

# Death Scene

t'Sade



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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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# 1

When Peni's scream cut through the simulated jungle, Sarin almost came. It was a high-pitched sound of absolute terror and sharp-edged lust. A familiar sound that Sarin was intimate with, but usually it echoed against the padded walls of the sleep coffin or muffled from between Sarin's legs. Now, echoing against the expanses of the jungle, it sounded primal.

Sarin shivered from the pleasure. Peni was getting her fantasy, just as she would in a few short minutes. A moment of sadness slammed into her when she realized that last night was their last, ever. Neither would live to see another night. The realization turned her on more and she clutched the fake stone next to her as an orgasm slammed into her.

“W-What was that!?”

Vision hazed with pleasure, Sarin glared at Tobare. He was a middle-aged man dressed in a khaki hunter's outfit and carrying a bloody machete. The blood wasn't real though, not yet at least. In less than an hour, if Tobare followed the plot, he would be dramatically fighting for his life against the last remains of the ninja gypsy clan and losing.

But, if she managed not to blow her part, she would be long gone. Spinning around, she shoved him away from the glowing portal. “Come on, idiot, that way.”

Tobare resisted, trying to twist out of Sarin's grip. “What about her?”

“It's her death scene. You saw the movie last night!”

“Y-You,” his face paled, “she's dead?” She had seen that moment in so many customer's eyes, the point when they realized they were

going to die and soon. For some, it was a build up toward an epic orgasm and for others, like Tobare, there was fear in his eyes.

Peni screamed out again, higher pitch and there was a muted crunch that cut through the thick mists. A hot wind blew across them and sent tendrils of fog coursing along the ground.

Sarin clenched her thighs together, distinctly aware of the heat pulsating between her legs. "She is now."

"Oh, god."

Frustrated, Sarin shoved him toward the cliffs in the distance. She knew where to go, it was in the movie they were reenacting. Both hers and Peni's fantasy. Tobare's too, but the bastard was ruining the death Sarin waited years to enjoy. "Move, damn it."

The Tyrannosaurus Rex roared, a bellowing growl that filled the air. The base noise beat against her skin and a tiny orgasm shook her legs. She wanted to shove one hand between her legs, to finger herself as hard as possible, but there was at least a half kilometer before they got to the cliffs. It didn't matter that the noise came from speakers underneath the ground and beyond the mists. It didn't matter that the jungle she was shoving Tobare across was only a kilometer long. All that matter was that she was going to die and she wanted to enjoy every moment of it.

"Move!" she screamed.

"Where!?"

Spinning him around, she pointed to the vine-covered cliffs in the distance. Cleverly hidden fans blew away the mist to reveal their salvation. But, in the movie, Sarin's character wouldn't come off the cliffs alive. And Sarin prayed that she would suffer the same fate. "Come on, run!"

Across her retina display, a quick message flashed across. "Initiating motivation protocol. We'll move his ass, girl." She wasn't suppose to see the messages anymore. The moment she stepped into the fantasy, she was suppose to be just another customer. But, after five years of working with the very people killing her, even the logistic control system was willing to break certain rules.

With a growl, she released Tobare and ran toward the cliff. She wore a khaki outfit and low-height hiking boots, but where his was the classic hunter's garb, hers consisted of shorts barely covering the curve of her ass and a vest that didn't even try to hold in her

cleavage. Her breasts bounced painfully as she sprinted for the cliffs.

Behind them, there was a rush of air and something heavy slammed into the ground. The tyrannosaurus roared again, this time only a few meters away.

On her private display, a camera flashed on to show Tobare racing after her with his trouser legs stained with piss.

Sarin grinned and ran faster. Even though it was uncomfortable, the edge of excitement pulsed in her veins. Her thighs were wet, but unlike Tobare it was from the liquid excitement boiling inside her. It was an intoxicating heat that flared with every meter she sprinted across the ground.

Six years ago, Sarin was dead. Certain diseases were still incurable, despite the incredible technologies that keep most people alive into three centuries. Once it was proven beyond a doubt that she wouldn't see her second century without help, Sarin realized that she would end her days in a medical coffin. The idea of having every orifice of her body hooked up to a machine when she died sickened her.

