

D A R K R I D E R

*Smother
Rampage!*

Add a subheading

BOOK 5: THE FINAL SMOTHER!

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About the Author

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

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

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

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

SMOTHER RAMPAGE!

Book Five: The Final Smother!

Dark Rider

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This work contains adult material – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors.

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One

Murray and I had been walking for less than an hour when we stumbled across two bodies, both male. I bent down and felt for each man's pulse. Though it was obvious they were dead, they were still warm, their faces damp and smelling of female cum.

'They've only been recently smothered,' I said cautiously, scanning the street ahead.

'Oh, fuck,' said Murray, backing away, his face pale. He hugged himself miserably. 'We should never have left the camp. Maybe if we go back—'

'There's no going back,' I said quickly, jumping up and grabbing him by the shoulders. 'Do you really think Donna would turn a blind eye to us trying to escape?' I tightened my grip. 'We'd both end up inside her arse. She'd finish us off with her little hole. And she'd take her time about it, too. At least out here we've got a chance.'

He looked past my shoulder, unable to take his eyes off the bodies on the pavement. 'They didn't have a chance,' he muttered glumly. 'No one does out here. It's a fucking slaughterhouse!'

'We have to keep our nerve,' I urged him. 'Both of us. It's the only way we'll get out of this alive.'

'We'll never get out of this alive,' he mumbled fatalistically. 'We're all going to end up inside a woman's bottom. Every one of us!'

I shoved him up against the wall, putting us out of range of the street lamps. For all I knew we were being watched at that very moment. I wasn't in the mood for a calm, civilised discussion.

'Listen to me!' I said, biting back my anger. 'I've been out on the streets before. I know what it's like. It's dangerous, yes, because there are Women running wild out here. Women who want nothing more than to sit on our heads ... and suffocate us with their bottoms!'

As a calming-down exercise, my argument wasn't best worded to put him at his ease. But then it wasn't meant to.

'If you want to end up inside a woman's arse – with her cunt in your mouth and your nose halfway up her back passage – then sod off now and be my guest.' I paused for breath, to let my words sink in. 'For all I know, there's a hundred Women round the next corner, and we have five minutes left to live. But while I think we have even the slimmest chance of getting out of this alive, I'm taking it. I'm happy to take it with you – or I'll take it on my own. Do you understand?'

Murray tore his gaze away from the pavement and regarded me bleakly. He gave a feeble nod. I relaxed my grip and stepped back.

'We'll only get out of this alive if we work together,' I said wearily. 'If I've learned one thing so far, I've learned that.' I took a deep breath. 'Keep close to the walls. It's darker there – less chance of being seen. And keep your ears peeled. The Women could be anywhere.'

‘But where are we going?’ he asked fearfully.

I shrugged. ‘No idea. Out into the country.’ That had been Tom’s plan, of course – much good it had done him. I looked around despondently. ‘If we can work out where the hell that is.’

‘I know this part of town,’ said Murray, brightening a little. He gestured towards the end of the street. ‘That way’s south. There’s a park two miles from here. Then some more built-up areas. After that, it’s open fields.’

For the first time since we’d left the camp, I felt something approaching hope. It might be flimsy, almost non-existent, hope. But it was better than nothing at all. Murray was a miserable bugger, but if he knew a way out of here, then perhaps he wasn’t the worst travelling companion I might have chosen.

Two

After our uncertain start, we began to make good progress. The absence of further bodies along the way kept Murray calm and focused, though his eyes flashed everywhere as we weaved in and out of the shadows.

It took us nearly an hour to reach the park, after which our progress slowed to a crawl. Though an occasional clump of trees broke up the flat terrain, we had only the moon to light our way. More worryingly, however, was the fact that we were now dangerously exposed. If a party of Women were to spot us, we'd have been forced to run – but with nowhere to hide.

Murray was all for spending the night under the first few trees we reached, and continuing our journey in the morning. I wasn't in favour of that at all.

'We'll have no cover once the sun comes up,' I pointed out. 'We need to keep moving. As soon as we're out of the park, we can find somewhere to hide. But not till then.'

A couple of branches had broken off – sturdy, sharpened lengths of timber, two or three feet long.

'We could use them as weapons,' suggested Murray, picking one up and examining it carefully. 'If the Women attack us.'

I looked at him, astonished. 'You can forget that,' I said. 'I'm not going to hit a woman.'

‘But if they try to sit on us,’ he objected, ‘we’ve got to defend ourselves!’

‘The Women don’t use weapons,’ I reminded him, omitting to add, ‘apart from the ones Nature gave them.’ I didn’t think he’d appreciate that. ‘If they come for me waving a gun, then, yes, give me a weapon. But if they’re only butt-naked, I’m not going to try to hurt them.’

‘But they’ll kill us!’ he protested. ‘They’ll take us into their bottoms ... and do us in with their holes!’

‘I don’t care,’ I told him forcefully. ‘I’m not hitting a woman and that’s that.’ I stared back, daring him to defy me. When he refused to drop his makeshift weapon, I took a step forward. ‘If you want to use violence, then we part company now. You go your own way, and I’ll go mine.’

Murray returned my gaze grimly, and I could see the battle raging inside. Finally, and with obvious regret, he flung the branch away. I understood how he felt. He was terrified of the Women and what they could do to him. I wasn’t, and that was the difference between us. Why I wasn’t afraid, I had no idea, but it made me glad I was me, and not him. If the two of us did end up inside a woman’s bottom – at least I knew I’d die happy.

We pressed on, with obvious reluctance on his part. The moon offered enough light to pick our way across the park, though our slow advance did nothing for Murray’s nerves.

From time to time we stopped, crouching low to make ourselves less visible. I didn't think we were being watched. I doubted the Women had that much patience and would have attacked at once if they'd seen us – but there was no point in taking chances.

It was another two hours before we reached the shelter of some heavy oak trees. Taking stock of our surroundings, Murray said he felt sure we were nearly at the far end of the park. About two hundred yards ahead of us I could see what looked like a tree-lined avenue. Beyond that, Murray said – with new-found confidence – was a road that would take us towards the far side of the city, then into the countryside beyond.

We were getting ready to make our next move when a sudden movement caught my eye. I grabbed Murray's arm and held him back. He stiffened anxiously, even more so when his eyes followed mine and he saw what I had seen.

Someone was running across the grass – not directly towards us, but in our general direction. Just a few yards behind, and gaining with every stride, were two other figures. It took no time at all for us to register the fact that it was a man running ... with two Women in close pursuit!

I felt my pulse quicken as I saw the Women close in on their prey. Though at least twenty yards must have separated them, the man was tiring fast, careering from side to side as his legs weakened.

'They're going to catch him,' whispered Murray forlornly. 'They're going to sit on his face and smother him ...'

He spoke like a man in a trance, his eyes wide and blank. I didn't reply because, just then, I was equally transfixed. It was like watching a wildlife documentary – one of those where a lion stalks its doomed prey and you know, for sure, how it will end.

By now, the threesome were barely fifty yards away. Whether the man had seen our clump of trees or not, it was clear he had no intention of heading towards us. He knew his only hope lay in fleeing across open land. But he was fading fast – clearly exhausted – while the Women, thrilled at the prospect of sitting on him, slowly closed the gap.

What must it feel like, I wondered, to know that you're doomed? To know that however fast you run, the Women will always run faster. That, stride by stride, two butt-naked females are closing in, and that when they catch you – as they surely will – they'll bring you down, then take it in turns to sit on your face for God knows how long, before one of them takes you into her crack for the last time ... and finishes you off with the hole in her bottom?

While these thoughts were rushing through my head, the trio drew ever nearer – so close now that we could hear the man's fearful pant and the Women's whoops of joy. Then, suddenly, it was over. The man tripped and fell flat on his face. It would only have been seconds before the Women had caught him in any case, but his falling made their job all the simpler.

He screamed, then rolled onto his back in a desperate bid to right himself and climb to his feet. But the Women scented blood, and were on him at once. A moment later, all three bodies were heaving as one. I saw legs and arms thrash wildly and, though the man was fully dressed and the Women naked, in the deadening gloom it was hard to tell them apart.

Suddenly, and to my surprise, Murray grabbed my arm, leaned in close and said: 'We have to help him!'

I shook my head. 'No one can help him now,' I whispered back. 'There are two of them. They'll smother him for sure!'

'But if we help him there'd be three of us!' said Murray eagerly. 'We can save him!'

I shook my head a second time, as my eyes scoured the park for further movement. It occurred to me – though it clearly hadn't occurred to Murray – that these Women might not be alone. Just because this pair had done all the running didn't mean there weren't others close by.

I was about to point this out to Murray, when a dreadful peel of terror filled the air.

'God help me!' cried the man as he struggled furiously just a few yards away. 'God help me, please! I don't want to be smothered!'

I felt Murray tense, torn between rushing forward and remaining where he was. But that mournful cry touched something within me. Galvanised into action, I leapt to my feet, hauling Murray up alongside me.

'We have to lick them!' I yelled crudely. 'If we can bring them off, they'll fall asleep!'

I didn't stop to register Murray's look of disbelief, we didn't have time. I knew there was only one way to stop the Women and I prayed he'd follow my lead. If he didn't, I was pretty sure all three of us would end up inside a woman's crack!

Before I could change my mind, I hurried forward, eating up the ground between us and the Women. All I could think about was plunging my face between a woman's legs and lapping at her pussy. Admittedly, the moment my head was down there, I was vulnerable, too. If she closed her thighs and held on tight, she could easily suffocate me. But I didn't care. The urge to bury my face between her legs – and maybe even see her little hole – was overwhelming.

The Women were so involved in wrestling their victim into submission that they didn't see Murray and I until we were almost on them. The first woman shrieked as I launched myself forward. She was sitting on her victim's head, holding onto his wrist, while her friend straddled his chest and clung to his other arm.

The force of my assault sent her tumbling onto her back and her legs flailed wildly. I immediately buried my face between her thighs, my mouth opening around her vagina. She rolled sideways, hands closing around the back of my head. Momentarily confused, it was clear she was torn between holding onto me tightly and pushing me off.

I heard the young man squeal as my leg caught the side of his face. After that, all I was conscious of was the plump swell of a hairy cunt grinding itself against my mouth. I thrust out with my tongue and, more by chance than purpose, felt it slide into the cleft of her pussy. As I found the swollen nub of her clitoris, the woman released a shrill moan. Her grip on me tightened, slackened, then tightened again.

Nearby, I was aware of loud, frenzied struggling. I heard another scream, then Murray cursing loudly, then grunts, groans and more thrashing around. Just then, all I could do was concentrate on my own problems. I prayed Murray was getting the better of the other female because I needed every ounce of strength to deal with the woman whose cunt I was licking.

As her grip on me tightened, my head slipped lower, down between her buttocks and into the crack of her arse. Though my tongue still ploughed its way up and down her slit, lashing – when it could – against the tender knot of her clit, my nose was now dangerously close to her anus. A strong, earthy smell wafted up from inside her bottom and I swooned.

At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to bury my face in her arse. I didn't care if I lost my grip on her cunt and she gained the upper hand. As her heavenly butt-scent washed over me, my penis stiffened. I brought my hands up, instinctively, and clawed at her buttocks, trying to prise them apart. I wished there was more light, so I could see her little hole – her anus meant everything to me now!

Closing my eyes, I focused all my attention on her clitty, lapping furiously at the hardened bud until I felt the first squirt of juice that told me she was coming. As her orgasm ripped through her belly, she thrust forward with her cunt, unable to control the contractions in her vulva. At the same time, her buttocks opened a fraction. Her cheeks were sodden. Sweat and my saliva had mixed to soak the tender flesh, making it soft and slippery.

I immediately jerked my head forward, into the gap between her buttocks, searching for her little hole. I couldn't see it – everything was shrouded in gloom – but I knew it was there, and I was determined to find it.

To my huge delight, an unmistakable aroma – the earthy scent of her arse – washed over me again. My cock hardened further and, for one moment, I almost tore my mouth away from her slit, desperate to close it around her anus. I stifled the urge and, instead, flattened my nostrils against her little hole, breathing her in, while thrusting hard against her clitoris. I was at fever pitch now – so aroused that I hardly knew where I was or what I was doing

As her body jack-knifed again, I opened my mouth wide, savouring the salty taste of her cunt, and flattened my nose against her anus. Somewhere in the darkness, I heard her scream. Her body gave one last, violent shake and at last she fell still.

Reluctantly, I pulled my face away. To my immediate left, Murray was still wrestling with the other woman. Though his weight pinned her down, he seemed to have made no headway in making her come. It struck me he was probably too frightened to bury his face between her legs – fearful she might smother him if he did.

Looking around, I saw the man we'd come to rescue sitting just a few feet away, hugging his knees and crying. I considered asking him for help, but guessed he had neither the will nor the inclination. Acting on impulse, I ran forward and crouched down beside Murray.

'Don't let go of her!' I yelled. 'But shift yourself a bit. I need to get between her legs. I have to lick her pussy. If I can make her come she'll fall asleep.'

I thought Murray hadn't heard me at first because he didn't react. But as I leaned in close, he heaved himself around, took hold of the woman's arms and forced them back. She immediately kicked with her legs and screamed, wriggling furiously – with a strength I hadn't expected.

I moved quickly after that, grabbed at her thighs and forced them apart. Whether she realised what I was planning to do, or whether she feared something worse, she kicked again and caught me a glancing blow on my cheek.

Taking hold of her a second time, I lowered my head between her thighs. As I closed my mouth around the swell of her vagina, she arched her back, drove her cunt skywards and briefly knocked me away. I took hold of her thighs yet again, and prised them apart. For one brief, heady moment, the smell of her arse and her pussy mingled – burning my nostrils with their exquisite scent. The breath caught in my lungs and I felt – for one bizarre moment – deliriously happy. Then I plunged my head into the fleshy abyss of her pussy and sucked at her slit.

The woman bucked, squealed and bucked again. Somewhere in the darkness I heard Murray cry out, then swear, and guessed she must have bitten him. I lapped furiously, up and down the length of her sex, doing my best to open her up as I searched for her clit.

When I found it, I teased the hardened knot, and felt it throb against my tongue. Aware that her anus was delightfully close, I altered the angle of my head and pressed my nose into the gap between her buttocks. As my nostrils flattened against her little hole, I felt a surge of excitement in my tummy. Dear God, I found myself thinking ... what must it feel like to die like this, so close to a woman's anus? Her hips gave a sharp jolt and I heard her shriek. I flicked my tongue rapidly up and down and was rewarded with the first dribbles of juice as her pussy surrendered.

A moment later she came, grinding her cunt against my face as it began the first of several sharp contractions. She kicked with her legs and her hips rolled from side to side. Another long, agonised squeal of pleasure and her body fell limp. It was over.

‘You can let her go now,’ I told Murray, who still clung on nervously, fearful she was feigning. I took hold of his shoulder and tugged.

‘It’s all right,’ I said, doing my best to reassure him. ‘She’s out for the count. They both are. They won’t wake up for at least an hour.’

Reluctantly, he slackened his grip. Finally, convinced that I was telling the truth, he pushed her away – as if she might yet cause him harm – and climbed awkwardly to his feet.

‘What now?’ he asked, speaking to me, but unable to tear his eyes away from the Women.

‘We should kill them!’ said a voice to my rear. ‘While they’re asleep! We should bash their heads in!’

I turned around angrily. ‘We’re not going to hurt them,’ I said firmly, addressing the young man, who had finally thrown off his torpor. ‘They’re fast asleep, for God’s sake. We’re not animals!’

‘They tried to smother me!’ he responded sharply. There was a nervous twang to his voice, and his hands, I saw, were shaking. ‘They want to finish us off! Every man on the planet! They want to take us into their bottoms and finish us off!’

‘They can’t help themselves,’ I said, trying to placate him. It was a pointless exercise, I knew, but I couldn’t stand idly by while he threatened the Women with violence.

‘He’s got a point,’ said Murray. ‘If we don’t get rid of them – they’ll smother other men when they wake up. I don’t want their deaths on my conscience.’

‘No one’s hurting these Women,’ I replied, struggling to keep the anger out of my voice. ‘What happens after we leave here is none of our business.’ I looked at both men in turn, daring them to defy me. They regarded me uncomfortably and I could see the confusion in their eyes. Finally, to my relief, they backed down.

‘So what do we do?’ asked Murray.

‘What we planned to do when we set out,’ I reminded him. ‘We get the hell out of the city and into the countryside. We’ll be safer there.’

‘No man’s safe anymore,’ muttered the young man, shaking his head fearfully.

‘What’s your name?’ I asked abruptly, keen to take his mind off the Women.

