**Chapter 13: The Bloody Communion**

✨ Subtitle: "Come for me. Bleed for me. Pray for neither." 🎵 Track: "Laura Palmer's Theme" — Twin Peaks OST 💦 Fluids: Blood, Cum, Sweat, Cigarette Smoke 🕯️ Ritual Tag: Kill Preparation / Grief Stalk

The rain stuttered against the windows like broken prayer beads. Vivien Vale sat in the cracked leather armchair of her apartment, a cigarette burning slow between two bloodless fingers. The record player whispered a tired jazz lament, something scratchy and broken — a memory on vinyl.

She wore only a black slip, sweat-slick, clinging to her thighs, hungry for touch. Her trench coat hung like a crucified ghost by the door.

On her lap: the cigarette case. Silver. Monogrammed with a single F.

She turned it over once, twice, the metal catching the sick glow of the neon that bled in from the street below. Her fingers were steady now. The shakes had passed. Ritual always steadied her.

Vivien snapped it open.

Inside, the slim black card waited.

Embossed in dark red:

**Velvet Hand Club. 13th Street. Members Only.**

She traced the letters like they were Ellis’s last breath.

"Velvet Hand," she murmured, exhaling smoke that coiled like a curse.

She stood. Crossed the small room, every step a decision. The walls peeled like old scabs. The air smelled like rain and memory.

At her dresser, she pulled open the top drawer.

Crimson Psalm lipstick. Her blade. A Polaroid of Ellis she never let herself look at too long.

She reapplied her lipstick slowly, staring into the cracked mirror. Painted her mouth like a wound.

A final kiss to herself.

"This one's for you, baby," she whispered.

She slid the switchblade into the sheath sewn into her coat lining.

Lit a second cigarette from the first.

Then she walked out into the storm.

The Velvet Hand Club wasn’t listed anywhere a clean mouth would find it. 13th Street dead-ended into a blind alley painted with peeling posters and rat piss. A red door, unmarked, pulsed faintly under a broken light.

Vivien didn't knock. She pressed her fingers — still stained faintly with her own ritual — to the buzzer.

A slit opened. A pair of eyes, bored and bloodshot.

"Password?"

She smiled, slow and poisonous.

"Tony."

The door buzzed open.

Inside, velvet ate the walls. Smoke curled from every lip of the room. The scent of whiskey, cum, and old perfume clung to the drapes like regret.

She moved through the crowd like a blade in silk.

Found him near the back — Tony "Three Fingers" Marchello.

Big. Sweaty. Smirking. Surrounded by girls too young to know better.

His gut strained against a too-tight sports jacket, polyester gleaming under the club lights. His neck glistened with old sweat, pooling in the creases like regret.

Vivien knew.

She watched him win a hand of poker. Watched the way he pulled the girls onto his lap, one hand always sneaking between trembling thighs. Watched the way he licked his fingers after.

Her stomach didn't churn. It sharpened. Every heartbeat an echo of Ellis’s final gasp.

Ellis's ghost pulsed behind her eyes. Not with grief. With permission.

She caught Tony's eye across the room.

A slow smile. A lick of her crimson mouth.

He grinned back. Hooked.

It never took much.

He made his way to her — drunk on the invitation of her mouth, not the cheap scotch in his hand.

"Didn't know they let angels slum in here," he slurred, flashing a grin greased with lust.

Vivien smiled, slow and syrupy. Let him think he was winning.

"You must be Tony," she purred, tracing the rim of his glass with one crimson-painted nail. "I hear you know how to treat a girl."

He puffed up, proud. Always proud.

Her eyes slid down, catching the flash of silver on his hand — a ring. Wrong finger. Right shape.

She let her fingertips brush it, feather-light.

"That's a pretty thing," she said, voice dipped in honey. "Must mean you're somebody."

Tony laughed. "Means I know the right people."

"The right people," she repeated, savoring the words.

Her nose twitched. That scent — sharp, clean, sour underneath the sweat — familiar.

"Nice cologne," she said, leaning in close enough that her lips almost grazed his ear. "Smells expensive. Almost... sanctified."

He shuddered under her breath.

"Gift," he mumbled. "Big boss hands 'em out. Keeps us lookin' sharp."

Big boss.

She smiled wider.

"Let's get out of here," she whispered, tongue almost brushing his lobe. "I want to see what else your boss buys you."

Tony didn’t hesitate. Men never did.

He took her hand. And sealed his fate.

The motel was the kind with hourly rates and mirrors too dirty to show guilt.

Tony spread out on the bed, wrists bound in silk to the headboard, cock twitching with smug anticipation.

