

The Photographer

by A. P. Damien

Damien walked into The Velvet Vibe, one of those new lounges that had sprung up in the mid-2030s. Not just a drinking establishment. Not a gay bar. A place where people could mingle and maybe find a partner, male, female, or whatever. The jaguar looked around but didn't see anybody that interested him. He sat down at a small table ordered a margarita. A few minutes later, a youngish coyote, maybe 30, came in, looked around, sat down, and asked, "That looks good. What is it?"

"A Margarita: tequila, triple sec, and lime juice over crushed ice."

The coyote waved to a server and ordered a Margarita, then looked at Damien's glass. "And another for this gentleman, perhaps?"

Damien nodded.

The copybara went off to get the drinks.

The coyote smiled at the jaguar. "I'm William."

"Good to meet you. I'm Damien."

"So, what's your thing?" the coyote asked.

"I'm a photographer. Both amateur and professional. And a collector. I make a copy of every photo I take and keep them in albums in my living room."

"Any nudes?"

"Lots. I have an arrangement with a local naturist group to take photos of the members. They give one copy to the subject, I keep a copy, and the best ones go up on the wall of their common room."

"Wow! I'd love to see those."

"Sure. We can have barbecue on my pool deck. And you could pose for me too, if you like. You would be a great looking model! But only if you want to." Just be sure to heed the warnings.

"Thanks! It sounds fun... May I ask a question?"

"Sure."

"When you make nude photos, do you remain strictly professional, or may it turn... well... a bit naughty?"

"You mean, does it turn sexual? Well, it's up to my model! I can be a very serious professional, but I am not foolish either to turn down a good occasion for fun with consenting adults!"

William considered the offer. *I know I'm quite good-looking, and I'm not too shy. I've been thinking about nude pics for some time, but I haven't found a professional photographer who will make it look great. I'll have to look at his other photos, but this*

looks like a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. And this Damien is really good looking, even at maybe ten or fifteen years older than me.

William smiled. "I'm in!"

Damien left a substantial tip for the server and went out to the parking lot. William's jaw dropped when the jaguar unlocked a Maserati and motioned for him to get in. It took less than ten minutes to get to the jaguar's house.

The jaguar went into the kitchen and came out with two steaks and four ears of corn on a platter. He put the corn and steaks on the grill. "How do you like your steak?"

"Rare, please."

"Me, too. Two rare steaks coming up."

Damien set a timer, went back to the inside and brought out an already open bottle of Merlot and two goblets. Then he gave the corn ears a quarter turn and poured the wine. He turned the steaks when little beads of blood showed on the top sides, then gave the corn another quarter turn. Another minute and he gave the corn one last turn. When the timer beeped, he transferred the steaks and corn to plates and set them on a nearby table.

"Have a seat."

Conversation was somewhat desultory, as both males were busy with steaks, corn, and wine.

After the meal, the jaguar and the coyote went back inside and sat down on the couch. William saw some photo albums stacked on the coffee table. A lot of them. He counted them: fifteen. The top one was open; probably someone had been interrupted while flipping through it. The coyote glanced into it; the pictures were obviously quite old: family and holiday pictures, quite casual. and nearly all of them included the jaguar, at ages ranging from 10 to 35 or so. The coyote spent some time looking at a pic that showed a malefur sitting on a bench with two young femmes.

"Hey, Damien, that's you on these pictures, isn't it? You've changed, of course, but your face is still easily recognizable! How old were you on these pictures? 18? 20?"

"Yes, that's me. The one on my left was my date, but eventually became my girlfriend. The one on my right was the date's BFF, and yes, we ended up in a 3-way for a few weeks."

"A 3-way? Haha, I *thought* you were the horny-fucker type! Congratulations, dude! These chicks looked hot - maybe even a bit slutty, I would say... It would have been a waste to turn down a 3-way opportunity! Have you kept in touch with them?"

"No, I haven't," said Damien. "I still remember them, but we've gone different ways."

"And that was... What? Maybe 20 years ago? "My early twenties, when I was in college."

William flipped to the next page: a picture of the young Damien in swim trunks, standing on a beach, with his arms on the shoulders of two femmes, one on each side.

"Wow, you were quite a hottie, dude!" The coyote exclaimed with a laugh. "Femmes were probably chasing after you like bees after honey!"

"Well, yeah, things were pretty good back then. Not that they're bad now."

The coyote continued flipping through the photo album. Several of the pics showed vacation destinations, leading to some conversation about various US National Parks and foreign countries, especially Europe. Damien had quite a lot of anecdotes about Europe.

