

I Wrote A Porno

By Lianda Burrows

There is a parallel universe in which women rule the world. It is not in this one.

In this other world, literature has been dominated by women for centuries.

There, a man sits at a desk, pen in hand. He is editor in chief of a literary syndicate called *Vas Deference*. His wife sleeps soundly in the next room. He is wading through submissions, idly drawing little boxes next to the words: “to publish?” on each one.

His wife is a progressive woman. He has a university job. He has progressive friends. The review process for submissions to the journal is long and arduous, but it is made easier by the fact that it is the only instance in which he is afforded insight into society at large. The minds of other men and women beguile and, by turns, terrify him. “Do women really think like this?” he’d ask his wife over dinner. “Sadly, yes,” she would say.

The current manuscript sitting on his desk has no ink markings. There is a dot next to the box “to publish?”

The story is about a young woman, aged twenty or so. It reads like fantasy—she is not rich or especially attractive, can offer no great resources to a husband and his offspring, but she is human and craves intimacy. Perhaps she has



never had it, he thinks. Perhaps she is just a harmless no-hoper, a video game loser. Maybe she drinks too much. Or has a drug problem. Maybe she has been spurned by too many men to count and her perception of men and their worth has been skewed. Maybe she went to an all-girls school and this is how they think about men in all-girls schools.

“He was asking for it,” it begins. “I knew he wanted it from the time he bent over to pick up the keys he’d dropped on the floor and his pants revealed a hint of his muscled buttocks.”

“He turned to look around. It was a come-hither look. Or was he checking the score? No,

he was looking at her. He saw her strength, her status, and he wanted to give himself to her. She lunged at him from behind and slid her hands down his pants. He moaned.”

But was it a moan? The editor wonders. Was he just afraid? Who would want to be grabbed like that?

The story continues. The author describes her protagonist spinning the man around, ripping off the pastel blue panties which had held him in so delicately.

“She could tell he wanted it,” she writes. She grabs his dick suddenly (her words, not the editor’s) and spits on his shaft, rubbing furiously. Harder and harder. She draws her hand back and slaps his testicles. “You like this?”

The editor winces. The narrator shifts into the first person.

“I desperately try to pull a condom over the limp shaft, squeezing it tighter to hasten his excitement” she writes. The author continues, “I know he likes it better with condoms. They all do. Plus, I don’t want his seed.”

The man in the story moans again and his eyes roll back “with delight.” “Is he in pain?”, she asks herself. “Pained ecstasy,” she concludes. “I take him on the ride of his life. Struggling with his limpness—from all the coming, she imagines—the female writer describes the man’s penis flailing all over the place before the protagonist turns him over. “Oh, I know what he wants,” she draws to a resounding conclusion. “I know what

he needs. He might say no, but I’m sure he wants it.” She doesn’t ask. “I spread his cheeks and push my finger deep inside his tight little asshole, wriggling it around like an exploratory worm. He cries out with delight. I am sure it is delight.”

The female writer proceeds: “he tells me to stop, but his eyes say yes”. The editor pushes the papers away. Is this what they think? An exploratory worm? He is unsure whether to laugh or change his name and address.

He turns the pages back over and the story continues. He flips through to the last page. The female character wonders if she will ever find a good man to love. Are they all just sluts?

The editor returns to the box: “No.” He turns off the lamp light and walks to his bedroom. His wife sleeps peacefully.

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