

Malkavian neonate Persephone has started to let the mask down and find herself creatively - chiefly in her interest in suffering. Most vampires leave these mortal sensations behind, but humans know the depths of pain, pleasure and fear all too well. Kink seems like a natural avenue for experimentation, so Persephone requests the aid of a certain domme; but kindred have thicker skin than humans.

Erotica

[Content Warning: Heavy Sadomasochistic Play, Mild Body Horror]

“Well, have fun with your kinky sex meetup or whatever. I’ll be back at one.”

“It’s *not*- ugh, bye, Tessa. It’s not sexual.”

The teenage vampire wore an impish smile, taking off down the first floor stairs and turning the corner with her skateboard. It was strange to think about the contrast - to all the world now as just another disaffected queer youth, and yet she was a bulletproof maneating monster when the need arose. *Monster*: a word Tessa would always protest, despite the reality of their new lives.

Persephone - that is, the gelid, amorphous parasite puppeting the corpse of Dr. Georgia Proctor - watched her go. Persephone often speculated how much of Tessa’s childish mores were due to suspended brain development versus simple mimicry, trying to play house with the prey as her apparent age. The wheels of her skateboard were loud on the curb, slowly getting distant. Off she was to live her new life.

So was Persephone. The middle aged redhead smiled to herself, and her snakebite piercings and cheek studs stretched oddly on her drawn face. She’d needed a thin screwdriver and some force to make the holes in her cheeks, what with the resilience of kindred flesh; mercifully, her lips were still thin mucosa and could be pierced with just a sewing needle. When she shut the door, the little mirror she’d strung to the back beamed the dead doctor’s face back at her, pale as porcelain save for the smoky makeup and her cold blue eyes.

“Stupid to forget.” The killer sighed. Her face winced as the thick, crawling vitae forced out of her heart and into her web of useless blood vessels. A moment later, her flesh was warm and pink again... and a trickle of blood and spit dripped from her left cheek. Another moment, and it was on her finger, and then her tongue. Her throat was drier now, fingers curling into little desperate claws before they flexed again.

There was a different appetite for her tonight. A sort of... professional curiosity. Persephone sat on the lounge, watching the door, listening to the minutes go by, until-

Tap-tap-tap-tap, soft as a feather on the wood frame. In a blink the doctor had skipped from her seat to the door, pulling it open with a bashful grin. Tonight’s assistant met her eyes with only a whisper of a smile - *Briar*, dressed in their floor-length suede trenchcoat, bold black makeup clashing with a strong face and a blonde pixie cut. Briar was a trans woman, Persephone had read, though they liked femininity little and described themselves more as a ‘*dykey leather daddy bleeding gender out the pores*’ - whatever that meant. Kindred or not, Persephone was still a tourist, and the kink scene was... well, more a means to an end for what she really wanted.

“Hiya, Briar! Not a long drive, I hope?”

“‘*Hiya*.’ Pretty spry for a desperate little pain freak, aren’t you Koré? Or do you prefer Persephone? I watched your cute little drag show.” Briar raised a brow, taking a heavy buckled purse off their shoulder and offering it out for Persephone. “This is your first time, yeah? *Pickle* is the safeword, toy.”

“Persephone is good. F-First time with someone else. I’ve done plenty of, uhm... ‘play’ on my own.” Persephone raised a brow at the bag. “*Toy*. Exciting. Are these, uhm, your tools?”

“Sure is, toy. Put it on the table. Have a gander if you want: you’re gonna tell me now what’s fair game and what isn’t.”

“Ooh. Like, uhm, picking out flowers for a bouquet.” She blushed, straining a little as she took the bag, trying to ignore her date’s quizzical stare. With reverent hands Persephone set it down, unbuckled it, and looked inside. Excitement was a new feeling these days, and here she was plundering a veteran’s toolbox: out came a leather flogger, crocodile clamps, an array of thin steel needles and an electric prod.

More was within, but Persephone stopped when her guest sat across from her, eyes tracking across the walls of her home. Eventually, Briar chuckled. Save for a few old scraps of wallpaper, they were all stark white.

“Going for the asylum look, huh? Have you ever worn a straitjacket?”

