

VENGEANCE VALLEY



Simon Grail

FETISH WORLD BOOKS

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Published by Fiction4All (Fetish World Books imprint) at Smashwords
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This Edition: 2022

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

Chapter 1

Holly McGarret awoke feeling desperately sick and confused. She opened her eyes, but everything was blurred and too bright. Her throat was sore and dry and there was something in her mouth that did not feel right. She tried to spit it out, but she could not. There was a strange stinging soreness and coldness in her nose, nipples and pussy. She tried to move but she could not. Her body felt stiff, cold and weak. What was wrong with her?

As she blinked through her crusty eyes Holly's vision cleared. And the first thing she saw was a large tilting mirror on a low wheeled frame of brown varnished wood that stood in front of her. Reflected in it was an image of her own face and body: her near-naked, bound and spread body!

Her thoughts were still dull and muzzy, so that she contemplated her situation more in puzzlement and annoyance than fear.

She was laying within a head-high rectangular wooden box frame on a board a little wider than her shoulders, which was covered with padded vinyl. It rested at an angle between the frame's front and back ends so that her head was higher than her hips. Her arms were folded together behind her back and her pale smooth buttocks overhung the front edge of the board. Her legs, sheathed in black stockings held up by flowery elastic garters, were drawn up in the air and pulled apart in an explicit and totally revealing "V". Her feet were shod in black high heels, whose straps ran up to black leather cuffs padlocked about her ankles. Hooked into "D" rings set in the sides of these cuffs were short chains that ran up to the forward corners of the frame.

This posture exposed the full deep cleft mound of her pussy mouth, with its neat delta of black curls, and also the cleft of her buttocks and the tight pucker of her anus. Something glittered on the lips of her sex. Her plump outer labia were pierced by two large gold rings. She could feel their weight pulling on her tender flesh and the lingering stinging pulse where the holes had been bored through it. Confusedly she tried to make sense of this observation. When had she got herself pierced?

Instinctively she tried to pull her legs together, but the ankle chains held them fast. She tried to sit upright but she could not. A pair of broad straps ran across her body, one over her trim bare midriff and the second across her shoulders, pressing down on the upper slopes of her firm naked breasts and holding her immovably in place. She now saw that her arms were

encased by long black gloves, the frilly tops of which she could see in the mirror extending half-way up her upper arms. They might have been regular evening gloves except she could not feel any fingers or thumbs in them. She tried to drag her arms out from behind her, but her wrists were cuffed together.

Now she realized there was also something strange about her breasts. They were pointing upward in unnatural pink flesh cones and her normally proud nipples were even more upstanding than normal. How was this possible? Oh, now she saw it. They were also threaded through with gold rings, to which were clipped a pair of fine chains that ran up at diverging angles to the frame above her head, connected to it by long coil springs that maintained a steady tension on them. That was also very wrong, but she was still trying to clear her head and the full implications had not yet sunk in.

Padlocked about her neck was a high black collar. It was softly trimmed like her garters, but she could feel a sturdy core within it. It had tethering rings hanging from its front, back and sides. From the one on the front there hung a metal disk, a little like a dog tag, stamped with lettering too small to read in the mirror.

Holly tried to speak but only indistinct moans came from her lips. Her face was encased in a bridle-like harness of black straps that ran across her cheeks, over the bridge of her nose, over the crown of her head and under her chin. Clipped to large cheek rings were the ends of a rod skewered through the middle of a black rubber ball gag that plugged her mouth. It almost concealed her pretty, impudent, and mischievous features, as though they were imprisoned by the web of straps.

And now at last she saw the reason why her nose felt strange. A gold ring was threaded through its septum so that it hung over her gag-stretched upper lip.

That was all so very wrong. What had happened to her? Where was she?

Snivelling in growing fear Holly at last focussed on her surroundings beyond herself and the mirror.

She was in a low-ceilinged room with white-painted board walls. A pair of what looked like brass oil lamps hung from wall brackets, but they were not lit. Daylight came through a mullioned window with a thin lace curtain strung across its lower half. The floor was uncarpeted, exposing bare dark varnished and well-worn boards. In one corner was a child-sized wooden

desk complete with a pair of dark bentwood chairs. On the desk stood a matching white enamelled jug and mug set and, in strange contrast to the rest of these period furnishings, an open laptop computer.

The last of the mush was clearing from her mind and now panic and sick horror filled her. She began to buck and writhe against her straps and chains, setting the frame that supported her creaking. This could not be real! It could not be happening to her!

‘So you’ve woken at last, Miss McGarret,’ a man’s voice spoke from behind the mirror. ‘Save your strength. You can’t escape your fate. Now, I’ll explain how you got here and what we’re going to do you next...’

A strange figure stepped into view. And then she remembered...

Chapter 2

‘Good Evening, Miss. My name is William Cody. Would you care to dance?’

The voice sounded cultured and intelligent, and it conveyed what was undeniably the most formal and polite offer Holly had received since she had entered the Eumenides Club that evening, and she was the sort of woman who received a lot of offers. It carried a slight Texan drawl, penetrating the throb of music and babble of voices, which brought to mind John Wayne riding high in the saddle, except that the speaker was no John Wayne, not by a very long measure. His clothes would pass: a bolo tie with silver clasp, a tailored cream linen suit, cowboy boots with matching silver toe caps. He had a squarish, pug-nosed face, which could at best be described as homely. But where he fell seriously short was in the matter of inches.

The top of Cody’s head, hat included, hardly reached the indentations Holly’s nipples made in the clinging fabric of her dress.

He was a dwarf. No, *a person of restricted growth*, which was the right PC phrase, wasn’t it?

Holly laughed at the absurdity of the idea. ‘You’re actually asking me to dance with you? In public?’

The polite smile remained on Cody’s face. ‘That’s what I said, Miss.’

This was getting annoying. Didn’t he realize how ridiculous she’d look with him? Who did he think she was? Holly ducked her head down and said sharply, ‘You’re not my boss, I don’t do charity and I’m not for sale.’

‘I was not offering you any inducement, Miss,’ Cody said. ‘I was just asking you do me the honour of sharing a single dance.’

‘In your dreams! Now beat it, shortstuff, or else I’ll call security.’

Cody sighed and stepped back. ‘If that is your final word then I will not ask you again. But I suggest you find out what “Eumenides” means as soon as possible. It will be your last chance...’

And then he was gone, swallowed up by the press of bodies and swirling lights.

Holly frowned. What did he mean by that? Then she shrugged and dismissed the little man from her thoughts. She was here to have fun...

The Eumenides was the newest and hottest club in the city and Holly had been coming to it every night she could for the last two weeks. She had

even bought a matching bag and shimmering glitter mesh dress in electric crimson for club nights, which clung in all the right places. So far it and the filling she provided had won her a free pass in every time where she and it regularly attracted men like bees to a honeypot, which pleased her immensely. It was such fun seeing the looks on the faces of her temporary partners when a more desirable man appeared, and she deserted them.

And so Holly drank, danced, teased and flaunted, enjoying the admiring gaze of the men around her and a few sulphurous looks from those women less attractive than herself, which by her reckoning was all of them. This was what she lived for, knowing that at the end of the evening she would be going home with a real stud and there would be some mind-blowing sex. She didn't know the stud's name yet, but she was sure there would be one.

An hour after her encounter with Cody, Holly excused herself from the latest contender and made her way to the ladies' rest rooms. These were situated in a long corridor with several doors opening off it, each with an illuminated sign over it indicating occupancy. She'd never seen anything quite like it before, but it seemed to work. This night they all displayed a red FULL, except for the one at the far end.

It was empty at that moment with all six stall doors open. As always it smelt reassuringly clean and fresh. Holly paused on her way to the nearest stall to check out her reflection in the mirrors over the washbasins.

She was twenty-two and beautiful and she knew it. She'd traded on her looks ever since high school. Other girls might be smarter than her but while men still ran so much of the world it was what they saw on the outside that counted most.

Her face was heart-shaped and crowned by black, flowing, lustrous hair. Her eyebrows were bold and shapely, she had full red lips with the upper slightly rolled back, dark eyes which her upper lids shaded sensuously, and a tip-tilted nose. It was an impudent, calculating and slightly dangerous face that few men could resist. Her breasts were full but not gross, with up-tilted nipples. She had a tight waist, good hips, a great ass and legs that were made to be shown off.

She entered a stall, hitched up her skirt and settled herself on the seat.

It was only then that she saw the notice on the inside of the stall door. It read: *Eumenides. Greek myth. Lit: 'gracious ones.' Euphemistic name for "The Furies": beings supposedly sent from hell to avenge wrong.*

Under it in bolder type was written: YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN POLITE. NOW YOU HAVE UNLEASHED THE FURIES. BY THE TIME YOU HAVE READ THIS FAR IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

Something sharp suddenly jabbed deep into Holly's rump.

With a yelp she sprang to her feet, dribbling urine across the floor as she rubbed her behind. Twisting round she saw a gleaming hypodermic needle sliding back into a hidden recess under the toilet cistern.

Holly scrabbled at the door latch, but a strange cold numbness was already spreading through her body. The world spun about her, and she slid down the partition wall and into darkness...

Chapter 3

Cody stood before Holly almost framed between her raised and spread legs. He looked her naked body up and down in unhurried appreciation, and then he reached forward and idly toyed with her labial rings, twisting and turning them about in their fleshy and still tender sockets. Holly fought back tears of pain as she stared at him in horror and disbelief. Her body was set so low in the frame that his eyes were now level with hers and suddenly he seemed far more masterful than the hopeless little man she had rejected so casually in the club.

He wore the same hat and boots as he had then, but he had changed from his cream suit into blue jeans, a check shirt and buckskin waistcoat trimmed with tassels, all perfectly tailored to his small frame, with a silver watch chain looped across the waistcoat breast pocket. In keeping with this western theme he wore a silver-buckled gun belt. The pearl handle of a revolver protruded from a holster slung on the right, while from the other side of the belt hung what looked like a small, coiled whip.

‘I belong to a society called the Furies of the West,’ Cody said. ‘By now you should recognise the derivation of its name. We have a worldwide membership with a single purpose: the correction and re-education of women such as yourself. We are all successful men, by commercial standards, who because of our physical nature have never been attractive to the more glamorous members of the opposite sex. Of course we could have paid for the company of pretty women or been satisfied with partners of our own stature, however there was a more rewarding option.

‘We had observed that certain types of physically attractive but shallow women were often ungrateful, intolerant and impolite, especially to those they considered, by their standards, to be less worthy and attractive than themselves. Worse was that, such woman went far beyond simply having foolish, hedonistic fun; they acted like parasites on decent society, using their looks to gain an unfair advantage at the expense of other more worthy people. We had spent our lives struggling to be treated fairly despite our appearance, while they were given a free ride through life because of theirs. So we decided this situation should be rectified. We combined our resources and created this secluded facility for their retraining and rehabilitation. Where it is situated is no concern of yours. All you need to know is that it’s

our modern day version of the Old West, where life was simpler and women who misbehaved were taught their place with a firm hand.'

By now Holly was moaning and shaking her head in dismay and revulsion. Cody simply smiled back.

'Oh, yes, it's all true. Public locations such as the Eumenides Club are used to attract your kind into a controlled situation where they could be observed and tested. Your selfish, sluttish attitude marked you out from the first. You see I knew all about you before we met. We've had you under surveillance both at home and work and your past has been fully investigated. Eighteen months ago you moved to Los Angeles from your birthplace in Millar's Crossing, Idaho. You found a job as a receptionist/PA at the Wendover Freight Company, where you flirted shamelessly with its sixty-three year old owner, Harry Wendover, probably so that he would overlook the fact that you were neither reliable nor efficient. Buying the scarlet dress you wore to the club pushed your credit card to its limit. On past form you would have had to charm an advance out of Mr Wendover to cover your next month's rent. As I said, your kind are parasites!'

Holly gulped. They really did know all about her past.

'Except then we intervened to test you. We're not unreasonable people. We don't demand anything more than to be treated fairly and with respect. If you had turned me down politely that would have been the end of it. I even gave you a second chance to save yourself by proving you could use your brain. If you had worked out the significance of the club name sooner you could still have escaped. But you didn't and so here you are. Now we are going to start again.

"Holly McGarret" no longer exists. No girl here has the right to a human name. You are animals so that is how we name you. Your new name is stamped on your collar tag. "Mink". A creature with a pretty coat but an uncertain temper. You will answer to that name alone from now on.'

They'd taken her name away. They couldn't do that!

Cody twisted the rings nestling in mouth of her cleft hard, making her flinch afresh. 'These are to remind you that this orifice is now reserved for our use alone, as are your mouth and anus. You no longer have any say how they are used. In short, you will speak, eat or suck cock as and when decide.'

Holly sobbed, feeling sick. This had to be a nightmare. This kind of thing didn't happen to beautiful people like her!

‘Now I’m going to take out your gag so you can drink some water,’ Cody continued. ‘After that the first thing you’re going to say is: “Thank you, Master.” From now on that’s how you will address me or any man you meet every time you open your lips. Do you understand?’

At that moment she was too dazed to be defiant, so Holly nodded miserably.

Cody pulled the ball gag out of her mouth and let it hang under her chin. Pouring water from the jug on the table he carried a mug to her mouth. Holly sipped from it feebly at first but with increasing vigour. Cold water had never tasted so good!

‘You will be drinking plenty of water from now on,’ he told her. ‘There will be no alcohol or drugs and you will consume a nutritionally balanced diet. We will not permit you to abuse your body as you have been. After all, it belongs to us now and we want to keep it in prime condition.’ He pulled the mug from her lips. ‘Now, what have you to say, Mink?’

Holly licked her lips. Her instinctive response was to tell the little pervert where he could shove his toy pistol. But self preservation constrained her stiff tongue. ‘Th... thank you, Master,’ she said faintly.

‘What is your name?’

Holly gulped, knowing what she had to say. ‘My name is... Mink, Master.’

‘Good,’ Cody said. ‘I’ll allow you a few minutes to exercise your tongue and lips. Use this time wisely. Opportunities to speak out loud are not permitted very often here. You can ask me anything, but you will do so politely.’

Did he really mean that? Was there any chance of talking sense to this crazy man?

‘I’ll... I’ll have been reported missing, Master,’ she said cautiously. ‘The police will be looking for me by now. They’ll find out I went to the club and never came out again.’

Cody smiled. ‘We have kept you sedated for nearly a week while we brought you here and made the necessary adjustments to your body. In that time you haven’t been reported missing and the LA police are not looking for you.’

She’d lost a whole week, Holly thought dizzily! That was why she felt so feeble...

‘We’ve done this kind of thing many times before,’ Cody continued. ‘Where do you think your clothes, keys and purse have gone? A woman wearing your dress and matching your description was seen leaving the Eumenides in the normal manner and returning to your apartment. On Monday morning your employer received a mail saying you’ve found a better job in Portland. Your apartment has already been cleared out leaving no sign anything was wrong. It will appear as though you’d simply behaved in your usual thoughtless manner, that’s all.’

‘But... people will still miss me, Master,’ Holly persisted.

‘What people? Friends at work? Not for more than five minutes, I’d say. You kind don’t form strong friendships. Men are simply studs and other women potential rivals. Will your credit card company miss you? Perhaps in time, considering what you owe them. But that will only suggest a good excuse for you to have moved on.’

It was all sounding frighteningly plausible. ‘I... I have a family, Master!’ Holly said desperately.

‘A family that we both know you hardly ever communicate with. Your type doesn’t inspire much love or loyalty in others. Lust or desire, perhaps, but not true caring love. You demand but you don’t give. Now you’re going to learn how to give. And since this is against your nature, it won’t be a pleasant process...’

Holly snivelled, fighting back her tears. For the first time in her life she felt truly, deeply scared and totally helpless.

‘At the moment all you have to offer is your pretty body,’ Cody continued, reaching out and tweaking her thick dark pink nipples as they stood up in unnatural cones, drawn upwards by the chains hooked through their rings. ‘It’s a valueless shell as far as higher feelings are concerned but it has some practical and recreational use if it can be trained to respond properly.’

‘You can’t treat me like an animal!’ Holly screeched.

Cody stepped back, unhooking his whip. Its tail was quite short, but it seemed to have silver threads woven through its braids. Its handle had a bulbous tip and a rubber disk guard.

It hissed through the air and struck Holly across her open groin, wrapping itself across the mound of her sex and inner thigh. There was a crack out of all proportion to the power of the blow as electric sparks danced along the tail of the whip. Holly shrieked as her body convulsed,

bouncing and shivering in her straps. It felt like a hammer had struck every nerve in her pussy.

Cody held the whip up in front of her. 'What word did you forget to use?' he demanded.

'*Master!*' Holly sobbed, blinking back tears. 'You can't treat me like an animal, Master! I'm not a... a horse that needs breaking in!'

'No, you're not a horse,' Cody agreed. 'You're far less valuable than a horse. However, perhaps one day you might be worthy to become one and be more use than you are now. But you do need breaking in. I'll begin by giving you a good thrashing and then enjoying that hot slot of yours.'

'What? No, please don't, Master,' Holly begged, her words sounding pitiful even to her own ears.

'Why not? That's all you exist for from now on, Mink: to give pleasure to others. Think of it as long delayed restitution.'

Holly's face crumpled into a mask of utter horror. 'I'm so sorry for the way I behaved, Master. I... was a mean, thoughtless bitch. I shouldn't have said what I did back at the club. I... I've learned my lesson. Please let me go!'

'I'm sure you're genuinely feeling sorry for yourself but are you truly sorry for all the past misery you have caused others? No, I don't think so. Not yet, anyway. That's not something you can learn in ten minutes, that's something we're going to have to beat into you over weeks and months. Starting now...'

He forced the ball gag back into her mouth and she was reduced to making indistinct despairing moans and gurgles.

'You actually look a lot prettier with your mouth stuffed,' he said, stroking her cheek. 'The words your kind spout are usually false or spiteful and we can always put both your mouths to better uses...'

She now realized her pussy was level with his groin. By reflex she tried to close her legs, but it was useless. Taking hold of her pussy rings he parted her labia, tugging at the holes that had been punched through her tender flesh and making her shudder. Her moist pink sex mouth was totally open to him!

Holding onto her right ring with one hand he pulled at the inner face of her right garter. A thick elastic loop extended from the garter with a small sliding hook in its middle. This he hooked around her pussy ring. Then he repeated the process with her left ring and garter.

Now her lips were stretched wide apart, exposing her glistening secret inner labial valley.

He drew his braided whip through this soft wet cleft. Even though her stomach clenched in fear she felt her labia tingling and swelling as a fresh wave of slick warm, wetness began to seep through them. No, this was not the time to respond like a cheap slut, not with him watching! But she could not help it. She had often chased excitement up to the edge of danger in encounters with unknown men before for the kick it gave her. Now her body did not know when to stop and she was going to pay the price.

Cody cupped her sex with his stubby fingers, running their tips into her wet slot. 'Is this exciting you, Mink?' he asked. 'Good. That will give us something to work with. Now I'm going to screw you and at the same time, purely for my own pleasure, I'm going to whip those nicely stretched tits of yours. And I'll keep doing it until I cum, so the harder you work to please me, the sooner the pain stops. That's your one purpose in life now, to please a master's manhood. And from now on every man you meet will be your master. Do you understand?'

Holly gulped and nodded wretchedly.

Cody pulled at the front of his jeans. They did not have any visible zipper or buttons. He peeled back a pair of overlapping lined flaps of fabric to expose a heavy ball sack and an erection that in comparison with his slight build seemed enormous. Holly whimpered but could not look away. He was going to shove that thing inside her and there was nothing she could do to stop him. For the first time in her life she faced a man – half a man, even – who she could not control!

Cody edged closer, his small body pressing close between her spread legs, and slid his cock up into her unwilling vagina.

Uhhh...he thrust up hard, filling her passage. Desperately, instinctively, she squeezed about his shaft.

Clasping her hip with one hand to brace himself, Cody swung his whip. The silver wire interlaced tail hissed through the air and cut across the pale, soft trembling undersides of her stretched breasts, its tip curling almost lovingly about their curves. The stinging blow made her orbs shiver and bounce, as though dancing on the ends of their chains, stretching her nipples even further. Electricity crackled through her breasts, hammering into her, while the braided leather left a livid burning stripe on her flesh. Holly's eyes bugged and she screeched in pain round her gag. Cody thrust

again deep inside her, without any concern for her comfort. Her feelings did not matter any more.

Swish, thwack! He beat her breasts, turning their lower hemispheres from pink to crimson. Her suspended milk glands flattened and rebounded, quivering and heaving between their roots and the terrible rings that stretched her nipples, the springs setting them shivering as they dragged them back into place again.

Sobbing and whimpering, Holly strained to suck and squeeze on his pistoning shaft, willing him to cum, feeling the disgust rise inside her even as she longed for the hot spurt of his sperm. Through tear-misted eyes she saw the look of triumph on his face: the look of a little man mastering a beautiful woman. This was what it felt like to be used, she realized dizzily, for her feelings to count for nothing.

How she hated him! Somehow she would pay him back for this. But not now! Now she could do nothing else but cum...

Helplessly Holly surrendered to shuddering orgasm that ripped through her tormented body and blew her mind.

Cody stayed inside her for some minutes after he climaxed, no doubt savouring his mastery of her.

Meanwhile Holly's mind reeled, trying to reconcile her shameful, simmering breasts and sense of utter degradation with that huge orgasm. How could she respond like that in a situation like this? It was sick and unbelievable. Oh... of course! She hadn't had sex for a week! Yes, that was it. That must be it...

Finally Cody pulled out of her, and she felt his sperm and her juices begin to ooze out of her well-screwed passage.

Leaving his shaft hanging out he moved round to the back of the frame and adjusted the crossbar spanning between its uprights that supported the upper end of the board on which she rested. The bar slid down through slots in the uprights, lowering the end of the board until her head was level with her hips. She yelped as her breasts were drawn up even tauter by their spring chains until they resembled pink fleshy stalagmites.

Cody tilted her head back until she was looking at him upside down.

‘The sooner I’m clean the sooner I shall unhook your nipples,’ he told her, pulling the ball gag out of her mouth.

Desperately she opened her mouth to receive him, and he pushed his slippery, semi-hard cock between her lips.

‘Go on,’ he commanded, reaching over her and cupping and squeezing her simmering, shivering, distended breasts, savouring their tormented heat.

Holly had never liked the taste of her own juices. Even if it had been the cock of the most magnificent stud she had ever had she would have refused. But refusal was not an option any longer, and right now she would have sucked the devil’s cock to end her torment.

Trying not to choke, she lapped and sucked Cody’s shaft clean, sobbing in her desperation to do a good job. She even licked his ball sack to mop up any traces of sperm.

