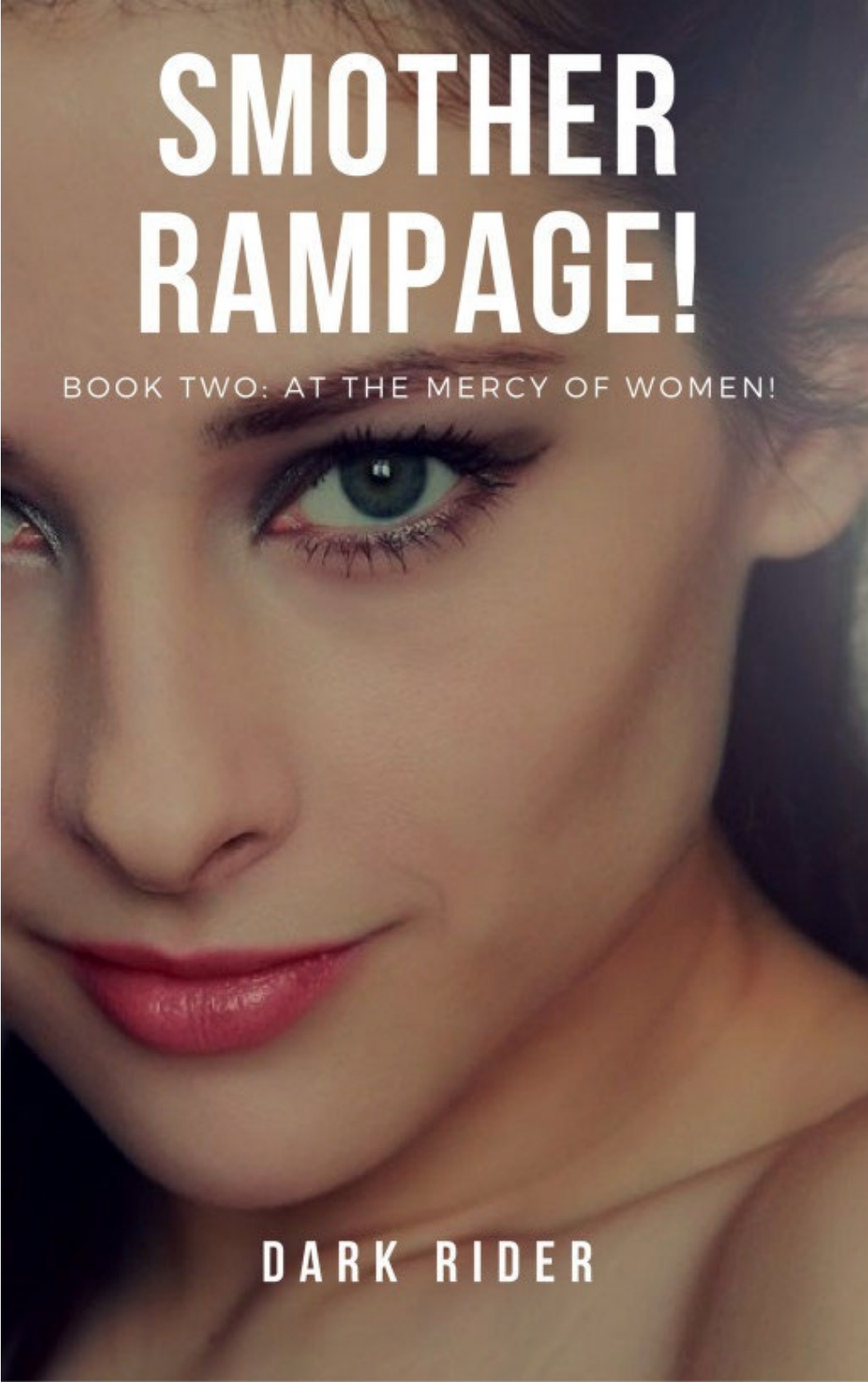


A close-up portrait of a woman with light green eyes and red lips, looking slightly to the left. The image is the background for the book cover.

SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

BOOK TWO: AT THE MERCY OF WOMEN!

DARK RIDER

A close-up portrait of a woman with light green eyes and red lips, looking slightly to the left. The image is the background for the book cover.

SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

BOOK TWO: AT THE MERCY OF WOMEN!

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!

SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

Book Two: At the Mercy of Women!

Dark Rider

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

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One

We had been walking for about ten minutes when we heard the first scream...

Tom was at the front of our little group, with Janet following and me at the rear. She still wore the heavy coat Tom had given her – for which I was grateful. The sight of her plump, wobbling arse as I walked behind her would have been too much for me to bear. Janet might not have wanted to sit on my face, but I sure as hell wanted to shove my head into her bottom – and would have found it hard to resist if she'd been naked.

But though she wore the coat, it was only under protest. We had hardly been out on the street for five minutes when she complained bitterly that she was too warm. It wasn't a cold night, I told myself ... but nor was it one for walking in the nude.

'I don't need it,' she announced petulantly. 'Something's happened to me. I'm too warm.'

Tom turned back and regarded her keenly for several seconds.

'Take it off,' he said at last. 'Just for a moment.'

Undoing the buttons, Janet let the coat slip to the floor, as if she were a curious breed of street stripper. I took a sharp breath as first the curve of her back, then the fat pillows of her bottom swam into view.

‘You really don’t feel the cold?’ asked Tom doubtfully.

Janet shook her head. ‘No. I don’t know what’s happened to me ... but it just feels natural to be naked.’

Tom studied her thoughtfully. I could almost see his mind working overtime.

‘This must be why those girls we saw on the telly – the ones out on the street – why they were naked, too. Women have changed in more ways than one.’ He shook his head slowly. ‘We’re not even safe from you at night. Not if you can roam anywhere in the nude ...’

‘Please don’t make me wear it again,’ said Janet miserably. ‘It doesn’t feel right. I want to be naked...’

I watched Tom’s face tighten. He was our self-appointed leader, doing his best to remain unmoved, but I could see he was struggling. I was struggling, too, unable to keep my eyes away from Janet’s crack. It took every ounce of willpower not to drop to my knees and push my face into her bottom there and then.

‘You have to,’ he said quietly. ‘If you don’t, we won’t be able to control ourselves. If you’re naked, we’ll ...’ He swallowed hard. ‘We’ll want you to suffocate us!’

‘I can jack you off,’ said Janet desperately. ‘Then you won’t want me to sit on you!’

‘It doesn’t work like that!’ said Tom, raising his voice briefly, then instantly regretting it. He looked around, as if terrified he might have alerted the Women to our presence. Dropping his voice again, he leaned in close. ‘I want you now,’ he admitted honestly. ‘Just because you’re standing there with nothing on. I don’t want you to jack me off – I want you to sit on me!’

‘I do, too,’ I admitted, causing Janet to turn round.

‘But I don’t want to sit on you!’ she insisted. ‘I want to jack you off. To help you!’

‘We don’t need jacking off!’ said Tom. ‘But we’re men, for chrissake! Talking about it gets us going. And once we’re aroused, we’ll want you ...’ His voice faltered. ‘We’ll want you to sit on us. To take us into your crack! To suffocate us off with your little hole!’ He reached out and gripped her shoulders, his hands visibly trembling. ‘That’s why you’ve got to get dressed. Please!’

She returned his gaze miserably for a second or two, then slumped. Bending down, she scooped up her coat. As she did, her buttocks opened briefly, and I caught a sight of the dark, wrinkled centre of her arse ...

I shut my eyes, and turned away. Just then, it took every ounce of my self-control not to fling myself forward and press my nose against Janet’s little ring!

I loosened my collar, desperate for some cool, reviving air. Janet might not feel the cold – but I desperately wanted to. Anything to clear my head – and rid my

mind of the crude, vivid images that were tumbling through it.

When I turned back, Janet had covered herself and we were again ready to proceed. But, in those few, desperately difficult moments, it had become clear to me – as I'm sure it had to Tom – that we were in much greater danger than even we had realised. There might be a thousand Women out there who would sit on us without a moment's hesitation. But, for our part, we were still on this God-forsaken journey with a woman whom we'd happily ask to suffocate us with her bare bottom...

And so we continued, hugging the shadows, alert to any scrap of sound that might hint at the Women's approach.

And then, after about ten minutes, we heard the first scream...

Tom stopped so abruptly that Janet almost cannoned into his back.

'What the hell was that?' I asked unnecessarily. It was unnecessary, because the first scream was followed by a second, then a third – the fearful cries punctuated by the sound of running feet.

A moment later, a man appeared around a bend in the road, his arms and legs pumping like an athlete in the final stretch. We threw ourselves against a wall, in the desperate hope of not being noticed. Our reason was simple enough. The man had barely made it a few yards into our street, when a group of naked females – ten or twenty strong – came into view: a pack of ravenous wolves in search of prey!

We didn't move fast enough and he spotted us at once. Even at that distance I knew he scented hope. Changing his stride, he veered towards the alcove into which we'd scrambled.

'Dear God!' muttered Tom, as we huddled together. 'He's going to lead the Women straight to us!'

We should have run – that would have given us some hope at least – but instead we remained rooted to the spot.

'Oh, thank God! Thank God!' we heard him cry. A few moments earlier he had been alone in the world, hunted like a beast by a pack of naked Women who wanted to sit on his face and smother him with their bottoms. Now, he had found allies – people who would help him.

Except that helping him was the last thing on our minds. What we wanted was for him to keep on running and leave us in safety. Instead, he was going to condemn us all to death. Tom and me, at least. After all our hopes of engineering an escape ... we were going to end up inside a woman's arse!

'Take off your coat!' whispered Tom urgently.

Janet frowned. 'But, I thought you said—'

'You've got to bring him down. It's our only hope!'

A cold hand ran the length of my spine. I realised, to my horror, what Tom was suggesting. What he wanted Janet to do ... Her eyes widened as comprehension dawned, and she quickly disrobed. The young man, hurrying towards us, pulled up sharply and stumbled. Confusion darkened his face. He looked from Tom and me to Janet, then back again.

He was still struggling to understand what was happening, when Janet stepped out of the shadows and ran towards him. Before he had a chance to react, she had knocked him off-balance, tumbling him onto his back.

Tom and I pressed ourselves closer to the wall, holding a collective breath, praying for all we were worth that the Women hadn't spotted us.

The young lad thrust out one arm, a finger pointed accusingly at us. He had wanted our help, and we were throwing him to the wolves: condemning him to die inside a woman's crack!

'You bastards!' he screamed, a moment before Janet clamped her hand around his mouth. His body jerked as she brought up her other hand and pinched his nostrils shut. She knew she had to silence him quickly, to prevent him drawing attention to us.

I felt a knot in my stomach as the Women clattered into view, only a few feet away from us, encircling both Janet and the young man she was holding. Many of the pack had clawed their buttocks wide and were jumping up and down with excitement. Under the dim street lighting, I groaned inwardly at the sight of a dozen or more little holes!