“No - why would you say that? It just helps me focus.” Persephone shot her gaze down to the tools between them, her blush still lingering. “You don’t have one, do you?”

“A straitjacket? At home. In my lair, so to speak.” Her guest’s calloused fingers took the purse and turned it over, letting the rest spill onto the table. There were a few things Persephone didn’t recognize, and Briar seemed to catch on: their hand gently tapped one piece, like a pizza cutter with long, sharp spokes. “This is a pinwheel - I’ll run it along your nerves and make you writhe, as gentle or as hard as you can take.”

“That sounds fun. Uhm, hard. I can do hard. Is that... what is that?”

A little plastic pouch stood out from the other toys - what looked like a thin yellow vegetable inside, crooked and pointy. Briar lifted it up and gave it a little shake, grinning back at Persephone. “Skinned ginger root. I guess you haven’t done figging before - it’s safe, but the oil really burns you up inside.”

“Quirky, okay. Sorry, is that a-”

“A Cusco speculum, yes. You like medical play?”

“Yes... you could say that. Yes, I do.” Persephone shuddered, glancing to another - a little black handle and trigger, connected to a long thin pipe. “And that one?”

“That’s an igniter. Little flame comes out the end... fun for candles, or burning a little oil off your skin, or the plain pyrophilic.”

A small, animal part of her psyche recoiled at the words like they were bullets. Her meek voice was shrill in the back of her mind: *not that, not that, not-*

“Not that.” Persephone smiled flatly. “Uhm, I don’t know about the ginger root either.” *Something to try on my own time, just in case it reveals me for a corpse*, she thought. “I like everything else, you can use them on me.”

“Mm-hm.”

Briar took the igniter and ginger root back in the purse, then cupped their arms to drag the rest together over the tablecloth. The couch creaked as they leaned forward, eyes drifting to the

rope hook screwed into the ceiling - and then, their gaze fell to Persephone, hands in her lap and back straight in her little latex skirt and corset.

The visitor took a bottle of Gatorade from their trench, took a last sip, and squeezed the bottle taut before it sat on the table. Persephone swallowed, and Briar took a deep breath.

"You're sure you're down for this? I mean, we have a safeword, yeah - but it doesn't take a connoisseur to tell you're getting your feet wet with me." A small, toothy smile. "If you just want to get spanked, get tied up and have sex, you can say that."

"No." Persephone spoke, a little too quickly. "Uhm, I'm not really... sex isn't for me. I'm trying to explore... to indulge my curiosity. I know what I'm doing, and I know the risks - I want to."

"What do you want to do? Elaborate: nice and loud, too."

A bashful smile settled on the vampire's mouth - on the mouth of the skin she wore.

"I want to submit and let you hurt me. I want to see how far I can go, and if you can take me there." Briar wanted more, so she paused, chewed on her lips before continuing. "I want to be in agony, to cry, to stifle my screams so the nosy old bitch upstairs doesn't hear me. Is that what you want?"

"It is. Bend over the back of the lounge: we'll start with finding your pain tolerance, and I'll lead from there, toy. Don't disappoint."

With a little too much enthusiasm, Persephone rose onto her knees and did as she was told, stretching over the sofa's back like a lazy cat. As the vampire had begun to expect from most of her brief liaisons over Fetlife messages, impact play was a core appeal, simplistic as it was for her... but it was rude to look a gift horse in the mouth so early. Briar's hand began their little dance, smacking her ass almost *playfully* at first, then with the sharpness of a cane, then *again, again, again* over the same sore spot on the edge of her cheek. Persephone played her part dutifully: gasps, whimpers, squirming as they pulled her skirt up.

A paddle was next - one side was flat hot leather, leaving a sharp sting across her rear that made her quiver under Briar's watch. *More, more! It's not enough!* The words came to her easily, and their little back and forth soon made the paddle turn: on its opposite side, sharp and studded. It rended the flesh it hit, left bruised and bleeding, even grazing her thighs with sickening, stinging pain... and yet, somehow, it was still routine.

