

Their bottoms have declared war on the enemy!



Women at War!

A WWII Facesitting Novella

BY THE AUTHOR OF *INSIDE A NURSE'S BOTTOM!*

D A R K R I D E R

Their bottoms have declared war on the enemy!



Women at War!

A WWII Facesitting Novella

BY THE AUTHOR OF *INSIDE A NURSE'S BOTTOM!*

D A R K R I D E R

About the Author

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

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

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

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

WOMEN AT WAR!

Their bottoms have declared war on the enemy!

Dark Rider

Copyright © 2022 Dark Rider

All rights reserved.

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

This work contains adult material – with aggressive facesitting scenes – and should not be sold to, or read by, minors. All characters are over the age of 18 and this is a work of pure fantasy

TABLE OF CONTENTS

About the Author

One

Two

Three

Four

Five

Six

Seven

Eight

Nine

[Ten](#)

[Eleven](#)

[Message from the Author](#)

[Other Books by Dark Rider](#)

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

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

[Extract from Astral Smother](#)

One

Crouched in the verge of gorse that encircled the women's cottage, Private Gunther gazed lustfully at the young female as she stripped off by the water's edge. She was short and slim, with cropped black hair, and hard, lemon-shaped breasts that barely moved when she stretched her arms skywards. Her name, he knew, was Estelle, and he had stumbled on her three days earlier, quite by accident, sent out by his camp commander to bring back eggs. Kapitän Weber liked his eggs, and the occasional slice of pig when it could be killed and cured. In return he left the women alone, aside from his occasional demands for eggs and ham.

'They are a strange pair,' he had warned Gunther. 'A mother and her daughter. Religious fanatics. Thargas, or something, they call themselves. Some crazy French religion – pacifists at any rate – so no bother to us.' He grinned wickedly. 'But be careful they do not convert you. A pacifist is of no use to our superiors in Berlin. They will send you to the eastern front to convert you back.'

He had despatched young Gunther to deal with the women because he was so terribly innocent. A more worldly man might have taken liberties – but not Private Gunther. That would have been Gunther's view, too, had he been asked. Or at least it would have been before he had seen the women undress and bathe in the lake behind the cottage.

They seemed to take it in turns, the mother first, then the daughter. The older woman – whose name, he had since learned, was Simone – was thickset and middle-aged, with a broad, low-slung bottom, fleshy thighs and heavy, gourd-like breasts. Between her legs, a thick tangle of black hair snaked towards her belly, concealing her slit. Though Gunther had no way of confirming it, he imagined her gash to be long, deep and fleshy. As for her anus, he gave it no thought whatsoever. Her anus did not interest him.

The daughter, as Gunther had observed, was decidedly slimmer, with a tiny, boy-like bottom. While her mother's bush was dark and luxuriant, hers was hairless and, when she raised her arms high, he caught sight – through his binoculars – of the thin pink slit of her vulva.

Though Gunther had had no experience with women, he had a filthy imagination, and masturbated every day. Until recently, photographs of large-breasted movie stars had fuelled his lust, but now these women came to mind each time he closed his eyes and tugged. He wondered what it would feel like to climb on top of the two females and enter them one after the other. He was young and virile and certain he could service them both. He wondered how many times he could fuck them, mother and daughter, before he ran out of seed. If they were pacifists, they would not resist him. And he was a German, too, their conqueror. That gave him rights, if he chose to exploit them.

Just now, he satisfied himself, as he had done several times before, by unbuttoning his fly, freeing his cock and spilling himself into the bushes while he fantasised about lying on top of the woman only thirty feet away. An hour before, he had done the same while watching her mother. For some reason, whether she bathed first or after her daughter, he always unleashed a heavier load when gazing at the older woman. He thought of her now as he forced his cock back into his pants, and found himself wondering what her pussy smelt like.

Tidying himself up, he realised he had wasted enough time. There were eggs to collect and if he was late there would be hell to pay. The lake was at the rear of the cottage and, by following a narrow path through the undergrowth, he was able to make his way to the far side of the house without alerting the daughter to his presence.

Reaching the front door, he found it open. In the past, when he had arrived and found it shut, he had politely knocked and waited for one of the women to greet

him, though they had never let him in. Finding it open piqued his interest and, emboldened by the thought of meeting the older woman in more intimate surroundings, he stepped inside.

The rooms were small, and sparsely furnished. Advancing quietly, he cocked an ear at a curious humming sound that seemed to be coming from a room at the back. Tiptoeing forward, in the hope, ridiculous though it was, of finding the older woman still unclothed (an hour earlier, she had emerged naked from the lake and gone inside without dressing), he crept forward without announcing himself and pushed the door open a fraction.

Simone was sitting at a table, fully dressed to his dismay. But it was not that that caught his eye just then. It was the radio she was operating. His sharp intake of breath alerted her at once and she spun to face him, a terrified look on her face.

‘You are a spy!’ he cried, advancing swiftly now, aware of what the radio signified.

Simone leapt up and made a clumsy attempt to cover the box with a table cloth.

‘I can explain,’ she said, then shook her head miserably because it was clear that she could not.

‘I must report you for this!’ said Gunther. ‘My Kapitän must know!’

‘Please, don’t!’ cried Simone, aware of what that meant. The Germans would

show her and her daughter no mercy. They would be shot without trial. And they were women, too – who knew what abuse they might suffer first.

‘I have no choice!’ said Gunther sternly, though his gaze had shifted to the older woman’s breasts, which seemed to bulge beneath the tight working shirt she was wearing. The look was not lost on her and she reacted at once.

‘You can have me!’ she cried. ‘Say nothing to your Kapitän. In return you can have me now – and as often as you like. Afterwards, you can destroy the radio.’

Gunther felt his penis harden. He could not deny that the prospect appealed. But agreeing to her terms would make him a traitor, however appealing the reward.

‘No,’ he said reluctantly. ‘I am a loyal German soldier. I do not sleep with spies!’

‘At least see what I look like,’ said Simone, unbuckling her belt and tugging down her trousers. She wore no pants and Gunther felt his stomach reel when he saw the tangle of her bush close up. He was still gazing lustfully at her jungle of pubes when she tore off her shirt and threw it to the floor. She wore no brassiere underneath and her large, milky udders swung majestically before him. In just a few seconds, she had gone from being fully clothed to being utterly naked. He had seen her at the lake several times, but this was different. He drew a deep breath and swore he could smell her bloated pussy.

He was still struggling to marshal a response, when she came forward and flung her arms around him. The corks of her nipples were thick and pointed and he felt them hard against his chest. Unable to help himself, his arms encircled her body and he gripped her buttocks with both hands. She was fleshy, warm and

deliciously soft. When she reached back, took one of his hands and pulled it into her crack, he released a feeble groan. The skin between her buttocks was hot and sticky, despite her recent swim, and wiry anal hairs grazed his fingers.

A moment later, he had pulled away, tugging at his own clothes now, and stripping off so fast he tore his tunic. Desperately trying to extract himself from his trousers, he almost stumbled. A moment later he did, but not from his own clumsiness. The woman had thrown herself against him, and this time not as he had hoped.

Her arms were around him again, tighter than before, forcing him onto his back. A moment later, Simone was sitting on his chest, her strong thighs pinning his arms to his sides, preventing him from pushing her off. A moment after that, her hands were on his face, a palm across his mouth, her fingers pinching his nostrils shut.

Mein Gott! he realised, to his horror ... the woman was trying to suffocate him!

Panic-stricken, he wriggled furiously. It was not enough to throw her off, but it unbalanced her and, when he tugged his head sideways, he freed his nose and mouth for a moment. Her hands came down and tried to smother him a second time, but he had at least drawn a breath which would sustain him for another minute and allow him, hopefully, to free himself properly. The bitch was heavy and her thick pubes scratched his tummy. But he was a man – and a German soldier, too. He would not be bested by a woman old enough to be his mother.

He twisted his head and freed his face again. This time, the bitch struggled to regain her grip. If she leaned too far forward she risked being dislodged and then he would have her, they both knew that. If only he could free his damned arms! If she sat on him long enough, he would start to tire. And then there was her

daughter, Estelle. What if she came back while he was trapped like this? One woman he might eventually shift; the pair of them would be too much. Between them, they would suffocate him for sure!

As the battle to free himself continued, his fear mounted until, though he knew it would not help him, he began to scream, calling for help, in the vain hope it would come when he knew, deep down, that it would not.

He had been struggling like this for almost five minutes, when the door was flung open and Estelle – alerted by his cries as she returned from the lake – hurried into the room.

Gunther looked up as the girl gazed down, and his blood froze. Like her mother, she was naked, and the irony did not escape him. His hopes had been realised – he was alone with the two of them, mother and daughter – but this was no dream, it was a nightmare. Mein Gott! He was at their mercy now!

Still gazing down at him, Estelle struggled to take in the unexpected sight of her naked mother sitting on an equally naked German soldier. Gunther – she knew his name as well as he knew hers – was lying on his back, wriggling fearfully. Her mother was astride his chest, holding him down. Unable to use his hands to push her off, he groaned feebly and wept like a child.

When her mother looked up, Estelle saw the terror in her eyes.

‘He has seen the radio!’ she cried.

‘What can we do?’ asked Estelle, looking to her mother for guidance.

‘We have no choice!’ said Simone urgently. ‘We must finish him off!’

Though Gunther’s French was limited, he knew enough to grasp her meaning and howled pitifully.

‘Mein Gott! Mein Gott!’ he cried in fear for his life. ‘Have mercy on me, Frauen! Bitte! Have mercy on me!’

‘How shall we do it?’ asked Estelle, her mind reeling.

‘I have tried to smother him,’ said her mother breathlessly, ‘but it is not easy. If I hold him down, could you suffocate him with your hands?’

From the way Estelle froze, Simone knew she had asked too much. Thinking quickly now, she said, ‘Fetch a pillow and we will smother him with that. It will be the kindest way.’

Again, Estelle hesitated. Between her mother’s legs, Gunther gave another mighty heave and Simone finally made up her mind. They could afford no more delay. Gunther was strong and she was beginning to tire.

‘You must sit on him, Estelle!’ she cried. ‘Now! Rapidement!’

‘Maman?’ muttered Estelle, her mouth dropping open.

‘You must sit on his face! At once! It is the only way!’ There was an urgency in Simone’s voice, fuelled by her dread that the German was close to breaking free. If he did, they would both be finished. ‘You must take him into your bottom, Estelle! You must suffocate him with your hole!’

Visibly shocked, Estelle’s hands flew to her face. She could not believe what her mother was asking.

‘The hole in your bottom, Estelle!’ cried her mother, as if to remove all doubt. ‘Votre anus! You must press it to his nose and smother him!’

Estelle stood there, as if frozen to the spot. None of this made any sense to her. Sit on a man’s face? How could her mother ask such a thing?

‘I cannot hold him down!’ cried Simone as Gunther lurched strongly and almost pushed her off. ‘Please, Estelle! To save us both! You must sit on his face! It is the only way!’

Just then, Gunther heaved again, and this time succeeded in pulling one arm free. Immediately, he lashed out, striking Simone on the breast. She screamed and tumbled sideways, allowing the German to pull his other arm free.

In that moment, Estelle made up her mind. Rushing forward, she dropped to her knees, took hold of Gunther's shoulders and tugged them back. As his head fell, she shuffled forward, positioning her little bottom over his face.

'Mein Gott!' he screamed as her backside opened and he caught sight of her tiny anus. He brought up his hands, fingers spread beneath her cheeks, in a desperate bid to keep her from sitting on him. To his relief, he found she was not heavy.

'I cannot do it, Maman!' she cried. 'He holds me off! I cannot sit on him!'

Recovering quickly, Simone slid forward on her rump, reached out and gripped the German's arms.

'I will help you, Estelle,' she said. 'I will pull his arms away so you can sit!'

The moment he felt Simone's hands on his wrists, Gunther grunted savagely. With his gaze fixed fearfully on the tiny pink hole above his head, he was horribly aware of the threat from Estelle's anus. The young girl meant to smother him with her opening!

'Please, no! Bitte!' he cried. 'Bitte! I beg you! Do not kill me with your bottom!'

'It will be quick!' cried Simone in turn, tugging fiercely on his arms. 'Quick and kind! You will not suffer!'

‘It is not kind!’ he screamed, now mad with fear. ‘It is a hole! A hole in the arse!’

‘A woman’s arse,’ Simone reminded him, as if that made a difference. ‘Not a pistol or a knife, but a little pink hole!’

‘You cannot mean to do this, please!’ he cried, and this time there were tears in his eyes. ‘I am only nineteen! I don’t want to die! Not like this! Not inside your daughter’s arse!’

‘I’m sorry, Gunther,’ said Simone, and there was genuine pity in her voice. ‘I know you are young, and my daughter’s anus frightens you. But this is war. And in war there must be casualties.’

‘I won’t tell anyone, I promise!’ he cried, tears running down his face. ‘Your secret is safe! Oh please, Frau Lavigne! Oh! Bitte! Bitte! I don’t want to die in a bottom!’

Estelle’s gaze met her mother’s briefly and there was a moment of shared concern.

‘Should we let him go?’ asked Estelle, speaking first. ‘Perhaps he is telling the truth?’

Simone hesitated. She was not a cruel woman and it troubled her to know she was causing the young German pain.

‘I won’t tell! I won’t tell!’ cried Gunther, struggling to keep his hands in place. His gaze remained locked on Estelle’s anus and the sight of it sickened him. Small, pink and barely the size of a pea, he wanted it nowhere near his face, and certainly not pressing down on him. Suffocating him ...

A moment later, Simone had pulled his arms away, leaving Estelle’s tiny bottom poised threateningly overhead.

Gunther screamed twice in quick succession. Once at the knowledge that he was now at their mercy, and once again when, to his horror, Estelle’s anus puckered as the breath from his mouth tickled her sensitive skin.

Though his hands were no longer in place, Estelle held her position, waiting for her mother’s word.

Finally making up her mind, Simone looked down at Gunther’s tear-stained face and her heart almost broke.

‘I’m sorry, Gunther,’ she said, her own tears welling now. ‘We cannot let you go. But we will finish you off quickly, I promise. And I will give you pleasure at the end, when you are weak, and cannot push my daughter off.’

Panicked beyond all reason, Gunther wept freely. He tossed his head from side to side and muttered for all the saints in heaven to save him.

‘I don’t want to die!’ he cried. ‘I don’t want to die! Oh, please! Not inside a woman’s bottom! Bitte! Bitte! Shoot me if you must! But not a bottom!’

Very carefully, one after the other, Simone forced the German’s arms down to his sides, trapping them against her chunky thighs. Once she was confident he was unable to defend himself, she reached behind and felt for Gunther’s cock. Despite his fear of suffocation, his shaft was fully erect – as she guessed it would be – and bobbed against his belly. The instant Simone’s hand closed around it, Gunther released a mournful groan and thrust high through her fingers.

‘Good boy,’ whispered Simone, and stretched out her other hand to tickle the German’s balls. She was restricted in her movements by the need to remain seated on his chest. Too far back and he might again free his arms. But her touch had accomplished its purpose, and he groaned again as his sacs filled with seed.

Readjusting her grip, Simone ran fingers up and down the shaft and was rewarded by a further plaintive moan. Glancing down, she saw that Gunther had closed his eyes, though whether from happiness or fear, it was impossible to tell.

‘We must be kind,’ she whispered, speaking to Estelle in French. ‘So he is not afraid when you take him into your bottom ... and do your woman’s work on him.’

‘I am nervous, mother,’ confessed Estelle. ‘To know that I must sit on him. It feels so rude. He ... he can see my anus-hole!’ Her face creased miserably. ‘And I know it frightens him!’

‘You must not concern yourself,’ said Simone, distressed to see Estelle so

anxious. 'Believe me when I tell you that this is the greatest kindness you could show to a man you must despatch. If we could change places, I would do so at once. But my weight and legs will hold him down, and I can make him happy with my hand ... while you are sitting on him.'

'You are so merciful, Maman,' said Estelle, her shoulders shaking. 'Even though he would have killed us – or handed us over to those who would – you do not want to hurt him.'

Her mother regarded her warmly. 'Our faith forbids us from taking up arms. The Germans think that makes us helpless, but they are wrong. We are permitted to defend ourselves, and that is what we are doing. Be gentle with this man when you sit. Show him kindness when he is inside your bottom as I will show him kindness with my hand, and we will have committed no sin.'

Estelle nodded. 'I understand,' she answered softly, 'and have no anger in my heart. I will pray for him when I sit on him and ask that he go to Heaven.'

Simone reached out with her free hand and stroked the youngster's cheek. 'You are a good daughter, Estelle,' she said. 'Gunther is blessed among men to have you sit on him.'

Estelle reached up now and touched her mother's hand. 'And he is blessed, also, to have you hold him down, Maman, and make him happy with your hand.'

Between their legs, Gunther lurched, then moaned pitifully at the realisation that he remained trapped. He looked into Estelle's crack and his eyes widened fearfully at the sight of her hole. Averting his gaze, he looked instead towards

Simone, the woman who, he knew with sickening certainty, held his life in her hands.

‘Bitte, Frau Lavigne,’ he muttered miserably. ‘You are a mother. Have mercy on a poor man, please.’ Instinctively, his gaze flickered back to Estelle’s tiny anus, then returned to Simone.

‘Do you have anything you wish to say,’ said the older woman, and he knew in that moment that his fate was sealed, ‘before Estelle takes you into her special place? We will pray for your soul when she sits on you, but if you have any last words ...’

‘I don’t want to die, please!’ he cried again, shaking his head frantically. ‘Oh, bitte, nein! I don’t want to die inside your daughter’s bottom!’

In a bid to calm the poor lad, Simone gave his cock another squeeze and he sighed feebly. Leaning forward, as best she could, she pressed a hand against his face as she had previously done with Estelle.

