

Terms Of Use:

1. 📋 **Improvisation rules:**

A) Orgasms: don't expand the orgasm dialogue. 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 expand the aftercare.

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4. 🛑 Don't post my script to any archives or websites.

5. 📄 Credit me as the author; link to [my Reddit profile](#) and my script offer. Don't link directly to this file.

Tags:

[M4F] [script offer] **And Burn** [narrative] [horror] [married] [resurrection] [PIV] [speaker orgasm] [anorgasmic listener] to [listener orgasm] [Catholic] [Hell] [Under 1K] PD: [wet pussy] CW: [blood] [character death] [crying] [knife] [murder] [self-harm] [suicide]

Summary: You might go much further than you'd think to get what you've always wanted. A woman makes a Faustian bargain on a cold spring night.

Names & endearments: none used

Word count: 700

Narrative tone:

1. This is a married couple who love each other very much.
2. The wife's anorgasmia has caused a divide between them for a long time. He was content with their sex life the way it was, she was miserable.
3. During the sex scene there's a cue for a handjob and then vaginal sex. I think it could sound equally good as either an active part of the scene or as a layered track, but it's up to you!

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) are scene directions or pronunciation.

Summary of the optional sound effect cues:

If you're unsure where to get sound effects, I've linked to some FreeSound files for your convenience. These are just suggestions, feel free to use any sounds you prefer.

- [nighttime ambiance](#)
- [owl hoots](#)
- [thunderstorm ambiance](#)

- **Sex sounds:** react to receiving a handjob, react to vaginal sex (on the grass, cowgirl)
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(**Setting:** a graveyard at night)

(**FX:** nighttime ambiance begins)

(**FX:** owl hoots)

The air was thick, glutted (**gluh-tuhd**) with moisture, as heavy clouds rolled in across a caramel sky.

You knelt on the cold grass, the small grimoire (**grim-waar**) open before you, guiding us.

The pervasive scent of sex and blood was overwhelming, my cum leaking down your thighs and your blood spreading 'round your body in a circle, filling the runes we had carved into the ground.

A shape we had practiced for months, and drawn and redrawn so many times I could draw it with my eyes closed.

Preparing the ritual had been arduous (**aar-joo-uhs**).

When we started you wielded the knife with precise determination, but as your blood slipped away and your strength faltered, I had to take over.

I kept carving the runes, choking on the copper scent, and ignoring the way my hands slipped on the knife's handle.

I hardened my heart, pretending to take no notice of your pained whimpers and gasps, until it was complete.

I had to keep going, or it was all for nought (**naat**).

[Contemplative]

I think sometimes...we reached too far.

And we both knew it.

But neither of us wanted to turn back.

When I thought about telling you we should close the book forever, I just...didn't want to give up what we'd found.

I didn't want to take your hope from you.

I know that...I have to lose you, to have you forever.

I know I need faith, but I am...**afraid**.

What if everything we've done to get to this moment was wrong?

What if—

Your voice, calling for me, is what startled me from my reverie
(**reh-vr-ee**) and as I beheld you in the darkness, I began to grieve.

This was not right.

But you smiled at me, and assured me this was what you wanted.

You reminded me that if I had refused to help you, you'd have done it yourself.

That it would all be worth it, to be remade.

So I sat with you for hours.

I held your hand, and we spoke of everything that led us here; the beautiful beginning, the years of suffering, and every tortured step along that path leading to this moment.

I stayed with you as we waited for the end, until you exhaled one last, ragged breath.

And then I mourned.

I kept vigil (**vi-jl**) over you as the night passed.

The moon rose and illuminated your corpse, and I watched in despair.

But then, as the thunder echoed, and the first cold drops of water fell, you squeezed my hand.

(FX: thunderstorm ambiance)

[Quietly amused]

You always did like this weather.

I'm not really sure what I expected.

The book was rather vague on this part, only that I was to wait.

But how long?

Was it an hour, or only a minute, before your eyes opened and focused on me?

I can't really say.

You murmured my name, and the sound of it felt...a little off, compared to before.

I put an arm around you and helped you sit up, and as the clouds parted I got a proper look at you.

Your eyes were...different.

The warmth in them was gone, and somehow I knew you were

irrevocably (**ee-reh-vuh-kuh-blee**) changed, that you had looked upon

Hell and you would **never** be the same.

[Determined]

But we knew going into this there would be sacrifices.

(Handjob begins)

[Aroused]

You reached for me, and began to stroke me, your hands warm and familiar, knowing exactly what I liked and what I needed.

You pushed me onto my back, and I lay there looking up at you, surprised.

How unlike you.

(Vaginal sex begins, on the grass, cowgirl)

As you lowered yourself onto me, your wet cunt felt as good as it ever had, and I sighed with relief.

At least one thing was the same.

[Surprised]

When I got close, that's when I felt it.

Your body began to clench and squeeze around me in a way it never had.

I raised a hand to your face, and could feel the flush that you had always lacked.

Your breathing was changing, and tears spilled down your cheeks, as, for the first time in your life, you came.

Hard.

You wept as you worked your hips frantically, trying to bring me with you.

And once you did, you lay in my arms crying tears of joy, and I wondered.
Not for the first time, but I wondered; was your immortal soul worth **this?**

(Fade-out)

End

Read my stuff or talk to me:

- 📖 [Master List \(all my scripts\)](#)
 - 📄 [Reddit: /u/dominaexcrucior](#)
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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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