



SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

BOOK THREE: THE SMOTHER CAMPS

DARK RIDER



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About the Author

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

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

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

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

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Book Three: The Smother Camps

Dark Rider

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One

With Janet sprawled senseless on the pavement, Tom and I stood back to back as the Women approached.

Though each group had been running when they entered the street, their pace slackened as they drew closer, first to a canter and then to a crawl. It was as if – knowing we couldn't escape – they relished the role of female hunters stalking their prey, anticipating that exquisite moment they would move in for the kill. When they would take us into their bare bottoms ... and finish us off with their little holes!

'I think this is it,' said Tom, with a quiver in his voice. 'I'm sorry it hasn't worked out.'

'Don't be,' I replied, my pulse racing. 'We're going to be smothered – by a pack of bare-bottomed Women! What could be better?'

I chuckled grimly. 'If we're lucky, they'll tie us up and take it in turns to sit on our heads. They might smother us for hours before they finish us off.'

'All those little holes,' said Tom cheerfully. 'And every one of them is coming for us ...'

'I'm going out inside a woman's arse,' I murmured, more to myself than to him. 'The way I've always wanted to go. I'm going to be smothered. I'm going to be smothered by a little hole!'

I scanned the approaching group eagerly, wondering which of these Women would be the one to finish me off; the one who would take me between her buttocks for the last time and suffocate me with her anus. In the end, I hardly cared. They all looked big enough to do the job, their broad hips wobbling as they advanced. I knew I'd be a lucky man to end up inside any of their cracks...

And then something happened that I hadn't expected. The group came to an abrupt halt and fashioned itself into a line. The row parted and another woman – auburn-haired and big-breasted, with wide, meaty thighs – strode forward. She wore a red sash that stretched from one shoulder, across her bare chest and down to a big, fleshy hip. Between her legs, a dark vee of pubic hair cloaked her plump vagina.

I turned to alert Tom, only to see that a large woman, similarly dressed, had come forward from the group gathered behind me.

'What the hell's going on?' I muttered, hoping that Tom, as ever, would have an answer.

'I've no idea,' he said, disappointingly. 'Unless ...'

'They've got themselves some leaders...' I suggested, finishing his unspoken thought.

'It's not possible,' he whispered back. 'Not this soon. How could they organise themselves so quickly?'

‘Without wishing to labour the point,’ I remarked, ‘since when has any of this made sense?’

‘There must have been Women planning this for months,’ he murmured. ‘Even before the rest of them turned.’

‘Or maybe there were so many different men wishing for so many different things, it’s ended up in the craziest mish-mash ever.’

I felt his shoulders shrug against me. ‘No point trying to work it out,’ he said wearily. ‘It doesn’t matter, anyway. Not for us. Not if we’re going to be sat on...’

Ahead of me, the woman in the red sash took a step forward. When she spoke, my stomach – not for the first time – heaved with excitement.

‘You are prisoners of the Women’s Republic,’ she announced in a loud voice. As she straightened her back, her breasts wobbled freely, and my legs almost gave way.

Clamping one hand to the bulge of her vagina, she continued triumphantly: ‘We are Women – with Women’s holes – and you are subject to our law now.’ She grinned crudely, and, when she spoke again, my blood ran cold. ‘Our bottoms are coming for you, men! Prepare for suffocation!’

The words were barely out of her mouth before the line broke and the Women

ran towards us.

‘Oh, God – this is it!’ I squealed, breathing hard, my legs wide, my hands bunched into fists. I wasn’t going to let the Women take me without a fight. Not because I harboured any hopes of escape. If I was going to be brutally honest ... I didn’t want to escape. I wanted them to hold me down ... and take it in turns to sit on my face and ride me as hard as they could.

But I wanted to struggle, too. There was no pleasure to be gained from surrendering quietly. I’d always enjoyed struggling. Pretending I could fight a woman off, and knowing I couldn’t; that her bottom was too strong for me. That nothing, in the end ... could save me from her little hole.

‘Good luck!’ I heard Tom cry, a moment before the first of the Women grabbed my arms and tumbled me to the ground.

After that, everything became something of a blur. With my arms and legs held wide, and two Women sitting on my chest, all hope of resisting the pack became academic.

The first woman to sit on me skewered her anus over my nose, pressing down so hard that I entered her passage. As the rich smell of her arse washed over me, I felt hands tug at my pants, exposing my cock, and I squealed as fingers closed around my shaft and balls.

Unable to breathe, I wriggled feebly and squealed again into the dribbling slit of her vagina. I was close to passing out when she raised herself from my face, allowing the next woman to mount me.

I had barely time to draw a breath before being covered again – a fresh young anus opening around my nose. After that, I lost track of how many Women took me into their bottoms and rode me. Finally, my head aching, I released a long, feeble groan as the red-sashed woman come into view, reaching back to claw her buttocks wide.

‘You’ve suffered long enough,’ she said calmly. ‘It’s time I put you out of your misery...’

I fought to free myself as she dropped to her haunches, her backside inches from my face – but there were too many hands holding me down. In truth, of course, I hardly cared. My eyes were glued to the puffy bulge of the woman’s slit and – beneath it – the dark brown whorl of her anus, its edges fringed with short, wiry hairs. Dear God, I told myself, how I wanted to suckle on her!

For the past hour, while countless Women had ridden me, many more had fiddled with my balls – until I was desperate for relief. Cruelly, they hadn’t allowed me to come. By now, I was so aroused I’d have begged them to suffocate me in return for being jerked off.

Somewhere in that rational part of my brain that still functioned, I told myself not to be so stupid. I’d been smothered several times since this nightmare had begun. On each occasion I’d wanted to be ridden so badly I’d have signed my soul away to be sat on; to have a woman’s little hole come down and finish me off. But each time it had happened, my excitement had lasted only up until the moment the pain kicked in. That was when I knew it was the last thing I wanted.

‘This won’t take long,’ she said, lowering her bottom. I breathed in the heady

scent of her arse and moaned. Instinctively, I threw my head sideways. I knew I couldn't get away, but I didn't want to give in, either. Not immediately. As I turned, I caught sight of Tom. To my horror – and delight – he, too, was lying flat on his back, pinned down by several Women. Another female – the second woman in the red sash – was squatting over his face. He turned his head at the same time and, for a brief moment, our eyes met.

An instant later, hands clawed at my head, wrenching me around, forcing me to stare straight up into a woman's plump, open arse. The bulge of her vagina hung like swollen fruit above my mouth, and her little hole throbbed crudely.

'Prepare for suffocation!' I heard both Women cry. The next moment, my sitter's bottom came down, taking me right up into her crack. Instinctively, I opened my mouth, allowing her to force her pussy past my lips as her anus flattened itself around my nose. The bulge of her cunt filled my mouth and I pushed against it with my tongue. Breathing now was all but impossible. The earthy scent of her arse filled my nostrils and I arched my back, driving my cock through a funnel of female hands. Two fingers probed for my anus, while others closed around my balls and squeezed.

I gurgled helplessly, choking on a lush vagina, while snorting bum-scent into my lungs. My chest hurt and I tensed my arms, desperate to pull them free and claw at the woman's hips. Anything to shift her arse from my face!

Not for the first time, my fantasy had turned on me. I'd wanted so much to be sat on and smothered; to have a plump, fleshy bottom cover my face and press down as hard as it could. Now that it was happening, it was the last thing in the world that I wanted. And this time, of course, I knew that it really was the last thing in the world. This wasn't Janet sitting on me, or a girl Tom could pull off my face the moment he thought I was in trouble. This was a woman who meant business, helped by several other Women, who were holding onto my arms and legs, while making sure I couldn't turn my head away.

I was deep inside a woman's arse – and I wasn't getting out in a hurry. I knew, just then, that Tom was in as much trouble as me. All his plans for us to escape to the countryside, away from the Women, had come to nothing. We were done for now, no two ways about it.

My stomach heaved as I struggled for breath, and my head began to spin. I must have been under the woman for over a minute and hadn't been able to grab a breath before she sat on me.

To both my horror – and absolute delight – I felt the hands around my cock begin to pump a little faster. Though I was being slowly suffocated, the pleasure in my groin was overwhelming. For one mad, delicious moment I found myself thinking that if I was going to go, then this was the best way ever. As my balls emptied, the pain left my body and took my fear with it. I arched my back again and squealed my pleasure into the fleshy backside that was wrapped around my face. As a second – and then, incredibly, third – wave of jism left my cock, my body went into spasm. I felt two fingers drive deep into my back passage and I came again. One final scream left my lungs and then, mercifully, my world turned black.

Two

I hadn't expected to wake up again. Quite honestly, when I climaxed for the fourth time, I truly believed that I was about to die the happiest of men. I was being smothered and ravished by a dozen or more naked Women who longed for nothing more than to finish me off. There was no way out, and that was that.

So it was something of a shock to open my eyes and see an unfamiliar male face looking down at me. I immediately raised my head and promptly regretted it. My skin stung, and my jaw ached badly. As for my stomach, it threatened to heave before several deep breaths managed to settle it a little.

'Don't try to move too quickly,' said the man gazing down at me. 'You've been smothered out.' His face darkened. 'Lucky you're still alive. Not everyone's made it...'

As my senses gradually returned, I thought suddenly of Tom. This time, when I raised my head, I moved slowly, and was grateful that my stomach didn't churn.

'I was with a friend,' I said quickly, looking around. 'A black guy. A doctor. His name's Tom.'

'No one like that here,' said the man, extending his arm to steady me. My head had begun to swim again. 'I'm Frank.'

'Nathan,' I replied, taking another long breath. 'Where are we?'

‘One of the huts,’ said Frank. ‘There are about ten of them here. It’s a building site. Was, at any rate. Now it’s a Smother Camp...’

The way he said those last two words sent a shiver through me. I remembered Tattooed Man – the guy Janet had been forced to sit on out in the street. He’d talked about camps. ‘Suffocation camps’ – that’s what he’d called them. I’d thought he must have got that wrong, or had been making it up, but it seemed he hadn’t.

‘What do you mean – Smother Camp?’ I asked. I was pretty sure I knew the answer to my own question, but I wanted to hear it from Frank.

‘I mean the Women have begun rounding up any men they can find – those they haven’t already suffocated – and put us into camps. Now they can do whatever they like with us.’

‘But I don’t understand,’ I continued wearily. ‘A woman sat on me. She seemed to be some sort of leader. She got other Women to hold me down. Took me into her crack. Rubbed her bottom all over me. Why didn’t she finish me off?’

Frank shrugged. ‘I don’t know why things have changed – but they’ve stopped suffocating us wholesale. Now they’re rounding us up instead. I think they’ve realised that if they smother us all that’ll be the end of it. So they’re keeping us alive. Sitting on us – but not doing us in.’ His mouth tightened. ‘Not all of us, at any rate.’

‘What do you mean, not all of us?’