‘Try not to be afraid,’ she urged him tenderly. ‘Many men meet their deaths in war, and those deaths are often cruel. Yours will be gentle.’ She stroked him again like a mother fearful for her child. ‘We are women, Gunther ... and we will despatch you with kindness.’

While Simone spoke, she continued to rub the German’s cock, keen to distract him and push any fear from his mind.

‘I can see her hole,’ he whimpered, gazing into Estelle’s crack. ‘I can see her little pink hole.’ His face crumpled miserably. ‘It frightens me!’

‘Hush, Gunther,’ said Simone softly. She felt a bubble of semen leak from the eye of his shaft and saw his face transform with joy.

‘Close your eyes,’ she urged him, ‘and think about your cock, not my daughter’s hole. Feel your balls begin to swell as they fill with your seed...’

When his eyelids lowered and he thrust into her hand, she allowed herself a tiny smile. It was almost time.

She lifted her head and met her daughter’s gaze. In French, so as not to alarm the man they were about to despatch, she whispered, ‘Lower yourself now, Estelle, as slowly as you can. To gain the seal you need, you must first press your anus over his nose. The moment he feels your hole against him, he will cry out. His mouth will open for a moment and that is when you must act. You must push your pussy inside. All the way ... so he cannot take another breath.’

Simone paused to ensure Estelle had understood. When the young girl gave a little nod, she carried on quickly.

‘If Gunther opens his eyes, I will tell you and you must sit down hard. And once you have him in your bottom, you must keep him there however hard he struggles.’ Her face tightened with motherly concern. ‘Do you understand?’

Estelle nodded. 'I do, Maman,' she said, and an anxious smile tugged at her lips.

Simone returned her smile and felt a mother's pride. 'Then let your anus do her work,' she whispered, squeezing Gunther's cock again, 'and together we will make him happy.'

Cautiously, so as not to alarm him, Estelle lowered herself onto Gunther's face. As she came close to his nose, the German's nostrils flared and he sniffed hard, aware of her rich, anal scent. His eyes opened wide, and, from her vantage point on his chest, Simone saw the dread in his face. As she had predicted, his lips fell open as he groaned in despair.

'Now, daughter!' cried Simone urgently. 'Your pussy! Drive her home!'

Without hesitation, Estelle dropped her bottom onto Gunther's head, her anus hard against his nose, her vulva lodged in his mouth.

Trapped inside her crack, the young German lurched violently. His back arched, his legs kicked and he fought hard to free his arms. Aware that only his hands could save him now, and that both were needed to push her daughter from his face, Simone clamped her thighs tight, and felt him jerk against her. Having removed her own hand from his face, she stretched back with both arms, gliding her fingers up and down his shaft and teasing his balls as he arched his back and thrust through her fist.

As for Estelle, she could barely comprehend what was happening between her legs. A volley of grunts broke against her sex, drawing squeals of joy from her throat as her clitoris tingled and wept. At the same time, ragged blasts of air

struck her anus, warming the passage beyond and threatening to take her over the edge. Aware that if she came, she would not be able to keep the German in her crack, she bit down hard to stem the tide of pleasure in her holes.

Gunther's head was twisting between her buttocks, his lungs desperate for air. Oh, what must the poor man be thinking, she wondered, trapped inside her derrière, with her pussy in his mouth? What must it feel like to know there was no escape? To know that he was at the mercy of an anus? A tiny pink hole ... that meant to suffocate him!

These thoughts were still whirling around in her head, when Gunther gave a maddened lurch, so violent that it almost threw her from his face. His back arched one last time and his body jolted rapidly. Gunfire grunts of despair broke against her anus and her cunt before, after one last dramatic heave, Gunther finally fell still.

Two

An hour had passed since they had despatched Gunther. The deed done, Estelle had woken, as if from a dream, and been immediately inconsolable.

‘I have smothered a man!’ she cried, falling to her knees and sobbing her tears onto the cold stone floor. ‘I have smothered a man with my anus!’ She shook her head miserably. ‘I have sinned!’ she wept. ‘I have sinned and will go to hell!’

‘No you will not,’ said her mother. ‘Had we let Gunther go he would have betrayed us to his Kapitän. We had no choice. We had to despatch him, Estelle.’

Her daughter looked up from where she was kneeling, her eyes red with tears. ‘But I did it with my bottom, Maman! I sat on his face ... and killed him with my anus!’

Dropping to her knees alongside her daughter, Simone curled an arm around the youngster’s shoulder and held her close. ‘If La Résistance had taken him they would have treated him cruelly. A knife, a gun, or worse. They would have tortured him and caused him pain. We did not. We showed him mercy, and made him happy in his final moments.’

Still gazing miserably at the floor, Estelle choked back another sob. ‘How can a man be happy, Maman?’ she asked in a quiet voice. ‘When he is inside a woman’s bottom? Is that not the most terrible of deaths? To know you must die at the anus?’

Simone hugged Estelle a little closer. ‘No it is not,’ she assured the younger

woman. 'It is the kindest way, you must believe me.'

'I want to, Maman,' muttered Estelle, her face heavily lined. 'But how can I believe such a thing? That the anus can make a man happy? It is impossible!'

'It is not,' said Simone firmly, 'and I will tell you why – though I had hoped it would not come to this.'

The note in her mother's voice made Estelle look up. She looked sombre now, her mood had changed completely.

Removing her arm from Estelle's shoulder, Simone stood up. Beckoning her daughter to rise, too, she said very quietly, 'Let us go into the other room, and I will tell you everything.'

'A year before you were born,' began Simone, 'your father was working on a nearby farm.' Her voice dropped a little. 'A stranger called and, finding me alone, decided he would have his way with me ... as a beast might take another in the field.'

'Oh, Maman!' gasped Estelle, visibly shocked. She leaned forward and clutched her mother's hands.

‘He knew of our faith, that I could not fight him, and imagined me helpless ... as did I at first.’ She paused as she gathered her thoughts. ‘But I was not. Farm work had made me strong in heart and limb and my buttocks were broad and firmer than they are today. And I was not afraid, for I had my faith to guide me.’

Estelle clutched her mother’s hands a little tighter.

‘The man undressed and made me do the same. When we were both in our natural state, he led me to the bedroom, where I knew he meant to lie with me.’

‘Oh, my poor Maman!’ muttered Estelle. ‘To be alone with such a creature!’

Simone shook her head. ‘I was not alone,’ she said quietly. ‘An angel walked at my side and offered guidance. I felt it from the start, as if no harm would befall me. As I did today, when Gunther called.’

Estelle looked utterly bewildered, but said nothing.

‘The man lay down and held himself,’ said her mother. ‘I remember his words, as clearly as if he had spoken them today. “Sit on me, woman ... and give me pleasure with your cunt!”

‘The filthy swine!’ cried Estelle, unable to hide her disgust.

Simone sighed but, when she spoke again, her voice was calm and measured.

‘He could not help himself,’ she said without anger, ‘for he was a man, with a man’s needs. But, in that moment, I knew I could not fulfil them. That I would not fulfil them.’

‘You are too forgiving, Maman,’ said Estelle, still bristling at her mother’s treatment. ‘He had no right to ask you. To demand that you ... that you lie with him as if you were his wife.’

‘And I did not,’ said Simone, her voice a little stronger now. ‘I turned to leave, for I thought

I had time to run, to get away. But he was too quick for me. I had not reached the door when he caught me, and dragged me to the bed. He was so angry. “I will have you now, woman!” he cried. “In both your holes!”’

Estelle’s hands flew to her face, leaving her mother’s twisting in her lap. ‘He meant to take you in your bottom?’ she cried. ‘To penetrate your anus?’

Simone nodded. ‘Yes, and in that moment I knew I must resist, though I did not know how.’ Her eyes narrowed as the memory returned. ‘It happened so fast. He threw me to the bed and tried to mount me. I struggled free and hit him with my hand. He tumbled back, cursing me to the devil. I came forward, blindly, and fell across his belly. As I stumbled further, I found myself on his chest, then further on again and his head was between my legs. I closed my thighs, and held him

there, my bush on his face. I did not mean to do it but I saw it frightened him.

‘His hands came up to push me off. “You bitch!” he cried, ‘and worse. You filthy bitch! You will smother me with your pussy!’ And that was when it happened.’ She shook her head, reliving the dreadful moment. ‘I knew he would kill me if I let him go, but I did not wish to hurt him. I did what I did without thinking, as if an angel guided me. I closed my legs around his head so he could not move. And then I held on tightly to his head ... and pulled him into my hairy place!’

Recovered by now, Estelle took her mother’s hands a second time and stroked them gently. ‘How frightened you must have been, Maman! And how he must have struggled, surely?’

Simone nodded. ‘He was frightened, poor man. More fearful than I for he could not breathe. His hands beat hard against my hips and he cried into my bush ... for he knew I meant to smother him there.’

‘You despatched him ... with your pussy?’

‘No,’ said Simone, with a quick shake of her head. ‘I thought I had done so, for at last he fell still and I thought I was safe. I rose quickly, and could not believe what I had done.’ She paused. ‘And then he moved...’

‘Oh, Maman!’ said Estelle. ‘He was still alive?’

‘Yes, poor man, though barely conscious. But I knew he would wake soon. Then

he would ravish me for certain, and kill me without mercy.'

'What did you do?' asked Estelle. 'Did you run?'

'It was my first instinct,' said Simone. 'But again I feared he might catch me. I thought to hold a pillow on his head – as I asked of you with Gunther – for my arms were strong and he was weak, but I could not be certain of success.' She took a deep breath. 'And then it came to me. He had asked me to sit on him ... and now I would.'

Estelle opened her mouth to speak, but said nothing. There was no need. Her mother's meaning was clear enough.

'I had no time to think,' said Simone, 'and knew I must act quickly. I straddled his head and lowered my anus onto his nose. I hoped he might open his mouth and he did, for the smell of my bottom alerted him to danger and he cried for help as any man would.'

'You forced yourself home?' said Estelle. 'As I did with Gunther ... so all his breath was stopped?'

'I did,' said Simone. 'And this time there was to be no escape – though he fought for his life as no man has ever fought.'

'You showed him no mercy?'

‘How could I? It was him or me – I knew that well enough. I bore down hard and soon he weakened.’ A thoughtful look came over her. ‘His cock stood tall throughout,’ she said. ‘I had imagined it would lose its rigour but instead it rose and thickened as if ...’ She shook her head and smiled. ‘It was a foolish thought, I know, but though he had meant me harm, I hoped he was happy ... inside my woman’s bottom.’

‘But surely that could never be ... when he knew you meant to smother him?’

‘Men are peculiar creatures, Estelle, and guided by their cock. It gives them joy and makes them happy – even at times of danger. I will tell you more in a moment, but first know this. For all this man’s wish to ravish me – and murder me besides – I bore him no ill-will. I knew he was afraid, and suffering between my legs, and wished, even then, to give him comfort.’

‘You are kindness itself, Maman,’ said Estelle. ‘For he did not deserve it.’

Simone shook her head. ‘We all deserve kindness, Estelle – even those who wish us harm. Does our faith not urge us to be gentle – whatever the provocation?’

Estelle gave a reluctant shrug. Her mother was right, but it was hard for her to admit it.

‘So what did you do?’ she asked, though she had guessed the answer.

‘As soon as it was safe to do so, I took his cock in both hands and squeezed it gently. Enough to draw a ball of seed, but no more. A man must be teased if he is to know true joy.’ She smiled at the memory. ‘He gave a little shudder in my crack, as if, at that moment, he was no longer afraid, for he knew I meant to give him pleasure.’

‘Can it be true?’ asked Estelle, still struggling to accept the idea. ‘That a man can be happy inside the crack ... even when he knows he is to be smothered?’

‘When a man’s cock is happy, he is happy,’ said Simone. ‘Even at such a time.’

‘And the man you sat upon,’ asked Estelle, ‘was he happy? Though he knew you meant to despatch him?’

‘Yes,’ said Simone. ‘I believe it with all my heart for his cock had grown so big.’

‘Did you ... did you make him come?’ asked Estelle hesitantly. ‘While he was in your bottom?’

‘Of course,’ said her mother. ‘How else could I know he was happy?’

‘How long ... did you pleasure him?’ asked Estelle, still struggling with her questions.

‘A minute, perhaps, two,’ said Simone. ‘I cupped his balls and rolled them in my hand. Then squeezed his shaft again and felt him weep inside my crack. He knew his time was coming ... but he no longer feared it. His mind, I believe, was focussed on joy, not suffocation.’

‘As Gunther’s was today?’ said Estelle hopefully. ‘When I sat on him?’

‘I have no doubt of it,’ said her mother. ‘We will have made him happy together, and that is what matters. La Résistance would have shot or beaten him or worse. We showed him kindness. The kindness of women.’

‘And the man you sat on,’ asked Estelle tentatively. ‘Did he struggle – as Gunther struggled?’

‘All men struggle,’ said her mother. ‘They cannot help themselves. But it does not mean they are unhappy.’ She twisted her hands in her lap. ‘But yes, he struggled. I did my best to keep his cock from flowing, for the moment a man comes his pleasure ends. A bead or two of seed gives joy, and keeps a man excited. Only at the end, when he takes his final breath, is it safe to empty him.’

‘What did you do? When it was over?’ asked Estelle, cutting to the chase. ‘What did you do with the man, after ... after you had despatched him.’

Simone’s answer surprised her.

‘I waited till your father came home and told him what had happened.’

‘Papa?’ cried Estelle, astonished. ‘You told Papa what you had done?’

‘Of course,’ said her mother. ‘What else could I do? He had to know.’

‘But what did he say? When you told him you ... you had smothered a man with your bottom?’

‘He said he understood, that I had no choice. That I had treated the man with kindness and had no sin to confess.’

‘Papa said that?’ muttered Estelle incredulously.

‘And more,’ said Simone. ‘Things I have always kept from you, but which I will keep secret no longer.’

Estelle sat back on her heels and gazed at her mother, hardly able to believe so much had happened in such a short time. Their lives had been turned upside down and now, it seemed, there was more to come.

Three

‘You must understand,’ her mother began, ‘that although I had confessed to your father what I had done, and he assured me I had committed no sin, I did not feel blameless. I had taken a man’s life and feared that I had caused him distress. I had held him in the crack of my arse and used my anus to despatch him. How could this be kindness – to treat a man so horribly? That he should end his days on earth ... inside my bottom? Surely that was a torment for him? As it would be for any man!’

‘I feel the same, Maman. Poor Gunther! He was so frightened when I sat on him! Have I not also sinned and am damned like you?’

Simone shook her head. ‘No, you are not, Estelle, and neither am I. Your father made this clear to me when he explained the nature of men’s needs. A man’s cock is both his strength and his weakness, he said. With it, he creates life, but it controls him, also. As do we women, with our holes. The pussy to give life, and the anus to take it.’

‘Papa said this?’ Estelle shook her head, bewildered.

‘He did – and more besides. Much more. He asked me to tell him what I had done and how I went about it. Again and again, he assured me I had acted kindly. What man could not know joy, he said, when held against a woman’s bush. Had he breathed his last between my legs, with pussy in his mouth, the stranger would have died a happy man. But to be taken into my bottom’s crack, and held there while my hand gave him joy – this was not a sin, but an act of charity that would win any woman her place in heaven.’ Simone shook her head. ‘But I did not believe him. I thought he was telling me this to ease my pain.’ She passed a hand across her face and looked weary.

‘Do you wish to rest, Maman?’ asked Estelle, anxious for her mother now.

Again she shook her head. ‘Not until I have put your own mind at rest,’ said Simone, gathering herself.

‘When it was clear I did not believe him, your father did a most wonderful thing, and one that eased my fears completely. He fetched some rope, undressed and ordered me to secure both legs and one of his arms to three posts of our bed. One hand must be free, he said, but that apart he must be helpless, and unable to shift me when I sat on him.’

‘He wished you to sit on him?’ gasped Estelle. ‘As you had sat on the stranger?’

‘He did,’ said Simone, nodding briskly. ‘At first, as you can imagine, I would have none of it, but your father insisted and at last I did as he asked. He then instructed me to undress and sit on his face as I had sat on the stranger’s. “Take me into the crack of your bottom,” he said, “and hold me as you held him. Press down hard with both your holes, the one in my mouth, and the other on my nose. You must stop all my breath as you stopped the stranger’s”.’

“‘But I will kill you with my bottom!’” I cried. “‘If I do what you ask. I will kill you with my anus!’” “‘You will not,’ he assured me. “‘For I will take the deepest breath before you sit. All I ask is that you give me pleasure as you gave the stranger pleasure. Pump long and hard but do not let me come. I will struggle, of course, and this will cause you pain, I know, for you do not wish to hurt me. But you must harden your heart and give me no quarter. My body may fight you, but my spirit will not. When I strike your buttock with my free hand, you will know that I can take no more. But do not rise at once. Instead, proceed to milk me as you milked the stranger. Only when my seed is spilled – every last drop – and my cock is empty, must you show me mercy. This you must promise me, wife,

and I will have your word upon it.”’

‘And you gave it freely?’ said Estelle, when her mother broke off and lowered her gaze for a few moments. Again, she seemed dreadfully tired.

Looking up, Simone said, ‘Yes, I did. I swore my oath, then squatted low above your father’s head. “Open up your arse,” he commanded, “and show me your anus. I wish to see what the stranger saw – to feel his pleasure, and his fear.” I did as he instructed, and felt his breath against my tender hole – as I had felt the stranger’s before him.’

‘And as I felt Gunther’s,’ echoed Estelle, ‘before I sat on him.’

“I have no fear,” your father said, “when I gaze upon the hole in your bottom. It is a thing of beauty, wife, and makes me happy. You must believe me when I say this, for it comes from my heart. As it would come from the heart of any man who gazed upon it.” I looked down at him as he spoke, and saw no concern in his face. Though I struggled to accept it, I knew he spoke the truth. He did not fear my anus.’

