

## First Try At Love

It is the last day of exams in the college. The whole of multi storied lecture hall complex is swelled with the countdown of the last few minutes of the semester. Seated on her desk, in one of the huge, white halls of the complex, she can feel the apprehensive air around her pressing against her skin. The hot breaths of all the 150 people in the hall, writing and revising the last exam paper, are heating her skin up as well. She first feels it on her nose and ears. She is imagining them turning red and smiles at the image she conjures up in her head of a brown face with red nose and ears.

The heat transfers itself to her fingertips now and forces her to stop revising her paper and put the pen down. Her palms have gone cold because of the low temperatures in the air conditioned room, but the fingertips seem to burn. She gives up on revising her paper and closes it before her like a neatly folded piece of garment. She settles the pen in line with the paper and allows the heat on the tips of her body to rush in.

Tiny rays of red and yellow light travel from the tips of her nose, ears and fingers through the neck and arms, stopping directly at the pit of her stomach. There they meet with a sudden outburst of white light of higher temperatures that all the three rays combined. It feels like a punch in her belly that causes her windpipe to shrink inward towards the stomach and her neck bends down in a smooth movement. As if she was dancing to a melody. The hall was dead silent. Maybe the music came from

those rays of red and yellow light. Eyes closed she opened herself to the heat of the white burst in her stomach that now reached the exposed nape of her neck. A gush of energy ran through her nape threatening to break all the connections between the shoulder and the head. Her shoulder felt lighter and separated from the skull.

At that exact moment, all the energy heating up her exposed nape, now in line with her body axis, rushed down in a straight line to stop only at the tip of her body touching the cold wooden bench beneath. She could feel the heat all over her body now and down to her soft triangle that felt like it was being pierced by needles of light and heat. She had to touch it down and soothe the piercing needles of heat. She had to release all this energy flowing around her body, heating her up as if she had a fever. She was scared in that moment that if someone touched her, they would somehow know that all that feverish heat was not fever but a sexual impulse running through her body.

The alarm bell went off at that moment of fear and the trance was broken. She opened her eyes. Her eyelids felt heavy and were burning too. Each and every part of her body burnt just then. She managed to stand up on her knees that were not ready for all that weight on them. They shivered a bit beneath her big bottom. She strengthened her toes against the floor, under her sports shoes and balanced herself to stand up straight.

Walking out of the classroom, she kept her distance from every person in the hall. She did not stop to look for any friends or meet the eye of anyone she may know. Her feet took her to the entrance of the stairwell.

'Should I or should I not? It will be fun, something daring and different for a change! I should totally do it. But then what if you're caught?

Oh, that is only increasing the desire to go up there. Out in the open, in broad daylight, telling to the whole world that I was having an orgasm.

But that is too dangerous!

Oh come on, no one comes on the terrace!

What if there is only one other person that thinks the same thing and is up there too?

What if there is no such person?'

The war was won and she crossed over the threshold of thinking, to step onto the first step of the stairwell. The voices were silenced but she still silently hoped in a part of her somewhere for the doors to be closed. She reached the top floor and climbed the last flight of stairs. Heart raced against her chest, further heating up her body. She held on to the metal railing for support and was surprised to find them so cold.

The door was open. She could see a piece of the blue sky beyond and her heart sank. It sank in anticipation of what was going to happen next. She climbed the last few steps in slow succession, the music of the heated rays returning to her. They seem to be

coming from the blue sky beyond the metal doors and pulling her towards them. A rhythm returned to her body, each leg lifted after the other in slow flowing movements. The neck was high but she could still not feel her head on her shoulders. She could feel the heat on her otherwise numb body only palm touching the metal handrail.

The floor of the terrace was black with what looked like a layer of tar poured all over. The white parapet walls rose along the ends of this Black Sea, enclosing it inside. The smell of this Black Sea was instantly linked in her memory to this heated state of mind and body. She did not know it yet but in the months to come, she would be reminded of the smell of tar poured on terrace whenever a man touched her.

There were two huge water tanks, one on each side of the door she had walked out of. Walked out of the building into the open. Or maybe the door she walked into. Walked into this imaginary world of bright blue sky, fresh cold winds, bright sunny sun and a tasteful smell of tar. All of them waiting for her to dissolve into them.

On her left were huge solar panels lined in two rows. She had found the perfect place. Something instinctively opened and closed inside her. Or maybe it was outside her. Or maybe it was at meeting point of inside and outside. She walked towards the rows of solar panels standing at a slant of 45 degrees to the Black Sea and placed herself down on the hard black surface. It was rugged and she wished to feel it to her skin. She instinctive got on her knees and began to slowly unzip her blue denim jeans. In the

same rhythm as the music playing in her head. Pulling them down to her knees, she sat back on the blackness.

The Black Sea had been absorbing the heat of the Sun and was heated up to match her body temperatures. She could feel the black stones pressing deep into her soft butt cheeks. The heat of the Sea instantly connected to the heat she held within and suddenly she was one with the Blackness around her. She went on to remove her green T shirt. The cold winds of this imaginary land of pleasure rushed past her heated insides leaving behind goosebumps. The heat was now reaching her forehead. She felt sick. Sick with pleasure. She needs to stop but she cannot stop. The heat has to be released.

