

The Role of His  
*Lifetime*

**by A. P. Damien**

*The Role of a Lifetime* is a work of fiction. Name, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2021 by A. P. Damien

Rights reserved using Creative Commons Attribution license CC-BY-4.0.

## **Acknowledgements**

I want to thank two people at Furrymuck for yiffing (aka tinysex aka cybersex) with me; that's how I learned to write sex scenes. I also want to thank "Johnny." I learned a lot about writing hanging scenes from his writings<sup>2</sup>. I also want to thank NGNDAA at [furaffinity](#) and divan at [dolcettish](#) for their proofreading and other assistance in making this story as good as I could make it.

One of them used the moniker "Swiftfox". I don't remember the other's name.

<sup>2</sup> Johnny owned the "Lizbeth" account at an early hosting service called "the Armory". The account is gone and, apparently, so is the website, but I have preserved these stories on my website:

<http://apdamien.info/nfair/johnny/index.htm>

**Note:** if you want to skip over all the plot and sex scenes and just get to the hanging, see *The Hanging*

.

# Preface

**Author's Note:** Parts of this story take place on Hollywood-style movie sets. Instead of going into details each time, I'm just going to insert a block that looks something like the following:

2042 0 16 11:09:11	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
23	3

This represents a [clapperboard](#). It shows the date and time (yyyy mm dd hh:mm:ss), the scene number, and the take number. This will often be followed by a short paragraph that looks something like:

**INT:** A western courtroom.

That means that this is an interior scene on a set where the background, furniture and lighting are consistent with a Wild West courtroom. Exterior scenes (back lot or "on location") are marked **EXT**.

This is usually followed by the word "**Clack**" That represents the sound of the top of the clapperboard being closed.

## Characters in order of appearance

Name	Species	Description
Robert Toft aka RT	M ocelot	Director of the Dusky Horizons series of Snuff westerns.
Bradford Marchand aka Brad	M squirrel	Star of "Cattle Rustler's Trail", a Snuff film in the Dusky Horizons series
Judie Clark	F oryx	RT's secretary
Hendrik Fabbro	M bobcat	Hotdog vendor, Brad's first groupie
Vangelis Floros	M hyrax	Gyros vendor, Brad's second groupie
Davis Caulfield	M	Plays Sheriff Millard
Palmer Cullen	M weasel	Plays the town mayor (hangman, villain)
Hiram Tate	M mastiff	Plays a deputy/jail guard
Susumu Yamasaki	F civet	Movie star, emcee at the Oscar ceremonies

## Prologue

Passage of the Voluntary Slavery And Assisted Suicide Act of 2025—better known as the Stacks-Yancy Act—created a new industry: snuff films. You might think it difficult to find someone willing to take the starring role. You would be wrong. The pay (to the star's heirs) is amazing, and the opportunity to

become famous—even posthumously—brings more volunteers than there are parts to fill. This is the story of one such star.

## Monday

(click) "Mr. Toft, there's one more anthro here to see you. He's not on the list from Central Casting."

"Tell him to apply there first, Sheila."

"He says he wants the lead. And he's drop-dead gorgeous."

"That good, huh? Okay, I've got an hour before I need to leave for the meeting with the money people. Send him in and let's see if he's any good."

"Yes, sir." (click)

Some moments later, the door opened and a squirrel with blond headfur entered the room. He wore short blue jeans and a casual light blue shirt. He stood there, only two steps into the room, as the secretary closed the door behind him.

"Okay, boy, what's your name? And what's your gimmick?" Toft asked.

"My name is Bradford Marchand..." he started. "But most furs call me Brad. That's easier." He smiled shyly.

"And...?" the ocelot blew some blue smoke toward the boy, then set the cigar down in the ashtray. "Usually we only book from Central Casting. So why are you wasting my time?"

*Whoa! That's tough! But I've got a lot riding on this interview!* "I am s-sorry, Sir," *I haven't stuttered like that since Junior High.* "but I wanted to get a part in your Dusky Horizons Series of Westerns. Me and my friends have watched every movie in that series. Three, or four times. He paused, then stuttered a bit as he went on, "...es-especially the han-hanging scenes." Another pause. "I d-decided that's how I wanted to go, over a year ago. If I signed a s-slave contract with Central C-casting, they might send me to some other studio." *I've memorized this next part.* "I've had over four years of acting lessons, played the lead in the school play in 12th grade, then second lead in community college my sophomore year. My parents hired me a hanging coach, and well, now here I am."

Brad paused. Toft just raised a brow.

"...If you want I can just undress here and you can look at what I have to offer."

The director looked over the would-be star. Good bones in the face. Strong chin, deep blue eyes. He picked up the cigar again and motioned for Brad to go ahead.

The squirrel removed his shirt and draped it over the back of a chair. He had a fine chest, fit but not too bulgy, well-defined nipples, pink but not feminine. He unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off, then his briefs. His shaft was already starting to protrude from its sheath, always a good sign in an actor seeking the lead role in one of these films.

The ocelot made a circular motion with his raised index finger, and Brad slowly turned around in place.

"Okay, just stand like that.."

"Yes, Mr. Toft"

"Everybody calls me RT. I have a little time to spare, so I'm going to give you an interview. If I like what I hear, you'll come back Thursday for a screen test. That still doesn't guarantee you get the part, you understand?"

The squirrel nodded.

"Good. Now, a few things to discuss. If I decide to hire you, you have to sign a slave contract. That makes it legal for us to snuff you. And once you sign, you don't get much choice. I'll probably put you in *The Dishonest Whore*, but we might transfer you to one of our other departments—SciFi or Romance or War films. And I can put you in a couple of bit parts before casting you as the star of a film. So you can expect to get snuffed in the next few years, but not necessarily right away."

"That-that's okay. Really, I want this. I've done a lot of sports training, too. Weight training, ballet, gymnastics; I took the silver at the statewide competition."

"That may not be enough. It can take five years or more to learn to act, depending on how much native talent you have. That's part of what the screen test is about."

"Yes, sir."

"And, if you're looking for the lead, you have to do the casting couch thing. I know that's supposed to be a joke, something they do to naïve star-wannabes. But this role involves a lot of fucking and sucking, and you gotta be able to do that *and* stay in character.

Well, I kind of expected this. Every episode of *Dusky Horizons* has at least three steamy scenes plus the snuff at the end. Brad turned to face Toft and looked down, feeling his cock now sticking out, unsheathed and semi-erect. Yeah, getting turned on just thinking about it.

He stepped a bit closer to the ocelot, pushing his paws into his sides and his hips to the front, showing his proud rodenthood.

His member was quite a show. A little thicker than average for a rodent, two toned, pink and black, glistening, with nice firm, round orbs below.

"So, I guess now you want me to..... have sex with you while being in character?" he asked. "Like, playing my role while sucking you?"

Toft opened a desk drawer and pulled out a sheaf of paper with comb binding and transparent plastic covers. "Not the role you're auditioning for, but a scene from a film that we haven't gotten a backer for. " He handed Brad the script, then went on. "Read the character summary at the front, then turn to page 44 and memorize scene 31, starting with 'Judge Kendall...' and then the sex scene."

Brad opened the script and read the summary. His character was a freelance prostitute who was mostly honest, but a couple of times he'd done a "Murphy" on a customer who made him nervous. He was caught and faced the death penalty—hanging, of course.

He looked at page 44. Scene 31 called for him to offer sexual favors, trying to bribe the judge to delay his trial so his best friend—currently out of town—could testify in his favor. Maybe he could escape the death penalty. *As if... Nobody will buy tickets or DVDs if the star doesn't struggle and kick at the end of a rope.* Brad read further. The judge enjoyed betting and overestimated his ability to beat the odds.

And my character has the hots for the judge. Oh, yeah, I can handle that scene just fine... "Judge Kendall... Your Honor..."

The Director interrupted. "Just call me Beau. We're not in my courtroom, and we were on a first-name basis before you cheated those two customers."

"Okay... Beau. I want to beg a small favor."

"What is it? We can't have whores like you cheating customers."

"My best friend knows what happened, but he's gone to Dodge City for a month to visit his brother. If you would put off my trial for a few weeks, he can testify for me."

"Why should I do that?"

"In the interests of justice?"

"We're pretty proud of our speedy trials here in Harmony Springs. I could put off yer trial for a week, but a month... no way."

“Well, a week then. Maybe I can talk somebody into going to Dodge and getting Oswald to come back sooner.”

"And why should I do that?"

"Well..." Brad paused as if thinking, "...how about... a bet. I'll pleasure you with my mouth, and if it isn't the best blowjob you ever had—in fact, the best *sex* you ever had, then I'll plead guilty and save the town the cost of the trial. If I succeed, you put the trial off for a week. Okay?"

The Director put out a hand. "It's a bet."

Brad took his hand and they shook on it.

"Take your clothes off and stand with your back against a wall. By the time I'm half done with you you'll have a hard time standing up."

The Director undressed, folding his clothing neatly on his desk, then leaned against the side wall of his office. Brad left his clothes in a heap on the floor, then pressed his body to the ocelot's, fur to fur, crotch against crotch. He pressed his lips to the Director's, kissing him gently but thoroughly, rubbing his body against the Director's from his chest down to his thighs.

When the ocelot started breathing fast, Brad gave him a last, deep kiss, then pulled back a few inches. He kissed his way down the Director's front, paying special attention to his nipples and his navel. Brad ended up on his knees, one hand around the ocelot's cock—now fully extended from its sheath—and wrapped his lips around it. Brad cupped RT's butt with his other hand and started slowly licking the tip. He teased the ocelot with his tongue for a couple of minutes, then slid his lips up and down a few times, then returned to the tongue tease. He sucked harder and used his hand to rotate the ocelot's cock between his lips.

After a few more minutes, Brad started sliding his lips up and down, but only about an inch. The Director begged for more, and Brad gradually increased the depth. The Director was incoherent by the time Brad was taking the full length of the shaft. He changed tactics slightly: sliding rapidly down and up the shaft, flicking the frenum with his tongue, but then pausing for a half-second before doing it again.

