

The Role of a  
 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.

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## **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>.

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 .

# Preface

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 09 16 11:09:11	
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
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***

Robert Toft aka RT	Director of the Dusky Horizons series of Snuff westerns.
Darlene Marchand	Star of "Cattle Rustler's Trail", a Snuff film in the Dusky Horizons series
Judie Clark	RT's secretary
Hendrik Fabbro	Hotdog vendor, Darlene's first groupie
Vangelis Floros	Gyros vendor, Darlene's second groupie
Davis Caulfield	Plays Sheriff Millard
Palmer Cullen	Plays the town mayor (hangman, villain)
Hiram Tate	Plays a deputy/jail guard
Susumu Yamasaki	Movie star, major TV personality

## **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 actress here to see you. She's not on the list from Central Casting."

"Tell her to apply there first, Sheila."

"She says she wants the lead. And she'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 her in and let's see if she's any good."

"Yes, sir." (click)

Some moments later, the door opened and a willowy blonde entered the room. She wore a bright blue pantsuit with matching shirt. She stood there, only two steps into the room, as the secretary closed the door behind her.

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

"My name is Darlene Marchand. I like hanging." She smiled shyly.

"And...?" Toft blew some blue smoke toward the girl, 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* "b-but I wanted to get a part in your D-dusky Horizons Series of Westerns. Me and my f-friends have watched every movie in that series. Three, or four times. She paused, 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 had over four years of acting lessons," *I've memorized this next part.* "I 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."

Darlene 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. Nice round chin, classic nose, lovely deep blue eyes. He picked up the cigar again and motioned for Darlene to go ahead. She removed her jacket and draped it over the back of a chair, then did the same with her shirt. She had nice rack with well-defined nipples. She unbuttoned her slacks and pulled them off, then her panties. She was already wet, always a good sign in an actress seeking the lead role in one of these films.

Toft made a circular motion with his raised index finger, and Darlene slowly turned around in place.

"Okay, just stand like that. We have a few things to discuss."

"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 actress 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. Darlene turned to face Toft and looked down, feeling her juices starting to drip. Yeah, getting turned on just thinking about it.

She stepped a bit closer to the director, tilting her hips to the front, showing her glistening pussy.

"So, I guess now you want me to... to have sex with you while being in character?" she 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 Darlene 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."

Darlene opened the script and read the summary. Her character was the cook at the town's only café. She was accused of starting the fire that burned down the bar. She'd had a grudge against the bartender, even made some threats. But that was just drunken talk. And her alibi was out of town.

She looked at page 44. Scene 31 called for her to offer sexual favors, trying to bribe the judge to delay her trial so her best friend—currently out of town—could testify in her favor. Maybe she 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.* Darlene 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 burned down the bar."

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

"What is it? Lot of thirsty cowhands mad at ya, and the 'tender's right hand got burned so bad that he's likely to lose it."

"My 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."

"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..." Darlene 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."

Darlene 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. Darlene left her clothes in a heap on the floor, then pressed her body to the Director's, skin to skin, crotch against crotch. She pressed her lips to the Director's, kissing him gently but thoroughly, rubbing her body against the Director's from his chest down to his thighs.

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

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

RT's knees started to give way partway through this. Darlene held him against the wall with her free hand and sped up. She licked her way down the entire shaft, then slid rapidly up until only the head was in her mouth. Again and again, as fast as she 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.* She slid her lips rapidly up and down the shaft, flicking the underside quickly and lightly with the tip of her tongue. She slid her lips rapidly up and down the shaft, flicking the underside quickly and lightly with the tip of her tongue until Toft yelled, "Oh, YES!!!" then swallowed his semen. She continued licking until he made quiet protesting noises, then helped him slump safely to the floor. He lay there, breathing hard. Darlene waved a hand in front of RT's eyes; they moved around but not in sync with her hand. Darlene waited, and the Director's eyes eventually focused on her hand. He shook his head, rolled over, grabbed Darlene's hips, and pulled himself onto his knees. He grabbed Darlene's hand with both of his, and slowly got to his feet, his hands clutching her shoulders to help him balance. He stayed like that, wobbling slightly, while his breathing returned to normal.

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

Darlene smiled a bit smugly.

Darlene was excited. And still unsatisfied. "Ummm... I'll think about it and let you know my decision. *After* my screen test."

