

The End, the Beginning

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Introduction

One world is truth and lies, black and white: the only grey is
the amount of guilt a person is nailed with.

Another world is built on human imagination, and a
willingness to believe: grey becomes black and white.

Both seek to name the unnameable: both are wrong.

In another world, she is nothing more than herself: in ours,
she is the doors to Hell.

Part I

Chapter 1: New and Bloodier Roses

She's on the train, the tube, heading out for the night to find her fix, she needs more now.

She feels it growing inside, getting stronger. Every day, the longing - the urge pushes her out more often than she wants, but she can't resist it.

Materialising from the darkness of the tunnel she ignores the gasps of surprise from a couple standing at the end of the platform and walks swiftly through the connecting passageway to the other platform, and steps straight onto the waiting train that speeds off into a world of its own.

She's hanging off the safety rail watching the doors dragging themselves open as the train grinds to a halt at the next station. A group of Japanese tourists – out exploring London's Saturday nightlife - crowd into the carriage brushing by her. She tenses and the nearest one leaps sideways, throwing himself back onto the platform. He stands gasping, sweating, staring at her: she stares back, cold, calm. The others are in chaos, shouting at their friend but he won't come back in: the doors begin to slide shut and the shouting gets louder, then stops as they bump together and the train lurches away. They watch their pale-faced friend shrinking away on the platform as the darkness swallows them all.

Almost in unison they turn to look at her, wondering, minds unable to form the question, but they feel - what do they feel? Unease, one foot on the edge of the abyss, the other desperately treading water, a deep echo of something preternatural, something primeval. Something that lives and haunts the dark corners of their minds.

Those nearest subconsciously push away from her, forcing the others to move backwards, reversing, crowding into the furthest section of the carriage, near the single door.

She's annoyed, "It's too soon to be bothered by the humans", she thinks, and smiles as she turns towards them. They squeeze further into the corner, squashing the breath out of those pressed up against the carriage wall, they gasp; they'd scream if they could breathe. The train bursts into the redeeming light and screeches to a halt. In the fraction of a second before the door to freedom opens she swings on the rail towards them, smiling, white teeth flashing as the stench of death pours out of her mouth and fills the end of the carriage. Almost mad with terror, they burst through the door, falling on to the grey and dirty platform; a panic of tourists piling up on each other, screeching and crying as the foul odour is driven away by the fresh air being forced through the underground.

Still swinging on the rail, she watches them through the window, her smile as frozen as the cold dark eyes that penetrate the helping hands pulling the tourists to their feet, gently dusting them down. They nod and bow towards their helpers but say nothing, not even to themselves. Their eyes unwillingly focus past the other passengers and on the train that hums as it gathers pace and slips away into the dark.



Her carriage is all but empty, but there are two young men sitting in the other half. They've already had a few and are laughing at who knows what when they notice her. In the blink of an eye they drink in the sex appeal she oozes: the short skirt, the tight blouse barely covered by her thin leather jacket.

Their testosterone levels soar hitting the red zone instantly. Transformed, they are stunned by the unadulterated eroticism she exudes. Her clothes, her body, her eyes transfix them drying their throats, tightening their ribs down on their lungs. She's swinging towards them as if they were anywhere but on a rolling, bouncing carriage, floating it would seem, towards two boys who thought they were men, but are, now, bereft of will power. A thousand fantasies flicker across their minds.

“Hello,” she says, the word pricking their sub consciences like an icicle, startling them back into the swaying carriage, “where are we going tonight then?”

Their eyes are drawn from her cleavage and up to her mouth, which widens into an oh so friendly “I’m glad you like what I have to offer,” smile.

“We’re just hitting a few pubs and that in Leicester Square, celebrating my birthday, I’m 23 today,” the dark haired one says through a smile borne of a guilty conscience and growing desire.

“I bet you’d like to be 23 forever wouldn’t you?” she says looking deep into his eyes, “so young and full of life, at your peak, a hit with all the girls...”

He laughs, “Yeah sure,” he says, embarrassed and slightly troubled by the darkness of her eyes. “You could fall into those and keep on falling,” he thinks.

Something was tap, tap, tapping his mind, she could hear the warning too and put her hand on his leg: he freezes. His thigh is on fire, the heat moves slowly, luxuriously up his leg until the tapping is no longer heard. The train stops, and the boys start to get up, to leave. She leans forward, her breasts squeezing together as she does, he looks nervously down and up, down and up, feeling guilty but unable to help himself.

“We have to go,” he stammers and leaps after his friend, who is already on the platform and beginning to walk away.

“I’ll find you later,” she calls after him as he flees down the platform, running for the exit as if the words themselves were chasing him away.

She leaves the tube at the next station, aware of not attracting too much attention to herself. Especially now: now is the time, now is the moment, almost the very second of both the beginning and the end. The time when there is light in her darkness, when the old flowers dry and crumble and are replaced by the sharp thorns of new and bloodier roses.

