

Extracurricular Love

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Khadija surveyed the naked bodies in front of her. They were all girls and all final year students at the Khourigba School of Sexual Studies (or '*Triple S*' as it was otherwise known). All students who'd opted for Practical Lesbian Studies as one of their final year courses. At least none of them would be virgins, that was certain. There would be none of that breaking in which she rather hated having to sometimes do with first year students. It was only ever women who were permitted to enter the college as virgins. Men had much tougher entrance examinations. The ratio of women to men was always disproportionately in favour of women, and given special dispensation to be so from the Ministry of Education which in most other matters was very particular about maintaining equal opportunities for the genders.

She was as naked as any of her students. Clothes were only permitted in her classes for those lessons where there was a very good reason for them. She welcomed the students and started her lesson by reading from the register, as she would always do until she knew them all. She smiled when she read out Azalea's name: a strange name and one she initially assumed to have been invented. So many girls chose to do this if they were intending to use their qualifications for a career in pornography. However, this was a girl whose career aspirations were in sex therapy and whose reasons for choosing practical studies were stated as being to help her understand the lesbian process rather than to learn techniques. Though, of course, technique was what a student mostly learnt in her classes. She always had a soft spot for Practical Les. Practical Het was often much harder work. Azalea was a slim girl, with small breasts she'd clearly not chosen to enhance as had some of the other students, and a short bob

which framed her wire-framed glasses. Such a serious looking girl.

Khadija took a very professional attitude towards her charges, and had studied her students' notes before the lesson. Azalea was a girl who excelled in her more academic subjects, such as Gender Studies, the History of Sex Cinema and the Philosophy of Sex. It was to be seen whether she could show as much aptitude towards practical studies which were, in any case, optional for those who were not intending to have a physical role in one or other of the sex related professions.

"I imagine that all of you consider yourself already fairly expert in this field," Khadija told her class, as she always did for final year students. "Perhaps some of you have taken sabbaticals and think you've learnt all that you could ever learn. But what you will learn in this course is just how little you do know."

Khadija paused for affect and let her eyes roam over the bare breasts and vaginas: some of them shaved, some of them pierced, but neither being so in Azalea's case.

"One thing I do insist on in this class is physical fitness. This is why Gym Practice and Sports are compulsory subjects for all those on my course. As you will soon find out, you will all need every ounce of your physical stamina to succeed. This is no soft option, and those who find they can't stick it will have the option to switch courses for up to six weeks."

She let this sink in. Several students seemed a little nervous: perhaps aware that they had been indulging too much in drinks and drugs and, worst of all, food to see out the course. However, Khadija was accustomed to a relatively high drop out

rate. Only those students of the highest calibre would be able to pass.

“For our first lesson, we will begin with vaginal penetration. Or ‘Strap-On Sex’ as many of you no doubt call it. And as usual I will be demonstrating this on one of you. Each of you will get your turn. I shall be totally impartial, and each of you will have the pleasure of getting to know my body rather well.” The girls looked up and down Khadija’s muscular frame, her largish breasts held up by muscle as much as by their own tautness. She ran one hand through her short black hair and teasingly supported a breast with her other hand. Some of the students were quite clearly relishing the thought of having sex with her, but she could see that some others were rather less sure. It was those she addressed next.

“Not all of you will always be having sex with exactly the kind of woman that you may prefer at the moment. But sexual technique isn’t about aesthetics or choice. It’s about performing well, and you’d better get used to it.”

She picked up a large black dildo attached to a specially designed belt and strapped it around her waist. Her shaved vulva squeezed through the opening at the front, while its large plastic length protruded out in front of her.

She ran her eyes over her students.

“So, who’s going to be the first here to assist me in the demonstration. Is it going to be you, Fatima?” she asked a slightly chubby girl who blushed slightly. “Or you, Amna? Or ‘Pussy Willow’ as you’ve rechristened yourself. No. I think, it’d best be Azalea. Come here, girl! And you best take off your glasses.”

Azalea blushed even brighter than Fatima. Khadija could see the blush spread

over her pale shoulders and to shine most brightly from her cheeks. But she stood up, placed her spectacles on the shelf where Khadija kept her sexual aids, and quite nervously walked over to her teacher. Khadija took Azalea's hand with a reassuring squeeze and addressed the class.