‘Alan,’ he said in a quiet voice. ‘My name’s Alan.’

‘I’m Nathan,’ I replied, extending my hand. He took it reluctantly, his grip cold

and feeble. ‘And this is Murray,’ I said, gesturing over my shoulder. ‘We escaped from a Smother Camp. What’s your story?’

‘I hid out in the basement of my house. When the Women started doing ...’ He swallowed hard. ‘When they started sitting on men.’ He shook his head miserably, as if the memory was too hard to bear. ‘I saw my neighbours being dragged out of their houses. The Women were just sitting on them in the street. Men I’ve known for years. It was horrible!’

‘We’ve all seen terrible things since this began,’ interrupted Murray. ‘Things we never thought we’d ever see...’

‘I had two flatmates. One was a woman. I saw her ... I saw her sitting on my friend’s head. She had him ... all the way up inside her crack! She ... she was rubbing her arsehole on his face!’

I reached out and placed a steadying hand on his shoulder. ‘It’s all right,’ I said pointlessly.

‘It’s not all right!’ he yelled, then dropped his voice. We each looked around us, aware that we were exposed and in the open, that sounds could travel more easily at night. The Women I’d sent to sleep might not be the only ones around here.

‘I’ve seen my friends smothered!’ he muttered sadly.

‘We’ve all seen our friends smothered,’ I reminded him. ‘But it doesn’t make the Women bad people. Something’s happened. No one knows what. But it’s changed them. Brought out some primitive part of their nature, that’s all.’

Alan gazed at me. Though it was still gloomy, the light from the moon illuminated enough of his face to show the horror there.

‘How can you be so calm?’ he asked, shaking his head.

‘Because there’s nothing else we can do,’ I replied honestly.

‘And he likes being sat on,’ added Murray, not bothering to hide the distaste in his voice.

Alan’s eyes narrowed. ‘You like being sat on?’ he whispered, as if he couldn’t even bear to hear the words himself.

I glared at Murray. Whether I liked it or not was neither here nor there, but I was pretty sure it wasn’t something a man like Alan wanted to hear. Ever.

Answering Alan, I gave a fatalistic shrug. ‘I like being sat on, yes. That’s why I’m not frightened – about what the Women can do to us. I don’t want to be suffocated – I’m not crazy. But if I end up inside a woman’s arse and she finishes me off with her little hole ...’ I shrugged again. ‘Well, as far as I’m concerned ... I can’t think of a better way to go.’

‘You’re a fucking head case!’ said Alan, clearly shocked. ‘You want locking up!’

‘Be that as it may,’ I replied, deciding this had gone on long enough. ‘I’m still your best chance of getting out of this alive.’ I didn’t know why I felt that was the case, but, just then, it seemed to make sense.

Alan didn’t look convinced, but he didn’t argue with me, either. He was worn out, almost defeated.

‘So how did you survive?’ I asked, hoping it would help him to talk.

‘I had some food and water. Put some gear together. Just hid. I thought – I hoped – that whatever was happening the authorities would sort it out.’ He shook his head. ‘But I never saw anyone. No police, no army – nothing.’

I hadn’t given it much thought before, but now that he brought it up, it did seem odd to me that – regardless of how powerful Women had become – they’d somehow managed to avoid any confrontation with organised security. Where were the police and the army? Had they been ‘taken out’ by the enemy within? By women soldiers and WPCs? It seemed the only explanation, though it took some believing. But just then ... what else could we believe?

‘After a few days – when I realised help wasn’t coming – I decided the only thing I could do was look for it myself. So I left the flat. I was going crazy. Every time I heard a noise, I thought it was a woman ... coming for me.’ He tightened nervously. ‘I was even dreaming about ... about being smothered. I

kept seeing the woman who'd smothered my friend. She was walking towards me – with her arms outstretched – saying ... saying she was going to take me into her bottom and there was nothing I could do about it. Nothing any man could do about it now.'

Alan lowered his head and buried his face in his hands. He looked utterly dejected.

'What happened to your friend?' asked Murray abruptly. 'You said the woman was sitting on him, trying to smother him with her arse. You must have tried to help him, surely?'

Alan shook his head. There was a long silence and his mouth dropped when he finally spoke. 'She said she was going to smother me! As soon as she'd finished him off! She said she was going to sit on my face – and do me in with her little hole!'

'But you tried to help him?' insisted Murray, his own mouth dropping now.

Alan shook his head a second time and looked even more miserable. 'I couldn't! There was nothing I could do. There might have been other Women around. I couldn't take the chance.'

Before Murray could respond, I cut in sharply. 'I thought you said you were holed up in your flat?'

‘I was,’ said Alan quickly. ‘I ran out onto the landing, but I heard Women coming up the stairs, so I went back inside. I hid in the wardrobe. In my bedroom. After ... after she finished my friend off, the woman left. She didn’t even look for me.’

‘So how did you end up here?’ asked Murray, with a hint of disgust in his voice. It was clear he didn’t think much of Alan deserting his pal, whatever the circumstances.

‘I left the flat. Just kept walking. Those two saw me ...’ He gestured at the sleepers. ‘I just ran. Until you turned up...’

‘We’ve wasted enough time,’ I said, keen to bring things to a close. We were getting nowhere fast – on every level. ‘It’s time we pressed on – while we’ve still got the night on our side.’

Neither Murray nor Alan raised any objection to my suggestion – which hardly surprised me – and so, with one last reluctant look at the two slumbering Women, we set off. Had I been alone, I wouldn’t have left without burying my face in their bottoms one last time and planting a kiss on each woman’s little hole. But I was pretty sure it would have shocked and disgusted my companions. I was certain neither man trusted me much as it was. I didn’t need to give them further ammunition.

We left the park without incident and made our way north. For a while, Murray seemed unsure of his surroundings but with Alan’s help – he was more familiar with the neighbourhood – we quickly got on track and made good progress.

Just as the sun was beginning to rise, the streets thinned out and a vast expanse of open fields came into view.

‘This is Carlingdale,’ said Murray, gesturing with his arm. ‘If we head in that direction’ – he pointed towards the skyline – ‘we’ll reach Greysham in about two hours. It’s a small village. There’s a shop, a pub, that sort of thing. Hopefully we’ll find something to eat and drink.’

That sounded good to me. Murray and I had had nothing to eat since leaving the camp. Adrenaline could take us so far, but it wouldn’t keep us going forever.

The next two hours were the most relaxed I’d felt since this nightmare had begun. Though we were dreadfully exposed in the open landscape, the same wide vista meant we could see anyone approaching as quickly as they could see us. The roads we walked along were wide and long and, apart from a handful of occasions when a sharp bend or an overgrown verge offered cover for attack, there was nowhere a woman could hide.

As we relaxed, we walked a little slower. Tiredness had crept into our legs, and I think we all longed – I did certainly – for a good night’s sleep. Or even a good day’s sleep – the timing itself being secondary to the chance to close our eyes and rest.

Finally, at a little after seven in the morning, we entered the village of Greysham. It was a straggling collection of cottages – some old, some new – farm buildings in the distance, a community hall, a pub, and a post office-cum-shop. As soon as we caught sight of the buildings, we stopped instinctively, and sought out cover among the surrounding hedgerows.

Aware that Murray and Alan were reluctant to take any risks, I offered to go on ahead. 'Give me an hour,' I said, 'to take a proper look.'

'What if you come across any Women?' asked Alan anxiously.

'Then they'll probably sit on me,' I answered cheerfully. 'But if I don't come back, you'll know I died with a smile on my face. Not to mention a woman's little hole.'

I shouldn't have added that, I know, but I couldn't help myself. Ridiculous as it might sound, I half-hoped there were Women here – well, maybe just the one. Large enough to bring me down and take me into her crack, but not so strong that she could actually finish me off. I longed to be sat on again; to have my nose pressed flat against a woman's anus. But more than that, I longed for the struggle ... and the threat of suffocation. Even so, I wanted to survive to fight again another day. And the day after that, too ...

To my disappointment, having scouted around the village for more than 40 minutes, I came across no signs of life at all, whether men or Women.

When Murray and Alan saw me return, they visibly relaxed and ventured out from their hiding place without being summoned.

'The village looks empty,' I told them. 'The shop's got a stock of food and drink. Heaven knows where everyone's gone, but the place looks safe enough.'

‘All the men must have been rounded up,’ said Murray grimly. ‘Taken to a camp – or worse.’

‘Probably,’ I replied, as there seemed no point in denying the obvious. I’d seen no bodies anywhere. If men had been smothered here in the village, the evidence had been removed. They’d either fled, I reckoned, or had been dealt with as Murray suggested. Either way, it looked as if we had the place to ourselves.

We didn’t, as it turned out, but we wouldn’t discover that for another hour or so...

Three

We headed straight for the village shop which, as I'd suggested, had a plentiful supply of food and drink. The electricity still worked – which was a welcome discovery – and we were able, very quickly, to rustle up some bacon, eggs and coffee.

It seemed odd to be ransacking someone else's property without a care in the world, but it was unlikely they'd ever be presenting us with the bill.

We were still puzzling over what to do next, when all concern about the future was removed from our hands.

I'd nipped to the bathroom, leaving Murray and Alan happily resting in the sitting room. As I emerged, there was a loud bang. I heard the sound of a door being kicked in, followed by several raised voices. The sensible thing at that point would have been for me to run like hell. But sense and I were only distantly related these days. Instead, I ran forward, not back, and straight into the sitting room.

In one corner of the room, Alan and Murray were crouched on their knees, hands above their heads. Directly opposite, wielding a big-handled shotgun, still smoking from the barrel, stood a large, unkempt man, bearded and dressed in rough, faded overalls.

The moment he saw me, his eyes moved, but not his hands. Still pointing the gun at my two companions, he growled, 'You're with them?'

I nodded and immediately raised my arms. I hoped he'd see it as a friendly gesture. 'We escaped from a Smother Camp,' I explained. 'We've been on the run all night.' I hesitated. 'If this is your place, I'm sorry, we didn't mean any harm.'

He glared at me for several seconds as if unable to make up his mind. Then, to my great relief, he lowered the gun.

'No need to apologise,' he said. 'And this isn't my place.' He shook his head. 'The poor bastard who owned it ended up inside a woman's arse. One of his customers. Smothered him out front – while two of her friends held him down.' He shuddered. 'I saw it with my own eyes – through the window. They locked the door so no one could get in. I'd have broken it down but I was on my own.' He shuddered again. 'They took it turns to sit on him. Poor sod never had a chance...'

'How did you get away?'

'I ran. Not ashamed to admit it, even though ...'

He paused in mid-sentence, as if he'd said more than he meant to. Looking me straight in the eyes, he said – to my astonishment – 'You enjoy being sat on, don't you? Having a woman rub her bottom on your face!' He gestured to Alan and Murray. 'Scares the shit out of you two, though!'

I didn't bother to hide my surprise. 'How the hell do you know that?' I said.

‘Because I like it, too. And it takes one to know one, if you get my drift. This new world, people like you and me – we’ve died and gone to heaven. All these Women wanting to take us into their bottoms ... and smother us with their little holes!’

I wanted to deny it – not for my sake, but for Alan and Murray’s. They’d had a hard enough time already, knowing I didn’t share their terror at the sight of a woman’s arse. The last thing they needed was to know there were two of us. But, for them, it was about to get even worse.

‘You’re not alone,’ said our new companion. He gestured past his shoulder with the hand that wasn’t holding the gun. ‘There are six of us here. We’re holed up in a big house at the end of the village.’ He smiled. ‘And that’s not all.’

I frowned. ‘What do mean, that’s not all?’

The other man licked his lips crudely. ‘You’ll see,’ he muttered, then thrust out his hand. ‘The name’s Mike.’

‘Nathan,’ I said, a little uncertainly. I gestured sideways. ‘This is Alan – and Murray.’

Mike nodded briskly. ‘Nice to meet you. It’s a funny old world now. We don’t see too many men.’

‘And Women?’ I inquired. ‘How safe is it here?’

‘As safe as it can be,’ said Mike, breaking the shotgun open. Alan and Murray climbed to their feet, visibly relaxing. The colour returned to their cheeks.

‘So what now?’ I asked. It seemed the obvious question.

‘I’ll take you to the Big House,’ said Mike. ‘Introduce you to the others.’ He smiled again. ‘You’ll find you’re among friends.’

Alan and Murray seemed reluctant at first, but even they could see the advantage of strength in numbers. Murray glanced at the shotgun more than once in a way that suggested its presence calmed him rather than frightened him. No doubt he saw it as a suitable defence against rampaging Women. Better than the tree branch I’d forbidden him to carry – and wielded by a man who would probably use it.

It took us 15 minutes to reach the Big House. It was beyond the end of the village and had clearly been home to a man with money. From his appearance and manner, I guessed that man wasn’t Mike.

‘The Women cleared out all the men,’ he explained, answering my unspoken question. ‘Took them to Smother Camps, I guess – much like the one you came from.’

‘How can you be sure?’ asked Murray, tensing a little at mention of the camps.

‘That’s what they told us,’ said Mike, licking his lips as if he relished the memory. ‘One of them seemed to be in charge. Wore a sash on her shoulder. “We’re taking you to camps,” she said. “Your place is inside a woman’s bottom from now on. You better get used to it.”’

‘So why didn’t you go?’ asked Murray. ‘If you like being sat on?’

‘I almost did,’ said Mike. ‘They rounded me up, too. Some of the men made a run for it.’ He whistled softly. ‘The Women brought them down before they’d got more than twenty yards...’

‘What happened to them?’ asked Alan. His face creased as he asked the question, as if he already knew the answer and didn’t really want to know it.

‘They smothered them,’ said Mike bluntly. ‘It was as if running off like that gave them permission. There were ten of them – poor bastards. Two or three Women to every man, holding them down, rubbing their holes on them, they didn’t stand a chance.’

When he spoke, there was an excited edge to his voice. It struck me that he wasn’t so much upset by the memory of those men who’d been smothered as thrilled. To my shame, I had to admit a similar sensation. In my mind’s eye I could see those unfortunate souls desperately trying to make a run for it. I could see them being overpowered, too, and wrestled onto their backs. I could see – and almost smell – their fear as the Women took it in turns to straddle them; to open up their bare backsides and expose their little holes: holes with which they would finish the men off.

‘How did you get away?’ I asked, because it seemed the obvious question just then.

Mike regarded me thoughtfully for several seconds, as if trying to size me up. ‘Quietly,’ he answered, then grinned. ‘I liked the idea of being taken to a camp, I won’t pretend I didn’t. But I didn’t much like the idea of being smothered. Not all the way. Not like those poor sods.’ He licked his lips and frowned. ‘A blind man could see the Women would only keep us alive for as long as it suited them. I didn’t mind the thought of having a woman rub her arsehole on me – but I sure as hell didn’t want to be suffocated.’ He shrugged. ‘In all the confusion, I slipped to the back of the crowd. The other men were too scared to run and most of the Women were happy to watch their pals smother those poor bastards. I walked away slowly, bold as brass. Kept my nerve and no one noticed. Or followed. Simple as that.’

‘You probably made the right decision,’ I replied. ‘The camp Murray and I escaped from last night – the Women were getting ready to smother every last man.’ I shivered. ‘For all I know – they’re doing it now.’

Mike licked his lips again. ‘And part of you wants to be there, doesn’t it? As long as you thought you could get away.’ He hesitated. ‘And maybe not even then.’

I returned his cold look as calmly as I could. He seemed to know me as well as I knew myself. It was spooky.

If the Big House was big on the outside, it was every bit as Big on the inside, too.

‘What happened to the owner?’ I asked, as we entered a large drawing room, twice the size of the flat I’d once lived in.

Mike’s mouth dropped. ‘Suffocated,’ he said flatly. ‘We found him in the hallway. Stripped naked – face covered in female cum.’

I heard Alan release a plaintive moan. Mike regarded him oddly for a moment or two, then added, ‘God knows how many Women must have smothered him, he was drenched in the stuff.’ He shook his head. ‘We buried him in his garden. It seemed the decent thing to do.’

‘You keep saying “we”,’ I pointed out. ‘You said there were six of you.’ I looked around. ‘Where are the others?’

‘In the basement,’ said Mike enigmatically. ‘The guy who owned this house was a film-maker. He had a studio downstairs. Big open room with a viewing gallery.’ He smiled broadly. ‘I think you’ll like what we’ve done with it.’ He gestured towards Alan and Murray. ‘Not sure your mates will, mind.’

I frowned. ‘What do you mean?’

‘You’ll see,’ said Mike. ‘Follow me. It’s time I introduced you to the others.’