She takes off her black sports bra and watches her brown nipples tighten against the cold winds. Taking her phone out of her jeans pocket, she begins clicking pictures. They were for him. So he could see the wildness she felt inside her.

She clicked a couple of selfies holding the phone up in the air with her soft brown skin contrasted against the Black Sea. She looked fairer. It was time to remove the underwear and be over with it before someone did come along. She turned to check if she could be seen from the door. She could be seen. She prayed that nobody walks in through the door. She prayed to the same thing that left the door open for her. She prayed to those energy rays that whispered this idea in her head. She prayed to the

imaginary world of pleasure around her to let her live it completely and not interrupt this divine ritual.

'Divine Ritual? What is divine about this?

Oh, everything. This whole world is bearing witness to my pleasures. I am not doing them in any dark recesses of the world. I am out in the open, opening up my body for the world to pleasure it. It belongs to the world and it is for the world to pleasure it!

You do realize you sound like a prostitute right now?

Prostitute? Stop giving names and try to feel the meaning behind that which is being named. Who is a prostitute? One who takes money in return for favors. No. That is not what I am doing right now. I am asking to be pleased by this world because I am its own child. I belong to it and it belongs to me. If asking to be pleased is prostitution, then you can go ahead and name me so. I do not care.'

And with that loss of care, she spread open her legs to let the winds touch the soft insides of her thighs. The lips detached to reveal the needle pierced triangle underneath. She slid her hands along the rhythm of the music down her less brown more white thighs. Reaching at the triangle, she slowly opened the hairy lips apart and touched her finger down. The heat of the fingertips has been transferred to the whole of her body by then leaving them cold. The cold tip touching against the hot triangle shot up a stream of pleasure, from down up. The hairs on her back rose as she arched it to stretch her backbone. Her head fell back with its eyes closed, threatening to fall

off any moment. The balls of her heel went up in sync with her back, following the same rhythm, flexing the muscles of her ankles. The stretch further released what was the trapped energy in them.

Energy trapped from all over her body was being released as she flexed all the possible muscles. The ones around her spinal cord, the nape of her neck, around her belly button, on her ankles, in both her calves, joints of the toes, even the ones just above her butt cheeks. Red and white rays of energy shooting up from between flexed muscles. They all travelled through her limbs and bones to gather beneath her navel, at its intersection with the body axis. And all this summoned energy was now on the verge of being released out into the world, returning back to where it belonged.

She wriggled as the energy left her body out into the world. Her face broke into a smile and some tears welled up in her eyes as well. They were gratitude for the world, it had not let her down.

The heat having left her body, she suddenly felt cold and stupid. She put on her clothes over the gooseflesh of her skin. Hairs of her skin and the cloth played rugby for a few seconds. She got up to take a view of the terrace while her phone connected to the internet. The lecture hall complex was the tallest building in its surroundings. Below she could see lumps of green trees punctures by white buildings in squares and rectangles and a combination of both. None of those terraces were black. They were the same color as the parapet wall.

'Hey, I was just thinking about you and you came online!', read the messenger window on her smartphone.

She smiled as she replied, 'Really? Hehe. Well, guess what I just did right now.'

'What did you do?', it said back.

'See these', and she selected the selfies she clicked a few minutes ago, to be sent to the receiver.

'Oh my god! Where are you? Why are you naked? Is this some kind of terrace?', replied the messenger.

'Umm, yes. I am on the terrace of one of my college buildings. I just masturbated up here, naked and in the open. Oh my god, I cannot tell how awesome it was. I don't know how to explain but it was awesome!', she rambled on the touch screen making a few mistakes as she typed and sent the message.

'But you should be more careful. What if someone would have seen?', came the reply that suddenly reduced the excitement of her fingers.

'Yeah, but it was awesome. And nobody came up or saw me, you know.', she typed slowly now regretting the decision to share her secret with him.

'Okay...I was just saying for your safety. You should be more careful. This is dangerous. But up to you.', returned the screen.

She could read the word stupid between the lines and also a blatant disapproval of her actions. All she wished to share was the reason she had tears at the end of it all. But she could not assemble the right words. 'What will he think of me. He must surely



think I am a slut. Why am I unable to explain to him anything? I don't know what got over me that I did this thing in the first place. I don't know how to tell him anything. Maybe I am a slut. What is this I just did?! This is dangerous and stupid and foolish and so desperate. What was I thinking!

'Hmm..okay I will talk to you later. I have to get back to my hostel. Bye.', she typed back.

'Okay. Bye.'

The imaginary world that left the door open for her and did not let her down suddenly disappeared. She was now on the terrace of the building she just gave her exam in. She was naked on its terrace five minutes ago and she felt ashamed of it. Somehow it was his fault for destroying her imaginary world. The sun, the blue sky, the cold winds were no longer pleasurable and they were only making her feel worse.

'Couldn't he talk to me a bit longer. I feel like a slut after that conversation.

But you were the one to say you had to go.

Yeah, but I felt ashamed, that's why.

So how will he know. Men need to be told things. Don't you know that yet?

Yeah, they need to be told and the things that cannot be told do not exist for them then? What am I even doing with him? He does not get any wild side of me. He wants me to blunt those edges instead, the very edges which are responsible for me even being with him! But he does not get it, because I cannot tell him, and so I must accept it as is.

Yes, exactly!

What am I doing with him, then?