

DISCLAIMER: The male characters in this fiction fantasy are strictly adults. This is a panorama where adult cowboys hang one another.

6' tall, thick necks destined for the noose, Edwin and Walter, the Necktie Party Contest promoters, look convincing in the part: one memorable day the rope will burn fiercely into their newly shaven necks. They have broad shoulders and hairy chests. Their strong arms wrap nooses around necks like an embrace. They wear comfortable large sized, worn boots. Sturdy belts hold up their loosely fitted cowhide chaps. The belt buckles have a fancy design with three noose heads. The cowhide chaps are deliberately tailored open at the front: brazen cowboys can therefore inspect large cocks and bull-sized balls. Cowboys primed for slaughterous activity accept that their cocks will be aroused. At the same time Edwin and Walter size up the cowboys on arrival at the Necktie Party. The guards herd cowboys into a mustering area. Cowboys pay an additional fee for guaranteed contest places and walk to the left. The cowboys can pledge the fee as a deduction from winnings. The cowboys, walking to the right, usually require prompting before they butcher unknown attackers. The piss toilets area is located in between the two assemble areas. The guards establish it as a frank and unrestrained area.

For Edwin, Walter and the guards, cowboys in peril are the big prize. A number of cowboy activities are built-in the contests: the mustering of cattle requires lassoing skills. All lassoing events attract a large number of contestants. Indeed the contest held this morning had been memorable. Cowboys carry knives as castrating animals is a workaday activity. The men among the cowboys have a deep respect for their own cocks and balls after such work practices. Necktie Party events expose cowboys upside down: in past events this proved to be a gruelling test of stamina. Kane and Alex, the warmongering task masters, found a bang-up solution for the future contestants.

Sanchez, a skilled craftsman with welding and soldiering irons, forged ten sets of iron fetters. Iron pins and clasps held the fetters together. The guards secured the fetters on the 8' high hanging beams. Edwin and Walter paid Sanchez well for the fetters: after the last contest they bought him better tools. Every cowboy with first hand experience of disciplinary prisons and assorted admires the handiwork. The fetters are a practical tool to hang heavy cowboys upside down. Sanchez improved his fetters: that's another reason he wants to see them put to good use. The Necktie Party uplifts his mettle whilst exposing him to danger. Kane and Alex order him into the Necktie Party as an active fighter.

These warmongering task masters enjoy their job. They create a terminal playground to string up cowboys. In truth they impress hangmen and hangers with their organisation. There are fixed nooses in place on the playground. They have a back-up plan to supply additional nooses if necessary. For this reason they are flexible about contestant numbers. The Necktie Party has a limitation. There are only ten sets of fetters for stringing cowboys upside down on the middle hanging beam. The hanging beams on either side are equipped for String Up. In this instance the cowboys get boot beams raising them high enough to String Up or String Down.

The fetters are positioned in such a way that noosed cowboys can watch others

hang. The String Down occupants will look directly at String Up places.

During this Necktie Party every cowboy gambles his neck for the noose: some cowboys 2in String Up and/ or String Down; in fact the cowboys romp with danger. Cowboys physically located beside, on top of, or below hanging beams are there to String Up other cowboys. Sometimes there is a lot of shouting. The macho shouting pumps up the cowboys' adrenaline especially when unexpected nooses tighten around their necks. There is an element of disbelief when unknown attackers from behind successfully place and tighten the nooses around the necks of overconfident cowboys. The disbelief may change into panic when the noosed cowboys are raised to the level of the hanging beams. Of course, cowboys may already be in position on the hanging beams.

The String Down position is very demanding. In the first instance cowboys select, hunt down and drag the target towards the fetter hanging beam. It works best if at least two cowboys turn the target upside down, position the feet, tighten the fetter clasp. The fetters are positioned so that five String Down places face one way across to five String Up places; this is duplicated in the other direction. Therefore, the total number of cowboys hanging in fixed positions is twenty. The gambling odds are reasonable when approximately fifty contestants contest twenty terminal positions.