With that, he led us to a door at the far end of the room. We passed through a smaller room and from there down a long winding staircase that led into an area below the house. He’d described it as the ‘basement’, but it was like no

basement I'd ever seen. It was a sprawling suite of rooms, albeit more sparsely furnished than upstairs.

'We can hide out here for months,' explained Mike. 'The doors are solid steel, and about a foot thick. We've been stocking up food from the shop and a few other places. But it's more for something to do than anything else. There are rooms down here piled high to the ceiling.'

'How did you find it?' I asked, looking around.

'A mate of mine was one of the builders when this place went up. Told me all about it. When all this kicked off, I knew it'd be the perfect place to hide out.' He hesitated. 'Especially for people like us,' he added almost as an afterthought.

'What do you mean: people like us?' I said, keeping my voice deliberately low. Alan and Murray were off to one side, a few feet away. They clung together as if they knew they were kindred spirits, and had more in common with each other than they ever would with me.

If they'd known then what was to happen to the pair of them in the very near future ... they'd have run like hell and never looked back.

Mike smiled. 'You'll see,' he said. Tapping some numbers on a wall-mounted key-pad, he spoke into a small voice-box.

'It's me,' he said simply. 'I've brought back three survivors.'

Survivors. The word had an odd ring to it. We were survivors, of course, but, until then, I hadn't really thought about it like that. It made me realise how precarious our position was. Of how it could all end at any moment ... inside a woman's bottom!

There was a shrill ping and the door opened. Mike waved me through, then beckoned Alan and Murray forward. As we passed into the next room, the breath caught in my throat.

We were in a viewing chamber of some sort. Mike had said the guy who'd built this place had turned the lower level into a studio. I could tell, straightaway, that we were in a sound and lighting box. There were banks of buttons and dials, and small TV screens whose purpose, it seemed, was to record what was happening in the studio beyond.

I knew that because the screens were currently switched on, displaying what was taking place in the vast arena beyond a clear glass viewing panel. As I could see what was going on without the help of the screens, I guessed they were recording events, though for what purpose I could only hazard a guess.

'Oh, fuck!' muttered Alan as we entered the room. He stumbled and I saw Murray reach out to support him.

There were four other men in the room. Two were seated, playing with rows of buttons and switches, while their companions stood. All four were so engrossed by events on the far side of the screen that they barely gave Mike – or us – a passing glance as we entered.

What I saw now both thrilled and appalled me in equal measure. A naked man was wrestling with two equally naked Women. Though he was doing his best to fight them off, it was clear they were gradually getting the better of him, and slowly wearing him down. He was a large man, and though one of the Women was heavily built, her companion was on the smaller side. It made for an interesting match.

‘What the hell’s going on?’ I said, my gaze straying to the larger woman’s arse as she turned her back towards us.

‘They’re trying to smother Steve,’ said Mike simply. He touched one of the seated men on the shoulder and said, ‘How long’s he been in there?’

‘About ten minutes,’ he replied. ‘I don’t know how he’s held out this long. The Women have been going spare, trying to get him between their legs.’

‘We have to save him!’ cried Alan in a shrill voice. ‘You can’t let them suffocate him!’

I was about to agree when Mike gave a loud laugh. ‘It’s OK,’ he explained. ‘Steve knows what he’s doing. He wants the Women to sit on him. But he wants to make a fight of it, too!’

I shook my head slowly. ‘I don’t understand,’ I said, looking around, confused. ‘I don’t understand any of this!’

‘All of us here,’ said Mike, indicating the others quickly, ‘we love being sat on. Having a woman take us into her crack and try to finish us off.’ He nodded at the viewing screen and the scene that was unfolding before us.

‘These Women broke into the house a while back. There were seven of us then.’ His mouth creased sadly. ‘Six of us were out in the garden. Derek – the other guy – was upstairs on his own. They took him by surprise. We heard him scream, but there was a bolt on the door and they slipped it. By the time we broke it down, it was too late.’ He sighed. ‘They’d suffocated him...’

‘Dear God,’ I muttered, imagining the scene. One terrified man and two impossibly aroused Women determined to finish him off inside their bottoms. He wouldn’t have stood a chance.

‘Steve’s a copper – was, at any rate,’ said Mike. ‘Still had his Taser with him. Carried it everywhere just in case. Put the Women out for the count.’ He grinned. ‘That was before we found out that licking them does the job just as well.’

I bobbed my head – and could tell from the way he looked at me that he knew I’d discovered that, too.

‘After that,’ he went on, ‘we realised we had everything we needed on tap. We keep the Women well fed and watered, and safe, too. We’d never harm them. That’s not what this is about.’

‘But they are your prisoners,’ I said, unable to mask the disquiet in my voice.

‘Yeah, they are,’ said Mike. ‘But if we let them go, they’d only end up sitting on some other men’s heads ... and doing them in with their holes.’ His nostrils flared as he took a deep breath. ‘We’d be condemning other men to death. How could that be right?’

I had no answer to that one and shrugged.

‘This way,’ said Mike, ‘we get what we want – and they get what they want. Men between their buttocks on a daily basis.’

‘But they want to suffocate men,’ I objected. ‘They don’t just want to sit on us. They want to finish us off. It must drive them mad – not being able to do the job properly.’

Now it was Mike’s turn to shrug. ‘We let them go as far as we can.’ He gestured towards a chunky man, who was twiddling with some knobs on the console. He must have raised the volume, because I heard a woman’s voice ring loud and clear around the room.

‘I need to sit on you!’ she cried. ‘Please let me sit on you! I need you in my bottom! Please!’

Looking through the plate glass window, I saw the smaller woman approaching Steve with outstretched, pleading arms. Her companion was approaching from the other side.

‘Please!’ she continued mournfully. ‘If you let me sit on you – I’ll finish you off quickly, I promise! It won’t hurt!’

Steve fainted right, then left and finally ran to the far side of the chamber. The Women released a collective moan of despair and hurried after him. The battle wasn’t over yet.

‘They smothered Geoff unconscious two days back,’ said Mike, and I realised, after a moment’s confusion, that he was referring to the chunky man in charge of volume. ‘We got him out of the woman’s arse just in time. She clung on like a limpet. Hefty bugger. We had to Taser her in the end. Her little mate was easier to deal with. We held her down and licked her to sleep.’

‘How long do you stay in there?’ I asked, as I watched the Women close in on Steve again.

‘As long as we can,’ said Mike. ‘Most of us don’t get past half an hour.’ He smiled. ‘To be honest, the hard part isn’t trying to avoid being sat on – it’s resisting the urge to shove our heads up their bottoms.’

‘I can understand that,’ I replied. As I spoke, I saw one of the Women reach out and throw her arms around Steve’s waist. As he stumbled, her companion took her chance and flung herself forward. Her arms circled Steve’s legs and, between them, the Women finally succeeded in upending their victim.

As Steve clattered to the floor, Mike and the others leaned forward expectantly,

eyes glued to the unfolding drama. Only Alan and Murray hung back, but even they couldn't avert their gaze from Steve's plight.

'They've got him now!' said Mike gleefully. 'Oh, the lucky bastard! They'll take it in turns to sit on him before they try to finish him off!'

True enough, the moment they had Steve on his back, the larger of the two Women straddled his head and, with a cry of joy, took him into her arse. Her friend threw herself across his legs, pinning him down. To the delight of all of us in the viewing gallery (with the exception, not surprisingly, of Alan and Murray), she took hold of his cock and began to pump it furiously.

Steve arched his back and groaned into the larger woman's arse. Though he struggled, he made no impression on his assailants who seemed to hold him down with ease. I wondered how much of this was feigned on his behalf. Could he have shifted them if he wanted to, or was he genuinely in trouble?

Whatever the truth of the matter, I felt a surge of shame at how thrilled I was to see the Women so firmly in control. As ever – and I was sure this was true for all of Steve's companions – a part of me was envious. Just then, I'd have traded places with him happily. When the woman at his midriff released his cock and shuffled round on her knees to just behind her companion, I released an audible gasp of excitement. I knew what was going to happen next and, sure enough, the larger woman promptly slid forward, freeing up Steve's face for her friend to sit on.

He had time to snatch a quick lungful of breath before the girl wrapped her thighs around his head and dropped her arse onto his face. The larger woman immediately took hold of his cock – which was now stiff and erect – and began to pump him furiously.

‘Will they bring him off?’ I asked, addressing Mike. I guessed that what was happening had happened before, not just to Steve, but to all his companions.

‘Not always,’ said Mike. ‘But they know how to keep us on edge. Honestly, you wouldn’t believe how good it feels to have one woman sit on your face, while her friend just wanks you until you want to explode.’

‘I think I can,’ I replied, no longer caring what Alan and Murray might think about me. So what if they hated the sight of a woman’s arse and were terrified at the thought she might rub her anus on them? I wasn’t afraid, and – even if it was selfish of me – it was their problem, not mine.

I saw Steve’s hands come up and pull at the hips of the woman who was sitting on his face. She immediately grabbed his wrists and forced his arms away. I watched, transfixed, as his fingers clawed the empty air. He tried to arch his back again, but the weight of the larger woman – the one holding onto his cock – kept him firmly in place.

With the volume in the sound room now raised to maximum, we could all hear Steve’s groans of despair – mixed, I had no doubt, with excitement. I was pretty sure every man in the room – with the obvious exception of Alan and Murray – would have happily traded places with him.

‘How do you know when to go in?’ I asked. ‘I mean – so he doesn’t get smothered?’

‘It’s not easy,’ conceded Mike. ‘We all like to struggle, so it sometimes looks as if we need help. They pulled the Women off me once. I was kicking like hell. But I was just trying to grab a breath so it could go on. After that, we’ve been more cautious. But it’s a difficult call. That’s why we try to put off being sat on for as long as we can. It tires us out – but it tires the Women, too. And that gives us more time in there with them.’

‘How long will you give Steve?’ I asked.

‘Another minute – if he doesn’t grab a breath.’ Mike gestured at the bank of camera screens. Each one focused on what was happening in the chamber, but from a different angle. One or two had zoomed in, giving a sharp close-up of Steve’s head inside the woman’s crack. If he was able to take a breath, I quickly realised, it would show up on-screen. And if he didn’t, they’d know it was time to pull him out.

‘He should be fine,’ said Mike. ‘The little one’s not too heavy. Most of us can shift her. It’s her mate who always gets close to finishing us off.’

I scanned the room again and gave a low whistle. ‘This set-up is amazing. All the thrill of being sat on – without the danger.’

‘We think so, too,’ said Mike. ‘I knew you’d like it.’ Again, he gestured towards Alan and Murray. ‘Shame about your mates, though. Must be hell for them.’

I glanced across and could see, from their ashen faces, that they were horrified at what was happening.

Steve fought the Women for another ten minutes. As Mike had predicted, he was able to dislodge the smaller of the two on several occasions until, frustrated, she made way for her larger companion. By then, Steve was genuinely worn out and unable to resist when she took him between her much heavier buttocks.

By the time his friends intervened, I was sure they'd left it too late. Steve's body had gone into a series of shocking spasms and the look on each woman's face was one of sheer delight. Releasing his cock, the smaller girl turned around and straddled her companion's lap, increasing the weight on Steve's face and ensuring an air-tight seal.

Mike pressed a button, unlocking the door into the chamber. The moment it opened, all but one man – Geoff, still twiddling with various knobs on the control panel – rushed in. En route, I saw them pick up cuffs from a stand by the door and, in no time at all – much faster than I would have imagined possible – they had pulled the Women clear of Steve's body, bound their legs and secured their arms behind their backs.

Suitably restrained, the men took it in turns to lick the Women to sleep. They heaved, screamed and rolled about but, unable to shield their pussies from attack, each finally succumbed with a squeal of delight and promptly fell asleep.

Four

After Steve had joined us in the viewing chamber – exhausted and barely conscious – we moved back upstairs, where we made ourselves comfortable in the large drawing room. There was plenty of alcohol to drink – from brandy through to wine and beer – but the three of us were happy to stick with a mug of hot coffee and a couple of beef sandwiches. One of the men, Adrian, had been a chef before all of this kicked off, and promised us a ‘meal you’ll remember’ once we’d settled in.

Steve, we knew already, and Geoff and Mike, too, of course. The other three men – Bill, Adrian and Tony – introduced themselves in quick succession. They seemed genuinely happy to welcome us into the group, though Alan and Murray remained uncomfortable.

‘You can always leave,’ said Mike. ‘No one’s a prisoner here.’

I saw Murray’s mouth open and guessed he’d been tempted to say, ‘Apart from the Women’. But then he thought better of it. He could hardly disagree with what Mike had already said: that if they set the Women free they would end up suffocating other men for sure. Murray’s alternative – to bludgeon them to death – hardly allowed him to lay claim to the moral high ground.

It was just gone ten in the morning and I, for one, was exhausted. Murray and I hadn’t slept for some time and I guessed that Alan hadn’t, either.

Mike stood up and said, ‘I forgot you’d been out all night. This house is built like a hotel. Ten bedrooms. I’ll show you where they are. You can catch up on your beauty sleep.’

That sounded good to me, and I doubted that either Alan or Murray were likely to object.

The first upstairs room we were shown into was furnished with two single beds and, not surprisingly perhaps – in view of their unspoken agreement that they were the outsiders now and had best stick together – Alan and Murray chose to share.

After we'd left them to sort themselves out, Mike took me to a room at the far end of the corridor. It was large, and – like the rest of the house – beautifully laid out.

'This must be hell for your pals,' he said, as I sat on the bed and bounced happily. It would good to get some decent shut-eye.

'They don't like being sat on,' I replied unnecessarily. 'It's a pity – for them, at least. Every time they see a woman's arse it scares them witless.'

'Would you like to have a go?' asked Mike. 'In the Suffocation Chamber, I mean.' He grinned. 'That's what we call it. Not that anyone's been suffocated in there yet. But it turns us on to think that one day the Women might actually manage it.'

I straightened up, suddenly wide awake. I hadn't had a proper one-to-one talk about being smothered since I'd last seen Tom. It felt good to be among like-minded men again.

‘I feel the same way,’ I admitted. ‘I know it’s crazy because the last thing I really want is to be finished off.’

‘Because it means you’ll never be sat on again,’ said Mike, as if he could read my mind.

‘Exactly! I want to be smothered – and I don’t want to be smothered! I want there to be a safe way to do it – a way I can get everything I want, including the fear, but without risking everything, too.’ I shook my head. ‘None of which makes any sense, I know.’

‘It does make sense,’ said Mike quickly. ‘I feel the same way, and so do the others. We all want these Women to take us into their bottoms. Into their cracks. Between their buttocks. We want to see that sweet little hole and have them rub it all over us. We want them to tell us we’re going to be suffocated!’

He was almost breathless with excitement, and his face was a florid pink. I understood how he felt because I felt it myself.

‘Look – get a good sleep,’ he urged me. ‘When you wake – if you like – we can set the Women on you. We let them rest for a few hours in-between bouts. They need to eat and drink, too.’

‘I’m amazed they don’t lose interest,’ I said. ‘Never being allowed to finish a man off.’

Mike opened his mouth, then shut it again quickly, as if he'd been about to say something he shouldn't have, and had stopped himself in time. I let it pass. There wasn't much else I could do. Besides which, I really was tired. Briefly awake, I'd sagged again and my eyes were beginning to close.

'I'll catch you later,' said Mike. 'Have a good kip. You'll need it.'

Five

I slept like a log and woke, refreshed, just after seven. I'd been out for the count for almost nine hours!

I took a long shower, after which I shaved and brushed my teeth. (Everything, it seemed, had been provided for.)

I checked the wardrobes and, to my surprise, found fresh clothes of every size and kind – both men's and women's. The guy who'd owned this place – God rest his soul – had clearly catered for all types of visitor, though why he felt the need to dress them was beyond me. I didn't care. I was just grateful to get out of my old clothes and into something fresh and clean.

Feeling like a new man, I hurried downstairs. I tried Alan's and Murray's room, but it was empty. I guessed they must woken early, though why they hadn't waited when I was the only man here they could trust surprised me.

Now that I was wide awake, I wanted Mike to make good on his promise: that I'd get a chance to go into the Suffocation Chamber and have the Women sit on me.

Already, my heart was racing. Descending to the basement, I discovered, to my dismay, that the door into the viewing chamber was locked. I pressed a small button beneath the metal grid and spoke into it, hoping someone would hear me.

After about half a minute when no-one had replied and the door remained defiantly shut, I decided to try again. I'd just hit the button and was about to

speak for a second time, when the door made a sudden whirring noise and it opened.

Mike was standing there and this time he wasn't smiling.

'Is everything OK?' I asked when he refused to let me pass.