Only when Cody was satisfied did he put his cock away. Gagging her mouth again he unhooked her breast rings and tilted the frame back upright. It was such a relief that for a moment Holly felt an absurd swell of gratitude to him for easing her pain.

‘Now I’ve had the privilege of the first screw with you, in accordance with club rules, I’m going to give you up for community service and the use of other club members. If you ever prove worthy I’ll have the option to take you back as my exclusive personal property.’

Holly whimpered at this appalling picture of her future life.

‘But first I’m going to give you a little tour of your new home...’

He took up a leash from the table. It had a leather loop handle connected to a chain on the end of which was a device that looked like a western boot spur on a sprung swivel mounting. Standing between Holly’s splayed thighs again, Cody fitted it to her sex mouth. He unhooked her labial rings from the garter straps and fastened the mount of the spur through them, holding it snugly against the cleft of her vulva. The chain was connected to a short arm linked to the spur so that it also pivoted about the mounting. Held in place by its spring the head the spur pressed up against her clitoris. He gave the chain an experimental tug and Holly whimpered as the wheel rolled across her tender nub of flesh, stabbing its sharp spikes into her.

‘You’re going to follow at my heels like a good obedient slut, aren’t you Mink?’ Cody asked.

Inside Holly seethed with hatred for him, but the intimate and terrible spur leash terrified her. He had total mastery over her body, and she had no

choice but to obey him. At least for now... She nodded with pathetic eagerness.

Cody had to use a chair to free her ankles from the top of the frame. Holly winced as her hip joints bent down and she was able to press her feet to the ground.

‘You were given regular physio while you were unconscious to keep you exercised, so you should be able to walk if you try,’ he told her.

He un-strapped her body from the padded board, leaving her arms still cuffed behind her back, and she hesitantly stood upright. Her head almost brushed the low ceiling, adding to her sense of disorientation, and for a moment she felt sick and dizzy. She seemed to tower unnaturally over Cody, who was in proportion to the room and its furniture. Then she steadied down.

‘Now I’m going to take you outside and show you around our little town,’ he told her. ‘You know what’ll happen if you don’t behave yourself...’

She nodded again.

He led her by her pussy through the door, which she had to duck to pass through.

Beyond was what might have been a waiting room, empty at the moment and fitted out with more period furniture and fittings. It had a half curtained window through which daylight streaming. Across the top half of the window was a sign in florid gold painted lettering. In reverse it read: *Doc Holliday’s General Surgery*.

Cody led her through the outer door of this room into the open air.

Heat, light, sound and motion suddenly assailed Holly and she cringed and whimpered with shock.

Cody said proudly: ‘Welcome to Vengeance Valley.’

Chapter 4

She might have been on a film set portraying a cleaned-up version of an old western town. There was a double row of wooden buildings with lapped boards and shingle roofs. Some had gaudily painted false fronts or upper floors with balconies that gave shelter to the raised boardwalks that ran down either side of the street. Except that the whole thing was built to half scale, to match the average stature of the men she could see, some of whom were even shorter than Cody. What looked out of place were the normal sized women, who were all young, pretty, strapped, chained... and naked.

They were pulling wagons, hitched to rails beside horse troughs, or else meekly trotting along the boardwalks on all fours after their masters on the ends of leashes. They all seemed to have tails of one kind or another. She saw bobbing pony tails and upcurved wagging dog tails. Bare breasts with ringed nipples, jiggled, cleft pussies glistened, and soft naked buttocks, many blushing pink and bearing scarlet whip marks, rolled and swayed.

Oh God, oh God, oh God, Holly thought. This is some insane nightmare!

But it was all too real.

Cody had evidently been allowing her a few moments to take in her new surroundings. Now he jerked on her leash to get attention again.

‘I’m going to give you a little tour to help you get acclimatised. And to show you why there’s no escape from the valley...’

Hitched to a rail outside the surgery was a buckboard wagon, built to the same shrunken scale. This made the two naked women harnessed on either side of its shaft look to be almost the size of horses. They certainly served the same function.

Their bodies were tightly bound by leather straps, their arms secured behind their backs and their heavy waist belts clipped to the crossbar on the front of the shaft. Their feet were encased in what looked like fetish boots resembling horses’ hooves. Their heads were heavily bridled with blinker flaps on either side of their eyes and their mouths were plugged with heavy rubber bits, about which their white teeth were clamped. Reins ran back from their cheek rings to where they were hooked over the brake handle of the buckboard. Jutting out from the base of their spines over their firm buttocks were fake horse tails.

The tails drew Holly's horrified gaze to something else. On each side of and a little below the roots of their tails, on the upper curves of their buttocks, were curious marks. They were three fine rings of darker raised skin, no bigger than fifty cent coins, each with a double downward pointing chevron inside it, one nestling inside the other. Each girl had two of these marks on the left and one on the right of their tails.

Before she could take in any more Cody led her round to the back of the buckboard.

The flat open rear was bare except for four chains around its sides hooked to eyebolts screwed into floor planks. In the middle between them, also bolted to the floor, an upright greased black rubber dildo.

'Get on and kneel down on that so that it goes up your arse,' Cody commanded her.

Holly's eyes bulged in horror, and she shook her head. How could he expect her to do such a disgusting thing in front of all these people! He gave her pussy spur leash a warning jerk, making her flinch and yelp in pain and bringing tears to her eyes.

'Don't make me tell you again...' he said menacingly.

Trembling and miserable, Holly clambered up onto the wooden platform and squatted down over the dildo. She felt its greased ribbed sides sliding up into her rectum, parting her anus painfully tightly and pressing her clitoris from within even harder against her spur wheel.

Cody attached the four chains to the rings on Holly's collar, holding her firmly in place kneeling and shamefully impaled. Then he took his seat at the front, unhitched the reins and flicked them across the backs of the pair of pony girls. With tosses of their heads they leaned forward and began to pull the buckboard along the street.

In the back Holly hung her head in shame.

She was naked, degraded, ringed, bound and impaled, and everybody could see her! She wanted to crawl away and hide herself in shame at her helpless exposure. But of course that was not an option permitted to her. She felt her cheeks burning, but even so she could not help looking about furtively from the corners of her eyes because the whole spectacle was so bizarre it could not be ignored.

The main street, if that was what you could call it, was lined with businesses of mixed periods: there was a cinematograph, a soda fountain and a diner. She saw side street signs recalling famous names from the old

West: Dodge, Laramie, and Deadwood. Where several streets met there was an open square. In its very centre was what looked ominously like a wooden gallows...

She realized that the street they were passing down was laid with concrete with a little dirt and gravel softening the edges to give the illusion of the old dusty Wild West. And the buckboard wheels, indeed all the wheels on the vehicles she saw around her, were sheathed in bands of heavy rubber, presumably to improve traction and reduce noise. It was clearly not meant to be a totally realistic historical re-creation. It was a place for little men to dominate captive, helpless, normal women...

Cody called back to her, 'We have Eumenides club members who visit the valley for short stays as well as year-round residents, but as far as you're concerned there are only two categories of inhabitants in Vengeance: men like myself who are the masters, and females like yourself who are our slaves and our livestock. The sooner you accept that the easier it'll be on you...'

Carts and carriages driven by little men in a big hats and boots and pulled by naked women in straps and chains passed them by while she saw people of all colours on the sidewalks. Unlike the old West there seemed to be no discrimination here, except of course that the naked bodies on display, be they pink, olive, or brown, were exclusively female. Holly's eyes unwillingly became transfixed by pairs of bobbing breasts and sweating buttocks of many hues. There must be hundreds of them! How many pretty women could there be who had offended powerful little men? But then if they had been brought here from all round the world then perhaps it was possible. What a perverse operation...

Despite their rubber rims the vibration of the wheels was beginning to get to Holly, transmitted up through the unsprung frame of the buckboard directly into the dildo on which was impaled. And despite her pain and shame and utter dejection, she began to feel aroused. She felt the juices gathering within her pussy and begin to dribble out about its terrible spur.

She stifled a moan of helpless excitement and she heard Cody chuckle. He knew exactly what she was going through. Her impalement and public display were all part of her torment.

They left the town centre and came to tree-lined streets and rows of comfortable low ranch-style houses which were clearly modern builds masquerading as period dwellings with green lawns and picket fences and

standard streetlamps dressed up to look like they held oil lamps in the lanterns. All of course were constructed to the same reduced scale as their principal inhabitants.

But despite this the overall scope of the place was beginning to dawn on Holly. It was a real town. How much had all this cost? Were there really that many little people in the world with enough money and desire to build such a place just so they master full-size women? Apparently there were...

Beyond the residential streets they came to orchards and then white-fenced fields dotted with the barns and corrals of isolated farmsteads. At first Holly thought she saw animals grazing in them. But when they got closer she realized she had been mistaken.

They were more naked slave women but bent over on all fours with their front and back limbs encased in metal braces that kept them straight and presumably prevented them standing upright. Some had horse like ears and tails like the ponygirls pulling the buck board, while others had bells hung around their necks, cow like ears and fake cow tails hanging between their buttocks. Naked breasts of all hues and sizes dangled from beneath their torsos. They appeared to be grazing the grass like real cows and horses would.

‘This is how we keep our livestock,’ Cody told her. ‘You see we take good care of them. They have plenty to eat and drink and nice warm barns to sleep in at night.’

Holly felt sick.

Beyond the fields and orchards the ground began to rise and bare dry earth and rocky outcrops replaced lush trees and grass. Away from their cool shade she felt the high sun began to burn across her back.

As they climbed higher Holly got a better impression of the place. It was perhaps five miles across and ten long, bounded on all sides by rugged cliffs. Close by them, peeping up between tumbled boulders, were the misshapen spiky fingers of barrel cacti and the fuzz of sage brush.

The concrete road ended at a high wall and a double set of sheet metal gates that completely closed off the mouth of the valley. Both the wall and gates were topped by electric fencing.

Cody drew the buckboard to a stop, got out and came round to Holly. As he removed her chains he said, ‘This is the only way in and out of the Valley. As you can see it’s well protected. But I’m going to give you a chance to get away if you can...’

He pulled her off her impaling dildo, which sucked at her rectum as it slid out of her and gave a hand down off the back of the buckboard. He unclipped the chain from her pussy spur and then he pointed to the big iron gates.

‘If you can walk up to those gates and touch them then I give you my word you can go free. I won’t interfere in any way, nor will anybody else. If you can touch them then you can leave the valley, understood?’

Holly looked around her fearfully. The ponygirls were looking nervous, twitching their heads and trembling, but there was no one else in sight. Cody had stepped away from her and was standing with his hands folded behind him. Of course it could not be as easy as that, but she could not see any reason why even in these heels she could not walk about twenty yards across open ground to reach the gates.

Taking a deep breath she stepped forward.

After a few paces something began to prick in her lower belly. For a few seconds she ignored it, but it got stronger and more insistent, like hot needles stabbing inside her. Her steps faltered and she bent over in pain, clenching her thighs together. It felt like menstrual cramps but ten times worse. Another couple of steps and she dropped to her knees, completely doubled over, sobbing with agony and fearful that something terrible was happening within her.

Then Cody was standing over her, grasping her by the hair and half lifting her onto her feet and dragging her back towards the buckboard. As she moved away from the gates the pain lessened until she could stand properly once again, and it was only a lingering ache and a terrible memory. She blinked the tears from her eyes and snivelled in confusion. She saw the ponygirls looking at her sympathetically. Now she understood why they had appeared nervous...

‘There’s an electric field around the gates which works a little like a store security system, except that it triggers a pain chip that’s been inserted in your uterus,’ he explained. ‘The closer you get the worse it feels. There is no escape, do you understand?’

Trembling Holly nodded her head.

Cody stepped back from her and then he drew his pearl handled pistol. As she goggled at him in fear and disbelief he pointed it right at her.

‘In case a girl needs a sudden warning or to be stopped from doing something stupid, there’s also another way a pain chip can be activated...’

And he fired at her. The gun banged but there was no muzzle flash. Holly felt the pain chip inside her womb seem to explode and for a second her belly was filled with hot needles. She shrieked and dropped to the ground almost though she had really been shot, hunched over and jerking and kicking.

And then the pain was gone as sharply as it had come.

Cody was standing over her once again. 'There's no escape unless you pass through the four grades of female life in the valley. You start as a saloon slut, which is what you're kitted out as now. It means you're an ungrateful, selfish, petty woman, only good for one thing. That's the lowest level. If you want to be treated with more respect you have to beg to serve as a useful animal: like a milker, a horse or a dog. That's the highest level you can hope to achieve. That makes you a worthy companion for a man. Do you understand?'

Holly whimpered and nodded.

'Good. Now get your arse on that dildo again and let's go back to town.'

Chapter 5

‘There’s one last thing we got to do to make you a proper Vengeance girl,’ Cody told Holly. ‘It’s also by way of being an initiation into our ways, just so you know we’re determined to do things right...’

Back down in the town again, the buckboard approached two buildings. One was a barnlike structure with double doors and a grain hoist above an opening into the upper floor. It bore the sign: *Vengeance Livery Stables*, and below it: *Ponies, Wagons and Surreys for Hire*.

Opposite was a squatter building with the sign: *Abaddon Blacksmith’s. Repairs, Shoeing & Branding, Speciality Ironwork*.

Cody drove into the livery stable where he handed over the buckboard to the care of another tiny pseudo-cowboy who he greeted by the name of “Butch”. He eyed Holly, still kneeling impaled on the back of the wagon, with frank interest.

‘That’s a fine-looking piece of woman flesh you’ve got there, Cody,’ he observed, speaking in an exaggerated western drawl that suggested he was more likely from the East Coast.

‘Just going to take her across the way for her initiation,’ Cody said.

‘Then I’ll be there shortly,’ Butch promised.

Cody took Holly off the buckboard and led her across the road to the blacksmiths.

The forge was open on three sides, with low walls and posts supporting the upper floor. On the side of one of these posts a large metal triangle and striker, of the kind used to summon cowboys to the cookhouse door, hung from a black iron bracket. A waft of sulphurous air carrying the tang of hot metal greeted them as they stepped inside. Three squat men in protective goggles and leather aprons were working about a fiery, hissing forge, pulling pieces of red-hot metal out of its depths with long tongs and hammering them over anvils. The back wall was hung with horseshoes, balls on chains, strange configurations of metal cuffs linked by bars, scrolled brackets, spiked collars and many other devices Holly could not put names to but whose functions were terrifyingly apparent. In the centre of the room was the biggest anvil Holly had ever seen, standing alone on its own brick plinth. Set into the plinth were several iron rings from which trailed broad buckled leather straps.

Despite the heat Holly felt a shiver run down her spine.

‘Good afternoon, gentlemen,’ Cody said to the smiths. ‘This is Mink who’s bound for the saloon. But first she needs a proper Vengeance Valley welcome.’

Unhurriedly the smiths put aside the items they had been working on and crowded round Holly. She whimpered and flinched as they pinched and probed her with their hard rough hands, handling her with careless curiosity and total disregard for her feelings, as though she was a dumb animal. They seemed especially interested in her behind, bending her over and checking the firmness of her buttocks, slapping and kneading her flesh cheeks.

‘This is good stock,’ one declared at last. ‘I reckon we can arrange a welcome for her, Bill.’

One of them went to the back wall, took something like a long-handled fire iron from a bracket and rammed it into the fire. A second went to the triangle hanging from the doorpost and beat it loudly for a good ten seconds. Holly winced as the piercing clangs echoed up the street. She saw men stop and turn to look in their direction. Then unhurriedly many of them began to make their way towards the blacksmiths. They were joined by others who came out of doorways and also headed their way. What was going on? What were they going to do to her?

The first smith took hold of her arm and he and Cody led her over to the huge anvil. Cody unclipped the leash chain and spur from her pussy. Making her straddle the iron block with her head facing the horn end, they forced her to kneel down until her stomach flattened across the cold flat metal top and her thighs were pressed against its sides. Her breasts separated about the base of the horn while its tip slid into her collar ring. A toggle pin slid through a hole in the anvil tip held it in place. Then they began to strap Holly into place, pulling the bands of leather over the top of her body and around the backs of her knees, squeezing her flesh tighter and tighter about the immobile mass of iron. Her buttocks, hanging over the square end of the anvil, grew tauter as the straps compressed her thighs and pinched in her waist.

All this time Holly was filling with mounting panic. What were they going to do to her? Another lashing? She could see a dozen townspeople gathering about the forge, peering in over the low side walls. Amongst the men were a few leashed dog slave girls brought along by their masters. Some were looking on in wide-eyed fascination while others were turning their heads aside as though they could not bear to watch.

Holly swivelled her eyes round to the man by the forge. He pulled the long-handled iron out of the fire. Its tip glowed red-hot. It was a ring little more than an inch across with some finer structures within it....

Oh God... no, No, NO!

Holly began to strain against the straps and growl and bite on her gag, but she could hardly move. Now she knew what the marks on the pony girls' rumps had been. She knew what they were going to do to her...

The man held the branding iron up and glanced at Cody who nodded.

'Make her a proper Vengeance girl...' he said.

The smith pressed the tip of the branding iron against Holly's rump and there was a hissing sizzle of burning flesh.

The pain was indescribable. Holly shrieked and her bladder cut loose, and she sprayed her pee over the side of the anvil. The iron could not have been in contact with her flesh more than a few seconds, but it felt like an eternity...

A bucket of water was thrown across her face, revving her from her brief faint as she spluttered and snivelled with shock. There was a dying patter of applause from the audience beyond the smithy walls. Her terrible new brand throbbed and burned on her rump while her shameful pee dripped from her slot.

Cody called out, 'Now if everybody interested could form a line, Mink will be glad to entertain you...'

One of the smiths came forward with a tub of petroleum jelly and forced a dollop of it up into her rectum.

Sick and dizzy with pain and shock and disbelief Holly began to cry helplessly. No, not that as well...

But of course what she felt no longer mattered.

One by one all who cared to sodomised her. The first couple of times she sobbed and strained feebly at the straps, but gradually she lay limp across the anvil, hardly responding as they ravaged her backside.

In between users her rectum was hosed out and more jelly was applied, so she was clean and fresh for her next penetrator.

Not all of them had large penises. Some were quite small and slid inside her easily. But it was the shame and humiliation that weighed almost as heavily. It was a fact that they could use her as they wished and soil her backside for their amusement. A column of little men dressed as cowboys,

all now more powerful than she was, and proving it with their plunging cocks again and again...

Cody threw another bucket of water over her face to revive her.

She had been unstrapped from the anvil and was lying on the ground in one corner of the forge. Her pussy leash was back in place once more. The crowd of her sodomizers had dispersed, and the smiths were back at work again.

Cody waited until she was fully recovered and then said, 'If you're ever to leave the valley, you'll have to collect three more Circle Double V brands. This one we gave you for free to teach you what you are and mark you so that everybody in Vengeance knows how to treat you. The other three will be harder to get. Can you guess why?'

Feebly she shook her head.

'Because you'll have to beg for them!'

Chapter 6

When she could stand again, Cody led Holly on foot back along the street to the Eumenides saloon. She walked awkwardly, her bruised anus and rectum throbbing and aching and the skin about her new brand simmering in pain every time it was stretched.

Her heels click-clacked on the wooden boards of the sidewalk. She was aware of passers-by looking her over with interest. But for the moment she was too confused, dazed and weary to respond to their prying calculating eyes as they examined her bare flesh. Right now her nudity was the least of the worries. This was all horribly real, and she now knew there were no limits to what they might do to her!

Cody led her through the low swing doors of the Eumenides saloon into dim coolness.

It was the familiar popular version of a Western saloon, with a mirror backed bar and rows of bottles and a spread of tables before it, at which men were drinking and playing cards. The only clearly anachronistic feature was an ice machine and chilled drinks cabinet. An upright piano stood in one corner and next to it was a small low stage hung with red velvet curtains. A pair of wooden staircases led up to the upper floors. Fake electric oil lamps hung from the ceiling and on brackets on the walls. Gilt framed oil paintings hung on the painted wooden board walls.

Serving drinks were saloon girls, at least what passed for saloon girls in Vengeance. They wore black stockings, gloves and heels like Holly, but added to this were chains that clinked from their nipples, wrists and ankles and peacock tail fans plugged into their backsides, and they had on hairbands with colourful feather plumes. They shuffled between the tables around the bar with their trays of drinks. Holly saw how the trays were supported and winced.

But she had no time to take in more details because Cody was leading her over to the bar, which was built low enough for him to lean on, complete with its scale bar rail, stools and spittoons.

‘Good day to you, Braddock,’ Cody said to the solid balding man polishing glasses behind the bar.

‘Howdy, Bill,’ he replied, ‘what can I get you?’

‘It’s what I can get for you today,’ Cody said, pulling Holly forward. ‘Lassoed this one myself. She only woke up a couple of hours ago. She’s

had the tour, she's just been initiated, her brand's still fresh and now it's your turn to lick her into shape.'

Braddock grinned as he looked Holly over. 'It'll be a pleasure, Cody. I'll get her cleaned up and then tonight we'll have ourselves a pussy draw!'

Behind the bar was a room with an open toilet, wash basin and shower and a row of small cages obviously for securing the serving girls. After she had been washed down Holly was put inside one of these. It was lined with a half-length mattress and was just big enough for her to curl up on. After what she been through that day it felt like sheer luxury.

Once caged, her arms were uncuffed and she was given a plastic bowl of stew and a plastic spoon with a chunky rubber handle that she could just hold with her mitten-clad fingers. Sudden hunger assailed her. When had she last eaten? Presumably, they had fed her somehow while she been unconscious for a week but now she realized how empty her stomach was.

'That's it, Mink you eat it all up like a good slut,' Braddock said, watching her gulping the food down. 'You're going to need your strength for later...'

His attitude was not exactly unkind, but his manner was totally masterful and controlling. There was no suspicion that he thought what had been done to her was wrong. He was treating her as though this was where she belonged, caged and helpless like an animal.

But at least being locked in a cage gave her a chance to rest for the first time that day. The ache in her rectum dulled a little as did the stinging pulse of her new brand. Braddock had put some anaesthetic healing cream on it which had helped. She could not see it of course, but if it was no larger than the ones she had seen on the ponygirls then it was only coin sized, which she told herself was not so bad. It would heal like any other scar. People had worse tattoos. But right now it hurt out of all proportion partly because of what it signified. She was a branded slave!

After Braddock returned to the bar she cried in between cursing Cody and all his kind under her breath. How dare they treat her like this! Somehow she would get her revenge on them! Then they would be made to suffer! Only briefly did she wonder what would have happened if she had taken pity on Cody and give him that dance back at the Eumenides club.

But clearly that would have been ridiculous. They were just trying to make her feel guilty, to regret her lifestyle. Well the truth was she regretted nothing!

Finally, out of sheer exhaustion, Holly actually slept for a few hours.