When Briar tossed the paddle onto the other seat, it was caked in blood and sweat - they paused to shake their wrist and flex their fingers, taking a breath. Persephone looked back at them, still expectant. The challenge was there, and taken: in a flicker, Briar's hand was balling a fist in the roots of the doctor's hair, yanking her head back like a kitten in her mother's jaws.

"I haven't misjudged you, have I? You've got a deeper tolerance than most. Should I keep going until I find where it ends?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

The mood had seemed to shift like the flick of a light, Briar's amusement twisting on their face into something... *predatory*. At the best of times, Persephone considered herself a keen judge of character: yet as tonight's assistant manhandled Persephone's hair and hips to roll her over and pin her to the lounge, she still almost squealed with girlish shock. Briar's fingers were strong and tense, digging into her bare shoulder and leaving little pink imprints where they traced.

Persephone squirmed uncomfortably on the smarting, bleeding welts she had to sit on, but Briar didn't seem to care. Her dominatrix was a shadow on her stark haven, new and uncertain and *hungry*.

In the back of her mind, Persephone likened pain to tickling oneself: a long dead biological imperative still enhanced the sensations, but it was predictable and even routine with practice. With a partner, suddenly that sensation came from an unfamiliar place, unexpected angles... the rush of life in an excruciating moment. Action and consequence: pain was control, and just briefly, she was ceding it.

Persephone's arms were placed behind her, over the back of the lounge, Briar straddling the doctor's lap as they pulled her wrists together. In the blink of an eye and the *click* of a lock, a pair of handcuffs linked her arms - and a heavy metal weight that hung between them like a pendulum, keeping her arms down. Content, Briar wore a heady smirk down at their victim, taking off their coat and tossing it aside. Their arms were wiry and strong, covered in old scars about the wrists. Persephone's lips moved to speak, but their hand clamped over her mouth. "Hush, toy. Your drag show - I saw the way you pulled those thorns through your wrists, bled all over the stage. That was cathartic, wasn't it?"

When Briar did not continue, Persephone meekly nodded. Her assistant fell into a chuckle.

"Uh huh. I thought maybe you wanted to be punished, or maybe you thought you needed blood to get attention... but that wasn't it either. That shy little smile, trying not to skip off the stage, and now your little show-off with the paddle... you're just an old fashioned little freak. You enjoy it: like I do inflicting it."

Keeping their dark gaze locked on Persephone, Briar reached back for the table, feeling blindly for a tool: a grin on their face as their hand closed around their quarry. Held under the light like a murder weapon was the pinwheel, lowered down with an experimental little twirl to just above the doctor's collarbone. Temptingly slow, Briar let the spokes fall softly beneath one shoulder, and began to drag the wheel horizontally toward the other.

Each point was curved and dug softly into her skin, pulling as it wound across her chest. It could not break her skin, but *oh*, it tried: a little whimper tumbled out of Persephone's lips as she tilted her head to watch. Her flesh pitched over each point like a ripping tent, growing pink with the simmering vitae filling her capillaries... and then just as she began to strain and grind at her handcuffs, Briar stopped.

"You bruise easy, toy. You want more?"

"It's because I'm pale." Annoyance slipped into Persephone's voice. "Yes, *more*. You know I can take it."

"Impatient little whore, aren't you?" Briar snickered, touching the pinwheel's spokes to the top of her corset. "You gonna cry if this comes off?"

Persephone shook her head, and then came those fingers down across her leather-bound chest. The laces were more like stitches, woven thinly through her skin - for just a moment Briar hesitated, before pressing one palm against her belly and running a finger through the first loop. Inserting the laces was almost therapeutic for the vampire, watching how her body would tense and ease to the sterile needle... but then, as the laces dragged quick through her punctured belly, Persephone straightened up with a gasp of surprise. The muscles in Briar's arm tensed, holding her down like a piece of wriggling meat - the last lace coming out with a trickle of blood. "Love when my toys wrap themselves for me." Briar's purr was barely audible over the corset hitting the floor. With her chest bared, Persephone felt the human's heat right over her skin... and better yet, the pinwheel walking down her breastbone, *hard*, grinding between her breasts

right down the middle of her belly. When it hit softer skin she squirmed and whined, chewing her lip as it went to and fro. When at last it stopped, the raw pain seemed to linger.

