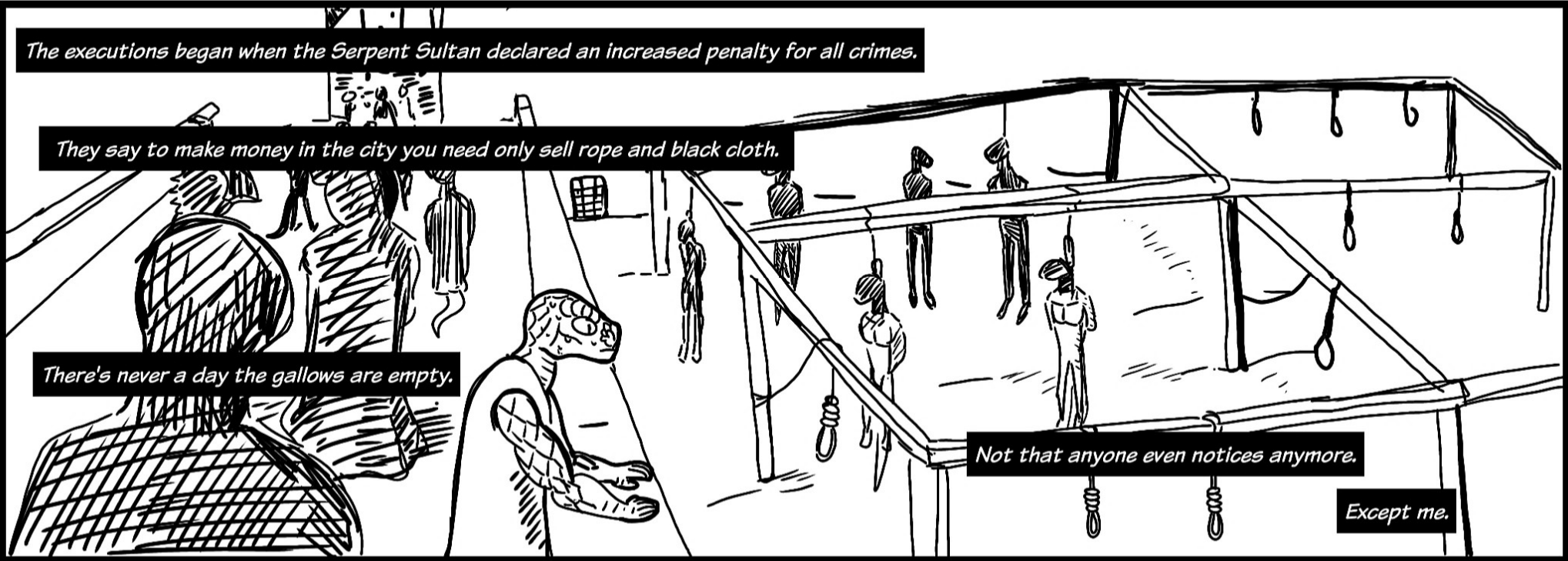




I shouldn't be here.



I mean there's no reason for me not to be here.



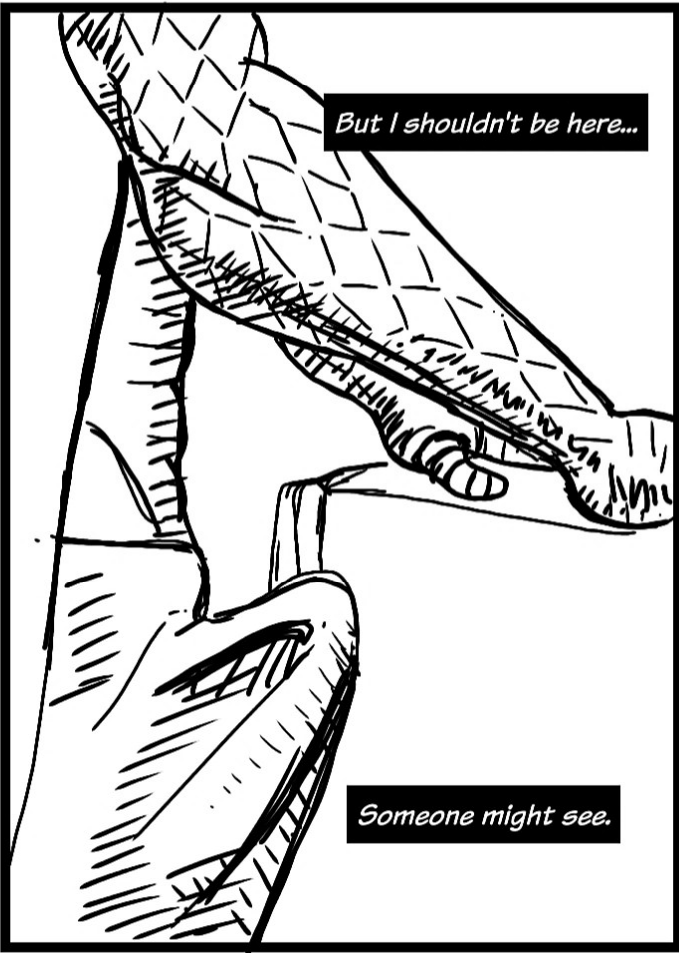
The executions began when the Serpent Sultan declared an increased penalty for all crimes.