When she awoke, for a brief moment she thought she had had an awful dream about being enslaved by dwarfs in cowboy hats... and then she realized it was all too horribly true. The light coming through the room's barred windows was now fading into the soft glow of evening, while sounds of many voices coming through the wall from the barroom suggested it was filling up. Her stomach knotted in terrible anticipation. What had Braddock said he was going to do to her...?

Holly was bound to a large wooden A-frame in the middle of the small stage that looked out over the saloon bar. Her arms were strapped up above her head and her legs were spread wide. The elastic loops on her garters were hooked in her pussy rings, pulling her vulva shamefully wide. One of the serving girls had been commanded to kneel in front of her and lick her gaping pussy so that she was kept in a simmering state of arousal for the amusement of the bar patrons.

Holly shivered and bit on her gag, rolling up her eyes as she felt the shudders running through her. The woman was desperate to obey Braddock's command and was plunging her tongue deep into Holly's vagina, making her juices flow unwillingly over her face so that they dripped to the floor. Holly could feel her loins filling with need while her ringed nipples throbbed.

A part of her was amazed she still had the capacity to respond after what she had been through that day. Was she still drawing on reserves from her week of unconscious abstinence, or was she actually a total slut who would cum anywhere and any time?

The girl licking her out flashed a look up at Holly of helpless sympathy, as much to say: I know what you're feeling because I went through this as well. But that did not stop her continuing to use her tongue to keep her in an agonised state of frustration. Shame and desire mingled uneasily within her, adding to her torture. She had never had another woman do this to her

before, and it was made doubly worse when it was happening in front of such an audience.

When she could bear to she looked out at the macabre sight of a room full of little men in nineteenth century costumes. All had gun belts carrying pain pistols and electric whips, but the rest of their costumes varied. Some wore check shirts, bandanas and ten gallon hats, others black frock coats and stiff collars with bootlace ties and stovepipe hats, looking like shrunken Abraham Lincoln's. Some were trying the cardsharp look, with highly coloured waistcoats, or tradesmen in Derby's, or else wore cool cream Southern gentlemen suits such as Cody's. She found her eyes searching the crowd for him. Would he be here to witness her further shaming? Or was he no longer interested in her now he had his revenge for her original rejection of him?

Serving girls moved between the tables carrying drinks, their hobble chains jingling. As they passed by small hands flicked out and smacked and pinched their bare bottoms. Had all those women also made the mistake of jilting a small man like her? Was that what she would be doing tomorrow... after she had endured tonight's ordeal?

Holly thought of all those potential cocks waiting for her, belonging not to handsome studs but vengeful little men. And she would have no say which one would have her. She shuddered again, trying to hold back her tears. But she could do nothing to stop the flow from her engorged pussy.

Finally Braddock, now wearing a Derby hat, mounted the stage. He snapped his fingers and the serving maid who had been licking Holly's pussy out got up and moved away, licking her lips. Holly gave a shudder of relief and sagged limply in her frame, although she was uncomfortably aware that her dripping pussy was swollen and still stretched and gaping unnaturally wide and that they could see right up her.

There was a large brass bell hung on the post that formed one side of its proscenium and Braddock rang it for silence.

'Gentlemen, tonight we have a new slut in town by the name of Mink, and she has kindly been donated by Mr Cody to this saloon for you pleasure and entertainment...' a cheer went up. 'But before she joins our regular staff of barmaid sluts, one lucky man can have the prize of an unrestricted night with her in one of our own suites. Draw tickets cost ten dollars each. Proceeds go to the usual good causes...'

She was being auctioned off for charity!?

Serving maids appeared holding bundles of raffle tickets and moved about the tables selling them to the customers. Their pussies had been lined with small plastic bags, the mouths of which protruded from them and were stiffened with wire which held them wide. The customers bought their tickets and then stuffed their bills up into them as payment. She saw the girls wincing as their sex mouths were stretched with wads of money. However they endured this indignity meekly, bobbing in grateful thanks to the little men.

Finally the ticket books were returned to Braddock who took off his hat, separated the stubs and dropped them into it. Then he held the hat up high, reached in, rummaged about theatrically and then pulled out a ticket.

‘Number seventeen blue!’ he declared.

A little man in a black frock coat with a black Stetson, a silver bolo tie and brightly coloured waistcoat, sprang up waving his ticket in the air.

‘Congratulations, Mr Morgan,’ Braddock declared. ‘Mink is yours for the night! Come up here and collect her...’

There was applause as Morgan came up on stage and looked Holly over with evident delight. Holly looked down at him with less enthusiasm. He had a pot belly and short bandy legs, but surprisingly broad shoulders. Whatever his physical shortcomings, however, he would be her stud and master for the night. Her stomach churned and she felt sick...

‘This is a real fine piece of girl flesh,’ Morgan declared as Braddock clipped a leash and pussy spur to Holly’s labial rings and then took her down from the frame.

His Western accent sounded forced and fake. Where had he come from? Another country, perhaps? It was all part of this living nightmare Holly seemed to have been trapped inside. All these little men gathered together hiding behind their costumes and fake names living in this twisted fantasy of the Wild West. And all to break the spirits of women who had spurned or insulted them!

Braddock handed the leash over to Morgan and indicated the stairs. ‘Room Number Three is waiting for you, Sir...’ he declared grandly.

Accompanied by cheers and ribald suggestions from the other guests about what he should do to her, Morgan climbed the stairs leading Holly after him. She realized the steps were all half size to make it easier for short statured people to use them. She stumbled slightly...

Room Three was highly decorated in red flock wallpaper which matched the curtains, which had tasselled pelmets, and bedcovers of the large but low brass-framed bed. There was an enamel pitcher and bowl on a stand in the corner for effect, but an inner door gave way to a compact modern ensuite bathroom. But Holly's eyes were drawn to the bed. Its frame was fitted with straps, chains and clips and along its front rail were hooks holding a variety of canes, lashes and dildos.

Morgan closed and locked the door behind them and then grinned hungrily up at Holly. He jerked on her pussy spur and pointed to the ground. 'On your knees, slut!'

Hastily she knelt down, so that her head was now below his.

Morgan walked around her, stroking her trembling flesh and testing the weight of her breasts. 'Now, Mink, what shall I do with you...?'

He chained Holly spread-eagled onto the bed on her back. She was acutely aware of her still tender brand rubbing against the sheets under her.

From the array of punishment implements Morgan took a heavy rubber dildo on a sprung rod and clipped its base to the front rail of the bed and extended its head up between Holly's spread legs so that it slid up her rectum. She whimpered as it penetrated her but at least it was no larger than a normal cock. And then Morgan began to twist it and she felt the head expanding within her until her eyes bulged in horror and her rectum was stretched wide and it was pressing against the sheath of her vagina.

Morgan undressed carefully, folding his clothes and putting them on hangars in a dark wooden closet in the corner. Then he selected a lash from the array and clambered onto the bed. There was plenty of room for him to move around her. He looked down on her and she looked up at him. There was no doubt who the master was and who the slave was now.

'Are you ready, Mink?' he asked her.

What else could she do but gulp and nod?

He began beating her helpless body with evident delight, his stiff cock jutting out from beneath his soft belly and bobbing as he scrambled about.

He would have looked grotesque and in other circumstances she might have laughed, except that now he had absolute power over her, which more than compensated for any shortness of his stature.

Swish, crack! The room rang with the sound of leather on flesh.

He beat down her ringed breasts only for them to spring back up again. He swung the lash into her sex mouth, ripping through her lips, and its thongs came away wet with her juices.

She shrieked and sobbed as the front of her body turned from pink to scarlet and throbbed and burned. And yet through her pain and confusion she found that all she wanted to do at that moment was to please him.

She began to try to call out to him around her gag, forcing the words out. 'Please master... Screw me! Fuck me now! I want you inside me! Please...'

He paused in his beating. 'Do you really beg to be screwed?'

Yes, she nodded frantically.

He dropped the lash, knelt between her legs and mounted her enthusiastically. His cock was not big but due to the compression of her vagina from her plugged rear it was all she could do to take inside her. She squeezed on him in desperation, fearful of displeasing him and wanting him to enjoy her in every way possible. He could always pick up the lash again and she desperately did not want that. It was just a matter of self-preservation, she told herself...

Laying flat Morgan's head only came up level with her breasts which he squeezed and kissed and sucked on. Her ringed nipples throbbed and stood up like hard rubber cones which he tweaked and bit down on, making her shriek about her gag and buck underneath him.

Despite herself she felt the need rising within her. Once again she was going to cum while being screwed by a dwarf!

How could this be possible? Unless... you could be different and yet still count for something... and you could be beautiful and yet be reduced to the level of a helpless slut.

For the first time Holly contemplated the possibility that she might have made a mistake...

She seemed to feel the walls of the valley closing in about her.

This was her whole world now.

Would she ever escape from Vengeance?

Chapter 7

Holly balanced her tray of drinks carefully as she shuffled between the tables of the barroom of the Eumenides Saloon.

Holly's ankle hobble chain jingled between the cuffs of her high heels as they clicked on the worn floorboards. It did not make her job any easier but over the last couple of weeks she had learned to control the length of her stride so as not to stumble. She did not want to be punished once again for spilling anything again, although of course it always amused the customers.

As her hips rolled her brightly coloured tail fan, the base of which was plugged into her rectum, waved alluringly over her bare buttocks. It complemented the plumes of her headband. She was now a saloon slut, the lowest level of female life in the Valley, and she was permitted very little freedom but maximum humiliation.

Her face was bound with a bridle-like harness with rubber straps going across the bridge of her nose, under her chin, across her cheeks and over the crown of her head. These not only supported whatever gags her master's chose to insert her mouth, either to keep it plugged or to hold it open, but, as she had discovered, they also pinched her features tight, making it harder for her to show expression, except for the fear and dejection in her eyes.

The round metal tray she carried was partly supported by a pair of rubber cords that were hooked to her golden nipple rings. The front of the tray was braced from below by a light rod with a right angled rubber plug on its end that was inserted into her vagina. This plug was held in place by clips at the base of the rod which hooked into two large gold rings threaded through her outer labia. Using one of her mitten-clad hands Holly was constantly keeping the tray level and trying not to let it pull on any of her intimate piercings.

This was not only to avoid the pain it caused, but also the insidious stimulation. She had discovered to her shame that it was not possible to be paraded around all day virtually naked with a tray twisting and tugging and pressing on rings threaded through her nipples and labia and a plug inserted deep in her vagina, without causing her to respond. Her nipples seemed to be in a permanent state of erection and the mouth of her pussy was continually wet with her juices. But of course as much as this shamed her it greatly amused the saloon's customers, whom she looked down upon physically and who, secretly, she bitterly despised.

But she was helpless while she lived in the Valley they were her absolute masters. And they also had wandering hands...

As Holly threaded her way between the tables they reached out and pinched her bottom with their stubby fingers and slapped her smooth buttocks. She gritted her teeth about her gag and tried not to flinch.

Reaching her table, keeping her back straight, Holly gracefully knelt down beside it to deliver her order of mint juleps or gin slings or sarsaparillas and collect the empty glasses. She had rubber-tipped twin prongs fitted to the palms of her mitten-clad hands to hook through mug handles or about the stems of glasses. Saloon sluts like her were not permitted the normal use of their hands.

And the most frightening thing was, it was beginning to feel almost normal, like an every-day routine. She was even getting used to participating in the terrible pain and sex shows the bar sluts had to perform on the saloon's small stage...

'Time for some fun, Gentlemen,' Braddock announced to the customers. 'They're all yours...'

Holly stood on the stage toe to toe with a blonde saloon slut whose collar tag showed the name: Bobcat. She saw the same despair in her face as must have shown on her own. There were both helpless playthings at the mercy of their small masters.

Their arms were drawn up above their heads and chains from a ceiling beam were hooked to the cuff rings built into their gloves. Their legs were both held wide by spreader bars, which were bolted to rings recessed in the stage floor. Their ringed nipples pressed together, throbbing helplessly. They each had clipped to them small crosses of spring steel strip, bowed outward, the ends of which were tipped by forward facing spikes. These crosses interlocked between them so the spikes could press into the breasts of the other girl.

So Holly's smooth proud mounds were gouged by the spikes that hung from Bobcat's full creamy breasts, while her spikes did the same in return. Both girls looked into each other's tear-filled eyes with sorrow and resignation.

If they held still of course the pain and damage inflicted on each other would be minimised. But they were not permitted to hold still...

Their pussy mouths were joined by a large double-ended dildo which plugged into each of their vaginas and forced their mounds to bulge. It was held in place by rubber cords that were cross-hooked to their labial rings. This left only their bare bottoms facing outward and temptingly unused.

On the stage beside them were stands holding spanking paddles. Any of the customers at any time could come up and amuse themselves by beating their bottoms. As they yelped and whimpered and jerked they rammed the dildo into the other girl's sex even as they ground their nipple spikes into their breasts. If two guests used them at once and coordinated their blows, they could make the girls mash their breasts, stomachs and plugged pussies together in a spectacle of helpless pain and suffering.

'You each have to cum three times before we let you down,' Braddock had told the pair of them.

In here his word was law and so they had their terrible target to achieve. And they knew there was no point in faking an orgasm. Braddock and his customers knew the difference between a show of passion and its sticky wet reality.

The patrons wielded their spanking paddles, sending them swishing and hissing through the air and smacking heartily against Holly and Bobcat's buttocks. They may not have been large men, but they knew how to punish a helpless woman's bottom.

Holly and Bobcat pumped and ground their sweaty bodies against each other, whimpering as their bottoms were tanned, gashing their soft breasts with their cruel spikes even as their pussies clenched tight about the plunging slug of rubber that surged back and forth within them. And somehow out of this pain and humiliation they found knots of hot simmering lust growing in their loins, which dripped out of their stretched pussy mouths and inflamed their senses and made their clipped and ringed nipples stand up in India-rubber points, adding their fleshy hardness to that of the spikes.

The tipping point came when they let go of what pride they had left and surrendered to their darker desires. With desperate groans they bucked and shuddered and sprayed their juices over the sopping wet dildo that joined them so intimately.

And the whole saloon cheered their display and for a few fleeting moments, dizzy with their elation, they almost felt proud of what they had done.

One of the customers must have thought that they looked too pleased with themselves, because he took out his pistol and fired it twice at them. Bang, bang! The invisible signal it projected activated the pain chips that had been embedded in their uteruses. Both girls convulsed as sharp hot needles seem to explode within them.

The other customers laughed once more.

The girls' normal levels of shame and humiliation had been restored, but by then it was far too late. Once again they had been broken to their master's will and forced to surrender to their deepest urges. And what was so terrible was: they could not help themselves...

Chapter 8

Sometimes Holly saw Cody in the saloon.

She hated him of course for being the individual who had ensnared her and masterminded her removal from normal life and transportation to Vengeance Valley. But he had also been her first dwarf master, guide, and tormentor, which had left an indelible impression. Did that mean there was a special, if terrible, kind of shared intimacy between them?

Holly sometimes was aware of Cody's eyes upon her before she actually saw him, assessing her naked body and perhaps noting any fresh marks of punishment it bore. Was he gloating over her suffering and enjoying his revenge? Yet in other ways he appeared to ignore her presence. He never ordered drinks from her or made use of her onstage as other guests did. He never even used his pain pistol on her. Apparently he was content to let others continue to break her will and make her regret every selfish act in her life.

The saloon was a very good place for such hard lessons...

Holly knelt on one of the low brass framed beds in an upstairs pleasure suite being screwed and beaten by another of her small masters.

She was bent over a wooden stool with a padded top which had straps bolted to its legs which her user had used to bind her firmly in position. The top pressed into her belly while her breasts overhung the side. Long pins slotted into the stool legs were hooked through her nipple rings, holding them tightly down. In addition straps were bound over the upper slopes of her breasts, squashing them and pinching them so that the flesh below them ballooned outwards, turning purple as the blood congested within them. Her arms were strapped down to the front legs of the stool while her thighs and bent knees were bound to its rear legs. This brought her buttocks and pouting pussy cleft to the right level for her abuser, standing on the top of the bed, to beat and couple with her.

Naked, he walked around her, his stiff penis, looking out of proportion compared the rest of stature, jutting up excitedly. In his hands was a leather lash which he had already swiped across her buttocks, back and thighs. From the front he now slashed it across the tethered slopes of her breasts,

flattening them against the stool legs with each blow, painting them scarlet even as she sobbed and shrieked in pain.

‘That’s right, slut, you cry all you like!’ he said triumphantly. ‘Now you know what it feels like...’

She could guess what he meant but of course she could not reply. He had fitted a ring gag to her bridle which forced her jaws wide. This made speech all but impossible, but she still tried to force the words out: trying to promise him anything if only he would stop beating her. But then of course he could take anything from and do anything with her anyway. What did he need her complicity for?

Or perhaps her total surrender and breakdown was all part of the little men’s revenge. She had never rejected him personally, she did not even know his name, but she knew he was taking out all the pent-up anger and frustration generated by all those accumulated insults and rejections that he and his fellows had received from women like her during his life on a helpless body. If she gave in and submitted to their will, offering her lovely body to their squat and stunted ones, then they would have won, while in a way she would have been atoning for all those insults and acts of selfish thoughtlessness. Yet in those moments of extreme pain she did not care about any of that, she only wanted the lashing to stop!

Finally the little man’s cock would be denied no longer. Scrambling about the bed he stood between her splayed thighs, took hold of her hips and rammed his shaft into her glistening pink sex mouth.

Holly actually felt a shudder of relief at being penetrated. At least it meant the beating was over. She clenched her sheath tight about his plunging shaft, desperate not to displease him at this stage while also trying to satisfy her instinctive needs. But the little man gave her no time to slake her own pleasure. His pent-up sperm spurted hot up inside her and then he collapsed across her hot, lash-striped back in satisfaction, using her like the padding of the stool while she huddled bound beneath him, feeling sore and soiled.

But he was not quite done with her yet. Gathering his strength he pulled his still semi-hard shaft out of her clinging vagina and shuffled round to her head. Lifting it up by her hair he thrust his cock between her ring-gag stretched lips.

Miserably she began to lick and suck him clean, tasting his sperm and her own juices.

‘That’s what you really like, isn’t it slut?’ he panted as she performed this demeaning task. ‘All you want is a good hard cock up inside you at one end or the other. Well now the shoes on the other foot and you know that even a half sized man can give you a good screwing! Perhaps you and your kind should have thought of that a little sooner!’

Holly flinched at the bitterness in his words. It was not really hatred of her in person, more sadness and resentment of women like her who had been cruel and thoughtless to him in the past. She was going to be made to suffer for so many other women’s sins!

And perhaps a few of her own...

Chapter 9

There was one luxury permitted to Holly while she served as a saloon slut. At least she now thought of it as a luxury: in the past she took it for granted. When she was locked in her cramped cage in the slave quarters behind the bar, her gag was removed, and she was permitted to use her mouth for something other than sucking little men's cocks clean. When the other girls (there were about a dozen of them in all) occupied their cages and they were left alone, she was able to speak to her sister slaves.

At least for girls who had been in captivity for a few weeks it involved speaking. Newcomers, and there were some every few days, were too shocked to speak or else tore at the bars and screamed and shouted for their freedom until Braddock threatened them with a beating if they did not quieten down. Some simply huddled up and cried.

Holly watched girls like that with a vague feeling of pity but a stronger one of contempt. At least she had confined her tears to times when she was alone in here. She had more self-control than that. Tears shed at the right time might sway the emotions of a man you were trying to manipulate, but they were wasted on a group of naked caged women who were just as helpless.

She had some meaningful conversations with the other girls who were past that stage. These mainly involved bitching about their day-to-day suffering and thoughts for the future. Except for the subject matter they could almost have been office workers swapping gripes by the water cooler...

'I had to take two of the little shits up me at the same time,' Fox complained. 'Fuck, I feel sore now...'

Her accent was English, and she had red hair, large pale breasts and freckled skin. She seemed to treat their situation as if it was an unfortunate turn of events they just had to stoically put up with, while dismissing their suffering with wry humour.

'One of them used a cane on me,' Civet said, twisting her backside around to present it through the bars of her cage. 'How does it look? Is it bleeding still?'

She sounded French and was dark-haired, slender and slightly olive skinned with prominent brown nipples on her neat high breasts.

‘No, it’s not too bad,’ Rabbit assured her. ‘I’m sure it’ll heal soon. If it hurts you can ask Master Braddock for more ointment.’ She looked like a Latino, with soft brown skin and big brown eyes and large round breasts which looked even bigger on her slender frame.

Holly thought Rabbit seemed well named, being meek and nervous. What she had been like in normal life beyond the Valley, Holly did not know of course. But now she thought with a dash of contempt: they’ve already broken her. At least she could have tried to resist a little longer. At the slightest prompting she kept coming out with much the same stream of whining self-pity...

‘I’m sorry for what I did to that little man,’ Rabbit said, with tears filling her eyes. ‘I should have been kinder. Maybe this is a punishment from God. I deserve this. I just hope I’m given the courage to survive this...’

‘Of course you will,’ Fox assured her. ‘It’s amazing what you can do if you put your mind to it. We’ll all get through this, you’ll see...’

None of them denied they had made mistakes dealing with little men as some point in their pasts. Although of course at the time it had seemed so unimportant, or even a bit of a joke. Well the joke was certainly on them now. Vengeance Valley was cruel and inhuman, not to say totally illegal, but Holly had to admit that there was a consistent logic to its selection of victims. By the standards of their small masters they all deserved to be here, suffering for their amusement and perhaps for their own salvation...

‘The man who brought me told me that the only way out is to go through all four levels,’ Rabbit continued. ‘But I can’t do that! I can’t ring that bell!’

Braddock had told Holly about the bell.

It hung by the small stage in the saloon bar, and he used it to get the attention of the customers when announcing another sex act on stage for instance. But if one of the bar slaves rang it of her own accord it meant she was ready to move to the next level of slave life in Vengeance, which would be as a “milker”: a female cow: a piece of livestock! If that was all there was to it they might all have been ringing the bell from day one, but it came at a terrible cost...

‘I can’t... beg for another brand!’ Rabbit whimpered. ‘The first one hurt so much I... I soiled myself!’

‘Yeah, I did that as well,’ Fox admitted. ‘And I pissed myself... But I think that’s sort of allowed...’

They tried to smile at this even as they shifted uneasily as recent memories were stirred, acutely aware of the brands on the upper slopes of their left buttock cheeks. It had probably been the worst pain Holly had ever endured, and she had also wet herself, but she was not going to admit it.

‘Can we believe that is how we shall leave here?’ Civet wondered. ‘Even if we go through all four levels, do we believe that they are telling the truth? Will they just let us go at the end?’

‘It makes sense that there is a way out of here,’ Fox pointed out. ‘Otherwise this place would be full of grey-haired 50-year-old slave girls, and it isn’t! They must let us go eventually. We’ve just got to show we’re sorry for what we did, that’s all.’