Vivien Vale knelt between his legs, the edge of her black slip draped across her thighs. Her lipstick was smudged, her hair falling wild over one eye. Her mouth slick and hungry.

His thighs twitched under her mouth — not with fear, but with greed. The skin tasted like cheap soap, bitter sweat, and something sourer still. Power gone to rot.

She had been sucking him slow — worshipful, even. Tongue tracing the length, lips wet and warm, moaning just enough to make his head tilt back.

He was close.

Sweat beaded on his stomach. "Fuck, baby… keep going like that and I'm gonna—"

She stopped. Pulled back. Licked her lips with a slow, teasing smile.

"Not yet," she said, voice velvet and venom. "You don't get to finish without gratitude."

Tony laughed, breathless. "Jesus, you're a freak."

Vivien leaned in, kissing his inner thigh. Then lower. Her mouth wrapped around one of his balls, sucking gently. Her hand cupped the other. His moans were thick, stupid.

Then her tongue traced down, further, beneath the sac, finding the perineum. She kissed it like a benediction.

"You ever think about what it means to come?" she whispered. "You ever think about what's buried in that release?"

He didn't hear her. Or he didn't care. He just groaned, lifting his hips, chasing friction.

Vivien reached beneath the bed with her left hand. Slowly. Silently.

The switchblade was already open when her mouth pressed back to his taint — warm, soft, almost tender.

And then —

She drove the blade up. Deep. Into the soft space between scrotum and anus.

Tony screamed.

The sound cracked like a bone. His whole body bucked, wrists yanking at the headboard. His cock spasmed — and then erupted.

Blood and cum spurted from the tip.

It hit her cheek. Her chin. Her eye.

She didn't flinch.

She looked up at him as the pain spread across his face, confusion giving way to terror — his body still caught in the reflex of pleasure while the agony bled through.

She crawled up his chest, slow and slick, the knife still in one hand, his cum and blood smeared across her mouth.

She straddled his chest, leaned in close.

"I wanted your last orgasm to mean something," she whispered. "Now it's art."

Then she kissed him — full on the mouth. Her tongue pressed past his lips, and he tasted it: salt and iron. His own ruin. His own end.

The scream got caught in his throat.

She smiled against his teeth.

Then slit that throat wide open.

Blood geysered across the pillows.

Before he could fully die, she drove the blade through his chest, straight into his heart — twisting as the light left his eyes.

Vivien Vale sat back on her heels, panting. Drenched. Shaking.

She licked the blood from her fingers like frosting.

Tony's body jerked once more beneath her.

A wet, rattling breath clawed out of his throat.

Vivien tilted her head, curious, listening.

A single word bled out of his ruined mouth, barely a whisper:

"Falco..."

Her lips curved into a slow, poisonous smile.

She pressed her hand against his chest and pushed the knife deeper, twisting until the last twitch of life bled away.

Lit a cigarette with one hand, inhaled deep, then flicked ash onto the motel rug.

"That one's for Ellis," she murmured. Then her gaze dropped to his ruined cock. "And this..."

She reached down between her own legs, her fingers slick with the mix of blood and semen, still warm.

"This is for me."

She moaned as she slipped two fingers inside herself. Her back arched, eyes fluttering. The smell of iron and sex filled the room, thick as smoke. Her palm ground against her clit, each thrust a prayer, a punishment, a resurrection.

Ellis's name bloomed behind her eyes — his face, his mouth, his death.

Her body didn't care. Her body wanted this.

Wanted to ride the edge of pain and memory and release.

She fucked herself harder — no rhythm, no mercy — until her body blurred at the edges. Breath sobbing. Thighs twitching. The knife still humming under her skin.

And then —

"ELLIS!"

She screamed it like a gunshot. Her orgasm ripped through her like glass.

She collapsed forward, drenched in sweat, blood, and salt. Her face pressed into the crook of Tony's shoulder. Her hand still twitching between her legs. Her breath jagged.

For a moment, there was silence.

Then she looked around.

The sheets were soaked. Blood smeared across the headboard. Her reflection in the cracked motel mirror looked like a demon in lingerie.

She sat up slowly.

Wiped her face with the back of her hand.

Found her lipstick — Crimson Psalm — twisted it open with blood-stained fingers.

Painted her lips fresh.

Bent down.

And kissed his cooling cheek. A perfect, wet print left behind.

"You'll never forget me," she whispered. "Even in hell."

Then she stood.

Lit a final match. Kissed it into flame. Dropped it on the bloody sheets like a prayer he didn’t deserve.

And walked into the night, a prayer burning behind her.