Briar was far from finished, of course. Before Persephone could strain her head forward to look, the toothed clamps snapped down on her nipples, drawing out a sudden shriek up her throat.

Her throat wasn't left bared for long, Briar's *harmless human teeth* biting and gnawing along the side of her neck, almost hard enough to break the skin. It was strange, taboo even, not that her assistant would ever know - Persephone strained the vitae in her throat, trying to bleed for Briar through the broken bruises under their teeth. Of course, the doctor's heaving and gasping implied something else for her dominatrix, so Briar smacked her tits and squeezed down on the clamps. Every breath was hotter in her mouth, difficult to pass at all.

Strange for our erogenous zones to still be so sensitive to pain, given their uselessness for reproduction, Persephone thought between panting breaths. Every night, a quaint new discovery. Before she could linger on it, her assistant had attached a slender little chain to the end of both clamps... and suddenly pulled on its middle, yanking Persephone upright by the metal in her nipples. The vampire made to scream, but thought better of it, choking out a desperate, breathless whine as she finally met Briar's eyes again.

There was more blood, dripping down her chest like scarlet tears; a smell that filled her nose like heady poison. It was so rarely *hers* these nights. When Briar moved to speak, they hesitated for a beat, weighing the chain like Persephone's heart was in their hand.

"You're getting off on this, aren't you?"

No, I'm physically incapable was hardly the right answer for the mood. Instead, she wore a fanged smile, shaking as she stuck her chin up. "I *only* get off for pain, a-and... I still need more."

Briar stayed in silent thought for a time, testing the chain between their fingers. The little bundle of tools and toys was temptingly out of reach; Persephone wore a plaintive, desperate look like a wedding veil, barely keeping her cool under the pressure.

Finally, Briar grinned - like a jackal. "Spread your legs: wide, around my hips. I have something to make you submit, *doctor*."

Persephone leaned into the back of the sofa, taking a moment to remember how her legs were used. Untangling from beneath Briar, she tentatively spread her thighs, hitching them over the human's hips before hurriedly searching for their gaze. "I-I'm still not interested in sex, just to be clear. Uhm, intercourse, anyway."

"I remember." Briar tilted their head, shrugging a lock of hair out of their eye. For a time, their movements became suddenly careful and precise, grabbing the hem of Persephone's skirt and dragging it up to her waist - the wet sound of rubbing latex briefly the only noise in the world. Their nails gently slipped beneath the vampire's panties, dragging them to the side in a manner somehow both workmanlike and exceedingly gentle. The hand between her legs suddenly came to Persephone's jaw, grabbing it roughly and tilting her up to meet each other's eyes. "I came here to hurt you, and as it seems to me, my toy doesn't even *like* pleasure. I've seen my share of depravity, and you might take the cake."

Letting go of her jaw, Briar suddenly spat across her face, hot saliva striking her eye and cheek. Persephone recoiled, bit her lip, suddenly not an inhuman monster but an embarrassed virgin - not all pain was physical, after all.

"I'm going to stretch you." Briar said matter-of-factly, smirking down at her. "You've had kids, right? Remember how it felt when your cunt tore itself apart?"

Persephone shivered - too much. Briar nodded.

"Oh yeah. I'll bet that's your limit... poor little thing, needing all this work just to cum like a normal person. You want this?"

"I-I want this."

"*Mistress.*"

"...I want this, Mistress."

"Good. Say aah."

"Aah...?"

Describing the jolt that shot through her lower body would've been hard even for a lucid doctor. Stainless steel blades, smooth and cold - *so goddamn cold* - began sliding into her cunt, slow but so insistent. Briar had used only a sliver of lube, not that a vampire would care, much less *her*: Persephone grit her teeth and pulled hard at the cuffs, her feet shaking against the small of her dom's back. Her body's natural reaction was to pull away from the speculum, to retreat anywhere at all, but there was nowhere to go. It felt deeper with every second, not unlike a knife piercing her flesh... her insides stretching around the steel both macabre and erotic.

