

kick out the chair, let you dangle slow

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46352389) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46352389>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Library of Ruina (Video Game)
Relationship:	Binah/Hod (Lobotomy Corporation)
Characters:	Hod (Lobotomy Corporation) , Binah (Lobotomy Corporation)
Additional Tags:	Cannibalism , Dead Dove: Do Not Eat , Necrophilia , Trans Female Character , Trans Female Hod , Dead Dove Sapphic Week 2023
Language:	English
Collections:	Anonymous , Dead Dove Sapphic Week 2023
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-09 Words: 1,172 Chapters: 1/1

kick out the chair, let you dangle slow

by Anonymous

Summary

even as a corpse, binah is still the one in control.

hod should have understood this by now.

Notes

Shoutout to the Backstreets server for enabling me and beta-ing this, you all are my heroes.



(Written for 2023's Dead Dove Sapphic Week Gore prompt!)

To add another point to her self-pitying misfortune, Hod has never had much of a stomach for viscera.

The smell of iron hits her nose, heavy and rich and alive - a sickening smell. Her sleeves are rolled up to her elbows, a vague attempt at mitigating the stench sticking to her, but there's hardly any doing that when her hands are elbow-deep in Binah's chest.

Binah isn't dead - suspended by Light, or perhaps the will of an Arbiter - she smiles up at Hod, blood on her lips and her fangs, glassy eyes still piercing. In Hod's hunter's haze a rational thought pipes up - this is a bad idea, a good person wouldn't enjoy this. Her disquiet lends her to hesitance, straddling Binah's limp body, as if this is a precipice she can still back away from and not one she had already thrown herself off.

When Binah speaks, it's with a rasp, rivulets of blood falling from her mouth. "You've become far more brutal than I gave you credit for."

The praise, if it can be called that, is what spurs Hod to action. She can never own Binah - Binah has always owned her, before she even knew it. But this moment, this farce of vulnerability - it belongs to her and only her. It's that selfish love that finds her fingers curling in Binah's chest, wrapping around her quivering heart. It's oddly human, for a beast, for a deity - it thrums weakly, struggling against the pressure of Hod's grasp.

Hod feels like she should say something - do something more, maybe. She should pull her hands out, wash off the blood, pretend this never happened. Her traitorous hands refuse to listen, selfish to the end, and squeeze Binah's heart. Flesh scrapes under her fingernails, Binah's flesh, something that she doesn't want to wash clean.

Binah laughs, low in her throat, every breath punctuated by her weakening pulse. If this is a test, Hod wonders if she's passed it - the smell of blood is no longer turning her stomach.

"Go on, then."

Binah stares at her as if Hod knows what those words mean - and she does. Animalistic instinct spurs her hands, but her motions are careful, too gentle for what she does. She does not take Binah's heart from her chest with a brutal tear, but rather with a cautious reverence. This was meant for her, wasn't it?

She'd like to view it as an offering, although she knows it's hardly the case - she has always been the worshiper at Binah's feet.

Binah doesn't struggle to breathe below her, anymore - her chest is stilled, blood coagulating on her lips, and Hod tries to suppress the sick pleasure she feels. Even like this, Binah is beautiful - even dead, Binah controls her, and even now she is only a follower to the Arbiter's whims. How could she be anyone else - love anything else?

With trembling hands, Hod lifts Binah's heart above her - blood drips down onto her cheek, and she's once more paralyzed. Now what does she do? The Light will bring Binah back, but she can't just walk around with her heart in the meantime, waiting for direction to be given to her.

Curiously, tentatively, Hod lifts it to her lips - the smell of flesh becomes tantalizing when it belongs to Binah, or perhaps these are urges she's always had, hiding them away in a pretense of being good. She's not sure what she's doing, really, when her teeth sink in.

She expected more resistance from the flesh, but her teeth cut through muscle with shocking ease - or maybe she just doesn't want to think about the struggle, a notion that condemns her actions from impulse to deliberate. It takes a moment for it to truly sink in - when it does, bile rises in her chest, even as she swallows the flesh, letting it stick in her throat. It tastes like suppressed memories, like nothing before or nothing again, like lust and love. It's only when the feeling of being overwhelmed sweeps over her, when she goes to put Binah's heart back in her chest as a weak apology, that she realizes she's crying.

Does she get Angela, now? Her head is thrumming, and she feels lightheaded, lost among what have I done and the twisted joy she'd reaped. Her own heartbeat feels infinite, notable in its presence, and when she pulls her hands - empty, now - from Binah's chest cavity, her fingers stick together, rich red rivulets keeping her from stretching her fingers. She rubs her sleeve against her cheek, a weak attempt to staunch her tears that only serves to drag more blood across her face.

She wonders what she looks like - bloodstained and raw, heat pooling low in her stomach, both demure and greedy. She's still sitting on Binah - lap to lap, knees splayed around her, and as the fervor of gore leaves her a different kind of heat sinks in. The perversion is not lost on her - the noise that leaves her mouth is both a giggle and a sob at once, caught in her throat and ripped out as she ruts her hips against Binah's hips.

Hod is hard beneath her skirts - she can't convince herself to remove them, to separate herself from this grisly scene, the guilt already too sickening. If she moves, it will catch her, the state of being bad - but as long as she's still enveloped in this crime scene, there's no reason to stop herself. With the awkwardness of someone kissing for the first time, her hands fumble for a place - one sets beside Binah's head, and the other curls two fingers in Binah's chest cavity, wet and heavy.

It feels like heaven.

"Oh," Hod gasps out as she grinds her hips against Binah's again - her eyes have long since closed, but she opens them now, taking in the sight she's getting off to - forcing herself to admit guilt.

She twists her fingers inside Binah again, as if she were fingering her, and imagines the feeling of blood around her cock, of Binah's body alive while it happens, a patronizing smile on her face. Binah cannot speak in this moment, dead long enough to have begun to go cold, but Hod swears she hears an echo of praise in Binah's measured tone, a distant *well done* that pushes her over the edge.

Hod's arms give up on supporting her, and she lets her body fall onto Binah's chest, uncomfortable stickiness below her skirts and on her chest, the difference between fluids hardly remarkable. For a moment, she simply breathes, one chest rising and falling against a still body, and when she manages to push herself back up she brushes her lips to Binah's cheek, brushes her eyelids closed with a bloodstained hand.

"I love you," Hod says, as if it's the most natural thing in the world, a confession meant only for a corpse.

The Light will do its job soon enough - and with it, this memory of guilt can fade into a fever dream.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!