Dealing with Death Part III

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As Sarah and Bill walk towards the end, they see there's a bump in the road...

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Bill held out his scythe and spun it around along the wall, carving a hole there. A blinding flash struck out as he finished the oval circle. The wall seemed to open up as a portal to the other side was finalised and ready.

“Time to go.” Sarah crossed her arms over her chest and pouted.

“No! I told you there’s more from that file that I wanna know.”

“Too bad.” Bill stretched out his scythe and put the blade around her back. With a simple yank he pulled Sarah off the bed and up next to him. “Off you go, slut,” was all he said before he gave her a firm push through the portal. Sarah let out a scream as she fell through the portal and down the death hole as a ghostly version of
Alice in Wonderland. She hit the ground with a loud thump and let out a groan as the dizziness from all the tumbling down the hole made her head spin. She sat up and shook her head a bit, trying to get things working again. Not that they would ever work again for real since she was dead, but maybe dead people had bodily functions that worked too.

Bill came floating down after her, laughing his evil laughter all the way down the hole. She swore she could hear him from the top. She couldn’t see his face when he emerged, but she could hear the evil laughter.

“Best part of the job. Watching the idiots fall down the hole. Feeling sick?” Sarah looked at him with confusion first before she felt nauseous. Suddenly she got on her knees and threw up all over the ground. Bill’s first reaction was to laugh. He leaned on his scythe to balance himself as Sarah threw up again.

“God how I love it. It’s always better when they throw up.” Sarah coughed a few times and glared at him.

“Why are you so mean? Do you enjoy watching me suffer?” Bill put his hand up and tapped his chin, making another clonk sound.

“Hmmm, let me think. Yes, I do enjoy watching you suffer. One of the perks with the job.”

“Meanie.” Bill chuckled again as he walked over to Sarah and stood next to her. He seemed to tower above her.

“Says the slut going to hell. Talk about throwing bricksat glasshouses.”

“Thought you said I went to hell for fornication and lying.”

“True, but you do have more flaws than there are in the American political system.”

“Fuck you.”

“I’m sure you tell that to everyone. Or is it with ‘I want to’ in front?” Sarah pouted to him and got up on her feet.

“Not like you’ll ever get a chance on me.”

“Not that I really want to either. If I shag you I’ll probably end up with some kind of disease. And since it won’t kill me I’ll walk around itching for eternity.” Sarah’s jaw dropped as she stopped and glared at him.

“How dare you say things like that?”

“Because I can. Have I offended you somehow?”

“As a matter of fact you have!”

“Then let me tell you that from the bottom of my heart I don’t give a shit. Now get moving.” He gave her another firm push as they started walking down the somewhat gloomy road. There was a weird light around them, something that she couldn’t quite make sure what was. Sarah couldn’t see any real horizon or a start or finish to the path. There was nothing around them, just the road leading to nowhere and coming from nowhere.

Bill stuck his hand inside his cloak and pulled something out. At first Sarah couldn’t quite see what it was, but when he opened his hand she saw it.

“You smoke?” Bill took a cigarette out of the pack and put it in his mouth.

“Yup. How the hell do you think I get by these days with people like you.” He lit the cigarette and blew out the first cloud of smoke.

“You do know those cigarettes will be the death of you, right?” He slowly turned his head towards her and jut looked at her, not saying a word before she started with a light giggle that quickly turned into hysterical laughter. Bill just shook his head and took a deep puff on the smoke before he blew it out and mumbled to himself.

“Everyone’s a fucking comedian. I swear that this job will be the death of me somehow.” Sarah continued to laugh as they walked down the path. Bill decided to ignore the laughter and just enjoy his smoke as they walked in somewhat silence.

Suddenly a small shack appeared on the side of the road and Bill pointed towards it.

“You wanna stop here for a bit?” Sarah looked at the shack then back up at him, her face being one big question mark.

“Why?”

“If you had listened while you were in church instead of fantasising about the dude sitting on the other side then you would have heard the priest talk about Hell as a place of eternal suffering without relief, so if you need to go this is your last chance.” Sarah just shrugged her shoulders.

“I’m good. So tell me, what’s Hell like? And what’s Heaven like?” Bill flicked away the cigarette and continued walking forward.

“Hell isn’t all that bad. Strict rules on the alcohol though, but other than that I guess it could be worse. Heaven on the other hand is turning into a real shithole, so you shouldn’t really be too bummed about going to Hell.” Sarah looked up at him

“How come Heaven is turning into a shithole? I thought Heaven was supposed to be a place of peace and tranquillity and purity?” Bill sighed and got out another smoke. With a skilled move the zippo lighter was up and lighting the stamina-stick.

