

Chapter one

In Lagos, the silence of the room was broken by a sudden clap of thunder outside. Slowly, gray clouds in the sky spread their skirts open, wider and wider, and soft rain began to fall. It started quietly and caressing the warm air erotically, licking at the sides of buildings, sucking at the soft grass, kissing all the bright corners of the morning. It was a hot rain, wanton and sensuous, sliding down slowly, slowly until the tempo began to increase and it charged to a driving, pounding storm, fierce and demanding, an orgiastic beat in a steady, savage rhythm, plunging down harder and harder, moving faster and faster until, it exploded in a burst of thunder. Suddenly, as quickly as it had started, it was over.

Obinna had been staying with a friend whose distinguishing features were a large head, which everyone believed carried a giant-sized brain for outstanding scholarship and a diminutive nose which seemed to have been stuck to his face as an afterthought. Ikenna's head swung from side to side on a torso that was so thin proportionately, he sometimes reminded you of a tadpole. However, his legs had gradually "straightened" as he grew older, that a football or a fruited pumpkin could still pass between them when he stood to attention. There was nothing superfluous about his average height and his body that was slender without being thin. Ten rows of tattoo marks ran parallel to each other from his chest to his navel and sideways from each corner of the mouth, terminating just short of a crater-sized dimple.

Although, Obinna had promised his younger sister Adaobi when they had a chat on facebook the previous day that he would visit home this morning; the vulture-eyed thief had another business in mind.

“Big boys are never dead broke, so money must be raised for fun for the weekend; thank God it’s Friday!” the nineteen year old guy thought superciliously as he got out of bed naked, except for baggy trousers. A look of complete beatitude spreads all over his face as he reached for his shirt on the floor. He left the exiguous room like a seasoned depredator with a crescendo of fast steps.

Chidi was having his bath while his laptop computer was being charged with the plan to work on it later. He was happy that, there was ‘light’. He was a bachelor and still looking forward to a bright future ahead after being unemployed for many years after graduation. However, it seemed mother luck smiled on him recently as he got a job as a computer operator and his employers gave him a laptop computer so as to enhance his skills and efficiency. He had suffered too much for survival, and this job came as a welcome relief.

Just as he was bathing, he heard a sound that came from his parlour. It sounded like something dropping on the floor.

“Who is that?” he asked, really worried and perturbed. But he got no answer.

“I said who is that?” he asked for the umpteenth time but he got no answer again. Instantly, he became suspicious that it could be a thief or a burglar because he wasn’t expecting anyone around that time and he thought he locked the door leading to the parlour. In the twinkling of an eye he remembered he was charging his laptop computer before he entered the bathroom. Then surprisingly he heard the loud bang of his door and the rushing sound of footsteps.

It immediately dawned on him that it must be a thief. At that very moment he was covered with soap from head to toe. He quickly used water to clean his eyes and grabbed the towel, then rushed out of the bathroom. In a

flash, he saw that his laptop computer was missing from where he placed it. He ran towards the door leading to his parlour and saw the thief running away with the laptop cleverly tucked under his armpits. He followed him with all his might, running the great race of his life. He was a tall and lanky young man but he had all the energy to pursue this good- for-nothing, lazy thief.

As he pursued him, chasing him with all his vigour, he was shouting: '*Ole! Ole!*' But the computer thief continued running without looking back as if his life depended completely on the laptop he was holding. The two people were panting heavily as the great race continued. As Chidi continued the chase, he didn't realize that his towel had dropped from his waist for the past few minutes on the road, and he was also covered with soap from head to toe. People wondered at the strange drama taking place. A naked, young man running after a thief holding a laptop computer on a Friday morning! They thought it must be a movie or some kind of reality drama taking place across the road. Passers-by and residents of the streets concluded that they must be shooting a great movie or great film.

All this while Chidi was still chanting, '*Thief! Thief! Onye Ori ! Onye Ori! Help me grab him!*' The hot chase continued unabated. His thought was focused on retrieving his computer by all means, because his survival depended on this precious machine. The thief was now running like a cheetah, the fastest animal in the world but he was never tired and remained relentless. Obinna was the name of the fair-skinned, tall, young and muscular thief. He was a smart thief. As a young boy, Obinna alias 'complete submission' was spoilt beyond redemption by his loving Parents, particularly his mother-Mama Adaobi. He was so overfed and over-pampered that at a stage it seemed he had become so rotten in manners that maggots were dropping from his body. Could it be because he was the only male child? His degeneration into the abyss of waywardness and rot started at a very young age in the primary school.