The ocelot's knees started to give way partway through this. Brad held him against the wall with his free hand and sped up. He licked his way down the entire shaft, then slid rapidly up until only the head was in his mouth. Again and again, as fast as he could. The Director's pleas went into the top of his vocal range and he was having trouble catching his breath in between strokes.

*Time to finish.* He slid his lips rapidly up and down the shaft, flicking the underside quickly and lightly with the tip of his tongue until Toft yelled, "Oh, YES!!!" then he swallowed the ocelot's semen. He continued licking until Toft made quiet protesting noises, then helped RT slump safely to the floor. The Director lay there, breathing hard. Brad waved a hand in front of the ocelot's eyes; they moved around but not in sync with his hand. Brad waited, and RT's eyes eventually focused on the hand. The ocelot shook his head, rolled over, grabbed Brad's hips, and pulled himself onto his knees. He took Brad's hand in both of his, and slowly got to his feet, his hands clutching Brad's shoulders to help him balance. He stayed like that, wobbling slightly, while his breathing returned to normal.

"Wheeee-ooooo! If that had been a real bet you'd have won it for sure."

Brad smiled a bit smugly.

"There's still one more test before I go to the expense of a screen test. Turn to page 67, then come over here."

Brad walked over and stood in front of the desk. The ocelot opened another drawer and got out a coil of rope with a noose in one end.

"Wait," Brad objected, "You're going to...?"

"Only a little. Don't worry, you haven't signed the slave contract yet. HDH-Vortex Features operates strictly within the law. But I want to see your reaction."

"Umm..." Brad hesitated for some seconds. "Okay."

Toft climbed up on the desk and put the rope through a ring attached to the ceiling. He opened the noose, slipped it over Brad's head, and pulled it snug around the squirrel's neck. Then he climbed down and stood next to the squirrel. "Now," he said, "imagine yourself about to be hanged. You're naked, just like now, standing on the edge of the gallows platform, with a noose around your neck. Your hands are tied, so clasp them together behind you and keep them there."

Brad closed his eyes and did as RT said.

"There's a couple dozen people standing around looking at you, eager to watch you swing."

*I didn't think I could get any harder. Guess I was wrong.*

"The town boss wants to make sure everybody gets a good view of your nakedness, so he pours some lamp oil on his hands and spreads it on your



cock..." the director suited action to words, "and starts rubbing you, slowly, too slow for you to cum—much as you'd like to."

Oh, shit! This is impossible! If this goes on much longer I'm going to have blue balls for sure.

"Then he suddenly pushes you off the platform." Brad felt a tug around his neck and the noose grew tighter. *A little uncomfortable, I can still breathe, a little, but it feels like I'm choking. Raspy in my throat.* He made involuntary choking noises every time he pulled air into his lungs past that constricting knot.

"And there you are, hanging, nothing under your feet, the noose tight around your neck. It hurts. Not just a little discomfort like this, but really painful. You need air, your muscles strain but you can't breathe at all. Your feet kick as you dangle in mid-air. And you need to cum so bad..."

Brad felt Toft's hand stroking him, a little faster now, but still too slow for him to cum... except for that feeling of the noose around his neck. Then Brad felt a finger pressing against his tailstar, slipping inside. Just the one finger, but he imagined Toft invading him, fucking him, whether he wanted it or not.

"Soon your face turns red, then purple. Your feet kick, but weaker. Everything is growing dim... imagine the world of color around you turning to gray, and you know it means you are fading out forever..." The stroking stopped, but Brad didn't even notice as he imagined himself strangling to death in a noose. The ocelot added a second finger, then a third and plunged them in to the hilt.

It was too much. Brad came explosively, his cum shooting onto the polished desk and some of it landing on the chair at the far side. His knees gave out and he sagged into the noose; it tightened up and choked him completely. He grew aware that he was getting lower, his legs folding up.

The pressure on Brad's neck eased, and he realized that he was lying on the floor, with the noose draped loosely around his neck. As his orgasm faded into afterglow, he found himself wondering... he opened his eyes and saw the director looking at him.

Brad reached for coherence to ask a question. "How...?" he started, "If you had one hand around my dick and one holding the rope, how did you get your fingers into my ass?"

The director smirked. "Once I'd got the tension right on the rope, I just put a foot on the loose end."

"Oh. Well... wow! That was terrific!"

"Yeah, you did pretty well. You've earned yourself a screen test. Come back at 9AM Thursday — is that time okay with you?"

"Yes. I have a part-time job in the afternoons, but we should be done by 2, right?"

"Yeah. Either you'll be going back to work, or you'll be calling to tell them you signed a slave contract."

"Uh, right."

"Study the script in the meantime. When you do the test, I want you thinking about the emotions you're conveying, not struggling to remember your lines."

"Yes, sir! Thank you so much, sir."

"Just be here. You can get dressed and leave now."

Brad's butt and cock were still full of lube, but he couldn't be bothered to clean up right now. He put his clothes on again, then left Toft's office with weak knees, a pounding heart and trembling fingers.

The secretary gave him a reminder note with the date and time of his screen test. "Show this at the gate when you come back."

Brad left, still feeling a little dizzy, and wandered out toward the subway. He was aware of the naughty remains on his private parts, now hidden beneath his jeans. His mouth felt dry and his throat was still hurting. He needed something to drink. He turned around and headed to a hot dog stand, got a coke and swallowed it as quickly as possible. The cold, bubbly liquid helped cool his throat.

"Are you okay?" the bobcat asked, looking a bit worried.

"What, me? S-sure..." Brad stuttered. "Very much. I'm getting a screen test!"

"Oh good to hear... so you go to the movies? You know, lots of stars pass here... buying my dogs... even once, Zeke Hillcrest had a coke right where you are standing now!" The bobcat crossed his arms, obviously proud, holding a big fork in his paw. "And even lots of the... well... one-show stars buy my food. I have the best dogs by far!"

"One-show stars?" Brad asked.

"Ya..." the predator smirked. "you know that... uhm... snuff stuff... like Brothers in Arms, or that Dusky Horizons series. They are always cute guys — like

you," he leered, "and real nice, but well..." he shrugged. "They do one film and then you can buy their fur at some auction."

"Uhh... well..." the squirrel blushed now, unsure what to say. "Y... you don't like that stuff?"

The bobcat laughed. "Ohhh... no, just the opposite. They are so hot to watch. I never miss one... Especially Dusky Horizons." He smiled. "They took the Western genre to a whole new level... I mean, before it was all like old fashioned..."

"I... know." Brad dragged his paw along the asphalt. "To be honest... the film I applied for is one of those... Dusky Horizons."

"Oh really?" the bobcat grabbed a bun and put a sausage on it. "Then... well. good luck... and this one is free!" he added onions and mustard and gave the hot dog to Brad.

"Thank you!" Brad said, smiling. "But Y... you don't need to do that..."

"I will enjoy your show and fap a lot!" the bobcat laughed, cuffing him on the side. Then he looked more serious, eyeing him up and down. "And you really look handsome... and well..."

"Thanks, Mister..."

"By the way... my name is Hendrik!" the bobcat offered his paw. "If you need some tricks or things like that. I can help you. As I said... I know some of the guys here..."

"OK, Hendrik... I'm Brad!" the squirrel grabbed the paw.

"So... was it a really tough interview? You look like they really put you through the mill."

"Well, there was the casting couch..."

"Oh, yeah, I've heard rumors about that on the street. I hear it really *is* a casting couch: the directors don't just use it to get laid, they test your reactions."

"Well, mine got tested all right. First he fucked me but didn't 'give me a hand.' Then he put a noose around my neck and made me imagine myself hanging; I came so hard... But even after that I'm still horny."

"Well, I could eat a squirrel, as they say."

Coming from a bobcat, that made Brad a little nervous. He looked quickly at Hendrik, but all he saw was lust, not food hunger. "Really?" he asked.

"Well, part of a squirrel, anyway. Just a sec..." he whistled loudly. A hyrax a half-block away looked up and whistled back. Hendrik pointed at his cart, then pumped his hips a couple of times. The other vendor nodded. Hendrik turned a control and closed the cover on his cart. "He'll watch my cart while we're gone. My place is just a couple of stops away. What do you say?"

"Sounds wonderful," Brad answered. He followed Hendrik down the steps to the northbound platform. A few minutes later, Hendrik led him to a nearby cluster of buildings and up the elevator to the bobcat's apartment. As soon as they were inside, he led Brad to the bedroom. "Here, kid, lie down and let Hendrik take care of you."

"Nuh, uh," Brad said, "Let's take our clothes off. If you're going to do me, I want to be able to see you."

"Okay."

Hendrik started pulling his clothes off, tossing them into a corner. Brad took off his shoes and socks, undid his shirt, his slacks, then took off his underthings.

"Wow!" the bobcat murred when he saw Brad naked. "All that for me!" Half of his red penis was already sticking out of the sheath. He looked again, noted the shiny Vaseline on the squirrel's privates, and clicked his tongue. "Tsk! Messy. Just a sec." He went into the bathroom and came out with a warm, damp towel. He sponged off Brad's butt, then his crack, then reached down between the squirrel's legs to clean the area in between. Then he returned to Brad's front and slowly, lovingly cleaned the squirrel's penis.

Hendrik's paws gently urged Brad to lie down on the bed, face up. He settled down between the squirrel's legs and began licking the tip of Brad's organ. He seemed to be in no hurry, just enjoying the taste and texture of squirrel-cock as his tongue swirled over it. When the bobcat was satisfied with that, he began licking the sides, starting at the base and working his way up to the tip, first one side, then the other. Then he did the same thing to the underside, making the squirrel gasp in pleasure.

This felt very nice, but his time on the casting couch had left Brad very needy indeed, and he whined in protest at the slow pace. The bobcat glanced up at his face and nodded, then opened his mouth, wrapped it around the tip, and slid up and down a few inches.