They say to make money in the city you need only sell rope and black cloth.

There's never a day the gallows are empty.

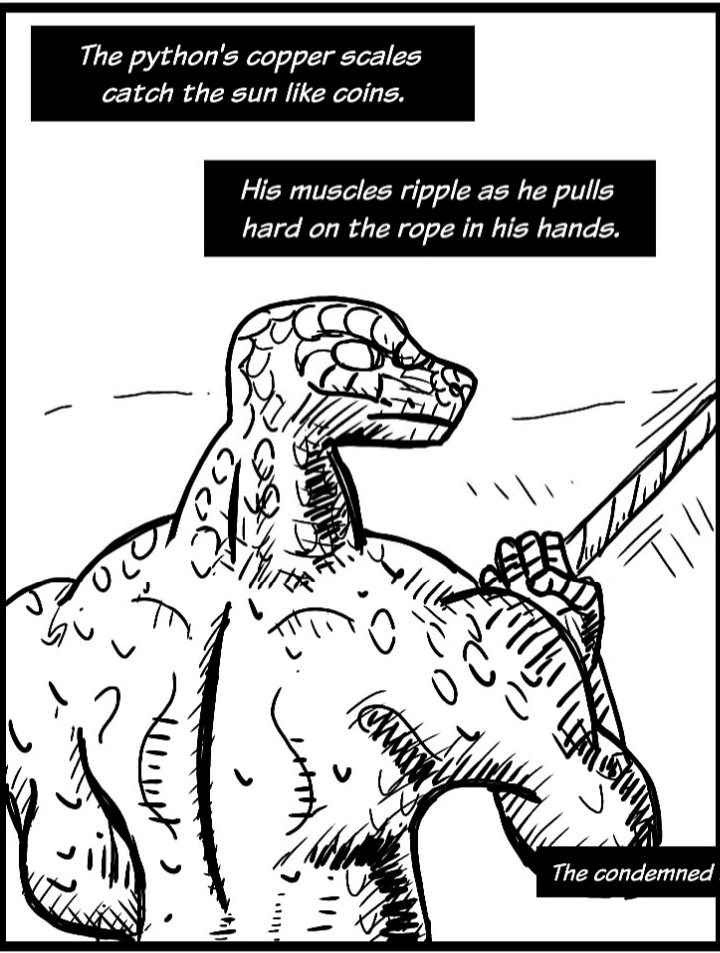
Not that anyone even notices anymore.

Except me.



But I shouldn't be here...

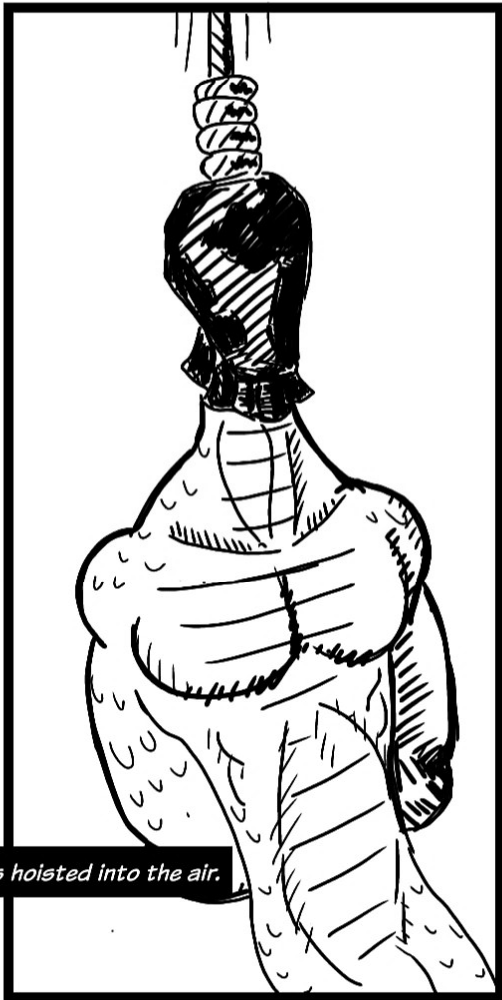
Someone might see.

