle the men of Brandor cannot hope to win, their Amazon opponents eschew the swords and shields of conventional warfare. Instead, they set about ending the war armed only with the weapons Nature herself has gifted them...

### ***C is for Condemned!***

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

But this is not the France we know. In this 'alternative world' facesitting fantasy, the rule of men – who have held sway for centuries – is about to be overthrown. La guillotine is no longer the favoured means of despatching the New Republic's enemies. As the ancient ways of the Amazon re-assert themselves, men have more to fear than the sharp end of a blade.

Six men languish in a Bastille prison cell – counting down the hours until they face revolutionary justice. They know they are to suffer an ancient and unusual punishment. One that is raw, primeval – and terrifyingly female...

### ***College Smother!***

In 'Revenge of the Facesitting Schoolgirls', three students set out to punish the college janitor, after they discover he's been spying on them in the showers. Having tested their skills on a young man from a neighbouring boys' school, they lure the janitor into a trap from which there seems no escape...

In 'Smother Slave', another young man is caught spying on a group of female students. The girls imprison him in a secret hiding place, and proceed to teach him the error of his ways. But when a new girl, Lucy, arrives at the school, their debauchery threatens to reach new, unspeakable levels.

### ***Devil Queen***

When Lorcan, an innocent innkeeper's servant, is sold by his master to Dorian scouts, he faces a night of ruthless ravishment at the hands of the four Amazon warriors; with certain death his only reward. But Lorcan has a secret gift: one that the Amazon Queen is eager to make her own. On the perilous journey to the Royal City, a captive Lorcan must face danger and depravity, not only at the hands of the Dorian scouts, whose taste for debauchery has no limits, but from warrior tribes of rival Amazons who stand between the scouts and home.

## ***Dungeons of Despair!***

‘Few men last long,’ said Anya, ‘once we take them between our legs ...’

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In the Dungeons of Zendor, men are punished with ruthless efficiency. All those given into the charge of Jhaleera’s Maids know for certain their fate is sealed. The wise tell everything they know at once; the stubborn suffer long and hard, but all submit in the end.

When Lharra, a young Amazon woman, enters service as a Dungeon Maid, little does she know that her innocent world is about to change utterly.

Armed with only the weapons Nature herself has gifted her, she sets about her training, helped by her fellow-Maids, Anya and Delphi.

Breaking a man on the bench is one thing, but, when a treasonous plot is uncovered, Lharra must venture further afield, and use her new-found skills not only to defeat an evil man ... but to save the very Queendom itself!

***Fantasy Smother***

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

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

*Smother Room is pure and unadulterated fantasy. Set in another country, on another planet, in another galaxy where anything you've ever dreamed of can come true, a team of dedicated young nurses fight desperately to 'save' a patient with nothing but their hands, and their voluptuous bare bodies. This story could only take place ... where anything is possible ...*

## **Fantasy Smother 2**

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

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

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

## ***Mission of Mercy***

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyltra – renegade Amazons in a world that has turned its back

on the old ways. Tricking their way into the dungeon, the women make the men an unusual offer. One that seems also to offer no way out. But are things always what they seem...?

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

July 1942 – and in a private girls’ school in England, four young women are keen to do their bit for King and country. When an enemy spy falls into their clutches, they decide to interrogate him in their own – perverse – way. One helpless Nazi agent – and four young women determined to break him at all costs. There can surely be only one outcome. But to protect both their country and, ultimately, themselves, just how far are the girls willing to go?

### ***Smother Frontline 1***

This book contains the first of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The articles purport to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a short story, 'Rachel’s Revenge!', in which a young woman sets out to punish a man who has assaulted several vulnerable females, including herself. The vengeance she wreaks is both merciless and total.

### ***Smother Frontline 2***

This book contains the second of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm.

The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included are two short stories, 'By a Woman's Hand' and 'Payback Smother', in which men get their come-uppance in two very different, but equally final ways.

### ***Smother Frontline 3***

This book contains the third of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a light-hearted short story, 'A Christmas Facesit'.