Somehow, Janet had managed to tilt her prisoner's head away, so he could no longer see us. But we were still in great danger. The Women were so close to us now that if just one of them glanced in our direction, she would spot us for certain.

Janet looked up as the Women surrounded her. They seemed to be strangely unsure of themselves. It was almost as if – and the idea came to me only vaguely at the time – they had found themselves a leader to whom they were happy to defer.

Janet, for her part, still clung on tightly to the young man's face. She was slowly wearing him down, having cut off his breath for almost half a minute. What worried me now, though – and I was sure it had crossed Tom's mind, too – was ... what if she turned again? What if – surrounded by a dozen or more of her kind – she could no longer resist the urge to sit? If she were to smother the man she was holding on to so tightly – what was to stop her from betraying us to the others?

I felt my heart leap when she looked up, and addressed the Women in a loud voice.

'Who wants to sit on him?' she asked coldly. 'Who wants to take him into her crack?'

It was as if a chain had been slipped and the pack was unleashed again.

‘Me, me, me!’ they cried eagerly, some of them swivelling round to show Janet their little holes. Again, it struck me that they viewed her as a figure of authority: someone with the right to decide which of them could suffocate the poor young man.

Janet looked from one excited face to another and finally – for no apparent reason – chose a fat little Asian girl, with chubby thighs and big, rounded buttocks. The young man kicked furiously and, weak though he now was, squealed into Janet’s hands.

She hadn’t once so much as glanced in our direction, which I took as a good sign. Quite honestly, I was amazed she hadn’t turned again. Holding on to the young man – while choosing one of the pack to smother him – must surely have aroused her own need to sit. But somehow – thank heavens – she had kept herself under control.

As for the doomed young man, my heart went out to him. Had he not seen us, he would have kept on running, and might have outpaced the pack. But spotting us had sealed his fate. He’d paused long enough to assume he’d found friends ... only for us to condemn him to a woman’s arse!

It was him or us – I knew that well enough. Janet did, too – which was why she was holding him so tight, ignoring the tears that ran down his cheeks and the frantic way his arms and legs wriggled.

I watched, slack-jawed, as the fat little Asian squatted low over the young man’s head. The act of crouching opened up her arse and, though it was impossible for me to see her little hole from where I was standing, I was aware of a long dark shadow at the heart of her crack.

As for the young man, if I'd harboured any doubts as to what he could see, they were instantly dispelled as he arched his back and gave a muffled shriek through Janet's clenched fingers. I saw her lean in close and whisper something in his ear. Whatever it was she said, he arched his back a second time and howled fearfully into her palm.

The other Women – not to be denied their places at the feast – took hold of his arms and legs and spread them wide. Two females tore at his trousers, quickly releasing his penis while unashamedly searching for his rectum. His body shook fiercely, and it brought a lump to my throat to stand there, unable to intervene ... while he looked up in horror at his executioner's little hole!

At last, judging the moment right, Janet released her grip on the poor man's head. He opened his mouth to scream, a shriek of protest muffled in the back of his throat as the chubby little Asian girl dropped her bottom onto his face ... and took him into her crack!

Trapped inside her arse, I watched as the poor bastard shook violently. Janet pressed hard on his chest, adding her weight to those of the other Women who were happily holding him down.

Not for the first time, I felt a pang of envy, unable to tear my eyes away from the top of his head – which was just visible between the girl's huge buttocks.

'You lucky bastard,' I muttered under my breath. 'To be trapped inside a woman's bottom ...'

Two girls at the young man's waist were pumping his penis rapidly, their small hands locked one above the other around the stem of his shaft. A third female appeared to have thrust a finger into his anus, and was wriggling it up and down his back passage. His bare arse rattled on the tarmac as she pumped him freely.

A volley of muffled grunts broke from inside the Asian's arse as the young man gasped the last of his breath into her crack. At the same time, a jet of semen gushed from the eye of his cock, followed by several weaker wads of seed. He shook feverishly three times in quick succession, jerked twice and finally fell still.

I clamped my legs tight, aware of my excitement. I'd been inside two Women's bottoms in the past 24 hours, and knew what it felt like to be smothered. But how I wished, just then, that it was me – not him – inside the Asian's crack. That it was me being held down by a pack of ruthless females while a big-bottomed girl rubbed her arse-hole on me!

Not for the first time, Tom's arm snaked out, grabbed mine and brought me to my senses.

Though the poor wretch was no longer moving, the Women still clung on to him, as if they hoped he might somehow revive and they could smother him a second time.

I saw Janet climb to her feet and raise a hand to her head. As she rubbed her brow gently, a puzzled look spread across her face. A moment later, she dropped her arms and clenched both fists. Her breasts flopped up and down as she took several gulps of air in quick succession.

It was as obvious to me, as I guessed it was to Tom, that something was happening to her. And it didn't take the genius of an Einstein to work out what. When she took two steps backwards, away from the group, and turned to face us, I felt sick to my stomach.

'We may have to run,' whispered a voice in my ear.

'Good luck with that,' I thought, recalling how the young man we'd just seen smothered had tried to outrun the Women. Besides, Janet knew exactly where we were. If we tried to break cover, and the Women moved quickly enough, they could cut off our escape in almost any direction.

A familiar glow warmed my balls. Not for the first time since this nightmare had begun, I was aroused and terrified in equal measure. At any moment now, we could be completely at the mercy of these Women ... and I couldn't have been more excited.

I cast my mind back to the TV report we'd all watched at the flat. The newsreader had suggested that not all men would be smothered. Not straight off, at any rate. What was it she'd said? 'Those of you who please us with your tongues will be treated kindly. Serve us as we deserve to be served ... and you will be allowed to live.' Something like that. But how could that happen unless some Women assumed leadership over their fellow-females?

Was that really such a mad idea, I found myself wondering. The pack had apparently deferred to Janet, even though she wasn't one of them – as if they somehow sensed she was different. And the newsreader herself was surely talking on behalf of others. So perhaps things were changing; perhaps life on our planet was evolving into something different. A new society in which Women ruled ... and men were their slaves.

That's how I'd have wanted it to be – if I could have fashioned a new existence – a world in which any woman could dispense justice ... with the hole in her bottom.

Even so, just then, as Janet looked over at us, I felt myself shudder. It wasn't that I didn't want to end my life inside a woman's arse ... it was just that I didn't want it to happen today. Not at this moment. What I wanted, deep down, was for this wonderful nightmare into which I'd stumbled to last forever...

The next few seconds passed painfully slowly. It didn't help that the Women were taking it in turns to wriggle on the young man's head. The poor bastard was long gone, but they continued to ride him for all they were worth, sliding their little holes across his face and into his mouth. If Janet pointed us out now, it begged belief that they would spare us.

I looked straight back at her, and though I didn't turn my head to check, I'm pretty sure Tom did, too. I swallowed hard, sweat running down the back of my neck, and shivered. Suddenly, as if a cog inside her head had snapped into place, Janet spun round to face the other Women and her voice rang out loud and clear.

'Over there!' she cried, pointing towards the far end of the street. 'More men! More men to sit on!'

The Women reacted instantly, abandoning the young man, whose cock, balls and face they were still so cruelly abusing. Those not on their feet leapt up at once and followed their companions who, without awaiting further encouragement, had already set off in the direction Janet had indicated.

I watched as the pack departed at speed, screaming at the top of their voices. Janet initially moved with them, then slowed, then stopped altogether. The moment they'd disappeared into the gloom, she turned and hurried back to us, visibly shaking as she ran.

As I moved towards her, I could see the distress in her eyes. Her face looked pinched and worn and she was breathing heavily.

'I nearly turned,' she gasped, falling into my arms. Her weight almost sent me flying and Tom was forced to help me support her. 'When I was holding onto his face. When ... when that girl was sitting on him!' She shook her head miserably. 'I wanted to suffocate him! The poor boy was so frightened. He knew what was going to happen to him. That one of us was going to take him into her bottom and ... and smother him with her little hole!' She looked at Tom, then me in quick succession. 'I wanted to do it! I wanted to finish him off!'

'But you didn't!' I reminded her. 'You kept yourself in check.'

Janet shook her head again. 'But I still almost lost it. When that girl had smothered him – and the others were taking it in turns to sit on his head – I thought, just for a minute ... wouldn't it be wonderful if we all took it in turns to ... to smother you!'

This time, when she looked up, there were tears in her eyes. 'I almost pointed you out. I ... I still don't know why I didn't.'

‘Do you need one of us to lick you?’ said Tom, cutting to the chase. ‘Should we bring you off?’

Janet bobbed her head. ‘Please!’ she muttered weakly. ‘I ... I don’t think I can hold out much longer.’

I was about to say something. Well – let’s be honest – I was about to put my head on the line (not to mention, in between her buttocks) and offer to lick her to sleep, when she clutched my arm tight and said, ‘Can I smother you, Nathan? Between my breasts? While Tom’s bringing me off?’

My disappointment at not going down on her was tempered by the thought of her holding me to her magnificent chest. I’d only ever been breast-smothered once in my life, and the girl hadn’t been large enough to do any damage. Janet was different. Janet could use any part of her body – bottom, pussy, breasts, and even her hands as we’d seen – to finish a man off. She was, I told myself happily, the perfect suffocatrix.

‘Is it all right if I talk,’ she said, ‘while I’m smothering you?’

‘Of course,’ I agreed quickly. (I’d have agreed to anything just then.) ‘Whatever you like.’

‘I want to pretend I’m trying to finish you off. Really smothering you...’ she muttered feebly.

‘Try as hard as you like,’ I told her. ‘I don’t mind. Do whatever you have to do.’

A weak smile softened her face. ‘After I’ve gone to sleep,’ she whispered, ‘you can sniff my bottom. Kiss it as well, if you like – the little hole, I mean.’ She appeared to be struggling for words, as though her strength were ebbing away. I could only assume the effort to keep herself in check was taking its toll.

‘I know you like my bottom,’ she added unnecessarily. ‘I know you want to bury your face in there. You can use it to bring yourself off, if you want. When I’m asleep.’

I released a small, despairing groan as Tom, aware of the urgency of matters, cut in sharply. ‘Janet, we need to get you down on the pavement. I’ve spread the coat. You can lie on it.’

A frown wrinkled her face and she shook her head as she turned. ‘No,’ she muttered. ‘Nathan has to lie down – so I can smother him with my breasts. You have to lick me from behind – with your head inside my bottom!’

This latest remark was almost too much for me. Though I longed for her to hold my head between her breasts, the thought of licking her pussy while being able to see her little hole at the same time was a cruel act of torture.

‘All right,’ said Tom, unwilling to argue the point and waste more time, ‘if that’s what you want.’

I wasn't sure if it was what I wanted. But then, to be fair, what I wanted was a physical impossibility: to lick her from behind while she simultaneously smothered me between her breasts. So instead I did what was asked of me and lay on my back on the large, open overcoat. At least it cushioned my head from the pavement, I consoled myself.