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

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

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

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

"Umm..." Darlene 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 Darlene's head, and pulled it snug around her neck. Then he climbed down and stood next to her. "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."

Darlene closed her eyes and did as he 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 more excited. Guess I was wrong.*

"The town boss wants to make sure everybody gets a good view of your nakedness, so he licks his fingers..." he suited action to words, "and starts playing with your clit, flicking it every few seconds, but not hard or fast enough to get you off."

Oh shit! This is impossible. If he keeps this up I'm going to have cramps inside.

"Then he suddenly pushes you off the platform." Darlene felt a tug around her neck and the noose grew tighter. It was very uncomfortable, felt like she was choking. She could still breathe, but it felt raspy in her throat. She made involuntary choking noises every time she pulled air into her 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..."

Toft cupped Darlene's ass. She felt his hand stroking her clit, a little faster now, but still too slow for her to cum... except for that feeling of the noose around her neck.

"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 Darlene didn't even notice as she imagined herself strangling to death in a noose. RT added a second finger, then a third, and plunged them in to the hilt.

It was too much. Darlene came explosively. Her knees gave out and she sagged into the noose; it tightened up and choked her completely. She grew aware that she was getting lower, her legs folding up.

The pressure on Darlene's neck eased, and she realized that she was lying on the floor, with the noose draped loosely around her neck. As her orgasm faded into afterglow, she found herself wondering... she opened her eyes and saw the director looking at her.

Darlene reached for coherence to ask a question. "How...?" she started, "If you had one hand in my pussy and one holding the rope, where did the hand on my ass come from?"

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."

Darlene was dripping semen from her cunt, but she couldn't be bothered to clean up right now. She put her clothes on again, then left Toft's office with weak knees, a pounding heart and trembling fingers.

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

Darlene left, still feeling a little dizzy, and wandered out toward the subway. She was aware of the naughty remains on her private parts, now hidden beneath her slacks. Her mouth felt dry and her throat was still hurting. She needed something to drink. She 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 her throat.

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

"What, me? S-sure..." Darlene 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 vendor crossed his arms, obviously proud, holding a big fork in his hand. "And even lots of the... well... one-show stars buy my food. I have the best dogs by far!"

"One-show stars?" Darlene asked.

"Ya..." the vendor smirked. "you know that... uhm... snuff stuff... like Sisters in Arms, or that Dusky horizons series. They are always cute gals — like you," he leered, "and real nice, but well..." he shrugged. "They do one film and then you can buy their meat at some auction."

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

The vendor 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." Darlene dragged a foot along the asphalt. "To be honest... the film I applied for is one of those... Dusky Horizons."

"Oh really?" the vendor 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 Darlene.

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

"I will enjoy your show and fap a lot!" the man laughed, patting her shoulder. Then he looked more serious, eyeing her up and down. "And you really look gorgeous... and... well..."

"Thanks, Mister..."

"By the way... my name is Hendrik!" he offered his hand. "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 Darlene!" She took the hand.

"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 let me cum. 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 ... something, you know...?"

"Really?" she asked.

"Sure. Just a sec..." he whistled loudly. Another vendor 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," Darlene answered. She followed Hendrik down the steps to the northbound platform. A few minutes later, Hendrik led her to a nearby cluster of buildings and up the elevator to his apartment. As soon as they were inside, he led Darlene to the bedroom. "Here, kid, lie down and let Hendrik take care of you."

"Nuh, uh," Darlene 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. Darlene took off her shoes, undid her shirt, her slacks, then took off her bra and panties.

"Wow!" Hendrik said when he saw Darlene naked. "All that for me!" He was already more than half-erect. He looked again, noted the mess on her pussy, and clicked his tongue. "Tsk! Messy. Just a sec." He went into the bathroom and came out with a warm, damp towel. He reached down between her legs to clean between them, and slowly, lovingly sponged off her privates.

Hendrik's hands gently urged Darlene to lie down on the bed, face up. He settled down between her legs and began licking the tip of Darlene's clit. He seemed to be in no hurry, just enjoying the taste and texture of her special place as his tongue swirled over it. When he was satisfied with that, he began licking the labia. Then he returned to her button, making her gasp in pleasure.

This felt very nice, but her time on the casting couch had left Darlene very needy indeed, and she whined in protest at the slow pace. Hendrik glanced up at her face and nodded, then inserted his tongue into her center.