He seemed to give the matter serious thought for some time as if unsure how to respond. Finally, he said, enigmatically, 'I suppose that rather depends.' Then he stepped to one side and ushered me through.

There was something wrong. A blind man would have sensed it and I felt the hairs rise on the back of my neck. As I entered the room, I understood at once the reason for his sour look.

Alan and Murray were sitting on two chairs side by side, twisting awkwardly and grunting. When I say 'sitting', I mean they'd been secured to the chairs by several cuffs and leather restraints. Their mouths were taped, too. I didn't waste any time wondering where any of this paraphernalia had come from. The house seemed to be an endless treasure trove. Whatever was needed, it appeared to be able to provide. Geoff was at his usual post, doing whatever it was he did to fire up the control panel. The others were gathered around in a small group. I had no intention of trying to fight my way out of here and it was clear that, even if I had wanted to, it would have been a pointless endeavour.

I turned to Mike. 'What the hell's going on?'

‘I’m sorry about this,’ he said in a flat voice that seemed to suggest he wasn’t sorry at all. ‘This isn’t for us – it’s for the Women. They deserve a real fight for a change.’ He gestured towards Alan and Murray. ‘Men who don’t want to be sat on. Men they can wrestle properly ... and take into their cracks.’

As Mike spoke, the two men wriggled furiously and grunted some more.

I gestured through the viewing glass. ‘You mean – you’re going to throw them to the Women?’ I dropped my voice instinctively. ‘So they can smother them?’

‘It’s all right,’ insisted Mike. ‘We won’t let the Women finish them off. Just smother them to sleep. We’ll get them out again before any harm’s done.’

‘You can’t be sure of that,’ I said, glancing at Alan, who was clearly petrified. There were tears in his eyes and he was shaking as if he had a fever.

‘We know what we’re doing,’ said Mike. ‘It won’t be the first time.’

I felt my blood run cold. ‘What do you mean ... it won’t be the first time?’

‘We’ve had other men pass through,’ he answered flatly. ‘Men who don’t like to be smothered. We give them a choice. They can let a woman sit on them – or they leave. It’s up to them.’

I seized on his remark. ‘Then let them go,’ I said quickly. ‘They don’t want to be sat on. We all know that. They won’t give you any trouble.’

‘They’re frightened,’ said Mike. ‘They’ll say no without giving it a try. This is for their own good. To see if they like it. Once they’ve had it done to them.’

‘You’ve got to be kidding,’ I muttered, with another hurried look at Alan. ‘They’re not going to like it. Take it from me, you’re wasting your time.’

Mike shook his head. ‘If we throw them out now, they’ll be on their own again. Other Women will find them, they always do. They’ll end up inside a woman’s arse whether they like it or not.’ He sighed. ‘This way they’ve got a chance.’

‘It’s not the sort of chance they want,’ I reminded him, still fighting their corner as best I could.

‘That’s not the point,’ said Mike, with a touch of menace in his voice. ‘We make the rules here. This is our house.’

I took a step back. Though I wanted to help Alan and Murray, I knew I’d reached the end of the road. I hadn’t made either of them come with me, and it wasn’t my fault that the sight of a woman’s bare bottom terrified them senseless. Who knows? Maybe Mike was right. Maybe, if a woman forced herself on them they might get a taste for it. Deep down, I knew that wasn’t true. You either loved being smothered or you didn’t. Then again, though Alan had already been inside a woman’s bottom back in the park, it hadn’t been for long. As far as I was aware, Murray had never had a woman sit on him – not even at the camp, where he’d been a trustee almost from day one.

What if Mike was right? What if men could be taught to love a woman's bottom? Wouldn't that be better than the constant fear of suffocation? And Mike had said one thing I did agree with: once out on the streets again, neither Murray nor Alan would last for long. This place was a fortress – stockpiled with enough food and water to keep us going for months. We were safe here. And not only that ... we had Women who were happy to sit on us.

'All right, then,' I said at last. 'We'll do it your way.' I looked from Murray to Alan, then back again. 'We'll see if they can learn ... to love a woman's little hole.'

From the way both men heaved and grunted, I knew it would be an uphill struggle. But at least this way we'd know for sure.

'So what happens now?' I asked, doing my best to shut out the scuffling and groaning behind me.

Mike smiled. 'The Women are like animals,' he said. 'Wild animals, I mean. They love to hunt ... and bring a man down.' He glanced at Alan and Murray. 'To take him between their buttocks and finish him off with their little holes.' He licked his lips and his eyes gleamed with excitement. 'But they like to feed, too...'

I looked back at him, shook my head and frowned. 'What do you mean,' I said in a quiet voice, 'they like to feed...?'

‘I mean that sometimes they don’t care if a man is just thrown to them ... the way you’d throw meat to a lion in the zoo.’

I felt my mouth grow dry. ‘You’ve done that?’ I asked. ‘Just ... thrown a man in there?’

Mike nodded. He looked at Murray and Alan again, and – to my discomfort – seemed curiously happy when he replied, ‘It’s what we’re going to do now.’

If that remark had made me feel uncomfortable, what he said next sent a shard of ice into my stomach.

‘And you’re going to decide which one ..’

I swung round quickly. ‘You can’t ask me to do that. It’s not fair!’

‘Do you want to stay here with us – or do you want to leave? It’s up to you.’

A sudden thought occurred to me. ‘If I said no – would you throw me to the Women?’

Mike smiled but it wasn’t a kind smile. ‘No,’ he said, shaking his head. ‘What would be the point of that? You want them to sit on you. It would hardly be a punishment, would it? Whereas making you leave – knowing you could have

been sat on ...' He shrugged. 'Well, that's a different thing altogether, isn't it?'

He was right about that, of course, and I knew it as well as he did. But it didn't make my decision any easier.

'What will happen to the other one?' I inquired in a low voice.

Mike licked his lips again. 'He'll be given the chance to fight his way free. The Women like that, too – taking a man against his will. Only it's better for them if a man really means it. Even though we try not to let them sit on us, I think they know we really want to be smothered. But a man who doesn't want to be smothered – that really makes them happy...'

As he spoke, I felt my penis stiffen. All I could think about just then was how happy I would be if they threw me to the Women. Forced to fight for my life, not knowing whether I would walk away alive. Knowing, too, that if I didn't, I'd end up being smothered by something as tiny as the hole in a woman's bottom.

I'd thought and said it many times before – but neither Alan nor Murray knew how lucky they were. How I wanted it to be me in their place: me about to have my head shoved into a woman's arse. Life could be so unfair – a view, I guessed, that Alan and Murray would share, but for very different reasons.

'We've wasted enough time,' said Mike. 'Who gets thrown to the Women first? So they can feed...'

I didn't want to make the decision, but I knew I had to. I looked from Alan to Murray and back again several times. They were both clearly terrified. If I chose Murray, I reflected, then Alan would have to watch him being ridden – which would only upset him even more. And when his turn came – though he had the option of fighting for his life – it would, I knew, prove a hopeless endeavour. He might evade them for a while, but eventually they would wear him down and take him between their legs. Every minute in the Suffocation Chamber would be hell on earth for him. Better, I knew, for it to be over as fast as possible...

I stretched out an arm and made my decision. 'Throw Alan to the Women,' I said, my voice shaking as I spoke.

He lurched forward, and squealed into the gag, his body rattling fearfully.

'Good choice,' said Mike, and gave a thumbs-up to Steve and Adrian. They came forward quickly, unbuckling the straps that had pinned Alan to the chair. Though his arms and legs remained securely fastened, the moment he was upright he lunged forward as if, by some miracle, he might yet escape.

The two men took hold of Alan and forced him onto his front. Grabbing his arms and legs, they hoisted him high. Bill opened the chamber door and the men carried their wriggling bundle of flesh into the other room. Tony followed, crossing to a door on the far side of the chamber and peering through a small glass panel.

'It used to be a dressing room,' explained Mike. 'For the actors. It's where the Women stay – when they're not trying to sit on us. We drug their food. Nothing serious – just something to help them sleep.' He looked at his watch. 'They should be awake by now.'

On the other side of the room, Tony gave a thumbs-up sign and Mike's grin broadened. 'Looks like they're awake,' he chuckled. 'We won't have to wait long for the fun to begin.'

While all this was going on, Steve and Adrian had rolled Alan onto his tummy and tightened the straps around his arms and legs. Satisfied with their work, Adrian reached forward and peeled the tape from Alan's mouth. The moment he could open his lips, he released an ear-piercing scream and a volley of terrified curses.

'You bastards!' he wept miserably. 'You fucking bastards!'

Beside me, Mike reached out and patted my arm. 'I've had an idea,' he said. 'I think you'll enjoy this.'

Stepping into the room, he called to Tony. 'Don't open the door!' he commanded. 'Back here. Now!' He gestured briskly with his hand and Tony immediately retreated. If it hadn't been obvious to me at first, it was clear now: Mike was in charge of this whole operation. No one spoke against him. He was the boss. Whatever he said went.

As Tony re-entered the viewing gallery, Mike pushed me forward. 'Go on,' he said, 'over to the door. Take a look inside, but don't open it. Not till I tell you. Then run like hell!'

I moved as if I was in a trance, obeying without question. As I walked past Alan,

still wriggling furiously while Steve and Adrian held him down, I felt a familiar pang of envy. He was utterly helpless and, in a very short time, the Women in the room beyond were going to take it in turns to sit on his face and rub their arseholes on him. He was such a lucky bastard!

Reaching the door, I looked through the glass panel and couldn't restrain a gasp of delight. Inside, the Women prowled around, like caged animals. There was a hungry look to them and, just then, I thought how wonderful it would be to open the door, walk in – and let them finish me off.

Unaware of my presence, the larger of the two Women turned her back, bent low and shook her buttocks. Her cheeks opened wide, exposing the dark brown eye of her anus.

'Oh, God ...' I muttered and pressed myself to the door, holding my cock through my trousers. Behind me, I heard Alan moan. Turning around, I saw Steve and Adrian walk back to the viewing room. Trussed up like a Christmas turkey, Alan was wriggling on his tummy, crying like a child.

He looked up at me, with tears in his eyes, and his face crumpled.

'Please ...' he muttered. 'Don't let them sit on me. I don't want to be sat on. I don't want to die inside a woman's bottom!'

Tearing myself away from the door, I crossed over, and dropped to my knees in front of him.

‘They’re not going to kill you,’ I said, doing my best to reassure him. ‘They’re just going to sit on your face and send you to sleep.’

‘They’ll smother me!’ he screamed and wriggled some more. ‘I know they will! They’ll smother me with their little holes!’

‘Try not to worry,’ I went on – pointlessly, I knew. ‘A woman’s anus isn’t anything to be frightened of. You’re a lucky man – having the Women rub their bottoms on you.’

‘You bastard!’ he screamed. ‘You want them to sit on me! It gets you off – seeing what they do!’

I rose and took a step back. There was no reasoning with him, I knew that well enough. He was scared witless. I’d have taken his place in a heartbeat, but that wasn’t on the cards, either. And he was right about me wanting to see him sat on. Not because I wanted him to suffer – that wasn’t it at all – but because I wanted to imagine it was me being sat on. Me being smothered inside a woman’s butt until she made me pass out.

‘Let them out whenever you’re ready!’ called Mike from the viewing gallery.

On hearing the hideous instruction, Alan’s face crumpled and he gazed at me with a pitiful expression on his face.

‘Please, Nathan...’ he muttered mournfully, using my name for the first time.

‘Help me, please. I’m frightened ...’

I returned his look with a sinking sensation in my stomach.

‘I’m sorry,’ I said in a quiet, empty voice. ‘If there was any other way ... but there isn’t. The Women need to sit on you.’

His mouth dropped open, he threw back his head and screamed.

‘Oh, God help me!’ he cried. ‘God help me, someone!’

I crossed to the door, and peered inside. The Women still paced the floor anxiously, their fists clenched, looks of frustration etched into their faces.

I closed my hand around the bolt that kept the door locked. The moment I pulled it clear, I knew that Alan’s fate was sealed. But, to be fair, it had been sealed for a long time now. Then again, I reminded myself, if it hadn’t been for me, he’d have been suffocated back in the park. These Women weren’t going to finish him off. They’d take him into their bottoms, yes, and they’d rub their little holes on him until he passed out. But then Mike and the others would re-enter the chamber and pull the Women off him before any harm was done.

I still thought he was the luckiest man on earth, and I still wanted to take his place. How could he not love what was about to happen to him? More fool him. If only he did love it, he’d be in heaven ... and not the hell his fears had fashioned for him.

Taking a deep breath, I drew back the bolt, pulled the door open ... and ran like hell. Not because I was afraid the Women would catch me if I dallied, but because I was afraid that if I didn't, I might give in to my own needs and let them sit on me.

I didn't turn around until I'd re-entered the viewing chamber and heard the door close behind me. To my surprise, when I looked back, the Women hadn't yet emerged from their own room. As for poor Alan, he had begun to wriggle forward on his tummy, as if, even now, he might escape. He must have known it was impossible, but he couldn't give up.

He had covered barely a foot of floor space when the first of the Women emerged. The moment she saw Alan, she released a squeal of delight and hurried over. Taking hold of his feet, she dragged him backwards, just as her companion – the larger of the two females – appeared.

The second woman's face lit up and she, too, released a cry of joy. It was as if both Women – starved for a week – had been presented with a magnificent feast.

Alan screamed as the second woman came forward, took hold of his shoulders and swivelled him around. I glanced at Murray, still strapped to his chair. He knew it could have been him lying on the floor now, about to be sat on, and his face was deathly pale.

Back in the Suffocation Chamber, Alan continued to scream and, his scope for manoeuvre so dreadfully restricted, he shook and lurched fearfully.

I watched, fascinated, as the Women went about their grisly task. Grisly for Alan, of course, and for Murray looking on. As for the rest of us – me, Mike and the others – we shared a very different despair ...

‘Dear God, don’t you want to change places with him?’ muttered Mike.

I nodded mutely. I did want to change places with Alan. It was wrong of me, I knew, to be thinking of my own pleasure at a time like this but I couldn’t help myself. To see the Women take control of their victim – preparing to sit on his face and smother him with their bottoms – excited me beyond belief.

‘This is heaven on earth,’ said Mike, in a voice so low I almost didn’t catch it. ‘I never want it to end. I want it to last forever...’

I knew what he meant. Whatever had happened – however this had all come about it – it was heaven on earth for some of us. It was hell on earth for people like Alan, of course, and, though it gave me a perverse pleasure to know the Women were about to sit on him, I felt a little ashamed, too.

Even now, a part of me struggled to understand why any man wouldn’t want a woman to sit on him. To take him into her crack and rub her little hole all over his face – wasn’t that just the best thing in the whole wide world? It was for me. A part of me actually wished – crazy though I know it sounds – that I was afraid of being sat on. Because then I really would have struggled, the way Alan was struggling now; the way Murray would struggle when his time came. That must be the most exquisite feeling of all, surely? To be absolutely terrified of a woman’s little hole but know that it was coming for you whether you liked it or not. That she was going to sit on your face ... and finish you off with her anus!

A piercing scream dragged me back to the real world. Inside the Suffocation Chamber, Alan still wriggled furiously, his head trapped inside a woman's crack. The girls kept changing position; one sitting on him, the other holding him down. His shrill squeal of despair had come as they had changed positions yet again – in those few seconds of freedom, before a fresh pair of buttocks closed around his face, and another little hole pressed against his nose.

'How long will they keep going for?' I asked Mike. 'They're just torturing the poor bastard.'

He shrugged. 'It's hard to say. I've seen them put a man out of his misery in just a few minutes. But sometimes ...' He sighed dreamily, as if the memory gave him a curious pleasure. 'Sometimes they'll take an hour or more.' His mouth sagged. 'They'll really make him suffer with their holes, the lucky bastard...'

Though his last remark made no sense, I knew what he meant. We might be watching Alan suffer terribly in the room beyond, but Mike and I would have changed places with him in a heartbeat. In our imagination, of course, we were in the room; and it was us struggling for our lives inside the Women's bare, merciless bottoms.

'Oh, God,' I muttered feebly, taking hold of my crotch. 'I wish it was me they were sitting on. I wish it was me they were trying to finish off!'

'Of course you do,' said Mike, rolling his tongue crudely. 'We all do!' His breathing was increasingly rapid and I realised he was holding his cock, too. We all were! Dear God, we were wanking ourselves while watching Alan being ridden – acutely aware that, if we didn't rescue him in time, the Women would suffocate him. But all the while, we wanted it to be us being smothered. Though it made no sense whatsoever, we were all insanely jealous of a man who was in

danger of imminent suffocation ... inside a woman's arse!