Kane and Alex amaze all possible contestants and spectators when they announce the String Down/ String Up Event pledges. Cowboys fuck the arses off noosed targets –breathing, barely breathing or stopped breathing. They pledge that ten cowboys will be fettered and Strung Down; the ten cowboys will be left upside down until after the ten fixed String Up nooses are activated. At this point ten cowboys masturbate the cocks of the ten String Down cowboys: everybody wants to see these cocks spurt for their last time. Shout out aloud when this happens. After they signal that this is complete another ten cowboys castrate the milked cocks and balls. Everybody chokes when they hear the next proposal from Kane and Alex: ten cowboys will sit down, legs firmly placed on the ground, and strangle, throttle or break the necks of the castrated cowboys. The String Up/ String Down Party continues until contestants sate themselves. Kane and Alex will call the end of the event.

The composition of the fighters works out roughly as follows: Walter, Alex, Sanchez, seven guards, twenty paid versus twenty fighters from the general area. The Adam's apples of Walter, Alex, Sanchez and the twenty paid fighters are marked with a black "x". The back of the necks of all other fighters are marked with a black "x". The black or red coloured neckties worn around foreheads no longer signify side after this morning's events. The guards are already wearing spiked leather amulets on both arms plus sweatbands around the forehead. The guards' role is to assist fighters from both sides to elevate cowboys into the String Up and/ or String Down position. They ensure that noose executions are carried out to the last breath. The fighters are too late to rescue any targets once the nooses are locked into position. The guards themselves are attractive targets for randy fighters; in short they fuck arses, noose necks like every target on the playing field. They protect the top brass like Walter and Alex on pain of execution. From the spectators' point of view the physical attractions of the fighters are mixed: some cowboys have necks crying out for noosing, others have

rough hands itching for the throttling position. Few cowboys resist cutting off big balls when they are exposed in the fetter position. The size of cocks will be uncertain until aroused by the event fervor. The chosen seven guards impress the spectators with their torsos. At a distance it looks as if (maybe) four guards have major appendages. Is the game “thrust and cut” or “cut and thrust”? The general area fighters appear to have reasonable sized appendages. Sanchez feels uneasy because he’s obviously not fit enough for rough play; again, he envies the size of cocks and balls displayed compared with his own. Nevertheless Sanchez is a tough fucker: he will thrust more than one arse as he nooses.

Warming up presents difficulties for hanging fighters. For this reason the fighters parade in two separate groups around the outside perimeter of the hanging beam area. The parade settles their legs down, makes their appendages comfortable and helps pre-noose breathing.

Kane and Alex gamble with a last minute surprise. Four cowboys manually drag a cart into the parade. The cart has a fully assembled hanging beam framed at both ends by two timber supports. It’s unclear how many hangings the beam will permit before the frame collapses. Stacked loose nooses are in the cart for impromptu hangings. Alex instructs the four cowboys on the position of the new hanging beam. It’s important that the hanging fodder position the beam correctly. A number of cowboys including Alex may hang from it.

Kevin and a team of guards including the fat bullies Oscar and Andrew have the task of keeping order within the spectators. The afternoon brings pangs of exhaustion especially for the survivors of this morning’s fights. The mascots Ralph and Harold join in the parade but do not take part in the String Down/ String Up Event.

The emphasis on this fight is on breathing, obstructing breathing and stopping breathing. When will Walter and Alex start the hanging game? The two groups of fighters face one another with the hanging beams centrally located. Walter and Alex command the fighters to form up ten or so abreast, then breathe in deeply as they carry out “jumping jacks”. Cowboys are unfamiliar with physical exercises; they jerk all over the ground as they raise their hands above their heads, breathe into their chests deeply and throw the legs out. Many huff and puff. The “jumping jacks” succeed in loosening up the cowboys, clear the air. They become fighters when Walter and Alex command them to advance towards each other. The spectators see forty or so fighters flanked with guards. Up to this point the lineup is orderly.