Still breathing heavily, Janet dropped to her knees and clambered up my body, her breasts swinging. Manoeuvring herself into position, she lowered herself over my face, her hands snaking behind my head and holding me tight.

Almost at once, I felt a giddy surge of pleasure in my groin. Because Janet moved so quickly, I only had time to catch the shallowest of breaths. But I didn't care! Instead, I raised both arms and closed my hands around her back, as if I were afraid she might let me go.

'Good boy,' I heard her mutter, as she hugged me tight, 'letting me smother you like this!' She released a long shuddering sigh and I guessed that Tom – the lucky bastard – was already at work between her legs.

'Boys have to be smothered,' she half-whispered, half-giggled, then sighed again. 'They have to let a woman finish them off. Because that's what Women do. That's why Women have bosoms and pussies ...' She released a muffled squeal and tightened her grip. 'That's why Women have little holes in their bottoms ... so they can smother men to death!'

Her voice rose shrilly on those last few words and, as her breasts jiggled around my face, I guessed Tom's tongue was beginning to do its work. In the space of just a few seconds, my breath had all but gone. The flesh around my face was warm, soft and damp with sweat. As beads of salty liquid dribbled into my mouth, I longed to have Janet's hand around my cock. In spite of my discomfort,

I clung on tightly. I owed her nothing less. She had the right to smother me, I told myself. She had the right to suffocate me with her breasts!

But as the pain in my lungs grew sharper, and my head began to spin, I knew my resolve would weaken. Dear God, how I wished my hands had been tied behind my back – so Janet could finish me off however much I fought her! But at that moment, just as I felt certain I couldn't take any more, she released a long, strangled squeal, shook violently around my head and slumped.

I released my hold on her at once and pushed hard, wheezing loudly as her breasts slipped away from my face. Her body lay wrapped around me, as if she'd fallen asleep – which, of course, I realised belatedly, she had. I was still trying to shift her and draw breath to clear my aching head, when Tom eased her legs off my stomach and rolled her gently onto her back.

Two

It took me almost a minute to revive. Sitting with my knees drawn close to my chest, I gazed down at Janet's slumbering body and sighed. She looked so peaceful – angelic even – it was hard to believe she had come so close to smothering me.

‘We can't stay out on the street,’ said Tom. ‘It's not safe.’

I threw him a puzzled look. ‘So what do we do? We can't leave Janet here.’

‘We don't have to. There are a dozen houses in this street. With everything that's happened, we'll either find someone who wants our company – or a place we can hole up in till Janet recovers.’

I shrugged. It seemed a reasonable idea – all supposing we could actually break into a house without alerting another pack of Women. I couldn't believe the ones we'd just escaped from were the only females out on the streets tonight.

As it turned out our luck was in, and the second door we tried opened without difficulty. Using the coat as a sled, we dragged Janet the few feet we needed to, then carried her into the house. Tom shut the door, and immediately flicked on a torch he'd retrieved from his rucksack. There was a small, tidy sitting room to our immediate left, and we carried Janet through, depositing her gently on the carpet. The curtains were drawn, and, having discovered they were lined with thick blackout material, we chanced switching on a lamp to give us some light to work by.

A quick search of the house revealed at least one of its former inhabitants – a middle-aged man sprawled flat on his back in the kitchen. His pyjamas had been torn from his body, the jacket on the floor beside him, while his trousers had somehow ended up in the sink. He'd obviously woken up, come downstairs, and made it as far as his kitchen before being attacked. Whether it was his wife – he was wearing a wedding ring – or some other woman, we'd never know. But he'd been smothered – that much was obvious. They'd brought him off, too, wads of semen still damp across his belly.

Other than that, however, the house was empty and we returned to the sitting room in a glum mood.

Janet, not surprisingly, was still asleep. Tom looked at his watch. Ten minutes had passed since he'd made her come; since she'd held me between her breasts and almost smothered me...

I licked my lips and muttered honestly, 'I want to kiss her little hole. While she's asleep. I want to look at it and sniff it.' It seemed weird to be admitting such a thing to a perfect stranger. Not that Tom was really a stranger any more. But it still felt a little unreal to be talking like this to a man I'd only known for a few hours.

To my surprise, he said, "I think you should. She said it was OK – and you need to get it out of your system.'

'What about you?' I asked, not because I wanted to know, but because I still felt awkward.

‘I went down on her,’ he reminded me. ‘I kissed her little hole while I was there.’ A faint smile tugged at the edges of his mouth. ‘I pressed my nose against it when she came.’ He sniffed lightly. ‘It was lovely. The only thing that could have made it better would have been if she’d been sitting on me...’

I frowned and said, ‘You’re not excited by all that?’

‘Of course I am,’ he answered. ‘And I think that when she wakes up she’s going to have to jack us off again. If we can wait that long.’ His smile broadened. ‘But for now, you need to get your head inside her crack ... and worship that little hole.’

I didn’t need any further encouragement. Removing my jacket and jumper, I looked Janet up and down, devouring her with my eyes.

‘Take everything off,’ said Tom, ‘in case it proves too much for you.’

For a few seconds, I stood there, in a state of shock. I’ve never had another man tell me to remove my clothes before – not even my doctor. I knew Tom was a doctor, but it wasn’t the same thing. I was about to object, then realised, to my surprise, that I wasn’t in the least bit bothered. That’s how much my world had changed in the past 24 hours. Hell! If I was about to go down on a woman’s arse without embarrassment, then doing it naked was no big deal. And besides, Tom was right. The way I felt just then, I could easily explode in my pants, and I didn’t want that. I didn’t have a change of underwear for a start.

‘I’ll strip off as well,’ said Tom, which – again – should have made me feel uncomfortable, but it didn’t. He was as excited as I was. Perhaps he planned to

suckle on her anus, too, once I'd finished. Whatever, in about a minute and a half, we'd both stripped down and were standing there stark naked.

Between us, we manoeuvred Janet onto her side, then wedged several cushions into place against her tummy. Finally, we rolled her onto her front so that the cushions raised her bottom in the air. In this position, I was able to straddle her back, with my legs either side of her body. With Tom's help, I peeled her cheeks apart, widening her crack to expose the dark, wrinkled mouth of her anus.

The moment her little hole came into view, I groaned feebly. With Tom helping to keep her buttocks apart, I lowered my head into the abyss and pressed my nose against the well. I sniffed deeply several times in quick succession before tilting my head a little, widening my mouth and closing my lips around her opening.

Between my legs, I knew my cock was already fully erect. It hadn't taken long for Janet's arse to work its magic; nor did it help matters much to graze my swollen balls across her back. When I pushed out with my tongue, probing for a weakness in her hole, my shaft began to jiggle dangerously.

Inside my head I began to repeat a crazy, meaningless mantra. 'Oh, little hole,' I muttered to myself. 'I wish you could finish me off! I wish you could suck me all the way up and never let me out!'

I know – like I said – crazy! But I couldn't help myself. Just then, if I could have burrowed my way into Janet's back passage, I think I'd have done it. It made no sense, I knew that well enough, but I have to tell you now, so you'll know – if you ever read this, whoever you are, wherever you are – what these Women had done to us. To me. To Tom. What they were capable of ...

Tensing myself, I fashioned my tongue into a point and stabbed at her hole. For one delicious moment, her sphincter relaxed and the little mouth opened. The tip of my tongue wriggled its way home before being immediately expelled as her anus closed again. Instinctively, as if I feared being thrown from her arse, my lips tightened around her hole. At the same time, I pressed my shaft into the gap between her shoulder blades and scythed quickly up and down while suckling on her bottom's mouth. A moment later, I exploded, emptying myself across her back as I came.

I can't do justice to the feeling of utter joy I experienced at that moment, driving my cock forward as I worshipped at her arse. If I could have died there and then, I would have died a happy man.

As I rolled off Janet's back, Tom handed me a stack of paper towels, which, I guessed, he'd brought in from the kitchen. I wiped myself clean, then did the same to Janet's back. I'd hardly finished when she gave a little groan and opened her eyes.

'Where am I?' she moaned, rolling off the cushions and on to her side. A broad smile transformed her face as she reached back and felt for the gap in her arse. 'Oh, you naughty boy!' she giggled, as she saw me throw the napkins into a bin. 'You've been sucking my bottom!' Her smile broadened as she caught sight of my fast-diminishing cock. 'I see you enjoyed yourself,' she added slyly.

Turning around she saw Tom standing over her with his long, erect cock in his hands. I tried not to look, but it was hard not to. That was the other odd thing that had happened since midnight the previous evening. It was as if every inhibition I'd ever had – if it hadn't gone already – was fast slipping away.

‘I can see someone hasn’t had any fun,’ muttered Janet, climbing to her feet. She looked around, saw a fresh pile of napkins and a second, metal bin between the armchair and a foot-stool. Picking up both, she wrapped three sheets of paper around Tom’s cock and held the bin in front of him.

‘On second thoughts,’ she considered, ‘let’s do this properly. Get down on your knees like a cow and I’ll milk you into this pail.’

As I watched Tom drop to the floor, I couldn’t help but think he’d drawn the winning straw again. On the other hand, at least I’d had my face inside her bottom...

Janet didn’t waste any time. Perhaps she didn’t want to run the risk of exciting herself again. Or perhaps, I preferred to imagine, she didn’t want to make me jealous. Whatever her thinking, she pumped Tom quickly, and, in no time at all, his seed was hammering into the makeshift pail, striking its metal sides with all the force of heavy rain.

Three

‘So what do we do now?’ asked Janet, after Tom had cleaned himself up and dressed.

‘It’s back on to the street,’ he replied. ‘The sun will be up in a few hours. It could make it harder for us to leave without being spotted.’

‘But where are we heading?’ I asked. ‘You never said. Apart from out into the countryside – and we won’t manage that in one day.’

‘There’s a place called Bellingham,’ said Tom. ‘A village about thirty miles from here. I grew up there, so I know it well. If we can get that far ...’ He shrugged. ‘I don’t know, we might have a chance.’

‘Here’s hoping,’ I replied, though without enthusiasm. Deep down, a crazy part of me hoped that we didn’t have a chance. Not if the alternative was to be taken without mercy into a grown woman’s arse...

After all we’d been through, we needed a coffee. Having checked that everything still worked in the kitchen, Tom made up a fresh batch, while we emptied our flasks, ate a few biscuits and readied ourselves for the next stage of our journey.

Once again, reluctantly, Janet put on her coat. Though it made her feel

uncomfortable, she understood that the sight of her bare bottom could prove too much for us to cope with.

As before, we kept to the shadows, making good progress where possible. On occasion, we heard voices in adjoining streets and were forced to move more cautiously. From time to time, we stumbled across abandoned bodies – men who'd been sat upon and suffocated. I gave up counting after the first hundred. It was too depressing.

Our route zig-zagged greatly, and, more than once, we had to trust in Tom's sense of direction. I'm no judge of distance, but, by the time we decided to pitch camp in another empty house, he reckoned we'd covered barely nine miles. As we'd been on our feet for something like seven hours, it was a shorter distance than we'd hoped.