"Ahhhhh..." Brad moaned. Hendrik sped up just a little, but went no deeper, seeming to be lost in the sensation of a large cock in his lips and tongue. After a few minutes of pleasurable torture, Brad was relieved when the bobcat started sliding farther down, taking more and more of the squirrel into his mouth. But Hendrik still moved slowly, savoring the sensations in his mouth.

But something was missing for Brad. This was incomplete. He pulled himself up from the well of tingling pleasure emanating from his center, and realized what it was. He touched the bobcat's cheek gently with one forepaw. "Me, too," he said.

Hendrik pulled back just long enough to say, "Okay, if you want." He turned around until his crotch was centered over the squirrel's mouth, then reattached himself to Brad's cock.

Brad opened his maw and wrapped it around the bobcat's organ. It tasted a little sweaty where it had emerged from the sheath, and he found himself even more turned on. He wrapped one paw around it and began sucking it in and out of his mouth, trying to match Hendrik's rhythm.

They went on like that for minutes that seemed to last an eternity of pleasure, but Brad found he couldn't stand the slow pace. He sped up, moving his hands and lips faster, licking Hendrik's frenum whenever it passed over his tongue. *Yes!* He wanted to make his lover scream in pleasure, cum hard, pump Brad's maw full of his semen. The moans from the bobcat's throat told him how fast, how hard, he needed to suck at each moment, and he was soon rewarded with a mouthful of bobcat cum. He slowed down as Hendrik's noises started to sound more like pain than pleasure.

The bobcat hummed a sound that might have been "Thank you," and kept licking and sucking the squirrel's sensitive member. Brad was aware of a growing ache in his balls, a need... He took his mouth from Hendrik's penis and pleaded, "More... please...?"

Hendrik responded by speeding up, taking Brad as deep as he could, using both hands around the part of Brad's cock that wouldn't fit in his mouth. Brad felt the storm build, then let go with a ferocity that whited his consciousness out with pleasure. He cried out once, then collapsed back on the bed.

Hendrik swallowed again, and again. Then he slowly backed off and kissed his way from the base of Brad's cock to the tip. He looked up at the squirrel, and saw that Brad had slipped into a deep sleep, a satiated smile on his lips.

"Yeah!" Hendrik said quietly, and lay down next to Brad, wrapping his arms around the squirrel's chest. He put his head next to the squirrel's, inhaling the squirrel's male scent, and in a few minutes was snoring quietly.

Brad woke up to the smell of coffee and a mixture of smells that made his belly rumble with hunger. Hendrik was moving around in the kitchen. The squirrel noticed fresh briefs laid out on the bed next to him, pulled them on, and went into the kitchen. "Hi, thanks for the fresh undies."

“Hey, no trouble, we’re the same size. I’ve got yours in a plastic bag.” The bobcat looked down and hesitated. “Or you can wear those home and I’ll keep yours in trade.”

“Oh, yeah, that would be fine, I’m not attached to any particular brand, just buy whatever’s cheapest when I need them. So I can just put my slacks over these and go home?”

“I hope not. I’ve got dinner in the oven: pizza with ‘da meats’: pepperoni, Italian sausage, meatballs, ham, Canadian bacon, onions, and fresh roma tomatoes.”

“Wow, so that’s what smells so good.”

“Sure is, and I make my own dough. But it’s too much trouble to make for just one, so I only have it when there’s somebody over. Like today.” The bobcat turned and grinned at Brad.

“Okay, you sold me. And speaking of wow... WOW!”

“Yeah,” Hendrik grinned again. “Wow!” He poured a cup of coffee and offered it to Brad.

Brad looked at the clock. Early evening. “Hey, what about your cart?”

“Vangelis — that’s the vendor down the block from me — is an old friend. I called him, and he put my cart next to his and ran it, too. He keeps half the profits from my cart. That’s our deal when one of us wants to take off a few hours to get laid, deal with bureaucracy, see a doctor, whatever. I’ll have to go retrieve it before he goes home for the night at eight, but there’s lots of time for dinner.

The timer buzzed, and Hendrik opened the door and used a paddle to pull a beautifully gooey pizza out of the oven. He set it to cool while he opened a bottle of *Barbara Superiore* and poured two glasses. Then he cut the pizza into six slices and put three on each plate. He gestured and the two males sat down and started eating.

“It actually works out pretty well,” Hendrik explained after their initial hunger had been assuaged. “You see, there are some hours where there’s more traffic at the buildings where he is, and other hours more where I am. When one of us is running both carts, he just moves to whichever spot is busiest right then. So the total sales are almost as good as if both of us were there. Of course, whoever’s doing that has to really be on the hop at busy times.”

“Well, I must say you’re quite a good cook. You have really good hot dogs, but this is just so much better than even a perfect hot dog...”

“I know. I’ve been experimenting. I may be able to come up with a way to get a pizza oven into a cart. If I can make it work, I’ll graduate from selling food to selling carts.”

“Good for you!”

“Well, good for you that you got a screen test!”

They toasted each other again, then sat down on the couch to watch TV for a while.

During a commercial, Hendrik turned to the squirrel and said, “I’ve been looking for a good way to say this, but I haven’t found one, so I’ll just be direct. Any time you get horny...” he paused and handed Brad a card, “just give me a call. That’s my cell number. Just think of me as a fuck buddy you can call on whenever you like. Or... more like your own personal groupie. You want, I’m available, okay?”

“Wow! Okay for sure!” Brad said and kissed the bobcat.

After dinner, Hendrik went off to get his cart from Vangelis. "Go through the DVDs in that rack and pick a couple for us to watch when I get back.

While he was gone, Brad got out a two DVD set: "The Best of Dusky Horizons". It had all the sex scenes, the major plot twists, and of course the hangings from the first 15 movies in that series. The two watched the first one, then got about halfway through the second, before they couldn't stand it any more. Brad started unbuttoning Hendrik's shirt and kissed his way down the Bobcat's chest. Hendrik didn't quite rip Brad's clothes off, but it was a close thing. He wanted Brad to fuck him, and the squirrel was happy to oblige, reaching around to play with the bobcat's organ so they both came at about the same time. They fell onto the bed and were asleep in less than 5 minutes.

=====

Brad spent the next two evenings studying the script. First he read through the entire script to get the overall "arc" of the story. Then he read the director's notes on how his two scenes should be interpreted. Then he went through the scenes, memorizing his lines and cues.

Brad took his supervisor aside Wednesday afternoon and explained that he had something he needed to take care of on Thursday, and would either come to work around 2:30 or not be in at all, depending on how things worked out. The ocelot looked Brad over carefully. "You have stars in your eyes. I know the look. Which studio are you auditioning with?"

"Vortex Features. I'm hoping to land a role in the Dusky Horizons series."

"Well, I wish you the best of luck." The supervisor gave Brad a pat on the rump. "Now get back to work."

Brad smiled and got.

=====

### **Thursday**

Brad called Hendrik at 7 in the morning. "Hey, Hendrik, can I come over this morning? I want to try a little rehearsal with a partner. We'll be done before you have to go set up your cart."

"Sure. Come over when you're ready."

Brad poured some cereal in a bowl, added milk, and ate rapidly. He threw on some clothes, brushed his headfur, and took the #5 train. From there it was only a short walk to Hendrik's place. The bobcat opened the door and greeted Brad with a kiss. "C'mon in. And you can stay as long as you need to. I called Vangelis and he'll run both carts unless I call him back and say I don't need him today.

"Great."

"So, what can I do for you?"

"I think I've memorized all my lines from these two scenes—the ones with thick red lines down the margin—but I want to have somebody feed me my cues and make sure I can say them without having to think about it."

"Hey, glad to help!"

Brad opened the script to the arrest scene and handed it to Hendrik. Here, start with "Sheriffs. Everybody stay where you are!"

They spent the next two hours going over the script.

"Did I do good, ma'am?" Hendrik prompted.

"You were... acceptable." Brad drawled.

"I think that pause should be just a trifle shorter. You don't want the audience to laugh at that point, do you?"

"I guess not. Let's try it again."

### **Later**

Hendrik gave him the cue: "Hey, what about me?"

"Sorry, Tate. Not this time."



"But I'm your second. I should get your semen!"

"Blair sucked me like he meant it, so he gets the treat this time."

Hendrik applauded. "Perfect!"

"I'd say you've got it cold. I'm not the director, but I think you've got the timing right and you're putting across the emotions you want. Go out there and knock 'em dead!"

"Heh! I think it's supposed to be the other way around."

"Guess so." Hendrik shrugged, then grabbed Brad again. "Here's another kiss for good luck."

Brad was breathing hard when they separated. "Good thing it's a half-hour walk to the studio. That'll give me time to get this hard-on to go down."

Hendrik laughed, gave Brad a potsch am tuchus, and went to the kitchen to get his cart.

### **Later...**

Brad left the building a little after 4 in the afternoon, and nearly ran to Hendrik's cart. "I got the part!"

"I knew you would. I've known since this morning when you stopped by to rehearse. You're just too hot and too good an actor not to get it."

"Can you let Vangelis run your cart the rest of the day? I want to celebrate. I got my advance; let me take you to dinner. "

"I've got no objection. My cooking is pretty good, but a change would be nice, ditto not having to clean up afterward. Where?"

"Maybe *Les Toques*... Just a sec." Brad pushed buttons on his phone. "Okay, we've got it. *Les Toques*, 5:30."

Hendrik signaled Vangelis, then wheeled his cart over. "So, what's up?" the Greek asked.

"I signed a slave contract about..." Brad looked at his watch, "two hours ago."

"You did what?"

"I'm going to be the star of the next Dusky Horizons movie."

Vangelis' jaw dropped. "You... you're going to get hanged?"

Brad grinned. "Yup! Did some hanging earlier today and it was terrific!"

"To each his own, I guess. But... Well... I'll be sure to see it. You're one hot squirrel!"

"Thanks. Anyway, I want to take Hendrik out to celebrate..."

Hendrik broke in, "So we'd be *most* grateful if you'd take care of my cart the rest of the afternoon."

"I'll be happy to. Have a good time, both of you."

"Thanks." Hendrik kissed the hyrax, then Brad did the same."