In those days, he would only go to school if he so wished and would come home with stolen pencils and biros, sometimes with pilfered money, and his parents would never question or scold him for such acts. Somehow, he managed to scale through the hurdle in primary school and was promoted to the final class through the help of his Mum who bribed his class teachers and the headmaster so that he could go to the next level, which was secondary school. To be precise, he was an absolute dullard in school. However, while he could be dull in school work; he was an expert in thieving and lies. If he tells you good morning, make sure you take a proper look at your wrist-watch; it could be late in the night, or a blazing afternoon.

When he entered secondary school, all societal ills rolled into him. By the time he managed to get to the final class, he was a perfect reincarnation of a *'Naija bad guy'*. He would not go to school, but loaf around with his friends and peers of the same character and mindset. While he was much younger in primary school, he indulged in smoking cigarettes secretly, but now in the secondary school, he had the wild and weird habit of smoking marijuana with frenzied passion. Some of his friends used to prepare tea with the illegal weed and he and others would sip it with relish. He was once caught with his awkward friends smoking marijuana at a *'joint'* very near the school premises. The proprietor threatened to expel him. He called his Mum to intervene. Mama Adaobi was on hand to bail him out of the problem. She had a very soft and tender passion for him and would always cover him up when he did wrong or committed punishable atrocities. He gradually started drinking *shepe, ogogoro* and *paraga*-locally concocted hot drinks that would make one go wild and high.

That is Obinna for you. It got to a point that the school authorities could not tolerate or stomach his wayward and utterly debased way of life. He was instantly expelled from school. This in particular was the genesis of his descent into the dark, unwholesome abyss of crime. His first attempt into full time crime was as a pickpocket. He would go to bus stops and position himself at

strategic places. Whenever a bus came to a standstill, he would struggle with other passengers and in the process dip his hands into their pockets and filch out money. At times, he made thousands from such unholy ventures. On such days, he would spend lavishly on his girlfriends. He would even buy things for his parents but Papa Adaobi wouldn't lay a finger on such gifts however they didn't bother to investigate the true source of this income.

'Thank you, my lovely son,' his mother would say. 'I know one day, I'll depend on you for survival. You make me proud and I am bold to say that there's also life and success other than through solely educational pursuits. I'm proud of you my son; you're now a big boy.' She would pat him on the head like a local hunter would pat the head of a loyal and dutiful dog.

"Oh, Mummy," he would reply, 'you can always count on me. Don't mind whatever our neighbours or anybody says. Money will never be our problem, but how to spend it.' At about sixteen, he had started dating young ladies. He began to soar in the world of crime. The money he could filch as a pickpocket was not enough to meet his extravagant lifestyle. He turned into a burglar at seventeen. Life as a burglar was equally exciting to him and very eventful. On any particular day, if he went on a burglary mission and was successful, he would earn hundreds of thousands of naira. He had four young men who teamed up with him in the evil business. Back from burgling, he would bring plenty of money home and his mother would share in his loot, not asking where he got the money he was spending so lavishly. Now, he is on the run!

Somehow, as Obinna was about crossing the road after twenty minutes of a hot chase to the other side, a speeding motorist (*Okada*) knocked the bloody thief down. He fell down instantly in pains, but the laptop was still under his armpit, despite the crash. He was lucky not to have suffered a broken leg. In a

jiffy, Chidi was around to claim his laptop back and dealt him eight powerful punches in quick succession.

“Got you at last, you nitwit and numskull!” screamed Chidi, “may God punish you with all his vengeance, you mother fucker!”

He instantly collected his laptop and grabbed the thief from his trouser, around his belt. He continued hitting him with annoyance.

“You’ll rot in hell, you son-of -a-bitch!” he charged madly at him. When Obinna saw a huge crowd coming, he got his feet to work as rapidly as lightning. He didn’t want to be burnt to death. A huge crowd had gathered at the scene of the incident. It was at this moment that people realized it wasn’t a movie but a case of plain larceny. The next minute, two policemen appeared on the scene.

“Why are you naked, *Mister Man?*” One of the officers asked Chidi after a long pause. It was then he realized that he had been naked all this while. He was so surprised. He took a long breath before narrating all that had happened. Instantly a young man with a tear-tugging imagery of a starving *Lagosian* with blown-out belly, skull with almost no subcutaneous fat harbouring pale, sunken eyes in sockets that betrayed his suffering offered a jacket to Chidi. Oscillating amid impassioned outrage and constrained love, Chidi provided a toothy smile and reached out his hand to the *good Samaritan*, the touch was as light as a feather. He however thanked him as he muttered:

‘Although, I ran naked on the road to retrieve it, it was an embarrassment that paid off at the end of the day because my employer would have sacked me for negligence of duty and as for that young thief, he will breathe his last soon, if he doesn’t change.’

