**Chapter 9: Resurrection Lick**

💋 *“I poured him into me. I bled myself back to life.”*  
🎵 Track: “Blue in Green” – Miles Davis (vinyl crackle version)  
💦 Fluids: Blood, Cum, Tears  
🕯️ Ritual Tag: Grief Masturbation / Death-Wish Orgasm / Resurrection Attempt

The rain slicked her hair to her face, dripped down her thighs like secondhand sweat. Vivien Vale walked barefoot through the alleys, heels in one hand, the other curled into a fist inside the pocket of her coat.

She wasn’t hunting anymore. Not tonight.

Tonight, the city could bleed without her.

The church rose out of the mist like a broken tooth. **Iglesia del Silencio.**

She had found it the week Ellis died—drunk on grief and cheap bourbon, bloodied at the knees from a fall she couldn’t remember. The church had been boarded up then, left to rot. She liked it that way. No prayers. No saints. No forgiveness. Only wax puddles, cracked pews, and the Virgin’s robe slashed open at the heart.

She’d come here before. To sit. To light a match and watch it gutter in her hand. To whisper Ellis’s name into the splinters. To think about how easy it would be to disappear.

But she had never touched herself here.

Not until tonight.

The door yawned open on its ruined hinges. She slipped inside, the wet stone kissing her bare feet. The altar waited at the far end, crooked and wax-stained, crowned by a crucifix cracked through the Virgin’s eyes. Someone had scrawled across her robe in lipstick:

**TOUCHED.**

Vivien walked the aisle like a woman walking into her own funeral.

She reached the altar and knelt.

Not to pray.

To fuck.

She spread her coat beneath her, the slip clinging damp to her thighs. No panties. Just silk against skin, shivering. Her cunt was already wet—from the rain, from memory, from the ache that never left her.

From inside the coat, she pulled something small and stoppered—a glass vial, sealed with wax. It had sat heavy in her pocket for weeks, a weight she hadn't dared name.

The sight of it made her chest ache.

She twisted the wax-sealed stopper free.

The scent hit her first—old iron, musk, the ghost of a man’s final breath.

She didn’t remember grabbing the vial that night. Only stumbling to her vanity, hands slick with blood and cum and grief, pouring what was left of him—of them—into a bottle meant for perfume.

She hadn’t known why.

She still didn’t.

She tipped it over her chest.

The contents—thick, dark, ruined—fell onto her skin, soaked into the slip at her sternum. The cloth between her breasts caught it like an offering.

Her nipples hardened beneath it. Her breath broke.

She lay back.

Spread her thighs.

Touched herself.

Slow. Wet. Intentional. Like building her own altar out of breath and ruin.

Her free hand lifted the bloodied cloth to her mouth. She sucked it—held it there like it was his cock, his tongue, his voice.

"Ellis," she gasped against it.

Her fingers slid deep. Her palm crushed her clit. Her body bowed off the stone floor, slip riding up her hips. The rain outside roared like a congregation.

"I'm still yours," she whispered into the cloth. "I'm still—"

She squeezed her throat with the hand that wasn't fucking herself—tight, brutal, almost begging for a wire to close the loop. Blood smeared across her lips, staining the prayer she couldn't finish.

The orgasm hit like a scream swallowed by the storm—tight, involuntary, brutal.

She came hard.

Twice.

The second one tore through her like his death all over again—legs shaking, cunt slick, chest heaving against the wet silk and blood. She sobbed into the slip, body convulsing like resurrection tried and failed.

When it passed, she collapsed.

The blood soaked into her skin.

She smiled, broken and wet.

"Resurrected," she whispered.

Not him.

Herself.

For now.

The church breathed wax and rot around her.

The cracked crucifix wept rainwater onto the altar.

Vivien lay there, undone, her breath soft, her thighs trembling, her cunt still aching around absence.

And somewhere, unbidden—

Cruz's face rose in her mind.

The way Elena had looked at her. Like she wasn't just a monster. Like she was something holy.

Vivien clutched the cloth to her chest.

*You were supposed to use her.*

The plan had been simple.

Seduce the cop. Blind her with orgasm and lipstick and lies. Make her doubt. Make her beg.

Not love her.

Not want.

Not ache like this.

She swallowed hard, the taste of blood and grief bitter on her tongue.

She wanted—

God help her, she wanted to kiss Elena without cruelty.

She wanted to be touched the way Cruz touched her—as if she mattered. As if the blood on her hands could be forgiven by fingers trailing soft down her spine.

She wanted a night without knives.

Vivien felt her throat tighten.

*You can't have both,* the voice inside her hissed. *You chose blood. You chose death.*

*Snap out of it.*

She shoved the memory down. Locked it behind the old walls.

She was here for Ellis.

She would die for Ellis.

Not for a woman who made her believe she could still be saved.

Vivien sat up slowly. The slip clung damp to her chest, a faint dark stain blooming at her sternum, like bruised silk.

She buttoned the coat over it, hands steady, breath not.

Then she walked barefoot into the rain.

Outside, the city bled neon into puddles.

Inside, her heart forgot how not to want.

She didn’t look back.