The way she said it, it sounded so simple...

‘They must somehow get rid of us, you mean,’ Civet said darkly. ‘But would they dare let us go so we could tell the authorities about what they did to us?’

‘You mean they just... dispose of us when they’re done?’ Rabbit said in horror.

Holly thought of the cacti and sagebrush she had seen upon the valley slopes. That and the angle of the sun suggested there was desert country beyond its high walls. It must be isolated to keep it secret; hidden away in Arizona or New Mexico, perhaps, or maybe Mexico itself, if the Furies were really as international as Cody had claimed: somewhere surrounded by miles and miles of nothing. You could get rid of anything in that kind of space! She shuddered. Would Cody be party to such a thing? She pictured his courteous invitation to dance back in the Eumenides Club in LA. Much as she hated him, she could not believe that...

‘No,’ she said firmly, speaking out for the first time. ‘I think there must be a way out like they say. We’re not just here so they can screw us and take revenge for the way we treated them. I think they really want to make us into better people. If we accept that we were wrong and deserved this, then if they let us go we won’t talk about this place, will we?’

‘Well I don’t think I can be made any better,’ Fox said challengingly. ‘Okay, so I screwed up and maybe should have been a little politer, but they can’t change who I am.’

‘No,’ Rabbit said slowly, ‘I think we’ve got to change who we are...’

‘That could take some time,’ Fox observed wryly.

‘So what,’ Holly said bitterly. ‘We’re not going anywhere, are we?’

Fox sighed. ‘No, it doesn’t look as though we are...’

Holly was not often moved to worry about other people’s feelings, but she suddenly felt the urge to ask, ‘Is there anybody who’ll be missing you? Boyfriend... family?’

Fox thought and then shook her head. ‘No, not anybody who matters. I suppose that’s a bit fucking sad, isn’t it?’

Yes, Holly thought to herself, the Furies have chosen us well. We were so happy with being pretty and having a good time that we could not be bothered to like anybody else who might show concern back. And now there’s nobody looking for us.

Once again she felt that disturbing pang of pity and regret. But that was a weakness and she had never been weak. She might be forced to play the little men’s games and submit to save herself more pain, but she would never surrender what she was deep down.

‘So all we can do is suffer,’ Civet said.

Chapter 10

The next day Holly and Civet were both suffering together for the entertainment of the saloon patrons.

They were suspended on their backs from the stage ceiling beams by chains and straps that held them with their arms and legs drawn up straight and spread wide, so that their buttocks and pussy mounds were pressed together. Plugged into their vaginas were the rubber handles of spring steel arms on the ends of which were large spur wheels. Their rectums were also plugged by handles that supporting a pair of arms which splayed out sideways over their buttocks. They were tipped with outward facing stubby metal spikes.

At rest, each spur passed between the legs of the other woman and against their groins, while their anal spikes dug into each other's soft bottom flesh.

Nylon cords had been tied to their nipple rings and ran away from each of them up over their heads between their arms and over pulleys and then down to handles dangling at a convenient height beside the stage for any customer to reach. This time Braddock had given them no orgasmic targets: they were simply expected to suffer for the entertainment of the customers.

The little men began to pull on the cords, jerking Holly and Civet's nipples unnaturally upwards and back. Their breasts were stretched along after them and then their bodies were swung apart. As they sobbed and screeched in pain, biting on their gags, the cords were released. They swung together and their buttocks smacked into each other, driving their anal spikes into their soft cheeks. At the same time the spur wheels were raked up through their open pussy mouths, digging into their soft flesh and tearing their pubic curls.

They sobbed and screamed afresh at this sudden pain, bucking and swaying in their chains, grinding the spikes and spurs deeper and only adding to their misery. Either they would feel as though their nipples were being ripped off or they were being kicked in the groins with spurs, but whether drawn apart or swung together they would suffer.

Breasts stretched agonizingly as they were swung backwards, then they snapped back to normal like fleshy elastic as they fell together. Then came the terrible smack of flesh and the stabbing of metal, again and again. They were like a life-size Newton's cradle for the little men to play with,

demonstrating not the principles of conservation of energy and momentum but the sweetness of revenge.

Holly felt her buttocks were becoming slippery. Was it sweat or her juices or blood from the spur and spikes?

Through her tears Holly stared into Civet's distraught face. They could not go on like this. They had to do something more than suffer passively. But what? The only escape was pleasure to combat the pain. Their pussies and rectums were plugged, and their nipples were being stimulated. Somehow they must make the most of that...

She stared intently at Civet as they hung together, and new customers came up to take charge of the rope handles. She ground her bottom against the other woman suggestively, squeezing on her spur handle and trying to wriggle its end against Civet's spur arm to make it twist inside her and get across her intentions.

The other girl's eyes widened and then she nodded and began to wriggle back.

There were swung apart again and then let fall together. But this time they managed to make their spur wheels clash and tangle. Spikes dug into their bottoms, but they ignored them and worked the wheels together, twisting their hips and churning their handles within them. Their juices began to flow about their pussy lips, smearing against each other and spreading across their raw, indented buttocks.

'Look at those sluts trying to screw each other!' a man called out.

The men holding the handles tried to pull them apart, but the girls were now joined by their interlocked spur wheels, clenching their sheath's tight about their handles so that the strain only worked them harder within each other. The pleasure was immense even as the agony in their stretched nipples was awful.

Braddock left the bar and made for the stage, intent on separating them. But they were grinding against each other in desperation now. They were kept in a state of almost constant arousal by their bonds and nudity and inserts, so it didn't take much to...

Ahhhh!

Holly and Civet sprayed their juices across each other's groins as their hips bucked and twisted. And for a few precious moments they escaped their confinement to a blissful state of perfect joy and release.

It was a small act of defiance, Holly thought dizzily. She would not be broken!

Chapter 11

Surprisingly, they were not punished for their impromptu display, perhaps because some of the customers had applauded, but Holly's sense of achievement was still short lived.

The girls knew something had happened overnight because one of the cage sluts, a girl who went by the name of Cottontail, did not return to her cage in the morning after serving in the upstairs suites. Braddock face' was also grim when he dished out their breakfast. When they were washed, instead of opening up the saloon, all the girls were chained together by their pussy rings into a long coffle, with the chains hanging between their legs and their wrists cuffed behind their backs and their mouths plugged with ball gags. Then Braddock addressed them sternly.

'Last night, Cottontail committed one of the worst offences possible in Vengeance. She physically attacked a customer who was using her perfectly legitimately. She has been taken to jail and questioned and has admitted what she did. The facts are not in dispute and so this morning she's going to be punished for that crime and you are going to witness that punishment as a lesson to you all.'

Holly heard breath being drawn in around her through gagged mouths. They were all physically bigger and in many cases stronger than their masters. They were controlled by physical restraints, shame and fear of the men's whips and pain pistols. If a girl defied those openly then it set a very dangerous example to the rest. The men of Vengeance could not allow the girls to revolt against their regime of punishment and correction.

With Braddock leading them and one of his bartenders taking up the rear, they were marched out of the saloon onto the boarded sidewalk.

Morning light shone down on the street. The chain between their legs tugged and teased at their sex mouths as they tried to keep in step as they were led along the sidewalk to the main square where the gallows stood.

A crowd was already gathering. There were dozens of little men in a variety of Western costumes, some with their personal slaves like dogs chained and naked kneeling at their feet. They had fake tails plugged in their rears, muzzles and doglike ears glued to their own. Tight rubber sheaths confined their hands and feet, restricting them to use as paws. Naked ponygirls harnessed to carts or else saddled and tethered to hitching rails twisted their heads to look on.

The saloon girls were taken to one side and made to kneel facing the gallows.

Holly looked at the structure in growing horror. Surely they were not actually going to hang Cottontail! It had a traditional wooden gibbet over a raised wooden platform, but it was quite low and there was a wooden cross bar hung from the end of it from which hung a pair of rope nooses, a large coil spring and several other light chains. Beneath it was a pair of wooden blocks. Rather incongruously it had two tall stepladders standing on it on either side of the gibbet post. What were they going to do?

Suddenly she realized that Cody was standing nearby. He glanced down at her and smiled almost sadly and then returned his attention to the gallows. Was he sad because things weren't going according to plan for the rulers of Vengeance? Was he frightened of women fighting back?

They saw Cottontail being led out of the jail by Sheriff Earp and marched across the square. Her arms were cuffed behind her and she was surrounded by posse of deputies holding chains hooked to her collar rings. She was a pretty black girl with coffee tinted skin, lovely proud breasts capped by uptilted chocolate brown nipples and plump buttocks. Her pubic mound was capped by thick dark curls but her cleft itself was quite smooth and hairless and a crinkled pink inner tongue poked between her sooty dark lips. Her head hung and she stumbled as she walked. She was wearing her heels, stockings and gloves but was otherwise naked.

Holly found itself staring at her as she never had at another woman before. For once indisputably she was the centre of attention and not her. She felt a strange flash of jealousy at that knowledge and then sympathy for her plight. But it was impossible to be unmoved. The poor girl was so helpless and vulnerable before all these male eyes. Holly shuddered and tried to squeeze her thighs together, feeling her juices flowing in perverse excitement even as she felt sick in her stomach.

The men led Cottontail up a few steps to the platform and then made her stand on the wooden blocks with her legs spread. Her leash chains were unclipped. The men climbed the stepladders and looped the rope nooses about the roots of her breasts. Then they hooked the big coil spring from the centre of the crossbar to the back of her collar. The other lighter chains were drawn down and hooked to her nipples and labia rings and drawn tight but not enough to stretch her flesh. Then they climbed off the ladders and moved them to one side.

Cottontail stood there exposed and trembling with her legs spread and balanced on the blocks, now secured by the strange array of spring, ropes and chains. Her breasts were bunched up about the ropes about their roots. She chewed on her gag and her eyes were wet with tears.

Mayor Carson, a dignified little man in a black frock coat and cravat, climbed onto the platform and addressed the crowd.

‘The saloon slut known as Cottontail has committed physical violence against a member of our community. For this crime she will be breast hung, nipple and pussy stretched, shot, whipped and then exhibited as an example of Vengeance justice and to deter any other acts of a similar kind.’

The mayor got down. Led by Sheriff Earp, the men of Vengeance moved closer to the gallows and took out their pistols.

Although Holly knew they did not fire real bullets it still looked frightening. Cottontail whimpered in fear.

A fusillade of electronic pistol shots rang out. Cottontail shrieked and jerked as the pain chip in her womb was triggered again and again to the maximum intensity. A fitful stream of pee hissed from her sex lips over the boards of the gallows as she convulsed and kicked her legs wildly. Her toes slipped off the wooden blocks and suddenly all her weight was being sported by her noosed breasts, the spring on the back of her collar and the chains hooked to her nipple and labial rings.

Her breasts bunched and bulged upwards like brown balloons while her nipples were stretched into chocolate cones. Her plump sex lips were dragged up and outward pulling her cleft wide open, exposing her pink gash still dribbling urine.

She thrashed about in mid-air, her legs flailing as she tried to get her feet back on the blocks again. But the continuous hail of invisible shots kept the pain chip sparking inside her, making her muscles clench and twitch, preventing her getting control over her legs.

This firing squad of pain continued until the charge on the men’s guns ran down and the shots faded away. Sobbing and twitching Cottontail at last managed to get her toes on the blocks and support herself, taking the strain off her distended breasts, nipples and pussy lips. She stood there swaying and sobbing, her cheeks wet with tears which dripped down onto her glossy bunched breasts.

Cottontail tried to speak about her gag, begging for mercy. ‘Please Masters... I’m sorry... I’m sorry... I’ll be a good girl... I never do it

again...' Holly made out amidst the muffled sobs and whimpers.

But they were not done with her yet.

Holstering their pistols they took out their whips. Forming a line they took turns to mount the platform in pairs and pass in front and behind Cottontail. As they did so each pair delivered half a dozen slashes with their electric whips, which gave a double crack of leather on flesh and sparking electric current. They slashed them up between her splayed thighs and across her belly and buttocks and left and right over her swollen breasts, which bounced like rubber balls about the nooses pinched tight about their roots. Darker stripes appeared across her brown skin, forming a dense web of score marks and welts.

The shock of the whipping made her lose her balance again and once more she flailed in mid-air, bouncing from her ropes and chains and spring like a puppet on tangled strings. She had a few seconds grace as one pair departed and the next took its place to try to regain her footing again. But all this did was open up the tender moist cleft of her pussy and buttocks for another whipping.

Holly found herself jerking and twitching in time with the girl, even as she realized that her pussy mouth was also wet in sympathy of a strange and twisted kind. The chains that linked their pussies which snaked around them as they knelt in a row, across thighs, plunging into groins and out from bottom clefts, were being jerked by the other girls as they worked themselves off. And Holly was no better than the rest. It was impossible not to respond, to imagine oneself in Cottontail's position. How many times could you take an electric whip across your clitoris? After the first dozen or so swipes did it hurt any more, or did it pass beyond the barriers of pain into a strange kind of ecstasy?

Before the last pair had their go, Cottontail's eyes rolled up as she fainted and hung limp in her bonds, jerking and twitching by reflex as the electric whips triggered her muscles. Had she cum or had she simply fainted from pain? With her body welted from breasts to knees and bleeding in places she looked like a lump of tenderised meat.

Sheriff Earp stepped forward with a bucket of cold water and threw it over Cottontail so that she jerked and spluttered back to consciousness. Frantically she flailed about with her legs until she could stand on the blocks and ease the pain on her breasts and pussy.

Mayor Carson climbed onto the platform again and thrust his small stiff fingers up between Cottontail's sticky spread thighs into her dribbling pussy mouth, twisting them hard and pinching her clitoris with his thumb until the girl moaned and twitched feebly.

'Next time a man wants to put anything whatever up there, you'll let him, won't you, slut?' he growled.

Cottontail made feeble sounds that might have been, 'Yes, Master...'

'And when a man wants to spank that pretty brown backside of yours, you'll say thank you, won't you, girl?'

There came the same slurred affirmation.

'And are you sorry you said what you did to Mr Hickok that brought you here last month?'

She nodded her head desperately. She was very, very sorry...

'She'll stay here until nightfall.' Carson told the crowd. 'Then she'll be put up in the bar of the Eumenides as a warning to all you other sluts. In Vengeance you take your medicine, and you pay your dues, or else...'

Chapter 12

The atmosphere in the saloon for the rest of the day was subdued and fearful. Their minds were filled with images of Cottontail's terrible public suffering. Perhaps because of this the girls had never been more attentive in serving their customers and every pinch and slap was endured stoically.

At sundown they took Cottontail down from the gallows and brought her back to the saloon. She looked terrible and could hardly walk. Braddock took her through to the slave room at the back of the bar. An hour later she emerged again with her welts cleaned up but still very weak. She was not wearing her regular saloon slut headband and tail plumage. Her punishment was not over yet...

There were several large oil paintings in gilt frames hung about the saloon to complement its period atmosphere, which featured landscapes of the West or sometimes nude studies done in the style of the times. One particularly large reclining nude hung over the mirrored wall of the bar above its rows of bottles. Braddock worked a control concealed behind the bar and the whole painting swung away from the wall on recessed brackets and was then lowered to the floor and laid flat. The painting was removed from the frame leaving a red-painted pegboard panel behind it. Cottontail was laid on this on her back with her arms and legs spread out wide to the corners of the frame. The big tendons of her inner thighs stood out as her legs were forced into an agonising splits. Wire was then bound over her body and through the holes of the pegboard: loop after loop of it until she was bound tight to the board and could hardly do more than wriggle her fingers and toes. Lengths of wire also went through her nipple and labial rings, pulling her breasts upward and outwards and peeling her pussy lips wide.

Then the picture was hoisted back up onto the wall again and Cottontail had become a piece of living art.

Not simply her helpless naked body but her shame was on display for all the customers to see, and as a terrible warning to the other girls. The customers made sure she did not forget what she had done as she healed by way of a novel bar sport. Bowls of peanuts were dished out and the men took pleasure attempting to flick them at Cottontail's helpless body. The prize was of course her gaping vagina. Those peanuts that found their way

into its hot moist depths visibly stung and itched with their salty presence, much to the customers' amusement.

Cottontail was not fed through the day, but she was given some water and at certain times she was allowed to relieve herself, when a glass jug was held up to her pussy mouth and she had to pee in front of the entire barroom.

'She'll stay like this for a week as a warning to you,' Braddock told the other girls.

At the end of each day Cottontail was let down. She crawled back into the slave room, unable to walk after being wired up and splayed wide for twelve hours at a stretch.

To the other girls her blatant presence in the bar was worse than the forced sex, daily humiliations and beatings. And yet they could not stop from glancing at her surreptitiously. They were wondering what it would feel like to be in her position. At night back in the cages they tried to question her on this...

The first night Cottontail had simply curled up in a ball and went to sleep. But gradually she recovered enough to respond to their sympathy and non-too subtle probing of her feelings. They could not stop themselves wanting to know what being on the gallows had felt like...

She tried to describe her feelings as she was, hung, shot and whipped to insensibility, but always afterwards she came back to the same apology, her faltering words laced with guilt.

'I was a dumb bitch,' Cottontail admitted. 'I should never have lost it with a master. But suddenly I couldn't take anymore, you know? But I've learnt my lesson now. I'm never going to say a word against any man in Vengeance ever again. I'll serve my time and I'll be good...'

Holly thought she sounded pathetic and completely broken. Was that what they were going to do to all of them in the end? Well she would never let that happen to her. But how long before she was driven mad by saloon slut life and lost her temper and ended up on the gallows like Cottontail? She must not get trapped in this impossible situation. But the only way out was an appalling one. Did she have the courage to move on to the next level of slave life, knowing it would mean another branding? But would a branding be less painful than the prolonged agony Cottontail had endured? At least it would be over quickly, and it would be her choice. Did that make it any better?

Holly was not used to making such important decisions or discussing them with other women. But cage life and the intimacy of performing on stage with the other girls had broken down some of her normal inhibitions against opening herself up to others, and so she tentatively admitted her plan to move on to Civet, Fox and Rabbit.

‘Oh, I could never do that,’ Rabbit said.

‘But what are you going to do?’ Holly demanded. ‘You can’t stay as a bar slut forever, can you?’

‘Well... I just hope eventually they’ll let me go because they know that I’ve learned my lesson,’ Rabbit said. ‘It might take longer, but at least I won’t have to go through another branding... and having all those cocks up my arse again...’ she shuddered.

‘But you don’t know they’ll ever just let you go,’ Civet said. ‘The only certain way is to move on to the next stage.’

‘Well I can hope,’ Rabbit said defiantly.

‘All you have to do is get the courage to ring the bell,’ Fox pointed out to Holly. ‘They’ll do the rest for you...’

That was one way of looking at it, Holly thought. All she had to do was ring the bell and not think what it would lead to...

Chapter 13

What it might lead to was made evident a day later when activity in the bar was briefly halted as its patrons all went outside to watch the spectacle of a herd of milkers being driven through the town to fresh pastures. The boardwalks were crowded with both residents and visitors. Braddock allowed the girls to peep through the windows and watch with them.

Holly had seen women being kept like animals in the fields around the town, both in the guises of horses and cattle, during the tour Cody had given her on her first day. Although it was clearly degrading, the pretence of peacefully grazing in a green field did not seem so bad in some ways. She had seen plenty of ponygirls hauling wagons about the town, which was clearly hard work, but at least they were not being screwed all the time. Only now did she realize keeping woman as livestock could be turned into a humiliating showpiece event.

They heard them coming first, a heavy jingling of bells and a cacophony of weird mooing sounds. And they appeared at the head of the street: three dozen or more naked women bent over on all fours. Their limbs were enclosed within metal callipers or braces with cowlike cloven hooves on their feet. They moved stiffly and there were tethers from the bands of the braces to belts about their waists, limiting their freedom of movement. Quite evidently they could not stand upright on two legs. They had heavy collars buckled about their necks with large bells dangling from them. As they opened their mouths they made this strange mooing sound. Fake cow ears had been glued to their ears and fake cow tails, fastened somehow to the small of their backs, dangled over their bare buttocks clefts.

As they passed by the front of the saloon, Holly saw their breasts were all large and hung under them like udders, moving in heavy fluid motion as they shuffled awkwardly along on all fours. It was almost hypnotic, both fascinating and frightening at the same time.

They were being herded by several cowboys mounted on individual pony women. The little men rode piggy-back on saddles strapped to women's back that overhung their hips, with their legs slotted through the gaps between the women's trunks and their arms, which were bound at the wrists to their heavy waist belts. Their riders held short reins that ran across the women's shoulders to the cheek rings of their bridles, while the men

used electric whips held in their other hands to keep their female cattle moving.

As they passed by the little men watching held up cameras and phones to record their shameful passage. For a moment, the street was filled with an unreal confusing blur of naked female flesh, bobbing and swaying breasts, rolling sweating buttocks and swaying tails. Then the stragglers at the back of the head were being urged along and they all vanished once again.

Holly felt sickened. It'd been a surreal and degrading spectacle. But it was the next stage towards ultimate escape from Vengeance. Would she have the nerve to submit herself to such existence: to live like and be treated like an animal? Then she looked back at the only girl who had not seen the cattle drive: Cottontail, still cruelly bound within her picture frame over the bar. It could hardly be worse than this, could it?

Holly waited until the evening they took Cottontail down from the bar wall for the last time.

Her lash marks had largely healed, but after her prolonged binding Cottontail could hardly walk and after she was freed she flopped about on the floor like a fish out of water. Her skin was crossed with deep indentations where the wires had cut cruelly into it. The customers laughed and then pushed their boots out at her, and she crawled across the floor and kissed their silver toecaps and spurs pathetically, begging their apology. Looking at her in contempt while trying to build up her own courage, Holly thought: at least they won't grind me down like that!

While everybody's eyes were focused on Cottontail, Holly took a deep breath, shuffled over to the bell beside the stage, grasped it clumsily with her gloved hand and rang it loudly.

The buzz of conversation in the bar room ceased and all eyes turned upon her. Braddock strode over. 'Do you know what you're doing girl?'

Holly nodded.

He pulled her gag out. 'Well say it so everyone can hear...'

'I... I want to move on... I... beg to become a milker, Master...'

'You know what has to be done first?'

‘Yes, Master...’ She took another deep breath, feeling dizzy, and made a wild half defiant offer to the men in the bar. ‘And... and everybody is welcome to my bum after I’m branded...’

That night Holly was excused serving in the private suites so the girls in the cages could say their goodbyes.

‘You’re so brave,’ Rabbit said.

‘You let us know what it’s like and maybe will join you,’ Fox said.

‘Good luck,’ Civet said simply.

Holly was strangely moved by their sympathy and wishes. She realized that in the few weeks she had known them she had made a deeper bond than with any other group of women in her life. That was weird...