Chapter two

Five years later after attempting to steal the laptop. The sky was milky and the uneven ground was brighter but the harmattan season was particularly harsh. Everything seemed bleak. The dry sandy air seemed to be an additional torment, delighting in covering the body with layers of the Sahara Desert's fine dust, blown in from hundreds of miles away. Obinna paced up and down in front of his parked Toyota Avensis. He looked at his golden wrist watch. It was 8 O'clock in the morning. He stood staring at his magnificent house with satisfaction. With the air so clean and crisp, the earth so fragrant, he felt like the only man on earth. His countenance now was that of joy, which his brilliant modesties had not craft enough to colour. It was his twenty-fourth birthday celebration. A day he had vowed to burn the candle at both ends. He was already hallucinating aggressively to see the evening in order to appease his corneous appetite.

The evening is here. Boldly inscribed on the black gate is: *'Aids is real, play safe'* and this is undersigned: **"THE YOUTH OF HONOUR"**. What an irony! This gate leads to one of the dingy neighborhoods of Lagos where men, fat rats, roaches and bed bugs cohabit. It is a place where black, smelly water spills into the streets from brimming gutters when it rains and where naked children romp in the day, oblivious of the filth around them.

The place is an enclave of sort for some alcoholic loafers who wake everyday to eat, drink, play Lagos Lotto and make merry. In the night, it is also a hangout where nubile young girls stand half nude by the road sides to hawk sex at low costs; where men of unruly libido meet women of inordinate sexual

cravings. It is reminiscent of biblical Sodom and Gomorrah. A centre of sin where no pure person passes through undefiled.

Welcome to “Empire,” one of the numerous sex markets in the city of Lagos. Here, life is lived at its most worthless. But it is more about survival than choice. It is also about the failure of various institutions in Nigeria. This lovely evening, Empire looks like a small shanty town. Small sheds for food, cheap liquor, cigarettes and “weeds” dot the roadsides. Young men with burnt finger tips crowd at the sheds smoking hemp and downing spirits recklessly. The revolutionary renditions of legends like Bob Marley and Fela oozing from a C.D player nearby help set the mood or so it appears. Far from the black gate entrance comes also the music of Don Moen and a collage of other gospel music. But no one pays attention to the religious melody here. The boys play Lotto even as the revel continues, and occasionally sing along with the music box. Often, they launch into hot arguments on trivia. Topics like: who is a better football player, Messi or C. Ronaldo? Who sings better between Fela and Bob Marley? There were some young men in a corner who were playing football with improvised goal-posts. They were reed-thin, with skulls capped with wiry rust-coloured tufts of hairs and bodies centered on protuberant stomachs.

There is much sound and fury now, signifying nothing. But no one seems disturbed by the regular nuisance of the boisterous youths. At one corner of a stall, a few elderly fellows are sipping *paraga*, local cheap whisky. They all bear the same features: yolk-yellow eyeballs, puffy checks, decaying teeth; the relics of their old selves, a result of several years of indulgence. Yet they appear cheery even in their degenerate state. Past their prime, these men can no longer give lustful pleasure to women, not even the fallen angels of Empire. Now, a lurid joke is the pastime of this old gang. Sitting there on a broken bench they do not mind the noisome bunch of youths around them, they are mere reminders of their own heydays.

At Empire, girls are bat-like. They don't walk the streets in daylight, except to buy food and cigarettes. Then you could see a bare-bottom bimbo stroll towards 'Mama-put' shop, get her order and go back to her shack. Her prancing might not even win a leer from the boys in the hood. They have seen it all. Generally, it is a quiet community during the day. But the mood of the place changes at nightfall into something of a street party with music blaring from every corner, each side of the roads lined by girls of various shapes and sizes. Young attractive girls, dressed up with the intention to lure buyers. In this business, looking sexy is it. They all look ravishing and smell like mobile perfume shops. But some are more aggressive than others in their marketing. The more daring ones would hold your hands and throw some endearments at you even as you walk past.

"Sweetheart, come here," "Honey pie, look here;" "Hi handsome." Some would even invite you to touch their breasts to feel the firmness. Those with sagging breasts try hard to do a push-up with iron-cast bra. Some succeed. But experienced eyes can identify the firm from the fallen.

It is tucked in between *Yaba-Ojuelegba* and *Surulere-Mushin*. It is the same place where the late *Abami Eda, Fela Anikulapo* reigned and ruled before he relocated to the new shrine in *Ikeja*. Here, whoever tarries long enough to listen to the sales talk of these Empire girls could forget all moral lessons in the Holy books and follow Adam to gobble the apple.