“As usual, I will not speak to or lecture you during the demonstration. But afterwards I will ask you questions about it. There are two things that I want you to concentrate on. One is: what am I doing right? And the other will be: what is Azalea doing wrong? And I expect you to pay complete attention.”

With that, she put her arms around Azalea and, as much to mark that the demonstration had now begun as to put her student at her ease, she put her mouth onto Azalea's and started kissing her long and deep. She could see that, despite her initial shyness, this was one student who would almost certainly stay the course. Azalea's tongue and teeth took to Khadija's attention with ferocity and desire. Here was a girl who genuinely enjoyed girls. Not like some students who viewed lesbian sex as just a necessary ingredient of a successful career in the voracious sex industry.

This very enthusiasm made the demonstration much easier. Khadija had seen that she'd judged Azalea well - but then someone with her many years of experience would only be expected to. It was a fairly natural progression from kissing and cuddling to full body fondling and cunnilingus.

She guided Azalea onto the hard cotton mattress where the sex would be at its most active, and got her to suck and gobble at her dildo while she explored the hair around Azalea's crotch. Such slender thighs. Such a thin waist. Those long thin arms

wrapped around her waist. She liked the smell of this girl's crotch. She was clearly properly aroused. But she could see from the relatively undamaged state of her vaginal folds and the lack of scratches or scars around there that she was not a girl who practised full penetration on a daily basis.

But that would all change. Particularly in the fisting and bottle-entry classes towards the end of the course. She eased her saliva-dripping fingers into Azalea's tight anus, and smiled with grim satisfaction as the girl yelped with the sensation. Not a virgin there either, Khadija noted, but a girl with more need for practice.

And then, while the other girls watched, cross-legged on the gym floor, some of them holding hands with their lovers or their classmates, she manoeuvred the sex towards penetration. In later classes, this exercise would have a much shorter prelude. Girls would have to learn how to cope when they weren't ready or even when they had periods. The industry many of them had opted for was not one that paid much attention to such niceties.

And then she eased the dildo in, slowly and gradually, feeling Azalea's resistance vanish with each thrust. She was being gentle now, but soon she'd have to take the girls more brutally and more brusquely. And then with Azalea's legs splayed on either side of her muscular hips and her head and upper body below her on the mattress. Khadija began thrusting away, getting steadily faster, driving it with the rhythm that she could feel emerging naturally from her student, who was soon lost in desire and abandoned technique and artistry to passion.

Azalea's body was sweating profusely as she jiggled back and forth to a rhythm

that was becoming steadily more manic, more frantic and more desperate. And then she burst into cries and yelps and even a small shriek as she became lost in love. Here was a girl who with the aid of the necessary breathing techniques should be a natural in the Displaying Sexual Satisfaction classes.

She kept going at the front for a full five minutes. This wasn't a lesson in stamina, however, so she varied the positions so that she was under Azalea and the student was above. Then doggy style. And she probed the entrance to Azalea's anus with the blunt end of the dildo, now shining and dripping from Azalea's vaginal emissions. Azalea gave a gasp. She was clearly not sure she was ready for something quite as large as this dildo inside her.

But Khadija knew where to stop. That would be for another class. She slowed down the tempo a little, and let Azalea collapse, weakened and groaning, onto the mattress, while, panting slightly, but not too much, she turned towards the class.

"In a minute, I'm going to ask you all to indulge in the same activity with your partner. There is at least one mattress for each pair. And for this first lesson, and for this lesson only, I will allow you to choose your own partner. In future, you won't have that choice. But first of all, can you tell me what you've learned?"

After the questions and answers had been finished, Khadija stood back as for each pair of girls, one of them strapped on a dildo while the other prepared for penetration. She was interested to see which of the girls would choose to partner Azalea, who had by now recovered enough to sit up, still flushed and hot, but also still quite excited.

It turned out to be Amber Light, formerly known as Amina, who made her way to the mattress where Azalea still lay. She was a big-boned girl, quite striking and tall, dwarfing little Azalea, with straight dyed-green hair to her shoulders, a shaved vagina, who sported jewellery in her crotch as well as on her nipples, in her navel and dangling from her ear lobes. A glance at that shaven crotch, with the vulva falling out from use and abuse, told Khadija all she needed to know. Amber was a girl who practised often and passionately, and who would also manage to stick the course to its bitter end.

