

Bloodthirsty

by Violet Waters

cw: blood, gendered anatomy language

Setting: Downtown Los Angeles, 1953

Starring: Maila Nurmi as Vampira

[music]

In the bathroom of the basement dive bar, a lightbulb hangs from a hook on the ceiling. I stand before the mirror which hangs from a nail and a thin piece of waxed rope— ready to shatter on the floor any minute now. I hear the rustle of footsteps outside the door, the clinking of green glass bottles. An overplayed song insists:

[Have mercy, mercy, baby, I know I done you wrong]

I grab the wooden chair in the corner and push it against the already-bolted door, just in case. I want to be able to relax. It's Friday and this is my tradition: a show before dinner. This bar, whose patrons are a mix of upstanding queers and pathetic "straight" men, gives me one and then the other. I like to flirt with the girls, work up an appetite, then finish off a pushy man on the walk home, one nobody will miss much.

Tonight, I'm in full costume. It's always fun to snag a fanboy and watch the way he shudders when he's transported back to the cum-stained leather magazine he hid under his bed as a teenager. Most of them saw me on *The Vampira Show* first, then scrambled to the news counter to beg the cashier for any centerfolds they could get their hands on.

As the light flickers, I survey my reflection. I move a piece of jet-black hair from one side of my part to the other, smooth down the sides with the palms of my hand. In the dim light, my cheekbones seem cut with a butcher's knife. The sleeves of my black dress drape down to my hips, which is cinched with a leather corset. The satin bow at the base of my back holds me firmly and carefully together. Fishnets cling to my legs and six-inch black boots lift me tall enough to press my hands to the wall before me and glare into the mirror. I get in close. The nails on my fingers are crimson and pointed, I tap them just to hear the sound and snicker at the effect— the tapping now controls the pulse of the room, of the building, of the city.

[tapping]

I dig through the square black purse at my side until I find a small glass vial of still-warm blood. I dip my pinky finger into it and hold it up to the light: it glistens dark and thick. I look myself in the eyes as I hold it under my nose, then right before my lips. Every bone in my body twitches with longing. I inhale, and my exhale is jagged and

hungry. I press my hips desperately against the sink, cross my legs and writhe slightly. I extend the feeling, teasing myself to the point of near-collapse.

[music]

The musty smell pools in my lungs and slowly, carefully, I drag the finger across my tongue, closing my lips around it to extract every drop of red. As the familiar tug of hunger on the brink of satiation runs through my arms, legs, hips, cunt, I listen to my heart beat loud in my ears. I am wet. My tongue is wet. I am comprised entirely of wanting. I am dressed to kill.

I open my eyes and survey my reflection one last time, collecting myself. I drag a fingernail under my eyelid to remove the smudged eyeliner, then dip the finger in the vial once again. This time, I pat the blood into my lips with quick, exact motions. They grow flushed, then deeply stained. Once the shade of crimson is right, I add another thin layer, mostly for the sheen. I grin, and little rivulets of red linger between my teeth, I don't lick them away.

II. Barroom

"What are you drinking?"

The woman with slicked-back hair puts one boot in front of the other and leans against the bar. She wears a white t-shirt cuffed at the sleeves, tucked into jeans. Black leather belt with a shiny buckle. Black bandana knotted at the neck. A single gold hoop through one ear. She props her chin up on one hand. I can tell she's trying to be tough and, at least for the moment, I want her to think it'll stay that way.

"Oh, I'm alright," I say without much conviction, making sure she sees me looking her up and down, shifting a hand to my hips.

"Oh, come on, what'll it be?"

She nods at the bartender, a man in a sailor's hat, and he asks, "the usual?" She says yes, and whatever I'm having. I don't drink often, not for any moral reason, but because the blood-thinning properties aren't ideal for making my dinner last as long as possible. It's better for it to coagulate a little-- *stick to the ribs* as someone's mother would say.

But I'll admit, she's cute. I went out tonight as more of an errand than anything else and was about to head home, see what no-good fanboy I could track down on way out in the process, but this seems like more fun.

"Shot of vodka please."

"Hey, don't I know you from somewhere? You had that TV show where you introduced all the movies and stuff."

"Leave her alone, Dave," the woman cuts in.

"No, that's quite alright." I curl a hand over her arm, my crimson nails glinting in the dim dive bar light. "Yes, I had the Vampira show."

