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### 1. 📋 Improvisation rules:

A) Orgasms: don't make the woman orgasm or add lines about making her cum. No orgasm countdowns.

B) Don't add dogs or heat play. Don't call anyone "kitten" or "little one".

### 2. **Major changes:** don't do this without my written permission.

Preserve the plot and tone. Don't change or remove consent, characterization, gender, genitalia, or physical descriptors, and don't add aftercare.

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**Tags:** [M4F] [script offer] **Terminal Monstrosity** [narrative] [fly] [slow burn] [friends-to-lovers] [yuan-ti] [heretic] [PIV] [speaker orgasm] & F [anorgasmia-friendly] [DnD] [D&D] [fantasy] [adventure] [mortality] CW: [insomnia] [poison] [terminal illness]

**Summary:** A dying yuan-ti ruminates on his human lover. He doesn't believe in the afterlife and is troubled by his impending death.

**Word count:** 2,000

**Narrative tone:**

1. The speaker is a yuan-ti, who are descendants of humans who transformed themselves into serpent creatures through ancient rituals. The speaker is a "pureblood" which means in size and shape he resembles a human. Most purebloods only have minor serpent characteristics, like a forked tongue, fangs, snake-like eyes, and patches of scales, and can pass for humans if they aren't inspected too closely. Purebloods are social outcasts among their people because their bodies are so similar to humans. A proper yuan-ti is devoid of human emotion.
2. The speaker delivers a monologue of his thoughts on illness and dying. He lives in a world of many gods and different faiths but believes in nothing. However, he believes in **the existence** of deities, so he's not an atheist, and he's witnessed acts of divinity, so he's not an agnostic either. He struggles with being a man who believes the gods exist, yet has faith in none of them.

3. When he talks about his early years he is bitter and cynical.

When he talks about the woman who loves him, there is sadness and joy.

### Formatting notes:

- Paragraph breaks indicate the speaker is pausing.
  - **Bold font** is used for word emphasis.
  - (FX) is for sound effect suggestions, which are optional.
  - [Square brackets] are inflection and tone of voice.
  - (Blue text in parentheses) is scene directions or pronunciation.
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(**Setting:** pre-dawn, lying in bed together, at a desert monastery)

The desert sky is streaked with the purple of pre-dawn and yet still I cannot sleep.

My body burns and itches, and sometimes I fancy I can sense my own blood creeping sluggishly through my veins, as my heart stutters.

Then a familiar arm is thrown over me as she pulls me closer into her embrace, and my maudlin (**mawd-lin**) thoughts cease for a moment, interrupted by the happiness at remembering who shares my bed.

But joy is fleeting as the night, and what I've dared to grasp will be torn from me, soon enough.

I should be practicing letting her go, not trying to cling tighter.

Instead, I wake her and part her thighs, sinking into her with possessive lust.

She sighs and encourages me onward, and by the time I cum, for a brief moment, I have forgotten everything but the heat of her.

Then it is over and my predicament looms a little closer.

### **[Pensive]**

My heresy (**heh-ruh-see**) isn't my lowest quality.

No.

My parents are true yuan-ti (**yawn-tee**), my brothers and sisters grew in their image, but I was cursed.

I was the shame of my clutch when I hatched.

### **[Disgust]**

I am pureblood, the lowest of the low.

I can pass for a human easily, except for the emerald scales on my spine, and my diminutive (**duh-mi-nyuh-tuhv**) fangs.

My eyes and tongue are human, and when Dark Moon heretics (heh-ruh-tuhks) raided our village, they mistook me for one and "rescued" me.

Their Abbot saw through me though.

When the other monks moved to slay me, he stayed their hands.

"Time will reveal how much humanity remains in this one," he said.

Perhaps the Abbot was moved by compassion, who can say?

Human emotions are foreign to me.

Despite the monstrosity of my blood, they took me in, and I lived in a monastery, deep in the desert.

### **[Boastful]**

Although I am considered weak amongst my true people, the monks praised me for my quickness.

When they discovered my immunity to poison and ability to see in the dark, they no longer viewed me as a mere orphan.