How I kept myself on edge, without coming, I'll never know. I was torn between spilling myself there and then and holding back, aware that, the longer I did, the more pleasure I would gain from Alan's torment. In the end, the decision was made for me. Back in the room, the terrified young man gave an almighty jolt, and a long, muffled shriek broke from between the arse-cheeks of the woman currently sitting on his face.

I'd hardly had a chance to register what was happening, when Mike grabbed hold of my arm and yanked hard. It immediately brought me back to my senses – even more so when I saw Steve and Adrian hurrying across to where Alan was lying motionless on his back, one woman still holding on to his legs, the other bouncing triumphantly on his face. They'd moved so quickly, I hadn't even been aware of them opening the door to the Suffocation Chamber. Two low-level Taser rounds sent the Women flying. Not enough to knock them out, but enough to temporarily disable them. As they hit the floor, the men hauled the unconscious Alan to his feet and dragged him away, unceremoniously depositing him on his back as the door clicked back into place ensuring the Women couldn't follow.

I staggered towards the group, all my excitement having vanished. Steve had uncorked a small bottle and was waving an evil-smelling scent under Alan's nose. After just a few seconds, his head gave a violent jerk and his eyes flashed open. A moment later, he began breathing loud and fast. And a moment or two after that, he began to blub like a child.

'You bastards!' he cried, tears running down his face. 'They almost killed me! You heartless fucking bastards!'

Mike huffed and shook his head. ‘That’s all the thanks we get,’ he muttered. ‘We should have left you in there. Let the Women finish you off.’

Alan’s eyes opened even wider. ‘No, please!’ he squealed, shuffling back on his bottom. ‘Don’t put me in there again! I don’t want to be sat on again! Please!’

Mike smiled and bared his teeth in a malicious grin. On the far side of the room, I saw the blood drain from Murray’s already pallid face. He’d seen what had happened to Alan – how the Women had all but finished him off with their holes – and he knew it was his turn next. He’d known it the entire time he’d watched Alan being smothered.

‘We’ll cut you a deal,’ said Mike, his eyes lighting up wickedly, ‘so you don’t have to go back into the Suffocation Chamber...’ There was a breathless excitement in his voice that made the hairs on the back of my neck bristle.

Alan’s nostrils flared and he glanced from side to side as if expecting disaster to overwhelm him at any moment. ‘Anything,’ he muttered. ‘I’ll do anything, I promise.’

‘The Women need to sit,’ said Mike. ‘They need a man – up inside their bottoms, gagging on their little holes.’ He leaned in close so that his stale breath warmed Alan’s face. ‘They need to smother...’

‘Not me!’ squealed Alan. ‘Don’t let them smother me, please!’

When Mike jerked his head towards Murray, I felt a sick knot form in the pit of my stomach. I knew what he was going to say next. Alan did, too, and his face whitened.

‘It’s either you or Murray,’ said Mike callously. ‘The Women have to sit. It’s in their nature ...’

Alan didn’t hesitate for a moment. ‘Then let them sit on him!’ he cried.

‘Even if they do him in?’ said Mike, his breathing more rapid than ever. ‘Even if they finish him off with their little holes?’

Alan bobbed his head. But Mike wasn’t going to let him off that easily. ‘Say it,’ he whispered as, just a few feet away, poor Murray tugged on his restraints and gave a muted squeal. ‘Tell us what we should do to him...’

Alan’s nostrils flared again and a choked whimper twisted his mouth.

‘Let them do him in,’ he muttered feebly, his face horribly contorted.

‘What with?’ persisted Mike. ‘Say it! Say all the words we need to hear – unless you want us to chuck you back in that room again!’

This was cruel beyond belief – both to Alan and to Murray. I opened my mouth

to object, but shut it just as quickly. Mike wouldn't listen to me. If I tried to intervene, he was perfectly capable of having all three of us thrown into the Suffocation Chamber. I'd never doubted that Murray would have to take his chances inside a woman's arse. It didn't matter what Alan did – or didn't – say, Murray was going to be sat on.

Alan knew it, too, but it was hard for him to choke out the words. I watched him struggle for several seconds, his eyes darting back and forth between Mike's vicious smile and Murray's terror-filled face. Finally, he forced himself to speak.

'Let them do him in with their bottoms!' he cried. 'Let them finish him off with their little holes!'

It was hard to be sure, because Murray was so well restrained, but I'm pretty I heard the words 'fucking bastard!' beat against the gag that filled his mouth.

'Will you help us carry him in?' said Mike, his gaze locked on Alan's face. The poor man nodded furiously. He'd have said – or done – anything to ensure he never had to put his head inside a woman's arse again.

'Good boy,' said Mike with a patronising grin. Which was when he turned to me. 'You, too,' he said. 'I know you want to.'

I swallowed hard. Though I hated to admit it, what he said was true. I didn't just want to watch, I wanted to be involved, to go back into that room and be close to those bare-bottomed, feral Women who'd do anything they could to get a man between their buttocks.

Mike wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and gestured towards Murray.

‘It’s time the Women were fed,’ he muttered crudely, marching across the room. Murray moved jerkily, as if lightning had shot through his body. He wriggled and screamed as Mike took hold of his arms and legs and, without ceremony, pushed him towards the door that led into the Suffocation Chamber. Without being told to, Alan and I grabbed hold of him, too.

I wanted to tell him that it would be all right, that we wouldn’t let him come to any harm, that the Women would sit on his face, of course, and he’d have to accept that, but they wouldn’t finish him off because that wasn’t what this was all about.

But I couldn’t, because I didn’t know if that was true any longer. There was a raw, almost maniacal look in Mike’s eyes just then that made me shudder. Dear God, I thought – would he let the Women suffocate Murray? Would he let them finish him off with their little holes?

I couldn’t give the dreadful prospect any more thought because, just then, the door to the Chamber opened and we bundled Murray into the room beyond. He struggled furiously, fighting us every inch of the way.

What struck me most of all was how tightly Alan clung to our prisoner, as if terrified that if he didn’t play his part properly, it would be his turn again. As for poor Murray, tears of utter despair drenched his cheeks as we manhandled him across the floor. Securely bound as he was, he was unable to fight back – a ceremonial lamb being led to the slaughter.

The two Women – recently Tasered – remained groggy. Seeing Murray dumped on the floor, however, appeared to fill them with fresh energy – as if they realised what was happening and that it was for their benefit. Even so, they retreated at our approach, shuffling away on their bottoms.

What happened next took me completely by surprise. Mike pulled the Taser from his pocket and fired a disabling bolt into Murray's legs. The latter jerked strongly and shrieked into his gag before slumping like a rag doll.

‘Strip him!’ said Mike, shoving the gun back into his pocket. ‘Let's give the Women what they need: a bollock-naked man to sit on!’

Alan and I froze. We'd come this far and it was stupid to hold back, but Mike's latest command still took us by surprise. It was a few seconds before we shook off our torpor and moved forward, like automatons, ripping at Murray's shirt and trousers until, in no time at all, he was stark naked. I could see the look of disgust – and shame – on Alan's face. But it was tinged with relief – relief that it was Murray and not him who was about to be sat on.

Satisfied that we had done all we could, Mike turned his attention to the Women. Though still dazed from the Taser blasts, they were fast recovering. A quick glance at Murray seemed to make up his mind about something and, pulling the gun from his pocket a second time, he reduced the setting to its absolute minimum and gave each female a quick shot in the arm. It sent them wriggling away and moaning and my immediate thought was that I couldn't understand what the hell was going on.

‘We can't have them recovering first,’ explained Mike, aware of our confusion –

or mine at least as the look on Alan's face remained one of stark terror. 'There'd be no sport if he couldn't try to fight them off.'

I was still trying to come to terms with the depths to which Mike would sink when, without any warning, he turned around and fired several bolts of electricity into Alan's arms and legs. The poor man collapsed, writhing jerkily.

Mike's features dissolved into a cruel smirk. 'Only fair to give each of the Women a face to sit on,' he grinned, leaning down and tugging at Alan's trousers.

'But he's already been smothered!' I protested lamely.

'Then he'll know the drill,' said Mike, still pulling at Alan's pants.

'Help needed,' he muttered and, though he didn't look at me directly, I knew what he meant. For the second time in a few minutes I found myself undressing a terrified man who knew – as well as I knew myself – that he was soon to have a woman's bare bottom on his face.

'Please no,' I heard Alan mutter as, between us, Mike and I pulled down his pants to expose his long, flaccid cock.

'The Women will have some fun with that,' chuckled Murray cruelly. 'They love to drain a man's balls before they finish him off.'

I wasn't sure how true that was, or whether Mike was voicing his opinion simply to alarm Alan and excite himself. All I knew was that it had an immediate – and familiar – effect on me. I felt my cock stiffen inside my pants at the thought of being sat on. Not for the first time I would happily have changed places with Alan, though I knew it wasn't remotely possible. Why the hell did any man not want to be smothered? That was something I could never get my head around. The thought of ending my days inside a woman's arse, with her little hole pressing down on me, was all I could think about at times, yet for some men it was clearly the most terrifying thing they could imagine.

'Tell him!' said Mike suddenly, crashing into my thoughts, as if he knew precisely what was on my mind. Which I'm sure he did, if only because it was probably on his mind, too. 'Tell him what you're thinking! What you really wish was happening now!'

I took a deep breath, leaned in close and studied Alan's face for several seconds before speaking. It wasn't my intention to scare him – heaven knows he was frightened enough, and I felt genuine pity for him. But I still knew that what I was about to say, even though it was meant to comfort him, would have completely the opposite effect.

'You're a lucky man,' I told him pointlessly. Pointlessly, because he felt anything other than lucky. 'A woman without pants is going to sit on your face ... and rub her arse all over you.' I took a deep breath and leaned in a little closer. 'She's going to show you her anus ... the opening into her bottom ... and then she's going to press it down over your nose ... and smother you ... with the most private part of her body!'

He obviously didn't share my view of what comprised good luck because his eyes blazed open, his mouth dropped and he released a long whinny of despair.

His body shook dreadfully, his complete and utter terror so far removed from the excitement I'd have felt had we been able to trade places.

'I don't want to be smothered ... please ...' he muttered feebly.

'I'm sorry,' I replied, with real sympathy, 'but it has to be this way. The Women have needs. It's not their fault.'

'That's enough,' said Mike happily. 'They'll be OK in a few minutes.' His evil smile broadened. 'Then we'll all have some fun!'

The look on Alan's face was one of abject despair as we backed away. I was torn, as always. I wanted to watch him being sat on, and I wanted to change places with him, too. I didn't want him to suffer. That wasn't what this was all about – not for me at least, though I couldn't be sure about Mike. He seemed to derive a perverse pleasure from Alan's misery that made me distinctly uncomfortable.

As the door closed behind us, I sagged, as if – for a moment – all the fight had gone out of me. I dropped into the nearest vacant chair and buried my face in my hands. As I shut my eyes, I saw the room as if it were inside my head. Except that it wasn't the room any more, it was somewhere else. White, clinical, and a woman looking down at me, asking if I was all right.

I recognised her at once. It was Janet! She was robed in white as if she were some sort of ghostly apparition. A moment later, everything went black and the last thing I was aware of was my head hitting the floor a fraction after the rest of me did.

Six

I must have been out for only a few seconds. When I opened my eyes again, Mike was gazing down at me with a concerned look.

‘What happened?’ I asked pointlessly. It was pretty clear what had happened, even to me.

‘You passed out,’ said Mike, just as pointlessly. He sniffed. ‘Hardly surprising, after what you’ve been through.’

I shook my head as if that might clear away the fog. I suddenly felt shattered. Perhaps there was something in what Mike said. It had been a long – what – two weeks, three weeks? Was it even that long? I found myself back in the nightclub, the evening this nightmare – or, for some of us, heaven on earth – had begun. I remembered meeting Tom – then Janet – and our journey to the Smother Camp. Mine and Janet’s at least. God knew where poor Tom was. Since then I’d lost the two of them and was on my own again.

Any further recollection was interrupted by a loud rap, then several more, on the door between the control room and the Suffocation Chamber. Mike’s face lit up and I turned to follow his gaze.

Having recovered, Alan had struggled over and was hammering at the reinforced glass panel. Tony – seated at the console – gave an evil laugh and pressed two buttons in quick succession. A loudspeaker crackled into life and Alan’s terror-stricken voice echoed around the room.

‘For God’s sake, please!’ he screamed. ‘Let me in!’

He jerked his head around several times as the Women – now fully recovered – advanced cautiously, as if fearing a trap. Murray, more heavily Tasered than Alan, was trying to lever himself to his feet, but his arms and legs failed to respond. He was like a tethered sheep, horribly aware that he was at the mercy of two hungry predators.

‘Oh, God help me!’ cried Alan as the first of the Women threw caution to the wind and rushed forward, her face flushed with delight. To my left, I heard Adrian grunt and watched as he clawed at his cock.

‘Oh, fuck!’ he groaned. ‘I wish she was coming for me!’ Bill, too, had unzipped his pants and was rubbing himself while Tony squirmed in his seat, one hand flying up and down his shaft.

I knew how they felt because I felt it, too. By now, Mike was pulling on his own cock, and, without embarrassment, I followed suit. At the back of my mind I knew this was wrong – that we shouldn’t be taking pleasure from Alan’s suffering. But a part of me didn’t care. Dear God – like all the men around me – I’d have given anything to have changed places.

A heart-wrenching scream dragged me back to the real world as Alan surrendered his grip on the door and ran to the far side of the room. His pursuer immediately changed course. She didn’t move quickly. Her steps were measured, as if she knew there was no need to hurry. The Suffocation Chamber was spacious, but there was nowhere to run to or hide – and poor Alan knew it, too. A camera zoomed in on his face. Tears flowed down his cheeks and his mouth gaped miserably.

When the woman reached out and whispered, ‘Come to me, man. Come to my little hole ...’, Alan gave a sharp, plaintive yelp and ran again.

She turned and followed him once more, as calmly as ever. She knew, as well as Alan knew himself, that it was simply a matter of time ... before he ended up inside her bottom!

I watched her hips sway smoothly as Tony flicked another switch and zoomed in on the dark, pencil-thin gap between her cheeks. As she walked, it widened, then narrowed, reminding us that deep inside her crack ... was a tiny hole we all longed to see.

Alan ran again, horribly aware – as we were, too – that he was running out of places to hide. With each escape bid, he found his room for manoeuvre narrowing. But worse still, he was now close to Murray, still weak from the Taser blast and whimpering miserably.

The other woman had made her way towards him – tentatively, as if she couldn’t believe her luck. With legs either side of his head, she dropped into a squatting position, her arse directly over his face. In the control room, Tony switched to a split screen. One half treated us to a close-up view of Alan’s petrified face; the other, an equal look of horror etched on Murray’s features. Both men knew that a woman’s arse was coming for them ... and that there was no escape!

Flicking another switch, Tony swapped cameras and the screen split again. Now we could see a rear view of the woman straddling Murray – her buttocks like a pair of wobbling white pillows hanging over his head. The other shot was of Murray himself, his face a mask of terror.

I hardly knew where to look first. At Murray's predicament on the screen – or at Alan through the panel in the door. A moment later, my mind was made up for me. As the woman closing in on Alan dashed forward, Tony switched to a widescreen view. Both Women and men were now so close that we could see all four of them – predators and prey – in a single camera shot.

Alongside me, I heard Mike groan as Alan was brought down. Not surprisingly, he began to scream, and lashed out with his arms. It was a pointless exercise. It was not just that, by now, he was completely exhausted, but that the woman – riven with lust and her need to sit on him – was far too strong. That was another side-effect of whatever had changed in our world. Women were now endowed with twice their normal strength. And this woman clearly had more than enough to overpower Alan.

The moment she saw her companion's triumph, the woman sitting over Murray's head dropped onto his face. As if at last spurred into action, a little strength returned to his arms and he brought them up in a futile bid to shift her. She laughed cruelly, seized his wrists and pulled his hands clear of her hips.

'God help me!' I heard him cry, a moment before his head disappeared into her crack.

'Oh, you lucky bastard!' I moaned and pumped myself a little harder. 'You lucky bastard, Murray! She's going to smother you with her little hole!'

It was wrong of me, I know, to feel excitement at the prospect of the poor bastard being smothered inside a woman's bottom. But I was so wrapped up in my own crazy world that I didn't care.

When I came, it was as if the gates of heaven opened wide and dragged me through. I fell to my knees, still clutching my cock as my semen splattered the floor. All around, I was conscious of men's voices, shrieking with joy as they, too, emptied their balls.

