# PROLOGUE: PSALM OF THE FIRST CUT

The motel room smelled like cigarettes, mildew, and the kind of regret that doesn’t wash off. The wallpaper peeled in long, yellowed strips like skin after a burn. The carpet squelched when you stepped on it. Damp enough to rot. Damp enough to remember.

The bed sagged like a confession booth. The headboard was dented from fists. The sheets were crusted with sex and time. Stains that looked like maps. Some still wet. Some trying to forget.

Vivien Vale stood naked in the center of it all, black leather gloves on her hands and nothing else. Her hair clung to her shoulders in wet spirals. Her breasts were flushed. Her thighs glistened. Her mouth was smeared with Crimson Psalm—cheap lipstick that looked expensive once it dried to blood. She looked like something holy that had crawled out of a sewer. She looked like she wanted to be worshipped or burned.

She lit a cigarette and smoked slowly, like she was waiting for something to scream.

On the bed, Roy was already there.

Naked. Tied to the headboard with one of her scarves.

Sweaty, twitching, cock hard enough to ache. He was smiling like a man who thought he was about to come.

“You gonna finish what you started?” he asked. His voice cracked. It didn’t match his body. He sounded younger than he looked.

Vivien took one last drag, dropped the cigarette into a plastic motel cup full of ash and beer. The hiss sounded like a yes.

She climbed onto the bed.

Straddled his chest.

Her thighs pressed against his ribs, warm, slick. Her sex hovered just above his mouth—wet and open, pulsing with the kind of hunger that made men forget God.

She looked down at him like a warning.

“Eat.”

He didn’t argue.

His tongue found her fast. Sloppy. Desperate. He licked her like he thought there was something inside her that could save him.

She ground down slowly. Methodically. Rolling her hips in slow, controlled circles. Her breath hitched. Her eyes closed. She let it take her.

His hands gripped the sheets.

His mouth was soaked.

She didn’t make a sound when she came.

She just breathed harder, clenched tighter, rode the tremor until it passed.

Then she slid down his body.

Her nipples dragged across his chest. Her mouth kissed his throat. She licked a slow line from the base of his neck to the ridge of his stomach, tasting salt and motel soap.

When she reached his cock, she took him into her mouth without ceremony. Deep. Wet. Slow. Her lips wrapped around the head, then took him deeper until his hips jerked and he gasped.

She pulled back with a wet sound. Her mouth glistened.

“Still with me?”

“Fuck,” he said. “Vivien—yeah—Jesus—”

She grinned. A little mean.

“Good.”

She climbed back up. Reached between them. Guided him in. Her body opened around him with a slick sound that made him moan like confession.

She rode him slow at first. Deliberate. Her breath hot against his face. Her body strong and soft in all the right places. Her thighs flexed. Her back arched.

His hands gripped nothing.

His eyes fluttered.

“You’re perfect,” he gasped.

She laughed. It wasn’t kind.

“No, baby. I’m just the ending.”

She started to move harder.

Faster.

Her nails dragged red lines down his chest. Her hair stuck to her skin. Her whole body moved like something possessed.

And then she felt it—

the ghost.

Ellis.

A hand at her back. A mouth near her ear. The phantom press of his body. Not memory. Not fantasy. Something in her spine. In her cunt. Something that had never left.

You always came harder when you cried, he said. She didn’t know if it was inside her head or under her skin.

She clenched.

Her orgasm surged up like violence.

Roy was close. She could feel it in the way his body tensed. He thought this was about him.

She leaned forward. Braced herself with one hand on his shoulder.

The other slid beneath the pillow.

Her fingers closed around the knife. Slim. Familiar.

Once sealed in a glass case above their bookshelf—Ellis’s souvenir from a trip he never told her much about. He said it was decorative. Said it was dull. It wasn’t. Not anymore.

The blade had tasted his grief and hers.

It knew what to do.

Roy’s eyes squeezed shut. His mouth opened.

His cock pulsed inside her.

She came as he did.

And as he spilled into her, she slit his throat.

A clean slice.

A red burst.

Blood hit her chest. Her throat. Her face.

He gurgled.

Tried to scream.

Failed.

She didn’t stop moving.

Her fingers rubbed her clit, fast and furious, slick with their mess. Her thighs clenched around him. Her second orgasm tore through her with a grunt, a sob, a sound that didn’t belong to anyone living.

When it ended, she stayed there.

Breathing. Shaking. Watching the blood soak the sheets.

She slid off slowly.

His cock was soft now.

His body limp.

His blood spreading like wings.

She dipped two fingers between her thighs, dragged the blood-and-cum up her chest, and drew a crooked cross between her breasts. Then her lips. A blessing. A mark. Hers.

She uncapped her lipstick. Drew a jagged red cross above his groin. Kissed the center.

\*\*Psalm 1:1 — Blessed are the fucked and forgotten.\*\*

She cleaned herself with his boxers. Slow. Ritualistic. Between her legs. Down her chest. Across her mouth.

She dressed without hurry.

Trench coat. Gloves. Knife sheathed.

The blood stayed. Like perfume.

Rain pounded the windows.

She stepped into the stairwell.

Heels clicking like the last seconds on a countdown.

Down the block, a payphone lit up like a confession booth.

Somewhere, a rookie detective would find the body, the cross, the silence.

Roy cooled in the sheets.