‘I mean, most of us are on a rota. It hasn’t been going long – but the Women choose men to sit on. Most of them come back alive, but some don’t. Some they do still finish off...’

I ran a hand through my hair. I felt suddenly exhausted.

‘I was with a woman,’ I said, changing the subject abruptly. ‘There were three of us: me, Tom – and Janet. She wasn’t like the other Women. She didn’t want to sit on us.’

‘All Women want to sit on us,’ said Frank curtly.

‘Not Janet,’ I insisted. ‘She’s not like the others. We managed to turn her back. She’s on our side now.’

Frank regarded me doubtfully. ‘I find that hard to believe,’ he muttered. ‘But even if it’s true, I wouldn’t know who the hell she was. There must be a thousand women here – and only a few hundred men.’

‘So what exactly happens?’ I asked. I was feeling livelier now my head had cleared. I was worried about Tom and Janet, but it was obvious I couldn’t do anything about either of them for the present.

Frank shrugged. ‘Like I said, the Women take it in turns to sit on us. There are nine huts for the men. The Women are camped out in that building.’ We were

standing by a small window, as Frank indicated a grey, three-storey block with another resigned shrug of his shoulders. 'It's like a sort of headquarters. He sighed. 'But there's a tenth hut. Like this one, only bigger.' His face lost some of its colour and he shivered. 'They call it the Suffocation Hut. They send in trustees throughout the day to take us over. We go in twos.' He sighed. 'If we're lucky, we come back in twos...'

I frowned. 'Trustees?' I repeated, ignoring his gloomier remark. It wasn't something I thought he wanted to dwell on.

'The Women have made a deal with some of the men here,' said Frank, unable to mask his bitterness. 'They've promised not to suffocate them. In return, they do their dirty work.'

'Why don't you resist?' I asked. 'Try to fight back?' It seemed the obvious response, even to me.

'Because there's no point,' said Frank fatalistically. 'Two men did resist – when the trustees singled them out. They said they didn't want to be sat on. Two Women came in and ...' He swallowed hard and looked away for a moment. 'Finished them off. Right in front of us. Took the poor bastards into their cracks and smothered them with their bottoms – one after another. They said it would teach the rest of us a lesson. And they were right. It did. After that, we've just gone along with everything.' He shrugged. 'We might not like being sat on – but at least we're still alive. Like I said – most of us, at any rate.'

I was about to respond, when the door to the hut opened and two men came through. Each wore a distinctive green band around his upper arm, and there was a stiff, authoritative air about them.

‘Oh, fuck...’ muttered Frank, his face clouding over.

I immediately realised who the new arrivals were ... and why they were here. I watched as they walked over to a grey-haired man who sat huddled in a far corner of the hut – as if he had hoped, by doing so, he might keep out of harm’s way.

His face was a picture of misery as he looked up at them, and he wrapped his arms tightly around his chest.

One of the trustees – a short, weasel-faced man with a hooked nose and stubbled chin – curled a finger, indicating that the poor man should stand. When he refused, he moved in close, seized him by his arm and dragged him to his feet. His companion – a burly fellow, with a softer face, grabbed his other arm, so that, between them, they held him in check.

Looking around, it shocked me that no one was prepared to interfere.

‘None of us wants to take his place,’ whispered Frank, answering my unspoken question. ‘They’ll tell the Women he refused. He won’t be coming back...’

‘But there are only two of them,’ I objected – though keeping my voice low. ‘There must be at least thirty of us in here. We could easily overpower them.’

‘Yes – and then the Women would sit on all of us. Every single man here would

be suffocated.’

‘I can’t believe that,’ I said, though even I didn’t sound convinced.

‘They did it to another hut,’ he muttered grimly. ‘Only yesterday. Every last man. There were thirty of them, too – but they were up against two hundred Women. Two hundred little holes ...’ His voice trailed away sadly. ‘That’s why we don’t fight back. This way, at least, we’ve got a chance.’

It seemed to me, from the way he was responding, that the poor guy singled out to be sat on didn’t think much of his chances. He was resisting furiously, lunging out with his arms and dropping jelly-like to his knees.

‘The Women want two of you,’ said Weasel Face, addressing the room. Though he was smaller than his companion, he was clearly the one in control. I didn’t like the look of him. He was enjoying this too much. ‘If you come quietly, we’ll tell them not to finish you off. Unlike Sid here!’

To my surprise, a plump, middle-aged man came forward. ‘I’ll go,’ he muttered in a weak voice. ‘I won’t give you any trouble.’

‘Good lad!’ said Weasel Face. Sid – the man he was holding on to – made a vain bid to escape. He lashed out with his arms and legs, and it was all the two men could do to hold on to him.

‘Help needed!’ yelled the second trustee. No one moved. It was as if everyone

was frozen, unsure of how – or plainly unwilling – to act.

‘We won’t choose you next time round!’ barked Weasel Face. ‘Immunity for 24 hours!’

The words had barely left his mouth before two young men rushed forward. It was obvious, from the look on their faces, that they were as terrified as the unfortunate Sid, and would do anything to save themselves from a similar fate. I could understand their behaviour. Sid, it seemed, was done for. They might as well do themselves some good...

‘Please, no!’ cried Sid as the lads took hold of his legs and helped hoist him into the air. Others moved out of the way as they carried his body towards, then through the open door.

‘Dear God,’ I muttered miserably, as the door closed behind them. ‘What’s happened to us?’

‘We’d all do the same – even you,’ said Frank, staring gloomily at his feet, not wanting to look me in the eye.

Would I? I wondered and realised – to both my horror and delight – that the answer was ‘Yes’. What would be the point in acting differently? It was a dubious moral compromise, but the world in which we now lived wasn’t the world of even just a few days ago. Everything had changed. Women ran things now ... with their bottoms and their little holes!

Not for the first time, I knew none of this made sense. I wished Tom were here to remind me that I hadn't gone completely mad, because at times I felt I had. It still bothered me that I had no idea what had happened to him. I hadn't expected to wake up again once that woman in the red sash had sat on me. For some reason she'd decided to spare my life. But what about Tom? Had he been spared, too, or had the woman who had sat on his face finished him off? I had no way of knowing ...and it didn't make me feel any better.

Three

No more than twenty minutes passed before the door opened again and the trustees re-entered. They hauled in the young man, now barely conscious, and deposited him in a heap on the floor. As they scanned the room, and promptly caught my eye, my stomach emptied. Hurrying forward, Weasel Face gestured in my direction.

‘You!’ he barked viciously.

‘I’ve only just arrived!’ I protested. ‘I’ve already been smothered once today!’

I retreated instinctively as they approached, though I knew it was hopeless.

‘You’re wanted outside!’ said Weasel Man sharply. By now both trustees were either side of me, their hands around my arms. I considered resisting, but what was the point? Besides, the prospect of being sat on didn’t exactly fill me with horror. With luck, I’d be back within a short time – like the young man they’d just dragged in. Exhausted, but still in one piece. Unlike poor Sid ...

‘All right,’ I conceded, relaxing as best I could. ‘I’m not going to resist.’ There was a fearful knot in my stomach, but there was a tremor of excitement there, too.

Despite my promise to submit, the two goons clung on to me. Perversely, it only served to heighten my arousal. I was being taken from this hut – and the relative safety of my new companions – to a place where a bare-bottomed woman was going to sit on my face until I passed out. What could be better?

As the door closed behind me, I was painfully aware that my cock had begun to harden.

‘How many of them are going to sit on me?’ I asked, unable to hide my excitement.

‘You’re not being sat on,’ said the larger man huffily. ‘Someone wants to talk to you, that’s all.’ He huffed again. ‘Seems you got lucky.’

I frowned. ‘What the hell are you talking about?’ I asked, because just then he’d lost me.

‘You’ll see,’ said Weasel Face grumpily and promptly fell silent. Between them, the two men steered me across a patch of open ground and into the building opposite: the Women’s headquarters, from what Frank had told me. As we entered through a set of automatic doors, I was aware of several Women roaming around in an aimless fashion. They stepped back as we passed by, but I could see at once the look of animal need on their faces. It was all they could do not to run forward and overpower the three of us there and then.

The trustees seemed to sense it, too. Unlike me, they kept their eyes averted and picked up their pace. It caught me by surprise and I almost lost my balance.

‘They want to sit on us,’ I muttered. ‘They want to take us into their bottoms!’

Weasel Man's grip on my arm tightened.

'Just keep your fucking mouth shut!' he hissed. There was a savage edge to his voice – but it was tinged with fear. Being a trustee was supposed to offer protection from suffocation, but Women had needs and he was as aware as I was that their ability to control themselves was all that stood between us and being smothered.

Moving away from the open foyer, the trustees' relief was almost tangible as we made our way down a narrow corridor, and away from the Women. Stopping, at last, outside a solid oak door, Weasel Face knocked sharply three times in quick succession, then stood back, still clinging to me tightly.

Two or three seconds passed and then the door opened. I looked up, wondering what to expect next. I wasn't sure what I thought I'd see just then, but it certainly wasn't this.

A large, naked woman stood framed in the doorway. My mouth dropped open as a familiar face looked back at me.

'Hello,' said Janet, raising her hand to usher us into the room. 'Long time no see, Nathan.'

Four

I was sitting in a sparsely furnished room; a table, two chairs and – rather incongruously I thought – a bed in one corner. The trustees had been dismissed – sent outside to await further instructions – and I was now alone with Janet. A thin blue sash curled around one of her shoulders, carving a path between her breasts. I guessed it was some sign of authority and relaxed. Perhaps things weren't as bad as I'd feared. Not if Janet was in charge.

'It's good to see you again, Nathan,' she said warmly. 'We haven't got long, so I'll have to make this quick.' She looked around, as if she feared being overheard. Which was daft because we were the only two people in the room.

'Where's Tom?' I asked quickly, because now I knew Janet was alive I needed to know if Tom was OK.

Janet shrugged. 'I don't know,' she answered glumly. 'He was smothered – just like you. I've been asking around, but I have to be careful. They want to know why I'm taking an interest.'

'What did you tell them?'

'I said you and Tom helped me. That I was ambushed by some men and you saved me. That's why I'd spared you. I said I was taking you to a Smother Camp when that guy on the street attacked us.'

'And they believed you?'

‘I think so. They found it hard to believe at first – that any man would willingly hand himself in. I told them you and Tom were into facesitting, so I’d just got lucky.’

‘I didn’t think I’d see you again.’

‘Me neither,’ said Janet. ‘I didn’t know what had happened to you at first. I thought ...’ She lowered her head. When she raised it again, I could see the relief in her eyes. ‘I thought you’d been suffocated!’

I released a deep sigh. ‘I thought so, too. I didn’t expect to wake up.’ I looked around. ‘Not here.’

‘That man was right – out on the street...’

‘Tattooed Man?’

