

# Brothel Purge

## Cattle Rustling

Hank Butch and Amos had been hauled up in the local county jail for the past 6 months on charges of cattle rustling. Whether it was true or not remained a hotly debated topic in the town of Copper Creek. But even if it wasn't true, on this occasion, they towns folk new these rebels of old and it was over due that they got what they deserved. The justice in Copper Creek moved slowly, more often than not justice was carried out by local ranchers on account of the infrequent visit of the travelling justice only getting there once or twice a year.

So Hank, Butch and Amos whiled away they hours behind bars bitching at the sheriff and his deputy as well as mounting futile escape attempts. On the last such occasion the trio managed to get escape their cells, cuff the witless deputy and burst out of the main door of the sheriff's office. Their exuberance was cut short when they came face to face with the barrel of Sheriff John Thomas' gun.

The sheriff smiled a toothy smile and said, "Now lookie here. I thinks I'z caught me a trio of cattle rustlin' escapees. Even if the rustlin' charge don't stick, I'z got youz now on escaping the law and evading arrest. You'z gonna swing for this boyz. You've had this commin' your whole damn lives." The sheriff gave a mighty chuckle and continued, "Now why don't you'z boy'z just turn on round there and march right back into those cells of mine. I'll deal with that half-witt son of the mayor deputy of mine once I got you'z three are safely locked up again."

The three of them did an about face and marched right back into their cells and the whole fiasco was over in under a quarter hour.

"Naw, Clarence, why don't you tell me what happened this time?" Asked the Sheriff patiently.

"Well, it was likes this sheriff....." Began the deputy before the sheriff stopped listening.

Clarence was the son of the Mayor of Copper Creek. He'd failed at everything he'd tried to put his hand to. In a last attempt to straighten his wayward son out he'd pleaded with Sheriff John Thompson to take him on and show him the ropes. Fortunately for the towns folk, what Clarence lacked in ability, John had in bucket loads, so they were never affected by his incompetence.

It was well known, in the town of Copper Creek, that only a few short miles away in the tumble weed town of Dead Stone, there stood La Maison de la Lanterne Rouge, known simply as Mason Rouge. Dead Stone was a collection of a few buildings around a central town square. There was only a Bank General Store, Salon and La Mason Rouge. Chloé, the young and beautiful madam, came from a long line of brothel owners and had been raised in the business by her mother. Since her ailing mother had recently passed, Chloé had become the youngest Madam in living memory to own and run the house. Since she had taken the role of Madam within the house she had made sweeping changes, bringing in new girls and retiring the older courtesans off comfortably. The young girls breathed life into the old brothel and business had never been so good. News rapidly got round the surrounding towns and many a night there were men queuing in the salon to see one of the new girls brought in from afar.

## Towns Folk Unrest

So the gang had been locked up in the cells for getting on six months and the towns folk were getting restless for justice. Not only were the towns folk getting restless, but the inmates were getting restless too but for liquor and whores.

Mitch and two of his cattle hands, Bud and Coln, had dropped by to see John in the Sheriff's office.

"Mornin' John" Mitch said

"Mornin' Mitch, what can I do fur ya?" Replied the sheriff

"Me and the boyz here, well we'd like to have a lil' word with you out front, if that's ok Sheriff?" said Mitch

"I aint got time to go running round town for no good reason, what's your business?"

Snapped the sheriff

"Wont take a moment sherif. I really think we should talk outside" Continued Mitch.

"For pity sake" Mumbled John getting up from his seat and moving outside.

The sheriff went out the front of the office closely followed by the trio of ranchers. "So what's on your mind boys?" he asked.

Well, the boys and I, we gots to thinkin' like. They gots the gallows scaffold over in Dead Stone there. The towns folk have been like hankerin' for a hangin' of late and well ya know....." Mitch trailed off

"So you getting some grief from the others are ya Mitch?" Asked the sheriff.

Mitch looked down at his boots and kicked the dust around replying, "Well its just that they's been locked up here six months now an there aint no sign of the justice showin' any time soon and... well... I hate to speak bad of the kid.. but... John, you know what I'm tryin' to say....."

John put Mitch out of the misery of his difficult speech, "I know what you are saying Mitch. You want them strung up and out of the way of the town so we can gets back to doin' what we does best. Thats minin' copper and raisin' cattle."

"Yeah, that's what I'm tryin' to say. I mean like, I want them to have a fair trial un all, but you gotta see it from the towns folks side too. They's all gettin' mighty twitchy out there."

Mitch said, all the time the two boys standing behind him goading him on.

"Ok Mitch, you speak for the towns folk. Here's the deal. A rider came into the salon last night spoutin' about this traveling justice, says he only a day or so away. Now I aint heard nothin official like, but if its true we can have the hearin' tomorrow and they can be strung up at first light the following day. Now you go back to the towns folk and tell em that its under control and to be patient." The sheriff told Mitch.

"I dunno John, they's gettin' mightily restless ya know." Mitch continued

"OK, If we aint seen the Justice by sun down tomorrow we'll have ourselves a little local justice." John compromised.

The two cattle hands jumped up and high five each other whilst hollering "Allllrright, we's gonna have us a linchin'."

"Shhhh" Hissed John, "These walls aint exactly made of stone ya know"

The two cattle hands looked a little deflated, but soon recovered, buoyed from the news that the troublesome trio would soon be no more. The Rancher and his cattle hands thanked the sheriff and made there way down the main street to the salon to knock down a few and spread the news.

Butch, who was in the cell nearest to the front of the sherif's office, said, "Hey Hank, you hear that?"

"Hear what?" replied Hank

"The towns folk are looking for a linchin' an theyz looking at us to swing" Continued Butch

"Bull shit," said Amos, "they cant do that with no justice. We gots to see the justice before they can hang us"

"He's right Butch, these are civilised times, mostly. The normal folk have to follow the rules. There aint gonna be no linchin'. We just godda sit tight and wait for the justice. They aint got nothin' on us" said Hank

"Straight up, I just heard one of the townies say it. They's gonna lynch us tomorrow night if the Justice don't show."

"Nah just calm down. The sheriff is a good man. He aint gonna let the towns folk get us." said Hank in a soothing voice.

"What d'ya hear Butch?" asked Amos

"Well a guy from the town came in, Mitch I think, said the towns folk were gettin' restless. Wanted somethin' done about us. Sherif weren't nun too happy about it, he also wants rid of us, but told him that he'd have to wait until the Justice came. That's when they struck a deal. If they aint seen the Justice by sun down tomorrow they's gonna fix us them selves" blurted out Butch.

"Hank, What we gonna do, Hank? I don't wanna hang!" whined Amos.

"Just calm down you two. Now ya sure that's what ya heard?" asked Hank

"That's what I heard" repeated Butch.

"OKay then, here's what we gonna do. When Clarence comes on next we gonna persuade him to get us some of them high class hookers from over Dead Stone way. Then we'z gonna get Clarence a mite tipsy and make a break for it with them hookers." Hank said

## Shift Change

Around mid afternoon Clarence came on duty relieving the sheriff.

"What's new Boss?" asked Clarence as he entered the sheriffs office

"Nuthin' much doin' today." said John, "Mitch and two of his boys came by this mornin'. Seems the town folk are getin' a lil' restless" he continued, "You just keep an eye on these three. I don't want no escapees runnin' round the town sturin' up trouble."

"Sure boss, anythin' ya say." Clarence replied

"Make sure ya lock up when ya get's them their dinner."

"Sure boss" Clarence repeated as John walked out the door puttin' his hat and coat on.

Back in the cells Butch was listening carefully to the conversation. Clarence had now settled himself into the wooden chair behind the desk and poured himself a large glass of rye. He then picked up the paper and shoved back a little and place he's crossed feet onto the desk.

Butch whispered, "We'll give Clarence a few minutes to get a drink inside him then we'll have a lil' chat with him. Hang in there Butch" said Hank.

"Don't say that!" hissed Amos.

"Say what?" asked Hank

"Hang, it gives me the creeps. I don't wanna hang" replied Amos

"Sorry," said Hank. "just a figure of speech, don't mean nuthin' by it. Just give him some time."

Time passed slowly now that the plan was to be put into motion. The three of them sat in silence, save for the occasional sigh and groan.

Hank looked down at his watch and whispered, "OK, Time to put this plan into action." then louder, "Hey, Clarence?"

"Whatcha want this time?" replied Clarence

"Come over 'ere a minute, Clarence. We wanna talk to ya."

"I aint got no time for this shit. There aint nothin' you got to say I wanna hear." Replied Clarence.

He said this, but as he was saying it he was pushing he chair back and making his way over to the cells.

"Come on then ya big Butch pansy, waddaya want?' he asked as he came up in front of Butch's cell.

"Nah don't be like that Clarence. I though we'd developed an understanding over the past few months?" said Hank. Clarence was loitering out of reach from the cell where Hank was.

"What ya mean? Like makin' me look a fool in front of the sheriff?"

"It's not like that Clarence. We didn't mean no harm. But you knows them locals, they itchin' for us to swing." replied Hank. "Ok, we aint no saints, but we don't deserve the rope. We just wanna get out of here before the locals get to us. So on the escaping front, no hard feelings? You'd do the same if you were banged up in here for six months...." Hank said

"Oh, I suppose no harm was done, but ya made me look like a right fool." replied Clarence.

"We're sorry for making you look like a fool Clarence, aren't we boys?" called Hank, so some half hearted murmurings, "Now as I hear it the justice may be here tomorrow and that means we's gonna go away for a stretch."

Clarence nodded and said, "Yeah, I guess so. What of it?"

"Well, me and the boys were thinkin'. We've got a few small stashes of cash put by, ya know for a rainy day an' all. Well, we was jus' thinkin' ya might like to nip over to Dead Stone and pick out a small posy of beautiful ladies for us all to enjoy tonight before the Justice rolls into town tomorrow. Whadda ya say Clarence?" Hank wheedled with a big grin on his face.

"Well, I dunno, the boss wont....."

"Anything left over from the negotiations you can keep." interrupted Hank

“Well, I’ll see what I can do when I go to fetch dinner.” Clarence said with faked firmness.

“Now where’s this stash?”

Hank explained to Clarence where he would find a small stash of dollar bills hidden along side the roadway and so, for the next hour Clarence sat at the desk reading the paper and drinking his whiskey whilst the sun slowly descended behind the distant hills.

Clarence stepped out of the sherifs office and placed his hat on his head. Instead of mounting his old bay horse, he lead her quietly around the back of the office and hitched her to the trap behind the cells. Hank peered through the bars at the window and gave him a thumbs up. Clarence mounted the trap, flicked the reins gently and quietly rolled out of town towards Dead Stone and La Mason de la Lanterne Rouge. After a time Clarence spotted the small square mile stone along side the road marking the distance to Dead Stone and Copper creek. Clarence drew on the reins and the horse and trap slowed to a halt. Clarence dismounted and began to rummage around in the dusty earth behind the mile stone. Sure enough right where Hank had told him, there was a hemp bag buried just behind the mile stone. He opened the little bag and pulled out a wad of bills. Clarence’s eyes bulged seeing the money. He’d never seen so much cash, there must have been \$20 dollars here. Almost a months wages for him. He bundled the money into his shirt and jumped back up onto the trap. He gave a quick flick to the reins and he old horse headed out with renewed vigour towards Dead Stone.

