

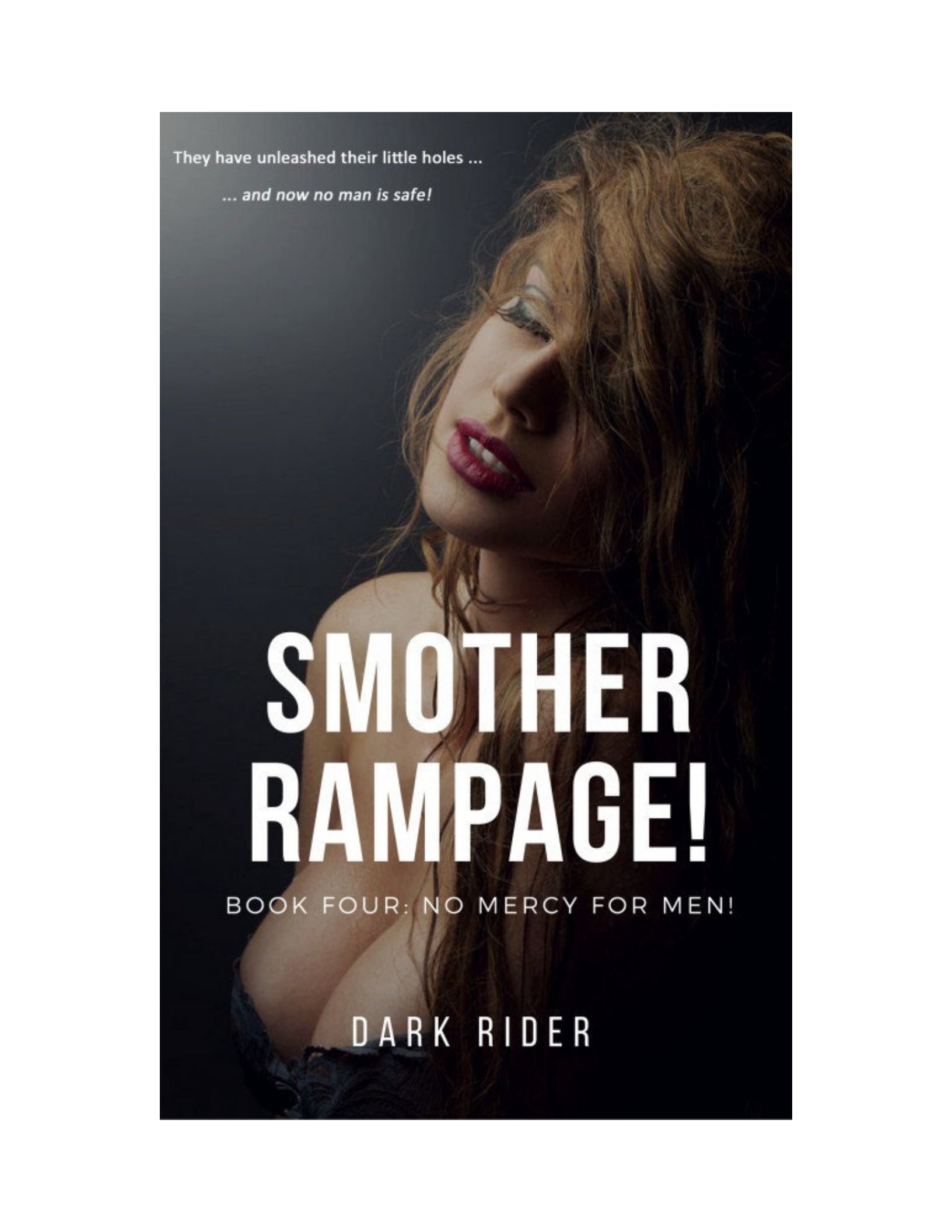
They have unleashed their little holes ...

... and now no man is safe!

SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

BOOK FOUR: NO MERCY FOR MEN!

DARK RIDER



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DARK RIDER

About the Author

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

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

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

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

SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

Book Four: No Mercy for Men!

Dark Rider

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One

‘So what happens now?’ I asked, as Murray and I made our way back to the main block.

‘We speak to your friend, Janet,’ he said glumly. ‘We tell her what Arthur wants – and she tells the camp commander.’

‘How long will it take ...’ I lowered my voice. ‘Before she makes her decision?’

‘Not long,’ he muttered. ‘She’s a woman, after all. She won’t be able to resist doing it quickly. Getting him into her crack ... making the poor bastard suffer.’

‘And we have to hold him down?’ I asked in a shaky voice, recalling what he’d once told me.

‘Something like that,’ said Murray, as if he didn’t want to commit himself.

‘Where will she do it?’

‘In the hut,’ he said flatly. ‘In front of the other men. To show them what it means ... what it looks like ... if any of them wants to take the same way out.’

‘Surely that would put them off?’

Murray shrugged. 'It didn't put Arthur off – though God knows why. She took over an hour to suffocate Ken – the last guy who asked to be finished off.'

I felt the hairs stand up on the back of my neck.

'She kept getting off him – and giving us all a lecture on the joys of suffocation.' His face tightened. 'She talked about her little hole. How she could have every man in the hut smothered if they didn't do as they were told.' He shook his head in disgust. 'I saw two grown men – so terrified they wet themselves! Just because of what she said she could do to them with her bottom!'

'She's going to push them too far one day,' I suggested. 'They'll fight back!'

Murray shook his head. 'I doubt it. There are too many Women for a start. God knows how many men they've smothered since this all began. The poor sods in the huts are just like cattle. Domestic livestock kept alive for the Women to sit on. If the herd gets thinned out, they know there are plenty more men still running free. They can bring others in to replace us. No one wants to take the risk. No one wants to end up inside a woman's crack.'

We'd reached the block by now, and had passed through the double-doors into the foyer. Despite my longing to be sat on, I was grateful for the thin green band around my arm that marked me out as a trustee. As on our previous visit here, groups of Women milled around us, their eyes bright with lust. One or two deliberately turned their backs, bent low and clawed their bottoms open, exposing their little holes. I tried not to look, but I couldn't help myself. I'd have come to a complete halt if Murray hadn't grabbed my arm and hurried me on. We kept our heads down after that, until we reached Janet's room.

Murray knocked three times quickly and waited. Eventually, the door swung open and Janet stood framed in the entrance. She moved to one side and waved us through.

‘What is it?’ she inquired curtly, deliberately avoiding my gaze.

‘I’m sorry to bother you, Madam,’ said Murray with forced politeness, ‘but one of the men has asked to be—’ He hesitated, struggling to finish the sentence. He knew he was signing Arthur’s death warrant. I jumped in reluctantly and finished it for him.

‘He wants to be smothered,’ I said quickly. ‘To be sat on ...’ I took a deep breath. ‘And finished off ...’

Janet’s face darkened. ‘He knows there’s no going back? If I pass on his request to the camp commander? That she’ll sit on his face ... and suffocate him with her little hole?’

‘He does, Madam,’ said Murray, regaining his voice, though not the colour in his cheeks. He looked as pale as a ghost.

‘What’s his name?’

‘Arthur, Madam.’

‘Why does he want to be finished off?’

‘He’s been sat on too many times. He says he ... he says he can’t take any more. He just wants to be put out of his misery.’

‘He knows it won’t be quick? That she’ll make an example of him?’

Murray nodded. ‘Yes, Madam. But he still wants to be sat on.’

‘Very well,’ said Janet. ‘I’ll speak to the commander ... and set the wheels in motion. You can tell Arthur it’s all in hand. That there’s no going back.’

Murray nodded again. ‘Yes, Madam,’ he said, without enthusiasm.

‘Is that all?’

‘It is, Madam.’

‘Then you can go,’ said Janet, dismissing us. I’d hoped she might ask me to stay behind. That I’d find out what was happening elsewhere, or whether she’d come up with a plan for our escape. It was disappointing to be shown the door.

Outside in the corridor, Murray leaned against the wall, his face still pale.

‘Are you all right?’ I asked, though I knew it was a stupid question.

‘I’ve just signed a man’s death warrant,’ he muttered. ‘Condemned him to being suffocated ... inside a woman’s bottom.’

‘It wasn’t your fault,’ I reminded him. ‘You only did what Arthur asked you to do. He wants to be sat on.’

Murray shook his head. ‘No, he doesn’t. He just wants this to end. And the only way it can end for him is if a woman takes him into her crack ... and suffocates him with her little hole.’

I saw his point. If Arthur had been told he could walk free, he’d have been out the door so fast his feet would have caught fire. But that option wasn’t on the table. There was only one way any man could ever leave this place ... and that was between a woman’s buttocks.

As the thought crossed my mind, I wondered if that was my only way out of here. Would I, one day, end up begging to be finished off just like Arthur? If only because I was such a slave to my fantasy that I ended up down a path from which there was no return.

I shook my head. No, that was daft. I loved being sat on, and the fact that I’d seen so many men smothered in the past few days, with no chance of getting my

own head inside a woman's arse, was driving me crazy. But I didn't want to be finished off – not if I could avoid it ...

Gathering himself, Murray looked me straight in the eye. 'It won't be easy, not for any of us. They like to make a spectacle of things.'

'How long will it take, do you think,' I asked quietly, 'before it all kicks off?'

'If the last one's anything to go by, it'll be soon. Now Arthur's made up his mind, the Women won't hang around.'

We returned to the hut and told Arthur we'd passed on his request. He dropped his head and closed his hands tightly. Now that he knew there was no going back, he seemed less confident than when he'd made his decision.

'Are you frightened?' I asked. It was a daft question, but I couldn't help myself.

His head came up sharply. 'Of course I'm frightened! What man wouldn't be? A woman's going to sit on my face ... and suffocate me with her bottom!'

'I'm sorry,' I muttered, with genuine sympathy. 'I wasn't thinking.'

He sagged as suddenly as he'd exploded. 'It's all right,' he said, in a thin, distant voice. 'It's not your fault. At least I'll be out of this soon.'

'I hope it's ... well ...' I floundered almost before I'd begun.

'It won't be quick, I know that,' said Arthur. 'That's the worst part. If it was quick, it wouldn't be so bad. But I know she'll take her time. I know she'll make me suffer...'

'We have to hold you down, don't we? When she comes for you. So you can't get away. However much you struggle.' I don't know why I felt the need to tell him that. He knew the drill, and – coming from a trustee – it must have sounded as if I relished the prospect.

I felt Murray's hand on my shoulder. While I'd been talking to Arthur, he'd been singling out two more men for us to take to the Suffocation Hut. I retreated without another word. I'd said enough. The last thing I saw, as I turned away, was Arthur burying his head in his hands. It was a miserable image that I still haven't been able to forget, even now ...

We had just enough time to take the men over to the Suffocation Hut and return with them – alive but thoroughly shaken – before Arthur had his wish granted. As we made our way back across the yard, I saw a platoon of Women marching towards us. At the front of the group was a plump, auburn-haired woman, naked apart from the gold sash that clung to her breasts and belly. It didn't take a genius to guess she was Donna – the camp commander...

'What the hell...' I muttered, and almost lost my grip on the man I was

escorting.

‘Don’t ask questions,’ said Murray quickly. ‘If you know what’s good for you.’

Donna slowed to a halt, and the Women behind her fell back in an orderly fashion.

‘Your timing is perfect,’ she announced, addressing Murray, and ignoring me. I didn’t mind. It gave me the chance to cast a lustful eye over the broad, meaty sweep of her hips. Her vagina was shaven, exposing a long slit and plump, fleshy labia.

Dear God, I muttered to myself, to think that Arthur is going out between those legs...

I dragged myself back to the here and now, aware that Donna was still talking.

‘These men have been sat on?’ she inquired, reaching out and cupping Murray’s prisoner by the chin, lifting his head so that their eyes met.

‘Yes, Madam,’ said Murray respectfully.

Her face broke into a wide, excited grin. ‘Did they struggle?’

‘From start to finish, Madam,’ said Murray, giving her the answer he knew she wanted. ‘They were terrified. Didn’t want to be sat on. Wept like babies.’

‘Excellent,’ she muttered happily. ‘They fear the little hole...’ Her smile widened. ‘As all men should fear it...’

Releasing the poor lad, who was shaking fitfully, she turned back to Murray.

‘Tell Arthur I’m here. Tell him I can’t wait to sit on his face ... and finish him off with my bottom.’

Murray gave a respectful nod. ‘I will, Madam,’ he replied. Allowing just enough time to confirm he’d been officially dismissed, he hurried his prisoner up the steps and into the hut. Pushing mine ahead of me, I followed as quickly as I could.

Two

‘Why has she brought so many Women with her?’ I asked, the moment we were through the door.

‘So the men don’t get any ideas,’ said Murray. ‘Donna’s not stupid. If she came in alone, she’d be one woman with fifty men. They wouldn’t get out of here alive if they tried taking her hostage, but why run the risk? The other Women are here to make sure the men behave. Among other things.’

‘What’s that supposed to mean?’

‘You’ll see. There’s no time now. We have to tell Arthur he’s about to be sat on.’

And with that we entered the main body of the hut, depositing our prisoners on the nearest bed, and hurried over to Arthur. He looked up at us miserably, as if he knew what was coming next.

‘She’s outside,’ said Murray, in a flat voice. ‘The camp commander – Donna. She said we’re to tell you ...’ His voice broke and he lowered his eyes.

‘She’s going to sit on me,’ said Arthur, finishing the sentence for him. ‘She going to sit on my face... and finish me off with her bottom.’

Murray sighed. ‘That’s about the size of it, Arthur. I’m sorry it has to end like this.’

‘I’m not,’ said Arthur. ‘It’s not the way I’d have chosen to go ... but it’s better than being sat on every day for the rest of my life.’

Murray took a step back and addressed the hut. ‘We don’t like this any more than you do,’ he said in a heavy voice. ‘But the Women will be here in a minute. You all know the drill...’

Though I didn’t know the drill, its nature became immediately evident as the men filed into position beside their beds, heads up, backs straight.

