

**THEIR BODIES ARE THEIR WEAPONS...
AND THEY TAKE NO PRISONERS!**

**DARK RIDER
WHEN WOMEN
HUNT!**



About the author

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

He specialises in erotic, off-the-wall adventures – often in the fantasy genre – with a particular emphasis on femdom and facesitting.

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

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

WHEN WOMEN HUNT!

Dark Rider

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THE HUNTRESS

Resting her hands on the young woman's shoulders, Maleene took a deep breath and addressed her daughter in a quiet, controlled voice. 'Are you ready, Hanna?'

The youngster nodded. Her heart raced and her mouth trembled a little when she spoke. 'I am ready, mother.'

Maleene smiled and said proudly, 'This is the day you become a woman.'

Now it was Hanna's turn to smile. 'I long for nothing more,' she answered, her cheeks flushed. 'To take my place among the other women of the tribe and serve our goddess, Astrid, as you yourself have served her all these years.'

'This is a special day – one you will remember all your life. The day you embark upon a Hunt for the first time – and conquer your prey as only a woman can.'

Hanna straightened her back and clenched her hands into tiny fists. 'I will not let you down,' she promised. 'Before this day is over, many men will lie between my legs and beg for mercy. None shall escape from my woman's grip. *All will be conquered!*'

'I expect nothing more,' said Maleene. She stepped back and studied her daughter one last time. Hanna was a little over five feet tall, with short muscular legs, narrow shoulders and firm, melon-shaped breasts, the teats of which were pink, proud and smooth. Her hips, like those of all Amazon women, were broad – her buttocks plump and well-rounded. Her sole concession to clothing was a tight, leather loin-cloth – her so-called 'Sheath of Modesty' – which all girls wore until they reached their eighteenth summer. Soon the sheath would be cast aside, and she would take her place among the women of the tribe – a warrior, proud, powerful, and as naked as Nature intended. She would be a girl no longer...

'You are ready,' acknowledged her mother. 'Let us go to meet the Elders.'

The village square was full to overflowing – as it always was on the day of a Sacred Hunt. Women jostled for position. Those who would soon embark on a Hunt themselves were especially keen to view proceedings; while those who had been Huntresses for many years gathered to recall with fondness the thrill of a first chase.

A dozen naked men had been tethered upright, side by side, their arms and legs stretched wide. Though they had been secured for almost an hour, they continued to struggle – each man aware of what was to come, and desperate to avoid his fate.

When Hanna appeared, preceded by Maleene, a huge cheer went up. The youngster acknowledged the crowd's support with a wave of her hand, enjoying the moment, a thrill coursing through her tummy. Three Elders stood off to one side, and it was towards these women that Hanna and her mother now made their way.

Approaching to within a few yards, Hanna dropped to her knees and pressed her forehead to the ground. Having offered the Sign of Obedience, she remained motionless until one of the women came forward, touched her on the shoulder and said, 'You may rise'.

Getting to her feet, she retreated a few paces, until she stood beside her mother again. The Elder who had given her leave to stand, now turned to address Maleene.

'This maiden is your daughter, Hanna, and has reached her eighteenth summer?'

'It is so,' confirmed Maleene.

'And do you offer her willingly – as only a mother can – to be a Huntress in the service of our tribe?'

'I do.'

Turning to Hanna, the Elder continued, 'And do you, Hanna, happily throw off the innocence of girlhood and assume the mantle of a fully grown woman?'

‘I do,’ said Hanna, her arms trembling at her sides.

‘Then in front of all assembled here – free-born women and captive men alike – remove your Sheath of Modesty and bare before the world ... *the cunt that makes you woman!*’

Without hesitation, Hanna turned to face the assembly. Stepping forward, she reached down and hooked her thumbs into the tiny bows that held the cloth in place. An expectant hush fell over the crowd, broken only by muted wails from the men who fought – even now – to free themselves from the thick bamboo canes that held them fast. Hanna took a deep breath, steadied herself for a moment, then yanked her hands up, pulling the cloth free. It flew through the air, cast dramatically aside as, at the same time, she cast aside her days of innocence.

Raising her arms in the air, as tradition demanded, she yelled at the top of her voice, ‘Behold my woman’s cunt! Before which all men bow!’

The crowd erupted into spontaneous applause, clapping their hands and stamping their feet. Women wriggled their hips and thrust their pussies towards her in tribal greeting.

Maleene came forward now, as was the custom, took Hanna by the hand and led her towards the captive males. The latter wept, wailed and pulled even harder on the ropes that held them in place. But they were too securely shackled to offer any hope of escape. Approaching the first man, Maleene took hold of his cock and pumped him quickly. It took no more than a minute’s kneading to bring him to erection.

Turning to Hanna, Maleene said, ‘It is time to suckle on your prey, daughter – and mark him with his own scent’.

Without hesitation, Hanna dropped to her knees, lowered her head over the young man’s shaft and closed her lips around his glans. He threw back his head and wailed as mother and daughter milked him as one, pumping and sucking until, with a jerk of his hips, he shook violently and spent himself in Hanna’s mouth.

They drained him for over a minute until, satisfied his balls were empty, Hanna withdrew, her mouth tightly closed. Getting up, she came forward quickly, and the man screamed again – this time in torment not pleasure.

Maleene released his cock, stepped round behind and seized hold of his head, locking it in place so he could not turn away.

‘Please!’ he cried. ‘Have mercy! Have mercy!’

Ignoring him, Hanna moved in close and pressed her lips to his. He clamped his mouth shut, as she dribbled seed onto his face. It coated his lips, ran down his neck, across his chest and beyond. She mashed her breasts against his body, then brought her hands up and rubbed his semen into his flesh. She held on to him for several minutes, until, satisfied she could do no more, she finally withdrew.

The young man sobbed like a child, tears running down his cheeks, mingling with his cum so that streaks of watery seed zig-zagged drunkenly across his chest.

One by one, over the course of the next hour, the other men were treated in a similar fashion: excited, drained and marked with the scent of their own milk. Hanging cross-like from the bamboo shafts, their tears and cries for mercy lifted the crowd to new levels of excitement. The sun beat down, burning the smell of semen into each man’s body, marking him out for the Hunt that was to follow.

Having drained the last man, Hanna stepped back, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and sank, exhausted, onto her heels. Another cheer went up and, as before, she acknowledged it with an excited wave. At a sign from the Elders, several women came forward and proceeded to cut down the prisoners. They tumbled onto the ground, shattered and broken, some curling themselves into balls, others hugging their bodies foetal-like and sobbing.

Without ceremony, the men were seized and hauled to their feet. The Elders came forward and the one who had already spoken addressed them bluntly. ‘You are prey in the Sacred Hunt,’ she announced. ‘Should you evade capture by sunset, you win your freedom and safe escort from our lands. Should you be taken again, however, every woman here shall mate with you. After which – should you survive – you will be given into slavery till the end of your days.’

Turning round, the Elder gestured at Hanna, indicating she should come forward. She did so at once and stood before the men, proud and naked.

The Elder continued to speak as Hanna walked up and down, flaunting herself without shame. She noticed, with grim satisfaction, that not a man among them could avert his gaze from the plump, shaven bulge of her pussy.

‘Here is the woman who will hunt you down and conquer you without mercy. She knows the smell of your seed and will track you wherever you flee. You have an hour’s grace before she is unleashed, so use the time well.’

The Elder gave a brisk jerk of her head, and the women who had dragged the men to their feet and secured them in place while she spoke now relinquished their hold. Addressing them one last time, she said, in a loud, imperious voice, ‘You have till sunset. Now go! Run for your lives!’

The men needed no second telling. There was only one route out of the crowd – a narrow corridor to the east, where the assembly had parted to allow them a way through. They turned and hurried in that direction, running as a pack, aware that every second counted.

A derisory cheer went up as they fled. Women mouthed obscenities as they passed; some even tried to grab their private parts, while others waved their bottoms and their pussies at them. For her part, Hanna watched them flee with a curious mix of fear and pleasure. Fear that some might elude her; pleasure at the thought of the Hunt to come.

The forest was only a few hundred yards away and, very soon, the men had vanished into the cover of the trees. Hanna’s mother came forward and took her by the hand. ‘I know you long to follow them at once,’ she acknowledged, ‘and conquer them as only a woman can. But have patience, my daughter. They shall all lie between your legs before this day is over.’

Hanna squeezed her mother’s hand and let out a deep sigh. ‘My pussy trembles with excitement,’ she confessed, ‘and longs to do battle with a man. I pray your faith in me is not misplaced.’

Maleene released Hanna’s hand, swung her round and looked her in the eyes. ‘You will not let me down,’ she assured her. ‘And do not forget. I shall be with you on the Hunt – and join you at the moment of truth.’

Hanna smiled back. ‘Thank you, mother. I know you will restore my courage should I waver.’

The Elders came forward now, and mother and daughter parted to greet them.

The one who had addressed Hanna several times already now spoke again. ‘This is a special day,’ she began. ‘One that you will remember always. But remember this, too. It matters not how many men you track and take between your legs. What matters is the first “kill” – for that it when you truly pass from girlish ways to womanhood. Each man will struggle like an untamed beast. None will submit willingly, for they fear your cunt and know what it will do to them. They will weep like children and beg you to have mercy. Your resolve may weaken as you see their tears and hear their pleas for pity.’

‘Never!’ cried Hanna defiantly. ‘I will show the man no mercy, however much he begs me to.’

The Elder smiled warmly. ‘Your passion does you credit,’ she continued. ‘But you are kind of heart, and, when the moment comes for you to hold him fast, your tenderness may betray you.’

‘I will ensure she does not falter,’ said Maleene.

‘I know you will,’ replied the Elder. Then, stepping back, she gestured towards the assembly with a light flourish of her hand. ‘Walk among the women of the tribe, Hanna – and draw your strength from them.’

With Maleene at her side, Hanna strode into the crowd, accepting their fulsome cheers and words of encouragement. The younger girls – those who had not yet been on a Hunt – looked up as she passed, with longing and excitement in their breasts. How they wished it were they, not she, setting out within the hour. The more experienced huntresses, for their part, remembered fondly the thrill of their first capture and wished her well as she moved among them.

At last, bolstered by the crowd’s support, Hanna and her mother made their way back to where the Elders had gathered. Bowing low, Hanna received a quiet blessing from each in turn, then raised her head as they addressed her for the final time.

‘May our goddess smile on you,’ said one. ‘Good hunting,’ said another. And finally, from the Elder to whom all deferred, ‘You leave us as a

girl – but will return to us a woman!’

Then, without another word – the hour being up – Hanna and her mother turned away and strode towards the forest...

‘The men will have moved quickly,’ said Maleene, as they hurried down the narrow track. ‘Some will remain together, in the hope there is strength in numbers. Others will part and make their way alone, hoping to escape while we are occupied elsewhere.’

‘It seems a hopeless task to capture every one of them,’ said Hanna.

Her mother shrugged. ‘It matters not. No woman ever captures every man, for if they spread themselves wide enough they cannot all be taken before sunset. Two or three will suffice. Any more will be a blessing from Astrid herself.’

‘Where to begin?’ asked Hanna, giving voice to the question in her head.

‘You must use your sense of smell,’ said her mother. ‘All men can be hunted in this way. Close your eyes, still your mind and sniff for their seed.’

Stopping at the end of the track, where the path narrowed to a point where it all but vanished, Hanna did as her mother suggested. She breathed deeply through her nostrils, and turned her head one way, then the other, hoping to catch the faintest whiff of man-meat in the breeze. At first, she sensed nothing, and almost despaired, fearing they were out of reach. Then, a moment before she opened her eyes, she caught the faintest of aromas. She breathed again, emptied her mind of all distraction, and the smell grew stronger.

‘I smell a man’s body!’ she cried, opening her eyes wide, her face lit with excitement. Wheeling round, she extended an arm. ‘It comes from the east!’

Maleene’s face broke into a broad, supportive smile. ‘Well done, my daughter!’ she cried. ‘Let the Hunt begin!’

Buoyed up by the thrill of pursuit, Hanna swept through the forest like a

young gazelle. Her mother hurried behind, her breast swelling with pride and excitement as she followed in her daughter's wake. Every now and then, Hanna would pause, sniff the air quickly, then set off, if necessary, in a fresh direction.

'His scent is strong now!' she cried, as they broke through into a grassy clearing. Dropping to her knees, she examined the ground. Her mother had taught her well, and, after no more than a few seconds, she had gathered enough from the tracks to know her prey had passed that way only a short time before. Turning to Maleene, she lowered her voice to a whisper. 'I believe he is close, mother.'

Crouching by her side, Maleene leaned in until their shoulders touched. 'He is very close, daughter. I smell him, too.'

Hanna's eyes narrowed. She would have dearly loved to ask her mother's advice, but this was *her* Hunt and aid from another in locating the prey was forbidden. 'We will proceed slowly and with caution,' she decided. Sniffing the air, she made up her mind. 'This way,' she said and began to edge forward, as quietly as she could. Maleene followed silently, aware, even more than the inexperienced Hanna, that their prey was within striking distance now.

They came upon him quickly, leaning up against a tree, breathing heavily and plainly exhausted. From the way he rubbed his leg, it appeared he had fallen, or twisted his ankle. Whatever the reason, it had evidently slowed his progress. Hanna and her mother exchanged a glance, the latter nodding briskly as if to say, 'Yes. He is yours for the taking!'

Hanna took a deep breath, then swallowed hard. It was one thing to talk about the Hunt; to be told how the 'kill' should be made and the man shown no mercy at the moment of truth. But stalking a man was one thing; subduing him another. Reaching down between her legs, Hanna ran a tiny finger along the length of her slit, coaxing her clit free and teasing the fleshy lozenge. Her body was soaked in sweat, her tummy tight with nerves. She needed to excite herself; to reach arousal quickly if she were not to let her fear get the better of her.

As a bead of pussy juice broke free and wriggled the length of her cunt,

she felt an icy rock of pleasure form in her belly. *She was ready!*

Her mother leaned in close and whispered in her ear, 'It is your time, daughter. Cast off your girlish ways ... *and take him as only a woman can!*'

Hanna hesitated for only a second longer ... then leapt to her feet and burst through the undergrowth, a high-pitched battle scream issuing from the back of her throat.

The man watched, transfixed, as she rushed towards him. He tried to stand up, but his bad leg gave way and he stumbled to his knees. He made a second bid for freedom, but it was already too late. Hanna crossed the ground between them in three long strides and threw herself forward. She covered his stricken body with her own, her arms around his neck, her legs circling his midriff.

Locked together, the couple rolled around the forest floor; he struggling desperately to break free, she holding on for dear life, wearing him down, readying herself for the final attack. A sharp flick of her hips and she had him on his stomach, her full weight bearing down now, pinning him flat. With her hands around his throat, she pulled back on his head until he could hardly breathe and thought his neck would break. '*It is your time, man!*' she cried into his ear. 'You cannot escape! Prepare to be conquered!'

He writhed uselessly, his penis scratching the ground beneath his belly. He stiffened, in spite of himself, and gurgled horribly as she tightened her grip. Releasing him quickly, Hanna jumped to her feet, seized hold of his shoulders and rolled him on to his back. Allowing him no time to react, she dropped like a stone, legs either side of his chest, pinning him flat, his arms against his sides.

He screamed as she wriggled forward, the melon-pink gash of her cunt opening before his eyes.

'By all the gods!' he wept. 'Have mercy on me, mistress!'

The terror in his voice sliced through Hanna's heart and she jerked to a halt. She had meant to wrap her thighs around the man's head, pull him to her cunt, and hold him tight. But the tears in his eyes, and the way he shook so horribly beneath her, stayed her hand. She was suddenly lost; torn between taking her prize without mercy, and setting him free.