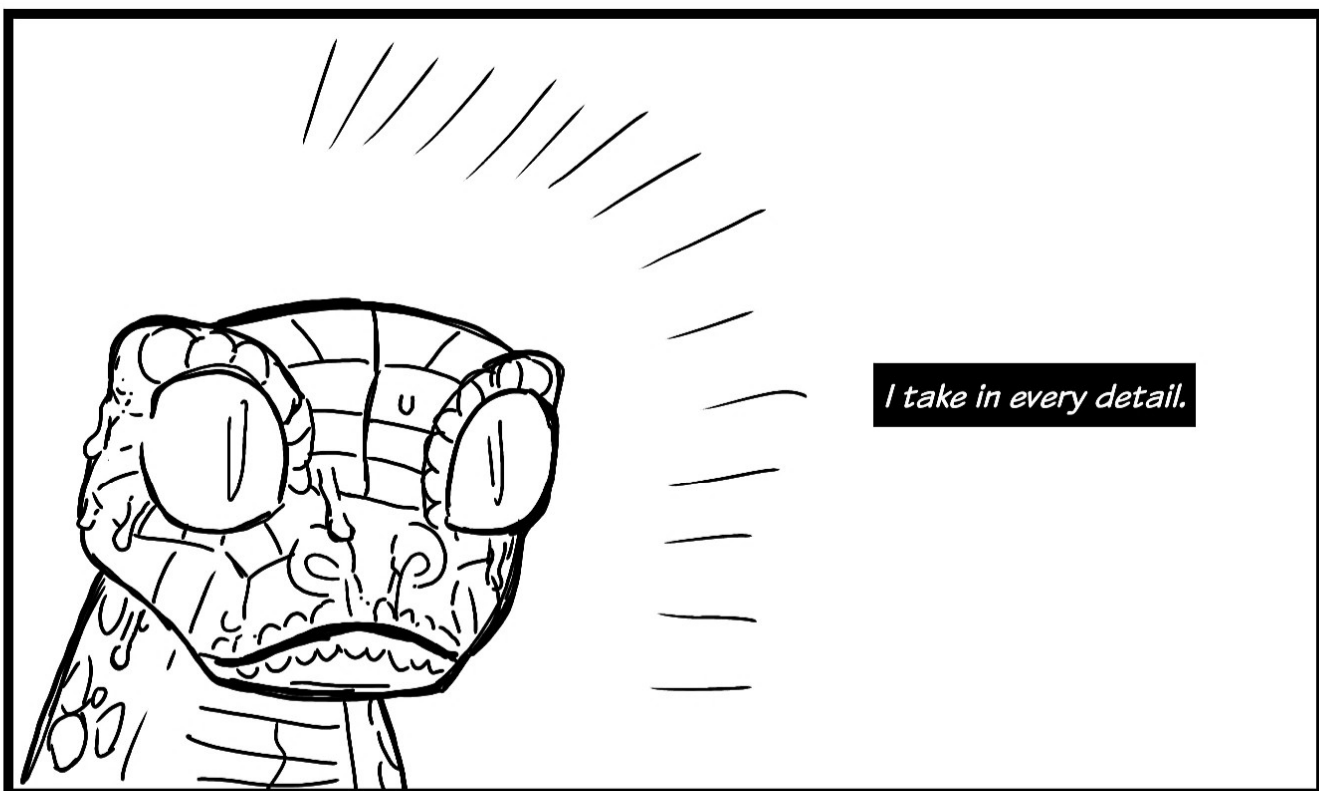
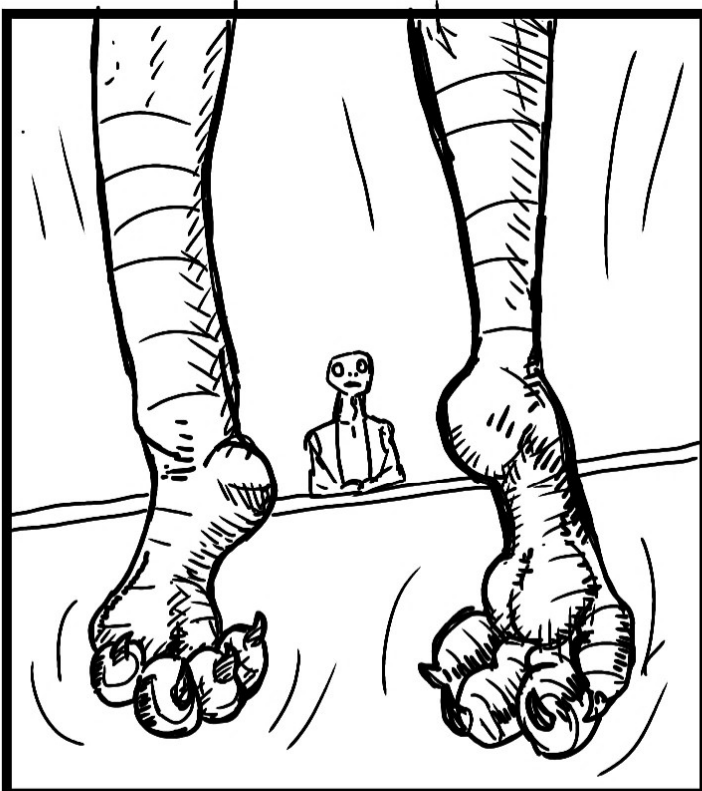


