

The Glint of Wine at Midnight

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The Glint of Wine at Midnight

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Summary

Himeko is, as you would expect a lady of class and distinction to be, perfectly composed with a fair smile and a witty retort always on her lips. However, when Kafka arrives in the dark of a stormy night, she is left utterly speechless...until she starts to wail under the touch of her red-eyed huntress~

Kafka is very hungry, and has found a (mostly) willing vessel to drink from~

Notes

If being gay was a sin, and vampire women were wrong, then why was I born with the necessary vitality and sleep deprivation to write lesbian vampire smut? Hmm? I don't think there's any better way to open the New Year than this! I admit that this is wish fulfilment to some extent if only I could have been born in a world with vampires myself...I would adore the opportunity to feed on people like Himeko, but my aspirations will have to remain purely fiction for now, so I'm making them your problem with this fic! You're welcome <3

please enjoy! Though be warned, there's a little bit of dubious consent to make things more spicy if that's not your cup of tea, you have been warned.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Lipstick and dresses are the exact way that a dignified lady should spend her days. Allowing the lace of her garments to spread the wonderous bliss of ethereal beauty to those she chooses to flutter her eyelashes towards, being just as welcome waltzing on a marble floor, to sitting on an ornate wooden seat over a candlelit dinner. A lady is something of dignity and class.

Himeko could be said, by every soul that had crossed paths with her, to be the spitting image of that beauty.

A mane of scarlet hair crossed the perfect line between manicured and natural presentation to both show the care put into the maintenance of her body, and the effortlessness with which such preservation could be enacted. That burning red hair, fusing with the keenest wit and most undressing eyes, created a woman who may have been chiselled from the sturdiest jewels of the earth. A ruby maiden of utter confidence and composure, who redefined endurance. Combine her dashing looks in heels, with her taste in pure white dresses emphasised that purity and composure.

Himeko spent her days hooking her arm around the hip of fair ladies, leading them in their first dances, and jaunts into the life of high society.

It was a sensation that was hard to forget to feel your fingers on a woman's body, and slowly experience her relaxing through the tension on the tips of your fingers. The slow release...bit by bit...until they let the wind drift them from place to place. Swaying like a candle, and through relaxation...the wind dies down until flame flirts in the storm.

But...that was by day...

KRAKCOOM

The flash of lightning, for the briefest of moments, illuminated the silhouette standing in the open balcony doors of her bedroom.

Himeko had come to expect visits like this...ever since the rumours started passing between noble lips, and even before then...she had been the first victim after all...

Perching on the front of her feet, with curtains bellowing either side of her, and the rain forming a background to her grand entrance. Was the muse that had stolen away the thoughts on her busiest nights. The feminine hips, and tight buckled leather of her assailant and domineering visitor at midnight. An umbrella lay discarded on the floor, having been thrown inside as she placed each of her gloved hands on the arch of the blown-open balcony doors.

"Hello, darling~" Kafka droned, her low, sultry voice with its tired yet constantly amused countenance. Her body was still clad in the same dress Himeko remembered from previous nights. As hazy as the memories would get, Kafka was always as clear as the paintings on the walls, a figure of sheer authority and power who could invade her most private of spaces...her own body was no exception. The thunder had been loud outside...and yet Himeko always felt

this pounding in her head that flushed her cheeks the closer Kafka grew. A subtle coup of the mind, tearing down her walls of dignity and leaving her a sodden wet mess. Kafka's coat lay over her shoulders, but Himeko could barely still make out the tights over her thighs, and her tight-fitting practical gear. In a way Himeko had never seen before, she was both a woman and a weapon.

"Again?" Himeko swallowed, wringing her hands in front of her, standing in front of her bed, still dressed in her beautiful dress from today's festivities. When she had arrived home in the rain, exiting her carriage and hurrying inside, she had simply told her servants to give her privacy...she was expecting this...