"You seem to have dated a lot of femmes in your time. Almost every page shows a new girlfriend. Sometimes two. From the clothing I'd say you often had an American femme you brought with you and a native of the country you were visiting."

"Yes. Some of those were one-night stands, and some came along for the rest of the trip."

"I wonder... You must have been a very active fucker in your twenties - but hey, how could I blame a good-looking sexy young Californian for loving femmes and sex? And these photos toward the back of the album... they look like movie sets."

"Yes, I've done work as a 'background actor,' what the public calls 'extras.' Partly for a little extra money -- especially when I was in college and didn't have a steady job -- but also because it's a great way to meet femmes. I'd say that somewhere around 90% of my 'background' stints resulted in bringing someone home. Sometimes two someones."

Damien pointed at one of the pics. "Here I am as a bartender in a Western. This one I'm a juror - I actually got to speak 2 lines in that one. And I bet you can tell what I was in this one."

"A cowboy?"

"Right. My only 'line' in that one was 'ouch!' when a cow stepped on my foot. That was a 'special effect,' of course."

"Did you meet any stars?"

"Yeah. Some of them, like Buzz Mayes, are really friendly with us extras."

"And this one of you as an ET?"

"Yeah, you probably saw me in that one. I was the one who kept getting lost, doing the wrong thing, etc. A real comedy role."

"Oh, yeah. I remember that film. And this one with the black hood? You look quite impressive with your leather outfits and your executioner's hood!"

"Yeah, I got screen credit as an assistant executioner, and I actually put the nooses on a couple of the snuff-extras. You probably remember that scene from *Mrs. Hibbert's Brothel* where I assist in the hanging of a male and a femme. The coyote closed the photo album and put it back onto the table, then opened the second album and started flipping through the pages. It was family photos, some formal, some casual. They started with Damien as a lovely curly-haired baby and went up to his teen years. The coyote smiled at the baby pictures and laughed at some of the antics the jaguar got up to as a pre-teen. Then he flipped a page and... there was the jaguar with one of his cousins, both in their early teens (according to the caption) standing under a tree. Damien was dressed as a

sheriff, proudly displaying the metal star on his t-shirt; he was holding a rope that ran over a branch of the tree and hung down into a knot coiled around the cousin's neck! Yet, the cousin didn't look worried. He was showing a large smile to the photographer.

"Hey, what were you doing with your cousin?" the coyote asked.

"Well, these were kids' games." Damien smiled. "My cousin and I were very close, and we loved playing the sheriff and the villain. And of course, justice always prevailed in the end."

"Were you always the sheriff, or also the villain?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other, but I preferred being the sheriff, definitely!"

William kept flipping through Damien's childhood photos. Damien excused himself and left the room for a "call of nature". The coyote put the second album back on the table, and grabbed another one. But when he picked it up, he noticed the album below it. It was just like the others, except that it had big letters on the cover: "DANGER. DO NOT OPEN." William was intrigued by that. What could it mean? What danger?

The coyote hesitated. *What sort of content would justify such an ominous caption?* Could this album include some pictures of wild sexual antics? Some classified information, maybe espionage? *No, that doesn't make sense. No spy worth his salt would leave evidence lying around in his living room.* He turned his head to see if Damien had emerged. *Nope. Still in the loo.* The coyote picked up the album, and carefully opened it. The first few pictures weren't that different from the pics toward the back of the second album, but the later ones were straight out porn. Damien on a couch with a young femme, making out. Her giving him a blowjob. Him fucking her, missionary. Then her on top. Then her facedown while he fucked her ass.

Then came another warning, done in big letters with a marking pen.

DO NOT GO BEYOND THIS POINT UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD.

William was stunned. *What the hell is that? What does Damien have to hide?* William turned his head to see if Damien was coming back. *Not yet.* William flipped the page.

The next two pages showed the jaguar with the same young femme, strangling her with a scarf while fucking her. She had this faraway "sub-space" look on her face - all sensation and no conscious thought. Like meditation but with sex.