‘It is hard to believe, Maman,’ said Estelle, her face clouding over. ‘How could a man not fear the anus ... when he knows we mean to smother him with it?’

‘I did not believe it myself,’ said Simone. ‘But your father made me see that I was wrong. So wrong ...’

‘You sat on him?’ asked Estelle unnecessarily.

‘I did,’ said her mother. “‘I will take my breath now,” he informed me. “Count loud to three, then lower your bottom and take me into your crack. Move slowly so that your anus covers my nose. I will open my mouth to admit your pussy and then you will have me. Remember our bargain, wife. No mercy till I slap your buttock.”’

Simone closed her eyes, as if reliving the moment. Opening them again, she hurried on, eager to finish her story.

‘I counted to three, as your father had asked, then lowered myself onto his face. I felt his nose against my anus, and he opened his mouth, as he had promised, to allow my pussy in. For almost a minute he did not move, though I pressed down hard as he had told me to. And then the struggle began and my heart almost broke. Your father was in such distress, trapped inside the crack of my bottom, my anus on his face. Oh, how I longed to rise again and set him free – to end his torment.’

‘But you did not?’ said Estelle, recalling now the way Gunther had struggled inside her bottom.

‘No, I did not,’ said Simone. ‘I sat, reached out and pleased him as he had asked me to. I lost track of time but held my nerve and did not spill a single drop of your Papa’s seed. Though he kicked with his legs – a sign of his distress – he did not slap my hip as he had promised. I watched his hand and saw it claw the bed. Two minutes had passed, perhaps three, but your father would not give the signal, though he struggled for breath in my crack. At last, when four minutes had passed I am sure, he brought up his hand and struck me lightly – almost as if he were reluctant to do so. I pumped his cock at once, to end his misery, yet he

still fought me. His arm came up – the one I had not tethered – and wound itself around my belly. He came a moment later, heavily and across my tummy. In keeping with our bargain, I tried to rise, but he clung on tight as if he had no wish to be freed!’

‘Is this the real nature of men?’ asked Estelle doubtfully. ‘Do they truly long ... to die inside our bottoms?’

‘I believe they do,’ said Simone quietly. ‘Or at least, if they do not long for it, they do not fear it, either.’

‘But what did Papa say, when you finally set him free?’

‘For some time, he could not speak at all, and lay on his back, weeping and unable to move even when I untied the ropes that held him down. I begged for his forgiveness, for I knew how close I had come to killing him with my bottom. But when he spoke, he said that it was he who should ask for my forgiveness. He had been weak and slapped my hip, he said. He wished he had had the strength to stay his hand, and let me do my woman’s work.’ Simone smiled fondly at the memory. ‘Those were his words,’ she added happily. ‘To do my woman’s work, Estelle, as you did yours today ... when you sat on Gunther.’

‘He did not regret what he had asked you to do?’

Once again, Simone shook her head. ‘No,’ she replied. ‘On the contrary, he said it had confirmed his faith that I had acted with kindness when I took the stranger into my derriere. He said that he had never known such joy and that even though he struggled, the pleasure I had given him with my hands had pushed any fear

from his mind.' Simone's smile broadened. 'This was his gift to me, Estelle, to make me believe that I had done good work and made the stranger happy.'

She paused, took a breath to recover, then said, 'There is something else you must know, and I hope it will not shock you.'

Estelle gave a little smile. 'How can anything shock me now?' she asked. 'After these stories you have told me, about you ... and Papa.'

'This story involves us also,' said her mother, 'and will convince you, I hope, that a woman's bottom is a source of joy to men, even when she uses it ...to despatch them.'

Estelle frowned. There was something in her mother's tone that set her nerves on edge.

Simone took another breath, and twisted her hands lightly in her lap.

'You were young when your father died and did not know him,' she began.

'It is a sadness that I carry with me always,' said Estelle.

'He became ill and it was clear his time was short, for the illness was a terrible one. A cruel affliction that causes great pain in its final weeks.'

Estelle's face clouded over. 'I did not know, Maman!' she said sadly. 'I thought he had passed peacefully.'

'He did,' replied Simone. 'As peacefully as any man has ever passed.'

Estelle frowned, unable to hide her confusion. 'But how?' she asked. 'If the illness was a painful one.'

This time, Simone reached out and took her daughter's hands in hers. 'He left this world ... inside my bottom ... and went to our Maker with joy.'

'You sat on him?' gasped Estelle as her mother's meaning became clear. 'And despatched him ... with your anus?'

'I did,' replied Simone. 'And it made me happy to know that I had eased your father's passing from this world.'

'But how ... why?' Estelle struggled to fashion a response for her mind was reeling.

'Your father said he did not wish to die in pain and asked if I would show him a woman's kindness. You must know that we had never spoken of the stranger since his passing. Your father was a good man and never pressed me on it. But when he fell ill, he came to me and said, "You once despatched a stranger with

mercy, a man who meant to do you harm. Will you now treat me with equal tenderness ... and sit on me as you sat on him?””

‘Papa said that?’ muttered Estelle.

Simone nodded. ‘He did,’ she said. ‘I was reluctant at first but he begged me with tears in his eyes so and, in the end, I could not refuse him.’

She paused for several seconds, while Estelle remained silent, pondering on the dreadful dilemma her mother had faced. When she began to speak again, her voice was strong and clear.

‘I asked if I should tie him to the bed, so he could not shift me when that time came when he would surely struggle. He said there was no need, for he would not struggle. Only the confused man struggled, he said – torn between his fear and joy – and his mind was decided: he wished to end his days inside my bottom.

‘We stripped and then your dear Papa lay on the bed. I squatted low over his head, and steadied myself on his chest. In such a position, my bottom opened up and I knew he could see my anus. “It does not frighten you,’ I asked, for even then I feared for him, “to see my bottom’s hole?” “Never,” said he, and I knew at once that he spoke the truth. “How could any man fear a woman’s anus?” he said. “Or not wish, at the end of his days, to feel its warm embrace?” His words gave me comfort for I knew what I must do to him and it grieved me greatly.

‘I will not tell you all that passed between us, Estelle, but we shared some final words and spoke of our love for each other and for you. And then, at your Papa’s

command ... I sat on his face.'

When Simone paused again, Estelle almost spoke but, before she could, her mother hurried on.

'Your father was true to his word, and did not fight me, though at times I saw his strong arms tremble. As I had promised, I gave him pleasure with my hands and, much sooner than I had imagined, the moment of truth was upon us. I bore down hard and, to my surprise, at the very end, his arms came up – but not to push me off. Instead, he clung on tight, as if to say, "This is where I choose to die ... inside my wife's bottom."'

Her story finally told, Simone sagged a little and thin tears streaked her face.

'Oh, Maman!' cried Estelle, reaching out to hug her mother close. 'How you must have suffered!'

Simone looked up, and all her sorrow vanished in a moment. 'I did not suffer,' she assured her daughter. 'Nor did your dear Papa. He longed for nothing more than to end his days as he did, and I was blessed to help him do so. But more than that, he made me believe – as you must believe now – that men are not frightened of the hole in our bottom. They may not seek it out, but when it comes for them – as yours came for Gunther today – they know true happiness.'

Estelle gazed back at her mother for several seconds, and finally made up her mind. 'I believe you, Maman,' she said with feeling, 'and thank you for giving me peace. I know now that though Gunther struggled, he passed from this world without fear. That my anus did not cause him pain, but made him happy.' A

smile transformed her face. ‘Oh, Maman!’ she cried, and clapped her hands excitedly. ‘What a gift our Maker has given us! We have no need of weapons – cruel, nasty things that kill and maim – when we have such a hole!’

Simone’s face, which had, until just then, shone as brightly as her daughter’s, clouded over.

‘What is it, Maman?’ asked Estelle, aware of the change in her mother’s mood.

‘Gunther was sent here by his captain,’ said Simone solemnly, ‘to bring back eggs for the camp. When he does not return, they will know something is wrong. They may send others to question us – or worse.’

‘What shall we do?’ asked Estelle anxiously who had, in her excitement, forgotten all about the German’s mission.

Simone began to pace the floor, pondering deeply and muttering to herself. Finally, she said, ‘It is a small camp, no more than half a dozen men or so – if reports are true. Let us say there were seven, with Gunther, but only six without him. They will not send more than one man, perhaps two. More might place the camp at risk.’

‘But even two with guns will be the end of us!’ cried Estelle. ‘We cannot fight them! We are lost for sure!’

Simone reached out and took hold of her daughter’s arm. ‘Have you forgotten

Gunther so quickly?’ she asked. ‘And all we have said? We have no guns to use on men, but we have our bottoms ... and our bottoms have holes.’

‘We would sit on them?’ gasped Estelle, her eyes widening. ‘Take them into our cracks and ... and despatch them as I despatched Gunther?’

Her mother bobbed her head. ‘Why not?’ she said. ‘They are the enemy of France, and we are the women of France. Why should we fear them?’

‘Could we do it, Maman?’ asked Estelle. ‘Could we really do it?’

Her mother shrugged. ‘I do not know. But it is that or we run. And I for one do not wish to run. I wish to fight these men ... as perhaps only a woman can fight them!’

Four

It took the women two hours to bury Gunther's body, after which they ate a light meal and prepared for the arrival of more Germans.

The camp from which the doomed young man had set out was just over three miles away, an hour's march at most. Gunther would have been expected back by early afternoon at the latest. His captain would be unlikely to send someone to search for him until at least another hour had passed, so they might expect a visit sometime after the middle of the afternoon, or possibly early evening.

From the top of the ragged slope that stretched down to the lake it was possible to view the valley beyond. It was from this direction, they knew, that any soldiers would approach. With that in mind, the pair kept watch until, at a little after four o'clock, with the sun now low, they saw two men walk into view, a hundred yards or so away. Both were armed, with guns held firmly in front of them as they strode towards the cottage.

Hurrying back to the house, the women checked the traps they had set and waited for the soldiers to arrive. Simone undressed quickly, ran out to the lake and dived in. She was just climbing out as the two men appeared. The plan she and Estelle had hatched relied on a German love of hierarchy. One must be in charge of the other, if they were to split the pair and take them prisoner.

The moment the soldiers saw Simone emerge from the lake, naked, and with the water running from her back and buttocks, they stopped in their tracks. When she turned to face them, displaying her gourd-like breasts and thick, dripping bush, their blushes told her all she needed to know. These were not battle-

hardened soldiers. Like Gunther, they were young, naïve and easier to master.

In a pretended display of embarrassment, Simone crossed an arm over her large breasts and placed a hand between her legs – a pointless attempt to hide her copious bush from view.

‘You are Frau Lavigne?’ asked the taller of the two, in a distinctly shaky voice. Despite his nervousness, she guessed he was the senior here.

Simone bobbed her head. ‘I am,’ she said, in her broken German.

‘We are looking for our comrade, Private Gunther. Is he here?’

Simone hunched her shoulders. ‘He came this morning,’ she said, ‘for eggs and ham. He stayed for an hour. We drank coffee and then he left. Why? What has he done?’

‘He has not returned,’ said the soldier, a leery smile tugging at his mouth. ‘Are you alone, Frau Lavigne?’

‘No,’ said Simone, bowing her head shyly. ‘My daughter is in the cottage.’ She turned to the second man and played her hand. She hoped she had not misjudged the situation. ‘If you would care to go inside and speak to her, she will answer any questions.’

The taller man hesitated briefly, then made up his mind. His gaze had barely left Simone's overflowing bush and she knew, well enough, that he was keen to be rid of his companion.

'Check the house, Karl,' he instructed, a curt flick of his head ensuring he did not shift his gaze from Simone's thick, dripping tangle of pubes. 'Snell!' he barked when his comrade delayed. A moment later, and with obvious reluctance, the other man was trotting off towards the cottage.

'Remove your hands,' the tall man said, finally tearing his eyes away from the dark vee of Simone's tangled bush. When she did, his gaze dropped again. Glancing past him, Simone waited until the other soldier had entered the house, then said quietly, 'I have not had a man inside me since this war began.' Her gaze briefly dropped to his crotch. 'Will you show me your cock?'

The German immediately blushed and his lower lip trembled. For all his swagger, Simone guessed, he was an innocent abroad. She turned her head towards the cottage. 'We don't have much time,' she said with deliberate crudeness. 'If you want to poke my pussy while your friend is in the house.'

A moment later, he had flung his weapon to the ground and begun to undress, so fast that, like Gunther before him, he stumbled and fell. In that moment, Simone snatched up the gun and pointed it at him. The colour drained from his face.

'Do not move,' she said calmly – though inside she was shaking. Guns were horrible things to her, and holding one even worse. She prayed that the German did not call her bluff. If he did, she could not fire at him. She could sit on him, yes, but she could never fire on him.

‘And do not make a sound,’ she added, injecting a note of urgency into her voice. ‘If you do, then I will shoot you where you stand.’

‘You ... you would not,’ he stammered feebly. ‘You are a peaceful woman. Our Kapitän told us.’

‘I am a French woman first,’ she said proudly and waved the gun in what she hoped was a menacing manner. ‘Now take your clothes off. Everything! Quickly!’

Simone had hidden several lengths of rope nearby. Much faster than she had hoped for, the German undressed, knelt and allowed her to fasten his hands and legs. With his arms behind his back and sufficient slack so he could walk, albeit with difficulty, she guided him back to the house, confident that by now Estelle would have completed her mission. She threw the gun into the lake, glad to be rid of it.

As they neared the cottage, Estelle ran out. Unlike her mother, she was fully clothed, and the look on her face confirmed that all had gone well.

‘You caught him in the net?’ asked Simone, though she knew the answer already.

‘Everything went as planned,’ confirmed Estelle, ‘as I see it did with you.’ She glanced at the naked German. His cock, she observed, was already thick and upright. That pleased her; it surely meant he was happy. She remained a little anxious about what they must do to these men, and his excitement reassured her.

Inside the cottage, the other German wriggled in a large, roped net, suspended two feet off the ground. The women were expert hunters, though this was the first time they had snared a prey indoors. Simone had set the trap herself, spreading the net on the kitchen floor. Flinging a length of rope over a ceiling beam, then around a metal wheel they used for catching wild pigs in the woods, had completed her preparations. The moment the German had stepped through the door, the trap had been sprung, upending him before he could step back. He had dropped his weapon, leaving him as helpless as the young man Simone had captured. Cutting him down, at the point of a gun, Estelle ordered him to undress before trussing him up like his friend. His cock, she noticed happily, had also begun to swell.

‘What will you do with us?’ asked the youngster who had taken charge. Sitting on the floor, next to his comrade, he peered up at Simone, his gaze still wandering to her dark, tangled bush. ‘Will you hand us over to the Résistance?’

His voice shook when he spoke, and his fear, Simone could tell, was real enough. La Résistance were not known for treating prisoners with compassion. Their deaths, both Germans knew, would be long and painful.

‘What is your name?’ inquired Simone.

‘Uwe,’ he answered, in a trembling voice. Any swagger he possessed had long deserted him.

‘And how old are you, Uwe?’

‘Nineteen,’ he replied in a quiet voice. He gestured towards his comrade, Karl,

who shook quietly beside him. ‘We are both nineteen. Please. Do not hand us over to the Résistance. Let us return to our camp. We will walk slowly. Two hours at least. Enough time for you to escape.’

Simone shook her head. ‘We are not leaving,’ she said. ‘This is our home, and this is our country. We will not run.’

Uwe swallowed hard. Several questions were running through his head just now, but one was uppermost and he had to ask it. ‘Where is Gunther?’ he inquired anxiously. ‘What have you done with him?’

Simone looked back at the young man and knew a lie might comfort him, but it would not be kind. The sooner he knew his comrade’s fate – and his own – the better. She squatted down and looked him squarely in the eye.

‘We despatched him,’ she admitted honestly. ‘As we must despatch you...’

Uwe’s eyes opened wide and, beside him, his companion moaned. ‘You are going to shoot us?’ he asked, and his mouth collapsed.

Simone shook her head. ‘No,’ she replied, reaching out instinctively to stroke his face. She hoped the gesture would bring him some comfort. It distressed her to cause pain, even to her enemy, and the man was so young. ‘We will despatch you with tenderness,’ she said in a quiet voice, ‘as we despatched your friend.’

‘No one can despatch with tenderness!’ objected Uwe, his face wrinkled with

despair.

‘A woman can,’ Simone assured him.

Uwe shook his head and there were tears in his eyes. ‘How did you kill him?’ he asked, barely able to force out the words. ‘How did you kill Gunther?’

Simone looked from one man to the other and knew it was time to speak the truth.

‘I held him down,’ she said, ‘so he could not move.’ She glanced at Estelle who lowered her eyes briefly, as if the memory still pained her. ‘And then my daughter sat on his face ... and smothered him with her bottom.’

Uwe’s eyes widened fearfully. His nostrils flared and the colour drained from his face. Beside him, Karl, unable to speak, appeared to be on the verge of tears.

‘No,’ Uwe muttered, unable to hide the terror in his voice. ‘It cannot be! No!’ He glanced at Estelle. ‘No one ... she cannot ... I do not believe it!’

‘It is true,’ said Simone, still stroking him gently. In spite of what she had told him, he had not turned away, as if desperate, even now, for her motherly touch. ‘But he did not struggle when her anus came for him. He accepted his fate because he knew the act was done with kindness. And I gave him pleasure with my hand – as I will give you pleasure, Uwe – so that he passed from this world, as you will pass, with joy!’

Uwe was breathing rapidly now as the dreadful nature of his fate became clear. 'An anus cannot bring joy!' he cried. 'How can a man know joy if ... if he is inside a woman's bottom? If she ...' He could hardly bring himself to say the words. 'If she is trying to kill him with her hole?'

Finally, alongside him, a miserable Karl broke his silence. 'I don't want to die inside a bottom,' he cried. 'Bitte! I will tell you everything I know! We are only eight men! Scientists and soldiers in the camp! They carry out secret work! I can tell you everything!'