"Wow! Like I said, one *hot* squirrel!"

Brad and Hendrik went off arm in arm, laughing. On the train they talked about the weather (very fine that day) and their favorite teams. When they got to *Les Toques*, Brad slipped the *maitre de* some folded up paper, and they were seated in an enclosed booth. He asked for a bottle of their best champagne, and the two friends sat reading the menu until it came. The squirrel tasted a bit and nodded; the *sommeliér* filled both flutes and left them.

"Okay, tell!" Hendrik demanded. "How did it go? Was it tough? Fun?"

"Fun. Definitely fun! You remember those scenes we rehearsed this morning?"

"Yeah. Seemed to me you had them cold."

"More like hot. At least that's how RT reacted. That's Mr. Toft, the director.

The two ate, drank, and chatted—mostly about Hendrik's plans for his pizza cart and Brad's screen test but whatever else came to mind. Including sex. And hanging.

"The hardest part was at the end. I actually had to hang for a minute."

"But you've been doing hanging, right?" Hendrik asked.

"Yeah. But in those hangings I was allowed to be myself, to show my feelings. But in the movie, I can't look excited when it comes to the hanging. So I had to stand there, naked, and let the A.D. put a noose around my neck. And stay flaccid. Then I had to hang for nearly a minute before I was allowed to get erect."

"Man, that sounds tough!"

"It was. But at least they let me cum while I was dangling. Otherwise I'd have the worst case of blue balls in history."

"Well, I'm real happy for you. And like I said, I'm your groupie. Anything you want, just ask."

After the cheese plate came a pause, nearly 45 minutes, to let the food settle. Then the Pastry Chef himself arrived with the dessert: some sort of rich cake with a flambéed topping.

The Chef offered the first piece to Brad, who tasted it and got a broad smile on his face. "Yes!" he said. "Best sweet I've ever tasted."

Brad paid and left a 25% tip. They got up, feeling a little tipsy from the champagne, and took a Lyft to Hendrik's apartment. The bobcat hugged Brad, kissing him deeply, then started undressing him. As soon as he'd gotten Brad's shirt off, Hendrik bent his head to kiss the squirrel's nipples. He pulled Brad's pants down, then his undies, and brushed the squirrel's cock lightly with his paws. He started stroking it as it got harder. Finally he sank to his knees and started licking the tip.

"Hey, don't I get to participate?"

Hendrik looked up with a lascivious smile. "Not this time. We're celebrating you getting the part, right?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"So just concentrate on your pleasure this time. You can work your wicked wiles on me afterward. Okay?"

"Okay."

Hendrik spent a while licking Brad's tip and frenum, then took the head in his mouth, licking all around it while sucking gently. He sucked the rest of the squirrel's cock into his mouth, cupping the squirrel's balls with one hand. Then he started moving up and down Brad's shaft, slowly at first, then a little faster. He pulled off, flicked the tip with his tongue a couple of times, then moved down to the squirrel's balls, sucking on one, then the other, then licking them a few times.

"Oh, yeah..." Brad moaned.

"Gonna get better," the bobcat said, and went back to sucking Brad's shaft in and then relaxing the suction to let it slide out. He kept that up for several minutes, then sped up.

"Oh, yeah, oh, yeah,..." again and again.

Hendrik touched the squirrel's sensitive spot with his tongue, then sucked it in and slid back up. Faster and faster, with a little tongue flick on each cycle.

"Oh, yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, OH YEAH, OH YEAH OH YESSSSS!!!!!!!!!"

Hendrik kept it up for almost another minute, until Brad cried out, "No... please... please stop." Hendrik gave the squirrel's tip one more lick, then pulled off slowly. He opened his mouth to show that it was still full of Brad's cum, then swallowed and grinned.

"Did you like that?"

"What do *you* think?"

"I think maybe you weren't too bored, maybe."

"Bastard!"

"Sorry to disappoint you, there's a certified copy of my parents' marriage certificate in the file drawer of my desk."

Brad grinned, still panting. "Now it's time for me to work my wicked wiles!" He started unbuttoning Hendrik's shirt. "Turnabout is fair play." He pulled the bobcat's shirt off, then the undershirt. "Lie down on the bed." He gave Hendrik a little push for encouragement, then finished undressing him. He gave the bobcat the same treatment he'd gotten a few minutes earlier, with one addition: on each upstroke he touched Hendrik's cock with his tongue. A different place each time, and so lightly that the little licks were barely detectable.

At the end, Hendrik was even louder than Brad had been. And then he fell back on the bed, limp and unmoving. Brad checked him over. The bobcat was still breathing. "Hmmm. He can dish it out but can't take it," Brad chuckled to himself.

Hendrik stirred a few minutes later. His eyes opened and he slowly rolled over on his side, then sat up on the edge of the bed. "How the hell did you do that?" he asked with a satiated grin.

"Trade secret."

The bobcat reached up and tweaked Brad's nose.

"Okay, Okay! Remember I took classes before I applied for this movie. That included a certain amount of what you might call 'courtesan training' as well as a hanging coach."

=====

### **Friday Morning**

Brad woke up, looked at the clock and groaned. "Go back to sleep," Hendrik said. Breakfast in an hour." Brad turned over and slept another hour, then got up, showered, and came to the table in a bathrobe. "Mmm... what's that delicious smell?"

"You'll find out." A few minutes later, the bobcat brought two plates to the table, each with a huge... *thing*... wrapped in a tortilla. "Breakfast burritos, my own recipe. Polish sausage, eggs, hash browns, a mixture of cheddar and jack cheese, and just a little bit of finely chopped jalapeno."

"If I eat that much, I'll gain weight and I won't look the same in the later scenes as I do in the earlier ones."

"Unlax, squirrel. Remember, I've seen every Dusky Horizons film ever made. Some of those scenes are going to be pretty damn strenuous; you'll need your strength. And you're going to be getting commissary food starting Monday. It's not bad, from what I hear, but I bet my cooking is a lot better."

Brad picked his up and bit into it. "Wow! I'll say!"

"Told ya." Hendrik started eating his own burrito, savoring each bite.

The squirrel sat back with a sigh after about twenty minutes. "You make really good hot dogs, Hendrik, but when you come down to it even a really good hot dog is still just a frank. These burritos... they're unique. Maybe you should branch out into these. I bet they'd be easier to serve from a cart than pizza. And they should generate enough money to let you design a pizza cart, maybe?"

Hendrik smiled. "Maybe. I'll think about it."

Brad and Hendrik sat around, digesting, for about an hour. Then Hendrik started getting his cart ready for the day's business.

"I'm going back to my apartment to pack it up."

"Need boxes?"

"Naw, the studio provides them, along with stick-on labels."

"Vangelis and I work half-days on Saturday and Sunday, so we'll come and help if you don't get it all done today."

"Don't worry, there'll be plenty for you to do."

Hendrik gave Brad a key to his apartment and kissed him goodbye. "If I'm not home when you stop for the day, just let yourself in, okay?"

"Thanks!"

=====

### **Saturday Morning**

After breakfast (pancakes and sausage), Brad asked, "Do you have a couple of hours free this morning?"

"For what?"

"I want to show you around the studio a little."

Hendrik clapped his hands together. "Yeah, I'd love that! I usually set up my cart a little before 11. Can we bring it with?"

"Don't see why not. Bring your ID."

With Hendrik's cart in tow, they used elevators to get down to the platform and back up at their destination. Brad led the bobcat to the gate. He showed his badge ("Star") to the guard. "Can I have a 'Visitor' badge for my friend?"

"Sure." The guard grinned, then handed the bobcat a badge with a large red diagonal stripe. "You can park your cart here if you like."

Brad led Hendrick to the Security Office. The squirrel walked up to the desk marked **Badges**. "I'd like to get an unescorted visitor badge for my..." he hesitated, and glanced at Hendrik, who mouthed a word, "...groupie."

"Groupie, huh? Okay, I'll need to see his ID." The mink checked Hendrik's ID, then typed a few things. "Please stand on the footprints." He gestured to a spot facing a camera.

Hendrik went over there. There was a bright flash. The clerk looked at his screen, then clicked something. "Just a few seconds."

There was a sound from under the clerk's desk. He reached down and brought out a laminated card with Hendrik's name and photo and "Visitor, No Escort Required." He handed it to the bobcat with a clip and a plastic lanyard. "Wear this at all times when on studio property, okay?"

Hendrik nodded and they left. "So I can just wander around the studio on my own?"

"Sure. Ummm... only 'open areas.' Not closed sets or places where they store fragile things... places like that. But then you won't want to."

"Guess not."

They arrived at a door a couple of minutes later. Brad pressed some buttons next to the door, there was a click and Brad pulled the door open. They went inside. "The door combination is nine eight one six. Feel free to come in and wait if I'm not here when you arrive. Or look for me on Sound Stage Six, just don't try to come in if the red light is on."

"Fer sure not!" The bobcat put the combination into his tablet.

"Gotta go get into costume." Brad kissed Hendrik goodbye. The bobcat went off to collect his cart and sell hot dogs.

### **Sunday Afternoon**

"Well, that's everything," Brad said, looking around his apartment. The table was covered with packing boxes. So was his desk. There were walkways leading to the sofa, the kitchen, and the hallway, but most of the living room carpet was also decorated in early waiting-for-the-movers style.

Hendrik looked around, then exchanged a look with Vangelis. "Say, uh, Brad..."

"Yeah?"

"I was wondering... what made you decide to be a snuff star?"

"Well..." Brad paused.

"Don't answer if you don't want to," Hendrik added hastily,

"No, that's okay. Just getting my memories organized." He paused again. "I'd say it started in the tenth grade, when I signed up for a drama class to fill an empty hour in my schedule. I was hooked by halfway through the semester. I took drama every semester after that."

"Stage struck, huh?" Vangelis asked.

"Yeah.

"I played Booth in an expanded version of *My American Cousin* in the twelfth grade. I didn't get to hang, of course, but when they put that noose around my neck, I nearly creamed my jeans.