"Will you leave me out in the rain?" Kafka asked, with a glint in her eyes that matched how the candles reflected off of her wine-red hair...somehow impeccably untouched by the rain.

Himeko fell silent, this was her moment to cut herself from this mooring, these hooks and ropes digging into every curve of her mind. Be rid of those errant thoughts of debauchery that grew beyond even what she was prepared to do. All she had to do was say no, and somehow even that was too much.

"Come in..." Himeko lost control. It felt like being struck in the chest by a battering ram, the way she breathlessly pleaded with her captor to invade her yet again.

"Good girl~" Kafka crouched, as she stepped down from the threshold of the room, her feet hitting the floor as she shed her rain-peppered jacket to the floor and entered inside in earnest. Her first steps took her towards Himeko, and the shadows blasted her visage across the walls nearby, an approaching woman of the night, looming closer and closer as if her every step moved Himeko further and further into the floor.

"I did as you asked-" Himeko began, mustering every bit of her courage to keep her face composed and not look at the floor out of respect for the approaching femme fatale. But she was silenced, with a glint of the fangs in Kafka's smirk, and one gloved finger laying on her lips. The motion was enough that Himeko abandoned her word instantly.

"Close the balcony." Kafka commanded, meeting Himeko's eyes with squinted amusement, as her drawling voice shook Himeko's ribs with arousal and fear. Himeko stared into Kafka's eyes but felt no compulsion, she had expected to be compelled into doing something but...Kafka was just...telling her to do it.

Himeko fell silent, as she turned her back to Kafka, expecting her neck to sting at any moment but...it didn't. Himeko walked slowly to the balcony and seized the doors, not daring to turn around, as she pulled them shut, and locked them with the turn of a small golden bar so shiny that her eyes shone just as bright as they did in the candlelight. Not brighter than Kafka's though...as Himeko turned around, she felt undressed with how intensely those red and faintly violet eyes were staring at her chest.

"What do you want tonight?" Himeko demanded to know, bracing her chest for that feeling of heartbreak. That was what the feeling was when Kafka looked disappointed in her, it felt the same as a romantic heartbreak. Disappointing someone who thinks that you're special.

Kafka did not look disappointed. She looked *amused*~

She reclined so lavishly upon a chair in Himeko's bedroom. A simple one covered in padding with a floral cushion that Kafka pushed back against. She had made herself at home in the rich interior and was positioned as if posing. One leg over the other, each elbow on the armrest, and her hands upon her risen knee. Her face was positioned just as exquisitely. Chin was low enough to stare directly through her eyebrows at Himeko, yet high enough to present as royalty.

"I had to miss out on my dinner tonight due to some unfortunate circumstances~" Kafka explained, batting her hair with the motion of one hand, and gesturing to Himeko with one curling finger for her to approach. "so I thought I'd find a lady to provide me with entertainment. One that I have wrapped around my finger." Kafka waved her finger slowly in Himeko's direction, drawing a figure eight over her heart as she squinted one eye.

"If I was- you wouldn't have to enthrall me would you?" Himeko bit back. It felt good. It felt great to finally get a snappy remark back at Kafka, something to show her that she was made of stronger stuff than the other woman thought and that she wasn't going to take it rolling over anymore. "That's what it's called, isn't it? Enthralling?"

"So you've been reading?" Kafka remarked, with a totally neutral expression, followed by the curl of a shallow smirk yet again. "Tell me- what could you find about Vampires~"

Kafka's eyes widened as the word left her lips, letting her pupils gleam even brighter as she hungrily examined her stormy evening prey~

"Terminology," Himeko remarked, keeping her expression guarded but her courage mustering, even under Kafka's piercing undead stare. Why was Himeko disappointed that Kafka wasn't making more of a big deal out of how much she was speaking up against her assailant? A twisted little part of her had expected this to provoke Kafka and yet...she was so perfectly composed. Her eyes told Himeko she was ravenous, but her body withheld itself just enough to lure Himeko into wanting the woman to leap on her just to understand her. "surprisingly hard to find information."