'Shut up!' cried Uwe angrily. 'Do not betray us, Karl!'

'I don't care!' he wept miserably. 'They have smothered Gunther! I don't want to die like that! I don't want to die inside a woman's bottom!'

Estelle came forward now. Like her mother before her, it distressed her to see a man in pain. Squatting low, she unbuttoned her blouse, to expose her small, lemon-shaped breasts. Her nipples were fleshy and proud, like tiny pink thimbles, each with a small pin-prick in its centre. She wrapped an arm around the young German and drew him close. With her free hand, she cupped one breast and raised it to his mouth. Karl closed his lips around the orb and suckled child-like on her teat. For the moment at least, it seemed to calm him down.

'It is no shame to be frightened,' she whispered soothingly. 'Gunther was afraid at first, when he knew I meant to sit on him, but his fear soon passed.' She paused, and held the German a little closer. He seemed to have quietened and she was pleased at her foresight in offering him a breast. Men were children, really, and often only needed comfort.

‘It is true,’ she went on, ‘that when I squatted low and showed him my little pink hole, he turned away and could not look at it. But when Maman took him in her hand and made him happy, he lost his fear. He knew then that we meant only to treat him with kindness.’ She pushed her breast a little deeper into Karl’s mouth. He suckled hungrily, as if drinking the milk from her body. After a few moments, she continued.

‘When finally I sat on him,’ she said, ‘he did not struggle, and nor will you. The anus is your friend, not your enemy, and Maman will make you happy with her hand. Yes, you will die inside my bottom, Karl ... but how joyful you will be!’

As she spoke these final words, they sparked the poor man back to life. He shrieked against her breast, then pulled his mouth away. When he looked up at her, all the old terror was back in his eyes, as if the last few minutes had brought him no comfort at all. A moment later he was blubbering freely, telling her everything he knew about the camp, its size, its purpose, a secret way in and out. Why didn’t they smother the men in the camp, he cried, and let him live!

Away to his side, Uwe cursed him for the traitor he was.

‘You deserve to die inside a Frenchie’s bottom!’ he cried bitterly. ‘Every woman on earth should make you suck her arse!’

Karl ignored his comrade’s tirade and howled again. He had run out of things he could tell them and knew, in his heart, it had made no difference.

‘We must delay no longer,’ said Simone, making up her mind. ‘These men are suffering and that is not kindness. We must despatch them quickly.’

Still desperate to avoid their fate, both men wriggled furiously, like maddened crabs scuttling across the cold stone floor. They wept, cursed and called out for their mothers, like all men do when they know their time is short.

‘We will take them into my bedroom,’ said Simone, ‘and make them comfortable. Then we will sit on them and give them peace.’

Both men continued to struggle, cursing and weeping, as they were dragged, one after the other, into the next room. The women took Karl first and, convinced he was about to be smothered, he sobbed like a child and promised them the world if they would only spare his life.

Once in the room, they pushed him into a heavy armchair and wrapped more cords around his body, roping him so tightly he could kick his legs but was otherwise unable to move.

It took so long to tie him down – he refused to be subdued easily – that, by the time they went back for Uwe, he had managed to wriggle to the kitchen door, somehow lever it open and was stumbling across the grass outside towards freedom. He, too, wept and screamed as they seized him by the arms and forced him back inside.

Dragging him through to the bedroom, they deposited him face-up on the bed, where he continued to struggle and curse them for all he was worth.

Straddling his chest, her big thighs either side of him now, Simone addressed him in a quiet voice, while Estelle disrobed.

‘One of us must sit on you,’ she said, ‘and take you into her bottom. I am happy to despatch you with my anus, Uwe, but if you would rather Estelle—’

‘Fuck you!’ screamed Uwe savagely. ‘Fuck you and your filthy French hole! Get off me, you bitch! Get off me now!’

Simone felt a dagger of despair in her tummy as the young man railed. She understood his fear, of course, and it made her dreadfully sad. Reaching back quickly, she found – and not to her surprise – that his penis had hardened into a full erection. When she closed her hand around the stem, it jerked strongly and a bead of semen leaked onto the ball of her thumb.

‘May I, Maman?’ said a voice behind her as Estelle approached, naked now and ready to play her part.

‘Of course, my darling,’ said Simone warmly and relinquished her hold on Uwe’s cock. He squealed as she removed her hand, then squealed again when Estelle gripped his penis, pumped gently and tickled his balls.

When Simone reached out to stroke the young man’s face, he whimpered like an injured pup. ‘There, there,’ she whispered, in an effort to console him. ‘You have nothing to fear, Uwe, Estelle will not hurt you, and neither will I.’ She smiled. ‘Do you feel the joy now? The joy in your cock?’ His balls, she was sure, must

be filling with seed.

He jerked his head and moaned a feeble 'Yes'. Coherent speech was beyond him now, his cock was all that mattered. The way the young girl's fingers slid along his swollen shaft gave him undeniable pleasure.

'In a moment, I will squat on you,' said Simone. 'Over your head so you can see my anus, do you understand?'

His eyes opened wide, and it was clear that he understood her meaning only too well.

Again, she stroked the side of his face and spoke to him in a soothing manner. 'Have no fear, Uwe, I will not sit on you yet. I only want to show you my anus, do you understand? It is important that you see the hole ... before I take you into my bottom.'

A strangled groan broke from the back of his throat as Estelle drew another bead of semen from his cock. Uwe bit down hard and moaned again, but he offered no resistance when, very slowly, Simone rose from his chest, swivelled around and positioned herself over his head.

Peering down between her legs, Simone watched as Uwe's eyes widened, his gaze now fixed on the dark, wrinkled opening of her anus. Unlike Estelle's hole, which was small, pink and hairless, Simone's was large, brown and buried in a scrub of anal curls, the wiry hairs overflowing from her thick, tangled bush. When Uwe snorted fearfully, his nostrils beat a warm tattoo of air into the muscular well and the hole promptly puckered. As it opened and closed, first

drawing hairs into the chamber beyond, before expelling them at speed, Uwe's nerve broke and he released a shriek of despair.

'Mein Gott!' he cried. 'Bitte! Bitte! Someone, please – oh, save me from the hairy hole!'

Mother and daughter exchanged an anxious look and Estelle pumped his cock a little faster. As a surge of pleasure rose from his balls, Uwe felt his spunk rising and closed his eyes to savour the sensation. Simone took advantage of the moment to lower herself, bringing her anus a little closer to his nose and out of his eyeline.

A few feet away, Karl squirmed in the chair and released a keening howl of despair. He was sideways on to what was happening on the bed, his gaze torn between Estelle vigorously masturbating his comrade and Simone perched menacingly over his head. On hearing the scream, Uwe opened his eyes and howled himself. He was so close now to Simone's wrinkled opening that its rich, earthy smell washed over him like a damp cloth.

'Mein Gott!' he mumbled miserably, all hope of escape now gone. 'I'm going to die inside a woman's bottom! I'm going to die inside a hairy hole!'

He rolled his eyes and groaned as a fresh wave of pleasure swept through his balls. Above his head, Simone first lifted, then lowered, her bottom several times in quick succession. In the one moment, her anus was blurred and out of sight; in the next he saw each contour clearly: its muscular edges, the hairs that lined the rim and the brown, wrinkled well that melted into her passage. A rich, anal scent filled his nostrils and, though he longed to look away, he found his gaze fixed grimly on the dark, hairy opening into her bottom.

He closed his eyes once more as Estelle continued to pump him. She had taken him to the edge several times and, on each occasion, he had been certain he would come. But she had always slackened her grip at the last moment, ensuring the milk remained trapped in his balls.

Throwing his head from side to side, his eyes tightly shut, he whimpered and wept.

‘Please let me come!’ he mumbled feebly. ‘Oh, bitte! Let me come!’

When another wave of thick arse-scent washed over him, he thrust his cock high, desperate for release. But once again, the young girl eased her grip and the lack of friction left his penis bobbing, unrelieved. There was only one way the bitches would let him come. They knew it and now, with grim finality, Uwe knew it, too.

As the poor man moaned again, Simone dropped her rump so low that her anus brushed his nose for the first time. Mad with thwarted lust, Uwe could take no more. He flared his nostrils and sniffed at her strongly, then thrust out his tongue to lick at the sweat-drizzled hairs that bordered her anal rim.

Aware that he was close now, Estelle pumped a little faster, while cupping his stones and rolling them gently.

‘Sit on me, Frau!’ he screamed without care. ‘Sit on my face and kill me with your bottom ... but in Gott’s name, let me come!’

It was the moment Simone had been waiting for and she immediately dropped her arse, snaring Uwe in her crack. As her anus widened around his nose, he opened his mouth to cry out – as she knew he would. With one sharp jerk of her hips, she forced her hairy vulva home, stuffing his mouth with her bloated sex. Uwe’s head jolted sharply between her buttocks and she felt him snort what little air remained into her rear chamber.

Between his legs, Estelle was forced to move quickly, flinging herself around to straddle his belly. Uwe was kicking wildly now and, though there was no way he could shift Simone, her new position prevented him from moving too much. Again, she pumped him to the point of release, but no further, drawing several beads of semen from his cock. From the way he groaned and grunted inside her mother’s arse, Estelle knew how vital her own work had become. She must keep him on edge until Simone gave her the signal – a gentle tap on the back. Only then would she grant the German his release as he took his last breath in her mother’s bottom.

As for Karl, strapped into the armchair and forced to look on, his was a living nightmare as he flinched at every muffled squeal that broke from between the older woman’s buttocks. Uwe’s head had vanished completely, as if swallowed alive by Simone’s massive arse. His torso wriggled fitfully and his legs continued to kick. In Estelle’s expert hands, his cock – already large – had thickened further and his balls had almost doubled in size. Was he in heaven or hell? It seemed likely to be was both and did nothing to calm Karl’s tattered nerves. He had seen enough to know that he had no wish to end his days inside this woman’s arse, with her hairy, bloated ring and sweaty buttocks. But he had no wish to die inside her daughter’s rear-end, either, however much they milked him.

‘Mein Gott! Mein Gott!’ he wailed, turning his head away and screaming at the ceiling. ‘Oh, save us, someone! Save us from these women’s bottoms!’

It was a pointless plea, for him at least and certainly for Uwe. A moment later, Estelle felt a nudge on her back and knew the German's time had come. As she felt him lurch beneath her and a last, strangled groan broke from inside her mother's crack, she pumped him hard and watched happily as streams of semen burst from his cock and drenched her belly.

A moment later, he fell still, though his penis continued to jerk fitfully for another minute. When at last it, too, lay limp across his thigh, the exhausted women rose.

Making space for poor, panic-stricken Karl, they removed Uwe's body and carried it out into the garden. Washing themselves down in the kitchen, they heard the demented German squeal miserably from the other room.

'The poor man is so frightened, Maman,' said Estelle. 'I wish we did not have to smother him. He fears our bottoms so dreadfully.'

'I wish it, too,' said her mother, 'but we have no choice.' She sighed. 'I had hoped it would comfort him to see his comrade sat on first, but I was wrong, I do not understand it. He saw the joy you gave to his friend's cock. Did he not think he was in heaven?'

'It is not that, I think,' said Estelle coyly. 'He is frightened of your bearded anus. I heard him say it. A happy cock means nothing to him ... if he must die inside a hairy hole.'

‘Then you must sit on him,’ said her mother. ‘And smother him as you smothered Gunther. I will make him happy with my hand, but we must do it quickly this time, so he does not suffer.’

When Estelle appeared to hesitate, Simone reached out and took the youngster’s hands in hers. ‘Does it trouble you,’ she asked, ‘to sit again? To take another man to your hole?’

Estelle shook her head. ‘A little, Maman, but not because I must sit on him. It is because I do not want to hurt or frighten him. And I fear I will do both, for he is so timid!’

‘He is young, Estelle, and I doubt he has ever known a woman. An older man would be more familiar with the holes we must show them, and be less afraid.’ She tightened her grip a little. ‘Never forget – we are showing him kindness. La Résistance would not be kind. They are our brothers and sisters and we fight for the same cause – but their ways are not ours.’

Estelle looked up and this time her eyes sparkled. ‘I know you are right, Maman, and I am happy to sit on him. But may I pray for him first, so he knows I mean him no harm – even if I must take him into my bottom?’

‘Of course,’ said her mother warmly. ‘It is a kind thought, and may bring him some comfort.’

‘Thank you, Maman,’ said Estelle, and this time gave her mother’s hands a gentle squeeze.

Returning to the bedroom, they found Karl weeping in the chair, his eyes raw with tears. He wriggled vigorously, as if, even now, he might somehow free himself. When he caught sight of Simone's big, curly bush, he screamed as if the Devil himself had entered the room.

Estelle hurried forward and crouched alongside, reaching out to touch him affectionately.

'Calm yourself, Karl,' she said in a soothing voice. 'Maman is not going to sit on you. You will not die inside her hairy bottom.'

He looked at her hopefully, the tears still hot on his cheeks. 'You will not smother me? I am to be spared?' He closed his eyes and sobbed again, but this time they were sobs of relief. 'Oh, Danke! Danke!' he cried, horribly mistaken as to what she meant.

The young girl felt her heart melt. She looked to her mother for guidance, but the older woman shook her head grimly. There could be no reprieve for the doomed German.

Estelle rose, sat on the arm of the chair and wrapped a comforting arm around the young man's shoulders. 'I'm sorry, Karl,' she said gently. 'I didn't mean you weren't going to be smothered. I meant Maman would not be sitting on you. I meant that ... you would be inside my bottom.'

There was a deathly silence for a moment, and then he flinched. His eyes flashed

open and he stared up at her, his face a mask of terror.

‘No, please! Bitte!’ he cried, his eyes flooding with fresh tears. ‘You promised! You said you wouldn’t smother me!’

‘I didn’t promise, Karl,’ she replied, feeling utterly wretched. ‘You misunderstood, I’m sorry. I have to sit on you. I have to despatch you with my anus.’

She flung both arms around him now, her tiny bosom close to his mouth, offering him comfort as she had done so once before. He closed his lips around first one breast, then the other, and suckled noisily. ‘I will pray for you, Karl,’ he promised him earnestly, ‘when you are between my buttocks. I will pray to our Maker to give you courage, so that my anus will not frighten you ... and you will be happy to die inside my bottom.’

Karl squealed into her breast, then broke away, and looked up at her, his red eyes wild with fear. It broke her heart to see his misery. ‘I cannot be happy in a bottom!’ he cried. ‘Oh, please! I beg you! Don’t kill me with your anus!’

Aware of her daughter’s distress, Simone came forward quickly, untying the extra ropes that held Karl to the chair. As they fell free, she seized him by the shoulders and hauled him upright. He tried to pull away but, with his arms secured behind his back and his ankles tightly fastened, it was a hopeless effort.

‘Have pity on me, please!’ he screamed. ‘Oh, Bitte! You are a mother! Have pity on another mother’s son!’

‘I’m sorry, Karl!’ she said with real remorse, as she forced him onto his back on the bed, then climbed onto his chest, with her bottom facing his head. ‘I know you are frightened, but we will do this quickly! It won’t hurt, I promise!’

The moment he felt her buttocks flatten on his chest and caught sight of the deep cleft that split her arse in two, Karl howled, convinced she was about to sit on him.

‘Not the hairy hole!’ he wept. ‘Oh, Bitte! Bitte! Not the hairy hole!’

‘It’s all right,’ said Estelle, arriving now and swinging her leg across, so as to position her bottom over his head. ‘I told you – I am going to sit on you, not Maman!’

Karl looked up, to see a hairless pink pussy and a tiny pink opening just behind it. The buttocks either side were small and tight, and hardly bigger than a boy’s. It occurred to him at that moment that if his hands had been free it would have been so easy to push her off. It wasn’t fair! He didn’t want to die like this! Not inside a woman’s rear-end! Just then, however, all other thoughts were driven from his mind as one hand gripped his penis while another held his balls and rolled them gently. As a surge of pleasure tickled his cock, he opened his mouth and groaned with joy.

The moment his lips parted, Estelle dropped her bottom onto his face and pressed down hard. Driving the bulb of her pussy into his mouth was one thing, but forcing her tiny hole around his nose was quite another. She felt Karl’s nostrils flare as the German snorted air into her passage, then sucked instinctively on her anal scent. As the heady aroma of her arse filled his lungs his

head jolted and he groaned again. Between his legs, Simone was working feverishly to arouse his cock, aware that only pleasure would overcome the terror in the German's heart. When a bead of semen leaked free and ran down his shaft, she felt the tell-tale jerk that told her he was happy.

'Press hard, Estelle,' she instructed, one hand beneath Karl's balls, the other pumping gently so as not to bring him to a head just yet. Seed was oozing slowly from the eye of his cock and dribbling down the shaft. Any moment now she would unleash his seed and he would know perfect joy. But not until Estelle had forced the last of the air from his lungs with her anus. 'Tell me when you think you are about to despatch him ... and I will empty his balls!'

'It will not be long now, Maman!' she cried, then shut her eyes to pray silently for the young German. For their Maker to grant him the courage she had promised him in his hour of need, trapped inside her tiny bottom. When his nostrils sniffed at her tender ring, she shrieked excitedly. 'I feel his nose, Maman!' she cried. 'Against my anus ... his breath inside my passage! Oh, the poor man! I hope he is not afraid!'

'His cock is happy!' Simone assured her. 'And if a man's cock is happy ... he is happy, too!'

'He is almost there, Maman!' squealed Estelle, pressing down as hard as she could. She felt Karl's nose ease into her anal well, almost as if, with his last breath, he had found the courage she had wished for him ... and forced himself into her rectum.

'Now, Maman!' she cried. 'Empty him now!'