But now she had to consider own future. She was numb with fear and dread, but she felt she had to put on a show of bravado. ‘You’ll still see me around. I’d drop you a mail, but I don’t think they’ll let me. I’ll try to wave if they drive me past the door...’

Chapter 14

The next morning Braddock led Holly along the street to Abaddon Blacksmiths. She felt dizzy, hardly able to believe what was going to happen to her. Vengeance seemed unreal at moments like this, except for the pain she knew was coming. She would have tried to run from growing fear, but her arms were bound, and her ankles were hobbled. Braddock had hooked a leash through her pussy rings and was leading her by them. Hanging back was not an option.

They reached the forge.

‘Mink here wants to move on from being a saloon slut and she needs another brand on her backside,’ Braddock told the smiths working there, dressed in their heavy aprons and goggles.

The three little men clustered about Holly, examining her and the last brand they had put on her a few weeks earlier.

‘I see we did a fine job on her last time,’ one of them said, examining the healed scar on the upper slope of her left buttock cheek. ‘Let’s get her strapped down so we do another to match it...’

While one man put the branding iron in the fire, the others pulled Holly over to the massive anvil over which women were bound for branding and they began to strap her down. She felt herself being enveloped in and swallowed up by the sulphurous heat from the burning coals and the smell of hot metal. The man who put the iron in the fire went the metal triangle hung by the forge door and rang it loudly, alerting the townsfolk to what was happening. People began to move towards the forge...

Holly’s stomach churned and she thought was going to throw up. Instead her bladder cut loose, and she peed over cold iron side of the anvil.

The men watching laughed at her humiliation.

Braddock said, ‘that’s right, slut, you get it out now instead of later...’

There was now a crowd looking in over the low walls of the forge. The man pulled the iron out of the fire. Its glowing tip carried a ring inside which was set two V’s interlocked in a chevron pattern. The Vengeance Valley brand!

He advanced towards her. She could feel the heat of it. He held it over her right buttock. She wanted to tear herself away from it, but she could not move. All those eyes watching her... Oh God, one of them was Cody! He

was here to see her suffer once again. She bit down on her gag... There was a sizzling and a moment of incredible pain, and she shrieked and fainted...

A bucket of cold water was thrown over Holly's face, bringing her back to consciousness. Her right buttock burned and stung and throbbed. A finger was working its way up her rectum, greasing it with petroleum jelly. She heard Braddock's voice:

'OK, now who wants to have a go at her asshole?'

After that she had a vague recollection of many hard penises, some large and some quite small, being rammed up her greased backside as she lay bound over the anvil, as the little men of Vengeance celebrated the suffering of another captive woman. Was one of them Cody's? She could not twist her head round far enough to see. Did it matter?

Perhaps in a desperate attempt to distract herself from the terrible simmering pain of her brand, she clenched her sphincter tight about them as they pumped away inside her, trying to find all the dark pleasure she could in their presence within her. At that moment she would rather have a hundred cocks up her backside than face another branding.

Was it working? She was in too much pain to tell. She was sick and dizzy and seemed to burning and bubbling inside her. Something was happening but she was not sure what. The men were spurting their sperm inside her and pulling out and she was being flushed out with a hose and re-greased and another one took his turn at her sore and aching arsehole.

How could this possibly stimulate her?

And then her loins seemed to explode as she sprayed her juices over the unyielding iron of the anvil. She clamped her sheath tight about the unknown penis up her rectum as she shrieked about her gag as she was swept up in a huge orgasm. Then she fainted for a second time...

Chapter 15

When Holly came to her senses again her anus still ached, and her new brand stung and simmered her rump. But the worst was over, at least for now. She had survived the branding and multiple sodomizing and taken a next step towards freedom.

She blinked her tear-crusted eyes open to see she was in familiar surroundings.

She was in a low-ceilinged room with white-painted board walls hung with brass oil lamps mounted on wall brackets. There was a small desk and chairs. Daylight came through a mullioned window with a thin lace curtain strung across its lower half. It was the surgery room she had awoken in on her first day in Vengeance. But this time she was differently restrained.

She was standing upright within a narrow cage as tall as herself which was even closer fitting than a coffin. At the front it was so tight that her breasts protruded through slots in the bars, which pressed against her chest, while her buttocks pressed against the rear set of bars. She was held in place by many rubber straps strung across her body from the insides of its bars. They were bound about her forehead holding her head braced, her upper arms and wrists, across her chest above and below her breasts and about her waist, around her upper thighs, knees and ankles. They secured her standing with her arms hung down and pulled against the sides of the cage and her legs spread so that her feet were pressed into its lower corners. It was not an uncomfortable posture in itself, but between the straps and the bars she was almost completely immobilised.

As she recovered further she realized her long mitten gloves and thigh length stockings and high-heeled saloon-slut shoes had been removed. She could wriggle her fingers and toes freely for the first time in weeks. And her high collar had also been taken away. Well, that was kind of freedom...

And then she realized she was being watched. A small round faced man with a drooping greying moustache, dressed in a white lab coat with a Bolo tie showing at his collar, was looking up at her with interest.

‘Hello Mink, I’m Doc Holliday,’ he said. ‘You don’t remember me, but I looked after you when Cody first brought you and saw to your piercings. This time around I’ll be preparing you for life as a milker. Now you’re awake at last, I’ll get started...’

The cage stood on a small low platform fitted with rubber wheels. It had a pair of posts running up on each side of the lower half of the cage to swivel joints bolted to its sides. Holliday loosened some latches so that the cage pivoted about these joints until it was horizontal, putting her at a more convenient height for him to work at. Now he could look down on her, which he did with a glint in his eye and a cheerful grin. 'I think I'll take care of your nose ring first...'

He pulled over a low side table with a cloth covered tray on it.

From it he took up a pair of cutters and snipped the gold ring threaded through her septum piercing and pulled it free. In its place he fitted a larger thicker gold ring that stretched her piercing painfully and hung right down across her upper lip.

'Milkers are usually led around by their nose rings,' he told her, 'which is why I'll also be taking out these...'

Taking hold of her breasts standing up through the cage front he snipped the gold rings threaded through her nipples and pulled them out. He replaced them with keepers that fitted snugly into the fistulas. 'These have vents in the middle to allow your milk to flow through unobstructed,' he explained.

Holly shuddered. They were actually going to try to milk her? She thought all that was just for sick show. How could they get milk out of her? She was not lactating. Then she thought of those very full breasts on the herd of milkers she had seen driven through the town and began to feel uneasy.

'Of course, milkers moo, they don't speak. This'll take care of that...'

He fitted her with a broad heavy black rubber sheathed collar with a flat plastic box on its front, backed with an array of silver studs which pressed firmly against her throat. It was also fitted with multiple tether rings, to the front one of which he hung her metal identity tag stamped with her Vengeance name. Apparently she would be keeping that through her transition to a milker. Then he pressed a switch on its side and then said, 'Now say something...'

Holly tried to ask, 'What do you want me to say, Master?' But all that came out of her mouth was a strange buzzing, mooing sound. The collar box vibrated as she tried to speak, washing out and blurring her words and filling her throat with a mournful, groaning, lowing sound. It was the same sound she had heard when the milkers had been herded through the town.

They had stolen her voice away!

‘Of course we could put a sound box gag in your mouth, but then milkers have to graze much of the time so that’s not practical. This way we can do both...’

He now turned his attention to her breasts, kneading and squeezing them to gauge their texture. ‘Very nice,’ he commented, ‘But we need them to fill them with milk. That’s not too hard to arrange with a dose of the right balance of hormones and stimulants to encourage glandular development and milk production. The Furies have sponsored some research into this area, and we’ve come up with this rather neat slow release formula...’ he held up a syringe of clear fluid. ‘The efficiency of the process can be increased by direct application to your milk glands. This is going to hurt a little...’

Even as Holly sobbed, which came out as a plaintive mooing sound, he pushed the syringe deep into her breasts and injected them each half a dozen times in a carefully spaced array. She pulled against the rubber straps binding her within her cage, making it shake. But she could not pull free or prevent each injection and her yelps of pain were transformed into animal-like squeals.

Finally Holliday was done. Holly whimpered in relief and lay shivering inside her cramped cage. Was it her imagination or were her breasts already beginning to burn from within?

‘The whole process will take a few days and you’ll feel tired and a bit sick as your biochemistry adjusts. I’ll keep you fed and rested until it’s over. But first you’ve got to pay my bill. What, no cash on you? Then I’m going to have to take payment another way...’

He parted his white coat revealing he wore nothing underneath it. A large stiff penis was jutting upwards. As she lay helpless he clambered onto the cage and lay down over her encased body, resting his head on her sore, tingling breasts. There was a triangular slot in the cage over her vagina which his shaft slid through and penetrated her. With steady jerking thrusts he rode her imprisoned body to a climax, rubbing his face in her breasts and nibbling her straining nipples until his seed spurted inside her.

When he was done he climbed off her and buttoned up his coat again. By then Holly was feeling nauseous and slightly dizzy. With his sperm still dribbling from her slot, he wheeled her out through a side door into another room which was filled with half a dozen similar cages standing upright.

Three were already occupied with naked women, collared and nose-ringed like she was. Their breasts were all very full. Holliday flipped Holly upright again and pushed her cage against the wall beside them.

There were transparent hoses feeding into things like junction boxes on the walls, one by each cage. Through tired eyes Holly realized that a pair of hoses was plugged into each of the women within them, one hose fastened to a moulded cup over their pussies and the other pushed up their bottom clefts. They also had webs of wires strung over their bodies with dozens of electrodes taped to their limbs.

Holliday did the same to her, inserting one tube up her rectum and strapping the cup of the other over her pussy mound. Then he taped the electrodes to her major muscles.

‘These’ll take care of all your wastes and the electrodes will keep your muscles exercised,’ he told her. ‘You’ll stay in the cage until you’ve developed into a proper milker...’

He threw a switch on the junction box, and she felt her muscles begin to twitch in sequence, straining against the resistance of her rubber straps. Then he left the room.

Holly looked at the other women and they stared back helplessly and hopelessly at her. They could not even talk, only make humiliating mooing sounds at each other. They were imprisoned in their tiny cages while they were turned into living milking machines. Had she taken a step backwards from the freedom of being a saloon slut?

Chapter 16

Holly was not sure how long she spent in the surgery. A week at least, she thought. Doc Holliday tended her regularly, testing the growth of her breasts and feeding her fluids and measured doses of some strange tasting food that she ate automatically.

‘All the concentrated vitamins and minerals you need to grow those udders,’ she vaguely recalled him saying.

Then she was left to twitch in her cage as she was put through her electronic exercises, interspersed by peeing and pooping in the tubes plugged into her body.

During this period, the other three girls vanished and two more arrived. She did not recognise any of them. Did they come from other bars in the town or were they private slaves? There was so much she still did not know about Vengeance.

Sometimes she seemed to come out of a half stupor to find her pussy was seeping juices and sperm. Had Holliday been making use of her while she was half insensible? Was that sick or simply something she should expect by now? He was her master, and she was there to be used and abused in penance for her past mistakes.

One mistake! That was all. Or was she in fact paying for her whole wasted life?

Everyday her breasts got bigger and hotter. She had not imagined her body was going to be messed up like this. Had she made a terrible mistake ringing that bell? But there was no turning back now...

And then came the day Holliday flipped her cage right over so she was hanging face down. Her heavy breasts flopped down under her, swaying like shiny pink udders. She had not realized how heavy they had grown. He squatted beneath her, held a cup under her breasts in turn and squeezed her swollen nipples which seemed to have grown in proportion to them. Holly shuddered at the sensual feel of the milk flowing through them out of her, spurting hot and rich into the cup. Oh God that was so weird and sick and exciting. What were they doing to her?

He tasted it and smacked his lips. 'Fine full rich creamy milk,' he declared. 'Time for you to go to a ranch. I'll make a call...'

Despite the regular electrode stimulation Holly was incredibly stiff and could hardly stand when an hour later Holliday took her out of her cage. He strapped her wrists together behind her back with a simple binder and then clipped a leash to her nose ring and walked her around a few times to loosen her up.

She realized walking felt different now. Her breasts were huge, standing out from her chest and feeling incredibly warm and heavy. They were affecting her sense of balance. How dare they do this to her, she thought feebly.

Holliday finally led her through the door into the front waiting room. There was a small man with a bigger moustache than Holliday's dressed in a buckskin waistcoat, fancy silver buckled belt, silver toe-capped boots and a ten gallon hat waiting for her.

'Here she is Mr Cartwright,' Holliday said, handing over the end of Holly's leash to the man. 'I'm sure she'll make a fine addition to your herd...'

'Thank you, Doc,' the man said in heavy forced western drawl, 'I'm sure she will do that very thing...'

Outside he had a buckboard hitched to the rail, pulled by twin pony girls. Like the one Cody had taken her on the first day it had four tether chains and an upright dildo bolted in the middle its open rear section.

Unsteadily Holly clambered up onto it and without being told impaled her rectum on the dildo. She hated this further degradation but right at that moment her legs were too stiff to carry her very far and she welcomed the ride. Cartwright clipped the chains to her collar then he got up front and they set off.

Once again Holly was carried through strange streets of Vengeance. Unlike her first journey though, the place did not now seem so out of proportion. It was quite natural for the buildings to be scaled to suit their inhabitants. She and the other girls were the ones out of scale. But then they were just animals there for the use of their Masters...

She shook her head. What was she thinking? Those drugs Holliday had given her had muddled her thoughts. She was not surrendering to this perverted life, she was doing this just so she could get away from this terrible place as soon as possible...

The Cartwright farm comprised a small farmhouse, a yard and a red painted timber frame barn surrounded by some low corrals and then green fields neatly enclosed by white post and rail fencing. A painted sign hung over the gate proudly proclaiming it to be the "Split Beaver Ranch". As she was carried up its driveway Holly saw girl cows were grazing in fields.

Cartwright took her off the back of the wagon and led her into the barn. She saw many stalls each with chains hanging above them for some reason. But she didn't have much time take them in because she was led over to a rack on the wall which was hung with sets of the metal straps and braces she had seen the other milkers fitted with. Even more grotesquely there were sets of rubber cow ears and tails.

'Once I get these on you, you can start looking and acting like a proper milker,' he told her. 'It doesn't look natural seeing your kind standing on your hind legs. Udders are made to hang loose and free!'

He tethered her by the nose to a wall ring and then began fitting the strange devices to her body. Straps were bound about her upper thighs and ankles, joined by hinged metal struts. On her feet went fetish-like high heeled shoes with cloven hoof toes. He bound a broad belt about her waist and then made her bend over at the hip so he could connect the belt by heavy elastic cords to the leg brace straps. The tension prevented her from bending her hips straight again. Then he freed her arms and encased them in smaller versions of the leg braces. Her hands slid into rubber pouches which contained handles she grasped on to connected to short sprung telescopic rods on the ends of which were more fake cloven hooves. The leg braces were confining but not as heavy as they looked, made of some lightweight metal, while the hoof sections were hollowed out moulded plastic.

Now she was resting on all fours with her back straight, braced somewhat by the broad belt about her waist. The forward set of short fake cow legs at least enabled her to keep her shoulders up level with her hips and the broad collar about her neck helped brace that in turn, keeping her head up.

Cartwright added the final touches. He hung a large bell from her collar. Then he selected a suitable pair of fake cow ears and glued them to the

upper rims of her ears so that they jutted out and up over the crown of the head. They were made of soft foam rubber and although they felt odd they were easy enough to carry. The cow tail was also of light foam rubber, stiffened by an inner wire core. Cartwright glued its broad base pad to the small of her back above her buttock cleft and let it hang down between her legs.

Cartwright stepped back to admire her from all angles. 'Now you look like a proper milker. Time to give you a welcome to the Split Beaver...'

He stood on a wooden block behind her back legs, lifted her tail out of the way, opened his flies and screwed her. He had a good sized cock and his thrusts made Holly gasp and moan, which came out of her mouth, distorted by her collar unit, as soft, almost contented lowing sounds.

She tried to grasp onto his cock with her vagina for a little pleasure, but he was done too quickly. He came within her and rested against her hindquarters for a few moments and then pulled out of her, adding frustration to her many sorrows.

Unhitching her from the barn wall he then walked her around a few times so she could get used to her braced legs.

It was not easy trying to coordinate the movement of her front limbs with her back and they banged together. The braces helped carry her weight in this unnatural posture but clearly she could not move very fast. The elastic cords linking her limbs to her waist belt tugged if she tried to lengthen her stride too far, which could then be used to aid the swing of her legs but primarily ensured she could not stand upright. She was more than ever aware of the weight of her breasts as they bobbed and swayed beneath her.

Cartwright also had her practice kneeling down and folding up her braced limbs under her. It was possible to rest like this but hardly comfortable. Was that why cows slept standing up?

When he was satisfied she had mastered getting around, he led her outside again between the corrals to a gate that opened onto the nearest green field. There was a bell by the gate worked by long knotted cord which resembled the bell in the saloon. It had a sign by it which read: *Only ring this if you think you're fit to be ridden like a horse and want another brand!* Well she was not going to do that in a hurry...

She now saw that the fields were not as uniform as she had at first thought. There were separate shallow raised planting trays set into the

ordinary grass and filled by dense mixtures of green leafed plants.

‘Everything in the trays is edible,’ Cartwright told her. ‘You eat it down because that’s all the food you will be getting from now on. There’s a trough over there with fresh water. The lower trough next to it is for your wastes. It’ll automatically wash you clean each time you use it. You do not pee or crap anywhere else, understood? You come when I call you in for milking every night and you sleep in the barn. The rest of the day you concentrate on eating and filling your udders up...’ He reached under her and cupped and squeezed her big breasts appreciatively. ‘But you’re also on show. If anybody passing by stops and comes to the fence and wants to screw you, they can, understand? That’s proper Vengeance hospitality...’

And so he left her, closing the gate behind him.

Holly felt dizzy and disorientated. She was totally helpless and yet not chained up. She was free to wander round the field. The sun was warm, and the air was fresh. If the sun got too hot there were trees along the sides of the pasture to provide shade. Yes of course it was disgustingly degrading, but of a slow burn kind. When there was nobody watching her but the birds in the trees or a few jackrabbits, did that matter? Perhaps this would not be so bad...

There were half a dozen other girls in the same field with her. They had looked up when she had been brought into the field but had then returned to their grazing. She made her way over to them.

Their front legs were widely splayed so they could dip their heads far enough to reach the plants in the trays. They were nibbling off their topmost leaves and swallowing them down methodically. Disconcertingly she saw flies buzzing around their sweaty hindquarters. Every few moments they gave a twitch and shake of their bottoms which made their fake can tails flick from side to side, chasing them away.

Her cow collar made it impossible to speak of course, but she tried to make some polite sounds. They looked up at her again slightly sadly, seemed to shrug their shoulders and shook their heads and returned to their grazing.

What was wrong with them? Had she committed some kind of cowgirl social no-no by interrupting them while grazing? Or had they simply given up on socializing? Well she was the new girl, or rather the new girlcow, so perhaps they simply needed time to get used to her...

Holly moved off until she found a food tray of own. Awkwardly spreading her legs she dipped her head until she could start nibbling at it. There were clumps of young spinach, kale, frilly lettuce, collard greens, rocket and chard, plus others she could not recognise. She tried a little of each. What it would do to her insides she was not sure, but it was certainly healthy and there was nothing else to eat.

She drank from horse trough which was refreshing and used the waste trough beside it, which looked like an open chemical toilet, which was messier. She tried to hold her body as upright as possible, bracing her front legs on its sides, so she could drop her wastes cleanly into it. She washed herself clean with the water jet unit at one end, which cut in automatically as she stepped over it, blasting her pussy and anus clean. Apparently the little-men wanted their cow girls to live in the fields like real animals, but they wanted to keep their private parts humanly clean and fresh at the same time. Was this just for practical health and hygiene reasons, or so they would be ready for screwing at any time? Probably both...

And so her first day in the Split Beaver Ranch passed by.

The other girlcows paid her no more attention than they had at the beginning. But then they did not seem to pay each other much more. At times they stood in a loose group chewing over their last mouthfuls and gazing at nothing. They hardly looked more alert than real cows would be. What was wrong with them?

By the end of the day when the sun was going down, Holly's back was aching, and her breasts were swollen with milk and becoming painfully. She was getting irritable when Cartwright appeared by the gate to called them in for milking. It was perhaps the most humiliating command she had ever obeyed, but by then she was desperate for relief.

Obediently they plodded through the gate to the barn. More girlcows had been brought in from other fields and there were about twenty of them in all. Inside the barn they all found their way to the stalls which Holly now saw had slave girl names marked on their side posts. She found the empty one marked "Mink" and took her place in it. Its slatted sides were low, and it was lined with hay. A set of chains hung over it as they did over every other stall.

All this was done with the minimum of commands from Cartwright. It was clearly an established routine and there was little chance of them disobeying. He had his pain pistol and electric whip if discipline needed to

be enforced. But from the size of their breasts, glossy pink, olive and brown, gently bouncing off each other as they moved, they all wanted to be milked, so like real cows they came willingly for relief. They were totally and humiliatingly trapped in their roles as livestock.

Cartwright was joined by a couple of other men whose names Holly did not catch and they went round the stalls clipping the dangling chains to the girls harnesses. One hooked to the back of their collars, a pair to the straps on the upper arms, another one to the back of her waist belts and two more to the big straps about their upper thighs. Then the chains were shortened until half their weight was lifted off their arms and legs. Holly found herself sighing in helpless relief as the pressure on her back was eased.

Then the three men went round from girl to girl with a stool and buckets, milking them by hand. Half suspended by her chains it was a humiliating and yet blissfully sensuous experience for Holly. The pressure in her breasts was eased as the man's small experienced hands tugged on her teats and squirted her hot milk into the bucket. It was erotic and deeply arousing, and although she hated herself for it, she felt her pussy growing hot and wet. The smell of warm milk seemed to permeate the barn...

When they were done Cartwright showed Holly off to the other two men. They felt her over, complimented him on his new milker, and then they took turns screwing her, standing on their milking stools to reach her, one up her backside and the other up her vagina.

And to her shame and their amusement she came.

The barn lamps were turned down and the girl cows were left in their stalls to sleep for the night, blissfully free of the aching their breasts and half suspended by their chains. It was surreal and shameful and yet Holly felt exhaustion, both physical and emotional, overtaking her and soon she fell asleep. It must be hard work making milk all day long...

Chapter 17

Perhaps the other girlcows had simply needed time to get used to her, or to see how well Cartwright treated her. The next morning in the field they appeared to be friendlier. They clustered about her, rubbing against her and looking her over intently. Then one of them moved round front of her, spread her legs and presented her pink sex to her invitingly.

