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From Lust to Love
Or
From Phallic to Philosophy

Sandeep

Part One

Was that love or lust he asked himself several times and a long series of fearful questions seized his mind and body. Salty tears he wiped off with shivering hand and inhaled deeply. Waste, waste, waste with every breath he told himself. He sat on the wheel chair in his lonely room. After five years she called him since she deserted him and asked him to complete the second session of his lecture on the greatest joy in the world. She has a baby boy and a drunkard husband with a frenzy mother in law whom she labels the source of all quarrel in her family. Her husband wishes her many good morning with many slangs and everyday new coined abuses which render her heart into pieces. She has a treasure of everlasting tale of sorrows and heart filled with fearful experiences of animal lust which searches and devours her very existence sometimes in the dark corner of the darkest room at the darkest time of several nights and sometimes in the broad day-light of the sunny days in the ac fitted room. She was sobbing and shedding tears and he could still feel the salty taste of her tears which drove his mind into the realm of memories which are slightly drenched due to the shadow of love his wife showering on him in the darkest moments of the night when he touches the first glorious part of the world for a lusty man as he has been throughout his life. Every times he approaches her she responds with sexy smile and doubles the pleasure of his life with every stroke of fainting breath. He always keeps his wife under the spell of his musical words which he buzzes in his wife ears and ends the reciting of words with the lovely biting on the ears which sometimes drive them into the session of sloppy kisses and ends with another spell of delighted moments. He put the phone into his pocket and sang the musical words to himself in low voice.

At the eve in his life,
he leaned on his wife.
Feared less in fearful night,
embraced sorrow less morrow so bright.

As he got up from the chair to cook his food, one more tear with the same taste crisped into his mouth. She taught him in his college days that no things in the world is so salty tasty as the tears of ourselves that we shed sincerely for the sake of our love ones and in the memories of our beloved ones. Continuously, she has been tasting the taste of those salty tears for five years as she had lost her loveliest gem in the stormy days of her life she told him on the phone call. The

story of salty tears began at the time of their youth days when he met her into the language lab and she asked him his name.

What is your name, Sir?

Let me live my life nameless O! My life,

What I do with the name that will vanish away with you

She cheered up, first time in her life someone called her life. His words maddened her for sometimes. I give you a name. I become your life and I will never leave you in my whole life, she assured herself silently.

Anant, he said lovingly.

And yours?

I will never desert you, I promise. She said unconsciously but loudly.

What, he asked surprisingly.

Sorry, sorry, sorry. She flushed.

Aabirah, she said in a breath and turned to go.

It sounds odd, does not it?

Not more as your does, she replied sharply. And flew away like a sparrow to come back again in his yard to pick up the seeds of love.

When destiny decides and words do its magic, nothing is beyond the reach. Therefore, she developed an infatuation for him that soon changed into so called love. She urged him to write something about her and everyday he glorified her beauty through his poems. Such people seduce one girl with one poem. They became so familiar with each other that their classmate doubted. Once Nisha asked her into Anant presence whether they knew each other before.

What district do you belong, Sir? Aabirah asked Anant.

They laughed and Nisha went. They thought that they knew each other for ages. They found themselves alone after the class of feminist theory. All class mates went out for taking tea in the canteen. She asked him about the theme of *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir in gist. He laid her astray and framed a false story that the greatest joy of the world lies in the moment when a virgin girl performs the sex second time with her lovers.

This is the moral of this thicker book, he told her.

Her eyes shined but suddenly she drooped her head and with voice full of shame asked

But what about the first time?

Let us follow the concept of learning by doing, he replied cunningly. She took a long breath saying No.no I am just..... her pink lips twisted as petal of flower in the gust of wind. He touched them and put his lips on her trembling lips and drank the sweetness of saliva arouse out of aroma which he derived by the first kiss of his life and by feeling the softness of the second glorious part of the world for a lusty man as he has been throughout his life so far. He ransacked her whole parts in a moments and erected part forced him to go further. She denied and threw herself off crying

It is wrong in the eyes of society and lord

And where are both in this room he asked shrewdly?

What you want she asked reluctantly?

Moral of this thicker book, he pointed out to the book which now led into their feet. He never asked her straightforwardly about their adventurous expedition the first leap towards which starts from the mind and satisfies only for a slightest time with the softness of erected part after the shining session.