I closed my eyes and released one last, trembling wail of delight before the darkness claimed me and I collapsed in a senseless heap on the floor.

Seven

I came to with a start, almost jack-knifing upright. Mike gazed down at me, with an anxious look on his face.

‘What the hell happened?’ I muttered, rubbing the top of my head. My skull was aching badly. I looked around, and realised I was back in my room.

‘You passed out again,’ he replied, and shrugged.

‘But why?’ I said. It seemed an obvious question though, the moment I’d asked it, I realised it didn’t make a lot of sense.

Mike shook his head. He looked bewildered and I couldn’t blame him. There was something at the back of my mind, as if a fog was beginning to clear. That if I could ask one more question, press on just a little bit further ...

But that didn’t make much sense, either. I closed my eyes and, for one bizarre moment, I was back in the nightclub on the evening this all began. I was running for my life, and then I wasn’t. I could see men screaming all around me, being brought down by bare-bottomed Women and suffocated inside hot, merciless cracks.

I saw an asshole coming down on me: big, round, wet and bristling with tiny hairs... It opened and closed and I knew, as I gazed up at it ... that its owner wanted to suck me into her back passage and keep me there forever!

When I opened my eyes again, my head felt a little clearer. It was as if I were waking from a dream world, and yet surely the world I was now living in was hardly any more than that. For people like Alan and Murray, of course, it was a nightmare.

Remembering them immediately cleared my head and I felt wide awake again.

‘They’re OK,’ said Mike, answering a question I hadn’t asked, but which he must have seen in my eyes. ‘Still sleeping it off,’ he added with a lop-sided grin. ‘Much like you.’ He sniffed and hauled me to my feet. ‘Passed out at the same time. All three of you.’ Another sniff. ‘Funny, that.’

I frowned. ‘What do you mean?’ I asked.

Mike shrugged. ‘Not sure. Just seemed odd, that’s all.’ His smile broadened. ‘Just coincidence, I know that. But it makes you think...’

I opened my mouth to respond, then realised there was nothing I could say. Nothing that made sense, at any rate.

‘Can I see them?’ I asked, thinking it best to steer the conversation into safer waters.

‘Of course,’ said Mike. ‘No sweat.’

I followed him to the door, as if there were an invisible lead between us. My legs felt heavy and I walked like an old man, stiff and weary.

When the door to Alan and Murray's room opened, I half-expected them to leap out and attack us – to make a spectacular bid for freedom before it was too late. Instead, I saw they were fast asleep, slumbering peacefully as if they didn't have a care in the world.

'The Women almost finished them off,' explained Mike. 'We left them in there too long. Got them out just in time. Another few seconds ...' He made a slow slicing movement across his neck. 'We've given them something to help them rest. Wouldn't do if they came round too quickly. Not after what they've been through.'

'I'm sorry I missed it,' I said truthfully. A part of me didn't think it was a nice thing to say, but another part was genuinely upset.

'We filmed it,' said Mike matter-of-factly and gave another weak smile. 'Didn't last long after you tossed yourself off.'

'What are you going to do with them?' I asked.

'What I've said I would,' he replied. 'They can stay here – and play by our rules – or they can take their chances in the outside world.' He sniffed loudly. 'See how long they last before a woman suffocates them!'

From what I knew of life beyond these walls – and my friends' ability to cope with the genuine threat they'd face out there, I doubted they'd last very long.

Mike closed the door quietly. 'Come on,' he said in a low voice. 'There's something we need to talk about.' He hesitated before adding, 'Something you've wanted to do since the day this whole thing began...'

Eight

‘How did you know?’ I asked. ‘I mean, there’s no way you could have known that. No way at all...’

We’d watched the film of Alan and Murray being smothered. I’d seen most of it for real, of course, but viewing it again – and from many different angles – had thrilled me more than I could have imagined.

‘It doesn’t take an Einstein to figure it out,’ said Mike. ‘Let’s face it, we’ve all thought about it at some time.’

I shrugged, ‘Yeah, but doing it. I mean – actually doing it...’ I shook my head and wondered what the hell I was getting myself into.

‘It’s up to you,’ said Mike. ‘No one’s forcing you. But if you want to go through with it – this might be your only chance.’

My throat was dry and, as I swallowed hard, it felt raw and painful.

‘I do,’ I told him honestly, though my hands were shaking. ‘I want them to smother me. No mercy. I want them to smother me all the way...’

After we'd left the room, Mike had taken me on a tour of the film-making complex the owner of the house had designed. It was a limited tour, because there were only a few places he wanted to show me. Our starting-point was an oak-panelled, perfect reproduction of an Old Bailey-style courtroom. From there, we made our way to a small, brick-built cell, complete with a high, barred window. Beyond that was a short corridor that led to a larger, white-walled chamber. A broad window dominated one of the four sides and, in the centre, set into the floor, was a low, padded bench, from which hung several thick leather straps.

'Is this what I think it is?' I muttered, breaking into a cold sweat of excitement.

Mike nodded. 'It's what you've always wanted, isn't it? A fantasy you can make come true...'

I shook my head. 'I can't believe it. I mean... How did you know?'

Which brings us back to where we began. With me staring at Mike and wondering how the hell he could have read my mind. How he could have known something so personal about me: that my dearest wish was to find myself in a world where capital punishment was carried out ... inside a woman's bottom!

'You want to be convicted, found guilty ... and sentenced to Death by Facesitting,' he told me, in as calm a voice as if he were reciting my weekly shopping list. 'You want to spend your final night in a condemned cell, fully aware that, in the morning, a bare-bottomed woman will sit on your face ... and smother you to death with her anus!'

I nodded mutely and felt my pulse-rate quicken.

‘We can make it happen,’ said Mike. ‘If it’s what you really want. The Women will play along ... if they know they can finish you off. But it has to be your choice. You have to do this willingly.’

I nodded again, my mind alive with crude, erotic images. Finally, I said, ‘I do want to do it. I mean ... these past few weeks ... they haven’t been real. But this ... this can be real. For me, at least.’ I took a deep breath, to clear my head.

‘There are too many Women out there – on the streets – all wanting to sit on us. All wanting to suffocate us with their bottoms.’ I paused, trying to make sense of my feelings. ‘None of us are going to get out of this alive,’ I continued fatalistically. ‘We might get away with it for a while, but in the end – we’re going to find ourselves inside a woman’s bottom.’ I took another deep breath. ‘I’d rather end my life here – in the way I’ve always wanted to – than in a gutter with some overweight granny trying to finish me off with her arse.’

‘As long as you’re sure,’ said Mike.

‘I am,’ I replied, with as much determination as I could muster. ‘I want to do this. I want to be found guilty as charged, sentenced to death ... and executed by a bare-bottomed woman!’

Nine

It was two days later – and I was sitting in an empty court-room. Mike had led me into the chamber about half an hour previously. Though he was fully clothed, I was naked. It had always been part of my fantasy that I'd be sentenced in the nude and, though it had felt a little weird to have Mike alongside me, it thrilled me, too. He fastened my wrists to a thick metal bar that circled the wooden frame of my prisoner's enclosure, then sat behind me without a word.

With so few people able to act out the roles, this part of the proceedings was the one least like my fantasy – in which a packed courtroom bayed for my blood and loved ones cried as I was sentenced to death. But I could live with that. What was about to happen would, I hoped, be every bit as exciting as I had always imagined...

On the stroke of 3 o'clock precisely – a large mounted clock had counted down the minutes – a door to one side of the room opened and a woman entered. I recognised her at once as the larger of the two who had smothered Alan and Murray. Though she was dressed in long, flowing robes, it was clear, as she walked, that – apart from her gown and a pair of tight black panties – she was otherwise naked. She seated herself in a large chair directly opposite and gazed at me with dark, merciless eyes.

A second woman – naked other than for her clerk's powdered wig – followed the judge and made her way towards me. I immediately recognised her as the smaller of the two women who had smothered Alan and Murray. Mike rose and opened the prisoner's enclosure to admit her. As she stood behind me, I felt my penis stiffen. I knew what was about to happen and the thought both thrilled and frightened me in equal measure.

There was no going back. I had told Mike that, whatever happened now – even if it involved my losing my nerve and changing my mind – the execution was to go ahead. He had agreed. Indeed, he had insisted on it himself.

‘This isn’t a joke,’ he had told me. ‘Once we begin the process, we finish it. A woman will sit on your face ... and finish you off with the hole in her bottom.’

Another door opened, on the opposite side of the room, and seven men filed in: Steve, Geoff, Bill, Adrian, Tony, Alan and Murray. I took a deep breath, my pulse beginning to race. I couldn’t even begin to imagine what must be passing through Alan and Murray’s minds.

As they took their seats, even in the small, empty confines of the courtroom I could hear a murmur of expectation. Or maybe I only imagined it. It thrilled me, nonetheless.

‘Gentlemen of the jury,’ said the judge, ‘have you reached a verdict upon which you are all agreed?’

Steve – acting as the jury’s foreman – rose to reply. ‘We have, your honour,’ he answered in a flat, featureless voice.

The judge paused briefly before continuing. ‘And do you find the accused guilty or not guilty of the charges laid against him?’

Another pause. Another cold knot of excitement in my belly.

‘Guilty,’ said Steve, and promptly sat down.

The cold knot grew colder still and, in spite of myself, my penis stiffened.

The judge turned to address me. ‘The prisoner will stand.’ I rose awkwardly, and rested my chained hands on the bar. Looking down, I was surprised to see my hands tremble. But then, of course, this was real. There was, as everyone around me knew, no going back...

‘Nathan Blake,’ she continued, ‘you have been found guilty as charged and it is now my painful duty to pass sentence.’

Regardless of the manufactured position in which I now found myself, I marvelled at the conviction she brought to her role. Perhaps it was just my overwhelming urge to want this to be real that made it all the more believable. Or perhaps she’d been an actress in her past life. In the end, of course, it didn’t really matter. It was real. For me, at least ...

Glancing past my shoulder, she addressed the woman who stood at my rear.

‘Will the clerk of the court please step forward ... and arouse the prisoner before I pass sentence.’

I swallowed hard and felt my penis jerk again. A moment later, it needed no effort of mine for it to stiffen further. The young woman wrapped her arms around my waist, held my cock in both hands and began to masturbate me.

It took less than a minute for her to bring me to full erection and I stifled a moan of delight as, while with one hand she continued to pump me, with the other she cradled my balls in her palm. Leaning in close, she blew warm air against the side of my face, filling my nostrils with her sweet, scented breath.

The judge reached for a small square of black cloth which, with exaggerated care, she placed on top of her powdered wig.

‘Nathan Blake,’ she began, ‘you have been found guilty as charged and it is now my painful duty to pass sentence.’

As a pair of soft hands continued to work their magic on my cock and balls, I felt my legs wobble dangerously, and was forced to cling to the bar to keep my balance. In front of me, after a brief pause, the judge continued:

‘Your crimes allow for only one punishment ... Death by Woman’s Bottom!’

‘No, please!’ I murmured feebly. ‘I didn’t do it, I’m innocent!’

I was acting a part – a part we had all agreed – but it had the ring of truth, even to my ears. I was innocent – and I was going to be suffocated for a crime I hadn’t committed.

Ignoring my outburst, the judge promptly rose, and her gown slid to the floor. Her breasts, now fully exposed, were huge, but it was the proud swell of her vagina – hidden behind the dark vee of her knickers – and the plump sweep of her hips that held my gaze.

‘It is the order of this court,’ she said in a firm, solemn voice, ‘that you be taken from this place of judgment ... to a place of lawful suffocation. There, at dawn tomorrow morning, I will remove my woman’s pants, sit on your face as naked as the day I was born ... and smother you to death with the hole in my bottom! And may God have mercy on your soul.’

‘No!’ I cried as I stumbled forward. The woman at my cock had timed her actions perfectly, and, as the judge pronounced the words, ‘smother you to death with the hole in my bottom!’, I felt a surge of pleasure as I came. She continued to pump as semen spat from the eye of my cock, spraying the wooden frame of my cage.

‘I didn’t do it, please!’ I whimpered as, utterly exhausted, I fell to my knees, sobbing. ‘I don’t want to die inside your bottom!’

‘Take the prisoner to his cell!’ said the judge, ignoring my pathetic plea for mercy, before turning around and marching from the courtroom.

Mike bent down, slipped his hands around my arms, hoisted me to my feet and led me away.

Ten

If it had surprised me how completely the woman had thrown herself into the role of judge, my own response had stunned me even more. When she had pronounced sentence and the clerk had, in that same moment, jerked me off, I had felt genuine despair – mixed with exquisite delight. It was as if my fantasy was not fantasy at all, but a grim – yet thrilling – reality.

Now, as I sat in the cell to which Mike had escorted me, I found myself curiously sombre. A clock on the wall reminded me that it was only seven in the evening. My execution had been set for 6 am the following day – just eleven hours from now. After everything I had been through in these past few weeks – the nightclub, meeting up with Tom, Janet, Murray, Alan, and all the others, the Smother Camps and now this house of fantasy where Mike and his friends were holed up until the Women outside finally came for them – the knowledge that it was coming to an end both thrilled and horrified me in equal measure.

I was still sitting there, contemplating my fate, when the door to my cell opened and Mike entered, followed by the two Women. Both were bare-breasted and only wearing pants, the latter no more than skimpy G-strings that barely covered their vaginas.

‘You may go now,’ said the judge, addressing Mike who, with a look that suggested envy as well as pity, immediately turned and left the room.

Looking down at me, the judge said, in a sombre voice, ‘I’m here to explain the procedure for your suffocation in the morning.’

‘I’ve submitted an appeal,’ I told her, believing every word I said. I had, of course, it was part of my fantasy. It would be turned down at the last minute,

compounding my misery. But just then, I didn't care. Just then, I was as frightened as hell to be alone in a room with the woman who was going to sit on my face and finally finish me off ... with her bare backside!

'I'm innocent,' I reminded her. 'I didn't commit those crimes.'

'It's of no concern to me,' she replied. 'The jury found you guilty and it's my duty to carry out the sentence imposed on you: to sit on your face ... and execute you with the hole in my bottom.'

I wrung my hands miserably and, once again, felt genuine despair. Even so, it was hard not to stare longingly at both Women's breasts, and the bulging vees of their vaginas.

'At ten to five tomorrow morning, my clerk will come for you,' continued the judge, briefly acknowledging the other woman's presence. 'She will masturbate you for one hour without relief. After that, she will escort you from this – the condemned cell – to the Suffocation Room across the landing. Once there, you will be strapped to a Smothering Bench and given the chance to say a few last words.'

'Dear God,' I muttered, 'you make it sound so clinical.'

'At that point,' she continued, ignoring my response, 'my clerk will begin to masturbate you again. As soon as you are fully erect, I will remove my pants, straddle your face and take you into my bottom's crack.'

‘Oh, my God, no,’ I muttered, screwing myself into a ball of fear. ‘I don’t want to die inside a woman’s bottom ...’

‘My clerk will continue to masturbate you throughout the suffocation procedure,’ she went on, with absolutely no concern for my feelings, ‘and empty your balls at the moment you pass out. Once you are unconscious, I will continue to sit on your face, prising open your mouth and emptying my juices into you at the moment of truth.’ She paused, and regarded me coldly. I had to hand it to her – she was playing her role to perfection. ‘Is there anything you do not understand?’

I hesitated for a moment before asking the question that was on my mind. I wanted to know what her response would be, and my tummy wobbled when I spoke.

‘Why are you doing this? Why do you want to suffocate me ... with the hole in your bottom?’

A hint of a smile tugged at her mouth. ‘Because it’s what Women were born for,’ she replied in a soft, almost affectionate voice. ‘To take men between our buttocks ... and finish them off inside our cracks.’

It was the answer I wanted to hear, of course, but, even so, it made me shiver – with both fear and excitement.

‘Even though I didn’t do it?’ I asked. ‘Even though you’ll be suffocating an innocent man?’

Her face hardened. ‘Your innocence or otherwise is of no concern to me. The state has authorised me to carry out the lawful sentence of the court – and that is what I intend to do. I have no choice in the matter. I have to execute you with my bottom!’

My heart was thudding rapidly and there was a cold, excited knot in my stomach. I don’t think I had ever been so aroused in all my life.

‘I’m going to turn round now,’ she explained, ‘and show you my little hole. It’s important you see it ... so you’ll know what to expect when I sit on you in the morning.’

I swallowed hard as she swivelled about, bent forward and eased the string from her crack. The smaller woman pressed her fingers into the judge’s buttocks and prised them apart, exposing her anus.

The hole itself was dark and round, a shadowy well ridged with a wall of raised, muscular flesh. Around the rim itself grew little black hairs which merged with the pubes that covered her pussy.

