



WHEN TWINS ATTACK!

A short story prequel to Dungeons of Despair!

DARK RIDER

About the author

Dark Rider is a published mainstream erotic novelist and prolific online author with hundreds of stories to his credit.

He specialises 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 Amazon warriors appeal to your sense of fun, then hold on tight and get ready to enjoy an erotic, action-packed ride!

For more information on the author, book details, free short stories etc, visit: [//darkriderstories.wordpress.com](http://darkriderstories.wordpress.com)

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

About When Twins Attack!

When Twins Attack! is a short story prequel to my full-length novel, *Dungeons of Despair!* In the novel, a young Amazon, Lharra, embarks on her mission to become a Dungeon Maid, using her bare body to interrogate – and break – men on behalf of her Queen. She is helped in her training by the twins, Anya and Delphi, experienced facesitters who have worked in the dungeons for several years.

How Anya and Delphi came to work in the dungeons is another story – and one that may never be told. (There *is* a mystery behind their service in the Dungeons – not apparent in the novel, but obvious now, perhaps, to anyone who reads between the lines of this short story!) Be that as it may, *When Twins Attack!* recounts the story of the day their mother took them on a ceremonial hunt – and they first took men between their young, Amazonian legs ...

WHEN TWINS ATTACK!

Varda's gaze swept the length of the two women's bodies. They slumbered, naked – thongs of modesty aside – on the dry, cavern floor, a cushion of leaves beneath their heads. The older woman smiled approvingly. She and her daughters had travelled many miles these past few days. At times the trek had been an arduous one, across rough terrain, and sparse, waterless plains. Now, at last, they were nearing their journey's end. The coast was in sight: and with it, the home of Men. Men who, living this far from the Amazon Lands, assumed themselves safe from their natural foe.

Varda's smile broadened. Innocent fools, she chuckled to herself. These men reckoned without the long reach of Woman, and the aching need that burned between her legs. The need to take a man in naked combat. To hold him to her mighty slit and arse's mouth. To mount him in the ancient way ... *and conquer him as only a woman could!*

Soon, her daughters would do battle for the first time: set their sights on a hapless male and run him to ground. How she envied them their sweet, first taste of victory. The pleasure each would know as their prey squealed and wriggled between their powerful thighs. His little legs would kick the air; and his hands would claw the earth as he fought to break their woman's hold on him. Yet every ounce of strength would not avail him. They would ride him without mercy; no quarter offered as their cunts waged war on his head.

Later, when the battle was won, they would carry the men home: a sacred gift to the women of their tribe. Others would ride them in the village Pit; often two or three to a man throughout the night, the days, the months and years to come. *Oh, how they would suffer!*

Anya, the eldest of the twins, stirred sharply, yawned and opened her eyes. A moment later, Delphi woke, pitching herself upright, her arms flung high to greet the dawn.

'You have slept long and well,' said Varda, addressing the pair. 'Conserved your strength for this Day of Triumph. A day you will begin as Maids – but end as Women!'

A look of pure delight transformed the twins' features. Their mouths widened and their eyes shone. Eighteen summers had passed since each girl's birth. A month ago now they had reached the age of womanhood – and yet, they knew, in the eyes of their tribe, they were Maidens yet. Until they had battled with a man, fought hand to hand and conquered him with their slits, they were girls not women, for all their eighteen years.

When they had left their home, a week ago now, it had been with the cries of a hundred or more women ringing in their ears. Girls had slapped them on the back and wished them well; elders, too, had cheered them on. The entire village had turned out to watch them set off.

'You leave us as Maidens,' their Priestess, Zarh, reminded them, gesturing towards the thongs that hid their tender cunts from view, 'your little holes covered, and innocent of warrior ways.' She paused, as the crowd around her hushed. Then, to a huge cheer, she added, 'You will return to us as Women – your sacred places bared for all to see!'

Like others before them, they had set out on their sacred journey with longing and excitement in their hearts. Yet now, aware the Day of Triumph was upon them, each girl felt an anxious tingle in her belly. It was one thing to dream of holding a man between your legs, of driving your pussy deep into his mouth and feeling him struggle as you conquered him. But it was another thing entirely to do battle for real.

They had seen their tribal elders straddle men: prisoners captured on a Hunt and carried home for sport and pleasure. Such men would be ridden in the Pit – a sunken well outside the village, constructed for that very purpose. Over the years, Anya and Delphi had seen hundreds of men conquered at the cunt. The experience had thrilled and aroused them more times than they could remember.