### ***Smother Frontline 4***

This book contains yet another series of interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored facesitting is the norm. At Farms across the city, herds of unwilling men are milked for their seed. At Alderbury Farm, a revolutionary new approach has been pioneered in which volunteer Milking Maids use their bottoms to increase production of sperm, vital in the manufacture of life-saving medicines. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

### ***Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)***

In 1879, a group of explorers sets out to explore the uncharted upper reaches of the African Delta. Little do they know that none of them will return alive. Captured by a tribe of naked, big-bottomed Amazons, they are mercilessly despatched one by one between the women's legs, their dreadful suffering recorded in the diary of the expedition's leader, Professor Arthur J Rowston.

### ***Smother Maid***

In this rip-roaring tale of Victorian facesitting, Master Edward enjoys the dubious pleasures of his housemaid - Emmy's - bare bottom. But when an intruder breaks into his house, things quickly take a darker turn. Having discovered that the man - Donald Bridge - is a convicted murderer, on the run from the gallows, Emmy and her bare-bottomed friends decided to take the law into their own hands ... and punish him as only women can!

### ***Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!***

With her daughter's life at stake, the eponymous Mrs Parker is tricked into sitting on a young man's face – with consequences she couldn't possibly foresee...

### ***Smother Plateau***

When a young, dishevelled stranger, Francois Le Pois, bursts into his Pall Mall rooms in London, Professor John Devereux's life is turned upside down. Poor half-mad Le Pois's story is hard to believe: a lost Amazonian plateau, a tribe of ruthless facesitting women and a doomed expedition from France.

Gathering together a small group of friends, Devereux and his fellow-explorers set sail for the Amazon Basin. Arriving on the fabled Perriera Plateau, they soon come face to face with women whose creed is a simple one: We Take No Prisoners! But as the explorers soon discover, the ruthless facesitting warriors are not the greatest threat they face in a deadly race against time...

*(Note: This story is also available in two parts as *Smother Plateau: Part One*, and *Smother Plateau: Part Two*.)*

### ***Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!***

Nathan Blake and his friends continue their perilous journey to freedom. With Women ready to sit on them at every turn, they must navigate a succession of perilous adventures if they are to escape from the city. But, as the Women close in, they are about to find themselves in even greater danger yet ...

### ***Smothered by Amazons***

This book contains two short stories, *Smother Warriors* and *When Amazons Attack!*

In *Smother Warriors*, young Ellyn must undergo a sacred ritual in order to become a fully-blooded Amazon warrior. With her sister, Rhanee, she travels to the village of Angor where she takes on a young man in naked hand-to-hand combat. A fight from which only one of them can walk away...

In *When Amazons Attack!*, Zanya, a ruthless Amazon commander, leads her warriors in a merciless assault on a village of unsuspecting, and utterly helpless, males ...

### ***When Twins Attack!***

A short story prequel to *Dungeons of Despair!* *When Twins Attack!* recounts the story of the day Anya and Delphi's mother took them on a ceremonial hunt – and they first took men between their young, Amazonian legs ...

### ***When Women Hunt!***

*"Behind the bars of their wooden cages, twenty terrified men watched helplessly and in wide-eyed horror as a hundred or more women – naked and screaming – ran across the village square towards them..."*

WHEN WOMEN HUNT! is a collection of three short stories, in which Amazon warriors unleash themselves on hapless, terrified males...

In *The Huntress*, a young Amazon girl, Hanna, embarks on a ceremonial Hunt. A dozen men have been released into the wild. To be accepted as a woman of the tribe, Hanna must hunt them down and conquer them in the ancient Amazon way. With her mother at her side, she sets out on the road to womanhood, armed only with the weapons with which Nature herself has blessed her...

In *Warrior Woman*, Roman roué, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of a distant British province, engineers a perverse form of entertainment for his guests. With freedom as their prize, Icenian warrior Camilla and her opponent, Lysiteles, a simple farmer, face each other in naked combat. Though it is a battle only one of them can win, when the farmer's wife seeks revenge as only a woman can, has Marcus Domitius finally gone too far...?

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in Marrakee for an ancient annual ritual. In her quest for the Golden Laurel and acceptance as a woman of the tribe, Layla – and her mother – must wrestle naked with a man in the village square. Her mother has already guided her two younger sisters to victory in the past. As the two

women take on a man more than twice their size, will it be a third and final triumph for the Amazonian duo?