“Ahhhhh...” Darlene moaned. Hendrik sped up just a little, but went no deeper, seeming to be lost in the taste of her cunt. After a few minutes of pleasurable torture, Darlene was relieved when he transferred his attentions to her clit again, wrapping his lips warmly around it and teasing it with his tongue. But Hendrik still moved slowly, savoring the sensations in his mouth.

But something was missing for Darlene. This was incomplete. She pulled herself up from the well of tingling pleasure emanating from her center, and realized what it was. She touched Hendrik's cheek gently with one hand. “Me, too,” she said.

Hendrik pulled back just long enough to say, “Okay, if you want.” He turned around until his crotch was centered over her mouth, then resumed licking her.

Darlene opened her mouth and wrapped it around the vendor's organ. She tasted his precum and found herself even more turned on. She wrapped one hand around it and began sucking it in and out of her mouth, trying to match Hendrik's rhythm.

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

The vendor hummed a sound that might have been “Thank you,” and kept licking Darlene's sensitive button. She was aware of a change inside her, a growing need... She took her mouth from Hendrik's penis and pleaded, “More... please...?”

Hendrik responded by speeding up, sucking a little harder on Darlene's clit while three fingers slipped quietly into her well-lubricated and almost oversensitive cunt. Darlene felt the storm build, then let go with a ferocity that whited her consciousness out with pleasure. She cried out once, then collapsed back on the bed.

Hendrik licked up her juices as she came, then slowly backed off and kissed his way from her clit to her bellybutton. He paused, looked up at Darlene, and saw that she had slipped into a deep sleep, a satiated smile on her lips.

“Yeah!” Hendrik said quietly, and lay down next to Darlene, wrapping his arms around her chest. He put his head next to hers, inhaling her scent, and in a few minutes was snoring quietly.

Darlene woke up to the smell of coffee and a mixture of smells that made her belly rumble with hunger. Hendrik was moving around in the kitchen. She pulled her panties on and went into the kitchen. “What smells so wonderful?”

“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.” Hendrik turned and grinned at Darlene.

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

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

Darlene 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 [i]Barbara Superiore[/i] and poured two glasses. Then he cut the pizza into six slices and put three on each plate. He gestured and they 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 Darlene 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 Darlene 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!” Darlene said and kissed him.

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, Darlene 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. Darlene started unbuttoning Hendrik's shirt and kissed her way down Hendrik's chest. He didn't quite rip Darlene's clothes off, but it was a close thing. He wanted her to get on top, and she was happy to oblige, controlling their movements so they both came at about the same time. They fell onto the bed and were asleep in less than 5 minutes.

===

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

Darlene took her supervisor aside Wednesday afternoon and explained that she had something she 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 supervisor looked Darlene 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 Darlene a pat on the rump. "Now get back to work."

Darlene smiled and got.

### **Thursday**

Darlene 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."

Darlene poured some cereal in a bowl, added milk, and ate rapidly. She threw on some clothes, brushed her hair, and took the #5 train. From there it was only a short walk to Hendrik's place. The vendor opened the door and greeted Darlene 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!"

Darlene 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." Darlene drawled.

"I think that pause should be just a trifle shorter, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Let's try it again."

### **Later**

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

"Sorry, Trudi. I've chosen Caroline 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 Darlene again. "Here's another kiss for good luck."

Darlene was breathing hard when they separated. "Gotta go. I don't want to miss the train and have to run all the way to the studio."

Hendrik laughed, patted Darlene's rump, and went to the kitchen to get his cart.

### **Later...**

Darlene 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 actress 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." Darlene pushed buttons on her 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..." Darlene looked at her 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?"

Darlene 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 girl!"

"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 gently fisted Vangelis's shoulder, then Darlene gave him a kiss.

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

Darlene 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*, Darlene slipped the *maitre de* some folded up paper, and they were seated in an enclosed booth. She asked for a bottle of their best champagne, and the two friends sat reading the menu until it came. She sipped the champagne 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 Darlene'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 look *scared*. Then I had to hang for nearly a minute before I was allowed to let my nipples get erect."

"Man, that sounds tough!"

"It was. But at least they let me cum while I was dangling. Otherwise I'd be the most frustrated woman 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 Darlene, who tasted it and got a broad smile on her face. "Yes!" she said. "Best sweet I've ever tasted."