Maleene came round quickly and crouched beside her. ‘What is it, daughter?’ she asked, resting a hand on the young woman’s shoulder. Hanna looked into her mother’s eyes. Beneath her the man still sobbed and shuddered like a child.

‘He is so frightened, mother!’ she cried. ‘Should I not spare this one and take another in his place? One who does not fear the cunt?’

Maleene shook her head. ‘All men fear the cunt,’ she replied. ‘They know that once a woman has him in her grip they cannot escape. Remember, daughter – *Nature gave us our holes to conquer men!* We do the work of our goddess, Astrid, when we sit on a man’s face and subdue him with our living flesh.’

Another moan, more terrible than the first, broke from the back of the man’s throat. ‘In pity’s name!’ he cried. ‘Do not listen to her! Do not sit on me, mistress, please! *I beg you!* Do not shame me with your womanhood!’

Maleene tightened her grip on the young woman’s shoulder. ‘I, too, held back,’ she confessed, ‘when I straddled my first man. He wept and blubbed, as does your man now, and begged me not to shame him with my hole. But this is the way of the world. Men were born to be subdued – and women to conquer. Hold back now, my mother told me – as I tell you – and you will never subdue a man. For the next man, too, will weep and beg you to spare him. Where will it end?’

Hanna nodded, and her lips tightened. ‘I understand. Forgive me, mother, for my moment of weakness.’

The older woman smiled and stroked the side of her daughter’s face. ‘Your tenderness does you credit,’ she told her. ‘We conquer men – but we do not harm them...’

‘*I will be ravished!*’ yelled the man, wriggling even more furiously. He kicked with his legs and very nearly unseated her. ‘The women of your tribe will fuck me and sit on me! Then sell me into slavery!’

Blotting out his dreadful screams, Hanna turned towards him again, a determined look in her eyes. ‘Mother,’ she said in a quiet voice. ‘Will you hold his legs fast so he cannot move?’

‘Of course,’ said Maleene, immediately locking her powerful hands around the young man’s ankles. ‘It will be an honour to assist you in your conquest.’

The man jerked again, but this time he was barely able to move, pinned as he now was by two women.

‘Prepare yourself, man,’ said Hanna, reaching forward. ‘My pussy comes for you...’

‘In heaven’s name, no!’ he screamed. ‘Oh, save me someone! *Save me someone, please!*’

He tried desperately to turn his head away, but she held on tightly with her thighs, allowing him no chance of escape. Her tummy shaking with excitement, she clawed her fingers through his hair, took a firm grip and pulled him towards her. His eyes blazed open, focusing hard on the slit of her womanhood. ‘No, no, no! *Please, nooooo!*’ he screamed as he dragged him into her cunt, her fleshy panels opening around his nose, sucking him home. Behind her, Maleene held on for dear life, struggling to restrain the man as he kicked and jerked between her daughter’s legs.

Gazing down, Hanna was forced to steel herself again, for though the man’s nose and mouth were locked inside her powerful lips, his eyes were not – and they stared up at her, two frightened blue circles, wet with tears. She felt the thud of his breath against her vulva, and squirmed as her clit began to throb. Pleasure rippled through her belly, and she was forced to bite down hard to contain the tide of delight that threatened to engulf her.

She threw back her head and screamed at the forest roof. ‘I am woman!’ she cried. ‘*I am woman!*’ And then she came, flooding his face with her cum, wriggling hard over his nose and mouth, crushing her body onto his head, holding him impossibly tight as she spent herself freely in his mouth. Something hit the small of her back; several times in quick succession. It was warm, wet and sticky and she realised, to her surprise, that the man had come, too, exploding strongly at the moment of truth.

As the waves of pleasure turned into ripples and faded away, she collapsed, exhausted, falling forward onto her hands, the man’s head still trapped between her thighs. She was hardly aware of her mother kneeling

beside her, lifting her away from the man's face. She had rendered him unconscious but, in a little while, if she did not release him, Maleene knew the man would breathe his last.

'How does it feel?' her mother asked, once Hanna had recovered herself. 'To have conquered your first man?'

Hanna let out a long, exhausted sigh and grinned. 'I had no idea,' she admitted. 'No idea my pussy was so powerful. The way he struggled ... it gave me so much pleasure!'

'More pleasure awaits you, daughter,' said her mother. 'This man was your first conquest – but he will not be your last.'

Hanna looked over to the unconscious male, lying face up on the ground. 'Will he be all right?' she asked with genuine concern.

'Yes,' her mother assured her quickly. 'Have no concerns. These men are strong. Though it takes only a short while to render one insensible, they can survive for several minutes deprived of breath. He will recover, have no fear.'

'What happens to him now?' said Hanna. 'We cannot take him with us.'

'We shall set a fire,' her mother announced. 'The smoke will be a sign – and the Elders will send women to carry him back to the village. Many shall feast on his cock tonight – and take his head between their legs, too. But first,' and here, to Hanna's surprise, she laughed out loud, 'another treat awaits him'.

Hanna frowned. 'I do not understand. Another treat?' she repeated.

'You must help me bind him first,' said her mother. 'There are vines in plenty hereabouts. We must secure his arms and legs so he cannot move, however hard he tries.'

'And then what?' asked Hanna, still confused.

'Then *I* shall sit on him,' said Maleene. 'Until he is rendered unconscious a second time.'

Hanna looked surprised. 'You will also take him to your cunt?'

Maleene shook her head. 'No,' she replied. 'Only your cunt can master

this man today – and those others whom we hope to capture.’

‘Then if not with your cunt,’ said Hanna, a little confused, ‘how shall the man be subdued?’

‘He shall suckle on my arse’s hole,’ said Maleene, ‘and feel the weight of a woman’s cheeks on his face’. She smiled wickedly. ‘The first of many he will know today...’

Hanna’s eyes widened and her mouth gaped. ‘The women will mount him ... *with their bottoms?*’ she gasped.

Maleene nodded. ‘I have told you – yours is the only cunt this man can know. It is your sacred right. We who follow in your wake must use our other hole to conquer him. Now let us move quickly, before he awakes.’

As things turned out they moved not a moment too soon for, hardly had they fastened the last of the vines around his arms and legs, then the man’s eyes flashed open. For a moment or two he seemed not to know where he was. Then, as he became aware of the taste of pussy on his tongue, he jerked into life and let out a strangled moan.

‘My daughter has conquered you,’ said Maleene. ‘You will soon be taken to our village where many will feast on your head and your cock.’

‘By all that is holy!’ he cried. ‘Even now, I beg you – set me free! Do not give me to your women! They will have no mercy on me!’

‘It is their sacred right to use you as they choose,’ said Maleene, ignoring his plea. ‘As it is mine now...’

His eyes blazed again and his face flushed crimson. ‘What do you mean?’ he cried. ‘I do not understand! What do you mean to do to me?’

Maleene did not reply. Instead, she dropped to her knees and swung a big, meaty leg across his midriff, settling herself on his chest, facing his feet. Raising herself a fraction, she reached back and peeled her buttocks open, exposing the long, hairy trench of her crack and the tiny hole that nestled at its centre.

A full-throated scream broke from the back of the man’s throat. ‘*In pity’s name, no!*’ he wept. ‘*Not this! Not this!*’

‘You will suckle on many holes before this day has ended,’ said Maleene. ‘But none will be as gently offered as mine.’

‘I will never suckle!’ he cried, turning his face away, refusing to look at the taut, muscular anus that hovered over his head.

What she said next plunged a spear of despair into his heart. ‘Hanna. Take hold of his head, and turn him towards me.’

Hanna came forward at once, dropped to her knees and did as her mother asked, first twisting his head round, then gripping it vice-like, preventing any further movement. Above the man’s head a cloud of sweat-soaked flesh descended slowly until two huge panels of meat pressed either side of his face. Maleene’s crack was long and dark, its little hairs sparkling with dew. Flexing her sphincter she caused the muscles of her anus to open and close, a hungry little mouth that threatened to engulf him.

His own mouth was tightly closed now, in the desperate hope of avoiding contact with her vulgar hole. But as she lowered her anus a little further, it grazed his lips and, instinctively, he parted them quickly to escape her warm embrace. He realised his mistake too late. Aware of the opening with which he had literally presented her, Maleene pushed on into his mouth and settled her full weight on his face. Her cheeks closed around his head, cutting off his vision completely, and with it his last chance of air.

Hanna let go of his head, her job complete, and stood up. They had bound the poor man so well – encasing him from neck to feet in vine – that all he could do was wriggle and writhe, like a landed fish that knows there is no escape. As her mother’s bottom pressed down, Hanna wondered what it must feel like to conquer a man in such a way.

As she dwelled on the thought, the lozenge of her clit began to swell and throb. Instinctively, she pressed a hand between her legs and rubbed herself without shame. She came at the same time as her mother, falling to her knees and screaming, even as Maleene raised her head to the sky and yelled to her gods, her anus lodged deep in the young man’s mouth.

There were several hours till sunset and, as she felt a familiar surge of pleasure tear through her belly, Hanna hoped there were other men left for her to conquer...

WARRIOR WOMAN

Marcus Domitius had been gazing down into the prison yard for some time. He was bored, and, when he was bored, he sought for ways to ease that boredom. An idea had come to him; a crude, perverse idea. It was one that he liked very much. Indeed, he liked it so much he wondered why he had not thought of it before. He considered all options one last time and came to a decision. Turning to his servant, Daemones, he said, 'That man down there – the tall, red-headed one. Have him brought to me in an hour's time.'

Of course, *praetor*,' said the old man, bowing his head. 'I will arrange it at once.'

'And the Icenii woman we captured in battle – have her brought to me now.'

Daemones nodded again, then retreated quickly.

After he had gone, Marcus Domitius threw himself onto a divan and reflected on the plan he had devised. The more he considered it, the more excited he became, until, after just a few minutes, his penis had grown long and stiff and jutted up inside his toga. He reached across, picked up a small, golden bell and rang it sharply. Before he had time to replace it on the table, Philea, his auburn-haired concubine, came rushing in.

'You called for me, *praetor*?' she asked quietly, kneeling before him, her head bowed.

'I have grown excited,' he informed her bluntly. Adjusting his position, with his head now on a cushion and his legs spread wide, he gestured in the direction of his penis. 'Suckle on me, woman. I would have you bring me to fruition – but slowly.'

When she lifted her head, he saw the wicked smile that always pleased him so. 'You honour me, *praetor*,' she replied, running her tongue around her mouth, moistening her lips. Raising his toga, she held it up to his waist, exposing his shaft. Leaning forward, she extended her tongue and lapped at the shiny glans. Marcus Domitius closed his eyes and let out a long, extravagant sigh. He sighed again as the young woman's lips closed around

the tip of his cock and she sucked him into her mouth.

She was still suckling gently when Daemones returned, accompanied by two centurions and a raven-haired woman shackled hand and foot. Bare-footed, with her hair tied back, she was clad in a short woollen smock, cut so low it barely covered her breasts. Daemones gave a little cough. It was not the first time he had interrupted his master and a concubine. The man, he reflected, was sex-obsessed. Still, it was none of his business – not if he wanted to keep his head.

Marcus Domitius opened his eyes, blew out his cheeks and tried to compose himself. ‘A little slower,’ he instructed Philea. ‘Keep me stiff, but no more. I have some business to conduct.’

If the centurions were shocked, they failed to show it, standing at attention, stock-still, their eyes focused anywhere but on their commander. As for the prisoner, she looked not so much shocked as disgusted. The man on the couch, with a woman’s mouth glued to his cock, had simply confirmed her view of how debauched a Roman conqueror could be.

‘You are Camilla,’ said Marcus Domitius, ‘the Iceni woman’.

‘And you are a Roman pig,’ she replied, ‘with a tiny cock for brains’.

‘Hardly tiny,’ said Marcus, ignoring the insult, and letting out a sharp sigh as Philea threatened to take him further than he wished to be taken just then. ‘More slowly!’ he reminded her. ‘I almost spilled myself in front of our guest.’

Camilla responded angrily, tugging on her shackles, and spitting on the marble floor.

‘Temper, temper,’ said Marcus D. reprovably. ‘I have brought you here for a reason.’

‘To see your filthy strumpet suck you off!’ she retorted. ‘What sort of man are you? No man at all, you Roman butcher!’

Marcus D. raised his eyebrows, and grinned lasciviously.

‘You have spirit, Camilla,’ he observed. ‘I like that in a woman.’

She stared back in silence, an insolent expression on her face. He liked

that, too.

‘You are a warrior,’ he remarked. ‘I am told you accounted for half a dozen of my finest soldiers. Three with the sword, two with the axe – and one you strangled with your bare hands...’

‘They were murdering scum and deserved to die,’ she replied bluntly.

‘Nevertheless, you have committed treason against the Empire.’

‘It is not treason to make war on your enemies!’

‘Your country is under Roman rule and protection,’ he reminded her. ‘You are part of the Empire now and owe allegiance to Caesar. He does not take kindly to his servants’ murder.’

‘Then put me to the sword!’ she yelled defiantly.

‘I may well yet,’ he responded, ‘but first things first’. Addressing his concubine abruptly, he said, ‘You may finish me off, Philea. Milk me as you would a goat and bring me to fruition.’

The woman at his groin needed no second telling. She immediately drew him further into the back of her throat, cupped his balls in her hands and jiggled them gently. He, for his part, reached down, linked his fingers at the back of her head and held on tight, hugging her close.

‘You filthy beast!’ cried Camilla. ‘To treat a woman so!’

‘Women were made to give men pleasure!’ cried Marcus D., jerking his hips and wriggling furiously from side to side. When he felt a finger ease its way between his cheeks and push at his anus, he offered no resistance, let out a high-pitched squeal and came as furiously as he had ever come, emptying his seed into the back of Philea’s throat. Wad upon wad of thick, milky cream issued from his cock, flowing past the woman’s lips and onto his thighs.

Only when she had drained him completely, did the concubine pull back. Then, as if it were the finest nectar and she a starving woman at the feast, she proceeded to lap at his skin until she had gathered up every last drop of seed.

Finally sated, he pushed her away, swung his legs round and sat up,

perched on the edge of the divan.

‘That is better,’ he remarked. ‘Now I can think clearly. There is nothing so distracting for a man as to be poised on the brink of ecstasy.’

‘I would have your neck poised on the edge of my sword!’ yelled Camilla, finding her voice again, and yanking on her chains.

Marcus D. looked her up and down, and his mouth curled crudely. Lust still gnawed at his belly. Though he had only just come, there was something about this British warrior that aroused him. Addressing the two centurions, who towered over the woman, despite her Amazonian girth, he said, ‘Pin her to the ground. On her stomach. Now!’

Camilla reacted quickly, whirling around, resisting any attempt to upend her. But though she fought well, the shackles around her hands and feet restricted her movement and, though it took them almost a minute, the two men finally managed to secure her on her front. With one holding onto her legs and the other her arms, she wriggled helplessly, cursing them all to hell and beyond.

Turning to Philea, Marcus D. gave a new, more dreadful instruction. ‘Sit on her back and pull up her smock.’

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Camilla raised her head – narrowed her eyes and screamed, ‘You Roman bastard! I will kill you for this!’

Marcus D. smiled broadly as Philea scrambled onto the Briton’s back, and tugged up her skirt to expose her plump, muscular buttocks. ‘You are in no position to kill anyone,’ he reminded her. ‘But there is no need to struggle. You are in no danger. I mean only to study your arse.’