It was, I reflected, the most beautiful sight I had ever seen and it was all I could do, just then, not to bury my face in her arse and suckle on her opening.

Instead, leaning in as far as I could, but not so far as to touch her, I took a deep breath, filling my nostrils with her rich, earthy scent. Without warning, she snapped her string back into place and stood up as her clerk released her cheeks

and stepped away.

‘Till tomorrow morning,’ she said flatly.

A moment later, the door slammed shut and the Women were gone.

Eleven

I slept fitfully that night, sorry that I'd not been able to bury my face in the judge's bottom. It would have given me enormous comfort to have had her smell on me – a happy reminder of what I must face in the morning.

When I woke for the last time, a glance at the wall clock told me it was half past four. I crawled from my bed, washed and shaved and waited for the appointed hour. While I'd been cleaning myself up, a tray had been pushed through a panel in the door. I'd asked for a last meal of bacon, eggs and a pot of strong coffee but, though I ate and drank the lot, in truth I had no appetite at all. I guessed that, for most condemned men, fear of what was about to happen often ruined the meal. For me, however, it was gnawing excitement. I couldn't wait for the clock to reach ten to five and, when it did, and the door opened, I felt a cold rush of delight in my belly.

The smaller of the Women – the judge's clerk – entered the room, naked as before, other than for the tight black pouch that barely covered the bulging vee of her cunt.

She carried a small bottle of oil, which she set down on the table before addressing me.

'Remove your clothes,' she said in a flat, matter-of-fact voice. 'I'm going to masturbate you for an hour. Your balls must be full of spunk before the judge sits on your face and suffocates you.'

The bluntness with which she delivered this instruction thrilled me more than I can tell you. She played her part so well, I felt sure that she – like the judge – must have been an actress in her previous life. Not that I was going to ask her – I

didn't want to spoil the moment.

Once I'd undressed, she made me lie on my back on the bed and quickly fastened several cuffs around my ankles and wrists to secure me in position. Then, without a word, she picked up the small bottle, straddled my chest and got to work.

Looking over her shoulder, she grinned wickedly. 'I'm not supposed to sit on your face while I do this, but do you know what – I don't fucking care! It'll help fill your balls if you get a whiff of my bumhole!'

And with that, she pulled her string to one side, shuffled back and plonked her bottom on my face! Her rich, earthy smell washed over me as she pressed her anus against my nose. I tried to speak – to voice a half-hearted protest – but she simply pressed down harder.

A moment later, I felt her warm, oiled fingers close around my cock and I groaned. My head shifted a fraction and, whether by accident or design, she allowed me a lungful of air before tightening her grip.

For the next hour, she rode me cruelly, sometimes pressing down so hard that my nose felt as if it would disappear into her passage; at others she relaxed her hold, allowing me to snatch a quick breath. All the while, she continued to masturbate me until I was half-mad with lust and would have said anything, done anything, to have her toss me off.

After almost an hour of sitting on my face, she was sopping wet – a heady mix of sweat and sexual arousal. Finally, with one last dramatic lurch of her hips, she

pressed down so hard I genuinely couldn't breathe and knew that, if she didn't release me, I was done for. A moment later, she came furiously, flooding my face with her juices. Aware of her release, I opened my mouth, circling her pussy with my lips, and she came again, emptying herself into my throat in one last ecstatic squeal of delight.

As she rose from my face, a part of me rebelled.

'You wanted to suffocate me, didn't you?' I said. 'You wanted to finish me off with your anus.' I hesitated, before adding, in all seriousness, 'Why don't you? Why don't you smother me inside your bottom? Execute me with your little hole! You know you want to!'

The anguished look in her eyes was enough to tell me I was right. It was cruel to tease her, but I couldn't help myself. She had spent the last hour furiously riding my face, fully aware that the pleasure of smothering me would fall to someone else. With that in mind, she had extracted as much joy as she could from her task. My balls were now so full that I knew it would hurt me to stand.

A part of me hoped that I'd goad her into action. I was, by now, so desperate to be emptied that I didn't much care if I missed out on the final part of my fantasy. What the hell did it matter whose arse I ended up inside? I was strapped to the bed and helpless. Finishing me off would be the easiest thing in the world!

For a moment, she appeared to consider the idea and I felt my heart race. But at last, gathering herself, she dismounted reluctantly, wiped down my face with a towel and untied me.

I swung my feet round, raising myself with difficulty. As I'd expected, my balls ached badly when I took a step forward. I looked down, genuinely surprised at how swollen they were. She'd done a good job. How I hadn't come was a testament to her skill at edging me. I'd been on the brink countless times during the past hour but always, at the last moment, she had managed to stem my excitement and leave me dangling.

I swallowed hard. 'Thank you for doing this to me,' I told her, and I meant it. 'I'm sorry you couldn't finish me off with your little hole.'

A hint of sadness tugged at her lips, then vanished.

'It's time,' she said, and opened the door to my cell...

Twelve

Standing in the doorway of the condemned cell, I had a perfect view along the landing and into the Suffocation Chamber. I swallowed hard and tried to steady myself. The young woman was right. This was it. This was my time. After everything I'd gone through in, what was it now, two weeks, three weeks, a month? I no longer knew. All I knew was that, finally, I was on my own. Those friends I'd made en route had gone. I had no idea whether Tom was alive, or whether Janet had reverted to type and was now happily smothering any man she could get inside her bottom. As for Alan and Murray, I doubted they'd last long. No man would. Time was either up of all of us, or it was coming to an end. It was just a matter of when. At least I was going to go out in the way I'd always wanted to. Sentenced to death for a crime I hadn't committed ... and executed by a bare-bottomed woman!

A hand pressed into the small of my back and steered me forward. My heart pumped strongly as I began my final walk, step by step across the short, iron landing and into the cold, white-walled room beyond – with its low, cushioned bench, lined with thick restraining straps.

Mike faced me, neatly dressed in a dark suit and black tie. As we'd previously agreed, he was playing the role of the prison governor, while nearby Steve – or it might have been one of the others, because to be honest, by now, everything was a blur – wore a simple priest's robe, and held an open Bible in his hands. A father confessor, praying for my eternal soul...

On the far side of a glass partition stood everyone else. Onlookers, friends, family, it didn't really matter. They were there to watch my final moments and ensure justice was done. I pitied Alan and Murray, forced to view a spectacle that filled them with despair and loathing, even if they knew it was a willing choice on my part.

But as I entered the chamber properly and took all of this in in a moment, the sight that truly thrilled and terrified me in equal measure was that of my wide-hipped and bare-breasted executioner ... the judge who had sentenced me to die inside her bottom!

She was standing at the far end of the Smother Bench, and I knew straight away that it was the end where I would lay my head. The bench, I saw, as I looked at it properly for the first time, was low enough for her to walk forward, legs either side of me ... and lower herself onto my face.

As for the judge herself, she wore a pair of tight black panties, the crotch of which, like the woman who had spent the past hour masturbating me, barely covered the thick, swollen bulge of her vagina. Though I recognised the broad swell of her hips, her face was now hidden behind a pointed black executioner's hood through which even her eyes were barely visible. She was at once both a terrifying and a thoroughly arousing sight.

I didn't resist as I was pushed forward, and forced to sit on the couch. Nor did I struggle when I was swung round, eased onto my back and strapped into place.

I had been in the Suffocation Chamber less than a minute, yet already I was restrained, unable to move, and staring at a blank, white ceiling. I had hardly any time to marshal my thoughts before Mike drifted into view and looked down at me with a solemn expression on his face.

'I'm sorry, Nathan,' he said in a voice tinged with sadness, 'but your appeal has been denied.'

‘No!’ I cried instinctively, throwing myself into my own fantasy with as much anguish as I could muster. ‘I didn’t do it! I’m innocent! It’s not fair! Please!’

As Mike stepped back, his place was taken by the priest, intoning some bland, pointless drivel about the destiny of my eternal soul.

‘Pray with me, my son,’ he muttered grimly, ‘for your time on earth is coming to an end...’

‘No!’ I cried, tensing my arms and legs, and clawing at the air with my fingers. The word had barely left my mouth when a shadow passed over my head and the judge’s backside came into sight. Looking up, I had a clear view of her plump buttocks and the thin black string that stretched from her crotch before vanishing into the depths of her long, cavernous crack.

My gaze remained on her arse as the priest continued to speak. It was rambling nonsense, but I didn’t care. All I could focus on now was the sure and certain knowledge that – though I couldn’t yet see it – a woman’s anus was dangerously close to my face and that, in a few seconds’ time, it would be pressing down on me.

‘And so it is written,’ he continued happily, ‘that man shall be given pleasure in his final moments, and leave this world with joy in his cock...’

As he spoke, I felt a soft hand close around my shaft and begin to pump. A second hand cradled my balls and a finger pushed into my anus.

‘Oh, God help me, someone...’ I muttered feebly as a surge of pleasure filled my groin.

Above me, the bland, unfeeling voice droned on, uttering words that made no sense, but which spoke to the darkest part of my soul.

‘Nature gave woman her broad buttocks and tiny bottom’s hole, so that she might take a man into her rear-end and smother him as all men were born to be smothered...’

‘You bastards!’ I cried, as the words drilled into my brain. ‘You fucking heartless bastards!’

There was a depth to my feelings now – fear mixed with excitement – that even I was struggling to understand. None of this was real – and yet all of it was! I was going to be sat on, and I was going to be smothered! At any moment now, a bare-bottomed woman was going to take me into the crack of her arse ... and finish me off with her anus!

‘Nathan Blake ...’

Another voice was speaking now, calm, measured and exquisitely feminine. It was the voice of the judge ...

‘Nathan Blake, you have been found guilty as charged and our law allows for only one punishment ... Death by Woman’s Bottom!’

I gazed up, utterly transfixed, as she reached down, and slowly undid a bow, either side of her broad hips. I hadn't noticed them before and immediately realised, in a swirl of terror and delight, that they were all that held her knickers in place. A moment later, they had fallen away, leaving her naked. A moment after that, she had clawed her buttocks apart, exposing the long, shiny runnel of her crack and the tiny brown hole of her anus.

'I didn't do it, please!' I cried forlornly, then groaned as a spear of pleasure rippled through my groin. The girl at my cock was pumping me so rapidly, I was certain, for one delicious moment, that I was about to come! A finger wriggled deep into my arsehole and I bit down on my lower lip. The pleasure was stemmed – through no effort of mine – causing me the most dreadful agony of despair.

My head reeled as, above me, the judge continued to speak.

'Through the power vested in me by the court, I am hereby authorised to execute you with the hole in my bottom! Do you have any last words ... before I sit on your face and suffocate you with my anus?'

'No, please!' I cried, aware, for the first time, of the enormity of my decision. This wasn't a game any longer, a fantasy from which I would emerge exhausted but satisfied. This was reality! I'd somehow talked myself into being sat on ... and smothered to death inside a woman's arse!

'Please don't smother me!' I cried, tugging furiously on my restraints, before twisting with pleasure as the finger in my anus dug deeper still and a ripple of delight ran through my cock. 'Oh, God!' I shrieked madly, hardly aware of what

I was saying any more. 'I didn't do it! You're smothering an innocent man!'

'Prepare yourself!' said the judge in an impossibly calm voice. 'It is your time!'

As she spoke, she lowered her hips a fraction, bringing the slit of her arsehole close to my face. I watched as the tiny opening twitched and juddered, before my gaze shifted to the dark little hairs around its rim.

'I'm frightened!' I cried and realised, to my absolute horror, that I meant every word. 'Oh, God! Please don't smother me! Please!'

The hand around my cock tightened then relaxed as its fingers flew up and down the shaft. At the same time, the finger in my anus withdrew a little, then pushed up, then withdrew. I groaned with a dark, bewildering pleasure I'd never known before.

A rich, musky aroma washed over me as the judge rested her anus on my nose. In spite of my now genuine fear, I sniffed at her strongly, filling my lungs with her earthy scent. For one, amazing moment, I felt more frightened and yet curiously happier than I had ever felt before.

It took me by surprise when she pressed down hard, taking me deep into her crack, her plump buttocks first separating, then closing around my face. I opened my mouth to cry out and felt the bulb of her vagina push past my lips, just as her anus opened around my nose.

Between my legs, the other woman worked feverishly to arouse me, determined to keep my cock on edge for as long as she could.

It finally flashed through my mind that I was actually inside a woman's bottom – and that she had every intention of suffocating me with her little hole! How was such a thing possible? Why the hell had I asked to be put out of my misery? I couldn't breathe and already my chest was beginning to hurt. More than once, I tried to shift my head to one side, to grab some air, but the judge shifted with me, second-guessing my every move.

When a sudden spear of pleasure ripped through my groin, I surprised myself by releasing a breath I didn't know I had. A moment later, the discomfort I had previously felt was as nothing to the terrible pain in my chest.

Just as I felt certain I would pass out, the judge raised her bottom a fraction. It was enough to let me snatch a breath of fetid air from inside her crack. At the same moment, a finger stabbed deep into my arse and my penis jerked strongly.

It was then that I realised the two Women were working together: one to arouse me, the other to suffocate me. But it wouldn't happen quickly. They were going to wear me out between them so that, when my time finally came, I would – I hoped – embrace it rather than fear it.

How much time passed, I couldn't say. Pleasure and pain traded blows until my head began to spin so badly, I scarcely knew who or where I was. I lost count of how many times I felt sure I would come. As beads of semen escaped from my cock and dribbled down my shaft, I groaned mutely into the judge's anus. I no longer cared if I lived or died – I just wanted to come!

Suddenly, to my complete surprise, a voice whispered in my ear. It was a woman's voice, clear and unhurried – but it belonged to neither of my tormentors.

White walls grew up all around me, but not the walls of the Suffocation Chamber. This was somewhere else. This was ...

The image slipped away as the voice sounded again in my ear.

'It's time,' she said and I recognised the speaker. It was Janet! But it couldn't be.

'Time for suffocation, Nathan,' she whispered happily. 'Time to die inside a woman's bottom!'

I shrieked in terror because finally, now that the moment of truth had arrived, I didn't want to die inside a woman's arse! I didn't want to die at all!

'No, please!' I screamed pointlessly, and emptied the last of my breath into my executioner's vagina. Her anus opened even further around my nose, flooding me with its rich, familiar scent. The fingers around my cock roamed lightly over my shaft, taking me to the edge of orgasm, but no further.

The voice in my ear, in my head, all around me, continued to speak.

‘You’re going to be sucked into a woman’s bottom, Nathan. You’re going to be sucked in through her anus, the opening into her arse, the most private place a woman has. The hole will close behind you, Nathan, and there’ll be no way out. You’ll be trapped inside a woman’s bottom ... forever!’

It was Janet, but it wasn’t Janet! I knew who it was and I didn’t. Nothing made sense any more, Nothing at all!

I couldn’t breathe! My mouth and nose were stopped up by a wall of raw, female flesh. My chest hurt, but I didn’t care, because the pleasure in my groin swamped everything as I began to come in exquisite slow motion. This was it! I arched my back and clawed at the air, grunting into the judge’s arse and pussy. I felt the hard flesh of her vagina flex then soften as she emptied her juices into my mouth. At the same moment, her anus seemed to open up around me as if she were trying to swallow my head ... and suck me into her back passage!

My world plunged into hot, sweaty darkness as I came, my orgasm so fierce it felt as if I might explode. There was a star-burst in my head as I came for a second time, and then again and again before the last, agonising breath was ripped from my body.

And then it was over and everything I knew was gone forever ...

Thirteen

I woke with a start and found myself gazing into a face I knew only too well.

‘Welcome back,’ said Janet, smiling down at me. Unlike the Janet of old, she was dressed in a nurse’s blue and white starched livery, and moved in a brisk, efficient manner.

Behind her, a smart, suited black man with a curious, expectant look on his face approached my bed.

‘Tom?’ I muttered, as the fog in my head began to clear. ‘I don’t understand. What happened to you? Where are we?’ And then the fog began to clear a little more and my old, familiar life swam back into view.

I had raised my head, but immediately dropped back onto the pillow as realisation dawned.

‘I take it you enjoyed your time away,’ said Dr Lawson – Tom. ‘That was quite some adventure. I don’t think we’ve ever had a visitor ejaculate so furiously at the end. You’ve been asleep for three hours since the end of your fantasy.’

My fantasy! A world where Women, infected by some unknown virus, turn feral overnight and set out to smother every man they can find inside their bare bottoms. A world where no man is safe from the hole in a woman’s arse!