They saw **potential** and began to train me.

The monks believe that only darkness and loss bring true wisdom, and for years I was trained in the Way of Shadow.

Most shadow-dancers serve as spies and assassins, training to remain unseen and how to exploit weaknesses in battle.

It was not, perhaps, the life I would have chosen for myself, but I never wanted any other.

In the beginning, I paid no mind to the monk's beliefs.

Human feelings were not something that troubled me.

Darkness is ever-present and loss is the way of things, not something to fear.

But then **she** came to the monastery.

She carved a space for herself within my heart and for the first time, I knew fear.

I finally began to contemplate the monk's teachings and wondered if their creed had any truth to it.

### **[Thoughtful]**

The unjustness of this life is not lost on me.

The yuan-ti (**yawn-tee**) were once human, an expanding warrior empire with a strong and rich culture.

They worshipped serpents, but something drove them from admiration to foul sorcery, and they began to interbreed with snakes.

It was then that my people shed their humanity as easily as some of us shed our skin, leaving their old bodies and emotions behind.

What emerged from the egg was **yuan-ti** (**yawn-tee**), devoid of compassion.

Those who did not transform became slaves or food.

"Love", as humans know it, hasn't troubled my ancestors for centuries.

I had certainly never been plagued by it.

I was not prepared to fall victim to it and perhaps failed to safeguard against it.

But who could blame me?

She was **human**.

I look at myself now, once so strong, yet becoming so frail, and wonder; how did one devoid of compassion fall in love?

Perhaps I will never know.

When I breathe my last, what fate awaits me?

What god will claim me?

Scorned by my own people and the ones who "saved" me, how did the misery of love befall me?

Will she mourn me?

[Sigh]

It's easier to think of my failings than think of her.

I was not diligent in checking for traps, I feared no poisoned dart or gas.

I knew I would be fine, so while others urged caution, I would press on ahead.

But poison immunity is no protection against the arcane (arr-kayn).

I was disarming a trap, when the glyphs (glifs) I failed to notice flared to life, and I felt something tear inside me.

The pain was **excruciating**.

It was a long, searing rip, and although I saw nothing, I felt something change within myself.

From that day, I began to wither.

Our clerics (kleh-ruhks) examined me, but nothing was to be done.

It was a powerful curse.

They tell me that it will consume me, and the only question remaining is when.

Perhaps a month, perhaps a year.

No one knows.

I find myself reflecting on the teachings I have learned.

"Darkness and loss."



Now that my end looms nigh (nai), the idea of darkness, of ever-lasting nothing, it...frightens me.

And still I do not sleep.

I can't say that I do not believe in the gods.

I've seen their power harnessed, I've been witness to divine aid.

And yet...I've never worshipped a god.

None of them called to me.

It's a thought best-kept to oneself, but from a certain distance, they are all the same, are they not?

I wish that...I had faith, in any of them.

But nothing I've seen has ever moved me towards following one, and it feels wrong to worship without true intent behind it.

So I think of my death and I know, there is nothing waiting for me.

It frightens me.

It also...offers clarity.

I have never been so keenly aware of my time as of right now.

My breaths are measured and there are only so many left.

All of the things I wanted to do, wanted to see...none of them seem very important anymore.

Except her.

When I think of her, the second part of our creed finally rings true,  
loss.

For the first time I grieve what I will not have.

It is...difficult.

### **[Remembering]**

She was a prisoner, away from the monastery for five years,  
apprenticing with several apothecaries (uh-paa-thuh-keh-reez) and  
healers around the continent.

On the third night she was back, she approached me with her meal, and  
asked with her eyes if she could sit.

I nodded.

"I met a yuan-ti (yawn-tee) in the city," she said. "You are not much  
like her."

It was spoken carefully and without judgment.

"I should like to get to know you better," she said.

"Why?"

She smiled at me, and tapped a nail against her cheek. "I'm interested in poison," she said.

Ah, so I was to be a clinical study.  
She interrupted my thoughts.

"And I'd like to get to know you," she said.