Arthur rose – a little shakily – and made his way towards the centre of the hut. Murray walked behind him, and I followed Murray. I had no idea what was about to happen. Well, I did. Arthur was going to be suffocated by a bare-bottomed woman, and I was going to help to hold him down. Thinking it over like that made me shiver. It seemed so cold and heartless. Dear God, what sort of world were we living in?

When the door to the hut opened and the Women filed through, the men gave a collective shudder. If I had never previously understood what it meant to taste fear in the air, I knew now.

The beds – like those in the Suffocation Hut – were set out on opposite sides of the room, with a long, narrow channel running down the centre. The Women fanned out either side – one female to each man.

Donna strode up and down the length of the hut, an excited look on her face.

‘Pants down!’ she barked suddenly. The command took me by surprise, but not – it seemed – the terrified inmates. Mechanically, they unbuttoned and lowered their trousers, before reluctantly removing their underwear.

‘Dear God,’ I muttered and felt Murray’s hand clamp warningly around my arm. Every woman in the hut reached out, took hold of her man’s penis and began to rub it quickly. Despite his fear, in no time at all each man was fully erect.

Turning to face Arthur, standing anxiously in the middle of the hut, Donna scanned him from top to toe.

‘Your friends are getting excited,’ she announced slyly. ‘They know what’s going to happen to you – and they’re jealous. They all wish it was them, not you...’

I rather doubted that, but I knew her words were simply for effect. The men were petrified. Arthur was petrified. I wasn’t exactly feeling that chipper myself.

‘Remind me, Arthur,’ she continued happily. ‘What is it you want me to do to you?’

A large vein pulsed in Arthur’s temple. His hands clenched and unclenched anxiously.

‘I want you to sit on me,’ he said in a thin, subdued voice.

‘Could you be more specific?’ inquired Donna cruelly. ‘Give me details, Arthur. What exactly do you want me to do? If you don’t tell me, how will I know?’

Though Arthur straightened his back, I saw his shoulders shake. Beads of sweat broke out on his brow and dribbled down his face.

‘I want ...’ he began, swallowed hard and rushed on. ‘I want you to sit on my face and smother me with your bottom!’

Donna threw back her head as if the request had caught her by surprise.

‘You want me to sit on your face, Arthur? But I’m a naked woman. A woman with no pants...’ She licked her lips crudely. ‘Your nose would be inside my bottom. You wouldn’t be able to breathe. I’d suffocate you...’

She leaned forward, almost touching him now, her eyes bright with undisguised lust. ‘I’d finish you off with my little hole ...’

Arthur swallowed again. He knew what was expected of him, whether he liked it or not.

‘I want you to finish me off,’ he told her, his voice beginning to break. Falling to his knees, with his hands clasped prayer-like together, he cut a sad, pathetic figure. ‘I want you to sit on my face and smother me with your little hole!’

Her eyes bright with animal joy, Donna turned first one way, then the other, addressing the hut. 'Did you hear that, men?' she announced in a shrill, excited voice. 'Arthur wants me to sit on him!'

She reached back and clawed her buttocks apart. Despite their terror, several men were unable to resist gazing into Donna's bare backside, their eyes feasting on her anus. From where I stood, I couldn't see her little hole, but when I saw the blood drain from one man's face, I knew that fear – not lust – was uppermost in his mind.

Swinging herself around, Donna bent low and exposed herself to Arthur for the first time.

His jaw dropped as he caught sight of her bottom and he uttered a sharp, muffled squeal.

'Does my hole frighten you?' she asked him unnecessarily. Without waiting for a reply, she added, 'It should! Because it's coming for you, Arthur! My little hole is coming for you!'

I felt a spear of excitement in my tummy and I trembled like a lusty teenager. Donna's anus was a plump ring of knotted flesh pulsing in the middle of a dark, chocolate-brown crater. How I wanted to bury my head in her arse, just then, and beg her to smother me!

When I saw Arthur's face drop even lower, and his body buckle, I felt a familiar

ache. An insane desire to have a woman smother me – with her bare bottom – wrestled with my rational side. It made no sense to want her to suffocate me, yet – as ever – a part of me didn't care. If Donna had turned to me, just then, and asked if I wanted to take Arthur's place – dear God, I'd have said yes!

Gazing up, she licked her lips again and spoke directly to Murray and me.

'Hold on to him!' she urged. 'So he can't get away ... when I take him into my arse!'

As if suddenly waking from a dream, Arthur reacted. His head jerked from side to side, and he made a clumsy attempt to climb to his feet. Perhaps, for the first time, the awful reality of his fate had struck home.

'Oh, God, no!' he cried, as Murray and I grabbed hold of him. Murray seized his arms, while I held on to his feet. His legs were thin and bony, and, though my hands aren't large, they almost closed around him.

Instinctively, Arthur kicked out, but I held on tight, while Murray forced him onto his back. He rocked from side to side, and screamed again. Struggling furiously, he lashed out with his legs. The fact that he was now so utterly terrified made me sick to my stomach. From the look on Murray's face, I knew he felt the same way.

Donna moved in close and gazed down at Arthur, a look of mock disbelief on her face.

‘I don’t understand,’ she teased him cruelly. ‘I thought you wanted to be sat on? I thought you wanted me to put you out of your misery?’

Whatever Arthur may or may not have wanted, he looked, just then, like a man in torment. My heart went out to him. I wanted this over quickly, but I knew, from what Murray had said, that Donna would take her time.

Selfishly, I was sorry I’d been given the job of holding on to Arthur’s feet. It wasn’t that I wanted to see him suffer, but, from where I was positioned, it meant I couldn’t see Donna’s anus. It was wrong of me, I know, to think of her arse at a time like this, but I couldn’t help myself. I wanted to look into her crack. I wanted to imagine it was me she was about to sit on ...

How I envied Murray, though it was clear, from his distressed features, that he’d have cheerfully swapped places with me.

Though I couldn’t see Donna’s hole, I could see the bloated bulge of her vagina. Her cunt was smooth and shaven, with a long slit and fat, puffy lips. It crossed my mind – callously, I know – that she could just as easily have finished Arthur off with her pussy as she could with her arse.

To my horror – and delight – I was suddenly aware that Donna was staring at me, a wide, leering grin plastered across her face. Dear God ... she’d seen me looking at her cunt! The thought made me shiver. I immediately turned away and forced myself to concentrate on holding Arthur down. The closer Donna’s arsehole came to his nose, the more fiercely he struggled. Even though he wanted this over with, it was clear that her anus terrified him.

As for me, my mind was a sudden jumble. I didn't doubt for a moment that Donna had seen the way I'd looked at her. Had she guessed my secret? That I wasn't afraid of her little hole. That I wasn't afraid of any part of her body. That, on the contrary, I wanted her to sit on me. I might not have wanted her to suffocate me – though God knows I was forever in two minds – but I did want to be inside her bottom, with her anus pressing down on me.

How would that make her feel, I wondered? Would she get a perverse pleasure in suffocating a man who wanted her to sit on him? Or would it deter her – because where was the fun in sitting on a man who wanted to be smothered? I had no idea, of course, but the thought alone was enough to stiffen my cock.

When Donna reached back to claw her arse-cheeks wide, the colour drained from Arthur's face and he uttered a shrill moan – like a cat's long-drawn out miaow. Gazing into the gap between Donna's legs, I saw his arms pull sharply, and his hands tighten into fists. Murray was forced to push down hard, so that Arthur couldn't cover his face and protect himself from Donna's arse.

'For the love of God!' he groaned, unable to conceal his terror as Donna's little hole edged closer. 'How is this happening to me? How is this happening?'

'Are you frightened, Arthur?' asked Donna cruelly. 'Are you frightened of my little hole?' When she spoke, she looked straight ahead, as if directing her question to me. 'The little hole that's going to finish you off?' she added unnecessarily. 'The little hole that's going to put you out of your misery?'

Arthur's legs gave a sudden jerk and I almost lost my grip. Not because his kick was a particularly vicious one, but because when Donna looked into my eyes and told Arthur she was going to finish him off with her anus, it felt as if it was me she was talking to. But more than that, I wanted it to be me...

I clung on grimly, my breath coming in short, rapid gasps. Donna extended her tongue and ran it slowly around her lips. I tightened my hands around Arthur's ankles as a familiar heat warmed my belly.

You lucky bastard, Arthur, I thought to myself. To have that bottom wrapped around your face ... to have that little hole press down on you!

Arthur, of course, didn't feel that way at all. Petrified, his mouth quivered and he rolled his head from side to side. Now that the moment of truth had arrived, it was clear he had no wish to be sat on; no wish to be smothered...

Between Donna's thighs, I saw Murray grimace as he struggled to keep Arthur's arms away from his face.

'Oh, God help me, someone!' screamed Arthur, tears soaking his cheeks. 'God help me!'

'No one can help you now,' taunted Donna, lowering her bare bottom until its little hole grazed Arthur's nose.

It was cruel of her to torture him like this. Janet, I knew, would have simply sat down and finished him off. But Donna clearly relished her role. So, too, I felt sure, did the Women she led. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched as a flurry of hands pumped energetically, ensuring every cock remained rigid. Dear God, I wondered – where would it end?

Donna hovered over Arthur's face for almost half a minute, tormenting him with delay. Her anus pressed lightly against his nose, forcing him to sniff its earthy scent. Having buckled briefly, he had somehow managed to calm himself. His breathing had quietened to such a degree that he seemed almost at peace. I wondered if the scent from Donna's bottom was acting like a drug, lulling his senses.

When – with no warning – she pressed down with all her weight, taking him right into her crack, Arthur's legs gave another sharp kick. But, that apart, for the next minute he remained almost motionless. Having accepted there would be no escape from inside Donna's bottom, I guessed he was trying to remain as still as possible – in the vain hope she might take pity, and finish him off quickly.

I knew it wouldn't be as easy as that, and I was sure, deep down, he knew it, too. Donna intended to make him suffer. She would keep him inside her bottom for as long as she could...

As the first minute lengthened into almost two, Arthur finally responded. He began to struggle. Little kicks at first, then violent jerks of his arms and legs as pain overwhelmed him.

'Poor Arthur!' cried Donna, wriggling happily on his face. 'He thinks he can escape! He thinks he can get away from my little hole!'

Whether he did or not, it was patently clear that Donna was having the time of her life. I found myself wondering – idly – what sort of person she had been before all of this had kicked off. Before Women had turned into facesitting predators – females who hunted men without mercy, and took them into their

bottoms. Had people like me turned them into what they were today – all supposing Tom’s theory was right? Or had this simply been a part of their nature they’d previously kept in check?

Donna must have straddled Arthur’s face for almost three minutes. When she finally rose, his body gave a massive jolt and he wheezed hoarsely. I watched Murray’s hands tighten around Arthur’s wrists as the latter’s arms shook fitfully. His fingers clawed the air and his body bucked.

I was so fixated on Arthur’s torment that I was only vaguely aware of what was going on all around me. Glancing first one way, then the other, I saw several men totter feebly, their upright cocks dancing in the air. They wanted no pleasure from Arthur’s suffering, but as the Women continued to milk them, more than one appeared to be close to losing control.

As if to compound their misery, Donna’s keen eyes scanned the hut, her face widening into a vicious smile.

‘If any man comes before I’ve smothered Arthur,’ she announced cruelly, ‘he’ll be sat on, too!’

A collective moan filled the air and Donna laughed. She pumped her hand crudely, as if masturbating an invisible cock. ‘If you want a woman to finish you off with her bottom,’ she giggled, ‘then let her empty your balls!’

I scanned the room, too, aware that several men were on the brink. Not because they wanted to be smothered, but because they were men. They might be terrified – but they couldn’t hold back with a woman’s hand around their cock.

Arthur, meanwhile, was gasping loudly and I wondered how much more he could take. A cruel look darkened Donna's face as she gazed down at him. 'I'm going to finish you off,' she whispered. 'With the little hole in my bottom.' Her smile broadened. 'But not just yet. First ... I'm going to make you suffer!'

'Oh, please, no!' he shrieked as she lowered herself onto his head. 'I've had enough! Please! I've had enough!'

He was wriggling so furiously now, that Murray and I were having trouble holding him down. Cruelly, Donna paused, her plump cheeks brushing the sides of Arthur's face. Though I couldn't see it, I was sure, from the way Murray's eyes widened and the jerk of Donna's hips, that she was flexing her sphincter, opening and closing the mouth of her anus.

'Can you see inside my bottom, Arthur?' she giggled crudely. 'Can you see into my passage?'

Arthur flung his head from side to side, weeping freely. 'I don't want to be smothered!' he cried. 'Not like this! In God's name! Finish me off! Finish me off, please!'

To one side of me, I heard a hollow moan, followed by a shrill scream. One of the inmates – a short, skinny man – was coming! I watched his legs buckle as he tumbled to his knees. Wads of semen spat into the air as the woman holding on to him continued to pump hard.

He was still spurting feebly when she seized hold of his arms and rolled him onto his back. He released a morbid squeal as she straddled his head with her big, open arse. Too late, he brought his hands up in a desperate bid to defend himself. The woman reached down, seized hold of his wrists and pushed his arms away. In one smooth, unstoppable movement, she dropped her arse onto his face, released his arms, and hauled his legs upright.

I watched, transfixed, as his body shook. Muffled squeals of despair broke from inside the woman's crack as the poor man clawed at her hips. For her part, she wriggled happily – a bare-bottomed rodeo-rider, determined to remain in the saddle however much her stallion fought her.

All around me, Women pumped furiously, eager to join their sister at the feast and take a head into their bottoms. Whether it was grim knowledge of the fate that awaited them, or an over-zealous jerking of their cocks, no other man visibly weakened.

'That's it!' yelled Donna, her gaze fixed on the woman's heaving buttocks. 'Finish him off! Give it everything you've got!'

The girl needed no encouragement. The more violently her man squirmed and lashed out, the more fiercely she clung on to him. The look of determination on her face was animal-like in its ferocity.

She rode him for almost two minutes before his body gave a violent jerk and he finally fell still.

Donna punched the air triumphantly, then looked down at Arthur. His face was a

grim mask of terror. He'd witnessed everything that had just happened and there were tears running down his cheeks.