Darlene 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 vendor hugged Darlene, kissing her deeply, then started undressing her. As soon as he'd gotten Darlene's sweater and blouse off, Hendrik bent his head to kiss her nipples. He pulled Darlene's slacks down, then her panties, and started toying with her pussy. Finally he sank to his knees and started licking her clit.

"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 Darlene's labia, then gently tongued the tip of her clit. He licked harder, then wet a finger to gently probe her cunt. He sucked her enlarged clit into his mouth, slowly at first, then a little faster. He pulled off, flicked the tip with his tongue a couple of times, got to serious licking, tonguing her sheath, then concentrating on her clit while keeping three fingers deep in her cunt.

"Oh, yeah..." Darlene moaned.

"Gonna get better," Hendrick said, and went back to licking her. He kept that up for several minutes, then sped up.

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

Hendrik found the rhythm that Darlene needed. Faster and faster, with little tongue flicks on the tip.

"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 Darlene cried out, "No... please ... please stop." Hendrik gave her clit one more lick, then pulled away. He licked up her juices, then looked up and grinned at her.

"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."



Darlene grinned, still panting. "Now it's time for me to work my wicked wiles!" She started unbuttoning Hendrik's shirt. "Turnabout is fair play." She pulled his shirt off, then the undershirt. "Lie down on the bed." She gave Hendrik a little push for encouragement, then finished undressing him. She gave him the full treatment, making him beg for it before she took more than the head in her mouth. Then she went to work on him; on each upstroke she touched Hendrik's frenum with her tongue. A different place each time, and so lightly that the little licks were barely detectable.

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

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."

He reached up and tweaked Darlene'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."

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### **Friday Morning**

Darlene woke up, looked at the clock and groaned. "Go back to sleep," Hendrik said. Breakfast in an hour." Darlene 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." He brought two plates to the table a few minutes later, 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 later scenes as I do in the earlier ones."

"Unlax, cutie. 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."

Darlene picked up her burrito and bit into it. "Wow! I'll say!"

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

Darlene 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."

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

"Thanks!"

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### **Saturday Morning**

After breakfast (pancakes and sausage), Darlene 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. Darlene led Hendrick to the gate. She showed her badge ("Star") to the guard. "Can I have a 'Visitor' badge for my friend?"

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

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

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

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

There was a sound from under the clerk's desk. She reached down and brought out a laminated card with Hendrik's name and photo and "Visitor, No Escort Required." She handed it to him 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. Darlene pressed some buttons next to the door, there was a click and she 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!" Hendrik put the combination into his tablet.

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

### **Sunday Afternoon**

"Well, that's everything," Darlene said, looking around her apartment. The table was covered with packing boxes. So was her 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, Darlene..."

"Yeah?"

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

"Well..." Darlene paused.

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

"No, that's okay. Just getting my memories organized." She 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 Cat Ballou 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 actresses get hanged, and played Esmeralda in a staging of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. 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 girls 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?" Darlene asked.

"Jade Garden," the other two answered in unison. On the way there, Darlene mentioned a few of her 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. Darlene and Vangelis tried to top him, but ended up agreeing that Hendrik's was the most boring.

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

"Well?" Hendrik asked.

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

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

"Sounds good," Vangelis said. Darlene 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"), Darlene's movie, and comparing their favorite Dusky Horizons films.

### **Three Weeks Later**

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

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

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

"Sure. See you a little after 7."

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

"I want you," Darlene answered.

"Bad day?"

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

"Tell."

"We spent today shooting a scene where Macie—"

"Your character, right?"

Yeah. Macie is asserting her dominance over the other girls in her clique at Madam Tiffany's. Some she just has kneel in front of her, some she makes lick her. And she chooses this redhead, Caroline, to bring her off. That sets up a later scene where Trudi, who was jealous of her affections, helps the sheriff arrest her."

"So...?"

"So I got a lot of licking and fingering. I came over and over again, but I'm not really satisfied."

"Oh... Right. When we get together you usually 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.

Darlene looked at his erection. "Yeah. Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

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

"What?"

