

# What Do I Have to Do to Get Hanged?

by A. P. Damien

The front door slid open, then closed with a quiet shushing noise. A weasel in her early twenties looked around, then strode up to the desk.

"Is this where I go to get hanged?"

"Yes, ma'am. Do you have a letter from the Bureau?"

"What bureau?"

"The Bureau of Respiration. They manage breathing licenses, including suspensions and revocations."

"No, I don't have a letter from the Stupid Bureau of Stupid Respiration. I just want to get hanged."

The clerk handed her a sheet of paper. "If you don't have a letter, then you need to fill this out. Please take one of the tables over there," she pointed toward the west wall, "and fill this out. Then sign it and bring it back with your ID."

"Forms. IDs. Bunch of hooley. Okay, I'll fill in your stupid form."

The weasel strode over to an unused desk, sat down, picked up the pen, and started writing.

Three minutes later she came back and handed the form to the clerk.

|                            |                      |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| Date (month/day/year)      | 11/14/2052           |
| Name                       | Rosa Kellogg         |
| Age                        | 23                   |
| Gender (cis- or trans-)    | Cis-Female           |
| Desired Sex of executioner | Male                 |
| Method                     | Hanging (short drop) |
| Sex with execution         | Oral or Vaginal      |
| Reason for execution       | Because I want it    |

The clerk looked at it. "Do you have ID?"

"Yes." Rosa opened her purse and brought out her respiration license.

The hamster looked at the license, then at Rosa's face. "For reason, you wrote, 'Because I want it.' So you're looking for an assisted suicide?"

"Suicide implies an unhappiness, you know, 'Goodbye cruel world.' I'm not unhappy. In fact, I'm quite content. But I want to know what it feels like to be hanged."

"I don't think..."

"You're right. You don't think."

The hamster stared at Rosa for a moment, then continued. "I don't think this is something I can handle. Please take a seat over there and I'll ring for the manager."

The weasel looked disgusted, but she went over and sat down.

The hamster picked up her phone and punched the button for the manager. It rang twice, then "Bryant."

"Kellogg. I have a potential client here, but her form doesn't make any sense. She's in seat #12."

"Okay. I'll come and try to straighten her out."

"Thanks." She hit the end call button.

A couple of minutes later a tall gopher in a dark blue suit came out and sat down facing Rosa. "I'm Joel Bryant, the manager here. I understand you're having a problem?"

"Yes, your form is stupid. So is that clerk." She pointed.

"That does seem to be a problem. Maybe we could continue this discussion in my office?"

"I have no objection."

Simms led the woman to his office and offered her a padded chair. "Okay, let's discuss our form."

"Yes. It's stupid."

"What's stupid about it?"

"Asking if I'm cis-- or trans--? Is a professional executioner really going to refuse sex to a trans client? Or refuse to execute her?"

"Good point. I'll talk to the Board about changing that. What else?"

"I chose a short drop hanging. I want to feel the noose strangle me to death. Your clerk -- or whatever she is -- doesn't seem able to cope with that. And anyway, why should my reason affect you?"

"Some people suffer from depression and they just want to give up and die. We always check on that and refer them to a psychiatrist for evaluation. Usually a course of antidepressants will restore their desire for life. We don't want to kill people unnecessarily."

"Stupid again! Somebody who just wants to be dead is going to choose something fast, right? Like a long drop or the guillotine? Not something that takes a long time like the garrote or a short drop?"

"Not necessarily. Some wanna-be suicides are also masochists, right?"

"I guess so." She paused. "But people who are that depressed, are they going to be thinking about sexual pleasure? Or just about getting it over with?"

"I'm not sure. But I'll bring it up with the psychologists who designed our questionnaire. I'll recommend dropping the cis/trans question at the same time."

"But let's talk about you. Why do you want to die? And why a short drop? You'll get a rope burn at the end of the drop, then feel the need for air, but not be able to get any. That will go on for three, four, maybe five or six minutes before you lose consciousness for the last time."

"That is exactly what I want. To be desperate for air, and to know that it's going to get worse and worse, and that I'll die at the end."

"I don't understand. Why would you want that? Is there something you want to punish yourself for?"

"No. It's kind of a long story."

"I'm not busy right now."

"About a year ago I realized that sex wasn't really all that great. Something was missing. A friend told me about BDSM and I joined a club. I tried different things -- being tied up, spanking men, being spanked, whips, golden showers. None of them did much for me. Then I saw a vixen strangling a rabbit buck with his own tie."

"Breath control. Yes. And..."

"When they were done playing, I asked if she'd strangle me. She tied me into a chair, wrapped a cord around my neck, and pulled it until I could barely breathe. And I could feel this... need... inside me. This was what I wanted."

"Yes, some people are into sexual asphyxia. It's not as common as other forms of bondage or pain, but not rare."

"Well, it was exactly what I needed. I had an orgasm building, but she let go before I could cum."

"That must have been frustrating."

"It was. I told her about it, and she pulled the cord tight again and held it. And I came, so hard! Even getting my clit licked with a vibrator in my cunt didn't give me orgasms like that."