'I think it's time to end your misery,' said Donna eagerly. She reached back and clawed her buttocks wide, exposing her hole for the last time. Instinctively, I tightened my grip on Arthur's ankles. Just then, I was as excited as I was certain he was terrified. How I wished it was me staring up into Donna's open arse – my gaze locked on the hole in her bottom!

'Tell me to smother you,' said Donna in a quiet voice. 'Tell me to take you into my bottom ... and finish you off with my little hole!'

Though Arthur's mouth opened, no sound emerged. He knew there was no hope, but a part of him held back, reluctant to utter those last few words that would give this woman permission to drop her bottom onto his face. To take him deep into her crack ... and smother him with her anus!

'If you don't tell me, I'll just keep sitting on you,' she warned him. 'In fact ...' – and her smile broadened even further – 'I'll get every woman in this hut to sit on you. Just think of that, Arthur – fifty arseholes on your face. Fifty Women ... rubbing their hairy little holes on you!'

Finally, it was all too much for him. With hot tears scalding his cheeks, Arthur choked out the words that would seal his fate.

'Sit on me!' he cried. 'Sit on my face and smother me with your arse! Please! Finish me off with your little hole!'

‘It will be my pleasure, Arthur,’ she responded sweetly. ‘As you’ve been such a good boy – and asked me so nicely...’

I watched as Donna bared her teeth, biting into her lower lip. Her eyes narrowed and then – to my surprise and delight – focused on me. I gazed back, as if challenging her to respond: to release Arthur and take me into her bottom instead. I know it was a ridiculous thought, but I didn’t care. It drove me mad to know there were fifty bare-bottomed Women in this hut, any one of whom would have been happy to take me into her crack.

Averting her eyes, Donna gazed down between her legs for the last time. I glanced down, too, and saw a dreadful look of despair leach the colour from Arthur’s face. A moment later, she lowered her hips, taking Arthur’s head between her buttocks.

His body immediately shook and, not for the first time, it was all I could do to hold on to him. Murray was struggling, too. It was as though, now Arthur knew there was no escape, he was at last ready to rail against his fate. Or perhaps it was because, too late, he now realised this was it – and he no longer wanted to be smothered, after all.

All around me, I became aware of renewed excitement among the Women. Cocks were being vigorously pumped and the air was thick with mournful groans. Arthur threshed wildly and, when Donna released a long drawn-out squeal, I knew she had come on his face. Climaxing seemed to spur her on, rather than weaken her. She grabbed the fleshy handles of her hips and pushed down hard, wriggling from side to side and hissing fitfully. To my surprise, she came again, grunting like a hungry pig as she emptied her juices into Arthur’s mouth. His body gave one last, ferocious jerk, and he finally fell still.

Donna remained in place for almost a full minute, squirming gently as the last dribbles of her excitement leaked away. When she finally eased herself upright, a huge sadness overwhelmed me. Arthur lay flat on his back, his ruddy face damp and shining. Reluctantly, the Women released their grip on the cocks they'd been pumping. No more men had come, and, as Donna surveyed the length of the hut, it was clear the proceedings were at an end.

Murray and I backed away. Several Women came forward, took hold of Arthur's limp body, lifted him up and carried him towards the door. Not a word was spoken. I was reminded of being at the theatre, with stage-hands moving the scenery in-between acts.

This act was finally over. For Arthur at least ...

Three

The next 24 hours passed slowly. Murray and I continued to ferry men in and out of the hut, and not once did we discuss what had happened to Arthur. Though we saw other trustees, we were all billeted in different parts of the camp with no direct contact between us. The Women were clearly determined – for security reasons, I imagined – to keep us all apart. It was, in many ways, a lonely existence.

I can't pretend the two of us grew any closer. Murray hated his work, and clearly regarded me as someone who enjoyed it too much. I didn't, of course, no more than he did. The difference between us was that whereas the thought of being sat on filled him with horror, I felt nothing but envy each time I saw a reluctant inmate weeping as a woman's arse came down on him.

How I wished Tom had been around to speak to, because there was something on my mind. Something that didn't make sense. When Donna had been sitting on Arthur's face, she had come, emptying herself more than once into the poor man's mouth. But she hadn't passed out. Up until now, that had seemed to be the Women's only weakness. If they were licked to orgasm they fell asleep. Why hadn't that happened to Donna? Was she different to the other Women?

I mulled it over in my head, approaching it from different angles. Now that I thought about it – and I kicked myself for being so dense – I'd seen Women climax in the Suffocation Hut, when they'd rendered men unconscious. At the time, I'd dismissed it as nothing more than animal pleasure – delight at having smothered a prisoner against his will. I was so sure Women couldn't afford to climax on a man's face, that I'd missed the blindingly obvious.

There was, it seemed to me, only one answer. If a woman was forcibly licked – at a time when she wasn't straddling a man's head – she passed out. But if she came because she was sitting on a man, her orgasm didn't weaken her.

It was a depressing conclusion, but I could see no other explanation. The Women were vulnerable – but not once they sat on a man’s face.

On the second day, Murray and I were resting in-between shifts when the door to our room was flung open and Janet entered. She addressed me directly, all but ignoring Murray who, like me, had immediately jumped up.

‘The camp commander wants to see you. In her room. Now.’

I glanced at Murray, whose face was ashen. I doubted that Donna was in the habit of inviting men to her quarters for a friendly chat over tea and biscuits. Even so, the fact that I’d been sent for both thrilled and frightened me in equal measure.

I followed Janet out of the room, my eyes glued to her bare backside. The moment we were in the corridor, and she was certain we couldn’t be overheard, she turned around, her face a picture of concern.

‘I don’t know why Donna wants to see you,’ she confessed, answering my unspoken question. ‘She never sees any of the inmates unless ...’ Her voice trailed away.

‘Unless she’s going to smother them,’ I said, finishing the sentence for her. I wasn’t stupid. The thought had already crossed my mind.

‘It can’t be that,’ said Janet. ‘Why would she single you out, when she’s got almost 300 men to choose from?’

‘I think I may have done something stupid,’ I muttered sheepishly. ‘When she was sitting on Arthur ...’

Janet’s shoulders sagged. ‘Oh, no, Nathan, please don’t tell me you made her think ...’ She shook her head. ‘You looked at her. You made her realise you’d have been happy to take Arthur’s place...’

‘It wasn’t my fault. I couldn’t help myself,’ I protested wearily. ‘I’m in a camp with God knows how many bare-bottomed Women and I see men being sat on every day. It’s not fair. Most men don’t want to be sat on and they end up inside a woman’s crack. I do want to be sat on and I can’t get near an arse!’

‘She could kill you!’ said Janet angrily. ‘After everything you’ve been through – you could still end up being carried out of here.’

I knew she was worried, I was worried myself. But there was a part of me that didn’t care, either. It was in my nature. She knew it, I knew it. It was something I couldn’t fight ...

Janet’s face was a mask of concern. ‘I don’t know what to do,’ she muttered. ‘If there was some way to get you out of here now, without anyone knowing, I’d do it – but there isn’t.’

I reached out and took hold of her arm. 'It's all right,' I assured her. 'I'm not frightened. Besides, let's face it – even if I could get away, what are the odds on me not being smothered? There are millions of Women out there – not just here in the camps – and they all want to sit on men. I'm probably safer here than I am out on the streets.'

'No man is safe anywhere,' said Janet gloomily. 'Least of all men like you. Men who want to be sat on!' She sighed heavily. 'I don't want it to end like this. Not after everything we've been through.'

'It's not your fault.'

'I know it's not my fault!' she countered angrily. 'It's yours for being such an idiot! How could you, Nathan?'

I shrugged. 'I think we both know the answer to that one,' I replied. 'But if I have to end my life inside Donna's bottom, well ...' I shrugged again. 'It's not the worst fate for a man like me.'

'You'll need that sense of humour once she's got you in her crack,' said Janet gloomily. She shook her head. 'Well, there's nothing for it. Her rooms are on the second floor. We mustn't keep her waiting.'

A sudden thought struck me. It was crazy, but then – what the hell – everything was crazy these days. 'If this is the end,' I said in a quiet voice, scanning the corridor to make sure we were still alone, 'could I ... could I just kiss you on the arse one more time?'

Janet sighed, a look of disbelief on her face. 'You mean ... can you kiss my little hole?'

I nodded sharply, because that was exactly what I meant.

'Please, Janet,' I said, not caring to hide my desperation. 'I haven't had my face inside a woman's bottom for ages. It's driving me mad.' I shrugged. 'Even if Donna's going to suffocate me – I'd still like to kiss your arsehole one last time.'

Now it was Janet's turn to glance the length of the corridor. 'I must be as crazy as you,' she muttered. 'If anyone sees us—'

'You can tell them you couldn't control yourself. Had to shove your arse in a man's face. No one's going to think it's odd that you want your bottom licked.'

Despite Janet's misgivings, I could see the idea excited her. She might be my friend, but she was still a woman – with a woman's needs.

'All right,' she said, reaching back and taking hold of her buttocks. 'If we're going to do this ... make it good!'

'I will,' I promised, as she turned around, bent low and presented me with an unashamed view of her open arse. My gaze fixed at once on the pink, wrinkled slit of her anus. Beads of sweat had gathered on the little hairs that grew there, like tiny diamonds. I felt my stomach hollow with excitement. All I wanted just

then was to bury my face in her bottom and never come out again. It suddenly seemed the safest place in the world...

I reached out and closed my palms around the meaty handles of her hips, lowering my face at the same time. I was breathing rapidly and my chest felt uncomfortably tight. I pressed my nose against the damp, sticky well of her anus and sniffed. A wave of earthy scent washed over me and I almost swooned. Extending my tongue, I flicked it around the edges of her wrinkled crater, circling it several times before tapping the well itself. Pursing my lips I pressed them around her anus, holding onto her hips for anchorage as I pushed my tongue out and felt her little hole open.

The moment I was inside her, Janet's body gave a strong shudder. Before I knew what was happening, she twisted her hips and pushed back with her legs, forcing me up against the wall. With her buttocks wrapped around my head, and my face wedged solidly in her crack, I couldn't breathe. She wriggled furiously, and I realised, to my horror, that she had lost control. The feral part of her nature had reasserted itself and she was genuinely trying to smother me!

I slapped her hips and tried to pull my head free, but it was impossible. I was trapped in a wall of flesh and a part of me didn't want to escape, whatever the consequences.

Janet was wriggling now, rubbing her bottom across my face, as if wiping herself on me. I fought to keep my tongue inside her, as if that would somehow make things better, which, of course, it didn't. I couldn't breathe and my chest was beginning to hurt. I tore at her hips, in the desperate hope she would know I was in trouble, but she was clearly in a world of her own.

In my dazed state, another crazy thought filtered through. What if Donna was

going to smother me? What if she really did plan to finish me off? In that case, wasn't this a far better way to go – lodged inside Janet's bottom, with my tongue up her arse?

Suddenly her sphincter gave a sharp jerk, followed by several quick pulses. She pushed back harder than ever and somewhere, in the darkness beyond her bottom, I heard her scream. A moment later, I felt a rush of hot juices against my chin. How I wished, just then, it was my nose in her anus and my mouth around her cunt, so I could gorge on her come.

An explosion of heat overwhelmed me and my head span. There were stars in my eyes and I was, I knew, on the verge of passing out. Just as I felt myself slipping away, the pressure on my face relaxed. My mouth fell open and I gasped the cum-flavoured air around Janet's pussy. A moment later, she pulled away, and my tongue slid from her bottom, the light from an overhead lamp blinding my eyes.

'Are you all right?' I heard her ask, and there were hands on my shoulders, shaking me. For almost half a minute, I was unable to speak. My jaw ached and my heart was pounding furiously. Finally, as the fog began to clear, I looked up at her and managed a stupid half-smile.

'I knew it was a bad idea,' she said, taking me by the shoulders and hauling me to my feet. 'I could have smothered you with my bottom!'

'I wouldn't have minded,' I told her honestly.

'I wasn't thinking of you,' she replied, with equal candour. 'If I'd finished you

off out here, God knows what Donna would have done to me. Especially if she wants to sit on you!’

‘You came,’ I muttered, shaking my head. ‘You came on my face and you didn’t pass out. Why doesn’t that happen any more? Is it because you made yourself come – instead of being licked against your will?’

Janet looked confused, as if my question made no sense. Then her face relaxed and she sighed. ‘Surely you must have realised that yourself by now? Being a trustee – seeing all those men sat on and smothered?’

I shrugged. ‘I wasn’t sure. I just wanted to make certain, that’s all.’

‘I didn’t mean to come on you,’ said Janet anxiously. ‘I’m sorry.’

‘It’s not a problem,’ I replied. ‘I’m just sorry I couldn’t get my mouth around your pussy.’

She smiled and shook her head. Then her expression grew more serious. ‘I hope Donna isn’t going to smother you,’ she said. ‘I hope it’s something else.’

I shrugged again. ‘Whatever it is – it’s been a great adventure. And if it has to end, well ... I wouldn’t want it any other way.’ I grinned. ‘Unless it was you sitting on me.’

Janet gave me the look a woman gives a child whose behaviour is beyond all reason. ‘You really are totally bonkers, Nathan.’

‘I know. But then, to be fair, so is everything these days.’

‘Good luck,’ she said, pressing a hand between her legs and trying to rub herself dry. ‘You’re going to need it.’

Once she had finished mopping herself up, she led me out into the main foyer. Though there was a lift, we walked up two flights and along a wide corridor, before reaching a large white door.

‘Are you ready?’ she asked quietly.

‘As ready as I’ll ever be,’ I replied. My heart was pounding again, and I was anything but ready. Even so, there was something about my situation that excited me. I took a deep breath and felt my hands shake.

Janet knocked sharply on the door. I closed my eyes and heard the dull sound of another woman’s voice yell, ‘Come!’ from inside the room. Janet opened the door, stood back and ushered me through. I walked in, and heard the door immediately close behind me. For good or ill – I was now alone with Donna, the camp commander.