"Foreplay!" Hendrik grabbed Darlene's head and kissed her hard, with lots of tongue. He played with her tits, then bent his head to tongue her nipples the way he knew she liked, and kept going until she pleaded for him to stop. Then reached down into her panties and caressed her clit until it stuck out like a tiny cock. He licked two fingers and slipped them slowly into her center. He found her g-spot and rubbed it until she cried out, "Oh... oh... oh... oh..." Then he pulled off her panties. "Okay, *now* you're ready to get fucked." He pointed to the bed. "You. On your back, Now."

Darlene did as she was told, looking scared. Hendrik pulled back, "Hey, I'm not going to..." Then he realized she was just play-acting. "Oh, you...!" He rubbed his cockhead over her entrance to coat it with her juices, then worked it slowly into her cunt. As soon as it was inside, he pushed in to the hilt, a single motion.

"Oof! Yeah!"

He started thrusting, hard, deep thrusts with a brief rest between. He kept it up until Darlene's pleasure noises changed from quiet intakes of breath to loud moans, then held himself up with one hand while he flicked her button with the other.

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

Hendrik moved deep and fast inside Darlene.

"Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah," he said, then "*Yeah, oh yeah...*" and "**Yeah oh yeah oh yeah!**" and "*Yeah oh yeah OH YEAH!*" as he came inside Darlene.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" she screamed as she came, but Hendrik didn't let up. He kept rubbing his fingers around Darlene's clit; she kept getting louder, until finally...

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRGGG GH" and then "No, stop, I can't..."

Hendrik rubbed Darlene a couple more times for good measure, then let go and collapsed on top of her.

They heard applause from the two adjacent apartments.

"Guess, we were pretty loud," Darlene said a minute later, when she'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."

Darlene stood there, eyes closed, hands clasped loose across her belly. Then she opened her eyes. "Okay, I'm set."

"Get out there and show me."

Darlene gave him an airy wave and headed for her spot in the set.

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

2042 09 15 11:50:18	
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
39	3

*Clack.*

"The defendant will rise."

Darlene stood up, looking just a little nervous.

"What is your verdict?"

"We, the jury, find Macie Colton guilty of one count of fraud in connection with prostitution, and one count of misdemeanor vandalism.

"The defendant will face the court."

Darlene turned forward.

"Macie Colton, this is your third conviction for defrauding your customers, and this one is aggravated by the damage you did to the hotel window. We cannot tolerate that sort of behavior in this town. 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."

Darlene looked like she was going to fold over and collapse, and only a supreme effort of will was keeping her on her feet.

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

Darlene collapsed into her chair, her head face down on the table.

"Cut!"

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

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

### **That evening**

Darlene was studying the script for her final scene when the phone rang. She 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..." Darlene paused.

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

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

"That's right. That's the right punishment for dishonest whores like you."

"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: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
40	3

*Clack.*

Darlene was in her "cell," looking coyly at Davis Caulfield.

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

"Sir... Sheriff,..." she started, inviting Davis with a glance. "I'm supposed to get hanged tomorrow..." Darlene imagined herself on the gallows, getting ready to hang, and she could feel her nipples getting hard.

"That's right," Davis answered. "That's the right punishment for dishonest whores like you."

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

"A favor?" Davis smirked, staring at Darlene's tits, "Why should I do that?"

Darlene's heart was beating like crazy. "Well hanging... I... I don't want to die. Maybe you could... accidentally leave the door unlocked...?"

Davis approached Darlene and touched her butt. "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." Darlene bit her lips. She blushed saying it out loud. "...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-boys only give blowjobs."

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

Darlene heard Davis's zipper and caught her breath at the sight of Davis's cock. Then she felt Davis's hand spreading her ass cheeks 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 17 13:36:44

PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
41	1

*Clack.*

"I wonder if you're going to enjoy this as much as I am," the Sheriff said. Darlene was already wet, just anticipating what came next. She felt the Sheriff's cock slide smoothly into her pucker and start fucking her, slowly at first, then faster. Davis gave Darlene a good reaming, hard but never rough.

Darlene liked it, a lot, but the script required her to conceal her feelings in this encounter. Darlene counted down from 10,000 by 7s and did her best to look like a victim. It wasn't very convincing, but then the script called for Marcie to be faking her victimhood.

Darlene wanted to just let herself fall on the bed in pleasure by the time Davis finished, but she covered it up with a disgusted grimace. A camera dollied forward, getting a close up of Davis's semen leaking from her butt.

"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."

Darlene 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."

Darlene smiled and grabbed him.

"Wha...?"