"I went to Waterside University and majored in Theatre Arts. I was hoping for a career in Hollywood or the stage. But after a talk with the department's guidance counselor, I realized that and I didn't have that extra something you need to be a movie star, or even to get leading roles on major stages like Broadway or the Schauspielhaus. And I didn't have the voice or dance talent to do musicals, either."

"But, still..."

"Yeah. I was resigning myself to bit parts, or maybe a traveling repertory company. But I was already into watching snuff movies, especially the *Dusky Horizon* series. And I spotted an upper-division elective in the catalog: Snuff Theatre and Film. I talked Professor Preston into letting me take the course even though I was only a sophomore. I watched a couple of lead actors get hanged, and played Judas in the Easter Play. The prof wouldn't let me go all the

way because I wasn't upper div, but I got to experience a full minute of hanging before they brought the curtain down."

"And that did it?" Vangelis asked.

"Boy howdy! I was hooked. I knew what I wanted to do, and arranged the rest of my studies to prepare me for this role or one like it."

"Wow!" Hendrik said. "That's quite a story. You should write a book."

"There's a million malefurs out there with essentially the same story. And anyway, I don't have time to write a book in the few months I have left."

"So...What about dinner?" Vangelis asked.

"How about some really good Chinese?" the squirrel asked.

"Jade Garden," the other two answered in unison. On the way there, Brad mentioned a few of his favorite Chinese dishes. Vangelis added a couple he really liked, and Hendrik named his top dish, and joked about one that he'd found disappointing. Brad and Vangelis tried to top him, but ended up agreeing that Hendrik's was the most boring.

When they got there, Brad tipped the hostess and asked to speak with the Chef. He disappeared into the kitchen for about 10 minutes, then came back.

"Well?" Hendrik asked.

"You'll see," Brad said. The meal turned out to include a half Peking duck and several other dishes, all startlingly good.

====

"How about we adjourn to my place?" Hendrik asked, when they'd finished their food, drunk a few beers, and sat around digesting for most of an hour.

"Sounds good," Vangelis said. Brad nodded.

"So," Hendrik asked as they walked to the subway, "what happens to that stuff we put in all those boxes?"

"The studio has a contract with some movers. They'll take the boxes and deliver them. The stuff for you will get left on your doorstep. Or we can go back later and carry them ourselves. Most of the rest goes to my family in Iowa. There's three boxes for me; those will go straight to my apartment at Vortex, it'll be there when I move in Monday night."

The rest of the trip was spent discussing the food (unanimously declared "beyond excellent"), Brad's movie, and comparing their favorite Dusky Horizons films.



====

"Now what?" Hendrik asked. "Watch a movie?"

"Well..." Vangelis said, "Even after that excellent meal, I think I could still eat something. Maybe a Brad sandwich."

Hendrik looked puzzled for a moment, then laughed. "Yeah, sounds like fun."

"I'm thinking maybe... I don't get a choice here?" Brad said, grinning.

"Sure you do," the hyrax answered. "You can say 'no.' Then Hendrik and I will have fun all by ourselves. But this is your celebration"

"Well, when you put it that way..." The squirrel started taking his clothes off. Soon there were three piles of clothing on the floor.

Vangelis got on his knees under the kitchen table. "C'mon, Brad, you can lean against the table and give me something to play with."

Brad chuckled, then did what the hyrax asked. Hendrick squeezed some lube onto his cock, then came up behind Brad. The squirrel raised his tail, revealing the little hole underneath.

Vangelis settled into a quiet rhythm, moving his lips up and down Brad's shaft, with occasional flicks of his tongue against the underside. Hendrick pushed his cockhead into Brad and started fucking him.

After a couple of minutes, Brad started moaning quietly. Hendrick allowed himself to go a little deeper, and Vangelis sped up, applying a little more pressure to the underside of Brad's cock.

Brad's voice rose to a high keening as the stimulation from in front and behind overloaded his pleasure centers. A few seconds later, he screamed "Yes!!" and came in Vangelis's mouth. Hendrick pulled back until only his head was inside, then plunged all the way in. And again, and again, as Brad moaned in pleasure.

After a minute or so, Brad's moans slowed down. Vangelis changed to short strokes, enhancing his own pleasure, and a few seconds later his hot semen coated the inside of Brad's guts. He thrust all the way in and stayed that way until he had finished cumming, then slowly pulled out.

"I'm not sure I can..." Brad said. Vangelis understood instantly, and wrapped his arms around Brad to keep him from collapsing on the floor. Hendrick helped him half-carry Brad to the bed and put him under the covers.

"That was fun," Vangelis said.

"Yeah, making Brad scream like that."

"What shall we do now."

Hendrick looked around. "We could sleep on the floor, but I think we should go back to my place where we can sleep in a bed. And I can take care of your... needs.

"Yeah, sounds good. The bobcat and the hyrax closed the door quietly as they left Brad's apartment.

### **Three Weeks Later**

"Come along boys and listen to my tale..."

Hendrik picked up his phone and touched the phone icon. "Hi, Brad."

"Hi. Can you come over after you close up your stand?"

"Sure. See you a little after 7."

Hendrik walked into Brad's studio apartment about 7:10 and found Brad in his underpants. "So, what's up?"

"I want you," Brad answered.

"Bad day?"

"Not... exactly. Just feeling a little frustrated."

"Tell."

"We spent today shooting a scene where Clyde—"

"Your character, right?"

"Yeah. Clyde asserts his dominance over his gang. He makes all the males—and Brenda, this tanuki-femme who wants to be 'one of the guys'—kneel down and suck him. Then he chooses this lynx, Blair, to finish the blowjob. That sets up a later scene where Tate, the bison who was his second-in-command, helps the sheriff arrest me."

"So...?"

"So I got a lot of oral stim and a blowjob. I came in his mouth, but I'm not really satisfied."

"Oh... Right. You always want to be fucked. Or sixty-nine, one way or another you want a cock in you."

"Yep. So how about it?"

"Glad to be of service." Hendrik started taking his clothes off.

Brad looked at the bobcat's erection. "Yeah. Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

"Hey, podner, aren't you forgetting something?"

"What?"

"Foreplay!" The bobcat grabbed Brad's head and kissed him hard, with lots of tongue. He reached down into the squirrel's briefs and fondled his cock until it was good and hard. Then he pulled them off. "Okay, *now* you're ready to get fucked." He pointed to the bed. "You. On your back, legs in the air. Now."

Brad did as he was told, looking scared. Hendrik pulled back, "Hey, I'm not going to..." Then he realized the squirrel was just play-acting. "Oh, you....!" He reached over to the nightstand, spread lube on his cock, and worked it into Brad's tailhole. As soon as it was inside, he pushed in to the hilt, a single motion.

"Oof! Yeah!"

Hendrik started thrusting, hard, deep thrusts with a brief rest between. He kept it up until Brad's 's pleasure noises changed from quiet intakes of breath to loud moans, then put some more lube on his fingers. He spread it on the squirrel's cock.

Brad let his mouth fall open with pleasure as Hendrik thrust harder. The bobcat kept going, the pauses between thrusts getting shorter until he was just sliding in and out and in and out... Brad started sighing, then, keening, "eeeeee.....", then "Oh, god, oh god, oh, god..."

Hendrik reached down and put his fingertips and thumb on the squirrel's cockhead, moving the tips rapidly back and forth across the frenum as he thrust deep and fast.

"Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah," the bobcat said, then "*Yeah, oh yeah...*" and "**Yeah oh yeah oh yeah!**" and "*Yeah oh yeah OH YEAH!*" as he came inside Brad's hole.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" the squirrel screamed as his own cock started spurting, but Hendrik didn't let up. He kept rubbing his slippery fingertips around Brad's cock, and the squirrel kept getting louder, until finally...

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHR RRRGGGGH" and then "No, stop, I can't..."

The bobcat rubbed Brad a couple more times for good measure, then let go and collapsed on top of him.

They heard applause from the two adjacent apartments.

"Guess, we were pretty loud," Brad said a minute later, when he'd gotten enough breath back to talk again.

"Guess so. I think they liked it. Even outside the sound stage you're a star."

"Yeah. And I like it. Not to mention the 'set up exercises' were pretty good."

Hendrik laughed out loud. "Yeah, they sure were." He went into the bathroom, came back with a warm damp rag, and cleaned them up.

### **Six weeks later**

"C'mere, Marchand."

"Yes, RT."

"Let's do this scene again., And when the jury brings in their verdict, I want your expression to convey that you think they're a bunch of cowards. But when the judge sentences you, I want you to look like you've been punched in the gut."

"Give me a minute."

Brad stood there, eyes closed, hands clasped loose across his belly. Then he opened his eyes. "Okay, I'm set."

"Get out there and show me."

Brad gave him an airy wave and headed for his spot in the "courtroom".

**INT:** a courtroom, light through the windows matches early afternoon

"Action!"

2042 09 15 11:50:18	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
39	3

*Clack.*

"The defendant will rise."

Brad stood up, looking just a little nervous.

"What is your verdict?"

"We, the jury, find Clyde Colton guilty of twelve counts of cattle rustling and one count of assault with a deadly weapon."

"The defendant will face the court."

Brad turned forward.

"Clyde Colton, I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead. Sentence to be carried out one week from today, at noon by the church clock."

Brad looked like he was going to fold over and collapse, and only a supreme effort of will was keeping him on his feet.

"Court is adjourned." The judge banged his gavel.

Brad collapsed into his chair, his head face down on the table.

"Cut!"

Brad sat up. "Did I get it right this time?"

"Perfect! Lunch, everybody. Stage 4 at 1:30 for the next scene."

### **That evening**

Brad was studying the script for his final scene when the phone rang. He picked it up. "Hello."

"This is Toft. You had hanging lessons in school—you mentioned that in your interview, right?"

"Not 'in school,' but yes, I had a hanging coach my second year of college and practiced several times a day for most of my sophomore year."

"Good. How long can you stay in control while hanging?"

"Nearly 5 minutes."

"We don't need that much in a Vortex film. I'd like you to give us 30 seconds to a minute, then give in to your instincts. Will you do that?"

