Renaissance Fair

By Blairbrek

Blair was excited to be going out with Erin. She had secretly desired the

petite redhead ever since they started working together on acquisitions and

due diligence. Though this was not a "date" Blair hoped things would go well

between them. So well that she could maybe approach the attorney about. . . . . . . .

Blair felt herself getting excited at the thought.

Blair was a CPA for an accounting firm. She kept her secret very well. Her secret

that she was bi-sexual. . . . . very bi-sexual. She had not been with a man for over two years and was beginning to think she was more a true lesbian. She had dated men in this time but only to keep up appearances. Her other secret is she loved to write stories of submissive women or rather professional business women that get tricked, trapped or blackmailed into losing their pride and position of respect in the business world.

No one Blair worked with or was associated with knew of her secrets. Blair was

never threatened and the risk of being found out was nominal. She was always

very careful with her liaisons.

Erin was someone Blair desired. She was very smart and professional. Her suits

were always expensive and tailored to show off her body. More than once over lunch Blair had to catch herself from staring at her. She was so beautiful and elegant, her body so firm, her breasts under the sweaters or blouses looked so perfect for her size. Blair had masturbated more than once dreaming of Erin.

Blair put her shoulder length brunette hair into a ponytail. It was a hot

August day and it would be cooler that way. She picked out a pair of tan

shorts and black tank top. She thought about a bra, but thought the bra straps

would look tacky showing under the spaghetti straps on her tank top. The top

showed off her firm full 36C breasts extremely well. Erin just has to notice

these she thought running her hands over them. At 29 she kept herself in great

condition and was proud of these assets they didn't sag at all and going

braless definitely showed this.

Blair had long legs and the shorts and sandals with a two-inch heel showed them

off. The shorts though not short shorts came down to cover her cheeks by three

inches. If she bent over at the waist only they would show. . . . . . . hopefully

appeal to Erin.

Blair felt a lump in her throat when she saw Erin. She looked wonderful. Her

flat stomach showing with a belly shirt that hugged her perky breasts. Her

denim shorts showing off luscious legs. Blair was so happy being with Erin and

glad she had been invited to the Renaissance Fair.

It was the first time Blair had ever been to a Renaissance Fair and she was

looking forward to it. This one was out in the country well outside Cleveland.

Erin told her how much fun they were having the actors talk and dress in

medieval costumes. Laughing Erin told her they pick spectators out to

participate and take part in the festivities. "Maybe you'll get picked with

how terrific you look" she told Blair. Her heart skipped a beat. Did Erin

really think so.

They were at the fair for about an hour. Blair was having a fun time watching

the skits and looking at the exhibits when they heard a scream. They went to

investigate. "Oh, Oh she is in trouble Erin laughed. A blonde woman in street

clothes had rope tied around her wrists and was being lead by a man on a horse

followed by four "soldiers. "Her friends were laughing at her. She had an

apprehensive look on her face trying to force a smile. She was going to become

part of the fair.

They waited around and the woman came out still with her wrists tied, but now

dressing in medieval attire. She was lead over to a pond and tied to a chair

on a big pole. "Here ye here ye. This woman is accused of being a harlot. Her

punishment is five dunks in the dunking chair. She screamed as the chair was

swung out over the lake and disappeared beneath the water. When she was

brought up everyone cheered, especially her friends. She sputtered and caught

her breath then they dunked her again. When her "sentence" was over she was

freed. She hit her boyfriend laughing. She looked like a drowned rat. Blair

noticed the woman's hard nipples. The dress she had on her was white at the

top. Her breasts showed clearly through the wet material.

Blair's heart sank when she saw Erin and the man on horseback look at each

other. There eyes met and she smiled and nodded her head. Erin was

heterosexual.

It was late in the afternoon and most of the family's had left and the crowd

had changed to manly adults when the man on horseback and the soldiers came up

to Erin and Blair with a crowd of "townspeople".

Witch! Someone yelled. Blair jumped as the soldiers grabbed her. Her wrists where tied together but behind her back.