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She had found him, Chris, accidentally or so he thought, in a pub a half hour or so ago. A quiet Saturday night drink for him, that's what he'd planned. But then she appeared, and they disappeared, together.

"She's a fast mover," he'd thought as she led him out into the street and into the night.

She was attracted to his strong young body, so necessary in so many ways, blondish hair and curly little beard. He'd been with a few friends but it wasn't hard to prise him away from them with her charm: not many men were able to resist the promise they'd felt when she looked so deeply into their eyes. It was as if they were watching a film of what was to come, a film full of the erotic fantasies that flit like clouds of bats around the empty vaults of so many young men's heads.

The church is cold, dark, there's a indefinable yet repulsive smell, "Is it..." he begins to say but her nails dig hard into his hand as she drags him deep into shadows that stretch off into infinity. She stops and holds him by his lapels, snapping his mind back to his groin with her hands as they slide down to his waist. She pulls him in tight then grabs his belt and drags him towards the altar. His breathing is heavy, blasting through musty green air that hasn't moved in years.

She marches him up the aisle towards the enormous old stone box that stands on hallowed ground; ground about to be lost to the world. She turns around and leans backwards onto it, her arms stretching out along the edge as she slides down, spreading her legs: Chris hears the faintest cry calling from another world, his world, but it is already too late. He cannot get her out of his eyes, and his mind is full of her promise. He sees her pale white thighs appearing as her skirt rises slowly over her dark blue stockings.

"Je-sus fu-ckin' Christ!" he gasps, his lungs struggling to keep up with his heart.

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She rolls over pulling her skirt higher and higher, exposing the contours of her round bottom that stretches her lacy blue panties: she wiggles, he rips his trousers open and lurches forwards.

She sees some small stones laid out like a heart on the corner of the altar, and smashes her right hand through them launching them into the darkness. She wants nothing of human love here, now. Chris sees nothing but her: his entire being is focussed on her bottom and thighs.

A noise behind her reminds her of things to come.

"Chris..." his name snakes out of her mouth and coils around his heart as she looks over her shoulder and into his eyes: he is hers, forever.

He steps forward, pushing his trousers down, his eyes darting up and down her thighs and beautiful round cheeks. He reaches out for her tender white flesh, fingers trembling as they slide under the lace. She's wiggling, gasping, giggling and sighing as if all her dreams were coming true with him tonight. He slides her panties down and moves forwards to get what his life depends on but she spins round quickly and drags herself up onto the altar, spreading her legs wide.

"Come on then," she says, impatiently, her throat tight with anticipation.

He steps in between her legs but before he can thrust himself into her she grabs his shoulders and drags him forward kissing him hard on his lips, her teeth sinking in and drawing blood. Her eyes flash and flare and her whole body pushes forward into his. He thinks his night is just beginning: but it is very nearly at its end. The blood rolls down Chris's beautiful young lips and drips onto her right thigh, he smiles and licks his lips ignoring the pain and the violence of her actions. She pushes down on his shoulders forcing him to his knees.



“She's strong,” he begins to think, but animal instincts push all thoughts out of his mind as he stares at her pussy; he slowly licks his blood off her thigh, then buries his tongue deep into her.

She runs her hands through his hair taking a firm grip of his head, holding and pushing him deeper into her. He groans as he tastes her juices as they flow from heaven's door. She screams and howls, and somewhere deep in the shadows behind them a long forgotten crucifix takes a suicide leap off a wall and crashes to the floor, the head breaking off and rolling like a marble towards them. Bouncing to a halt, the eyes stare up towards the commotion on the altar, blind to everything it sees. His face is covered in her juices, he can feel them running down his throat, burning his cheeks; he pulls back to breathe, but her hands and thighs have locked him into position. He feels his face being dragged back to her, he feels tiny pin pricks of pain as strands of his beard are pulled back by her pubic hair, which have twisted into his beard, plaiting it into a hangman's rope.

If he could see what was going on he would be amazed and repulsed: a young man seduced on an old church altar in the middle of the night, by a total stranger, someone he can only see as the ultimate in all his sexual fantasies. But she is nothing more than a mirage, an illusion that formed itself in front of him less than an hour earlier as he let his secrets be known to her: she was but a mirror to his thoughts. In the dark light she is nothing but a wrinkled, pale yellow corpse of a woman, her 500 year old face a dry and craggy veil that barely hides her death's head skull, her eyes the deepest pits of despair, the sewer of her mouth alive with rancid slime - a playground for worms and black-skinned slugs, her hair full of lice, spiders and all manner of crawling things.