The coyote looked at the photos with astonishment. The scenes were hot - not merely suggestive or even erotic, but genuinely pornographic... The coyote felt his dick getting hard. He looked at that page for nearly a minute, then turned the page with a sense of naughty curiosity. *Ha! Damien is not only a serial seducer, but also a horny kinkster!*

The few next pages of photos turned from pornographic to frankly kinky. Damien fucking a femme while squeezing her neck with his hands, then strangling her with a scarf. The pictures were troubling, but also weirdly and hotly arousing. Damien looked hot, the femme looked hot, the whole scene was hot... These pics left the coyote feeling as if he could smell the odor of raw, uninhibited sex. He wasn't sure if he was impressed more by the jaguar's resolute attitude or by the femme's blissful expression. She didn't

look worried, or even reluctant. She seemed to be enjoying it - a lot! The coyote was shocked by the pictures. He flipped immediately to the next page. But the next page had very similar pictures that were even worse... photos of another femme, totally naked, hanging by her neck. Damien was standing next to her, naked and horny, with his hand holding the rope. There was a caption: "Caroline - the best slut in town". But the coyote didn't have the blissful look of the first femme. She wore the frightened and painful look of someone fighting for her breath and her life.

The coyote turned the page. The next pic showed the coyote, still fighting for breath, but the fright was gone. Instead, she had the needy look of a femme mere seconds from cumming. And the picture below that... obviously an orgasm. William realized that Caroline had lost consciousness in the middle of the biggest, most powerful orgasm of her short life.

William was mesmerized by these pictures. Had Damien really hanged this coyote... Caroline? Snuffed her? She looked beautiful; the nipples on her gorgeous breasts were erect. The coyote flipped the page. A different angle on the hanging... but also another picture of the coyote's body lying limply on the floor, with bruises visible on her neck, and her face completely slack in... death. Yes, she was undoubtedly dead! But her nipples and clit were engorged, and even with all her muscles slack, it was obvious that she'd enjoyed it to the end.

William was shaken but also aroused by the pics. His dick was now harder than before.

The coyote turned to the next page. Another hanging scene, but this time the victim was a handsome young malefur, in his mid-twenties. Fully naked, his hands tied behind him, and his big dick fully erect, the head engorged and dripping with cum! The caption reminded the coyote of the pictures earlier in the book. This page also had a label: "My cousin Anthony - 10 years of training in kids' games - 10 years I longed for him to join me in an adult game!". *My God, Damien hanged his own cousin!!!*

William flipped page after page. They all had similar pictures, with naked victims hanging by the neck, and the jaguar proudly standing next to them and watching them struggle for air. The victims were mostly femmes, but also a few males. Toward the end were pictures of a young malefur and a young femme hanging together, next to each other, with the caption "Alexia and Chad - or when your Valentine evening takes a turn you had not expected."

The coyote was mesmerized. He didn't know if he was shocked or excited. But his dick knew: it was hard, almost painfully so. The pictures were scary, but they were also arousing. Sexy. They looked hot. The coyote found himself caressing his bulge with one hand, while he flipped the pages with the other hand.

He was so aroused that he didn't notice Damien coming back into the room.

Damien came back and saw William flipping through the "DANGER. DO NOT OPEN" folder. He frowned. "You ignored the warning on the front of that folder?"

The coyote jumped in surprise. Then he nodded, looking a little abashed.

"And you saw the 'DO NOT GO BEYOND THIS POINT' warning and kept going. You looked at the photos of people being hanged?"

Again a nod, maybe a little bit nervous.

"You know what that means."

The coyote felt a cold chill run down his spine. "But... but... please..."

Damien walked over to a cabinet and got out a bottle of single malt, a small glass, a small capsule, and a small packet of crystals. He put them all on the table in front of William.

"You have two options."

"What are these options? And what are those things?"

"The capsule is Amyl Nitrate, aka Amy. The crystals are MDMA, aka ecstasy." He poured some Scotch into the glass, then stirred the crystals into it. "Your first option is to drink this glass, then sniff the Amy. That will blur your memory of the last 15 minutes so you won't be sure what happened today. Then you leave. Sorry, no sex."

Amyl Nitrate capsule



<https://bit.ly/3y5OZHe>

MDMA (crystals)



<https://bit.ly/4a8bdWq>

"And the other option?"

Damien's voice was stern. "The other option is that you stay here for the few hours of life you have left. You can have sex with me once -- give me a blowjob or get fucked. And maybe rest for a couple of hours. Then you get up on a chair with your hands tied and a noose around your neck, and I will pull the chair away and take photos of your death struggles."

There was nothing in Damien's face suggest that he was joking. The coyote was confused. He wasn't sure whether it came from the disturbing pictures or the fact that he'd been caught knowingly doing something explicitly forbidden. He tried to compose himself. Then he swallowed and answered the jaguar.

"Well... can you tell me any reason why I should choose the second option?"

Damien nodded toward William's crotch and smiled. "Don't ask me. Ask that bulge in your pants! When you were looking at those photos, were you thinking of yourself in my place, the hangman? Or were you imagining yourself dangling from a noose, kicking desperately and knowing you would never breathe sweet fresh air again?"