"That doesn't sound so bad," the manager said.

"But there was still something missing. And for months I couldn't figure it out. I knew I needed more but I couldn't figure out what."

"And...?"

"I talked it over with Mercy -- that was the vixen who'd been strangling me -- and she told me about a professional top -- a lynx who did breath control. I called and made an appointment. He strangled me for over two minutes, then fucked me good. That was better, but I still had this feeling of missing out.

Rosa paused, thinking, then went on. "I talked to him about it, and he introduced me to hanging. The pain -- and the feeling of helplessness, of having my hands tied but not being able to breathe -- gave me a bigger orgasm than ever before.

"And..."

"The next time I asked him to leave me hanging longer. And longer the next time. After five 'sessions' I lost consciousness in the middle of the orgasm. I asked him to go farther, but he refused to go past unconsciousness. It was too dangerous, or so he said."

"Is that why you came here?"

"Yes. I want to experience it. Dangling, helpless, my hands tied, the pain of the noose squeezing my throat shut. The need for air getting worse and worse. And knowing that I will never breathe again."

"Remember: a hanging here is permanent. We will kill you, but you won't feel anything that happens after you're unconscious."

"But when the hangman puts the noose around my neck and fucks me on the trapdoor, I'll know that this time is for real. This time is the end. And I think that's what I need. That's what will get me over the edge. I'll feel that special orgasm that I know is waiting for me when I'm hanged for real. I'm hoping I'll black out before it's over -- or at worst a few seconds later. After that, it won't matter."

"But why the rush?"

"I'll answer a stupid question with a stupid question. Having established that I'm not depressed, why do you care?"

"You said you weren't depressed. I'm not a hundred percent convinced. I still might send you for a psychiatric evaluation..." His voice trailed off. "Let me put it another way. You're looking for a sexual thrill that you can only get from knowing you're going to die in the next few minutes. But why the rush? You can only do this once. Why not live to age 50 or so, until you start getting pre-menopause symptoms: Think of all the not-so-perfect orgasms you can have in another 25 or 30 years. Not to mention the breakfasts, lunches and dinners you can enjoy. The movies, plays, scenery you can see. Music you can listen to."

The weaslette hesitated. "I didn't want to bring this up..." She paused for a few seconds, then managed to get it out. "I have ovarian cancer. It's only stage 2, so I could have my ovaries removed and live a long life. But you know and I know that hormone replacement therapy doesn't really replace having ovaries. Especially when it comes to sexual pleasure. And if I don't have the oophorectomy, the cancer will progress and then I'll have a much less pleasant death."

The manager sat speechless for several seconds, then bowed his head.

"Okay, you win. I'm stupid. Just give me a few seconds and I'll arrange things for you."

He touched an icon on his screen, then another, then scrolled down. Then he smiled.

"Both of our hangmen are busy right now, but Simms will be available in 45 minutes."

She smiled. "That's fine."

"Good." He led her down the hall to a room with several padded chairs and a table. There were several magazines and photo albums on the table. There was also a large-screen TV on one wall. "You can wait here. Feel free to watch the TV or look through the photos. You might enjoy some of them."

Rosa looked at the albums, then nodded. "That'll do fine. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome. And I hope we'll be less stupid in the future." He left and closed the door behind him.

The weaslette opened a photo album. It showed males and femmes climbing onto the bascule of a guillotine, or with their heads already locked in the lunette, heads in baskets. "Who cares?" she muttered and picked up another. This one showed furs climbing the steps to a gallows, standing on the trapdoor, with the noose around their necks, dangling from the noose, their feet kicking, and completely still and limp, their eyes staring off into nothingness.

"That's more like it," she muttered. She settled down to leaf through the mag. After a while she reached under her skirt and found her clit. *That could be me. That will be me!*

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After some time there was a quiet knock on the door.

Rosa looked at the clock. It had been just over 40 minutes. "Yes?"

The door opened and a skunk came in. He was nearly six feet tall and his white stripe went all the way to the front of his headfur. "Ms. Kellogg?"

"That's me."

"I'm Simms. I'll be your hangman this morning."

"Good. I'm looking forward to it."

"That's an unusual reaction, but Mr. Bryant told me you're doing this for pleasure?"

"That's right."

"I'm happy to assist you. Just follow me."

The skunk led her down the hall to a room with a drawing of a noose on the door. He touched a wallplate next to the door and it swung open.

"Neat!" she said.

He turned to her, looking serious. "Once you enter this room, there is no turning back. You will be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

"That's what I came here for."

He stood aside and let her walk in, then closed and locked the door. "Take off your clothes. All of them. Then put them in this container." He pointed at a round bin in a corner of the room.

The weaslette took off her shoes and dropped them in the bin. She sat down on a bench and pulled off her stockings, then stood up and pulled her dress over her head, then wadded it up and tossed it in the bin. She turned around so her back was to him. "Unhook me?"