Janet nodded. ‘From what I’ve been told, camps have been set up all over the country. They’re trying to squeeze in as many men as possible. If there isn’t room ...’

Her voice trailed away. I finished the sentence for her. I didn’t need to be an Einstein to know what she meant. ‘They finish them off with their bottoms...’

Janet nodded. 'Every last one.' She glanced over to the window. 'There are still men out there, roaming free. The Women send out hunting parties every day.' She hesitated briefly, then released a short sigh. 'It's like a free-for-all for our little holes. We can sit on as many men as we want...'

'Have you ridden anyone since we've been here?' I inquired tentatively.

A look of embarrassment crept over Janet's face and she looked away. 'I've had to,' she said, avoiding my gaze. Turning back, she shook her head slowly. 'I had no choice. If I'd refused, they'd have known something was wrong.'

'It's all right,' I replied. 'I know you're as much a victim as the rest of us.'

'They didn't suffer,' she added quickly. 'I finished them off as fast as I could.' A haunted look dulled her eyes. 'Not like some of the Women here.' She straightened her back and regarded me seriously. 'Which is why I had to speak to you. Before it's too late.'

'Too late?' I repeated nervously.

'There are almost three hundred men in this camp,' said Janet. 'And every one of them is smothered on a regular basis. At least once, maybe twice a day.' She rubbed the side of her face wearily. 'The idea is to smother not suffocate, so we don't run out of men. If we want to go further, then we join one of the hunting parties. Getting to sit on a man isn't certain. But if you find one ... you can finish him off.'

‘Lucky bastards,’ I muttered. I knew it was a stupid thing to say, but I couldn’t help myself. Sitting in this room, with Janet opposite, as naked as she had been since the day I met her, had begun to have its inevitable effect.

‘What I’m trying to tell you,’ said Janet, ignoring my interruption, ‘is that, even here, the Women don’t always play by the rules. They’re not supposed to suffocate men – not all the way – but they do.’ She shook her head. ‘They lose control of their bottoms and don’t get off when they should.’

‘So tell me something new,’ I replied.

‘I don’t want that to happen to you,’ said Janet. ‘I don’t want you to be suffocated.’ She leaned forward in her chair and her breasts spilled across the table. ‘That’s why I’ve arranged for you to be made a trustee.’

I sat up straight. ‘A trustee?’ I repeated stupidly.

‘Trustees have immunity from being sat on. At least for long enough – I hope – for us to work out how to get you out of here.’

‘That sounds like a tall order,’ I muttered gloomily.

‘Maybe it is – but it’s the only chance you’ve got. I’ve seen what these Women are capable of. The men in the camps are safe for a while. But it won’t last. Tom was right. The Women running things are doing their best – but most Women can’t control themselves. I’ve seen that close up.’

‘Who are the Women running things? And how? I don’t understand.’

Janet shrugged. ‘I don’t know. Nothing seems to make any sense. The camps have been set up so quickly. It’s as if everything’s been planned even though—’ She shook her head again. ‘Even though no one knew this would happen.’

‘Perhaps they did,’ I suggested idly. ‘Maybe there’s more to this than any of us understand.’ I shook my head. ‘I don’t know – maybe Tom would. I just hope he hasn’t been smothered.’

‘It doesn’t matter why any of this happened,’ said Janet firmly. ‘What matters is getting you out of here. I don’t know if it’s possible – but being a trustee will buy you some time.’

I took a deep breath. ‘Fair enough,’ I said. ‘I’ll do it. If that’s what it takes.’

To my surprise, Janet’s face clouded over. ‘There’s only one problem,’ she said in a quiet voice.

I felt my stomach tighten. ‘I should have known it wouldn’t be that easy.’

‘I asked the camp commander – Donna – for permission to make you a trustee. As a reward for helping me out. She agreed ... but only if we lose one of the existing trustees.’

I shrugged my shoulders. 'So one of them gives up the job – where's the problem? I don't suppose he'll like it, but ...'

My voice trailed away. Janet's face had darkened. 'It's not as simple as that.'

My stomach tightened further. 'Why isn't it as simple as that?' I had a sinking feeling that I wouldn't like the answer.

'When a trustee is chosen, it's on the understanding that he gives the Women one hundred per cent loyalty. No mistakes, no back-tracking, no leniency to the men when they're taken for smothering. Once a trustee – always a trustee. There's no going back. If he steps out of line – even the once – he knows there's a price to pay.'

The penny dropped at once. Even I couldn't be that stupid. 'Whichever trustee you choose – he'll be sat on, won't he?'

Janet's face sagged miserably. 'He won't just be sat on. The camp commander has given me instructions to take him into my crack ... and suffocate him with my little hole!'

Five

It took me several moments to come to terms with this new situation, and even then I found it hard to accept. Finally, in a low voice – as if, like Janet before me, I feared I'd be overheard – I said, 'You mean if I say yes to becoming a trustee, one of those goons outside ... will be suffocated?'

'It's the only way,' said Janet. 'You mustn't feel sorry for them. The Women ask them to pick out men to be smothered. They don't show any mercy. You can't, either.'

I shook my head gloomily. 'What if I say no?' I countered, because keen though I was to get out of this place, I didn't want another man's death on my conscience.

'Then I'll overrule you. I'll tell him I'm going to sit on him, and that you'll be taking his place.'

'And if I refuse?'

'Then I'll have smothered him for nothing,' said Janet.

'I don't believe you. You wouldn't do it.'

'Yes, I would,' she said calmly, and, though I didn't want to believe her, I knew she meant it.

I regarded her miserably. 'Do you know which man you're going to sit on?' A part of me, I knew, didn't want to hear the answer.

Janet nodded. 'Yes. Eric – the smaller one. I've seen the way he behaves. Even in the short time I've been here. He enjoys choosing men to be smothered. Enjoys watching it, too. He likes to see them suffer.' She shook her head and frowned. 'That's not right.'

'When will you do it?' I asked, my voice faltering.

Janet glanced across to the bed. 'As soon as I call him back in. It's best if I smother him quickly.' She hesitated. 'But I'll need help. He'll try to get away. You and Murray – the other trustee – will have to hold him down.'

'You've got to be kidding! I can't help you sit on him!'

'It's what a trustee does,' said Janet solemnly. 'If the man won't go quietly.'

I shook my head. 'But what about the other guy? He's not going to help me, surely?'

'He'll do what he's told. He knows what will happen to him if he doesn't.'

‘Dear God,’ I muttered. ‘You mean you’d sit on him, too?’

Janet nodded. ‘If I had to, yes.’

I frowned. ‘I don’t understand. I thought you didn’t want to sit anymore.’

‘I don’t,’ she replied in a heavy voice. ‘Not if I can avoid it. But I’m still a woman, Nathan. I still have needs. And being around all these other Women ...’ She sighed. ‘There are times when I don’t want to hold back...’

‘Dear God! Does it never leave you ... the need to sit?’

Janet shook her head slowly. ‘I can keep it under control – if I have to. That’s the difference between me and the other Women. But it’s like a hunger gnawing away at me, and sometimes ...’ She avoided my gaze for a moment. ‘Sometimes I have to feed it!’

I took a deep breath. I knew I had to make a decision, though it went against my better nature.

‘All right,’ I said reluctantly. ‘If it’s what I have to do.’

‘It is,’ said Janet. ‘It’s the only hope you have of getting out of here alive.’ She paused. ‘And Eric’s a bad man. He deserves to be suffocated ...’

She stood up and my eyes immediately flew to the plump, hairy maw of her vagina. As my gaze widened to take in the familiar swell of her hips, I remembered what it was like to have her sit on my face. To have her take me into her crack and rub her bottom over me...

I rose, too, and was immediately aware, as I knew Janet was, too, of an uncomfortable bulge in my pants.

‘You want me to sit on you, don’t you?’ she said without embarrassment.

I nodded mutely. There was no need for words. She knew me well enough by now.

A weak smile tugged at her lips. ‘Maybe later,’ she said. ‘Trustees aren’t usually sat on. It’s one of their perks.’

‘I don’t see that as being a plus of the job,’ I answered honestly.

‘Not everyone wants to be smothered, Nathan. Most of the men here are petrified at the sight of a woman’s bottom.’

‘Then they’re fools,’ I replied with feeling. ‘If they’ve got to go, there’s no better way.’

Janet gave a weak shrug. 'For you, perhaps,' she said in a quiet voice. 'But not for every man.'

She crossed to the door. 'This isn't going to be easy for you,' she warned me. 'You're going to have to hold him down. He'll be frightened and begging you to let him go.'

'I understand,' I said in a quiet voice. My pulse was racing. I was nervous and excited in almost equal measure. And envious, too. It made no sense, I knew. A man was about to be sat on and smothered ... and I wanted it to be me! I was pretty sure that, when Eric found out what was going to happen, he'd want it to be me, too!

I was still struggling to come to terms with this new situation when Janet opened the door and put an end to my deliberation. Snapping her fingers, she summoned the men back into the room. They shuffled forward without enthusiasm.

'Murray – Eric,' said Janet curtly, looking from one man to the other. She closed the door behind them and slid a bolt across, locking us inside.

I saw Eric lick his lips expectantly. He knew something was up, and I guessed – from the evil look on his face – that he probably thought I was going to be sat on. It made me dislike him even more. He wouldn't be missed, I told myself. This wasn't just for me. It was for the good of all the men in the camp.

'Are you going to smother him?' he asked maliciously, his tight, weasel eyes darting to the bed.

‘No,’ said Janet, shaking her head slowly. ‘I’m going to smother you!’

Eric’s eyes widened into big pennies of surprise and he took a step back. I moved quickly between him and the door before he had a chance to gather himself. His companion, Murray, looked almost as stunned, but his surprise was tinged with relief.

‘You’ve seen this done to other men,’ said Janet matter-of-factly, ‘so you know the drill. We can do it the easy way – or we can do it the hard way.’

I saw the colour drain from Eric’s face, and he stumbled. ‘Make it easy?’ he repeated stupidly. ‘You’re going to sit on my face! You’re going to fucking smother me with your little hole!’

From the way he moved, and the way his fists clenched, I knew he was about to make a run for it. There was no way he was getting out of this room alive, and, for his sake as much as anything else, I made my move.

Before he had a chance to react, I leapt forward, took hold of his arms and pinned them behind his back. He was smaller than me, but, even so, I knew I couldn’t hold on for long. Fortunately, Murray – acting, no doubt, from a sense of self-preservation – came forward quickly and grabbed hold of Eric’s legs, hoisting them into the air.

‘What the fuck are you doing?’ screamed Eric as – between us – we carried him over to the bed, where Janet was already checking that the straps were unbuckled

and ready for use.

‘Try not to struggle, mate,’ said Murray, without enthusiasm. ‘It’ll be quicker if you let her finish you off.’