Several men – often twenty or more – would be herded into the arena, naked and chained together, so that none might run without upending the others. Then the women would enter – one for every two males. The idea was that no man knew when his time would come. But, when the smothering began, one half would see the others sat upon and conquered, often only feet away.

The panic that ensued – as fearful men saw others endure the fate they themselves would shortly suffer – always drew cries of pleasure from the women watching, and cries of despair from the men. It was an exquisite spectacle and one that never failed to thrill the twins. More than once they had cheered their mother on, as she had mounted weeping men and rendered them senseless with her cunt. They longed for the time when they, too, might enter the Pit and do battle with a man’s head. But, more than that, they dreamed of the day that had finally arrived. This day – the day when they fought with a man in the wild ... *and rode him as only a woman could!*

‘Will it be long, now, mother?’ asked Anya cautiously, after the three of them had washed and breakfasted. ‘Before we take a man between our legs?’

Varda regarded her daughter warmly. ‘Your keenness does you credit,’ she replied. Her smile broadened. ‘How I have yearned for this day. When I will see my daughters hunt down men, tear off their thongs and enter into battle with their heads!’

‘My pussy trembles with excitement!’ cried Delphi, adding her voice to Anya’s. ‘Oh, how I ache to show a man my woman’s lips. To plunge my weapon home and take him without mercy!’

‘You shall soon have your heart’s desire,’ Varda reassured the twins. ‘We have camped overnight on the edge of the coast. The waters hereabouts are rich with fish. Men trawl for their catch in the early hours. Often only one or two together. We need merely bide our time and wait. Men will come soon ... and then your pussies shall have their reward!’

Anya and Delphi exchanged a heated look and flushed with excitement. Varda regarded them with motherly pride. It would not be long now, she knew. Her daughters were on the cusp of womanhood. She almost pitied the men they would mount ...

Their vantage point was a thick, shaded rise, scarcely fifty strides from the sea’s edge. This closed stretch of beach was perfect for attack. Two sides rose sharply, merging into steep granite spikes, their peaks topped with tangled vegetation. The sands themselves could only be entered from the

east, through a narrow channel where Varda and her daughters now kept watch. Any man who entered here would be trapped for certain. Then trapped again, reflected Varda grimly, when a woman's legs closed around him...

Two hours passed and the twins grew restless. They pawed at their covered cunts, snorting with thwarted delight each time a tingle of pleasure rippled through their slits.

'Do not despair,' whispered Varda. 'Be patient. Men will come – and soon you will unleash yourselves!'

The twins shrugged resignedly. Varda's heart went out to them. They had travelled so far; waited so long. Each minute that passed, she knew, was like a dagger to their souls. They longed to do battle. Delay brought only misery. But that misery would end. And when it did ...

Another hour passed, and even Varda began to fear the worst. Then, as the sun appeared from behind the clouds, warming their bare bodies, the sound of voices carried in from somewhere close, and the twins' tummies froze.

Varda pressed a finger to her lips, signalling them to remain silent. A moment later, three young men came into view, dragging a huge net between them. They were all three of them naked, fishing pots slung across their backs. Anya bit down hard and muffled a sigh. Each man sported a long, thick cock, the shaft of which waved proudly between his legs. Instinctively, she tightened her fingers; in her mind's eye, she closed them around each swollen prick.

The men made their way swiftly to the far side of the beach. Depositing their pots, they strung out their net and threw it into the water. Then, to the twins' utter astonishment, they took hold of their cocks and rubbed them vigorously. Within less than a minute, each man's penis was fully erect and hard against his belly.

Still keeping her voice low, Varda said, 'They believe their god, Nayta, King of the Seas, will reward them with a plentiful catch if they themselves display their manhood proudly.' She grinned. 'But when cocks grow stiff, men themselves become weak – and are easier for cunts to tame.'

Delphi licked her lips. Her mouth was dry and it was with some difficulty that she forced out her words, speaking for both herself and her sister. ‘Is it our time, mother? Are we ready to become women?’

Varda nodded. ‘The moment of truth is upon us all. As it is upon these men, also. For this is their last day of freedom.’ She paused, then added, ‘They are women’s men from this day on. They will suffer between many legs ... and the first of these shall be yours!’