"Yes! I knew it."

I can see her looking me up and down and I grin, but make sure not to expose all the teeth just yet. Dave hands her a beer, little beads of condensation form on the bottle's neck and roll languidly downwards.

He hands me a little glass that I tip back slowly, holding eye contact with her the whole time. I let the vodka burn its way through me slowly, wincing and, against my better judgement, laughing under my breath. I can feel it coursing through me immediately and I grin-- it's been a while since I played mad-scientist with my own bloodstream. She watches this process and warns, "easy now," which we both know is all for show. I watch her smooth, firm hands grasp the beer a little tighter. I can smell the warm, sweet blood under her skin.

We start talking and my hand "accidentally" brushes her arm. I know she can feel it, the blood rising to the surface to meet my fingers, to get that much closer to my lips. I feel it too of course: the sharp, warm rush of longing. It starts then: just a touch, and I let all the blood in the room know who's in charge. I can see her pupils twitch, her tongue run involuntarily over her lips, her hands struggle to secure themselves in her jean pockets so the quivering isn't noticeable.

A few drinks in, she moves her hand to the lower part of my back and steps in a little closer, leaning against the slick countertop of the bar, "I'm N."

"Just N?"

"Just N."

"Okay then, just N."

"And you?"

"Well if I only get a letter, so do you."

She cocks her head to the side and a smile spreads across her face.

"Alright, well, I'll take when I can get."

"I'm V."

"Well can I kiss you, V?"

And before she has time to sit back and relish her line, I snicker and run my fingernails down the back of her head to the base of her neck, I pull back so that I can see her eyes while I do this and I know she can feel it again: the blood rushing to my fingertips. I feel her breath stop as I pull her head into mine and hold her bottom lip between my front teeth-- not the fangs yet-- pulling back very slowly. Her hand travels to the small of my back and I let it stay there slipping back up onto the barstool so she can get a better grip on me. I press slightly against the slick black vinyl of the stool and grab her more desperately, I slip a hand into the back pocket of her jeans and in response, she kisses me harder, a soft moan escaping her throat. I stretch one fishnet-clad leg out before me and wrap a boot around her legs, keeping her right where I want her.

When I pull back, her eyes are flung wide, hungry and in disbelief. And I know this is the moment: I smile wide so she knows what she's in for. The lingering tint of red on my front teeth glints in the dingy light and I can feel her eyes travel from the center of my mouth to the long, pointed fangs where my canine teeth should be.

She gulps, then whispers "are those real?"

I nod slowly and wink, searching her face to see whether or not she can take it. My inkling: not as much as she wants me to think she can, but at the end of the day, she'll hold up. She brings a trembling hand up towards my mouth and I grin again so she can run a thumb against the pointed enamel.

"Are you going to...?" Her voice shakes with mixed fear and longing, and I stall for a moment before I assure her that this won't be her last night.

I speak slowly, hand creeping up her back, positioning my fingernails so I know she can feel them drag through her t-shirt.

"If I was going to, I wouldn't have shown you first."

Then, leaning in to whisper into her ear, "that wouldn't be good etiquette, now would it? And I'm sure you can tell I'm the kind of lady with good etiquette."

I hold her chin in my hand lightly enough for her to nod. Her mouth opens and her eyes flutter. I remind her, "I don't want to hurt you."

[Vampira show theme music]

Then I add, "Or I do, but I won't hurt you. I promise."

She steadies her footing, runs a hand through her hair and quickly, urgently suggests, "well, maybe we should get out of here."

I can hear her fumbling with the keys hanging from her belt loop and I grab her hand to interrupt, "No, I live right around the corner."

III. Bedroom

When we get to the "Go Away" welcome mat, I'm already fumbling with the buckle of her leather belt. She pushes me against the front door to kiss my neck and I push her further through it. The kitchen, with its checkerboard tiles and glossy red fridge hums in the distance and she leads me towards it. I want her to lift me up onto the countertop so I can feel it cool against my thighs, but then I remember the experiment: jars of hand-clotted and preserved blood setting in the fridge, and decide to lead us to the bedroom. If we do this again (emphasis on the if), then she might get to see a little more-- see what she's just barely escaping.