The skunk undid Rosa's bra straps. She turned to face him and dropped the bra in the bin. Her panties followed it. He brought over a chair and undressed, putting his clothes on a small table. He was already erect.

He stood up and started kissing her nipples, doing a thorough job of it, making her cry out and squirm in pleasure. He kept it up until she begged him, "Please, please fuck me!"

"Turn around and lean forward with your hands on the wall."

She did, and moved her tail to one side. He felt between her legs and found her thoroughly wet. "Yeah, you're ready."

Rosa She felt him slide into her, slowly, until he was all the way in.

"Yes, please!"

The skunk started thrusting, slowly at first, then faster as Rosa begged for more. It took less than two minutes before she screamed in ecstasy. He continued moving slowly in and out until she screamed again and her legs gave way. He held her hips while he pulled out, then helped her down to the floor.

"Wow! That was... almost as good as what I came here to get. But not quite."

She looked at him, noticed he was still erect with no only a trickle of precum visible.

"Oh, you didn't...."

"That's okay. "

"I really wanted you to cum inside me. Fuck me here on the floor? Or I can get up on my knees -- I think -- and suck you."

"I'd love to oblige you, but I have another client in an hour. He's scheduled for execution: first he gets fucked good and hard, then hanged. If I cum now I won't be able to fuck him. And believe me, he deserves it!"

Rosa thought for a moment. "Don't you have Viagra or one of those other drugs here?"

"Yes. I can get hard that way, but I won't cum."

"Do you really think he'll notice the difference?"

The skunk stood there for several seconds, thinking. "Probably not. Almost certainly not. You win." He pushed a button on the wall.

"Pharmacy."

"This is Simms in room 11. Please send up a Sildenafil, 100mg."

"Ten minutes."

"Thank you."

Simms turned to Rosa and offered her a hand. She took it, and he helped her onto her knees.

"Do you want me to swallow? Or...?"

"Get a little bit on your lips, then swallow the rest."

The weasel pushed herself up on one elbow, then managed to lever herself onto her knees. She wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and squeezed it a few times, getting a feel for it -- it was still hard. Then she slid her lips down over the head and started sliding them up and down.

It took her barely over a minute of sucking to make him cum. "Yes. YES, YES! YESSS!!!" he screamed. She pulled back just long enough to spread his semen on her lips and let a drop fall on her chin, then took him back into her mouth and sucked him dry.

It was several seconds before he could speak again, and then all he managed was "Wow!".

"Yeah, that was fun. Now let's get to the good part."

He looked at her. "Bryant told me about your kink. I'll do what I can for you."

"Thanks."

"Stand up." His voice now had the note of command in it.

She stood.

"Face the wall and press yourself against it, as flat as you can, and put your hands behind you."

The weaslette complied, and was unsurprised to feel a coarse rope wound around her wrists and pulled tight.

"See if you can get them free."

Rosa tugged as hard as she could, nearly dislocating her shoulders, but the knot held.

"Ready, sir."

"I like your attitude." The skunk took her by one arm and led her up the stairs to the gallows, then placed her with one foot on each side of the split in the trapdoor. He slipped the noose over her head and slid the knot snug around her neck. Then he picked up a pulse oximeter and clipped it to her left index finger. He put one hand on the lever.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"On three. One... two... three..."

The trap opened. Rosa fell less than two feet, then came to a sudden stop as the noose jerked tight around her neck, rubbing the skin raw and squeezing her throat shut. *Owww! That hurt! Getting strangled with fingers or a silk cord would hurt a lot less. You can choke off someone's air with a few pounds of pressure on the right spot, as opposed to having my whole weight squeezing my neck. But... There's something sexy about hanging. Any other method, I could fight - grab a finger and pull it back until it breaks, turn around and attack my attacker, etc. But dangling in mid-air there's no leverage, nothing useful to attack -- especially with my hands bound behind me.*

*Yeah.* She held herself rigid, not moving, for nearly a minute. Then the need for air was more than she could stand. She started kicking. One foot reached down, seeking a place to stand. Then the other, then the first. She kept this up for about two minutes. Then she realized that she still had a goal: an orgasm -- ideally the best orgasm imaginable. She started rubbing her thighs together: slowly at first, then faster. *I have to get there. I just have to. Otherwise all this is a waste and I've thrown my remaining years away for nothing.*

The weasel felt a tingling between her legs. It spread, slowly, to every erogenous zone of her body. From her clit to the rest of her cunt, then her nipples, her ears, the backs of her knees. And then the pain of the noose squeezing her neck became pleasure. All pleasure, all over, all of her skin tingling. Too much pleasure to bear. There was a ringing in her ears. *That's supposed to mean something... but I can't think... all this pleasure...*

And then the white walls of the room started turning red, and Rosa slowly faded away.

Simms looked at her dangling limp body. *If I could look at her hanging there I wouldn't need Viagra to 'service' my next customer.. But that would be bad form, to say the least. He waited until the oximeter gave off a steady "beeeep!" indicating she had no pulse. He left her there a few more minutes, then signaled for the disposal team.*