

They are coming for you ... *and they take no prisoners!*



Two Extreme Facesitting Short Stories

WHEN WOMEN HUNT 2

BY THE AUTHOR OF *SMOTHERED BY AMAZONS!*

D A R K R I D E R

They are coming for you ... *and they take no prisoners!*



Two Extreme Facesitting Short Stories

WHEN WOMEN HUNT 2

BY THE AUTHOR OF *SMOTHERED BY AMAZONS!*

D A R K R I D E R

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!

WHEN WOMEN HUNT 2

Dark Rider

Copyright © 2016 Dark Rider

All rights reserved.

Cover photograph produced under licence from www.123rf.com

Copyright: igorigorevich
/ 123RF Stock Photo

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[About the Author](#)

[*For Her Husband's Sake!*](#)

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Five](#)

[Six](#)

[Seven](#)

[Eight](#)

[Nine](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Storming the Castle!](#)

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider](#)

[Plot Summaries of other Dark Rider Books](#)

FOR HER HUSBAND'S SAKE!

One

Marcus Domitius regarded the woman before him with mounting lust. Her head, bowed anxiously, reached only to his chest, and her bosom heaved beneath the thin cotton of her dress. A mane of auburn hair tumbled over her shoulders, while her plump, fleshy legs shifted on small, bare feet.

‘Look at me when I speak to you,’ he commanded, pushing his desire to one side. It was difficult. He longed to tear the shift from her firm, exquisite body and bury his face in her cunt.

She lifted her head and a pair of bright blue eyes gazed up at him.

‘What is your name?’ he inquired.

‘Abelia, my lord,’ she answered meekly.

‘And you are here to plead your husband’s case?’

‘I am,’ she said in a thin, dry voice. ‘I beg you not to punish him. He is not a strong man. And prisons are cruel places!’ She rushed out those last few words, then lowered her head again, worried she had gone too far.

Marcus Domitius stroked his chin. ‘You would save him from his sentence?’

She looked up again. 'I would, my lord!' she replied bravely, though he saw her nibble her lip as she spoke.

'There may be a way,' he suggested, 'though it will require a deed to be done on his behalf.' He grinned wickedly. 'Are you willing?'

It was evident from the way her jaw dropped that she feared the worst. But she was a loyal wife, and he felt sure she would do whatever it took to save her husband.

'I am, my lord,' she said quietly. 'Though I beg you will be gentle with me.'

Marcus Domitius threw back his head and laughed. 'I do not mean to take you as a husband would,' he assured her. 'I have another deed in mind.' He ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth. 'You will fight for your husband's life.'

Her eyes tightened. 'Fight?' she repeated blankly. 'I do not understand.' Glancing the length of her body, she muttered miserably, 'I am small, I cannot fight.' She gave a little shrug. 'Or if I fight, I cannot hope to win.'

'You will fight,' said he, 'and you will win, have no doubt. For your opponent means to lose.'

Her forehead creased. 'To lose?' she repeated. 'Then why does he fight?'

‘For the pleasure it affords me,’ answered Marcus Domitius.

Her mouth dropped open. ‘I am to fight you, my lord?’ She shook her head. ‘That cannot be!’

‘You refuse?’

‘No, my lord. But I do not understand. Why would you wish us to fight – and for me to win?’

Marcus Domitius straightened his back and addressed her formally. ‘I wish to wrestle with you as Nature intended us to wrestle ... as naked as the day we were born.’ He paused as she stifled a gasp, and her hand flew to her mouth. ‘You have a broad and shapely rump,’ he continued carelessly. ‘I wish you to sit upon my face ... and take me into your bottom’s crack. Rub your little hole on me ... and you will earn your husband’s freedom.’

Abelia’s face was a mask of confusion. ‘I have never heard, my lord ... never known such a thing ... You are making fun of me!’

‘You have a little hole in your bottom,’ said Marcus Domitius crudely. ‘Lift up your skirt and let me see it now!’

‘My lord!’ she cried, visibly shocked. ‘That is a secret place – to which even my husband is not privy!’

‘Then more fool, he!’ retorted Marcus Domitius. ‘For if he has not seen your wondrous hole, then neither has he worshipped there nor paid his proper homage to you!’

Abelia opened her mouth to speak again, but both words – and courage – failed her.

‘This is the bargain I will make with you,’ said Marcus Domitius. ‘If it is not to your liking, then you may leave ... and your husband will rot. I hereby sentence him to twenty years–’

‘Twenty years!’ she cried. ‘We thought no more than three. He could not pay the taxes due. He meant no wrong...’

Marcus Domitius shrugged. ‘His sentence is mine to decide. It will deter others. You may leave us now.’ He turned to his old servant, Daemones, who, standing just a few feet away, had, until now, remained a silent spectator to the proceedings. ‘Escort her back to the courtyard,’ he commanded, then rose from his chair and walked away.

Abelia stood rooted to the spot until Marcus Domitius was almost through the door. Then her resistance crumbled and she started forward, her arms flung high. ‘I will do it, my lord!’ she cried. ‘I will sit on you! I will take you into my bottom’s crack!’

Marcus Domitius stopped dead, his stomach churning with excitement. His plan had worked! As he had known it would. The fact that the woman would sit on him willingly – yet also with reluctance – made his pleasure all the greater.

Turning around, he studied her for several seconds without speaking – as if considering the matter – then crossed the room in three quick strides and addressed her directly.

‘Show me your little hole. Now!’

Biting down hard on her lip, Abelia turned her back on him, bent low and hauled up her dress. Behind her, Marcus Domitius fell to his knees, reached out and peeled her buttocks wide. He released a sigh of pure delight as his eyes feasted on the small, rounded nubbin of her anus. It seemed to him, just then, like a plump, fleshy mouth pursed to bestow a lover’s kiss.

The bulge of her cunt, fringed with coarse, wiry hairs, hung low and open between her legs. The smell of woman – a damp, musky aroma, laced with rich, earthy tones – filled his nostrils as he drew several deep breaths.

‘Your holes are exquisite,’ he muttered feebly, aware of his penis stiffening. ‘Both that which makes you a woman ... and that with which you shall conquer me!’

Abelia bit down harder on her lip, and he felt her buttocks shudder.

‘That hole you keep between your cheeks,’ he continued, ‘is the mightiest of all weapons!’

Marcus Domitius's heart was racing now, his hands shaking in time to Abelia's hips. His penis jutted up against his toga, fully erect. It was always this way: when he gazed on a woman's anus for the first time.

Leaning in close, he pressed his nose into the fleshy well.

Abelia shook strongly, but he held her fast. 'My lord!' she whimpered feebly and shook again. He ignored her protest, baffled as always that any woman could object when a man sought only to worship at her little hole. Taking several breaths in quick succession, he filled his nostrils with her scent, pressing his nose flat against the opening to her passage.

So close to her vagina now, that he could scarcely control his excitement, he widened his lips around the swell of her sex, and felt her legs sway dangerously. No man, he knew, had ever suckled on her so freely. Yet where, he asked himself, was the harm? He was paying homage to her private places and honouring her as she ought to be honoured – not plunging home his cock as some men might.

Having filled his lungs, Marcus Domitius withdrew a fraction, again feasting his eyes on the dainty morsel of Abelia's anus. A few feet away, old Daemones wondered how she would react when his master placed a kiss – as he surely would – on her fleshy ring. Some women had screamed and pulled away; others had remained where they were but burst into tears – more so when the Praetor had tried to force his tongue inside.

Daemones watched as Marcus Domitius licked his lips and prepared to claim his prize. Warily – for he had played this role so many times before – he came round to the front, and addressed the woman directly.

‘My master is about to kiss you on your bottom’s hole,’ he informed her. ‘Does he have your permission ... to enter you with his tongue?’

Abelia’s eyes widened dramatically. It pained Daemones – who was not a cruel man – to see the anguish in her face. He knew that every part of her cried out for this to stop. That she had no wish to be ‘worshipped’ as the Praetor so happily put it. But he knew, too, that she longed to save her husband from a dreadful fate. And that to do so, she must accede to Marcus Domitius’s wishes, however much it distressed her.

‘I ... I give my permission,’ she answered in a weak voice. ‘Your master may do with me as he wills. My bottom is his to command!’

Her words were music to Marcus Domitius’s ears, and his cock jumped stiffly between his legs. How he longed, just then, for the hand – or mouth – of his favourite concubine, Philea. To be pumped freely as he suckled on this woman’s hole. But no matter – he would take his pleasure in private later, when the woman had gone. Time now, he told himself, to savour the delights of her glorious jewel.

He pressed his nose against her hole one last time, drawing a deep breath, then altered the angle of his head and closed his lips round her anus, sucking greedily at the fleshy opening to her arse.

As he had expected, Abelia legs buckled beneath her. Daemones came forward quickly, took hold of her arms and held her steady. When she released a shrill squeal and shuddered again, the old man knew his master had forced his tongue home, probing her freely. The woman’s hands closed around his bony forearms,

squeezing tightly in time to each urgent thrust through her well.

Marcus Domitius continued to suckle for almost a minute, finally falling back onto his knees with a satisfied groan. The instant he did, Daemones tugged on Abelia's arms. 'You may stand up now,' he said in a kindly voice. 'My master has finished with your bottom.'

Tottering forward, she all but fell into the old servant's arms as she straightened up. Regaining her balance, she quickly stepped away, brushing down her dress, her face flushed red with shame.

Climbing awkwardly to his feet, Marcus Domitius licked his lips greedily, then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. With grim reluctance, Abelia turned round to face him, her head bowed low.

'Your little hole has pleased me,' he informed her happily. 'I look forward to making its acquaintance again tomorrow – when you take me into your crack in battle!'

Daemones watched as Abelia stared back glumly. He was used to his master's way of speaking. True, the Praetor longed for the grip of a woman's arse; her buttocks clenched tightly around his face. But words thrilled him, also. The pictures he painted in his mind were as important to him as the act itself. Though his was a world of lustful dreams, the power given him by Rome itself allowed those dreams to have substance. All women were shocked when they heard him talk. And even more so when he suckled on their little holes and urged them – as he would soon urge Abelia – to sit on his face and smother him. Daemones sighed. This woman, he knew, would not be the last he would train – for train her he would, though it gave him little pleasure.

As Marcus Domitius readjusted his toga, the bulge between his legs became impossible to ignore, and Abelia looked away, embarrassed.

‘See what your little hole has done?’ he remarked idly. ‘It has aroused me – as it would arouse all men. Your husband, too, should you permit him to worship there.’

Abelia shook her head. Cowed, she might be, but she still had her pride. ‘Never, my lord!’ she cried. ‘Nor would he wish to gaze upon that private place!’

Marcus Domitius shook his head wearily. ‘Then as I have remarked once before, he is a fool! Were you my wife, I would take my husband’s rights – and suckle on your bottom every night!’

For one brief moment, thought Daemones, it seemed that Abelia might respond. Her nostrils flared, but the fire in her belly was extinguished almost at once. There was more at stake here, she knew, than her pride. Her husband’s freedom was all that mattered now. She would not jeopardise that.

‘Behold the power of your mighty arse,’ said Marcus Domitius, reaching down and tugging his toga to his waist. His cock sprung free, a proud column of hardened flesh, supported by two swollen sacs. ‘You have excited me, woman – and now I long to enter your cunt.’

Aware of the frightened look on her face, Marcus Domitius shook his head and grinned. ‘Fear not,’ he assured her. ‘Your virtue is safe.’ To Abelia’s immense

relief, he dropped his toga, covering his penis, though it still jutted crudely against the stiff white fabric.

‘Please me in this ... little matter, and I may reward you further. A bag of gold, perhaps? I am not ungenerous to those who give me pleasure...’

With a careless wave in the old man’s direction, he added, ‘Daemones will see to your training.’ He proffered a little bow. ‘In the meantime, sleep well tonight – for tomorrow you will fight me for your husband’s life.’

Then he spun lightly on his heel, and left the room without another word.

The moment they were alone, Abelia turned to Daemones and said, ‘What does the Praetor mean – when he says you will ... see to my training?’

‘Exactly that,’ replied the old man. ‘My master leaves nothing to chance. Tomorrow you will straddle his face and give him pleasure with your bottom’s hole. But before then ... you must learn to sit.’

‘Learn to sit?’ she repeated blankly. ‘I do not understand.’

‘You will,’ said Daemones. ‘You will ...’

Two

An hour had passed, in which Abelia had been allowed to rest, to wash and to take a little food and wine. Daemones had left her alone, and for that she was grateful. It gave her time to gather her thoughts and calm herself.