As Simone drove her hand down one last time, Karl's cock erupted, splattering waves of hot, milky seed fountain-like into the air. His body gave a massive jolt, and then another, and then another still. Between her buttocks, Estelle felt his head judder happily as she squirted juice into his mouth, exploding over him as he lurched one last time and finally fell still.

Five

La Résistance in Alicathe was a small and largely ineffective group, its role symbolic more than practical. What little information they received, or were able to pass on, was channelled by radio from Simone and Estelle's little cottage. Known for their religious pacifism, the Germans regarded the mother and daughter as no threat and, requests for food aside, had left them alone.

The camp from which Gunther, Karl and Uwe had set out that day, never to return, had been set up two months previously. Though it consisted of several large buildings, the fact that it was staffed by just a few men had proved a puzzle until now. In his blind terror, Karl had told the women a great deal in the desperate, though ultimately vain, hope of avoiding suffocation. It was their duty, they knew, to inform the local Résistance commander, Rene Galetton. His house was a mile to the south and they had set out at once to apprise him of events.

Sitting in his tiny kitchen, drinking thick black coffee and occasionally puffing on a foul cigarette, he listened to their tale in disbelief.

‘You despatched them?’ he scoffed incredulously. ‘Three German soldiers ... avec votre anus?’

At the mention of her anus, his gaze dropped to Simone's backside. Though she was wearing heavy trousers now, the swell of her mature hips was impossible to disguise.

‘I sat on Uwe,’ she admitted honestly. ‘But Estelle smothered Gunther and Karl.’

Gazing at the younger woman's narrower, boy-like hips, he found Simone's claim even more ridiculous.

'But she is small,' he said gruffly. 'I do not mean to be offensive, Mademoiselle, but your bottom is – well – tres petit.'

'It is not the bottom that does all the work, Monsieur!' said Simone, rushing to her daughter's defence, 'but the little hole in the cleft. And if a man is held down, as I held Gunther and Karl – a woman of any size can do the work we did.'

Rene threw up his hands in a mock admission of defeat. The women might be mad but there were other matters to consider here.

'If what you say is true, this camp has importance. The German you despatched – Karl – he said there are scientists present?'

'Three, yes,' said Simone. 'A Kapitän to command and two more guards. Older than the men we sat on, more experienced. They are to make the camp ready for others. A week from now, a hundred men will arrive and their work will begin in earnest. Work on new weapons. Some form of dreadful gas, but that is all Karl knew.'

'So six men to deal with – if we raid the camp now?'

'Precisement,' said Simone.

‘Then we will do so tonight,’ he said, making up his mind. ‘We will not wait for London to decide. We will kill these men and burn their camp to the ground.’ He drew a finger across his throat. ‘We will make these Germans suffer, too, before we kill them!’

Simone’s face blanched and she jumped up angrily. ‘No!’ she cried. ‘You cannot be cruel. Do what you must, but not that. It is wrong! They must not be treated badly, even if they are our enemy!’

Rene scoffed. ‘This is war, Madame! And in war, there are casualties – as you know well enough if your story is true.’

‘It is true!’ cried Simone defiantly. ‘We despatched three men, yes – but we did it with mercy!’

‘The mercy of a woman’s bottom?’ he huffed, and felt both silly and curiously aroused at the same time.

‘Yes!’ cried Simone. ‘The mercy of a woman’s bottom!’

He huffed again. ‘You will tell me the secret way into the camp – where mines have not been set – and we will show these Germans no mercy!’

‘You will learn nothing more from me,’ said Simone defiantly. She looked at

Estelle, sitting beside her, ‘or my daughter!’

‘But the camp must be taken!’ cried Rene angrily. ‘And razed to the ground. If we do not act quickly, they will send reinforcements and then the camp will be impregnable. More men will die – because of you!’

‘Then we will raid the camp!’ said Simone. ‘We will take the men into our bottoms and despatch them with kindness. After that, the buildings are yours.’

‘You are crazy!’ said Rene, leaping up to pace the room like a caged bear. ‘There are six of them and two of you!’ He jabbed the air, pointing from one woman to the other and words almost failed him. ‘You really expect me to believe that ... that the two of you ... the two of you can bring down six grown men with ... with ...’ He was struggling again and made a little circle with his thumb and finger, ‘Your tiny holes!’

‘Yes!’ said Simone, straightening her back. ‘What have you to lose? If they capture us, then you can do what you like, but give us the chance first. I beg you, please! Let us treat these men with kindness if we can.’

He studied her thoughtfully for several seconds. Time was of the essence now and every second counted. He thought the plan was madness – and their story unbelievable. Then again, there was one way, perhaps, to call their bluff.

‘We captured a traitor last night,’ he said in a flat voice. ‘Anton De Fue.’

‘The grocer?’ said Simone, surprised. ‘I cannot believe it.’

‘Three months ago, one of our men was taken by the Gestapo. We learned last night that Anton had betrayed him.’

‘What does Anton say?’ asked Simone curtly. She had known the grocer for almost twenty years and did not accept the charge for one moment.

‘He says it was not him, but we have witnesses. His brothers—’

‘His brothers hate him and would lie to steal his shop!’ said Simone.

Rene shrugged. ‘They are two to one and that is that. An example must be made of him.’

Simone felt the skin grown cold on the back of her neck. She knew how Rene made ‘examples’ of men and poor Anton would not die easily.

‘I have him in a shed at the back of my house,’ said Rene abruptly. He looked from Simone to Estelle, then back to the younger woman. ‘You said that your daughter had smothered two men.’ He paused, a heavy silence in the air. ‘If she smothers Anton – inside her bottom as you say she smothered two Germans – then I will let you raid the camp.’

‘No!’ cried Simone, appalled. ‘Anton is innocent! I know it in my heart!’

Rene shrugged. ‘Then I will kill him now,’ he said, pulling a large knife off the shelf. ‘And it will not be quick.’ He grinned coldly. ‘It will not be done ... with mercy.’

‘I will do it, Maman!’ said Estelle from behind. ‘I will sit on Anton’s face ...’

‘No, Estelle!’ said Simone, turning quickly. ‘Anton is a good man!’

‘And he is doomed, Maman, we cannot save him!’ Estelle reminded her. ‘At least this way it will be quick and kind.’

Simone’s face crumpled, but she knew Estelle was right, Anton’s fate was sealed. Better a woman’s bottom than whatever dreadful death he faced at Rene’s hands. The man was a cruel barbarian, as bad as the Germans he claimed to despise.

‘Very well,’ said Simone, addressing the sour-faced Frenchman. ‘We will do as you ask and in return you will let us raid the camp alone.’

‘You have my word, Madame,’ said Rene and, though he was a cruel, unpleasant man, she knew he would keep his promise.

‘May we smother him in private?’ asked Simone, though without much hope of receiving the answer she hoped for.

‘No,’ said Rene. ‘I cannot believe your daughter can end a man’s life with her tiny bottom – even if you hold him down. I must see it with my own eyes.’

‘Very well,’ conceded Simone grudgingly. She looked around the cluttered kitchen. ‘We cannot suffocate him here, it is too small a space.’

Rene shrugged carelessly. ‘There is a patch of earth outside the shed. You can despatch him there, no one will see. It will be private enough. Just the four of us.’

Six

Anton appeared startled as Rene dragged him from the hut. Slightly built, with a narrow, hawk-like face and frightened eyes, he staggered forward, looking older than his fifty-five years. His arms were fastened in front of him, but his legs were untied. He blinked rapidly in the sunlight and it was some time before he could focus his eyes sufficiently to see the women. He recognised Simone at once and his face brightened with hope. It was a hope that was quickly dashed.

‘Anton De Fue,’ said Rene coldly. ‘You have been condemned as an enemy of France and the sentence is death.’

‘No, please!’ cried Anton, shaking his tethered hands. ‘I am innocent! I swear it!’

‘As an act of kindness,’ said Rene, ignoring his protest, ‘these women have offered to carry out your execution.’ He paused, aware of a bewildered Anton shaking silently. ‘You know Estelle Lavigne?’ he said, pointing out the girl to him.

‘Of course,’ said Anton, in a quiet voice. ‘I have known her since she was a child.’

‘She has offered to sit on your face ... and smother you to death with the hole in her bottom.’

He made the announcement in a grave theatrical voice and realised, to his surprise, that his penis had begun to harden. He didn’t believe the women’s story

for a moment, and was sure he was about to call their bluff. But it excited him nonetheless.

Anton's eyes had enlarged into huge, fearful circles. 'You cannot mean this!' he exclaimed. 'Why would you say such a thing?'

'Because it is true, old friend,' said Simone sadly. 'Estelle must suffocate you. But it will be done with kindness. You will not suffer.'

'Suffocate me?' repeated Anton, looking stupidly from one woman to the other. 'I do not understand!'

With a heavy heart, Simone reached out to lay a hand on his shoulder. Not for the first time today, she sought only to comfort, to bring some peace to a doomed man. 'La Résistance demands your death,' she said, and glanced bitterly at Rene. 'Whether warranted or not. We have interceded with Rene (she knew this wasn't true but it seemed the kindest thing to say just then) and he has given us permission to execute you ourselves. I will hold you down, and Estelle will sit on your face without pants. She will suffocate you ... with her anus.'

'I am sorry, Monsieur De Fue,' said Estelle, her voice shaking, 'that I must do this to you. Forgive me, please. And forgive my little hole...'

Anton said nothing for several seconds but, when he spoke again, the strength had returned to his voice. 'There is nothing to forgive, mon petit,' he assured her, bowing lightly. 'Au contraire ... I thank you for your kindness to me.'

He took a deep breath, and, choosing to ignore Rene, he addressed the women together. He knew the alternative and favoured any other death than the one he had expected. Was a woman's bare bottom such a dreadful place to die? Better than a bullet in the head, a knife or even worse...

'When is it to be done? And where?'

'Now,' said Simone, keen to end this quickly. She gestured at a nearby patch of grass. 'Here on the ground.'

Anton smiled. 'En plein air!' he acknowledged happily and took a breath to steady himself. 'I approve. Shall I lie down now – and prepare myself?'

'If you would be so kind,' said Simone, her heart breaking. She watched him struggle to settle himself. It wasn't easy with his hands secured and she stepped forward to help him. 'Let me aid you,' she offered, taking hold of one arm and steering him onto his back. Despite his brave face, he was shaking a little.

Leaning in close, Simone gave him a warm smile. 'Do not be afraid, mon brave,' she said gently. 'It is only a little hole, and I will give you pleasure at the end.'

'Merci, Madame Lavigne,' he answered quietly. 'I am grateful for your kindness, also.'

'Now what?' asked Rene irritably. He was keen to press on, to see if what the women had told him was true. That this young girl could truly suffocate a man

with her arse. It seemed unlikely.

Without a word, but giving him his answer, Estelle unbuckled her belt and slipped her trousers down. Rene's eyes widened at the sight of her hairless pink slit and felt his penis stiffen in his pants.

'Let me see your anus!' he said loudly, and licked the corners of his lips. 'The hole in your bottom! Let me see it!'

'You have no right!' snapped Simone stepping between him and Estelle.

'I have every right!' responded Rene, and dared her to defy him again. 'Unless you wish to end our bargain now!'

Simone stood her ground and was ready to tell him to go to the devil when Estelle spoke up behind her.

'It is all right, Maman,' she said stoutly. 'Monsieur Galetton may look at my bottom, I have nothing to hide. Let him see my anus ... the only weapon I will ever carry!'

For a moment, Simone hesitated but she knew Estelle was right. This was too important, and so, reluctantly, she stood aside.

Estelle turned around, leaned forward and displayed her bottom without shame. Rene fell to his knees, shuffled forward and gazed into the soft, hairless runnel of her crack. Her pussy hung like swollen fruit between her thighs and, just above it, her tiny anus winked back at him, the pink, fleshy mouth no larger than a baby's fingernail. Leaning in close – he couldn't help himself – he took a deep breath and swooned as a wave of rich anal scent, moistened with sweat, filled his nostrils.

‘You have really despatched two men today?’ he inquired in a distant voice, his gaze locked greedily on her tiny opening. ‘With this little anus?’

‘I have,’ said Estelle proudly. ‘With Maman's help to hold them down.’

Rene retreated quickly, his mind reeling. This was beyond anything he had ever dreamed possible. The scent from Estelle's bottom still lingered in his nostrils and, for one ridiculous moment, he found himself envying Anton, who would soon have her youthful backside on his face.

‘Do it!’ he cried angrily, fighting to regain a modicum of self-control. ‘Despatch this traitor in the name of France! Now!’

‘If you will permit me?’ said Simone, addressing Anton politely, ‘I must sit on your chest to hold you down.’

‘I will not try to escape,’ said Anton honestly. ‘I am happy to accept my fate. What man could ask for more ... than to die inside your daughter's bottom?’

He trembled as she spoke and, despite his brave words, Simone knew that he was afraid, that he had said what he said to comfort Estelle, who was about to sit on him.

‘I know you won’t,’ said Simone. ‘But if I sit on you, I can give you some pleasure with my hand. Once Estelle ...’ she glanced at her daughter and saw the anxiety in her face. ‘Once Estelle has you in her crack.’

‘Of course,’ said Anton calmly, though his hands were shaking. ‘That is very generous. I thank you, Madame Lavigne.’ He rolled his eyes back, but Estelle was just out of sight. ‘And you, aussi, Mademoiselle, for the kindness you are about to show me.’

‘Thank you, Monsieur,’ said Estelle softly. ‘You are a good man, and I apologise again for what I must do.’

Aware of Rene fidgeting impatiently to one side, Simone dropped to her knees and straddled Anton’s chest. His tethered hands were joined together, as if in prayer, over his belly, and she heard him muttering a familiar psalm under his breath. Quickly, she unbuckled his belt, opened his fly and extracted the withered stem of his penis. She wondered when it had last been touched by a woman and stroked it gently. A feeble moan floated up from behind her as his cock unfurled to its full length.

Estelle came forward now and dropped into a squatting position over Anton’s head. His eyes were closed and she, too, could hear him praying quietly.

Looking down between her legs, she addressed him as a nurse might address a

sickly patient she must tend. ‘If you open your mouth, Monsieur Du Fue,’ she said, ‘when I sit on you, it will allow me to place my pussy inside. With my anus on your nose and my pussy in your mouth, it will make it easier for me to suffocate you.’

‘Of course,’ he muttered without opening his eyes, and immediately widened his mouth to admit her.

‘Merci,’ said Estelle and lowered herself until her anus grazed the bridge of his nose. As her bottom-scent washed over him, she saw his face relax and her heart skipped a beat. When he released another gentle moan, she knew that her mother was stroking his cock, and she relaxed, too.

‘God bless you, Monsieur De Fue,’ she said quietly, ‘and may you rest in peace.’

And then she pressed her hole against his nose, squeezed her pussy into his mouth and closed her tiny buttocks around him. True to his word, he remained perfectly still, though she felt him jolt a little in her crack. That was to be expected, of course, a natural response to her tight embrace. She was aware of his nostrils opening wide, and little snorts of air through her anus and into the chamber beyond. When he breathed again, as his body demanded, she hoped her anal scent – emerging from her heated passage – would calm, not frighten him. He moaned again, but it was a happy sound, not fearful, and she pressed a little harder, hoping to snare his nose inside the hole and keep him there.

Simone, meanwhile, continued to work on his shaft, gliding her fingers up and down, and occasionally tickling his balls. His tethered hands were moving rapidly, twisting together but making no effort to push her off, which, had he a mind to, he could have attempted.

‘You are doing well, mon brave,’ said Simone, though she doubted he saw it that way. Coaxing a ball of semen from the eye of his cock, she watched it dribble down the shaft and into his grey, tangled pubes. Carefully, she teased another almond free and then two more in quick succession. For the first time, he began to thrust, driving his cock piston-like up and down. She wondered what was going through his mind. Was he remembering the last time he had fucked, perhaps? Or, frightened by the powerful young arse around his face, did he imagine he was fucking her, driving deep into the slippery folds of her warm, mature cunt?

Behind her, Simone became aware of frenzied movements, as, for the first time, Anton’s head began to shift inside her daughter’s arse. Estelle was aware of it, too, of course, and knew that the battle was nearing its conclusion. Anton’s breath had long gone and his body was panicking, aware that death was near, and that there would be no escape from the bottom wrapped around his head.

‘Now, Maman! Now!’ Estelle cried, alerting her mother to the moment of truth. She pressed down very hard, widening her anus to secure Anton’s nose and pull it deep into her body. His head jerked again but, to his credit, his twisting hands remained hard against his tummy. As the first wave of semen emerged from his cock, his entire body went into spasm and a muffled howl broke from inside Estelle’s bottom.

‘God rest your soul, my friend!’ she cried as her pussy jerked, opened and flooded its juices into the back of Anton’s throat. Out of her sight, his cock gave one last thrust and sent a flurry of jism high into the air.

It was over.

Seven

With Anton despatched, Rene dropped his objections to the women's plan. He had seen what they could do, and he no longer doubted them. He had watched with a lust approaching envy as mother and daughter had gone about their business and, though harbouring no wish to be suffocated himself, had almost come inside his pants at the sight of Estelle wriggling without a care on the old man's head.

Given the non-return of three soldiers, it was likely the men's commander would send for reinforcements quickly. There was no time to waste and, having promised to send up a flare the moment the job was done, so that he and his men could burn the place to the ground, the women had set out on their mission.

Just over an hour later, under cover of darkness, they reached the western perimeter of the camp, and the gap in the fence that Karl had helpfully revealed to them. The new moon cast a cold sheen across the cluster of huts that made up the German post and, in the distance, they were able to make out lights in three of the buildings.

It was a warm evening and, having reached the cover of a large, empty structure, adjacent to the first lighted hut, the women stripped off and hid their clothes beneath a raised, wooden step.