The house we took our break in was a well-kept detached property on what was clearly an 'executive' estate. The owner might have been well-heeled, I thought grimly, but that hadn't saved him from a woman's bottom. We found him in what looked like his study. He was an older man – in his mid-sixties, I guessed. A walking cane lay discarded a few feet from his body. He didn't look like the sort of man who would have been able to put up a struggle, so it puzzled me that his hands had been tied behind his back with one of his own ties. His legs had been similarly secured with what remained of his shirt and trousers.

'Whoever did this to him gave it some thought,' remarked Tom, examining the body. 'They didn't just find the poor bastard and sit on him.'

I shook my head sadly. The present set-up reminded me of poor, smothered Danny – manacled to his bed – and Janet, I thought, looked unusually sombre as she ran her eyes over the scene. Perhaps she was thinking much the same.

Tom stood up and addressed us in a serious voice. 'All the men we've seen smothered so far – they've just been grabbed, brought down and sat on. This is different. Whoever did this didn't just suffocate him, they made a meal of it. There are at least three different types of pubic hair – blonde, brunette and auburn – around his nose and mouth. More than one woman sat on his face before they finished him off...'

I felt my blood run cold.

'But that means they're not acting as a pack any more,' I said gloomily. 'They're taking decisions.'

'Exactly,' said Tom. 'Can you imagine how he must have felt? They didn't just finish him off quickly before he knew what was happening. They took their time. He must have known one of them was going to sit on his face and finish him off with her bottom, but they tortured him first. They took it in turns to ride him ...'

'But why would they do that?' I asked, unable, having heard those last few words, to mask the thrill in my voice.

'I think they're evolving,' said Tom. He looked at Janet and addressed her directly. 'It's like that moment out on the street – when you took command. The Women didn't question you. They went along with whatever you told them to do. Someone must have taken the lead here, too. One of the girls must have told the others what to do. That they should take turns sitting on him.' He ran a hand through his wiry black hair. 'It's like any organisation in society. There are leaders and there are followers. I think that's how this is going to pan out. The Women won't always roam at will – looking for men to sit on – they'll start to

gather them in. Some Women will direct operations, others will follow.'

'But why?' I queried, puzzling it over. 'I mean, why wouldn't they just stick to sitting on our heads and finishing us off?'

He gave a weary shrug. 'Because eventually they'd run out of men. It was like that woman on the TV said: "Serve us and we'll treat you kindly."'

I felt my pulse quicken. Tom was voicing what I'd felt when the pack had deferred to Janet out on the street. Perhaps they really were evolving. Adapting to a new world order. And quickly, too.

'If you're right,' I said, trying to process everything as fast as I could, 'doesn't that make the Women more dangerous? If they have leaders controlling them?'

Tom nodded thoughtfully. 'I think it does, yes. I think it makes them a hundred times more dangerous. And we don't even know where this will end. What if they don't mean to finish us all off – but they still need to sit? What sort of world are we going to end up living in?'

I wanted to tell him that it sounded like my idea of Paradise. But, just then, I wasn't sure if it might not turn out to be my idea of Hell, too ...

Four

It was Tom who spotted the naked woman walking up the drive towards the house. We'd all decamped to one of the upstairs bedrooms for a few hours in order to grab some rest. Tom and I slept fully dressed, while Janet dozed off in the nude, which was, she said, how she preferred it. As on previous occasions, we bound her arms and legs, fearful she might wake in the night and turn on us. She was reluctant, but didn't resist – in return for Tom and me taking it in turns to lick her to sleep.

I don't know how many hours had passed, but it was still light when I opened my eyes. Tom woke first, and it was his sharp intake of breath that disturbed me as he let the curtain drop and retreated into the room.

'What is it?' I asked, sitting bolt upright. Janet had woken, too, by now, and was already pulling fitfully on the torn strips of sheet we'd used to bind her.

After he told me – and we'd untied Janet – I felt a familiar sick knot in my stomach, followed by a surge of excitement.

'Are you sure she was on her own?' I asked.

Tom nodded. 'Yes, I'm sure.' He seemed to be turning over an idea in his head. 'She looks about 18 or 19 – short, and on the thin side. She may have wandered away from her pack. A girl her size couldn't bring a man down on her own.' His eyes narrowed. 'She could be looking for older victims. Men on the weaker side. Guys she thinks she can smother without help.'

‘That’s a lot of guesswork,’ I ventured.

‘I wonder,’ he muttered vaguely and shook his head. ‘We said this world might have been conjured up by men like us. Men who want to be sat on. Be honest – isn’t this the sort of thing you’d dream up – if this was your fantasy? I know I would...’

I ran a hand through my hair as I mulled things over. The crazy thing, of course, was that he was right. This was what I’d have dreamt up if it had been my fantasy. A lone woman, hunting for stray men: injured men, weak men. Men she could take into her crack and suffocate with ease...

‘So what do we do?’ I asked.

Tom chewed his lip. ‘I’m too big for her to tackle. She’d run a mile if she saw me.’ He addressed me directly. ‘Don’t take this the wrong way, Nathan, but if she spotted you ... she might think she had a chance of bringing you down.’ A faint smile tugged at the edges of his mouth. ‘Especially if you put on an act.’

I frowned. ‘What sort of act?’

Tom bent down and retrieved a gnarled walking cane from a stand by the window. ‘We know the old fellow who lived here used one of these. There seems to be one in every room.’ He handed me the stick. ‘Go downstairs as if you own the place. But hobble a bit. Make yourself look vulnerable.’

‘You think she’ll attack me?’

‘With luck – yes.’

‘And then what?’

‘If it looks like you’re in trouble, I’ll be there to help. But if not, it’ll be interesting to see how far she can take you. How persistent she is, too.’ His face took on a grim expression. ‘The Women we’ve seen on the street have hunted in groups. That pack mentality gives them a power each individual woman might not possess.’

‘But one woman on her own ...’ I ventured cautiously, leaving him to finish the sentence for me.

‘Might just be that. She may have the urge to sit – but without the group’s enthusiasm to draw on, she may be no stronger than she normally is. That’s what we’ve got to hope for, at any rate.’

He turned to Janet, who had kept her own counsel until now. ‘Does that sound stupid? Speaking as a woman?’

Janet pondered the question for a moment, then said, ‘No, I don’t think it does. I’m pretty sure only two things have happened to me since I turned. I want to sit on a man’s face and ...’ She looked a tad embarrassed. ‘... and smother him with

my bottom,' she said quickly. 'Other than that, the only difference is I don't feel the cold. I want to be naked all the time – because it feels right.' She shook her head slowly. 'I don't think this girl will have changed in any other way, either. She wants to be naked – and she wants to sit. But that's all.'

'Are you sure it's safe?' I asked Tom, unconvinced.

His eyes widened a little. 'Do you want it to be safe?'

I allowed myself a light chuckle. 'Not really,' I admitted. 'Besides – if I've got you two watching my back, what can go wrong?'

'Plenty, I expect,' said Tom, 'but then you wouldn't want it any other way, would we?'

'I suppose not,' I replied, revolving the cane in my hands. I took a deep breath. 'Right,' I said, 'let's see what this woman's got between her legs...'

It was an odd feeling, walking down the stairs, the cane in my hand, limping deliberately, and doing my best to appear frail. We'd locked both the front and back doors overnight, so there was no way our new arrival could enter the house. It was possible she was peering through a window at me which, at that point, was my only reason for carrying on this charade. Well that, I suppose, and trying to get into character.

Tom had given me my instructions. I was to unlock the front door, call out, then retreat back inside as fast as I could, leaving the door open.

I did as he said, my tummy fluttering like a teenage boy on his first date. As I hobbled back inside, I heard the distinct tread of feet on gravel and knew she'd taken the bait. Still moving awkwardly, I felt the breath catch in my throat as the door swung open behind me with a loud click.

My heart racing, I turned around in time to see the young woman advance into the hallway.

I gave a dramatic wobble (I was really getting into the part now!) and did my best to look frightened. As – I suspect – my frightened look had much in common with its excited cousin, I wasn't sure it would fool her. But I hoped that, like me, her mind was on other things just then.

As Tom had speculated, she looked no more than 18 to 19 years of age. She was on the short and skinny side – about five feet tall with slim hips and small, apple-shaped breasts. A tuft of dark, wiry hair covered her vagina. Her cropped, auburn hair lent her an elfin-like, almost boyish appearance, though her big eyes, fleshy lips and dimpled cheeks were unmistakably feminine. Given her diminutive stature, I could see she'd have trouble holding a man down.

Though I relaxed a little, my pulse was still racing and my mouth trembled when I spoke.

‘What are you doing here? Where are your clothes? What do you mean by coming into my house in the nude?’

I wondered if what I was saying sounded as daft to the girl as it sounded to me. I hoped not. I didn’t want her to smell a rat. Then, again, I was hoping she was so keen to bring me down and sit on my face that she wasn’t taking much notice.

If I’d had any sense – if this hadn’t been something I wanted or if I hadn’t known Tom and Janet were nearby – I’d have turned and run. Instead, I took a cautious step forward. When the girl stopped, and her little eyes narrowed, I hoped I hadn’t overplayed my hand.

When she reached out an arm and said – in a deliciously soft voice – ‘I want you ...’, I almost keeled over.

‘What you do mean – you want me?’ I repeated, knowing exactly what she meant and hoping she’d carry through on her threat as soon as possible.

‘I want to sit on your face,’ she sighed, taking baby steps forward, as if worried I’d turn tail and run if she panicked me. The poor, innocent woman had no idea that the only thing likely to panic me now was if she were the one to turn tail and flee.

‘But if you sit on my face, you’ll smother me!’ I said, deliberately tottering on the cane. ‘You’ll smother me with your little hole!’

‘That’s what little holes are for!’ she replied quickly, her voice shaking with excitement.

I threw the cane away and dropped to my knees. I was acting a part – but it was a part I’d always longed to play.

‘Please don’t sit on me!’ I implored her, my hands clasped tightly together.
‘Please don’t smother me with your bottom!’

I didn’t care if I sounded stupid. Apart from the girl, only Tom and Janet could hear what I was saying. Tom, I reckoned, would have said much the same thing. As for Janet, she’d already used her arse to smother one man, had held another down while he was suffocated, and had tried to finish me off, too. Embarrassment, in her case, was a ship that had set sail long ago.

‘Don’t be afraid!’ said the girl, throwing caution to the wind as she hurried forward. ‘My bottom won’t hurt you! I promise!’

To any normal person, her words might have sounded crazy. But to me, kneeling there as she came towards me, they were everything I’d ever wanted to hear from a woman. Especially a naked woman, desperate to sit on my face...

Which was about as far as I reached in my thinking before she was on me. A moment later, her arms had closed around my chest, as she wrestled me to the ground. I made a mock attempt at resisting her, as much to test my own limits as hers. She was stronger than I had anticipated, but her arms and legs were thin and I was certain that, as Tom had suggested, she would struggle to smother a man without help.