“Come on, girls!” Khadija cried, clapping her hands together. “Put some passion into it! Show me that you’re enjoying what you’re doing!”

As the semester proceeded, Khadija got to know Azalea rather better. Of course, she got to know all her students better, but Azalea she got to know better than most. She was such a relatively sensitive girl, curiously vulnerable. Quite unlike most of the girls who chose practical subjects. They were girls who really just didn’t care at all about anything. Fucking, shopping, eating: it all seemed to be much the same for them. And a remarkably high proportion of girls who chose to enrol for Practical Lesbian Studies had no homosexual leanings at all. They had just passed the point of caring. That was all.

It was inevitable that Khadija would find an excuse to invite Azalea back to

her own bed in her town centre apartment, just between the faded mosque and the mall. It wasn't just that Khadija especially wanted to make love to Azalea. That was virtually a given fact. It was also that lecturers and other teaching staff were expected, indeed encouraged, to get to know their students in this way. It showed that they had a proper regard for their charges' progress. This romantic encounter, like all the others in the academic year, would be entered into her records under a suitably euphemistic heading.

However, Khadija was not the sort of person who would lessen the erotic pleasure of the night by telling Azalea of her more selfish reasons for inviting her back. In fact, she wasn't even sure that Azalea had quite appreciated how inevitably her invitation would lead to sex. When she closed the door to her flat and began disrobing Azalea while kissing and petting her, she wasn't at all convinced that this turn of events might not have taken the student by surprise.

Surprised or not, Azalea soon lent herself to the passion, her short pleated skirt dropping to her ankles, her silk blouse unbuttoned and thrust back over her shoulders and arms, her knickers easing slowly down her thighs, and her eyes sparkling with passion and desire. Their tongues and mouths came together with a clash of ecstasy, while Khadija slipped off her tracksuit. And soon the two of them were naked and embracing on Khadija's futon, her stereo automatically clicking on and playing the soft Oudh sounds she enjoyed so much.

In the privacy of her own home, Khadija preferred her sex to be softer, less penetrative and more sensual than that which she taught in her classes. Azalea was a

girl who also preferred her passion to carry her without having to consider exercising all the available options. There was more than enough pleasure to be gained from the erotic feel of another woman's body close to her slender body against Khadija's more muscular one, tongue and teeth exploring and luxuriating on the feel of a body burning with the heat of desire, but not cranked up by the need for penetration. Her tongue explored the folds and recesses of Azalea's vagina while on top of her, a body stretched above, legs and arms supporting her weight, Azalea took Khadija's shaven crotch to her mouth, exploring its every detail with love and due attention.

It was almost a pity when Khadija's husband, Ahmed, returned from his day at college and also joined in their lovemaking. Normally, Khadija enjoyed his interventions. She loved her husband to distraction, but it was clear that heterosexual love was at best a second choice for Azalea. Ahmed had once been a porn star in the films they made in Rabat, but he had chosen to leave all that fame and fortune behind him and come to Khourigba to teach Sexual Literature. His particular passion was for poetry and Khadija enjoyed their nights together, one on one, when he would recite poems that had particular appeal to him. But when he joined Khadija for threesomes, this more tender side of his was generally left behind and he would soon revert to the form that had made his career in sex films such a success. But he, too, had a quota of student sex to fulfil and Khadija wasn't one to deny him that.

His prick was soon erect, the jelaba he affected to wear thrown off, and he was onto the pair of them, thrusting and pushing into both Khadija's and then Azalea's vagina, not feeling the need to turn his attention to either girl's arse. Khadija pressed

her face against Azalea's, and kissed and licked her, while Ahmed thrust in and out, in and out, of her vagina. Khadija was perceptive enough to see that although Azalea was enjoying the animal passion of penetrative sex, her emotional feelings were still very much projected towards her.

And, soon, when all parties were satisfied, sweat, semen and vaginal juices smeared all over their hot smooth bodies, the three of them collapsed on the futon, Khadija's arms around both Azalea and Ahmed on either side of her.

"Would you like some beer?" asked Ahmed, sitting up, his penis drooping, but still as large as most men's were fully erect. "We've got some choice imported European brews."

"A pils for me," Khadija replied. "And you, Azalea?"