‘She’s gonna smother me, you bastards!’ screamed Eric, wriggling so furiously I almost lost my grip. ‘She’s gonna suffocate me with her arse!’

Reaching the bed, we forced Eric onto his back and held him down as Janet secured the straps around his wrists and ankles.

‘Oh, God help me!’ he cried, tossing his head about. ‘God help me, someone! I don’t want to be smothered!’

I leaned in close, anxious to comfort him in some way. It was a stupid thing to do – nothing I could say was going to ease his suffering – but I couldn’t help myself.

‘Take it easy,’ I urged him. ‘It’s just a little hole. Inside a woman’s bottom. You’re a lucky man. It’s the best place in the world.’

And I meant it, too – every last word. But I was speaking for myself, not him. I knew that, even before he glared up at me, his eyes blazing, tears dribbling down his cheeks.

‘Then take my place, you bastard!’ he screamed. ‘Let her sit on you!’

I shook my head. ‘I can’t. I’m sorry. That’s not the way it works.’ I straightened up and looked back at him. ‘But I still say you’re a lucky man...’

‘Enough!’ said Janet, swinging a thigh across Eric’s body, and settling herself on his chest. ‘Take hold of his head, both of you. Keep him still – so he can’t turn his face away.’

We moved like two mindless robots, grabbing Eric by the neck and forcing his head back.

‘No, please! Please!’ he screamed. ‘I’ll do anything! Anything! Don’t let her suffocate me! Please!’

Shuffling backwards, Janet reached down and clawed her buttocks wide. I caught sight of her anus and sniffed strongly, savouring the rich, earthy scent of her arse. It was too much for me. My grip on Eric’s head slackened and he wrenched himself free, turning his face away.

Left to himself, Murray couldn’t hold on, and I could see his distress as he pulled at Eric’s head.

‘Nathan!’ barked Janet, dragging me back to the real world. I reached down and, with difficulty, because Eric was swinging furiously from side to side, took a firm hold and – with Murray’s help – clawed his head back into a face-up

position.

‘Oh, God!’ he shrieked, as Janet opened up her arse. ‘I can see her hole! I can see her little hole!’

‘It won’t take long! I responded, still hoping to reassure him. ‘Not once she’s got you inside her crack!’

‘I don’t want to be inside her crack!’ he screamed fearfully. ‘Oh, God help me, someone! Don’t let her sit on me!’

Those were the last words I heard him speak. A moment later, Janet dropped her bottom onto his head, her buttocks rippling around his face. Reaching back, she clawed her hands through Eric’s hair, bunching her hands into fists as she tugged him into her arse.

Murray and I released our hold at the same time and stepped back. Eric’s fingers were scratching at the air, in a vain attempt to reach Janet’s bottom and push her off. His legs kicked, and his back arched sharply.

A series of muffled groans broke from between Janet’s buttocks as Eric screamed into her crack. I saw her bend forward, tug at his trouser zip and extract his penis. His shaft was short, thick and already half-erect. The moment Janet’s fingers curled around the stem, it jumped and straightened.

It was impossible – for me at least – not to feel a pang of envy as Janet began to

pump Eric's cock. Even Murray, who – I guessed – was taking no pleasure in seeing his friend finished off, could barely drag his eyes away from Eric's shaft. Janet's fingers were flying up and down, coaxing beads of jism from the narrow eye of Eric's urethra. I found myself counting the seconds as they lengthened into minutes: one, two, and then – impossibly – an agonising third. Eric's body gave one last, dramatic lurch as he came. A muffled shriek broke from inside Janet's arse before Eric slumped, twitched several times and finally fell still.

Janet remained in place, as the seed leaked away across his belly. Only when she was satisfied that he was empty – and that he had finally stopped moving – did she lift her bottom from his head. Reaching down, she removed the green band from his arm and threw it towards me. I caught it and slipped it over my arm. I was a trustee now: the band my guarantee – if there was such a thing – that I wouldn't be smothered.

'You can go now,' said Janet, dismissing us curtly. As I looked back, I briefly saw the distress in her eyes. A part of her had enjoyed sitting on Eric, I knew that well enough. But a part of her had not. Not for the first time, the two halves of her make-up – the woman and the Amazon – were at war with each other. When her face tightened into a scowl of disinterest, I knew she was putting on a show for my sake. But, inside, I knew the woman in her was crying.

Without another word – I knew I could say nothing with Murray beside me – I turned and followed my new companion out of the room.

Six

I was sitting on the floor in a narrow cupboard of a room, with no window, and two doors. One led back into the corridor, the other to a small ante-room, fitted with a toilet and sink but no shower. It occurred to me, just then, that I'd been better off in the prison hut with thirty other men for company. There were two camp beds, side by side, but they were flimsy constructions and, though sleeping in them might be possible, I doubted either could take a man's seated weight without collapsing. Murray perched on the floor opposite me, tugging fretfully at the worn cuff of his shirt.

'So what made you volunteer as a trustee?' I asked, though I already knew the answer.

Murray regarded me with a measure of suspicion bordering on hostility. He might not have liked Eric much, but he seemed to like me even less. He shrugged his shoulders listlessly.

'I didn't want to be sat on. When they asked, I took it like a shot.' He huffed loudly. 'Who wouldn't?'

Now it was my turn to shrug. I was about to say that I wouldn't mind, but that would have given too much away.

'So why did she make you a trustee?' he asked abruptly. 'You've only just arrived.'

It occurred to me that, time-wise, we'd all only 'just arrived', but I didn't

contradict him. I considered my response briefly, then made up my mind to go with the truth. Or a version of it, at least.

‘I met Janet out on the street. She was being attacked by a guy with a gun. I knew the Women were sitting on men, and that she might sit on me if I saved her. But I couldn’t help myself.’

Murray frowned. ‘What happened to the guy?’

‘He got away,’ I lied. I didn’t think I’d win Murray’s trust if I told him I’d held on to Tattooed Man while Janet finished him off with her bottom. I shrugged. ‘I might have run, too, but a pack of Women turned up and that was that.’

‘They let you live?’ He looked doubtful.

‘She told them I’d saved her. So they brought me here. Like the rest of you. We’re not all going to be suffocated.’

‘That’s what we like to think,’ said Murray. ‘It’s been six weeks now, and they’re still herding us in. Not everyone lasts the course. Eric’s not the only guy they’ve finished off for fun.’

‘Whoaa!’ I said, interrupting him the moment my brain kicked into gear. ‘What do you mean, six weeks? It’s only been a couple of days.’

Murray looked back at me as if he'd just explained that 2 and 2 were four and I'd suggested it was a banana. 'Yeah, right,' he muttered. 'As if they could set up all these camps across the world in a couple of days.'

'The world?' I repeated. 'They've set up camps all over the world?'

He shook his head. If anything, I appeared to have plunged even further in his estimation. 'Where have you been for the last two months? The Women have taken over everywhere. Some of us are being kept on – if we're useful. The rest are being thinned out.' He avoided my gaze for a moment. 'Like Eric.'

'I'm sorry about your friend,' I said, though without enthusiasm.

'He wasn't my friend,' said Murray. 'He liked to watch men being sat on. Got a kick out of it.' He shook his head. 'That wasn't nice.'

'But six weeks,' I said, still struggling to grasp what I'd just been told. 'It's not possible. I mean – unless I've been out for the count all that time – it hasn't been that long for me.'

'Then you're lucky,' said Murray. 'I tried to get out of the city when it began. I didn't get far. A few of us holed up in a basement for a few days. We had some food and drink, but we knew we couldn't last forever. That's when we decided to make a break for it.'

'What happened?' I knew it was a stupid question. They'd obviously been

caught or he wouldn't be here. But I needed to know. Up to now, I only knew my own story. I was curious how Murray had come to be rounded up.

'There were four of us. We thought about stealing a car and seeing how far we could get. But we knew that would make us an obvious target. So we decided to keep going on foot.' He shook his head slowly and sighed. 'We should have taken the risk. There were so many Women out on the streets, we didn't have a chance.'

'You didn't get far?'

'About three miles.' He rubbed a big, calloused thumb against the palm of his hand. 'It all happened so quickly. They must have been watching us, waiting for us to walk straight into their trap. One minute the streets were empty, the next there were Women everywhere. One of my mates – Jack – made a run for it, but half a dozen of them brought him down.'

He paused for a moment and his face tightened as he relived the memory.

'They were like animals. It was a feeding frenzy. They tore his clothes off. The poor bastard was screaming for them to let him go. Not to sit on him, at any rate.'

He shook his head again. 'They ignored him, of course. Took it in turns to hold him down and sit on his face. The rest of us just stood there, watching. The Women had us surrounded, but they didn't do anything. I think they wanted to make us suffer. In the end, one really big woman sat on his head. But not straightaway. She squatted over his face first and opened up her arse. They've

got his thing they do ... before they finish a man off ...' He faltered and I could see he was struggling to continue.

'They show us their little holes,' I said, finishing the sentence for him.

He nodded mutely.

'It's their way of telling us how weak we are. That we might be men, and we might be bigger and stronger – or think we are – but they've got a little hole inside their bottoms ... and that's all they need to finish us off.'

Murray regarded me curiously. 'You say that as if you believe it. As if you think they're right.'

'They are right,' I replied. 'If they weren't, they wouldn't be running the world now.'

'They can't do it without our help,' objected Murray. 'If we hadn't helped to hold Eric down ...'

I gave a loud huff. 'Janet could have finished him off with or without us. We just made it easier, that's all. As for the rest of us – a woman on her own might be weaker than a man, but these Women hunt in packs. We can't fight off a dozen of them trying to smother us.'

I paused briefly. 'Have you been sat on yet?'

'Only the once,' said Murray in a quiet voice. 'Out on the street ... after they smothered Jack. The minute their friends had finished him off, the rest of the Women turned on us. I thought I was done for. I tried to run, but it was hopeless. I saw one of my mates disappear under a woman's arse. Next thing I knew, I was on my back, looking up ... straight up ... straight up into a woman's crack!'

'You must have been frightened,' I remarked sympathetically.

'I was fucking terrified,' he replied. 'The others were holding me down – keeping my head still so I couldn't move it out of the way – just like Eric...' He lowered his eyes, still struggling with the memory. When he looked up again, his mouth was shaking.

'Her little hole was moving. She was flexing it, so ... so it opened and closed!'

'That's what they do,' I answered a little too eagerly. 'Because they know it frightens us.'

'Well it works,' said Murray. 'I was screaming like a baby, begging her not to suffocate me. I was so sure she was going to finish me off ... that she was going to smother me with her little hole!'

'So what happened?'

‘She sat on me. Took me right up into her crack. I could feel her anus against my nose. I couldn’t breathe. Her cunt was in my mouth. It was as if ...’ He shook his head glumly. ‘As if she was trying to suffocate me with her private parts!’