The hanging event starts when Brent, one of the late arrivals, panics. Brent is in no immediate danger yet the fear starts at his balls, progresses up to the throat. Brent spews down his chest. Brent forgets why he is on the field. Brent turns sideways and runs away from his group. Cowboys are used to catching animals breaking and running away. The fighters from the general area group take what they regard as cowardice unkindly. In fact in the course of the event fighters will spew, piss, and shit in reaction to their personal fear. Cowardice is an offence punishable by execution. Two guards exercise brute force. They chase Brent for more than fifty yards, catch him by the throat, arms clasped behind his back, and then drag him back to the fetters. The target screams from the moment the guards catch him, screams

louder as the guards tip him upside down. Sanchez has the honour of tying the first set of boots firmly into the fetters. The spectators applaud Sanchez for his fetters' work. The scenario is clearly a hangmen's treat when ten targets are Strung Down together. The hanging length of the first target shows clearly that the fetters hanging beam is located at the right height. The chosen targets will show their appendages for all to see; in their upside down position they will see other targets hung in the upright position.

Opposing groups breathe in the air of ferocity, go on the attack after this first incident.

The fact is many active cowboys gleefully hang other passive cowboys. A surprising number of these other cowboys want to be fucked as they hang. That's why the attackers with the initiative drain their cocks and balls during the fights. Sanchez felt more confident now. His fetters proved they held upside down hanging cowboys. If a String Down cowboy manages to escape, the fighters are obliged to refill the fetter position. One day Sanchez expects to personally test out his own fetters. Will it be today?

The two groups of fighters confront one another in the hanging beam zone. Sanchez stands back from the fetter hanging beam surveying possible targets. The fighters straddle hanging beams. Walter likes the sight of booted cowboys spreading their legs on the hanging beams. The way the fighters collect the nooses and "go for hanging" arouses him.

Hanging beam one:

Who wants to hang first? You two? The fighters scuffle to fill the (five) fixed noose positions. The killing pack pounce on two brawny fighters. Brawn is meant to defend one's body against attack. In this instance the compelling power of the noose, the way in which it obstructs airwaves, overruns physical brawn. The killing pack String Up the two brawny fighters on a hanging beam. Fighters with instant hangings in mind and lust in their cocks open the brawny fighters' belts to allow their cowhide chaps to fall down. The chaps then operate as a bondage restraint keeping the legs together. The challenge is to combine serious hanging with fucking-- damned difficult at this height. The fighters construct a human frame: the fuckers stand on the shoulders of their fellows. They tighten the nooses around the necks and secure the targets so that they won't fall off the hanging beam. The fighters are almost in a football scrum: some hold the upper ends of the targets' arms for support; others straddle the back of the targets' necks with their own arms. The hanging display is a good start. Serious hangers enjoy the milieu of cocks and balls responding to the prospect and process of hanging. A rough fuck up the arse as a noose burns through the neck is a bonus. The brawny targets watch one another hang through the corner of an eye. The fuckers tighten the nooses again: an overkill whereby the nooses painfully burn through the bare necks. These hangings are cruel: the pain overpowers the pleasure. Or is the pleasure more intense because of the pain? It's of little concern that there are no lubricants. Cloths to mop up the shit and the spewing would have been practical. The brawny fighters' tongues suddenly pop out of their mouths. The hanging enters the last phase. The fuckers let their own cocks spurt up the arses. The

eyes of the brawny fighters start to glaze over. Their breathing is more difficult then quiets down, stops. Everybody feels relief that they have survived the first two intense hangings.

Fetters centre ground:

Walter's hunting, roping and booting skills stand him in good stead for fetters. Funny word tingle but hunting targets tingles his halls. He loves the capture phase with the outcries and the pleas in vain. His powerful arms lift cowboys right up into the fetters' position. It's useful if a fighter can help him out by securing the clasps around the boots. The sight of ten String Down targets shoving their boots into the air triggers off male fantasies. He likes the way in which the targets' arms thrash around to reverse the upright position. He overlooked the supply of ten arm restraints. The targets' assailants use their brawn to prevent escape. The result is that at least two fighters work over a target. The fetter targets are randomly selected by the fighters. It's a bonus when the appendages look ripe for cutting. Walter reassures the fighters when he keeps hands on company at the fetters fighting area. His story must be gripping.