## The Red House

As the afternoon slipped into evening Chloé lit the lanterns in the windows of La Mason Rouge giving off the familiar red glow, alerting everyone that they were open for business. La Mason Rouge was not actually red, it got its name from the lanterns that burned in the windows during the hours of dark when Chloé de la Niut would sell the service of her courtesans. Clarence pulled his small trap up outside and made his way sheepishly through the front door.

“Why Clarence, welcome. Its been a while since we’ve see you here. Have you come back to have a little fun with our lovely Vicky tonight? I know you are partial to Vicky’s charms” asked Chloé

“Hello Miss Chloé,” stammered Clarence, “I’m sorry its been so long since I’ve been here. But my father, they Mayor, has been demanding a little more rent from me lately and, well things just aint been quite right. I hope I’ve not upset yourself or Miss Vicky by bein’ away so long?”

“No no that’s quite alright Clarence, we are here for you when you need us.” Gushed Chloé. Chloé exuded confidence in contrast to Clarences stuttering and stammering. In reality they were of the same year. But where Chloé had been raised in by the courtesans of her mothers generation and taught how to please and flatter men, to entice them into her confidence, Clarence had been the spoiled, failing son of the Mayor of a backwater, tumble weed town in the middle of the wild west.

Clarence continued, “I’m not here for me own pleasure tonight, Miss Chloé”

“Oh? Tell me more.” Gushed the voluptuous Chloé

“Well Miss Chloé, its like this.....” and Clarence proceeded to explain his story to the Mistress of the house.

“Well Clarence, that is an unusual request. But money talks, Clarence, money talks.” Chloé said with a serious tone in her voice.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Miss Chloé,” He blurted, as he pulled the wad of bills from his pocket and the crumpled notes fell across the counter top, “they gave me money to pay you with. I think there is plenty here.”

“Why Clarence, where on earth did you get all this cash. There must be enough money here to buy half of my girls for the whole night.” Exclaimed Chloé

“Please Miss Chloé. Take what you need. They said I could keep what is left over. I do hope there is enough for me to meet with Miss Vicky tomorrow night?” Clarence asked hesitantly.

“Why Clarence, you little Devil!” Teased Chloé as she started to count out the bills, “I’m sure there will be enough left over to visit Vicky and maybe enough to buy her something?” Cloé

winked knowingly at Clarence, "I know how sweet you two are on each other." Chloé gave Clarence a winning smile as she pushed the remaining bills back towards Clarence.

Clarence picked up the bills and pushed them back into his shirt pocket. Chloé turned on her heel and headed over to the salon where a number of girls were lounging in the candle lit room waiting for the evening to start hotting up. Chloé stood in the doorway and surveyed the girls within.

"Right girls, I have special assignment. I want you Stella, Monica and Linda.... Where is Linda?" Called Chloé

"She hasn't come down yet she's still getting ready, Miss." Came the reply

"Oh alright," tusked Cloé, "She'll miss out on the bonus for this job then. Karen, I want you all to grab what you'll need for an out of town Client. Its only in Copper Creek, so you wont need much but lets get moving and be back down here in five minutes." Chloé turned back to Clarence and purred, "Now Clarence, would you like to take a small drink and relax in the lounge with the other girls whilst they get ready?"

Clarence, his face still burning red, turned and was guided into the lounge to sit in a large, cracked, red leather, winged armchair beside a crackling fire which had recently been lit and was still getting going. Vicky appeared at his side wearing frilly bloomers and cinched corset that was holding up sheer silk stockings. She squatted down beside the chair and thrust a large glass of Rye into Clarence's hand which he took. When he turned and saw who was holding it he presented her with a huge smile.

"Vicky, my love. Thank you" Clarence said, clearly excited to see the beautiful brunette Vicky moved and perched on the arm of the chair, "Hi Clarence baby, its been a while since you've been by to see me, hon. I've not upset you have I?" Purred Vicky with a voice like liquid silk.

"No my love, its not you, definitely nothing to do with you. Its just.... work and my father. I keep messin' up, ya know. And dad keeps upping my rent. And the deputy don't make so much in this ol' town here." Whined Clarence with sad tone to his voice.

"That's alright honey," said Vicky, "it'll be all the sweeter when you do come next time. I was thinking, when you pulled up outside, you where here for me tonight, but Miss Chloé tells me you are here on official business?"

"Yes that's right, we have a bunch of crooks been hauled up in the cells for a while. Probably gonna see the justice tomorrow. Tonights, kind of like a last Hoorah for them before they get sent down. They had the money and they said I could get to keep what was left over." Clarence explained, "Miss Chloé said I had enough to come see you tomorrow, if that's ok with you Miss Vicky?" he continued.

"Oh Clarence, that's soooo sweet of you. Of course you can come see me. I'm looking forward to it already. I'll get dressed up nice an' all special just for you, baby," cooed Vicky running her red tipped fingers through his hair, "Now don't you go getting nervous on me and drink too much of that Dutch courage before you come see me, them Dutch folk have a lot to answer for. I want you sober and stiff as a board, you hear me? Its just little ol' Vicky here. I aint nothin' to be scared of am I?" she purred into his ear.

"No Miss Vicky, I mean Yes Miss Vicky. I mean don't you worry. I'll be the best lover you every had tomorrow night. You just keep the evening free for me" replied Clarence.

"I'm all yours honey, I cant wait." and with that she hopped off the arm of the chair and skipped out of the lounge.

Clarence turned to watch her go out to the lobby just as the three courtesans descended the stairs dressed in formal gowns. To Clarence, girls looked stunning. All three of them were wearing the very latest fashions with full bustle skirts, tight corsets, laced boots with little heels and long leather gloves covering their arms from elbow to finger. The corsets accentuated the curves of the beautiful women and helped to produce a most alluring cleavage. The heels on their shoes added just a couple of inches to their already statuesque height to make the women even taller. The combination was awe-inspiring, Clarence stood there staring with his mouth slightly agape. Stella, the lead girl, stood, slightly in front of the other two girls, dressed in a front lacing red and black corset with her blonde hair falling gracefully over her shoulders. She curtsied slightly and reached to take Clarences arm whilst moving to one side of him. Monica and Karen who had been standing slightly behind Stella now curtsied in turn and took up positions to either side of Clarence and Stella. Chloé approached the small party from behind the reception desk,

“My my, what a handsome party you all make.” She leaned in and gently raised her fingers below Clarence’s jaw to close it for him, “Well off you go then. Be sure you bring my girls back by sun rise, young Clarence.” she warned him as they moved through reception and out into the cool night air.

Outside the brothel, Clarence stood to the side of the trap and helped Monica and Karen, in turn, to mount the single step and get seated on the hard wooden bench at the back of the trap. He then took a step back and held out his hand to take Stella’s gloved fingers in his and help her up to the front bench, next to his own, in the trap. Clarence then unhitched the reins and climbed up to sit next to Stella. He gave a quick flick to the reins and the old horse slowly began to pull the heavy trap back towards Copper Creek.

## A Night of Passion

As the the mare trotted along pulling the trap, Clarence leaned forward and adopted a comfortable slouch with the elbows resting on his knees. Conversely the three girls sat primly with straight backs, this was partly due to the posture training they had endured at the behest of Cloé, and partly due to the stiff boning in the corsets which helped to remind them of their posture. Stella reached over and draped her long slender gloved arm across Clarence’s back and then leaning in asked sweetly.

“So Clarence, tell us girls about your ‘guests’ in the sherifs office.” at this all three girls began giggling.

As the good natured laughter died down, Clarence said, “Well we have these guys with us, they’ve been here for a few months waiting for the Justice to come by, he’s likely to be in town tomorrow, they asked if I would do them a favour and arrange a meeting with you girls on account of them likely being sent down an’ all. It’s kind of like a last hoorah for them.”

“I see,” said Stella, “and what are they accused of? They’re not dangerous murderers or something?”

“No no nothing like that” Clarence assured her. “They all seem pretty harmless. If you don’t mind, I’ll have to lock you in the cells with them for the time you are here”

“Ooooo, how kinky.” Chirped Karen from the back of the trap.

“Maybe, Clarence will let us play with his hand cuffs too?” Suggested Monica.

“Quiet!” Snapped Stella, “You will be there to help us if we need you?” She asked nervously “Oh yes, I’ll be there, in the office. There wont be any trouble, I can assure you Miss Stella.” Clarence told her.

“Okay, I’m not too sure about this, but if you are sure we’ll be safe. We may be courtesans, but we are good people too”

“I know Miss Stella, I promised Miss Cloé I’d take good care of you, and I’m a man of my word.” Clarence continued to placate her. “You’ll have a lot of fun tonight, don’t you fret.”

“Yeah Stella, don’t be such a worry wart.” Karen said as the trap rattled on towards Copper Creek.

They continued rattling and rumbling toward Copper Creek with an uneasy banter going. The two girls in the back teasing Stella in the front and Clarence doing his best to reassure her that the suspects were perfectly harmless.

After what seemed to the girls like an eternity the horse and trap rolled into the town of Copper Creek. The light from the setting sun had completely surrendered and all that was left to light the town was the weak glow from the rising full moon and the odd lamp in a window. The town outside was quiet, save for the occasional raucous cheer from the tavern at the end of the street. Clarence stopped the trap directly in front of the sherifs office and jumped down holding out his hand to help each of the girls in turn before leading them into the office.

“So, are you girls ready to meet your clients for the evening?” Enquired Clarence politely.

“Don’t suppose you have any booze in there?” Asked Monica

“Yes, that’d be nice,” Agreed Stella, “Calm MY nerves, if not theirs.”

“I only got some moonshine I made, but I’d be happy to share it with you if you want” replied Clarence.

“I guess that’ll do.” Said Stella as they went into the sherifs office.

As the group entered the office they were greeted with wolf whistles and lewd comments. Clarence guided the girls over to the desk, pulled open the draw and removed a bottle which he placed on the top. He then began rummaging around, looking for some cups. Stella wasted no time, reaching over, grabbing the bottle and pulling the stopper out. Tipping her head back she took a long pull on the strong liquor. She then proffered it Karen before bending forward, as much as the stiff boning would allow, and releasing a breathy winded cough.

“Phoooooeeee, that is strong and raw!” She said

“Its raw, but it hits the spot” Replied Clarence proudly.

“Well it sure isn’t going to win any taste prizes, but it sure has got some kick,” Stella said taking the bottle back from Monica and downing another swig.

As the bottle was passed around another time everyone’s mood began to lighten and the girls began to relax.

From the cells Hank piped up and said, “Hey, save some of that moonshine for us!”

Clarence taking the hint, picked up the lantern and crooked his arm and said, “Miss Stella?”

Stella took his arm and replied, “Why thank you kind sir.”