“A long time ago there was one massive war between Heaven and Hell. As part of the truce God and Satan decided that they should each pick one country and run their respective realms in the same

way that country is run for 100 years. That way if Hell went to well, Hell, Satan could only blame himself. Last time they picked was in 1948. Things looked good for the US so God decided to run Heaven just like the US was run. Satan thought he had an opportunity to find a miserable poor people, so he decided to pick Norway. Now as we all know Norway managed to strike oil and become disgustingly rich and run stuff rather nicely. The US however, well, I guess you only have to turn on the news to see how that country has been run down the toilet for the last 60 years and is now well on its way to becoming one massive shithole. I'm just glad Hell isn't run like Sweden anymore. When it was everyone's IQ points dropped by 50." Sarah wrinkled her nose a bit in an attempt to understand it all. Bill noticed it and decided to pat her on the head.

"But you don't worry your pretty slutty head about it. That's not what you should think about." Sarah brushed his hand away and gave him an angry look.

"Stop being so condescending! And what should I think about?"

"That in the afterlife there'll be 72 virgins waiting." Sarah turned his head up towards him and grinned.

"Really?"

"Yeah. And you'll be one of them!" Bill burst out laughing as he enjoyed his own evil humour. Sarah on the other hand stopped right in her tracks.

"Wait? You're sending me to hell for fornication and you're saying that I'm a virgin?" Bill took a few deep breaths as he tried to stop laughing.

"Anal virgin. I'm surprised that a slut of your level hasn't managed to take a few dicks up your arse."

"Well…." Sarah gave a hint of a smile and then looked down at the ground.

"What? You've taken it in the ass?" Bill quickly found his clipboard and skimmed through it. "Motherfuckers. Don't tell me that those burocracy dimwits forgot all about that. It's not in the fucking file. When the fuck did this happen?"

Sarah walked down up the stairs to the second floor and headed down the hallway. Her heels made the click clack sound as she walked over the wooden floorboards before she stopped in front of apartment 205. She rang the doorbell, making that annoying tune that she just couldn't place. It was a

song, but she couldn’t remember where it was from. If it hadn’t been for her current situation it would have been an instant turn off. A rather messed up looking Harry opened the door, eyes half closed and his hair was all messed up. Those signs and the fact that he was only wearing boxers made it obvious she had just woken him up.

“Yes?”

“Hello, Harry” Sarah flashed him her cute smile as she pushed him to the side and walked in the door. Harry groaned as he shut the door, realising that he wouldn’t get more than the two hours of sleep he had just had. Although why she came barging in he had no idea.

“What do you want, Sarah? I’ve been working 12 hour shifts every day for the last two weeks and I barely get any sleep at all. This better be important.” Sarah spun around on her heels and looked at him before her voice got low and seductive.

“Believe me, Harry. It’s more than important.”

“Fine. I’ll go get you one of the morning after pills. You know, you really should start going on the pill. They say on the news that always using the morning after pill isn’t healthy, especially not as frequent as you use it.” He was already on his way to the bathroom and the medicine cabinet.

“Harry. Shut the fuck up and look at me.” Harry stopped in his track and turned around. Sarah undid her coat and let it fall to the floor, revealing that she was wearing nothing but a set of sexy lace underwear and high heels. Harry’s jaw dropped to the floor and his eyes were fixated on her wonderful slim body, eyeing it up and down. The only movement from him was the bulge that was growing in his boxers.

Sarah walked over to him, walking as slow as she could and swaying her hips with every step, making sure he got to see every detail and every bodypart that was moving. When she reached him she put her hand behind the back of his head and pulled his head down to her level, pressing her lips against his and quickly pushing her tongue into his mouth. Harry let Sarah take complete control of him and just barely moved his tongue around hers as he finally placed a hand on her hip, feeling the soft fabric of her thong and her even softer skin.

Sarah grabbed his hand and slowly led it back around her to her ass. Just as he was about to squeeze her cheek she moved his hand even further, down and under her thong. There he felt something plastic just underneath her thong. Her mouth trailed from his lips and to his ear as she whispered softly.

“I’ve used this plug lately, but it’s not enough. I need something more. Something warmer.” Harry let out a groan as he felt his cock throb in his boxers. He had fantasised about fucking her many a time, usually when he was in the shower, but he had never thought he would get a chance to fuck her for real, not to mention fucking her ass. “Do you want to fuck my ass, Harry? Do you want to fill my ass with your cock and your cum?” Harry swallowed hard as he imagined how it would be to fuck her tight ass, feel it squeeze and clench his cock.

“Oh yes I do. I wanna fuck your ass so badly.”