When he finally returned, her stomach gave a little leap. It had almost been possible, during his absence, to convince herself that none of this was happening. That it was a dream from which she would soon wake. But when he entered the room and politely asked her to follow him, she knew it was real enough.

‘Where are we going?’ she inquired in a quiet voice, as he led her along a network of connecting corridors.

‘You will see,’ he replied. ‘But first I must tell you how to conduct yourself. Not only tomorrow, but in the hours ahead.’

Abelia frowned, but said nothing.

‘My master leaves nothing to chance ... when enjoying the pleasures of a woman’s bottom. You are to be prepared for what he likes to call “the battle”.’

‘Prepared?’ muttered Abelia, finding her voice at last.

Daemones stopped in front of a large oak door. ‘Men have been provided for your training. They are prisoners like your husband. You are to sit on their heads

... and use them as you will my master on the morrow.'

'I am to rub my little hole on them?' she inquired timidly.

The old man sighed. 'You must take each man into your bottom's crack. They will resist – as my master will resist – for though they have offered themselves willingly, they will change their minds once they see your little hole. Men always do ... when they know a woman means to smother them between her cheeks.'

Abelia's mouth sagged at the edges. 'You have done this before. I am not the first...'

'No, you are not the first,' conceded Daemones. 'Nor will you be the last. But comfort yourself with this: my master does not break his word. Take him to your bottom's hole – and smother him as he longs to be smothered – and your husband will be set free.'

He could see from the dull look in her eyes that, even now, she dithered. The price was a heavy one for her to pay, but pay it – he knew – she would.

'Remember this, too,' he informed her, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. 'Though my master longs to be conquered as only a woman can conquer him – he fears it also. You have it in your power to give him pleasure – for your little hole delights him more than life itself.' He paused. 'But he wishes you to render him insensible, also. To hold him in your crack and ride him till he moves no more. This will not be pleasure for him, though he longs for it. Your little hole will make him suffer. Hold this thought in your heart and – like others

before you – let it give you courage.’

Abelia regarded him thoughtfully. ‘You do not crave the grip of a woman’s bottom yourself?’

Daemones shook his head. ‘I do not,’ he answered. ‘But if it gives my master pleasure ... it is my duty to ensure the deed is done well.’

Glancing at the door, Abelia frowned anxiously. ‘How many men am I to sit on?’

‘Three have been chosen.’

‘Three?’ she exclaimed, visibly shocked.

‘Have no fear,’ said Daemones. ‘They are restrained. Even so, they will not submit willingly. They say they will, but all men say that – and all lose their courage at the moment of truth.’

‘I am frightened,’ admitted Abelia. ‘What if I cannot do this thing? What if I cannot take a man into my crack and hold him there?’

‘You will,’ he assured her. ‘Many women have walked through this door – and all have proved equal to the challenge.’ His face grew more serious. ‘But here you must listen to me carefully. My master lives for words as well as deeds. He will say things to you that sound – shall we say? – unusual.’

‘He has already,’ muttered Abelia, her face flushing pink.

‘He will want you to say things, also. To talk about your bottom and what you mean to do to him. How your little hole has smothered many men – and that now it is coming for him. And it will not take him prisoner. That he is to die inside your crack.’

‘To die?’ cried Abelia, her face a sudden mask of horror.

Daemones’ expression lightened. ‘He does not mean it. These are mere words ... used only to excite him.’ He paused. ‘There are tales – from Horace to Tacitus and others who have chronicled our past. They write of Amazons – ancient tribes of warrior women who battled men not with the sword or the axe – but with their hands, their breasts, their legs, their bottoms and their cunts.’

Abelia shook her head. ‘I have never heard such stories.’

The old man shrugged. ‘Nevertheless, they exist and my master places credence on them. The Amazon was a ruthless soldier, who never took a man alive if he could be despatched. Her favoured weapons were her cunt and arse. She would mount her foe as naked as the day she had been born – take him into her crack and smother him with her arse’s hole.’ He paused for breath, ignored Abelia’s open-mouthed look of disbelief, and hurried on. ‘Though she would sometimes hold a man to her cunt – or at the teat – her favoured weapon was her bottom’s hole. Men feared her approach, for they knew she meant to shame them with her secret place. That place which – as you have rightly said – not even your husband is privy to.’

‘Did women such as these truly exist?’ said Abelia doubtfully.

Daemones shrugged. ‘I once thought not,’ he conceded. ‘But there are many accounts, so yes, I believe they did. As does my master. And he longs to suffer ... as did those men in ancient times ... inside a woman’s crack.’

Abelia shook her head slowly. ‘Can a woman really wield such power?’ she muttered, more to herself than to the old man. ‘With no more than her bottom’s hole?’

‘She can,’ said Daemones firmly. ‘For I have seen it many times.’ He looked past her shoulder. ‘As will those men in the room beyond.’

‘What am I to say to them?’ she asked timidly. ‘What words must I use?’

‘Words that strike terror into their hearts,’ he advised her. ‘You will be nervous, of course, that is only natural – never having sat on a man before. But you must put such fears to one side and become the warrior my master wishes you to be. You must tell each man you have a little hole – and that you mean to use it on him. To take him into your crack and smother him with your bottom.’

‘Such words will shame me!’ cried Abelia.

‘They are only words,’ he reminded her. ‘And they will win your husband’s freedom.’

She bowed her head miserably, and took several deep breaths. When she looked up again, her mouth was set in a tight, determined line. 'Very well,' she said in a quiet voice. 'Though it goes against everything I hold dear, I will do this monstrous thing – for my husband's sake.'

Daemones nodded, hooked his fingers around a thick, metal ring in the door, pushed it open and led her into the room beyond.

Three

Whatever Abelia had expected to see inside the chamber in which she now stood, it was not this.

At equal distances across the room, thick iron hoops had been set into the stone floor. From each of these hoops ran a linked metal chain, to each of which a naked man had been secured by his wrists, with his arms shackled behind his back. The men's legs were free, allowing them to move a few feet in any direction but, that apart, they were helpless.

'You will wrestle with each of these men in turn,' said Daemones flatly. 'Take them into your bottom's crack and smother them to sleep with your bottom. As you will smother the Praetor when you fight with him tomorrow.'

'They are naked,' she responded glumly. 'Oh, poor men! Is it not torment enough that I am to sit on them? Must they be shamed, too?'

'My master will be naked,' Daemones reminded her. 'And you, also. As you will be now. For you must disrobe before you go into battle. The Amazons were nude – and flaunted themselves proudly.'

Regarding the three men on whom she would shortly sit, Abelia muttered sombrely, 'How can they accept such a dreadful fate?'

'I have told you ... they have volunteered. As a reward, their sentences will be halved. They are happy to be smothered – in return for freedom.'

‘They do not look happy,’ remarked Abelia, watching the men shift anxiously from one foot to the other.

Daemones shrugged. ‘They are to be smothered – inside a woman’s bottom. Few men gain pleasure from such an act.’

‘Your master does,’ Abelia reminded him. ‘And these poor men are to suffer for it.’

‘As they have never suffered before,’ muttered Daemones grimly. Though he had seen many men sat upon over the years, the prospect never failed to distress him. He took no pleasure at the sight of a woman’s bottom, and even less at seeing how her little hole could reduce the strongest of men to tears. These men had volunteered in return for a lesser sentence. But he knew that, very shortly, they would deeply regret their decision.

‘Who am I to sit on first?’ asked Abelia. She had no wish to sit on anyone, but knew the moment could no longer be delayed.

‘The choice is yours,’ said Daemones. ‘But remember what I told you. My master longs for words as well as actions. Unleash not only your bottom on these men ... but your mouth, also. Tell them what my master will want to hear. Strike terror into their hearts ... as only a woman can!’

Abelia took a deep breath and straightened her back. At a signal from Daemones, she reached down, took hold of the hem of her dress and hauled it

over her head.

At the sight of her naked body beneath, each man took a backwards step. One, in particular, seemed utterly distraught.

‘I have changed my mind!’ he cried, rattling the chain with his wrists. ‘I do not wish to be sat upon! I will serve my sentence!’

‘It is too late for that,’ barked Daemones. ‘The die is cast ... and your face is forfeit to this woman’s arse.’

Taking a step forward, Abelia’s breasts visibly quivered and her hands shook. She knew she must deal with this man first. He was so frightened. She had no wish to sit on him ... but knew she must end his misery quickly. It was the kindest thing she could do.

‘My little hole is coming for you, man,’ she announced, in a soft, trembling voice. ‘Prepare for her embrace!’

‘In heaven’s name, no!’ he cried, dropping to the floor, his hands rattling the chain behind him. ‘Not me! Not me, I beg you!’

Abelia stopped dead in her tracks. Her heart broke to see how terrified the young man was. Turning to Daemones, she muttered feebly, ‘I cannot do it. I cannot sit on him. He is so frightened ... and has not yet seen my little hole!’

Leaning in close, Daemones whispered into her ear. ‘Remember, woman – you do this for your husband’s sake. And for these men, also. No harm will come to them – and they will see their loved ones all the sooner. Your bottom has the power to make many lives better...’

Swallowing hard, Abelia pushed her reluctance to one side. The old man was right. What she was about to do was an abomination, but if she refused, not only would these men suffer – so, too, would her beloved husband. Her bottom was a force for good ... whether she liked it or not.

Summoning all her courage, she swung round quickly, bent low at the waist and opened up her arse.

‘Can you see my little hole, men?’ she cried. ‘You cannot escape her now. She is coming for you!’

‘In mercy’s name, no!’ screamed a second man, while the third stood open-mouthed, his entire body shaking.

Daemones allowed himself a weak smile. The woman was learning. His master would be pleased. And when his master was pleased, it reflected well on him. Which was always to his benefit.

Straightening up and turning round to face her victim, Abelia strode forward purposely. Inside, her stomach churned and every fibre of her being cried out to her that this was wrong. But what choice did she have? She must harden herself now – for the good of all!

‘Do not be afraid, man,’ she said gently. ‘My little hole will not hurt you.’ She threw him a warm smile. ‘Come into my bottom’s crack ... and your suffering will soon be over.’

‘You will kill me with your arse!’ he cried. ‘Your hole will smother me!’

Abelia shook her head wearily. She had hoped this man would surrender quickly. She had no stomach for what she must do to him. But perhaps it was as well he resisted. She must learn to overcome a man in hand-to-hand combat if she were to please Marcus Domitius on the morrow.

‘If you will not come to me,’ she muttered sadly, ‘then I must come to you. Prepare yourself!’

‘Never!’ he cried, jumping to his feet and backing away awkwardly, for the chain allowed him only limited movement.

Abelia rushed forward, jumping first one way, then the other, in a bid to throw him off balance. As he twisted to avoid her, he lost his balance and fell to his knees. She was on him in a flash – a huntress now, and he her helpless prey.

‘In heaven’s name, no!’ he cried, as she forced him onto his back, her legs either side of his shoulders, her bottom towards his face. Instinctively, she reached back and tugged her buttocks wide.

‘I see your hole!’ he cried. ‘I see your hole!’

The terror in his voice was real enough, and it brought a lump to Abelia’s throat. That she should be the cause distressed her greatly. But there was nothing to be done now. She had no choice: as much a victim as the man she was about to sit upon. Shutting her eyes, she allowed herself to topple backwards, onto the man’s head, though she felt him turn his face away at the last minute, in a desperate bid to avoid her arse.

Though he kicked with his legs and wriggled energetically, the chain that held his arms behind his back rendered him all but helpless. He could struggle, but he could never hope to shift her.

‘Help me, someone, help me!’ he cried as Abelia shuffled her buttocks from side to side.

‘There is no escape!’ she yelled, though it broke her heart to tell him so. ‘Come into my bottom, man! Let me finish you off with my hole!’

‘Please, no!’ he implored her. ‘Have mercy on me, please!’

He was weeping now, his hot, salty tears running across her buttocks, and dribbling into her crack. Abelia knew he was suffering and could bear it no longer. She must put him out of his misery – and as quickly as possible!

Reaching back, she searched for him with her hand, found the back of his head

and took a firm hold. Clawing her way through his hair, she tugged hard, at the same time wriggling her bottom sideways in a bid to trap him in her crack.

A strangled yelp broke from the back of his throat as her buttocks slipped around his head. He shrieked, wept again ... and then she had him! A muted groan beat against the soft flesh of her crack as her anus found his nose and pressed down hard. She felt his mouth open up around the damp swell of her cunt and he arched his back sharply. A volley of muffled cries shook her bottom and she was forced to close her eyes again and concentrate with all her might.

Glancing across the room, Abelia saw the man's companions watch open-mouthed in horror as she wriggled her bottom.