He went on in a sterner voice. "Also consider your future. If you ever - ever mention this to anyone, I will find out. And a few days after that somebody will drive past you while you're walking. Two strong malefurs will get out, pull you into the car, and off you will go. And a few hours after that you will be strangling to death in a noose. But there will be one big difference: if you choose to hang here and now, you will get to have sex with me, and that bulge will be fully satisfied as you kick and struggle in the air. But if you betray

me, you won't get to experience that pleasure. You'll be dangling in mid-air and bleeding to death from where that bulge used to be.

"So, what's it going to be: get a good fucking, then watch me jack off while you kick your way into the next great adventure? Or go away and be silent about this for the rest of your life, always with the knowledge of what will happen if you slip up?"

The coyote was confused. He wasn't sure if it was from the disturbing pictures he'd been looking at, or the fact that he'd been caught doing something forbidden. Something he knew was forbidden and had been warned against.

"Which will it be?" Damien asked again. "Leave with your memories clouded and the knowledge that if you ever mention this to anybody you will end up like the people in those photos? Or will you get to have sex once more, and *then* hang by the neck and really enjoy it?"

The coyote's thoughts whirled. What did he really want? There was no doubt about what his cock wanted. Should he go along with it? He knew too much. And his bulge told him what he really wanted. A mouth can lie, but not a hard dick.

"When I watched the pictures, I... Well, you're right. When I looked at those photos, I imagined myself as... the victim."

It was hard for the coyote to admit, even to himself. But those photos were so hot. And deep inside he suspected that he wanted to join them! To have photos of him added to that album.

The coyote could hardly believe what his voice said: "Yes, I want it..." he gulped. "I want... I want you to fuck me and hang me to death!"

"Good boy. Take your clothes off, all of them. Then come over here and stand facing me with your hands clasped behind your back."

"Yes, sir." William took off his clothes, one after the other, like a robot, not thinking about what he had asked for. First his shoes, then his shirt, then his trousers and socks. He folded them and laid them neatly on the table, then stood there in his boxer shorts, the tip of his engorged member peeking out of the fly. He felt ashamed - not about being naked, but about the erection that betrayed his excitement.

While William was undressing, the jaguar opened a cabinet and got out a camera and a tripod.

"I said *all* your clothes! I want you fully naked. You will hang as naked as the people you've just seen in the photos. Because you are going to be in photos, just like them."

The coyote pulled his boxer shorts off and added them to the pile of his clothes.

"Good," Damien said. "Now sit on the left side of the sofa."

The coyote did as he was told, his cock standing straight up in his lap. Damien set up the camera to capture the coyote from his head to his thighs. Then he lay down on the couch, put his hand around the coyote's cock, moved it slowly up and down a few times, then licked it gently. William moaned with need and closed his eyes with the pleasure, aware

that he was being filmed and somehow not caring. These slow movements were not going to fulfill his need, though.

Then Damien took all of the coyote's cock in his mouth, his tongue caressing the ultrasensitive underside. He moved up and down a few times, then pulled back. "I'm going to pleasure you, but you are not allowed to cum in my mouth. Do you understand?"

The coyote nodded.

"I asked if you understand me."

William fought to make a coherent sentence. "Y-yes, Sir. I understand."

"Good."

The coyote reacted quickly. His thoughts became incoherent in less than a minute: *Ohhhh... Fuck!.... feels so... good!* It took less than a minute to get William as hard as a rock.

Suck... me...harder...faster... oh.... pleeease...

Damien slid his lips up and down a few more times. Then he stopped, leaving the coyote frustrated.

"Whaa... You stopped... Why...?"

"I told you. You don't get to cum in my mouth."

The coyote struggled to understand. "... Then what?"

Damien took the coyote by the hand. "Come with me to your bedroom."

William let Damien lead him to the rear of the house. The room had a king-size four-poster bed.

Damien opened a closet and got out two cameras and two tripods, then set them up pointing at the bed from different angles. He pulled the bedclothes back, exposing the bottom sheet, then put an oversized pillow right in the center. "Lie face down with your center on that and your arms and legs spread into an X."

The coyote lay down as instructed. Even lying still, the feel of his still-hard cock pressing against the smooth cloth of the pillowslip increased his excitement. His ass ready for what he knew was coming. He turned his head and saw the jaguar, now naked. Not as chiseled as in the earliest pictures of the "forbidden" album, but still very good-looking at 5 foot 11, still slender, still... gorgeous! And well-endowed, too! Damien looked at the coyote - not like a seducer admiring his new conquest, but rather like a wild beast assessing his prey. Frightening, but deep inside William had to admit he looked hot.