Hanging beam two:

On the opposite hanging beam three cowboys trial the nooses. Their faces smile as they hang for a joke. A debt? No, bravado. In their minds the three cocks are splendidly erect. The cock spurting will be the highlight of their sexual lives. One cowboy tries to change his mind but all he can do is wave his legs apart. In this panorama a tight noose is respected for the pleasure it gives both parties.

The fighters switch partners, move around. The guards sometimes make up the minds of the fighters. They help lift up the targets. One guard in this location proves very helpful. Two fighters from the general area snag the guard into a noose. It's a piece of pie pushing him off the hanging beam. The guard thrusts his legs out in an attempt to stop the hanging process; his strong arms are free so he lunges at both fighters around the neck. The guard's experience coupled with his exceptionally strong hands guides his daring moves. One fighter falls down and hits his neck on the ground. The other fighter calls out to his partner in surprise. By now the guard's cock is totally erect; he feels his balls tingle as the noose burns into his bare neck; he starts to choke his opponent's neck with both arms. At first the opponent dismisses the move as brave. Then the opponent feels the pressure. A moment of disbelief changes to approval. The opponent's arms remain still. The opponent doesn't fight back. The opponent's breathing changes to barely breathing and gradually succumbs to the seduction of being choked. The guard knows that they will both enjoy the moments leading to the last breath. The guard feels his cock start its terminal spurting. By coincidence the final visual photo image they see is a panorama filled with cowboys hanging from beams, lots of spurting cocks. The guard and his opponent no longer breathe.

Alex commends the dead guard for his bravado, quick thinking and double killing. Also, Alex likes to see cocks spurting during hangings. In Alex's ideal cowboy fighting world, every fighter matches up to the physical and killing standards

of the guards. In Alex's real world, alas, the guards are unreliable. In a short while, the protective guards permit Alex to experience-- first neck-- the noose's joys.

Hanging beam one:

Where are the fighters who paid a fee to guarantee a place in the event? Three of them are positioned in fixed nooses. Are they getting satisfaction for their fee? Yes. They like looking at the cowboys hanging upside down. They see the exposed cocks and balls, a distant shot true but it registers as cock arousing.

Sanchez fucks one of the noosed fighters. A random choice. He proves to be a clumsy fucker. His cock slips out of the arse at a few critical moments. Better still, the noosed cowboy feels the cock right up his arse. It's amazing how a tight noose disciplines the mind. The noosed cowboys drift in and out of consciousness, barely breathing, recalling memorable life events, feeling the pressure on the necks, hoping their cocks make a major display. Two fighters lie down underneath the other two noosed cowboys. The cocks spurt downwards splashing all over their hairy chests. They rub the juice onto their cocks. The two cowboys get up off the ground, target a stranger-- he must be from interstate. One shoves his cock up the arse. Both position their grubby hands around the bare neck. Whilst the cock fucks the arse, both firmly apply pressure. The stranger's eyes weep. Tears drop down the front of his face which changes colour. Purple? His plea for life is silenced. His tongue starts protruding. The two cowboys finish him off with a powerful throttle.

Hanging beam two:

Who wants to fill a spare noose?

Fetters centre ground:

The ten fetters are completely occupied. Who's having a lucky day? Four fighters scored the ace and king of cards-- two guards which target connoisseurs call the "real thing". The guards are handsome-- fit, in shape, strong long hairy legs to fill the fetters. The four fighters anticipate deep pleasure when they work over the guards. The spectators will get pleasure too and return for Walter's next promotion. Walter is excited for but at the same time envious of the four fighters. The guards' appendages score ten out of ten. Spectators strain their necks to get a better view.