There was an option. There was always an option in a world where money ruled everything. For her, it was Custom Endings Unlimited, a company that specialized in creating the single perfect way to leave the world.

In Sarin's case, it was a sixty year old movie called "Death of the Monarch." She was in the leading lady's role and racing toward her death. But, the cost for printing and programming a full-sized tyrannosaurus was expensive. She assigned all of her assets and investments over, but it wasn't enough. She even spent five years with a camera recording her for a glorified snuff film that would end with her death. Creatively enough, it was called "Before Their End" and it was the company's most successful marketing campaign. Even with all that, she had to wait until two others wanted their customized deaths to include the same creature now chasing after them.

They reached the foot of the cliffs. Tobare didn't stop. He grabbed one of the vines and started to climb up. He was out of shape, but the dynamic array that formed the cliff created footholds for him so it looked like he was scaling the cliff as a man half his age.

Sarin trembled as she wrapped her hands around the vines. They were hot underneath her skin. It was the familiar caress of polymer printing, but there was a subtle amount of biomechanicals inside it to make it easier for her to climb. With a grunt, she grabbed on the vine and scaled up.

As she wrapped her thighs around the vine for balance, she could feel the burn of her weight but it was nothing compared to the heat boiling inside her. Her thighs were slick with excitement and one thick strand ran down between her legs, grinding the fabric of her khaki shorts into her clitoris. Her soaked folds drenched the cloth and she felt every centimeter that dragged between her legs.

With a moan, she gave thanks to Peni who refused to let her put on underwear that morning. With a twist of her hips, she pressed the vine directly to her sex and shimmed up after Tobare. The thick strands ground against her breasts and back, reminding her that she was going to be knowing them a lot more intimately once she got to the top of the cliff.

It took only a few minutes of climbing before she reached the top. Her heart pounded rapidly as she prepared for her death scene. She knew the lines by heart. They were burned into her brain by hours of role-playing with Peni and her own memorization of their favorite movie.

As she reached the top of the cliff, she gasped for breath and said the line from the movie. "Look, Hunter..." The words died off as she realized she was alone.

Tobare was suppose to wait for her. They would have a fight and he was going to shove her off the cliff. It was in the movie they were emulating. It was in his contract.

Swearing, she crawled up on the cliff. "Where is he!?" she screamed.

Across her vision, a message appeared. "Fucker ran ahead for the assault cannon. Give us 51.2 seconds to finish dressing up Genny and Drake."

A countdown clock appeared in her vision. It would be edited out later by the team of experts creating the marketing material for the company. Like all three of them, their death would be recorded in the highest level of detail. For Peni and Sarin, it included the years of waiting tastefully edited down to an hour-length special. The



clips of Peni and Sarin fucking would be another hour and sold at a premium to the porn channels.

Sarin panted for breath and tried to calm the rage that filled her. The bastard had ruined her death scene. It was suppose to be perfect. "Turn off the fucker's pain inhibitors," she growled.

"Quiet," came the message, "don't make my job editing any harder. And Windy is working on hacking the system right now. Don't worry, love, he won't enjoy this nearly as much as you."

She wanted to ask about Peni, if it was a good as she hoped it would be. But, she was afraid of the answer. She would only get one shot at this and she took a deep breath. She was a professional at killing people now, she knew what to do.

"Okay, we got script rewrite approval from the original copyright owner. There is a stick to your right." She followed a glowing box that appeared on her retina display until it centered on the box. "You have two ninja gypsies attacking in three... two... one."

On cue, Genny and Drake came stalking down a path that Tobare would have run along. They were dressed in the classical ninja gypsy garb, a full-body gi with scarves over their heads. Thankfully, they went with the classical colors of bright pink and purple instead of the more popular pastels. Sarin noticed that Genny's outfit was one size too large and the bright purple didn't quite match her hair color. It was a rush job, but that was the price of working with incompetent customers.

Sarin pulled on a mask of rage. Reaching out with a trembling hand, she grabbed the branch. It resisted her for a moment before she yanked it out of the ground. With clods of dirt falling off the end, she charged with a scream. "Die!"