‘My arse?’ screamed Camilla. ‘My arse is my own concern, Roman scum!’

‘On the contrary,’ said Marcus D. ‘It is my concern now.’ Addressing Philea once more, he said, ‘Open up her cheeks. Let us see the size of her hole.’

Immediately, Camilla clenched her buttocks tight, preventing access. No matter how hard Philea tried, she could not prise them open.

‘She resists me!’ she cried. ‘I cannot open her up.’

‘Then the prize becomes yet more desirable,’ said Marcus D. ‘Spank her!’ he cried suddenly.

‘Spank her?’ repeated Philea, surprised.

‘We cannot have her keeping secrets from us,’ he explained. ‘She is a naughty girl and must be punished.’

A wicked glint came into Philea’s eyes. The thought of spanking the British warrior was not an unpleasant one. She had never spanked a woman before. This might be fun! Raising her hand, she brought it down on one fleshy buttock with a loud thwack. She brought down the other hand just as hard and watched, transfixed, as the woman’s cheek wobbled freely.

‘I will never submit!’ cried Camilla. ‘Never!’

Marcus D, smiled again. He was rather enjoying this and, though he had only recently come, he could feel the semen flooding back into his balls. ‘Oh, I rather think you will,’ he muttered happily.

When, after three minutes’ chastisement, Camilla’s arse remained defiantly closed, he decided on another tack.

‘Desist!’ he commanded. Philea, her hand raised high, ready to strike again, looked bitterly disappointed. ‘See how pink her buttocks are,’ he continued, with mock concern. ‘You are hurting the poor girl. That was never my wish.’

Camilla kept her face averted, her breathing laboured. She was concentrating with all her might, determined to resist until the last. Dropping lightly to his knees, Marcus D. came forward quickly, then lowered his head. He pressed the side of his face to Camilla’s arse and felt her flinch at his touch.

Turning his head, he gazed up and down the length of her tightly closed crack.

‘Come out little hole,’ he whispered crudely. ‘I know you are in there...’

‘Roman scum! Roman scum!’ she repeated, screaming at the top of her voice. A keener shriek yet broke from her throat as she felt the heat of his

tongue on her skin. *The bastard was licking her bottom!*

As he ran his tongue along the line of her crack, Marcus D. felt his penis unfurl and harden once again. The taste, touch and sight of her bare backside was exquisite and, as he closed his eyes and thought of the pleasures to come, he felt a familiar twitch of delight in his groin. Looking up briefly, he addressed Philea. ‘At some point she will open,’ he said, ‘and I will have access to her precious jewel. When that time comes, you must take a firm grip on both her cheeks and hold them apart.’

‘I understand, *praetor*,’ she replied.

‘It is only a matter of time,’ he continued. ‘Then truly shall the gates of paradise open to me.’

Returning his attention to Camilla’s arse, he lapped up and down, sniffing at her flesh. She redoubled her efforts to keep him out, but she was tiring now, and the strain on her muscles began to take its toll.

When the end came, it came quickly. He felt her weaken and her flesh relax. Philea felt it, too, and dug her fingers into the crack, forcing the woman’s cheeks apart. The instant he caught sight of her anus, Marcus D. let out a childish squeal of delight. Camilla tried to close her buttocks again, but it was too late. Philea’s grip was too strong, and Camilla too weak. Broken at last, she wept as a thud of warm air struck her hole.

‘You filthy Roman bastards!’ she wailed. ‘You are scum! All of you!’

‘Your hole is exquisite,’ he informed her, unable to tear his eyes from its dark, mysterious hinterland. ‘There are little hairs around the rim and they twinkle with dew.’

‘You will rot in hell for this!’ cried Camilla.

‘I shall honour you with a lover’s kiss,’ he whispered crudely.

Camilla’s body tightened. ‘It is my secret place!’ she cried. ‘By all that is sacred, do not abuse me so!’

‘It is not abuse,’ he replied, ‘but an act of worship...’

‘Do not touch my hole, you Roman swine!’

Ignoring her protests, he pressed his nose to the well and sniffed deeply.

‘Your scent is divine,’ he murmured. ‘I am in paradise!’

‘I will kill you for this!’ she screamed.

‘If it is with your little hole, then I will die a happy man,’ he responded, extending his tongue quickly and probing her well. In spite of her shackles, the men who held her down and Philea sitting on her back, Camilla jerked strongly. She felt sick to her stomach; tears broke from her eyes and she wept freely.

‘I am dishonoured!’ she cried. ‘I am dishonoured!’

Marcus D. ignored her feeble protests and continued lapping at the arsehole, alternately circling the outer rim, then pushing in to the hole itself. Camilla tried to clench her sphincter shut but, with her arse cheeks held firmly apart, she could not flex her inner muscles and all efforts to keep him out proved useless. She gave a wild, animal shriek as he finally pushed home, the tip of his tongue penetrating her passage.

‘Bastard Roman scum!’ she cried. ‘Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!’

He continued lapping and probing for several minutes, while she, for her part, wriggled, wept and cursed him over and over again. Finally, his cock now so hard he was in desperate need of fresh release, he pulled away, licking his lips and savouring her damp, earthy taste.

Falling back on to his heels, he beckoned Philea forward. ‘On to your hands and knees, girl!’ he cried. ‘I must take you like a beast in the field!’

Immediately, she swung round, bowed low and raised her bottom in the air. The plump bulge of her cunt hung between her legs like a ripe fruit. Above it, the darkened whorl of her anus caught his eye, the tight, delicious mouth puckered and ready. For a moment he was almost tempted. But it was her cunt he wanted just then; her arse would have to wait.

Addressing the guards, he yelled, ‘Hold the woman up again, so she may see me take my pleasure. But keep her fast. One slip and she will have your hearts for supper!’

The guards did as they were told, grabbing Camilla and wrestling her to her feet. Though she was strong, she was exhausted, too, and offered little resistance. Staring down at him with undisguised contempt, she said, ‘You

are no better than an animal!’

Marcus D. grinned broadly. ‘You have excited me, woman!’ he cried. ‘Your scent and taste are on me now. I shall think of your arse as I fuck another’s cunt!’

And then, grabbing Philea by her shoulders, he leaned over her back, pulled her close and drove himself home, cleaving into her body in one smooth thrust. Firmly lodged, he pumped her swiftly: in and out a dozen times in quick succession until finally he could take no more. Raising his head to the roof he let out a shrill, ecstatic cry as he came, scything back and forth as he emptied his cock into Philea’s womb.

Sated, he fell onto her back and lay there, exhausted, for almost a minute. Recovering himself at last, he pulled out, got up and dropped onto his divan. It was another minute before he spoke again.

‘I have a proposition for you,’ he said, addressing Camilla.

‘Go to hell!’ she spat, her face a picture of disgust.

‘In return,’ he continued, as if she had not spoken, ‘You will have your freedom.’

He saw surprise register in her face, then disbelief and finally anger.

‘I give you my word,’ he said.

‘Your word means nothing to me!’ she responded bitterly.

‘I swear it on the life of my emperor,’ he declared. ‘If I do not keep my promise, that is treason. And I do not commit treason.’

Surprise registered itself a second time, but she said nothing.

‘Are you interested?’ he inquired. ‘If not, then tell me so and our audience is at an end. My offer will not be repeated.’

She mulled it over for several seconds. He could see her puzzling things out, wondering what the catch might be. He hoped, when he told her, that she would view it as a challenge to be met, not disregarded.

‘What is it you would have me do?’ she asked at last.

Marcus D. turned around, searching for his servant, Daemones. At a

snap from his fingers, the old man came running. ‘The prisoner I asked you to send me. Will he be long?’

Daemones shook his head briskly. ‘No, *praetor*. He waits without. I can have him brought in straightaway.’

Marcus D. gave a broad smile. ‘Do so,’ he instructed, and the old man hurried away. He disappeared briefly, through an open doorway, and returned a few seconds later. This time he was accompanied by two large guards, walking either side of a tall, shackled male. He wore a woollen skirt, but was otherwise barefoot and naked.

‘What is your name?’ said Marcus D., addressing the prisoner.

‘Lysiteles, *praetor*,’ replied the man, his head still bowed.

‘And your crime?’

‘A trifling one, *praetor*,’ he began.

‘I will be the judge of that,’ said Marcus D.

‘It seems there was an error in my taxes. An oversight –’

‘You robbed the Emperor. Enough! Your sentence?’

‘Three years, *praetor*.’

‘And you have been here how long?’

‘Six months,’ he replied in a low voice.

‘Are you happy to remain with us for a few years longer?’

The man’s brows narrowed. It was clear from his baffled look that he was unsure if this was a joke. At last, making up his mind that it was not, he said, ‘No, *praetor*. I wish to go home to my family. My wife and children struggle without me.’

Marcus D. gave a hollow laugh, then said, ‘I have a proposition for you.’

‘*Praetor*?’

‘Accept my offer, succeed in what I ask, and I will set you free at once.’

A look of astonishment transformed the man’s face. ‘Anything, *praetor*!’ he cried, falling to his knees and bowing his head. ‘I thank you for

your mercy!’

‘You have not heard my terms,’ said Marcus D. ‘I was going to add, “Refuse and another ten years will be added to your time”.’

The man looked up, bewildered. ‘I will not refuse, *praetor*! You have my word!’

‘As you have mine,’ said Marcus D, a cruel smile playing on his lips.

Lysiteles shuddered. *There was something wrong here...*

‘Should you accept my offer, but fail – well, I am not a cruel man. Your sentence will be shortened. Shall we say, another six months and you may go home?’

Lysiteles frowned. In the space of a few seconds, his hopes had not been dashed, but they had been restrained. What exactly did Marcus D. require of him? He wondered should he dare to ask, but dismissed the idea at once. One did not speak to a man like the *praetor*, unless spoken to first.

While Lysiteles was puzzling this over, Marcus D. turned his attention to Camilla, who had remained silent throughout, as puzzled by this turn of events as was Lysiteles himself.

‘Your position is slightly different,’ said Marcus D. ‘Accept, succeed, and you will go free. Refuse, or fail, and you will be executed as an enemy of the Emperor.’

‘I have yet to hear your proposal,’ said Camilla defiantly. ‘Perhaps, like the fool you are, you have already forgotten it yourself.’

Marcus D. grinned broadly. ‘You have spirit!’ he cried. ‘Perhaps I am making a mistake in offering you your freedom. You would make a splendid concubine – once I have broken you with my cock.’

‘It is your cock that would be broken,’ cried Camilla, ‘if you ever bring the filthy thing near me!’

He smiled again and felt his penis stir. Pulling up his skirt, he shamelessly displayed the shaft. ‘See how you excite me!’ he cried. ‘I have spent myself twice and yet you make me lust for more!’

Camilla sucked air noisily, and spat on the floor.

‘I know,’ he said, before she had a chance to speak. ‘I am a filthy Roman bastard. Well, perhaps I am. But I hold your future in my hands – both of you – whether you like it or not.’

Adjusting his position, he pulled down his skirt and sat up. ‘Here is my offer to you both. To win your freedom, you must battle each other in the arena tomorrow afternoon. It will be a public display, to which all are invited, whether they be high or low. The rules are simple. For Lysiteles to triumph he must master the woman Camilla and spend himself inside her body. Arse or cunt, it matters not –’

‘Ha!’ cried Camilla derisively. ‘So that is your game! You would have me pinned on my back and plundered like a beast! And how am I to win? Must I fuck this man till he drops? He is the winner either way!’

‘You do not win by fucking him,’ said Marcus D. bluntly. He paused, so his words might sink in slowly, with all the force he could muster. ‘*You win by sitting on his face until he moves no more...*’

‘No!’ It was Lysiteles who sprang forward first. ‘This woman is a fighting soldier! What if she overcomes me? I do not wish to end my days between a woman’s legs! Smothered without mercy!’

Marcus D. shook his head. ‘Though I have no doubt this woman could smother a man as easily as she might squash a fly, this fight is not to the death. She must render you insensible, no more. I am not a cruel man...’

‘I will not do it,’ said Lysiteles. ‘Sentence me to another ten years if you must. I will not shame myself in front of this woman. I do not wish to be smothered – whatever the cost!’

Marcus D. shrugged. ‘I cannot make you,’ he conceded, ‘if you are unwilling to enter the arena’. Turning to Camilla, he said, ‘And what of you? Would you do battle with this man if he were willing – to win your freedom?’

She was silent for almost half a minute, as if, even now, she could not decide. Was the offer a true one – or some cunning form of treachery? Finally, she took a deep breath and said, ‘I would be willing, yes. But he is not – and so the matter ends.’

Marcus D. clapped his hands together and let out a roar of delight. ‘Excellent!’ he cried. Turning to Lysiteles, he said, ‘I forgot one point. A trifling matter, but you will wish to hear it, I am sure. Should you refuse, not only will your term be more than trebled – your family will be sent into exile – without a denarius to their name!’

‘No!’ cried Lysiteles, stumbling to his knees again, his hands clasped together, his eyes pleading. ‘They will starve, *praetor!* My wife, my children! I beg you!’

‘It is not my doing,’ said Marcus D., leaning forward, steeping his fingers and staring Lysiteles full in the face. ‘It is yours if you refuse to do battle with this woman.’

A long, dreadful silence followed. It lasted only seconds, but to everyone involved it felt like minutes. Finally, it was broken by a weak, tremulous voice. ‘Very well,’ said Lysiteles feebly. ‘I will do as you say. I will wrestle with this woman in the arena.’

‘And will do your best to fuck her into defeat?’

Though still on his knees, the man raised his head, a determined look on his face. ‘I shall take her with my cock. Hard and without mercy. If that is what I must do to free myself and save my family from shame.’

‘And you?’ said Marcus D., addressing Camilla. ‘Will you do battle with this man – and swear on your honour that you will smother him between your legs until he moves no more?’

Another silence – and then another calm, determined promise as she turned to face the man she was to fight. ‘I will,’ she replied. ‘My pussy is his mistress now. He will not escape her vengeance!’

Marcus D. clapped his hands with delight. ‘Excellent!’ he cried. ‘Then we have ourselves a battle!’

All found it hard to sleep that night.

Camilla sat in her cell and pondered on the day ahead. She relished the thought of shaming a Roman. That he was a prisoner, too, was of no

consequence. Her sole regret was that it was he, not the *praetor*, Marcus Domitius, whom she would conquer. Were *he* to lie between her legs, she would hold on past the point of no return, whatever fate befell her.

Stroking her cunt, she peeled her lips apart to expose two damp folds of flesh. ‘Tomorrow, my pussy,’ she whispered with feeling, ‘you will feast on a Roman’s head, and gorge as you have never gorged before...’

Running one finger to the apex of her slit, she found its little hood and teased her clitoris free. She continued to coax and rub until she came, the image of the Roman vivid in her mind, as she ignored his pleas for mercy and closed her thighs around his head...

The Roman, Lysiteles, tossed and turned for several hours, incapable of sleep. Unlike him, the woman he was to fight was a soldier. The Iceni were known for their ruthlessness in combat. Though he had only met her briefly, he could see that she was strong, well-built and battle-hardened. He was just a farmer; fit and used to hard work, but not a fighting man. True, she was a woman, but he doubted that would count for much once their struggle began.

The more he thought about the day to come, the more impossible it all seemed. Whatever else she might be capable of, he did not believe that any woman – however strong – could smother a man with her cunt. If he were tied down, yes. But he would not be restrained. He could kick with his legs and push with his hands. Somehow he would get her onto her back and once he did...