So having made a tentative bid to resist her, I surrendered, allowing her to roll me onto my back. With a shriek of delight, she flung a leg across my midriff and settled herself on my chest. Since this whole affair had begun, only two females had sat on me: the girl at the nightclub, and Janet. Both were on the larger side, with plump backsides that, once lodged in place, I knew – from experience – took a lot of shifting. But this girl was unusually slim. I'd never been smothered by a skinny girl and, as the thought crossed my mind, I felt my penis jerk strongly.

It occurred to me, too – as Tom had remarked – that the poor thing had probably never sat on a man herself. At least, not without help. There was a desperate look in her eyes as she flung herself at me, and it was hard not to feel a pang of pity.

Now, as she slithered back, I wondered how long this would take. What if she were able to get some sort of seal around my face? How long would Tom and Janet wait before coming to my rescue? Then again, if it became obvious she couldn't smother me unless I let her, how long could I maintain the charade?

As she edged closer, it was hard to keep my eyes away from her small, elfin-like hips. There was very little curve to her buttocks, though her crack looked curiously long and deep. I flung back my arms and took hold of her cheeks, as if trying to push her back. Her thighs got in the way, restricting my movement, and I found it more difficult than I'd imagined it would be to keep her at bay. Not that I really wanted to, of course.

I released a gasp of delight when she raised her bottom from my chest and her crack opened up to expose her anus. It was larger than I'd imagined it would be – an oval ring of dun-coloured flesh set in a soft pink well. Most women, when sitting on a man's face, can use both their anus and their cheeks to suffocate him. The hole presses down, while the buttocks work to keep the head in place. I had

no doubt this girl's hole was capable of smothering me. But I doubted that her buttocks could hold on to my head.

As she manoeuvred herself into position, I clung tightly to her bony hips. Not because I wanted to delay the moment she sat on my face, but because I wanted to savour the sight of her sweet little hole for as long as possible. I could tell she was trying to bring it into place over my nose. It seemed to be a natural instinct with these Women – as if they knew their anus was their strongest weapon.

‘Please, no!’ I cried, as if genuinely afraid she might suffocate me. ‘Don’t hurt me with your little hole! Don’t sit on me! I don’t want to be smothered!’

As the words tumbled from my mouth, I felt my excitement grow. She was so keen to sit on me now – to take me into her crack – that her tiny hips had begun to wriggle madly. In her own way, she was as aroused as I was – elated, no doubt, at the prospect of a first kill. Of taking a man into her bottom ... and finishing him off with her anus!

Still clinging to her bony hips, I pushed lightly as she eased herself onto my face. Taking several deep breaths, I savoured the rich, earthy smell of her bottom.

‘I can see your bum-hole!’ I cried. ‘Oh, please get off me, please! I’m frightened! Take your bum-hole away!’

As always, I knew that to any normal person listening, the words I was using made no sense at all. But, to me, they were the stuff of fantasy – a fantasy I was determined to enjoy for all I was worth! I couldn’t see Tom, but I guessed he’d

understand. He knew what was going through my mind – and I thanked him silently for giving me the chance to enjoy this woman's arse.

As her anus came into position over my nose, I gripped her gently. To the rear of her little hole, the swell of her sex hung like fresh fruit waiting to be plucked, and I opened my mouth in the hope of sucking her in. When I deliberately slackened my grip, she immediately lowered her bottom, flattening her delicate knot around my nostrils. At the same time, she forced her pussy past my lips and into my mouth.

I was in Paradise! Though unable to breathe, I had sufficient air in my lungs to last for at least a minute inside her arse – and it was a minute I was determined to savour! My mind went into overdrive as I fantasised how wonderful it would be to have several Women hold me down – while a young girl like this finished me off with her hole! Pretending to resist, I pushed lightly at her hips. When she reached back, seized hold of my wrists and wrenched my arms away, I felt my penis give a strong jerk. A wave of pleasure shot up from my balls and into my groin.

A snort of delight emptied my lungs and, much earlier than I had expected, I found myself genuinely fighting for breath. I twisted sharply, my head wriggling between her buttocks. Though every fibre in me knew I should wrench my arms free and try to push her from my face, I continued to enjoy the increasingly dubious pleasure of being smothered in her crack.

Crazed with lust, I found myself wondering how long it would be before Tom and Janet decided I could take no more. A part of me hoped they would stay their hand – that they would let the girl smother me regardless. Because she was a woman ... and it was her right to finish me off! At the back of my mind was the near-certain thought that Tom was deriving as much pleasure from watching me struggle as I was getting from being inside the woman's crack!

Finally, when even I realised I could take no more, my will to live kicked in and I tugged my arms free. I immediately clamped my hands to the young woman's arse and pushed her away from my face. I snatched three quick breaths before the sight of her anus proved too much, and I allowed her to drag my arms away. As her little hole came down again, I groaned as she wriggled it across my nose, then groaned a second time as she drove her vagina back into my mouth.

And so our battle began again. My only regret, as we wrestled on the carpet, was that she wasn't able to free my penis from inside my pants. The longer we fought, the more desperate grew my need for release. I honestly felt that if she weren't clinging to my wrists, I'd have unzipped myself and hoped she'd take the hint.

How long we were locked together, I couldn't say. I must have pushed her off at least three times before fatigue set in and I began to struggle for real. The next time I wrenched my arms free, she grabbed them back before I could take a recovering breath. That was when I knew I was in trouble. Though I twisted my head sharply, I couldn't escape from inside her crack. This time her butt-hole really was in danger of finishing me off!

I could feel her excitement as she clung on tightly, matching my movements as I wriggled from side to side. My head had begun to spin, and my lungs were burning. She was suffocating me! She was smothering me to death with her little hole!

Not for the first time, a crazy mix of lust and terror swept through me. I wanted to escape ... and I wanted her to finish me off! A woman was doing me in with her bare backside and I couldn't have been happier. It made no sense, I knew – but then when had anything that had happened recently made any sense?

I hollowed my back and shrieked mutely into the maw of her sex, at the same time snorting air from the well of her arse. She had me! This was it! I was going out inside a woman's crack!

And then I saw daylight again and my lungs filled with air. I groaned, gasped and threw my head from side to side. I was vaguely aware of Janet and Tom wrestling with the girl, pinning her face down on the carpet, with her arms behind her back. She was screaming and, to my surprise, crying, too. Not because they were hurting her, but because she'd failed to smother me. She'd been so close to finishing me off, and they'd robbed her of her prize!

I closed my eyes just then because, apart from my head hurting badly, I was utterly exhausted. Away to my left, I was only dimly aware of the girl continuing to cry, then shriek, then finally – and to my great relief – shut up altogether. I couldn't think why at first. I should have realised, of course, because it was so obvious. But, just then, I was too tired to really care.

Five

‘You licked her to sleep?’

I couldn’t hide the note of incredulity in my voice. Not for the first time, it occurred to me that Tom had a tendency to keep the best jobs for himself. Then I remembered struggling inside the young girl’s crack, her little hole against my nose, and didn’t feel so envious.

Well, no, that’s not really true. I did feel envious because I wanted to be the man who did everything. The man who fought for his life inside a woman’s bottom – then licked her pussy until she fell asleep. And, when she’d passed out, if the mood took me, I’d kiss her little hole. Just to show her that, even though she’d tried to smother me with it, there were no hard feelings.

Not so much envious, then, as downright greedy. But then this was war, with Women on one side and us on the other. A fight, as far as they were concerned, to the death – that death being suffocation inside their bottoms. Which, let’s face it, wasn’t, in my opinion, the worst way to go.

Now well recovered, I found myself gazing at the scrawny young woman who had almost finished me off. Her arms and legs were tightly bound with what looked like a selection of ties – taken, I guessed, from the dead man’s wardrobe.

It didn’t matter that she’d only come close to smothering me because I’d allowed her to – the fact was, given the right circumstances, she’d shown she could suffocate me. And if she could do that – with such a bony arse – then any woman could. That was the power now shared by Women everywhere. The power of their little holes ...

‘What was it like?’ asked Tom. ‘Being inside such a tiny crack?’

‘It was brilliant,’ I told him honestly. ‘I really thought she was going to finish me off.’ I pressed a hand to my nose and sniffed. A rich aroma clung to my nostrils and I felt giddy as I savoured her lingering arse-scent.

‘If we hadn’t pulled her away when we did, she might have,’ said Tom. ‘I left it as long as I dared. You seemed to be in control most of the time.’

‘I was. It was only when I began to tire – that’s when it was hard to shift her.’

Tom regarded me curiously. ‘She didn’t seem different in any way? Stronger than she ought to have been – given her size?’

I shook my head. ‘No. Like I say, it wasn’t hard to keep her away from my face. She was excited, of course, and that gave her extra strength. But it was nothing special.’

‘Interesting,’ he said thoughtfully. ‘When she saw me coming down the stairs, she didn’t try to get off you and run. I picked up one of the walking canes. I wouldn’t have used it on her, of course, but she must have known it could do some damage.’ He rubbed his chin. ‘All she cared about was trying to smother you – whatever the cost. If all the Women are like her, then they seem to acting on animal instinct – with no sense of safety. Once they sit on a man’s face they don’t care what happens. They just want to finish him off.’

‘Is that good or bad?’

Tom shrugged. ‘As far as we’re concerned, I suppose it depends on the size of the woman and whether we can help each other. If a pack of Women tried to bring us down, I doubt we could fight them off.’

I looked down at the young girl who had tried to suffocate me. ‘What are we going to do with her?’ I asked.

‘I’ll untie her before we leave,’ said Tom. ‘Though in the meantime...’

He left the sentence unfinished, but I knew what was on his mind ... because it was on mine, too.

Janet, who had remained silent throughout our exchange, broke in quickly.

‘You want to bury your face in her bottom,’ she said bluntly. She looked from one of us to the other. ‘You both do.’

Not for the first time, I was surprised by Janet’s matter-of-fact way. I don’t know why. After all, she’d smothered poor Danny, and tried to smother me, too. Even held on to that man in the street while the Asian girl had suffocated him. I’d have been more surprised if she didn’t respond in the way she did.

‘Yes, I do,’ said Tom, gazing down at the skinny girl’s rump. ‘I want to kiss her little hole – while it’s safe to go down on her.’

I blushed. ‘Me, too,’ I admitted truthfully. ‘I don’t know why – but I do.’

‘It’s nothing to be ashamed of,’ said Janet. ‘She’d want you to – if she was awake. In a way,’ she shrugged lightly, ‘it’s your way of honouring her.’

Two days previously, if a woman had said that to me, I’d have assumed she was being sarcastic. But I knew Janet meant it. It was a crazy new world, with crazy new rules.

Tom dropped to his knees, and opened up the girl’s arse. I released a sharp breath as I caught sight of her anus. I felt envy, too, when Tom lowered his face into her crack and sniffed at her wrinkled well.