"I'm not a Witch she protested. Her protest fell on deaf ears as everyone

started yelling "Witch" at her. She knew this was part of the fair and felt it

was just her turn to become part of the festivities. She wanted to play along

and kept protesting her innocence.

"Silence the wench," the rider commanded.

Blair's eyes popped wide open as her hair was pulled. She opened her mouth to

scream nothing came out as a thick wood dowel was shoved into her mouth. Rope

on the ends was tied tightly behind her head. She was gagged and silenced. She

became aware of how hot she was, as her heart pounded.

She looked over at Erin who was clapping and yelling "witch" along with everybody

else. She was smiling from ear to ear. With only her large brown eyes Blair

implored Erin to do something. She had not seen any of the others taken and

treated like this.

Erin came forward and put her hands on Blair's shoulders. "Don't worry just

play along it's just part of the fun. "Blair felt better at that comment. Yes,

she thought, this is just fun and games. Erin didn't lift her hands off Blair's

shoulders she instead slid the spaghetti straps on the tank top off her

shoulders down to her elbows.

Blair's muffled protests were laughed at by everybody. With her arms behind

her she became aware of how her breasts were being thrust out.

"Harlot! Whore! "The cries changed. In danger of having her breasts exposed

Blair pinned her arms to her sides. Erin stepped back. "A witch and a whore

not a good combination" she laughed.

With a jerk Blair stepped backward. The horse was leading her through the

crowd. She saw Erin mouth the words "Have Fun. "

Rather than go straight to a tent to change she was lead through the entire

Fair, so everyone could see her. Fortunately the rider went slow, so she

wouldn't stumble. She lost her sandals after going just a short distance and

was barefoot. Blair wanted to cry. This was humiliating. Something flew at

her and hit her on the tit. She was startled and looked down; it was mud. When

she looked up she saw everyone holding wet sloppy hands full of mud. The cries

of "witch, whore and harlot" went up again.

Blair tried to duck out of the way when the mud started to fly at her. She

failed. The mud hit her in the face and hair, her whole body was a target. She

stopped moving and just took her "punishment" biting down on the wood between

her teeth. It didn't occur to her she was still in her clothes and was not yet

changed into medieval attire. She kept her eyes tightly closed not wanting to

get mud in them.

Erin got several hands full from the buckets being walked around. She was

enjoyed Blair's humiliation. Enjoying it a bit too much.

Blair felt the mud all over her. Her hair was a mess and matted to her head

and face. The scrungy holding her hair in a ponytail had disappeared when she

was gagged. As she turned her face to avoid the clumps of mud her hair swung

from side to side and stuck to her face.

Worse she felt the cotton top soaked with heavy mud trying to work it's way

down as she began to be lead by the horse. This time though they were moving

faster. Blair felt the material moving as her breasts jiggled as she fought to

keep up with the horse.

Fortunately they made the tent before Blair exposed her breasts. As the

disappeared behind the flap of the tent an "awww" of disappointment went up.

Still tied and gagged Blair's face was washed off. She could see again. What

she saw was Erin standing with the rider and several men and women.

She stepped forward with a pair of scissors. "I owe you bitch. " She said, as she

took the scissors and cut the tank top from Blair.

Tears welled up in her eyes. "MFMFGNHGMD. " was all she could say as she

stood topless. Several others helped the redheaded attorney take the tan shorts

off of the struggling Blair.

"They didn't have these in the Middle Ages" she said, as she grabbed Blair's

white lace panties and tore them from her. Blair screamed as the material tore

through her puss.

Erin stepped back and looked at the crying, naked, humiliated accountant. "This

is more like it. "

"You really need to be more careful, dear Blair. Your secretary found a disc on

your desk a couple of weeks back. When she opened it she was surprised at the

contents. Imagine you writing a story about humiliation and bondage. She was

shocked someone so intelligent and proper could have such a gutter mind. "

Blair's heart was racing as she struggled listening to Erin.