Darlene kissed Davis, hard, then opened her mouth to invite his tongue. The next several minutes were rather hot and heavy, but Davis eventually broke the clinch. "We're supposed to be grabbing calories for the next scene."

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

"And don't you forget it." Davis gave her 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 Darlene's goopy snack in front of her.

"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."

Darlene gasped. "Best Snuff Star? 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." Darlene went into the cell, sat down on her mattress, and picked up a hardback book, a biography of Senator Yancey.

**INT:** the same jail cell; lighting through the barred window as if about 1/2 hour before sunset.

"Action."

2042 09 17 15:20:09	
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
42	3

*Clack.*

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

Darlene 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."

Darlene looked at the Sheriff and lowered her eyes.

"Cut. Makeup."

The Makeup Artist came in and dusted Darlene's cheeks with blusher, then left.

" Action."

2042 09 17 15:27:56	
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
41	3

*Clack.*

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

"You've got the hots for me. I think from even before I arrested you. Maybe you 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..." Darlene stepped out of her sandals, then turned around. "Unzip me?"

Davis helped her get out of her dress, then unclasped her bra. She pulled her panties off, then lay down on the bed with her legs spread. Davis knelt over the bed and kissed his way down Darlene's body, from her lips to her already-hard nipples to her bellybutton and finally her slit. Darlene had no trouble at all with this scene: the Sheriff really was as hot as the script said.

Davis spent a while licking her labia, then tickled her clit with the tip of his tongue. He continued doing that for about a minute, then started licking it in earnest.

"Oohhhhh!" Darlene said. She 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. Darlene 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 'Unzip me.'... Action."

2042 09 16	15:27:56
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
41	4

*Clack.*

Davis spoke his line, Darlene did her "take", and they started over again. This time there was no interruption. When Darlene lost control and just made pleasure noises, the "Sheriff" sucked her clit into his mouth, gently, then tongued her cunt. He put two fingers into her and felt for the rough spot, then rubbed it gently while his tongue was busy on her clit. Darlene could only writhe under his attentions, then she went as stiff as a board and screamed loudly.

Davis continued licking Darlene for another minute while she panted for air in between screams, then slowly licked her down from her peak, letting the camera get a good view of her swollen clit and labia.

It took Darlene several seconds to remember what she was supposed to do next. She let her whole body relax, one arm dangling over the edge of the bed. She counted to twenty in her head, then said, "Wow!"

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

"Guess so."

"Cut. That's great!"

Darlene lay there, relaxed, for another couple of minutes, then slowly pushed herself 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." Darlene leaned one hand on the bed and levered herself 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 her my best, patented pussylicking, and she walked out without having to lean on a wall. Incredible willpower. She's going to be terrific in her final scene!"

"I bet she wins an Oscar."

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

### **Next Day**

"I want you to hold the word 'right' just a little longer this time," the Director said.

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

2042 09 17	09:18:49
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
45	3

### ***Clack.***

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

A stocky man 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.

Darlene turned her head and gasped. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Time for your hanging, Colton."

"But...but..." Darlene 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*." She 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," Darlene drawled. She rolled over on her side and sat up.

The Mayor eyed Darlene. "You don't want to hide that beautiful body from the townsfolk, do you?"

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

"So get those things off."

The Mayor watched as Darlene unbuttoned her shirt, taking a good long look at her tits. She pulled off her cowboy boots, then peeled her nylons down. She stood up, unzipped her skirt, then pulled it down and stepped out of it. Her panties followed.

"Hands," the Mayor said.

There was an opening in the bars, just big enough to get a meal tray through. *Mustn't think about hanging... Mustn't look wet and eager right now; I'm supposed to be frightened but putting up a brave front. Think about the money. Lots of money for my family and friends...* Darlene walked up to it, turned around, and crossed her hands behind her back.

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

"Long enough," Darlene quipped.

"Skip the humor."

Darlene looked down. "Yes, Mr. Mayor." The Mayor grabbed her left ass cheek. She made a show of trying to get her 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 man dressed in blue jeans and a dust-brown shirt with a bronze star on the left side, walked into view. Darlene looked him up and down. Way up, at least a foot taller than she was.

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

"Be a good little girl 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 Mayor slapped Darlene. She turned her head as the slap landed, making it look harder than it was, but it still stung.

