

2021
CREATIVE WRITING

Appetite

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CHAPTER FOUR

A delicate iris soon deflowered.

CHAPTER TWO

Lost in a pursuit of pacification and Eros.

As she descended the stairwell, those virgin hands caressed the midnight balustrade. I began to sense the return of the recently nourished urges, resurfacing into light. Her smile broadened as she strolled, giggling at the batting eyelashes and twirling of hair one of her friends was directing towards a crowd of older boys. Continuing my observations of her, I made a mental note of her undeviating stance, it was as if she had never been bent over. "Don J!"

With the beckoning call of my classmate, my eyes wander from the meal. No. She is a four-course appetiser, entree, main, and dessert. Her attention now diverted from the path that she was walking and to me. Her gaze wandering up and down my body, wasting time, as if she was attempting to figure out what my Wranglers were made of, stitch by stitch.

Her painted face called to me, a beacon of illuminated cheekbones and freckles. A shiver struck against the pulsating of my hideous heart, not alone in raising to attention, as her piercing cerulean gaze met my own.

The boys erupted at the action as if they were going to die of the laughter itself. It was time for a new conquest. I was only met with congratulations. What a target!

All bodily functions evidently in agreement... Panthesilea Amazon was a target I was determined to hit.

CHAPTER ONE

Let the games begin...

Among the educated, my name betrays me. The inference of a mere title suggests my character to even those unknown.

Level one, requires the engagement of an appetising glance. To move on to the second, brings about an acknowledgement of the lower region. The third and final level, is the act of intercourse itself.

I find a certain pleasure in robbing a young lady of her flower, however short-lived that thrill may be.

Giving in to my compulsions, I was required to maintain a comportment mimicking Your eyes fourteen. I relished in the acts and strayed from the scorned. Each victim sworn to secrecy of our relations, which were indefinitely terminated thereafter. In spite of my caution, my leisurely activities did not evade the gossip of silly school girls. I, a master, a predator, each to their own.

I was only 13, but what, and who I wanted was crystal clear. I was to choose between a life of secrecy, or one in which my particulars were nourished, the latter enabling me to indulge in all of life's pleasures, in particular the female physique.

I endeavour, explore, and experiment with all kinds of women, though they are all undoubtedly the same: the young and old, the beautiful and ill-favoured, the chubby and toned, the intellectual and dense, the promiscuous, and even untouched, proved to be insufficient. The former initiated a sense of self-hatred and loathing. The guilt of my conquests weighing heavily on my shoulders. Am I really a bad person in simply accepting who I truly am? If Moria deemed it so, was it really the evil that everyone that surrounds me says it is?

The possession of one never set me free from the obsession of another.

A repetitive sequence has developed in my behaviour over the years. An existential aspect of my quests remains to be the emotional detachment. I can never understand the tears of sorrow that often come from my triumphs, let alone the bitterness often directed at myself and the regards of sympathy from their classmates.

CHAPTER FIVE

She aroused something in me, beyond the obvious physicalities. I was unfamiliar of the sort. My stomach would churn at the mere mention of her name. A glimpse in her direction only proved to heighten the hunger I harboured for her.

Standing motionless observing the childish year-sevens, I noticed their almost constant movement from place to place, like bees darting from one flower to the next. I wondered if any of them had yet felt the urge? A hot sigh warmed the auburn locks upon my head, as if the red pigment had finally caught alight. In utter bewilderment I stood, transfixed. Chilled fingers took captive of my own, scented with the fresh flowers of a bottle. "Come"...

Without uttering a word, I slipped away from the commotion of lunchbreak and was escorted by the very same young girl who had consumed my dreams.

I had not thought to be confronted with level three so soon.

CHAPTER THREE

Penthesilea. An enigma in not only name but also character. I became determined to undermine her courage and beauty. Determined to take her prize. Determined to comprehend the mind of the the singular woman who had discredited my charms to the simple crush of a schoolboy.

For some time Panthesilea remained at a distance. In spite of this, my spirits did not wither... and I persisted in my pursuit of her.

As time went on, each level was surpassed. Each look, each smile, granting me one step closer to my ultimate goal.

Indeed the appetising glance yielded much satisfaction.

The pleasurable attention of my lower region, she had most definitely attracted.

The sexual act itself has been on replay in my mind, since long ago....

I revelled in the remaining moments of such a scheme, it was by far one of my finest. A battle was being fought inside, the dark attempting to belittle my foreseeable despair after I had completed all the levels, the light fighting to banish the feelings of distaste that I had associated with the emotions of a man to a woman for what seemed like an eternity.

CHAPTER SIX

And it was done.

It must be over. It cannot exist beyond. It never had.

As if bewitched, I longed for the presence of just one. Unknown to Panthesilea was the power she had over me. I pondered the irony of her dainty posture to the events of our most recent encounter.

I am Satyriasis. King of women. Enemy of men. Only the power of Zeus could defeat such a God on the earthly plane.

PROLOGUE

A sacrifice to my reputation that I was willing to make. A man with such a vulgar name managed to fill me with feelings likewise to his title. I was overcome with inescapable disgust and Erida. In his pursuits of objectification, he tainted the very intellect and respect women had been laborious in obtaining for centuries.

It was his vocation to accumulate

A limitless amount of bodies

He never thought to be sufficient.

That would ultimately be his demise. I would be victorious in my defeat. I always was.

Let the games begin...

A crude satyr soon annihilated.