The coyote realized he was trembling as his host - and hangman! - tied his wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed. The ropes were tight. Not enough to hurt, but the coyote certainly wasn't going anywhere until Damien untied him.

Damien opened a drawer in the bedside table and got out a jar of Vaseline. He was hard just looking at the coyote spread out on the bed, his little star so available. Damien spread

some on the coyote's rear entrance and more on his own cock. Without another word he spread the coyote's cheeks, then worked his way slowly inside.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine," the coyote gasped. "Better than fine!"

"Good." Damien started sliding in and out, enjoying the tightness of the coyote's hole, but not forgetting to rub against the coyote's prostate on every in-stroke.

The coyote was in seventh heaven. The jaguar's cock was so big! William clenched his teeth, trying to tough it out. This wasn't the first time he'd been fucked. But feeling his hangman's hard dick entering his ass, then sliding in and out of his anal cavity... and knowing it was going to be his very last time... it made him tense up.

"Are you OK?" the jaguar asked.

The lube did its work, and Damien's cock moved smoothly in and out of the coyote's ass. Each thrust rubbed the coyote's prostate, reminding him of all the times he'd experienced anal pleasure. The initial pain faded away in an inebriating mix of sensations - lust, pleasure, yes, a little pain, but also excitement, arousal...

"Ohhh, yes, Damien! Fuck me... fuck me hard!"

The coyote kept moaning while Damien fucked him with gusto. What a talented fucker! Damien whispered dirty words, reminding the coyote that he would soon meet his fate as a noose slut... But the coyote no longer felt frightened. Damien's words made him even more aroused! He now understood the blissful look of the victims in the fuck-photos. He was aroused by the slippery feeling of the jaguar drilling his ass, and even more by the realization: *God, this last fuck is definitely worth the price!*

After some minutes at a regular pace, Damien changed from the regular rhythm of in, then out, then in again. His movements became more brutal, pulling almost all the way out, then forcefully ramming in until his hips slammed against the coyote's ass. The change reminded the coyote that this was not a nice, romantic sex moment, but a brutal, pre-execution fucking. Even as excited as he was, William found it hard to take the pain. Turning his head as far as it would go, he implored, "Please, Sir... It hurts... A bit more gently...?"

Damien slowed down a little bit, and the coyote moaned again at the pleasure.

William's mind was confused between the inebriating pleasure he was experiencing and some recessing remains of rationality. How could he have been crazy enough to consent to be fucked and hanged by the neck? To let himself be tied up like this. And why was he so excited? Logically he should try to escape. But... the way he felt... He wouldn't want to be anywhere else but here! William had thought of himself as a rational, clever man, but he was realizing, to his shame and confusion, that he was actually just another horny dog who thought more with his dick than with his brain... He was aware that his remaining life was measured in hours at best, maybe minutes. But the fucking was soooo good... so let it be!

Damien kept on slow-fucking the coyote for another 5 minutes, but then his own need took control. He pounded fast and hard into William's hole and finally coated the coyote's insides with his cum. When he was finished, he pulled out slowly, still panting from his exertions. Some of his thick cum dripped from William's hole. "That was good. Really good!"

"It felt good for me too, mostly. But... I didn't... Maybe if you had fucked me another couple of minutes. I'm still hard. I suspect I'm gonna get blue balls. Or maybe it's the fear of your noose. I can't be sure."

"I doubt it's fear. Maybe you just don't understand your own needs."

"With my hands tied like this, I can't even finish myself. Would you reach underneath me and help me out?"

"Your problem is, you're mixed up. I'm going to clarify things for you." The jaguar reached under the bed and pulled out a piece of cord with a wooden handle on each end. He looped it around the coyote's neck and pulled gently. "How's that?"

"Wait!" The coyote wanted to look at Damien, but couldn't turn his head far enough. "Urrrrkkk"

"That's what I thought."

The coyote felt a mixture of pain, excitement, and terror, but he could feel his dick throb in response.

The coyote felt dizzy, but he remembered Damien's other victims. Their faces showing their last bliss: Carolina, Cassandra, Anthony, Alexia, Chad, Tania, and the others. He wanted to look as hot and sexy as they did. He was going to join them, the company of Damien's hangees.

Damien pulled harder. The cord was digging into the coyote's carotid arteries. He couldn't wank, but he could feel the need building in his balls getting ready to... He remembered the sensation of Damien's cock rubbing against his prostate. He started rubbing his erection against the smooth sheets. *If I can just...* Then he remembered the forbidden album, the photos of males and femmes strangling at the end of a rope.