At the thought of taking her by force, his penis hardened. He might have relieved himself were it not for the fact that he knew he must be at his most erect when battle commenced. Though wrestling with the woman would surely excite him again, he could afford to take no chances. It was vital he remained fully aroused if he were to fuck her into defeat.

And so his troubled night continued. His dreams were full of crude and terrifying images: of hot, dribbling cunts pushing into his mouth, backsides bugged and huge breasts suckled on. Part of him wanted the morning to come quickly. And part of him did not want it to come at all...

Marcus D. was in heaven. Like his prisoners, he dwelled on the day ahead. But unlike them, his thoughts turned to pleasure. The night was warm, and his room airless. He lay naked in bed, with Philea at his side, sweet-smelling and nude. For the past few minutes she had been gently stroking his cock. He was fully erect and his scrotum bulged.

‘What are you thinking of, master?’ she inquired. She knew the answer well enough. Knew, also, how he longed to talk, and have her talk, too, of the body’s pleasures. ‘Is it of the battle to come? When the Iceni warrior sits on a poor man’s face and conquers him as only a woman can?’

‘It is,’ he answered hoarsely, and she felt his penis jerk.

There were short, silken cords on a table beside the bed. Making up his mind, he turned to her and said, ‘Bind me fast. My legs and arms, so I cannot move.’

Philea released her hold on his cock, slid off the bed and gathered up the ropes. In a very short time, she had done as he asked, securing his wrists and ankles to the tall ornate uprights at each corner of the huge divan.

‘You are helpless now, master,’ she announced unnecessarily. But she said it with a gleam in her eye and saw his cock jerk freely. ‘What would you have me do to you?’

‘Pretend you are the Iceni woman, and I the prisoner, Lysiteles. You have pinned me on my back and I am helpless. Will you show me mercy?’

‘Never!’ she cried, throwing herself on top of him, settling her fleshy bottom on his chest. ‘You are my man now – *there is no escape!*’

Marcus D., immediately aroused, threw himself into the role with vigour. ‘Have mercy on me, woman!’ he cried, shaking from side to side.

Philea came forward a fraction, her pussy sliding towards his neck.

‘In heaven’s name – what are you doing?’ he cried. ‘Get off me! Get off me at once!’

‘My pussy comes for you!’ she cried. ‘Prepare for suffocation!’

‘In Jove’s name, no!’ he roared, twisting even more furiously.

‘Do not struggle!’ said Philea, sliding closer still, then raising herself

onto her knees so that her cunt hovered over his face. ‘This is woman’s work! You cannot escape!’

Then, reaching down, she took hold of his head and dragged him home, flattening her lips to his face, cutting off the air he breathed and hugging him impossibly tight. Marcus D. felt his penis fill with blood and jerk strongly against his belly. His balls rolled with renewed need and he writhed no longer in protest, but in joyful acceptance of his plight. But as the seconds wore on and her grip did not slacken, his chest began to hurt. Half a minute in and he began to struggle, heaving in pain now, not pleasure. He grunted into Philea’s slit, the air from his lungs thudding against her flesh, making her clitoris tingle.

He arched his back and screamed into the hot, sodden flesh that held him captive. Then suddenly it was all over. She released his head and slid back, allowing him to gulp huge mouthfuls of air. He closed his eyes, and moaned. His arms and legs were beginning to hurt and he felt utterly exhausted. What had it been? Not even a minute. What must it feel like to be held for one, two, three or longer? How Lysiteles would suffer on the morrow!

Philea waited till Marcus D. had recovered, then said, ‘Did I do well, master? Did my pussy please you?’

‘She did,’ said Marcus D, his breathing still a little laboured. ‘She is a mighty warrior.’ He paused, and his eyes suddenly lit up. ‘But I’ll warrant you have a mightier weapon yet between your legs...’

‘You do not mean...?’ she began coyly.

‘I do!’ he cried. ‘Unleash the hole of holes on me! That wondrous jewel your mighty buttocks guard!’

‘As you wish it, master,’ said Philea, lowering her voice to little more than a whisper. She swung round quickly and settled herself again, this time facing his feet, her plump backside spread across his chest. Raising herself a fraction, she manoeuvred herself over his head, reached back and parted her cheeks.

‘You possess a mighty weapon!’ gasped Marcus D., gazing up into the chocolate brown well of her anus. ‘How men must fear you when you go into

battle!’

‘None can stand against my little hole!’ cried Philea, throwing herself into the part. ‘She has taken many men into eternity – and now she comes for you! Prepare yourself!’

‘I beg you, no!’ he cried again. ‘Do not smother me with your arse! I do not wish to die inside your crack!’

‘My bottom will not be denied!’ she yelled back, lowering herself over his face until he could smell her warm, earthy scent. He gazed into the starfish centre of her anus, the wrinkled skin dripping with dew, darker at its outer edges than in the well itself. When it touched his nose, and she touched his cock at the same time, he almost came on the spot. A pearl of pre-cum leaked from the eye of his urethra and he wondered, just then, how he could ever be happier.

He took a final breath, feasting on her scent, before she eased her hole around the point of his nose, locking her smell in. As the bulb of her cunt pushed into his open mouth, she shut off the last of his air. Within seconds he was struggling, his fingers clawing wildly, his feet twisting in their silken cuffs. Philea felt the volley of snorts that pierced her arsehole and the thrust of his tongue into her open slit as he writhed beneath her. She realised, with a jolt, the awesome power her bottom wielded and felt a pang of pity for Lysiteles – who would surely lie between a pair of legs more powerful than her own on the morrow.

Taking hold of her master’s cock, she wanked him freely, aware that he could take no more and of the pleasure it would give him to come with her backside glued to his face. He had told her so many times of the thoughts he entertained at such a moment. She was a warrior Amazon and he her helpless victim, offered up to her gods in holy sacrifice. She was sitting on his face and smothering him without mercy. She would make him come at the moment of truth – the moment he heaved for the final time, then heaved no more...

Spunk issued from the eye of his cock: thick wads of rich, milky cream. It soaked into his belly, and splattered as high as his chest. He arched his back and screamed his release into the cavern of her arse. She held on for

several more seconds, until she judged she had taken him as far as she possibly could, then raised her arse and let him breathe again.

‘Release me,’ he gasped, in a weary voice. She did so at once, untying the silken ropes around his wrists and ankles. He seemed utterly exhausted and, when he finally looked at her again, she feared she had gone too far and he was angry with her. But, instead, he reached out and ran a tender hand through her hair. She snuggled in close and he cuddled her gently while his strength gradually returned.

That he was happy was obvious enough. Philea smiled contentedly. Even after all this time, it amazed her that her bottom held such a fascination for him; that he derived such pleasure from its tiny hole. As if to reinforce the point, he whispered in her ear, ‘Turn around, so I may suckle on your precious jewel again’.

She did as he asked, and presented her bottom to him. He sniffed and licked, then sniffed and licked again, probing her gently until at last, exhausted, he fell asleep with his nose in her crack.

The morning came too quickly for Lysiteles. He awoke to a bar of sunshine streaming into his cell, blinding him as he lay on his back. For a second or two, befuddled by sleep, he forgot where he was. Then, in an instant, it all came back to him and he shot up quickly, a sick wedge in his stomach. Getting to his feet, he paced the room, like a caged tiger, fear gnawing at his belly. Against his will, for he felt no excitement, his penis began to stiffen. The image of the woman, Camilla, came to him. She was on her knees, head bowed, with her backside raised to meet him. He saw himself cleave into her, and heard her scream as the first wads of semen hit the neck of her womb.

He fell back on the makeshift bench of a bed on which he had spent such a fitful night. His balls were suddenly tingling with need. Then, as quickly as it had stiffened, his cock subsided, and he felt another wave of sickness in his stomach. The door to his cell opened and a guard entered, carrying a tray of bread, cheese and a small jug of wine.

‘Eat well,’ said his visitor, setting the tray down beside him. ‘You will

need all your strength in the arena.’

The door slammed shut and Lysiteles was alone again. Alone with his thoughts. And, worse still – alone with his fear...

Camilla had a more restful night. She had no doubt her victory was assured. The man she was to fight did not inspire fear. Though tall, there was little to suggest he posed a threat. He was a simple farmer – not a warrior. She had despatched more powerful foes with her bare hands. Once trapped between her legs, the end would come quickly. She would hold him to her woman’s cunt and watch his eyes bloat with terror as she took him into the darkness. She would have happily finished him off that way, were it not for the terms to which she had been forced to agree. Still, if that were the price she must pay for her freedom, then so be it.

She was still pondering the curious nature of the day ahead, when the door to her cell opened and, to her astonishment, Marcus D. entered. She immediately tried to stand up – a warrior’s instinct kicking in. Had it not been for the chains that held her down, she would have sprung forward and seized him by the throat. A foolish move, perhaps, but the man inspired fury in her.

He looked down at her and grinned. ‘I trust you slept well,’ he said.

When she remained silent, he grinned again and added, ‘Do not worry. I have not come to suckle on you again – though the taste of your secret place still lingers on my tongue.’

At the memory of how he had abused her, Camilla’s fury overcame her restraint and she lunged at him, regardless. He had not been so foolish as to come within striking distance, and stood his ground, regarding her with wanton delight.

‘By all the gods,’ he said with feeling. ‘If only you could be unleashed – and conquer me with your flesh. To have your mighty cunt bear down; and that little hole you hide between your buttocks. A man would surely die happy between your legs!’

‘Untie me, then!’ she cried. ‘And let us put it to the test!’

‘Do not think I am not tempted,’ he replied. ‘How I long to do battle with one such as you. To have you take me to the very brink...’

Camilla saw that his hands were shaking. He nibbled at his lips and his Adam’s apple bobbed up and down. ‘You truly wish to be conquered...’ she muttered, astonished. ‘To have a woman mount you in battle and take you to her living flesh...?’

Marcus D.’s breathing was laboured with arousal, and several seconds passed before he could reply.

‘I do,’ he said at last. ‘It was not always so. But since I suckled on your precious jewel, I think of nothing else.’

‘Then let *us* do battle in the arena!’ cried Camilla, still pulling on her chains. ‘And let it be to the death! For my cunt will show no mercy!’

‘It is not by the cunt I would have you take me into eternity,’ said Marcus D. ‘It is between your mighty buttocks I would lie – suckling on your sacred hole!’

Camilla looked astonished. ‘You would wish ... *to die inside my arse?*’

‘What man would not?’ he replied.

‘Then unleash me!’ she cried again. ‘And I will grant your wish!’

He smiled, and retreated a few steps, as if he feared she might somehow break free. ‘Alas, it is a pleasure I must forgo. I come to you for another reason. I have promised you your freedom if you best the man Lysiteles in battle.’

She returned his look suspiciously. ‘You cannot withdraw the offer. You gave me your word.’

‘I did,’ he acknowledged. ‘And I will keep it. But I offer you another bargain now.’

‘I will have no more bargains with you!’ she snapped.

‘Not even if it is to save three of your sisters?’

She frowned, but said nothing. Her eyes narrowed and she ceased tugging on the chains.

‘It seems we have three more Icenii women in the cells. Captured several days ago, and only just brought to me. I was of a mind to have them slain on the spot, but then I thought ... no, I shall be merciful and spare them.’

‘You lie!’ she cried, but he could see the doubt in her face.

‘I do not lie,’ he replied. ‘But in return for their lives – and their freedom, also – I would have you do two more things for me...’

It was a little after noon, and the arena was packed. Word had gone forth and spread quickly. There was to be a most unusual entertainment. Unarmed combat – man against woman. Not to the death, but something, perhaps, far worse. For the man at least, should the female prevail. Few could believe that any woman – not even an Icenii warrior – could defeat a fully grown man in the way she had vowed to. The man would win for certain – and they relished the prospect of seeing her beaten, then taken from behind like a beast in the field.

Two doors led off – either side of the great dome – and it was through these doors that the two combatants, Camilla and Lysiteles, were led. A stunned gasp rose from the crowd, at the sight of the naked Camilla. As she strode towards the centre of the arena, her big breasts swung from side to side and her plump hips wobbled. As for Lysiteles, he, too, had been stripped, and his penis was fully erect. Unknown to the crowd, another concubine, Flavia, had been charged with the task of arousing him a few minutes earlier – so he might be ready to thrust himself home should Camilla prove vulnerable in the early stages.

Both fighters were flanked by armed, crimson-robed centurions, their arms held fast so that battle could not be joined until word was given. The two parties approached to within ten feet of each other, then stopped and turned to face the richly embroidered balcony from where Marcus D. surveyed the scene with grim satisfaction.

Standing up now, he waited for silence, then addressed the crowd in a loud, clear voice which carried around the stadium.

‘Welcome, friends!’ he cried. ‘On this glorious day! We gather here to witness the greatest battle of all: man against woman. Armed only with the

weapons Nature herself has given them. The man, his cock; the woman, her cunt!’

He paused for a moment, allowing the full impact of his words to sink in. A dull murmur trickled around the stadium, and he smiled.

‘Should the man prevail,’ he continued, as silence fell again, ‘his prize shall be this woman’s body! He shall take her like a beast in the field and spend his seed in triumph!’

A roar went up from the men in the crowd. Many stood and punched the air, signalling their support for Lysiteles. Marcus D. waited once more for quiet before he continued.

‘Should the female prevail,’ he informed them, ‘she shall claim her prize as only a woman can!’ He paused, savouring the moment for all it was worth. ‘At my command, she shall take his head between her open legs and smother him until he moves no more!’

This time, his words were met with a stunned gasp, followed almost immediately by an even louder cheer than previously. The women in the crowd rose as one and screamed Camilla’s name. Enemy she might be on the battle field – but today she was their champion. As their cries filled the air, Marcus D. felt his penis stiffen beneath his skirt. An exquisite vision came to him: he saw himself plunging valiantly through the female throng. They tore at his clothes, stripped him bare, then rode him one after the other – a thousand cunts and arses smothering him without mercy.

Recovering himself, as the screams died away, he turned to address the combatants.

‘One final word before the fray,’ he cried. ‘The man Lysiteles fights for family honour. Should he prevail, this will be a proud day for him. With that in mind ... I have deemed it wrong that his wife should hear of his triumph from another...’

Down in the arena, Lysiteles started. High up on the balcony, he saw a familiar figure and the blood drained from his face. ‘In heaven’s name!’ he shrieked. ‘Say it is not so!’

The cry had barely left his lips when Marcus D. ushered a young, buxom

woman forward and yelled, so all might hear, ‘Behold! The wife of Lysiteles himself shall bear witness to his mighty deed in overcoming the Icenii warrior!’

Lysiteles was suddenly beside himself with grief. ‘No!’ he cried, and would have fallen to his knees had the soldiers not held on to him firmly. ‘No!’ he cried again and almost stumbled a second time.

‘I am here, husband!’ cried his wife. ‘You must not fail! I beg you, please!’

Marcus D. smiled broadly. It was a cruel smile, for he was a cruel man. The thought of Lysiteles trapped between Camilla’s legs, his poor wife witness to his fate, aroused him beyond measure. Were he to triumph – unlikely though it was – her plight was hardly any the less. For then she would have to witness her husband cleaving into another woman and filling her with his seed.

Sitting beside him, Philea smiled, too. Not from delight at another’s misfortune – the man’s fate and his wife’s pain meant nothing to her. Her smile was borne from pleasure – at the thought of her place in what was shortly to follow.

‘Prepare yourselves!’ cried Marcus D. He raised a purple square of silk in the air, and held it still for several seconds. Then, to a delighted roar from all around the arena, he dropped the silk and yelled, ‘Let battle commence!’