Holly did not like licking out girls, although she had to do it often enough in the saloon for the amusement of the patrons. But she sensed this was an initiation ritual. And so she nuzzled into the other girl's soft groin and licked the folds of her sex and slid her tongue up into her vagina and nibbled her swelling clitoris until she came, spraying her juices over Holly's face.

She moved away with slippery thighs and the next girl cow took her place.

And so one by one Holly licked them all out. By the time she was finished she was getting a little excited herself and presented her own her backside to them. They each gave her a little tonguing in turn until she also came.

It was not exactly unpleasant even if it was not her favourite mode of sex. And she certainly now felt she was accepted as one of the herd. Then a sense of anti-climax set in. She was not exactly ashamed of what she had just done but she thought: now what? That was all they could do apart from eating and making more milk. They were still trapped in the same field. What next?

There were small wooden blocks with standpipe taps and hose fittings set just outside the white post and rail fences where the field bordered the road. At first Holly could not work out what they were for, but she soon found out.

A little man dressed as a cowboy riding a saddled pony girl came by the next morning. He stopped and his mount knelt down so he could climb off her saddle. He hitched his mount's reins to the railing beside one of the wooden blocks and then spent some time looking over the girls in the field.

And then he gave a piercing whistle to attract their attention and pointed to Holly.

‘I want you,’ he said.

She stopped grazing and obediently came over to him. Reaching through the low fence he felt her over with practised hands, lingering on her heavy breasts. ‘You’ve got some lovely full udders, haven’t you? And what about your pussy...’ He pulled her round until her hindquarters were pressed against the fence. ‘Hold still now...’

He had a rope with him that he used to loop about her thigh struts and tie them to the railings. When she was bound in place he fingered her sex mouth. Holly shuddered.

‘Nice and juicy,’ he said. ‘I think you could do with a bit of attention there...’

He took up the hose and washed her pussy out, making her shudder at the blast of cold water inside her. Then he climbed up onto the block, opened his flies and rammed his cock into her.

She found herself spreading and bracing her legs and pushing back against him.

There was something both shameful and exciting at being handled by living hands and deeply penetrated while in the open air. It was what the herd could not do to each other with their tongues, however eager they were. The man’s pony watched them couple with intense interest. Was she jealous? For a moment Holly felt that old thrill of supplanting herself in the affections of a man to the annoyance of his previous partner. Even as a cow she still had it.

But he finished before she could cum, leaving her frustrated.

He buttoned up, washed his sperm out of her with the hose, untied her and sent her off with a smack on the bum. Then he unhitched his pony, clambered onto her saddle and she got back onto her feet again.

As she watched them leave Holly no longer felt at all superior to the pony girl. She was carrying her master off along the road away from the field once again.

A week passed...

Holy did not have to do anything except eat, allow herself to be milked, and occasionally be screwed by passers-by. By now the screwing was almost a routine while the disturbingly intimate milking process got even more enjoyable as she realized how much it eased the pain in her heavy breasts. Soon she was looking forward to it. What happened to her milk afterwards was a question that she tried not to dwell on for too long. Perhaps the men of Vengeance treated it as a delicacy to put in their tea and coffee. Most of the day she was just left out in the field with the other cows to graze. Cartwright was not an unkindly rancher and all he wanted was for her to make milk while acting as much like a dumb animal as possible. As long as she behaved herself nobody was shocking her or beating her, and she did not have to work at serving customers and put up with their pawing or being taken up to their private suites like an unpaid whore.

She only had to service somebody passing by once or twice a day. There was more traffic on the road than that, but they sometimes ignored them or chose other girlcows to couple with. When she was used they sometimes pinched and slapped her, but it was nothing to what she had formerly endured. She could put up with that. She tried to tell herself that this was really an easy life.

After another week she thought she would go mad!

She could not speak, she could not touch herself, she only had fields and a barn to look at. Apart from mutual licking-out sessions, the other girls looked and behaved in her eyes increasingly like the cows they had been made to resemble. How long had they been here? Had they forgotten what it was to be human? Or were they sensibly contented with their lot, and she simply had not yet realized it?

She found herself standing by the fence staring out at anything that went past to relieve the boredom. She actually began to welcome a stranger's screwing because it meant they stayed longer. Had she become addicted to sex? Did she want cocks so much as a change from girl tongues or was it the desire for outside contact and company to relieve the boredom? She began to envy the pony girls as they trotted by, even those hauling heavy wagons. They had to work hard and were whipped and jabbed with spurs, but at least they got out and about and interacted and communicated with

their Masters. They seemed to be more, well, useful and important than girlcows. More valuable, although whether that was to themselves, or their master's Holly was not quite sure.

And then one day Cody appeared.

He was riding a saddle-pony. She was a fine-looking black girl with high breasts and strong thighs and calves. She looked graceful and strong and even sheened in sweat, very attractive. Did she belong to him, or had he just hired her for the day from the livery stable?

Holly had been standing by the fence in her usual spot when he appeared, and she became ridiculously excited to see Cody. She made desperate mooing sounds and pushed her head over the top rail of the fence tossing her head about to attract his attention. She knew it was a shameful display, but she could not help herself. He had captured and brought her to Vengeance, and he had been the first dwarf to master her, and although she hated him for it he was also a familiar face, and right then that was what she needed most...

Cody rode over to the fence and looked down at her.

'And how are you enjoying life as a girl cow, Mink?' he asked.

She tried to speak but only the terrible mooing sounds came out of her mouth. How she hated what they had done to her! So she tried to smile and look brave and rock her head from side to side to suggest that it wasn't too bad. And all the time she was searching Cody's face for... approval?

He reached down and stroked her hair, and she pushed her head against his hand. It was nice to be touched like that...

'I arranged to have some of your milk kept separate from the rest of the Split Beaver herd and sent to me. It tastes very good...'

That was probably the most intimate thing anybody had ever said to her. He liked her milk! And then she felt her stomach churning. Wasn't that also disgusting? But at least he was showing an interest in her and not forgotten her...

She did not want him to go! She wanted him to keep talking to her. Anything but going back to grazing again! Desperately she turned about and pushed her hindquarters against the railing, offering her dripping pussy to him. She would keep him hard inside her as long as she could until he came, and she came and then...

'Yes, you look very pretty Mink,' Cody said. 'But I don't think I've got time to have you right now. I've got some important business to attend

to...'

She heard the sound of pony girl hooves and looked round to see he was riding off again.

Holly felt a terrible pang of loss and disappointment. Cody could come and go as he pleased but she was just a girlcow trapped behind a fence. He had the power while she was powerless...

She had almost had a conversation with Cody... of a kind. That suddenly seemed like a precious thing. Of course Cartwright spoke to them all the time, but that was just about how big their udders were and how much milk they were delivering. There was more to life than that! She so missed having a normal exchange with somebody who was not a girlcow or a girl cow rancher, even if she had to call them "Master"! She had not realized how important such things were until now.

What highlights would she have to look forward to next week? Being driven through the town with the rest of the herd to amuse the visitors? Would the girls at the Eumenides saloon see her and wonder if she had made the right choice?

How long would it be before she no longer cared one way or another?

Holly charged across the field as fast as her stiff braced legs with their cow feet would allow, setting her milk-heavy breasts bouncing, until she reached the bell rope in the corner. Before she lost her nerve she took it in her mouth and rang it madly until Cartwright appeared...

Chapter 18

Cartwright led Holly naked down the main street of Vengeance by a rope leash clipped to her large nose ring, just as one might lead a cow. He had brought Holly to the edge of town on the back of the Split Beaver Ranch's buckboard, but had chosen to take her off it and walk her along the main street as though parading her before its strange population.

As her pink glossy, milk-filled breasts bobbed beneath her and her braced knees felt weak and her stomach churned in terrified anticipation, Holly thought that perhaps Cartwright was parading her like this by way of compensation. She had only been at his ranch a little over two weeks and he'd never had the chance to drive her through the town along with the rest of his girl cow herd as an amusing show for visitors while they were moved to fresh pastures. Maybe he felt she had missed out on that unique dose of shame, so he was giving her the next best thing. She had been going mad in a field longing for more activity and stimulation and now she had it.

Cartwright led Holly past the Eumenides saloon, which she left in the hope that being a milk cow would be less painful and degrading. That had not worked out as she had hoped! Now she was back for more suffering. Were any of her fellow sluts looking at her right now? What would they think?

Many pairs of eyes had turned to follow her humiliating progress, both male and female. The men were masterful and gloating at her shamefully displayed and constrained body while the women were fearful and sympathetic. If they had already been through what Holly had endured they knew what was coming next...

Inside Abaddon Blacksmith's the three little man dressed in protective aprons and goggles were hard at work as usual. On the rear wall of the forge hung an array of items they had created, most intended for the restraint and punishment of females. They glanced round as Cartwright led Holly in through the open doorway.

One of the smiths, looking a little like a dwarfish forge-master from some mythical fantasy, raised his protective goggles and looked Holly up and down.

'I didn't expect to see this one back again so soon,' he exclaimed in mild surprise.

‘I did my darndest to dissuade her,’ Cartwright said. ‘She’s crazy I’d say, not wanting to have it easy in the fields, but the law is the law. If they beg for it we’ve got to let them. She wants to try out life as a ponygirl.’

‘It shows she’s got grit,’ the smith said. He pulled off a heavy glove and squeezed and cupped Holly’s heavy breasts, making her shudder. ‘And she’s got a great pair of tits,’ he added appreciatively.

‘Yeah, I’ll be sorry to lose such a good milker. I thought she was happy at the ranch, but it seems she’s in a hurry to move on.’

‘Well we’ll see to that...’ the smith said.

Between the two of them they stripped Holly of her girl cow fittings. The rubber pad her fake tail was glued to tore at her skin as it was pulled off, making her wince, but she knew that was nothing compared to the pain to come. Eventually she was naked except for her collar, nose and labial rings and the keepers in her throbbing swollen nipples. How could they be so hard which she was feeling so terrified? What other ways could they twist her mind and body in this terrible place?

The men led her over to the huge black iron anvil that as far as Holly knew was kept for one special purpose only. As they bound her face down over it with the many straps fitted about its base, another smith went to the metal triangle hanging by the door post and rang loudly, alerting the townspeople to witness her suffering and also increase her shame. Gradually they began to gather about the open walls of the forge, looking in on Holly’s body as she was strapped across the anvil with her buttocks jutting out over its square end and her collar hooked to its horn. Her milk-laden breasts hung down over each side, also bound in place by straps.

A branding iron with a circular tip enclosing a double chevron was taken from the wall and plunged into the fire of the forge.

Holly whimpered in fear, the sound coming out of her mouth distorted by the electronic voice box on her collar into a plaintive cattle-like lowing. She already had a coin-sized Circle-Double-V brand on the upper slopes of each of her taut buttocks. Now she would have to endure a third. And then what was to follow... Despite her fear and revulsion she felt her pussy tingle and grow wet at the thought of it...

Then she saw Bill Cody’s puggish face looking over the forge wall at her

For a moment she met his eyes, and then she turned her gaze away, fighting back the tears of shame and regret. He was her only means of

escape from Vengeance. She was doing this because of him and also to defy him. But would she have the courage to see it through to the end?

The delicate iron was pulled out of the fire glowing red hot. A smith carried it over and positioned it carefully over Holly's left buttock next to her first brand. She felt its heat and screamed before the pain even struck her...

Her bladder was already cutting loose and spraying her pee onto the ground, which was almost part of the terrible ritual for every girl, but this time the convulsions of her body as she strained against her straps caused her breasts to spurt milk out down the cold iron sides of the anvil.

As she fainted she heard the onlookers cheering at her double humiliation.

A bucket of cold water thrown over her face brought Holly back to the terrible reality of the throbbing burning of her freshly branded buttock.

Holly felt her anus and rectum being flushed out with a hose and then greased. And then the watching men entered the forge and took turns entering her bum hole. Their penises were not all very large, and many slid easily up even into her tight sphincter, but it was what they symbolised that really hurt. A few dozen little men dressed as cowboys with total mastery over her lovely body, able to stand behind her and pump their cocks into her backside at will. As before they were putting the icing on the cake of her total degradation. But now there was a new addition to the ritual. Some of them bent over her and squeezed her udder-like breasts and cupped the milk from them to lap up as they soiled her.

They were making it a day she would never forget: a life lesson to remind her of her past sins.

And perhaps a step towards her salvation?

Dare she hope for that?

In any case, she would never forget this moment as long as she lived. Because her body was about to make it even worse...

Pain and lust and shame mingle within her, which seemed to focus not on her burning bottom but on her tingling, pulsing, dribbling pussy mouth. The last time she had been bound over the anvil she had forced herself to an

orgasm in desperation to distract herself from the awful shame of her multiple sodomising. This time it was happening all by itself!

She could not stop herself getting aroused by the thought of all those men inside her. She could feel her swollen clit pushing its way between her sex lips and pressing against the top of the anvil. The thrusts of the little man were shifting her against her straps enough to grind it over the cold hard metal. She was dribbling juices making her pussy slippery, easing the rubbing of her clit. Her breasts felt hot, and milk was dribbling from their swollen nipples. She had to give in, to spray the fluids from her body or else she would burst.

Whose cock was it up her rectum now? She could not twist her head round far enough to see. Was it Cody's? Why wouldn't he take this opportunity to screw her along with all the others? All that power in a little man. That was not natural and yet...

Oh... no, no, no... yes!

Holly spluttered back to awareness, dripping with water once again.

She had cum so hard she had fainted!

Cartwright and the smiths were laughing at her, and she burned with fresh shame.

'See, she is a hot cow,' Cartwright said. 'I'll be sorry to lose her...'

The last of her violators' seed was washed from her aching bottom hole and then Cartwright un-strapped her from the anvil. He pulled her arms behind her and roped her wrists together. Then he dragged her onto her feet by her nose ring. Milk dribbled down her glossy breasts even as urine and lubrication seeped out of her pussy and ran down the insides of her thighs.

Her legs felt like rubber, her neck cricked as it was bent downwards to hold her head level and she trembled and swayed but at least she was standing on two feet again, not four! She was no longer a girl cow! Her back protested and she felt dizzy and strange after weeks seeing the world from no more than waist height.

Giving his thanks to the smiths, Cartwright led Holly back out onto the street and across the way to the livery stable.

Boldly painted across the sun-bleached boards above its big double doors were the words: *Vengeance Livery Stables*, and below it in smaller

lettering: *Ponies, Wagons and Surreys for Hire*, and below that: *Parker and Longabaugh, Proprietors*.

Within it was a large barnlike structure with a row of hay-lined horse stalls along one side. A few naked girls with leather harnesses buckled about their bodies and their faces swathed in bridle straps peered over the low stall gates. On another wall were shelves and hook racks of harnesses and girl saddles and next to them a selection of carts and carriages for hire, all scaled down to suit their users, which made them seem almost like toys until she realized she would soon be pulling them. But this was the only way...

A familiar figure came out to meet Cartwright. He was the man Holly had seen on her first day in Vengeance when Cody yet returned his hired buckboard. He had addressed him as: "Butch."

'Howdy, Ben,' Butch said amiably to Cartwright.

'Howdy Butch,' Cartwright replied. 'I've got a new girl for you...'

'Oh yes, I've seen her before. Cody's girl. I had her the first day after her branding. Nice arse. She's got herself here a little sooner than I imagined.'

'I guess she just didn't take to being a milker,' Cartwright admitted. 'Maybe she'll make a better pony. Anyway she's yours now...'

He handed over Holly's leash, tipped his hat and strode away.

Another little man appeared from the gloomy depths of the stables.

Butch said, 'We've got a new pony, Sundance. You'd better call Doc Holliday over to see to her...'

Chapter 19

While they had waited, Butch and Sundance secured Holly in a corner bent backwards over a low wooden trestle with a padded top with her knees bent and legs folded under her and her wrists and ankles were roped to its legs, so that she was at a convenient height for the little-men to work on. Her thighs were invitingly parted, and her shiny, milk-stained breasts stood up from her chest like pink beachballs, trembling as she breathed nervously.

She looked about the stable. Prominently screwed to the inside of the doorpost was a large brass bell, as there had been by the saloon stage and the field gate of the ranch. Feeling sick Holly looked away from it. She would not think about that now, not with her brand still burning on her buttock and shivers from the pain and indignity still coursing through her body. She had to rest and regain her strength and courage once more.

A small figure appeared at the doorway carrying a black medical bag. 'Good morning Butch, morning Sundance,' Doc Holliday greeted them cheerfully.

Possibly he had genuine medical qualifications, Holly thought, although in Vengeance that probably did not matter much. The last time he had worn a white lab coat and now he was in street clothes wearing a black Stetson, bow tie and a black frock coat.

She shuddered. He had already turned her into a gilrcow. What was he going to do to her this time?

'I see you've got Mink in your charge now,' Holliday said. 'Going to make a proper pony out of her?'

'We'll do our best, Doc, once you've set her up right,' Butch said.

Holliday rested on his black bag on Holly's bare stomach and opened it up. Then he smiled down at her. 'Now, let's see to you, slut...'

He removed the terrible voice box from her collar with its array of silver contacts that pressed against her throat, and which had made it impossible for her to speak normally.

'Count to ten for me, Mink,' he commanded.

'W... one... th.. two... th...three...' Holly said falteringly, having to force her lips and throat to form words again.

When she was done Holliday said. 'No problems there.'

He adjusted the box then refitted it. 'Now count again...'

When she tried Holly felt her voice being distorted once again, but this time into a parody of equine whinnies, snorts and neighs.

Holly felt hot tears of dismay and frustration filling her eyes. In a weird way robbing her of the ability to speak was almost worse than losing her clothes. It really did turn her into an animal.

Holliday took out her large cattle nose ring and replaced it with a standard size one, like all the Vengeance slave girls wore to remind them of their lowly status. He also removed the keepers from her nipples and put standard sized Vengeance rings back in them. Then he squeezed and needed her breasts, judging their capacity.

‘It’s a pity to give these fine jugs up, but you can’t be a proper pony carrying that much weight...’

He got out a syringe and injected each of her breasts half a dozen times, making Holly sob and whimper as some new serum burned within her, her expressions of pain coming out of her mouth as its whinnies and snorts.

‘That will counteract the effects of your original dose of hormones,’ he told her. ‘With plenty of exercise your tits will shrink naturally over a few weeks and your milk production will diminish. But you’ll still be able to give a small amount on demand. Personal quantities only, not commercial...’

Holly shuddered again.

He packed his bag away again, tipped his hat to the two livery men and strode off.

Butch and Sundance considered Holly closely.

‘Before we start work on you, Mink,’ Butch said, ‘you’ve got to learn who’s in charge here...’

The men unhooked the whips from their belts and moved round to stand on either side of the trestle over which Holly was bound. They drew the whip tails across her full trembling breasts and over the cleft of her pussy.

‘Will you give us any trouble, girl?’ Butch asked.

‘Because you know what’ll happen to you if you do,’ Sundance added.

Desperately Holly nodded and then shook her head, trying to show she would be good and did understand, wishing her nipples were not standing up so hard. The thought of those whips of beating her hot tingling breasts made her feel sick even as she felt her pussy growing hot and sticky.

‘That’s good... but we’re going to give you a licking anyway,’ Butch said.

Each swung their whip across her helpless body half a dozen times, sending their tails laced with silver wires curling about her breasts, across her belly and up between her splayed thighs into the cleft of her pussy, rippling through its soft inner valley. The leather cracked and the wires crackled, delivering their double doses of pain. Holly heaved against her ropes, squealing and snorted in pain, grinding her still sore buttocks against the trestle top and setting her breasts bouncing wildly. The impacts drove spurts of milk out of her nipples like jets of white lava which trickled down her shaking mammary slopes.

Finally the men holstered their whips and gave her a moment to settle. She blinked at them fearfully through misty eyes, realizing they were not done with her yet.

They drew their pain pistols and one at a time pushed their muzzles up into her vagina, twisting and stirring them around within her pliant hot dripping sheath. Instinctively, despite her terror, she clenched her sheath about them as if they were cocks and she was trying to serve them. But there was no sperm to suck from them, only pain...

The men laughed. 'That's good, Mink,' Sundance said. 'You're trying your best to please us. As a reward we'll only shoot you once up your cunthole...'

And each of them rammed the muzzle of his pain pistol deep inside her and pulled the trigger.

The electronic sound of the guns going off within her pussy was terrifying enough but their closeness to the pain chip embedded in her uterus triggered its maximum intensity and it seemed to explode like a burst of hot needles within her. She shrieked and bucked making her big breasts bounce again as the pain filled her. Yet her nipples throbbed in straining erection, and she felt a surge of juices in her tingling pussy. It was becoming so pathetically used to being misused that it was getting hard to tell the difference between pleasure and pain.

The men pulled the dripping wet barrels of their pistols out of Holly's trembling, dribbling sex mouth, wiped them dry on hanks of her hair, and then holstered them again. Then they untied her ankles and pulled her legs out wide and bent them up over her body until her knees almost touched her shoulders. A length of rope was bound about the backs of her knees and passed under the trestle to secure them in place. Now her buttocks were

uplifted, exposing the aching red rimmed mouth of her anus and the swollen cleft of her sex. Holly gulped in fear and anticipation.

Sundance unreeled a hose from a drum mounted on the wall of the stables. It had a twin spouted head. He plugged this into her vagina and pussy and flushed them both out. Butch was holding a jar of petroleum jelly and applied some to her sore anus. Her pussy was already dribbling with own lubricating juices as her body got ready, once again, to give pleasure.

The two men opened the laced flaps of their flies to expose their straining erections. Butch straddled the trestle and shuffled up against Holly's upturned buttocks and drove his small shaft into her sore and aching bottom hole. Holly winced and did her best to grip onto him, but she was too numb and bruised to know if she succeeded. When he was done he pulled out and let Sundance take his place. He pushed his shaft up into Holly's pussy hole and rode her with a gentle rocking motion until he also spent his seed within her.

When they were both done and their sperm was dribbling out of her doubly violated holes, they looked sternly down into her tear-filled eyes.

'I think this filly knows her place now,' Butch said.

Yes, she did, she did, Holly thought pathetically. She knew her place and would do anything to please them and save herself more suffering.

'Let's get her harnessed up like a proper pony and then we'll see what she can do...' Butch agreed.

They freed Holly from the trestle and docile and obedient she allowed them to prepare her for her new role as a pony girl. It was a variation on the transformation Cartwright had made upon her, turning her into another woman-animal hybrid.

Her arms were pulled behind her back and fed into a laced leather sheath that pressed her forearms together, so they were neatly folded out of the way. It made her more helpless and dependent, of course, but then she would not have much use for her hands while she was a pony.