The couple crossed the room to the cell block followed by Karen. Monica grabbed the bottle of moonshine and took another swig before skipping across the room to the nearest cell. Bottle in hand she began flirting with Butch. Karen followed along to the end cell behind Stella and Clarence to where Hank was locked up. As the lantern lit up the small cell, Stella tensed up and gripped Clarence’s arm tightly, pulling him in so his ear was close to her lips.

“You never told me they were the cattle rustlers!” she hissed, “These guys are wanted in three counties. We cant be left alone with these guys. They’ve raped girls all over the west.” She whirled around and called out, “Monica. Come here.”

By now Monica was kissing and licking Butch. As she pulled away from the bars of his cell she ran her gloved finger down the man’s freshly shaven jaw line and said, “Be right back hon, don’t go nowhere now will ya?!”

Monica sauntered her way over to the rest of them, grinning to herself and asked, “What’s up Momma?”

“These are the cattle rustlers wanted in three states. They are rapists thieves and murderers.” Said Stella.

Monica gasped and looked around to where Butch was leaning through the bars of his cell, “Its not true honey, they’ve never proven a thing.”

Stella looked over Monica’s shoulder and said, “From what I heard earlier today, you boys are due to swing from the end of a rope tomorrow.” She turned back and spoke clearly and firmly to Clarence, “Under no circumstances can we be expected to be locked in these cells with these dangerous criminals. You promised me that these men were harmless and you promised Miss Cloé you’d look after us.” Stella said emphasised the last part to make Clarence understand that he was responsible for their safety.

Hank spoke up, “Have a heart sweetie, we been locked up in here for months. We aint no risk to anyone really” Stella simply glowered past Clarence at him.

“I know Miss Stella,” Clarence said, starting to get a little flustered, “But they paid fair and square and a dollar’s a dollar in this town and the next.”

Hank continued, “I thinks I might have to mention this to the Justice when I sees him tomorrow. Theft is theft and we is just a few law abiding citizens.... I thinks I got’s me a prize witness to your thievery too.”

By now Clarence had turned around to look at Hank who gave him a dramatic wink. Stella, thinking quickly said, “We’ll see how quick young Clarence is to point the finger once we get through with him tonight.”

Stella, grabbing Clarence by the shoulder, whirled him around and, already standing an inch or so taller than him, held his head in both of her gloved hands and pressed a firm, deep lingering kiss on his mouth. Clarence caught off guard placed both his hands on Stellas corseted hips and staggered backwards against the cell, his keys clattering on the bars.

Clarence pushed Stella away and keeping her at arms length, he said, “N... Now Miss Stella, you know I’m in love with Miss Vicky. I cant go smoochin’ with you girls. Especially on another mans tab.”

Not perturbed by Clarences weakening protests, Stella looked over her shoulder to the other two girls watching and winked. Monica and Karen immediately moved up to surround Clarence on both sides. Stella continued her advances on Clarence by moving up close and using her body to press him back against the bars of Hank's cell.

She ran her leather covered index fingers through his hair around the sensitive back of his ear and said, "Now Clarence, there isn't anyone here who would say a single word to hurt our dear sister Vicky, now is there girls?"

Both girls shook their head and cooed, "Noooo, Miss Stella".

"Now here's how I see the situation, Clarence." Stella continued, "If we go back to the house, we are going to have to pay, our slightly disreputable guests, their money back. Everyone will be out of pocket. We'll have wasted a night away from the house. You'll have spent hours ferrying us backwards and forward to the house and you wont have the money to visit our Miss Vicky tomorrow night. You do want to see Miss Vicky tomorrow now don't you Clarence?"

Clarence looked pained as he nodded and Stella continued "The only people to come out of this, unfortunate situation as the winners, are the ones behind the bars here.... Now does that seem fair, right and proper to you Clarence?"

The other two girls had by now come up close to Clarence and were cooing and playing with him from both sides, gradually wearing his, faltering, resistance down. Hank was close by, behind the bars watching the three girls wearing Clarence down. Briefly Stella wondered why Hank had not tried anything with the three of them so close, but the moonshine was clouding her thoughts and there was a warm tingle inside her that had been building in anticipation of some fun that evening.

"Well I don't know Miss Stella, it's not right." Protested Clarence, "These boys are due the full protection of the law like everyone."

"But Clarence, if anyone found out what you have done here tonight you would surely loose your job and I'm certain that it would find its way back to Miss Vicky." Continued Stella

Clarence dipped his head in contemplation or maybe it was the alcohol that was affecting him too. Stella chose that moment to press her lips once more to his. That, combined with the attentions of the other two girls proved just too much for Clarence. It was that moment that she felt his will finally break and he agreed to their advances opening his mouth to let her expert tongue and lips probe his. Hank clearly saw the breaking of his resolve and realising his defeat was complete, slumped down onto his bunk and groaned as he dropped his head into his hands. The other two men, seeing their Hank defeated, also slumped to their bunks and low long moans came from them too. Clarence turned around and meeting Hanks eyes briefly gave a resigned shrug and headed back over to the desk with Stella on his arm and the other two girls following up behind. Before the light left Hanks cell, Stella looked over her shoulder to Hank and gave him a wicked winked.

Hank responded by giving her the finger.

Monica pressed her gloved fingers to her lips and blew a kiss to Butch who reached though the bars of his cell trying to get one last touch of the corseted beauty as she passed back across the office.

Clarence slumped into the chair a mixture of fear, worry and misery frowning his brow.

"Hey, What's the matter Mr Deputy?" cooed Stella, as she moved behind him and begins to rub at his shoulders.

"Ah nothin' I just seem to keep making stupid mistakes and they wind up bitin' me in the butt. This whole night has been a complete mess. Now I'm gonna loose my job and I'll never be able to afford to take Miss Vicky away... Its just a complete mess." whined Clarence as he took the bottle from Monica and took another deep swig.

"Now just you stop feelin' sorry for yourself Clarence. You've got three beautiful ladies here at your disposal and your moping around like the world is coming to an end." Stella pressed her expert thumbs into his shoulders and felt him begin to relax.

Whilst Stella worked the other two girls moved in and began to plant gentle kisses on the face of the hapless deputy.

"You'll see, Clarence. Tonight is going to be the beginning of something big for you, I can feel it in my...." She let her voice trail off.

Karen moved back from Clarence, allowing Monica to press more insistent kisses to Clarences' lips, as she sank to her knees. There was a faint pop pop pop as the flies on Clarences



leather pants gave out to Karen's persuasions and Monica pulled away from Clarence to grab the bottle from his hand and take a long drink. Then, as she pressed her moonshine filled mouth over Clarence's, Karen took him into her mouth at the other end. Stella stood behind Clarence, smiling, kneading and watching as her beautiful sister worked their magic on the luckiest man in Copper Creek.

Karen's head moved up and down consuming his hardness as Monica continued to probe his mouth with her tongue. Clarence had one arm wrapped tightly around Monica's tiny waist, the other hand gently guiding the movements of her friend below. With Monica constantly pressing her tongue into his mouth and the insistent stimulation of his cock, it didn't take long before Clarence pulled Monica tightly in for a final deep kiss and pressed her friend down to take his seed.

After a minute, Clarence slumped into the chair with his arms flopping beside the chair. Karen lifted her head and wiped the rouge from around her lips before she stood up. She reached over wrapped her arms around Monica, pulled her in and began to sensually kiss her friend as they embraced tightly. Clarence, completely spent, slumped in the chair, rouge smeared over his lips and his cock, still hanging from his wide open flies, watched slack jawed. Stella stood behind him regally, still kneading his back.

As Monica and Karen continued to kiss they moved to perch on the edge of the table, Stella watched as they began to settle into a familiar rhythm with one another. Her eyes drifted past the two girls on the table over to the three cells now cloaked in darkness at the back of the room. She briefly wondered why the prisoners were so quiet but then her focus was brought back to the present and she leaned forward to see Clarence, despite his incompetence, was indeed a virile man and was already beginning to rise to the occasion once more. Having been, mostly, left out of the first round of action with Clarence, she hitched up her skirt and petticoat and lowered her bloomers to the floor before stepping out of them. She moved around to stand in front of Clarence and pushed his chair back against the wall. She squatted down in front of him and began yanking at his leather pants, pulling them down to his knees. She then hitched up her skirts again, placed her gloved hands onto Clarence's shoulders and straddled him; sitting squarely in his lap. She swung the chair around, sideways, so they could both watch the girls passionately kissing and fondling each other on the desk. Leaning in closely, she whispered in his ear, "I can tell you like to seeing my sisters kissing? We all do it, you know?" Clarence turned to stare into Stella's eyes, she used that moment to lift herself slightly and lower herself onto his hardness. Clarence's eyes went wide as he entered her. Using her gloved hand and gently to turn his face back to watch her two friends as they continued to paw at each other's bodies and gently began to lick his ear. Stella gently moved her hips up and down his length gripping on the upstroke and relaxing on the down stroke, milking the seed from his length. The girls continued to fondle and caress each other to orgasm constantly watching each other for cues as to each other's state of arousal. As Clarence began to approach his second climax of the evening the girls began to increase the tempo of their caresses in order to reach their orgasm simultaneously. Clarence wrapped his arms tightly around Stella's corset and pulled her groaning down onto his cock as he let out an animal cry and filled her with his second climax of the night. Both of the other girls with their hand in their crotches broke free from their deep kisses and threw back their heads as they visibly shuddered on the table in front of Clarence and Stella.

Stella, lifted herself from Clarence and discretely moved away before pulling on her Bloomers once more and letting her skirts fall back to the floor. The two spent girls on the table slowly began to recover their wits from their shuddering orgasms and looked over at Clarence who was sitting slumped in the chair where Stella had left him.

Stella gently stroked Clarence's hair from behind and whispered, "Don't worry Clarence, none of us will mention our evening to Vicky. We all had a wonderful time with you. Thank you. I think the sun will be coming up in a few hours and we should get back to the house and get some sleep before morning."

Clarence groaned and roused himself, "Thank you girls, I also had a wonderful evening. It's not what I was expecting but I really enjoyed myself. I'll just pull myself together and bring the trap around to the front of the office."

Clarence leaned forward in the chair and took the bottle of Moonshine from the table before taking a swig. He leaned forward once more pacing the bottle back on the table next to Monica. As he

pulled his hand back he allowed his fingers to stroke down her stockinged thigh and looked at them both and said, "Thank you girls, it was a once in a life time experience." He then stood and pulled up his leathers and went out into the night air.

The girls whispered between themselves desperately aware of the awkward situation with the prisoners so near by. A few minutes later Clarence came back into the office and all three girls hustled out of the front door and climbed into the trap.

## The Great Escape

In his cell, Amos let out a deep groan.

Butch then piped up and said, "Hank, why didn't you say anything?"

Hank remained silent.

"Hank?" called Amos, "For pity sake, say something"

"Yeah, Hank. You've been WAY too quiet for someone who's just had money stolen from him and a sweet lay snatched from within sniffing distance." Continued Butch.

Hank, who was lying on his bunk lifted his hand with the bunch of keys dangling from his index finger and slid it between the bars of the cell into the open for everyone to see.