'It is your turn next, men!' she warned them. 'To lie inside my arse's crack!'

The look of terror on their faces was dreadful to see, and again it threatened to break her resolve. But then she remembered her husband – and the fact that these men, too, would win their freedom all the sooner. Pushing all doubt to one side, she took a deep breath and felt the man beneath her heave. To her surprise – and shame – his penis had grown stiff between his legs. His swollen balls rolled jerkily in their sacs. She was suddenly aware of Daemones standing over her.

'It surprises you that he grows hard?' he said. 'Though you have him in your arse's crack, and rub your little hole on him?'

Abelia nodded mutely. The man was excited! She was smothering him with her anus and yet he was proudly erect!

‘It is as my master has told you,’ said Daemones. ‘Men both fear and delight in a woman’s little hole. They cannot help themselves, It is in their nature. The Amazons themselves knew this. Men could not resist a warrior when she came for them ... even though it meant their death!’

‘Poor man!’ cried Abelia, with genuine pity. ‘He is so frightened! I feel it from the way he wriggles! If only ...’

‘If only what?’ repeated Daemones, though he knew the answer before it was given. He had heard this, too, so many times before. Women were a kindly sex, and they grieved at the thought of causing men distress.

Abelia looked up at the old retainer with a sorrowful look in her eyes.

‘Would it be wrong to give him pleasure?’ she muttered. ‘To spill his seed and make him think of nicer things?’

‘The thought does you credit,’ said Daemones. ‘Others before you have asked the same question, and I answer you as I answered them. To bring this poor man joy will both delight and weaken him. In draining him of his seed, you will send him to sleep all the sooner.’

‘Then it is a good thing to do?’ asked Abelia, more to herself than to him.

‘It is,’ he replied. ‘But if you are to do it, you must do it quickly. Or he will sleep

without knowing joy.’

‘Then let him have his release,’ said Abelia quietly, reaching out and taking hold of him tenderly. As her fingers closed around his cock, his penis jumped, and another muffled squeal broke from inside her arse. The man arched his back and swung his knees high, allowing her to secure a tighter grip.

‘He knows he is doomed,’ said Daemones quietly, ‘yet longs for his release also – and the delight only your hand can bring him.’

‘Then he shall know it,’ said Abelia kindly, as her fingers flew up and down his shaft. ‘Come, man!’ she cried. ‘Surrender your seed!’

And, a moment later, he did. His penis gave a familiar tell-tale twitch – as had her husband’s so often when she had held him likewise – then stilled, then twitched again. The man beneath her jolted sharply, arched his back one last time and screamed into her arse. The eye of his cock flared, and wads of jism flew through the air, splattering his belly as he came.

Hardly had the last of his semen dribbled from his shaft when his body gave one last, furious rattle and he fell still. It was over...

Exhausted, and with her limbs aching badly, Abelia rose from the saddle of the poor man’s face. Daemones knelt down, leaned in close and gave a satisfied nod. ‘He sleeps,’ he observed, ‘and my master will reward him as he has promised.’

Standing up again, he studied the two remaining men, glancing from one to the other.

‘Are you ready to be sat upon?’ he inquired. ‘Like this man here? So this woman may take you into the darkness?’

Each prisoner shook his head, and swiftly backed away. Daemones shrugged. ‘It is no matter. You cannot escape your fate. She means to take you into her bottom’s crack ... and smother you with her little hole!’

Both men shrieked, rattled their chains and scampered towards each other, as if they find safety together. But the length of their chains had been designed to keep them apart and, try as they might, they could not join forces.

Abelia looked from one to the other, pondering on which of the two to sit next. Once again, the look of despair in their faces was like a knife to her heart. As if to encourage them, she stretched out one hand and made a light pumping motion in the air.

‘You shall know pleasure, men,’ she announced. ‘I will spill your seed so you will enter the darkness with joy.’ She glanced at each in turn, hoping that one would respond and make her task the easier. Neither man obliged. Instead, they groaned, wept and scurried this way and that as if somehow it might save them.

‘Very well,’ she sighed. ‘Then I must take you against your will. But I will do it with kindness – for I know you are afraid.’

Daemones came forward and whispered in her ear. ‘You have done well so far, but do not forget: my master wishes to wrestle with an Amazon. Be kind to these men in your heart – but do not let your speech betray you. Use the words my master would wish to hear...’

As he withdrew, Abelia looked back and caught a look of warning in his eyes. It passed in an instant, but an instant was long enough. Her skin shivered and a cold knot formed in her belly.

Marcus Domitius was watching her!

Of course, he would be! How stupid could she be? He longed to be sat upon, but a man like him would long to see others sat upon, also. Then he could imagine his own fate, when she mounted him in his turn...

Where he was hidden, she had no idea. Doubtless another room adjoined this one, equipped with spyholes she could not detect. No matter. He was watching her, of that much she was sure.

What was it he had said to her in his chamber? ‘I am not ungenerous to those who give me pleasure...’? He had mentioned a bag of gold, too. If she pleased him now, and tomorrow, also, who knew how grateful he might be? She made up her mind in an instant. If these men had to be smothered – for their own good as well as her husband’s – then why not make the most of it?

Her own fate was sealed. She must sit on these men like it or not. In which case, she would give the Praetor what he wanted. She had nothing to lose...

Turning to each man in turn, she took hold of her hips and kneaded her flesh gently. ‘Prepare yourselves, men,’ she announced, ‘my little hole is coming for you!’

As both prisoners reacted, tugging fiercely on their chains, Abelia made up her mind and swung left, heading towards her chosen prey. The man shrieked as he saw her approach, and again scurried this way and that in a vain attempt to avoid his fate.

Advancing as close as she dared, Abelia stopped suddenly, turned to her right and addressed his companion, who had retreated as far as possible and stood shaking violently.

‘Watch me sit on your friend,’ she told him, ‘and know that once I have finished him off ... your turn will follow!’

The man released a long, morbid wail of despair – only to be outmatched by his companion, as Abelia bent low, wiggled her arse and crudely showed off her anus.

Then, straightening up quickly, she charged forward, flung her arms around his body and brought him down in an instant. He struggled furiously, and, though his arms were fastened behind his back, almost managed to throw her off. But Abelia clung on fast, slowly manoeuvring herself about until her legs were either side of his chest, and her backside over his head.

He released a shriek of terror as, once again, he caught sight of her opening, throwing himself from side to side and sobbing freely.

‘I don’t want to be smothered!’ he cried. ‘Please don’t smother me!’

‘You coward!’ she responded. ‘To be frightened of a woman’s little hole!’

‘No man should see it!’ he wept. ‘Not like this! Not like this!’

‘Is it a mighty hole?’ she cried, aping the words she had heard from Marcus Domitius. ‘One that could slay you in battle?’

Another anguished moan broke from the back of the poor man’s throat. Though it went against everything she held dear, Abelia hurried on, immersing herself in a world fashioned only for the sake of setting her husband free.

‘Do not use it on me!’ he cried. ‘I beg you! Do not use it on me!’

Abelia threw back her head and laughed. A false laugh – but one she hoped would please her unseen watcher.

‘Prepare yourself, man!’ she cried victoriously. ‘My bottom comes for you!’

Steeling herself, Abelia lowered her hips, aware of her victim's dread, but pushing his fear to one side. Oh, how she wanted to be merciful! To spare him from his fate. But she must be ruthless now, for all their sakes. As Daemones had reminded her, her bottom was a force for good. All these men – and her husband, too – would go free thanks to her little hole. She had no choice. She must smother him to sleep!

'Oh, please, woman! Please, no!' he cried one last time before she took him into her crack and tightened her buttocks around his head. Looking up, she saw the look of panic in the eyes of the man she was yet to sit on.

Once more playing to her unseen audience, Abelia dismissed her finer feelings and concentrated on the task in hand.

'See how your friend struggles!' she cried, as the man beneath her continued to thresh, jerk and kick with his legs. 'Poor fool!' He thinks he can shift my bottom from his face! That he can escape from my little hole!'

She wriggled her hips provocatively, and felt another thud of air against her anus. 'It is your turn next!' she cried, reaching out and taking hold of her victim's cock. 'But see the pleasure I shall give you in return!'

Pleasure, she knew counted for nothing just then. Not for the man watching her. His cock, unlike his friend's, was limp, and all he longed for was his freedom. Tears streaked his face, and he fell to his knees. Unable to turn away from the dreadful battle being waged in front of him, he sobbed fearfully, aware that his own time was approaching fast.

‘Suffocation is a sweet punishment, man!’ she cried. ‘Oh how my bottom longs for you!’

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when the man beneath her gave a violent leap and semen spat high across his body. His body convulsed, kicked again and finally went still. Between Abelia’s fingers, his cock still juddered, leaking jism onto his belly.

‘You see,’ she muttered softly. ‘Though your friend now sleeps inside my bottom, his manhood tells me he is happy. As yours will tell me also...’

The man she was still to sit upon looked anything but happy and, as Abelia finally released her hold on her victim’s dribbling cock and rose awkwardly to her feet, he threw his head back and howled at the ceiling.

Aware that he had suffered most – for the poor man had seen his companions smothered in front of his eyes – Abelia approached him with genuine tenderness in her heart. When she saw him attempt to clamber to his feet, she hurried forward, dropped to her knees and wrapped her arms around his chest. Leaning in close, she spoke softly into his ear, certain that, wherever Marcus Domitius was hiding, her words could not be overheard.

‘Hush man,’ she whispered, freeing one arm and stroking his head gently. ‘You must not fear my little hole. She means you no harm. Let me pleasure you with my hand and send you to sleep quickly. When you awake, all will be well, I promise you.’

‘I am frightened,’ he whimpered. ‘I have seen what you have done to the others.’

How they have struggled in your bottom's crack.' A big tear dripped from the corner of one eye and she felt him shudder strongly. 'Your little hole showed them no mercy!'

'I finished off your friends as quickly as I could,' she assured him, 'and I will do the same to you.' She hesitated. 'I will say things. Please forgive me ... I have no choice!'

He parted his lips to voice another protest, but it was still-born in the back of his throat. Abelia covered his mouth with her hand and wrestled him onto his back.

'Prepare for suffocation, man!' she cried. 'Be brave! For I mean to sit on you!'

The young man flailed like a landed fish, tore his mouth free and gave a shrill squeal. Before he knew what was happening, Abelia had straddled his chest, bringing her open bottom into view over his head. Like his companions before him, he gazed up into the cavern of her crack, caught sight of the wrinkled opening to her arse and cried mournfully.

'I don't want to be smothered!' he wept. 'Please don't sit on me! Please!'

Closing her eyes – as she wished she could close her ears – Abelia wriggled her bottom onto his face. As the man moved his head first one way, then the other, Abelia moved with him.

'You cannot escape from my little hole!' she cried. 'She means to have you!'

Twisting and turning beneath her, the outcome, she knew, was inevitable. Pausing for one moment as he threw his head left, she remained in position as he then threw it to the right. As she felt his nose graze the soft underside of her buttocks, she pressed down hard, seizing him with her crack, her cheeks clamped either side of his face.

He released a final, terrified scream, before she tightened her grip and bore down with all her weight. Simultaneously, she reached out and closed one hand around his cock. Already thickening, it unfurled in an instant – terror and delight coursing through his body in equal measure. He bucked beneath her as if he were a stallion and she his rider, determined to break him.

Muffled gurgles struck across the swollen bulb of her cunt. She felt his nostrils flare and the tip of his nose nudged into the well of her anus.

‘You are my man now!’ she cried, wriggling her hips and pumping him furiously. Behind her closed eyes she imagined her husband walking free. Everything she did, everything she said, and everything she now was ... was done in his name! She had lowered herself in her own eyes, tormenting these poor men with her bottom. But it was all for the greater good. Clinging to that thought, she knew, was all that stood between her and madness ...

Between her buttocks, the prisoner’s head gave a violent jolt. He arched his back and screamed into the swollen bulge of her vagina, the last of his breath beating against both her pussy and her anus at the same time. As her hand flew to the root of his shaft one last time, his penis shook violently and he came. Wads of semen spilled onto his belly and his entire body shook convulsively.

A moment later, he fell still, twitched, then fell still again. Abelia squeezed the last few drops of semen from his shaft, then fell forward onto his chest, utterly exhausted. She was scarcely aware of Daemones taking hold of her arms and easing her off her victim's head, then leading her to a chair into which she gratefully fell.