Four

Donna was sitting behind a large desk, her gold commander's sash still clinging to her breasts and belly. The room was sparsely furnished – and my eyes immediately turned towards a large double bed in the corner. It seemed bizarrely out of place in what passed for an office, but I guessed – much like Janet's room – that it doubled up as her sleeping quarters. There were leather straps fitted at the top and bottom. I realised at once that they were restraints...

She rose as I entered the room and came out from behind the desk, shamelessly flaunting her naked body. For one moment, my gaze dropped to the plump swell of her shaven vagina. I looked away at once, but I knew she'd seen me. I didn't care. She'd seen me look at her before. It was pointless my pretending I didn't find her appealing despite – or perhaps even because of – what she'd done to Arthur. For all I knew, this woman was only minutes away from sitting on my face ... and smothering me with her bottom! Any normal man would have been terrified at the prospect and I was. But I was excited, too, because that crazy part of me that was never far from the surface wanted her to take me into her crack and rub her little hole on me.

All these thoughts passed through my mind in the time it took her to travel the few feet between her desk and where I was standing, rooted to the spot like a nervous schoolboy waiting to be punished and wondering what form that punishment would take.

Now it was her turn to eye me up and down. 'You know why you're here, don't you?' she said, running her gaze the length of my body.

'I'm not sure, Madam,' I replied honestly.

‘It’s because you want me to sit on you,’ she said bluntly. She moved in close, her plump breasts flattening against my shirt. ‘You want me to take you into my crack ... and abuse you with my bottom.’

I hadn’t been sure what she’d say or how she’d say it. A few ideas had rattled around in my head, and I’d certainly imagined her telling me she was going to sit on my face and smother me. But to hear her say she was going to abuse me with her bottom made my stomach hollow with excitement.

‘It’s true, isn’t it?’ she said, one arm now circling my waist. ‘I saw it in your eyes when I was sitting on Arthur. He didn’t want to be inside a woman’s bottom, but you do. You want to worship at the little hole...’

Donna was only an inch or two shorter than me, and by standing on tiptoe she was able to warm my cheek with her breath. For one delirious moment, I almost lost control and grabbed her. I wanted to hold her close, press my mouth to her ear ... and beg her to finish me off with her arse!

I honestly think that if I’d said that, she would have done it. How the hell I didn’t, I don’t know, even now. But that small rational part of me that was struggling to make its presence felt clung on and hauled me back.

Instead, I took a deep breath, steadied myself and said – in a low, shaky voice – ‘Yes, Madam. I want to be inside a woman’s bottom...’

She smiled and pulled away sharply. Licking her lips, she sighed and said, ‘Take off your clothes. Now! Let’s see how excited you are!’

Again, this wasn't what I'd expected. Since the Women had 'turned', it had struck me they didn't much care whether a man was dressed or undressed when it came to sitting on him. They just wanted a head between their buttocks – a face inside their crack, and a nose or tongue up their bottoms.

It took me a moment or two to digest Donna's remark. Then, without embarrassment, I quickly stripped off until I was standing there as naked as she was. When she stretched out her hand, took hold of my cock and pumped it gently, I released a muffled squeal and almost stumbled. I was forced to close my eyes, breathing hard as she leaned in close, pressed her mouth to my ear and whispered crudely, 'My little hole is coming for you ...'

I released a second groan and my body sagged. My cock, by contrast, immediately stiffened. I felt a tug on my shaft and opened my eyes. Donna tugged again, and, as she took a step forward, I realised she was leading me towards her bed. I followed obediently, my pulse racing. I was frightened – no two ways about it – but it felt so right to be at the mercy of this cruel, powerful woman.

'Lie down,' she said, releasing my cock. 'On your back, arms and legs wide. Like a good little boy ...'

I eased myself onto the mattress. Without a word, she quickly wound two straps around my ankles and buckled them tight. Apparently satisfied, she straddled my bare chest and looked down at me. There was a cold, excited look in her eyes.

'I'm going to fasten your arms to the bed,' she announced, 'and after that ... I'll be able to do anything I like. You understand that, don't you?'

I bobbed my head. 'Yes, Madam,' I answered quietly.

Her mouth curled. 'You won't be the first man to lie here,' she whispered. Her hands moved to her breasts and she cupped them carefully. 'I've tied down lots of men and smothered them.' Her smile widened. 'None of them wanted to be sat on. None of them ... wanted to see my little hole.'

She tugged at her nipples, teasing them into tight little plugs. 'Do you want to see my little hole?' she breathed huskily. 'Do you want to look right up into my bottom?'

I bobbed my head again. 'Yes,' I muttered stupidly. 'I want to see your little hole. Please ...'

Donna's eyes narrowed a fraction. 'But what if I try to smother you? What if I take you right up inside my crack? I might finish you off with my bottom!'

'It's your right,' I told her – not because I thought it was, but because, just then, I was so excited I hardly knew what I was saying. 'You're a woman. You're allowed to finish me off with your bottom.' I swallowed hard. 'I belong inside your crack!'

I saw her nostrils flare as she took a deep breath. Excitement showed in her eyes.

'Do all men belong inside a woman's crack?' she asked.

Now it was my turn to take a deep breath. My heart was racing and my cock jerked stiffly in the air. I don't think I'd ever been so excited in my life. It made no sense – I know that. Donna had it in her power to finish me off. To take me up into her bottom, and suffocate me with her little hole. And I didn't care!

'Yes,' I told her, and felt my cock jerk again. 'We do. We all belong inside a woman's bottom!'

Donna leaned forward, her breasts swinging into my face. I closed my mouth around a fat plug of nipple and gorged greedily as she buckled a strap around my left wrist. When she transferred her attention to my right arm, her other breast clamped down on me and I suckled on a fresh cork of flesh.

Sitting upright, she cupped her breasts again and gazed down with a bright, lustful expression on her face. 'I could smother you with these!' she cried. 'I could smother you with these instead of my bottom!'

'No, please!' I muttered mournfully. 'I want your bottom! I want you to smother me with your little hole! I want you to do to me what you did to Arthur!'

Donna's face was a mask of confusion. 'No man has ever asked me to smother him before. Men are always begging me not to sit on them! Why do you want to see my little hole? Why do you want me to finish you off?'

I shook my head. My mouth was dry and it was hard for me to speak. 'I don't know,' I admitted honestly. 'I can't help myself! I love women's bottoms! I love

their little holes!’ I hesitated. ‘I love your little hole!’

I saw the expression on Donna’s face alter dramatically. It was as if something inside her had been unleashed. She toppled forward, clamping her hands to my face, one palm around my mouth, the fingers of the other pinching my nose shut.

‘Perhaps I should smother you like this!’ she spat, her breath warm against my face. ‘Then I can watch you struggle! Is it nice – looking into my eyes while I finish you off?’

Nice wasn’t the word for it just then. My mind was a maelstrom of mixed sensations. On the one hand, raw excitement at the thought that this woman had me completely at her mercy. On the other, despair at the prospect of her finishing me off with her hands and not her bottom. Somewhere, out of sight, I felt my balls roll and my cock beat hard against my belly. I still had breath in my lungs, but I knew it wouldn’t be long before my chest began to hurt.

When Donna pursed her lips seductively, then ran her tongue around her mouth, I groaned mutely into her fist. She breathed warm air into my face and smiled.

‘Poor little Nathan,’ she sighed. ‘You so want to put your head into my bottom, don’t you? To have my hairy little hole in your mouth...’

I arched my back and grunted my frustration into Donna’s hands. The loss of air caused my lungs to constrict and a first wave of pain gripped my chest. I tried to shift my head to one side and free myself, but Donna moved with me, still bearing down hard. She was stronger than I’d realised.

Hollowing my back a second time, I stabbed my cock against one of her buttocks, as though, if I tried hard enough, I might find a way into her crack – and that sweet little hole. She laughed and pressed down even harder.

‘You can’t breathe, can you?’ she giggled. ‘Arthur couldn’t breathe, either ... when I shoved my arse in his face. When I rubbed my anus all over him!’

I wriggled like a landed fish and stabbed with my cock again. There was a warm glow in my belly, and my balls had begun to hurt. Again, though a part of me railed against the burning pain in my chest, another part shivered with delight.

‘Close your eyes and think about my bottom,’ she sighed. ‘Think about my naughty little hole. Imagine you’re inside my hot, sticky crack ...’

I did as she said. I had no choice, really. Surrendering to the darkness made it easier to cope with the pain. And besides, she was right. With my eyes shut, it was easier to conjure up an image of her anus; to imagine it was her little hole pressing down on me and not her hands.

I’d just about given up all hope and prepared myself – unwillingly – to pass out, when she removed her hands, sat back and laughed as I opened my eyes and gasped furiously.

‘Poor little Nathan,’ she giggled. ‘Did you really think I’d finish you off like that?’ She shook her head. ‘I was just having fun.’

Donna rose to her knees, reached behind and clawed her buttocks wide. I couldn't see her little hole, but just the thought that she'd exposed herself made me shiver with excitement. My chest still hurt, and I hadn't recovered my breath, but all I could think about was that sweet little opening into her body.

'My hands have made my arse-hole jealous,' she murmured, pursing her lips again. 'She wants to show you what she's made of ...'

'Oh, please,' I croaked feebly, still struggling for breath. 'Please let me see her. Please let me see your little hole!'

'Even if she tries to finish you off?' said Donna, heaving her hips from side to side.

'I don't care!' I cried truthfully, arching my back again. 'She can do whatever she likes to me! I don't care!'

It didn't seem odd to me, talking about Donna's anus like this – as if it were a separate part of her body, with a life and a consciousness of its own, something even she couldn't control. But wasn't that true? Wasn't that why Women had turned feral – because they could no longer control the need in their bottoms? That primal urge they had always kept in check – or simply denied? The urge to take a man between their buttocks ... and finish him off with their little holes?

When you think about it, a woman's arse was surely designed by Nature as a weapon. Pit those two plump cheeks against a man's head and the end result is in

no doubt. Once those buttocks are wrapped around his face, there's no way on earth he can escape. Not if the woman is really determined to keep him inside her.

As for her little hole – isn't it a heartless siren luring men to their doom? A spider at the centre of a deadly web of flesh, waiting to finish off its victim once he finds himself inside her bottom? The sight and smell alone are more than any man can resist...

All these crazy thoughts rattled around in my head as I lay on my back, gazing up at Donna's cruel, triumphant face. What was the point in resisting the inevitable? Besides, when all was said and done, wasn't the prospect of being inside her bottom the most wonderful way to end my life? It seemed that way to me just then.

I was half-demented, I know. There were hundreds of men in this camp who would have been reduced to tears by now, begging Donna for mercy. But I wasn't one of them. I was pretty sure Tom would have been the same if he'd been in my place. Poor Tom...

And then it dawned on me. Ridiculously late in the day, I know – but, half-crazed with lust, I was incapable of rational thought. Surely Donna would know what had happened to Tom? She was the camp commander, after all. Why she should tell me, was another matter – and whether I would even get the chance to ask the question now was another matter still.

I had no more time to think about it then because she suddenly heaved a plump thigh across my chest, raised herself on her other leg and swung round full circle, bringing her bare backside over my head.

All thoughts of Tom's fate – and even mine – went out of the window as she reached back, clawed open her bottom and exposed her anus.

'Oh, Arthur,' I muttered stupidly, as my gaze locked on the pink, wrinkled knot of muscle. 'You lucky bastard. To go out with that on your face ...'

Donna must have heard me, because she jerked her head round and looked down. 'You really think Arthur was lucky?' she asked. 'To end up inside my crack?'

I bobbed my head quickly. 'Any man would be lucky to end up inside your bottom,' I answered honestly. For one crazy insane moment I almost added, 'You should take every man in this camp into your crack!' Instead, I held my tongue. I might want to be sat on, but I knew that hardly any other man in the camp shared my longing. It wasn't my place to condemn them to what – for them – would be a fate worse than death.

'Let's see how you feel after you've been up there yourself!' said Donna, raising her voice sharply. Then, turning away, she dug her fingers deep into her buttocks and hoisted them as high as she could. As her bottom spread dramatically, the little hole opened up, revealing a shiny pink interior. As she dropped towards me, my gaze fixed, for a moment, on the tiny black hairs that circled her crater. Beads of moisture clung, like ripe fruit, to its wrinkled edges. A diamond necklace girdling the most precious jewel of all ... the opening into her bottom!

This must have been what it had been like for Arthur, when she lowered herself onto his face for the last time. Poor demented Arthur. Begging for his life ... as a woman's anus came down on him. Knowing she was going to take him right up

into her crack ... and finish him off with her little hole!

I did my best to imagine what that must feel like. To know that you're about to be smothered by a woman's bottom – and the prospect terrifies the life out of you. The more I tried to imagine I was Arthur, the more excited I became. It suddenly occurred to me that for all the fact that I wanted this to happen – how much more exciting it was to imagine I was being smothered against my will!

Which was the last thought I had before Donna's bare bottom wrapped itself around my head and she took me deep into her crack.

The bulb of her vagina forced itself past my lips and into my mouth, while her anus opened up around my nose. I caught a wave of hot, earthy scent, and sniffed as hard as I could to fill my lungs. Then a massive weight came down on me; an avalanche of flesh that threatened to sweep me away.

I couldn't breathe! My eyes and cheekbones ached like fury, and it crossed my mind that my head was on the point of being crushed. I was encased in Donna's arse! As the pain in my chest grew more uncomfortable, I began to panic. Donna's anus widened around my nose and I was immediately aware of the delightful fact that I was physically inside her body.

A cocktail of crazy thoughts washed over me. There were stars in my eyes and I wondered, for one delicious instant, whether it was humanly possible for her to suck me up into her back passage. I know – it was a ridiculous notion, but I couldn't help myself. Struggling for breath, and brutally aware that a woman was on the point of finishing me off with no more than the hole in her bottom, I couldn't think straight.

And at that moment, just when I thought it couldn't get any worse – or better – I felt a hand close around my cock and fingers tease the bulging sacs of my balls. A blast of pleasure surged through my belly and I arched my back. At the same time, I gasped sharply, emptying my lungs into Donna's vagina.