Sarah stepped away from him, creating distance between them before she grabbed his hand and dragged him to his bedroom. Harry was now wide awake, the only part of his body that was more awake than his mind was his cock that was screaming to be released from its fabric prison. The moment they went inside the bedroom Sarah dropped to her knees in front of Harry. She let out a soft gasp as the buttplug shifted a bit inside her. Harry didn’t notice her reaction. He was too busy to focus on the fact that the girl of his dreams for the past year was about to take his dick into her mouth.

With a quick tug the boxers were around Harry’s ankles and his cock was in full view. Sarah had to admit to herself that it was much better than she had expected. The only reason she came to Harry was simply because he was the only single guy available, but if he was as good in bed as his cock suggested she would need to change her priority list. She wrapped her hand around his cock and lifted it up before she stuck her tongue out and licked the underside of it all the way up to the tip. Harry let out a soft whimper as his sensitive tip got wetter and he felt the precum beginning to ooze out of the tip. Sarah wiggled her tongue around it, making sure not to miss a drop of it, swallowing it down.

Just as Harry was getting into the whole scenario Sarah got up and pushed her thong down. Before Harry even managed to react or protest she was on all fours on his bed, ass up in the air and showing off the pink plug.

“Please, Harry. I need your cock so bad.” The line sounded like it was taken from the worst porn movie ever made, but Harry didn’t really mind. He saw a sexy girl on all fours begging for his cock. It didn’t take long before he was up on his knees behind her, one hand on her hip while the other was around his shaft, guiding his cock towards her pussy.

Normally he’d tease her, rub his head against the lips or the clit or maybe just push the head in and have her beg for it, but now he did no such thing. He needed to feel her pussy wrap around his cock, squeeze it and massage it. With a quick and hard thrust he went all the way inside her, feeling the wet pussy soak his cock instantly. He let out a long sigh as he finally felt the sensation he had been longing for. Sarah was surprised of how good his cock felt. It was thicker than she thought and when

she clenched her muscles it felt like he was filling her up. Not being able to hold back she let out a long moan, almost bordering to a scream as the warm and hard cock throbbed inside her.

Harry started to thrust in and out, not giving a damn about the dreams he'd had of making passionate love with her. He now fucked her hard and fast, grabbing her hips firmly and using her as a slut. Every thrust made Sarah scream as she felt his cock almost stretch her. Every thrust inside made the buttplug wiggle around a bit, making the sensation even hotter for her as a double wave rushed through her.

Sarah turned her head and looked at him, now instead of her commanding eyes he had turned them into a pair of begging eyes, pleading for him to do as she hoped for.

"Please, take the plug out. Fuck my ass with your big cock." Another crappy line, but neither of them cared. Harry pulled out of her pussy, her juices covering his cock and dripping down on the sheets. He leaned down and took a firm grip on the plug. Every minute movement caused Sarah to gasp as it massaged her inside and the rim of her hole. Harry pulled a bit on it, causing Sarah's hole to stretch around it, more and more as he pulled harder and Sarah's moan became louder and more intense. Finally it popped out, causing Sarah to collapse on the bed, breathing hard and her asshole gaping. It wasn't gaping much, but enough to see that there had been something inside her.

Without waiting for a moment Harry, who had now turned from being a nice guy to a sex crazed animal, grabbed Sarah by the hips and lifted her ass up in the air so she was on her knees again. His hand was around his cock and he guided it to her ass. Her wet pussy had lubed his cock enough and there was still plenty of lube left in her ass from the plug. He still had enough control to push it rather slowly inside her, the head slipping inside the tight hole first. Harry let out a long groan as he felt Sarah's ass tighten around his hole. Sarah's eyes went wide as her virgin hole got a thick cock for the first time. Harry pushed the whole length in, not really bothering about Sarah being ok or not. Sarah whimpered as her ass stretched a bit, the pain shooting through her, but the pain quickly subsided and got swapped with pleasure as she felt the heat from his cock.

As Harry started to thrust in and out of her ass, Sarah's mind began to melt, not thinking about anything other than her ass and her pulsing clit. Harry had a firm grip of her hips, one foot placed by her knee to elevate himself and to get more leverage to pound into her ass harder. He didn't treat her ass like a virgin ass at all, but Sarah didn't mind at all. The pain was all gone, the only thing left was pleasure. She put her hand on her clit and started rubbing it furiously. To her surprise the thrusting and the rubbing sent her over the edge without warning. Sarah screamed as the orgasm made her whole body shiver and quake, first tensing and then releasing. If it hadn't been for Harry's grip she would have fallen down on the bed limp, but with Harry's firm grip she managed to stay up and have her ass pounded by his cock.