The python's copper scales catch the sun like coins.

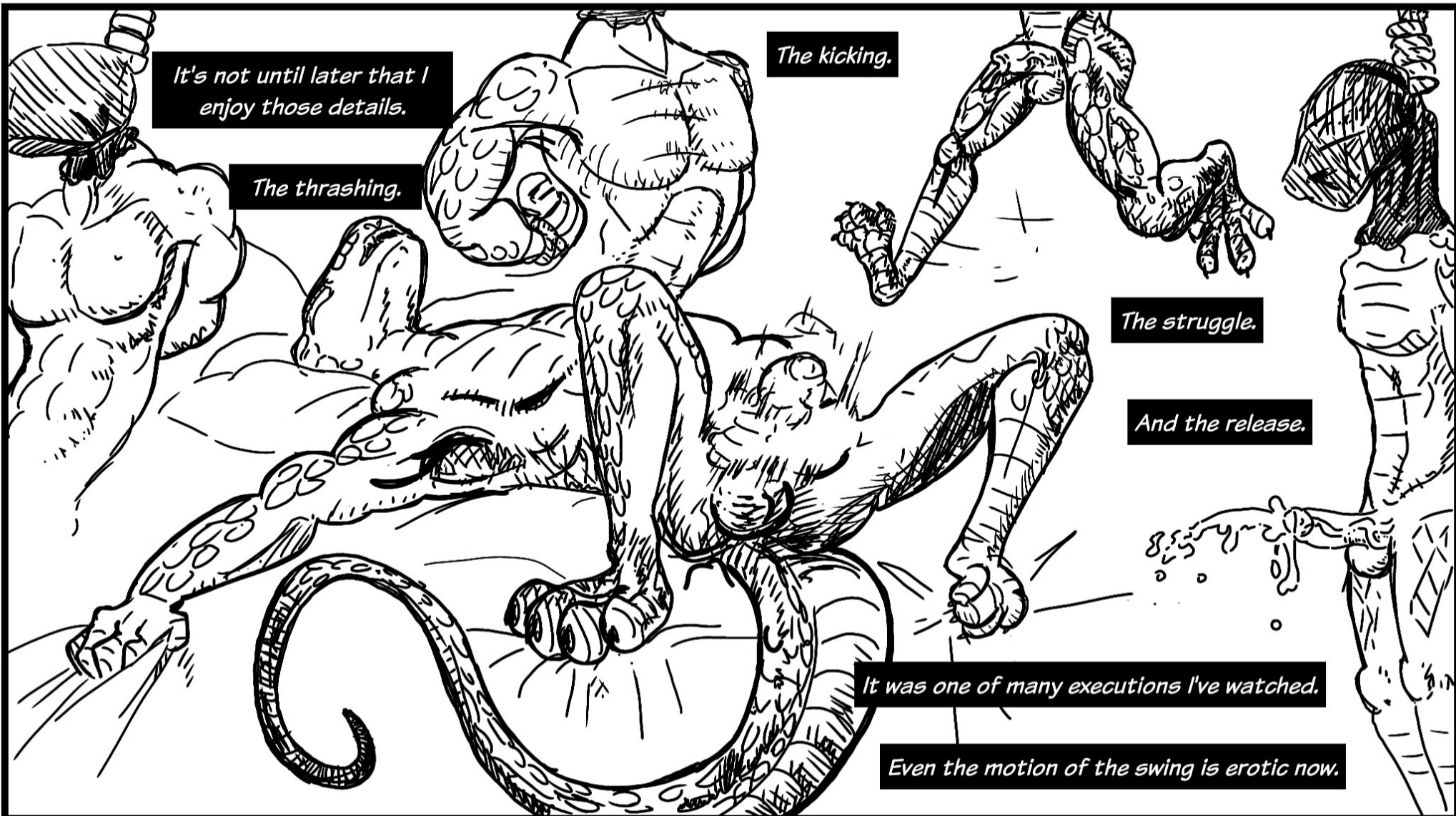
His muscles ripple as he pulls hard on the rope in his hands.