"An orange juice. If you have one?"

Ahmed left for the kitchen, Khadija's loving gaze following him and the drip of semen that followed him.

"You were very passionate, Azalea," praised Khadija when he'd left. "Do you have a lover?"

"A proper lover?" wondered Azalea, with a frown. "I think so. But sometimes I'm not sure. Amber. She's the one. We spend many nights together. I help her with her theoretical and she helps me with my practical studies."

Amber. Khadija wasn't at all surprised that Azalea wasn't sure about the nature of her relationship. She'd made love to Amber, of course. Not just in the classroom, but outside as well. Amber was a very physical girl. Easily absorbed into

her sex. But Khadija was not at all sure that she was actually very emotionally keen on lesbian love. Her eyes didn't project that full passion she recognised in Azalea's. But she was one who clearly enjoyed sex, and almost certainly had as many boyfriends and lovers as she could choose. And one who had no need to restrict her choice in any way.

Unusually, it was Amber who'd approached Khadija for sex. Not that this was not unknown, but most students kept their sexual adventures amongst themselves. But Amber clearly knew what the score was, and took Khadija by surprise after school one day as she was walking home. Naturally, Khadija took her back to her flat and they were soon sweating and grappling on the futon, moving with practised ease to strap-on and fisting, clearly a talented girl who had already mastered all she needed to know and had no doubt picked on Practical Lesbian Studies as a soft option. One that she knew she would breeze through. But she must have recognised in Azalea an eagerness to learn and to practise, which would do her own studying no harm. There couldn't have been a bigger contrast between Azalea's unspoken reluctance to join in with Ahmed when he arrived and Amber's own unbridled enthusiasm when faced with the same scenario. Anal. Fisting. Pissing. Double penetration. Nothing was too demanding for her.

"Is she gentle with you?" wondered Khadija.

"Gentle? Not really. Well, not very often. She's tender before. And then I love her so much. She's so beautiful. So desirable. But then the sex becomes harder and less gentle. Sometimes it's really painful. And she doesn't spend much time with me

afterwards, like you're doing now. Sometimes she leaves me to go straight off and have sex with other students. Sometimes right in front of me."

"Does that trouble you?"

"I don't know. I wish she'd spend more time with me. But it's difficult to talk to her about things like that. We spend all night together two or three nights a week. But often it's not just the two of us. Sometimes it's with other girls. And often it's with boys as well. But then this is a sex school so I guess it's what you'd expect."

"Indeed it is," agreed Khadija, but not sure that Azalea really appreciated the full implication of her words.

Khadija got to see more of Azalea outside of class as the academic year progressed. When not making love, which they did with a passion and a desire that made Khadija worry whether it might not impact on the emotional strength of her marriage to Ahmed, the two of them would talk and talk. She enjoyed walking with Azalea along the river edge, dust blowing into their eyes from the plain, talking about Azalea's career ambitions and her own passion for literature.

She was pleased that Azalea understood how special to her was her relationship to Ahmed, and she confided (as she had never done before), that she sometimes felt jealous about her husband's own extramarital coupling with other students, both men and women. Somehow, she didn't mind the men so much. It was

sex she couldn't readily imagine herself being part of. Though she was in no way loath to share when Ahmed brought a boy back for the evening. Two cocks *were* better than one, even if it was only Ahmed's she could always trust without a condom. Even when she was having sex with girls in her classes, she would sometimes feel a pang of jealousy that Ahmed might be doing the same thing with a boy or a girl at the same time.

However, it troubled her when Azalea spoke about Amber. The girl was so clearly besotted with her. Despite all the evidence to the contrary, nothing seemed to be able to shake Azalea's conviction that there was something special and romantic about their relationship. Even when she did end up having penises piss on her face while Amber shat on her chest. Even when she had to endure triple penetration, while Amber bit furiously into her nipples. Even when she was left at the end of a session of sexual passion feeling wasted and abused.

"Are you sure that you should be feeling so much towards Amber?" wondered Khadija. "There are so many other girls whom you could have relations with."

Azalea adjusted her glasses thoughtfully. "But it wouldn't be the same. I mean, Amber's not the only one. There's Khatama and Sooty Mounds and Anita. But it's different with Amber. I just feel much more for her. I just want to spend all my time with her."