"Sure, RT."

"Good. After 39 scenes I'm confident in your acting intuition. You'll know the right time—let your body tell you what to do."

"I'll give you the best hanging you ever filmed!"

"I'm counting on you."

"I won't let you down."

"Neither will we," RT chuckled. There was a click, then silence.

### **Next evening**

"Sir... Sheriff..." Brad paused.

"The pause after the first word should be a little bit shorter." Hendrik said.  
"Clyde is only pretending to be reluctant.

"Right." Brad paused, then started the line again: "Sir... Sheriff.... I'm supposed to get hanged tomorrow."

"That's right. That's the right punishment for you and your cattle-rustling friends."

"Well... could I... ask you for a favor...?"

"A favor? Why should I do that?"

"Well hanging... I... I don't want to die. Maybe you could... accidentally leave the door unlocked...?"

Hendrik looked up from the script when they'd finished the lines in scene 40. "I think you have the scene down pat. We've done it four times and this last time was perfect. At least I thought so. You can tell me what the Director thinks when you phone me tomorrow night."

"Promise. Now fuck me. You deserve a reward and that scene left me so horny."

**Next day**

**INT:** a jail cell; lighting through the barred window matches late afternoon, about half an hour before sunset.

"Action"

2042 09 16 13:29:23	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
40	3

*Clack.*

Brad was in his "cell," looking coyly at Davis Caulfield.

Brad had memorized this scene the previous day, then run through the lines with Hendrik. The bobcat was a lot more than a mere groupie by now: he was a part of Brad's team, coaching him and critiquing his performance. Toft, the director, seemed happy with the results, and that was what mattered.

"Sir... Sheriff,..." he started, inviting Davis with a glance. " I'm supposed to get hanged tomorrow..." Brad imagined himself on the gallows, getting ready to hang, and instantly his cock grew hard, starting to drip pre.

"That's right," the fox answered. "That's the right punishment for you and your cattle-rustling friends."

"Well... could I... ask you for a favor...?"

"A favor?" Davis smirked, looking at Brad's butt, "Why should I do that?"

Brad's heart was beating like crazy. He knew he was leaking and just thinking about the situation made him even more excited. He pushed his rear back like a femme in heat; his tail stood up, revealing his pucker. "Well, hanging... I... I don't want to die. Maybe you could... accidentally leave the door unlocked...?"

Davis approached Brad and touched the squirrel's rear, patting his muscular thighs. "And if I were to do that, what kind of thanks could you give me after you are dead?"

"Not after... Now. I want to offer myself now." Brad bit his lips. He blushed at these words; his cock gave away how eager he was. "...Please..."

"Sex? I can get that for two quarters at Madame Tiffany's."

"True, but they don't offer anal sex. Even those two sissy-bunnies only give blowjobs."

Davis paused as if thinking, looked Brad up and down, then nodded. "Okay, kid, you're on."

Brad heard Davis's zipper. Brad caught his breath at the sight of Davis's foxhood in its full glory. Then he felt Davis's paw between his thighs, pushing them apart.

"Cut. Get some lube on him."

The cameras stopped for a moment. A logistics assistant was standing ready with a jar of Vaseline. He walked onto the set and offered it to Davis, who scooped up a little and spread it on his cock. The assistant left, and Davis got back into position.

"Action."

2042 09 16 13:36:44	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
40	4

*Clack.*

Brad raised his tail to expose his little star. He was already hard, just anticipating what came next.

"I wonder if you're going to enjoy this as much as I am," the fox said as he slowly pushed his cock deep inside Brad's ass. The squirrel moaned aloud and slid his right foot forward slightly to make himself more accessible. He felt Davis grab his sides, the fox's cock moving inside him. Davis gave Brad a good reaming, hard but never rough. Brad wanted to just let his tongue loll out in pleasure by the time the fox finished, but the script required Brad's character to conceal his feelings in this encounter. Brad counted down from 10,000 by 7s and did his best to look like a victim. It wasn't very convincing, but then the role called for Brad's character to be faking his victimhood.

Brad's hard cock bounced with each thrust from behind, and his ballsack swung back and forth. Pre dripped from the squirrel's cock onto the mattress.

"Pity to waste such a good-looking boy. You should have become a bartender after you lost your ranch. Or even taken a job at Tiffany's house." Davis said, thrusting harder.

Brad moaned. "Just because I'm bending over for a good-looking sheriff, doesn't mean I'll do it for those unwashed miners who are too cheap to pay for a girl!" This was tough—all worked up with desire, but having to express indignation in his voice. He managed, thanks to hours of rehearsal with Hendrik.

"Too bad...!" the fox moaned and suddenly climaxed, his cum spurting into Brad. A camera dollied forward, getting a close up of the squirrel's messed tailhole.

"Cut. Crew take twenty, cast take an hour. Caulfield and Marchand, grab a high-calorie snack. You're going to need your energy for the next scene. "

Brad and Davis headed off to the commissary. "How do chili cheese fries sound?" Davis asked.

"Sounds like something I could wrap myself around, that's for sure."

"Good. My treat."

"Thanks. Although I think you're scheduled to give me a 'treat' in the next scene."

"Yeah, we'll both enjoy that."

Brad smiled and grabbed the fox.

"Wha...?"



Brad kissed Davis, hard, then opened his mouth to invite the fox's tongue. The next several minutes were rather hot and heavy, but Davis eventually broke the clinch. "Don't want you to cum too soon."

"That's for sure. Gotta be our best on film."

"And don't you forget it." Davis gave him one more kiss, a quick brush of the lips, then went up to the counter to get their fries.

"Ya know, in a way I envy you," he said as he put Brad's goopy snack in front of him.

"Really? I mean, you've got this steady part."

"Yeah, but that's all it'll ever be. Just a minor role, Fortinbras, the character who puts everything right again at the end of the film. I've been watching you. You only get one movie, but you could win an Academy Award for it."

Brad gasped. "Best Snuff Actor? Really?"

"No guarantees, but you have a good chance. You might want to think about who to leave it to."

They finished their chili-cheese fries and headed back to the set. The lighting had been rearranged to simulate morning sunlight coming through the window.

"Places, everybody." Brad went into the cell, sat down on his mattress, and picked up a hardback book, a biography of Senator Yancy.

**INT:** the same jail cell; lighting through the barred window as if about half an hour after sunrise.

"Action."

2042 09 16 15:20:09	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
41	2

*Clack.*

The cell door slid open and Davis came into the cell.

Brad looked up. "Hello, Sheriff. What can I do for you?"

"Actually, it's what I can do for you this time."

"Huh?"

"Last night you offered me sex in return for letting you escape tomorrow. But I don't think that was your real reason."

Brad looked at the Sheriff and lowered his eyes.

"Cut. Makeup."

The Makeup Artist came in and brushed up Brad's cheekfur slightly, then left.

"Action."

2042 09 16 15:27:56	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
41	3

*Clack.*

Still looking down, Brad stammered, "W-what do you m-mean?"

"You've got the hots for me. I think from even before I arrested you. Maybe you want to escape, but that was only a small part."

"B-b-busted!"

"Yep. So for just a few minutes I'm going to treat you as a lover instead of a prisoner. Take off your clothes and lie down."

"But."

"Do you want to have a good time, or not?"

"Well, if you put it that way..." Brad undid his blue jail shirt. He stepped out of his sandals, then unbuttoned his trousers and pulled them down, then the same with his underpants. Then he lay down on the bed.

"No," Davis said, "Face up."

"What... Oh..."

Brad turned over, his erection sticking straight up.

"Yeah..." Davis said. "For my next trick, I'm going to make that thing shrink."

Brad gave his best fearful "what do you mean" look for a couple of seconds, then his "oh, now I get it" look.

Davis knelt over the bed and wrapped his hand around Brad's cock. Brad had no trouble at all with this scene: the fox really was as hot as the script said.

Davis spent a while licking the squirrel's cock, his hand moving slowly up and down the shaft. He sucked on the tip for about a minute, then took the whole head in his mouth and started sucking.

"Oohhhhh!" Brad said. He managed to stay on script for almost a minute, then lost control and just moaned out loud.

"Stop action, but keep rolling."

"Okay, RT," all three camera operators said, not quite in unison.

Everything stopped. Brad looked at the director. "Did... did I do something wrong?"

"No. Sorry to frustrate you, but I always like to have two takes on a scene like this, no matter how well it's going."

"Oh."

"Now, starting with 'For my next trick.' Action."

2042 09 16 15:27:56	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
41	4

*Clack.*

The fox spoke his line, Brad did his "take", and they started the blowjob over again. This time there was no interruption. When the squirrel lost control and just made pleasure noises, the "Sheriff" sped up, his mouth and hand a blur, and Brad screamed.

Davis pulled off for a couple of seconds to let the camera see Brad's semen spurting, then slid back down the squirrel's cock, sucking him dry. He pulled a kerchief out of his pocket and spat Brad's cum into it, letting the camera get a good look at the whitish glob.

t took Brad a half second to remember what he was supposed to do next. He let his whole body relax, one arm dangling over the edge of the bed. He counted to eight, then said, "Wow!"

"Yeah. I can give pleasure as well as get it. Even-Steven now?"

"Guess so."

"Cut. That's great, boys!"

Brad lay there, relaxed, for another couple of minutes, then slowly pushed himself to a sitting position.

"Marchand, you can take the rest of the day off. You're not in the next few scenes," the director said. "And get something to eat. But no caffeine. I want you to sleep well tonight."

"Okay." Brad leaned one hand on the bed and levered himself to a standing position.

"You have an appointment for an interview with the Publicity Department, tomorrow at 3PM. And I want you on set at 9AM Friday to block out your last scene."

"Roger that, RT"

"Good. See you Friday morning."

Davis turned to the Director. "Did you see that? I gave him my best, patented blowjob, and he walked out without having to lean on a wall. Incredible willpower. He's going to be terrific in his final scene!"

"I bet he wins an Oscar."

"Not taking that bet. Momma vixen didn't raise any stupid kits."