Walter and Alex interrupt the remaining fighters to move towards the fetters centre ground. Alex summarises the situation. They have started to slack off. They need to pull themselves together for more hangings: one Necktie Party place remains unoccupied on hanging beam two; the cart hanging beam is as yet unused. Here, the fettered target area is now the play arena for unrestrained choking, cutting and some pulling. The ten fettered targets await pulling. Walter orders the fighters to inspect the fettered targets. Each fighter manhandles the appendages, progresses around the ten fettered targets.

Walter announces that there is a difference of opinion about the fate of Brent, the first fettered target. Would they prefer to hang Brent as a coward? For hanging? Walter calls for a show of hands. Majority, Yes. Hang Brent. Walter continues: hold your horses before you hang Brent. You now have to decide on a fetter replacement.

When you return from the hanging I expect you to position the chosen target in the fetters. Another show of hands: who's for pulling, cutting and choking the fettered targets? There's an overlap in interests but no matter. You can extend your range of targets. Chuckle! Get used to it. Every fighter here is now a target.

Yes, hang Brent with the spare noose on hanging beam two.

Brent, ever the coward, starts to shout again as three fighters undo the clasps.

“Give us a break!”

A fighter clenches his fist against the coward's mouth. Another six fighters join in the execution ritual. A total of nine fighters carry Brent at shoulder height across to hanging beam two. The four noosed fighters are no longer breathing. A cheeky fighter slips the noose around the coward's neck; a second fighter tightens the noose; the rest push the coward away from the hanging beam. Brent tries to exercise his newly freed legs. Good idea— it helps his body pull down on the noose. What's this? The coward feels enormous pressure on his cock. Yes. His cock arises. But, his balls are itchy. He would love to scratch them. Now he feels lightheaded as his breathing slows down. His cock bothers him. He wants it to shoot, he tries to make it shoot. A fighter removes the knife from the coward's belt.

Pretty sharp, eh? How about I use it?

The coward attempts to control his cock. Nothing happens until another fighter grasps the balls firmly. The coward's cock shoots. The fighter brings the knife down carefully, lets the other fighter guide the blade. The coward's sliced set of cock and balls are a reasonable size for the trophy display. The fighters leave Brent alone to enjoy his last breaths.

Walter and Alex accept the replacement decision in the spirit of seasoned slayers. They restrain themselves from upsetting fighters' plans in the middle of a killing spree. It's no surprise that the fighters chose the one outsider instead of one of their own. Walter and Alex just couldn't do anything about it. Four fighters surround Sanchez. There is no escape from a deep fantasy. The four fighters drag him across to the fetters. Other fighters upend him. He starts whimpering when the fighters tighten the clasps around his boots. His cock has already pumped one arse today but it's a good size for the trophy display. It's too late for regrets: why didn't he hang more fighters when he had the opportunity?

There are muffled sounds of whimpering from some of the other nine fettered targets. The two guards listen. From their upside down watching posts, they see the approaching attackers. The view of the cocks and balls is skew-whiff. The balls show up as above the cocks. Some good sized balls suitable for the knife. Shit. Why can't we hang a few fighters? Why do we have to hang upside down?

Alex commands. A dangerous few fighters spit into the dust when they hear Alex's voice. They dislike him intensely. He's ripe for hanging.

Come on, just because your boots hang in the fetters. Show us your cocks. It's time to play it rough. Hands first, then the sharp knife treatment. I know some of you like blunt knives but the String Up Party can't accommodate every interest. Move forward everybody. Take positions behind the ten fettered targets. Let's see some action. Man handlers, start pulling, grasp the balls. Start a steady rhythm.

Alex supervises the agenda.

You in the fetters. We're giving you a cowboys' present. Come on, play ball. It's time for spurting cock heads. Any objections? There are objections. These cowboys like crushing the balls of insolent wankers. Pull the cocks.