Pleasure World – The Foremost Fantasy Holiday Destination. I'd checked in three weeks before. I knew that because it had all come back to me now. The trip had cost me an absolute fortune, I'd been saving for years. But it was something I'd always wanted to do. To enter a virtual reality world of the imagination and enjoy the holiday of a lifetime. Which was how Pleasure World billed itself.

I remembered how embarrassed I'd been at my induction meeting. Janet had interviewed me, wearing nothing but a pair of skimpy black pants. She'd even asked me if I wanted her to remove those, too. I'd said no because I was finding it hard enough to concentrate as it was.

'It's important,' she had said to me, 'that you realise this is all about sexual arousal and gratification. There's no need for any embarrassment.' She knew I was keen to indulge my love of facesitting because I'd filled in a detailed questionnaire beforehand. When we met, the first thing she did, after extending her hand to shake mine, was ask if I'd like to kiss her bottom. Well, more precisely:

'Would you like me to sit on your face so you can lick my little hole?'

It was – and I know this sounds crazy, but it's true – her way of putting me at my ease, though all it did was increase my embarrassment. I know – it doesn't make sense, but there you go, life's a weird old game, after all.

'Perhaps it would be easier if I just took my pants down and showed you my little opening?' she suggested after half an hour had passed and I hadn't managed to reply. OK, it wasn't half an hour, but it felt like it was.

Without waiting for my answer, she turned around, eased her knickers half-way down her thighs, then leaned forward so that her buttocks opened wide, exposing the long, shiny channel of her arse and the dark little hole at its centre.

‘Feel free to sniff me,’ she said, ‘and put your tongue inside if you like.’

I did both and won’t deny it was a very pleasurable experience. She smelt clean but with a rich, earthy scent that I could have savoured forever. When I closed my mouth around her ring, she deliberately flexed her sphincter as if to respond to my kiss with a kiss of her own. Inevitably, I extended my tongue in an attempt to penetrate her. Though resistant at first, her hole quickly loosened, allowing me to push my tongue in as far as it would go.

‘Try pumping me,’ she said casually. ‘It often makes me come.’

I did as she asked, until, with her anus suitably lubricated, I was thrusting into her so furiously that my tongue began to ache. After about two minutes, I felt her body stiffen and, a moment later, her hips shook strongly as she came.

After that – not surprisingly – I lost all sense of embarrassment and was able to discuss with her, quite freely, the nature of my fantasy.

‘I want to find myself in a world where women have turned into facesitting predators. No man is safe from their bottoms and they want to smother every man they can find inside their cracks. I’m especially keen on the idea that they can finish a man off with their little holes.’ I hesitated. ‘Does that sound silly?’

Janet shook her head. ‘Of course not,’ she replied. ‘It’s perfectly possible for a woman to smother a man if she sits on his face and he’s unable to shift her. If his mouth was stopped up – with a pussy, for example – it would be very easy for a woman to suffocate a man by resting her anus on his nose and pressing down hard.’

I crossed my legs and she smiled. ‘I didn’t mean to excite you,’ she said. ‘Would you like some relief?’ She gestured towards a low bed on one side of the room. ‘If you lie on the couch I can sit on your face and toss you off. You might find it easier to concentrate if I empty your balls.’

The matter-of-fact way in which she approached her job had astonished me. Pleasure World’s advertising material had suggested a relaxed and helpful approach ‘to making your dreams come true’, but nothing had prepared me for this.

Janet had fetched a pair of leather cuffs from the drawer of her desk and restrained my hands behind my back.

‘So you can’t struggle,’ she had explained, ‘once I’ve got you inside my bottom.’

I discovered later, and of course it shouldn’t have come as any surprise to me, that she specialised in facesitting and smothering as these had been areas of life that had long fascinated her personally and from which she derived particular enjoyment.

To cut a long story short, having fastened my hands behind my back, she had got me to stretch out on the couch, with my head resting on a pillow at one end. She

had then sat full-weight on my face, and proceeded to masturbate me quickly until I came. With my nose firmly wedged in her anus and unable to breathe or use my hands to push her off, it hadn't taken long for me to reach such a pitch of excitement that she had been true to her promise and emptied my balls.

After that, I had been able to concentrate more fully on the matter in hand. Janet explained that my initial concept would be run through their computer system and knocked into shape. A script would be drawn up for my perusal and, once I had agreed the contents, my 'fantasy holiday' could begin.

They got back to me in a week and I was delighted with everything they suggested. Based on something I had confessed had always been a fantasy of mine – being legally sat on and smothered to death for a crime I hadn't committed – the computer program had suggested concluding my holiday in precisely that way.

'And don't worry,' Janet had assured me, 'once you go under and your fantasy has begun, you won't have any idea that it is a fantasy. It will seem like real life to you.'

That was what I had hoped for, of course. I wanted to feel the excitement of knowing I might be sat on and smothered to death inside a woman's bottom, but I also wanted to believe that the whole thing was real – so that part of me would be afraid, too.

'It will be as real as it can be,' said Janet, though she had added a partial caveat. 'The only time a problem might arise is if your excitement levels reach what we call their "exhaustion threshold". You won't emerge from the fantasy, but the real world may intrude for a moment.'

‘Won’t that ruin everything?’ I had asked, a little anxiously.

‘Not at all,’ Janet had reassured me. ‘I’ll be the nurse attending to you during your fantasy. What may happen – if you reach the threshold – is that you’ll see or hear me for a few moments. It may puzzle you briefly, but it will pass quickly and you’ll just forget it.’

It was only now, as I lay in the recovery room, that I remembered – and finally understood – the two incidents when I had seen and heard Janet. First dressed in a nurse’s uniform – and then at the moment I knew I was about to be smothered for the final time inside the judge’s bottom.

Janet had shown me several photographic images – some of them composite, others, such as those of her and the medical overseer, Dr Tom Lawson, of real people. These, she had told me, would be the characters who would populate my fantasy. She and Tom were included because they would be particularly close to me during my ‘holiday’ and the fact that they were drawn from real life would help embed the apparent reality of the fantasy in my subconscious.

As all these memories came tumbling back, I recalled, too, the moment I had been secured to what Janet had actually referred to as ‘the Suffocation Bench’. Like the bench in my fantasy, it was lined with leather straps, with a pillow on which to rest my head.

Janet informed me that I would be anaesthetised and fall into a very deep sleep. Electrical impulses would be fed directly from the computer into my brain, stimulating my fantasy. I was booked in for a two-week stay but, in the world I was about to enter, time would probably not work in precisely the same way it

did in the real world. There was a technical reason for this that involved complex areas of the brain and several long words. She suggested I simply accept the fact and not worry about it, which I did, very happily.

And that, by and large was that. Janet explained that a team of nurses would both sit on my face and masturbate me throughout, but that she would oversee proceedings and perform what was referred to as my ‘final suffocation’ at the end of my fantasy – when I would experience what it would feel like to be ‘executed inside a woman’s bottom’.

She said those last few words very calmly, yet with a frisson of delight. It was as if she could hardly wait to get me into her crack and give me a really good smothering.

So there you have it. Everything I thought was real was only as real as my crazed imagination – and the power of modern mid-twenty-first century science – could make it.ow

And now it’s over. Until, of course, I can save up enough money to book myself into another fantasy.

I hope you’ve enjoyed reading my story as much as I’ve enjoyed taking part in it.

Until the next time.

Nathan Blake

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 two blogs:

BDSMLR: <https://darkridersfacesittingamazons.bdsmr.com>

Wordpress: <https://darkriderstories.wordpress.com/>

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

C is for Condemned!

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Facesitting Femdom: Sitting on Richard's Face!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book One: Sitting on the Hostage's Face!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Two: Simone's Story

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Three: Lily's Story

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

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider

If you enjoy my facesitting books, but would like to read other non-facesitting-themed erotic stories, I also write under the name 'JD Lang'.

Writing as JD Lang

The Taking of Amy

Come Into My Parlour

Pounded by Studs!

Pounded by Her Teacher!

Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!

Victorian Prison Girls – A Prequel: For Her Mother's Sake

Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall

To Serve Their Master

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, Landorh, 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!

Facesitting Femdom: Sitting on Richard's Face!

When Sophie is propositioned online by a pervert with a keen interest in her rear-end, she and her big-bottomed flatmate, Ellen, decide to take the law into their own hands. Luring the man to a lonely hotel room, they take it in turns to sit on his face and punish him as only two bare-arsed women can!

Strapped to the bed, with his mouth securely gagged, poor Richard cannot even cry for help as the women strip off and straddle his face with their naked bottoms...

Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book One: Sitting on the Hostage's Face!

In another time and another place, the world is under the harsh, authoritarian rule of a male global government. Men hold sway and women have few, if any, rights.

Harking back to a distant, mythological past, when Amazons were said to reign supreme, some females have risen up and formed an army of resistance: the Amazon Liberation Front.

Following the example of those fiercesome warriors from whom they draw their inspiration – and their name – the Front eschew the weapons made by men. Instead, they rely on the armoury with which Nature has blessed them. The Amazon ruled with her body, often smothering her foe at the breast or the pussy. But her favoured method of despatch was to sit on a man's face ... and suffocate him with her bare bottom!

Aware of the need to strike terror into the hearts of those they seek to overthrow, the Front – like the Amazons of old – have taken the battle to men armed only with their bodies. Their fight for freedom has begun ... and they will let nothing

stand in their way!

For three months now, one cell of fighters has held an influential man hostage, hoping to extract concessions from the government. When the authorities refuse to bargain, however, they are ordered to deal with the hostage as only women can. One of them must sit on his face ... and smother him with her bare bottom!

Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Two: Simone's Story

This is the story of Simone Paul, a young French interpreter in the Ministry of State, as she rebels against her sexually oppressive employer and decides to join the Amazon Liberation Front. But first, she must pass a self-imposed test ... and sit on the face of the man who has abused her for so long.

Facesitting Freedom Fighters!: Book Three: Lily's Story

Book Three charts the journey of Lily Carter, a 23-year-old beautician, from sympathetic onlooker to a fully-fledged member of the Amazon Liberation Front.

To become a member of the Front, Lily must sit on the face of one of the most powerful men in the Government. A man responsible for the deaths of hundreds of innocent women.

This is her story. And soon, in the far-flung future in which this adventure takes place, it will be the story of women everywhere!

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!

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Unable to escape from the Smother Camp, Nathan Blake finds himself in ever-increasing danger as the Women unleash themselves on their prisoners. When Arthur, a long-suffering inmate, begs the camp's commander to put him out of his misery, Nathan begins to wonder how much more he can take.

And when Nathan himself is sent for, he fears his luck may be finally running out.

Smothered by Amazons

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

In Smother Warriors, young Ellyn must undergo a sacred ritual in order to

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

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

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

In *Warrior Woman*, Roman roué, Marcus Domitius, the debauched governor of a distant British province, engineers a perverse form of entertainment for his guests. With freedom as their prize, Iceni warrior Camilla and her opponent,

Lysiteles, a simple farmer, face each other in naked combat. Though it is a battle only one of them can win, when the farmer's wife seeks revenge as only a woman can, has Marcus Domitius finally gone too far...?

In *The Taking*, Amazons arrive in Marrakee for an ancient annual ritual. In her quest for the Golden Laurel and acceptance as a woman of the tribe, Layla – and her mother – must wrestle naked with a man in the village square. Her mother has already guided her two younger sisters to victory in the past. As the two women take on a man more than twice their size, will it be a third and final triumph for the Amazonian duo?

When Women Hunt 2

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

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

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book One: Sitting on the Hostage's Face! (An Extract)

Adam looked up wearily from the mattress. One arm was chained to the metal head-board and the small bed itself was bolted to the concrete floor. He wore a shirt and trousers, but no shoes or socks.

It was rare for all four of the women to visit him at the same time, and they saw him stiffen anxiously. They'd told him about the deadline; he knew that was why they were here.

'What's happened?' he asked cautiously. 'Have they done what you asked? Am I going home?'

Helen took a step forward. She had no wish to prolong his agony. 'I'm sorry, Adam,' she announced. 'They've said they won't deal with us. Not now ...' She hesitated. 'Not ever...'

His eyes narrowed and she watched his Adam's apple bob sharply in his throat. When he spoke again, there was a crackle of alarm in his voice.

‘What does that mean? I don’t understand...’

Helen crouched down so that their eyes were almost on a level. He understood well enough. She saw it in his face.

‘I’m sorry, Adam,’ she said, in as gentle a voice as she could manage. ‘It means ...’ She paused again. ‘It means one of us has to take you into her bottom ... and smother you with her little hole.’

This time his eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. The colour drained from his face. ‘No!’ he exclaimed, his gaze flashing from one girl to the next. ‘You can’t do that! You can’t sit on me! I haven’t done anything!’

‘It’s not our decision,’ said Helen, reaching out to take his hand. He backed away, as if her touch was poison. It stabbed at her heart to see the pain in his eyes. How she wished there was another way. ‘We’ve had our orders. We’ve been here too long, we have to move out, find another safe house.’

‘I can come with you!’ he said quickly. ‘I won’t give you any trouble, I promise!’

Helen shook her head sadly. 'It doesn't work like that, Adam, I'm sorry. We have to finish you off before we leave. You know what we look like. You can describe us to the authorities.'

'I wouldn't! I promise!' he cried, snatching at the slender hope she'd given him. 'You can trust me! I'll tell them you always wore masks!'

Helen stood up and regarded him tenderly. 'I'm sorry, Adam. If we let you go, then the government will know we don't mean business. For the sake of women everywhere ... we have to smother you...'

Donna spoke up for the first time. 'Your friends guillotined two of our girls because of you,' she said, struggling to keep a lid on her anger. 'You're lucky to be going out inside a woman's bottom...'

He looked up at her, utterly terrified. 'They're not my friends!' he cried. 'I'm just a banker. I'm not in the government. I'm on your side! I'm one of you!'

'No you're not,' said Helen gently. 'You're saying that because you don't want us to sit on you ... because you're frightened of our bottoms.'

‘Of course I’m fucking frightened of your bottoms!’ he screamed. ‘You’re going to suffocate me!’ He shook his head and his mouth curled fearfully. ‘I don’t want to go out inside a woman’s bottom!’

‘It’s nothing to be frightened of,’ said Helen, trying to reassure him. ‘It won’t take long, just a few minutes.’ She glanced at the other girls. ‘One of us will jerk you off. If we can keep you on edge, you’ll hardly know what’s going on...’

Adam opened his mouth to respond, but his voice froze. His face immediately crumpled and he began to cry. It broke Helen’s heart to see him suffer like this. She wondered, briefly, if it might be kinder to ask the other girls to hold him down now while she sat on his face and finished him off quickly. No, she told herself, almost as soon as the thought had struck her. That’s not the right way to go about it. They must give him the choice. Let him pick a girl to sit on him...

‘It’s up to you, Adam,’ said Helen. ‘But we’ll give you time to think about it.’ She studied him quietly for several moments, then added, ‘Would you like to see our bottoms? If we took off our pants, I mean. It might help you to make up your mind – if you knew what our little holes looked like.’

This time, when Adam backed away, he appeared to shrivel in size. His face was a mask of terror. ‘You can’t be serious,’ he muttered forlornly. ‘Dear God, please tell me this is some sort of sick joke!’

Helen gestured to the others. She could see that Adam was in no fit state to take this seriously. She must make the decision for him.

Hooking their thumbs into the waistbands of their slacks, all four women tugged down first their pants and then their knickers, turning around at the same time and bending low at the waist. Reaching behind, they clawed their buttocks wide, exposing both their pussies and their little holes.

Adam released a strangled groan. 'Oh, God help me!' he muttered, his eyes flashing from one bottom to the next. 'Put them away! Put them away, please! I don't want to see your little holes!

'You have to choose one,' said Helen. 'If you don't, we'll have to choose one for you.'

Unable to cope any longer, Adam turned his face away, curled into a ball and sobbed into his pillow. Helen signed to the other girls to pull their pants back up.

'I'm sorry this is causing you so much distress,' she said, with genuine sorrow. 'If you prefer, I can give you a sleeping draught and smother you in your sleep.'

If Helen had been hoping to calm him down, her attempt failed badly.

‘You’d still be sitting on me!’ he cried, and hugged his pillow even tighter. ‘I don’t want to be sat on! I don’t to be sat on, please!’

Helen looked at her watch. She had no wish to upset him further, but they’d wasted enough time already.

‘I’ll be back in an hour,’ she announced. ‘Then you’ll have to tell me what you want us to do. If you can’t make up your mind ... then I’ll take you into my bottom and finish you off.’

With Adam continuing to sob hysterically into his pillow, Helen signalled to the other girls to leave the room. As she followed them to the door, she looked back at Adam one last time, crying like a terrified child, and felt utterly miserable.