Murray lowered his eyes again. This time, without looking up, he muttered, ‘It was horrible. I was sure she was going to finish me off. One of the Women was tugging at my pants. She took hold of my cock. She began to fucking wank me!’

‘They do that, too,’ I said. ‘It’s as if they want to give us some pleasure. As if they’re trying to say sorry for what they’re doing.’

‘You really believe that?’ asked Murray, lifting his head, a look of utter disbelief in his eyes.

‘Yes, I do,’ I replied honestly. ‘But even if I’m wrong, it’s got to help, surely ... when they sit on us.’

He regarded me curiously. ‘You’re a queer one,’ he muttered. ‘It’s almost as if you don’t care whether they sit on you or not.’

I shrugged. ‘Maybe I don’t. There are worse things in this world than having a woman shove her arse-hole in your face.’

‘That’s a matter of opinion,’ said Murray sourly.

I decided to change the subject. ‘What I don’t understand is how you can say all this has been going on for at least six weeks – when it’s only been a couple of days for me.’

Murray climbed awkwardly to his feet and paced what little floor-space was available to him. ‘None of this is real,’ he muttered, more to himself than to me. ‘Not the way we’ve always understood real to be. What does it matter if it’s been five minutes to one person or five years to someone else? Whatever’s happened – none of it makes sense.’

He was right, of course. The possibility that six weeks had gone by made it easier to understand how these camps had been set up and men herded in. Even if, for me, only two days had passed.

Another thought nagged at the back of my mind. Those men I’d seen on the streets where we’d met Tattooed Man. I’d thought they must have come into work the following morning – and been sat on by the Women they’d worked alongside. That didn’t make a lot of sense, either. But what if – just like me, and Murray – they were working to a different time-frame? What if we all were? It might sound a crazy idea, but then everything about this whole affair was crazy.

I wished Tom was here. I could have talked to him about it. He’d have had something to useful to say. I’m no scientist, but I know there are worm-holes and black-holes, and that time operates differently when you’re close to one. Maybe we’d all entered this nightmare at a different point in time? Some of us earlier; some of us later. Wasn’t there some theory about parallel universes? Maybe that’s all this was: a million, billion parallel universes somehow colliding to create something new.

I shook my head listlessly. It didn’t matter. The world no longer made sense.

From now on, there seemed little point in questioning anything. I might as well go along with things. We were in a world run by Women. More importantly, we were in a world in which Women ran things through the power of their bare bottoms. It might be crazy – but it was my kind of world. Mine and Tom's, at least.

'I was with a friend,' I said quickly. 'When I was captured. They sat on him, too, but I don't know what happened to him. His name was Tom. Black guy. Good-looking. A doctor.'

Murray huffed. 'I'm only responsible for the men in our hut. I haven't seen anyone like your friend. He could be in one of the other huts. Or they might have finished him off. I wouldn't worry. You're never going to find out.'

I opened my mouth to respond, then shut it again. I didn't want to say too much. Murray was terrified of being sat on. I doubted he'd have any qualms in reporting me to whoever ran this camp if he thought it would win him a few more brownie points. Anything to put off the evil day when he'd be sat on again – maybe for the last time.

'So what happens now?' I asked, changing the subject yet again. 'Now I'm a trustee.'

Murray looked at his watch. 'We're allowed a 30-minute break in-between any series of authorised smotherings. Then we round up another two men to be sat on. We take them to the Suffocation Hut—'

'Dear God...' I muttered, at the dreadful image the name conjured up.

Murray shook his head. 'It's just a name they've given the place. They know it terrifies the men when we take them there. But no one's finished off. Not usually, at least. Unless a woman loses control. Or the man tries to resist – like Sid.' He hesitated. 'Or he asks for it.'

I stared back blankly. 'Asks for it?'

'Some of the men can't take any more. Either the waiting – or the being sat on. Most men are smothered at least once a day. But if a woman takes a liking to a man, she might torture him for hours. Sitting on his face till he passes out, then waiting for him to come round. Then doing it again.' He shook his head grimly. 'Can you imagine what that must be like? To be smothered by a bare-bottomed woman, hour after hour, day in, day out?'

I didn't reply. I didn't dare. I could feel a warm, familiar glow in my belly as my imagination worked overtime. It might be Murray's idea of hell – but it was my idea of heaven.

'You mean some of the men ... ask to be finished off?' I said, struggling to keep the excitement out of my voice.

'It has to be cleared by the Camp Commander, but yes, some of them do. They can't take it any more. I hate that part...'

'Why?'

‘There’s a ritual they have to go through – and we have to be with them, if they’ve come from our hut.’

‘What sort of ritual?’

‘The Women say it’s to make sure they really want to be smothered. But I think they do it because it turns them on. And it reminds us – the trustees – who’s in charge.’

He took a deep breath. I could see he was trying to steady his nerves. It was obvious he’d been through this more than once.

‘And there’s another thing. The men we take to the hut – the men who are going to be smothered. We have to hold them down ... while the Women sit on them.’

I shrugged. That didn’t surprise me.

‘Their legs are tied up, but their arms are left free. We have to hold their hands down – so they can’t push the Women off.’

‘That’s a bit cruel,’ I said, but without feeling.

‘Eric liked that part. He liked to feel them struggle.’ He shook his head again. ‘It

turned him on.'

'But not you?' I inquired curiously.

'No, not me,' said Murray. 'I do what I have to do ... so they won't sit on me. But it doesn't mean I like it.'

I was still mulling this over when the door to our room was suddenly flung open and a woman stood framed in the entrance. Like all the Women I'd seen since this nightmare had kicked off, she was naked. I tried to avert my eyes from her plump, fleshy hips, and the proud, shaven swell of her cunt. She saw me look away and smiled mischievously.

'Rest break's over,' she announced, reaching down and crudely stroking her vagina. 'We girls need some more men to park our bottoms on.' She giggled wickedly. 'Some fresh noses for our little holes...'

Murray led the way out of the room and I followed like a sheep. For some reason, I suddenly felt nervous. For the first time, I realised that, without Janet to protect me, I was vulnerable.

The girl followed, so close that, every now and then, her hands brushed against my bottom. When I heard her chuckle, I knew it was no accident. When she leaned in close, breathed in my ear and whispered, 'I'd like to sit on you,' I felt my penis harden.

I faltered, unable to restrain a muffled groan.

‘You bad boy!’ she giggled, cupping one of my buttocks in her hand and squeezing gently. ‘You want me to sit on you! You want to see my little hole!’

I shook my head. ‘No,’ I responded quickly. It was a lie, of course – I’d have been happy for her to sit on me there and then. I didn’t want to make it obvious, but perhaps it was obvious. She certainly seemed to have picked up on the real me ...

By now we’d come to a complete halt. The girl snaked one arm around my shoulder. Her other hand dropped to my groin and she began to stroke me gently over my pants.

‘Do bum-holes excite you?’ she whispered. ‘Do you like to lick them?’

‘No,’ I said weakly, wanting nothing more than to shove my face so far up her arse I could see her tonsils. ‘Please,’ I muttered, trying desperately to play a part I had no wish to play. I was a trustee; a man who’d taken on the job because an arse-hole on my face was the last thing in the world I wanted. Or at least that was how I was meant to feel. I might not be that man but if my only chance of getting out of this place alive was to pretend to be him, then that’s what I would have to do.

‘I could rub my little hole on you,’ she hissed, squeezing my groin a little harder. ‘Finish you off, if that’s what you wanted. You only have to ask ...’

I tried to pull away. Not too forcibly, because I didn't want her to mistake my response for insolence. Janet had warned me to be careful. But it wasn't easy. Not for the first time, a part of me yearned for this to be over with. All I had to do was to ask this girl to finish me off and she'd do it. She'd take me into her crack, right up into her bottom ... and suffocate me with her little hole! But that part of me that wanted to survive – if only to be sat on in the future – kicked in again.

'Please,' I said quietly, in as fearful a voice as I could manage. 'I don't want to be smothered. I don't want to see your little hole. Please!'

She gave what sounded like a genuine huff of dismay, and removed her hand from my crotch. 'Pity,' she murmured. 'I could have given you a really good time ... before I finished you off!'

I took a deep breath and swallowed hard. What I wouldn't have given for just a minute inside her crack. Instead, she pushed me forward as if she'd lost all interest. Murray hadn't turned around or acknowledged what was happening in any way. I knew how much he feared being sat on and I guessed he'd decided that his safest bet was to keep his nose clean and hope he wasn't somehow dragged in.

In no time at all, we had left our hut, crossed a short stretch of open ground and mounted the steps to the building in which I'd originally found myself: the one housing up to thirty men whose sole purpose in life now was to provide faces for Women to sit on.

'We want a couple of young ones, this time,' said the girl, addressing Murray. 'None of these old bastards you keep bringing us.' She giggled. 'Some men aren't getting their fair share of little holes.'

Murray nodded, as we climbed the steps. He unbolted the door, which was locked from the outside, and we entered in grim silence.

‘What was that all about?’ I asked as the door closed behind us. We were in a small ante-room. Just a few feet away was another door, which led into the main area of the hut.

‘Eric liked to pick the same men each time, if he could,’ said Murray. ‘Men he’d taken a dislike to. Some poor buggers got ridden two or three times a day. He said the Women were so keen to sit on someone, they wouldn’t notice.’ He shrugged. ‘He was right – up to a point – but it wasn’t fair.’

‘So what do we do now?’ I asked.

‘We do what she told us to,’ said Murray. ‘We bring them a couple of young men.’ He sighed mournfully. ‘With luck, they’ll be a couple of randy buggers who don’t mind being sat on.’

That, as it turned out, was a vain hope. The room fell silent as we entered. Men fell back as if Murray and I were the Grim Reaper and his apprentice come to visit. Sadly, that wasn’t so far from the truth.

I scanned the room for Frank – the only guy in here I’d spoken to – but couldn’t immediately spot him. I knew he’d be surprised to see me back so soon – and wearing the insignia of a trustee.

‘We have to do this quickly,’ said Murray, keeping his voice low. ‘The Women don’t like to be kept waiting.’

As it turned out, though the hut was a good mixture of ages, there were only five or six men who met the girl’s criteria. Gathering them in a group, Murray addressed them in a loud voice. However he might feel inside, I could see he meant business. It was still them or us, and he was determined it would never be him if he could help it.

‘The Women want to sit on a couple of younger guys. We need two volunteers.’

I’d half-expected there to be some show of protest from the other men in the hut, but, other than a general gloomy murmur, no one spoke out. These five young men, it seemed, were to be left to their fate. I couldn’t blame them. No one wanted to cross a trustee.

I don’t know why, but I felt certain one of them would raise his hand. Surely someone here must share my longing to be sat on? If they did, I reckoned it would be one of the younger men – if for no other reason than that they were younger, and lustful enough to take a chance – if it meant getting personal with a naked woman.

But I was wrong. No one seemed keen to be sat on. If anything, they looked more frightened than the older men. Just then, an awful thought occurred to me.