Waste, waste, and waste with every breath he told to himself after five years. Was that love or lust he asked himself several times and a long series of fearful questions seized his mind and body. While knitting the flavor, he recalled how after five days of that golden moments of kisses and caressing, they found the golden opportunity in the Golden hut hotel into room no 33. They drove 33 km from their college where two of his friends welcomed them. One of them showed the rifles to show his status and foolishness. She had covered her face completely to cover her doing which most of living being performs not as a duty but to derive pleasure and devastate life. She asked him,

What excuse you have made to your friends why we have come here, she asked.

They will say nothing. They are goons and nothing to do with lovers and love affairs. Forget about them. As you trust me, I trust them. You will never see again them in your life, I promise.

What are these people on the dining table thinking about us? She asked hiding her face more to avoid the eye contact with others.

No-one has time to think about others. They do not know us. They will generalize the scene, get inspiration from us, unable to do the same the husband will consume man force secretly to flame his desire and quench his wife fire.

Directly, they stepped up into the room no 33 without taking any refreshment with friends. They were in hurry nothing helped them to bury their worry which only could be explored by the concept of learning by doing.

They slipped into the room in a jerk and locked themselves?

She sat on the bed brooding over something and sank into the world of no noise. Pin drop silence prevailed the whole room which was filled with the sigh of pangs soon after he started fondling her erected rounded thick bosoms which were ready to slacken.

Is this the first lesson you are giving me, Anant.

Yes, Aabirah, the moral of thicker book.

He unlocked her bra and nuzzled the nipples which looked like the peak of hill under which all the accumulated knowledge of the world were buried. He sucked her pink nipples and started licking off her body parts as a cow licks off its newly born calf. Motherly love comes in man's tongue when he licks woman body parts to arouse her and himself. She denied, he cried, she sighed, he smiled, she wailed, he hailed, she surrendered and soon he took the second step in his itinerary by putting off her panty. The freed flesh spelled the evils and zombie rose up in his underwear. It urged him to let it free to go inside and play the secret tricks. Both were pure as both were naked. Under the burka was the moon that neither received the sun lights nor glittered with the rays of the sun. The moon of sky is visible to everyone but impossible to touch, but this moon under burka has never been visible to anyone except the parents and he has been blessed with to touch, kiss and lick this hidden moon. He wanted to take this moon to the sun light to see whether its lights sparked off more or will diminish. To his surprise the rays of the sun seemed bright less. He gained consciousness and showed her the spreading crops of wheat which was ready for harvesting if delayed then it will roast and will be of no use for anyone.

It is the usability of the things at the proper time, Aabirah which is of highest worth in the world. At the proper time it should be handed over to its master for harvesting otherwise it will be roasted and some other may harvest it. It should be guarded well by all means, he explained sincerely.

I am not getting you, you are telling me about the crops or something else, and she asked him in a surprised voice.

Anant, Is this the method of teaching you are going to adopt in your teaching career.

Yes, I will surely teach them in a different way. I will teach them what they like and in the way they are interested in. All are interested in love-making, when teachers teach them they gaze at the boobs of girls and want to fuck then at any cost. Therefore, I will first teach them the art of seducing the girl, and the successful candidates will be taught the art of love making in higher education institutes. Only successful candidates, he emphasized. And the rest will do self-study

in masturbation at home. Worthless fellow always fuck projected girl with theirs hand, he narrated sarcastically.

What will be the curriculum, she asked him in attentive mood.

Based on the need of society, he replied confidently. Therefore, Kamsutra will be the core subject of my curriculum and each day one practical session will be essential for all the students to attend.

She giggled, her face flickered with glamour of lust.

How will you deal Kamsutra at the primary level, Sir Ji? She asked happily.

As the core subject is Kamsutra at the higher level, so I will start from the alphabets of lust, he told her fervently.

How will you teach them my prospective teacher?

She leaped up so many time with relish on the bed as a fawn on the grassy lawn and kept laughing loudly.

Give me a demo, my love you will receive the best teaching award one day. She demanded answer excitedly.

Inventor of new method she uplifted her face and prolonged her voice. Okay, one demo please, she sat on the bed in straight position as if the students pretended to listen the interesting lesson.

I will teach them he pointed to the wall and pretend to write on the wall

A for ass, b for boobs, c for cleavage, d for dick and f for fucking.

Fucking you, her madly laugh did not let complete him his alphabets of love. Yours taught will rape the whole world one day, you know. You lusty preacher.

Never mind. I was just kidding. He sat beside her on the bed.