The condemned is hoisted into the air.





I take in every detail.



*It's not until later that I
enjoy those details.*

The thrashing.

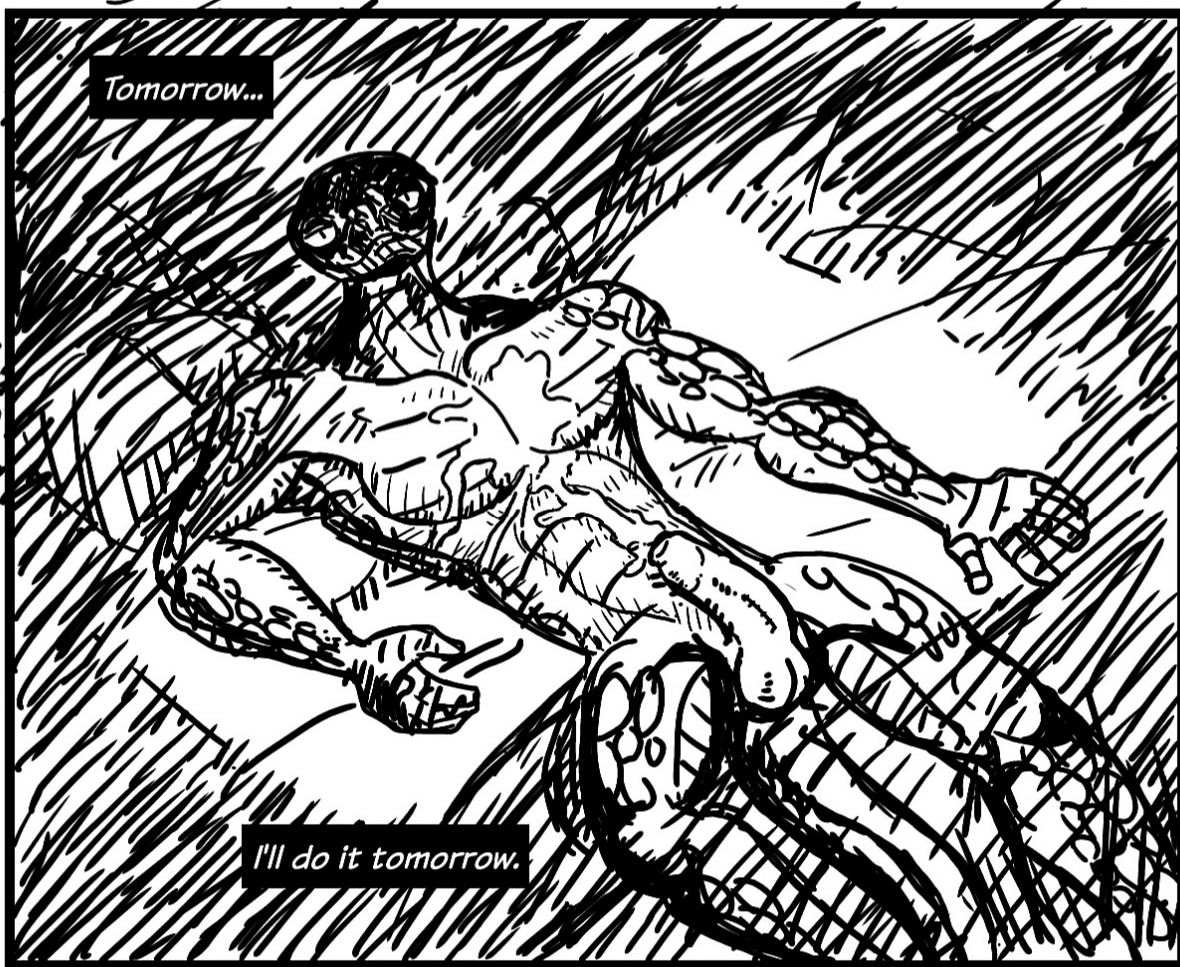
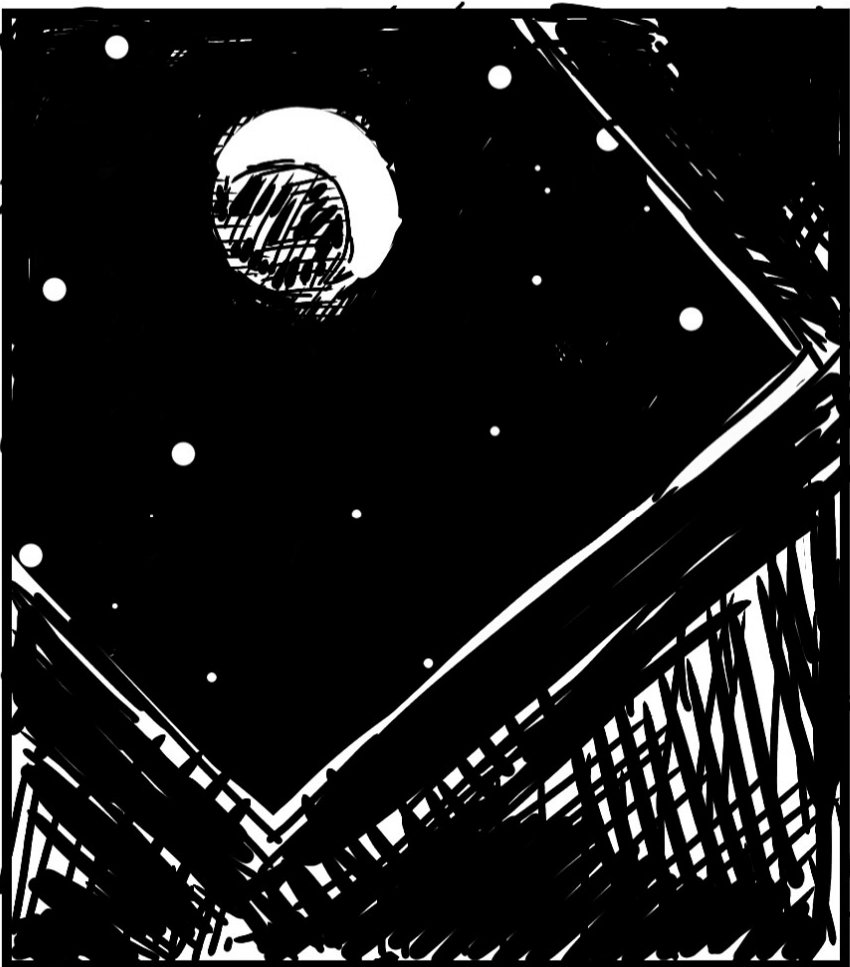
The kicking.

The struggle.

And the release.