The soldiers withdrew, retreating quickly, leaving the field to the fighters. For several seconds, an uneasy truce prevailed. Though confident of victory, Camilla saw no point in haste. Lysiteles’ cock was both his weakness and his strength. Erect, it slowed his movements; but excited as he was, a sniff of cunt might goad him into action. Arousal was a potent force. It would lend him strength he did not know he had. No, she must be cautious. Bide her time; allow him to relax...

Pressing her hand to her thighs, Camilla’s fingers strayed towards her shaven vulva. Cupping the bulb of her cunt, she moulded the flesh gently, allowing the lips to part a little. She saw Lysiteles’ eyes widen and his arms begin to tremble.

Taking a cautious step forward, she said in a low, determined voice, ‘My

pussy is coming for you, man – she cannot be denied...’

Lysiteles, for his part, took a step backwards. Camilla felt a surge of excitement in her belly. Reaching down, she ran a finger from one end of her slit to the other, gathering her juices, coating the panels of her cunt with dew. Her other hand came up suddenly and curled around her left breast, raising it high and pointing her nipple at him. She caught the look of arousal in his face and it warmed her heart.

Suddenly – and taking him completely by surprise – Camilla threw herself on to her back, flung her legs in the air and grabbed her ankles tight. Her cunt bulged open like a wet, shiny peach, the lips pink and inviting. ‘Conquer me, man!’ she cried. ‘Let your cock do its work!’

Lysiteles’ eyes blazed wide and he visibly staggered. Many in the crowd leapt to their feet and screamed at him to claim his prize. Though aware it was a trap, lust gnawed at his belly and his penis twitched with genuine need. The woman *was* vulnerable. Deliberately so, of course. She *wanted* him to launch an attack – to expose himself to danger. He knew that well enough, and yet, in spite of himself, he could not resist. The longer their combat went on, the weaker he would become. She was a warrior, hardened in the field. He was a simple farmer. She was stronger than he and would eventually prevail. He doubted she would offer herself like this again. He must take her now – or not at all!

Lying on the ground before him, she raised her arse a fraction higher, exposing the dark, wrinkled mouth of her anus.

‘Look, man!’ she cried. ‘I have another hole! She longs for you, too!’

The sight of the taut, muscular opening was too much for him. Abandoning all restraint, he ran forward, his cock jerking wildly in the air. Yet though he moved with startling speed, Camilla moved even faster. It seemed scarcely possible, yet with one kick of her powerful legs she was upright, her big breasts swinging from side to side as he came within striking distance.

Though he tried to slow down, his momentum carried him on and, a moment later, they were rolling on the ground, the two of them, arms locked tight around each other. With his legs between her own, Lysiteles did his

best to thrust, driving his cock towards her slit. She twisted her body sideways, and his shaft stabbed uselessly against her thigh. But in doing so, her grip weakened long enough for him to break free.

Instinctively, he slammed his shoulder into hers and knocked her sideways. Caught by surprise, Camilla lost her balance and stumbled. Lysiteles saw his chance and threw himself forward as she fell. She crashed to the ground, face-down, Lysiteles splayed on top of her, his cock against one buttock. She leaned on her arms and tried to push up, but she was at a disadvantage now, and his weight kept her pinned.

To her horror, she felt his cock slide up between her buttocks. She arched her back and shrieked, aware of the threat from his penis. Clenching her cheeks, she held him fast; then relaxed, then clenched again. Trapped in her groove, Lysiteles groaned as a wave of pleasure swept through his shaft. Camilla immediately redoubled her efforts, sensing he was close to coming. She had to keep his mind on pleasure, not on finding the opening to her arse. One slip and he might breach her anus. If he did, then he would spend himself inside her for sure, and the battle would be lost.

As if aware of the danger he was in, Lysiteles gave an almighty grunt, tried hard to clear his mind and raised himself a fraction. It was all Camilla needed. She jerked sideways, heaved with her arms and broke free, sending the farmer rolling onto his back. With urgency borne from panic, he swivelled round, leapt up and ran away before she had a chance to regain her feet.

In the crowd, some roared with approval, some with disdain. There was disappointment among many that he had not breached her as they had hoped; others were glad he had escaped in one piece. More again – the women largely – groaned to see the man slip clear, when they, for themselves, had been sure the woman was about to strike the winning blow.

Up in the balcony, Lysiteles' wife hid her face from view and wept. Though she had no wish to see her husband fuck the Iceni woman, neither she did she wish to see him smothered at her cunt. Marcus D. glanced at her from time to time, a cruel smile playing on his lips. The farmer's wife was a buxom wench, with big legs, wide hips and a head of thick, raven-coloured hair. The sort of woman he would happily take to his bed, and more...

‘Tell me,’ he said, averting his gaze from the battle below and addressing the woman directly. ‘Have you ever straddled your husband’s head and forced him to worship at your pussy?’

The remark was meant to provoke – and it did. The blood drained from the woman’s face, her voice barely audible when she spoke. ‘In heaven’s name!’ she cried. ‘Never!’

‘A pity,’ he responded carelessly. ‘I’ll warrant you’ve a slit that bears inspection!’

Her face grew paler still and he thought for one moment she might fall into a dead faint. She recovered herself in time, though further words failed her. Marcus D. turned back to view events below. The combatants were circling each other warily, biding their time, waiting for a sign of weakness. Each time the woman came forward, the man would retreat, often running to the far side of the arena, out of harm’s way. Camilla followed and closed him down each time. But each time he managed to escape once more.

No matter, thought Marcus D. The man was slowly tiring; for it was he doing most of the work. It would not be long now, he reckoned, not long at all. Addressing Philea, he said, ‘Down on your knees! Prepare me for the moment of truth!’

Leaving her seat, Philea eased herself into position between Marcus D.’s legs. Lifting up his skirt to expose his cock, she took hold of the shaft and felt it stiffen. Then, lowering her head, she closed her mouth around the glans and began to suckle. A few feet away, already distressed by her husband’s plight, the farmer’s wife looked away in disgust as Marcus D. began to mumble crudely.

Down in the arena, Lysiteles was beginning to tire. He had fled this way and that, in a bid to outrun his opponent. But the effort had taken its toll and his legs had grown weary. With each circuit of the stadium, she narrowed his room for manoeuvre, until – at last – she had him pinned near the wall just below the *praetor*’s balcony.

Stamping one foot, then the other, Camilla opened her legs wider, exposing the hot, fleshy maw of her cunt. ‘It is your time, man,’ she told him breathlessly – for the chase had taken its toll on her, too. ‘Surrender to me

now – and I promise I will end this quickly!’

With his back to the wall, Lysiteles glanced left and right, searching for a way out. He made to run, but the moment he moved, Camilla moved, too, and he was forced to stop. As she came forward again, he knew that his fate was almost sealed, and felt his belly tighten. Then, suddenly – a gift from the gods, surely! – he saw his chance: a slim corridor to the left; not much, but it was all he had. His heart pounding, and his stomach sick with fear, he ran.

The crowd went wild as he made his bid for freedom. Some cheered him on, but others booed. Then a different roar went up: one fuelled by great excitement. Camilla was running now, not only matching him step for step, but gaining on him, also. Second by second she closed him down until, a mere footfall behind him, she flung herself forward, as if roping a steer, closed her arms around his legs and brought him to the ground.

Up in the balcony, Lysiteles’ wife jumped to her feet. ‘Husband! No!’ she cried as she saw him go down. Marcus D. – his eyes wide with excitement – reached out and held on tight to Philea’s head, ensuring she remain in place, suckling on his bloated cock. His balls were tingling, his penis stiff with need. He was perilously close to coming now.

Writhing on the ground below, Lysiteles heaved uselessly beneath Camilla’s weight. She locked her arms around his chest, then rolled onto her side, dragging him with her. Letting go with one arm, she closed a hand around his shaft and began to pump him vigorously.

‘No, please!’ he wept. ‘I beg you! Do not shame me!’

Wriggling on his side like a landed fish, Lysiteles stared up as his wife stared down. Their eyes met for an instant: a shared moment of utter despair. ‘Forgive me!’ he cried, then bucked his hips and screamed again. ‘I come! I come!’

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the first jet of semen erupted from the eye of his cock. Wad upon wad of seed shot high into the air and across his belly. As the last drop spilled from his shaft, Lysiteles sagged, exhausted and broken. Allowing the poor man no time to recover, Camilla rolled him onto his stomach, and straddled him quickly. Taking

hold of his arms, she heaved him on to his back, then dropped like a dead weight on to his chest, knocking the wind from his lungs. Sliding forward, she gripped his head between her thighs, her huge, shaven cunt moving into position over his face.

‘In heaven’s name, no!’ he cried. ‘Do not smother me! I submit! I submit!’

Gazing down, Camilla met his terrified stare with cold, unfeeling eyes. ‘Mercy is not mine to offer,’ she told him. ‘This was a battle to the end – *and my cunt takes no prisoners!*

In the balcony, Marcus D. stumbled awkwardly to his feet, Philea’s mouth still glued to the head of his cock. It was all he could do to speak, his excitement racing towards the point of no return. Lysiteles looked up, past Camilla, and pleaded with the only man who could save him.

‘In pity’s name, *praetor!* I am beaten! I submit! Spare me further shame!’

Gathering himself for one last effort, his penis jerking dangerously in Philea’s mouth, Marcus D. leaned against the balcony rail and yelled back, ‘There can be no mercy for a coward!’ Raising an arm in the air, he held his thumb upwards. ‘You have been bested by the Icenii woman and must pay the price!’

Camilla looked up now, meeting Marcus D.’s cruel, excited gaze. He shook with delight as he recalled the promise she had made him in the cells that morning: what she must do in return for her three sisters’ freedom.

‘Here is my judgment!’ cried Marcus D. breathlessly. ‘This woman shall sit on your face ... *and smother you with her bare arse!*

Lysiteles’ face went deathly grey and his eyes blazed wide. ‘No!’ he screamed. ‘That was not the bargain we struck! She is to conquer me with cunt, not arse!’

‘Our bargain has changed!’ cried Marcus D. ‘You have shamed yourself by asking this woman to show mercy!’

With a jerk of his head, he signalled to the centurions who had escorted Lysiteles into the arena. The men came forward again, seized hold of

Lysiteles' arms and legs and held him fast while Camilla got up and turned her back on him. Then, placing a foot either side of his body, she lowered herself back on to his chest, her huge backside towards his head.

Lysiteles wept and struggled like a man in torment. He cried to his gods to save him from his fate, then to his wife to intervene on his behalf. Up in the balcony, she dropped to her knees beside Marcus D. and tugged at the hem of his skirt, ignoring the woman who still suckled on his cock.

'*Praetor*, please!' she wept. 'Spare my husband! I beg you!'

He gazed at her with renewed lust. 'Would you take this woman's place?' he asked, indicating Philea. 'And suckle on me in her stead? Until you have drained every last drop of seed from my body?'

She fell back onto her heels, her face ashen. 'You cannot ask that of me! Anything but that!'

'That is exactly what I ask,' he told her. Pausing to allow the full import of his words to sink in, he added – with dreadful solemnity – 'And having milked me in this way, I would have you raise your own skirts ... *and let me suckle on you in my turn.*'

She shook her head, tears welling in her eyes. 'You ask too much, *praetor!* Too much!' she cried.

'Then it is not I who condemn your husband to lie beneath Camilla's arse – *it is you!*'

She buried her head in her hands and wept, while below her on the ground her husband wept louder still.

Turning back to address Camilla, his penis at bursting point, Marcus D. raised his thumb a second time.

'The Briton has bested this man in battle, and shall conquer him now ... *as only a woman can!*'

He swung his hand around, the thumb pointing down. A frenzied tide of cheers swept through the crowd, drowning out Lysiteles' screams, and those of his poor, demented wife. Camilla shuffled back, reached out and peeled her buttocks apart. Staring up into her huge backside, his face white with

terror, Lysiteles saw the bloated ring of her anus as it winked and trembled at the heart of her crack.

‘No, please! Not this! Not your hole!’ he cried as she lowered her bottom onto his face. He screamed again, his eyes red with tears, and then he screamed no more. Her flesh poured over his head, his nose and mouth trapped in the suffocating trench of her crack. The centurions released him at once and stepped away. The battle was between the woman and Lysiteles now.

He brought his hand up and clawed at her hips, kicking with his feet and arching his back in a desperate bid to shift her. But all his efforts were in vain. Camilla was too strong for him, and he too exhausted to budge her an inch. Up in the balcony, his wife wept and beat her head against the wooden floor. Philea suckled furiously, while Marcus D, leaning on the rail for support, gazed with undisguised lust at the sight below – a fully-grown woman sitting naked on a man’s face, smothering him with her bare backside.

Suddenly it was all too much and Marcus D. came, spurting freely into Philea’s willing mouth. Simultaneously, Lysiteles gave one last dramatic lurch, wriggled briefly and fell still. On Marcus D.’s instructions – for despite their bargain he did not trust Camilla to hold on longer than she should – the centurions came forward and lifted her bodily from Lysiteles’ face. She struggled briefly, but – exhausted as she was – put up only token resistance.

In the balcony, oblivious to the wild, unrestrained cheers that thundered around the arena, Marcus D. fell back into his seat, shattered. Philea emerged from beneath his skirt, her lips coated with semen, a wicked grin on her face. Lysiteles’ wife continued to sob, aware that she had had the chance to save her husband from shame, but had not taken it.

While two centurions held Camilla fast, others carried Lysiteles’ unconscious body from the field of battle. Through half-closed eyes, Marcus D. watched them depart. Everything, he reflected, had worked out well. Even better than he had hoped.

As the last wave of pleasure ebbed from his cock, he took a deep,

reviving breath, closed his eyes and sighed. He would keep his word. Camilla and her sisters would go free. As for Lysiteles – well – another wicked thought occurred. Getting up, he turned to Daemones, seated, as he had been from the start, in a chair behind him, and said, ‘I am returning to my chamber.’ Then, gesturing at Lysiteles’ wife, he added, ‘Have this woman washed and brought to me’.

An hour had passed since Lysiteles’ defeat. Stretched out on his divan, Marcus D. sipped wine from a tall, crystal goblet and enjoyed the light, heady feeling that a second glass had given him. He had just closed his eyes for a moment, and was dreaming idly of Camilla’s bottom, when a soft, familiar cough alerted him to the fact that he was no longer alone.

He opened his eyes to see Daemones standing nearby, Lysiteles’ buxom, and – since she had been washed – now fresh-faced wife, at his side.

‘You may leave us,’ said Marcus D., waving idly at his servant. ‘And ensure that we are not disturbed until I send for you again.’

Daemones bowed, and retreated quickly, leaving the two of them alone.

‘I set your husband a task,’ said Marcus D. ‘He played his part well and shall be freed in six months’ time.’

‘Thank you, *praetor*,’ said the woman, bowing her head. Her voice was flat, devoid of emotion.

‘What is your name?’ he inquired.

‘Aemilia,’ she replied softly.

‘Look at me when I speak to you,’ he said sternly. ‘The floor has been swept. You will find nothing of interest there.’

She raised her head, and he saw that she had been crying. Hardly surprising, he reflected, in the circumstances.

‘I offered you a chance to save your husband from shame,’ said Marcus D. In truth, he knew, he had done nothing of the kind. Had she agreed, he would have been mortified, and forced to renege on such a bargain, even had she done her part. But there was something about the woman that called to

him. He knew what it was, of course. Her big hips, bulging beneath her thin woollen smock, hinted at treasures concealed. Treasures he wished to uncover.

‘I could not shame myself, *praetor*. Not in front of everyone. My husband would not have wanted it so.’