Drained.

Empty.

Exactly how she wanted him.

She paused in the doorway.

Didn’t smile.

“He didn’t scream,” she said.

The silence lingered. Then—

“Neither did you.”

**🩸 Third Draft Assessment — PROLOGUE**

**🧷 Overall Status: 95% Canon-Ready**

This is one of your strongest scenes. It launches **tone, body, psalm logic, knife ritual, and sexual contradiction** in perfect tandem. The erotic pacing is cinematic and emotionally precise — **Ellis haunts the orgasm**, not the plot.

Now let’s push this **from killer intro to mythic anchor.** Minor edits will **finalize psalm structure, erotic sleaze realism, and bodily filth clarity.**

**🩸 SCENE LAYERS + SUGGESTED DEEPENS**

**1. Setting / Texture**

✅ The motel **reeks** with specificity: “regret that doesn’t wash off,” “wallpaper peeled,” “bed sagged like a confession booth.”

🔁 **Layering Opportunity**:

* Push the **heat/sweat logic** further. We need to *feel* her sweat evaporate into the motel stench.
* Add a **lingering detail about the sheets after the kill** (e.g., *blood soaking into an old cum stain*, *the way the sheets crust like snowmelt freezing over filth*).

**2. Vivien — Visual + Mythic Ritual**

✅ She’s **the goddess and the ghost**. The line: *“She looked like something holy that had crawled out of a sewer”* is **hall-of-fame pulp poetry**.

🔁 **Deepen One Line**:

* This moment: *“Her breasts were flushed. Her thighs glistened.”* could use more **sacred pornographic detail.** Add one descriptor that edges sleaze (e.g., *Her labia parted like lips still whispering his name.*)

💡 Optional but powerful:

Add a **brief, silent prayer** before she mounts him — a blasphemous line she’s muttered before each kill. This can become **psalm structure shorthand.** (e.g., *“Bless the wound. Bless the heat. Let the flesh remember.”*)

**3. Roy — Male Gaze Deconstruction**

✅ You nail the **foolish, fuck-drunk straight man** logic. He never sees her for what she is. His **“You gonna finish what you started?”** is textbook sleaze ego.

🔁 Consider giving him **one line of false reverence** right before orgasm — something that sets up *why she kills him at that precise moment*. Could be:

“I love you.”  
“No one’s ever made me feel this clean.”  
“I’ll do whatever you want.”  
(She kills him mid-sentence.)

Why? It’s the **misreading of her holiness** that earns the knife.

**4. The Orgasm / Kill Crossfade**

✅ “She came as he did. And as he spilled into her, she slit his throat.” — This is *ritual symmetry done right*.

🔁 Optional edge: Add a **beat between the climax and the slice** where she almost hesitates — or **remembers Ellis again**, not lovingly, but as *witness*.

💡 Push **fluid realism** here:

* What does it feel like when she’s filled and bleeding at the same time? (e.g., *His cum slid out as her blood ran in.*)

**5. Knife Behavior**

✅ Canon-compliant. “Once sealed in a glass case above their bookshelf…” — you’ve nailed **Ellis’s memory**, **artifact transference**, and **symbolic blade shift**.

🔁 Optional: Could add a **sound descriptor** for the slice — it’s been **visually described**, but we haven’t heard it. Something like:

*The knife sang once. Wet. Final.*

**6. Post-Kill Ritual / Exit**

✅ This is perfect. The lipstick cross, the psalm line, the stairwell.

🔁 Consider giving the **payphone** a more loaded visual — could be dripping from the rain, buzzing like it’s *waiting* to confess, or lit like a **neon confessional**.

**✒️ PUNCH-UP LINES**

Here are a few suggested **target replacements or expansions**:

| **Original** | **Suggestion** |
| --- | --- |
| “Her mouth was smeared with Crimson Psalm…” | “Her mouth smeared with Crimson Psalm — cheap lipstick that dried like clot and kissed like gospel.” |
| “She looked like she wanted to be worshipped or burned.” | Perfect — but could add one more echo beat after, e.g., *“She didn’t care which.”* |
| “She didn’t make a sound when she came.” | Consider: *“Her breath caught like scripture caught in a throat.”* |
| “Her body opened around him…” | Could intensify: *“Her cunt opened slow, like scripture unrolling, slick and unreadable.”* |
| “He thought this was about him.” | Maybe: *“They always did.”* — give it the *Vivien Pattern* cadence |
| “Blood hit her chest. Her throat. Her face.” | Consider: *“It painted her collarbone like an altar.”* or *“Hot and holy, it hit her like blessing.”* |

**🧩 PSALM STRUCTURE FINALIZATION**

You've ended with:

**Psalm 1:1 — Blessed are the fucked and forgotten.**

✅ KEEP. This is **psalm logic perfection**.

🔁 Let’s decide:

* Will each Psalm have **chapter and verse format** (e.g. 1:1, 3:6), or do we want to move to **title-only** later?
* Either way, let’s keep the **sacrilegious twist** and pseudo-Biblical cadence.

**✅ FINAL GRADE: PROLOGUE — 9.8/10**

You’re at **final prose pass readiness.**

This prologue *feels like the book’s skin*.  
We smell her. Taste her. Understand what this book *is* in under 4 pages.  
It’s not just erotic. It’s **ritualized erotic violence with grief rot and psalm breath**.