Now his eyes fell on her whole body and took away his creative mind many miles away where every rays of the sun dances with the rhythm of Oh.. Ah and O my god. God creates man in his image and it is but natural to recall him at a time when man is busy in the act of creation. God creates man and in turn man creates many man. Platform was ready and the demon rose to gulp her whole body. He showered the kisses on her nipples, cleavage, thigh, navel and vagina. None of the part of her body was without the touch of his warm lips. He fingered her vagina and she moaned into sweet pain. He mounted over her but failed in his mission and stood up at the floor. He pulled her body to him until the first glorious part of the world touched his erected part. As he started rubbing it with his part, his thought of many style what he has been witnessing from the days of his childhood. Mating of sparrow in the trees, riding of insects on each other everywhere and the sound of whistle blowing of the owner of cattle to arouse the sexual instinct of male

cattle would lead him to the mental chaos that extinguished the light of sermon delivered to him every evening by his guru. Ideas of different style flew away suddenly as the asleep snake awakened fully and was ready with all its might spreading its hood to open the gateway of creation with its barbarous sting and sadistic attitude.

No hole could be compared to it. He answered himself.

She, on the bed squirted with wide legs opened and compelled to receive the softer hardest thing inside her as living being is compelled to inhale and exhale breath. Both the greatest giver and humblest receiver do business lonely but boasts only the giver openly. The giver reduces the sanctity of his donation by his arrogance and foolish words. And the receiver strengthens herself and become more powerful than ever gaining the capacity to overcome the giver. And role is changed afterwards.

The richest owner of barren land holding most precious seed wanders in search of fertile land. When he finds it he ploughs it. And the new crops grows up in three forms. This farmer also wanted to sow the seeds with whole strength but novice in ploughing. With three attempts he succeeded in ploughing the seed which would never sprout up for shameful reasons. He penetrated and started pumping inside her. Her heart leaped up in ecstasy but soon it began hurting her when her pussy started burning with friction and bruises. She wailed

Anant, it burns....., you kindle me.

With another thwack her tone changed. She exclaimed with joy

O my god! This joy will kill me.

Be sure my love, is it pleasure or pain he asked him flauntingly

O Jesus! Both.

O my god! this ache will kill me, please get off soon

Hold on my darling the honey is on way to sooth the friction. He knew his tricks would never hold her innocent mind any longer. He felt pleasure in her pain and manhood patted his arrogance. He is what a man should be. He held her head between his palms tightly and euphoria made him holding the weight of his body on his elbow. He ejaculated the white gems through the producer of the whole world and she shed the gems from her eyes. She told him to drink the gem and feel the salty taste of tears. He accepted and appreciated.

Both were lying on the bed fainting. The hanky put under the vagina drenched with red and white liquid. It stinks. She sat on the bed, broadened her legs and wiped off the drops of sperm stuck between her brown thighs. Anant produces the same white liquid as all man do, but why he is different, she asked herself.

Anant started to clean the drops of blood stained on the bed sheet. Blood of the same color that runs into his veins.

These blood stains on the bed sheet are totally different from the blood that are flown in the battle field, he thought intensively.

These are shed for love and that are shed for hate. These are shed for creation and that are shed for destruction. Barriers are in man's mind not in his blood. The blood blotches on the bed sheet narrate the story of man's foolery of digging out so many ditches for his selfish motives. He was so much happy to see the blood blotches mixed with his white fluid. Both are mixed for the creation, he believed.

Aabirah, broke the silence of the room and asked Anant in a low tone.

Was that perfect?

The realization of the imperfection is the first article to be memorized to comprehend the whole book of law of perfection, Madam Ji. He replied in arrogance.

You mean, it was not up to mark, she asked him in meek and trembling tone almost bursting into tears noticing the change on his face before and after love making.

He rose up from the bed to collect his clothes laying here and there on the floor and responded.

Perhaps second try does work better.

This is black words in man's mind and white fluid in his body which makes his life restless. After orgasms both evaporated ephemerally and man feels as if his is in heaven. Re-occurrence of both feels himself again in hell.

After short discussion, he wished to run outside the room as soon as possible, to proclaim his victory and manhood leaving his victim behind him groaning and grumbling and she wished to run inside the bathroom to hide her black face from the black society to flush the gems into the gutter as soon as possible. He wanted to roar into the air and she wanted to mourn into the corner. She stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom and a resonance fell into her ears. She realized that everything was with her to be a good wife of a good husband except the blotless neck, unrubbed boobs and non-punctured vagina. She noticed her neck dotted with love- making marks describing the history of her secret meeting. She started rubbing them but they became darker and darker. Is making love an act of violence, she asked herself and became deadly sure why all the bloody war are fought by man. Man wants to see blood, his thirst never quenches until he sees the bloods flowing in the battlefield and blood oozing out from a little vaginal of a virgin girl.