And her body, the skin no more than the thinnest yellowing and blotched membrane, dotted with darker stains and black and rotting threads of veins, bursting with putrid spots that rupture like fetid volcanoes spewing the smell of her rotting carcass into the still air. A corpse of a body, a body squirming with maggots, maggots that were now rolling and tumbling down

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Chris's throat, pouring up his nose and across his cheeks towards his ears and eyes. All seeking out the comfort and warmth of his stomach, his lungs, his brain: the last meal they'll ever need. He is fighting back, but it's already over, despite his hands pulling her thighs and ripping her stockings, heaven's gate is open and it's killing him.

She knew even before he started struggling that he was not the one and knows he must die – but not until she has some pleasure, the temptation is strong, she is at her time. She releases him, her dark pubic hairs quickly uncurling their grip. His head slides down her thighs, past her knees as he drops and rolls slowly backwards, his head cracking against the corner of the steps as it bounces to a halt. His half closed eyes stare back towards her, the candle of his life suffocating as he splutters towards death. As the last of the sticky white maggots disappear down his throat and push their way behind his eyes, his life is over, though it will be nearly dawn before his heart beats its last. She pushes herself up off the altar and jumps over him, landing with her feet astride his head, her skirt dropping down over her legs. She looks into his eyes with tinge of regret.

“Such a pretty young man,” she thinks, “but not the right young man.”

She snarls at the disappointment, she hasn't got much time, a few more months at the most. The sound of her frustration reverberates up through the old roof, slipping through the tiles and drifting away into the heavens.

Her anger is intense, boiling hate and loathing, not at herself, but at her nature, the thing she cannot control, the thing in fact, that controls her. She strides towards the entrance, her rage forcing back the shadows. As she gets nearer the massive wooden doors her torn stockings mend as they wrap themselves lovingly back around her thighs, her hair weaves and curls itself back into the perfect dark mass Chris imagined he'd be burying his face into as the sun came up. Her smeared and bloodied lipstick rolls back onto her softening lips, and life, if it can be called by such a name – sparkles back into her eyes.

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She pauses in the shadows by the door, her eyes closed, sensing the dirty flashing body of London outside. A rustle in the bushes and the scrapping of branch against window is all she can hear. The street is still but as she steps out into the deep shadow of the church's tower a car pulls up outside the apartments on the opposite side of the road. She waits and watches; a young couple get out, laughing and falling together as they stagger towards the steps down into their basement flat. Her blood rushes, or is it merely the millions and millions of tiny white maggots infesting her body sensing another warm meal?

Against her instincts, she moves out into the open space towards them, shrinking back into her shadow and sliding up along the nearby shops to reappear just behind the couple as they fall through the door. The curtains in the flat above twitch, agitated by the noise. In the dim light of the hallway her shadow merges with theirs: they see nothing, hear nothing. Their eyes and minds are full of the anticipation of each other's bodies and their drunken love-making.

The couple fumble their way down the corridor towards the bedroom, abandoning their clothes as they stumble along, hampered by her inability to undo buttons and his inability to drag the leg of his jeans over his foot while keeping up with the almost naked body he wants so badly. At last free of his jeans, he lunges forward and they crash through the bedroom door shrieking and laughing, his hands fumbling with her bra, while she pulls him hard up against her.

A third figure, unseen, waits in the doorway behind them, hiding in the shadows close to the wall, watching as they shed the last of their underwear and burying themselves in each other's bodies. The girl falls back on the bed pulling her boyfriend with her; she squirms and closes her eyes while he starts rotating his hips rhythmically into her. The young man slides forwards and starts kissing his girlfriend's breasts and in the dim, alcohol-coloured room a shadow steps forward and crawls over them both.

He feels the pressure on his back and starts turning his head, but she grabs his hair and pulls his head backwards. A sound emerges from his mouth but is cut short by two sharp teeth that flash and sink hard and deep into his jugular, the blood spurts splashing across his already semi-conscious girlfriend. Her eyes flicker open and are filled with the grim sight of the bloody face and neck of her lifeless boyfriend. Suddenly and utterly awake, she starts to scream only to find her throat being crushed into silence, the look of horror frozen into her features forever.

Breathing heavily she continues sucking the life out of the boy while gripping the girl's throat. When she's finished she releases the girl's lifeless body and drags her nails across the boy's neck, slashing it open and removing all traces of the two tiny puncture wounds. Satisfied, she drops his head and steps back watching the blood dripping down across the girl's breasts, round the remains of her throat before collecting in a slowly expanding pool under her head and shoulders. She steps off the bed and buries her face in the girl's blood as it oozes from her throat. She drinks as much as she can before it gets too cold.

She stands, her breathing slowly returning to normal as the blood that was smeared over her face and neck and spattered on her clothes is absorbed into her body: not a drop is lost, and not a drop will be visible to anyone who sees her as she walks away from the carnage in the flat.

Stepping back she leaves the bedroom and walks slowly up the hallway: now all is quiet and calm within; her anger and hunger are both satisfied, for now.