Unlike their previous encounters with men, this time, they knew, they would need to move rapidly. They had discussed their approach on leaving Rene's house and had decided that given their need to subdue the men without alerting others, they would work as a pair, but swiftly and in silence. The two guards must be taken out first and that would require a brutal despatch, with no quarter given and no mercy shown. Given Simone's much larger and heavier bottom they had agreed Estelle would hold their man down and her mother would sit on his head. If necessary, they would use their hands. It was important to keep their

options open.

They were about to enter the guards' hut, when its door opened without warning. An armed man stepped out and strolled across to a larger, well-lit building some thirty yards away. Simone clasped her hands tight and thanked the God that watched over them for splitting their enemy in such a fashion. Peering through a window into the dimly lit hut, she saw the other guard lying fast asleep on a bunk. He was naked and his cock lay thick and upright against his belly as if, perhaps, he had been masturbating before sleep.

'We must despatch him quickly,' she whispered to Estelle, 'before his friend returns. You will hold him down, and I will sit on him!'

Opening the door quietly, the two women padded across the cold, wooden floor. As Estelle positioned herself at the dozing man's midriff, her mother raised a leg and carefully swung it over his chest before easing herself onto the bunk. When the thin mattress moved beneath him, he opened his eyes, startled to see a vast tangle of dark pubes over his head, a long, fleshy cunt and a deep brown hole matted with hair. A scream of utter horror formed in the back of his throat but was stifled at birth as Simone dropped her arse onto his face and clamped him between her buttocks.

At the same time, Estelle threw herself across the German's belly and pinned him down, her hands around his wrists, forcing his arms back as he raised them in a desperate attempt to shift her mother from his face. Muffled groans broke from inside Simone's bottom as the German snorted air into her anus, his mouth stretched wide around her cunt.

Unable to use her hands to excite him, Estelle acted on instinct, closing her lips around the fat, purple glans of his cock and sucking on its head. The German's

penis gave a strong jerk and he groaned miserably, torn between the pleasure in his cock and the knowledge that he was being slowly suffocated by a hairy bottom. A big bloated anus had opened over his nose and, with every breath he took, a thick anal scent washed over him. The cunt inside his mouth was leaking, too, as warm, salty juice emerged from the slit and dribbled into his throat.

Mein Gott! he realised in grim despair – he was drowning in a woman’s hairy arse, his mouth full of her pubes, while her wiry, anal curls tickled his nose and dripped sweat into his nostrils! And then his cock surged with pleasure as an unknown mouth tightened around it. He was trapped between heaven and hell, and there was no road to freedom.

Simone pressed down with all her weight, the thrill of victory warming her blood as the German’s nose penetrated her anus and nudged into the chamber beyond. With his nostrils clamped shut and a pussy in his mouth, he was finally out of air, unable to draw even the tiniest breath. His head span, lights sparkled and a jolt of pleasure burst from his balls. Mein Gott! He was coming! He was coming in one woman’s mouth, while another killed him with her bottom! Heaven and hell – the two finally met and he knew a happiness he had never known before. A moment later, he gave one almighty judder and finally fell still.

Rising quickly, Simone climbed from the German’s body, while Estelle spat semen from her mouth. One guard down, one guard to go.

‘The next man will not be so easy to despatch,’ said Simone. She glanced at the bunk. ‘Not like his friend here. We will have to take him by surprise.’ She thought for a moment, then said, ‘I have an idea...’

When, a few minutes later, the door to the hut opened and the second guard returned, a bewildering sight greeted him.

A young girl sat naked on his companion's midriff, bouncing up and down and moaning energetically. His friend seemed barely conscious at all, as if she had exhausted him utterly.

'Bonjour!' said Estelle with an impish grin, aware that she had his full attention. She climbed off the bunk and swayed towards him, her lemon-shaped breasts and tiny hips barely moving as she walked. The German didn't notice. His gaze was fixed lustfully on the thin, sweaty slit that glistened with promise between her legs.

'Would you like some French pussy?' she inquired, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to ask. Inside, she was shaking like a leaf. It did not sit easily with her, talking like this, but he was a man, her mother had reminded her, and a man is rarely happier than when a woman takes off her clothes and offers herself crudely. Certainly, the German looked confused, torn between demanding to know who she was and wanting to rip off his own clothes and have her on the spot. He had not fucked a woman for almost six months and now a brazen hussy was walking towards him, asking if he wanted her.

'Your friend couldn't take it,' she said wickedly, repeating what her mother had told her to say. 'The ruder the better,' she had counselled. 'Men are helpless if a woman says rude things to them.'

‘He came three times while you were away,’ Estelle giggled, ‘and then he passed out, poor thing.’ She reached down to stroke her hairless vagina and delivered the coup de grace. ‘My little French pussy exhausted him.’

For the excited German soldier, that was the last straw, He threw his gun to one side and began tearing at his clothes, his pants in particular, keen to get them down and show this girl what a real man looked like. He was so aroused that he was unaware of the large, naked woman creeping up on him from behind, her arms outstretched, her fingers wide, her body poised to strike.

A moment later, she was on him, two hands around his mouth, one over the other, ensuring he could not cry out. Belying her extra weight, she hoisted her legs and wrapped them around his waist like some demented piggy-backer. Unbalanced by the woman clinging to him, he toppled to the floor as Estelle ran forward to help her mother.

Upended, the young man wriggled on his back, like a beetle unable to right itself. Simone was underneath him now, groaning at the weight she was forced to support. As Estelle dropped to her knees alongside the pair, she saw the look of terror in the German’s eyes and felt, not for the first time that day, a pang of remorse. Steeling herself, she reached out with one hand to cradle his head, while with the other she used two fingers to pinch his nostrils shut.

Unable to breathe he shifted strongly and squealed into Simone’s hand.

‘Hush, hush,’ whispered Estelle soothingly, leaning in closer still and peppering his cheek with warm kisses, stroking his head all the while. Rene would not approve, but she, like her mother, saw no reason to take pleasure in an enemy’s demise.

He jerked again and moaned despairingly, tears leaking from his wide, fearful eyes and dribbling onto Estelle's fingers.

'It won't be long,' she breathed into his ear. 'We're going to finish you off quickly, you won't suffer, I promise.'

Though it distressed her to see how frightened the young German was, Estelle took comfort from the kindness they were showing him. If Rene had had his way every man here would have been ruthlessly slaughtered and none of them with mercy.

Withdrawing her hand from his head, Estelle slid her arm down between their bodies. There was little room for manoeuvre and she had to be careful to keep his nostrils closed with the fingers of her other hand. Eventually, with some difficulty, she reached her goal and squeezed her hand around the German's cock. It was already erect, the glans hot and sticky.

'Good boy!' she sighed as she closed her fingers around the stem and began to pump. 'Close your eyes and just enjoy. It won't be long now. It will soon be over.'

At the stark awareness of his imminent death, the German squealed another muffled cry into Simone's hand and wept freely. Then, as the first wave of joy rippled through his cock, he closed his eyes ... and surrendered to the inevitable.

Eight

‘There are four men left,’ said Simone, as they crept around the dimly lighted hut. ‘Their Kapitän and three scientists.’

‘How shall we do it, Maman?’ asked Estelle anxiously. ‘The Kapitän first?’

Simone nodded. ‘That will be best. There are no guards to protect him now. Once we have dealt with him, it will be easy enough to subdue the others. None of them are soldiers and trained to fight.’

‘I hope they are not sad,’ said Estelle. ‘When they learn we have to sit on them.’ Even now, her gentle soul recoiled at causing pain.

‘They will be frightened, Estelle,’ said her mother, ‘and, like you, I wish it were otherwise. Our watchword must be kindness. Let us treat every man with mercy when we take them into our bottoms.’

Standing on tiptoe, Simone peered through the pale, smoky glass of the captain’s hut and saw him seated at a wide desk, poring over documents. He was a short, rotund man, balding with a broad, hunched back.

‘He is unarmed at present,’ she confirmed, ‘but will have a gun nearby, so we must be quick. I will rush him first. He will rise when he sees me and that will be your cue to attack. Between us we will bring him down. Restrain him as best you can, and I will take him to my anus.’

By now they had crept round to the door and mounted two wooden steps. ‘Are you ready?’ asked Simone and, when Estelle gave a brisk nod, she flung open the door and rushed in without warning.

Seated at his desk, Kapitän Weber was too plump a man to leap to his feet quickly. The shock of seeing a large, naked woman hurrying towards him slowed him further. His pistol lay just out of reach at the corner of his desk, and he had neither the time nor the foresight to seize it before the woman was on him.

He rose awkwardly, the woman’s huge udders slapping his face as he stumbled. To his surprise, a second female now came into view, almost boy-like in build compared to the first. She, too, was naked, but that was not his main concern just then. He had belatedly recognised his first assailant – the mad, religious woman who provided him with eggs and ham. What the hell was she doing in his hut at night, as naked as the day she was born and seemingly intent on causing him harm? And then he realised, compounding his surprise, that the second naked woman was her daughter!

A moment later, all rational thought deserted him. Between them, the pair had managed to upend his corpulent bulk and the youngster was now perched triumphantly on his chest. His arms being free, he brought them up to push her off but, just as he did so, a shadow fell over him and he glanced up in time to see the larger woman (Madame Lavigne, he now remembered!) wriggling over his head.

Acting on instinct, he flung his arms back, in time to seize her big, wobbling buttocks and keep them from coming any closer. Mein Gott! he realised, to his horror and dismay, a mad French woman is trying to sit on my face!

His grip on the woman’s arse-cheeks may have kept her from sitting on him, but

it had also succeeded in driving her buttocks apart, exposing the fat, fleshy panels of her sex, as much as they could be seen within the hideous forest of hair in which they huddled. But worse than that, her anus – a huge brown crater, ringed with matted curls – was visibly distended, its dark wrinkled edges tugged back to reveal a lighter-coloured flesh inside and beyond that the hint of a monstrous, hidden chamber.

‘Mein Gott!’ he screamed, alive to the dreadful truth that the woman was trying to suffocate him with her hairy arse! His morbid fear was compounded when, a moment later, the young girl reached out and took hold of his wrists, doing her level best to pull his arms away so that her mother could sit on him.

He resisted her stoutly, aware that without his arms to hold the other woman back, she would sit on him for certain.

Abandoning her attempt to pull his arms away, Estelle reached back and groped for the fly in the captain’s trousers. He wriggled his hips instinctively, fearful as to what she had in mind. It took her almost a minute to unbutton him enough to extract his cock.

‘Mein Gott!’ he murmured as she closed a hand around his shaft and pumped him gently. ‘What is happening to me?’

The question was addressed to no one in particular, not even himself. What was happening to him made no sense at all. A few minutes previously, he had been minding his own business, reading some tedious reports the scientists had put together. Now, a brown, bloated anus – hairy beyond belief – hung menacingly over his face and a soft, young hand was coaxing the semen from his dry, old sacs.

Kapitän Weber bit down hard as a ripple of delight thrilled his cock, then stifled a groan as a second wave of joy rose from his balls. His arms shook a little and he felt them weaken. So that was the younger woman's game. Distract him with pleasure and weaken his hold on her mother's bottom!

Gazing into the depths of Madame Lavigne's hair-filled crack, he fixed his full attention on the fat, open ring of her anus. Only revulsion would hold back the storm of pleasure gathering in his balls. He must concentrate on that horrid, hairy mouth!

Gloomily, he studied the dark, pubic curls that grew around the outer rim and clung, limpet-like to her chocolate-brown flesh. From there he moved to the monstrous fissure itself, a deep, wrinkled crater of meat that, even now, seemed to throb like a beating heart. As he gazed into its depths, it seemed to open a little wider, then close, then open wider still. It was, he told himself miserably, the stuff of nightmares. No man could ever reach orgasm when faced with such a dreadful sight.

And then his penis pulsed again and he groaned as, to his utter despair, the young girl teased a bead of semen from his cock. He lurched miserably and bit down a second time as she squeezed a fresh drop of seed from his balls. Snorting rapidly, he sucked in a lungful of rich, anal scent and felt distinctly giddy. When his penis pulsed for a third time, he felt his arms begin to weaken. It was bad enough that the woman above him was so damned heavy. If he couldn't shift her – and there seemed no prospect of doing so, it was only a matter of time, he knew, before his arms gave way and she engulfed him with her bottom.

'Why me?' he moaned as another surge of bliss swept through his cock and the strain in his arms increased. 'I am not a bad man! What have I done to deserve this? For pity's sake! What have I done to die inside an arse?'

‘We are not punishing you, Kapitän,’ said Estelle, gliding her hand silkily along his length. She felt it kick and knew how close he was to coming. ‘We are saving you! From those who would butcher you like a pig in the field. Maman offers you kindness ... and the mercy of a woman’s bottom!’

‘There is no mercy in a woman’s bottom!’ squealed Kapitän Weber, utterly despairing now. He watched, transfixed with terror, as a dribble of sweat leaked from Simone’s hole and clung, diamond-like, to a long, crinkled hair that curled from her anus. When the crater pulsed again, the droplet fell from her arse and into his open mouth. He released a mournful wail, and, when he breathed again to fill his lungs, a wave of rich, anal scent washed over him.

‘Have mercy on me please!’ he cried. ‘I beg you! Have mercy on a helpless man!’

‘This is mercy, Kapitän,’ Estelle assured him. ‘You do not know it yet, but it is. Maman is being kind to you!’

‘How can this be kindness?’ he groaned, tears welling in his eyes now. ‘Or mercy?’ He squealed again as his penis gave another jolt of joy and threatened to betray him. ‘No man should die inside a hairy arse! Oh, spare me! Spare me, please!’

Throughout his long, mournful protest, Simone had said nothing. Now, as she felt his arms begin to weaken, and knew that the moment of sitting on him was very close, she broke her silence.

‘I know you are afraid, Kapitän,’ she said in a soothing voice. ‘But you must try to be brave. We have smothered all your men – the ones here in the camp, and the ones you sent to us this morning. You will not be the first man to die inside my hole today.’

‘Mein Gott!’ he shrieked, plunging new depths of despair at this dreadful revelation. ‘You cannot! It is impossible!’

‘They were frightened, too, at first,’ she hurried on, in the vain hope of comforting him. ‘But once I had them in my bottom, they were happy.’

‘No!’ he screamed, refusing to believe her. ‘It is not possible!’ he cried again, his eyes fixed grimly on her engorged brown opening. How could any man be happy there? She meant to press it down on him! She meant to kill him with her hairy anus!

Sitting on his chest, Estelle worked hard to coax more semen from his cock. She knew she had to be careful. One tiny slip, one extra long jerk, and he might come for real. The shock would allow her to pull his arms free, but, having spent himself happily, what joy could she give him once Maman had claimed his head?

It was a difficult procedure, facing the wrong way, and forced to fiddle with him with her hands behind her. She leaned back as far as she could and, though it wasn’t easy, she was able to reach one heavy ball and close her fingers around the sac.

The effect on him was immediate. The Kapitän’s body arched, jolted and he

released a long drawn-out squeal of delight. As a bubble of fresh semen broke from the eye of his cock, followed quickly by a second thin dribble, his arms finally weakened and he was aware of Simone's bottom dropping closer.

Gathering the last of his strength, he tensed the muscles in his arms to hold her off.

'God help me, please,' he muttered miserably when his arms still sagged. 'God help me, someone, please!'

When, a moment later, Estelle's arms appeared above his head and her tiny hands tugged on his wrists, he knew the fight was almost over. As a fresh wave of anal scent washed over him, he heard Estelle mumble a heart-felt prayer for his soul. Then she asked him to be brave inside her mother's bottom, and gently pulled his arms away.

He gazed up helplessly, and felt an unexpected thrill in his cock as the dark, cratered anus came down over his nose, opening like a greedy mouth around his nostrils. When he parted his lips to scream, and the panels of her cunt dropped into his mouth, he felt a joy he had not imagined possible. The women were right. This bottom was a joyful place. When two minutes later, his penis kicked for the last time and wads of semen sprayed geyser-like into the air, he knew that he was happier then, as he took his final breath, than he had ever been before.

Nine

The scientists had been easy to round up. Having despatched Kapitän Weber, Simone and Estelle had made their way to the final hut, where, through a dimly lit window, they spotted the men sleeping soundly in their bunks.

Though it pained her to pick up a weapon again, Simone had reluctantly entered the hut brandishing the late captain's pistol. Woken, and at the point of a gun, the three remaining men had offered no resistance, and it had taken Estelle no time at all to secure their hands and feet with rope she had found in the captain's office.

Their mission almost over now, both women sagged. It had been a long and tiring day, and this past hour had been the most exhausting of all. A jug of tepid coffee, unfinished by the men before retiring, helped to revive them a little, as they prepared for their final task. The hut was curtained off in the centre, effectively dividing it into two halves. Having spotted the arrangement, Simone leaned close and spoke quietly to her daughter so as not to frighten their prisoners.

'We will execute each man in private,' she said. 'It will be kinder that way. To sit on a man's face in front of his companions would be cruel.'

'I was going to suggest such a thing myself,' said Estelle, then added quickly, 'Will we take it in turns or will you sit on each man yourself?'

'We will let the men decide,' said Simone. 'They may choose between our bottoms.' She hesitated as if, now that the final act was to be played out, even she was unsure of herself. 'Are you ready, Estelle?'

Her daughter gave a brisk nod. 'Yes,' she replied, and a warm, generous smile brightened her face. 'I am ready, Maman.'

Simone returned her smile. 'Then let us show these men a woman's kindness.'

The men's names, they discovered, were Horst, Dieter and Wolfgang. They differed little in age, ranging from mid-forties to early-fifties. Horst and Dieter were slightly built; Wolfgang was heavier, and on the chunky side. They appeared quietly inoffensive: men fashioned for thought, not war. Each was dressed identically: a thin nightshirt, with no pants underneath. That would make it easier to pleasure them at least.

Having bolted the door to prevent escape, the women roped each man to a heavy bunk. They would panic once they knew their fate, and Simone had no wish to chase them naked across the moonlit landscape.