‘Do you want me to jack you off?’ asked Janet. ‘While you’re kissing her hole?’

‘Please,’ groaned Tom as he drew another deep breath.

In a flash, Janet was also down on her knees, extracting Tom’s cock – which was already erect. She pulled a wad of tissues from her pocket and wrapped them around the top of his shaft. He released another groan and sniffed three times in quick succession as Janet pumped him rhythmically.

‘Put your tongue inside,’ she urged him. ‘See how far up her you can go.’

Tom needed no further encouragement, and happily closed his mouth around the wrinkled knot of flesh. Janet’s hand flew up and down his shaft as he suckled noisily. A moment later, he released a muffled shriek, his mouth tongue-deep in the young woman’s passage.

‘That’s it!’ said Janet encouragingly. ‘Let it all out! Empty your balls...’

Now it was my turn to groan. More than anything in the world, I wanted to jam my own face into a woman’s crack! Janet was on all fours, her bare bottom high in the air. I couldn’t help myself. Dropping to my knees, I pressed my face into the long, cavernous trench of her arse. Without thinking, I pulled out my penis and rubbed the shaft quickly. I’d rather Janet could have brought me off just then, but all I wanted was relief ... with my head in a woman’s crack!

Having come several times in the past few hours, I had very little in my balls, and emptied myself in seconds before collapsing onto my back.

By the time I’d recovered, and both Tom and I had cleaned ourselves up, the girl had begun to stir. A moment later, she sat bolt upright, tugging on her restraints. Glancing at each of us in turn, her eyes alighted with sisterly glee on Janet. But only for an instant. She realised almost at once that things – for her at least – were not as they should be.

‘What’s your name?’ asked Tom.

The girl's mouth tightened defiantly. Daft though it sounds, it struck me at once that she saw herself as a prisoner of war and we could all go to hell.

'We're not going to hurt you,' I tried to assure her. 'We just want to know who you are.' I hesitated before asking the most pointless question of all. 'And why you want to sit on us.'

As it turned out, it wasn't that pointless, after all.

'Because I have to,' she said in a quiet, almost fearful voice. 'I have to sit. It's what Women do...'

'With your bottom or your pussy?' I pressed on eagerly. I knew the answer to my question, of course, but it excited me to hear her reply.

'With my bottom,' she said softly. Taking a deep breath, she straightened her back. 'With my little hole ...'

I swallowed hard. Just to hear her say the words, 'my little hole' aroused me more than I'd have imagined possible, given the fact that I was exhausted and my balls were empty. Arousal should have been beyond me, but as I drank in her skinny form from top to toe, my only crazy thought was that she was a woman – with a hole in her bottom – and I wanted her to use it on me.

'Do you have a leader?' asked Tom abruptly. 'Are there Women in charge?'

The girl's face darkened and she shrugged uncertainly. 'I don't know,' she muttered. 'I was in a pack, with other Women. We did what we had to do. No one told us.'

'How many men have you sat on?' he asked her. It seemed a cruel question. We'd made up our minds that the poor girl had probably never had a man inside her crack until she met me. There was no need to ram her failure home.

She bowed her head and her face flushed pink. Her little shoulders began to shake.

'You haven't smothered anyone, have you?' said Tom unnecessarily. 'Until you sat on Nathan here ... you'd never had a man between your cheeks.'

She looked up and her eyes narrowed angrily. 'It's not fair!' she said, addressing Tom, but glancing eagerly at me. 'I had him in my bottom! I could have smothered him! My little hole could have finished him off!'

'Do you still want to finish him off?' asked Tom.

She nodded eagerly, as if responding to an offer.

'You want to sit on his face ... and smother him with your little hole?'

She nodded again, more vigorously than before.

Tom turned towards Janet and me. 'That settles it,' he said. 'It doesn't matter that I licked her out and made her come. She still wants to sit on you.'

'What do you mean that settles it?' I queried, shaking my head.

Tom's brow tightened. 'I thought if we could make the Women come – the way we did with Janet here – they might lose their urge to sit. Even if it was only for a while. But it's made no difference to this girl.' He shrugged wearily. 'Maybe we just got to Janet early enough. Even so, it looks like there's no way we can turn the Women back. They'll try to smother us ... whether we like it or not.'

'So what do we do with her?' I asked, as the girl continued to pull on her restraints. 'We can't leave her tied up – she'll starve to death. And if we release her, she'll try to sit on us.'

'I know,' said Tom, making up his mind. 'There's only one thing we can do.'

'I'm not hurting her,' I said quickly, in case he had something drastic in mind.

'Neither am I,' said Tom. 'I meant we'll have to send her to sleep again. Then we can untie her. By the time she wakes up, we'll have gone.'

At the mention of being 'sent to sleep', the young woman's face clouded over.

‘It’s all right,’ said Janet, attempting to reassure her. ‘They’re just going to lick your pussy. It’ll make you pass out, that’s all.’

‘Why are you helping them?’ asked the girl. ‘They’re men. You should be trying to sit on them!’

Janet sighed. ‘It’s a long story. Maybe one day you’ll understand.’

I rather doubted that, and it was obvious, from the expression on the girl’s face, that she did, too.

‘We’ll wait till it gets dark,’ said Tom. ‘Have a rest, grab something to eat, then we’ll set off.’

‘At this rate, it’ll take forever,’ I objected.

‘Would you rather we ran the risk of being smothered by a pack of Women?’

‘It’s not that,’ I replied sullenly. ‘It’s just that – well – we don’t seem to be getting anywhere.’ I shrugged. ‘I just wish we had a plan. Something more than just running.’

‘Until we’re safe,’ said Tom, ‘and we meet up with others like us, the best we can hope for is to stay alive.’

‘I suppose so,’ I muttered reluctantly. I was being unfair, of course. It was hardly Tom’s fault that we hadn’t made much progress. And he was right. If we ran into a gang of Women, it would be curtains for the two of us. Though a part of me longed to be captured, held down and smothered, my rational side knew that that would be the end of everything. And I didn’t want this to end.

So we did as he said and rested up for several hours. We took it in turns to lick Janet’s pussy and she was soon fast asleep. The girl proved more difficult to subdue. Though I pinned her down as best I could, pulling up her legs to expose her vagina, she fought like the devil. It took Tom almost ten minutes to make her come.

At a little after 9 pm, as the sun began to set, Tom licked the girl back to sleep for a second time. Again, she resisted fiercely, threatening to smother the two of us with her little hole before she finally passed out. We untied her, so she could make good her escape once she woke up, and then we made ours.

Six

For the next three hours, we made good progress. Fed and rested, we must have covered nearly ten miles without incident. From time to time, we allowed Janet to remove her coat. She had begun to sweat profusely. Proof – as if we still needed it – of the fact that her body had undergone a real change and she could no longer tolerate being clothed.

Temporarily naked as she was, Tom and I took it in turns to walk behind her, struggling not to look at her buttocks as they swung from side to side. It didn't help that she said it was fine for us to touch her if we liked. Unable to resist, I invariably ended up not only stroking her arse, but forcing my hand into her crack and fiddling with her little hole.

'It's hard to walk with your finger up there,' she muttered happily on one occasion. 'You're going to need jacking off again, at this rate.'

I groaned, and drew a sharp breath. I still found it hard to believe that Janet – after all that she had done for us – was one of the Women. For now, her urge to suffocate was under control – but for how long?

'Would you still try to sit on us?' I asked, withdrawing my finger from her arse. We had stopped for a short break, while Tom hurried on to check that the way ahead – a warren of narrow streets – was safe.

Janet took hold of my hand – the one that had been playing with her anus – and pressed it to my face, forcing me to sniff her now-familiar scent.

‘Would you want me to?’ she whispered. ‘Even if you knew I could finish you off ... inside my bottom?’

I nodded feebly. My cock was up again. It seemed to be up more than it was ever down these days. ‘Yes,’ I told her honestly. ‘I would. I know it sounds crazy, but I would.’

She smiled warmly. ‘It’s not crazy. You’re following your nature, that’s all. Just as, one day, I might have to follow mine.’ She reached out, and, with her free hand, stroked the back of my neck. ‘It’s not wrong for you to want a woman to smother you, Nathan,’ she said quietly. ‘And it’s not wrong for me to want to take you into my crack ... and finish you off with my hole.’

‘Do you think you could sit on a man’s face and not try to smother him?’ I asked.

Janet shook her head slowly. ‘I don’t know. You’ve managed to keep me under control since I smothered poor Danny. You and Tom are my friends – and I don’t want to hurt you. But there are times ... there are times when a part of wants to sit on you even though you are my friends. It’s as if the little hole in my bottom ... is telling me to smother you.’

‘You’re winding me up,’ I muttered.

‘No, I’m not. That’s where my need to sit is centered. Between my buttocks. Right up inside the hole itself. That’s why I like you to finger me when we’re walking.’ She lowered her head. When she raised her eyes again, she looked as confused as I felt.

‘I can’t explain it,’ she went on, ‘but ever since I turned, that’s how I feel. And I know that’s how other Women must feel, too. Like that poor girl back at the house. The one who tried to smother you.’ She sighed. ‘We need men inside our bottoms, Nathan. We need to hold them there and feel them struggle.’ She shrugged. ‘It’s the way we are ...’

‘Is it difficult?’ I asked. ‘Keeping yourself in check?’

‘Yes it is,’ she said in a low voice. ‘When I was holding that man down – out on the street – remember? I told you I wanted to sit on him. That I wanted to take him into my crack!’

‘But you didn’t.’

‘But only because I knew that if I did, I’d have turned again. That after I’d finished him off, I’d have led the pack to you! You wouldn’t have stood a chance. They’d have smothered you with their bottoms!’

The image she had conjured up made my legs wobble. She was still stroking my neck, her face so close to mine that I could smell her sweet, scented breath. A question came to me suddenly. Something I’d been meaning to ask her ever since that moment on the street. When that poor young man was inside the Asian girl’s arse...

‘You said something to him, just before he was smothered. I saw you lean in.’

Janet's eyes dimmed suddenly, as if the memory were too painful to bear. 'She'd opened up her bottom ... so he could see her little hole. Because that's what Women do – before we sit on you.' She swallowed hard. 'We show you our little hole ... so you know how we're going to finish you off.'

I stifled an excited groan. 'Oh, God,' I muttered, 'the poor bastard...'

Janet shook her head sadly. 'He was so frightened. He couldn't breathe as it was. And now ... now he knew a little hole was coming for him!'

A tear broke from the corner of her eye. 'I wanted to comfort him, to help him in some way, but I didn't know what to do.' Her mouth dropped miserably. 'I told him to be brave. That it was only a little hole. That it was a lovely way to go. Inside a woman's bottom. That it would all be over quickly. That it wouldn't hurt ...'

'I remember he screamed. Into your hand.' I swallowed hard. 'And then she sat on him ...'