Drake had his sword out before she reached them. It caught her stick and the impact rattled through her arm.

Genny swung at her wildly. It would have missed but Sarin still stepped back. Her fate was set years ago, when she first saw the movie. A display appeared in front of her: 2.1 meters to the cliff edge.

Sarin's pussy clenched with anticipation. She fought back an moan and swung at Genny. It caught the ninja's arm and Genny grunted from the impact. A sword flashed down and Sarin yanked her arm back, but a sharp pain cut through her senses.

Staggering back, to 1.5 meters, Sarin looked down at the line of blood seeping from her bare leg. Fear filled her as she looked up at Drake who was crow-stepping toward her. Drake never missed with his sword, but seeing her own blood on her skin reminded her that she was about to die. Some part of her, the part not swimming in orgasms and anticipation, wanted to fight back. She didn't want to die, but she needed it.

Behind him, Genny gave her best evil smile as she drew out her own weapons, a classical pair of sword-chucks. She spun them around as she spread out.

Heart pounding, Sarin inched back to 1.1 meters from the cliff edge. She hefted her stick and felt her arm trembling from the pain. She was dizzy with anticipation and fear. She didn't know what to expect and one mistaken blow would end her right here, before she could fall.

Drake stepped forward and swung. It was a wide, telegraphed blow.

Sarin twisted her stick and caught it. It shoved her to the side and she spun around to catch the first of the sword-chucks with the other side. She grinned with excitement.

When Drake's fist caught her right below her rib, she let out a scream and almost fell back. She was only 0.7 meters from the cliff edge. Tears running down her cheek, she clutched her side and glared at Drake.

Drake blew her a kiss and bellowed out as he and Genny both attacked.

Screaming, Sarin flailed helplessly as she was driven back to the cliff edge. The swords flashed around her, expertly missing by millimeters except when Genny managed to get a superficial slash across Sarin's left breast. The fabric peeled back from the cut, exposing her breast to the viewers. The cut burned and she almost tripped from the agony, but they continued to drive her back.

And then she was there. She went to step back and her heel didn't land on any high-quality fake stone. Gasping, she lurched forward and looked over her shoulder. There was nothing but a fifty meter fall through vines onto spiked rocks.

She would never touch the rocks, she knew that, but looking down she was struck by the immediacy of her death. She was going

to die. She had dreamed about it for years. Masturbated to it and role-played it out with Peni. She had dreamed of that very moment and it was suddenly too much.

Whimpering, she turned to look at her two co-workers. One was a former lover and the other was a good friend. They were waiting for their own deaths, just like everyone else, and it would be only days or months until they were in her same position.

The world spun around her as she lifted her stick high, ready for the final attack.

As one, the two fake ninjas spun around and their feet snapped out. Two soles caught her right in the chest, one on each breast, and she was launched out into the open air. The pain was nothing as the instant moment of being held in the air, suspended by nothing but kinetic force.

And then gravity yanked her down. She screamed, not because of her role but simply because she was orgasming harder than she had ever thought possible. The stick fell from her hand as she rushed past loops of vines and sharp thorns. One thick loop caught her wrist and the impact snapped the bone. She flipped over and continued to plummet down even as neuro-inhibitors suppressed the pain. It hurt, but it was a muted agony easily lost in the rush of falling and pleasure.

More vines snapped from her impact, slowing her down and flipping her over again and again. She felt the burn of the polymer against her skin, but her eyes were unable to focus on anything but the flash of green and the rapidly approaching ground.

One vine caught around her neck and she cried out. It almost crushed her throat and she was flipped over again. Hitting the side of the cliff, she fell like a rag doll. A thin glittering trail followed after her as her pussy spasmed again and again.

Another vine caught her in the chest, knocking the wind out of her. It wrapped around her breast and the thorns punched into soft flesh. Before she could comprehend the new pains, a second vine caught around her throat. This time, it wrapped around her slender neck before she fell the last few meters.

With a sickening crunch, she reached the end of the vines and everything grew taunt. Her throat almost collapsed from the

pressure, but the vine around her chest flexed and pulled her up, saving her from a broken neck, before it relaxed instantly.

