

# Lesson Learned.



By Chandani Karnik

Where I come from and across the world, female sexuality has been smothered for centuries. The struggle women face even today to express their desires is another invisible yoke of the patriarchy- where men are depicted as sexually aggressive, dominant creatures, women are portrayed as meek and sexually passive.

Anything that didn't fit that stereotype was labeled 'dirty'. What's so wrong with female sexuality, anyway? It's 2017. It is time we accepted that women like having sex... and that this writer writes erotic fiction.

This is what feminist porn looks like

- It addresses consent
- It talks about protection
- It speaks to the same desire in every woman across the world- irrespective of race, body type, religion or creed

When she first met George, she knew immediately that he thought she wasn't a good student. She remembered standing in front of the whole class and reading out her paper, confident her work would be praised. But when she looked up to draw breath, she saw his impassive, unimpressed face, one hand tugging absent-mindedly at his messy beard. Something about this substitute prof made her mouth go dry and she fumbled through the rest of her paper. She put it out of her mind, guessing she would never see him again. But then she ran into him at a college bar.

George's eyes were a clear, light brown, but she noticed the melancholy that lived in them every time she looked at him. It was a wispy thought that occurred to her off and on, but she only articulated it while she stood line for the bathroom and looked up to see him standing there. They got to talking and she filled him in about an interview she had lined up. He listened attentively and gave her some advice which she thought was better than she let on.

He held her forearm to steady her as somebody aggressively pushed past them, pushing her straight into him. She looked up at him and saw a fleeting look in his eyes. It was more than just desire, it said: "I want to fuck you now". It was scorching and it was obvious. He made it even more so by not letting her forearm go even after she had steadied herself. Slowly, he drew circles on her soft skin. She tensed for a second, unsure of what she wanted. She raised her eyes to his questioningly, but he gazed back at her unwaveringly calm.

She broke off contact and asked him to get her a drink, buying herself time to consider what she should do next. He was her professor, but that's not what made her stop. She knew that this would be something she would dive into. He would consume her every thought and every waking moment. She snapped out of it as he handed her a glass of chilled white wine. She took a sip, averting his eyes. While he filled the silence with something about a book he was reading, she took in the boys she had come to the bar with. How childish they seemed now, huddled together across the room in threes and fours, talking about whatever they considered intellectual. She peeked at George—there was a small frown on his face as he tried to predict what she would do. He raised his glass to his mouth and she saw the thick, sinewy hand spattered with hair. His veins were standing out.

She felt sudden heat around her stomach, her underwear flooded. Leaving her glass on the table nearby, she leaned in to tell him she was ready to go home. He brought back her coat and they slipped out quietly. He didn't try to hide that he was leaving the bar with her, she noted. Once they were outside and away from drunken college kids, he pulled her closer and kissed her. The coarse hairs of his beard scratched her, but his lips were all she could think of. They were firm, demanding and seemed to be loving the taste of hers.

When he squeezed her ass she realized how far his hands had traveled. She stopped for breath. George's other arm was wrapped tightly around her, pressing her body against him and making her breasts pop out. He was looking at them now, his mouth was slightly open and his breathing shallow. She reached up and pulled his mouth back onto hers. He kissed her roughly, biting her lower lip.

The Uber finally arrived. They got in and she reached out to touch his thigh. It was covered in black denim and his legs were spread wide apart. She let her hands wander almost up to his zipper—almost. He buried his face in her neck—kissing and licking his way to her ears. His beard scratched at her skin and made it tingle. She felt another wave soak her panties.

his mouth was slightly open

and

his breathing shallow



Back at his place, he led her to his bed, kissing her all the way there. The back of her knee hit the bed and he bumped into her. She felt his large hard-on barrel into her stomach. He lifted up her dress tentatively and fingered the lace of her panties. He tugged at it and looked at her questioningly. She understood he was asking for permission and answered by rubbing her nails over his boner.

The thong was off. In a few more seconds her dress and bra were too and she was lying on his bed. He was standing in front of her, watching her body as she squirmed with anticipation. He reached over and grabbed her legs, pulling them to him. Kneeling on the floor slowly, he showed her what he was about to do. Then came his tongue.

Soft and gentle at first, it licked her in spurts- teasing, testing. She gasped when he went over her clit. Obediently, he rolled over it in circles, just a little more pressure each time. He kissed it quick, hard and then soft. She gasped again as his tongue found it's way inside her pussy. He licked it and fucked it. He shook his head, and the resulting cascade pleasure sent her straight into orgasm. She came, shuddering and moaning. His beard was soaked.

This would not be the last time it happened and she knew it. She got to her feet and took off his T-shirt and freed his cock from his pants. He grabbed her by her arms and turned her over. She heard the crumple of the condom cover and held her breath, feeling his boner search urgently for her pussy. She raised her hips and he plunged inside, sending another wave of wetness through. She cried out. He plunged deeper and stayed in there longer.



she squirmed

with anticipation

Coming all the way out he grabbed her hand and guided it to his dick. The condom was soaked. He let out a laugh and grabbed her hair instead. He pushed deeper and deeper. His hands cupped her breasts and crushed them. There was no moment to breathe, she was moaning louder and louder. She spread her legs apart just as he went hard and deep and hit a part of her she didn't even know existed. The pleasure is so intense, it took over her. She couldn't breathe, she couldn't voice the silent scream that was ripping from her. Her body was out of control, she trembled maniacally over his cock. The orgasms didn't seem to want to stop.

She drew breath, trying to calm herself, but George wasn't done yet. He laid her on her back and kissed her. Her head hit the pillow and he was inside her again. Fucking her gently, he held her legs up next to him. He went slow, but she raised her legs up high and wrapped them around his neck, taking him in deeper. She tightened around his cock and knew she had awakened a bestial part of him. He slammed into her. The pain would have been unbearable if it wasn't so damn good. He slammed into her again, his hands were digging into her stomach. He sank his teeth into her leg and pounded into her. He was going faster and faster, his left hand wrapped around her ankle and his right playing with her breast. He pinched her nipple and an orgasm shattered her again. She bit the pillow. He cried out as he came, his body twitching, eyes closed.

He collapsed next to her, drawing deep, ragged breaths. She couldn't move a muscle, so she lay in bed and watched him regain control in the moonlight shining through the crack in the curtains. He turned towards her and his eyes crinkled with a smile.



the pain  
would have been

unbearable  
unbearable

if it weren't

so

damn  
good.