Ten fettered targets waste valuable breath by shouting out aloud, crying out in pain. Four reasonably sized cocks spurt quickly. Fighters crush the attached balls without mercy. The pain is cruel, intensely cruel. The four targets beg in vain for the attackers to finish them off quickly. Four fighters work over the fettered guards whose cocks and balls command the highest respect. They shout out in time for the immediate fighters to see the big cocks spurt. They stop short of crushing the balls. Another three cocks take time to spurt. The fighters pulling the cocks get impatient. One moment the cocks are about to spurt, the next moment the cocks regress. The fighters help one another: three fighters shove their fists down into the arses. Now the cocks spurt across to the fighters' hairy chests. Look at the distance the spurt covered! The cocks of the last two fettered targets, one guard and Sanchez, stay erect but refuse to spurt.

The truth is Sanchez, the two guards and four out of the seven targets share hanging fantasies. They want hanging in the old fashioned String Up way. Hanging upside down has altered their view of the world. There is no easy resolution even at this pre-slice moment. The remaining three targets are mortified: they expect a quick death.

Alex isn't going to wait a minute longer.

Unsheathe your knives. Get ready. Hold the knives firmly now...Slice together.

The fighters sever ten sets of cocks and balls. Raise them for all to see. Spectators clap. Two hunter-killer spectators rush onto the field for a close inspection. Walter identifies hunter-killers quickly on sight now. He signals the guards escort them into the hanging game.

Ready for hanging?

A guard brings across two souvenir nooses: they appear to be a joke. The real joke is that they strangle. Walter rigs their bare necks with souvenir nooses. Then, totally spontaneously, impressed with their spunk he passes them a trophy plate which is a large barrel top.

Go on. Collect the trophies for us. Pick out the best to show us.

They collect the trophies in awe and amazement.

I bet you can't match up the trophies with the fettered fighters.

Everybody looks closely.

Isn't it nice that we can feel our cocks and balls at least for the moment? You never know. One of the fighters might fancy cutting yours off. Look at them, poor suckers. They want us to finish them off.

What's your names? No-names? Take the trophies over there out of harms way. Then report to the hanging beam where you will be in harms way. Get my drift? Show everybody you are true hangmen.

Underneath and beside the hanging beam noose fighters itched to get any new arrivals off their toes.

Back in the fetters centre ground:

Chokers take positions on the ground! More than ten chokers in place, eh? Want to try choking? Tell Daddy you're a virgin choker. Don't know what to do? You have never choked a fighter before. You, sniggering over there, choke your target steadily. The target expects an expert choking. Share targets if necessary. Walter and I will join you on the ground. When I give the order "start", choke any available neck.

Alex in particular will earn enmity with this chatter and subsequent behaviour. The fighters think it's unfair: choking fettered targets is meant to be direct pleasure for them. It's devious for Walter and Alex to barge in for the killing. Will the choking impress spectators?

Two fighters line up to choke the two fettered guard targets. Walter and Alex join two other budding chokers positioned behind the rows of five targets facing one way, five targets facing the other way. The choking scenario proves to be different in practice from the theory. When Alex commands the start, ten chokers very efficiently choke the String Down targets. Walter and a budding choker both try to choke two chokers. It doesn't work. The two chokers manage sufficient breath control to choke their targets; then, they spin around, attempt to position their hands around the assailants. Walter fights them off. The two chokers grapple with the other assailant. A brutal kill. Meanwhile, Alex chokes the budding choker—only problem is his enraged fellows will take revenge into their hands.

Four fighters tackle Alex. He recognises danger when it is too late. It's a surprise turn of events but they drag Alex off the ground, across to the cart. Believe it or not the cart tips up and down at both ends. It requires split second timing and coordination to throw a loose noose around Alex's neck. They need a few minutes to raise and secure him to the hanging beam. The noose goes beyond the no-return point. Four guards deliberately arrive too late to save Alex. Because the cart is located closer to the spectators, Alex's cock—an impressive rod at this distance—responds to the dream hanging situation. His spurting cock looks terrific. Hanging is the supreme experience he provided for passing cowboys. He hears the spectators clap as his breathing fades away. Alex's expert noosing may permit the organiser to reconfigure the fighters and even extend the duration of the event. Kane is stunned that his partner Alex buys the farm during this event. He is pleased that Alex's cock rose to the unique occasion.