Her lover knows well when and where he will shed the bloods of mine and he chose this room as a battlefield to kill my virginity mercilessly. She washed her vagina. All her treasure was dusted. She wanted to cry out her whole anguish that someone be fooled her, used her and took all her

wealth. She took a shower by closing her eyes. The viciousness of her sinful act ushered her into a new era of thoughts where white thoughts reign until lust does not pick up its head and compel the man to show a second demo of his ugliness. First time in her life, she could feel the pure water on her impure body.

Ok, was not that enjoyable, the lovely session of wailing, rolling and moaning? What wrong have I done? Everyone does that what is new in it you should not be worry about it. Second resonance she accepted emerged from the mind that was closer to the senses but not the soul and comforted herself. She dressed herself hurriedly as she did not want to let the loneliness of bathroom to put on her innocent mind so many difficult questions to answer. Sagacious sage of salacious sermons, her heart smilingly called her lover now. She rushed to her accomplice and embrace him tightly from back. He pulled her ahead and she flung herself into the lion lap in the ambush who felt hungry after the short-interval of grand feast.

She asked him innocently with wide open big black eyes

Did we do something wrong?

No, who told you?

The mirror in the bathroom.

Oh, my philosophy went inside you. So take some more my darling, he kissed her on forehead passionately and told

Sex is the purest thing in life?

But before marriage and with other person than husband it is sin and punishable offence in the eyes of both God and society.

And where both of these are in this closed room.

Perhaps, in that mirror in the bathroom god who asked me so many questions? she told him in bafflement.

In the bathroom but not in the room, he started to kiss her again on forehead and lips and rubbed her already paining breasts. She threw off his hands.

I wanted to ask you something, she said suddenly.

Ask, he spoke with uncertainties.

Look, I have surrendered myself to you. Please don't ask for it again and don't share it with anybody.

No,

Please, she begged.

Okay, but I will accept them on conditions.

What conditions? She leaned towards her surprisingly.

I will tell the story again and again not to anyone but to you. I will preserve these lovely moments in my diary to offer you as a marriage gift. Will you accept it and read it when you grow old, my love.

Promise it first, he ceased himself taking her hands into his hands and pressed them gently but firmly. First answer me, then I will tell you my second condition.

I will do, her voice sank down.

And my second condition is that you will meet me second time when we grow old, then no barriers will be on you as the old are unwanted everywhere. They roam freely in the world. I would like to hear from you face to face how your life have been without me. We will recall this glorious days with wrinkled faces and deem eye-sight. Speak now, speak my love, do you agree?

You will never leave me, I know it. She replied turning her face in the opposite side.

Yes, I do agree with the first condition, but need modification in the second. I will meet you when I wish for it, you will neither call me nor force me for meeting. I am engaged you know it, even though I came here for the sake of love you showered on me for three years. I am drenched in your love, but I want to dry myself off from your love to be worthy of my husband in next month. It will take me time to adjust in the new family. Two years, four year I don't know, but trust me I loved you, do love you but let me fulfil my responsibility as a good wife. I am leaving my pure soul with you and taking my impure body and broken heart to my husband house. Please forgive me for my unfaithfulness. I am worthless for you and onwards for my husband.....

Her throat choked with emotions and she started sobbing. Her eyes filled with tears and drops of tears rolling down on her chubby reddish cheeks. He took the drops of them on the tip of his fingers and promised to remember the taste of salty tears. He consoled her and asked her to start a new life with her husband. He made her stand on the sands which he brought from his fields and collected it in a polythene. He put the hanky drenched with her blood and soaked with his white liquid as a token of their meeting and completion of their love affair. She wished her to sing the lyric again. He granted the request and crooned

Let me live my life nameless O! My life,

What I do with the name that will vanish away with you

Yes, I am leaving you, she said with heavy tone.

They entered the room with ambitious heart and left the room with heavy hearts. They sat on the bike being careless about the presence of people and friends in the hotel. On the way back to

home, they did not speak to each other but heard the voice from the consciousness which was incomprehensible for their little mind. They were victorious in their ignorance, blissed in youth, sinners for the society and culprits in the wide eyes of blind law.

He dropped her into the market. She jumped from the bike but before going she asked him cunningly leaving her innocent and weak outlook in the room no 33.

What about the greatest joy of the world, will it be felt at the second time? And flew away like a sparrow never to come again in his yard to pick up the seeds of love.

End of Part One

Biographical Note:

Sandeep is a research scholar registered in Centre for Education (15phdedu08) in Central University of Punjab, Bathinda. He is interested in reading and writing short-stories. Basically from Haryanvi background, he has been living in Bathinda, Punjab for the last two years.