And - yes!! - the coyote's hard dick exploded, spurting streams of hot, sticky jizz onto the sheet. And... at last... The rope loosened, allowing him a little bit of air. Then more. He exhaled loudly, then inhaled a deep breath of fresh air.

"Pretty good, huh?" "Pretty good? Only the best fucking I ever experienced!" William admitted with his eyes half-closed.

"Yeah, I thought a little bit of breathlessness would give you what you need! I'm going to untie you and let you get a few hours sleep. That should give you time to recover, and you'll be ready for your final experience. Do you have any requests before I lock the door?"

William tried to decide on a reply. But his mind was too numb to think of anything spiritual -- or even ironic -- to say.

"Could I take a shower? I think I need to get clean..."

Damien smiled. "I don't mind hanging a dirty, sweaty dude, with my cum dripping from his ass. But if you want to take a shower and clean up before your date with the rope, have a bathroom right there," he added, pointing with his chin toward a door next to the bed.

He untied the ropes holding William's wrists and ankles. The coyote shook his limbs to get the blood flowing again. He was still lying limply on the bed when Damien left the room. The coyote heard the sound of the key locking him in the room.

William stood up, feeling a bit weak on his feet. He felt the jaguar's warm cum leaking slowly from his ass, dripping through the dark hair of his ass and thighs. He walked to the window, but it was criss-crossed with heavy bars. No escape that way.

Fuck! I'm in serious shit!

William opened the door and looked in the bathroom. There was a barred window, too small to get through even without the bars. He decided to take a shower. The hot water running over his body felt good.

After ten minutes under the shower, William turned off the water, dried himself and went back to the bedroom. His mind started racing again. *A quick summary of my situation: Damien told me he intends to hang me. I have no reason to think he's joking. I am locked in a room with barred windows. I'm in serious shit!* His mind went back again to the photos of Damien's victims dangling from nooses. They were disturbing. Not so much because they depicted real executions, but because only two of the hangees had seemed afraid. Almost all of them had satisfied, almost ecstatic, looks on their faces. The femmes's breasts were swollen in arousal, and their nipples erect. All the males, every single one, had erections. Not just half-erect, but hard, sticking straight out or even upward from their pelvis, mostly with cum dripping from the end. Even the ones who seemed afraid looked turned on as well.

Lying back on the bed, the coyote wondered what they must have felt while they were hanging. Was it painful? Certainly. Were they frightened? Probably. But how come they looked so excited? Could it be that a deep masochistic feeling helped them overcome their pain and their fear? The coyote felt puzzled... and curious. Curious to know what made them so horny while hanging. He wanted to figure out why they looked so ecstatic while strangling to death. He wanted to know. He realized - and he was reluctant to admit it - that he actually didn't want to escape: He, too, wanted to hang, He wanted the same experience, to know what they felt! While his mind embraced these contradictory and disturbing feelings, he slowly fell asleep.

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Damien went to the master suite and took a shower. Then he checked the screen that showed the "guest" bedroom. Yes, the coyote had gone to sleep.

Damien knew what would happen in a couple of hours. It would be even better than giving William his last fuck. He could feel a tingling in his cock at the thought, even though he was too satiated to get really hard right now.

He turned off the bedside light and buried his head in the pillow. In two minutes he was asleep.

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Damien woke up two hours later and checked the monitor. The coyote was still asleep. He went downstairs to the rec room, got a nice, fresh rope out of the cabinet, and tied a noose in it. He climbed up a short stepladder and ran the rope through an eyelet on the ceiling. Then he put a chair under the noose, and laid a shorter piece of rope on the seat. He wheeled a library stool over next to the chair. *There. Everything is ready.*

He went back to the living room and turned on the TV. He slipped a disk into the DVR and watched a few past hangings to pass the time and get himself into the mood.

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The coyote slowly woke up. *Oh my God! How long have I slept? And what were these strange dreams? They were so weird, and also so real-looking...* The dream was something crazy, about forbidden photo albums, and a dude fucking and hanging people in his house... It was weird - but exciting. He opened his eyes and realized that he was not in his home. *Where am I? That's funny, this bedroom looks a lot like the bedroom in my dream... WAIT... it was a dream, wasn't it?!?*

He heard a key turning. The door opened, and the jaguar came into the room. "Did you enjoy your nap?"

the coyote looked at Damien. "I had the strangest dreams. You were fucking me, and I couldn't quite manage to cum, so you strangled me, and then I came so hard. And there was something about hanging... "

"Yes, You've had a good fucking and a little strangling to help you cum. And now you've had a nap and time to recover. I think that you'll find you're capable of an erection again.