‘Have none of you been sat on yet?’

There was a collective shaking of heads and five pairs of eyes stared at the floor as if that might somehow render them invisible.

They looked so vulnerable that I almost felt sorry for them. No, ignore that – I did feel sorry for them. True, two of them were going to be given a chance to experience something I'd have happily seized. But – unlike me – it was the last thing in the world they wanted.

How any man could balk at the prospect of being smothered inside a woman's butt baffled me. On the other hand, I've never been that keen to experience the dubious delights of having hot wax poured onto my nipples, or being force-fed raw parsnips. So each to their own. I just wished I could have offered to take the place of one or even both of the men who were about to be chosen and suffer on their behalf. That was the real pity of what was about to happen.

'It's just a little hole,' I said, repeating a familiar mantra. One that floated my boat, but wasn't – I knew well enough – of any comfort to these poor lads, two of whom were shortly to be sat on. 'Just a little hole inside a woman's bottom. It won't hurt you.'

It was clear, from the way they huddled close, that any suggestion on my part that they were unlikely to suffer harm from being inside a woman's arse cut no ice.

'That's enough,' said Murray, taking control again. 'We don't have all day. If no-one's going to volunteer, we'll just take two of you.' He gave them another few seconds in the hope they'd make the decision for him. When no-one moved, he reached out and tapped two of the men on the shoulder. 'All right,' he said, in a

flat, emotionless voice. 'This way. The Women don't like to be kept waiting.'

The two men flinched, as if they'd just been plugged into the national grid. They flung themselves backwards as their reprieved companions moved away, thankful not to have been chosen.

'Why me?' cried one of them. 'It's not fair!' I haven't been here long!

The other lad opened his mouth to voice a separate objection, then shut it again, and burst into tears.

'What are their names?' asked Murray, addressing a frightened young man to his left. The lad raised a finger and pointed at each man in turn. 'That's Gerry,' he said. 'And he's Alan...'

'We'll take one each,' said Murray, without looking at me. 'We've wasted enough time. Come on!'

He grabbed hold of Gerry, who had collapsed on the floor, and hauled him to his feet. The lad made a feeble attempt to resist, but Murray was a big man and had no trouble in restraining him. It was clear, from the way the others backed away, that no one was planning to interfere. It didn't surprise me. Every man was anxious to keep as low a profile as possible, so as not to make himself a candidate for being sat on.

Reluctantly, I took hold of Alan's arm and steered him forward. He was shaking

dreadfully, as if in the grip of some debilitating fever. ‘I don’t want to go,’ he whined feebly. ‘Please don’t make me go! I don’t want to be sat on!’

‘It’s all right,’ I said, doing my best to reassure him. ‘They won’t hurt you. They’re just going to rub their bottoms on you, that’s all.’

‘No, they’re not!’ he cried, trying to tug himself free. ‘They’re going to smother me! I’ve seen what they do! Out on the streets! They’ll finish me off! I’m going to die inside a woman’s arse!’

‘No you’re not!’ I responded sharply. Though it helped that I believed what I was saying, I wanted to calm him down nonetheless. The other men in the hut were watching nervously as we went past them. Some had already been sat on; some were still waiting their turn. That made them fearful, and fear could prove our enemy. Wide-scale panic was the last thing we needed. A young man being dragged off, screaming that a woman was going to sit on his face and smother him to death with her bare bottom, wasn’t likely to calm anyone down.

‘You’re making a fuss over nothing!’ I insisted, tightening my grip on his arm. ‘I leaned in close and whispered in his ear. ‘If you keep making a fuss maybe they will finish you off! Maybe a woman will take you right up into her bottom and smother you with her little hole!’

It was cruel of me to speak to him like that, but I genuinely thought it was for the best. He was terrified – that was only natural – but even I could see he was in danger of terrifying everyone else in the room, too. The sooner we were out of there, the better – for all our sakes.

When the door closed behind us and we found ourselves in the small ante-chamber between the main hut and the outside world, Alan and Gerry dropped to their knees, hands clasped together, sobbing openly. They were both incapable of speech and it would have taken the stoniest of hearts not to feel pity for them.

‘Will you shut the fuck up!’ yelled Murray, finally losing his temper. ‘You’re not the only men who are going to be sat on! Every man in this camp is going to end up with his head up a woman’s arse! The sooner you get used to it, the better!’

‘But they might smother us!’ whimpered Alan, his entire body shaking. ‘I don’t want to be smothered!’

‘I’ve told you – they won’t smother you!’ I said, breaking in. ‘They’re going to sit on you, yes. And you might think you’re being smothered, because ...’ I shook my head. ‘They’ll sit on you hard – because that’s what they do. But they just want to have your face up there – inside their bottoms. It makes them happy – they don’t want to hurt you.’

Gerry shook his head miserably. ‘It’s wrong. Doing this to us! It’s wrong!’

‘Well, I’m sorry, lad,’ said Murray wearily. ‘That’s what they do, and it’s something you’re going to have to get used to.’ He released a dull sigh. ‘You’re going to be seeing a lot of little holes from now on.’

Alan’s face crumpled and he groaned. ‘Oh, God,’ he muttered. ‘Oh, God, I’m so frightened!’

‘We all are,’ I lied. ‘None of us wants to be inside a woman’s bottom, but that’s the way it has to be. This is their world now. They make the rules.’

The two lads were still weeping as we half-pushed, half-dragged them through the door and into the outside world. I let Murray take the lead and followed behind as we crossed a short stretch of gravelled tarmac, then made our way up a short flight of stairs into a long hut that stood on its own, directly opposite the neat rows of men’s accommodation.

This, I guessed, was the Suffocation Hut Murray had mentioned earlier – the place given over to the smothering process. As we mounted the steps, I felt a warm glow in my belly and my legs wobbled. Dear God, I thought ... this is where men are being sat on round the clock!

‘You lucky bastards,’ I muttered to myself, as the door to the hut opened and we pushed the young lads into the room beyond.

Much like in the men’s accommodation, we found ourselves in a small ante-chamber, with a door immediately ahead of us that led into the main hut.

‘Take your clothes off,’ said Murray, addressing both men.

If the request took me by surprise, it clearly horrified the two lads.

‘The Women want you naked,’ said Murray. ‘It’s for your own good,’ he explained. ‘One of them will masturbate you ... while you’re being sat on.’

It was obvious, from the look on both their faces, that neither man knew what to make of this.

‘They’ll give you relief,’ said Murray quickly. He made a crude pumping gesture with his hand. ‘You’ll get some of this from a naked woman, for God’s sake! Which is more than we get. Be grateful!’

I’d imagined the two lads would put up a fight but, as if all the stuffing had been knocked out of them, they quickly – if reluctantly – undressed, clutching their clothes and shoes close as if they were a shield.

‘Right,’ said Murray, as he stepped forward, took hold of the door handle and turned it sharply down. ‘This way, you poor bastards...’

Seven

The moment we were through, it was all Murray and I could do to hold onto our prisoners. The hut was long and broad, with twenty-five beds either side, making fifty in all. The entire room was a hive of activity – the air filled with muffled shrieks and groans. It was total bedlam – a grim, facesitting slaughterhouse. Every cot was occupied by a naked male. Trustees stood at one end of each bed, holding onto their man's arms. The victims' legs were strapped down, ensuring they couldn't kick their way free. A bare-bottomed woman sat on each man's upturned face, writhing furiously. Their screams of delight merged with muted squeals of terror. A second woman sat on each bed, pumping the man's cock. Other Women perched on chairs lined up against the walls of the hut, eagerly awaiting their turn.

Alan staggered back, almost knocking me off balance.

'God help me,' he muttered feebly. 'Those poor men... They're all being smothered!'

I wrapped my arms around him, in part to keep him upright, and in part to ensure he didn't make a run for it. He wouldn't have got far, but there was no point in taking the risk.

On the bed closest to me, a Woman wriggled happily. All at once, she threw back her head, gave an almighty scream and collapsed. The woman at the man's midriff pumped him one last time and he came, spewing his semen across his belly. His body gave a sharp, dramatic jerk and he fell still.

'Oh, fuck – she's killed him!' screamed Alan. 'She's killed him with her bottom!'

‘She hasn’t killed him!’ said Murray sharply. ‘He’s just passed out, that’s all. No harm done. See!’ Still clinging to Gerry, he gestured with his free hand as the man on the bed was untied and lifted into an upright position. A trustee waved a small uncapped bottle under his nose – smelling salts, I guessed – and even I was relieved to see the man’s head give a sudden jerk and his eyes flash open. He was pale and weak, but he was still alive.

As he was dragged off the bed, one of the Women who had been sitting stood up and hurried forward. The other seated Women quickly moved up one, allowing the female who had just risen from the man’s head to take her place at the end of the line. The girl who had jerked him off called Murray forward as she moved to the top of the bed.

I realised at once that it was now her turn to sit. The mass suffocation process was a well-oiled one: one woman to sit on the man, one to masturbate him. The one who sat then returned to the back of the queue while the masturbator took her place, and so on. It struck me as a great kindness that the Women gave pleasure to the man being smothered. I honestly couldn’t see what Alan and Gerry had to complain about. Not for the first time, it distressed me that I couldn’t take their place.

‘It’s your turn now,’ said Murray as he pushed Gerry forward.

‘Will it hurt?’ muttered Gerry. ‘I don’t want it to hurt...’

‘It won’t hurt,’ said Murray petulantly. I guessed he’d been forced to answer this question regularly and no longer had much patience for the man who asked it. ‘Put your clothes under the bed, then lie on your back. You’ll be strapped down

and I'll hold onto your arms.'

Gerry's face was blank with terror. His eyes welled up and he began to shake.

'You won't let her suffocate me, will you? Please?' he muttered anxiously.

'I won't let her suffocate you,' said Murray, with as much conviction as he could muster. I knew as well as he did that it wasn't his decision to make, but it seemed to give Gerry some comfort.

Reluctantly, the young lad climbed onto the bed and lay down on his back. His chest rose and fell and I saw him bite down on his lower lip. He folded his arms across his chest and his fingers balled into fists.

I saw his nostrils flare and he stifled a despairing moan as straps were fastened around his ankles, securing his legs to the foot of the bed.

'Courage, lad,' said Murray, reaching out and taking hold of Gerry's wrists. He might be keen to ensure his own safety first and foremost – and who could blame him? – but he clearly took no pleasure from what he had to do.

'I'm frightened,' mumbled Gerry, as Murray eased his arms back, stretching them out behind his head.

'It's all right,' said Murray, sympathetically. 'I'll be here with you the whole

time. You'll be safe, I promise.'

For my part, I clung on fast to Alan, who was staring straight ahead, unable to take his eyes off Gerry. The woman who was about to masturbate him sat down, and closed her hands around Gerry's balls and shaft. He tightened his mouth and released a shrill whine as she quickly pumped him erect. I saw Murray take a firm grip on his wrists as the woman who was to smother him swung a meaty thigh across Gerry's chest, and squatted low over his head.