‘I understand,’ he replied. ‘Which is why I have summoned you here – to my private chamber – where none may disturb us.’

She immediately tightened, and an anxious look came into her eyes.

‘It is all right,’ he assured her. ‘You are safe. I mean you no harm. I simply wish to suggest a new bargain, in return for which ...*your husband goes free today, and your family gains a thousand denarii.*’

At the words, ‘a thousand denarii’, Aemilia’s mouth gaped. The sum, he knew, was beyond all imagining for a poor farmer and his wife. They might work for many years and never earn such a fortune. If she did not bite at this, he knew, she would bite at nothing.

‘It is a generous sum,’ she said at last, in a voice so low the words almost died in the back of her throat.

He reached beneath the pillow on which he lay and produced a large, cotton bag. With a flourish, he emptied its contents onto a marble table beside the divan. Coins spilled out like water from a tap, clattering on to the floor. Aemilia’s eyes widened like saucers and a little gasp escaped her lips.

Allowing her to savour the sight for a few moments, and he to savour the sight of her astonished face, Marcus D. hoisted himself upright and addressed her again. ‘This money is yours,’ he said, ‘if you grant me a small favour’.

He waited for her answer, and, when none came, he decided to press on. ‘Your husband has been shamed in front of his family and his friends. Even when freed, his life here is at an end. Yours, too. With this money, you can leave and start again. In a place where no one knows of you.’

‘It is true,’ whispered Aemilia. ‘There is nothing for us here now...’ Then, as if making up her mind, she looked at him and said, ‘This bargain of which you speak, *praetor*. It is ... of a private nature?’

‘It is,’ he replied, confirming her worst fears.

Taking a deep breath, her shoulders visibly trembling, she said, ‘It will remain between ourselves? My husband shall never know...’

‘You have my word,’ he promised. ‘The nature of our business shall remain in this room.’

Still, she seemed to be struggling, unable to commit herself finally. At last, aware of her reluctance, he decided to force the issue. It was, he knew, now or never.

‘You saw how your husband was defeated in the arena. How the woman, Camilla, mounted his head with her bare backside and rode him without mercy?’

‘I did,’ said Aemilia, in a voice trembling with emotion.

‘It was I who gave the order. I who offered her the bargain. Her freedom, and that of her sisters, in return for shaming your husband with her arse’s hole.’

Aemilia gazed back at him, her mouth tightly closed, This time, she said nothing, but he saw the anger – hatred even – burning in her eyes.

‘I was wrong,’ he lied. ‘I should not have done what I did. No man should suffer such a fate: to be held inside a woman’s crack and forced to worship at her secret place...’

Aemilia’s lips had begun to tremble and it was clear to him his words had shocked her. She was a simple farmer’s wife, not used to vulgar ways. He pressed on with his lies, keen to reel her in and bend her to his wishes.

‘Your husband has endured the torments of the damned. And did so because I told him if he did not, then his wife and children would be sent into exile, without a denarius to their name!’

The colour drained from Aemilia’s face. ‘That is why he fought the woman? To save us?’ she murmured.

Marcus D. nodded gravely. ‘I gave him no choice. He knew that if she bested him, she would sit on his face and conquer him as only a woman can...’

Tears welled up afresh in Aemilia's eyes. 'My poor, dear husband!' she cried. 'He must have known he could not defeat her. She is a warrior! He is but a simple farmer, not a fighter!'

Allowing her no respite, Marcus D. hurried on. 'How he must have suffered! To see the Briton's arse come down on him! To see the way her buttocks parted! To have her take him into her dark, hairy crack, and smother him with her arse's hole!'

'Please, no!' cried Aemilia, burying her head in her hands and sobbing loudly. 'No more, please! My poor, dear husband! He must have been so frightened!'

Marcus D. got up, reached out and laid a comforting hand on the young woman's shoulder. 'He did all this for you,' he said, 'and now it is time ... *you took your revenge!*'

Aemilia looked up, her eyes red, her face a mask of confusion. 'Revenge?' she repeated. 'I do not understand,' she said. 'How can I avenge myself?'

'Your husband was sat on and smothered against his will,' said Marcus D. in a quiet voice. 'At my command.' He paused briefly, then added, 'Now you must sit on me, and do the same...'

Aemilia stepped back sharply, visibly shocked. She shook her head several times, unable to speak. Finally, she said, 'No! I do not understand! You are the *praetor*! I cannot sit on you!'

'You must!' he told her, reaching out and seizing her by the shoulders. 'If you do this thing, you will avenge your husband and can live in honour.'

She shook her head again. 'I cannot! I have never ... never...' and then her voice trailed away and she began to sob again.

Wheeling around, he snapped his fingers loudly. Philea appeared almost at once, stepping out from behind a gilded screen, followed by four fellow-concubines. All five women were naked, their breasts and buttocks wobbling freely as they crossed the room and lined up behind the divan. Each carried a big, silk cushion in her hands.

'You said we were alone!' cried Aemilia. 'You said this was private!'

‘These are my concubines,’ explained Marcus D. ‘Their silence is assured. And they are women, too. You are among friends.’

‘But why are they here?’ asked Aemilia, perplexed. ‘Again, I do not understand.’

‘They are here to hold me down,’ he revealed bluntly. ‘So I cannot escape ... *when you sit on my face and conquer me with your arse!*’

Again, Aemilia shook her head. ‘No! I cannot! It is wrong!’

Ignoring her protest, Marcus D., turned to Philea. ‘You know what must be done?’ he said.

Philea nodded. ‘Yes, *praetor.*’

‘Then let us begin!’ he cried, pulling off his toga, rendering himself suddenly naked.

Aemilia turned away, not knowing where to look. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the women laying their cushions on the floor, one beside the other, creating a broad, makeshift bed. Marcus D lay down on his back, his arms above his head, his legs stretched wide. Four of the women took up their positions at his hands and feet, reached down and took a firm hold.

‘Remember!’ he told them. ‘Secure me as if your lives depended on it. Give me no quarter!’

As if to make sure they had taken him at his word, Marcus D. began to struggle, heaving from side to side, testing their strength. Though he could shift himself a little, it became immediately clear to him that he could not break free. ‘I am helpless, Aemelia!’ he cried. ‘You may do with me as you will!’

Seeing the woman still hesitated, Philea approached her now and placed a comforting hand on her arm. ‘You must do this thing, Aemilia,’ she said softly. ‘Our master is at your mercy. You must shame him with your arse’s hole – as your husband was shamed in his turn. Take your revenge and your money – and leave this place for a new, and happier, life!’

‘But I have never done such a thing before,’ said Aemilia, ‘Will it not shame me as much as it shames him?’

Philea shook her head. ‘No,’ she insisted, desperate to reassure her. ‘Nature has given a woman powerful weapons. Our breasts to nurture, and the holes between our legs to conquer men. You do not abuse yourself when you sit on a man’s head and render him helpless. You go into battle!’

Aemilia appeared to hesitate, as if turning matters over – still unsure, but wavering less. ‘You have done this thing?’ she asked. ‘Sat on a man’s face ... and subdued him with your flesh?’

‘I have,’ said Philea. ‘Many times!’ She gave the other woman a warm smile and added, ‘No man has ever broken free. All have been conquered. As you shall conquer this one!’

For several seconds, Aemilia remained silent, clearly perturbed. She turned her eyes towards the bag of silver, then briefly to the floor where Marcus D. lay spread-eagled on his back, awaiting her decision. Finally, she looked directly at Philea, took a deep breath and said, ‘I will do it. I will avenge my husband – and conquer your master with my bottom.’

Philea rewarded her with a grateful smile. Stepping back she said, ‘You must disrobe’.

Aemilia’s eyes widened.

‘A woman must go into battle naked,’ said Philea. ‘Her body is her living weapon and she must be proud to wield it.’

Another deep breath, another moment’s hesitation. ‘I understand,’ said Aemilia at last. ‘You will not find me wanting, now that my mind is made up.’ Then, reaching down, she gathered the hem of her smock in her hands, and hauled it up over her head, throwing it to one side.

‘By all our gods!’ breathed Marcus D. hoarsely, catching sight of her broad backside a moment before she turned to face him. ‘Nature herself has fashioned you for this task!’

With her plump, gourd-like breasts – the big, wrinkled teats tipped with thick, cork-shaped nipples – her trim waist and her big, fleshy hips, he knew, straightaway, that even if he were not held down, but able to move freely, Aemilia would not be easy to shift. Secured as he was, Marcus D. rejoiced in the knowledge that here was a woman who would take him without mercy.

His cock – already unfurled – stiffened sharply as she walked towards him.

Unlike his concubines, their pussies shaven and smooth, Aemilia's cunt was hidden behind a thick wall of dark, pubic curls. Little strands of hair stretched up towards her rounded belly, and down across her chubby thighs. Marcus D. found himself curiously unnerved by the sight, and shifted anxiously.

Aemilia saw the way his mouth had dropped and guessed the reason straightaway. Glancing about her, she noted the baby-soft folds of the concubines' vaginas and guessed where the *praetor's* preferences lay.

Looking down at him, she said, 'Before I begin, do I have your word that if I conquer you as you ask, my husband goes free and we take the silver with us?'

Marcus D. nodded eagerly. 'You do!' he told her.

'I am to do with you as I will? No mercy shown?'

'None!' he cried joyfully.

'And your women will not free you – until the deed is done?'

'They are ordered to release me only when you have rendered me insensible.'

'Then I will have my revenge on you,' she said, in a calm, controlled voice. 'As only a woman can!'

'Let your arse do its work!' he cried, his face a picture of delight.

'It will,' she said, taking another deep breath, so that her bosom rose and fell dramatically. 'But first,' she added, dropping quickly to her knees, legs either side of his chest, 'you shall suckle on the cunt that makes me truly woman!'

His eyes blazed wide. 'No!' he shrieked. 'This was not our bargain!'

For the first time since they had met, her face relaxed and a triumphant smile transformed her features. 'You are not the master now,' she said bitterly. 'It is I who command. I who decide...'

He wrenched violently, twisting his body from side to side and tried to

kick himself free. The women held on tight, keeping to their word, giving him no quarter.

‘Release me!’ he yelled. ‘Our bargain ends! Philea! Command your women! They must let me go!’

As the women looked up, waiting instructions, Philea came forward, looked down and said, ‘Hold tight! The *praetor* is not to be freed!’

‘No!’ screamed Marcus D. ‘Release me at once! I command it, Philea! Do as I say!’

Philea frowned. Before they had begun, the *praetor* had given her firm instructions. He was not to be released under any circumstances. He might rail, protest, and beg them to let him go; say he had changed his mind and the bargain was at an end. But she must ignore his pleas. He did not wish to lie there and accept his fate. He wished to fight, resist and beg the woman to have pity on him. He wanted to feel as Lysiteles must have felt – when he lay between Camilla’s legs and knew there was no escape. So he would struggle – more furiously than he had ever struggled – and they must let him be. But the way he struggled now, and the way he cried – both had the ring of truth to them. For a moment she hesitated. Should she err on the side of caution and tell the women to free him? No! She could not! She must not! The *praetor* had given her instructions and she must follow them to the letter. He would never forgive her were she to shatter his fantasy. Steeling herself, she addressed her fellow-concubines once more. ‘I say again – hold fast!’ Then, turning to Aemilia, she cried, ‘You have woman’s work to do. Do it!’

Gazing into Marcus D.’s wide, terrified eyes, Aemilia relished her moment of triumph. This man had treated her husband cruelly. Now it was his turn to suffer. Reaching into the hairy folds of her cunt she teased her labia free. Again he heaved, and again he screamed.

‘No!’ he cried. ‘In heaven’s name, no!’

‘You fear the beast that lurks within my jungle,’ she replied. ‘And rightly so. For she means to feed on your head...’

‘For pity’s sake, no!’ he screamed as she moved into position over his face, her long, hairy lips dripping juice onto his skin. He screamed again, and then he screamed no more. She drove her vulva down, covering his nose

and mouth with her thick, wiry pubes, the pink, fleshy folds of her cunt driving past his lips and into his mouth.

Marcus D. heaved, groaned and gagged in quick succession, unable to breathe as Aemilia pressed down with all her weight. He arched his back, clawed the air and cursed freely into the thick, hairy trench of her vagina. She held him there for over a minute, before slackening her grip, allowing him air. He had barely drawn breath for a second or two when she closed her thighs around his head again. She gripped him more fiercely than the first time, hugging him so hard to her cunt that he thought his nose would break. Again and again, she held him, then relaxed. Each time, she allowed him the merest snort of air before she wrapped him again in her warm, suffocating embrace.

By the time she finally released him, his head was swimming and he felt sure he would throw up. Her salty juices covered his face and dribbled from his lips.

‘In pity’s name...’ he groaned, his eyes bloodshot and tearful, ‘have mercy on me, I beg you. I can take no more...’

Sliding back across his chest, she leaned forward and whispered in his ear. ‘I have not finished with you yet, *praetor*. I have not even begun...’

‘Please,’ he wept, tugging feebly against the women who still held him down. ‘I don’t want to do this anymore. I am finished... please, let it end...’

Climbing to her feet, her legs aching now after having straddled him for so long, Aemilia turned around and dropped onto his chest a second time, knocking the wind from his lungs. She raised herself up onto her knees, reached back and clawed her buttocks apart. Marcus D. looked up and screamed again. The thick wall of hair that covered her cunt extended into her crack, too. Her anus itself was a big, bloated ring of muscle, its outer rim fringed with wiry black curls, dripping with sweat.

‘By the gods themselves!’ he shrieked. ‘Have mercy on me!’

Looking down at him, past her shoulder, Aemilia regarded him coldly and said, ‘You showed my husband no mercy when you ordered that woman to mount him with her bare backside. Now my arse will show you no mercy in its turn.’

‘Philea!’ he cried. ‘I have changed my mind! Please! In heaven’s name, order your whores to release me!’

Not for the first time, Philea struggled to decide what was real and what was not. ‘*Do not listen to me!*’ Marcus D. had told her. ‘*Whatever I say, whatever I do! Ignore my pleas for mercy!*’

She took a deep breath, hardened her heart and chose to ignore him once again. ‘*Join in!*’ he had urged. ‘*When I seem to be at my most desperate – tell the woman she is to have no mercy!*’

If she were wrong ... No! She could not be wrong. And even if she were, she was obeying the *praetor*’s instructions. He had set this thing in motion. Nothing could stop it now...

‘Are you ready?’ she asked, addressing Aemilia. The latter nodded, a grim, determined look on her face.

‘I am ready,’ she replied. ‘Ready to avenge my husband ... *as only a wife can!*’

‘Then mount your man’s face,’ said Philea – *and smother him with your arse’s hole!*’

‘*Nooooo!*’ screamed Marcus D., jerking furiously, and pulling so hard he almost freed himself. But the women held on tight, pinning him down, preventing his escape.

With deliberate slowness, Aemilia lowered herself onto Marcus D.’s face. He stared up into her huge anal trench and screamed again as her hole came ever closer. One final lurch, one final scream, and he went still, weeping freely as she paused, her anus positioned directly over his nose like a sword ready to strike.

‘Have pity...’ he wailed feebly.

‘Prepare to be conquered...’ she whispered softly. ‘I am a woman – with a woman’s arse. And I cannot be denied!’

He screamed one last time before she dropped her full weight on to his face. His fingers stretched and clawed the air; his legs kicked and he arched his back. It took every ounce of their combined strength for the concubines

to hold him down.

As he wriggled furiously beneath the weight of five women, Philea came forward, crouched low over his stiffened cock and drew it into her cunt. He had asked her to mount him once battle was properly joined – when Aemilia took him into her arse for the final time. He would climax at the moment of truth, his cock unleashing itself into her warm vagina.