"Cut!" The director looked at the clock. "Good work, let's call it a day. We'll resume shooting tomorrow at 9AM. Marchand, you'll be on the set, ready to go, at 11:30."

"Right-O, RT."

### **That evening**

Hendrik answered his phone. "Hi, Darlene."

"Can you come to the studio Friday?"

"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."

### **Next morning**

Hendrik and Vangelis arrived at the studio's main entrance Friday about 10:50 AM. Darlene was already waiting for them. She signed Vangelis in for a one-day visitor badge and with one long kiss 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 some pleasure," Hendrik said, making licking motions with his tongue.

"Thanks, but no. I'm on a tight schedule."

"Awww... okay."

Darlene 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 woman in a gingham dress came over. "Hi," she said, "My name is Dallas Thorn. Are you Darlene's guests?"

"Yep," Hendrik said. Vangelis nodded.

"I don't have much to do right now, so the 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.

"So it's about the director's reputation?" Vangelis asked.

"No. It's just the way RT is."

"I see... I guess."

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, Terri, can you spare a moment and put hats on these two guys?"

Terri 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."

Vangelis put it on and adjusted it. "Feels okay." He turned around slowly.

Dallas looked him over carefully. "I think that will do."

"Yeah."

"Thanks, Terri," Dallas said.

"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. One man glared at them. "Hey! Wait your turn!"

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

"Oh. Sorry," the man 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. People 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 Darlene'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. A man in the chair to their left leaned over. "You guys here for the pay? Or just to watch?"

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

"You know Darlene? Really?"

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

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

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

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

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."

"Happy to meet you, Ms. Thorn!"

"Dallas, please." She took his hand in a firm grip and held it for just a second.

"You guys are Darlene's groupies? Really?" a young man in the row behind asked. He looked barely eighteen.

"As far as it goes, yeah, I think we're it."

"Wow! What's she..."

The director's voice came over the PA system. "Places." The conversation died down and almost everybody got up. A man in a clerical costume climbed up to the platform. Most of the crowd gathered in the "town square" area. Dallas led Hendrik and Vangelis to the front of the open area. "You'll get a good view from here."

A limousine pulled up and four people got out: The Mayor, the deputy, a woman in modern clothes, and Darlene—completely naked and completely at ease. She spotted Hendrik and Vangelis and waved. "I see you guys got front row spots. Great! You're gonna love this!" She crossed her hands behind her. The woman tied them tightly with a short piece of rope. "Test this. And pull hard!"

Darlene tugged at the ropes, then tried again, her chest muscles bulging as she strained. "Yeah. That'll hold."

"Okay." The woman stepped back. The Mayor and deputy stood on either side of Darlene. They walked forward and stopped at a barely visible line in the dirt.

The Mayor whispered, "You look too happy. Put on a stoic expression and think of England. Cold place, England."

"Everybody ready?" the director asked.

"Not quite yet," the Mayor yelled back. "We're getting the star into character."

"Let me know."

Darlene closed her eyes and thought about England. Winter in the Lake District. Fog in the Pennines. She shivered, even under the hot lights. She meditated a minute, then pulled Macie Colton on like a unitard. She took a deep breath. "Ready," she called out.

"Places!" The director called out.

The Mayor took Darlene's right arm, the deputy took her left arm.

"Quiet on the set." The crowd stopped talking

**EXT** back lot, Old West town square with gallows set up against the back wall of a two-story building.

2042 09 19 09:01:14	
PRODUCTION: The Dishonest Whore	
DIRECTOR	Toft
SCENE	TAKE
46	1

Clack

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

"Sound?" The director whispered to the sound technician. The technician held up a thumb and forefinger in the OK sign, and the director nodded.

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

The deputy handed the Mayor a sheet of heavy paper. "Macie Colton, you are to be hanged by the neck until dead."

The preacher stepped forward. He and Darlene held a whispered conversation for about 15 seconds, then he crossed himself, touched two fingers to Darlene's forehead, and stepped back.

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

The feel of the rope around her neck was intense, everything she had dreamed of. Her eyes watered and her hands clenched in reaction to the pain from her raw skin and the rope squeezing her throat closed. *Perfect, nobody can see how happy I am, my dream coming true.* Darlene jerked her feet, toes reaching toward the ground, starting a slow rotation, first to the right, then to the left. She made a show of straining her arms against the ropes as the world turned in front of her. She started a scissor kick—it would look impressive but not use up her 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.* Her toes reached desperately for the ground they would never find.

