Never take the Hell out of me

by eyelikeamagpie

Summary

It's not enough. It's never enough.

But that doesn't mean it isn't fun.

Notes

A quick overview;

This is one of two creative writing transformations I had to write for my English Lit/Lang course. This particular one was given the draft mark of an A*, and it was certainly the more ambitious of the two.

It's basically porn.

Feel free to read for coursework ideas, or just for pleasure.

The song lyrics are in bold, and the song itself is one of my own, so you probably won't be able to find it online.

Anyway.
Ain't life a bitch?
Well death ain't exactly any rosier.
It's sickening, really. Of course, Salome doesn't give a damn about sleeping in the wet patch, be it white or red. It all tastes the same, after all; bitter, salty, a tad too rich to be enjoyable.

Still.

Her attention drifts, only briefly, to the object which awoke her. A simple black radio, nothing special, enticing her back to consciousness with the strum of a guitar and murmured lyrics - the same ones echoing in her memory.

"Open eyes, the night before,"
The night before comes back in fragments at first, but eventually they build up into something recognisable.

"Crashing in through broken doors,"
It's a pattern, of course it is: even goddesses leave a pattern.

"Notch the bedpost, keeping score."
Not that it isn't still fun.

She's still slick, still aching deliciously from her escapades last night, and it makes it so easy to recall; her own hands trailing her collarbone, drifting south over miles of skin as she remembers.

* * *

Saturday night. Strobe lighting, a bassline you can feel in your bones, long-drunk punters looking for an easy lay.

"Broken hearts, a fantasy," 
No subtlety, in a place like this. Short skirts don't leave anything to the imagination, bodies on the dancefloor scream sex. A tangled mess of thrusting chests and gyrating hips.

She sits placidly at the bar, sipping at a shocking pink drink in a suggestively shaped glass. She muses that red would have been more poetic.

Well.

"Try to stop me running free," 
It's easy enough to pick out the fuckers with the sick kinks, the bitches with the daddy issues.

Takes one to know one, after all.
"You should know, you can't tame me."

She considers herself a goddess. Ruler of the weekend, Queen of copper. Ha! Empress of the bedroom, maybe. None of her old lovers could deny that if they tried.

Not that they're exactly inclined to.

"So let the angels call me righteous,"

She'd tried going steady, once or twice. Phil had bored her, until they'd invited along his brother - Ari - for a night or two. They'd certainly been enough to convince her that size was genetic, and hadn't that been a fun night.

And naturally, darling Daddy had never been afraid to stare.

"Let them tell me I can fight this,"

Not enough, though. Never enough.

Time to cast her net, then. Lure in the prey with a scarlet dress and a few choice words, win them over with a flash of skin and a suggestive smile.

And really, they make it so easy.

"But they'll never know, the darkness runs deep,"

Seven veils peel away on the dancefloor, a different sin beneath each, greed and pride and so much lust, an open invitation.

* * *

She takes no time reeling one in. She's running low on cash anyway, and she could do with a few more drinks before the end of the night. After all, there's a delicious sort of irony in knocking back a couple of 'Sunset Virtues' before returning home to indulge in a little sin.

"Guess I'm just a black sheep."

John - that's his name - evidently sees her as an easy shag, a quick Saturday night fuck that he can regret in the morning.

* * *

She takes him back to hers; no need for pretences, they both know why they're there; and it's no time at all before they're headed towards her bedroom.

"You can take me out of Hell,"

He pushes her back against the wall, all clumsy mouth and wandering hands. Touches like it's his right, and damn, he'll regret that later.

"But you'll never take the Hell out of me."

"You gonna fuck me? Stretch me open and make me scream like I'm your little bitch?"

He mistakes the rough distain in her tone for lust. They always do.
"Fuck yeah... gonna make you scream for me, baby... gonna fuck you good..."

The urge to roll her eyes might have overcome her, had she been as weak as most mortals. Still, it was a decent enough distraction, and it allowed her to manoeuvre him towards the bed.

"You can take me out of Hell,"

He fell back with all the grace that could have been expected from a shit-faced Saturday night lay, grinning in a feeble attempt at seduction.

"You're an eager little slut, aren't you? Fucking desperate for my cock."

"You gonna give me what I deserve?"

The gush of warm liquid pulsing over her fingers, the scent of it hanging in the air. That's what she deserves.

"But you'll never take the Hell out of me."