The coyote thought about his recent ordeal. And those photos of femmes and males being hanged. And realized: *this is it. I'm going to hang, just like the people in the photos.* And he noticed something else: All of sudden he was as hard as a rock, just from thinking about hanging.

Damien offered him a hand. "C'mon, on your feet. It's time."

The coyote stood up from the bed and took the hand that the jaguar offered.

"Now... I don't like mess, so use the bathroom."

"Yes... umm... sir."

"Good boy!"

While the coyote was emptying himself, it occurred to him to wonder: *why did all those people look excited? Standing there on a chair with a noose around their neck, about to be hanged? Why do I feel turned on like this? Frightened, yes, but also horny as hell.*" He summoned up his courage and asked his.... Lover? Murderer? Hangman? Yes, hangman. "Tell me, Damien... Is it usual to feel so horny when one is about to be hanged?"

"Well... back in the days when they hanged criminals - for crimes as minor stealing a loaf of bread - most of the victims were too scared to be horny. But the males would often get an erection after they'd been hanging for a minute or two. And all of my hangees, without exception, were horny about their hanging."

"But...why? Why am *I* horny like this?"

"Well, here's something to think about: Do you remember the choice I gave you after I caught you looking at the forbidden photos?"

"Yeah. I dithered over that quite a while. And I still don't understand why..."

"Would it surprise you to learn that nobody - not one person - has chosen the first option?"

William thought about that for a while. "I... I guess it wouldn't surprise me, but I still don't understand why I chose the noose. Or why *anybody* would choose the noose!"

"I don't know either, but if I had to guess I'd say that the people who didn't want to hang either didn't open that book at all or stopped when they came to that explicit warning page. Let me put it another way: why did *you* turn that page and look at the photos of people getting hanged?"

"Umm... I still haven't figured that out."

"Let me give you a hint. I always go off to the bathroom after bringing a new guest into my living room. And I stay there a good ten minutes to give them time to discover that album and decide whether to obey the warnings. It's a trap of sorts. But it only captures willing victims. Anybody who doesn't want to get hanged either doesn't open the album at all, or they get frightened by the warning and switch to another album."

"I guess... yeah, maybe I *was* tempted that way. And I suppose it's better like this, isn't it? Dying with a hard boner is certainly a better death than, say, wasting away from cancer in a hospital bed

"You will soon discover that a boner does not exclude some suffering... and vice versa!"

The coyote gulped. Damien's words made him aware that he would soon be strangling to death in a noose.

"But... why did you hang all these people?"

"Because I like it. I hang them for my pleasure and for theirs as well. Just as I'm going to hang you for my pleasure. And yours, of course. Is there any more reason needed?"

The coyote nodded. He was frightened, but he knew that the jaguar was right: he longed to hang from the rope, just like Damien's other victims.

"How many people have you hanged?"

"49. 12 males and 37 femmes."

"So I will be number 50? Totally cool! And 'If 'twere done, 'twere best done slowly,' right?" William asked.

"Something like that." Damien led the coyote to a room at the back of the house. There was a large bookcase on one wall. Damien took a little fob out of his pocket - it looked like the thing used to start 2020s cars - and pressed a button. There was a click and a sliding noise. The bookcase moved to one side, revealing a heavy steel door. Damien pushed another button and the door opened. There was a flight of stairs going down. Damien took the coyote by one arm and led him down to the basement. Well, it looked more like a home gym than a basement: medium pile carpeting, wooden cabinets and tables with lamps scattered along the walls. But... There was a rope with a noose at the end, looped over a bar a few inches below the ceiling. The other end was tied to a cleat set into the wall at the far end - the only concrete wall in the room. There was a chair underneath the noose, and a short stool next to the chair. There were also three(!) cameras on tripods, all facing the noose and the chair.

the coyote stared at the noose. "Mixed feelings" might describe his state: his face looked frightened, but his erect cock was willing. Or more than willing: eager.

"Up on the chair. I'll help if you can't get up there by yourself."

"Umm...thanks. I...guess..." William gulped. He felt frightened, but also aroused and horny. He stepped carefully up onto the chair, one hand holding onto the back to help his balance.

Damien stepped up onto the stool, the shorter rope in one hand. He pulled the coyote's hands back and tied his wrists with a good, sturdy knot.

Then he put the noose around the coyote's neck and pulled it just barely snug. "How's that?"