They buckled a harness of thick but pliant leather about her torso with straps going over her shoulders and crossing between her breasts and a broad belt going about her waist from which sets of narrower girth straps ran down between her legs on either side of her pussy mound and then up along the creases of her buttocks. The belt was hung with tethering D-rings and two similar rings were also fitted to the shoulders of the harness, which puzzled her until she saw the pairs of chains dangling over the horse stalls.

As at the ranch it looked like she'll be sleeping standing, but at least here it would be on two legs and not four. Her feet were put into ankle boots with square solid heels and broad toes moulded to resemble horse's hooves. They were lighter than they looked and were well padded inside with dense rubber horseshoe soles. If she was to pull wagons then they need to provide her with the maximum grip possible.

The horseshoe boots also raised her heels so that she seemed to tower even further over the two little men, but at that moment she did not feel at all superior to them. Horses were bigger than normal sized people but there was no doubt who the master was and who the working animal. Vengeance had taught her that it was not about size or looks, it was about power. At this moment they had it and she did not, as their sperm dribbling out of her pussy and bottom hole down the insides of her thighs testified.

And so meekly Holly allowed them to glue foam rubber horse-like ears to the still sore rims of her own ears and to fit a fine stiff flowing ponytail of hair to the small of her back which hung free of her buttocks. A bridle was bound about her head and a rubber bit was pushed between her teeth.

The two little men stood back and admired their handiwork.

'Now that's a fine looking pony,' Sundance said. 'Top-heavy at the moment, but she'll be better proportioned when her tits shrink down a little...'

Butch squeezed Holly thighs and calves. 'These legs need work. Those darned girl-cow braces don't exercise them enough.'

'Then let's put her on the treadmill,' Sundance said.

They led Holly across to a corner of the stable beyond the carriages for hire to where a strange device stood.

It was a drum-like hollow upright wheel made of slatted boards almost a metre deep and standing taller than her head. The back of the wheel comprised of an iron-spoke frame the axle of which was supported by a heavy wooden post that stood behind the wheel, which was driven into the ground so that it suspended the wheel's lower rim just above the stable floor. Fitted to the back of the post and connected to the axle through a gearbox was a heavy electric motor.

Butch and Sundance stood Holly on the inside of the slatted wheel with her back to its protruding axle, which pressed into the supple curve of her back under her sheathed arms. A chain was hung across the length of the

axle, and this was unclipped so she could take her place and then re-fastened across her stomach, ensuring she could not step out of the wheel.

‘We’ll give you an hour on it to start with so we can get an idea of your stamina,’ Sundance said.

Butch went round to the back of the wheel and the motor hummed into life. The wheel began to turn under her feet and Holly had to step quickly to prevent herself being toppled over. The wheel gathered speed and she had to step faster, her hooved feet thudding on the slatted boards. Soon she was moving at a steady jogging pace, with her big breasts bouncing before her.

And then the men left her and returned to their business about the stables.

That first hour on the treadmill almost killed Holly.

By the time Butch returned and cut the power to the wheel she was dripping with sweat which had trickled down her buttocks and between her breasts. Her front was also streaked with milk which had dribbled from her engorged nipples driven out by the relentless tremors of her pounding strides. Her legs ached and she could hardly lift her feet, which now seem to be shod in lead. She was gasping for breath around her bit, trying to suck air into her burning lungs. She had not really been exercised during her weeks as a girl-cow at the Split Beaver, standing in fields with her legs braced doing no more than walking to the barn for milking and back. If she was to pull a carriage or carry a man on her back (what a terrible thought!) then she had a lot of muscle tone to build up.

‘We’ve got a lot of work to do with this one before she’s fit for hire,’ Sundance observed, as he pulled Holly’s bit out far enough to pour water from a tin mug into her mouth which she gulped down gratefully.

‘Then we’ll work her until she’s fit,’ Butch confirmed. ‘Let’s put her on the bench...’

Tucked away beyond the treadmill, possibly because it looked so anachronistic, was something rather like a modern bench press trainer with a combined lat and peck bar hung over it from a heavily sprung lever. There were straps lying across the bench and underneath it was a control box with cables trailing from it.

They freed Holly's arms from her binder and laid her on her back on the bench, strapping her down across her chest and middle. Tether rings on her ankle boots were hooked to its supporting bars while her wrists were cuffed to the exercise bar hanging above her. Then they pulled the electric cables up from underneath the bench and clipped one each to her pussy and nipple rings. Butch worked a control mounted on the back of the frame and Holly yelped as an electric tingling grew into a stabling pain in her nipples. It was swiftly followed by a sharp jolt through her sex lips.

'Pull down on the bar when you feel your nipples being zapped and push up when your pussy gets it,' Sundance told her.

Desperately Holly obeyed, finding that if she reacted quickly each time the pain to her nipples and vagina was kept below its agonizing peak.

'You'll do this half an hour a day to keep your arms supple and your upper body toned, but for the rest of the time we want you to forget that you've got arms,' Butch said. 'Ponygirls only need to worry about their legs...'

And then they left her again, gasping as she tried to maintain her rhythm and minimise the shocks to her nipples and sex lips. At least she had a chance to rest her legs while she exercised her arms and shoulders. Soon she was running with sweat again...

And yet despite this at least Holly felt she was alive once more. While she had been exercising people had been coming in and out of the stables to return girls and carriages or hire others. She had glimpsed them through her sweat-stung eyes and heard their voices. She was no longer losing her mind staring out over a fence chewing the cud and hoping to see somebody pass by, she was in the middle of the town where things were happening...

Oh God, what a thought to have! How Vengeance was distorting her values. In the past back in the real world, excitement for her had meant going to the latest club, dancing and drinking and picking a hunk to screw. Now she was getting hot at the thought of pulling a carriage around a fake western town while harnessed like a horse!

After her half hour was up she was taken off the bench and another ponygirl was put in her place.

There was a shower tucked away in a corner and she was briskly washed off and wiped dry. Her arms were put back in their binder and then she was taken to her stall. Tether lines were clipped to her collar and fastened to the posts on either side of its gate.

‘You rest now, and you can eat later,’ Sundance told her

The stall was a tiny space not much bigger than a bed in area. Although it was lined with soft hay, this was mostly for effect. There was a stainless steel toilet bowl in the corner. All she had to do was squat over it and use it and water jets flushed her clean.

It seemed that modern technology was used in Vengeance when it was convenient. It made sense. Nobody, master or slave, wanted to be treading in real girl shit or to have to muck out their stalls. This left more time for the ponygirls to look pretty and subjugated and do the work they were intended for.

As Holly stood there watching the other girl sweating as she worked the bar and the rest of the activity in the stable, she wondered what tomorrow would bring.

That night Holly slept soundly suspended from her shoulder chains in her stall with her hoof-shod feet lightly pressed against the ground. Her broad collar helped keep her head up, so it did not droop uncomfortably. Not long ago she would have thought it impossible to sleep like this, but she managed it. Total exhaustion helped and also the slight lift in her heart that came from feeling she was living a more normal life again. Although of course that definition of normality was a very strange one in Vengeance.

Chapter 20

The stable ponygirls were fed twice a day from a waist high communal metal trough. Bending over it with their bare bottoms thrust out prettily they dipped their heads over it to gobble up the vegetable mash which was their staple diet. Naturally, their bits were removed so they could use their mouths. Their distorting collar boxes prevented them from speaking normally while they ate, but Holly was surprised to find they were conversing about her in guarded whispers.

‘If you speak really softly it doesn’t activate the boxes,’ a girl named Marten told her.

It was a joy to speak again, even if she had to be very careful. It took her several attempts before she managed to control her tongue enough to speak clearly and softly. ‘What about Butch and Sundance?’ Holy asked. ‘Do they mind?’

‘As long as we’re discreet and don’t speak in front of the customers, I don’t think they care.’

Had the cows at the ranch been able to talk like this as well? If they had they never let her know. Had they deliberately been excluding her for some reason, or had the recent adjustments Doc Holliday had made to her voice box permitted this? She had no idea what games were being played on her by her fellow slaves or captors. Perhaps this was a small privilege allowed to ponygirls as a reward for their labours?

At least the ponygirls were livelier and friendlier than the girl cows in the fields had been, but then being a ponygirl had to be more stimulating and exciting than grazing in a field all day and being milked, even if it was harder work.

‘The stables are not so bad,’ Marten said. ‘Just keep the bosses happy and work well and they’re not too hard on us. It’s the people who hire us you got watch out for. Some of them are heavy with the whip...’

But Holly was a long way from being fit for hiring out.

For the next two weeks Holly was mercilessly run on the treadmill to build up her strength, with more time being added each day as she grew stronger. In between she was also given lessons in how to step in time with another

girl with a view to being harnessed in pairs to a carriage. They would have to pull together harmoniously.

She'd never had to work with any person so closely before. Now she was literally learning to move in step with them. The method they used to teach her was crude but highly effective.

Another new ponygirl of similar build was selected to partner her and Holly's collar was chained to hers, so that they stood shoulder to shoulder. And then their breasts were linked together by a bamboo with two pairs of hooks on its ends attached to their nipple rings. A low wheeled trolley was hooked to the backs of their harness belts and Butch or Sundance rode on it. Reins were fastened to their cheek rings so the men could pull on their bits to make them turn. If they were not synchronised then they jerked painfully on their nipple rings and got a warning flick of a whip across their backsides.

Very quickly they learned how to move in step and be aware of their partner's pace. They had to subdue their individuality and think like a team. Above all they had to learn to obey commands from their driver immediately and unthinkingly like good ponies should.

When the mood took them, Butch and Sundance made use of Holly sexually, bending her over and ramming their small cocks up whichever orifice took their fancy, but otherwise she had far less sex than she had during her time in the saloon. She did not complain. All her energy was taken up with training and each night it only took her moments to fall asleep in her harness suspended her stall.

During these weeks of training Holly noticed that her breasts were shrinking again. She was pleased to see them go as it eased the strain on her back and gave her less weight to carry: an important consideration for a pony girl. At least they still kept their natural pertness and did not sag. A healthy diet and hard work ensured that. However a little milk still seeped from them at times. She knew she would never be entirely normal again...

Then came the first day Holly was harnessed to a carriage alone. It was a tiny Surrey built on the scale suitable for the inhabitants of Vengeance. She stood between its shafts with her belt rings chained to them while Butch set

in its seat. With a flick of his carriage whip and a flip of the reins he drove her out of the stables.

The shame of being on display before so many eyes once again assailed Holly, with her bare breasts bouncing, her pussy framed by straps and her body harnessed and helpless, responding to tugs of reins and the flick of a whip across her naked buttocks. Yet this sense of exposure was counterbalanced by the thrill at being outside the stables and trotting along the streets of Vengeance.

Perhaps it was the approving eyes open her, or the pressure from the girth straps against her pussy mouth or the air playing across her ringed nipples, but she started to feel strangely elated. This was far better than being paraded through the town like a girl cow. Now she felt she had a sense of purpose. She could take some pride in being strong enough now to pull the surrey along at a decent speed. None of the male inhabitants of the town could have done this. She was not weak, and she was being both attractive and useful.

For the first time she really understood and appreciated the value of the subterfuge that surfaced the streets of the valley in concrete with a little dust and sand scattered over them, so they were made to appear like period dirt streets. When you pulled a carriage you wanted its wheels to ride high and not dig into ruts and your own hoofs to get a good grip to pull it along...

Oh God, she was thinking like a real ponygirl!

After another week's training pulling various carriages both singly and in teams, Holly was put up for public hire. She felt absurdly proud she had been judged worthy of earning money and it also desperately nervous. What was this place doing to her?

Within an hour a little man going by the town name of Clanton paid his hire fee and took her out in a surrey.

He drove her swiftly out of town and up onto the network of small winding roads that ran about the valley below its peaks but above the cultivated fields where the way was fringed by boulders, scrub and cacti. She had not been this far out since Cody had shown around on her first day.

After a while Clanton steered the surrey off the road into a cleft between some boulders and got out. He unhitched Holly and made her kneel down

with her face in the sand and her thighs spread. This brought her pussy to the same level as his cock while standing, which he pulled out of his trousers and rammed into her.

He did not hurry screwing her, riding the raised mound of her haunches at a steady pace. Holly could not help but respond with a flowing pussy. The instinct to give pleasure to any master who used her and surrender to arousal was by now deeply ingrained within her. It was both her defence and a desperate desire to find some pleasure in her defilement.

When Clanton was done with her, he harnessed Holly up again and drove her back into town, with the liquid evidence of his actions clearly visible dribbling out of her pussy for all to see. Not all of it had come from him.

‘Of course that’s what happens half the time when we’re hired,’ the other girls told Holly when they had their whispered exchanges during the evening feed.

‘We don’t spend all our time hauling goods about,’ Marten said. ‘You hire a carriage, and you get the girls as well to do with as you like. Butch and Sundance don’t care as long as they can still trot afterwards.’

‘But if they want sex, why not go to the saloons and screw the sluts there?’ Holly wondered. ‘That’s what they’re for.’

‘Just because we’ve got ponytails stuck on our arses doesn’t mean they’ve forgotten about the rest of us. It helps keep us in our place. They’ll never let us forget why we’re here.’

‘I think the men also like mastering a powerful sweaty girl animal who’s just been hauling them around,’ Marten said. ‘It makes them feel even more dominating... ‘

Was this better or worse than her life had been in the saloon, Holly wondered? She was physically freer in some ways and yet still totally controlled. There was clearly going to be sex and yet she did not have to put on a performance. She was being used in a criminally degrading fashion, yet strangely she felt it was more natural this way. Was that a very dangerous thing to believe?

Chapter 21

Gradually Holly got used to the pace of life in the stables. Not long ago the work would have killed her but after intensive exercise and the right diet, she had never been fitter. With her boobs back to their normal size she had to admit that she was looking pretty hot.

She had never liked heavy manual work before, but she had found there was a strange satisfaction in pulling carriages about. Perhaps it was the sense of importance that it gave her. She was like the engine and badge of a prestigious car: something to be admired. She still loathed the little men who stared at her, but once she got beyond normal feelings of shame and humiliation, their appreciative eyes did give her a peculiar sense of enjoyment. Of course she was on display sexually as well, but it was her strength and ability to pull a wagon that they saw first. She was doing something that they could not. In a way that made her feel superior.

However there was one carriage in the stables that she had not yet drawn.

It was a replica of a nineteenth century Concord stagecoach, of the kind that had thundered through a thousand westerns. Externally it looked like it was of conventional wooden construction, but she now knew it had a lightweight metal frame clad with thin panels painted to look like real wooden boards. Even built to a reduced scale it needed a team of six girls to pull it. Holly had eyed it for some weeks with strange sense of dismay and desire. If you were going to be a pony girl then that was the coach to pull, but only the strongest ponies were chosen for its team. Butch and Sundance regularly drove it around the town and over the valley roads as a showpiece for visitors.

And then one day Holly found herself being harnessed to the Concord, and in a different way than she had to any previous carriage.

She and five other girls were arranged in pairs along the articulated central shaft according to their build. She was in the middle pair. Then their harness belts were clipped to chains running from the slender crossbeams of the central shaft. But then the slender crotch straps of their harnesses, which normally ran down from the front of their belts between their legs and up their buttock creases, were re-fastened threaded through their pussy rings. This tension pulled their outer labia apart, exposing the pink gashes of their clitoral valleys. Such intimate stimulation was impossible to resist and in

minutes, before Butch and Sundance had even finished harnessing them, the straps were stained dark with their juices. Holly could smell their arousal hanging in the air about them like perfume.

Two sets of reins were threaded through their cheek rings and ran back to the driver's seat. Stiff forward facing leather blinker flaps were clipped to their cheek straps which ran over the tops of their heads. Short slim rods were clipped to their nipple rings and were linked by sprung chains to their collar front rings, damping and containing the natural bob and heave of their bare breasts.

Their arm binders had been removed and their bunched hands were encased in gloves shaped like horses hooves to match their boots. Then their arms were doubled up in front of them with their wrists pulled back nearly to their shoulders. Short elastic cords ran from the cuffs of their hoof gloves to straps buckled about their upper arms. It made them look as though their forelimbs were frozen in the act of rearing up or prancing. The effect was to make the team of girls look more dynamic, as though they were straining to pull the stagecoach along at a gallop.

Holly felt her nipples straining at the rings and bars that linked them and she saw all the other girls were responding in the same way. They could not help themselves. They were stagecoach ponygirls now!

Butch and Sundance climbed onto the top of the stagecoach. Of course, one of them had to ride shotgun. Butch took up the reins and flicked them across their backs.

‘Git along, now!’

And they took up the strain and hauled the coach out of the stables onto the streets of Vengeance.

Dwarf cowboys and naked slaves alike stared at them in fascination. Visitors pointed them out to their companions or even their leashed pets, and some took pictures as they clattered along with a growl of big rubber shod wheels on the concrete and the clatter of six pairs of pony girl boots.

Holly felt the rush of air over her wet peeled-back vagina and the bounce and heave of her breasts dampened by the tension of her nipple bar. Her clit was standing up hard and her pussy was dribbling. Oh God, everybody could see it! She had never felt so totally exposed before, nor so aware of her own body!

After circling the town Butch directed the stage up onto the higher valley roads winding between the sagebrush and cactus and flicked the long

whip across their backs to encourage them to pick up speed. Sweating and panting they obeyed, their muscular thighs bunching and their firm sweat-sheened buttocks rolling. They actually seem to be flying along at a full gallop with the stage clattering along behind them as though they were being chased by Indians.

Holly felt her heart pounding from the strain and the excitement. Yet she knew she was strong enough to do this. She felt dizzy with elation one moment and revulsion at the next. This was madness: a totally degrading spectacle. Making naked women serve as horses was disgusting and outrageous and... oh, oh, yes...

She almost tripped and fell but the momentum of the others and the bracing of her waist belt by the cross bar of the main shaft held her upright until she could regain her step. Her thighs were now lathered with sweat mingling with the spray of her juices she had pumped out into the rush of wind caused by their passage.

For the first time ever she had had an orgasm while pulling a stagecoach! And all without a cock either in sight or inside her.

Chapter 22

One she had been judged fit to pull the stagecoach, there was one only one other function she had yet to serve in the stables. That was as an individual saddled pony girl with her master riding directly on her back. This of course took the greatest strength and steadiness, and she felt ridiculously proud the day Butch and Sundance fitted her with her own saddle.

The saddle was a light crescent of leather attached to a broad padded belt resting over her hips, supported by padded shoulder and chest straps. The saddle sat over her haunches projecting backwards over her naked buttocks and tail. Her arms were released from her binder and confined by wrist cuffs to the sides of her belt, forming gaps between them and her waist through which her rider could slide his legs. Stiff rods extended down from the belt to stirrups that rested against her thighs.

Her regular ankle boots were replaced by thigh-length ones which had torsion spring rods stitched into their sides, pivoting about her knees. This gave her the extra bracing and spring necessary to carry another person, even if they weighed little more than a child, for more than a few minutes at a time.

She would be controlled by short stiff reins running from her cheek rings to a handle that rested across her back. It was the most intimate means of transport Vengeance could provide.

There were normally three girls regularly kept in saddle harness by the doors of the stable tethered standing next to mounting blocks for the convenience of riders. Holly took her place as one of them and she stood trembling but proudly erect, scanning the street for her first rider.

That turned out to be Bill Cody.

Holly shivered at the sight of him, dressed in its buckskin waistcoat and jeans with spurs on his boots. Her bitter hatred of him for his entrapment of her still lingered, yet at the same time she wanted to impress him with her defiance and refusal to be broken in spirit.

Had he been watching her progress as a ponygirl all these weeks? She had not seen him about the town when she had been driven through it, but he must have been there. Or perhaps he had been away from the valley on business. Maybe he had forgotten all about her and did not care how she had been doing? Maybe she meant nothing to him now...

Cody chatted casually with Butch and Sundance, and then he handed over his hire fee and stepped up to the mounting block next to Holly.

‘Let’s see how well you ride, Mink,’ he said.

She felt him settle in her saddle and slide his legs about her waist. His weight was well distributed by her harness as she bent forward to keep their centre of gravity over her feet. He took up her reins and she felt him take control of the bit in her mouth. She was his pony now...

She wanted to show him how strong she was, yet at the same time she would have loved to throw him off her. But pride and fear kept her docile.

He tapped her thighs with his spurs, and she trotted out of the stable door.

He rode her down the main street with her shoes clip-clopping merrily along and her bare breasts jiggling gently. Her nipples felt like India rubber. They passed other naked women harnessed to carts and buckboards or saddled like her and tied to hitching rails outside the general stores. This was just everyday life in Vengeance and all perfectly normal... and totally and disgustingly outrageous!

Cody guided Holly out of the town and along a wooded back lane past farms and green fields where girl cattle grazed. She glanced at them as they passed, unable to stop herself feeling superior.

Cody drew her to a halt in a little shaded glade in the woods. It was very quiet. A few birds twittered in the trees.

He had her kneel down so he could dismount. For a minute he walked around her thoughtfully, examining her closely. With her kneeling down their heads were at almost the same height: level, equal...

He said: ‘Spread your knees and bend over...’

She obeyed, resting her breasts and cheek to the cool grass. Without any surprise she felt his cock, which was as big as any normal man’s, sliding up into her pussy and she clenched tight about it. This was the first time she was sure he had been inside her since that first day when he had whipped and screwed her as a welcome to Vengeance. Had he been one of the dozens who had sodomized her during her brandings? Did that matter anymore? It had been so shocking to her then, all those months ago. Now he was just another saddle-girl rider screwing his mount. That was the Vengeance way...

Cody did not rush and for once Holly had time to cum herself. As a starburst of pleasure explosion her brain she felt a fleeting gratitude towards

Cody for not rushing... before she remembered what he had done to her.

He rode her back to town with his sperm dribbling out of her pussy for all to see. He checked her back in at the stables, complimented Butch and Sundance on her condition and then strode away.

Not a word to her! Would a little praise have hurt? A pat on the head...a sugar lump? It was if she did not matter to him at all. To be deliberately violated and punished was bad enough, but she found it hurt her almost as much to be ignored.

Chapter 23

A week later in the corals behind the livery stables they held a rodeo.

Naked women were ridden and raced and made to perform tricks for an enthusiastic crowd looking down on them from temporary bleachers. It was a show piece of chained, strapped and straining female flesh and a further public degradation for them to endure, but at the same time it was impossible not to be caught up in the simple excitement of it all. It was a day when the captives of Vengeance were permitted to exert themselves to their fullest and wildest, which was a kind of release.

Holly had been put up as a Bareback Bucking Bronco ready to be ridden and broken by a bold rider...

It was not physically possible for a ponygirl to become too violent with her rider without injuring them both. To reduce the distance they had to fall and yet make a suitable spectacle, Holly was strapped on all fours over a lightweight tubular sprung frame which arched her back while she rested on her hands and feet encased in their rubber hooves.