### ***When Women Hunt 2***

In 'For Her Husband's Sake!', Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of an occupied town in the north of Roman Britain, persuades a devoted wife to sit on the faces of several men – her own included – in order to win her husband's freedom.

In 'Storming the Castle!', the Amazon Army's triumphant advance through the Land of Men has been halted at Castle Fendrah. Knowing that reinforcements will soon arrive to drive them back, the Amazon commander enlists the aid of Freya, a skilled mountain climber, who attempts the near-impossible ascent of the enemy fortress. Her mission is a simple one. Enter the castle, subdue the guards and open the gates – allowing her fellow-Amazonians to storm the fortress and take every living man between their buttocks.

### ***When Women Sit!***

A compilation of extracts from several of the Dark Rider stories listed above. An ideal introduction to the facesitting genre.

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To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my novel, Devil Queen:

‘Your cock belongs to us,’ Venyn reminded Lorcan, rubbing his length, relishing the sight of the shaft unfurling and growing to its full height. She heard the young man’s sharp intake of breath. ‘I will take you to the very edge,’ she said. ‘Tell me when you are close to fruition. It is important that you do not come, until I give the word.’

With that she began to rub a little harder with the one hand, while cupping his sacs in the palm of her other. Anya, meanwhile, moved in a little closer, lifted up a breast and pushed her teat towards Lorcan’s face. He turned towards her, his lips opening around the fleshy gourd, sucking her into his mouth. Roseene moved in behind him, pressing herself against his back, moulding her flesh to his, her powerful hands kneading his shoulders. Not to be outdone, Gellyn knelt down and slid her hands between Lorcan’s legs, parting his buttocks, her fingers probing into his crack, searching for his hole.

The young man screamed his pleasure into Anya’s flesh, and Venyn felt his cock jerk strongly. ‘Your time approaches,’ she whispered into his ear. ‘Four women cannot be resisted.’

He grunted into Anya’s teat and jerked again. Venyn reached down, took hold of his balls and pulled. She felt the seed swirling through his sacs: warm, thick and desperate to be free. The tendons in his cock were tight and trembling. Venyn closed her eyes and waited for the sudden twitch at the base of Lorcan’s shaft that would signal his release. The moment she felt it, she pulled hard on his prick and squeezed both his balls. Lorcan yelped with pain, clamping his mouth around Anya’s bare breast. She wrapped her hands around the back of his head and held him to her tenderly, aware of his discomfort.

Venyn leaned in close and whispered into Lorcan’s ear. ‘I’m going to suck on you, now,’ she told him. ‘You will spill some seed. Not much, just a little. I’ll

help you stem your flow, but you must also try to resist. Do you understand?’

Lorcan nodded into Anya’s breast, grunting feebly. Pain and pleasure battled for supremacy in his groin. He winced with excitement as Venyn closed her lips around his cock and took him into her mouth. Almost immediately, he felt the semen pump into his shaft and begin its journey up his shaft.

‘I’m coming!’ he screamed into Anya’s breast, biting down his pleasure, trying his hardest to hold back.

Venyn squeezed the base of his prick and his excitement abated. She released it a fraction and he surged back into life. Another pinch, another desperate clench of his buttocks as he sought to restrain himself. Somewhere, between his legs, a finger touched his anus, then forced its way into his arse. Too much! Too much! He raised his buttocks and pushed against the air, driving his cock through Venyn’s fist. She squeezed, but it was too late. He pumped on regardless, emptying himself into Venyn’s mouth, flooding her throat with his cream, wriggling on the finger in his arse, gorging on the teat inside his mouth.

Somewhere far off, Anya screamed, ‘I’m coming! I’m coming!’ Before Lorcan knew what was happening, she pushed him away, grabbed his shoulders and forced him onto his back. He opened his eyes in time to see her hairy pussy coming down over his face. Instinctively, he opened his mouth to admit her, stretching his lips around the fat, slippery panels of her slit. She pumped herself into his mouth, emptying her juices across his tongue as it thrust up, spearing her sex, and sending her to another peak of pleasure...