"You can let her go. "The two men holding Blair let go. Leave if you want. The

flap of the tent was lifted and a cheer went up from the people waiting for

Blair's punishment to continue, when they saw the naked female inside. The tent

flap was quickly lowered and Blair's shoulders slumped.

"Maureen thought the victim in your little story sounded familiar. Too

familiar, so she sent me the disc. I was stunned the description of the female

fit me almost to the ‘t. ’You posted it on the Internet and people that knew me

could have seen it. What was it called? Oh yeah 'The High Price of Wagering. '"

Blair was crying and apologizing. No one could understand a word she was

mumbling through her wooden dowel gag.

"This is my turn to get even except this isn't a story. This is real and one

Renaissance Fair you won't forget. I paid a nice little sum for you to be

Taken and degraded. You have no idea what is planned, but I will say it is a bit over

the line" Erin and everybody laughed. She leaned ever and whispered in Blair's

ear, "Just remember how the story ended. "

Three women came forward one was holding a burlap bag with head and arm holes

cut out. The other two both had on rubber gloves and one had a bucket. Evil

smirks were on all their faces.

Blair had tears streaming down her face. This couldn't be happening. How

could Erin be so cruel. She just stood naked waiting for more humiliation. She

didn't have to wait long.

"You know personal hygiene in the middle ages left a lot to be desired. "Blair

had her eyes closed and her head lowered as Erin spoke to her. "Seeing how you

are a bitch and a whore. . . . oops. . . sorry, witch and harlot. "Everyone laughed

at Erin's mocking of Blair's plight. "Stacy and Lauren are going to help you

get even more into character.

The two girls dipped sponges into the bucket and began roughly wiping the mud

out of her hair and off her body. The smell was terrible and with that chunk

of wood between her teeth all she could do was breath through her nose. She

made a face and scrunched her nose to try to block the smell.

"Wondering what it is? "Everyone started laughing. "Blair it is only two day

old horse piss. "

Blair thought she was going to vomit. She dropped down to her knees. She was

being washed off with horse. . . . . .

She was pulled back to her feet by her hair so her bath could be finished.

"There you look better no more mud. OHHHH but that smell! You stink!"

Blair knew the rank odor was coming off of her. She looked at Erin and tried

to plead. . . . . . . to beg her forgiveness for the story she wrote. She tried to

talk Erin into letting her go. Nobody understood a word. Spit and drool oozed

from the corners of her mouth. The gag was very effective.

Her hands were untied so her "dress" could be put on her. She pushed Stacy and

tried to bolt. Erin grabbed at her catching her hair and pulled her viciously

back. Blair screamed around her gag fell onto her back. She rolled over to

get on her hands and knees, but Erin didn't let go of her hair. Erin dragged her

back to the center of the tent.

Blair's body still wet and was now covered in straw and dirt. Two men held her

as the burlap sack was lowered over her head. Each of her arms were put

through a hole in the sides. The neck hole was a very deep V. It went down to

well below her cleavage and half way down her back. The arm holes where also

cut deep into the sides exposing the sides of Blair's breasts.

The burlap dress barely covered her breasts it would not take much movement for

them to pop out and be visible to anyone. The bottom of the bag was only 6

inches below her crotch.

Erin's wish was to have Blair degraded. Blair knew she was being successful.

The whimpering CPA's arms where crossed behind her and tied tight. The effect

in addition to having her defenseless was to thrust her firm breasts out.

Erin, feeling jealous of the brunette’s large firm breasts, began rubbing her

hands over the thrusting mounds and squeezing. Blair's protests told her and

everyone else she was having the desired effect. The coarse material was

irritating to her tender skin. Her final degradation in the tent was when

Erin picked up the bucket of horse piss and threw what was left on her.

Blair was nothing but a toy to Erin to get revenge for the story she wrote

about her. Blair in all her dealing with the redheaded never knew her to be

vicious. She was crying. . . . . . . how could she have ever desired to be with

someone like this.