"I'm thankful for that, I like to keep my air of mystery." Kafka remarked, unfolding her legs, and folding them again. Kafka smiled at the way Himeko's eyes followed the movement of her knees in observing silence, able to mute the woman by just how she layered her legs. Good. Kafka motioned again with one curling finger.

"Ngh-" Himeko whimpered as Kafka motioned, shutting her eyes and turning her head away as she approached with short steps, her body being pulled forward. She wasn't meeting Kafka's eyes and yet...she was tugged like her heart was tangled in thread and Kafka held the leash to reel her in. A hook inside of her that Kafka could reel in by grinning wider and wider.

"Why would I need to enthrall you, darling?" Kafka asked as Himeko's body drew closer. "You're already mine~"

"What do you mean?" Himeko brattily objected as she placed her arms in front of her body, clasping her hands together in front of her pelvis since that was the only place Kafka was looking...until her eyes wandered up to Himeko's chest and picked her target.

"I don't have to make you get lost in my eyes to tell you what to do~" Kafka explained, sounding bored, as she started to lean on one armrest, looking completely unbothered by Himeko's proximity. "let me show you~" Kafka drawled, as she raised her hand, pointed one finger at Himeko, and then slowly pointed it downwards.

Despite every nerve in her body telling her no, Himeko's knees wobbled and bounced on the spot, slowly but surely lowering her down. The stress on her calves stung, it burned, though not more than that gathering desire inside of Himeko, and the searing hunger within Kafka's command. Kafka's hand didn't stop moving until it was pointing at the floor, and at that point...Himeko was kneeling in front of a woman's elegantly folded legs.

"You're so fragile~" Kafka giggled to herself, in that low purring voice that just felt too good to be true in Himeko's chest. She had to push aside a fantasy of feeling that chest close...breast to breast as Kafka purred downwards from above her. "so tangled up in my web that I'm afraid I'll break you if I raise my voice too loud~ I assumed you would be more feisty prey given your reputation- but you're very different behind closed doors. You're just a little needy whore aren't you?"

"I beg-" Himeko interrupted, with a look of genuine outrage that nearly broke her from the spell.

"You will." Kafka interjected, with a glimmer to her eye and a lick of her fanged lips. The purring of her voice was enough to resolve the state of recovery that Himeko found herself in, and thrust her back into the annals of submission.

"Make me." Himeko bit back, able to find the middle ground between her entranced mind, and her defiant nature. Though, more of the addicted side of her consciousness was speaking then she realised. "Fucking. Make me." Himeko swore, getting her courage from the adrenaline, snarling up from her kneeling position. Her hands had found their way to her knees and Kafka was staring through her garments with that undressing stare...

Kafka let the silence hang, thrusting Himeko into a state of unknowing anxiousness as those intimidating eyes glared through her soul.

"This is exactly why I don't have to enthrall you, dear Himeko," Kafka mentioned, finding the irony deeply amusing. "you already want to be enslaved~"

"GAHHHHHHH!!!" Himeko squealed, lying in a cluster of her own shredded dress, with long red nail marks covering her stomach and shoulders. That pain was her entire world, seeing stars on the corners of her vision and the air all being tugged out of her lungs as her chest decompressed from the shock. Two puncture wounds being made on the side of her neck, and all of that agony coursing through her body from such an otherwise simple injury.

"Mmmmm~" Kafka hummed to herself, as her hands pinned Himeko's to the wall, and their breasts pressed together as Kafka had torn her own outfit open to dominate Himeko skin to skin. While Himeko's bottom half was just as bare, to reveal her wet sex, Kafka had remained mostly dressed besides her bouncing breasts, grinding against Himeko's. Kafka had tactically placed her knee between Himeko's thighs and felt her thighs clench under the pressure of a slow grinding coming from Kafka down on her subject. Dominating a noblewoman on her own bed was the second greatest delight of Kafka's days. The first, of course, was the action of sucking from the tap and pulling the blood from Himeko.

