

Feathers

Chapter one: Me, myself and I.

“Me, myself and I, well not quite. It’s been just about four years and I had a total of fourteenth girlfriends and three boyfriends, what can I say no one can resist my charm. Anyway, I almost positive I have NPD an amorous narcissist to be exact.”

The morning after our boy Richard Goldsworth dumped his fourteenth girlfriend¹, he was already out looking for new prey. He was a typical fuckboy², the type that didn't have to put much effort in when he tried to find a new girlfriend. He pulled them in with his toned arms and trapped them in his diamond eyes, his words intoxicated most girls. He promised them love, attention and pleasure, to be fair he does deliver on his promises till he gets bored and chucks them out like litter.

It didn't take long for our boy Richard to find a party; parties are his favourite social events, free drinks and there is always a room he can use if he finds any cute girls, as the door slowly creaked open and a head peeked through. Richard pushed the door open and swaggered in, his nose flared and his eyes squinted from disgust it took him some time to regain composure, who can blame him the house was a fucking mess, he left footprints on the grime that blanketed the floor, he bravely traversed deeper into the house trying his best to hide his disgust.

By the time he got to the kitchen he was fully engulfed in the smell of cheap cigarettes and rotten leftover, it was almost unbearable but his desire to find a new girl was keeping him going. Richard pushed past the drunken crowd with ease thanks to his muscular body and grabbed a cup of jack and coke. He swirled the diluted drink around his mouth as he scouted the party for someone worth talking to, it didn't take long for him to find a cute blonde who looked as bored as him.

They decided to leave before they could get too pissed to get home unscathed, however, this was just an excuse to get out of the putrid-smelling house. The fresh air came as a blessing. They walked quietly till she decided to break the silence

“East London was a rough place to live,” she said looking up at a ruined apartment complex.

“Especially when you have to carry your drunk ex down shady alleyways.” This comment wasn't particularly funny but she giggled anyway. They continued to talk about his ex the blamed their break up on her alcoholism. But that was a lie.

“Let's go to a park!” grabbing his hand with a smile on her face.

¹Yes! Fourteen girlfriends in the past four years. His last girlfriend was a girl in his math class, he offered to tutor her and things developed from there, cheesy I know. Not to mention he was still in his previous relationship at the time. I will never understand why so many girls admire him.

² Asshole boy who is into strictly sexual relationships; he will lead a girl on and let her down, then apologize only to ask for "pics" once the girl has welcomed him back into her trust. Boys like this will pretend to genuinely care about the girl but always fail to prove the supposed affection.

Chapter two:

Golden Feather.

“love the thrill of the chase and the harder a girl is to get the more I want her. I want to shatter her, leave her in shambles and when I'm done I want her to feel despair and long for me hopelessly. My mates often ask me why I'm so sex-crazed but they are all missing the point the thrill doesn't come from sex but how you obtain what's the point of something when it comes easy. Don't get me wrong I'm not a jerk I actually quite humble despite my awesome body and amazing looks, people don't understand how humble I am (for a narcissist). I just try to combat feelings of inadequacy with hypersexual activity. Nothing wrong with that.”

At this point you are probably thinking this a cliché boy meets girl story, you're half right but unfortunately, it isn't going to be this simple for our main boy Richard. He spent the day talking to blonde but they eventually went their own ways, he stayed in the park alone. The sky was soon tainted grey, bone white moonlight pierced the clouds. That night was the closest our boy has ever been to being depressed, I was told he was contemplating life but I know he was just planning his next assault on the female gender (I read his magnum opus³). Richard zoned out and when he regained awareness a beautiful bird was resting on his shoulder.

The bird was shaped like a kestrel but its feathers were black and white but the most mysterious thing about this bird was its one golden feather. If I recall correctly Richard told me it was double or triple the size of the other feathers and was bright gold in colour, it glowed almost bright enough to light up the area around the bird. I know it seems far-fetched but I believe him, weird thing lurks around London late at night.

Started by his new companion Richard kept up with the ferocity of a lion and was left dumbfounded when the bird didn't budge. After a while of poking and shoving the hawk sized bird finally flew off our boy's shoulder, his relief was short lived as the bird began to tug at his distressed denim. Richard soon found himself following the bird, any other boy would have walked away but Richard saw the bird as some kind of omen, a sign from the all-mother (he didn't believe in witchcraft but in my opinion, he must be charmed, it's the only explanation to his amazing good looks). It leads him to a hole in some high bushes, it was big enough for a girl to fit through and he saw some boot tracks on the floor and that's all he needed to know before lunged head first through the hole.

His foot got stuck on a root and he ended up planting his face straight into soft dirt, he heard some footsteps followed by feminine voice,

“You alright bud?”

“Yeah fine, I can handle myself.”

³He claimed his diary was a masterpiece. His magnum opus, a book that depicts the life of the greatest man to roam the earth, a twenty-first-century bible or so he claims. Personally, I think it's just a glorified notebook that's missing every other entry, he might not know how diaries work.

“Suit yourself, ill be by the tree call out if you need any help.”

He was never one to ask for help and although he wanted to act big he did end up needing her help. He wiped off the dirt with his shirt, by the time he had reoriented himself she was already sat down at log overseeing a pond he never knew existed in this park. The scene was beautiful, a crystal clear pond at the heart of the park reflecting the white moonlight and he felt like a kid exploring the park for the first.

He approached her breathing heavily and treading lightly,

“I don't bite!!!” she turned back to see the nervous look and couldn't help but laugh.

“Ummm .. ist Ummm, I wanted to say thanks, for helping me” his voice betrayed him as his apology came out as whispers

“It's fine, don't worry about it”

I was a few pounds overweight, never wore makeup and I was hardly the prom queen type he is used to but something about me caught his interest him maybe it was my confidence or the fact that I didn't idolise him but unfortunately for him, he ended up falling for me.

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