"Feels right." There was a slight hesitation in his voice as he realized how helpless he was.

"Good." Damien stepped down and walked to the far wall, where the end of the rope sat draped over a cleat. He took out the slack, then wrapped the rope several times around the cleat. Then he walked over to a cabinet, opened a drawer, and got out a butt plug. He spread lube on the plug and slowly slid it into the coyote's asshole.

The coyote was both fearful and excited by the feel of the rope against his skin, the noose which would soon squeeze his neck until he died.

Damien looked at the coyote's cock: It had gotten a little bit soft, possibly from fear.

"Would you like a little stimulation to, ah, get you in the mood?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

Damien squeezed it a few times, rolled it back and forth between his palms until it was hard again. He squeezed some lube onto it and rubbed it a few times. "How's that?"

The coyote moaned, then managed a "Nice." Then "Oh, yes, please more."

Damien moved his hand up and down a few more times, until a drop of pre-cum appeared at the end. "Ready?"

"Yes." But the coyote's voice trembled just a little.

Damien pulled the chair away. The coyote fell about a foot, then the noose brought him to an abrupt stop, giving him a rope burn and squeezing his neck shut. The coyote grimaced. The lovely feeling emanating from his hard shaft was brutally interrupted by the noose closing around his neck. His skin was rubbed raw by the rope fibers and the pressure on his throat *really* hurt! *FUCK, the bastard did it... he really did it!!! I'm hanging.!!!*

He realized that he was going to die. Not in some nebulous future, years away. Or even days or hours. *I'll be dead in a few minutes.* He was suddenly overwhelmed by panic. His legs kicked frantically, trying to find something solid to stand on -- in vain. Without thinking, he tried to grab the rope and loosen it so he could get a little bit of air, but in vain: his hands were tied behind his back. There was no way to reach the rope, no way to get even the smallest respite from the strangling force of the noose.

His reflexive kicking pulled the noose tighter and tighter around his neck. The more he struggled, the more he strangled himself. His lungs burned with the need for fresh air. All his efforts did him no good: the rope mercilessly crushed his windpipe. His struggles used up his oxygen even faster. He was terrified, panicked... But also weirdly aroused. His penis felt harder and bigger than ever before. His mind could no longer even notice the room around him. Only three things mattered: the burning pain of the rope crushing his neck, the glorious feeling of his hard dick engorged and craving for release, and his memory of the faces of people in that album. *That damned album. That's what got me into this mess, all those femmes and malefurs who met the same fate as me. Now it seems as if they are welcoming me into their company.*

"Yes boy, dance for me!"

The coyote did as his hangman demanded -- not that he had any choice about it. His "dance" was his body's reflexive attempt to get just a little bit of air. Another minute went by while the coyote's kicks grew weaker. The jaguar, watching, frowned. There had been a couple more drops of precum, but William wasn't cumming.

All of my victims have cum before they died. The malefurs spewed semen onto my floor like there was no tomorrow. He grinned as he realized the *double entendre* in his thoughts. *But William is starting to wilt. I can't leave him to die without that final orgasm.* He spread more lube on his hand, wrapped it around the coyote's cock, and started sliding it up and down.

Oh, yes. That feels so nice. Please, rub me harder, faster. It was almost as though the jaguar could hear William's thoughts - he tightened his grip and moved his hand faster, then faster still.

The warm feeling of Damien's hand rubbing him was sheer pleasure for the coyote. It didn't diminish the pain in his neck and lungs, but he experienced a weird feeling: a glorious pleasure mixing with an agonizing torture, with neither of them mitigating the other to the least. The pain was extreme, and the pleasure equally extreme!

The coyote was dripping pre now, only seconds from cumming. Damien's hand moved up and down his shaft, faster and then faster yet. Damien watched the coyote's face as it

turned red, then purple. *He can't last much longer.* Damien changed to shorter strokes, sliding his fingers back and forth across the spot where the head attaches to the shaft.

Another 30 seconds, maybe less, and the coyote erupted. Damien slowed down, giving William a last few seconds of pleasure. The hangman watched as the last spurt landed on the floor. The coyote's feet stopped moving and, seconds later, the light faded from his eyes. It was over.

"Good boy!" the jaguar said, even though the coyote could no longer hear him. The jaguar's hand moved to his own dick and rubbed slowly, then faster, than frantically. His cum landed on the coyote's dead knees, then dripped down to the feet dangling limp just inches away from the floor.

He picked up his cellphone and called the disposal service. "Hi. It's Damien. I've got another body for you."

"We'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Thanks." He hung up. *It's always nice to get a volunteer for my noose.*