"AGHHHHHHH- AHHHHH- Ahhhh- haaa...hng~" Himeko whimpered as moment by moment her yells of agony started to give way to a wave of dreamy ecstasy. As if pumping out from the wound, the feeling of thought-numbing lust started to slip through Himeko's system. She didn't feel tired, only in places, if anything she started to feel more energised. The grinding of Kafka's knee against her pussy started to feel more intense, to the point that Himeko was trying to raise her hips and grind into it more, but Kafka's grip on her wrists wouldn't allow that.

"There it is~ the moment of realisation~" Kafka narrated, pulling back from Himeko's neck, a drop of blood running down her lip. "It feels good, doesn't it? Being fed on by a vampire. It hurts so badly- but you can't help but love it so much~" Kafka leaned her face closer after pulling up, to press a kiss to Himeko's cheek and leave a cherry purple mark on her lips on that side of Himeko's face.

"Hng~!" Himeko clenched harder, her hands balling up into fists, and her cheek turning away from Kafka, body pushing up against hers with her eyes shut tight. "What are you doing to me!"

"Marking you," Kafka explained as her twisting knee made Himeko whimper just audibly enough for her ears. "*Claiming* you~ I may have fed on you before but that was the taster before my main course~ after today...I'm taking you as my own~"

"please-" Himeko mumbled breathlessly, as the throbbing in her neck was still sending those waves of hypnotic seduction through her, this woman was intense not just because of that perfectly sculpted body, but the feeling of oppressive dominance that made the air heavy around her.

"So eager~" Kafka licked her lips, before pushing down into a deep kiss with Himeko, layering their lips together as Kafka let Himeko get a whiff of her wine-red hair.

"Omphh! mmmhh~" Himeko's eyes widened and her body started to grow limp, her struggle wearing down with each moment she could taste Kafka's lip on hers. Her resistance faded so much that Kafka's hands released her wrists to slide under her head and grip her hair in Kafka's nailed grasp, pulling her deeply into the infectious kiss. "mmah~" Himeko moaned into the kiss as she felt the fangs pressing against her lips, and the tongue sliding around her own to dominate the first of her orifices.

"That's it~" Kafka said as she separated their lips just long enough to purr on top of Himeko. "kiss me like you mean it~" Kafka bit her lip with her fang before pushing into a renewed

kiss, bucking her body against Himeko to further that slow grinding, the rubbing of their bare chests together, and the entangling of their tongues.

"ngh~" Himeko barely whimpered in response, letting her mouth go slack and her evening invader to fully take control. The nails poking into the back of her neck controlled the orientation of her head, the lips on hers determined how wide her mouth would open, and she could not look anywhere else but into the enchanting eyes of her vampiric dominator.

"You're so strong~" Kafka purred, sending a flood of affirmation through Himeko's heart that made her moan on the spot. "but so weak to me." Kafka remarked, as she pulled from the kiss and gripped Himeko's chin with her hand to move it around while licking the spit from her lips, savouring the essence within it. "How can such a strong woman collapse with just a few little punctures on her neck? A single unfortunate meeting with a fellow woman of dignity and all that you are is delivered right into the palm of her hand~ it's a surprisingly common story."

No matter how vulnerable Himeko's love-drunk stare grew, Kafka's eyes remained cruel and sadistic... which only made Himeko want to shed more of her defences.