"Hank, Hank, Are you there?" asked Amos in exasperation.

"Whoh! Where the hell did you get them from?" whispered Butch

"What? What?" Called Amos

"Looooook" Said Butch

"Oh My God. You are some sort of god Hank" Amos announced.

"Aint no cattle rustlers..." Started Hank

"Alledged Cattle Rustlers" Cut in Amos

"Alleged Cattle rustlers bein' hung tomorrow," Said Hank, "Infact I aint inclined to hang around and meet the Justice neither. What say you boys?"

Amos and Butch chorused together "Yeah"

"What ya got in mind for them bitches, Hank? They stole our money?" Butch asked

"Okay, now here's the plan" replied Hank, "But lets get out of these cells first."

With a jangle of the keys Hank unlocked his cell and then proceeded to unlock the others. They fashioned the pillows into makeshift mannequins beneath the bedding so as to look, at a casual glance, like the three were asleep in their cots.

"There, that should buy us time until day light at the very least. Now lets scoot over to Dead Stone and get what we deserve from those low life hookers." Announced hank as he finished forming his bedding.

"What do you mean, Hank? Shouldn't we just get going and leave this sorry place for good? They'll be out looking for us at first light." Asked Amos

"Well I just want what's mine and I aim to be long gone before the sheriff can launch any search party start lookin' for us."

With that the three of them left the Sheriff's office and went in search of horses.

## Revenge, A Dish Best Served Cold

The three cattle rustlers reigned in their horses outside La Maison de la Lanterne Rouge. The horses were snorting and sweating, having ridden hard, the two miles from Copper Creak to Dead Stone. The men jumped down off their mounts in unison and pulled revolvers from the saddle bags. They barged into the foyer of La Maison de la Lanterne Rouge. Vicky, who had risen early to begin the morning chores, whirled around to see three guns levelled at her.

"Where are they?" Growled Hank, in a menacing voice.

"W-who?" Whimpered Vicky through her fingers that, were pressed to her mouth. The armful of lingerie, that she'd been carrying, falling to the threadbare carpet.

"The whores who stitched us up last night. Stella, Monica and Karen."

"They... They're asleep. Upstairs." mumbled Vicky

Hank continued to stare at her.

"Second dorm to the left and first on the right. What are you going to do?" stammered Vicky  
Hank ignored the question and turned to Butch, "Go round the bitches up."

“What ya got in mind boss?” whispered Amos, “I though we was gonna get what’s due to us?”

“Don’t worry, my friend, They’ll get what they deserve.” Hank said, “Make sure you tie their hands, I don’t want them getting away.” He called after Butch as he proceeded up the grand staircase.

“Seriously boss, what ya gonna do to ‘em?” whined Amos

“Them bitches gonna swing. Just like that wanted to see us.”, There was an audible gasp from Vicky, “Don’t worry sweet cheeks, we aint got no beef with you. You aint in any danger, so long as you don’t mess with us. We’re just out for justice. Now get down on your knees and my friend Amos, here, will tie you to the banister so you don’t get yourself in any trouble.” He turned and to Amos said simply, “Do it.”

Vicky knelt down alongside the stairs and Amos deftly tied her hands around the newel post. He then pulled a neckerchief out of his breeches, tied a large knot in the middle it and tied it around her head, pulling the knot deep into her mouth holding it wide and reducing her cries to the weakest of whimpers. As Amos finished tying Vicky, Butch came out of the first room pushing Karen and Monica, hands already tied behind them, towards the stairs.

“Down here, love” said Hank raising his gun to point at them from the bottom of the stairs.

“What do you want with us?” asked Karen

“Just what is due us. Don’t you worry your pretty little head. Just make your way down here and when you’re all assembled, we’ll have a little chat about what happened last night.”

Hank reassured her.

Vicky was struggling frantically in her bonds and trying to cry out to her sisters, but her screams were muffled by the gag stuffing her mouth. Karen and Monica descended the stairs cautiously and Amos took them by the upper arm. Butch made his way to and entered the room on the opposite side of the stairs and a few minutes later ushered out a drowsy, bound Stella, still wearing the corset she’d been in the previous night. Butch held her arm as he guided her down the stairs to the group gathered at the bottom.

“Now, I believe you wanted to see us boys ‘Swing from then end of a rope?’” Hank said, quoting Stella’s words from the previous night, “But, my sweet little whores, its not us who’ll be swinging at the loopy end of the rope.”

“What? You cant be serious? We never did anything to hurt you!” Snapped Stella, who was rapidly waking up now.

“We’re just here to get justice from you whores.” Said Butch

“Looks like your treachery is gonna bite ya’ll in your mighty fine asses.” Said Hank, “Now lets move it before the law gets here and puts a stop to our lil’ party.”

Amos and Butch pushed the girls, kicking and screaming, from the brothel into the street and across to the scaffold in the centre of the square. A few people, who were out and about early that morning, stopped to see what was going on. They all quickly scuttled off when they saw the three bandits with there faces covered, holding six-shooters and leading the courtesans over to the gallows. Each of the girls was positioned behind the stool and the noose she would swing from. Butch gently eased Monica down onto her knees and gently stroked her hair as Hank forced Karen onto the small stool. Once she stood on top of the stool she froze with terror as they looped the noose loosely around her neck, the knot just behind her head.

Hank and amos then forced the wild stella onto the next stool. She fought all the time, kicking out and struggling; doing anything she could to prevent Hank for looping the noose around her neck. Butch held her arms tightly beside to her slender body as Amos struggled to get the noose over her head. Finally stella was prepared standing proud on top of the stool with the noose pulled tightly around her tender neck. But the ranting and swearing did not abate. Butch and Amos, ignoring the profanity ushering from the lead courtesan, gently helped Monica as she placidly step up to the stool and they carefully looped the third noose around her neck. As Butch lowered his hand he gently placed it on her hip, just above her suspender and stroked it past her rump and down her thigh and stockinged leg. Monica shivered and looked back and down to Butch as she quietly sobbed there on the stool.

By now a small crowd of the braver locals had started to gather, though none were brave enough to challenge the infamous cattle rustlers. As the onlookers watched, Hank raised his foot and placed it on the edge of the stool Karen stood on. Karen looked around frantically to the

bystanders. Her eyes pleading with those looking on. As she felt the stool topple from beneath her she gave a ear piercing scream. A scream which was abruptly cut to a gurgling wheeze as the noose snapped tight around her throat. There was an audible gasp from the gathered crowd, but no one moved to save the girl now swinging, in her noose a mere foot from the ground.

Stella, seeing her sister now swinging freely off the ground began desperately to plead for mercy, "Please Hank, we're just lowly working girls trying to get by, let us go free. Chloé will be back from the bakers shortly, I'm sure she can arrange for... Gak"

Stella's words were silenced as she too slipped from the toppled stool into the deadly embrace of the noose. As second gasp came from the crowd, Hank slowly swept the barrel of his revolver around the gathered audience in a silent threat, should anyone dare to break rank and challenge them.

Stella now took up the wild kicking that was slowing in her sister, Karen. The two girls swung from the jib of the scaffold and save for the tiniest of gasps, croaks and the creaking of the nooses on the jib, all that could be heard was the quiet sobs of Monica. Butch, acknowledging his turn, bent down and gently held Monica's ankle as he pulled the last stool from under her feet and let her slip smoothly into the embrace of the noose. Butch looked longingly after the beautiful brunette who now began gently kicking and swaying at the end of the rope. If he could have arranged a softer rope or used a silk scarf instead he would have. This was not the right rope to hang such beautiful women. But time was short and the deed was done. Monica, despite being the last to be lynched, only gently kicked and swayed on her rope.

Stella could feel the rope clenching the life from her and despite her efforts, she could not drink in the tiniest wisp of life giving air past the tightening noose. As she swung around, she saw Karen, no longer kicking, just swinging lifeless. Her eyes strained to watch as her own body jerked and spasmed. As she watched Karen, she saw the woman shudder with her dining orgasm and a moment later the contents of her bladder splattered down onto the sand beneath her. In the distance, Stella heard a cry go up from the bandits. Or was it someone coming to save her? It didn't really matter now, she was feeling warm and contented. As her body swung around to face the crowd once more, her vision was growing dim and fading in from the side. She spotted Hank, her murderer, and her stare fixed upon him. She could feel the warm slickness in her sex as her legs moved rhythmically beneath her. She longed for her sex to be filled. Her dying thoughts raced through her mind. 'Maybe I should have let Hank fuck me?, I bet he has more than Clarence. I just don't know what Vicky sees in him. I wonder if he is well hung? Oh I wish he was inside me right now!'

That was the last thought as the orgasm, that had been building inside her, hit. Stella, having always been the most passionate one, lifted her legs high and kicked out wildly with a massive shudder, shaking the rope and noose above her head. Her body, now swung violently on the rope, but, save for the occasionally twitch, gave no further movements. Moments later a torrent ushered from her sex, spraying down and casting an arc in the sand as she continued to swing at the end of the rope.

Hank and Amos gave another cheer.

Monica looked out, desperately trying to grab the tiniest of breaths, and could see Butch looking back at her. Their eyes locked onto one another. 'Is that a tear in his eye? Had things turned out differently, maybe he would have made a good husband. Maybe I could have retired from The Lantern. Maybe children. Oh how I would loved to have had children. I wonder what sort of lover he would be. I think he would be kind and considerate.' Monica felt the all too familiar sensation of a climax. As she peeked she gave the smallest of shudders and, had the cruel noose not been cinching her throat closed, would have given a small sigh. Monica also now hung lifeless at the end of her noose barely swinging at all, as the contents of her bladder dribbled down her stockinged legs. Monica died as she had lived her life, full of kindness and tenderness.

As the men watched the last of the three girls loose her fight for life against the merciless noose they continually checked the crowd for signs of trouble. Once satisfied that the job had been done, they moved in to cut the girls down. Hank kept the revolver pointed at the crowd as Amos took Karen's weight and Butch stepped up on the stool that the beautiful girl had been turned off. He untied the rope from the jib and lowered her onto Butch's shoulder. This procedure was repeated with the other two girls and the three bodies loaded into a near by hay cart.

Chloé, who'd been standing quietly to the side of the onlookers, stepped over to the cart and closed her eyes. She began to murmur under her breath. As she recanted her mother's spell of necromancy, tiny blue sparks played over the fingers of her long glove. Butch and Amos returned to where Hank was still pointing his revolver at the gathered onlookers. As he turned to see them, he saw her.

"Who's that?" he demanded, "is that Chloé?" Amos and Butch turned to see the beauty reaching for the foot of one of her sisters.

"Get her." snapped Hank.

Butch grabbed for the blonde and took her by the wrist. As her eyes snapped open and she gasped with shock, the blue sparks vanished. She swung round and glowered up at Butch as her bonnet flew from her head and she dropped her parasol; it was too soon, she hadn't had enough time, the spell was not finished. Amos grabbed a length of twine from the cart and, moving behind her, swiftly tied her hands. Butch raised his other large hairy hand to the top of her dress and ripped it from her beautiful body.