At last it was deep enough: a strange amalgam of tapered prongs and screws barely visible from over her panting chest. Briar was quiet now, their gloved fingers curling around the tool and smoothly rotating it until the handles were upright. Persephone tried to mouth words, but the feeling escaped her: not pleasure, but the horrible churning of her flesh inside, her walls clinging to this cold thing as if it were both lover and invader.

Finally, Briar began to turn the screws.

It was difficult to notice at first. Persephone *did* have a strong pain tolerance even before her affection for it. Then... *oh, then!* Her lips parted in a choked gasp as they did between her legs, and she felt the blades push into the sensitive flesh of her vagina and *stretch*, far further than she'd ever had need for. She'd wrapped herself in barbed wire, doused herself in boiling water, and somehow Persephone had missed the most sensitive wound of all. Tears came to her eyes well before she recognized them - and yet the exquisite pain of her body forced open still wasn't enough.

"*M-More.*" Persephone meant to purr, but growled it out instead. "More, I need more. Please."

"Careful, doctor, you might bleed."

"I know. Make me bleed - I want to. I have to!"

Briar paused for longer this time - but still, they indulged her. The sound of those screws turning was a death knell and a hymn, each little turn pulling her cunt taut around the blades. Horrific was an understatement of the pain. Persephone managed half an anguished scream before remembering where she was and choking it silent, spit falling out of her mouth and pooling with the blood on her chest. Beneath, she could feel herself start to tear - coming undone like the unlaced corset, smelling sweet vitae starting to drool from where she was riven inside.

Her wrists were chafing in the cuffs, fingers desperately clawing in her palms. Between gasps and shudders, Persephone forced her head down to capture Briar in her gaze, her assistant finally starting to wind down the screw. The blades shifted and pinched over her torn walls, hellish as they went... but the nightmare began to ease just a little.

"W-Wait." Persephone managed. It was hard to keep her fangs in now with the sick scent of blood all over her, chewing on her lips to sate herself. The agony wasn't unbearable - not yet. Almost thinking better of herself, she hissed it out. "Put - the prod! Put it in. Zap me, set me on f-fire! I need more!"

"I-" Briar seemed flustered for a moment - and only a moment before it faded into confusion.

"That's... no, that's insane. Pickle, okay?"

The lights went out in Persephone's mind. The safe word? *Why?* Still half choking on the spit in her mouth, she tried in vain to sit up as the dominatrix undid the speculum; still mercifully aching. *God, what a rush!*

It took the vampire a few seconds to realise the scene was ending.

"W-Wait, I was-" Persephone stammered, blushing harder than she had yet tonight. All of a sudden: shame. "No, I was into that, I like what we were doing. I-I got a bit carried away, that's..."

"Persephone - Korè - you're not even wet. Not even a little." Briar tried to look more sympathetic than perturbed, though they couldn't fully hide it. Carefully the speculum eased out of her thighs, glistening with drops of scarlet want; her assistant didn't see it that way. "I-I cut you up with this thing, *waaay* too far, and you wanted more. I only know *BDSM* first aid, what would we do if I went and nicked something bad in there!?"

Suddenly the room was silent as the grave. Persephone moved her mouth limply to speak, but the words didn't quite form. Cocking their head, Briar leaned over her, quickly searching for her cuffs and the key from their coat.

"This... Is this a self harm thing, girl? You can tell me. No, no, I promise I won't judge."

Make it go back. Continue. The voice in the back of Persephone's brain was like a cracking whip, startling her in silence. ***Dominate it. Humans don't make us feel guilty, doctor. Make it work.***

Shut up, she told herself, like a hundred times before. *You're a stupid ape brain response.*

That's rape, you idiot. We're not going there.

So? Did that stop Hades?

Click. The noise brought her mind floating back up. The cuffs came loosely off her pink bruises, the vitae rushing back into her flesh. Suddenly Persephone felt keenly aware of her nudity. If her heart could still beat, it might have skipped.

"No, it's not... like that. It's not." A meek whisper. "I want to see how far I can go. What I can take. I just... still haven't found it.

Can't we-?"

"No." Briar spoke firmly, face wearing a flat mask: and then smiled. "That's enough. If you wanna see how far you can go, and you *really* mean it, you gotta see a therapist. Now... that was a lot: let me clean you up, 'mkay?"