'I had to cling on so tightly,' she murmured. 'To hold his hands down. So he couldn't push her off. So he couldn't shift her from his head ...'

'I wish I was inside your crack now,' I muttered weakly. 'I wish you were sitting on my face, trying to finish me off. The way that Asian girl finished him off...'

She shook her head, released me and took two steps back. ‘No, you don’t,’ she said sharply. ‘That’s just your penis talking. You don’t really want me to smother you.’

‘I do! I want you to rub your little hole all over me! I want you to make me sniff it! I want—’

Which was as far as I got before the sound of rapid footsteps brought me to my senses. As I turned, Tom came hurrying up, his eyes and teeth unnaturally white in the gloom.

‘There are three streets we can take,’ he announced breathlessly. ‘Two of them are quite narrow. If we run into the Women, they could box us in. The third’s wider, but it’s mostly shops. Not much cover and nowhere to hide if we’re spotted.’ He hesitated. ‘There are lots of bodies. All men.’ His shoulders slumped. ‘All smothered by Women as far as I can tell.’

I sighed wearily. ‘So which one do you suggest?’ All three options sounded dodgy to me.

Tom shrugged. ‘We might as well toss a coin. My gut feeling is the wider one. The others just feel too hemmed in. The wider one’s better lit. There’s nowhere for us to hide – but there’s nowhere for the Women, either.’

‘That settles it, then,’ I said. Any decision was better than no decision at all. ‘Let’s go.’

I may have sounded decisive just then, but my reason for wanting to press on was more personal. Excitement was gnawing away at my gut. It was my own fault for encouraging Janet to be honest, and for being too honest in return.

Reluctantly, at Tom's request, Janet slipped her coat back on, and we made for the street up ahead. I'd taken a decision for the three of us, but there was a chill in my heart, as if I'd made a bad choice – and we might all pay the price.

At night, under the dull glow of street lamps, every step we took seemed to echo loudly around us. I found it hard to believe that the Women weren't lying in wait, eying us up eagerly as we walked by. Any minute now, they would leap out, take us into their bottoms and that would be the end of everything.

As I stepped over the body of a man who had ended his days inside a woman's arse, I glanced down and shuddered. It was his hands that caught my attention. Like the man whose house we had rested up in, he'd been physically restrained, his arms secured behind his back before the Women had finished him off. More evidence – it seemed – that they were giving thought to their actions, and no longer acting on instinct.

To our surprise, as we advanced along the street, we came across several other bodies, all similarly restrained.

'I think they took it in turns to sit on these men,' said Janet. 'Like that man back at the house. That's why they've tied them up, so they didn't have to smother them at once. It meant they could all spend some time on a man's face before ... before one of them finished him off.'

‘How can you be so sure?’ asked Tom.

Janet shrugged. ‘Because I’m a woman,’ she said sombrely. ‘And that’s what I’d do if there were more of us in a pack than there were men to sit on.’

I felt the hairs stand up on the back of my neck. Janet had spoken in such a matter-of-fact way, but I knew she was telling the truth. She’d tied Danny down before she’d sat on him, and she’d tie us down, too, if she turned again. She’d take us into her crack without a second’s thought ... and suffocate us with her little hole.

I was frightened, but I was excited, too – that familiar mix of fear and pleasure: of wanting to be smothered and not wanting to be smothered all at the same time. As ever, I knew it made no sense, but I didn’t care. It didn’t have to make sense. It just was – and that was an end to it.

By the time we’d reached the end of the street, I must have counted three hundred bodies, almost all of them restrained. Looking back, I closed my eyes for a moment and imagined the scene. There were bags and briefcases strewn everywhere: a mix of shoppers and office workers on their way home. Many of them must have been suffocated well after midnight – when the Women had first turned.

That puzzled me. It didn’t seem to make sense. Had some of the Women bided their time, not setting about the men at once, but catching them unawares a few hours later? Or had these men not realised what was happening and gone about their normal business – little realising they were going to be sat on and smothered before the day was over?

I could see, from their clothing, that many of the victims were shop assistants. Had they come to work the morning after the Women had turned – only to be suffocated by their female colleagues?

I was still trying to get my head around all this when I heard Janet cry out. I turned in time to see her fall to the ground, holding her head and screaming. A man was standing over her. Where the hell he had come from, I've no idea. Tom was nowhere to be seen, but that wasn't really uppermost in my mind just then. What grabbed my attention was the fact that the man who had felled Janet – a large, shaven-haired brute with bare arms covered in tattoos – was standing over her, holding a shotgun. And the shotgun – I couldn't help but notice – was pointed in my direction.

I didn't like the look of this. And that was before he pulled the trigger ...

Seven

Everything happened in a flash after that. Quite literally. I saw Janet kick out with her leg, the shotgun exploded and I fell to the ground with a thump. It was a few seconds before I realised that I hadn't been hit.

As I looked up, I saw Tattooed Man break the gun open and attempt to reload. Before he had a chance to insert a fresh cartridge, Tom appeared, as if from nowhere, flung himself forward and brought the man down. I jumped to my feet and ran over. Though a big man himself, Tom was having trouble holding on to our attacker. Fists flew and I heard a sickening crunch as a stray blow caught Tom on the side of his face.

I hardly knew what I was doing as I hurled myself onto the man's chest, knocking the wind out of him. It gave Tom time to land a punch of his own, straight into the other man's jaw. As he rolled onto his side, groaning and holding his face, I snatched up the gun, and pointed it straight at him. I had no intention of shooting the bastard – if only because I'm a coward myself – but I banked on the fact that he couldn't know that and would shut the fuck up the moment he saw the business end of a gun barrel aimed at him.

Aware I had things under control, Tom turned his attention to Janet, who was lying flat on her back. Lashing out with her leg – and probably saving my life – was the last thing she had done before collapsing.

'How is she?' I asked anxiously, not taking my eyes off our attacker for a moment.

'She's got a nasty head wound,' said Tom, 'but it's not bleeding, just badly bruised.' He glanced angrily at our assailant. 'He caught her with the butt of the

gun. She's unconscious.'

'Where the hell did you get to?' I asked, my eyes still fixed on Tattooed Man as I spoke.

'I saw him before he spotted us,' said Tom, pointing to a shop doorway a few yards away. 'He was hiding in there. I nipped into the next alcove just before he showed himself. I thought if he tried anything, I was more use if I kept out of sight.'

'Just as well you did,' I muttered, before addressing our assailant directly.

'So who the hell are you?' I asked, waving the gun erratically. My hands were trembling, and it was all I could do to point the thing anywhere at all.

'Who the hell are you?' he spat back viciously. 'Keeping company with a woman!'

'She's our friend. Which is more than you are.'

'Her kind have wiped out half the city! There are bodies everywhere! They're sitting on every man they can find!' His nostrils flared angrily. 'Well, they're not sitting on me!'

'It strikes me you're the sort of man they should be sitting on!' I retorted angrily.

‘No woman’s shoving her arse in my face!’ he yelled, rubbing his jaw which had already begun to swell.

‘Give me one reason we shouldn’t tie you up and leave you here for the Women to find?’

‘Because I’m one of you, that’s why!’ He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. ‘And I know things, too. I’ve been watching them. I know what they’re up to.’

My eyes narrowed. ‘What do you mean, you know what they’re up to?’

To the side of me, Janet groaned and, out of the corner of my eye, I saw her move.

‘She’s coming round,’ said Tom, stroking her hair away from her face where it had matted to her damp skin.

‘Shoot her now!’ yelled Tattooed Man. ‘While you’ve got the chance! Before she tries to sit on us!’

‘She’s not going to sit on us!’ I yelled back. ‘I’ve told you – she’s our friend.’ I waved the gun menacingly. ‘So what do you know?’

For a moment, his face looked empty. Then confusion gave way to a surly sneer. He jerked his head sideways. 'They're setting up camps. For the men they haven't smothered. Prison camps.' He sniffed loudly. 'Suffocation camps, more like. So they can smother us in comfort!'

'You can't know that,' I snapped back, though it was hard to conceal the doubt in my voice. Or – worse – the excitement ...

'They're organising themselves,' muttered Tattooed Man. 'They're not just running around anymore smothering men at random. They've got leaders. They're an army ... and we're the enemy.'

It struck me we'd been the enemy since the moment this whole thing had kicked off. But I wasn't about to have a debate with him.

'They haven't had time to set up camps,' I objected. 'They've only been going 48 hours.'

Tattooed Man huffed dismissively. 'It doesn't take long. Not if you know what you're up to. And these Women do. The ones who've taken over, at any rate.' He rubbed his aching jaw again. 'I've been all over this city in the last two days. That gun's the only thing that's kept me alive. I've seen the camps they've set up – and the men they've taken there.' He glanced at Janet. 'Her kind only want one thing now – to suffocate the lot of us!'

'I've already told you,' I reminded him. 'Janet's not like the other Women. She doesn't want to hurt us.'

Though I meant what I said, a small part of me remembered, too, what Janet had told me, not half an hour since. That we were creatures of nature. That my nature was to want a woman to sit on me. And hers ... was to take a man into her crack if she could. What if we couldn't trust her? What if Tattooed Man was right?

No! I refused to believe it. Besides, if it came to a question of trust, I'd rely on Janet long before I relied on him. The gun suddenly felt heavy in my hand. How many Women had he killed, I wondered? I thought about the girl who'd tried to smother me back at the house. How we'd left her sleeping and not harmed her. Even though we knew she'd try to take another man into her crack the first chance she got. She wouldn't have walked away if this scumbag had found her.

Still rubbing his jaw, Tattooed Man climbed awkwardly to his feet.

'Don't try anything!' I warned him, still waving the gun unsteadily.

'I can show you where the camps are,' he said, ignoring my threat. 'I'll take you to one. You can see for yourself.' He gestured towards Janet, who was now sitting upright, the coat wrapped around her shoulders, glaring at him. 'Then you'll know what Women like her are capable of!'

'It might be worth a look,' suggested Tom.

'You don't believe him?' I responded. 'He's just trying to make things look worse than they are.'

‘I’d want them to have camps,’ said Tom quietly, ‘if they were taking over the world. I’d want them to have a place they could hold us prisoner.’ A distant look came into his eyes. ‘Wouldn’t you?’

I shook my head glumly. This was his Law of Attraction theory again. That men everywhere had brought this on themselves. I wanted to say it was a load of bollocks. But I had no better idea. And he was right. If I’d dreamt up a world in which Women took over – using their bottoms to control us – I’d have wanted them to set up camps, too.

I saw Tom open his mouth to speak, an instant before his eyes widened fearfully. His hand flew up, as if to warn me, but I was too slow to react. A moment later, Tattooed Man had flung himself forward and snatched away the gun.

‘Back off!’ he yelled as I took a step forward, in a vain attempt to retrieve the weapon.

I took a step back, even more quickly, and instinctively raised my hands in the air.

Tattooed Man swung round and pointed the gun at Janet. I saw his finger close slowly on the trigger...