Several yards away, in an adjoining room, Marcus Domitius collapsed also, his balls as empty as those of the men Abelia had ridden. He had seen enough through the various spyholes cunningly concealed along the wall to know that he had chosen well. As he slumped backwards onto a cushion-strewn couch, His concubine, Philea continued to fiddle with him gently, his semen fresh around her lips – for she had suckled on him throughout the proceedings.

Tomorrow, he reflected, would be a happy day indeed. The woman would not disappoint him. As he closed his eyes and saw her backside coming down on him, his penis began to harden again.

Philea herself was well endowed below the waist, with plump, child-bearing hips and a darling little hole on which he had suckled many times.

‘Shall I sit on you, master?’ she inquired, as if reading his thoughts. ‘And show you my own little hole?’

Today, he murmured softly to himself, was not yet over. And that knowledge could not have made him happier...

Four

Abelia did not sleep well that night. Though exhausted by her efforts in the chamber, she tossed and turned, unable to find rest. Her mind was awash with images and sounds: of men screaming to her for mercy, and wriggling for their lives inside her crack. Every time she closed her eyes, she saw their terrified faces, and heard them beg her not to sit on them.

How was it possible, she asked herself, that grown men – so much stronger than she was herself – could be reduced to trembling wrecks by no more than the sight of her bottom’s hole? A hole which, she prayed, would shortly win her husband’s freedom?

Lying on her side, she slipped a hand between her cheeks and felt for her anus. She ran a finger round the wrinkled edge, then pushed on into the soft, fleshy well. It was such a small, vulnerable opening – and yet it had brought three men to their knees and rendered them insensible. She had dismissed Daemones’s tales – of Amazons who conquered men with their bottoms – as adult nonsense. Tales fashioned to excite his master’s filthy mind. But now she wondered otherwise. Could it be true? Did a race of women once rule the earth – using only the weapons with which Nature herself had blessed them: their pussies, breasts and arse’s holes?

Marcus Domitius seemed to believe it, she reminded herself, before drifting into a fitful sleep only an hour or so before dawn. And soon he would put her to the test. A test she knew she must not fail, if she were to win her husband’s freedom on the morrow...

Five

Daemones did not disturb her peace until the sun had risen several hours. He had guessed she would not sleep well and saw no reason to awaken her early. When finally he knocked on the door to her private chamber, she had eaten, dressed and was as ready as she would ever be for the day ahead.

‘My master awaits you,’ he informed her, ‘in his chamber below.’ He smiled warmly. ‘If you conquer him as you did the prisoners, you will please him thoroughly.’

‘That is all I ask,’ replied Abelia in a quiet voice.

‘It saddened you to sit on those men,’ he remarked, as they walked downstairs. ‘To take them into your bottom’s crack and smother them with your little hole?’

Abelia shrugged. ‘They were so frightened,’ she murmured. ‘And to feel them wriggle beneath me...’ Her voice trailed away. ‘It all but broke my heart to abuse them so.’

Daemones nodded sympathetically. ‘It does you credit,’ he consoled her. ‘You did not wish to hurt them with your bottom’s hole, nor smother them into the darkness with it.’ He smiled again. ‘You gave them pleasure also – with your woman’s hand – though you were not expected to.’

‘I wished only to comfort them,’ she muttered softly.

‘And comfort them you did,’ he told her. ‘I have spoken with each of them this morning. My master was so pleased with how you rode them, that he has not merely halved their sentences, but pardoned every one. They are free to go – and thank you for your kindness.’

‘Would that my husband were also free!’ she cried, bunching her hands into fists of despair. ‘And I did not have to sit again!’

‘Would that that were so indeed,’ he concurred. ‘But you have work to do yet – to ensure that happy outcome.’ He hesitated. ‘Is your bottom ready?’

Abelia nodded. ‘As ready as it will ever be,’ she answered truthfully.

By now they had reached the large double doors that led into Marcus Domitius’s private chamber. Pausing outside, Daemones turned to address Abelia directly.

‘The master’s room has been prepared. It has been emptied of furniture and the floor strewn with cushions. He himself awaits you – as naked as the day he was born, and you must enter the room in similar fashion. His concubine, Philea, is also within. Though yesterday your kind heart led you to pleasure those men on whom you sat, the master longs to be conquered by two women. The one to sit and the other to give him his release at the moment of truth.’

‘That at least comforts me,’ said Abelia. ‘For I had no wish to give him pleasure.’ Her hand flew to her mouth. ‘Is it wrong of me to confess such a thing?’

Daemones shook his head. 'It matters not,' he replied. 'What matters is that – at the moment of truth – when you take my master into the darkness, you will be able to bear down with all your weight, while Philea holds him also, and milks his cock till he is empty.'

Abelia took several deep breaths to steady herself. Her hands were trembling and her shoulders shook.

'Have no fear,' said Daemones encouragingly. 'Remember – though my master will resist you, he has no wish to win. He asks only that you fight him with all your strength, and take him into your bottom as if you were an Amazon of old, and he your helpless prey.'

He rubbed his hands gently for a second or two, regarding her closely. 'And do not forget: you must humour his speech. and answer him like for like. It is not in your nature, I know – but the moment you pass through these doors, you must cast aside your notions of a woman and a wife. Instead, you must assume the mantle of an Amazon – and use the language of battle. You must tell him that your bottom comes for him. That your hole will show him no mercy. That you have smothered many men – and never taken a prisoner. Do you understand?'

She nodded heavily. 'I do,' she answered.

'Then remove your dress – and enter into battle ... as only a woman can!'

Abelia took another deep, steadying breath, bunched up the hem of her dress, and tugged it over her head.

She was naked.

She was ready ...

Six

The chamber into which Abelia now stepped had been prepared as Daemones had indicated. Hundreds of red silk cushions lay scattered across the floor, ensuring, Abelia surmised, a certain level of comfort for the Praetor when at last she brought him down and mounted him as he wished to be mounted.

He himself stood naked at the far end of the room, gazing directly at her as she entered. His penis, she saw, hung limply between his legs. Doubtless, she told herself, it would not remain limp for long. His concubine, Philea – also nude – stood off to one side. Far enough away not to interfere – but close enough to spring into action when the moment came. As for Daemones, he slipped in quietly behind Abelia and made his way to the opposite side of the chamber from the plump, big-busted Philea.

‘What is the meaning of this?’ inquired Marcus Domitius as Abelia approached him. ‘Who are you woman? And why do you enter my chamber naked?’

Abelia took another deep breath to steady her nerves. The game, she knew, had begun. She must play it to the full if she were to save her husband and – who knew? – perhaps win a fortune in gold.

‘I am an Amazon,’ she began tentatively, feeling her way with her words as much – just then – as with her feet. ‘And I am here to conquer you ...’ She paused. ‘As only a woman can!’

‘As only a woman can?’ he repeated, taking a step forward himself. His penis had already begun to stir. ‘I do not understand you, madam. Leave now – or I will call my guards!’

‘I will not leave,’ said Abelia, gaining in courage, ‘until I have done the deed I have set out to do.’

‘Deed?’ he muttered doubtfully. ‘What deed is this of which you speak?’

Extending her arms, Abelia gave her hips a noisy slap. ‘I am here to take you into my bottom’s crack,’ she stated haughtily – surprising even herself. ‘To sit on your face ... and smother you with my arse’s hole!’

‘Never!’ he cried, stumbling to a halt, his penis swaying jerkily between his legs. ‘I am the master here. No woman sits on me!’

‘I care not for masters!’ she retorted, throwing herself into the role he had set for her. ‘My bottom is your mistress now! My little hole will not be denied!’

He sniffed dismissively. ‘You cannot take me into your crack. I am a man – too strong for you by far.’

‘I am a woman, true enough,’ she conceded, cupping her plump breasts and raising them in her hands. ‘But Nature has given me mighty weapons: my teats, my cunt ... and my arse’s hole!’

His face darkened. ‘You mean to mount me?’ he muttered grimly. ‘As no man should ever be mounted?’

‘I do,’ she confirmed, though her voice was shaking. ‘You will not be the first man I have taken into my crack. My little hole has conquered many heads!’

‘It will not conquer mine!’ he cried defiantly. ‘My face will never rest inside your woman’s arse ... nor will I ever worship at your bottom’s hole!’

They were circling one another now: like wrestlers – each waiting for the other to make the first move.

‘It will be better for you,’ she continued, ‘to surrender now. Let me smother you quickly – so you do not suffer!’

His penis jolted sharply. ‘You mean to finish me off? To suffocate me with your arse?’

‘I do,’ she replied, responding to his cue. ‘My bottom takes no prisoners. Once I have you in my crack ... my little hole will do her work!’

‘You would show me no mercy? Though I begged you to spare me?’

‘None!’ she responded. ‘I mean to have my way with you ...’

Marcus Domitius took a step back, widening the gap between them. Without

thinking, Abelia swung round, bent low and pulled her cheeks apart. She heard his audible gasp: surprise mixed with delight.

‘Behold the opening to my passage!’ she cried. ‘The mighty hole that comes for you – and will lay you low!’

She wiggled her hips and flexed her sphincter crudely. As her anus opened and closed, she heard him gasp again, then moan and stumble backwards.

‘Will you come to her willingly?’ she asked, surprising herself with her bluntness. ‘Or must she hunt you down without mercy?’

‘She must hunt me down,’ he muttered quietly. ‘No man could go to her willingly. Not when she means to smother him!’

‘Very well,’ said Abelia, straightening herself up and turning around to face him once more. ‘You have made your choice, man ... and I will offer you no quarter. Let battle commence. My little hole is coming for you!’

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when Marcus Domitius turned and ran, hurrying to the far side of the room. Abelia followed – but at a more leisurely pace. She knew well enough that he would not try to escape, and it seemed sensible to conserve her energy. Let him wear himself out. It would make it all the easier for her to mount him when that time came.

‘Are you frightened, man?’ she inquired, closing in on him. ‘Do you fear my

little hole?’

‘All men fear the little hole!’ he cried, taking flight again, and hurrying to another side of the room.

Abelia turned and advanced on him from a fresh direction. She was content, just now, to simply talk. It clearly delighted the Praetor – as Daemones had told her it would. Each step she took, each word she spoke ...brought her husband’s freedom a little bit closer.

‘I have sat on many men,’ she informed him, ‘and all have begged for mercy when they see me come for them.’

‘I beg you for mercy, also!’ he cried. ‘Do not sit on me! Do not smother me with your bottom!’

Abelia threw back her head and laughed. How easy it had become, she realised with surprise – to assume the mantle of a huntress. An Amazon warrior, closing in on her foe – intent on taking him into her arse’s crack ... and smothering him with her little hole!

‘Nothing can save you from my bottom,’ she cried. ‘I mean to sit on your face ... and do my woman’s work on you!’

‘By all that is holy!’ he responded in a shrill voice. ‘You mean to suffocate me!’

‘I do,’ she confirmed grimly. ‘And your death will be slow...’

She was only a few feet away from him now. The moment of truth, she knew, was almost upon her. He seemed to sense it, too, parting his legs to balance himself, as he prepared himself for her attack.

Drawing one last breath to steady herself, Abelia leapt forward. Her breasts and buttocks wobbled freely as she flew through the air, an avalanche of bare flesh advancing on her prey.

A moment later, the two of them were rolling across a sea of cushions – arms and legs locked around each other’s bodies. Abelia felt the Praetor’s cock stiffen and thrust against her belly – too close to her pussy for comfort! Scrabbling around awkwardly, she eased herself forward a fraction, wrapping her breasts around his face, and bearing down with all her weight.

‘My little hole will have you!’ she cried. ‘My breasts will weaken you ... but my arse will finish you off!’

Marcus Domitius arched his back and gave a violent heave. Not strong enough to shift her from his body, but sufficient to weaken her grip. For a moment, his lips closed around the plug of one of her nipples and he suckled greedily, like a baby at the teat. Instead of pulling away – as every instinct urged – she wrapped her arms around his head and held on tight, squashing her breast against his face and cutting off his air supply.

He wriggled against her for several seconds, then swivelled sideways, tugging himself free. As he crawled away on his hands and knees, she saw his penis jerk

hard and strong against his belly. He was fully erect!

Flinging herself forward a second time, she closed her hands around his cock, the tips of her fingers feather-like against his balls. She felt the stones roll eagerly inside their sacs, and heard him groan with need.

Weakened with lust, Marcus Domitius rolled onto his back, his every thought now focused on the pleasure in his cock. Abelia rolled with him, released his shaft, and flung a plump thigh across his body, settling herself over his chest. A startled roar echoed in her ear as, for the first time, the Praetor sensed the danger he was in.

‘Your hole!’ he cried, pulling himself together and clawing at her buttocks. ‘I see your little hole!’

