

A Stain Upon the Floor

By J. Applebee

Deep in Chislehurst caves, two creatures lay dark and waiting.

In the shadows where time, in pools lay,

They watched the tourists coming.

Before the Pagans first descended;

Before the Romans ever came,

Through time they entice the traveller.

Through time they've had their way.

Like breasts swollen with unseen milk,

Nipples hard and erect.

Deep in the shadows they suckled on humans,

And they aren't done with us yet.

They love to consume so deeply;

They love to wrap limbs so tight.

They draw out every drop of life itself,

These creatures are the harvesters of life.

With a dual form they lurk ever waiting.

They each have two sexes I could see,

And arms ever wide are open,

Open to give pleasure to me.

Deep in Chislehurst caves,

Where I once worked as a guide,

I never believed the fevered stories;

I thought them all rumours and lies.

Till an arm pulled me slowly into the dark;

Warm lips descended around my shaft.

They drew me in, sucked me deep,

And my eyes saw stars when a tongue did creep

Slowly up around my thighs.
Then my life did fade
As I opened my eyes.
A man and woman in one form
Stood in view,
Amorphous, combined as one then came undone,
With skin so black it was almost blue.
Smiled and purred then made me follow;
Took me limp into the cloying shade.
But I was scared, I'm ashamed to say.
I'd never seen anything ever look that way.
My human fears made me shrink back from the dark.
But their sight I carried in my soul;
Their shadows touched my very bones.

They followed me home, though I could not see.
Made me hard until I craved release.
I turned off the lights, but my mistake.
When dark came, they did too.
I couldn't stop my orgasm;
I couldn't stop my scream.
When a long tongue sucked me;
When fingers shoved in deep,
Stretching me wide, making me fall,
Crumpled in a heap on my bathroom floor.
My hair was plastered to my face.
Tears of pleasure streamed from my eyes,
As darkness touched me from the base of time

I was found days later, my younger brother broke in.

I was a shadow of a man from that time since.
I couldn't explain the bruises on my hips;
To be taken hard and have no proof of any of this.
Unknown, formless, just pure energy.
A pulsing blackness; the creatures changed me.
In the dark of my mind
I was transported to realms of delight.
Against rough walls they impaled me;
Their strength I refused to fight.
A man and woman combined as one
Using my body mercilessly.
And though not even my brother could see,
I was ashamed at the reactions they tore from me.

In private, I begged for more;
I swore, I cursed.
I spread my arse wider, welcomed the burn.
I wanted to be stretched by fingers and a cock.
I never, ever wanted the sweet feelings to stop.
Though I tried my best to feign disinterest.
With a weak voice I told them we mustn't do this.
But they knew I was lying, of course, of course.
It's only now I can see
How the discomfort didn't last, but the pleasuring did.
The Chislehurst creatures didn't want to harm me.
The creatures spoke with a gentle voice
To calm my rightful fears.
I listened in awe as their story unfolded.
This is what I could hear...

“We fell from the stars when we heard the song
The early humans made.
We had lived before always in the dark,
Much blacker than the Chislehurst caves.
The humans who were at first afraid
Later welcomed us to their hearts,
But the light of their world could not sustain us;
We could not bear to part
With the safety and familiarity of the shadows,
Though we were terribly alone.
So we opened up ourselves to humans.
We bid them visit us in our new home.
One swipe of our tongues on human flesh
Was so very, very sweet.
We made them all happy we feel
But to the humans our love was more real;
More real than any another could give.
Their affection they returned was a gift.
And they enabled us to live on this earth,
Though time for them moved so swift.
We stretched out over the ages,
Whilst humans lived and died.
Our forms remained as they had always been;
Time simply passed us by.
We loved those who were rich
And those who, to survive, had to steal.
Each human with desire was welcomed by us.
As long as their desire was honest and real.
We had no use for brutal, selfish souls,
And though our forms were frozen in place,

The humans touched our minds, we are sure.

In them we saw our true face.

It would have been so easy to feast on their flesh; to take

Until we left a husk, a shell.

Instead we respected those who joined us in the dark.

We treated the humans well.

Soon a great city grew up close to the caves.

Soon bombs fell during a war.

Humans sheltered inside, among us again,

Whilst explosions rocked the world to the core.

The Blitz, they called it. It made us so sad.

The ability of humans to hurt each other was totally mad.

But we gave comfort even then, as so many were left alone.

Their beloved ones, young single-sexed humans,

Who never made it back home.

They died so far away in foreign fields. We longed for the war to end.

For the ravaged world to again be whole;

For a time to heal and mend.

Our only strength was to foster hope,

As we did when your grandparents hid in the caves.

But you, their descendant, you are different from the others.

You will be the one we would save

From the ravages of time; believe us it's true.

Our essence was already in your bones.

It was there before we even met you.

We wish we could take you up to the stars;

To see your birth-right as we see it.