"A powerful woman who likes it when someone degrades and dominates her behind closed doors? Especially being given that treatment by other women, is far more common than you think~" Kafka remarked, her hands sliding down Himeko's neck, slowly trailing until Kafka's sharp fingertips were drawing circles around Himeko's nipples, making her breathing hitch and then speed up. "I can't understate the number of powerful ladies that I could put a collar on and insult into orgasm in their lavish bedrooms with wine and cheese only a clap of my hands away~" Kafka licked her lips as she pinched the nipples in her hands and started to play with the nubs between her fingertips...which were surprisingly warm. "I think it's honestly my type~ I like watching the strength leave your eyes and see who you really are beneath~ to walk with them in public and see how they play their little games of respect, knowing that they would rather I treat them like my personal slaves in private~"

Himeko was gushing, even from these touches. The slow intimacy of this feeding/lovemaking would have driven a lesser woman mad. Each of Kafka's touches was placed where Himeko least expected but most desired, as if optimising her pleasure through an acute understanding of her nervous system...

"See~" Kafka remarked, seeing the lust clouding every part of Himeko. "I think you could climax right now if you weren't still holding onto control~" Kafka remarked, sitting up, still holding Himeko's chest, to press her hips down on Himeko and see her suppress a squeal of lust. "Do it."

"M-....ma..." Himeko panted, looking up and seeing Kafka's leather-clad body on top of her, with her breasts revealed and her smile still shredding through each fragment of remaining defiance Himeko had left in her. Still reclined in the tattered remains of her dress, and covered in scratch marks...the blood on her neck...how hot her body felt but simultaneously how cold and wet her empty cunt felt without someone touching it. "Make. Me." Himeko repeated, mustering her energy for one final rebuke. Her face hardened, and she glared into Kafka with competitive eyes, trying to flash a grin but wincing under the nearly painful rising lust. Her entire body wanted it to be over, but Himeko wanted more.

"Ah~" Kafka's acknowledging drawl was enough to shatter that defiance, and any attempt at resistance faded as she smirked. Her hands released on Himeko's breasts and slid further south, for pinker pastures, as they massaged down her stomach. "That's why you're my new favourite~" Kafka licked her lips hungrily, and descended upon her prey.

The candles went out.

CRACK

The lightning's flash illuminated, just briefly the sight of Kafka's fingers plunging all the way inside of Himeko, the noble woman's legs having been torn apart to allow her vampire digits to plunge inside. The rolling back of Himeko's eyes and the onslaught of her first orgasm of the night tore her independent thought limb from limb as the tongue rolled from her mouth like a street harlot playing it up for an extra tip. Himeko's body wasn't fighting back, every muscle within her was obsessed with the feeling of taking it all, and taking it hard.

CRACK

Himeko was on her hands and knees like an animal, as her form was hidden by the second flash from the window, completely in Kafka's shadow. The vampire's body eclipsed her own, Kafka's fangs digging into Himeko's neck as the device upon the leather harness around Kafka's waist was slammed into Himeko from behind. The dripping fluids from her noble pussy betrayed that the toy phallus inside of her was striking deeper than she had managed to ever push her sex toys within herself. Someone else had taken the objects she used to please herself and was using them to just absolutely ruin her. With one hand on her throat, a set of fangs in her neck, a woman's toy cock in her pussy and a set of fingers intricately tweaking her nipple until she squeals, Himeko is the happiest she had ever been. Tears and drool streaked down her face, dripping at the same rate as her own wetness, with a love-drunk expression as her sensitive vagina was being hammered towards a second burst of euphoria.

CRACK

Himeko was returned to her back, with her legs parted facing the window. Only the most deranged of filthy expressions could have been across her face, but all was covered from view by Kafka's hips being placed right on top of her face. The mature vampire stripped down naked, as she rode Himeko's tongue. Himeko's hands were tied to each bed post by fabric torn from her ruined dress, and her legs kicked in a state of soaking arousal as the cold

air touched her bare pussy. Despite this and her growing neediness, her tongue lapped away into Kafka. Kafka licked her lips and moaned as she rocked back and forth, using Himeko for her own pleasure as much as she was being serviced. Kafka moaned without restraint, not being afraid of what the servants might think as she degraded Himeko's poor technique, and affirmed her positive moments. One particular instance of sloppy tonguing was punished by a slap to the bare pussy, Kafka did decide to muffle that sound with her ass.