‘Give in to her!’ urged Abelia, slithering backwards, her cheeks either side of his head. ‘Let her finish you off!’

‘Never!’ he cried. ‘Your bottom will never conquer me!’

The words were barely out of his mouth before Abelia had pushed back, covering his face and taking him into her crack. She felt his nostrils flatten against her anus, even as the bulb of her cunt forced itself past his lips and into his mouth.

Suddenly he was gurgling on her, his fingers digging at her hips, in a bid to shift

her. No – she realised suddenly! Marcus Domitius was holding on to her, pulling her close ... helping her to suffocate him! If she could only wriggle into a sitting position she would have him. But they were locked together sideways on, so that, although she covered him, she could bring no weight to bear.

Searching for a way to hold him tight, Abelia kicked with her legs, wriggling her thighs either side of his neck. If she could keep him in place, until he struggled for air, she might yet force him onto his back and cover him properly with her bottom. He was already snorting furiously, crudely sniffing at her anus. Just an inch or two from her face – as they clung limpet-like together – she saw the hardened pole of his cock dancing against his belly.

For a moment, she pondered the unthinkable: if she opened her mouth and closed her lips around his shaft, he would be hers! Distracting him with pleasure, she could easily force him onto his back. And if she suckled till he came ...

She had no more time to consider the matter. With a violent heave, Marcus Domitius pulled his face free of her arse. As he tugged at her leg, it pushed her off-balance and her face scuffed the floor, stunning her briefly. By the time she had pulled herself together, he had hauled himself upright, preparing to flee.

Abelia spun round and, without a thought to what might happen next, threw her arms around his legs, dragging him back.

‘You cannot escape my arse’s hole!’ she cried, hauling herself the length of his body, and pinning him flat on his belly. Her legs were either side of his, her breasts against his shoulder-blades, her weight enough to hold him down. He wriggled beneath her, like a landed fish, cursing to himself and groaning.

Pressing her lips to one side of his face, she breathed into his ear. 'Why do you resist me,' she murmured softly, 'when you know you must bow to my anus?' He groaned, wriggling on the cushions beneath him. From the way he bucked his hips, she felt sure he had thrust with his cock.

Abelia took a deep breath and rushed on shamelessly before her courage failed her. 'I have a hole in my bottom, Praetor! It is small and hairy ... and longs to smother you!'

Marcus Domitius moaned and thrust again.

'Your balls are full,' she whispered crudely. 'Why not let me sit on your face ... and rub my little hole on you?' She sighed sweetly into his ear. 'Your concubine can give you pleasure ... as you die inside my crack.'

'Your hole is hairy?' he groaned, shifting awkwardly beneath her.

'She is,' answered Abelia, sighing again. 'And her little well is soft. Surrender to my arse and you may plunge yourself home.' Another pause, another sigh. 'I will suck you into my passage.'

'In heaven's name!' squealed Marcus Domitius. 'What manner of woman are you? To torment a man so!'

'I am an Amazon,' she reminded him coldly. 'And my arse was made to smother men...'

It was all too much for Marcus Domitius. ‘Is it my fate ... to die at the arse?’

‘It is,’ she told him, warming his cheek with another soft breath. ‘As it is the fate of every man. For women’s holes are coming for you all!’

‘Be merciful, I beg you!’ he cried. ‘Finish me off quickly – so I do not suffer!’

‘You will let me straddle you with my arse?’ she whispered. ‘And do my woman’s work on you ... until you move no more?’

‘I will! I will!’ he cried. ‘Though I fear your little hole,’ he muttered mournfully, ‘I know you are my mistress now! I cannot escape my fate. I am to die inside your crack!’

Easing herself upright, Abelia watched as Marcus Domitius rolled onto his back. Fearful he might change his mind, she swung a plump thigh across his midriff and shuffled back over his chest. Reaching behind, she took hold of her buttocks and opened up her arse.

‘Oh, woman!’ he cried, gazing up at the wrinkled brown bud of her anus. ‘You have a mighty hole! What man could defeat you in battle?’

‘No man can stand against my arse,’ she responded, still marvelling at the words that fell so freely from her lips. A part of her had come to the fore that she had never imagined possible. In heaven’s name, she asked herself – what has become

of me?

She lowered her backside onto his face, positioning her hole directly over his nose. Only then, as the earthy scent of her anus filled his nostrils, did Marcus Domitius react.

‘No, no!’ he cried. ‘I cannot do it! I cannot be smothered!’

His hands flew up, pressing hard into the soft fleshy hillocks of her arse, pushing her away from his face.

‘What are you doing?’ she cried. ‘You cannot defy me now! Your face is mine! You must come into my arse’s crack!’

‘I cannot!’ he cried. ‘Your hole is too hairy! I cannot have it on my face!’

‘Hairy it may be!’ she cried. ‘But it shall have you, man! It shall have you!’

‘Do not sit on me, woman!’ he cried. ‘Our bargain is ended. Your husband will not have his freedom!’

As the words tumbled fearfully from his mouth, something inside her snapped. Her husband would not have his freedom? After all this man had put her through? No! He could not deny her now! If her husband were not set free, then life itself meant nothing to her. Damn Marcus Domitius to hell and beyond! She

would take him as he had wanted her to take him – whether he liked it or not!

Reaching back, she took hold of his arms and prised them away from her buttocks.

‘What are you doing, woman?’ he cried. ‘You must stop! Unhand me! I command it!’

‘No one commands a woman’s arse!’ she cried, losing herself completely now. As his hands came free of her hips, she drove her bottom down onto his face, taking his head inside her crack, her anus opening up around Marcus Domitius’s nose.

As he struggled for breath – trapped between her buttocks – she was immediately aware of Philea running forward. The woman would hoist her off the Praetor for certain, however hard she tried to keep him trapped. Daemones, too, would surely intervene. She had been stupid and cursed herself for her folly. But this man had tricked her – and she would have her revenge while she could!

Imagine, then, her surprise as Philea dropped to her knees, swung herself bodily across Marcus’s Domitius’s midriff and took hold of his cock.

‘We will conquer him together!’ she cried. ‘You with your hole – and I with my hand! I will drain him of his seed and weaken him. He will not be able to push you off! Suffocate him with your little hole! Let your bottom do its woman’s work on him!’

Abelia could hardly believe her eyes. Nor her ears. But she had no time to consider the matter. Philea had given her the chance to finish this man off with her bottom – and, by the gods, she would take it!

Beneath the pair, Marcus Domitius threshed and kicked like a wounded beast.

‘He knows you mean to smother him!’ cried Philea, pumping furiously. ‘Act quickly, sister! Press down hard and do your woman’s work! If he shifts us, we are doomed. Only your little hole can save us now!’

As Marcus Domitius’s hands came up and clawed at her cheeks, Abelia took hold of his wrists and again pushed them away.

‘You will not shift me, man!’ she cried. ‘My crack holds you prisoner! There is no escape from my bottom!’

How long the struggle lasted – when it was finally over – she was unable to say. A minute – maybe, two – but, all at once, the man beneath her gave a violent heave, snorted furiously into her arse and came, emptying his seed across Phileas’s bare belly. A moment later, he fell completely still.

Exhausted, she was only vaguely aware of Daemones lifting her from Marcus Domitius’s face. The Praetor himself was a motionless bundle of flesh and, as she slowly recovered her senses, the full horror of what she had done came home to her.

‘I have smothered him!’ she cried, grasping the old servant’s arm. ‘I have smothered the Praetor with my bottom!’

Daemones nodded. ‘As he asked you to,’ he said without concern.

‘But I will be punished!’ she continued mournfully. ‘And have doomed my husband also.’

Daemones shook his head, stood to one side and gestured towards Marcus Domitius’s probe body. His concubine, Philea, leaned over him, dabbing his face from a bowl of scented water.

‘Have no fear for my master’s health,’ he assured her. ‘He has been sat upon by other bottoms – and has always recovered. You are safe. As is your husband.’

Abelia frowned. ‘But I do not understand,’ she muttered. ‘He said he had changed his mind. That our bargain was at an end.’

‘He said it to anger you,’ explained Daemones. ‘So you would abandon all restraint – and suffocate him with your bottom for your husband’s sake.’

‘Then our bargain is not at an end?’ she said, still struggling to come to terms with this change of events.

‘It is,’ said Daemones. ‘But only because you have fulfilled it. As my master will

fulfil his when he awakens.’

‘But what if I had sat for longer?’ murmured Abelia. ‘And truly suffocated him?’

‘It is always a chance he is happy to take,’ said Daemones. ‘To savour the power of a woman’s bottom. We would have intervened – Philea and I – had you tried to finish him off. But you did not. For you have a kind heart ... as those you smothered yesterday will testify.’

Abelia buried her head in her hands, and a big sob wracked her body. She was utterly exhausted, A truly spent force. But it was over at last. Thank heavens ... it was over at last.

Seven

‘Your husband will be with us shortly,’ said Marcus Domitius. ‘He does not know why he has been freed – simply, that I have pardoned him as is my right.’

Abelia bowed lightly. ‘I am grateful, my lord,’ she said. ‘For the gift you have bestowed on me.’

‘As am I,’ he responded. ‘For taking me into your bottom’s crack ... and riding me as only a woman can.’

Abelia blushed. ‘I did what I had to do, my lord. For my husband’s sake.’

Marcus Domitius shrugged. ‘I promised you a bag of gold – if you pleased me.’ He snapped his fingers, and Daemones came forward. He held three bags in his hand, each heavy with coins. Marcus Domitius took one and set it down in front of her.

‘This is yours – in payment for the deed your little hole performed.’

Abelia blushed again, but her eyes, he noticed happily, had fallen on the other bags.

‘Used wisely, this gold will serve you well,’ he said. ‘But with three bags at your disposal – a new life far away awaits you. In another town, perhaps, where you and your husband can start again.’

Abelia frowned, but said nothing. There was, just then, nothing she could say.

‘I have one last thing to ask of you,’ said Marcus Domitius. ‘It is not a command, and my offer is yours to accept or decline.’

He stroked his chin and his gaze lingered briefly on the swell of her bosom, rising and falling beneath the thin fabric of her dress.

‘You have taken four men between your cheeks,’ he reminded her. ‘Held them in your bottom’s crack ... and rubbed your little hole on them.’

Abelia nibbled her lip anxiously, but again said nothing.

‘If I were to ask you to sit on one more man – and take him into the darkness as you took me...’

Abelia found her voice at last, her eyes wide, her face flushed pink. ‘My lord! I could not do it! Not again!’

‘Not even for two more bags of gold? And a life of plenty for you and your husband?’

For the first time, a cloud of doubt settled over Abelia. Marcus Domitius could

see she was tempted. Three bags of gold – and she and her husband would never want for anything – ever! She had sat on four men already – what was a fifth to her? He licked his lips greedily and prayed she would give him the answer he desired.

‘Very well,’ she said at last in a quiet voice. ‘I will sit again. If that is the price I must pay.’ She took a deep breath. ‘Who is the man you wish me to mount?’

Marcus Domitius’s face relaxed into a broad smile. ‘Your husband,’ he announced happily. ‘Your husband is the man I wish you to sit upon.’

Eight

Abelia did not speak for several seconds. She could hardly believe her ears. She had done much in the past two days of which she would scarcely have believed herself capable. But to sit on her own husband's face? That was impossible!

She shook her head dismally. 'You ask too much, Praetor. Forgive me ... but I could never ride my husband as I have ridden you. He would never forgive me for abusing him with my bottom.'

Marcus Domitius regarded her thoughtfully. 'He need not know it was you.'

'Not know it was me?' responded Abelia. 'How could he not?'

'He has never seen your little hole,' Marcus Domitius reminded her. 'Nor, I imagine, viewed your arse at close quarters. He would not know it was you who sat upon him.'

'He would see my face!' said Abelia quickly, and shook her head again.

'You could wear a hood,' countered Marcus Domitius. 'A gown, too – lest he see any part of your body he might recognise. Only your rump need be exposed to him – and that we know he is unfamiliar with.'

Abelia opened her mouth to voice another protest, but was unable to find the words to express her horror. Marcus Domitius pressed on, sensing – to his delight – that his cause was not lost.

‘He would be gagged – so could not beg for mercy. A wife might answer such a plea. But if your husband cannot speak, you may go about your woman’s work without distraction.’ He paused, and studied her keenly. For the first time he saw doubt cloud her thoughts. ‘Three bags of gold,’ he reminded her, then added craftily, his heart racing with excitement, ‘no – let us make it five!’

Abelia’s response was everything he could have wished for. Her mouth dropped open and a short gasp left her lips. Marcus Domitius was playing for high stakes now. Four bags, he judged, might not have budged her. But five! It was nothing to him, but a king’s ransom to her.