Amos and Hank tied a makeshift noose to the jib using more scraps of twine from the hay cart as Butch shoved the struggling Chloe over to the gallows, just vacated by the three courtesans. Butch pushed her up onto the small stool and Amos looped the makeshift noose around her neck.

"You're making a mistake." She demanded, "I'm not Chloé. You don't have to do this.

You've had your revenge on the girls. Stop, Please stop!" wailed Chloé

"Shut her up" Snapped Hank

And without further ado, Amos gave a sharp kick to the edge of the stool and Chloé de la Nuit was silenced and left swinging from the end of a much crueler noose. The thin rope dug deeply into Chloé's neck instantly cutting off her air and her ability to voice her spell. Her legs kicked out wildly trying to reach the ground with futility. Panic ensued. If only they'd given her another few seconds she could have finished her spell. Her mind whirled as she desperately tried to recall the teachings of her mother. Her mother the witch. Her mother the necromancer.

In the few remaining minutes, whilst she still had the clarity of mind, she began to recite the chants that would allow her to wreak her revenge on these barbaric savages. Although she desperately tried, she could not squeeze any gasps or words past the tightly closed noose around her throat. The panic grew in her as she began to accept that these were her last dining minutes. And despite the words spinning in her dying mind and her lips frantically moving recanting the incantation, not a sound spilled from her lips. They were trapped inside her, burning in her lungs.

Her feet still kicked, desperate to snatch the smallest breath of air in order to extend the the last minutes of her life. Time she needed to finish her incantation. The kicking achieved nothing save to tighten the noose ever more around her delicate, beautiful neck.

As her vision faded, her mind began to wander and she struggled to focus on the spell. Her lips began to drool and she could hear her heart valiantly thumping, trying to pump life saving blood to her brain. Her mind raced through the last few words of the incantation and her lips followed but to no avail. As she finally gave up her fight for life to the ever tightening noose, the last words of the incantation played across her lips and swirled in her dying mind. She finished it, probably. Then she was gone.

Chloé hung under the jib lifeless. She'd failed. Failed herself. Failed her sisters. Butch stepped forward and took Chloe's weight. Amos stepped onto the stool behind her and untied the twine from the jib. Her body slumped over Butch's shoulder and he carried her lifeless corpse over to the Hay cart where he flopped it on top of the three courtesans they had already murdered.

Butch and Amos gathered their gear up and loaded them into the saddle bags of the stolen horses before mounting up and leading the third horse over to where Hank was still holding the small crowd back. Hank grabbed the reins and mounted the horse in one smooth motion. The three cattle rustlers then spurred their horses into action and galloped out of Dead stone leaving a small crowd of bewildered onlookers to disperse.

As Chloé's corpse settled in the cart, on top of the other girls, the noose began to loosen and the the last remanence of her stale breath played across her lips. A tiny blue spark danced at the corner of her mouth. Her body lay there, still warm, but devoid of life. The blue spark that had begun at the corner, spread over her lips and ran down her throat and into her arm where it lay on her sisters. The sparks passed from one girl to the next where they touched each other, until all

four had had the strange blue sparks dancing over their skin. As quickly as it had appeared, it vanished.

## Another day in Copper Creek

In the town of Copper Creek, John arrived at his office to find that his deputy Clarence already left for the day. He set up the coffee pot on the little stove and settled himself in the chair behind his desk to read the paper. An hour later the door to his office swung open and Matilda stepped in carrying a tray with three plates of food on it.

“Morning John.” she said coyly

“Morning Matilda.” John replied not looking up from his paper

“Haven’t you even got those boys up yet?” she said with a mock huff, “You really are too soft on them.”

“Give them a break, Matilda, today may be their last day if the Justice shows up”

Matilda set the tray down on the desk and went over to the cells grabbing the bars of the middle one.

“Wakey wakey, rise and shine, grubs up..... Uh, John? They’re not moving.”

“What?” John jumped to his feet and grabbed his keys. He unlocked the door to the first cell and grabbed the blanket on the bed. The pillows went sprawling across the cell floor.

“What the...?” He dashed out and unlocked the next cell repeating the process and again in the last cell. John stood in the middle of the office and rubbed the back of his neck. Matilda came along side him and said, “What on earth has happened?”

“I don’t know,” replied John, “But lets start by waking that lazy, son-of-a-bitch, useless deputy of mine, Clarence”

John strode purposefully out of the office and across the square to the mayors home and rapped on the door. A moment later the door swung open and the Mayors wife stood in the open doorway. John pushed past her and stood in the hall.

“Where’s Clarence?” he demanded

“He.. he’s upstairs.... asleep” she replied

John rushed up the stairs taking them two at a time. He burst through the bedroom door. Clarence sat bolt upright in bed bare chested.

“What the fuck have you done this time, you incompetent fool?” spat John, his face inches from Clarence’s

“What? What do you mean?”, bumbled Clarence, still half asleep

“Where are my prisoners? They’re not in the cells. Seeing as you only went off shift an hour ago I thought you may know.” John continued sarcastically

“They’re asleep in the cells.” Clarence protested innocently, “I swear John, they were on their bunks as I left this morning. Just as the sun was coming up”

“Well they aint there now. Where’s your keys?”

Clarence leapt out of bed and grabbed his breeches and felt for the keys.

“They’re gone!” he exclaimed

“We have to mount a search before the Justice gets here this afternoon. Get dressed and get over to the office. I’m gonna need you... Before I fire you.”

With that John turned and stormed out of Clarences bedroom and down the stairs. Clarence quickly pulled on his breeches and shirt and followed him over to the Sheriff’s office. Matilda and Clarice, the Mayors wife, casually followed the two men over the town square to the Sheriff’s office.

“So, tell me what happened last night” asked John, having poured himself a mug of coffee and calmed down a little bit.

Clarence squirmed, not wanting to tell him about the trip to Dead Stone or the girls,

“Nothing out of the ordinary. One of them must have taken the keys from my belt when I gave them their meal last night.”

“You got drunk! Fall asleep?” asked John, accusatorially

“I had a little, but nothing to excess. I may have dozed off. But you do it all the time when you take the night.” whined Clarence.

“I’m just trying to figure out how much of a head start they got on us.” replied John,

“Although I think its a waste of time, they’ll be long gone by now. I just don’t know what we

are going to tell the Judge when he arrives. Get Mitch and his boys in here will you Clarence. They know these creeks better than anyone. Lets see if we can get a search party going.” asked John.

“Yes sir, Sheriff” said Clarence, jumping to his feet and dashing out the door.

“When the justice gets into town, later today, can you and some of the women entertain him and make sure he gets to bed early.” John said to Clarise and Matilda, “We can try to sort this mess out tomorrow if we have no luck finding these cattle rustlers today.”

“We’ll look after your Justice for you, Sheriff. But it may cost you. And we cant guarantee he’ll get to bed early.” Matilda replied with a wicked grin on her face.

## A little sorcery

In the cart, Cloe’s heart clenched slowly pushing the blood out then refilling. A few moments later a it clenched a second time. Cloe’s lips twitched and began moving recanting another spell. The blue sparks began to danced across her lips once more. They ran from her lips danced across the ropes still tied tightly around the courtesans throats. To an onlooker all that could be seen was a haze around the ropes, like a summer heat haze. Cloe’s heart continued its slow but rhythmic beating, the gap between each beat getting shorter. The hearts inside three girls beneath her also slowly began to beat though outwardly none of the them showed any signs of life.

The ropes continued to shimmer and then slither from around the girls neck. From the back of the hay cart three rattlers dropped to the ground and slithered away across the sand. A shriek went up from one of the women in the crowd and they quickly began to disperse as the three snakes slithered across the dusty ground following the direction the cattle rustlers took.

The haze had been around the ropes had now spread to cover the bodies of the women engulfing the entire contents of the cart. The haze that grew until the women could no long be seen in the cart. It wasn’t that they were not longer there, just if someone were to look they’d have the sense of ‘nothing to be seen here, move a long’.

As the morning began moving and people started to go about their daily business no one paid any attention to the hay cart in the centre of the town. No one paid any attention to the corpses of three dead courtesans and their madam. They ignored it as if they didn’t see it. No one had been to see John Thompson, the sheriff at Copper Creek, to report the purging of the brothel. It was as if the heinous crime, the cattle rustler had just committed, under the jib of the gallows, in the centre of Dead Stone, had slipped from the collective memories of all who’d witnessed it.

The sun gradually rose over the centre of Dead Stone. Chloé, Stella, Monica and Karen lay motionless in the back of the hay cart, their skin white and bloodless. Slowly their hearts began to pump blood around their arteries and each of the girls began to draw in slow shallow breaths. As the sun warmed their bodies their breaths began to deepen and their skin slowly took on a pale pink hue as the blood finally made its way to the extremities. Around mid morning, Chloé’s eyes fluttered and then suddenly popped opened. Horror raced through her mind and a cold shiver coursed over her body as she relived the her last dying moments, bucking and writhing at the end of the merciless noose. This was the most critical moment of her necromancy, if the memories of her death were too horrific she may go into shock and die a second time with no resurrection. As the last moments of her demise raced through her mind, she recalled the spell. The spell that would save them all. Slowly she got her erratic breathing under control and calmed her spamming muscles. Her spasms, though, had disturbed the other girls beneath her and as Stella slowly regained consciousness she too began to buck and convulse in the hay cart. Though her convulsing was more sexual as she relived the last moments of her life kicking and gasping for air.

“Shhhh!” cooed Chloé in a whisper, reaching beneath her and stroking and soothing her, “It’s alright, don’t make a sound.”

“I’m alive.” croaked Stella, as the warm feeling of her orgasm began to ebb.

“We’ve got to get back into the house. I don’t know how long we’ll stay fuzzed now that we are awake”

Monica and Karen also began to regain consciousness convulsing, each of them was held by Stella and Chloé, stroking them softly soothing them back to life. Once Chloé and Stella had calmed the two frantic girls and had explained what was going on, it was time to move and move

quickly. They shifted in the cart and prepared to move as a single mass across the square to the house. All four women sat on the edge of the cart holding each other, watching the towns folk move around their daily lives, oblivious of what had happened that morning.

“They can't see us?” asked Monica in a hissing voice. They were all suffering the after effects of the noose.

“No, we're fuzzed and I cast a mild spell of amnesia over them. It won't take much for it to break. But, for now we're safe, they don't remember seeing us hang.” replied Chloé

“I didn't know we could do such powerful magic.” said Stella still croaking a little.

“WE can't.” said Chloé plainly, “Now let's get back in the house and not test our luck.”

The four of them jumped down and walked briskly huddled together across the square, Chloé dipping, momentarily, to pick up her ripped dress, bonnet and parasol.

Inside the house Vicky and Lynn were huddled on a chair consoling each other in the large lounge.

The front door swung open and a moment later closed. Both girls looked up to see who had entered on such a miserable day. Nothing. There was nothing, just a small heat haze in the entrance. As they watched the haze cleared and Chloé, Stella, Monica and Karen stood there, necks red ringed but none the less alive. Vicky screamed in alarm and Lynn clung to her.