Erin untied the wooden dowel and took it out from between Blair's teeth. "Oh

thank you thank you Erin. I am so sorry please, please I am so sorry I wrote

that story; please let me make it up to you, please. . . . . . . . " Blair's begging fell

on deaf ears as Erin just turned and walked over to a bale of hay to sit down

and watch.

A man and a woman came over with gourd. It was a special gourd as Blair would

soon find out. The big end was cut off and was replaced with a black rubber

bladder. A hole was bored through to the other end. The bladder was pushed

through and clamped so it would stay attached to the vegetable. The woman

pinched Blair's nose when she shut her mouth. As she gasped to breathe the man

shoved the bladder and two inches of the gourd into her mouth. He kept it

shoved in as the woman picked up a pump and took the tip of the gourd off. As

she began filling the bladder with air, Blair felt her mouth first fill and then

her cheeks bulge out.

With pleading eyes Blair looked for help. All she saw were smiles. The

inflated bladder held the gourd in her mouth. There was no need for it to be

tied to her head.

"One more thing. "A woman put a dirty white cloth hat on Blair and tied it

under her chin. The hat was filled with mud. As she tied it, the mud oozed out

and ran down her face and hair.

Blair was anything but the attractive brunette she was a short time ago. She

was a barefoot, smelly, dirty, gagged witch and harlot wearing a burlap bag

that barely covered her.

Blair whimpered as her secretary from work, "Are we ready for act two"

Maureen said, walking in. She held a video camera.

"Did you get act one?" Erin asking smiling.

"Oh yes! "Maureen was so damn perky. "Everybody will love seeing Bitchy Blair

turned into Mud Girl. "Blair tried to protest, but her mumbles only brought

giggles from the women and laughter from the men. They all had the same

thought; this was going to be the best Renaissance Fair yet and all because of

Blair.

Blair was escorted out of the tent with soldiers on each side. The crowd had

pretty much dispersed with the amount of time they were in the tent, but quickly

re-formed. The crude mocking comments made Blair keep her head down and

shoulders slumped as if that would shield her. Everyone noticed how revealing

the harlot and witches costume was.

The flashes told her lots of people were taking pictures. At least if her head

was down maybe, just maybe they wouldn't capture her face.

"Wow, you were right these people really get into role playing honey"

"I told you and you better behave" he laughed "or you might get to join her" he

told his wife.

"I just want to know how they got that whole gourd in her mouth. "The wife was

commenting Blair's bulging cheeks.

The bound harlot and witch only looked at the couple with pleading eyes.

Blair was taken to a raised platform with a pillory. She started crying when

she saw the sign posted below the pillory.

"My name is Blair Brecken, I am an actress that agreed to play the role of a

Witch and Harlot for the Renaissance Fair. I agreed to all the punishments

administered. I am normally a CPA with the firm of Johnson and Weber when not

a bitch and whore. "

Her head was put into the pillory and it was locked down. Her arms remained

tied. With her neck locked in place one of the soldiers made the announcement

of the witches punishment. Blair fought from crying when she spotted Erin and

Maureen laughing, egging on the crowd that formed and, worst of all, holding the

video camera. The flashing red light told her it was recording.

"Hey the view is better over here!"

Most of the crowd moved to behind the stuck brunette. Being bent at the waist,

her burlap dress rose to expose her tight shapely behind. Blair kept her legs

together to keep her sex hidden.

"Wow look at those tits! "Everybody was looking, the whistles and comments

humiliated the proud. . . . . . . . well, once proud female. Her dress, so bare on top

and with her arms bound behind her, exposed her round firm breasts. Blair

cringed as the camera's snapped picture after picture of her.