‘Five bags of gold?’ she muttered, eyes wide, her resolve visibly crumbling.

Marcus Domitius nodded eagerly. ‘But I must have your answer now. Yes or no. I can wait no longer!’

It was the moment of truth. He knew he must not give her time to consider her options. She must be pressed at once, unable to reason coldly – baited by the lure of gold: riches beyond measure for her and her husband.

‘I will be hooded?’ she said quietly. ‘Nor have to speak?’ She took a deep breath to steady her nerves. ‘He will not know it is my little hole that sits on him?’

Marcus Domitius shook his head. ‘You have my word. But you must render him insensible – as you did me! That is the price he must pay. He will be told what is to happen to him. That he is to lie inside a woman’s crack. He will fear the worst

– for I shall tell him this is execution for his crimes! That he is to be smothered at the arse!’

Abelia buried her face in her hands. ‘Oh, my poor husband!’ she sobbed. ‘He will be so frightened! When he sees my little hole come down on him!’

Marcus Domitius reached out and laid a consoling hand on her shoulder. ‘His fear will be great – yes,’ he agreed. ‘But it will not last. I am not a cruel man, and will not ask you to torment him. You will sit on him quickly – and take him into the darkness without delay.’ He smiled. ‘And when he wakes, I will tell him he was spared. As an act of clemency. And in return, I will absolve him of his crime – and reward him with gold.’

‘He will never know my part in his shame?’ asked Abelia glumly.

‘He will not,’ Marcus Domitius assured her. He squeezed her shoulder. ‘So what is your answer? Will you sit upon your husband’s face ... and ride him as only a woman can?’

Abelia’s lips quivered as she spoke. But her answer, when it came, was all he could have hoped for.

‘I will,’ she muttered in a defeated tone. ‘I will sit on my husband’s face.’ A sigh fell from her lips. ‘And take him into my bottom’s crack!’

Nine

Not for the first time, Abelia's heart almost broke with shame when the door to the chamber opened and her husband, Milto, entered, naked, and flanked by a pair of huge, bare-chested Nubians. His hands and feet were bound, and a large cotton ball secured in his mouth by ribbons strapped around his head. He grunted mutely as the guards pushed him forward so that he fell to his knees in front of Marcus Domitius. Daemones looked down at the young man with a sorrowful look in his eyes. He had witnessed this scene many times before, and familiarity had not hardened his heart.

From her vantage several feet away – and behind a screen that hid her from view – it was all Abelia could do not to cry out and run to her husband. Behind the hood that masked her face, her mouth quivered; and beneath the gown that stretched to just below her knees, she trembled with despair. Alongside her, Philea placed a restraining hand on Abelia's wrist and shook her head warningly.

Gazing into Milto's big, frightened eyes, Marcus Domitius felt his pulse quicken. What he was about to say – what he was about to witness, too – excited him beyond measure.

'Well, well,' he muttered carelessly, 'so this is the man who would rob the Emperor of his rightful taxes.'

Milto shook his head and moaned into the gag: a muffled protest of despair.

'I have decided to make an example of you,' said Marcus Domitius. He pressed his hands together and gazed at the other man over the steepled points of his fingers. 'You are to be executed...'

Another despairing moan broke against the gag and Milto threw himself forward, weeping freely. Behind the screen, Abelia was forced to look away, her hand to her mouth, stifling her own misery. Oh, poor Milto! How frightened he must be ... and yet this was not the worst of it!

The Nubians came forward now and hoisted Abelia's husband to his feet. While Milto quivered limply between them, Marcus Domitius pointed dramatically towards a nearby armless divan.

'Strap him to the execution bench,' he commanded, and felt his penis stir as Milto reacted, heaving furiously as the Nubians hauled him over to the divan and secured him in place with straps that had been fixed along both sides of its length.

Marcus Domitius snapped his fingers and, behind the screen, Philea took hold of Abelia's wrist. 'It is time,' she whispered. 'One more man to take into your arse's crack ... and you will want for nothing again.'

Abelia felt sick to her stomach as she emerged from her hiding place. But there was, she knew, no turning back. She had promised to sit on her husband's face ... and sit on it she must! To refuse to do so now would be to reveal herself to him – and everything she had done! That she could not do, for the shame would be too great. And, after all she had endured, what madness it would be to throw away a chance to make their future safe. No! The die was cast! Her bottom had its work to do. One final face to sit upon, and it would all be over...

When Philea held her arm again, she halted automatically. She watched through the eyelets of her hood as Marcus Domitius addressed her husband with words

designed to fill his heart with fear. And hers, too!

‘You may have wondered,’ said Marcus Domitius, ‘as to the manner of your execution. It is simple enough. You are to die inside a woman’s crack!’ His smile broadened as Milto’s head came up and he grunted feverishly. There were tears in his eyes and his cheeks flushed pink.

Seeing her husband so visibly distressed, Abelia instinctively took a step forward. Philea’s hand tightened around her wrist and held her back. The movement caught Milto’s eye and he turned his head as far as he was able to.

‘Here is the woman who will sit on you,’ said Marcus Domitius happily. ‘At present, her bottom is hidden from your view, but soon you will see it in all its glory.’

Milto groaned, then squealed, then groaned again. Marcus Domitius could scarcely contain his delight. His penis jutted up inside his toga, and his sacs swelled with seed.

‘She wears the hood of execution,’ explained Marcus Domitius, ‘so you may not see her face.’ He paused. ‘But her arse is a different matter. She will straddle your head, and lift up her gown, so you may gaze upon her woman’s rump.’

Milto heaved from side to side, kicking with his legs and tugging at the straps that held his arms in place. Ignoring his distress, Marcus Domitius hurried on.

‘Once astride your head, she will open up her arse – so you may gaze upon the little hole that dwells inside her mighty crack.’ Marcus Domitius leaned in close, licking his lips with relish. ‘Oh, lucky man – to gaze upon her secret place. That wondrous jewel that guards her hidden passage ... one women never show to men, except to take them to our gods in holy suffocation!’

Again Milto squealed and again, behind her hood, Abelia’s mouth sagged miserably.

When Marcus Domitius pulled up his toga to expose his foul erection, she wanted to be sick.

‘See how big I have grown!’ he exclaimed crudely. ‘I shall spend myself in joy as I watch you struggle in this woman’s crack!’

Then turning quickly, he cried, ‘Come forward executioner ... and bare your arse!’

Though Abelia was by now well accustomed to Marcus Domitius’ debauched use of language, the glee in his voice still shocked her. It took all her resolve not to turn and run. Instead, as tears soaked her cheeks beneath her executioner’s hood, she advanced slowly, shaking horribly with every step she took.

‘Come straddle the prisoner,’ said Marcus Domitius, ‘and show him your little hole!’

Clumsily, for she was desperate not to see her husband's face as she mounted him, Abelia swung her leg across Milto's chest, then dragged up her gown, bunching the hem around her waist.

The muffled shriek of terror that broke against his gag was terrible to hear.

'He fears your arse!' cried Marcus Domitius. 'Oh, happy day! See how he wriggles! He knows you come for him – and that there is no escape! Show him your hole, woman! Show him your hole!'

How Abelia wished she could shut out the sound of poor Milto groaning beneath her – and of Marcus Domitius revelling cruelly at her husband's distress. Reaching back, she dug her fingers into the soft swell of her buttocks and slowly opened up her arse.

Poor Milto! she wept silently. It pained her to know that the sight of her anus filled him with such terror. His body rattled furiously, his little hands clawed at the divan and his mournful squeals became more shrill against his gag. Yet – to her great surprise – his penis began to unfurl, visibly stiffening between his legs.

The poor man's response did not go unremarked by Marcus Domitius. 'See how his body betrays him!' he cried. 'He fears your little hole ... yet longs for suffocation in your crack!'

Abelia somehow doubted his final comment, but her husband's reaction surprised her nonetheless. All the men she had sat upon had responded in a similar fashion. Was the Praetor speaking the truth? Deep down – though they feared a woman's little hole – did all men secretly long to be sat upon? No!

Surely not! She shook her head, confused. If only it were true, it would give her comfort – now, as she prepared to smother her husband to sleep. But she could not believe it! What man would want to lie inside a woman's crack and have her use her little hole on him?

To one side of her, she was aware of Philea approaching now, taking hold of Marcus Domitius's cock and fondling him gently. The Praetor released a groan of satisfaction, as he tumbled onto a second divan, Philea's hand still closed around his shaft.

'Lower yourself onto his face!' commanded Marcus Domitius. 'Take him between your buttocks ... and suffocate him with your little hole!' The words were barely out of his mouth when Phileas guided his shaft past her lips, and closed her mouth around the Praetor's cock, drawing a long, delighted moan from her master.

Taking yet another deep breath, Abelia did as the Praetor commanded and lowered herself onto her husband's head. She heard him scream as her anus came ever-closer to his face. His fingers ripped at the soft fabric of the divan, and his legs twisted awkwardly.

'This is for our future, beloved,' she muttered, her whisper submerged in the mournful wails that rose up from between her legs.

A moment later, she felt her anus press against her husband's nose, and saw his body buck and thresh more forcefully than ever. A moment after that, she pressed down hard, snaring him inside her crack.

‘You are mine!’ she cried, throwing herself into her role for fear that, if she did not, she would, even now, rise from the saddle of her husband’s face and end all their hopes for a prosperous future.

Beneath her, Milto twisted like a terrified beast, squealing, snuffling and weeping into her crack. She pressed down harder still, her own tears blinding her behind the hood. Her husband’s cock was now fully erect, jutting up against his belly. Reaching out, she closed her fingers around the stem and squeezed. She saw his balls jolt sharply as another despairing wail broke from inside her crack.

Off to one side, Marcus Domitius released a muffled groan as his concubine, Philea, suckled on his shaft.

‘Oh, lucky man!’ he cried, his eyes locked on Abelia’s trembling rump. ‘To die inside a woman’s crack! Smothered at her arse’s hole!’ And then he threw back his head and groaned again.

As Milto continued to twist between her buttocks, it was all Abelia could do not to burst into tears. Instead, biting down on her tongue, she wriggled her hips and pumped her husband strongly. As fear and pleasure threatened to tear him in two, he bucked his hips and groaned again. A bead of pre-come oozed from the eye of his cock as a last, despairing breath broke against the knot of her anus.

A few feet away, Abelia heard Marcus Domitius scream, grunt, then scream again. Turning her head a fraction, she saw his hands clasped tightly to the back of Philea’s head as he came, emptying himself into her throat. A moment later, Milto’s sacs gave up their seed, as hot, white jism spat across his belly. He lurched, went limp, then lurched again, his body shuddering from top to toe. He shook violently for several seconds before finally falling completely still.

Abelia tumbled forward, gasping for breath. As her pussy rubbed its way across her husband's chin, she released a maddened shriek and came herself, flooding his face with her juices. Sobbing with release and despair, she heaved herself from Milto's face, her flesh clinging stickily as if reluctant to let him go.

Daemones came forward, took hold of her arm and helped her climb unsteadily to her feet.

He said nothing. Nor did she. It was over.

That was all that mattered now.

This time, it was finally over...

Epilogue

‘They have gone?’ inquired Marcus Domitius as Daemones entered his room, and bowed lightly at the waist.

‘They have, my lord,’ replied the old servant.

‘And he believed what he was told?’

‘As all men ever do,’ said Daemones. ‘He believes you chose to spare his life – as an act of compassion. Overcome with grief, you offered five bags of gold so he might leave this place and begin a new life far away. I assured him his wife need never know what had happened. That if he were to tell her you had realised he was innocent of his crime – and had chosen to offer him generous compensation – she would believe it.’

Marcus Domitius rubbed his hands happily. ‘Excellent,’ he cried, rising quickly from his divan and walking across to the open window. He drew a deep breath and savoured the warmth of the sun on his skin.

Staring down into the market-place below, he watched as unknown figures went about their daily business.

‘There are so many women in this world,’ he mused idly. ‘And their little holes torment me...’

Daemones said nothing. Already his master was scanning the world again, eager

for the sight of that woman who would be next to sit on him. His appetite could be fed, but never sated. Every woman on whom his eyes now set was naked in his eyes. He saw their breasts, their legs, their cunts and – best of all – their tiny arse's holes.

Another adventure had reached its happy conclusion, thought Daemones wearily. But it would not be long before a fresh one began.

It never was ...

STORMING THE CASTLE!

One

‘There’s only one way into the castle,’ said Ellinhor. ‘The rear wall is a near-vertical ascent, almost impossible to scale. They’d never expect us to attempt it.’