Happy to offer him comfort at last, Philea rode up and down, his penis trembling inside her, his balls rolling with need beneath her buttocks. Sitting directly in front of her, Aemelia held on tight, scarcely moving at all, the full weight of her enormous bottom centred on Marcus D's face.

Timing his release to perfection, Philea rose one last time, then slammed her pussy down. Jets of semen spurted from his cock, flooding her womb as his body gave one last, almighty jerk. Somewhere, deep within Aemilia's buttocks, Marcus D. screamed. Then he jerked again, spurted one last time, and fell horribly still.

His ordeal was over...

'What was it like?' asked Philea curiously. Two days had passed since he had lain beneath Aemilia's arse.

Marcus D. sighed. 'There are things a man must do. He cannot help himself...'

'I am sorry,' she said. 'When you begged us to release you...'

'You followed my orders. You could not know I had changed my mind.'

'Would you do it again?'

He shrugged heavily. 'At the moment of truth – when you relieved me – what I felt is impossible to describe. I passed from torment into ecstasy. I truly believed I had breathed my last. Then I came – deep within your cunt – and you took me into Paradise. The pair of you...'

'I am glad you freed Lysiteles. He and his wife will make a new life with the money you gave them.'

He shrugged again. ‘A bargain is a bargain – though the woman came close to changing my mind. Her cunt was a demon from the Underworld itself. As for her arse ... I pity the man she ever takes between those cheeks again. Better he had not been born...’

‘The woman Camilla,’ mused Philea. ‘I wonder if we will see her again.’

‘Indeed,’ said Marcus D. thoughtfully. ‘Now she ...’ and then he broke off, leaving the sentence unfinished.

‘Hers is the arse you craved, more than life itself. I know...’ said Philea, finishing the thought for him.

Marcus D. got up, walked across to the balcony and looked out over the veranda.

‘She promised she would come for me,’ he said. ‘When she left. She said one day she would return. That she would take me between her legs. That her arse would have its revenge. She would smother me with her living flesh as no man has ever been smothered before...’

Joining him, and gazing out beyond the courtyard and into the hills beyond, Philea said, ‘Then we must hope that day never comes.’

‘Yes,’ said Marcus Domitius in a quiet, far-away voice. ‘I suppose we must...’

THE TAKING

The Taking was an annual – and rather curious – affair.

The Amazons rode into Marrakee just after sunrise. They had been expected, and everyone came out to greet them. For the young women of the village, it was a moment they had long awaited. The Taking was a rite of passage. Not all would be chosen to do battle with a man. For some, their Day of Triumph had arrived. For others, another year would pass before their chance might come again.

Mothers and daughters gathered together in the market square. The Taking was a family ceremony. The mother would battle the man first, before giving way to her offspring. The daughter, having mastered her man, would then make a gift of his cock to her mother, and together they would bring proceedings to an end.

Layla could scarcely control her excitement. At nineteen years of age, this was her first ‘Taking’. For the past twelve months, her mother, Shona, had striven to train her well, teaching her the skills she would need were she to be chosen.

What pained, and yet, in equal measure, thrilled the women of Marrakee, was the fact that no one knew who would take part. The Amazon marshals, whose task it was to oversee the Taking, did not arrive with lists of women chosen beforehand. Rather, they wandered freely among the crowd, selecting those they deemed most likely to succeed.

As the first wave of marshals swept past her, selecting women for the rite, Layla’s spirits slumped. She was not to be chosen this year. When, on a second circuit of the crowd, a marshal placed her hand on the young woman’s shoulder, and pushed her forward, Layla’s tummy hollowed with excitement. A dribble of sweat trickled between her bare breasts and her nipples hardened.

For a long, painful moment Shona gazed at her daughter standing apart from the crowd, looking a little lost. Without sandals, and bare-breasted, dressed only in a short ceremonial thong that barely covered her bulging

vagina, she looked so vulnerable. Shona came forward quickly, and placed a protective arm around the youngster's shoulder.

'It is your time, daughter!' she cried. 'Be happy! You are to take a man between your legs!'

'I pray I do not let you down,' said Layla in a quiet voice. Her voice was firm, but her shaking hands betrayed the fear in her heart. Success in the Taking was all. Defeat brought only shame, and no chance to do battle with a man for a further three years. She could not fail. *By all that was holy, she must not...*

'I know you will not fail me,' replied Shona. 'Nor I you. Have no fear, my daughter. It is the man we face in battle who shall tremble before us.'

In all, twenty women were chosen for the ritual, a number equal to the men the Amazons had brought to Marrakee.

A makeshift arena was quickly constructed; a circle around which all the other women, two or three hundred in total, gathered, ensuring no means of escape, should any man try to flee.

Pairings and timing were settled by lot. To her surprise, Layla's name was called out first, and she and her mother found themselves matched with a man twice their size and weight.

'He is a powerful brute,' said Layla, eyeing the man in his cage. 'I doubt two of us together could conquer him, let alone one.'

Her mother smiled. 'We have nothing to fear,' she said reassuringly. 'These men are dull-witted and slow on their feet. The bigger they are, the easier it is to bring them down.'

'Even so,' said Layla, not convinced, 'he must be felled first. It will not be easy.'

Shona smiled again. 'Do not forget,' she reminded her. 'This is not my first Taking. Your sisters, who have gone before you, felt as you do now. Unsure if I could deliver him as our ritual demands; and fearful, too, lest they failed to master him in turn.'

She took hold of Layla's shoulders and held her gently. 'I have brought

down bigger men than this one. Have no fear. I shall deliver him to you. Then you will do your woman's work on him and make me proud.'

Layla took a deep breath, recovering her nerve. 'I will, mother, I promise. I shall ride him without mercy – as no man has been ridden before.'

Shona closed her arms around Layla's shoulders and hugged her warmly. 'This is your Day of Triumph, daughter,' she said happily. 'The day you become a woman...'

Once the pairings had been made, and all the men examined, the marshals explained the rules. There was no real need, for every girl had been taught by her mother and knew well enough what was to follow. But it was part of the ritual, and always served to heighten the crowd's delight.

Layla's man was dragged from his cage to huge applause from the villagers. He clung desperately to the bars and it took three marshals to prise his fingers loose. They hauled him into the centre of the ring, where two more women awaited them and forced him to his knees.

Standing several feet away, Shona turned to Layla and said, 'See how the male trembles before us! He is twice our size, yet knows he cannot win! That a mother and her daughter are coming for him – and mean to take him between their legs!'

Layla might have replied, but just then the Amazon marshal spoke up, addressing the crowd.

'Women of Marrakee!' she began. 'You are gathered here for the annual Taking. When mother and daughter unite as one to conquer a common foe – and a girl embraces womanhood!'

A huge cheer went up, forcing the marshal to break off until the tumult died down.

'All here know the sacred rituals. This man will shortly be released. The first mother will then enter the arena, and do battle with him, hand to hand until one of them is overcome. If it is the mother, then both she and her daughter will carry the mark of shame with them for three years. The man will be given his reward – and withdrawn from the fray. Having taken his

rest, another pair will be chosen and the man will do battle again, until he is finally overcome.'

Another cheer; another pause; and a loud, wailing cry from the man himself. He tried to clamber to his feet, and it took all the women's strength to hold him down.

The marshal resumed her speech. 'Should the man attempt to flee into the crowd, he must be driven back by any means. Once out of the arena, all may use their cunts and arses on him! For this is the Sacred Law and the Sacred Law must be obeyed.'

The marshal paused again, to allow the crowd, increasingly excited by now, to settle down. It was almost half a minute before she was able to continue.

'If the mother shall subdue the man, however, then her daughter shall come forward – and sit upon his head as Nature has ordained she should. But though she mount him as a girl, she shall rise from him a woman!'

Another cheer; another pause; another wretched moan and struggle. As the cries ebbed away, the marshal turned to face Shona and said, 'Are you ready to take this man in combat – and deliver him to your daughter?'

Shona nodded reverently. 'I am,' she replied.

'Then cast aside your cloak of modesty – and reveal yourself to him in all your glory!'

Immediately, Shona reached down, plucked at the hem of her tunic and dragged it up over her shoulders, throwing it to the ground. Beneath the garment, she was naked and, as she stepped forward, her large gourd-like breasts parted a little and swayed from side to side. Between her legs, a dark, bushy vee of hair snaked up towards her belly-button.

At the same time, the marshal moved behind the kneeling man, took hold of his head and wrenched it upright. As he caught sight of Shona's big, naked body coming towards him, he let out a dreadful scream, and the blood visibly drained from his face.

Still holding on to his head, the marshal cried out in a loud voice, 'Feast upon this woman's nakedness – and know that she is coming for you!'

Tremble at her approach and weep for yourself! She is a mother – who will deliver you to her daughter. You shall lie between both their legs before this day is over!’

Hardly were the final words out of the marshal’s mouth than she and the other women released him, and hurried into the crowd. Now only two remained in the arena: Shona and her terrified opponent.

Fear lent him speed, and, despite his weight and size, he scrambled quickly to his feet. Looking hurriedly from side to side, he made up his mind and ran towards one section of the crowd. Almost at once, several women lifted up their skirts and showed him their pussies. He stopped in his tracks, aware that even if he made it into the crowd, the women would abuse him dreadfully.

He turned back to face Shona. He knew that he had only one hope, and a slim one at that. He must defeat this woman bent on mounting him. If he did not, she would deliver him to her waiting daughter. Then heaven help him!

Even though his survival depended on defeating a woman half his size in single combat, the man continued to dither. Though small in stature, these women made up with strength and cunning what they lacked in size. As long as he remained out of reach, he was safe. The moment they locked horns, however, he could not be sure of anything.

And so they continued to circle each other for several minutes. He doing his best to remain out of reach; she searching for any hint of weakness, ready to pounce the moment his guard was down.

These fights could sometimes last for hours, with the female biding her time until a man grew tired and made a fatal slip. Shona was an impatient woman and had no intention of waiting that long. With each circle of the arena, she closed in a little more, restricting his room for manoeuvre, until, at last, she had him cornered.

She saw the look of fear in his face, aware that the final attack was imminent. Any moment now, she would launch herself forward and the battle for his head would begin. He knew it; she knew it. The crowd knew it too, and broke into a fresh, spontaneous roar of support, urging her on.

The man shuffled left and right, his eyes flashing this way and that,

searching desperately for a way out. Shona retreated a couple of steps, offering him hope. It was a simple tactic, and one she had used on previous occasions. And, as on all those previous occasions, the bait was taken.

The man ran forward, grabbing his last, slender chance for freedom. Shona allowed him to commit himself fully. In flight, he was more vulnerable than at rest. She waited a moment or two, then rushed forward, her powerful legs eating up the ground as she ran.

The screams of the crowd drowned out the sound of her thudding feet as she closed in on him. Even so, some sixth sense warned him of impending doom. He whirled around, stumbling awkwardly – another mistake. Shona was on him in a flash. With a jerk of her arms, she brought the young man down. Sprawled across his body, she pinned him on his back. He kicked with his arms and legs, flailing like a landed fish. He knew what was about to happen, and fear lent strength to his efforts.

He arched his back, heaving his barrel-like chest skywards. The sudden thrust loosened Shona's grip. Dislodged, she was herself now vulnerable. The man rolled over, threatening to crush her with his weight. The panic in the crowd was almost palpable. A man might be slow-witted and clumsy on his feet, but wrestling with a woman on the ground afforded him the chance to use his weight against her.

With a speed born of fear, Shona heaved herself sideways and out of harm's way. As the man scrambled forward, trying to catch her, Shona was forced to shuffle away, propelling herself with her feet. The man surprised her with his speed. He lunged out and grabbed her leg, pulling her back.

A scream went up from the crowd. To Layla, watching from a distance, it suddenly occurred to her that her mother was not as young or as nimble as she had once been. True, she was only in her forty-first summer, but even so, against such a large opponent she looked vulnerable. If her mother were overcome, then both would be shamed. For herself, the blow would be heavy enough, but for her mother, she knew, it would be more dreadful still.

She wanted to shout encouragement, to urge her mother on, but before the words had even begun to form, the unexpected happened. As the man scrambled forward, one hand around Shona's ankle, he overreached himself.

Before he realised his mistake, Shona brought her other leg up, heaved with her hips, and wrapped herself around the man's neck.

Suddenly, and almost unbelievably, her cunt was inches from her enemy's face. At the sight of her hairy mound closing in on him, the man jerked backwards, desperately trying to evade capture. The tables had been turned. He was no longer coming for her. *She was coming for him.*

The crowd's excitement reached fever-pitch. They delighted in the man's obvious distress, roaring on their champion, encouraging her to move in for the kill.

Shona wriggled her body, manoeuvring herself into position. Though the man attempted to retreat, the sandy ground restricted his movements, and he struggled to keep his balance. With a kick of her hips Shona was on him, her legs either side of his neck, her pussy full in his face. Bearing down, she drove the meaty bulb into his mouth.

From the sidelines, Layla performed a happy jig and felt her tummy hollow with delight. She watched, transfixed, as her mother rode the man's head, hugging him tightly to her cunt. Wriggling on the sandy ground, his arms flailed, and his fingers clawed at her hips.

There was a desperation in his movements that spoke not only of his terror, but the exhausting effect of his struggle. Shona's grip on his face was airtight. She had done this many times before – taken a man between her legs and held him without mercy. Slowly, with every thrust of her hips, and every kick of his legs, she wore him down until, at last, he could take no more. He reached for his penis and took it in both hands, jiggling his cock furiously – the sign that he had had enough. That she had won.

A huge cheer went up from the crowd. Shona slid back onto his chest. Seizing both of his hands, she pulled them away from his penis. Then, readjusting her position, she forced his arms between his legs and hers, pinning them to his sides.

He looked anxious and perplexed. Terrified from the start – dragged screaming from his cage and deafened by the crowd's response – he had not fully grasped his fate. The battle, he had falsely assumed, was over. He had lost the fight and would be returned to his cage. He shifted a little, but Shona

gripped him tightly. He knew he was going nowhere until she released him. He knew, also, the penalty for trying to shift her now. It was summary execution. That much had been made plain to him on the way to Marrakee. He could struggle, but he could not escape. Not if he wished to live.

Comfortably settled, Shona looked across to the Amazon marshal, who responded with a curt nod. Immediately, Shona turned towards Layla and cried out, 'He is your man now, daughter! Come forward and take your prize!'

The man's eyes widened in disbelief. *What was happening?* He struggled to make sense of things, twisting his head in the direction Shona had spoken. The moment he spotted Layla, running towards him, he understood...

Before he had a chance to react, Layla ripped off her thong, and threw it into the crowd. A moment later, she fell to her knees, legs either side of the young man's head. Her fellow-villagers roared their approval as she shuffled forward. Their cries of support drowned out the young man's cries as she reached down and opened up her arse, flaunting her bum-hole. The small, knotted anus twitched and pouted, drawing more screams from both the crowd and the man whose face she was about to engulf.

'In heaven's name!' he wept. 'Have mercy, I beg you!'

Looking down at him, she answered, 'It is not my decision to make.'

Then, in accordance with tradition, she turned to address the crowd, who had gradually fallen silent.

'Women of Marrakee!' she cried, her backside still crudely open above the young man's head. 'The decision is yours! Do I spare this man who begs me for mercy – or do I take him to my naked arse as Nature intended I should take him?'

The question was pure ritual. It had been asked countless times before over countless decades. And always the answer had been – as it was to be now – the same...