CRACK

Kafka's arms raised Himeko against the wall, holding one of her legs up with a hand hooking under her thigh as the slamming of her hips drove Himeko back into the wall over and over again. Himeko's body was fully surrendered by now, her hair tossed and messy as she limply swung back and forth like a ragdoll from all of the treatment. Through her incredible vitality, and that alone, her arms were slung around Kafka's neck, and her limply drooling face just stared into that of her new Mistress with nothing but obedient desire. Kafka's naked body tangled with her own in the physical display of force to fuck her into the wall and over and over again. Kafka felt closer each time Himeko kissed her, like if she just submitted to her lips enough...covering her body in even more lipstick kisses, she would cease to be altogether.

CRACK

Out in the rain, leaving the balcony scattered open and the curtains billowing in the wind. Himeko and Kafka stood in their bare skin, with Himeko leaning on the balcony railing staring outwards towards the terrain of her city at night. Kafka directly flanked her, with one hand brushing her hair back, and the other curling up to grab her new pet from the throat from her front, Kafka's elbow smearing rainwater across Himeko's breast.

"This- is all you have betrayed by inviting me in."

Himeko's eyes panned, clouded by lust and enchantment, as she examined all of the dark rooftops...and the windows within them where families were still awake...or too afraid to sleep without a candle burning.

Himeko's attention, though, shifted to those houses she recognised in the city. The ones with high rooves occupying the entirety of the land they stood upon. The ones with carriages out front, and some passengers still arriving back from their ventures into the hedonistic nightlife. People with the authority to effect change, people with the power to give others commands...people holding all of the cards in this stacked deck of a society...wives, widows and maidens. She stood naked in the rain as they were escorted inside in their ornate dresses

and makeup, and felt Kafka follow her wherever she looked. Each time her eyes fell upon a silhouette with the curve of a woman's hips...Kafka felt hungrier behind her.

"I'm going to devour them all~" Kafka purred, pulling Himeko back until Kafka's breasts pressed against her cold back. Himeko's very soul shivered from the touch, as the final dose of poison fell into her ear. "and you're going to help me aren't you~"

There was only one answer. Two simple words.

"Yes Mistress~" Himeko moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head, before letting out a glass-shattering scream of absolute elation, as once again...a set of fangs plunged into her neck, and she was claimed.

End Notes

I wrote this fic out in one evening, checking it on another and publishing it once that was done, so I apologise if it's not great, but I needed to write it for me reasons. I feel a lot of envy for Kafka, and have played too many characters like her in roleplaying games to let the opportunity slide to write some yuri vampire smut when I found I had the idea for it.

I have a lot of love in my heart for vampires! I actually wrote an entire essay on the timeline of queer vampire stories, specifically *Carmilla* (1872), which follows the events of a lesbian vampire in Paris, and was published before *Dracula* (1897). It's actually got a lot of interesting history that goes into the period of vampire fiction publication and despite being the most notorious, *Dracula* is one of the last released during that period of time in the 19th century. *Carmilla* is a very important book I think in understanding the appeal of women to things like villains beyond the simple status of queer-coded villains being present in media in the last decades, and is a good case study in the psychological reasons behind the attraction of sapphic people to dangerous women that comes from many different avenues that I really enjoy writing about.

That is all to say, when I realised Kafka has powers and lore around her that are shockingly similar to a lot of vampire things, I just had to write this. Her ability to influence people through her words, in her trailer she talks about being invited in, she's a hunter, etc, etc. There's too many things that cross over for me to pass it up, and I think vampires dominating people into their pets is pretty hot. I hope you enjoyed the smut, and my rambling about the importance of queer vampire fiction didn't bore you.

Have a good one! I hope that this fic made your day/night a little better <3

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