Gerry rolled his eyes backwards, and the colour drained from his face as he gazed up into the woman's crack.

Looking past her shoulder, a wicked grin brightened her face. 'Can you see my little hole?' she inquired cruelly. 'Can you see the opening into my bottom?'

Gerry's face crumpled. The edges of his mouth dropped and he began to sob.

The woman chuckled dismissively. 'Fancy crying, when all a girl wants to do ... is take you into her butt-crack!'

This time, whatever remained of Gerry's nerve drained away. He threw back his head and wailed miserably.

'Oh, God!' he cried! 'Her bum-hole! Her bum-hole! She's going to smother me with her bum-hole!'

Alongside me, Alan staggered, and I was forced to cling on tightly. Just then, a nearby bed was freed up, its occupant untied and handed back to his trustee. Alan was so preoccupied with Gerry that he failed to realise that it was now his turn to be strapped to a bed and sat on.

The last thing he saw – and heard – was Gerry’s face disappearing into the woman’s bottom, her buttocks moulding themselves around his head as he screamed into her crack.

‘Your turn,’ I said sternly, hoping the harshness in my voice might be enough to quash his fear. It was a daft thought. Suddenly aware that he was about to suffer Gerry’s fate, Alan’s despair turned to horror. His body tightened and he began kicking out, trying his utmost to tug himself free.

I couldn’t hold him back – not on my own – and was grateful when two of the Women leapt up from their chairs, hurried over and seized him bodily, steering him without ceremony onto the bed. He lashed out with his arms and legs, howling pitifully.

‘Oh, God!’ he cried. ‘I don’t want to be sat on! I don’t want to be sat on!’

With me still clinging on as best I could, the three of us manoeuvred him onto his back. I threw myself across his chest, using my weight to flatten him. While I held him down, the Women quickly buckled the straps around his ankles, securing his legs to the foot of the bed.

‘Please help me! Oh, God help me, please!’ he wept, almost deafening me with his screams. ‘I don’t want to be smothered! Please! I don’t want to be

smothered!' he threw his head from side to side, splashing my face with his tears. 'Not inside her bottom! Please!'

'There's nothing to be frightened of,' I replied uselessly. 'It's just a little hole. Such a tiny little thing. It won't hurt you!'

'You bastard!' he cried. 'You're as bad as they are!' He shook his head more fiercely than ever. 'Oh, God, I'm frightened! I'm so frightened!'

'I'll be here the whole time,' I said, still trying to reassure him. 'Holding on to you.'

'You'll be holding me down!' he cried. 'Holding me down while she suffocates me!'

'She's not going to suffocate you!' I responded angrily. I couldn't help myself. As far as I was concerned the stupid bastard didn't know how lucky he was. Being sat on by a bare-bottomed woman and jerked off into the bargain.

'Take hold of his arms!' yelled a voice behind me. Turning around, I saw a large-breasted, fleshy woman the size of Janet, slapping her hips crudely.

I felt a cold, anguished knot in the pit of my stomach. How I wanted it to be me strapped down. How I wanted it to be me about to have my face shoved up inside a woman's arse!

‘Get on with it!’ she barked. She had a greedy look in her eyes, like a child on Christmas morning eager to open her presents. She clawed at her buttocks and, in my mind’s eye, I imagined her anus opening crudely.

Jumping up, I grappled with Alan’s arms. He lashed out, desperate not to be caught, horribly aware of what would happen to him the moment he was. Throwing back his head, he caught sight of Gerry on the bed beside him. His friend’s body had arched dramatically, his muffled squeals of terror breaking against a woman’s arse. In that moment, he saw his own, doomed future and howled again.

As he froze, I pulled back fiercely on his arms, stretched them out, and took a firm hold on his wrists. He recovered himself too late.

‘Oh, my God!’ he cried. ‘Oh, God, no! Please, nooooo!’

The moment I had him, the woman whose job it was to masturbate him sat down, took hold of his cock and began to pump. Like any man, he tried to resist, screaming and heaving, as if somehow he might tear himself free. But as the first wave of excitement hit his belly, he found himself trapped in that tormented no-man’s land between pleasure and pain.

His body tightened and he released a shrill whimper of delight.

‘Oh, please, no,’ he whimpered. ‘Please, nooooo!’

A moment later, the big-bosomed woman climbed onto the bed and swung a huge thigh across his chest.

From my vantage point, as she shuffled back, I could see she had an unusually large anus. This was no 'little hole'. It was a long, knotted fissure, slicing a wrinkled pathway through the dark chasm of her crack.

Looking up and catching sight of it for the first time, Alan released a shriek of utter despair.

'Oh, dear God!' he screamed. 'It's huge! Her arse-hole's fucking huge!'

I wanted to say something – anything – to calm him down, but there was nothing I could say. It was a huge arse-hole, and she was going to use it on him. She was going to lower herself onto his face and smother him as hard as she could until he stopped moving – because that's what the Women in here did. They sat on men's heads ... and smothered them with their bottoms.

I had to bite down hard and concentrate on the job in hand. At the sight of the woman's anus, my legs wobbled and I almost lost my grip. I turned away, then turned back. I couldn't help myself. Once again, I was in my own fantasy world, dreaming what it must feel like to be Alan – held down, and forcibly masturbated by one woman ... while a second lowered her bare bottom onto my face.

Alan's eyes rolled backwards and he stared up at me pleadingly. 'Please!' he wailed. 'Oh, for the love of God, let me go! Don't let her sit on me, please!'

I gazed back, and felt sick to my stomach. I might happily have changed places with the poor bastard, but it didn't stop me from being aware of his distress. He was absolutely terrified, aware that his only chance of delaying the evil moment was for me to free his hands. It was a ridiculous hope, of course. Even if I had let him go, his freedom would have been short-lived. There were enough Women in the hut more than happy to hold him down.

'It's better this way!' I yelled back. 'I'm sorry ... you have to be smothered!'

In response, Alan released an ear-piercing shriek and threw his head one way, then the other in quick succession. His futile bid to escape only delayed the inevitable. The woman's arse was huge and, as she lowered herself onto his head, it was, I knew, only a matter of time before she would ensnare his nose in her anus.

I watched, utterly transfixed – and not a little envious – as she tugged on her cheeks and smoothed her buttocks around his head. Tilting her body, she manoeuvred her monstrous opening closer to his nose, her damp crack glued to the side of his face. I found myself breathing deeply, nostrils flared, as I sucked in the rich, earthy scent that drifted up from her bottom.

Drowning as he was in her smell, I heard Alan shriek again. Panic-stricken, he tried to shift his head around, in the hope of dragging himself away from her large, threatening hole. It was a fatal miscalculation. In his attempt to shift himself to the other side, his nose and mouth came into direct contact with her crack. The moment they did, the woman pressed down hard ... and secured an unbreakable hold on his head. She had him inside her bottom!

I heard one last squeal of despair as Alan's head vanished into the plump canyon of her arse. His body gave a violent jerk and his arms tightened. I was forced to bear down with all my weight to keep my hold on him. His hands balled into fists and he punched the air. Dear God, I thought ... what torments of the damned must he be suffering?

The woman on his face threw back her head and howled with delight. She clutched at her buttocks and wriggled strongly. All around me, other Women were doing the same. The air was thick with the muffled screams of men being smothered – screams overlaid by the joyful cries of Women as they came, spilling their juices into unwilling male mouths.

Buried inside the woman's crack, I saw Alan's head jerk sharply between her buttocks. I held my breath for as long as I could, thinking how lucky he was to be trapped inside her arse, with her anus pressed to his nose, drowning him in its rich, earthy scent.

I was so engrossed in my fantasy world that I failed to notice a woman creep up behind me. When her hands snaked around my waist, I yelped and almost surrendered my grip on Alan's wrists.

'Don't let him go!' she warned me harshly, her damp mouth pressed to my ear. 'Make sure he can't get away!'

I released a second, muffled squeal as her fingers fumbled at my trouser zip and extracted my penis.

'This is your first time holding a man down!' she giggled crudely. 'Let's see

what you're made of!'

What I was made of, I promptly decided, was some sort of slow-setting jelly. As her fingers closed around my cock and balls, I sagged dangerously, biting my lip in a flurry of excitement and despair.

Breathing strongly through my nose, I did my best to cling onto Alan, while still remaining upright. It wasn't so easy, now that I was fully erect and a soft hand was cradling my balls.

'Just think what he's going through,' she muttered in my ear. 'Having a girl sit on his face so he can't breathe!' She giggled lightly and pumped a little faster. 'He must be so frightened ... being trapped inside a woman's bottom!'

I sagged again, staggered, bit down hard and groaned. I wanted to come so badly now, to release Alan's hands and have this woman empty my balls. But a warning voice in my head shouted 'No!' What if this were a test, not a game? If I spilled my load and let Alan go free, would they sit on me, too? It wasn't that I didn't want to be sat on – it was just that I knew that my only chance of survival was through being a trustee and somehow – though God knows how – engineering an escape.

And so I did my best to empty my mind of the crude images flooding through it. It wasn't me being smothered inside a woman's bottom, it was Alan! It was Alan who was struggling, his thin hands twisted into claws, scratching at the empty air.

Yet despite my every effort, it was impossible to ignore the effect the woman's

hands were having on me. I wasn't made of stone. The more she pumped, the more my resolve weakened. I knew it, and she knew it, too. There was only so much more I could take – and I was almost at my limit now.

I clamped my eyes shut and fought the urge to come. Somewhere, in the grim darkness, I heard a shrill, muted squeal – one last, pathetic cry as Alan came, the breath in his lungs finally gone as his head heaved inside a woman's arse. I felt his arms jerk strongly several times in quick succession and then he went limp. It was over ...

In the next moment, I gave up the ghost and surrendered to the inevitable. I might have held on a fraction longer, but when a voice whispered one last time in my ear I was done for.

'I want to sit on you,' the woman sighed. 'I want to sit on your face and smother you with my little hole!'

That would have been too much for me at the best of times. With one of her hands flying up and down my cock, and the other cradling my balls, there was no earthly way I could hold out. I came on the spot, spurting thick wads of semen into the air.

I clung to Alan's arms for support, groaning as my penis juddered strongly. Gobbets of my seed were running down the back of the woman who'd smothered him; the rest dribbled over my shaft. Behind me, the girl who had jerked me off, finally relinquished her hold.

'Remember,' she hissed one last time in my ear. 'If you ever tire of your time

here ... my little hole can put you out of your misery.'

And then she was gone and I was left to tidy up my mess as best I could. The woman who'd smothered poor Alan seemed not to notice – or care – that I'd sprayed her back with seed. I guessed I wasn't the first man who'd been made to come in that position.