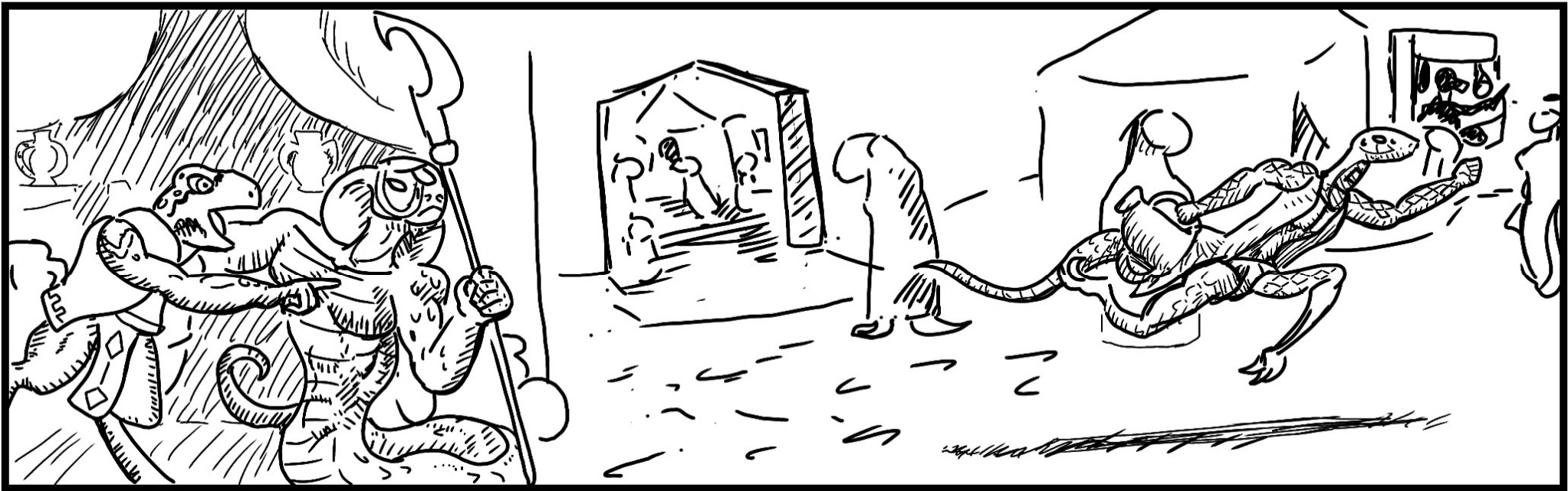
It was one of many executions I've watched.

Even the motion of the swing is erotic now.

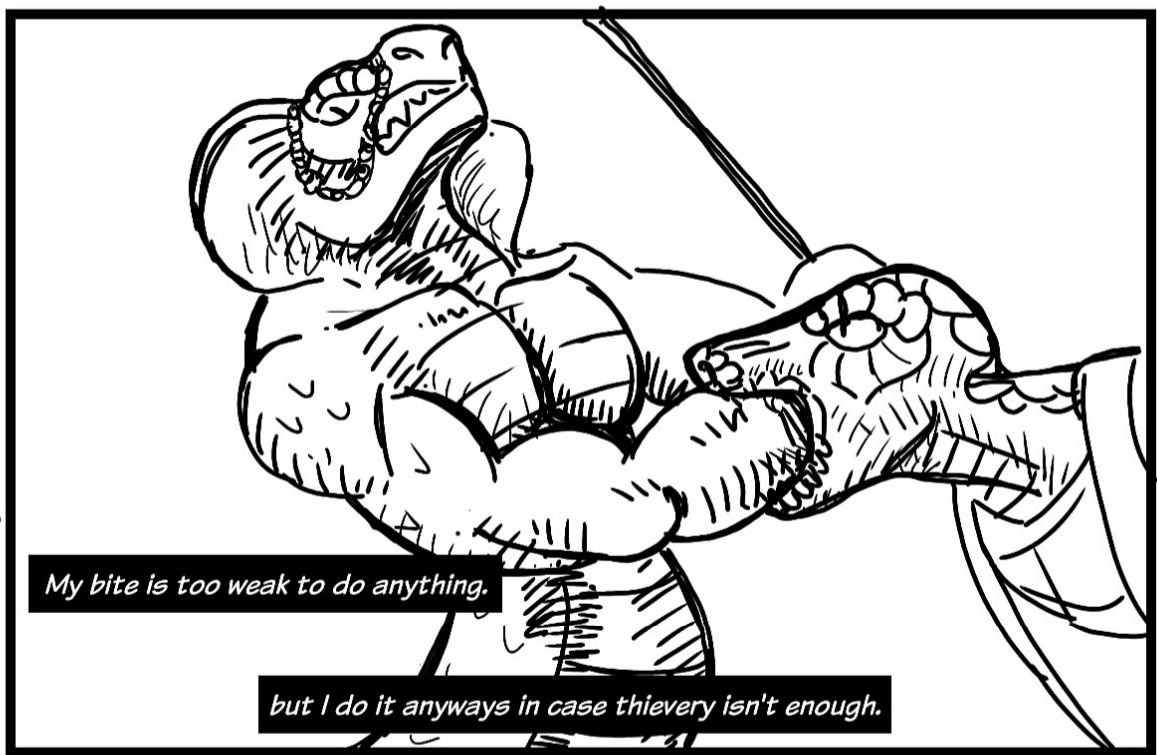


Tomorrow...