But look into our dark, dark eyes,

And you'll see galaxies swirling within.

All of creation; life past and to come.

You can have it if you want, with us.

And sometimes, once in a hundred years or so,

We ache to return above the clouds.

To undulate with infinity;

To produce an orgasm so strong and loud,

That another world will birth from our cries.

Another sparkle in your night sky.

But then we remember the human diversity,

Of how each taste brings us closer to eternity.

In times of peace humans spring into a flower.

Your scent, your taste it holds a power

Over us. It's a secret – don't tell.

It was humans who drew us here,

And it's humans who make us dwell

On this tiny island in this tiny globe.

We know we are a part of it now.

Humans are our very souls.

We love several billion beating hearts.

The multitude makes up our brightest parts.

We give to those, like your grandparents, who readily accept

Peace, arousal and happiness.

We were their lovers and you are ours.

This is our bridal bed, and now is the allotted hour

To give your body fully to us.

We are made of stars.

You are made of dust,

But one is not greater than the other.

We surrender to you, human.

For just this moment, we want no other.”

How could I refuse such fantastical words?

How could I resist the lure?

From not one but two creatures in my bed.

How could I want anything more?

I fairly glowed as the creatures held me;

The magic they possessed now possessed me.

Each time I came, harder than the last,

I grew brighter, and they more dark.

Time stored up within my bones;

They gave it to me, to me alone,

Until I collapsed spent on the ground.

The vision of my room swam all around.

I awoke later from a dream, fevered and bright.

The creatures lay beside me; they sobbed and cried.

“You have to help us,” they pleaded between tears.

“A hunter has come – a man with a snare.

He drew us out of our home so dark,

Promised pleasures unbridled, his love, his laugh.

But nothing warm sat in his cold, cold heart.

Then he drove us away with a spell that he cast.”

I wondered what I, a mere human could do.

If the creatures had broken me, then how could I be of use?

“We haven’t broken you – we shared our link.

Not many would survive; you’re stronger than you think.

And what you have here,” they touched my chest,

“Can defeat an army. You have inner strength.

You think yourself deviant for your sweet desires,

But your blood burns with a thousand fires.
It's too much for that brute, what you have there.
Help us home, for we both fear
Our secret lives have no place in the sun.
The caves are our home, it's where we belong.
We couldn't survive the blistering light
But for a few moments,
Until the sight of so many humans half drove us mad.
Help us return and drive out that man!"

The creatures spoke with such passionate words.
They held my hand with a grip that burned.
My skin flushed, and my heart beat faster.
My breathing was short and my cock grew harder.
But somehow I controlled my body, my urge.
"We can take you to this man to be purged.
Go back to the caves tonight, go fast.
Break the spell before it lasts."

The creatures held me once more – the room grew dark,
Then I found myself transported to the cave's car park.
My boss stood there with eyes so wide.
Then he spotted the creatures at my side.
He held up a knife that dripped with blood.
It glinted in the pale streetlight.
He approached me, screaming with murderous rage.
"I'll never let those abominations stay."
He pressed a smaller knife to my palm;
"Protect yourself, boy. They'll do you harm."
I tried to assure him though he was in shock.
I tried to calm his nerves but he shook me off.

“Who did you hurt? What have you done?”

The creatures asked him one by one.

But they could not touch their foe.

My boss just laughed. “Time for you to go.

Whatever it is I’ve done to you,

You’ve done far worse and that’s the truth.

I loved you both, but you didn’t care.

You’re both a cheating, lying pair.

You sleep with anyone with a pulse,

But you never care what happens to us.

It’s true I became jealous of the others after me

Who revelled in your perversity.

Every tourist was a target for your fun,

And they would leave when the day was done

With a smile on their face, never wanting more.

But I worked here day out, day in.

I walked past the places where you hid.

I heard echoes of sex – the things you did

Turned me from an honest man into a wreck.

The sex I desire makes me feel a mess.

I thought if I could only stop the others

Then you would be mine and not another’s.”

I glanced down to the knife my boss held in his grip;

It was stained in red blood that fell in drips.

I realised he’d hurt a visitor to the caves;

A sacrifice so he wouldn’t feel deprived

For the intimate acts he secretly wanted.

I looked at the man and felt disgusted.

“I’ll ensure that you pay for this.

You’ve been driven mad, I’m sure of it.”

My boss tried to stop me, but I pushed him aside.

I ran to the caves, and left the creatures outside.

Somehow I knew just where to run.

The scent of blood drew me bodily on.

And sure enough, in the shadows lay

A twisted figure: a woman, terribly afraid.

When she saw me approach she scuttled back.

She held her side where she'd been stabbed.

I helped her up then gripped her arm.

I told her I meant no harm.

Together we stumbled out of the caves,

But my boss had barred the way.

"I need a sacrifice for this spell to work.