"You gotta earn it first, baby."

A fair exchange, she supposes.

His clumsy fumbling has managed to undo the button of his jeans before she takes over, slipping down to catch the metal tab of a zip between her teeth.

"Feel the blood beneath my skin,"

He stares down, expression practically worshipful - and about time - watching her drag the metal down, navigating the obvious bulge beneath with ease.

Denim slips away, leaving a swathe of thin cotton in its wake. Fingers caress the considerable length beneath, feather-light touches through fabric. It's pathetically easy to have him panting, groaning for more.

"Time to let the darkness win,"

She's good at this, and she knows it. Soft lips, a silver tongue, and a highly trained gag reflex have served her well over the years, just more weapons in an arsenal of seduction.

The boxers are easily removed, discarded into a dark corner of the room - he won't be needing them again - and she takes him in hand, a few swift strokes and a thumb over the head to keep him on edge.

"Surrender to this life of sin."

She'll admit, he's not exactly lacking in the size department, but she's seen better, taken better. Perhaps he'll be enough to dull the swell of need constantly clamouring inside her skull and pooling heat low in her stomach.

Fingers curled tight around the base of this new toy's cock ensure that this won't end too soon, and a tongue licking a stripe up the underside pulls a shiver from him.

"So come on, pull the wire tight,"
After exhaling a few molten breaths against the sensitive skin, she finally wraps her lips around the head, a shock of sensation.

"Tell me it will be alright,"

Immediately, there are hands in her hair, and she lets the vice of her lips loosen. Her own hands clasp his wrists, and one fluid movement has her above him, pinning hands above his head and bracketing his thighs with her knees.

"I know you like it when I bite,"

Still, he doesn't take in the danger; sees her snarl as a smirk, her spite as enthusiasm, and lets out a throaty chuckle.

Even the clink of cuffs doesn't clue him in as they latch around his wrists and the bedframe.

"Kinky. Do I get a safeword, baby?"

Idiot.

"Where's the fun in being safe?"

"You're my kill of the night."

* * *

She finds a sensitive spot just in the curve of his hip, wastes no time marking it up with teeth and tongue, coaxing a bruise to the surface. All the time, he writhes and moans, the thrusts of his hips doing nothing to relieve his tension save for brushing the tip of his swollen length against her throat.

"So let the angels call me righteous,"

It's only fair to share the feeling, after all.

Not enough.

Before, suddenly, it is.

"Let them tell me I can fight this,"

Lips again around his shaft, sliding down until she can smell the musky scent of his skin, swallowing around him before sucking, pulling off with an obscene sound to rival any porno.

His whine is rather less impressive, but she can work with it. She's heard worse.

"But they'll never know just what I've done."

Again, she slides down, eyes locked with his, moans sending vibrations down his length that will send liquid fire straight to his groin and sparks skittering over his skin. She can almost see the sparks that are doubtless flashing before his eyes.

Maybe it isn't what he expected - deals with deities very rarely are - but he's made his choices. He's traded himself for this night, sacrifice to Astarte, Aphrodite, Athena, and every other wrathful goddess that ever heard the prayers of mortals, collected into one burning vessel.

Salome.
"They can't see me through the lie,"

A very different emotion passes over his features when she pulls out the knife.

"Keep on turning a blind eye,"

She thinks that maybe he finally gets it.

"'Till they're looking down the barrel of a gun."

Too late.

The first cut is shallow, and he's babbling profanities, demanding an explanation - before a well timed hum forces a grunt from between his lips. Fingers splay in the red liquid, smearing it over his chest without losing her rhythm, before she's pulling off, and the demands are back.

"You can take me out of Hell,"

She ignores him, naturally, though one bloodstained hand slips back to work his cock, quieting him.

The other serves as a map for her tongue, lapping up the substance to his horror and - yes, the interested jerk of his dick is unmistakable - arousal.

"But you'll never take the Hell out of me."

"I knew it." Her voice is a low purr, and for the first time, her smile is genuine. "Kinky little fucker, aren't you? You like this." Another swift slice. "Admit it."

The moan he gives is admittance enough, and she bares her teeth in a bloody, feral grin.

"You can take me out of Hell,"

The next few minutes are incomprehensible, a blurred haze of hands and lips and tongue and teeth... and his world ends in a frenzied blaze of magnesium white.

And coppery red.

"But you'll never take the Hell out of me."

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