Climbing to her feet, she regarded her daughters proudly one last time, then said, ‘Follow me. *And prepare yourselves for womanhood!*’

Marching down to the beach, the women had covered several strides before the men looked up. The instant they spotted the Amazons’ approach, they released their nets and staggered back, huddling together, their cocks waving stiffly in the air.

‘There is no escape, men!’ cried Varda, still advancing. ‘Your time has come! These women are my daughters. They mean to sit on two of you – and conquer you with their cunts!’

‘In pity’s name!’ cried one of the men. ‘Have mercy on us, please!’

‘We are Amazons!’ cried Varda. ‘You are men – and born to be ridden! Let two of you step forward now and offer yourselves willingly.’ Slapping her hip, she added, ‘The third man I shall ride myself! Make your decision – or we shall make it for you!’

Immediately, the men tumbled to their knees, hands clasped together, wailing miserably. ‘Spare us, we beg you!’ they cried, one after another, their tears running freely now.

With a look of disgust, Varda turned to her daughters and said, ‘Anya, Delphi – unsheathe your women’s weapons ... *and mount your men!*’

With yelps of delight, the girls came forward quickly, fingers tugging at the butterfly bows of their thongs. The men jumped to their feet, as quickly as they had fallen, their faces ashen, their eyes blazing with fear.

Exchanging a brief, excited glance, the twins ripped their thongs open, and tossed them carelessly aside. They grinned as one when the men’s gaze dropped to their plump, shaven cunts. Each girl’s slit was a soft, slender

channel gouging its way through the fleshy meat of her vagina.

‘We mount you as Maidens!’ cried Delphi grandly.

‘But when we rise,’ added Anya with glee, ‘*we shall rise as Women!*’

Something finally snapped inside each man. A vice-like terror seized hold and a moment later they broke and ran. Varda retreated, moving to safeguard the narrow channel – their victims’ only chance of escape. In their panic, the men ran left, right, then back again – anywhere but towards Varda, who stood with her powerful legs spread wide, the raw trench of her vagina glistening with menace. Clamping her fingers to the bulge of her sex, she cried, ‘Who shall eat from my woman’s cunt? Who shall give pussy her victory?’

Spurred on by her vulgar threat, the men continued to rush around, like headless chickens with no conscious thought to guide them. As for Anya and Delphi, their mother had taught them well.

‘Your prey will flee,’ she had counselled them on their journey. ‘For men fear a woman’s cunt and what it will do to them. Use this fear against your man. Let him wear himself out in his bid to escape. Then, when he is at his weakest and can run no more – fling yourself forward and bring the beast down!’

And so they did as their mother advised. They followed their prey carefully, hemming them in, restricting their movements until finally, utterly spent, the men simply froze, blubbering freely and weeping to their gods.

‘Our pussies are coming for you!’ cried Anya, ignoring their pitiful cries.

‘Prepare yourselves!’ added Delphi, advancing quickly. ‘Our holes will not be denied!’

The three men made a final bid for freedom, splitting blindly, their lungs at breaking point, their legs wobbling feebly as they ran. Astonishingly, each man’s cock remained rigid, defying his fear, as if seeking to honour the woman who would shortly conquer him.

Anya flung herself forward, her strong arms wrapped around her victim’s waist. They tumbled together, rolling across the sand, arms and legs flailing. A moment later, Delphi struck, bringing her man down with a violent thud,

landing squarely on his stomach, her powerful legs either side of his chest. The third man ran blindly, briefly giving thanks for his good fortune – only to find his way barred as the twins’ mother moved forward to cut off his retreat. He stumbled to a halt in front of her, tears streaming down his face. His gaze dropped to the soft, fleshy cavern of her cunt and he shuddered.

Varda smiled grimly. ‘My daughters have chosen their prey,’ she announced. ‘Now you and I shall do battle, man! But not at the cunt.’ She cupped a broad, meaty buttock in one hand and cried, ‘*For you – an arse’s hole awaits!*’

The blood visibly drained from the young man’s face as Varda came forward, a determined glint in her eyes. He backed away, lost his footing, and tumbled onto his back. The Amazon threw herself forward, straddling his body, legs either side of him, her pussy crushed against his chest. He threw up his arms, in a vain bid to fight her off. She seized his wrists and held on tightly. It was no great effort. He was a small, frail man, and weak to begin with. She laughed loudly, ignoring his sobs as she turned her attention to her daughters’ battles.

Both Anya and Delphi had slithered forward, positioning themselves on their victim’s chests, their pussies edging closer to their heads. They were almost side by side now, and level with each other. It added to their happiness to gaze across and see the other mounted on her man as he wriggled beneath her.