The crowd's mood seemed to change. They were yelling things like "Way to go!" and "You show 'em, Macie!"

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

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

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

Macie'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 her sweat. The kiss of tears watering the edge of her eyes as she swung from her rope. Macie was fighting for her life. It was a fight she could never win. But it was a fight that Darlene could revel in as her naked body swung back and forth at the end of her rope.

Macie's toes pointed down toward the ground only a few feet below her. Her nipples and her clit erected as her world narrowed. She could no longer see the extras watching her. For her there was only the need for air, and one more need, growing stronger between her legs. The tingling in her clit gradually spreading to her tits, and a need in her cunt, an aching need that could only be relieved in one way. Oh, if only someone would fuck her while she dangled here in mid-air!

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

That burning ache throbbed with every heartbeat as juices dampened her bush. Twitching with every painful throb of her heart. Her legs grew leaden; her kicking weaker. Her head spinning, bloodshot eyes staring at the horizon.

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

Darlene's body stiffened and her hips thrust forward in desperate need, once, twice... *Please, just this one last time...* and fireworks went off in her cunt, her secretions starting to seep down her legs. A blast of pleasure overwhelmed her, breaking the boundary between Darlene Marchand and Macie Colton. Only one of her, eyes unfocused, dancing fitful flicks of a sleep deprived student nodding off in class as her body strove to keep her alive just a few heart beats longer. Her lips turning blue as she gave a few last kicks.

Her orgasm ended as her body went limp. No longer able to struggle, her feet dangling limp. Everything numb except the last few pulses of pleasure from her center. A last wiggle of toes as her brain shut down. She had given this role her all, and it had taken everything she had to give.

Both Macie Colton and Darlene 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 Darlene sway back and forth in the noose. They drifted away by ones and twos as the swaying decreased and eventually stopped.

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?"

"Darlene specified that you are to receive part of her pay for *The Dishonest Whore*. 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.

## Epilog

### 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 case from his overcoat pocket and showed it to Vangelis.

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.' Darlene named me as her 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 Darlene's advice and get a burrito cart. Wouldn't that be a hoot."

"I've tasted your breakfast burritos. I think Darlene 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 Darlene did," Vangelis said.

"I'm betting not." Hendrik 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 Darlene's acting. Well, and the writing, which was downright brilliant in places."

The end credits played, ending in a close-up of Darlene's head and neck, her face blue, the noose biting deeply into her 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 Darlene's face. The main camera showed her lips turning blue, her legs barely moving, then going still. The PIP showed her face as she struggled for breath, then as the final orgasm came over her. The main window showed her straining muscles relaxing, then the tiny movement of her toes. A few drops of urine dripped to the ground. And then nothing except Darlene's body dangling, her pendulum motion getting gradually smaller and eventually stopping, her eyes in the close-up staring blankly into space... The town doctor listening to her chest with a stethoscope and declaring her dead.

And then the crowd gradually dispersing while Darlene's body dangled there, limp and unmoving. The camera stayed on her for a full hour after the hanging with no motion and no change of viewpoint. The stage hands took her 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 she was dead after watching all that."

Vangelis nodded.

"I've got a fuckbuddy, a cute blonde," Hendrick mimed big tits on his chest, "but you don't look at all in the mood."

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

"I feel the same way."

"Yeah, see you tomorrow."

"Right. Maybe next month we can get together and celebrate Darlene properly, with a bottle of good Champagne and my FB, the way Darlene would have liked."

"Yeah," Vangelis said. "She'd want that."

Hendrick 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...  
Darlene Marchant."

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

"Accepting the award for Ms. Marchant is Hendrik Fabbro."

Hendrik walked down the aisle to the dais, then up the steps, then faced the mic. "I knew Darlene had star quality when I first met her. And I'm proud for her, that her talent and dedication has been recognized. And on her behalf I would like to thank Mr. Toft, the Director, and the other actors and behind-the-camera crew who helped make "The Dishonest Whore" the best snuff movie of 2041." He sniffled. "We'll miss you, Darlene. 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 Darlene for the rest of his life, but a warm itching below his belt reminded him: the memories of his time with Darlene—and the DVD of *The Dishonest Whore*—would keep him warm for years to come.