My arms and legs jerked furiously. To anyone looking on, it must have seemed that a thousand volts were coursing through my body. I groaned and grunted and arched my back again. As a black curtain closed around my conscious world, I shrieked with pain and pleasure. Donna's fingers flew up and down my shaft and I was aware, even as the darkness claimed me, that I was coming! I kicked one last time, clawed desperately at the empty air, screamed, jerked, and finally passed out.

Five

I've no idea how long I was unconscious. When at last I came round, I was immediately aware of a blinding light over my head. I closed my eyes and groaned. My cheek-bones ached and, when I tried to lift myself up, my stomach heaved.

A hand came out to steady me, and I realised there was a glass of water at my lips. I blinked, then turned my head to see Murray kneeling beside me. He had a concerned, if somewhat sullen, expression on his face.

'What happened?' I muttered, the pain in my head subsiding a little.

'Don't you remember?' he asked, frowning as he backed away.

I shook my head. For a few moments I genuinely couldn't recall what had happened. This wasn't just like waking from a dream, it was like waking from another life. One that no longer meant anything to me. Even now, looking back, it amazes me that I didn't realise the full significance of that moment. Of course, in the general scheme of things I'm glad I didn't. It would have ruined everything that followed...

'How long have I been here?' I asked, not even sure, just then, where I was or where I might otherwise have been. I felt like a ghost inhabiting a human body. It was a miracle I recognised Murray.

He shrugged. 'I was in the Suffocation Hut. One of the Women came for me. Said I was to get back here, that she'd deal with the men I'd brought in.' He

shook his head as if recalling the moment. 'Poor bastards. From the look on her face, I doubt we'll see them again. They were screaming. Begging me not to leave them with her. Kept saying, they knew she'd finish them off...'

I rubbed my forehead and groaned. None of this made any sense. 'What Women?' I muttered. 'What do you mean ... Suffocation Hut?' I looked around me. 'Where the hell am I?'

And at that moment, I passed out again.

When I came around the second time, I sat up with a jolt. Murray was sitting on the edge of his bunk, studying me quizzically. 'What happened?' I asked, when he refused to speak.

'You passed out,' he replied. 'After Donna sat on you. Two Women brought you back here. Said you'd been inside her bottom.' His mouth curled distastefully. 'They were quite specific. She'd had you in her crack. Right up ... between her buttocks. Almost finished you off with her little hole...'

'I remember,' I muttered, rubbing my head again.

'Then they sat on you,' he remarked abruptly.

I looked up sharply. ‘What do you mean ... they sat on me?’

‘Exactly what I said. They sat on you. Said it was a shame to miss the chance. Seeing as you couldn’t do anything about it.’ He hesitated. ‘They made me watch...’

His mouth tightened. It was obvious he didn’t relish the memory.

‘Did they ... did they rub their holes on me?’ I asked unnecessarily.

‘What do you think?’ said Murray, his face tightening. ‘They had a whale of a time ... wiping their bottoms on your face. Pretending they were ...’ He swallowed hard and looked away. ‘Finishing you off.’ He visibly shivered. ‘They said ... “This is what we do to men. We take them into our bottoms. We do them in with our little holes!”’

‘Why are you telling me this?’ I asked, because finally I had to. ‘If you hate it so much – why are you telling me?’

He regarded me coldly for several seconds. Finally, he said, ‘Because I know it’s what you want to hear. They told me ... they said you let Donna tie you up. That you asked her to suffocate you! That you said it was what every man needed ... a woman’s bottom on his face!’

‘I didn’t!’ I protested, though most of it was true. I ran a weary hand through my hair. I felt suddenly exhausted. ‘OK, I admit ... I didn’t resist when she ... when

she tied me to her bed. And yes ... I wanted her to sit on me, and I didn't care if she finished me off. I can't help it. I'm one of those men who likes to be sat on. I like ... no, I love being sat on. This world we live in now, it might be hell to men like you – and I understand that – but to me ... to me it's heaven on earth. Whatever the consequences.'

'You're fucking mental!' he yelled, lunging out and seizing me by the shoulders. 'You know that, don't you? Fucking mental!'

I tore myself free. Now it was my turn to be angry. 'If it's mental to want to be inside a woman's bottom – and have her rub her anus on me – then, yes, I'm mental,' I conceded. 'But as far as I'm concerned – if you've got to go – there's no better way.'

Murray shook his head in disbelief. He sagged and covered his face with his hands. 'I can't believe any of this is happening,' he muttered glumly. 'We're all going to end up inside a woman's arse ... and you're the only one who's going to be happy about it.'

'We can get away,' I said abruptly. I don't know why the hell I said it, but I couldn't stand to see how miserable he was.

Murray looked up at once. 'What do you mean, get away? How the hell could we ever get away?' He shook his head, clearly unconvinced. 'And why would you want to get away. You love it here. Being sat on all the time.'

'But that's just it,' I responded miserably. 'I'm not being sat on! Donna's the first woman to take me into her bottom since I got here.' (I thought it best not to

mention Janet. I wasn't sure how far I could trust Murray. I didn't want to run the risk of getting her into trouble.)

'Then why don't you quit as a trustee?' suggested Murray.

'Because I can't, can I? You know the rules. Once a trustee, always a trustee. If I ask to step down – they'll suffocate me!'

Murray gave a loud huff. 'I'd have thought that would have suited you down to the ground. Having some woman take you into her crack and finish you off with her arse!'

'Yes, well I'm sorry to disappoint you,' I grumbled, 'but just because I want a woman to sit on my face doesn't necessarily mean I want her to finish me off!'

'You wanted Donna to finish you off!' he reminded me. 'You let her tie you up. You didn't care whether she smothered you or not. You'd have been happy enough if she'd done you in!'

'That was different!' I protested.

Murray frowned. 'How was it different?'

'I was excited!' I muttered defensively. 'I didn't know what I was saying. As soon as I saw her little hole...' I shook my head. Even I couldn't explain myself

now.

‘You couldn’t control yourself,’ said Murray, with more than a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

‘Exactly!’ I replied, grabbing the lifeline he’d thrown me. ‘That’s what happens when I see a woman’s hole. I just ... I just want her to rub it on me!’

‘Even if she suffocates you,’ said Murray bitterly.

‘But that’s just it!’ I said. ‘When I’m excited – yes! I want her to smother me! But the rest of the time, I want to survive like you. I just want Women to sit on me, that’s all. I don’t really want it to end – even if it sometimes looks as if I do.’ I clenched my hands and sighed. ‘That’s why I want to get out of here. Because the chances are – if we stay in here long enough, we’re all going to be finished off!’

‘You mean you’d rather take your chances out there?’ Murray gave a vague gesture in the direction of the wall – and beyond it, the outside world.

‘Yes, I would. I know there’d be no one to protect us out there – that being a trustee means I’ll probably last longer than most men here – but I don’t care.’ I ran a hand through my hair again. ‘When I was out there – on the streets – with my friends, I came across a woman. She wasn’t big enough to smother me, but she wanted to try. It was brilliant. I had all the fun of being sat on, but none of the risk of being finished off. That’s what I want again.’

‘There’s no way we can get out of here. There are Women on the gates. And we can’t walk around the camp except when we’re taking men to the Suffocation Hut.’

‘But what if there was a way?’ I suggested, testing the lie of the land, wondering how far Murray might go. ‘Would you come with me? If you thought we could get out of here?’

Murray said nothing for several seconds. I could see him mulling things over. He’d said once before that it was safer in here. That however bad it was in the camp, it was a hell of a lot worse out on the streets. But we’d gone through a lot in the past few days. I knew that watching Arthur’s final moments had distressed him. Maybe even he had his tipping point. I hoped so. Getting out of here might be easier if there were two of us working towards the same end.

‘There isn’t a way,’ he answered gloomily.

‘But if there was?’ I persisted.

Murray shrugged. ‘I don’t know.’ He hesitated. ‘Maybe.’ He didn’t sound convinced.

‘I’ll take that as a yes,’ I said, and he didn’t contradict me. There was another question I needed to ask. Something else that didn’t make sense. Something he couldn’t answer now, as I was about to discover. But something that would eventually make all the sense in the world to me.

‘Have we had any of this conversation before?’ I asked. ‘I mean ... the first time I woke up?’

He regarded me with complete bemusement. ‘You only woke up the once,’ he replied.

I didn’t know what that meant just then. I would ... eventually. But, thank heavens, at that moment I remained as blissfully ignorant as Murray himself as to what was really happening in this God-forsaken world into which we’d tumbled.

Six

Two more days passed before anything unusual happened. I say ‘unusual’, but in the sense that everything that happened these days was unusual, it might be more accurate to say, something ‘more unusual’.

I’d assumed Donna would send for me again, but she didn’t. That puzzled me. It irked me, too, because I’d never been able to ask her about Tom. Was he alive or not? If he wasn’t, then that was an end to the matter. But if he was ... where the hell was he? Since this nightmare – or journey into paradise depending on your point of view – had kicked off, he and Janet were the only friends I’d made. I certainly couldn’t count Murray.

I won’t pretend I wasn’t disappointed. I was pleased she hadn’t finished me off, because, once I’d recovered, I knew I didn’t really want to be smothered. It was a madness that overtook me every time I saw a woman’s open arse. Even so, I wanted to be under her again. To experience that exquisite mix of fear and pleasure that only came with the awareness that she had it in her power to suffocate me with her bottom.

I was still wondering when, if ever, she might summon me again, when, during one of our so-called ‘rest’ sessions, the door to our room opened and Janet stood framed in the entrance.

‘You’re both wanted outside,’ she announced.

Murray and I stood up at once. If I’d been on my own I’d have asked Janet what this was all about, but I wasn’t, and I knew there was a protocol to follow. As it turned out, she made things clear enough as we walked along the corridor.

‘A hunting party has just returned,’ she explained. ‘They’ve brought in fifty men to replace those who ...’ she hesitated, and changed tack at once. ‘To beef up the numbers.’

Murray and I exchanged a glance. We both knew what ‘beefing up the numbers’ meant. The camp wasn’t getting any bigger – there wasn’t enough space. Men were being replaced. Men who’d been sat on ... by Women who hadn’t bothered to get up in time.

‘There were three men left over,’ she continued, ‘so we’re going to have some entertainment.’ There was no enthusiasm in the way she spoke and it didn’t take a genius to guess what the ‘entertainment’ might involve. I doubted the three men she’d mentioned would ever see the inside of a hut.

By now we’d left the main building and were heading towards one corner of the yard. About a hundred Women had gathered in a broad semi-circle. The air was thick with their screams and, beyond that, the occasional plaintive moan.

As we reached the outer ring of Women, I saw the three men. One, I guessed, was in his late fifties, tall, bearded and wiry. A middle-aged, stocky man stood alongside, hugging himself and shaking. The third prisoner was the youngest of the three – in his mid-twenties, I guessed, maybe younger. He glanced this way and that like a frightened rabbit caught in a night-driver’s lights.

The men were naked and heavily bound, with their arms and legs roped together. Lengths of cord hung either side of them, the ends held loosely by one or two Women, so that the men were effectively restrained. It was immediately apparent that if one man tried to run he would certainly pull the others over. Not that the

trio would have got very far even if they'd moved as a team.

'What will happen to them?' I asked in an anxious voice. I already knew the answer, but I couldn't help myself.

'They'll be smothered,' said Janet, matter-of-factly. 'All the Women will take it in turns to sit on them ... before they're finished off.'

'Why are we here?' I asked.

'It's your job to make sure they can't get away,' said Janet.

Her face was as grim as her voice. I knew straightaway this wouldn't be easy for any of us.

'What do we have to do?'

'You'll find out soon enough,' said Janet. She left us for a moment and walked towards the men. They immediately huddled close as if seeking safety in numbers.

'You are prisoners of the Women's Republic,' she announced in a loud, expressionless voice, 'and as such ... we have the right to sit on your heads and take you into our bottoms!'

‘Oh, dear God! Noooooo!’ screamed the youngest man, stumbling backwards and almost upending his two companions.

Ignoring his outburst, Janet continued flatly. ‘All the Women here will take it in turns to sit on you. At the end of that time, I’ll take each of you into my crack ... and finish you off with my little hole.’

‘You can’t be fucking serious!’ screamed the stocky man, his face a mask of disbelief. He looked from one of his companions to the other. ‘This is some sort of stupid joke!’

‘It’s not a joke,’ said Janet. ‘We’re Women ... and sitting on men is what we do.’ As she took a deep breath and straightened her back, her breasts billowed forward. I watched as the men’s gaze fixed first on her pointed nipples, then dropped to the plump, swollen vee of her cunt. It was obvious – from their collective look of confusion – that they were struggling to understand what was happening.

I wanted to tell them – as I always wanted to tell men – that there was nothing to worry about. That being taken into a woman’s bottom was the best thing in the world ... and how lucky they were to have Janet finish them off. It wouldn’t have helped, of course, I knew that well enough. It never did. I could see how terrified they were, surrounded by a hundred bare-bottomed Women, every one of whom was about to mount them.

As for Janet, though she appeared, on the surface, to be perfectly calm, I had no doubt she was anything but. She’d smothered men before, of course, I knew that well enough. Donna had given her a position of authority in the camp, and I’d

have been surprised if she hadn't sat on several men since we arrived. For all I knew, she'd even finished some off. And why shouldn't she? She might be my friend – but she was still a woman, with a woman's needs.

Turning to Murray and me, she gestured at the three prisoners, and the Women either side of them.

'Take hold of the loose ropes. Make sure you keep the men where they are – so they can't get away.'

The Women who had been holding on to the cords passed them over to us, stepping back to rejoin their sisters. By taking up the slack, and holding tight, I could see at once that Murray and I would be engaged in a grim Tug-of-War, with the two of us at either end and the doomed men in the middle.

The fact that the men's arms and legs were bound made our task much easier. I doubt we'd have easily restrained them if the men had simply been roped together. Their combined strength would have more than matched ours. Even so, it took all our effort – mine certainly – to keep them in check. Not surprisingly, the moment we took hold of the ropes, the men reacted. Theirs wasn't a concerted response – more the reaction of wild animals frightened by a predator. Because that was what the Women were – ruthless hunters, keen to devour their helpless prey.