[music]

On the bed-- black metal frame and dark red sheets-- I push her against the headboard to grab her by the bandana and place the other hand behind her, moving my lips across the space between her t-shirt collar and her chin. I take the knot of the bandana between my teeth-- the front ones-- and pull it loose. Boots still on, I press my knee between her legs and she writhes against it, gasping *fuck*. Her breath is warm and hypnotizing against my cheek, I can smell the way the blood in her is swelling, pulling her towards me and me towards her. She kisses me hard, one hand gripping my ass and the other taking a fistful of my hair, tugging just slightly.

"Careful," I warn.

My fangs click against her teeth and the sound reverberates through both of our bodies. I sit up for a moment and pull the long, loud zipper of my boots down, slipping one off with one foot, then the other. I do this very slowly and watch how she twitches with anticipation. With a long, dramatic arm, I throw one boot off the side of the bed. Then, eventually, the other.

Her hand grips my calf and runs up the fishnets to my thigh, holding it tight. She slips the hand between my legs, two fingers stroking up towards my clit, teasing me as I lean into her mouth, pulling her on top of me. Again, I want to let her think she's in control for just a moment. The switch is nothing without the bait. I would know.

She slips her fingers under the waistband of the tights, the waistband of my black, lace-skirted underwear.

"What can I do for you?" she whispers, her voice suddenly so earnest. It's almost unbearable. I kiss her, let her wait for it, then tell her.

"What you can do is stay very, very still, do you want to do that?"

She nods quickly, desperately.

"Okay then, buckle up."

I slip the belt from her waist and carefully wrap it around her wrists, which I shift behind her head to the metal bars of the headboard. I slip the belt strap through the buckle and pull it into a knot, tucking the strap so that she can resist, but just barely.

I run a hand along the side of her cheek and see her eyes open wide.

"Remember, I'm not going to hurt you."

She gasps, "I know, but--"

"What?"

"The nails."

I run the talons along her scalp so I know she can feel each and every point. I maintain them expertly-- the sides are always filed even, the tips lacquered immediately after being sharpened.

"Oh, what about them?" I tease.

"Actually, though."

"Don't worry," I assure her, "I won't be needing these until later."

"I trust you," she says quietly, then laughs.

"Or at least I think I trust you."

"Now, play dead for me, would you?" I ask.

My nails click against the button of her jeans and I slip it loose, pulling them down in one swift motion. I press my mouth to her inner-thigh and smell the blood throbbing in her cunt, making everything in her swell and convulse under my grip. She is wet, and I know she can barely stand it any longer. Her grey cotton briefs are soaked near-black.

"Good," I assure her.

"Good, but you can do better."

I pull the grey cotton down to her knees and kiss my way back up her thighs, dragging my fangs hard enough to leave a mark but not hard enough to pierce the skin.

"Do you know how bad I want you?" I ask, completely serious.

"Yes."

"No, you don't, but I can show you."

I run my tongue along the inside of her thigh, then upwards across her cunt, pressing my lips to her clit and stretching my tongue downwards again. The blood rushing to the fingers is one thing, but when it rushes to my mouth it is something else entirely. When I want her this bad, the magnetic force takes me aback as well. She is wet and warm against my mouth and as I lick, I use my front teeth ever so gently to graze the lip of her cunt.

"Bite me," she gasps, and I want to. But instead, I run one set of fingernails along her back. Wherever my fingers go, I can feel her pulse sputtering, I can hear the same pattern on her breath.

When she comes onto my tongue, I reach my hand through the bottom of her shirt, up to the skin of her shoulder, and I scratch a little bit too hard. A tiny circle of red blooms through the white cotton of her t-shirt, which is already covered in blackened blood from my lips.

I raise my head to see her, eyes still closed.

"Now, how are you going to thank me for resisting?"

I hold the bloody finger to my lips but don't lick it yet, settling back.

"How do I taste?" she whispers in my ear, moving back on top of me and sliding the sleeves of my dress down off my shoulders, pressing her mouth to my collarbone and putting her own teeth to use, grazing it gently.

She kisses down my stomach, curls three fingers inside of me and I press against the force of them. Her hand slides to my neck and I laugh. I wonder who she got that move from.

I put my fingers in my mouth and taste her: salty, deep, longing for me as hard as I am longing for her. I swear, the blood twitches on my tongue.

"You taste..."

And before I can finish the sentence, she thrusts in me hard and deep. I turn my head to the side, grip the pillowcase with my full set of teeth, and tear it wide open.

[music]

END