

MEET HER IN THE WOODS (Short Story)

Anna Wing Bo Tso

Lecturer in English and Applied Linguistics,
The Open University of Hong Kong

Once upon a time there was a sweet little boy, the cutest that had ever been seen. Whoever laid eyes upon him could not help but love him. His grandmother loved him so much that she made him a little red cap. It was so lovely that the boy insisted on wearing it wherever he went. But his name was not Little Red Cap. He had a real name. His name was Adamson.

One day during midsummer, his mother said to him, “Come, Adamson. I have baked some muffins and I would like you to bring them to your grandmother. She called me yesterday that she is suffering from shingles. The old lady misses you very much. Go and visit your grandma. Comfort her with the muffins and your smile. And son, promise me, when you’re out in the woods, be good and don’t stray away from the path. We’ve read about poor Little Red Riding Hood in Grimm’s Fairy Tales, haven’t we? You don’t want to be gobbled up by the big bad wolf, do you?”

“Mom, it’s only a fairy tale for the bedtime. Please don’t worry about me. I’ll do just as you say.” Adamson promised his mother as he closed the gate behind him. He then set off at once for the house of his grandmother, who lived in a bangalow inside the forest. Adamson was a good boy and he tried to keep his promise to his mother, but as you might have predicted, a few moments before the boy reached his grandmother’s house, something strange happened. Just around the corner, he saw seven dwarves kneeling around a crystal coffin, praying and weeping sorrowfully. “What is happening? Who are these people mourning for?” Adamson wondered. Burning with curiosity, he could not help but stepped close to the dwarves and asked,

“Good day, sirs. Why are you crying? Is there anything I can help?”

“Oh little boy, don’t come near. Don’t look at the coffin! Curiosity kills the cat.” One of the weeping dwarves replied.

But it was impossible for Adamson to hold himself back now. What is forbidden is always the most tempting. Before anyone could do anything to stop him, Adamson came up beside the coffin and looked at it unblinkingly. And there, he saw Lilith.

It was at this moment that Adamson’s life changed forever. The boy could not believe what he saw. His dropped his jaw as he set eyes on the creature inside the coffin. Never in his

entire life had he saw anything so stunningly beautiful. It was immaculate perfection that he saw in front of his eyes – the maiden sleeping inside had silky, milk-white complexion, long, curly eyelashes, a high aquiline nose, ruby, kissable lips and a most delicate chin. The beauty of her angelic face was beyond description. As Adamson rolled his eyes from her face to her perfectly-shaped body, his heart raced so fast that it nearly bursted. The graceful contours of her torso, her long legs, her lovely feet and toes left him an endless source of wonder. He simply could not take his eyes off the infinitely desirable woman. In a swoon, he opened the coffin and kissed Lilith on the lips in no time.

“Noooooo! You can’t kiss Lilith!” The seven dwarves screamed in terror.

But it was too late to stop the kiss. All of a sudden, Lilith sprang up like a wild beast. Stretching her graceful body languorously, Lilith roamed and laughed monstrosly into the ears of Adamson, who was too shocked to give any reaction now. His mind was all blank. He could not think but feel her hot breath on his neck. Then he looked unwittingly at the maiden, who licked her scarlet lips and teeth and glared at Adamson as if he was her delicious pray. The seven dwarves were so scared that they all fled into the woods.

Like a serpent, Lilith slipped away from the coffin and coiled around a tall tree nearby. Then, after giving out a loud wild cry, she started giving birth to babies. One, two, three, four... there were now a hundred newborn babies under the tree, all crying and yelling to be fed. Instinctively, Lilith unbuttoned her gowns and breastfed her babies. Milk overflowed her nipples, like white ink. Being close to Lilith, Adamson noticed that there were three nipples on her succulent breasts. He also found that on her fine and slender belly, there was no navel.

After the breastfeeding, Lilith called out to Adamson with the sweetest, softest voice, “You! my precious, I am so glad you have come! Kiss me! Come, Son of Adam, come to me. My arms are hungry for you, Come, we can rest together. Come, you son of man, come!”

Just how could Adamson resist the tender plead of the beautiful woman? He leaned towards Lilith's arms and put all shadows of doubt aside. “Please marry me. Come live with me and be my wife. You will be the happiest housewife in the world. I love you. I promise I will protect you from the bad wolf and dangers.” Adamson whispered lovingly to Lilith.

“You little fool.” Lilith giggled. “Where is the bad wolf? You ARE the bad wolf. I was made from dust, and am therefore your equal. How can I live as a submissive housewife with you and your family? And you expect me to cook and do all the chores for you, you little wolf? Don't you find that even worse than being incarcerated in the crystal coffin?”

“But I love you with all my heart. I don’t mean to hurt you. I will never hurt you.” Big teardrops rolled down on Adamson’s face.

Lilith tenderly kissed his tears away with her shiny, palpable lips. “Poor wolf, if you really love me, stop growing up right now. Come away with me. Forget your grandmother. Forget your home. Forget everything. We shall go somewhere so serene and silent that the only thing you can hear is my heartbeat. Come with me. Lose yourself, will you?” Lilith asked as she pulled the red cap off Adamson’s head.

“I will do anything for you.” Adamson looked at Lilith sultrily with his big, innocent eyes. The quality of purity in his eyes brought comfort and assurance to Lilith.

Hand in hand the two of them walked slowly to a lake, deep in the enchanted forest. The surface of the lake was covered by a layer of thin mist. The fragrant blue flowers that grew around the lake brushed against Adamson’s feet like the gentle touch of a child. Then, after taking a deep breath, the couple dived deep and disappeared into the big blue.