It was a strange feeling, even now, to realise this was the way of the world in which we lived. The world of Women ... and their all-conquering bottoms. Men served only one purpose now – they existed to be sat on and smothered...

One thing continued to fascinate me. No matter how frightened a man became – and I'd seen this in the Suffocation Hut several times – his penis often told a different story. Though not fully erect, all three men sported cocks in various stages of arousal. It was as if, though a man's brain warned him of impending danger, and urged him to flee, his body embraced the peril happily.

The Women were aware of it, too. Several of them pointed at the men and giggled loudly.

'Look!' yelled one – a cry echoed by the crowd around her. 'Their cocks are rising to salute us! They want us to sit on them! They want us to smother them with our holes!'

It was a cruel, vulgar observation, and patently untrue. The men might be stiff, but it was abundantly clear – from the way they tugged on the ropes and backed away – that being sat on was the last thing any of them wanted.

Janet addressed the crowd in a loud, authoritative voice. 'We'll do this in an orderly fashion. Two Women on each man for a minute at a time. One of you will sit on his face, the other on your sister's lap. That way you'll get a good seal so your man can't breathe. After one minute, you'll change places, ride him again, then make way for two others. Is that understood?'

The Women nodded and bayed energetically. As for the men, it was clear they could hardly believe what they'd heard. They clung together fearfully, and I felt my muscles tighten as I tugged back on the rope.

Janet quickly selected six Women to begin the work she had just outlined. They

advanced eagerly, their bodies trembling with excitement. Janet seemed remarkably unmoved by proceedings, like an impartial umpire rather than a willing participant. I couldn't help but wonder how she felt inside.

As the Women broke into pairs, the men panicked, tugging every which way in a vain attempt to avoid their fate. I saw Murray rock forward on his toes, before regaining his balance and pulling hard on the rope. His effort immediately yanked me forward. It was clear we'd have to work together, not just to restrain the men, but to keep our balance, also.

Despite their excitement, the Women didn't rush forward, as I'd assumed they would. Instead, they approached cautiously, with an occasional glance at Janet. It seemed they were waiting for the signal to unleash themselves. Though they shook with raw, primal longing, desperate to sit on the men – they still deferred to Janet. It was she – not they – who held the men's lives in her hands.

I watched her blank expression as she studied the prisoners' faces. Whether she liked this or not, there was no avoiding her decision. Straightening her back, she announced, in a loud, clear voice:

'Take them into your bottoms! Unleash your little holes!'

The words were barely out of her mouth before the Women rushed forward, upending their victims. The men stood no chance as they tumbled backwards. Murray and I were forced to relax our grip a little so as to avoid being dragged down as the men fell. A delighted cry rose up from the crowd as the Women cheered their sisters on – happy in the knowledge that their turn would come.

It was hard to know where to look first. Murray, I noticed, immediately averted his gaze. He had no wish to see any man smothered, and I had no doubt that holding them in place, while the Women went about their work, gave him no pleasure at all. As for me, though I took no delight in seeing the men suffer, I once again put myself in their place ... and envied them for what they were going through.

The Women sitting on them had followed Janet's injunction to the letter. How each pair had decided on who would go first, I couldn't tell. It seemed to have happened spontaneously, with one woman already sitting on each man's face, while her companion straddled her lap, ensuring their victim had no chance of escape.

I watched as the men's hands clawed at the air, and their legs kicked strongly. Their backs and buttocks scabbled on the ground, twisting first one way, then the other as they fought, in vain, to free themselves. One man – the youngest of the trio – managed to raise his arms sufficiently so as to get a makeshift grip on his rider's hips. For a moment it looked as if he might unseat her. I pulled hard on my rope – the far end of which was wrapped around his wrist. The moment I did, his hand came away. Murray pulled hard at the same time, and the other hand came free. The young man arched his back dramatically and kicked with his legs. What dreadful despair he must have suffered, to have almost shifted the Women from his face, only to have his one chance at escape torn from his grasp.

As for his companions, they – like him – were now firmly lodged between a pair of naked buttocks. Each rider wriggled happily, and I closed my eyes, imagining what it must feel like to have a woman's anus carving its way across my face.

With such a huge weight bearing down on their heads, it struck me that, in all likelihood, each man's nose must be well inside his sitter's passage – or at least flattened tight against her open hole. Not for the first time, the words, 'You lucky bastard!' crossed my mind. There were almost a hundred Women still waiting

their turn. That was more than thirty bottoms to each man. How they were going to suffer over the course of the next hour or so. And how I wish I could have changed places with any one of them!

I was brought back to reality as Janet clapped her hands – a signal for the Women to change places. Immediately – though with obvious reluctance – each girl rose from the saddle and allowed her companion to take her place. In those few, precious seconds, each man wriggled like a landed fish, gasping for breath. Murray and I were again forced to hold on tight to our ropes in order to keep the men in place.

Murray looked more distressed than ever. It was clear he wanted this torment – his and the men's – over and done with. I, on the other hand, though I had no wish to prolong the men's suffering, never wanted it to end. Again, I shut my eyes and imagined it was me being sat on – me with my nose lodged inside a woman's hole.

When the next minute passed and Janet signalled for the Women to dismount, I was surprised by how quickly they rose. They had had their fun and seemed happy enough to let others take their place. As for the men, their misery was now compounded. Two more Women, two more minutes, and then barely a few seconds in which to recover before their torture began again.

It was an exhausting enough hour for Murray and me, let alone the men – who were forced to endure a successive avalanche of bottoms. Finally, as Janet called time, and the last of the Women dismounted, she walked forward and regarded the trio with a sad, melancholy air. They, by now, were barely capable of any movement at all. Exhausted, and drenched in female cum, they looked utterly defeated.

‘I’m sorry for what you’ve had to go through,’ said Janet in a low voice, and I knew she meant every word. ‘But it won’t last much longer.’

The oldest of the three – the wiry, bearded man, raised his head and groaned. ‘It’s wrong,’ he muttered pitifully. ‘We don’t deserve this. We don’t deserve to be smothered...’

‘Perhaps not,’ said Janet softly. ‘But it’s the best thing for you now, believe me. At least you’ll be out of all this...’

Beside him, the stocky man rolled onto his side, curled into a ball and moaned. The youngest of the trio tried to hoist himself to his knees, his tear-stained eyes scanning the world as though, even now, he might find a way to escape.

‘I’m sorry,’ said Janet, addressing all three. ‘There’s no way out. It’s time for me to take you into my bottom ...’

The young man’s eyes widened and his face fell. ‘Oh, my God!’ he cried, his gaze dropping to the plump, rounded swell of Janet’s hips. ‘You’re fucking huge!’

‘It’s better for a big woman to finish you off than a small one,’ she added calmly, ignoring the insult. ‘It won’t take so long. Not once I get you into my crack...’

The young man made a desperate attempt to scabble away. His companions’ weight, and a combined tug on the ropes from Murray and me, made sure his

effort was a pointless one.

Janet advanced quickly. 'I'll do you first,' she announced, 'so you won't have to see me smother your friends.'

The young man's face paled as she approached him. He turned to his companions with a pleading look in his eyes. 'You can't let her do this to me!' he wept, tears running down his face. 'You can't let her sit on me!'

They might not have wanted Janet to sit on him – or any of them for that matter. But they also knew there was nothing they could do to prevent it. As I tugged hard on the ropes – with next to no resistance – I could see how exhausted the pair of them were.

As for the young man, the realisation that he couldn't rely on them for help appeared to prompt him into action. He made a valiant effort to run, and wailed when he realised how pointless it was. He tried to back away and stumbled, landing awkwardly on his back.

The instant he was down, Janet struck. She stepped over his scrabbling body, turned her bottom towards him and dropped into a squatting position over his head.

'Oh, fuck, nooooo!' he screamed as her backside opened, and he caught his first sight of her anus.

I saw him turn his head away in the forlorn hope of escape. It was a pointless gesture. Janet dropped her arse onto his head, entombing him inside her bottom. When he moved, she moved with him. Even though he'd looked away, the weight of her cheeks was enough to clamp his nose and mouth shut. As the side of his face was forced into the bone-dry soil, he screamed with pain.

'It'll be better if you turn around,' said Janet gently. 'It's soft and warm inside my crack. It won't hurt as much.'

As his body arched and his legs kicked, I could see the young man was on the horns of a dilemma. If he kept his face averted, Janet's sheer weight would eventually finish him off. But at least, while he kept in that position, he could cling to the hope – however tenuous – that he might yet escape.

'Turn round, mate!' yelled the stocky man, yanking at the rope that held them together. 'We can't get away, now – none of us. You might as well get it over with!'

The young man kicked again, still railing against his fate. An anguished groan broke from the back of his throat and his mouth twisted horribly. From where I stood, I could see the tears running down his cheeks. It took me by surprise when Janet lifted her bottom. A second or two passed – though it felt much longer. With another muffled squeal of despair, the young man hoisted his head around, so he was staring right up into Janet's crack. The moment he saw her wrinkled hole, his mouth fell open and he screamed.

Before he could change his mind, Janet dropped her hips, taking him deep into her crack. I heard one last, terrified shriek as his head disappeared. A moment later, his body lurched. Though the weight of Janet's arse held him down, he was able to kick with his legs. I was forced to hold on tight to keep my balance.

Opposite me, I saw Murray bend his knees and grit his teeth.

Between us, by yanking on the ropes, we were able to keep the young man's legs apart. Not only did this allow Janet to keep him pinned down, it allowed her free access to his penis, which was – whether because of, or in spite of, his distress – already half-erect. When she reached out and closed her hand around his shaft, his back arched and his hips swayed. Within seconds, he was fully erect, Janet's nimble fingers pumping him smoothly.

'That's it, sweetheart,' I heard her murmur. 'There's nothing to worry about. It'll soon be over now...'

Though the two men Janet was yet to sit on remained fearful, I could see, from the way they looked on, that they knew she would treat them kindly when their own time came. They couldn't take their eyes off her arse, nor the head of the young man wriggling beneath her. As always, I imagined myself in each man's place, aware that he himself would soon be trapped in Janet's bottom, her little hole against his nose.

The thought was too much for me to bear and I groaned, relaxing my hold on the ropes. The young man's arms had been flailing wildly, his hands clawing at the air. Unable to reach Janet's hips, he had no hope of pushing her away. But as my grip slackened, it allowed him to clamp a hand to one of Janet's hips. He couldn't shift her, of course, but, for a few seconds, he must have hoped that anything was possible.

Recovering myself, I yanked sharply again and his hand came away.

‘Oh, God!’ I thought, as I watched his arms and legs react, his head still trapped in the cavern of Janet’s arse, ‘I wish it was me you were sitting on! I wish it was me inside your crack! I wish it was me you were smothering!’

Crazed with lust, it was all I could do to cling on. The young man’s body was jerking fitfully, and I knew, from the look on Janet’s face, that her little hole had almost done its work. His cock was fully erect, and there were beads of semen leaking from its eye.

I watched, transfixed – and racked with envy – as the young man’s body gave a series of jolts. At the same time, Janet’s hand flashed up and down his shaft, drawing wads of thick spunk from his cock. A muffled squeal somewhere between delight and despair broke from inside Janet’s bottom as the young man gave one last, dramatic kick and finally fell still.

As she eased herself from his face, and turned towards the stocky man to whom he was roped, I saw the latter take a deep breath. As calmly as he was able to, he lay down on his back, his chest rising and falling. He clenched and unclenched his fists, and I saw his lips move as he muttered a silent prayer.

‘Are you ready?’ asked Janet, positioning herself on one knee beside him. He looked up at her and his face was ashen. I thought, for one moment, he might panic and try to move away. But instead, he gave a weak nod and mumbled something. I didn’t catch it but, when Janet promptly swung her leg across his chest and settled herself over him, I guessed he’d told her to go ahead.

When she reached back and clawed her buttocks wide, Stocky Man gave a mournful whimper. Looking over her shoulder, Janet said, ‘It might be best if you put your hands behind your back. Try not to push me off for as long as you can. Let my bottom do its work...’

He gave a feeble nod and eased his arms beneath him.

Janet responded with a warm smile. 'I'm going to lower my bottom onto your face now. Try to keep your head still and look straight up. If you let me press my little hole against your nose, it will help me to finish you off quickly.' She smiled again. 'If you open your mouth, I can squeeze my pussy inside. Breathe out first – that will make it easier for you. It won't take me so long ... to send you to sleep.' She waited for a reply and, when none came, said, 'Do you understand?'

Though Stocky Man nodded again, I tensed myself in case he panicked and gave a final yank on the ropes. But before Janet could lower herself onto his face, we were all distracted by a familiar voice that rang out across the yard.

'Stop everything now!'

To mine – and certainly Janet's – surprise, Donna came striding towards us, her big hips wobbling like a pair of oversized jellies.

'What's going on?' she demanded, her eyes raking the ground. She didn't immediately look at me, for which I breathed a sigh of relief.

'I'm finishing off the prisoners,' said Janet quickly. There was a nervous edge to her voice. Something about this interruption wasn't right, and I saw her face tighten anxiously.

‘I’ve been watching,’ said Donna, gesturing to the building behind her. ‘From my office. You’re taking too long. These two should have been dealt with by now.’

‘I was trying to make them suffer,’ lied Janet. ‘I thought if I took my time—’

‘You shouldn’t be dealing with all of them,’ said Donna, interrupting her sharply. ‘This is a job for three Women. You might have had some fun – seeing who could finish them off first.’

‘I’m sorry,’ said Janet, playing for time. ‘I thought—’

‘Thinking is my job,’ said Donna dismissively. ‘That’s why I run this camp, not you.’ She cast around, as if looking for something – or someone. Her eyes lighted on a short, slim girl, with tiny buttocks and a bright, eager face.

‘You, girl!’ she barked, cocking her finger, summoning her forward. The young woman hurried over, an uncertain expression on her face.