The pressure tightened around her throat and cut off her breath. She tried to claw at it, but she couldn't get her broken wrist to move. It flopped uselessly. Mouth open in terror and her body sparking with waves of pleasure, she pawed with her good hand at the vine.

It was thick and strong and she couldn't get a grip. Her fingers refused to wrap around it and she couldn't get a grip. Her feet kicked around helplessly. She managed to strike the side of the cliff and it spun her around. She dangled only meters from the ground, suffocating on a vine that she couldn't miss.

And Sarin couldn't stop coming. It was intense even as the black stars started to swim across her vision. Part of her knew that she was going to die there, but the last part was hoping that the company would give her the death she paid for.

She couldn't feel as the tyrannosaurus stepped up. She knew the 6.3 tonne creature would be shaking the ground, but she couldn't hear it over her pounding heart. But, as she stared at the sharp teeth and black, emotionless eyes, something primal broke inside her.

Sarin tried to scream but no noise came out. In the movie, it was a high-pitched scream of terror, but she was strangling to death right at the height for the creature to reach out and snatch her up.

Hot liquid poured down her legs, but she didn't know what it was. She hoped it was an orgasm. Her heart was pounding too fast and too hard in her chest for her to feel anything but the terror and anticipation. She was about to die and she ached for it.

The creature roared and hot, fetid breath slammed into her. It stunk of the chemical printing and fresh blood. There was a flash of something dark and Sarin's wide eyes followed it down as she tried to identify it. It was Peni's severed hand and it smacked the ground below her.

Sarin forced herself to look into the maw of the creature as it lunged forward. It tilted its head to the side as it stretched its mouth apart. And then she was surrounded by the massive jaw. Teeth dripped above and below her and she saw nothing but the dark pink gullet of the creature that was about to eat her.

With terrifying speed, the Tyrannosaurus Rex slammed its maw shut. There was a wet crunch noise and a flash of pain. Sarin's vines were severed by the bite of the creature and she collapsed on the sharp teeth. She tried to roll away, but something pinned her to the teeth.

Gasping with pain, muted by the inhibitors, Sarin reached down to pull her leg free of the teeth before she realized that her legs ended at mid-bone. Blood spurted against her palms and she cried out as she stared at the bright red pooling in the creature's mouth.

The massive tongue slapped against her, pinning her to the side of the dinosaur's mouth. It was intensely hot and slick. Thick goblets of drool splashed on her face and she choked on it. It was tinged with blood, both hers and Peni's.

The world spun around and she realized the dinosaur was tilting back its head. Her body slid toward the back of the creature's throat. Sarin screamed and tried to grab on to anything. Her knees slipped uselessly along the smooth skin of the creature's mouth. She managed to catch some teeth, but her fingers slid off and she continued to fall back.

Her retina display flashed and night-vision activated. She could see that she was about to fall over the back ridge of the creature's tongue. Desperately, she grabbed at it and dug her fingernails into it with all her might. The severed ends of her legs dangled into the humid air, there was nothing below her but the creature's gullet and her lover's body.

The tyrannosaurus's tongue flexed but she managed to hold on. Saliva poured down all over her, soaking the fabric and plastering it to her skin. She could barely breath as it washed over her face. The tongue flexed again and she lost the grip of one hand. With a scream, she swung out.

Below her, the massive throat caught her legs and clamped down. It pulled at her, trying to yank her down into the smooth lining of the creature's opening. She could feel the burn of her fingers trying to hold her weight. Desperately, she pawed for another grip but all she encountered was soaked, smooth muscle squeezing her down.

The world shook violently as the tyrannosaurus shook its head. The movement caught Sarin by surprise and her fingers lost their

tension. With a scream, she was yanked down into the clenching throat.

It was a rush of a ride as she was pulled down. She clawed at the smooth lining as sheets of mucus coated her. Sobbing, she choked on it even as she was feeling an orgasm rushing up. She was almost there.

Her body hit the creature's sphincter into the stomach. The air around her was hot and suffocating. It burned at her throat with acidic fumes. Her skin was already tingling from the sensation but the nanobots that kept the pain away also shielded her from feeling the acid burning her.