The four guards jump up onto the cart, tackle the four fighters. The result is open-ended when the cart bobs up and down at each end. The guards and fighters horse about. They are all secretly glad that Alex swings. The next hangings are for their own fun. The nooses are scattered on the cart floor. They pick them up purposefully, and twist them round their arms like a lasso.

Line up, necks ready. Prepare to throw. Let's create our own hanging fiesta.

The distance between the targets is short on the cart. Nooses miss targets. They pick the nooses up from the cart floor. Better throwing the second time round. Two fighters get nooses right around the necks of two guards. Before they utter the word "hanging", the fighters tighten the nooses. Tit for tat two guards get nooses around the necks of two fighters. Four hangings for fun. Raising the targets up to the hanging beam proves to be a struggle on the cart. The initial knots work loose. The knots are redone. Whoosh! Watch the targets swing freely from the hanging beam. It's

amusing. The swinging bodies apply pressure on the hanging beam. Instead a wheel breaks away from the cart. The hanging beam tips out of the cart onto the ground. The five hanging targets get a jolt when they hit the ground. It's the guards' idea: the four survivors finish the targets off by stomping on the necks. Shucks.

The panoramic view is ace— top hangings in a wide screen presentation. There were five targets hanging from the cart beam. Across to the original first hanging beam the action and adventure start again.

Yet, some spectators seek the dangerous front line of the full-frontal hangings, action and adventure instead of the safety of distant observation.

The two spectator arrivals prove their hanging prowess convincingly. Nobody knows their names but they sure breeze through the ups and downs of noosing. The no-names use the souvenir nooses to hang two fighters. There is very little room to secure the noose around the hanging beam. The souvenir nooses work. Chubby Redface brings across loose nooses from the cart.

Well, Chubby wants a hanging. Let's oblige him.

Chubby gets the no-namers to let him hang a decoy first. In the spirit of goodwill the no-namers accommodate the opportunity. Chubby proves he can both hang the decoy and get the decoy's cock to spurt. The decoy was a good looking fighter.

Good work Chubby. It's your turn. The decoy is no substitute for Chubby.

The no-namers persist with the seductive noose around the chubby fighter's neck.

Come on, up higher. Watch us secure the noose around the beam. That's it, Chubby. Take a deep breath. Hold it into your chest. Exhale. Excellent. You're a great partner. You did a fine job collecting the nooses. Look at the colour of your face. Deep, deep red. Short of breath? Go on. Take delight in your breathing. Enjoy. Folks, look here! Chubby's cock thanks us all with its spurting display.

The no-namers pat him on the back like a cattle dog.

Good on you Chubby. Bye bye.

The no-namers laugh. Don't rejoice too soon, in case your delight in hanging Chubby is premature.

When will the fighters be sated?

The fighting group located at the fetters centre ground lost momentum. Walter beckons them to stop and withdraw away from the hanging beams. The situation is different now that Alex is out. Yes, some spectators seek the dangerous front line of the full-frontal hangings, action and adventure instead of the safety of distant observation. Rookies can make hanging fodder. Walter seizes his chance: in the hanging beams area two fighters plea for more time. They're itching to use the nooses in their hands.

More noose time? I'll let you in on a secret. Take more noose time on one condition. Hang the rookies who want to join you. Hang every one of them to your heart's content. No time limit. Take a break to pull down the bodies. Otherwise the hanging beam can't support the weight of new targets. The guards will stack bodies and supply you with fresh nooses. And I dare you, hear me, dare you to hang a guard or two.

Walter calls for five guard reinforcements.

Bring some nooses. On the double. Run!

The guards pick up the nooses, double run from the spectator area. Walter orders them to stack up the bodies and drop the nooses. Walter waves to Edwin to activate the Rookie Plan. During the event Edwin and the guard Kevin selected six rookies, spectators seeking front line action, prime hanging fodder. They are drooling for hanging time, run on the double to the hanging beams.

Ready for more noosing time? Let's see. No more interruptions. Just get on with it!