‘Turn round and bend over,’ said Donna, and the girl immediately swivelled around, offering her arse for inspection. I looked, too – I couldn’t help myself. I remembered the girl at the house – before I was captured. The one Tom and I had lured inside so she could sit on me. She was skinny – but this girl was skinnier still. Her buttocks were tiny, with no shape to her at all. As for her pussy, it was a hairless slit barely longer than my thumb, nestling between her pencil-thin legs.

When she lowered her head, and raised her bottom in the air, I saw that her anus was a pink, pea-shaped opening, smooth and hairless like her vagina. Her crack was short and shallow and it was immediately clear that she could never take a man between her buttocks and hold him there. Much like the girl at the house, she was the runt of the litter – the one forever fated to run behind the others and never make the kill herself.

When the girl turned round again, Donna examined her in silence for several seconds, then gestured at Stocky Man, still lying on his back beneath Janet's arse.

'I want you to sit on his face and finish him off,' said Donna. 'Show us what your holes are made of!'

The girl's mouth dropped open and the colour drained from her cheeks. She looked from Donna to Stocky Man then back again.

'But Madam,' she said in a low, bewildered voice, 'I've only got a small bottom, and ...' She stole another glance at her potential victim. 'He's got such a big head. I'll never get him in my crack!'

'You only need to cover his mouth,' said Donna matter-of-factly. 'You can do that with your pussy, and hold his nose shut with your hands.' She regarded Stocky Man coldly. 'When he passes out, you can turn around ... and finish him off with your anus!'

Stocky Man had remained silent until now, but this final remark was too much for him.

‘Fuck you!’ he cried. ‘I don’t want to be finished off like that! She’s too fucking small!’ He looked up, forlornly, into Janet’s arse. ‘I want this woman to smother me! Like she did that other bloke!’

Donna glared down at him. ‘I’ll decide who gets to smother you,’ she said sharply. ‘She might be small – but she’s got a hole in her bottom. And that gives her the right to finish you off!’

Stocky Man arched his back and threw his head from side to side. ‘She’ll take too long! I want to be finished off quickly!’ Without warning, he reached up, took hold of Janet’s hips and tried to pull her towards him. The attempt took her by surprise and her bottom fell onto his face. He immediately clung on tight, as if he could somehow keep her there until he passed out.

Donna huffed and shook her head disdainfully. ‘Get up!’ she ordered Janet. ‘Now!’

Reluctantly, Janet took hold of Stocky Man’s hands, prised them away from her hips and climbed to her feet. As she stepped away, the poor man stretched out his arms imploringly. ‘Oh, please!’ he cried, tears running down his face. ‘Finish me off! Finish me off with your bottom!’

Janet regarded him sadly, aware of how terrified he was, and knowing there was nothing she could do to ease his pain. If she stepped out of line, I had little doubt Donna’s retribution would be swift and brutal.

‘You’re too soft,’ said Donna dismissively. ‘You can’t treat men with kindness. They don’t deserve it.’ She grinned crudely. ‘They belong inside our bottoms...’

All this time, the older, slightly built man – the third of the doomed trio – had remained silent, but finally he spoke.

‘What about me?’ he muttered in a fearful, bewildered voice. ‘What’s going to happen to me?’

Donna regarded him with a cool, detached air. Reaching out, she slapped a big, meaty hip. ‘I’ll sit on you,’ she replied. ‘I’ll take you into my bottom!’

From the look on his face, it was clear he didn’t much like this idea. When Donna swung a leg across his chest, turned round and opened up her arse, his face lost all its remaining colour.

‘Oh, God help me!’ he cried. ‘Your arse is fucking huge!’

It was, too. I knew that from personal experience. I remembered how I’d felt when I’d been underneath it. Donna had sent me to sleep – but at least I’d woken up again. This guy wouldn’t be waking up and he knew it.

Lowering herself into a squatting position, Donna beckoned the skinny girl forward. ‘Sit on his face,’ she commanded, pointing at Stocky Man. He made to bring up his hands to protect himself. Recovering my senses in time, I pulled hard on the ropes. Murray reacted similarly and, between us, we managed to

keep him on his back, his arms flailing helplessly.

The young girl stepped over him and gazed down. From the anxious look on her face, it was clear she was still in two minds as to how she could possibly smother him.

‘You’ll have to hold his head,’ prompted Donna. ‘He’ll struggle when you try to rub your privates on him. Men always do. Just keep pressing down. Show him who’s boss. Remember,’ she added vulgarly, ‘You’re a woman ... with a woman’s holes!’

As for Stocky Man, he was now wriggling desperately. To hear Donna give such calm – and crude – instructions to the girl only served to distress him further. He yanked on the ropes and Murray and I yanked back. Once Donna sat on the other man – I realised – it would only be me holding him down. Her weight would ensure that.

The skinny girl dropped to her knees and positioned her tiny pussy over Stocky Man’s head. He immediately turned away, determined not to look at her slit.

Though the skinny girl reached down and tried to pull him back, he resisted her fiercely and she whinnied with frustration.

‘He won’t let me sit on him!’ she squealed. ‘He won’t let me put my pussy in his mouth!’ Had she been standing, I felt certain she would have stamped her feet like a petulant schoolgirl. She was acutely aware of the other Women looking on, all of them big enough to take Stocky Man into their bottoms and finish him off with their little holes.

It caught me by surprise when I heard Janet speak again.

‘Shall I hold his head, Madam?’ she asked in a firm voice. ‘So he can’t turn away?’

I wondered if her intervention was designed to end Stocky Man’s misery sooner rather than later – whatever his feelings in the matter – or whether she hoped to get herself back in Donna’s good books. I suspected it was a little bit of both.

Donna nodded. ‘Good idea,’ she decided. ‘We don’t want to be here all day.’

Without any regard for the man between her own legs, still gazing mournfully into her open crack, Donna reached back and clawed her bottom wide, exposing the dark, wrinkled gash of her anus.

Glancing past her shoulder, she threw him a cruel, lascivious smile. ‘You’re going where all men belong now!’ she cried. ‘Up inside a woman’s bottom!’

The old man drew a sharp breath – aware it was the last one he would ever take. A moment later, Donna dropped her backside onto his face, taking him into her crack. A long, muffled squeal escaped from between her buttocks and I felt a familiar warmth in my groin at the knowledge that her anus was pressed tight against his nose.

I hardly knew where to look, because just then Janet knelt down behind him,

took hold of Stocky Man's head and pulled it face-up. He was strong, but she was stronger still and, though he fought her fiercely, he was unable to turn away.

'Oh, please, no!' he cried, as the skinny girl lowered herself onto his face. 'Not like this! Not like this!'

She was an inch from his nose when she stopped. I saw her look at Janet, as if desperate for encouragement. Even now, she didn't believe she could do this.

'There's nothing to worry about,' I heard Janet murmur reassuringly. 'Your pussy and your little hole are very close together. If you come forward just a little, you'll be able to use them both to cover his mouth.'

'You bitch!' screamed Stocky Man, directing his fury at Janet now. 'I don't want her fucking asshole on me!'

Janet gazed down at him and, when she spoke next, it both shocked and thrilled me in equal measure. Whether it was for Donna's benefit, or whether she truly meant it, I had no idea – but I felt my penis stiffen in my pants.

'You'll take what's coming!' she responded firmly. 'She's a woman ... and she has a right to use her holes on you!' Looking up at the girl again, she said quickly, 'Do it! Sit on him! Now!'

This time the girl didn't hesitate. She dropped the small plum of her pussy directly onto Stocky Man's face and wriggled forward. I heard him gag, then

squeal, as her private parts made contact with his mouth.

Stocky Man was still trying to turn his head away, but Janet was having none of it. It was all I could do to hold on to the ropes and keep his arms away from the young girl's hips. Even with Janet holding on tight, I knew he could push the youngster from his face if I didn't do my bit.

I watched, transfixed, as the only arm he could use – the one nearest to me – flailed in the air. A volley of grunts broke from between the woman's legs as Stocky Man snorted into her slit. He was using up precious air, gagging on her private parts.

'Good girl!' said Janet encouragingly. 'You're doing well. Now pinch his nose shut. Then you'll have him!'

A little fearfully, as if she still didn't believe she could manage it, the young girl stretched out her arms. As he watched her hands close around his face, Stocky Man gave a long, muffled wail and tried, one last time, to twist his head away. Janet clung on hard as I yanked on the ropes to make sure he couldn't use his free arm to defend himself.

It was wrong of me, I know, but at that moment I wanted her to succeed, too – if only because, in my fevered imagination, it was me trapped between her skinny legs; me with her hairless slit in my mouth, unable to breathe. I desperately wanted it to be me looking up at her, aware there was nothing I could do to save myself as she used her little fingers to pinch my nose shut.

The other Women were cheering wildly by now, their support lending the girl

fresh confidence and courage.

‘I’ve got him!’ she cried happily, wriggling on Stocky Man’s face. ‘I’ve got him!’

‘You have!’ said Janet supportively. ‘He can’t get away now!’

Alongside her, Donna was riding her own prisoner hard, bouncing up and down as if breaking in a feisty stallion. The poor man was moaning fearfully, emitting thick, gurgling sounds as Donna drove her bottom across his face. Finally, as if tiring of the struggle, she sat down hard, her buttocks clamped around his head. His body arched strongly, and his thin arms rattled in the air. His penis was fully erect, dancing drunkenly against his belly. It would have been a kindness for Donna to give him relief. I knew Janet would have held his cock and balls to distract him with pleasure. But Donna had only one thing on her mind ... and that was to finish him off inside her crack!

A minute passed, and then a second. Miraculously, the old man clung on, still kicking hard. But gradually, the fight went out of him and he sagged. Donna grunted through gritted teeth and pressed down heavily, wriggling her hips.

‘Eat my arse!’ she cried victoriously. ‘Eat my little hole, you bastard!’

The old man gave one last sharp, despairing kick and his body fell still. A collective cheer broke from the crowd, who then – like Donna – turned their attention to the skinny girl’s battle with Stocky Man. His face was blood-red, and his eyes bulged horribly. His one free arm had long since given up the fight, but I continued to hold on grimly.

His body, like those of his companions before him, gave a series of sharp jolts, as his resistance ebbed away.

‘That’s it!’ cried Janet, still clinging to his head. ‘Your little pussy’s almost done her work!’

Stocky Man’s eyes rolled back and there were tears running down his cheeks as he gazed up at Janet for the last time. She stared back, a grim, determined look on her face. His body went into a sudden, violent spasm and he finally fell still.

The moment he went limp, Donna yelled, ‘Get up! Quickly!’

The young girl did as she was told, releasing Stocky Man’s nose and climbing awkwardly to her feet.

‘Turn round!’ cried Donna. ‘Squat low on his face! Get your little hole over his nose. No – don’t sit on him, not yet. Wait till he comes round. He’s weak. He won’t be able to fight you off.’

To hear Donna talk so coldly, telling the girl how to finish off a man she’d rendered unconscious, should have shocked me – and it did. But it thrilled me, too. The poor bastard had been through hell. It would have been a kindness for one of the bigger-bottomed Women to have taken him into her crack and smothered him in his sleep. Instead, Donna wanted him to wake up – painfully weak as he would be – so he could see the skinny girl’s hole as it came down on him.

I wondered how much of a risk they were taking. What if he recovered enough to turn his head away? Would Janet still hold on to him? That seemed both unbearably cruel – and impossibly exciting – at the same time.

‘I wish it was me,’ I muttered to myself. ‘I wish it was me about to wake up and see her arse-hole coming down!’ And I did, too. I did want it to be me. Just then, I didn’t care who smothered me – I just wanted to be sat on. To be inside a woman’s bottom ... gorging on her butt-hole!

A minute must have passed, with the girl hunched over Stocky Man’s head. I couldn’t see her little hole from where I was standing, but I knew what it must look like – small, hairless and softly pulsing. It was the last thing that Stocky Man would ever see. A young woman’s anus ... coming to finish him off!

At last, his eyes flickered and he moaned feebly. As he opened them fully, Donna gave an abrupt nod. ‘Sit on him!’ she cried. ‘Sit on his face ... and suffocate him with your little hole!’

The young girl obeyed without hesitation, dropping heavily onto Stocky Man’s face. The moment her anus made contact with his nose, his body gave a fearful judder. For her part, the girl threw back her head and sighed happily.

‘He’s in my passage!’ she squealed. ‘Oh, I can’t believe it! His nose is in my passage!’

‘Stretch out your legs!’ said Donna. ‘Rest them on his stomach. That way your

full weight will be on his face.’

‘Don’t worry,’ added Janet. ‘If he tries to move his head, I’ll push it back. He won’t get out of your hole!’

Again, I groaned inwardly. Stocky Man had come round up to a point and was squirming fitfully. I heard a series of muffled grunts break against the wrinkled knot of the skinny girl’s anus. She jiggled her hips and looked so perfectly content, perched on top of his face. It was hard not to cheer her on ... even though she was smothering a man with her bare bottom.

In the end, Janet had no need to hold on to his head. With her legs stretched out in front of her – as Donna had instructed – the girl’s backside was heavy enough to keep him in place until he, too, like his companions before him, gave one last jolt and fell mercifully still.

The moment it was over, the other Women rushed forward, embracing the young girl, hoisting her up and lifting her high. It was a curious few minutes. Murray and I exchanged a glance, with neither of us sure what we should do now.

In the end, Janet was detailed – much as the affair had begun – to lead us away and back to our room.

After she left, we neither of us – Murray or me – said anything about what had happened. It was like an unspoken pact between us. Whether we liked it or not, we had helped to suffocate three men and neither of us wanted to talk about it.

For the first time since I had arrived at the camp, I felt a sense of shame at my part in what had happened. I didn't like the feeling. I didn't like it one little bit.

What had happened to the world in which I had once lived?

And, more importantly ... what had happened to me?

Seven

Janet came to our room that night. I was surprised, but not as surprised as Murray.

He jumped up, as if anticipating an inspection. I knew better. If Janet had risked visiting us at this time of the evening, then something important had happened. Or was about to.

Her face was hard and serious. 'You have to get out of here,' she said hurriedly. 'It's not safe any more.'