‘He fights me, sister!’ cried Anya. ‘But he knows he cannot shift me from the saddle! He knows my pussy means to master him!’

‘As does my man, also!’ cried Delphi in turn. Glancing over her shoulder, she added with delight, ‘His weapon still stands proud between his legs. He honours me with his cock at the moment of truth!’ Looking across, her smile broadened. ‘Your man, also! His shaft rises to salute you!’

‘Then let us take these men as only sisters can!’ cried Anya. ‘Let us conquer our prey together!’

Delphi nodded, reached down and slid her hands through her victim’s hair. Linking her fingers, she raised his head a fraction, aware of his efforts to turn his face away.

Anya moved likewise, securing her grip, and lifting her man's head from the sand.

The air was filled with the screams of men in torment; animal cries of panic and distress. They sobbed and begged to their gods for release; and to the women to have mercy on them.

'Have pity!' they cried, one after the other. 'Do not take us to your women's holes!'

'Prepare yourselves, men!' cried the sisters together. '*It is your time!*'

A moment later, they each slid forward, steering their vaginas into position over their victims' heads. Tensing their arms they drew the men towards them, pulling their heads into the gap between their legs, clamping their pussies hard around each man's mouth, shutting out all sight and sound as they drove themselves home.

Varda's heart swelled with pride as she watched her daughters ride their prey. Unable to restrain herself, she slid forward now, forcing her raw cunt into her own victim's mouth. Juice leaked from her vagina and the man beneath her gagged. He began to wriggle furiously, his thin legs kicking, his body tense with fear. His hands beat feebly against her buttocks, little slaps that barely warmed her skin.

'Oh, man, how you struggle!' she cried. 'How you flounder in a woman's grip!'

Easing her hold a fraction, Varda felt a snort of air thud against the meat of her vagina. With her victim still thrashing uselessly beneath her, she turned her attention to the battles being waged nearby. Both men continued to squirm furiously between her daughters' legs, tearing at the sand, lashing their feet high in the air.

'Empty them!' cried Varda, conscious that each man's battle was nearing its end. 'Milk them of their seed at the moment of truth!'

Heeding their mother's command, each twin reached back, one hand closing around a pulsing shaft, while the other clung tightly to her victim's head, preventing all chance of escape.

A muffled scream broke from the depths of both men's throats as they

came, their semen rising from their swollen balls, spitting free and thudding into each twin's back. Their bodies arched, convulsed and twisted horribly. One final, violent spasm and they fell still, jerked briefly and then collapsed again.

The twins immediately released their hold on each man's cock and eased themselves from his head. Leaning in close, they satisfied themselves that their victims were senseless but otherwise unharmed. Jumping to their feet, they embraced each other warmly, tears of joy running down their cheeks.

Finally, they turned to their mother, their faces shining with delight. Varda rose at once, ignoring the poor man she had straddled. He lay wriggling on his back, weeping and moaning fitfully.

She spread her arms wide and embraced her daughters warmly. Kissing each on the cheek, Varda said, struggling to hold back her own tears, 'You are women now! Let all men fear your warrior cunts!'

Breaking away, she gave her attention once more to the young man sobbing on the sand behind her.

'One more remains,' she announced, with a broad smile, 'to whom I have made a special promise.' Addressing the twins again, she said quickly, 'Take hold of his arms and legs and pin him firmly. I need no help to conquer such a man, but let us take him as a family: mother and daughters working together!'

The man lifted his head a fraction and, reacting at last, began to rise. But his response was too little and too late. The twins laid hold of his wrists and ankles, stretching his limbs, preventing any chance of escape.

Satisfied that her daughters had a firm grip, Varda stepped over his chest, her plump backside towards his head, and squatted low over his face, her arse-cheeks opening wide as she dropped.

Gazing up into her dark, cavernous crack, the young man screamed. 'In pity's name!' he cried. '*Why me? Why me?*'

Flexing her muscular sphincter, Varda felt the little mouth open and close, pulsing crudely. The man beneath her screamed, his body wriggling uselessly.

‘Oh, how he struggles, mother!’ cried Anya, tightening her hold on the young man’s wrists.