“What the... what... Is... Is it really you?” stammered Vicky

“Yes, we're alive, thank you Vicky. I managed to cast a spell of necromancy as I was dying”

“We can do that?” asked Vicky in awe

Chloé groaned inwardly, “No, WE can't!” emphasising the word ‘we’, “Would you be so kind and draw us a couple of baths and light the fire. It's been a tough start to the day and I think we need of a little recover before we face the town again.” asked Chloé

“Yes Ma'am,” replied Vicky as she hopped off the chair drying her tears.

Vicky went straight back to the kitchen and began to heat water for the bath. Lynn stood there, staring, her mouth agape.

“Lynn,” purred Chloé gently, “It's alright, it IS really us. it's just a little magic.”

“I was just thinking, it could have been me swinging from that Jib. Could have been me dining at the hands of those barbarians.” said Lynn

“Don't worry, sweetie. Takes more than a little rope to finish us off. You're my girls and I'll look after you. Now shall we get that fire lit whilst I get us some drinks?”

Lynn looked on suspiciously but got down in front of the hearth and began laying out the fire to light. Chloé went behind the bar and pulled a new bottle of brandy and six glasses from behind the counter. She poured a large measure into each glass then picked one up and downed it in one gulp.

“I don't know about you three, but I'm freezing” she stated.

The other three girls moved in quickly and Stella said through chattering teeth, “Yeah, me too” as she picked up one of the glasses and downed the drink.

The other two girls followed their lead picking up glasses and gulping down the burning liquid. They took the bottle and made their way through to the lounge where the fire was just starting to catch.

Vicky came back with a couple of large blankets which she helped to wrap the women in in-front of the fire.

## The Search

When Mitch and his men arrived at the Sheriff office the sun is already high in the sky and between John and Clarence, have drawn up a rough plan to search the surrounding creeks for the escaped cattle rustlers.

“So, if you and your boys head out West, Clarence and I will head off North. You and the boys circle around and come back in from the South and Clarence and I will come back in through Dead stone to the East. That way we'll cover the maximum area.” Said John to Mitch. “I've got Clarice and Matilda on distraction duty when the Justice turns up.

Mitch raised an eyebrow. “You know they'll take him over to Dead Stone. Matilda is good friends with Vicky over at the Red Lantern.”

“Yeah, I know, but if it puts a smile on his face, maybe I'll keep my job and I'll still be able to fire Clarence come the morning.” replied John, “I'll call in there on the way back through



tonight and, assuming he is in a good mood, have a drink with him before I let him know the situation.”

“I’ll ride out there after sundown and let you know what we’ve found or not as the case may be.” Said Mitch.

“Good luck, Mitch, I know you were rootin’ for justice here today.”

“Thanks, good luck to you too.” replied Mitch.

Mitch gathered his things left the sheriffs office. He mounted his horse before he and his hands headed out of town. Clarence and John did likewise and the search parties began a detailed search of all the known abandoned cabins, gorges, caves and canyons.

A little way outside of Copper Creek there was a small canyon. Just wide enough to ride a horse. Deep inside the canyon was a cave, the way the rocks form in the canyon made it difficult to see the entrance to the cave, so on a casual search of the area, most would never discover it. Hank had used this cave on a number of occasion. It was relatively well known by bandits and cattle rustlers, but it was secluded and a good hiding place to settle down for the hottest hours of the mid day sun. The bandits plan was a simple one, having considered their luck and good fortune over the past day and having served what they considered to be justice to the ‘whores’ who’d wronged them. They’d rest here a while and set off again in the cooler evening air, once any search, that may be going, on had passed by.

As the sun slowly began to sink below the mountains John had to admit defeat. The sun was getting low, along with moral. The cattle rustlers had won. They’d managed to evade justice once more. He was going to have to face the Justice and admit that they’d let them escape and his time had been wasted. It maybe ok tonight, but come the morning he’d probably have a stinking hang over and not be in the best of moods.

As the men assembled on the outskirts of Dead Stone, John thanked them all for there efforts and slipped each a few coins so they could buy themselves a drink at the bar. He officially called off the search. John was exhausted, Clarence had been sent home to sleep having fallen off his horse. John looked over to the Red Lantern, knowing his fate would be in there later, probably entertaining one of the beautiful courtesans in there. As he watched Chloé pulled back the drapes in the house and lit the lantern in the window, plying her trade for another night. Not having the heart to enter, even for one drink, he tipped his hat to Chloé who gave a little wave. He geed-up his horse and they plodded out of Dead Stone, back home to Copper Creek.

In the small canyon the bandits began packing up what was left of their provisions into the saddle bags of the stolen horses, preferring to ride through the night. When everything was loaded, the three of them mounted up and began to make their way out of the canyon. As they reached the entrance to the canyon, Hanks horse came to an abrupt halt. Ahead of them were the three rattlesnakes. They reared up, adopted their attack pose and began hissing at the front horse. One of the snakes began waving slightly in front of Hanks horse, warning him to stay back. Hank tried pressing him forward, but the horse was paralysed with fear. The next moment, the snake lunged forwards and sunk its fangs into hanks Calf, just above his boots penetrating through the denim. As the snake lunged Hanks horse bolted into the open plane and galloped away with the snake trailing behind, still attached to Hanks leg. Hank Yowled in agony as the enchanted venom pumped into his leg and began to work its magic.

The two remaining riders moved forwards out onto the plane to face the remaining two snakes, who hissed and held the spooked horses at bay. Amos was to the left and the snake facing him was slightly off centre. Amos saw his opportunity to bolt along the cliff wall to the left of the snake and took the chance. Digging his spurs hard into the flank of the horse. As he raced passed the snake lunged and attached its self to his right thigh, likewise pumping his enchanted venom into Amos.

Butch now remained to face the last snake. With his way now cleared to the left, he too tried to escape. Following in Amos’ path he turned and spurred his horse and once again the snake latched onto Butch’s leg pumping its enchanted venom.

The three riders reined in their mounts and slowly regained control of the spooked beasts, the snakes long since dislodged and left in the dust. Hank reached down and rubbed at the wound, the pain was intense and unlike any other bite he'd experienced before. His priority now was to get back into the canyon and get the venom sucked out of the wound before too much got into his blood. He turned his horse and saw, off in the distance, the other two heading back towards him. By the time he reached the entrance to the canyon in the cliff face, he was feeling woozy. As he waited for the other two he leaned down and, once again, rubbed at his leg. As the spell worked its magic he slumped forward in the saddle unconscious from the enchanted venom. By the time all three horses were back at the entrance of the canyon, their passengers were unconscious and the first snake had already finished its spell. Hank was tied and noosed by the snake and the other two snakes began working on their victims.

All three rustlers now sat slumped forwards in their saddles, hands bound behind them legs roped under the girth of the horses. A noose dangled from each neck and was tied to the pommel of their saddle. The snakes had finished the spell and had reverted to form.

## Justice Served

The Red Lantern was busy as usual with several men drinking at the bar. At about ten O'clock, Clarice and Matilda pulled up outside accompanied by a small rotund man in his mid fifties. On each of his arms he was escorted by one of the ladies. They entered The Red Lantern and Clarice introduced Judge Clark to Chloé. Judge Clark was a well dressed man and wore a jacket with a long tails over a waistcoat pulled tight across his bulging belly. Where the jacket hung open a gold chain, could be seen looping to a pocket watch. He was clearly a man used to good living and not shy about showing it. Chloé, unusually tonight, wore a high necked bodice under her corset with her usual long bustle skirts and petticoats. Chloé ushered the small party through to the lounge and as they entered the room, the Judge's eyes scanned around the room taking in and appraising the ladies and to a lesser extent the other men in the room. Chloé lead them over to a booth where they settled in. Chloé took their over coats, then called Vicky over.

"Let me introduce you to Vicky. Vicky will be looking after you this evening, if you need anything, anything at all, just ask Vicky."

Vicky gave a small bow and chirped, "Yes Miss Chloé." Turning to the three seated in the booth, she nodded in turn to the two ladies and said "Evening Miss Matilda, Miss Clarice. Good evening Sir. What can I get you fine gentle-folk?"

"Hello Vicky," Said Clarice, "We are here entertaining Judge Clark, the travelling Justice. The Sheriff has been... Called out of town this evening and wont get home till very late. He has asked if we would be so kind as to show the Judge every hospitality possible on his visit to the area." She gave Vicky a conspiratorial wink.

"Yes, Miss Clarice" Vicky said bowing slightly again, "Can I get you all something from the bar?" she continued, and turning to look directly at the Judge, "And if there is there anything you'd like to take advantage of this evening, be sure to let me know so I can make the proper arrangements with Miss Chloé."

The Judge, who'd not taken his eyes of Vicky's heaving orbs spilling over the top of her corset, cleared his throat and said "Yes Yes, well my dear, Um. I think some drinks are in order, don't you my dears?"

"Yes sir." squeaked Vicky, "How about I bring you a bottle of our finest brandy. Miss Chloé has had a two case brought in only last week, all the way from France. I'm sure a fine gentleman, like yourself, will appreciate its quality."

"Mmmmm," the Judge murmured distractedly, "Yes, yes I'm sure that will be fine."

Vicky turned and strode across the lounge with a purposeful sway of her accentuated hips. Matilda smirked and winked to Clarice as they both watched the Judge watching Vicky. A few minutes later Vicky sauntered back across the lounge carrying a silver tray perched on top of her upturned gloved hand. The Judge's eyes were now visibly bulging from his thick round head and tiny beads of sweat dotted his forehead. This was, only in part, from the warm temperature that the women liked to maintain in the lounge allowing them to maintain a state of undress.

"Your drinks Sir, Mam, Mam." Vicky said as she place a glass in front of each of them and poured a generous measure into each. From behind her she produced a small kerchief and

leaned forwards, dabbed gently at the Judge's forehead, "Now don't you go getting all hot and bothered, Judge. Why don't we loosen this restrictive waistcoat and bow tie of yours to start with. Then maybe, later we can spend a little more time together when I have finished serving these other fine Gentlemen in the lounge." She reached forward and deftly tweaked his bow tie, which, as if by magic, popped open and hung loose over his waistcoat. The judge cleared his throat and lowering his gaze reached up and unbuttoned his stiff collar and then his buttons of his waistcoat.

The Judge looked around the other patrons and a pinched expression flashed across his face as he observed the rabble of drunks around him. His gaze quickly returned to Vicky and he continued removing what little clothes she had on with his stare.

"Yes, yes that might be nice..." The Judge spluttered, "I hope it won't inconvenience my escorts too much if I spend a little time with you later?"

"No no not at all" both women exclaimed in together.

"Okay then, I'll go and see Miss Chloé and make the necessary arrangements and I'll check how that bottle of Brandy is going down a little later. Would you folks like a little something from the kitchen?"

"I think we are fine for now, Vicky" said Matilda, smiling; the Judge had clearly zoned out again.

"Allrighty then, Just holler if you need me" and off she skipped.