### **Next Morning**

"I want you to hold the word 'right' just a little longer this time," the ocelot said. "And remember, keep that cock down in this scene."

"Will do," Brad replied.

**INT:** a jail cell; lighting through the window matches late morning, about 11:15AM

2042 09 17 09:18:49	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
45	3

*Clack.*

Brad lay on the cot in his cell, staring at the ceiling his knees bent, his arms behind his head, the perfect image of someone nerving himself up to be brave in the face of death.

A rather stocky weasel entered from stage right. He was dressed in Eastern-style clothes that almost fit him—even a rather worn top hat. He rattled the cell's bars.

Brad turned his head and gasped. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Time for your hanging, Colton."

"But...but..." Brad stammered, "I thought Sheriff Millard was the hangman."

"He was, but he had to go deal with an emergency—cattle rustling. He'll probably be back around two or three o'clock."

"Let me guess, *Mr. Mayor*." Brad spat out the last two words. "This happened on your lands."

"Oh, no. Not at all. The other side of town: the Christiansen ranch."

"One of your cronies."

"Doesn't matter. Anyway, the judge said you're to hang, and I'm going to take care of it."

"Riiiiight," Brad drawled. He rolled over on his side and sat up.

The weasel eyed Brad. "You don't want to hide that beautiful bod from the townsfolk, do you?"

Brad paused a couple of seconds, as if thinking, then said, "No, Mr. Mayor."

"So get those duds off."

The Mayor watched as Brad unbuttoned his shirt, trying to get a good look at the squirrel's pecs and abs without obviously staring. Brad pulled off his cowboy boots, then peeled his socks down. He unzipped his blue jeans, then stood up and pulled them down and stepped out of them. His boxer shorts followed.

"Hands," the weasel said.

There was an opening in the bars, just big enough to get a meal tray through. *Mustn't think about hanging...This would be bad time for a hard-on. No! think about the money. Lots of money for my family and friends...* Brad walked up to it, turned around, and crossed his hands behind his back.

Hizzoner walked forward and tied Brad's hands tightly. He stood there a few seconds inspecting the knot. "That should hold you."

"Long enough," Brad quipped.

"Skip the humor."

Brad looked down. "Yes, Mr. Mayor." The Mayor grabbed Brad's left ass cheek. Brad made a show of trying to get his hands free, with no success.

The Mayor turned the key and opened the cell door. "Don't try anything funny, now. I'm not alone."

A big mastiff dressed in blue jeans and a dust-brown shirt with a bronze star on the left side, walked into view.

"Nothin' funny. I just want to get this over with."

"Be a good little squirrel and you'll get your wish. I'll get mine, too."

"Enjoy it while you can. Your turn will come, and my ghost will cum hard watching you dance your last dance."

The weasel slapped Brad. Brad turned his head as the slap landed, making it look harder than it was, but it still stung.

"Cut!" The ocelot looked at the clock. "Good work, let's call it a day. We'll resume shooting tomorrow at 11:50 AM. Marchand, you'll be on the set, ready to go, at 11:30."

"Okay, RT."

### **That evening**

Hendrik answered his phone. "Hi, Brad."

"Can you come to the studio tomorrow?"

"Sure. What's up?"

"Me. Or anyway, I will be. We're going to do my final scene!"

"You mean...?"

"Yep. I finally get hanged. Oh, and bring Vangelis, if he's willing. I think he deserves to see this, too."

"We'll be there."

"Good. See you then... Oh, try to get here by 11. That way I can get Vangelis signed in and still have time to get into character."

"Okay. Seeya."

### **The next morning**

Hendrik and Vangelis arrived at the studio's main entrance Friday about 10:50 AM. Brad was already waiting for them. He signed Vangelis in for a one-day Visitor badge and persuaded the guard to watch both carts. "C'mon, I'll show you to the trams."

"Trams?" Vangelis asked.

"Yes. We're going to film outdoors, on the studio's back lot. It's a short trip, only about 5 minutes."

If we stop by your apartment, I could give you a last blowjob," Hendrik said, wetting his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Thanks, but no. I'm not allowed to cum for 36 hours before my hanging. The director wants me to produce a lot of jizz for the camera."

"Awww... okay."

"Hey, I can give you one if you like."

Vangelis shook his head no. Hendrik hesitated a moment, then did the same. "I guess we'll get our jollies watching you."

"For sure!"

Brad led them to a loading area at the back of the building, and found them seats. "I have to get ready for my big scene. Enjoy the show!" There were a bunch of people in "Western" clothing waiting, some in chairs, some milling around.

A prairie-dog femme in a gingham dress came over. "Hi," she said, "My name is Dallas Thorn. Are you Brad's guests?"

"Yep," Hendrik said. Vangelis nodded. "Happy to meet you, Ms. Thorn!"

"Dallas, please." She took Hendrik's hand in a firm grip and held it for just a second. "I don't have much to do right now, so RT—that's the director—asked me to show you two around and help you understand what's going on."

"I don't understand. Why would the director care about the guests of someone who will be dead in a few minutes?"

"There's a saying in the Christian bible, 'Do not bind the mouths of the cattle that tread the corn.' In essence, it means, 'don't be miserly.' It doesn't cost much to send somebody to make the star's guests feel welcome." That's the way RT thinks."

"Umm hmm."

Dallas got an "Aha!" look on her face. "Say, your clothing could pass for townsfolk wear. All you need is a cowboy hats, then you could stand with the extras and get a better view. And you'll get paid a little. What do you say?"

Hendrik glanced at Vangelis. "Sure, sounds like fun. What do we do?"

"Come with me, I'll ask the Wardrobe Supervisor to fit you for hats." She led them through a series of corridors to a big room with clothing on hangers and an amazing variety of ...stuff... on shelves and in cabinets. "Hey, Terry, can you spare a moment and put hats on these two furs?"

The shrew looked them over. "Sure, no problem. Let's see..." She reached into an organizer and pulled out a "10-gallon" hat. She put it on Hendrik. "Turn around please."

Hendrik turned around. "It feels okay."

"Good. You can just leave it on a chair after the day's shooting." She got out another hat and put it on Vangelis, then looked at it. "It looks too big. What does it feel like?"

"Like it's going to fall down over my eyes."

"Right." She put the hat away and got one from two spaces over. "Try this on."

The hyrax put it on, tried adjusting it. "Feels okay." He turned around slowly.

The shrew looked him over carefully. "I think that will do."

"Yeah."

"Thanks, Terry."

"Happy to help."

"C'mon, guys, we have a tram to catch."

Dallas led them back through the maze of corridors to the front of a line of people climbing on a tram. An eland glared at them. "Hey! Wait your turn!"

Dallas turned around and held her badge where the eland could see it. "These are special guests of the star."

"Oh. Sorry," the eland said.

Dallas showed Hendrik and Vangelis to seats at the front of the tram, then sat down behind them. A couple of minutes later the driver put the tram in gear and drove down the concrete path toward the back lot.



The set was a hive of activity when the tram arrived. Furs were wandering around, checking cables, light levels, the placement of mic and camera booms, and a lot of other stuff, not all of which made sense to Brad's friends.

"Just grab some chairs over here. We'll go stand in the open space there—the town square—when they're ready to start shooting."

They sat down. The horse in the chair to their left leaned over. "You guys here for the pay? Or just to watch?"

"Brad invited us to come watch," Vangelis answered. "Turns out we're getting paid, too, cause of these." He gestured at his outfit.

"You know Brad? Really?"

"Yeah." Hendrik said. "When Brad stopped by my cart and told me he was going to do a screen test, I wanted to be his groupie. Wanted him real bad. Then we got Vangelis, here, involved."

"Yeah, I've got the hots for him too. Gonna be a real treat watching him today, but we're gonna miss him afterward."

"Yeah, but we'll be able to see him in theaters, and later get a DVD of this movie."

"True."

"Well, good luck to you. And to Brad, of course, but I'm sure he'll do a good job."

"He was so excited when he called last night to invite us. I thought he was gonna jump through the phone line and hug me."

"Heh. If it were possible he probably would have."

Vangelis turned to Dallas. "You said you don't have much to do right now. What do you normally do?"

"I'm a Production Assistant. That's the film equivalent of a secretary combined with a gofer. Make appointments. Fetch and carry stuff. Answer phones. Drive cars and people to wherever they're needed. Look after guests—that's you. Stuff like that."

"You guys are Brad's groupies? Really?" a springbok in the row behind asked.

"Yeah. Anytime Brad wanted a fuck or blowjob, we were happy to oblige. Real happy."

"Wow! What's he..."

The director's voice came over the PA system. "Places." The conversation died down and almost everybody got up. A fur in a clerical costume climbed up to the platform. Several other furs went to one side of the set, out of the camera's view. Most of the crowd gathered in the "town square" area. Dallas led the bobcat and hyrax to the front of the "square". "You'll get a good view from here."

A limousine pulled up and four furs got out: a civet, a weasel, a mastiff, and Brad—completely naked and completely at ease. He spotted the bobcat and hyrax and waved. "I see you guys got front row 'seats'. Great! You'll love this scene!" He crossed his hands behind him. A civet tied them tightly with a short piece of rope. "Test this. And pull hard!"

Brad tugged at the ropes, then tried again, his chest muscles bulging as he strained. "Yeah. That'll hold."

"Okay." The civet stepped back. A weasel and a mastiff got out of the car stood on either side of Brad. They walked forward and stopped at a barely visible line in the dirt.

The weasel whispered, "You look too happy. Put on a stoic expression, and for heaven's sake get that erection down."

"Everybody ready?" the director asked.

"Not quite yet," the weasel yelled back. "We're getting the star's... condition... under control."

"Let me know." The director tapped his Rolex watch.

Brad closed his eyes and thought about England. Winter in the Lake District. Fog in the Pennines. He shivered, even under the hot lights. He took about two minutes to put on Clyde Colton like a unitard. He looked down: his penis was as limp as an overcooked noodle. "Ready," he called out.

"Places!" The director called out.