‘But if it’s impossible to get in that way,’ began Tindra and shrugged.

A weak smile tugged at the corners of Ellinhor’s mouth. ‘I said almost impossible.’ Her expression grew more serious. ‘One of my soldiers – Ensign Freya – was born in the Northern Peaks. She is one of only three woman to have scaled the Seven Heights. If anyone can get manage it ... she can.’

‘There are two guards – on regular patrol – she would have to deal with them.’

‘That wouldn’t be a problem. She has conquered men in battle many times. Once trapped inside her arse’s crack, her hole will make short work of them.’

Ellinhor stroked her chin thoughtfully. ‘Each guard takes three minutes to patrol his stretch of the battlements. If she times it right, she’ll have that long to finish one off before the other gets back.’

‘There’s no other way?’

Ellinhor shook her head. 'None, ma'am. But if Freya can pull it off, she'll be able to open the gates.' She grinned wickedly. 'There are only fifty men inside. There are five hundred of us.' Her smile broadened. 'They won't have a chance. We'll have them all between our legs before they know what's happened.'

'Have you spoken to Freya?'

'I have, ma'am. She's ready and willing.'

Tindra gave a brisk nod. 'Then send her up. And let's hope she's as good as you claim.'

Two

The Amazon Army had made great progress in the past few months. Town after town had fallen as they advanced south, laying waste to their enemy's lands. Thousands of men had been captured, and almost as many put to death – smothered at the cunt or arse as an example to others. But Castle Fendrah had withstood every effort to take it. The garrison was small – only fifty men strong. Each knew his fate if the Castle fell, and the fear of certain suffocation stiffened his resolve. None wished to end his days inside a woman's crack!

But the Castle's location, built as it was against a rugged mountainside, overlooking the valley below, had rendered it impregnable. What's more, flanked on three sides by the towering mountains of Strhen, there was no way past it either. The Amazons' advance had stalled for almost a month. If reinforcements arrived from the west – as they surely would any day now – the Army of Men might turn the tide and drive the women back.

Freya checked her ropes and hooks, ensuring her equipment was sound. She was an experienced climber, but this castle wall was something else. Commander Ellinhor had described it as 'near-vertical', but it was worse than that. At times, it sloped in on itself – concave at points, making the ascent more dangerous than anything she had previously attempted.

'You don't have to do this,' said Ellinhor, 'not if you don't want to. If reinforcements arrive, we'll just have to pull back. Regroup and attack them from the east. Our cause won't be lost.'

Freya shook her head. 'That would put us back months,' she reminded the other woman unnecessarily. 'If I can get in ...'

'It's a big if,' said Ellinhor.

Freya shrugged. 'We've been camped here for almost a month,' she muttered, stroking the plump bulge of her vagina. 'None of us have sat on a man for weeks. It's driving us crazy – all of us. At least this way I'll get a chance to go into battle.'

Ellinhor regarded her keenly. 'I almost envy you,' she replied. 'If it wasn't for that climb...'

Freya smiled. 'Just make sure that when I open those gates, you're one of the first in. There aren't enough men to go round. You'll need to grab one quickly if you want him to yourself.'

'If we take the castle,' said Ellinhor happily, 'we'll have a free run through the rest of the kingdom. They'll be more than enough men for us all to sit on after that.'

Freya's face tightened briefly. 'Then I better make sure I don't fall...'

Three

She began her climb a few minutes before midnight. She had studied the ascent for several hours, taking care not to be seen. She had no wish to alert the guards to what she was planning to do. It was vital she take them by surprise.

With the aid of a telescope, she could make out several breaks in the rock – places where she could grab a foot- or finger-hold. Much of the face was smooth, worn away by years of sun, rain and snow. But she was not disheartened. The prospect of sitting on two men – and feeling them wriggle inside her crack – spurred her on. She closed her eyes more than once and imagined them struggling for breath between her legs, clawing at her hips as she drove her bottom down...

Freya masturbated twice before setting off, emptying her juices onto the dry, canyon floor. The climb, she knew, would take her several hours. It would be long and arduous. She wanted no distractions – not even the thought of mounting a man if she made it to the top. A clear head was vital. Checking her ropes and tools one last time, she reached for a first lump of uneven rock and heaved herself up. It was all or nothing now. The other women were relying on her. She prayed she wouldn't let them down.

The first fifty feet were easy enough. After that, both the smoother surface of the rock face and the suffocating darkness made progress difficult. At one point, the moon broke through for several minutes and she hurried on, her hands clinging grimly to any purchase she could find. On occasion, spotting a tiny outcrop, she flung out a length of rope and, securing a precarious hold, hauled herself ever higher.

And so it went: the occasional foot- or hand-hold, the intermittent use of rope or

hook as, inch by inch, she scaled the castle wall.

As the hours passed, her limbs grew increasingly stiff, the muscles in her arms aching as she tensed herself for yet another effort. Then, just as she wondered if all her work had been in vain, another chink of moonlight sent her pulse racing. Through a foggy yellow gloom, she saw the castle battlements only a few feet above her! One more play of rope, she judged, and she could haul herself into the castle itself. But now was not the time to move. She must wait until the two guards passed each other, as pass each other they must, once every three minutes. Only then would she know it was safe to strike.

An age seemed to pass and, as she waited, her arms and legs began to ache more terribly than ever. Seven hours of climbing the wall had weakened her. Even if she scaled the last few feet, she wondered, would she have the strength to hold a man down and suffocate him with her arse?

Closing her eyes, she fought to shut out the pain. In the darkness, somewhere near, she heard the shuffle of slow-moving feet. The sentries were approaching! She bit down hard on her lip. Her pussy had begun to leak, betraying its delight at the prospect of her sitting on a man and taking him in battle!

As a dribble of juice ran down her leg, Freya steeled herself. She heard a few muffled grunts as the men exchanged brief words. Then a fresh shuffle of feet as they continued on their way. She counted the seconds in her head. Reaching ten, she flung the rope high. Exhausted as she was, it missed its target. Taking a deep breath, she hurled it into space a second time, and again it fell back. Only on her third attempt did it coil around the rock, allowing her to haul herself up and finally, with sweet relief, she found herself in the castle!

Locating a niche in the wall – of which there were many – she quickly hid her

rope and tools. Stripping off, she stowed her loin cloth and jerkin alongside her equipment. As the chill evening air struck her bare skin, she shivered with excitement. She had worn clothes on the ascent to provide protection – both from the cold night air and the sharp, unforgiving rock face – but she was an Amazon, and born to be naked. For the first time since she had set out she felt like a woman again, and her tummy wobbled with anticipation.

Acting on instinct, she turned sharp left and began her pursuit. Moving quickly – despite her aching limbs – she soon caught up with her prey. Almost a minute had passed since the men had exchanged words. That left her two in which to take this man down and do the deed. Was it enough? Her tummy wobbled again. It would have to be!

Creeping up behind him, she stretched out her arms and prepared to strike. A moment later, she had him on the ground, the weight of her body pinning him flat, her hands around his nose and mouth. She felt his body tense and shake beneath her. She held on tighter still, aware that the slightest sound might alert his companion.

Jerking his head back, she pressed her cheek to the side of his face, her breath warm against his skin. She was not a cruel woman – and had no wish to hurt him unduly.

‘I mean to smother you,’ she whispered. ‘You cannot escape. Relax – and the end will come quickly.’

She felt a thud of breath against the back of her hand and his nose bulged between her fingers. A muffled groan died in the back of his throat and he juddered sharply. Veins stood out on his temples and his eyes rolled backwards. As his body wriggled against her, Freya felt a bead of juice leak from her cunt

and dribble down her leg. She bit down on her lip, aware that coming now might loosen her grip. She couldn't take the chance, not now when she was so close...

The soldier's body gave a massive jolt and he went limp. Freya held on, believing he had passed out but aware he might be feigning. After several seconds, she slackened her grip, and rolled him onto his back. Straddling his head, she lowered her bottom onto his face and pressed down hard. She released a low sigh when her anus found his nose and opened up around its point. Reaching down, she forced her vagina into his mouth, wriggling her buttocks from side to side.

Reaching forward, she wrapped her arms around his calves and scooped his legs high. If he did revive, as men sometimes did, this fresh grip would prevent him from kicking his way free. And, as if to prove her point, at that very instant, his head gave a powerful jerk inside her crack. His hands flew up, seized hold of her hips and tugged sharply. Freya tightened her grip, and pressed down hard. She doubted he could resist for long. His hands felt weak against her skin, and she knew his strength had all but gone. This was his last desperate bid to shift her – knowing that she meant to suffocate him. But there was no way she was getting off him now.

He twitched several times in quick succession; then his hands fell away and he went limp again. Just then, her sharp ears picked up the soft tread of the other guard's footsteps as he approached. She leapt to her feet quickly, and stepped to one side, vanishing into the shadows. There was no time to hide the body of the man she had just smothered, but it scarcely mattered now. What counted was speed. She must take down the second man before he had a chance to call out.

As he rounded the bend and came into view, she saw him falter. Though the moon shone a little brighter here, the battlements remained shrouded in grey fog. The man came forward, his head lowered as he peered into the gloom, struggling to make out the shape on the floor. As he passed her by, Freya struck. As with

his friend, she clamped her hands around his nose and mouth, and upended him swiftly. He released a shrill squeal of despair as she twisted him onto his back, the weight of her bare body pinning him down. His hands came up, seized hold of her arms and tried to pull them away.

Freya clung on tight. As with the first man she had straddled, her immediate thought was to wear him down. Though certain she could finish him off like this, she was keen to use her arse again; to feel him struggle inside her crack ... as all men were born to struggle.

Changing position quickly, she manoeuvred her legs either side of his chest, holding him between her thighs. As the first minute passed and his efforts to shift her grew both weak and more frenzied in equal measure, she gradually shifted herself forward until she was sitting on top of his chest, head bowed, hands still clamped to his nose and mouth.

She had to time this perfectly. One mistake and he might have the chance to cry out. She was taking a huge risk, but her pussy was leaking sap. If she came in this position, she would lose her hold and he would break free for sure. If he made any noise at all, he might be heard – and that would ruin everything.

Steeling herself, she drew a deep breath, then slid quickly forward. At the same time, she moved her hands from his face to the back of his head, hauling his nose and mouth into the raw, heated slit of her cunt. A strangled grunt broke from the back of his throat, but the spongy flesh of her vagina worked as a gag and stifled the cry at birth.

Behind her, his legs bucked and his hands clawed at her hips. As a shaft of moonlight cut across his face, she saw his eyes wide and fearful, staring up at her. His head trembled between her thighs, and his fingers tore at her flesh.

Freya blanked out the pain and held on even tighter. If she could make him pass out, even for just a few seconds, she could change position and take him into her crack.

She felt his grip on her flesh begin to weaken. He no longer scratched at her but pummelled – feeble thumps of his fists that told her she was winning the battle. She snorted with the effort of keeping him still, hugging him ever more tightly, conscious of his nose jammed up into the slit of her vagina as he gagged on her flesh.

His body gave a dramatic heave, went into spasm and fell suddenly still. Without waiting to be sure he had passed out, she immediately jumped up, swivelled around and settled herself over his head. Reaching back, she clawed her buttocks open, aware of a warm thud of breath against her anus as she lowered herself onto his face. She heard him moan and knew he had woken. But it was too late. A moment later, she had pressed her little hole over his nose and was pushing down hard.

The sentry's hands came up and he bucked again, swinging his body from side to side, desperate to tear himself free. But Freya held on tight, determined to keep him inside her crack!

Alongside her, she heard – to her amazement – a strangled moan as the first guard began to stir. She was certain she had finished him off. The man must have the constitution of an ox – or the luck of the devil himself to have survived both her hands and her arse!

Wriggling her buttocks, she leaned across, linked her hands around the back of the poor fellow's neck and hauled him into her lap. Relinquishing her hold, she immediately clamped both hands around his nose and mouth, pressing down as

hard as she could.

A wicked throb of delight warmed her belly. If only the other women could see her now: one man inside her arse's crack, the other with his head in her lap as she slowly smothered him for the third time! She felt so proud!

Though the man beneath her continued to struggle, his efforts grew increasingly feeble. The man in her lap had all but given up the ghost, too. His hands came up and clawed limply at her wrists, but it was scarcely more than a token effort and, in no time at all, his body surrendered to a series of rapid twitches and finally fell still.

The man inside her crack took a little longer to subdue but, at last, he too went limp. She remained in place for another half a minute, before, satisfied her work was done, she rose stiffly to her feet. Taking several deep breaths to revive herself, she passed back along the battlements until she reached the top of a narrow staircase.