Oh. This was not expected.

The next day we met again, and a wary friendship blossomed.  
The time we spent breaking bread together became precious to me, as was the first time she invited me to the greenhouse to cultivate her plants.

She clipped the plants carefully, with a small pair of shears that she kept as sharp and oiled as I do my daggers.

I liked to watch her work.

She counted the leaves cut as she worked, her lips moving silently as she snipped.

One day she elevated me from mere spectator to assistant.

"Bring me that bowl?" she asked, gesturing to a wooden bowl that was easily within her reach.

I did.

Soon she involved me in separating the leaves and the exacting process of grinding them down to paste in the mortar.

She worked the pestle methodically, with a practiced hand and we would talk as she worked.

Finally, she brought me to the laboratory where her potions were brewed.

The walls were covered with parchment neatly arranged, recipes and diagrams for various poisons, many I'd never heard of.

**[Fond]**

I remember the first time I saw her drink it.

After a dark red concoction had brewed for a fortnight, she poured out a dram, gave me a wink, and downed it.

"Wait!" I cried, "What have you done!"

She swished it around her mouth and spat it out.

"Perfect," she declared,

"Have you gone mad?" I demanded. "Why would you risk such a thing?"

She told me that drinking poison was part of her apprenticeship to build up immunity.

It was also a cover for if she ever needed to serve poisoned wine, she could freely drink a glass in front of the victim to put them at ease. I understood it, but I never did feel at ease watching her test her brews.

This feeling of protectiveness was new to me.

I didn't understand why I felt the way I did, or what these feelings were.

Only that when she put the poison to her lips I cringed every time, and wished I could take her place.

That was the beginning of my fall, I expect.

The very first time she brewed moonblight, she clapped her hands with excitement.

It was a rare and costly poison, made from the roots of silver nettle, which only bloom under the full moon.

The flowers simmer for several days, steeped with a measure of fern-leaf.

Once it's removed from the heat, lamia (**lay-mee-uh**) spittle is dissolved into the mix, then alcohol, until the final result resembles a harmless perfume whose deadly nature is only revealed to those who recognize the telltale silver-blue shimmer.

Two drams is enough to sicken a man, three will kill him outright.

The poison was complete, and she, with a broad smile on her face, pulled me close and kissed me.

I had never expected such a thing from a woman.

Cautiously I put my arms around her, experimenting with holding her close.

She kissed me long and well, learning to avoid my small fangs.

I was afraid I'd accidentally bite her, but did not.

That night she led me to her quarters, and took me to her bed, initiating me into what I had only ever dreamed of.

The heat of her body was so alluring, I marvelled at the wonder of it. When she took me in her hands, and guided me into her, there was a perfect moment where none of my doubts plagued me, it was just the heat of her cunt surrounding me.

There was just us, and her sweet body, and the release I gained from it.

She rode me and I held her hips, my thumb rubbing over a silver tattoo, the Veiled Star.

The mark of the Dark Queen, she who is lady love to the Lord of Chaos, and the patron of thieves and wanderers.

I didn't know she believed.

Faith seemed so at odds for a woman who dealt in death.

When it was over, I asked her why she bore that mark.

She told me a strange tale from her girlhood that led to her experiencing a moment of faith.

I envied her that.

The following week is a haze of bedding her in between my duties at the monastery.

Then I was tasked to retrieve a relic from an elven temple and that is when I triggered the trap.

My own foolishness cut my time short.

She threw her arms around me when I told her and asked me what we were going to do.

I froze.

There was nothing **to** do.

She wept and I, for the first time, responded in kind.

I wept for myself, for her, and for the future that would never come to pass.

The sun climbs higher in the sky, and the light of day reveals her beauty to me once more.

She sleeps, one hand wrapped around me as though to anchor me here.

How strange that, day by day this mortal shell weakens, yet the love in my heart flows like a river.

Vast and unknown, running deep and true.

(Fade-out)



End

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**Disclaimer:** 🚫 This is a fictional story about fictional characters, written by an adult, for adults. All characters depicted within are aged 18+.

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