Electric wires taped under her body between her nipples and pussy, with an electric dildo up her vagina with its base clipped to her labial rings, were connected to a compact tubular battery pack and transformer plugged into her rectum which delivered agonisingly sharp shocks as an incentive to be at her liveliest. They were triggered by the rider resting on a pressure switch on a belt about her waist and would cut out if his weight was removed. She had no reins on, only a webbing harness about her shoulders and chest under her breasts connected to a rope handle set between the shoulder blades. A rider had to straddle her bareback and stay there for eight seconds while she tried to throw him off.

She was contained in a small padded enclosure next to the ring called the bucking chute, where the riders mounted her. Then the gate was thrown open and the current was switched on stabbing her with pain so that she bounced wildly about the sandy arena like a jumping frog.

It was as she was preparing for her first ride, feeling absurdly nervous and excited, that she saw through the slats of the chute Cody seated in the front of the stands staring at her intently. Ignore her, would he? Well she would show him!

A bell rang, the current came on stabbing her tits and pussy, she gave a shrill neigh of pain, and the chute gate was thrown open.

So Holly added her own desperate ponygirl strength to the convulsions the shocks were inducing within her, calling on all the muscle her training and hauling of carts had built up. Her tail lashed and her breasts heaved and bounced crazily under her as she strained and bucked and twisted about the sandy arena like a true wild bronco. Her rider was lifted up off his saddle and she twisted under him, and he crashed to the ground. The crowd applauded...

That day Holly threw every man off her back before he could make that magic eight seconds, the only girl to achieve that feat. By the end she was lathered in sweat and hardly able to stand. But when she looked at the seat where Cody had been, there was only an empty space.

That night suspended aching and utterly exhausted in her stall with a rosette hung on its gate post, Holly cried.

She realized she had been subtly lured into a state of submission. She had found ponygirl life too tolerable and even taken pride in her achievements. Some girls found contentment as saloon sluts or milk cows while others like her moved on only to find diversion as a ponygirl. Were these phases, separated by the terrible ordeal of branding, deliberate traps to stop girls from ever escaping the Valley? Well they would not stop her. They had not broken her spirit and she had not given up hope yet. There was one more stage to female life in Vengeance still to pass through!

The next morning at feeding time when her bit was removed, Holly ran from the trough over to the door and before Butch and Sundance could stop her she grasped the rope bell pull in her teeth and rang it and rang it...

When they switched off her collar voice box she said, 'Please Masters, I want to serve as a dog-girl!'

Chapter 24

The pain of a branding and humiliation of the multiple sodomising that followed were the only things in Vengeance that Holly could be sure of.

Holly almost bit through the rubber of her bit as the iron seared into her flesh. She did not try to control her bladder and left her stream of shameful pee spurt over the handle. When one by one the townspeople thrust their cocks up her greased rectum, she let them take their pleasure with her to the full.

This would be the last time! Her buttocks were evenly scarred now: a pair of neat Circle Double-V brands on each. They were stark proof that she had passed through every stage of retribution or remorse in Vengeance, call it what you will. Now everything had to be resolved, one way or another.

With her brand still simmering and her anus and rectum aching, Butch led Holly down the street to the “Good Bitch Dog Emporium” (Prop.: “Slim” Morgan.)

Behind its tall glass windows were visible cages of naked girls on all fours with doglike tails and ears and hands and feet encased in rubber paws. There were also large wicker dog baskets displayed next to different patterns of collars and leashes, dog bowls and blankets, rubber balls and bones. Everything you needed to keep a girl as a pet.

Holly shuddered at the sight of them, but she knew there was no turning back now...

Butch took Holly into the shop. Dog-girl eyes peered out at them through the bars of many cages. There were even girl-sized wooden kennels for sale.

A tubby, balding little man in braces and shirtsleeves stepped out from behind a counter. He wore a red cravat tied about his neck and pair of pince-nez on a black ribbon perched on his nose and blinked at them amiably.

‘Slim, this is a Mink,’ Butch said. ‘She wants to try her luck as a bitch pet. She’s been a good strong pony and I hope you can make something of her.’

‘I saw her perform at the rodeo,’ Morgan said, looking Holly over with interest. ‘Cody’s find, isn’t she? Well she’s certainly strong enough but she’ll have to learn some discipline if she wants to make a good companion dog.’

‘Well that’s your job from now on, Slim,’ Butch said.

‘I’ll do my best...’

Morgan selected a well-used shop collar from behind the counter. It was a broad worn utilitarian piece of studded leather with a heavy chain leash. He took off Holly’s horse collar and replaced it with this new one. She felt a ridiculous thrill to realize her voice would no longer be muted and distorted artificially. She could speak again! But would she be allowed to?

The men stripped off her pony harness and hoof boots. She flexed her fingers and toes, literally feeling a weight lifted from her.

‘Down on your hands and knees,’ Morgan commanded. ‘Bitches don’t stand on their hind legs in this emporium...’

Meekly Holly obeyed. She was back on all fours again and lower than she had been even as a girl-cow. But then of course that’s what the men of Vengeance wanted as a personal pet: an animal even they could literally look down on.

There was a low solid table in the middle of the store with a mounting block beside it, clearly made for examining girls. Morgan had Holly clamber up onto it and kneel in an alert posture. He hitched the end of her chain leash to a hook under the lip of the table, holding her in place. Butch peeled off her pony ears and the big adhesive pad at the base of her spine which had supported her tail, leaving her bare of all her pony accessories.

Her brief sensation of freedom melted away and Holly shuddered, suddenly feeling absurdly vulnerable and lost. What was she now? Just a naked and collared woman? But that didn’t mean anything in Vengeance.

‘I’ll leave it to you now Slim,’ Butch said, gathering up Holly’s old accessories. Morgan showed him out of the shop and then returned to Holly.

He inspected her closely, walking around her kneeling body. He pulled open her mouth and examined her teeth and then he felt her shoulders and forearms.

‘Good, the boys kept up your upper body exercised. You’ll need good strong arms if you’re to be a proper bitch...’

He slapped her buttocks and squeezed her thighs and calves and then he felt up between her legs to test the heat of her pussy pouch. He slid a finger

inside her and it came away slippery and wet. How long was it since her pussy had been dry? Then he tested the weight of her dangling breasts. He gave them the squeeze and her nipples a pull and a little milk dribbled out of them over his hand.

Holly gave shameful little whimper, but Morgan said, 'That's fine, Mink. A bitch should always be able to give her master a drink from her teats. Now I'm going to make you look like a proper girl-dog. Then I'm going to teach you how to behave like one. That'll take a little longer...'

He brought out a box of foam rubber dog ears and tails and with skin glue deftly fastened them to her ears and the apex of her rump. Soon alert points jutted up from the sides of her head and a dark rubber tail to match her own hair curled up over her buttocks. As she trembled it wagged slightly.

Another box provided a selection of black rubber paw gloves and boots. He found the right size for her and pulled them over her hands and feet. They had lockable cuffs so they could not be removed. Her hands bunched up inside them. Once again she had lost the use of her fingers. Her feet now looked as though they ended in doglike toes with rounded pads under their balls.

Morgan fitted lightweight braces to her legs, comprised of broad rubber straps that went about her thighs and calves, enclosing the ends of torsion springs that pressed against either side of her knees. Then he took her down from the examination table and walked her about the shop.

She shuffled along on all fours with her bottom up in the air, showing off her buttock crack and the soft cleft pouch of her pussy, and setting her new tail wagging. The rubber paws protected her hands and feet, and the braces gave her bent knees a spring, which helped her move along more comfortably, but at the same time they prevented her legs from being fully extended. While wearing them she could not stand upright. She would remain on all fours whether she liked or not.

'Now I'm going to start your training,' Morgan told her. 'And in a few weeks, if you're good, you'll be a fit pet for any man in town.'

'But Master, I thought I'd go to Mister Cody...'

Morgan slapped her cheeks hard, making her wince.

'First lesson: you never speak unless you're given permission. Using your tongue is a privilege and you've got to earn it. You can make dog

noises, you can whine and whimper to beg, but you do not speak without leave, do you understand?’

Holly nodded and whimpered meekly.

‘Good. Now, I’ll begin by showing you how to behave properly when you’re out for a walk, just like a well-trained dog should...’

He led her through a door at the back of the shop into a storeroom where a younger blonde little man dressed a shop assistant was working unpacking boxes.

‘Take charge, Shane, I’ve got a new girl to train up...’ Morgan said.

He led Holly through another door into a small closed yard. About the perimeter was a well-worn boardwalk. In the middle it was bare earth with a thick stained wooden post set in the ground next to a large sandbox.

Morgan walked her around the boards several times, watching how she moved. She began to get the feel of a four-legged striding rhythm. Then he unclipped the leash from her collar.

‘Inside your owner’s house you’ll have your own toilet pan with flush jets of course,’ Morgan said. ‘But you must know how to behave when you’re taken out for a walk. So I want you to cock your leg up against that post and show me how neatly you can pee...’

Holly shuffled over to the post, twisted about and raised one leg against it and tried to squirt her pee neatly out of her cleft over the post, adding to the stains from who knew how many girls before. She felt Morgan’s critical eyes upon her spurting pussy mouth. Now the private act of pissing had become a showpiece event: something she was going to be judged for.

When she was done she wriggled to shake the drips off her pubes.

‘Now I want you to dig a hole in the sand pit and crap in it,’ Morgan said.

Holly gritted her teeth as she struggled to obey, scratching out a hollow with her front paws, squatting over it and then discharging her solid wastes. Then she carefully buried them again.

‘Now you wipe your rear clean to show how neat you are,’ Morgan told her.

Gritting her teeth, she splayed her legs and rubbed her bum across the sandy ground.

‘That’s right, you be a good clean bitch, Mink...’

And so she spent her first afternoon in the Good Bitch Emporium.

Dog training was not a big part of the Wild West that Holly recalled, and certainly not involving naked girl-dogs, but however twisted it seemed she supposed it made perfect sense in Vengeance. The men wanted to have their personal companions properly trained and housebroken. Above all they had to be obedient to play the part of a famously faithful and loyal companion.

And make-believe canine sex slaves of course. Oh God! That was really sick. But perhaps this was as intimate as these little men could get to normal women. After all their rejections they must be the unquestioned masters. Trained and broken girl bitches fitted the bill...

That evening Holly and the other girl dogs ate their food, slightly different mixes of the mash she had been fed while she had been a ponygirl, out of individual bowls that Morgan prepared and put in their cages. Perhaps it was a little better than feeding from a communal trough, she thought.

When they were done Morgan left them for the night, turning out the shop lights. Then for the first time Holly was able to converse in whispers with the other girl dogs. They exchanged names and she found they were livelier even than the ponies, but she also discovered that they seemed strangely excited at the prospect of being owned personally by a resident of Vengeance.

‘But don’t you feel it’s like the worst kind of slavery?’ Holly wondered. ‘I mean actually playing at being a pet to a little man... after what they’ve done to us?’

‘I think it’s the nearest thing we’ll ever know to freedom,’ one girl dog said simply.

‘It’s not so bad,’ another added. ‘I mean we can live in a proper house again with our own baskets and feeding bowls. We’ll be more like proper individuals.’

‘Yeah, but playing at being dogs!’ Holly pointed out. ‘Belonging to some man who can screw and beat you whenever he likes.’

‘We’ll still be much freer than anything else we’ve done so far,’ she retorted.

‘But you’ll still be living in the Valley,’ Holly countered. ‘You’ll still be sex slaves.’

‘Maybe there are worse places than this,’ she suggested.

‘Look, I had a really shitty life back home,’ another one of them admitted. ‘Then I acted really mean to this little man and... well you know what happened next. Perhaps this is the best I can hope for...’

Holly was not sure what to make of their responses. Like her they must have all passed through the other levels of life in Vengeance and found them dissatisfying for some reason. They must have a lot of courage to get this far, but instead of hoping for real freedom they seem to be settling for another version of their degrading servitude.

Well she knew what she wanted, and she was not going to give up now. And yet Holly began to wonder about her old life. Then she had always wanted more. But more of what?

Day by day Holly was taught how to fetch and carry objects in her mouth, how to eat and lap up water neatly from a bowl, how to walk to heel, to sit up and beg and make a range of appealing doglike noises on cue. And of course how to do sex doggy fashion...

As she knelt on a mat with her bum raised, Morgan stood between her splayed knees ramming his shaft up her pussy hard enough to make her rubber tail slap her back as it wagged about. And as she had been taught she clenched tight onto his cock as it surged within her, trying to make him believe that this was the ultimate purpose of her life: to satisfy the sexual desire of her master... whoever he might be.

‘That’s the good, Mink, you squeeze as tight as you can...’ Morgan grunted in satisfaction.

So far she had no chance to find out if she would be given to Cody. Morgan was treating her as though she would go on sale or be auctioned or something. But she’d always assumed it would be Cody who claimed her. According to Vengeance rules as the man who brought her in to the Valley he had that option, but he might also let anybody buy her. Of course she did not want to belong to any man at all, but it made a kind of sense, if she had to have a master, that it would be Cody.

Oh God what was she thinking?

For her next training sex session Morgan flushed out and greased her rectum and had her up her bum. She tried to imagine it was Cody

sodomising her. That made sense, didn't it? Anyway it seemed to help because she came which Morgan took as a compliment to his prowess.

Chapter 25

Two weeks had passed when Morgan declared to Holly grandly, ‘You are now a properly trained Vengeance bitch. You are fit to be sold to any man who walks through the door. Now I want you to put on a good show... ‘

He put Holly out in the window display area where there was a mat of plastic grass and the base of a street lamp to which her collar was leashed. Holly squatted by it trembling, gazing fearfully out at the bustling street for hours, dreading who might take a fancy to her and purchase the right to dominate her life. Faces peered in at her naked collared and tailed body, admiring her intimate parts. She responded by wagging her tail and shuffling up and down alertly to show herself off as she had been ordered.

For months she had been a general slave to anybody who cared to use her which had been terrible enough. But now she found the prospect of personal ownership was even worse. Anybody could make her into his own sex slave...

‘I want to have a closer look at that bitch in the window,’ said a familiar voice.

Holly started. Somehow Cody had entered the shop without her seeing him!

‘Of course, Sir,’ Morgan said formally.

He took Holly out of the window display and handed her leash to Cody. He walked about the room, and she trotted after him at his heel feeling excited and dizzy and sick at the same time. Yes of course she still hated him, and yet somehow she knew him better than anybody else, which seemed strange considering the little time she had seen him over the months she had been in Vengeance. Even when he had her sit up on her haunches and beg with her front paws tucked in under her breasts it felt right. No, not right exactly, but... inevitable.

‘I need a bitch who knows her place and who’ll be faithful and devoted to me,’ Cody said.

‘You’re welcome to try the whip test on her,’ Morgan said. ‘I’m sure she won’t disappoint...’

“Whip Test”, Holly wondered? He had not taught her that. Oh God she was going to mess up...

They went through to the back yard.

Cody unholstered his electric whip and showed it to Holly. 'Fetch!' he said and threw it across the yard. She dashed after it, picked it up in her jaws and came back and presented it to him.

'Bend over,' he said.

Trembling Holly bent over and presented her buttocks to him. He slashed the whip once across them, cutting a deep welt and making her yelp in pain. But she held her posture. Cody threw the whip across the yard again

'Fetch!'

She fetched the whip again and gave it back to him.

'Bend over...'

Swish, crack! The whip slashed twice across her buttocks. Then he tossed it away again. 'Fetch...'

Half a dozen times he did this. The last time he delivered six hard strokes across her buttocks which by now were bloody and welts with their previous cuts. She was shivering and moaning and dripping tears, but she held her position.

Cody ran his hand over blazing buttocks and felt the wetness between them. 'I'll take her,' he said.

At the sound of his words Holly thought she would faint. He had mastered her once more as payback for her rejection all those months earlier and he was pleased with her show of submission. And by enduring his test, of course, she had also proved her own strength and determination... not to him, but to herself.

Chapter 26

Cody lived in a comfortable compact ranch-style house on the edge of the town.

All the rooms and doors were built to fit the proportions of little men like him, so it was natural that Holly went about on all fours like the dog she was. Although externally the house was made to match the architectural period of the town, inside it was fully equipped with the usual range of modern conveniences sometimes disguised by period casings, cabinets and facades, so little housekeeping was needed. Most of Holly's time was taken playing the part of Cody's faithful dog.

He took her for walks on a leash about the town. She carried his paper back from the store in her mouth. When they went for longer walks about the fields and back lanes and he threw a stick she bounded after it and fetched it back to him.

He had a ponygirl saddle and harness in the small garage workshop adjacent to the house and often harnessed her up as his personal mount and went for a ride on her. And she carried him proudly with her nipples straining and pussy wet in anticipation of the after-ride screwing he would give her when they returned home.

When he watched television she curled up at his feet, or sometimes with his feet resting on her back to warm them. When he wanted milk in his coffee she positioned herself over the cup and he squeezed it from her breasts. And of course she served his every sexual need...

Cody had her kneeling on his bed up her vagina or rectum again and again. And she squeezed tight about his plunging cock to pleasure it. When it had spent inside her she turned about and lovingly licked his sperm and her juices from his penis like the most faithful of animals. When he did not want her in his bed she slept leashed to the foot of it in the big dog basket he had bought for her from Morgan's Emporium.

After a week of this Holly whined and whimpered and begged Cody to give her permission to speak.

'I just wanted to say I'm sorry, Master,' Holly said meekly. 'When I refused to dance with you back at the Eumenides Club... I was being a really stupid, selfish bitch. But I've learned better now. I understand why you had to do this to me. I needed to be taught a lesson. I just hope you can forgive me one day...'

He patted her head. 'I already have,' he said.
She felt a thrill at his words.

Their strange life together became a routine: a rich man, who happened to be very short, living with his faithful dog, who happened to be a woman. It would have been impossible and too bizarre to sustain in other circumstances, but in Vengeance surrounded by other little men with naked women as their slaves, it seemed perfectly natural. Within the confines of the valley it was normality.

Holly's passionate lovemaking became more intense, and she totally focused her mind and body on giving Cody every possible pleasure. She squeezed and sucked on his cock relentlessly, draining his balls again and again until he was exhausted, until one night he fell asleep in his bed still lodged inside and half resting on top of her.

And that was the night Holly had been waiting for!

Slowly and gently she slid out from under Cody leaving him sound asleep. He had not yet leashed her to the bed for the night. She had made her plans and knew exactly what she had to do next.

For a moment she paused looking down at his still form. He was only a little man and he had turned her into a powerful woman. Then carefully she pulled the sheets over him. Softly she said, 'You all thought you'd broken me... now I'm going to show you how wrong you were!'

Sneaking through to the workshop she awkwardly took down a screwdriver from its rack with her gloved hands and set it in the bench vice. She used it to lever off the lid of a tin of grease and then dug it into the grease within. Carefully she slid the greased screwdriver shaft still clamped in the vice under her paw wristbands and worked it about until she could lever and slide them off. With her fingers free she could unbuckle her leg braces and stand up straight at last. She left her rear set of paws on because they were quiet and good enough for what she required. She took the workshop flashlight from its hook and snuck back to the kitchen where she gathered some mineral water bottles and food and put them all in a shoulder bag. Then she left the house by the back door.

It was a still, quiet, clear night. Overhead the stars blazed but there was no moon. Perfect... She shivered as the cold desert air washed over her bare

skin. But she had got used to such exposure after so many months and ignored the chill. Out in the back garden she smeared wet earth over her body to camouflage her pale flesh. Then she clambered the back fence and set off for the valley wall.

The first day in Vengeance Cody had taken her up to the big gates guarding the only road in and out of the valley and demonstrated to her how the protective field about it triggered the pain chip in her uterus. She could not escape that way but there was always another route if you were bold enough.

Every time she had been out on the higher roads about the valley Holly had scrutinised its walls and was sure they were climbable in several places. Of course a hobbled saloon slut, a hoof-shod girl cow, an arm-bound ponygirl or a leg-braced dog girl could not do it, but now she could!

Like a ghost she slipped across roads and skirted about sleeping outlying farmsteads. Soon she was climbing up the walls of the valley and saw its rugged rim silhouetted against the stars.

She began to climb higher and higher, holding the flashlight in her mouth so she could see handholds. A year ago she would have been too frightened to do such a thing and anyway not strong enough to see it through. But she had been trained hard as a pony and as a dog and now she had the strength, while her branding had given her the ability to ignore the hardship of her climb. And of course all the little men who had screwed and used and beaten her had given her the necessary determination. What a joke! In subjugating her and forcing her through all those bizarre transformations, they had given her the means to escape them!

Holly was half way up before she realized she still had her collar, ears and tail on. They felt so much a part of her now she had not thought to take them off. She was climbing a cliff face naked with a rubber dog tail wagging over her bare bum!

She worked her way up the final crevice, ignoring the scrapes from the rough rocks against her bare skin. Suddenly she was scrambling up over the rim of the valley onto level ground and a dark star-lit desert plain stretched out on all sides about her.

Anxiously Holly scanned the horizon, looking for some signs of life. She did not know how isolated the valley was and she needed some goal. Otherwise she would have to work her way round to the supply road that must connect to the Valley gates and follow that. Then she saw in the

distance on the horizon a faint yellow glow of artificial light. Perhaps it was thirty miles away, but she knew she had the strength to make it. She could run on her dog paws almost as well as she could on her hoof boots. She would travel far as she could before dawn when Cody would discover she had escaped and raise the alarm and then she would hide up during the day. She could reach the lights, whatever they were, before tomorrow night was over.

So why was she hesitating?

Holly looked at the desert and the stars and then back down on the sleeping valley. The lights of the main streets glowed softly beneath her. In the still air she imagined she could hear music floating up from one of the town saloon's, still busy with their perverse entertainments even at this hour.

Hell! She had not realized Vengeance had stripped away her illusions along with her clothes and dignity.

She could see what she was escaping from, but where was she escaping to? What kind of life was there waiting for her over the horizon? Or was she escaping from herself? But she was no longer the same person she had been. She had just proved that by getting up here.

Was that really the greatest escape of all? To escape from your own nature and find a better one?

The next morning when Cody woke, Holly was curled up in her basket, paw-gloved and leg-braced as she had been the previous night. A surreptitious shower had washed away all traces of her night-time adventure.

'Good morning, Mink,' he said happily.

He had seen her at her worst and still looked on her with affection.

Holly felt a little flutter in her heart as she smiled back at him.

'Good morning, Master,' she said, using up half her ration of permitted words for the day.

She had proved to herself that she could escape if she needed, which seemed sufficient for the time being. She could always do it next week if she wanted to. Or next month... or next year. There was no rush.

It was not that life in Vengeance Valley was perfect. It was a twisted playground for rich little men to play out their sexual revenge fantasies. But right now she could not think of anywhere else she would rather be.

THE END