It occurred to me that it had never been particularly safe in the camp, but I kept the thought to myself. Instead, I asked, 'What do you mean?'

Janet swung round, her big breasts wobbling freely. I saw Murray sneak a glance at the fat pillows of her arse, shudder, then look away.

'Donna's been talking about what happened this afternoon. She wants to do it again, but on a larger scale. More men, more Women. And not just men from the streets. She's talking about us sitting on fifty to a hundred men at a time. A complete "free for all"!'

'Dear God,' I muttered grimly as I watched the colour drain from Murray's face. 'At that rate the camp will be empty in days.'

Janet paced up and down. 'She doesn't care. She says there are so many men out

there – on the streets – that we can afford to take risks. She saw how happy the Women were today – when they let themselves go. That’s how she wants things to be in future. Every man here is dispensable. And that includes you ...’

‘But how the hell can we get out?’ There are always Women on the gates.’

‘I’ll have to distract them,’ said Janet. ‘If I can get them away from their post, you may have a chance.’ She shook her head slowly. ‘It’s a long shot ... but it’s all we’ve got.’

‘But where would we go?’ I asked. ‘All supposing we can get out.’

She shrugged. ‘I’ve no idea. It’s up to you. Just so long as it’s away from here.’

I felt a cold knot in my stomach. ‘But you are coming with us?’

It seemed an age before she replied.

‘I can’t,’ she said flatly. ‘I don’t belong out there. I’m safe in the camp.’ She sighed. ‘I’m not safe out there.’

‘I wouldn’t let anything happen to you.’

She looked at me fondly. 'I know you'd do your best, Nathan, but I'm a woman. I'm the enemy now, whether you like it or not.' She hesitated. 'And besides...'
There was another long pause, as if she was reluctant to continue.

'You still want to sit on men ...' I said slowly.

She nodded. 'Yes. I do. When I was holding that man's head this afternoon, when the girl was sitting on his face ... I wanted to change places with her. I wanted to be the one trying to finish him off.'

She looked at me sadly. 'I keep trying to fight it, Nathan, but I can't help my nature. I want to stay here ... because I want to smother men.'

'I understand,' I said, reaching out and taking hold of her hands. 'And I don't blame you. Quite honestly, any man would be lucky to have you sit on him.'

She proffered a weak smile. 'I'm not sure that's true, Nathan, but thank you for saying it.'

She turned to Murray, who hadn't yet spoken. 'Will you go, too?'

He looked utterly shell-shocked. 'I don't know,' he said. 'I feel safe in here. I'm a trustee. Women don't sit on me ...'

'That's all going to change. If I were you, I'd get out now, while you can.'

He shook his head sombrely. 'I don't want to. It's dangerous out there.'

'It's more dangerous in here. And if Nathan goes, they'll think you knew about it. Donna will have you smothered. Except that I can't take the chance you'll tell her about my part in all this.' She paused for a moment. There was a cold, hard look on her face when she spoke. 'If you don't go ... then I'll have to sit on you.'

He regarded her with a look of utter astonishment. 'Oh, my God,' he muttered. 'You would, too...'

She nodded. 'Yes, I would ...'

He shrugged. 'Then it seems I don't have much choice.'

'That's settled, then.'

'When will we do it?' I asked.

'In the next hour. It's too dangerous to wait another day. All hell could break loose tomorrow.' Her face creased unhappily. 'There's just one more thing ... and you won't like it.'

I saw her shoulders tighten. ‘We need a distraction. To get the two guards away from the gate.’

‘What sort of distraction?’

‘You’ll have to go back to the hut and choose two men. The Women have a cabin they can use. If I give them two men to sit on, they’ll abandon their post for a while.’

‘Oh, fuck,’ I muttered miserably. ‘What if the Women finish them off?’

Now it was Janet’s turn to look miserable. ‘That’s a chance we have to take. I don’t think it will happen – but I can’t be sure. They may lose control of themselves. If they do ...’ She lowered her head for a moment. ‘I’m sorry, Nathan – but it’s the only way you’ll get through the gate.’

‘I can’t have that on my conscience,’ said Murray glumly. ‘There has to be another way.’

‘There isn’t,’ said Janet. ‘But the fact is – whatever happens to them tonight – the men you choose aren’t going to be around much longer. Not if Donna has her way.’ She looked from one of us to the other. ‘Every man in this camp is going to end up inside a woman’s bottom soon enough. The fact is: you’ll be doing them a favour. Getting it over with quickly.’

‘It makes sense,’ I said, turning to Murray. ‘And they might not be smothered

tonight. We can't be sure.'

He shook his head again and looked deeply unhappy. 'It still doesn't feel right.'

'It's the only way we're getting out of here,' I reminded him.

'Listen to Nathan,' said Janet. 'The men you choose are living on borrowed time. You won't be condemning them. That decision's already been taken. By Donna...'

Murray looked utterly defeated. 'You'll have to choose them,' he said, looking at me. 'I can't do it.'

'I will,' I said, without enthusiasm. 'I'll pick two of the older guys. It's the younger ones who get worked up ... when they know a woman's going to sit on them.'

I turned to Janet. 'So what happens now?'

'We wait an hour. It'll be dark by then and most of the Women will be resting. I'll take you over to the hut. Pick out two men, and we'll make for the gates. After that ...' She shrugged. It was clear that, after that, even she had no idea what might happen.

Things were awkward between Murray and me after Janet left. He was anxious at the prospect of leaving the camp. As a trustee, this had been a place of safety for him – whatever might have happened to the other men. Now he was about to venture back into the outside world – where Women ran wild and there were no rules to protect us. Neither of us spoke. Instead, we sat on our beds, alone with our thoughts.

At a quarter to eight, the door opened again and Janet slipped inside.

‘It’s time,’ she said in a hushed voice. ‘Are you ready?’

We nodded grimly. The fact was, we were neither of us ready, and never would be. But we had no choice. It was all or nothing now.

Once outside, we made our way out of the building and across the yard to the men’s hut. I knew they’d be settling in for the night, not expecting to be disturbed. I prayed they wouldn’t make a fuss when we singled out two men to be sat on. They’d seen what had happened this afternoon, through the windows of the hut. If the men we chose suspected, even for a moment, that they were going to be finished off, they might kick up a stink that would ruin everything.

As it turned out, things went smoothly enough. As I’d suggested, I chose two of the older men – a pair who, though reluctant to be sat on, had always accepted their fate stoically and without fuss.

I decided to be truthful – as far as I could be. I told them it was a long night for

the Women on gate patrol and they wanted a couple of men to liven up the boredom. In return – they wouldn't be sat on for the next three days. I didn't much enjoy lying about that last bit, but I figured if it made the next few hours a little easier for them, then what the hell. And if the Women did lose control of their bottoms and finish them off, then what I'd said would have been true, after all. In a way ...

The five of us headed over to the gates, where the Women – a large negress and a smaller Oriental girl – were gazing miserably into the inky night. They were surprised to see us, though any doubts they might have had turned to delight when Janet revealed she'd brought them two men to help pass the time.

'Something for your little holes,' she said crudely, pushing the men forward.

The Women, as Janet had previously told us, had the use of a small cabin. She suggested they take the men inside and sit on them.

'Give them a good smothering,' she added vulgarly. 'See which of you can put your man to sleep first.' They rather liked that idea, though it struck me the negress had such a big arse that the contest was hopelessly one-sided.

Though they were reluctant, at first, to leave their post, they quickly changed their minds when Janet promised to guard the gate for the next half an hour. After that, she told them, she'd have to go, but they could keep the men for the rest of the night and take it in turns to smother them.

Finally persuaded, the pair disappeared into the hut, forcing the reluctant men ahead of them. The moment they were inside, Janet unlocked the gates and

beckoned us forward.

Murray advanced reluctantly. Even now, a part of him still craved the imagined safety of his being a trustee in a camp where he wouldn't be sat on.

'We have to do this,' I reminded him. 'Whatever's out there, it can't be worse than what's going to happen here.'

I turned to Janet. 'I wish you could come with us,' I said honestly.

'I wish I could, too,' she replied. 'But it has to be like this. You're on your own now.'

That wasn't strictly true, but I knew what she meant. First Tom, now Janet. I threw my arms around her ample body and hugged her tightly. 'Look after yourself,' I said.

'You, too,' said Janet. She stepped back, to allow us through. 'Now get the hell out of here. Before I lose control of my arse ... and try to sit on you myself!'

As we stepped out of the camp, I felt a cold shiver that wasn't just down to the chilled night air. When the gate clicked shut behind us, a part of me wanted to turn around and beg Janet to take us back inside, whatever the consequences.

But it was too late for that. I thought about turning back to see Janet's face one

last time, but I knew that would weaken my resolve. Instead, I took hold of Murray's shoulder and pushed him forward.

Then, together, and for good or ill, we hurried forward side by side and disappeared into the inky blackness of the night.

To be continued in ... Smother Rampage 5!

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

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

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!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

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

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

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

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

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

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

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

Bared for Battle!

As the war with Queen Eirwhen moves towards its inevitable conclusion, Ladorh, 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 ...

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

'Our bottoms are coming for you, men! There is no escape!'

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

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

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

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

A short story prequel to Dungeons of Despair! When Twins Attack! recounts the story of the day Anya and Delphi's mother took them on a ceremonial hunt – and

they first took men between their young, Amazonian legs ...

When Women Hunt!

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

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

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

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

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in Marrakech 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.

C is for Condemned (an extract)

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my novella, *C is for Condemned*:

There was an air of lively anticipation as the door to their private chamber opened and the three judges stepped back into the room.

Behind the low, wooden rail that separated them from the judges' bench, six naked men huddled together in an anxious line. High above them, in the public gallery, women crowded close, those at the front leaning forward as far as they were able to. They were anxious, also, but for very different reasons.

Settling into their fat leather chairs, the three judges waited for the gentle hubbub to fade into silence. As the room grew quiet, Madame Allais cast her gaze along the row of nervous male faces, took a long breath, and finally spoke.

'The Council of Men has been found guilty – as charged – of crimes against the Women's Republic. After much deliberation, we have decided – by a verdict of two to one ...'

A low moan broke from one of the defendants, a young man of scarcely nineteen years, fresh-faced and shaking fearfully. Beside him, an older man – Elder Paquin, Head of the Council – reached out and slipped a consoling arm around the other's shoulder. Madame Allais felt her belly tighten. She felt sorry for the lad – for all of them, in fact. She had no wish to prolong anyone's suffering, even men who had, by their own admission, condemned to death so many women whose only crime had been to ask for freedoms so long denied them.

When the Revolution had come, and women had taken control, Madame Allais had found herself reluctantly thrust into a position of authority. As a lawyer – and a patriot – she had accepted her role, albeit with misgivings. The new ruling cadre – the Amazon Council – had demanded that the enemy be punished. Examples must be made – so men would know their days of power were at an end.

In honour of their Amazon past – a glorious age that had ended a millennia before – women now proudly paraded themselves bare-breasted, as had their warrior ancestors a thousand years earlier. But there were many who longed to go further: to restore the Days of Empire and return all women to their rightful role, ensuring men would never rise again and rule with violence as they had.

It was in response to such demands that the Council of Men had gone on trial. And why, even now, the judges' decision was so keenly awaited. Their ruling would set the course for a New Republic: one in which women, not men, forever held sway.

'I repeat,' said Madame Allais solemnly, 'The Council of Men has been found guilty – as charged – of crimes against the Women's Republic.' She paused for a moment, aware that a fresh, expectant silence had fallen on the room. Not even a hint of breath could be heard as a hundred or more women – and six frightened men – awaited her judgment.

Reaching for the square of black silk that had been placed directly in front of her, Madame Allais carefully placed it on top of her thick, auburn hair.

'Our law allows for only one punishment. By the power invested in me by the

Amazon Council, the defendants are sentenced ...’ She paused again, aware of the young man trembling in Paquin’s protective grip. Then, taking a deep breath to steel herself, she pronounced those words that would change the world forever.

‘... to death by woman’s bottom!’

‘Nooooooooo!’ An agonising shriek broke from the defendants’ bench, and she saw the young man stumble, tears running down his cheeks. A moment later, tumultuous applause sounded around the court-room.

Gathering herself, Madame Allais hurried on. ‘As from today, no man shall perish at la guillotine. Instead, should his sentence demand it, he will lie inside a woman’s crack – as in the ancient days – and be put to death by her arse’s hole!’

A second, plaintive moan broke from the young defendant – so shrill it carried to Madame Allais’ ears above the cries of joy that still echoed around the room.

‘Silence!’ she demanded, addressing the public gallery. ‘Behave as women should behave – and not as men!’

The authority in her voice had an immediate effect and the screams of delight reduced to happy murmurings.

Turning to address the men directly, she continued in a quiet, unemotional voice.

‘On the third day from now, at the break of dawn, you will be taken from your place of confinement, to a place of lawful suffocation...’

The young man moaned again, cutting her short. Had his friend not held on tight, he would have fallen to his knees. Madame Allais suppressed a pang of pity for the lad. It was not death that frightened him, she understood well enough, but its manner. His neck might not have welcomed la guillotine, but he feared the embrace of a woman’s bottom all the more.

Resuming her speech, she went on more calmly than her thumping heart should have allowed. ‘There, you will each, in turn, be sat upon by a bare-bottomed woman ... and smothered at the arse until you are dead. And may your gods have mercy on your souls.’

‘We are men!’ cried Paquin, finding his voice at last. ‘We should die by the axe. Even – mon Dieu! – by the hangman’s noose. But not this! Not between a woman’s cheeks!’

‘It is no shame to die at the hole!’ responded Advocate Celice. ‘It is Nature’s weapon – and given to woman so she might conquer men!’

Paquin shook his head violently. ‘It is a cruel and heartless punishment! See how this poor lad weeps. Show him pity, I beg you! Let him to die at the blade – even if we other men must meet our death inside a woman’s crack!’

‘There can be no exceptions,’ replied Madame Allais solemnly. ‘You will all perish at the hole.’ She rose quickly, to forestall further argument. ‘This trial is ended,’ she announced. ‘Take the prisoners away!’