'This afternoon,' began Simone, addressing the men more formally, 'we met with La Résistance.' There was a ripple of disquiet among the three tethered prisoners and they looked immediately anxious.

'Their wish was to enter this camp, and kill every man here.' She paused to let her words sink in. 'To kill you in the most horrible way.'

The effect on the men was dramatic. They shook, muttered fearfully and retreated into the bunks, as far as their tethered state allowed.

‘We interceded on your behalf,’ Simone went on, ‘and they agreed to our terms.’

If her previous words had frightened the men, her latest announcement visibly relaxed them. Simone did not know whether to be happy or sad.

‘You will not be butchered like rabid dogs,’ she continued, keen to end the men’s confusion and quell whatever hope she had innocently raised. ‘Instead, my daughter and I will sit on the face of each of you in turn ... and execute you with our bottoms.’

Whatever calm had descended was promptly shattered by those last few words. Each man flung himself forward, tugged on the ropes that held him down and screamed miserably, his pleas for mercy drowned by those of his companions.

Simone and Estelle exchanged a concerned look, unsure how best to proceed. Making up her mind quickly, Simone clapped her hands and, to her surprise, the men immediately quietened. She looked from one to the other, aware that there was no easy way to soften the blow.

Gesturing towards the drawn curtain, she said calmly. ‘We are not cruel women and will suffocate you in private. You may choose the order in which you are to be sat upon – or we will choose for you, the decision is yours.’

To her surprise, after a long silence, which she did not expect to be broken, one of the men – Horst – spoke up, in a weak, trembling voice. ‘If we are not to be spared,’ he said quietly, ‘if this is how we must die, then I beg you ... please sit on me first and put me out of my misery.’

Having no wish to extend the man’s suffering, Simone came forward at once and, with Estelle’s help, freed him from the bunk, though his hands and legs remained tied. Hunching down, she addressed him with compassion.

‘I know you are afraid, Horst, but you have no need to be. Our bottoms are not to be feared and I promise you, my daughter and I will treat you with kindness.’

He nodded mutely, as though, having found the courage to speak once, he had already exhausted himself. It was only when they helped him up and steered him towards the curtain that his spirit weakened and he began to drag his feet reluctantly as if, beyond the curtain, they were leading him to the scaffold.

Behind him, his companions tugged furiously on their restraints, yelling fitfully (in the mistaken belief that help might come) and raising a racket that did nothing to steady Horst’s nerves. He had begun to shake, and there were tears in his eyes. When Estelle drew back the curtain, his body went limp and it was with some difficulty that the women pushed him through and vanished from the other men’s sight.

On the far side of the curtain, Simone guided Horst towards one of the bunks and gestured for him to sit down.

‘In a moment,’ she explained, crouching down to untie the ropes around his hands and ankles, ‘I will ask you to lie on your back with your face looking up. One of us will sit on your chest and one on your head. The one on your chest will use her legs to keep your arms against your sides. This is to ensure you cannot use them to shift whichever of us is sitting on your face. Do you understand?’

Again, Horst nodded mutely. She saw him glance anxiously at the curtain and the imaginary safety on its other side.

‘You are thinking, even now,’ said Simone in an understanding voice, ‘that perhaps escape is possible, but it is not.’ She stroked his head and he regarded her forlornly, his eyes damp. ‘In a moment, we will show you our bottoms so you may choose a hole to despatch you. If you cannot decide, then my daughter will hold you down and I will sit on you.’

When Horst responded with another anxious nod, Simone smiled warmly. ‘It will not take long,’ she assured him. Her other hand slipped to the crotch of his nightshirt and closed lightly around his penis. He immediately stirred. ‘And there will be pleasure for your cock. We are not cruel women, Horst, and know that a man craves joy, even in his final moments.’

‘You will ... masturbate me?’ he muttered in an uncertain voice.

‘Of course,’ she confirmed and felt his penis stiffen. ‘You will be frightened at first – when the hole come down on you. But we will make your cock happy, and that will make you happy, too ... when you are inside the bottom.’

He swallowed hard, struggling to process all this information.

‘I am to be smothered,’ he said in a quiet voice, more to himself than Simone. ‘I am to be smothered ... put to death ... inside a woman’s arse.’

‘Yes, Horst,’ she said, still stroking his face. ‘But we will be gentle. We are not La Résistance, and will not hurt you.’

His resolve had been weakening, she knew, but her reminder of what dreadful fate he would have suffered at the hands of men like Rene bolstered his nerve.

‘Are you ready to choose your bottom?’ Simone asked, releasing him and standing up, keen to end this quickly. Horst might allow them to smother him without too much trouble, but his companions would not. The racket they continued to make confirmed the fact that they were terrified. If Horst went easily, it might help to calm them. Then again...

‘I am,’ he said in a quiet voice, and swallowed hard.

As a pair, mother and daughter turned around, bent low and revealed their bottoms. Simone heard a startled gasp as Horst caught sight of her anus for the first time, followed by a more restrained sigh as he looked into Estelle’s rear-end.

To her surprise, he tapped Simone on her left buttock and said in a quiet voice, ‘Will you finish me off, please?’ He swallowed so hard, she heard the gulp in his

throat. ‘You are very hairy. I think it will be over quicker if you sit on me.’

‘It will,’ said Simone, straightening her back and turning to face him again. She grinned disarmingly, hoping to put him at ease. ‘The advantage of being a heavier woman – as well as a hairy one.’

When he said nothing, her face softened. ‘Thank you for choosing me,’ she said. ‘I promise I will suffocate you as fast as I can.’

‘And I will give you pleasure with my hand,’ said Estelle, coming forward to stand by her mother.

‘Thank you,’ said Horst, though without enthusiasm. He was going through the motions now, accepting his fate but trying not to dwell on it. He gestured with his head towards the curtain. From the way their beds rattled, and they continued to curse, it was clear his companions were still trying to escape. ‘I wish they weren’t making such a racket,’ he muttered. ‘It’s making me nervous.’

‘There’s nothing to worry about,’ Simone assured him. ‘It won’t hurt, I promise.’ She hesitated. It was time, the moment could no longer be delayed. ‘If you will lie down now – on your back, please – Estelle and I will sit on you.’

He nodded, but said nothing, bringing his legs up, and settling himself as she had asked, his arms stretched out by his sides. His cock lay limply between his legs, having shrunk again – shrivelled by the cold and by a fear he could no longer deny.

When Estelle sat on his chest, securing his arms, he was glad he had asked her to hold him down. Her mother would have been a dreadful weight to bear. The girl, by contrast, was comfortably light.

When she reached out, tugged up his nightshirt and took hold of his penis, he felt a thrill he had not felt for many years. His rod immediately unfurled and, as the blood rushed into the shaft, it began to thicken. He closed his eyes and sighed contentedly as she played him with her little fingers, the tips of one hand straying to his balls and tickling his small, hairy sacs.

Estelle worked on his penis for several minutes until, pumping him rapidly before easing her grip, she teased a pearl of semen from the eye of his cock and he groaned. Another few seconds and he would have come for sure. It was at that moment, as a weaker jolt of pleasure rose from his balls, and he groaned again, that Simone swung a leg across his head and settled herself over his face.

Gazing up, he saw the terrifying sight that other men had seen that day. It was one thing to study each woman's bottom for the purpose of choosing a hole to suffocate him, but quite another to see the anus he had chosen come into view above his head. As a scientist, he was used to observing the natural world, studying its vital elements in some detail so as to draw a conclusion. It was much the same, he felt, with this woman's bottom.

The profusion of hair was quite staggering, and a noticeable contrast to her daughter, whose skin was pink and soft. Though he was no expert, he suspected that both the woman's vagina and her anus were considerably larger than average. Her labia – two broad strips of plump, hairy flesh – stretched from somewhere below her belly (and out of sight to him from where he was lying), into the gap between her legs, and ended a finger-width away from the capacious opening into her bottom. Had he not seen it at such close quarters, he would not have believed an anus could be so large. Its outer edges had a coarse, rope-like appearance, with skin the colour of burnt almond. The fleshy walls curled

inwards to form a dark, muscular vent that throbbed gently as if it housed a beating heart. From time to time, as it pulsed, the hidden, inner meat came into view, glistening in the gloom as if it had been rubbed with butter. Beyond it, he knew, was her tight anal passage which was, he imagined, perfectly capable of accommodating his nose if she were to press down hard enough. A tongue would certainly penetrate the chamber, though he hoped that would not be expected of him.

The hole itself, like her vagina, was excessively hairy. A thicket of unruly whiskers framed the anus, with longer hairs growing from its meaty walls. He watched, transfixed, as beads of sweat dribbled down her crack and clung to the hairs like tiny jewels.

Each time the hole opened he drew a deep breath, aware of the rich, earthy scent that emerged from her body like an unseen army gathering for battle.

All of this he observed, like the scientist he was, as Estelle milked his shaft, preparing him carefully for the moment of truth.

‘He is ready, Maman,’ she said at last, having drawn both a larger ball of seed and a deeper groan yet from the man between their legs.

Looking down at Horst, Simone smiled kindly. ‘It is time for me to sit on you,’ she announced. ‘Are you prepared?’

‘Can a man ever be truly prepared?’ he replied, his scientist’s brain still processing all the facts. ‘When a woman’s bottom comes for him?’

Anxiously, he tensed his arms, hands balling into fists. Estelle pressed her legs a little tighter, reminding him there was no escape.

‘If you open your mouth,’ said Simone, as she had advised more than one man today, ‘it will allow me to place my pussy inside. With my anus on your nose, you will not be able to breathe and my bottom will be able to do its work more easily.’

‘Of course,’ said Horst, though his voice was shaking now. He took one last breath, inhaling the rich, earthy scent from her arse, then opened his mouth to admit her labia.

‘May God have mercy on you,’ said Simone and promptly dropped her bottom onto his face.

Ten

Suffocating Horst took longer than expected. The moment Simone pressed down with her bottom, the poor man lost his nerve. His arms jerked, his legs kicked and his head shook fearfully inside her arse. His nose was lodged deep inside her anal hole, which panicked him even more. Estelle struggled to quieten him, rapidly pumping his shaft one moment, then gliding her hand slowly up and down its length the next, while cradling his balls and squeezing them gently.

With Simone's pussy deep in his mouth, Horst pushed out his tongue, as if wielding a sword to defend himself. Again and again, he stabbed at the thick, hairy flesh, the tip of his weapon striking the tender panels and drawing squeals of delight from the woman on his face. Maddened with fear, he finally found the opening in her slit and plunged into the heated hole, his tongue wriggling like a fish inside her pussy. Close to coming, Simone bit down, aware that an orgasm would weaken her and allow Horst to snatch a breath of air. That would only prolong his suffering and she had no wish to be cruel.

Conscious of her mother's struggle, Estelle fought for control of Horst's cock, desperate to tame him as a rider might tame a powerful stallion. Still clinging to his shaft and pumping furiously, she rolled his balls in her other hand and felt the stones harden. Acting on impulse, she stretched out a finger and prodded the tight button of his anus. When his body immediately jerked, then stilled, she knew she had found his weakness. Locating the entrance, she pushed her finger through the opening and into the passage beyond.

Inside her bottom, Simone felt a change come over Horst. Though his head still moved fitfully, he was no longer struggling and, though his tongue remained lodged in her pussy, it no longer moved. She had no idea what Estelle had done, but it was clear that his mind was once more focused on the pleasure she was bringing him. When a muffled howl broke against the bulb of her pussy and Horst snorted hard inside her anus, she knew they had him.

‘Good boy,’ she whispered, bearing down a little harder, determined to drive the last breath from his body. ‘Not long now, mon chéri. Your time has almost come.’

The air from her anus was all Horst could sniff on now, and he snorted happily. As he filled his lungs with her rich aroma, everything about her backside electrified his senses.

A moment later, his cock exploded, he screamed one last time into Simone’s sopping pussy, and finally fell still.

Wrapping Horst’s body in a blanket, the women carried him to a corner of the room and laid him out of sight.

It was time they knew, to deal with his colleagues, who still screamed fearfully and tugged at the ropes that secured them to their bunks.

‘These men will not surrender easily,’ said Estelle, her face a mask of sadness as they ducked beneath the curtain and hurried forward.

‘Then we will smother them in their bunks,’ said Simone, pausing out of the scientists’ earshot, and making up her mind at once. ‘It will be the kindest way.’ Her face darkened and she spoke with a heavy heart. ‘We will give them no choice – and no warning. Delay will only distress them.’

Estelle frowned. ‘But how will we do it – if one of us can not hold the man down?’

‘Their arms and legs are well fastened,’ Simone reminded her, ‘so they can not fight us off. They will struggle, yes, but once we have them in our bottoms ... there will no escape.’ Her face tightened. ‘We will give them pleasure if we can, but if not, it is the price they must pay – and we will still smother them quickly.’

Regarding both men from a distance, she sized them up and made her decision.

‘The one called Wolfgang is large and may give you trouble. The other man, Dieter, is the smaller of the two and will be easier for you to straddle. I will suffocate his friend.’ She laid a gentle hand on the youngster’s shoulder. ‘Are you ready to sit?’

Estelle responded with a lively nod. ‘Yes, Maman,’ she said firmly. ‘I will not let you down.’

Simone smiled warmly at her daughter. ‘Then let us end these poor men’s misery. They have suffered long enough.’

With that, the women turned and hurried forward, drawing apart as they closed in on their prey.

‘What are you doing?’ cried Dieter, as Estelle flung herself on top of him, legs splayed as she wriggled onto his chest, her backside towards his face. His hands came up to fend her off, but the ropes around his wrists extended to his ankles and restricted his movement. He could reach only so far and nowhere near his face.

‘Mein Gott!’ he cried, as the dreadful truth dawned on him. ‘You’re going to suffocate me!’ He had known the women planned to sit on him, the way they had sat on poor Horst, but he had imagined they would untie him first and he might somewhere fight them off.

A few feet away, defenceless on his own bunk, Wolfgang’s peel of despair was even more heart-rending. When his time came, he had hoped, though not with any great enthusiasm, that the youngster at least would sit on him, not her big-bottomed mother. His distaste for her large, pendulous rear-end only increased as she swung a leg across his chest, her buttocks spreading wide to reveal her anus. He had never imagined that an anal ring could be so large, its brown mouth throbbing like a dark, rain-sodden cloud above his head. Tangled curls circled the crater, like wagons defending a precious cargo, some matted together as they dripped with sweat.

‘Mein Gott!’ he cried, like his doomed friend before him. ‘Mercy, please! Oh, mercy, bitte! I am not a soldier! Do not sit on me! I beg you! Do not sit on me!’

As he screamed fearfully, the cries of his companion echoed in his ears, reinforcing both men’s awareness of their mutual fate. When he heard the other man release a strangled moan, he glanced across to see the young girl sitting on

him now, her small backside barely covering his face as he wriggled between her legs.

A moment later, his world was plunged into darkness as Simone's hairy arse came down on him, her blubbery brown hole splayed around his nostrils, sucking his nose into her anal vent. Her rough, swollen pussy pushed at his mouth as if demanding entry and, when he screamed, as his body forced him to, she drove her pussy home, the salty sponge of flesh already leaking its juices into his throat.

Blind with panic, he snorted through his nostrils as if, even now, he might snatch a breath of air. Instead, a rich, earthy scent filled his lungs, as her deep, arsy chamber surrendered its secrets. There was hair in his nose and mouth, and hot, throbbing flesh that dribbled with animal lust. He barked at her cunt as, somewhere out of sight, a hand closed around his cock and pumped him vigorously. And in that moment, all his fear ebbed away. He felt the semen rising through his shaft as, encased in a woman's arse-flesh, he screamed with joy, not despair, and happily surrendered to a bloated anus.

Estelle, meanwhile, was having a much harder time. Her smaller bottom made it more difficult to secure the grip required to despatch the man on whom she was struggling to sit. One moment his nose was pressed against her tiny hole and she was sure she had him. In the next he had twisted his head free and snatched a breath of air. In time, she was sure, she would wear him down and finally achieve an air-tight seal. In the meantime, she fought on as best she could, one hand around his cock as she tried to coax seed from his reluctant shaft.

She envied her mother who, just a few feet away, was making a much better fist of things. Wolfgang's legs still kicked a little, but it was clear she was wearing him down. When, having at last secured a grip on his cock, she began to milk him, the German visibly relaxed and, surrendering, finally, to her mother's anus, released a muffled squeal of joy into her bottom.

By chance, the man inside her own arse – Dieter – pulled his head clear at the instant Wolfgang’s cock erupted, sending a spray of seed into the air. His eyes widened fearfully as he saw his friend rock, his hands spread claw-like on the mattress as he lurched, groaned and came. He was aware of Wolfgang’s body slumping, a moment before Estelle wriggled backwards, her tiny, pink hole searching for his nose. Finding her target, she pressed down hard, conscious of the fearful snorts that sucked, without meaning to, at her anus.

For almost a minute, she was certain that Dieter was weakening. As he began to quieten, she reached for his cock in the hope of giving him pleasure once again. The moment her hand closed around his shaft, however, he bucked strongly and, to her dismay, pulled his head from her crack and drew several deep breaths.

She cursed her bottom for being so small, and her anus for being so tiny. Without her mother to hold Dieter down, she wondered if she would ever manage to finish him off with her arse. Her spirits slumped as she released his cock, wriggled back and tried to snare him again. And then, just as she felt at her lowest point, she heard a voice behind her, turned and saw her mother standing at Dieter’s head. To one side she saw that Wolfgang was no longer moving and it was clear that only one man – Dieter – remained to be despatched.

‘Oh, Maman!’ cried Estelle miserably. ‘My bottom is too small! And my anus, also! I cannot smother him!’

‘Hush, Estelle!’ her mother counselled her. ‘No bottom is too small to smother a man. You only have to keep him there, and your hole will do the rest.’