The weasel took Brad's right arm, the mastiff took his left arm.

"Quiet on the set."

The Hanging

**EXT** back lot, western town square with gallows set up against the back wall of the sheriff's station/jail/

2042 09 19 11:01:14	
PRODUCTION: Cattle Rustler's Trail	
DIRECTOR	Toft

SCENE	TAKE
46	1

***Clack***

The weasel and mastiff frogmarched Brad across four feet of packed earth and up the steps to the gallows platform. A medium height mouse dressed as a preacher—clerical collar, dark hat, pectoral cross—followed two steps behind.

The mastiff led Brad to the front of the platform where a noose dangled a few inches above Brad's navel. The weasel pulled the noose open and slipped it over Brad's head, then adjusted it snug around his neck with the knot next to his left ear. Brad meditated, holding the determined, "I'm being brave" look on his face.

The deputy handed the Mayor a sheet of heavy paper. "Clyde Colton, you are to be hanged by the neck until dead. Do you wish the service of clergy?"

"Yes, please."

The preacher stepped forward. He and Brad held a whispered conversation for about 30 seconds, then he crossed himself, touched two fingers to Brad's forehead, and stepped back.

The Mayor put one forepaw in the small of Brad's back. "The sentence will now be carried out," he announced. Then he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Get ready." And he gave Brad a firm push. Brad stumbled forward, one foot going over the edge, then the other. He fell a little over two feet, then winced as the rope jerked his head upward and abraded the fur from his neck. He converted the wince into a dazed look, dangling motionless for several seconds as if in shock.

The feel of the rope around his neck was intense, everything he had dreamed of. His eyes watered and clenched in reaction to the pain from his raw skin and the rope squeezing his throat closed. *Perfect, nobody can see how happy I am, my dream coming true.* Brad jerked his feet, toes reaching toward the ground, starting a slow rotation, first to the right, then to the left. He made a show of straining his arms against the ropes as the world turned in front of him. He started a scissor kick—it would look impressive but not use up his oxygen too quickly. *I've done this so many times, but this is the very last time. This time... mortality is real. But millions of people will watch me hang, again and again.*

The need for air was starting to become overpowering. *You'll know the right time—let your body tell you what to do.* His toes reached desperately for the ground they would never find.

As Clyde Colton, Brad tried to beg for mercy, but the noose held his muzzle tightly shut. Saliva filled his mouth as his lungs strained for air. The choking sensation was strange, uncomfortable, whispering of his life to end with one last recording for his fans. His eyes saw the extras gathered in the square, but his brain had trouble understanding what it meant or why they were there. Sparks teased the edges of Brad's vision.

Brad remembered his favorite hanging scenes from that Snuff Drama course: the futile struggle of life held by a single rope. His feet kicked in simulated desperation. Putting on a show for the camera, but also... also... *Yes. For this scene I must be Clyde Colton, who desperately wants to live.*

No, don't go quietly! Fight the noose! Don't let it end like this.

Clyde's feet moved up and down, seeking to climb up a few inches, although there was nothing to climb. Heat from the quartz-tungsten lighting making him sweat. The kiss of tears watering the edge of his eyes as he swung from his rope. Clyde was fighting for his life. It was a fight he could never win. But it was a fight that Brad could revel in as his naked body swung back and forth at the end of his rope. *Now, now I can show it.* Brad felt his cock swell as his subconscious reacted to the burning need in his lungs.

Clyde pulled at the rope around his wrists with frantic strength, feeling tendons stretch and a dull aching pulse with his desperate heartbeat. His toes pointed down toward the ground only a few feet below him.

Not Clyde. I am Brad now and I can enjoy this! Only one take in this scene. Just a minute more, maybe two at most.

The aching need pulsed in Brad's erection as drops of precum dribbled from the end of his cock, twitching with every painful throb of his heart in his chest. His legs grew leaden; his kicking weaker. His head spinning, bloodshot eyes staring at the horizon.

There was a wonderful light leading the way as darkness consumed him. A coolness as the hot lights faded. The burning, gurgling straining for breath slowly faded from his chest. His body relaxing as his feet moved in languid kicks, like a marionette held by a single string around his neck. That growing warmth rushing up from his balls.

Brad's body stiffened and his hips thrust forward in desperate need, once, twice... *Please, just this one last time...* and his seed squirted into the air. A blast of pleasure overwhelmed him, breaking the boundary between Brad Marchand and Clyde Colton. Only one of him, eyes unfocused, dancing fitful

flicks of a sleep deprived student nodding off in class as his body strove to keep him alive just a few heart beats longer. The pleasure gradually fading. His lips turning blue as he gave a few last kicks, the reflex movements of a brain shutting down.

His orgasm ended as his body went limp. No longer able to struggle, his feet dangling limp. Everything numb except the last few pulses of pleasure from his groin. A few flicks of his tail. A last wiggle of toes as his brain shut down. He had given this role his all, and it had taken everything he had to give.

Both Clyde Colton and Brad Marchand ceased to exist. A limp body swayed back and forth in the noose.

Most of the extras left, but about a quarter stayed, watching Brad sway back and forth in the noose. They drifted away by ones and twos as the swaying decreased and eventually stopped.

Extras started to drift away, but about half the crowd stayed, watching Brad sway back and forth in the noose. After another couple of minutes his legs slowly contracted until his knees nearly touched his chest, then straightened out with his toes pointed down.

Hendrik and Vangelis were the last to leave. The cameras were still running. Dallas got out her cell and dialed. A car came over and brought the three of them back to the studio building. A brunette with a clipboard met them as they came in. "Hi. I'm Mariel Ayers, the Second Assistant director. Which of you is Hendrik Fabbro?"

"That's me."

"Could I have your address and phone or email? We'll be sending you a check for your share of Marchand's pay. Oh, and we'll need your tax ID number for tax reporting."

"Huh?"

"Marchand specified that you are to receive part of his pay for *Cattle Rustler's Trail*. There will also be 'residuals' from the home video sales."

"Wow." Hendrik accepted the clipboard that she was offering, filled in his address, email, and tax number, then signed the form.

### **Three months later**

Hendrik spotted Vangelis setting up his gyro cart half a block away. He trotted over, leaving his own cart still closed. "Hey, Vange, guess what came in yesterday's mail."

"I haven't the slightest."

Hendrik pulled a jewel box from his overcoat pocket and showed it to the hyrax.

Vangelis stared at it. "Already? How can it be out in home video so soon? It only premiered two weeks ago."

"It's a 'screener.' Brad named me as his successor for profit participation in the film, so I get a copy, just as if I were an Oscar voter."

"Wow!"

"And according to the 'preliminary accounting' that came with it, my share is going to be pretty impressive. I may get to sell my cart and spend my time working on my pizza-cart design. Or maybe I'll follow Brad's advice and get a burrito cart. Wouldn't that be a hoot."

"I've tasted your breakfast burritos. I think Brad has—or had—something there." Vangelis wiped his eyes.

"So, wanna come over and watch it tonight?"

"Wouldn't miss it!"

### **That night**

Hendrik popped the DVD into the player, then sat down on the couch with Vangelis. They watched the entire movie, right through the hanging and the last scene—the riot that sent the Mayor running to the big city to escape the lynch mob.

"I wonder if he'll put on as good a show as Brad did," Vangelis said.

"I'm betting not." Hendrick paused. "A screener. That means the studio thinks it has a good chance of getting one or more Oscars. I think it's because of Brad's acting. Well, and the writing, which was downright brilliant in places."

The end credits played, ending in a close-up of Brad's head and neck, his face blue, the noose biting deeply into his neck. Underneath was a title:

extended hanging

Hendrick hit the select button on the remote. A "picture-in-picture" window opened in the upper right corner, showing a close up of Brad's face. The main camera showed his lips turning blue, his legs barely moving, then going still. The PIP showed his face as he struggled for breath, then as the final orgasm came over him. The main window showed his straining muscles relaxing, then the tiny movement of his toes. A few drops of urine dripped to the ground. And

then nothing except Brad's body dangling, his pendulum motion getting gradually smaller and eventually stopping, his eyes in the close-up staring blankly into space... The town doctor listening to his chest with a stethoscope and declaring him dead.

And then the crowd gradually dispersing while Brad's body dangled there, limp and unmoving. The camera stayed on him for a full hour after the hanging with no motion and no change of viewpoint. The stage hands took his body down and put it in a pine box, then nailed it shut and carried it away.

The track ended. "Wow!" said Vangelis.

"Yeah. Wow!" Not that *we* had any doubt he was dead after watching all that."

Vangelis nodded.

"I'd offer to blow you, but you don't look at all in the mood."

"No. Just, you know, missing Brad."

"I feel the same way."

"Yeah, see you tomorrow."

"Right. Maybe next week we can get together and celebrate Brad properly, with a bottle of good Champagne and some hot sex, the kind he would have liked."

"Yeah," the hyrax said. "He'd want that."

The bobcat went off to brush his teeth, while Vangelis made up the sofa bed.

## **Early March**

"The envelope, please."

Susumu Yamasaki accepted the shimmering golden envelope and carefully opened it. She took out the piece of paper inside, read it carefully, then paused for a few seconds before speaking again.

"And the Academy Award for Best Actor in a Snuff Picture goes to... Bradford Marchand."

There was thunderous applause. Susumu waited for it to die down.

"Accepting the award for Mr. Marchand is Hendrik Fabbro."

Hendrik walked down the aisle to the dais, then up the steps, then faced the mic. "I knew Brad had star quality when I first met him. And I'm proud for him, that his talent and dedication has been recognized. And on his behalf I would like to thank Mr. Toft, the Director, and the other actors and behind-the-camera crew who helped make "Cattle Rustler's Trail" the best snuff movie of

2041." He sniffled. "We'll miss you, Brad. But we are prouder than we can say of what you accomplished."

Hendrik couldn't help smiling as he made his way back to his seat. He would miss Brad for the rest of his life, but a warm itching below his belt reminded him: the memories of his time with Brad—and the DVD of *Cattle Rustler's Trail*—would keep him warm for years to come.