Taking care to remain as quiet as she could, Freya tiptoed down the stairs until she reached the open courtyard. Just a few feet away stood the tall wooden gates that kept the men inside safe. On the other side, she knew, was gathered the entire force of the Amazon Army: women ready and eager to enter the fortress and take its hapless defenders between their legs.

Raising the bar slowly, she eased the wood from its resting place and pushed the door open.

Outside, she caught a glimpse of movement as Ellinhor came forward. Behind

her, rows of eager, bare-bottomed woman moved cautiously. She could sense their excitement, aware how close they were to mounting the enemy.

‘You’ve served us well,’ whispered Ellinhor, resting a hand on Freya’s shoulder. She smiled. ‘And your bottom has claimed its prize?’

Freya nodded. ‘There are two fewer heads for you to sit upon.’

Ellinhor’s smile broadened. ‘But it will not stop you trying to take more men to your arse’s hole?’

‘Never!’ replied Freya, returning the other’s grin happily.

‘You will have competition,’ said Ellinhor, indicating the women to her rear who, as she and Freya had been speaking, had slipped silently into the compound, their faces bright with longing. She peered into the gloomy courtyard and beyond. ‘The men must be sleeping,’ she mused. ‘Confident we could never storm their castle.’ She licked her lips eagerly. ‘We could take them in their beds. But where would be the fun in that?’

She raised her arm slowly, and the women behind her readied themselves for battle.

Raising her voice to a shout, Ellinhor’s words echoed around the ramparts and beyond. Men woke at once, alive to their danger, aware in an instant that they were doomed.

‘We are coming for you, men!’ she cried. ‘Prepare yourselves!’

She brought her hand down sharply, the signal to attack.

‘Unleash your little holes!’ she cried happily as the women poured into the castle. ‘And take no prisoners!’

The battle had begun. A battle that could have only one outcome. And, with the castle taken, the women would march on.

It would not only be these men who would lie inside a woman’s crack in the days ahead.

Freya was already running, her long legs eating up the ground. Her arse had feasted on two men already. But her little hole hungered for more ...

Message from the Author

Thank you for reading this book. If you like it, I hope you'll hunt down others I've written, and maybe even leave a review somewhere. Anywhere will do!

If you want to be added to my email list, so I can let you know when new books will be coming out – or if there are any themes or plots you'd like me to consider in future books, feel free to contact me at:

amazondarkrider@gmail.com.

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

Thanks again!

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

College Smother

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

Mission of Mercy

Mother Smother!

Schoolgirls at War! (No Knickers ... No Mercy!)

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Maid

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage!

Smother Rampage 2

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

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, Ladorh, King of Staveling, readies his men for a final stand at Castle Brandor. With the Army of Women gathered in overwhelming numbers outside the castle walls, Yarna, their supreme commander, marshals her troops for one last, triumphant assault. In a battle the men of Brandor cannot hope to win, their Amazon opponents eschew the swords and shields of conventional warfare. Instead, they set about ending the war armed only with the weapons Nature herself has gifted them...

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

But this is not the France we know. In this 'alternative world' facesitting fantasy, the rule of men – who have held sway for centuries – is about to be overthrown. La guillotine is no longer the favoured means of despatching the New Republic's enemies. As the ancient ways of the Amazon re-assert themselves, men have more to fear than the sharp end of a blade.

Six men languish in a Bastille prison cell – counting down the hours until they face revolutionary justice. They know they are to suffer an ancient and unusual punishment. One that is raw, primeval – and terrifyingly female...

College Smother!

In 'Revenge of the Facesitting Schoolgirls', three students set out to punish the college janitor, after they discover he's been spying on them in the showers. Having tested their skills on a young man from a neighbouring boys' school, they lure the janitor into a trap from which there seems no escape...

In 'Smother Slave', another young man is caught spying on a group of female students. The girls imprison him in a secret hiding place, and proceed to teach him the error of his ways. But when a new girl, Lucy, arrives at the school, their debauchery threatens to reach new, unspeakable levels.

Devil Queen

When Lorcan, an innocent innkeeper's servant, is sold by his master to Dorian scouts, he faces a night of ruthless ravishment at the hands of the four Amazon warriors; with certain death his only reward. But Lorcan has a secret gift: one that the Amazon Queen is eager to make her own. On the perilous journey to the Royal City, a captive Lorcan must face danger and depravity, not only at the hands of the Dorian scouts, whose taste for debauchery has no limits, but from warrior tribes of rival Amazons who stand between the scouts and home.

Dungeons of Despair!

'Few men last long,' said Anya, 'once we take them between our legs ...'

In the Dungeons of Zendor, men are punished with ruthless efficiency. All those given into the charge of Jhaleera's Maids know for certain their fate is sealed. The wise tell everything they know at once; the stubborn suffer long and hard, but all submit in the end.

When Lharra, a young Amazon woman, enters service as a Dungeon Maid, little does she know that her innocent world is about to change utterly.

Armed with only the weapons Nature herself has gifted her, she sets about her training, helped by her fellow-Maids, Anya and Delphi.

Breaking a man on the bench is one thing, but, when a treasonous plot is uncovered, Lharra must venture further afield, and use her new-found skills not only to defeat an evil man ... but to save the very Queendom itself!

Fantasy Smother

In Smother Wish, Giles pays Jessica, a beautiful dominatrix, to fulfil his ultimate facesitting fantasy. One that involves not Giles, but another helpless, terrified young man...

In Hostage Smother, Jackie and her daughter are kidnapped. To ensure their release, Jackie must punish a man also being held prisoner by the kidnapper. Punish him in the way only a big-bottomed woman can...

Smother Room is pure and unadulterated fantasy. Set in another country, on another planet, in another galaxy where anything you've ever dreamed of can come true, a team of dedicated young nurses fight desperately to 'save' a patient with nothing but their hands, and their voluptuous bare bodies. This story could only take place ... where anything is possible ...

Fantasy Smother 2

In Sisters of Suffocation, Lucy wants to join a secret organisation dedicated to the ruthless facesitting of men. But first she must lure a willing victim to their altar...

In Smother Pact, two friends embark on a dangerous adventure. One that leads to a terrifying date with destiny...

In Movie Smother, Tony has no idea what torments await when two beautiful women accost him at the local nightclub. He thinks he has died and gone to heaven, but he couldn't be more wrong...

Mission of Mercy

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyltra – renegade Amazons in a world that has turned its back

on the old ways. Tricking their way into the dungeon, the women make the men an unusual offer. One that seems also to offer no way out. But are things always what they seem...?

Schoolgirls at War! (No Knickers ... No Mercy!)

July 1942 – and in a private girls’ school in England, four young women are keen to do their bit for King and country. When an enemy spy falls into their clutches, they decide to interrogate him in their own – perverse – way. One helpless Nazi agent – and four young women determined to break him at all costs. There can surely be only one outcome. But to protect both their country and, ultimately, themselves, just how far are the girls willing to go?

Smother Frontline 1

This book contains the first of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The articles purport to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a short story, 'Rachel’s Revenge!', in which a young woman sets out to punish a man who has assaulted several vulnerable females, including herself. The vengeance she wreaks is both merciless and total.

Smother Frontline 2

This book contains the second of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm.

The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included are two short stories, 'By a Woman's Hand' and 'Payback Smother', in which men get their come-uppance in two very different, but equally final ways.

Smother Frontline 3

This book contains the third of three fictitious interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Also included is a light-hearted short story, 'A Christmas Facesit'.

Smother Frontline 4

This book contains yet another series of interviews with women from an imaginary future where state-sponsored facesitting is the norm. At Farms across the city, herds of unwilling men are milked for their seed. At Alderbury Farm, a revolutionary new approach has been pioneered in which volunteer Milking Maids use their bottoms to increase production of sperm, vital in the manufacture of life-saving medicines. The article purports to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

In 1879, a group of explorers sets out to explore the uncharted upper reaches of the African Delta. Little do they know that none of them will return alive. Captured by a tribe of naked, big-bottomed Amazons, they are mercilessly despatched one by one between the women's legs, their dreadful suffering recorded in the diary of the expedition's leader, Professor Arthur J Rowston.

Smother Maid

In this rip-roaring tale of Victorian facesitting, Master Edward enjoys the dubious pleasures of his housemaid - Emmy's - bare bottom. But when an intruder breaks into his house, things quickly take a darker turn. Having discovered that the man - Donald Bridge - is a convicted murderer, on the run from the gallows, Emmy and her bare-bottomed friends decided to take the law into their own hands ... and punish him as only women can!

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

With her daughter's life at stake, the eponymous Mrs Parker is tricked into sitting on a young man's face – with consequences she couldn't possibly foresee...

Smother Plateau

When a young, dishevelled stranger, Francois Le Pois, bursts into his Pall Mall rooms in London, Professor John Devereux's life is turned upside down. Poor half-mad Le Pois's story is hard to believe: a lost Amazonian plateau, a tribe of ruthless facesitting women and a doomed expedition from France.

Gathering together a small group of friends, Devereux and his fellow-explorers set sail for the Amazon Basin. Arriving on the fabled Perriera Plateau, they soon come face to face with women whose creed is a simple one: We Take No Prisoners! But as the explorers soon discover, the ruthless facesitting warriors are not the greatest threat they face in a deadly race against time...

*(Note: This story is also available in two parts as **Smother Plateau: Part One**, and **Smother Plateau: Part Two**.)*

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

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

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

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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

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.

To whet your appetite for more, here's a short extract from my novel, Devil Queen:

'Your cock belongs to us,' Venyn reminded Lorcan, rubbing his length, relishing the sight of the shaft unfurling and growing to its full height. She heard the young man's sharp intake of breath. 'I will take you to the very edge,' she said. 'Tell me when you are close to fruition. It is important that you do not come, until I give the word.'

With that she began to rub a little harder with the one hand, while cupping his sacs in the palm of her other. Anya, meanwhile, moved in a little closer, lifted up a breast and pushed her teat towards Lorcan's face. He turned towards her, his lips opening around the fleshy gourd, sucking her into his mouth. Roseene moved in behind him, pressing herself against his back, moulding her flesh to his, her powerful hands kneading his shoulders. Not to be outdone, Gellyn knelt down and slid her hands between Lorcan's legs, parting his buttocks, her fingers probing into his crack, searching for his hole.

The young man screamed his pleasure into Anya's flesh, and Venyn felt his cock jerk strongly. 'Your time approaches,' she whispered into his ear. 'Four women cannot be resisted.'

He grunted into Anya's teat and jerked again. Venyn reached down, took hold of his balls and pulled. She felt the seed swirling through his sacs: warm, thick and

desperate to be free. The tendons in his cock were tight and trembling. Venyn closed her eyes and waited for the sudden twitch at the base of Lorcan's shaft that would signal his release. The moment she felt it, she pulled hard on his prick and squeezed both his balls. Lorcan yelped with pain, clamping his mouth around Anya's bare breast. She wrapped her hands around the back of his head and held him to her tenderly, aware of his discomfort.

Venyn leaned in close and whispered into Lorcan's ear. 'I'm going to suck on you, now,' she told him. 'You will spill some seed. Not much, just a little. I'll help you stem your flow, but you must also try to resist. Do you understand?'

Lorcan nodded into Anya's breast, grunting feebly. Pain and pleasure battled for supremacy in his groin. He winced with excitement as Venyn closed her lips around his cock and took him into her mouth. Almost immediately, he felt the semen pump into his shaft and begin its journey up his shaft.

'I'm coming!' he screamed into Anya's breast, biting down his pleasure, trying his hardest to hold back.

Venyn squeezed the base of his prick and his excitement abated. She released it a fraction and he surged back into life. Another pinch, another desperate clench of his buttocks as he sought to restrain himself. Somewhere, between his legs, a finger touched his anus, then forced its way into his arse. Too much! Too much! He raised his buttocks and pushed against the air, driving his cock through Venyn's fist. She squeezed, but it was too late. He pumped on regardless, emptying himself into Venyn's mouth, flooding her throat with his cream, wriggling on the finger in his arse, gorging on the teat inside his mouth.

Somewhere far off, Anya screamed, 'I'm coming! I'm coming!' Before Lorcan knew what was happening, she pushed him away, grabbed his shoulders and

forced him onto his back. He opened his eyes in time to see her hairy pussy coming down over his face. Instinctively, he opened his mouth to admit her, stretching his lips around the fat, slippery panels of her slit. She pumped herself into his mouth, emptying her juices across his tongue as it thrust up, spearing her sex, and sending her to another peak of pleasure...