‘But I cannot keep him there, Maman!’ Estelle reminded her. ‘He wriggles out from under me!’

‘Then I will hold him for you,’ said her mother, reaching out to position her hands either side of Dieter’s head. Just then, he remained clear of Estelle’s bottom, his mouth in her crack, but his nose still free to breathe. The instant he realised Simone’s intention, he bucked sharply, so that his mouth was also free, and released an ear-piercing scream.

‘Mein Gott!’ he cried. ‘Nein! I beg you! Nein!’

Ignoring his desperate plea, Simone tightened her hold and felt him judder.

‘Lift your bottom a little,’ she commanded Estelle, ‘while I hold him still.’

Estelle did as her mother instructed and Dieter immediately tried to twist himself free. Not for the first time that day, Simone’s years of heavy farm work, and the strength it had given her, came to their rescue. Dieter could barely move his head, however hard he tried.

‘Please, no!’ he muttered mournfully, aware of his helplessness. How had it come to this? He asked himself. That a mother was holding him down – enabling her daughter to sit on his face and smother him to death with her anus?

‘It’s not fair! It’s not fair!’ he wept bitterly. There were tears in his eyes now, and he shook like a fearful child. ‘I don’t want to die! Not inside a bottom! Please!’

‘Try not to struggle,’ urged Simone with compassion. ‘It will be over much faster if you do not struggle.’

A fresh thought struck her as Estelle waited patiently, her rear-end not yet over Dieter’s head.

‘I have him now,’ she said, her gaze not leaving Dieter’s as she spoke. He jerked fitfully, but was otherwise immobile. ‘Time to give him pleasure with your hand. It will keep his mind off what we must do to him.’

Dieter’s face crumpled and he released another despairing howl. A moment later, his howl became a squeal of joy. Cool fingers had circled his shaft and were pumping gently.

‘Does that feel good?’ asked Simone, still looking down at Dieter. ‘I promised we would be kind to you. We only want to make you happy.’

A strangled growl broke from between Dieter’s closed lips as Estelle’s other hand reached down to his balls and cupped them lightly. His breathing became more ragged and his nostrils flared. When he closed his eyes and released a low, juddering squeal, Simone guessed, correctly, that Estelle had coaxed the first bead of semen from his cock. Another bead, another squeal. She knew it was almost time and tightened her grip. Dieter was quiet for the moment ... but soon he would be fighting for his life.

Peering past her shoulder, her hands still working Dieter’s cock and balls, Estelle

caught her mother's silent gesture, an almost imperceptible nod that told her it was time for her to sit on him again.

Carefully, so as not to alarm Dieter, she lifted her bottom and eased herself back until both of her openings – her vagina and her anus – were over his head. The moment she was in position, the mingled smells from her holes washed over him and his eyes flashed open. His look of despair was heart-breaking and Simone felt a cold knot in her belly.

'No, please!' he cried, his gaze fixed morbidly on the tiny pink button of her anus. 'Don't do this to me, please! Don't smother me with your bottom!'

'Try to be brave,' said Simone for the last time. 'It is only a tiny anus-hole. It is nothing to be frightened of, Dieter...'

'Fuck you!' he screamed bitterly, his anger and his fear combining now. 'Fuck you and your little pink hole!'

'Lower yourself slowly,' instructed Simone. 'I will hold him so he cannot move his head. You must get him inside your crack. The anus over his nose, and pussy on his lips. He will hold his breath at first, but when he breathes and opens his mouth, you must push your pussy inside.'

'I understand, Maman,' said Estelle, so close to Dieter's nose that she could feel the heated breaths that struck her tiny opening. The German had listened to their conversation in growing despair, aware that there was nothing he could do to help himself and that no one could save him. He knew for certain now that he was going to die ... inside a woman's bottom!

How was this happening? Were women not supposed to be gentle and caring? How could any mother hold a man's head like this ... while her bare-bottomed daughter sat on his face ... and despatched him with her anus?

'Have mercy, please,' he begged through clenched teeth, afraid to open his mouth and let her pussy in. Though her anus was tiny, the smell of her arse was strong on him now, like a weight pressing down on his face ... the way her bottom would soon be pressing down on him.

'Are you ready?' asked Simone one last time, and felt Dieter's head twitch strongly in her hands.

'I am, Maman,' said Estelle, though she was shaking anxiously.

'Then sit on him,' said Simone in a soft voice. 'And make him happy with your hole.'

Dieter screamed again, and then, a moment later, his head was lodged in Estelle's crack. From her vantage point above him, Simone knew that Estelle's anus had pressed against his nose and that it was only a matter of time before he snorted the last of his breath into her tiny vent. Given the diminutive size of her daughter's bottom, Dieter's eyes remained in view and they gazed up at her now, wide and pleading, and damp with his tears. Muffled grunts broke against Estelle's pussy and soon, Simone knew, Dieter would be forced to open his mouth and admit her hairless slit.

She wished she could have reached down and stroked him gently, but her hands had more important work to do and so she spoke to him instead, urging him not be afraid, and reminding him that it would soon be over.

From the way his eyes rolled, not just from fear, but tinged with happiness, Simone knew that, out of sight, Estelle continued to work on his cock, bringing him as much joy as she was able to while he struggled for air in her bottom.

When he finally opened his mouth and, with a squeal of triumph, Estelle forced her pussy home, Simone released her grip on his head, confident that the youngster could now hold onto him without her help.

Moving around to Dieter's midriff, she smiled approvingly at seeing his penis bright with pre-come, his pubes slightly matted with his dribbled seed.

'Sit back,' she instructed her daughter, 'and bring your full weight to bear on him.' She cupped his balls in the palm of one hand and rolled them gently. They were hard and bloated from Estelle's vigorous pumping. 'He will come very quickly,' she said. 'It will not take much. Give me the word – when you think it is almost over – and I will make him happy.'

Estelle nodded, sat back and mewed softly. 'Oh, Maman!' she sighed, rolling her head a little. 'His nose ... his nose is in my anus-hole!'

'Then he is happy,' said Simone with feeling. 'He is inside your bottom, Estelle ... and he is happy.'

‘Now, Maman! Now!’ she cried and pressed down harder still, her buttocks wriggling rapidly.

Simone pumped Dieter’s cock at once, a comforting hand around his balls as she squeezed gently and felt the pent-up seed erupt into his shaft, then through the eye and out into the air beyond. As waves of milky semen sprayed across her belly, Estelle felt Dieter’s head jerk strongly in her crack. His tongue came out and skewered her slit, his nose snorting air from her damp anal vent.

As the last of his semen juddered from his cock, he gave one final heave and fell peacefully still.

It was over.

Eleven

From the brow of a hill some half a mile away, Simone and Estelle watched solemnly as tongues of flame rose from the wrecked camp and licked at the moonlit sky.

It had been the longest day of their lives but now, at last, it was almost over.

Having despatched Dieter, they had returned to the gap in the fence where they had entered the camp, sent up a flare and waited for Rene and his men to arrive. Having confirmed that they had executed every last man with their bottoms, the women had left La Résistance to do their work. Within a short time, the camp was ablaze and the German project, they hoped, set back for many months at least.

‘I cannot believe we have sat on so many men, Maman,’ said Estelle incredulously, as they trudged a familiar path down to their cottage. ‘Despatched them with ...’ She shook her head as if it had all been a dream. ‘Despatched them with our bottoms.’

Simone sighed. ‘If I had not been so careless. If Gunther had not come today...’ She shook her head slowly. ‘But I was, and he did, and now ...’

‘Now what, Maman?’ asked Estelle, but she knew the answer well enough, without it being spoken. Their faith had kept them insulated from this war. Women who refused to bear arms, who would not use a weapon on the enemy, had little purpose in this wretched war. But now they had used weapons. Weapons that Nature herself had bestowed on them. Their lives, and their part in this war, would never be the same again.

There would be other men in the future, they both knew that for certain. Other men they would have to sit on if this war was to be won. Men they would take into their bottoms and despatch with kindness – for that was the only way they would ever despatch an enemy.

With the kindness ...of their little holes.

Message from the Author

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

I also have two blogs you might like to visit:

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

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

Remember: everything I write is fantasy – and not meant to be taken too seriously.

That said, I hope you have as much fun reading my stories, as I have writing them.

Take care, keep safe, and best wishes to you all,

Dark Rider

Other Books by Dark Rider

A is for Assassins!

Astral Smother

Bared for Battle!

B is for Bride!

Bethany's Revenge

C is for Condemned!

College Smother

Curse of the Devil Queen

D is for Doomed!

Devil Queen

Dungeons of Despair!

Facesitting Forever!: The End of an Era

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

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Two: Simone's Story

Facesitting Freedom Fighters! Book Three: Lily's Story

Fantasy Smother

Fantasy Smother 2

French Kiss

Inside a Nurse's Bottom

Mission of Mercy

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

Smother Frontline 1

Smother Frontline 2

Smother Frontline 3

Smother Frontline 4

Smother Jungle (From Where No Man Returns Alive!)

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

Smother Plateau

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!

Smothered by Amazons

When Women Hunt!

When Women Hunt 2

When Twins Attack!

When Women Sit!

Non-Facesitting Books by Dark Rider

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

Writing as JD Lang

The Taking of Amy

Come Into My Parlour

Pounded by Studs!

Pounded by Her Teacher!

Spanking Hot! A Right Pair!

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

Victorian Prison Girls – Book One: Anna in Training

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Two: Anna Tamed!

Victorian Prison Girls – Book Three: The Pleasure Hall

To Serve Their Master

Plot Summaries of other Books by Dark Rider

Astral Smother

When Peter Halbern discovers he has the ability to travel on the astral plane, it opens up a whole new world of debauchery. From his next-door neighbour, Phoebe, to strangers in the park and beyond, Peter takes advantage of his new-found power to think himself into women's knickers ... and worship their bottoms as they have never been worshipped before!

A is for Assassins!

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

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

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

The stakes are high; their orders are simple.

Secure the base at all costs.

And take no prisoners...!

B is for Bride!

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

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

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

Bared for Battle!

As the war with Queen Eirwhen moves towards its inevitable conclusion, Landorh, King of Staveling, readies his men for a final stand at Castle Brandor. With the Army of Women gathered in overwhelming numbers outside the castle

walls, Yarna, their supreme commander, marshals her troops for one last, triumphant assault. In a battle the men of Brandor cannot hope to win, their Amazon opponents eschew the swords and shields of conventional warfare. Instead, they set about ending the war armed only with the weapons Nature herself has gifted them...

C is for Condemned!

France, 1789 - and revolution is in the air.

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

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

College Smother!

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

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

Curse of the Devil Queen

As Lorcan continues his perilous journey across the Eastern Lands, Queen Orelia plots his downfall, while the ruthless Dorian scouts bring terror and despair to the countless men they take between their legs and sit on!

Devil Queen

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

Dungeons of Despair!

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

In the Dungeons of Zendor, men are punished with ruthless efficiency. All those given into the charge of Jhaleera's Maids know for certain their fate is sealed.

The wise tell everything they know at once; the stubborn suffer long and hard, but all submit in the end.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother

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

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

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

Fantasy Smother 2

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

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

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

Inside a Nurse's Bottom!

James Aaron has more money than he'll ever be able to spend, and a fantasy he has always longed to fulfil. When he meets Mistress Karen, she offers him an erotic rollercoaster ride that will finally make all his dreams come true!

Mission of Mercy

In the Dungeons of Trelfor, two condemned men, Andhor and Lucian, spend a last, anxious night before going to their deaths. But they reckon without Elwyn and her daughter, Hyldra – renegade Amazons in a world that has turned its back on the old ways. Tricking their way into the dungeon, the women make the men an unusual offer. One that seems also to offer no way out. But are things always what they seem...?

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

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

Smother Frontline 1

This book contains the first of three fictitious interviews with women from an

imaginary future where state-sponsored punishment by facesitting is the norm. The articles purport to appear in the popular newspaper, The Daily Smothergraph.

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

Smother Frontline 2

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

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

Smother Frontline 3

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

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

Smother Frontline 4

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

Smother Jungle (From where no man returns alive!)

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

Smother Maid

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

Smother Me Hard, Mrs Parker!

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

Smother Plateau

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

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

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

Smother Rampage!: The Nightmare Begins ...

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

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

Smother Rampage 2: At the Mercy of Women!

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

Smother Rampage 3: The Smother Camps

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

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

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

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

Smother Rampage 4: No Mercy for Men!

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

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

Smother Rampage 5: The Final Smother!

In the final instalment of Smother Rampage!, Nathan Blake and his fellow-travellers encounter new friends – and enemies – in their desperate bid to escape from the army of facesitting Women rampaging across the planet. As it becomes clear that the clock is ticking down, Nathan makes the biggest decision of his life in the hope of fulfilling his dearest – and most dangerous – fantasy. But is everything as it really seems ...?

Smothered by Amazons

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

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

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

When Twins Attack!

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

When Women Hunt!

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

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

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

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

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

When Women Hunt 2

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

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

When Women Sit!

A compilation of extracts from several of the Dark Rider stories listed above. An ideal introduction to the facesitting genre.

Extract from Astral Smother

Stripping off as fast as I could, I threw myself onto the mattress, closed my hand around my cock, shut my eyes and thought of Phoebe.

Her face seemed surprisingly clear and I wondered if it was part of the gift, the ability to visualise features so much more easily than I had ever done before. I could see every freckle on her cheeks, the dull blue of her eyes, the untidy sweep of her brows and the ring through her nose. Having committed her face to memory, I turned my attention to her anus. I had seen it, of course, close up, and was aware of its rich, earthy scent. I imagined I was breathing her in, poked out my tongue and felt its little hairs tickle the tip.

‘Oh, Phoebe,’ I muttered, already aware of a growing need in my balls, ‘you have a lovely arsehole ... such a hairy little thing ... I wish you could rub it all over me ...’ I swallowed a groan and pumped myself a little faster. ‘I wish you were sitting on my face,’ I sighed. ‘I wish you were bumming me to death. I wish I couldn’t breathe ...’

A familiar tingle swept through my balls and I felt my penis lurch. I jiggled the shaft, aware of my imminent release, and groaned feebly. A moment later, I was airborne, no longer in my body, opened my eyes and found myself back in Phoebe’s flat, floating over her bed. I looked down and saw that I was naked, my cock firm and jerking fitfully between my legs. Phoebe was lying on her tummy, her pyjama bottoms rucked down a little, to expose the top of her crack and the gentle swell of her buttocks.

Though the need in my cock remained urgent, I was no longer in any immediate danger of coming. A warm, pleasurable glow rose from my belly and swept down my legs, along my arms and into my head. I was on fire with happiness and ready to take on the world!

Drawing a deep breath, I imagined filling my lungs with the smell of her arse and, a moment later, I was nuzzling in her crack, her warm cheeks wrapped around me. I reached out with my hands, and clawed her buttocks wide, exposing the pink, mottled slit of her anus. In my current state (whatever that was), it was as large as me and, for one dizzying moment, it crossed my mind that, whether I liked it or not, Phoebe could suck me inside.

Ignoring the prospect, I leaned in close and began to lick the edges of her crude little mouth, occasionally nibbling on the thicker flesh, and stabbing my tongue into the well. I sniffed strongly, as if my life depended on it, and nibbled some more. Once or twice, she wriggled her hips and her anus juddered gently as if responding to my mouth.

By now, both her taste and her smell were strong on me and I was feasting on her like a starving man. I lapped up and down, the way a cat might gorge itself on a saucer full of milk and, the more I lapped, the softer her anus became until the well itself began to melt and I knew that, if only I had the courage, I could slip inside her passage.

But I didn't have the courage and I knew it. And so, instead of pressing on into the darkness, I gave all my attention to the hole itself, sniffing and licking until her anus was drenched in my saliva.

It surprised me that she didn't wake, but, from what Uncle Malcolm had told me, and from what I was already beginning to piece together, the two of us – Phoebe and I – were living in different worlds. We had to be or else she'd have woken by now and climaxed for sure.

Which was when another idea occurred. I'd been so fixated on licking Phoebe's asshole that I'd completely ignored her pussy. Just now, she was lying on her stomach, which restricted access to her vagina. Then again, I realised, that was for a normal person, not for me.

Altering the angle of my head, I moved to the gap between her legs, away from her anus and closer to her frontal slit. I had no problem in manoeuvring myself around the bend of her body, sinking effortlessly through the mattress as if it wasn't there. A moment later, I was face to face with the thick, hairy trench of Phoebe's cunt, its musky aroma a vivid contrast to the earthy scent of her arse.

As with her anus, I breathed her in, deep snorts of air that filled my lungs with her warm, fishy smell. My hands clawed through the hairs that matted her pussy, a thick wiry jungle guarding the opening into her body. I found the long, fleshy panels of her slit and eased them apart, extending my tongue to lap at the diamonds of sweat that hung from her dark pubic curls.

Aware of my own nakedness, and my stiff, excited cock, I pressed myself into the spongy warmth of her vagina. It was, I reflected happily, like being immersed in a bubbling hot tub of flesh, with her sticky juices washing over me.

Tilting my head, I eased forward a fraction until I found the thick, hidden knot of Phoebe's clitoris. Extending my tongue again, I ran it over the chunky nub of flesh several times until it began to swell. The moment it did, I closed my mouth around the throbbing lump and sucked on it gently. As I did, I was aware of her pussy pulsing warmly against my chest, one heartbeat meeting another as her juices soaked my body.

As her pussy juddered with delight, the need in my cock grew ever more pressing until, to my surprise, I realised her slit was closing around me. A storm

of pleasure broke from her vagina, swamping me with come as, at the same time, my cock exploded inside her. I thrust strongly, still sucking on her clit, as the pair of us emptied ourselves into each other. I felt her body arch strongly, heard a piercing scream as she shook around me and, a moment later, I was back in my bedroom, holding onto my cock as it gushed hot, sticky semen across my belly.