Her knee sank into the clenching muscle and it grabbed tight. She cried out as she was pulled down. On the other side, it was even hotter and she could feel smooth walls grinding and clenching around her knee. Her weight and the slick walls pushed her further into the sphincter.

The pressure was intense. The muscle clenched and there was a wet popping noise as her knee was dislocated. She cried out and tried to claw herself out, but her body was sucked deeper into the muscle.

And then she was up to her breast in it. The wet muscle squeezed down on her chest, right at the edge of breaking bone, but then she was sliding inside. It was wet and hot and smooth. It ripped the cloth from her chest and then she was plunged into a world of swirling heat and pressure. The sides of the stomach ground into her. It pushed and pulled, twisted and yanked her down.

She couldn't breath, but the technology inside her body kept her alive. It would create the perfect marketing material for a custom ending. And, no doubt, a highly profitable snuff film for the company.

In the swirling darkness, she caught a flash of naked breast. It didn't matter if she opened her mouth or not, the acid was already burning her lungs and throat. She reached out for it as she caught Peni's leg. Her fingers slid along the slick surface, but then, to her surprise, her lover was still moving.

Gasping, Sarin shoved her way through the clenching stomach walls to grab to the smooth leg of her lover. Shaking violently and

fighting through the storm of sensations, she clawed her way up Peni's legs.

The tyrannosaurus' stomach continue to grind into her, swirling the stomach acid around her body in burning waves. She couldn't taste it, thanks to the technology keeping her together, but then it shoved her head between her lover's legs.

Reflexively, Sarin mouthed the hot pussy. Her tongue reached out to lap at the searing slit. She felt her lover cry out, a gurgling noise that vibrated through her body instead of echoing through the sloshing acid. She found Peni's clitoris and clamped her mouth on it, sucking with all her might even as she was hiking her body up.

Peni's fingers grabbed her hair and pulled. Sarin let her lover pull up, their naked bodies sliding against each other. It was hot and slick with the stomach acid around them. Sarin explored her body as she settled into place. Peni had also lost her arm and one leg to the creature's teeth, but she still wrapped one good arm and leg around Sarin's body to pull her close.

Sarin knew that the vision she saw was faked. But, customers didn't want to see what was really happening. Instead, they got what she saw, two lovers making out with their final seconds.

They pulled their heads together and then their lips met. It was a kiss, more passionate than they ever would enjoy again. As she kissed her lover in the churning stomach of a custom-printed tyrannosaurus, she knew there would never be another.

Their bodies became to melt together as they touched and caressed. Peni's good hand snaked up between Sarin's leg and plunged into the heated slit. It brought a fresh wave of burning, but Sarin didn't care. She shoved down on the fingers and Peni forced four fingers into her spasming sex.

Sarin clutched at Peni, holding their lips together with one hand. With her other, she weaved her hand down between their burning bodies and shoved her own fingers into the spasming cunt of her lover.

Neither woman was gentle. The time for tenderness was long since past. They pounded into each other, slamming their fists into each other with hard, desperate strokes.

Peni's tongue forced itself into Sarin's mouth and she did the same. Neither needed to breath, their lungs were already ruined and the only thing keeping them alive was technology and a good show.

Sarin wanted to thank her former coworkers in the control room for keeping Peni alive for her, but she didn't dare break the kiss. They may never get to touch again.

It was the death they both wanted and more. Neither thought that they would be holding each other in the stomach of a dinosaur, but no doubt a few tricks of the programmers above the stage gave them something far more than they could ever ask for.

Peni's hand slammed into her, driving deep and hard. Her fingers, intimate and familiar from so many years together, stretched her, spreading her insides until Sarin's orgasm sparked to life.

The pleasure was intense. It seared at her insides, burning her from the outside and in. It was hard to think through the ecstasy and pain. Sarin didn't know if she was still thrusting and kissing, but she kept hoping she was. It didn't matter if she couldn't feel her lover anymore or not, she was going to love her until her final thought.

And, in the bright explosion of an orgasm, Sarin got the death she wanted.



# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.