‘Men fear the cunt!’ replied her mother. ‘But they fear the arse’s eye more. They have heard tales of our little holes – handed down from father to son. They believe a woman has the power to draw them home ... *to suck them into her forbidden passage!*’

Anya’s face creased into a broad smile. ‘What a mighty weapon that would be!’ she cried. ‘To truly hold a man inside the arse! To press a finger to your hole and keep him there! To feel him wriggle in your secret place!’

‘When taking a man into my crack,’ replied her mother, ‘I always dream of wielding such a power. I pray to our goddess, Handra, that one day she will grant my wish ... *and I will suck a man into my bottom!*’

‘We shall pray with you now, mother!’ responded Delphi, as she felt the young man kick. ‘And beg our goddess to grant your wish!’

‘In pity’s name, no!’ the young man screeched, his mind reeling with fear. ‘*Do not suck me home! Do not suck me home!*’

Varda twitched her little hole again, then lowered her hips until her anus hovered just above the young man’s nose. ‘Behold the Eye of Doom!’ she cried. ‘And tremble at the sight!’

A volley of sobs racked the man’s body as Varda’s anus twitched again. ‘My little hole comes for you, man!’ she cried. ‘Prepare to enter Paradise!’

A final heart-wrenching squeal thudded into Varda’s crack as she pressed herself down. Then the cries became muffled groans, scarcely audible at all as her anus opened around the young man’s nose, her pussy tight against his mouth.

Under her breath, Varda prayed quietly, offering the man up as a mark of devotion to their goddess, Handra. ‘Let his struggles please your perfect cunt,’ she whispered, ‘and his terror nourish your eternal soul.’

Lifting her gaze to the sky, she added, ‘If it please you that I draw him home ... let him enter through my bottom’s hole ... *and live inside my arse forever!*’

At that very moment, the young man's chest arched dramatically. His limbs shook and his body rattled. 'Handra answers me!' cried Varda. 'And takes this man in holy sacrifice!'

Another violent shudder tore through him. He twitched, went limp, twitched again and finally fell still. Varda rose at once, trembling with exhaustion. She leaned in close and felt a whisper of air on her cheek. The man was senseless, like his companions, but otherwise unharmed. She had not sucked him home, but then, in truth, she had not expected to. One day, perhaps, if Handra were merciful ...

Climbing to her feet, she signalled to her daughters to rise also, then set them to work, gathering vines from the woods nearby, with which they proceeded to secure their unconscious prey.

'It is the way of men to sleep for many hours after being sat upon', she explained. 'We must make haste and carry them away from here. Our journey home begins. They will make fine prizes for our women in the Pit.'

Anya looked anxious, as if she wished to speak, but feared to be bold.

Varda smiled. She knew the question on her daughter's lips. She saw it in Delphi's eyes, too. 'The men you conquered,' she said, saving them from further anguish. 'You wish to test your arses' holes on them? To unleash the greatest weapon Nature has bestowed on you?'

The twins nodded eagerly. 'We wish to pray to Handra, too,' said Delphi, speaking for the pair. 'And beg her that she let us draw our men home, and hold them in our bottom's fortress!'

It was a forlorn hope, Varda knew, but it warmed her heart to hear her daughters' wish.

'We will make camp tonight,' she said. 'Far from this place, where we will not be disturbed. All three men will have woken by then. After they have eaten, you shall have your heart's desire. We three shall sit upon these men as one. A mother and her daughters doing Nature's work. We will take them into our cracks ... and ride them with our little holes!'

The twins' delight was palpable. They punched the air with delight.

'We will pray to Handra,' Varda continued. 'She may grant our wish and

let us suck these men home. But whether we are blessed or not, the battle, I know, will be long and hard. We will not take our men quickly. We will ride them through the night. You will test your little holes on them many times. And in the days that follow, also.'

She smiled broadly. 'But first things first,' she announced, bending down, scooping up her man as if he were no weight at all, and throwing him across her back. Anya and Delphi did likewise. It surprised them that men were so light. But then again, they themselves were powerful and well-built, despite their youth. Handra had fashioned the sexes well, giving might to women and weakness to their prey.

With a muttered prayer of gratitude, the trio passed quickly through the narrow channel and back into the cover of the forest. Seven nights lay ahead before they reached their home again. Seven nights of sitting; of testing both their holes in battle. Again, and again, and again.

It was good to be a Woman...

THE END

Other Books by Dark Rider
Available on Amazon Kindle

Dungeons of Despair!

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!

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...

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.

College Smother! (They are women now – with women’s needs!)

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.

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 ...

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?

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, Hyldra – 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...?