"This witch has been sentenced to one hour in the pillory. "Blair breathe a

sigh of relief. Only an hour and then it would be over. . . . . . . . . and 30 lashes

on her behind. Blair screamed into her gag. "That's 30 on each cheek. "

Each soldier stood off to the side with a piece of leather and alternated her

public whipping. Blair danced to try to avoid the pain in her behind. Her

efforts were rewarded. . . . . . rewarded with laughter and shouts of harder and

harder. To her it could not get any harder. By the time they were finished

Blair was sweating profusely. The heat of the day had not subsided and the

burlap though brief was hot. Blair had become numb to it but several people

close began commenting on how foul she smelled.

When they finally finished, a Stacy, one of the women, who helped get her into

this situation came up with a bucket. "The people of this village are kind. We

have a soothing salve for this harlot. "She reached into the bucket and rubbed

honey onto Blair's red burning butt. Blair squirmed as she put her fingers

into her crack and between her legs.

She went to the front to face Blair. "This harlot has a ugly stench about her.

This will help. "She rubbed honey all over Blair's face then ceremoniously

dumped what was left onto her back. The sticky fluid ran down to Blair's

hanging breasts and dripped from her nipples.

The soldiers tied rope to each ankle and pulled Blair's legs apart. To make

her more exposed, but also to open her for her next torment.

The effect was almost immediate after Blair was left alone on the platform.

Flies, gnats and bees began buzzing around her and landing. The itching and

crawling of what seemed like a thousand bugs drove Blair crazy. She danced in

place to no avail. They crawled on her defenseless face. She tried to blow

air out her nose to shoo the flies away but only succeeded in creating laughter

her efforts sounded like a snorting pig. The insects found her private hot

sweaty parts covered in honey. Tears ran through the mud on her face.

Blair was mentally, emotionally and physically exhausted when her hour was up.

The beautiful woman, who came to the Renaissance Fair hoping for a date, no

longer existed. She was now a beaten down ugly, smelly, humiliated harlot and

witch.

Standing between two soldiers still on the platform the Town Crier asked the

crowd. "Do the townspeople feel the punishment is just for this witch and

harlot's crimes?"

A cry of "Yes" went up. Blair stood with a blank expression and looked at the

people entertained by her humiliation.

Has this woman endured enough or are her crimes so great she needs further

punishment?

"More! More! More!"Rang through the spectators. Blair dropped her head.

Everyone wanted to see her further humiliated.

She had to be helped down the stand; her legs were shaky. She was taken to a

tree. Her arms untied from behind but quickly tied together in front to

another length of rope which was thrown over a branch. She moaned as she felt

the rope pulled tight. She rose up on her toes. She was suddenly distracted

by a cheer that went up. The burlap was up over her puss. As she was raised

up to her toes and the rope tied off she hung her head in defeat.

A knife was produced by one of the soldiers and slit the burlap from her body.

FLASH, FLASH. . . . . . . Blair closed her eyes. . . . . . . she was hanging naked and the numerous flashes told her everyone with a camera was recording her "punishment".

Two women came forward with buckets. One pulled the cap from her head.

"Ohhh this harlot smells like a full chamber pot” Her comment elicited more

laughter and degrading comments.

With horsehair brushes they began at her dirty feet and brushed a black sticky ``

paste on her body. "Don't worry bitch this isn't real tar” Though it was discussed. "

They were careful to not cover her puss, behind or breasts with the paste. They

did though put it in her once immaculate hair. Next several people were selected

from the crowd. They reached into sacks full of feathers and threw them at her.

Blair cringed, she was being tarred and feathered.

When they finished she was left hanging for what seemed like an eternity. When

she was finally let down she dropped to the ground and lay trying to rest. Her

resting was only for a moment, as the rope tied to her hands was pulled and tied

to a horse. Two women lead her on another tour of the fair grounds.

The comments were crude and the stares burned into her as her humiliation was

complete. Covered in feathers only her tits, ass and pussy showed her skin.

The fair grounds were empty everybody was gone when Erin, Maureen and two

men brought the naked brunette out of the tent. Blair had been hosed off but the

mixture of honey, and black paste still gave her a filthy appearance.