The evening progressed as most did, the usuals getting drunk at the bar, trying to persuade themselves that they could afford an hour with one of the courtesans. Whilst Chloé bustled around ensuring all the patrons were well looked after, Stella, served behind the bar, Monica and Karen had been given the night off and were relaxing in one of the dorm rooms. Stella, wore a frilly long choker around her neck thus allowing her corset to exentuate her beautiful cleavage and still covering up the deep bruising around her neck. By midnight, Burt a local blacksmith who was sitting at the bar nursing his beer, had given up trying to persuade Stella to take him upstairs. He was barely conscious by this time, his head was lolling from side to side and the few words he did utter came out slurred and barely comprehensible.

Chloé returned to the bar and whispered to Stella, "How are you holding up? Not too cold are you?"

"I'm fine Miss Chloé." she replied, "How are you doing?"

"I'm OK. Just a little shaken that we had such a near thing."

At that moment, Burt lifted his head off the bar and said in a slurred voice, "So, whath-it like to schwing on the end of a rope?"

Both women stopped dead in their tracks and stared at Burt who was obvious to them,

"What on earth made you ask that, Burt?" asked Chloé primly.

Burt opened his eyes a crack and said, "Hick, Oh, showwee Miss Chloé, I was just dreaming that you were hung for... you know... your work..." and with that his head flopped down onto his arms again and he drew in a deep snore.

"Phew, that was a close one. I knew the memories are only buried shallow, but I didn't expect them to surface like this!" said Stella

"I know, it only needs a comment like that to be over heard by someone else and the memories will start to come tumbling back to everyone, the spell would be broken.

However, I think that everyone will have some new memories by the morning." replied Chloé with a grin on her face

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see. Lets just get through tonight and I think all our troubles will be over. Next time you see Vicky, make sure she gets the Judge upstairs soon, will you? His eyes are going to pop out of his head if she's not careful. I want him sated and here for the big show come the morning." Replied Chloé. Stella looked at her quizzically, but knew better than to ask any more.

Vicky soon passed by collecting more drinks and Stella passed on her instructions. Vicky collected the drinks and delivered them to their customers. Then she made her way over to the booth where Judge Clark and his two companions were talking.

"How are you finding Miss Chloé's finest brandy, Judge?" She enquired.

"Oh, it is most delightful, Vicky. Quite the finest cognac I ever tasted." replied the Judge

“Oh, that’s so nice of you to say. I was wondering if you may have a time, this evening, to visit me in my rooms?” Vicky asked, ignoring the smirk from Matilda. Clarise did her very best to ignore the exchange, clearly a little embarrassed by the not so subtle implications of the invitation and took a great interest in something going on across on the opposite side of the lounge.

“Well, I’m sure my companions here could spare me for a few... moments.” He replied, then looking at Clarise and Matilda in turn said, “That would be alright wouldn’t it, my dears?”

“Why of course” Both women chorused in unison.

“Wonderful” Vicky gushed holding out her gloved hand to take his.

“I’ll be right back.” Promised the judge to his companions as he made his way out of the booth and was lead away by the courtesan.

“Well I guess that is our cue to head on back to Dead Stone,” said Clarise, “we’ve carried out our duties and we’ll not be seeing him again until the morning. I just hope that it is worth while and John has had success in finding the bandits.”

The remainder of the evening passed without any significant incident. Clarise and Matilda returned to Dead Stone and by the early hours Stella and Chloé were turning out the last few drunks and turning down the lamps.

## **A Funny Thing Happened On The Way to Work, This Morning**

As the sun rose the next day, Burt the black smith and farrier rose early and, rubbing his sore head, made his way out into the rising sun to stoke the hearth and begin another day of hard toil. As he left his meagre lodging he looked across the town square.

“What the?!” Burt exclaimed to himself.

Standing, stock still, under the Gallows in the centre of the town stood three horses. Slouching in the saddle of each horse, a man ready to be lynched. Hands tied, with the noose already around his neck. As Burt stood there staring at the three horses and scratching his head trying to make sense of what he was seeing, Sam, his apprentice came out from his home.

“Sam,” he hissed, “isn’t that the three cattle rustlers from Copper Creek?”

Sam looked over to the scaffold and slowly nodded, “Weren’t everyone out lookin’ for them yesterday?”

“Yeah, I reckon they were. Ride over and get the Sheriff outta bed will ya. I’ll make sure they don’t move until you get back.”

“Right, I’ll be as quick as I can.” Replied Sam.

Sam went around the back of the shop and prepared one of the horses. It wan’t long before Burt saw Sam riding out or the town towards Copper Creek. Burt, grabbed a coil of rope an quietly walked over to the horses, partly so as not to spook them, partly not to wake the three men still slumped unconscious on their backs. He tied one end of the rope to the pole holding the jib, then through the bridle of each of the three horses before tying the end to the opposite pole. The remaining rope he dropped to the sandy dirt and he made his way back to his blacksmith shop, not wanting to be involved in what was to come.

Sam reined in his horse as he approached the sheriffs office, jumping down he dashed onto the veranda fronting the row of buildings and tried the door. John had not shown up to work yet. He turned and dashed across the street to the house where John and his Wife lived and rapped hard on the door. The door swung open to a bleary eyed sheriff in the process of dressing for work.

“Sheriff, you gotta come see this!” Exclaimed Sam, panting hard.

“Hold on there, young Sam. I still gotta get my boot on and I aint hardly awake yet. Just you slow down a moment and tell me what’s going on.” Replied John in a fatherly tone.

“It’s the bandits. There in Dead Stone. Under the gallows.” Sam spat the words out in exasperation. Couldn’t he see how urgent this was. Why wasn’t he already on a horse heading out of town?

“What are you talking about, bandits, gallows? You aint making no sense. Slow down and tell me clearly.”

“The bandits, the cattle rustlers. They are sitting on horses with ropes around their neck unconscious under the gallows.” Sam said deliberately slowly, still panting.

“What... the? Who did this to them? Who found them?” Sputtered John

“I don’t know sheriff, I just came out to go to work and there they were. Boss went to tether the horses until you could get over there and decide what to do.” Said Sam now recovered from his exertion.

“Get my horse ready will ya, I’ll be back in a moment.” John said.

John and Sam spurred their horses out of Copper Creek and back to Dead Stone. As Sam and John approached the town of Dead Stone, the gallows in the centre came into view and John slowed his horse to a trot as he took in the view. The three cattle rustlers sat atop horses, hand tied behind them under the gallows, nooses already around their neck (although not yet attached to the jib). John couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He couldn’t believe his good fortune. As they entered the town square, Burt was there to meet them.

“Mornin’ Sheriff,” seeing where the sheriff was looking, he turned and looked, “damnedest thing I ever did see.” He paused a moment then went on. “I tethered the horses so they wouldn’t spook and take off.”

“Sheriff, would ya get us down from here!” came a shout from one of the cattle rustlers.

“They came round shortly after I sent Sam over to get you.” Burt continued, “There’s been some cursin’ and struggling. But not too much. They don’t wanna loose their balance and wind up throttlin’ themselves. Ya see their nooses are tied to the pommel of the saddles. Who ever caught them, did a mighty fine job to make sure we’d find them come the mornin’.”

“Just you wait there a while longer whilst I decide what to do with you lowlives. Ya gonna swing today one way or another, so ya can just stay there whilst I decide what to do.” The sheriff turned to burt and asked, “Do you know where Justice spent the night?”

Burt grinned widely, “Seems he took a bit of a shine to Clarence’s lady. I reckon he’s still in there.”

“Ok, get a ladder. I want those nooses tied off to the jib by the time I come back with the Justice. I want to get his over as soon as possible. They’ve caused our towns enough trouble in the past couple of days.” The sheriff gave his horse an imperceptible squeeze and they moved off towards the Red Lantern.

“Sheriff, will ya get us down from here. We’ll go back to our cells quietly.” Hank announced. Seeing the Sheriff dismount and tether his horse at the front of the brothal, shouted, “They got what they deserved the thievin’ bitches. I aint taking no rap for them.” he hollered as the Sheriff disappeared inside.

Amos sat to onside of him shaking in his saddle a tear had stained his cheek where it had escaped his attempt to hide them, “We’re really fucked this time boss. You went too far with the whores.”

“Ahhh, they only got what they deserved, the bitches.” replied Butch

As John entered the house, Chloé greeted him, already dressed in her formal gown with high collar. “Morning Sheriff, we don’t often see you in here. Is there anything wrong?”

“Monin’ Mam, I was lookin’ for the Justice. I understand he spent the night here?” Replied John.

“Why yes. He’s through in the lounge, would you like to join him for breakfast? Or just some coffee?” Asked Chloé

“Some coffee would be mighty nice. I got stopped half way thought my breakfast this morning.”

“I’ll bring you some through. Go and make yourself comfortable.” Chloé ushered him through to the lounge where he found the Judge tucking into a plate of food with a mug of steaming coffee.

“Morning Judge” Sheriff John announced his entrance

“Ah, good morning Sheriff Thompson. I must say, it was mighty nice of you to send those two delightful ladies to entertain me last night. I had a most enjoyable time. If I didn’t know better, I’d have thought you were buttering me ready to receive some bad news.”

This wasn’t quite the introduction that John had anticipated and he stood there a moment in front of the Judge, rubbing the back of his neck and feeling inexplicably guilty.

“Well Judge,” John started, “I hadn’t realised my softening you up would be quite so obvious. But now I think about it, a man of your notability, would have seen right through my ruse.”

“Indeed, indeed. Although it was a delightful evening. I’m just a little wary of what the bad news is going to be. Please go on.”

Chloé chose that moment to return with another steaming mug, a pot of coffee and a plate of food on a silver tray. She was clearly as adept as the other girls at serving, because she, too, carried the silver tray on top of one upturned hand. She set the tray down on the table and John took up his place next to the Judge. Once Chloé had made her way out of the lounge, John began to tell his tale.

“Well Judge. The strangest thing happened this morning.”

Once John had finished telling the judge the incredible tale of the cattle rustlers escape and recapture, Judge Clarke sat there with his flabby mouth slightly agape not wholly believing what he’d just heard. He turned and peered through the window of the Lounge out to the town square where he could confirm at least part of Sheriff John’s story. True to his word, stood three horses with a man atop each of them, a noose slung loosely around their neck trailing up to the jib of the gallows and a man carrying away a ladder.

“Another thing, as I was coming in here the gang leader called out something very strange. Not exactly sure what to make of it, he said ‘Ahhh, they only got what they deserved. The bitches.’ You aint heard of any other trouble they caused did you?” Asked John

The Judge leaned forward, picked up his leather satchel and plopped it onto the table in front of them. “Only the charges are on the paperwork in here. If you got something to add to it, best tell me now. But with the evidence I have amassed we are gonna see them hang in about...” He looked down, took out his pocket watch and said, “Three hours I reckon. High noon.”

“Should I get Clarence to help me get them back to the cells?” Asked John

The Judge slumped back in to the comfort of the sofa and slipping his watch back into its pocket said, “No, I don’t think that is necessary, they are already ready for the noose. Let them stew out there in the hot sun for a while. Oh and would you make sure those horses get some water. I want to make sure they’re ready to take off when you fire your gun.” Said the Judge.