The six rookies and the five fighters size each other up and down. There's no turning back. They stand here underneath the hanging beam for one purpose, and one purpose only, to get feet off the ground. Drool. Walter notes a few fighters are in debt to him as surviving promoter. Hanging well will work off the debt. To tell the truth Walter likes it when the guards join in. He gives them the go-ahead if they want to. A command to fight would have been better.

The stack of bodies gives the event a visual framework.. The spectators find the event goes slowly for them. The fighters underneath the hanging beam concentrate so intensely that they are unaware of spectators. The action and adventure becomes sheer hanging. Edwin in particular is thrilled with the progressive hangings. The panorama is unquestionably the best event Walter and he has promoted. The loss of Alex is an opportunity for fresh direction. He's got a replacement in mind. Kane's lost his form too. Maybe it's time for Kane to move on.

The hanging beam collapses later in the day with the weight of the targets.

Walter goes off the field to check with Edwin and Kane. He misses the rookies hanging two guards. They were no loss. It turns out for the better. These were the two guards who failed to protect Alex. They were marked for execution.

The no-namers ran out of puff long before the nooses strung them up. Hanging fighters is exhausting work. The no-namers weren't fit enough to take on the two fighters who plea for more time.

The pleaders prove to be triumphant. Their lasso skills were exceptional. The way in which they tied the nooses around the no-namers—and a few rookies—was a cowboys' bag of tricks of their trade. You saw the rookies enjoy their hanging. Their energetic cocks liked the company of hangers-on. The pleaders spent their cocks fucking two arses a few hangings ago. They are now physically exhausted. They can't remember faces, arses or numbers but rookies and fighters swing to prove their achievement.

Two rookies survive in a battered condition. They bruise easily in the rough and tumble. After all they are novices in the event. They are sated with the memorable experience for the moment but willingly await more noose events.

Kevin, the guard located with the spectators, is let down. The five guards, brought in specially from spectator area duties for the extended noose time event, basically stood beside the hanging beams. They didn't join in the hanging. Grounds for discipline? Execution? The two guards who hanged were the jokers from the cart.

Kane picks up on the guards' negligence as well. Kane joins Walter on the side of the hanging field. Walter is into executions. He assumed the guards would join in

the hangings. He will compromise. One guard will be formally executed as an example for Alex's death. Once the guard is selected— one of the negligent guards will do— Kevin can arrange an immediate execution by hanging. It might be unfair—a fighter's life is tough— those are the Necktie Party rules. Kevin chooses six guards to form the execution squad. The first hanging beam is full. Surely? Kevin decides that the second hanging beam can hold one more target. He leaves the targets in the fixed nooses. He prefers a loose noose for this execution. It gives the guards extra work but makes the experience more satisfying for everybody. Kevin takes it on himself to humiliate the guard further. He strips him of his spiked leather amulets on both arms plus sweatbands around the forehead. The other guards strip him totally naked including boots. As a matter of fact all the guards including Kevin are comfortable in the company of cowboys hanging. It's hell to execute fellow guards but sheer pleasure to carry out any executions. Kevin ensures that the six guards do their duty. The execution is classic. Walter, as promoter, has final say. Walter gives Kevin the knife he picked up out of the clothes.

I'm sure he will appreciate you using his own knife. By the way... how many unruly spectators did you impress onto the hanging field? It's true you flaunted your cock at the spectators. Did you use it? It's disappointing that your cock didn't celebrate this afternoon's Party. Remember. What you don't use you can lose. I'm thankful for cock showoffs. They keep the spectators in a good mood. The spectators also like seeing the showoffs' cocks and balls cut off. I, as promoter, am happy to oblige. Even my balls twitch at the prospect. Go on. Cut off the executed guards' cock and balls. Heap them onto the trophy display. But, take warning Kevin. My next promotion includes a punishment group. You might be just the guard to lead the group into the Hanging Valley.

The String Up/ String Down Event ends with the splendid sight of breathless cowboys hanging and lying still on the ground. That's what a panoramic hanging event is all about.