Human blood will make those creatures cursed.

If this girl won't die, then I'll kill you instead.

I'll do anything to stop the longing in my head."

Before I knew it he drew a blade.

He plunged it in my chest but it didn't stay;

It went clean through to the other side.

I had no idea why I was still alive.

But then I saw the creatures approach me.

I remembered how their lust had sustained me.

How they both said that I'd be strong,

If I used my desires for right, not wrong.

My boss doubled over as if in pain.

He cried out as if he'd been slain.

He clutched at his belly then held his head.

His hands were stained with sticky red.

The creatures spoke, their voices hard:
“You destroyed yourself with your own pain,
Through jealousy and fear and shame.
There was no reason for any of this.
What we gave you was to be a gift.
You chose to turn it against the rest.
This poor woman you hurt was innocent.
So go to the dark where none return.
You’ve doomed yourself to forever burn,
Not in hell, but in your own mind.
And if this woman as you’d planned had died,
We would have too and what good would that do?”
My boss cried out in dreadful fear;
His screams were almost too much to bear.
His horrible tale was at an end.
He’d refused to share love freely given.
He’d clutched it, starved it of life.
Ashamed of his bisexual affections.
His only power was the blade of a knife.

I took the woman to be healed.
The doctors stitched her wounded skin.
Neither of us knew where to begin
With our explanations of what had been done.
I felt my resolve all come undone.
When at last I tumbled home to bed,
I was sore and bruised, still covered in red.
The creatures appeared. Their smiles were wide.
They held me gently from both sides.
I felt warm and safe and so protected.

With the creatures I was never neglected.

I spoke, "How had my boss known what to do?

It wasn't by chance, was it?

If I am to be fully one with you,

Then I have to know how to protect this.

Our relationship shouldn't be under threat from others like my boss.

I don't think I can deal with any more loss,

whether stranger or friend.

This is the most amazing thing to happen to me."

I kissed the creatures. "I just don't want it to end."

The creatures held my hand with a gentle press.

"We have lived for a long, long time. This isn't for us, a first.

Sometimes a human becomes too attached.

A few times they'd refuse to go.

We have a weakness, but human strength is no match,

No match for us. Our use of force is for the good of their souls.

Humans need the sun, fresh air and food.

We refuse to be their addiction.

But they still return, they refuse to move on.

We quickly become their affliction.

Together we three can face whatever comes our way.

You are resourceful and we all love peace.

Come now, let us two repay

The bravery and courage you have given."

The creatures soothed me with lips and teeth and tongues;

Made me take so much pleasure;

They made me come.

Soft lips hummed against my neck,
Then lower to my chest.
My nipples, so sensitive were little nubs,
Whilst the sounds I made went unchecked.
I was overwhelmed like a sailor lost at sea,
But not a castaway.
I heaved and swelled beneath their hands;
All night and into the day.
Time slowed down as they pleased me,
All I could do was take.
Until a ball of passion swelled in me;
My whole body began to shake.
I cried out with desire mixed with grief;
I shed tears even as I had my release.
I was held by my lovers, my protectors and friends.
Who promised to mend
My broken spirit.

Deep in Chislehurst Caves,
I am drawn to often see
My lovers in the shadows,
With arms always open for me.
I couldn't keep working there after all;
I feared my boss's fate would befall
Me if I stayed there too.
But the creatures remain inside my heart,
My head, my skin; every single part
Carries their story forever on.
I am at peace now time has passed by;
The creatures said I won't age

And like them, may never die.
I know one day I'll go to the caves
And there I'll never leave.
I will become like them, a creature full of love
To share with others, and in my heart
I know that sharing is a gift.
My now elderly brother worries about it.
He won't talk to me; he's so afraid.
But this is my path and I'll remain
With the magical life that I've chosen.
Release, redemption and affection;
Sexual desires, not perversion,
Unless that's what the humans truly need.
For as every blossom gives out a seed,
I carry the magic on.
I appear as nothing but a stain upon the floor
To any tourist who wanders by.
But if they came closer, they'd see more;
A composite lover waiting
For a beating heart full of passion.
Or a lonely sigh, their late-night question:
Why can't I ever find love?
So many humans think themselves a monster,
For feeling they're the only one
Without a partner: so alone.
They have no reins on their heart,
But so much love they have to share,
If given permission.
Well I can set their lonely hearts free. I deliver
A passionate lesson.

My family and I don't judge by hidden body parts.

Our finest sexual organs are our hearts.

And we have sex whenever we are needed;

Whatever form our lovers want.

There are no labels in the dark,

Only lips and tongues and groans.

Pleasure and desire without rejection,

For a thousand years this will be my vocation.

I gladly welcome eternity to come;

I long for the shadows of my new home.

For in the dark I glow so very bright.

Intersex, a hybrid of shade and light,

Deep in Chislehurst Caves