‘No!’ I yelled, jumping sideways and planting myself between the two of them.

‘I don’t want to hurt you!’ he yelled. ‘I only want the girl! If I don’t shoot her, she’ll only try to sit on us!’

‘You’ll have to shoot me first!’ I yelled back, though I was now shaking so badly, it was odds-on I’d fall over and give him a clear shot long before he had to worry about blasting me to pieces. I’m not a brave man, and if I’d had another few seconds to think about it, I might have stayed out of harm’s way. But I’d committed myself now, and that was that. My only regret was that I was about to end up with a chest full of shotgun cartridge, and not end my days inside a woman’s arse. Bollocks!

‘I will shoot you,’ he said bluntly. ‘If I have to...’

Behind me, I heard Janet mutter, ‘Don’t do it, Nathan. It’s not worth it. You might as well get out of this alive...’

That was my last chance to do the sensible thing and step aside. But for some crazy reason I chose not to.

‘I’m not going anywhere,’ I said. I’d like to add that I said it calmly, but the truth of the matter is that by now I was feeling distinctly unwell. How I remained upright was a minor miracle.

‘If that’s the way you want it,’ muttered Tattooed Man grimly.

What the hell, I thought, if he’s going to shoot me, I might as well go down

fighting – and flung myself forward, wondering if I could at least get my hands around his giant of a neck before I felt whatever it is you feel when a shotgun cartridge enters your heart. Nothing, with a bit of luck. That was my hope at any rate.

As it turned out, I needn't have worried. When I'd snatched up his empty gun there was one thing I'd forgotten to do. And he'd forgotten it, too. I hadn't inserted a fresh cartridge. He pulled the trigger and nothing happened. The barrels were empty!

I hit him in the chest at full speed and we tumbled over. He was even stronger – or more desperate – than I realised, because he immediately rolled onto his side, leapt up and, and, this time wielding the gun as a club, advanced on Janet. If he couldn't shoot her, it seemed, he was happy enough to bash her brains out.

I was up in a flash, too, but not quickly enough to stop him. Fortunately, Tom was. He threw himself forward like a rugby prop-forward, and felled him instantly. A moment later, I was on top, adding my weight to Tom's. I managed to grab hold of the gun and fling it away, then seize one of Tattooed Man's arms and bend it so sharply he screamed with the pain.

Though there were two of us holding him down, he was a big bastard and showed no sign of surrendering quietly. I was beginning to wonder how long before he broke free, when I was suddenly aware that Janet was standing over us. Or, more accurately ... standing over him.

She was no longer wearing her coat and, when I looked up, I found myself gazing into the deep, familiar crack of her arse. She'd clawed her buttocks open ... exposing the pink, wrinkled eye of her anus.

There was an urgency in her voice when she spoke and a hungry gleam in her eye that reminded me of the Janet we'd first encountered. The woman who had smothered poor Danny, and who had tried to smother me, too.

‘Let me sit on him!’ she said menacingly. ‘I can finish him off with my bottom!’

The moment he caught sight of her open arse, Tattooed Man gave a violent heave that almost dislodged us. Tom and I clung on fiercely, aware that the moment he was free we were dead meat. This man wasn't the sort to take prisoners. It was fast coming down to a choice between him and us.

‘Please, Nathan! Tom!’ implored Janet. ‘Let me take him into my crack!’

I opened my mouth to say, ‘No! This is wrong! We can't let you suffocate a man!’ Then he heaved again, bared his teeth like the animal he was and screamed, ‘I'll kill you, you fuckers! I'll kill you all!’

‘Sit on him!’ yelled Tom, taking the decision out of my hands. ‘Sit on his face, Janet! Smother him with your arse!’

Taking two steps forward, Janet positioned her legs either side of Tattooed Man's chest, almost stepping on my arm as she did so. A moment later, she dropped to her knees, her cavernous backside opening up over his face.

Tattooed Man's mouth curled viciously as he lifted his head, releasing a deep,

guttural roar.

‘You bastards!’ he screamed. ‘You can’t let her sit on me! You can’t let her kill me with her hole!’

‘Just be grateful it’s Janet!’ I muttered grimly. ‘At least she’ll finish you off quickly!’

‘I don’t want to be finished off!’ he screamed. ‘I don’t want to die inside a fucking arse!’

He threw his head from side to side, and I knew at once that, despite her size, Janet would have trouble getting an airtight grip on him. Tom must have realised, too, because he suddenly changed position, pushing close, as if he were trying to dislodge me.

‘I’ll get on top of him!’ he cried. ‘You get behind and hold his head! So Janet can get him into her crack!’

Again, Tattooed Man heaved violently. It would take all Tom’s strength and weight to hold him down – and all mine to keep the bastard’s head still.

Still clinging tightly to our prisoner’s arms – not wanting to release him until the last possible moment, I eyeballed Tom, who was now so close to me I could smell his breath on my face. ‘Are you ready?’ I muttered, easing myself round so that I could grab our man’s head as fast as possible.

Tom nodded. 'Do it!' he grimaced, his dark face lined with effort. 'Now!'

'You bastards!' screamed Tattooed Man again, his body shaking strongly. 'You fucking bastards!'

I released my hold on his arm and swivelled round behind his head. The moment he was free, he brought up his fist and began thumping Tom's shoulder. Tom, for his part, hugged our enemy close, bearing down with all his weight and keeping him pinned flat on his back.

Swinging onto my knees, I reached out and grabbed Tattooed Man's ears, wrenching his head around. He screamed, kicked, threshed and swore as Janet eased her bottom a fraction lower.

'Oh, God help me!' he screamed. 'I can see her hole! I can see her fucking hole!'

I held on tight as Janet lowered herself the final few inches. At the last moment, before his head disappeared into her arse, Tattooed Man arched his neck and gazed at me pleadingly. There were tears in his eyes now – tears of genuine horror at the prospect of what was about to happen to him.

'Please!' he wept. 'Don't let her sit on me, please! Don't let her take me into her crack!'

Though it was pitiful to see the look on his face, I knew we had no choice. He'd

tried to kill both Janet and me and, if we spared him now, there was no guarantee he wouldn't try again.

'I'm sorry,' I muttered, 'but it's better this way...'

His eyes blazed open and his mouth dropped miserably. 'She's going to smother me!' he screamed. 'She's going to smother me with her little hole!'

Which was the last thing I heard him say ... before Janet lowered herself fully onto his face and took him into her crack.

The moment his face was between her cheeks, Tattooed Man gave an almighty jolt, and it took all my strength to hold onto his head. He shuddered fiercely and I heard Tom groan with the effort of pinning him flat.

Janet, meanwhile, bore down hard, determined to hold him in place, however much he fought to free himself.

'Come on little hole!' she cried encouragingly. 'Do your woman's work!'

Not for the first time, I felt a surge of excitement in my belly. I was holding onto a man's head while Janet rode his face, smothering him with her anus – and she was talking about it! Describing what she was doing to him. What her little hole was doing to him!

‘Why are you struggling, you lucky bastard?’ I muttered hoarsely. ‘Your head’s inside a woman’s arse! You should be happy!’

I knew full well that, not for a moment, did Tattooed Man think he was in a good place. He’d made it perfectly clear what he thought of being inside a woman’s bottom. And what he thought of Women in particular. He wanted nothing to do with them. Indeed, from what we’d seen of him so far, he’d have killed every last one if he’d had the chance.

That was the difference between him and us – Tom and me, at least. We didn’t want to be finished off – not yet, at any rate. But we weren’t afraid of a woman’s arse. That, of course, was the hold the Women had over us. The hold that Janet would have over us if we let her. A part of us wanted to survive for as long as possible. But a part of us longed to be sat on, too...

So, yes – I thought the bastard should be happy, even though I knew he wasn’t. And I was envious of him, too, because Janet was sitting on his face. Because she had him inside her crack. Because she was suffocating him with the little hole in her bottom!

Tattooed Man was writhing furiously now, and I knew he didn’t have long. His head shook, and a volley of muted squeals broke from inside the tight, fleshy trench of Janet’s crack. Though Tom was holding him down, I saw Tattooed Man’s back arch and his legs kick at sharp, impossible angles. His hands, unable to reach Janet’s arse to push her off, clawed manically at Tom’s shoulders.

Suddenly Janet threw back her head and screamed. ‘He’s up me!’ she cried. ‘His nose is up my little hole!’ Her shoulders shook, and her buttocks wriggled furiously. ‘He’s in my passage! The bastard’s in my passage!’

I felt another surge of excitement in my gut. What I wouldn't have given, just then, to trade places with our doomed enemy! He was where I wanted to be more than anything in the world. Inside Janet's bottom! Inside her little hole ...

His body gave one last, powerful heave, slumped, jerked again and finally fell still. Tom and I held on, while Janet continued to sit for almost another minute, determined to ensure he wasn't faking. She was still scything her arse across his face when, with a deep-throated squeal, she roared her delight into the dark, evening sky, emptying herself into Tattooed Man's throat as she came.

The moment she slumped forward, Tom and I released our hold and climbed stiffly to our feet. It was over. Tattooed Man lay flat on his back, his eyes open, his face dripping with the juices from Janet's pussy. As for Janet, she lay flat across his body, her eyes closed, a weak smile tugging at her lips.

We were still coming to terms with what had happened, when we heard the rapid thump of approaching feet. From around the corner of the road ahead, a dozen or more naked Women hurtled into view. We froze, unsure of how to respond. Janet was unconscious. If we left her now she'd surely be safe, but she was our friend and we couldn't desert her.

'We have to run!' said Tom, voicing a truth I didn't want to voice myself.

I was about to say we couldn't, even though I didn't mean it, when a fresh thump of feet made me spin round at the same time as Tom. More Women – twenty or thirty at least – appeared at the far end of the road, cutting off our retreat. There was no way forward, and no way back.

Dear God, we realised to our horror ... we were trapped!

The Women were everywhere, clawing their arses open as they ran towards us...

This time ... there was no way out!

To be continued in Book Three: The Smother Camps!

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.

I also have a Tumblr blog at: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.tumblr.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

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Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage!: Book One: The Nightmare Begins!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

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 ...’

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!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Nathan Blake finds himself catapulted into a terrifying, dystopian world in which, overnight, every woman on the planet is overcome with the urge to sit on a man's face ... and smother him with her bottom!

With a motley crew of acquaintances, he must escape from the city. But even then, can he be sure that he, and men like him, will ever be safe again?

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

As a new world order comes into being, the Women have set up prison camps across the globe. Cut off from his friends, Nathan Blake finds himself trapped in one such camp, along with hundreds of other men, whose sole purpose in life is to be sat on and smothered by their insatiable, bare-bottomed captors.

When Nathan is made a trustee, it seems to offer a chance of escape. But as the days pass, it looks increasingly likely that not only his fate, but that of every other man on the planet, is now sealed.

For some men, the torment is too great. But in the brave new world of The Women's Republic ... there is only one way out!

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, Iceni 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.