'Take him!' the crowd screamed. 'Take him to your arse's hole!'

Looking down at him, Layla addressed the man calmly, though inside

she shook like a leaf in a storm.

‘The people have spoken,’ she said softly. ‘Prepare yourself. My arse is coming for you!’

He arched his back, heaved uselessly between Shona’s legs and screamed. ‘No, please! I beg you! Not this! Not this!’

‘Sit on him! Sit on him!’ yelled the crowd, a volley of sound echoing around the small, makeshift arena.

Almost deafened by their cries, Layla turned towards Shona, who, despite all her strength and experience, was struggling to keep their man down. There were words – sacred words – that were still to be spoken. She cleared her mind, and took a deep breath to steady her nerves.

‘Dear mother,’ she said, in a voice trembling with excitement. ‘I thank you for the sacred gift you have given me. With your permission I shall now take this man between my woman’s cheeks ... as Nature intended I should!’

Beneath her, their prisoner heaved violently, arched his back and heaved again. Staring up into Layla’s open arse, he saw the long, sweaty trench of her crack, its tight hole pink and wrinkled. ‘Please, someone help me! *Someone help me, please!*’ he screamed.

Shona returned her daughter’s bright, excited look, her heart thumping with pride. ‘This man is yours now,’ she answered quietly. ‘To do with as you please.’

‘Then I shall claim him with my naked arse ... and finally become a woman!’

Another heave, another terrified scream. The man jerked furiously, his every fibre railing against his fate as Layla lowered her bottom. Her slow descent was calculated to instil terror in her victim – and excitement beyond measure in the crowd as they saw her bum-hole closing in on his face.

When, finally, she covered him completely – pressing down with all her weight – the crowd went wild. Stamping their feet, they punched the air and screamed with delight.

Behind her, Shona was aware of the young man’s cock, painfully erect

despite his ordeal. She knew her next move must be timed to perfection. The ritual demanded precision. One pair would take the laurels today – the mother and daughter who showed the greatest skill in subduing their man. Shona had claimed the prize twice before – with Layla’s older sisters – and was eager to do so again.

As she scythed across her victim’s face, his nose lodged deep in her hole, Layla found herself becoming quickly aroused. Her eyes were screwed shut as she struggled to hold back the growing tide of pleasure in her cunt. Soon, her mother knew, the dam would break and she would flood the man’s face with her juices. That moment was almost upon her now. As their captive bucked furiously beneath them, Shona took a deep breath and readied herself. The trick was to strike at the moment he sagged. Move too quickly and that moment could be lost.

He heaved again, his body rattling. For several seconds he was at the peak of his effort. And then he relaxed – just for a moment or two, recovering his strength, gathering himself for one last effort. *It was time!* Shona raised herself from the man’s stomach, reached back, took hold of his cock and pulled it into her cunt.

The man jerked sharply as his penis slid home. A violent shudder rocked his body, and, for one awful moment, Layla thought he would shift her from his head. A quick snatch of air was all he managed before her young arse claimed him a second time. With his nose pressed tight against the wrinkled bud of her anus, the man let loose a muted scream of terror that thudded against her clit.

‘I’m coming, mother!’ she squealed. *‘I’m coming!’*

Shona tightened her cunt around the young man’s cock. It was vital all three came together. A moment of shared torment and delight.

‘Hold back!’ urged Shona, taking a grip on Layla’s shoulders. ‘It is not yet his time! Another few seconds. daughter, and then we have him!’

Biting down on her lip, Layla drew blood, pitting pain against pleasure in a desperate bid to contain her release. A tide of delight rushed into her belly, hit a wall, then beat against her cunt a second time. She was close, *so close!*

Rising high in the saddle, Shona held the very tip of the man’s shaft

between her pussy lips. She felt a tell-tale trembling in his glans, as his penis juddered. The way he lurched and the muted squeals that broke from between her daughter's buttocks told her all she needed to know.

'It is his time!' she cried, and slammed herself down, engulfing him to the hilt. As her clit struck the base of his cock, she felt her own dam break. Reaching out with both hands she gripped Layla tightly and yelled, 'Let us come, daughter! Let us come together in our triumph!'

Bending her neck, Layla turned her eyes skywards and screamed as the full force of her orgasm struck. Aware she must offer her man no quarter, she held on tight, bearing down with all her weight as she came. Shona came, too, bouncing vigorously on the young man's shaft, screaming with delight as the first wads of semen jetted high into her womb. His body jerked furiously, his limbs out of control as he came, unable to breathe in the hot sweaty prison of Layla's arse.

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. Both women sagged and the man fell still. Recovering themselves quickly, they dismounted, easing themselves free from his slumbering frame.

Two marshals rushed forward. One dropped to her knees and bent her ear to the man's mouth. Satisfied he was asleep but otherwise unharmed, she gestured to her companion and they lifted him up, carrying him back to his wooden cage. Acknowledging the crowd's cheers, Layla and her mother walked over to where the chief marshal was waiting.

Embracing them warmly, she said, 'Another fine performance, Shona. You have now brought three daughters to womanhood. A proud day for you all.'

Shona bowed briefly. 'Our man fought well – but I knew my daughter's arse would be too much for him.'

'When he has recovered himself,' said the marshal, 'we will stake the man out behind his cage. Then you and your daughter may take your pleasure with him again.'

Shona bowed a second time. 'We look forward to it,' she replied.

An hour had passed since Layla's triumph. Two more mothers and two more daughters had entered the fray and all had been successful. Layla and Shona had watched the women go about their work and had cheered them on as they had been cheered on in their turn. As they waited for the next three combatants to prepare themselves, Shona turned to her daughter and said, 'Shall we see if our man is awake?'

Layla nodded eagerly. She was quite recovered by now, and keen to do battle again – albeit this time, he knew, the combat would be hopelessly one-sided. Crossing to a square of land behind the wooden cages, they quickly came across the man they had so recently defeated. He was conscious again, and had, as promised, been staked out on his back, his arms and legs spread wide.

He looked up at them as they came into view, his face a picture of despair.

'We have come to take our pleasure with you,' said Shona, dropping to her knees and taking hold of his flaccid penis. She pumped him quickly, but succeeded in only stirring him a little. 'You will not please us with this,' she said reprovingly. 'Let us see if my arse's hole can rouse you.'

His eyes blazed wide as she got to her feet and came round behind his head. Twisting his neck, he stared straight up, a look of abject horror on his face. 'In heaven's name!' he wept. 'Have I not suffered enough?'

Ignoring his tortured cry, Shona dropped to her haunches, her legs either side of his head. Shuffling forward, she positioned her open crack above his nose. She saw the colour drain from his face as he gazed into her chasm. From the way his eyes flitted back and forth, it was clear he could not make up his mind which was the more terrifying: the long hairy gash of her cunt – on which he had already suckled – or the tight, wrinkled knot of her anus.

For a few seconds, she savoured the fear in his eyes. Then, placing a hand on each hip, she steadied herself for a moment, before lowering her backside onto his head. His scream of terror was music to her ears and she felt her pussy shudder as her anus grazed his mouth. With a brisk nod of her head she motioned Layla to take up her own position by his cock.

'Take hold of his rod,' he told her daughter. 'The smell of my arse will

soon arouse him and he will be ready for you to mate with.'

Layla did as Shona suggested and, within seconds, she felt the languid shaft stiffen and grow until it was fully erect in her hands.

'A lesson for you, daughter,' said Shona, with a keen laugh. 'Should you ever be in need of a man yet his cock is limp, the sight of your arse's hole will always do the trick.' She dropped her weight quite suddenly, covering the young man's head until he gave a muted squeal between her cheeks.

Layla felt his penis judder in her hand, and a bead of pre-come leaked from the eye of his glans. After almost a minute on his head, Shona rose, and the man snorted air noisily.

'Come!' urged Shona. 'Try it yourself. See how he responds to the power of your arse!'

The young man jerked violently and turned his head from side to side as Shona dismounted and Layla approached. Taking hold of his cock, Shona laughed again. 'We shall tame this steed between us, daughter, and milk him as we would a cow in the shed.'

Now it was Layla's turn to perch over the man's head and open herself up. The man wept freely as she jiggled her hips, then brought her anus down over his face, rubbing it against his nose and mouth, smearing him with her scent. Again, without any direct handling, his penis jerked and a pearl of semen leaked on to his shaft. Finally, Layla lowered her full weight onto his head and held him in her crack for more than a minute, her tummy tingling with delight as she felt him heave beneath her.

When she rose at last, the man let out an almighty gasp, and sucked air frantically.

'He is ready for you, daughter,' said Shona. 'Mount him as you would a stallion and break him with your woman's cunt!'

Excited as she was, Layla needed no encouragement. She slid from the man's face and took up her new position over his cock. Shona, for her part, crouched low over his head a second time, her wrinkled anus poised and ready.

The poor man screamed again, aware they were about to take him together – one at each end – until they had shattered him with their flesh.

‘Help me, someone!’ he screamed. *‘Help me, someone, please!’*

‘Are you ready, daughter?’ asked Shona, hands on her hips, ready to engulf him again.

‘I am,’ said Layla, taking hold of his cock and easing it into the mouth of her slit.

‘Then on the count of three, let us take him!’ cried Shona.

The poor man screamed again, arched his back and wept. Then he screamed no more as Shona’s arse came down and muffled his cries. Layla engulfed him at the same time, taking his cock inside her cunt, and flexing her muscles around his shaft. Together they rode him, mother and daughter, for a full two minutes, allowing him no air, while bringing him close to the edge of release, but never beyond. For a whole hour they rode him on and off, spending themselves more than once, while ensuring, by careful pressure on the base of his shaft, that he himself could never come.

Having sated themselves to the point of exhaustion, they finally rose. Looking down at his damp, shuddering body, Shona felt a sudden pity for the man.

‘It is not fair that we leave him unmilmed,’ she said, turning to her daughter. ‘It would be a kindness for us to finish him off by hand’.

‘I will do it, mother,’ said Layla. ‘I shall make him spurt like a fountain.’

Shona smiled. ‘Then, with your permission, daughter, I will mount him one last time, so he may scream into my arse’s hole at the moment of truth.’

‘Of course,’ said Layla. ‘I had hoped we would do this together.’

Not for the first time, the man yelled, heaved and wept as the women took up their respective positions. ‘Please!’ he cried. ‘I cannot take any more! Not your arse again! For pity’s sake, no!’

Ignoring his protests, Shona once more settled herself over his head, peeling her buttocks apart, and exposing her dark, wrinkled anus. The man

was shaking violently, as if in the grip of a dreadful fever, praying to his gods for mercy, while weeping like a child. His laboured breath beat against the tender flesh of her crack and she swooned a little.

Layla knelt between his outstretched legs, took hold of his shaft and pumped. As her warm little fingers closed around him, he shut his eyes and let out a muted squeal. At the same moment, Shona dropped her arse onto his face, pressing her hole to his nose, its wrinkled flesh stretching around his nostrils, trapping her scent and shutting off his air. The folds of her pussy pressed against his mouth, the long, fleshy panels pushing past his lips, her juices dripping into his throat.

The man arched his back, gagged, twisted and screamed again, A muffled volley of air thudded against Shona's hot, suffocating flesh.

Holding his cock at right angles to his body, like a tower of meat, Layla pumped hard with the one hand, while teasing his fat, tender sacs with the fingers of the other.

'He is coming, mother! I can feel it!' she squealed with almost girlish delight. And then he did – a fountain of hot, white seed bursting from the eye of his cock, splattering the air, and soaking into his belly.

Between her buttocks, Shona felt the strangled cry that broke from the back of his throat. Air thudded into her crack, a volley of terrified squeals that had nowhere to go. His entire body shook in spasm, and he rattled horribly. Shona released her grip a fraction, so he could breathe a little – but only just. Seed was still spitting from his cock as Layla continued to pump. She kept pumping long after his balls had emptied, enjoying the feel of his shaft as it throbbed and jerked inside her fist.

Only when, weeping with pain, he finally grew limp, did Layla release his cock and Shona rise from the saddle of his face.

They left him to recover, still weeping, and returned to enjoy the remainder of the afternoon's events.

By sunset, every man had been conquered, staked out, and ravished without mercy many times. As the day drew to an end, and the men had been locked away again, the marshals addressed the villagers for the last time. A deafening cry rent the evening air as the winners of the Golden

Laurel were announced.

‘We award the prize ... to Shona and Layla!’ shouted the chief marshal above the crowd’s cheers.

The pair hugged happily, and enjoyed – not for the first time – the warm congratulations of their fellow tribeswomen. Hoisted into the air, they were carried shoulder-high around the village, acknowledging their fellow-Takers who had all passed the test and were celebrating wildly, too.

‘We do not leave until the morning,’ said the Amazon chief. Then, gesturing towards the wooden cages on the edge of the square, she held up a big silver ring, from which hung many keys. ‘Until then, the men we have brought with us are yours to do with as you will.’ Flinging the keys high into the air, she cried, ‘Unleash yourselves on the prisoners! Let your cunts and arses have their fill!’

Another wild, tumultuous cheer broke from the crowd, as the keys were grabbed and quickly shared out.

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.

The Taking was over for another year.

But for the men who had suffered so much already, their torment had scarcely begun...

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

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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.

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By Erebus

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A book of really naughty limericks! Such as...

There was a young lady from Hants
Who decided to take a firm stance
'It is crucial', she said
To her boyfriend called Fred
'That I sit on your face without pants.'

I once had a fabulous chum
With a gorgeous, delectable mum
What a terrible flirt!
She would lift up her skirt!
And insist that I worship her bum.

A Hero's Reward

When Martin, a dashing man about town, rescues two lovely young things from the clutches of a knife-wielding thief, the girls are keen to show their gratitude. The fact that the couple turn out to be a pair of dominatrices from Leighton Buzzard, topping up their tans in the sun for a fortnight, proves an unexpected – but welcome – bonus.

By Heather Lake

Girls on Top

Two humorous, erotic short stories:

In ***Girl Power***, 18-year-old student Gemma comes home for the holidays to find herself propositioned by her parents' next-door neighbour. When Gemma invites four friends round for a boozy evening's get-together, her neighbour thinks his luck is in. That is, until the girls combine to show him the error of his ways...

Contains humour, alcohol abuse (buckets of wine!), crisps, chocolate and several girls piling on top of a man who should have known better. And, by the time they've finished with him, wishes he had...

In ***Whip Hand***, Amy thinks she's hit on the ideal solution to her money worries: set up as a dominatrix, thrash men senseless and get paid for it. What could be easier? With flatmate, Laura, she sets out to test her fledgling skills on new boyfriend, Denis. With Amy, of course, anything that can go wrong will go wrong. And does!

Contains one mad girl, one long-suffering flatmate, a whip, some rope, a large selection of masks and a feather.

Naughty Neighbours

Two light-hearted but raunchy tales from the steamy – and occasionally silly – imagination of Heather Lake, author of ***Girls on Top***.

In ***A Helping Hand***, Adam thinks his prayers have been answered when office beauty, Michelle, invites him back to her place for a night of steamy sex and passion. But there's a catch – Michelle's boyfriend, Paul, wants to play the role of cuckold, so Adam must perform for an audience. But as Michelle's demands grow ever naughtier, it seems that everything is not what it first appears...

WARNING: Contains descriptions of oral, anal, rimming, sex and facesitting. Plus fluffy pink handcuffs, a bottle of wine and a heavy armchair.

In ***Payment in Kind***, Mandy finds herself in urgent need of money. Her prayers are answered when a neighbour offers to lend her what she needs. But, in return, he'd like to become more closely acquainted with her beautiful bottom.