“My gun?” Asked John

“Yes, I was going to put you on the paperwork as official executioner. That is ok isn’t it?”

“Well, yes, I guess so. I’ve never really thought about it.”

“There’s nothing to it. I’ll read the charges then I’ll declare my judgement and then we’ll carry out the execution. All you have to do is fire your revolver.” Said the Judge

“What about a trial?” Pressed John.

“Well, ok, I suppose they should get a chance to defend themselves. Hmm. I’ll let them respond to each charge. But they are guilty. You know it I know it everyone knows it. I have evidence here going back months.”

“Ok I’ll get everything ready.” Said John, resignedly

“I’ve got the paperwork to finish off before issuing the death warrant. I’m sure I can make use of this delightful house for the next hour or so before reading the charges. Then we’ll get this unsavoury business completed.”

John left the house and made his way over to the gallows, “Now, you know what’s gonna happen today?”

“Well I guess we’s gonna hang,” said Amos

“They can’t just hang us like that, you dip shit. We gots to have a trial and everything. We gots to defend ourselves.” Barked Hank

"Oh you'll get to defend yourselves. But you are guilty. And you will hang." Said John calmly.

"Oh yeah, says who?" Sneered Butch

"Well, for one the Judge in there." John said pointing over his shoulder to the House, "Now was there anything else you wanted to confess to before we start the proceedings?"

"Aint we going back to the cells before our trial?" Hank said, changing the subject.

"There aint gonna be no trial!" Snapped John, "You'll get to say your piece. But you're as good as dead. I aint gonna risk loosin' you again."

"This aint right, those bitches got what they deserved." Said Hank

"What? What are you talking about?" asked John.

"I aint sayin' another word. I know my rights. I want my trial." Said Hank

"Well, if you're all finished talkin' I'm gonna get the deputy and the Mayor as official witnesses and we can get your... Trial... under way." Said John. He turned and walked away towards his horse.

"That's it? You're just going to leave us sitting here roped to the gallows?" asked Hank.

"Yup, that's about the size of it. I'll be back in about an hour" replied John, looking over his shoulder.

By mid morning everything was organised. The horses had been watered the Judge stood in front of a crowd of bystanders, John, Clarence and his father stood long side as executioner and official witnesses.

The Judge cleared his throat and began to speak, "It is always most regrettable when I must preside over such a heinous case as this. You three have been found guilty of a list of crimes as long as my arm." he said as he leafed through a thick sheaf of papers. "All evidence points to you three being the gang who carried out the theft of over a thousand head of cattle over the course of the past three months."

The Judge continued to read out the long list of crimes both major and petty, which extended to multiple escape attempts, petty robbery, bribery, threatening behaviour, blackmail and rape.

"On the count of these charges, how do you plead?" asked the Judge

"NOT GUILTY" cried Hank

"Not guilty" echoed Amos and Butch

"Please present your evidence that you are not guilty of these crimes." requested the Judge.

An uncomfortable silence passed for a full minute as all around stood waiting for one of the gang members to put forward some argument.

"So by your silence I take it that you present no defence to these charges?"

"This aint right, this aint fair and this aint a court house" cried Hank

"Under the circumstances, I think I can be granted a little leeway in my interpretation of the law.

The Judge then turned to the gathered crowd and asked, "On the count of these charges how do you find the defendants?"

A great cheer went up from the gathered crowd, "GUILTY GUILTY GUILTY"

Inside La Maison de la Lanterne Rouge, Chloé, Stella, Monica and Karen descended the stairs to the entrance where Vicky and Lynn were waiting. The four of them looked exquisite wearing the exact outfits they had worn two nights previous for their rendezvous to the jail house. Although stunning, they were somewhat over dressed for the time of day, but the effect would be worth the stares from the other towns folk. Vicky stood at the front door, her mouth slightly agape, still reeling from the resurrection of sisters.

"You look stunning," she said in a whisper "you can barely see the marks now." She glanced at the clock on the mantle, "Best get ready only five minutes until they read the verdict out."

"Thank you Vicky, my love." said Chloé, "Ok girls, Are we ready to do this?"

The four women lined up at the door, Chloé and Stella in front with Karen and Monica behind. Vicky stood ready to open the door at the right moment and Lynn stood back and

watched. All the women stood there by the entrance waiting for the Verdict and the Sentence to be declared.

Once the raucous crowd had begun to calm and quiet their chanting, the Judge quieted them some more and began, "With the unanimous verdict of the jury, I hereby pronounce you guilty as charged on all counts. For your crimes committed against the townsfolk of Dead Stone, Copper Creek and surrounding territories I hear by sentence you to death by hanging. May the Lord have mercy on your souls. Your sentence will be carried out at high noon today."

The crowd cheered loudly once more and the Judge, clearly loving the attention of the audience, waited for them to calm once more. He took out his pocket watch and made deliberate point of winding it then leaned in close to the Sheriff to compare the time.

Once the crowd had quieted again the Judge continued, "Sheriff John Thompson, I hereby commission you to commute the sentence hereby decreed."

John nodded solemnly to the Judge and walked around behind the horses, all the while watching as the men sat shaking in the saddles of the horses waiting for the sentence to be carried out. The Judge raised his hand, still staring intently at his pocket watch.

## The Big Show

Vicky looked at the clock on the mantle, once more, and as the minute hand moved to one minute before noon she swung open the large wooden door. The group of four women moved out onto the porch where Karen and Monica moved slightly out to the side to be clearly seen. The entire audience turned to look at the group of four women save for the judge whose gaze was still glued to his watch.

The three men gaped as they registered what they were seeing and as it began to sink in Hank began whispering, "But we hung you...", then louder, "We murdered..."

At that moment the judge lowered his hand and a percussive sound of two gunshots rang out from John's revolver accompanied by him yelling "YAAAAAA YAAAAA"

The three horses, who'd been lazily eyeing the crowd and who were oblivious to the proceedings, started and then bolted out from under the gallows heading in any direction they could see space between the gathered crowd. The three men, despite having masterful horsemanship skills, didn't stand any hope of preventing the horses from bolting and, being restrained by the nooses around their neck, were yanked violently from their backs. In that instant there was a sharp crack from Amos. He'd evidently been gripping his horse too tightly when it bolted. His neck snapped, killing him instantly. The remaining two men bumped over the hind quarters of their horses and swung down under the jib and were now suspended by their necks.

The four women strode purposefully across the market square to stand front and centre before the three men now swinging free in their nooses. The word that Hank had been about to utter was left lodged in his throat as the noose snapped shut tightly around his neck cinching it closed. Both the men, still alive, began to wheel their feet in the air looking for purchase but finding nothing but fee air to peddle. Hank looked directly at Stella, the woman who mercilessly snubbed him two nights previously. The same woman he had hung himself only the previous morning. His lips mouthed the words of the thoughts that flashed through his mind, "How? How are you alive? We hung you! You were dead! We killed you! How?" Watching Hank hanging there as she had done only the previous morning her mind flashed back to her own dying thoughts, 'I wonder if he is well hung? Oh I wish he was inside me right now!'

With a glazed look in her eyes, she stepped forward and reached for his buckle. Behind them the Judge and the Sheriff watched in amazement as Stella pulled at his jeans and snapped his flies open one by one. She then pulled his britches and shorts down to mid thigh exposing a massive erection for all the crowd to see. Stella grinned in her mesmerised glaze and, satisfied, she stepped back all the time avoiding his wheeling legs. It was as she had suspected. He was a huge man. A real man. A man who could have satisfied a passionate woman like her. But, alas, it was not to be. She grinned broadly as she gazed at his member for a few long moments before she moved her gaze to lock with



his. As his eyes looked straight at her she stared straight back at him. His legs kicked wildly beneath him with a mind of their own. The tried in vein to relieve the stress on his thick neck. Monica, under the same hypnotic spell, stepped forward and repeated the humiliation on Butch leaving him and his erect manhood, just like Butch, on display for all the towns folk to view.

Chloé, not under the influence of her own spell put her arm around Monica, who's spell had been broken with Amos' neck and the two watched as their enchanted sisters lined up and stood to watched their bandits struggle as their life ebbed away. As their kicks began to get weaker they could see and sense Stella and Monica getting more aroused. They kept their eyes glued to their men, their mouths slightly open and breathing heavily.

Chloé whispered to Monica, "It'll not be long now."

"What's happening to them?" asked Monica

"They're sexually bound by the spell, it will only be broken when they expire"

Both women were panting hard now, Stella ran her pink tongue over her ruby red lipgloss in a parody of the purple tongue now poking from the rapidly blueing face of her sexually bound spell partner. Both of the women moved their legs in tiny motions in time with the men.

"Any moment now." whispered Chloé

The towns watched in stunned silence, staring at the two courtesans clearly approaching orgasm, in the middle of the town square, in front of all the towns folk. The two men were hardly kicking now, just twitching and jerking, their faces had turned a pail blue, their eyes were bulging slightly and their erections were pulsating. Mirroring them, the two courtesans stood with their hands clasped behind their backs twitching slightly.

Then it happened. First was Butch, he strained his legs straight and in a last twitch and a arc of semen erupted from his erect penis arcing up and landing directly in front of Karen. Karen convulsed and shuddered on the spot and moaning just a little, as her own orgasm passed through her. Chloé stepped forward and placed her arm firmly around her shoulders to take her weight as the spell was broken and her legs gave way.

Hank still had a few more minutes of gentle kicking and twitching left in him and moved with a few spasms before he repeated the spectacle. He's muscular legs strained against the copper riveted jeans logged half way down his thighs and his booted legs reached out straight towards the ground pointing the tips of his cowboy boots. The heads of his cock bulged and visibly twitched as the tip opened up and a torrent of seed spewed out, spraying semen into the high into the air to arc up and land, splattering down between stella's boots, splashing up the laced leather and over the toes. Stella cried out in ecstasy and could be seen visibly shuddering as her own powerful orgasm hit her. Her eyes rolled up as her head flopped back and she groaned loudly as a second wave of orgasmic pleasure passed through her. She continued to convulse and shudder making small mewling noises as wave after wave of powerful waves passed over her. As her orgasm reached its crescendo she let out a guttural groan flopping back into the waiting arms of Chloé and Karen.

As her orgasm subsided and Stella regained her whits. She turned a bright scarlet as she looked around and saw the towns folk all staring back at her.

"Take me home." she whispered to Chloé

The four women walked haltingly back to the house. Two of the girls helping the others with wobbly legs as the entire town watched them. As they went Chloé leaned into Monica and whispered,

"Stella is going to be very busy over the next few nights, I bet there isn't a man across the these two towns who isn't going to try to achieve that level of appreciation from her."

Monica grinned widely and as they made their way up to the house. The Judge began to clap. The sole clap whoed around the square for a few moments before more joined him. Pretty soon all of the men, and some of the women, had joined in the clapping. When they

got to the front door of the house, Chloé ushered the other three inside before tuning to face the town.

She curtsied deeply before announcing, “Ladies and Gentlemen, La Maison de la Lanterne Rouge will be open for business as usual at dusk this evening.”

**The End**