Blair was unbound except for her mouth. They put a ring gag into her mouth. The

metal and rubber donut fit over her teeth and kept her mouth obscenely open. The

ring was held in place by leather straps that cupped her chin and framed her nose

running between her eyes. Blair had a dumb cross-eyed look to her that of course

was captured on film.

Her shoulder length dark hair was braided into a ponytail with a long piece of rope.

Blair went meekly along, the rope attached to her hair dragging on the ground

behind. . She had been humiliated beyond her wildest imagination. In her stories

she had fantasized about being humiliated, but the reality was much worse and not

arousing at all. Her pride and reputation was ruined. Maureen and Erin had told

her they would pick the best pictures and pass them around. They had plans for

her and working at the accounting firm being an intelligent successful businesswoman was not one of them.

They brought her to one of the animal exhibits. She moaned and shook her head

“no” when she saw it was the pigsty. They made her get on all fours and tied long

pieces of rope to her ankles and wrists. Erin and Maureen buckled a spreader bar

to her knees. The beaten female tried to resist but her energy was gone along with

her pride. With the men's help Blair's knees were spread wide opening her sex for

all to see.

Blair resisted crawling through the gate into the filthy smelly pig sty but

with one of the men pulling the rope in her hair she had no choice. They lead

her through the mud and around the pen several times. She struggled to keep up,

but with the spreader bar limiting her legs, she fell face first into the slop

several times. All this was captured on the video Maureen was making.

She was dragged over to a huge sow and pulled over it. The coarse skin of the

animal felt like sandpaper on her smooth skin. Bound as she was she struggled

crawling over.

"Hey the horny bitch is trying to mount the pig" Maureen commented.

"If I would have known she was into that I would have strapped a dildo on her

so she could fuck a pig not just look like one. " Erin laughingly added.

Blair was brought to the gate to the pen and placed facing out of it. The rope

in her hair was pulled across the pen and tied to the rail. Her wrists were

kept in place out to the side, about a foot outside her shoulders, when the

rope was tied to posts. Her ankles were also tied off to posts though with the

spreader bar she couldn't close her knees anyway. Blair was on all fours,

unable to stand. Blair was tempted to lay down face first to just rest. This

possibility was quickly eliminated, as she moaned when her head was yanked

back. The rope in her hair was pulled tightly to a rail across the pen and tied off.

What used to be a successful beautiful brunette businesswoman was now a naked

female covered in muddy slop on her hands and knees. Her mouth obscenely open

for anything.

Erin came over and knelt in front of her.

"I bet you are so sorry for writing that disgusting story about me, no?I can

just imagine your profuse apologies. "She was smiling. " I looked up on the

Internet to see if you had written anything else and guess what. You are a

little prolific writer. "Erin was mocking her. Through her crossed brown eyes

Blair could only look. Erin pointed out to the others the drool running down

her chin. With her mouth open and head back it was difficult to swallow and

easier to let her saliva pool and roll out of her mouth.

"It seems you have some very creative lesbian submissive fantasies, Blair dear.

You were trying so hard to cover them up; good; I think you are just confused as to

your sexuality. Maureen agreed to help me figure out just what you want or I

should say are. It is amazing how many hard cocks and wet pussies we have

lined up for you. Tonight you only have to stay here like a good girl. "Blair

tried to give Erin a dirty look at her mocking her plight. It was useless.

"We will be back in the morning before the workers show up so don't worry no

people will come across you so disgusting and open for sex. Blair felt

relieved it was the only comment Erin had told her since being taken. "I know

you were worried about people seeing you like this dear sweet Blair but if I

were you. . . . . . . Blair's eyes open wide. . . . . . . . it is the animals and dogs roaming the fair grounds I would be worried about.

Erin pulled two bells out of her pocket. They had clamps on them on snapped

them cruelly on Blair's hanging breasts. Blair fought to get free, not only of

her bondage and the clamps on her nipples, but to avoid. . . . . . . . . . . .

The four walked away laughing as the bells jingled throughout the deserted

Renaissance Fair. The bells were ringing, because several dogs had found the

former accountant.

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