I'll do it tomorrow.

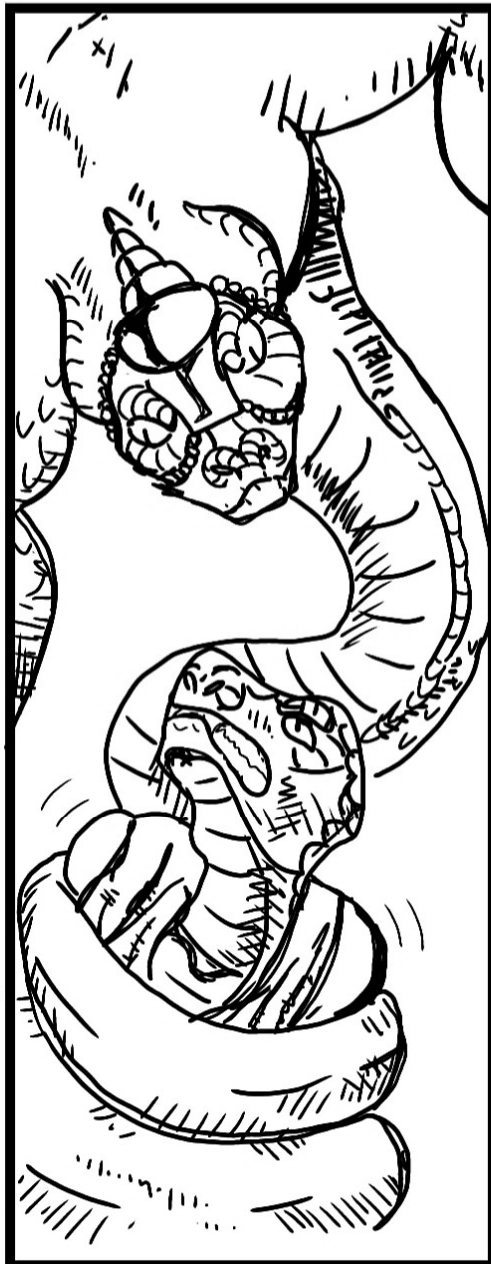


The Royal Guard corners me in the alley I
scoped out weeks ago.



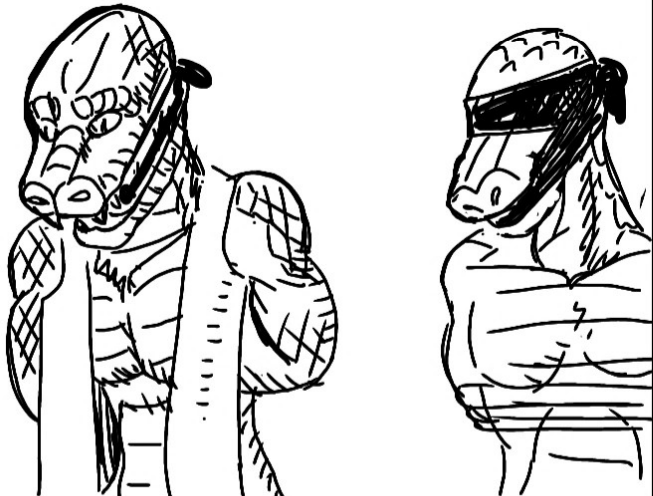
My bite is too weak to do anything.

but I do it anyways in case thievery isn't enough.



They bind me and gag me.

Thankfully I'm able to hide my erection.



A Magus Official sentences us collectively.



I've never seen clothed prisoners.



It still surprised me when they ripped my clothes from my body.

And then we just wait until the dawn.



We're lead out and it hits me.



This is gonna happen.

For real.

I tremble a little...



I see my executioner, it's the python from yesterday.



He's even more magnificent up close.

I can't help but stare at-

HEY!

YEAH, YOU!

I RECOGNIZE YOU.

