

THE DAY I MET THE CREATURE

Chapter 01



It was a morning in July, I think. The sun was shining down on this abandoned beach. I was alone. The sound of the waves broke on the banks of stones sculpted into complex shapes over time. It was already hot. I was naked to experience that feeling of freedom that positively grips my body. I have always needed to escape from the world and come back to this place, near where I was born. That morning, as I recall, I wasn't thinking about anything except the sun caressing my skin, even burning it slightly. I offered up my neck, my back, my hips, my buttocks and my legs, in a deliberately sensual movement.

Chapter 02



I remember climbing up onto a rock, my favourite, facing the sea, and sitting on it, exposing my smooth chest this time. Offered up, once again. Free to be caught, to be seized by this light. I felt good, at peace. In the right place. Then, opening my eyes slightly, I saw her. I wasn't expecting such an encounter. An inanimate creature laid near another rock, as if abandoned, despite a proud, resolved, slightly anxious look. I approached her, confused. Was she going to talk, or move?

Chapter 03



I pulled her to me, stroking the woody skin, which felt simultaneously burning hot and icy cold. I didn't know what to do. So I tipped her down towards the left to give her something to drink. I know, giving a mannequin a drink makes no sense. But it was the only idea that came to me at the time. Overcoming her initial reluctance, after a few seconds she seemed to relax, appreciating my rescue attempt, even if the water trickled freely over her body. I felt I had the makings of a hero.

Chapter 04



Swept along by my impulse, I wanted to take her to my rock. She was still staring intensely into space. When I attempted to lift her, my muscles seized. She was so heavy, so full despite the subtle elegance of her forms. I thought for two minutes, at her side, in silence, before reaching for a rope that was lying nearby, probably abandoned too. Everything seemed so unreal that the presence of these objects in no way struck me as unusual. I tied a sailor's knot around her generous bosom, climbed on the rock and heaved her up forcefully. She rose up gradually, through my determination to raise her. Her flawless skin grated against the rock's angular edges. Everything was so noisily silent.

Chapter 05



I stood her up, at the cost of an effort that brought beads of sweat out all over my skin. I wanted her to see the horizon at the same time as me, with me. Proud. She was so beautiful, so confident. She looked so real. I was so flustered that I even put my arm around her shoulders, to lend a sense of reality to this absurd situation. Emotion took hold of me. I wanted to feel her in contact with my moist skin. She let me have my way - of course. She was mine. I curled up next to her, surrounding her, hugging her, running my hand over a perfectly curved buttock. I felt desire taking me over. Desire for an inanimate creature. What was happening to me? I gently kissed her neck, feeling my breath that I took for her body heat.

Chapter 06



I was gradually going crazy. Crazy for her or just plain crazy, I don't know anymore. I just know that I stretched her out, moved by a tenderly wild desire. She gave herself over to me, without moving or breathing. I sweated as I got ever closer to her, my perspiration splashing all over her body. And suddenly I was kissing her, my tongue coming up against an implacably hard wall. As my chest rubbed against her permanently aroused breasts, I began to undulate against her thigh, continuing my solitary grinding. The sun was beating down on my back, the foam hit the ground and I came, my cock jammed up against her impossibly tight crotch, leaving traces of my desire on her perfect belly, which failed to respond.

Chapter 07



Out of breath, and with my forehead drenched in sweat, I had a sudden desire to dismember her. I wanted to see if there was life hiding behind this body mask. See her interior. I carried her back down, took hold of an axe that was also lying on the beach, and whispered to her, "I'm going to break you apart gently, to see if I can maybe find some way to revive you." I was seized by an amorous compulsion that drove me to consider this gesture as an ultimate act of benevolence. I had lost all sense of reality.

Chapter 08



I tried to smash her, with no avail. It was like hitting a rock. Nothing moved, nothing broke. She was there, whole, still proud, as if to defy me. As if to tell me that certain things have to remain as they are. I gasped before dropping the weapon, in tears. I realised that I could neither possess nor dispossess her. Finally, I replaced her where I had found her, with the strange feeling that I was perhaps not the only person to have known such confusion on this beach. She settled there obediently, and I lay down beside her, as a statue myself, just for a moment. The atmosphere was still as silent and radiant. I fell asleep.