When Sarah had her orgasm Harry could feel her ass squeezing his cock harder, causing a series of long moans to go out as he increased the pressure. He felt his cock throb inside her ass, aching to cum, begging for him to go on long enough for him to cum. His mind started to draw a blank as the only thing he heard were Sarah's scream of pleasure. He felt his balls getting wet as every thrust inside made his balls slap against her pussy, soaking them more and more.

Sarah on her turn moaned and screamed as her fingers worked her throbbing clit, rubbing it and not holding back, despite having one orgasm done already. With her free hand she quickly grabbed a pillow and bit on it, muffling her screams that were becoming louder as her body tensed up again, the feeling of a second and stronger orgasm showing itself in her body.

With a loud moan Harry made a final thrust and finally released his load, pumping her ass full of his cum as his mind stopped focusing on anything, all he felt was the pleasure erupting from his cock. Feeling the warm cum fill her ass sent Sarah over the edge as she came again, juices gushing out and down over her fingers and the bed as the muffled scream finally caused her body go limp and collapse. Harry's grip had softened so he was unable to hold her up. His cock slipped out of her ass and to his surprise he was still cumming, small dribbles of cum landing on her ass. He let out a long sigh as he collapsed down on his back next to her on the bed, neither of them speaking, just catching their breath.

Bill kept skimming through the file.

"Motherfuckers! I swear I will have those incompetent bastards whipped. How could they miss out that? That fucks up the entire paperwork!" He put the clipboard back inside his cloak. "I told them. Put those incompetent fuckers to do the analysis and they'll fuck it up, but no. Swedes are cheap labour they say, and any mistake will be found by the controllers. Well what fucking use is that when they put Danes as controllers? All they do is sit and eat sausages and drink beer. Fuck!" Sarah looked up at him with a disturbed look.

"What's wrong?"

"They fucked up the paperwork. So now I don't know what will happen. Fuck. We need to get going now." Bill rushed off in a quick pace. Sarah stood still. He stopped and turned towards her. "What now?"

"I'm still not done! There gotta be more in that file!"

“Yes, there is. And I’m in a crappy mood, so I’m not gonna accommodate you. And guess what. If you wanna stay then be my motherfucking guest. Just know that you’re no longer in the earthly realm. If you don’t follow me you’ll be lost in limbo for eternity, so if I was you I’d get my motherfucking arse moving.”

Sarah realised he was finally meaning business and ran after him. Bill lit up another cigarette as they were reaching the end of the road. He opened another portal with his scythe and they entered the drop off point for souls. Since it was Saturday all extra hands had been called in to help move the dead along. Luckily for the annoyed Bill there was a free clerk ready.

“Come along.” Sarah raised an eyebrow as they came to the counter. She was sure she had seen the dude before. Maybe he had been one of the customs officers at her local airport. Could look like the same dude. Bill threw the file up on the counter.

“I’m here with Sarah Klein. Sent here for multiple reasons. It’s a big arse file.” He threw the clipboard on the counter and the clerk skimmed through it and then turned to his computer and did a bit of punching.

“So being sent to the anal virgin department, right?”

“Well, here’s the thing. She’s not an anal virgin. She has had and apparently enjoyed anal sex. Do we still send her there?”

“Bill, you know as well as I do that that’s against the regulations. We need to send her through the system again.” Bill dropped his head and shook it.

“For fucks sake. So take her to the holding cells then?” The clerk just looked up at him and pointed towards the holding cells.

“As you can see they’re rather full.”

“You’re fucking kidding me.” He stared a bit at one person before turning towards the clerk. “Hey, is that motherfucker Phil Collins? Someone finally killed the asshole?” The clerk kept typing on his computer.

“Yeah. Someone is getting a medal up there. Or they should.”

“So why is he in holding? Isn’t that a straight forward case? Straight to hell?”

“Yeah, but they’re concerned he’ll start singing, so they have to find out where to put him. Apparently he kept on singing ‘In the air tonight’ all the way down here. Poor Jack almost lost his mind. They sent him on a two week holiday. If you ask me they should have given him three.”

“I agree. So what do we do now? Send her to be a ghost back there since the holding is full?”

“Nope, the boss doesn’t like all the ghosts. We just had a massive escape earlier today, so our ghost quota is full. Sorry, dude.”

“Then what?”

“There’s only one option left.” The clerk opened a drawer and got out a bracelet from it and threw it to Bill. “You gotta put this on her arm and she’ll have to follow you. With that one on she can’t escape, but you still gotta put up with her. Sorry, man.”

“No motherfucking way. I still have a big list to go through! You telling me she has to follow me on every one of them?” The clerk nodded.

“Yup. I’m afraid so. Off you go. You’re holding up the line.”

“Go to hell, fuckhead.”

“Already there, mate!”