As I pulled myself together, I saw that Murray was already helping a dazed Gerry to his feet. Instinctively, I hauled Alan off the bed. He was still unconscious, and it wasn't easy to move him. Fortunately, the moment I had him upright, his body gave a sharp jolt and he coughed – like a half-drowned man rescued from the sea.

The sudden movement caught me by surprise and I almost lost my balance. Recovering myself, I eased Alan away. I was aware that another man – who had presumably arrived after us – was already being manoeuvred into position on the bed. He moved reluctantly, but didn't resist. He either enjoyed being sat on – which, from his reluctance seemed unlikely – or he'd been smothered before, and had resigned himself to his fate.

As Murray eased his way past me, supporting the stricken Gerry, I followed with Alan as quickly as I could.

Eight

We passed two trustees as we left the hut, forcing their reluctant charges ahead of them. By now Alan and Gerry, though still groggy, had recovered sufficiently to walk unaided.

‘I don’t want to go through that again,’ muttered Alan. ‘Being inside a woman’s bottom. Being right up her hole...’

‘They gave you relief,’ I pointed out. ‘You had a good time down there. It wasn’t all bad.’

He looked at me as if I was from another planet. ‘You must be fucking joking!’ he responded in a shrill voice. ‘I was inside a woman’s crack!’ His face crumpled miserably. ‘She had her anus over my nose! She was suffocating me with it!’

‘She didn’t hurt you,’ I reminded him. ‘She could have smothered you, but she didn’t. And her friend jerked you off. You should be grateful.’

His look of bemusement deepened. ‘You’re crazy!’ he muttered, shaking his head. ‘It’s all right for you! They don’t sit on trustees! You don’t have to sniff a woman’s bottom!’

I wanted to say, ‘Don’t remind me, but he seemed confused enough as it was. He was safe – for the time being – but I doubted he’d ever be grateful. He knew he’d be sat on again in the days, weeks, months – maybe even years that lay ahead – and it wasn’t something he was looking forward to.’

‘I reckon he’ll ask them to finish him off,’ said Murray a few hours later, when we were taking our scheduled break. After we’d dropped off Alan and Gerry, we’d taken two more men over to the Suffocation Hut, and two more again after that. None of them had struggled as much as the two young lads – but they’d been frightened enough nonetheless. If there were any men in the camp who enjoyed being sat on – I hadn’t met them yet.

‘Men like him always crack,’ said Murray. ‘They hate being smothered so much, they just want it over with ... permanently.’

‘I can’t believe any man would want that,’ I replied. ‘Not if he hates it so much.’

Murray shrugged. ‘You’d be surprised what men will do to avoid being sat on. One guy tried to hang himself. The others stopped him. They knew what would happen if they didn’t...’

I frowned. ‘What do you mean?’

‘The Women know some lads can’t take it. They’ve told the men – if anyone tops himself, then ten of them will be sat on and smothered. All the way...’

‘I can see why that would make them keep an eye on each other.’ I hesitated. ‘What happened to him? The guy who tried to hang himself...’

Murray rubbed his big hands together, and lowered his eyes. ‘They took him to

the camp commander.' He swallowed hard. 'She sat on his face ... and finished him off with her bottom!'

He was silent for a few seconds. When he looked up again, his face was ashen. 'Eric and I had to hold him down. No straps or anything. I held his legs, Eric held his arms.' He shook his head slowly. 'She took her time ... really made him suffer. That's when I knew ... what these Women are capable of. She was making us suffer as much as him.'

'I still find it hard to believe. That a man who hates being sat on so much would actually ask to be smothered.'

'Why not?' said Murray. 'If they don't, they know it's going to happen again and again. At least this way, it's finally over for them.'

'She jerked me off,' I said abruptly, changing the subject. 'That woman. While I was holding Alan down. What the hell was that about?'

'They do it to every trustee,' said Murray, 'the first time we take a man to the Suffocation Hut. It's a ritual they put us all through.'

'You could have told me,' I muttered peevishly.

'They warn us not to,' he replied, with the closest he'd yet come to a smile. 'They like it to be a surprise...'

I sighed. 'It's not the worst thing that's ever happened to me.'

'No,' said Murray grimly. 'I'm pretty sure that's still to come.' He paused. 'And maybe sooner than you think.'

'What's that supposed to mean?'

'There's a guy in our hut – the one we're responsible for – Arthur. He's been sat on twenty times in the past week.' He shook his head grimly. 'Twenty different holes ... can you imagine what that must be like?'

I didn't want to imagine it, but didn't tell him. I knew I was going to find it hard enough to sleep tonight without the thought of twenty different bottoms coming down on me.

'I doubt he can take much more,' said Murray. 'Eric used to pick on him – choose him more times than anyone else. He was half-dead the last time we carried him back.'

'Well, Eric's not around now,' I pointed out. 'So he's got nothing to worry about.'

'The damage has been done,' said Murray fatalistically. 'The Women know how much he hates being sat on – so they'll pick on him, too. They love it when they know a man's afraid. Really afraid...'

‘They can’t be that cruel, surely?’ I don’t know why I said that. It was a stupid remark. I’d seen the way the Women operated. They were capable of anything...

Murray regarded me thoughtfully for several seconds, but said nothing. We lapsed into an uncomfortable silence after that. I think both of us preferred the inside of our own heads to conversation.

The next two days were, quite frankly, the most bizarre and unsettling in my life. OK, so I’d seen a few unusual things recently, but this was weird on overdrive. I lost track of how many men we took to the Suffocation Hut. The entire process was so well-organised that it rarely took more than 15 minutes from start to finish. That was, I reflected, just as well. The men we selected for smothering were frightened enough without being forced to wait for it.

We chose them at random, and did our best not to single anyone out twice in succession – the way Eric had – unless the Women insisted, which they sometimes did.

It was on one of the first occasions we returned to the men’s hut that Murray pointed out Arthur to me. He was a balding, nondescript man in his late forties, huddled in a far corner, doing his best to remain out of sight. Murray tried not to look at him. He knew how frightened Arthur was; that he lived in fear of being chosen again. Murray wasn’t a cruel man. He didn’t want to be sat on and, if it was a choice between him and Arthur, he’d have chosen Arthur without a moment’s hesitation. But if he didn’t have to, then he wouldn’t.

One of the first men we picked on – I let Murray do the choosing, which was cowardly of me but I didn’t care – was Frank, the first man I’d seen when I’d woken up here. He didn’t resist – very few of the men did – but I could see from the way his shoulders sagged that he was frightened, like all the others.

I was surprised at how quickly I got used to holding men down; watching their heads vanish inside a woman's arse and feeling them struggle as she rode them. With every man I saw smothered, my own need to be sat on grew increasingly desperate. I began to wonder if I'd made the wrong decision in choosing to become a trustee. I'd done so in order to make it easier for me, if possible, to escape. But now I was beginning to ask myself why? If remaining here meant being smothered on a regular – maybe even daily – basis, why did I want to leave? And where was I planning to escape to?

Then there was the matter of Tom and Janet. We'd set out on this adventure together, but – even though she meant me no harm – I'd surely now lost Janet to the Women. She was with her own. Would she really want to risk everything by leaving? Out there – in the big bad world – she was the enemy. Tattooed Man had almost killed her, and I had little doubt that any other men who were still free would do the same. She was safer here.

And then there was Tom. In the two days I'd been here, I'd seen countless men sat on and smothered in the Suffocation Hut, but, though I'd kept my eyes peeled the whole time, I hadn't yet seen him. If he was still alive, then God knows where he was. There were 500 men in this camp, so it might be that I'd missed him. Or maybe he'd been taken to another camp. But, for now, I had to assume I was on my own. And that if I escaped from this place, I'd still be on my own. Maybe forever.

And that was my quandary. I had no wish to be a trustee and condemn myself to a smother-free existence. I wanted to be sat on! I wanted these Women to take me into their cracks and smother me with their little holes! It was so unfair! I was helping to restrain men who hated the very sight of a woman's bottom – who would have done anything to save themselves from being sat on – and all the time I'd have happily swapped places with every one of them.

I had to make a decision. But that decision was an impossible one to make. Life inside these camps was precarious, I knew that well enough. Not every man we took to the Suffocation Hut left it alive. From time to time, a woman would go too far; become over-excited and sit for too long. That was the worst part of the job. Holding a man down and realising, after it was all over ... that she'd finished him off. That I'd told him not to worry ... and I'd been wrong.

That thought alone drove the men crazy. Watching a woman's arse come down on them ... and not knowing if it was the last thing they'd ever see.

That was what finally drove Arthur over the edge.

We'd returned to the men's hut with instructions, on this occasion, to pick two of the older men for a change. 'That bald guy,' one of the Women had said, 'the one who hates being sat on – bring him!'

Most of the men hated the thought of being smothered – and more than one of them was losing his hair. But we knew who she meant.

'Sorry, Arthur,' said Murray, singling him out. 'They want to sit on you again.'

Arthur looked up at us, his face a picture of despair. 'I can't take any more,' he muttered sadly. He took a deep breath and swallowed hard. 'Tell them I want to be finished off...'

'You don't mean that,' said Murray. 'You're tired, that's all.'

Arthur shook his head. 'I am tired,' he said quietly. 'I'm tired of seeing another little hole come down on me. I'm tired of ... of having to spend so much of my life inside a woman's bottom!'

Murray leaned forward and spoke in a low, conspiratorial voice. 'This won't last forever,' he whispered. 'Why not hang on? While there's life there's hope, eh?'

'There is no hope,' said Arthur fatalistically. 'We're beaten. This is a new world now. We're all going to end up inside a woman's arse whether we like it or not. You, me – every man on the planet. And they won't be satisfied with just sitting on us.' He looked around him. 'The only reason there aren't fewer men in here already is because they keep bringing in new ones. To replace the ones who don't come back.' He stared at Murray, and his face clouded over. 'Tell me I'm wrong. Tell me they don't plan to finish us all off!'

'Of course they don't!' said Murray, struggling not to raise his voice. This conversation, he knew, had gone on long enough. Even I realised that if the other men had an inkling there was no hope, they might rise up. Then all hell would break loose. Was that such a bad thing? Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't. I felt sure, given the overwhelming odds and the fact that the men were weak from reduced rations (another way the Women kept us under control), that the end result would be just the same – total suffocation of every man here.

But there seemed no point in hastening that evil day. Murray must have realised it, too, because he suddenly sagged.

'All right. If that's what you want, I'll pass on your request. But you know what it means – once you ask to be suffocated?'

The old man nodded. 'I can't change my mind. There's no going back. The camp commander will take me into her bottom ... and finish me off with her little hole!'

To be continued in Smother Rampage 4 ...

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!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

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

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

In *Warrior Woman*, Roman roué, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of a distant British province, engineers a perverse form of entertainment for his guests. With freedom as their prize, 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-Amazons 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.