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# Chapter 17: The Body Is the Evidence

💋 \*"I came while he died. Now I come while you do. That’s justice."\*

🎵 Track: \*"If You Go Away"\* — Shirley Horn

💦 Fluids: Blood, Cum, Sweat, Tears

🕯️ Ritual Tag: Final Consecration / Deathfuck Liturgy

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Falco's sanctuary smelled like whiskey, stale sweat, and the lies of men who wore crucifixes over cum-stained hearts.

The carpet was wine-stained. The velvet drapes clung to the humid breath of old sins. A battered Bible lay on the nightstand, spine broken, pages stained with fingerprints.

Vivien Vale slipped through the unlocked door like a whispered threat. Crimson Psalm smeared fresh on her mouth. Knife strapped to her thigh. The ghost of Ellis humming under her skin like static.

He was waiting.

Falco stood bare in the candlelight—cock hard, veins bulging, crucifix swinging like a false promise against his chest. His smirk was the kind men wore before slaughter or surrender.

"Come to confess?" he rasped, voice already thick with the heat of it.

Vivien let the trench coat fall from her shoulders. Beneath it, she wore a thin black slip—clinging to her damp skin like a second breath. She lifted her hands, hooked her fingers into the straps, and dragged them slowly down each bare shoulder.

The slip collapsed at her feet in a soft sigh of fabric.

She stood naked before him—a vision drenched in sin and sanctity.

Her skin flushed and glistening in the candlelight. Full breasts swaying slightly with each breath. Nipples hard, kissed dark by the cold and the hunger coiling under her skin. Her waist tapered to hips built for ruin, thighs sleek and trembling, a glistening slickness glinting between them.

Falco sucked in a breath—ragged, greedy.

His cock twitched, the hardest it had ever been in his life. Harder than for any whore, any mistress, any altar boy fantasy he'd buried under sermons and politics.

This was new.

This was everything.

The ultimate foreplay: fucking a goddess made of grief and murder. Knowing he would kill her. Savoring it. Worshipping it.

His heart pounded harder than it ever had behind a podium, inside a confession booth, between the thighs of a power-hungry socialite.

This was salvation.

This was damnation.

And he wanted it more than absolution.

Vivien smiled—a slow, sharp thing—and stepped forward.

"Come to finish it," she said.

He laughed—a wet, greedy sound—and beckoned her forward with two fingers, the way you'd summon a stray to your lap.

She crossed the room slow. Heavy. Sacred. Each step a funeral drum. Her cunt glistened in the low light, the scent of her arousal thickening the air like rain before a storm.

She straddled him like mounting a broken god.

He gasped as she sank down, the head of his cock breaching her folds—wet heat swallowing him inch by inch—until he was buried in her to the hilt.

The slow grind of her hips was a dirge.

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The fucking was furious from the start. No tenderness. No illusions.

Vivien rode him with murder in her hips, blood already singing in her teeth. Her nails raked pink welts into his chest. Sweat beaded on her brow, dripping onto his skin.

"Do you know," she whispered, her breath hot and sour with grief, "whose ghost you're inside?"

Falco grunted, thrusting up into her like he could fuck the judgment out of his soul.

"Does it matter?" he hissed through his teeth. "He died in a woman's lap like a good little whore."

Vivien smiled.

Sharp. Shaking.

"Say his name," she whispered, grinding harder, her thighs slapping against his.

He bared his teeth, spit it out between thrusts.

"Ellis. The pretty corpse."

Vivien closed her eyes.

Felt the tremor start deep—low in her womb, rippling outward. The inevitability gathering like a storm.

Her cunt clenched around him, slick with grief and rage.

She leaned down, her lips brushing the shell of his ear, and whispered:

"You killed him while I was coming."

The knife was in her hand before he saw it.

His was already in his.

The blades moved almost together—a desperate, furious kiss of steel.

Vivien slashed his throat in one clean, holy arc—just as Falco drove his blade into her side.

The world exploded.

Blood erupted.

His.

Hers.

Theirs.

Hot and thick between them, spraying her chest, her thighs, splattering the sheets like a final benediction.

But neither stopped.

They fucked through it.

Dying.

Clutching.

Bleeding.

Climaxing.

Vivien cried out, hips snapping down, grinding her clit against his dying cock as she came—long, shuddering, helpless. Her body seized and spasmed around him, a sacred convulsion of rage and resurrection.

Her thighs clamped like they had around Ellis. That night. That breath. That ruin.

Blood bubbled from Falco's torn throat, misting her skin, soaking her hair. The sound of his gurgling—wet, raw, animal—rattled against her ribs.

And as the orgasm ripped her apart, she moaned against his dying mouth:

"I came while he died. Now I come while you do. That’s justice."

Falco's cock jerked inside her—spasming helplessly, his life pouring out in gurgling sobs.

She grabbed his face as he sagged beneath her, forcing his gaze to stay on hers—fingers digging into his blood-slick cheeks.

"You die inside me," she gasped, her body trembling with aftershocks, every muscle clenching against the slow slide into collapse, "just like he did."

Falco's mouth moved. A whisper drowned in blood.

"No... you... you made it holy..."

Then his eyes glazed.

His body twitched once.

Twice.

And stilled.

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Vivien sat astride his corpse, panting. Her breath shuddered against the quiet, broken only by the slow drip of blood hitting the floor. Blood and cum leaked from between her thighs, streaking her skin in sacred ruin. Her hair clung to her face, matted with sweat and sin.

The wound in her side burned—each heartbeat a jagged fist against torn flesh.

She rocked slightly. Once. Twice. Trying to summon the strength to move.

The metallic tang of blood filled her mouth, thick and nauseating, as she breathed through parted lips.

She pulled herself off him—a sick, wet sound—and stumbled backward, the room tilting, slipping, vanishing. Her knees buckled and she collapsed onto the blood-soaked floor.

The coolness of blood pooled beneath her thighs, seeping into her skin like an unwanted baptism.

The stink of iron and death and semen wrapped around her like a lover.

Her breath hitched in shallow gasps. Her vision narrowed to a flickering pinprick of candlelight, then nothing at all.

She was slipping.

Slipping.

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The door burst open.

Cruz.

Gun drawn.

Breathless.

Eyes wide. Wild. Already breaking.

She froze—the sight before her gutting whatever scraps of professionalism still clung to her bones.

Vivien naked, bloodied, ruined.

Falco dead beneath her, throat yawning open like a second mouth.

The room a cathedral of sin and revenge.

Cruz dropped the gun.

Ran.

Fell to her knees—skidding through blood, palms slipping, voice catching in her throat.

"Vivien—"

The name tore from her, half-sob, half-prayer.

Vivien tried to smile. Failed. Her mouth just twitched, blood bubbling at the corner.

Cruz pressed trembling hands to the wound—useless against the tide. Her fingertips slipping, smearing blood into wounds she couldn't close.

Under her hands, Vivien's pulse fluttered—a weak, terrified bird trapped under skin.

"Stay with me," Cruz whispered, her voice cracking open like a wound, soft as ash, raw as penance. "Please—please—don't—"

Vivien's eyes fluttered. Half-closed. Breath shallow.

Maybe she heard. Maybe she didn't.

Cruz cradled her against her chest, rocking them both in the ruin of the bed, the night, the city.

Blood soaked into Cruz's blouse. Into her skin. Into her fucking soul.

She didn't pray.

She just held on.

Held on like maybe love could plug the holes.

Held on like maybe regret could turn back time.

Held on like maybe, just maybe, Vivien was still inside that broken, beautiful body.

And somewhere far below the sirens and the shame—the city wept.

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