It was hard to meaningfully complain. By all accounts, Briar was a caring dominatrix the moment the scene had concluded, and though Persephone *knew of* aftercare she didn't much expect it given her interests. Half there, she watched the human carefully wipe down and treat her cuts with antiseptic and Vaseline; her bruises, with essential oil and gentle massages. It felt more alien than the pain, in some sense - comfort she vaguely remembered from some other life. Briar remained for another half hour, insisting on cuddling with Persephone on the couch, either in gentle small talk or complete silence. Their eyes scanned her for scars, but found none.

Persephone lingered on the ones over Briar's wrists, and on their thighs; such a permanent investment for humans. How could they get it? Hell, would she be happier if she could wear them too? They would hate her for even asking. Persephone hated a little of herself for thinking it. In the back of her mind, that prowling voice - *voices* - quivered with dissatisfaction at a limit out of reach; rattled with anger at Briar's mercy; and whimpered like puppies when they went to leave.

"You're gonna be good, right? Call the neighbours if you get light headed?" Briar stopped in front of the door, giving their purse a quick once-over before following the vampire with a grin.

"Scared me a bit back there, honestly."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm okay." Persephone nodded quickly, pulling her dressing gown tighter around her as the door opened. "Uhm, thank you. Thank you for trying that with me, and... hanging around to check on me."

"It's alright to know your limits, yeah? Any good dom will show you them. Anyway, no problem, least I could do and least you deserve. Just... take care of yourself?"

Briar let their words hang for a second, unsure of what else to add. Lingered on Persephone for a while longer, they started down the stairs, giving her a little nod. Persephone couldn't help it.

"Briar?"

"Yeah babe?"

"Uhm, do you think we could stay in touch?"

"...Sure, yeah. I'll hit you up tomorrow or something, see how you're healing and feeling. On Fetlife, I mean."

Persephone watched them go, down the stairs and turning the corner: off to live their life, probably trying to put behind them the creature that took up their Saturday. With a heavy sigh, the animate corpse stepped back inside and swung the door shut. It was just another night, and experimenting was prone to failure, especially with such a wide field as 'kink', or even 'somasochism.' If nothing else, it would've been so much worse if her coterie was cognizant of it - somehow they understood her interest in pain even less than the humans she worked with. Best to clean up and be presentable long before Tessa was home.

Searching in the mirror she'd left on the door, Persephone couldn't quite get an angle on all her new wounds. Even if they would be gone by tomorrow night, they were still worthy of recollection now. Leaving her gown draped on the carpet, the would-be queen of hell slipped into her bedroom and stood before the mirror.

Only here, the walls weren't white - they were a florid, dreamlike meld of pink, fuschia and crimson, covering her semblance of order and normality in a fit of passion. It made her horribly uncomfortable, but... being uncomfortable was part of finding the new, Persephone reasoned. The light played oddly off the scene in her bedroom, casting a dim glow over the cold vitae on her thighs. At her will, the amorphous blood in her system coursed and moved like a wave: drawing out a stifled giggle as she pulled the blood away from the hickeys on her throat. Still a nice night, all things considered.

Carefully, her flat nails - still chipped and bitten like they had been on the night of her embrace - traced the path of the blood over her thighs. It was still sweet when she brought it to her lips... and it still hurt to stand, just a little. It did not hurt enough. Christ, she could take buckshot and live, be thrown off her roof and suffer only bruises - that wasn't *nearly* enough. What was the point of controlling her pain if she never knew how far it could go?

Staring herself down in the mirror, Persephone's gaze traveled with her fingers, around the wrist of her right hand. A bracelet of thorny rose vine was tattooed there, at the end of a long sleeve of choking flora. *Pain is liberation*, her lady had told her. Persephone was starting to get it. For once, the dead ego of Georgia Proctor and the killer in the back of her mind were in agreement: empathy was the limiting factor for her human assistants. It wasn't their fault, nor a flaw - they expected she was human too, subject to the same frailty as them. Short of breaking the masquerade there was a much simpler, easier solution. She needed to find someone *cruel*.