"Does she talk with you like we do together? Does she go for walks with you in the park?"

"Not really. I can hardly ever be with her alone. There's almost always

someone else there. Usually a crowd. Drinking. Smoking. Eating. That sort of thing.”

“Smoking?” sniffed Khadija disapprovingly, but not wishing to pursue the subject. “But do you spend *any* time just with her alone?”

“Well, yes. When she wants to get to grip with something from her other studies. She’s doing Film Studies, Sexual Stimulants and Heterosexual Relations. But she doesn’t find studying easy.”

“No. I suppose she wouldn’t.”

It probably didn’t come as too much of a surprise to Khadija when, midway through the second term, she came home to find Azalea slumped outside her flat in jeans and tee-shirt, the lenses of her spectacles misted up, and looking extremely miserable. She looked up at Khadija standing over her, with tears streaking down a face made ugly by her weeping. Her eyes were blank and her hair was ruffled.

“What’s wrong, Azalea sweetest?” Khadija asked.

“I told Amber that I loved her,” Azalea sniffed.

Khadija let out a deep breath. She’d suspected as much. “And what did Amber say?”

“She told me that she didn’t love me at all. She said she only wanted me for my body. She said she only made love with me because she enjoyed sex, not because she felt anything for me. She told me that if she’d ever fall in love with anyone it would never be with someone like me.”

“Oh. You poor thing! You’d better come inside.”

Khadija led Azalea in. And then more out of habit than intent, they took their

clothes off and collapsed onto Khadija's bed, their naked arms around each other.

Ahmed watched them from the kitchen where he and a male student, both naked, were preparing some food. He smiled sympathetically at Khadija, and Khadija knew from his eyes that he wouldn't interfere.

"Amber said she didn't want to see me anymore. She said she didn't want me clinging onto her, or giving her any shit. She said she had better things to do than have to deal with emotional cripples. She was very cruel."

"Did she shout at you or anything?"

"No. Not at all. She was very matter of fact. She just told me to leave her, and if I didn't she'd just leave herself. And that was that."

"I see," murmured Khadija sympathetically.

She and Azalea made love. That was a given. But their lovemaking was desultory and lacked passion, although it was tender and gentle. Much of the night was spent with Azalea's arms around her shoulders while she stroked the unshaven bush of her unpierced vagina.

She could hear Ahmed and his student lover fucking in the other bedroom. Urgent. Passionate. Noisy. But that was for Ahmed. She, meanwhile, had a student to comfort, aware that Azalea was still passionate for Amber.

She learnt from the few encounters she had with Azalea over the following months, that despite being warned off, the student had approached Amber on several occasions. She also learnt that although these occasions sometimes resulted in sex, only by the greatest stretch of the imagination could it have been described as making

love. Amber clearly preferred to abuse Azalea: pissing or shitting on her, or tying her up, or caning her, than providing her with the more tender love that Azalea preferred.

Azalea had stopped attending Khadija's classes, and out of guilt she started seeing less and less of her teacher who would, understandably, only upbraid her for neglecting her studies. Khadija discovered from other lecturers that Azalea was skipping her other classes as well. Her course-work suffered, dropping from first-class marks to virtually zero. She heard from one of Azalea's fellow students that she was spending most of her time in her college room by herself, just being depressed and lonely.

The last she saw of Azalea was whilst she was invigilating a written examination where the girl shuffled into the hall, sat at her desk and stared for nearly an hour at the examination paper and the unmarked sheets in front of her, chewing her pen but not using it to write with. She looked terrible. Her clothes were plain and unwashed, her hair had grown out into a mess, and her face had an empty hollow look to it. And she left before the examination was finished, shuffling off in bare feet and with her head dropped low.

So, it was no surprise at all to Khadija to learn that Azalea had failed her exams. Nor that she had chosen not to re-sit them.

Amber, however, did as well as expected. Not exceptionally well, except in her practical subjects where she truly excelled. Her future career, however, was not one that relied very much on her academic abilities. As the years passed by, Khadija was often to be reminded of her student as, for instance, in the supermarket, whenever

she examined the racks of sex films to see those in which Amber starred and was rated especially high. On those occasions, it occurred to her that Azalea would also know of Amber's career success, and how this might still be another twist of the knife into her emotional corpse.