

The Lady's Nocturnal Hunt

FAITHFUL COPY OF
THE SEVEN LOST BOOKS OF APHRODITE

PUBLISHED BY:
HAJNI SZŐKE

Prologue

The Epigraphs, which was discovered together with the manuscript, appoints the West - to be precise, certain legendary locations in the West - as the origin of the Seven Books, such as: Amenti, Kurnugea, Sheol, Elysium and Avalon.

The Books were supposedly taken there by Prometheus (be it understood literally or figuratively, as you like), from there perhaps Gilgamesh brought it to us – with a thorn in his hand – but maybe it was simply Odysseus (see brackets at Prometheus).

The Epigraphs mentions a writing of Proclus, in which he alleges that according to Syrianos, his teacher, it is not impossible that Crantor saw these seven books in addition to the inscriptions in Sais.

Based on the Epigraphs, it is also not out of the question that there is a reference to these books in the lost works of Plato. It is almost certain they were in the library of Alexandria as unique pieces, given that the Epigraphs praises

Callimachus, who compiled the Brucheion catalogue. When the library first burned down at the (perhaps innocent) hands of Julius Caesar, hundreds of thousands of books were destroyed, presumably these seven books as well.

However, the Epigraphs assures us this was not the case. These seven books accompanied the written history of humanity, taking their minacious message to each era, in their own language, with their own scenery, their own characters, possibly to prevent people from ignoring them solely because of their antiquity – to be taken into account by those who drive the world forwards.



FIRST BOOK

The Lady Masturbates

The Lady sat in the bathtub and masturbated. She rubbed herself with purposeful and direct motions, as if the arrival of pleasure had a schedule. But it was not deprivation that moved her hand: countless times in a single night she has exacted pleasure from others - men, women, or anything else if she wanted. No, this was invocation, the enumeration of lust, cave painting, prayer, and the expression of will. The preparation for the nocturnal hunt.

Her fingers were large and long, strong, like a man's. Forming a bridgehead, four fingers stretched the two shores of her vagina. The middle finger, the fifth, worked intently and unstoppably.

The Lady watched herself in the mirror installed obliquely on the ceiling. Her eyes were tiny, restless, and blue. Her neck was long, with alluring bones, her shoulders were narrow; the gloom of unnamable sins lay in the shadow of her collarbone, and the blue glance bathed with pleasure in the blackness. Then slowly, and deliberately, she slid forwards, downwards. The Lady knew that the sight of her breasts would push her to the brink of cumming, but it wasn't time to fall yet. Only when she glimpses the opening orifice of her own vagina.