Obinna drove into the Empire in his Lexus Jeep. He is a rich lover boy who has an unusual skill and knack for making money and for 'hooking' ladies. He is tall, chubby and with a cool and charming disposition. No girl could escape his sugar-coated tongue. He knew what ladies want and would give them without mincing words. He is also a damn good liar. No woman could escape from his lecherous and amorous moves. No woman could beat his wits

in matters of love and romance. His Achilles heel is women. He could kill or betray his blood sister or closest friend because of them. There was no denying the fact that he was once a philanderer of the highest order. He simply loves anything in skirt. He was so wayward and debauched that he confessed to his close pal Tony, one day: *'I can die because of Lagos girls! Take it or Leave it guy, I came through that 'route' and wouldn't mind if I join my Maker through the same route'*.

As Obinna was about to alight from his Jeep, he saw a light-skinned young beauty and was overwhelmed by her celestial beauty. The girl was heading for the eatery in Empire. She had a figure and gait that could tempt even Monks to do the unthinkable. She wore a skimpy dress that made her look irresistible and enchanting and her steps were calculated and mesmerizing. Truly the girl was charming from head to toe. He was consumed by admiration; he had never seen such a raving beauty in his entire life. To further accentuate her sexual allure, the girl had tiny blue beads around her waists.

"Oh my...my goodness...!" he exclaimed smacking his lips. Hello, angel, just give me your love and I will make you happy with millions! What's your name Angel?"

"I'm Angela!!" she said softly, smiling and showing her white set of teeth.

"Angela! Angela!!" he repeated excitedly. I thought as much. You know, I called you Angel. Remove the last 'A' and your name becomes Angel. If I were a prophet, my predictions would always come true.

Obinna: *I like to catch some fun with you tonight, how much will it cost me?*

Angela: *How much you wan give me?*

Obinna: *How much you wan take, you no get a regular price?*

Angela: *No regular price o, any amount wey you and the person talk.*

Obinna: *You go do night?*

Angela: *Where?*

Obinna: *Ikeja.*

Angela: *Ah! That's far o. E far please pay twenty thousand.*

Obinna: *Twenty K...Just like that?*

Angela: *Yes now o, you know where you wan take me to naw?*

Obinna: *But I go carry you in my car.*

Angela: *I know.*

Obinna: *So talk, how much be your last price?*

Angela: *Ok, give me fifteen thousand.*

Obinna: *No, I de think of ten.*

Angela: *You know within go happen, I no want make we talk too much, give me twelve.*

Obinna: *I go give ten.*

Angela: *Na twelve*

Obinna: *Ok, make you wait for me where the car dey. I dey come.*

He left her in search of more daughters of fun and accosted Sandra who looked elderly and friendlier and so was her price. She was willing to take five thousand naira to “do night”, but she would not follow any man to spend the night outside Empire. “Lagos is risky” she says. She promised a rewarding night any day if he is willing to “do it around”. While the conversation was going on, no curious eyes strayed towards their direction. No querying stare. Everyone appeared to be minding his or her own business. Some men were enjoying some *suya* with beer at a bar nearby. Some clustered around a TV set, feasting eyes on the ongoing UEFA Champions league final match between *Barcelona* and *Juventus*. A number of Empire girls were swaying to *D-banj* music on the roadside. Some could be seen negotiating prices, after which they would disappear into a small room to eat the forbidden fruit.

As he was speaking with Sandra, he noticed a particular beautiful girl walk into a bar nearby. As the girl settled down, an old man engaged her. They chatted about five minutes and the old man left in anger. It looked as if she only came to unwind but there was something unusual about her. She was not dancing, only busy taking pictures, staring at others and pressing her *BB touch phone*. And again, she was laughing and talking with a bar lady in a way that showed that it was not her first time at the club. Obinna met with the bar lady and asked about her. It was a straight reply: “Her name is Emilia; do you want her for the night?” He agreed with the bar lady to pay the sum of seven thousand naira. The bar lady had initially refused, insisting that it is *ten K*, but he said all he got is seven thousand naira. She asked for a minute, moved aside and returned with the good news. Emilia was finally here. When Obinna asked what she came to do because she looked very refined. She explained that she came to see the owner of the hotel who was her friend but after the bar lady mounted pressure on her; she was willing to *do a short time*. She gave a smirk and continued, “You know, I’m a kind of nymphomaniac. I’m only interested in the pleasure. I don’t care how little the money is that you can provide, inasmuch as I am satisfied.” “But...How do you take care of yourself? I know you understand what I’m talking about?” Obinna asked hiding his surprise.

“The real money comes from the offices of top government’s officials. But the problem is that, they only ask one to do all sort of things to satisfy them. They hardly do the *“real thing”*! But you can’t trust those dogs. Honestly, those guys really taught us a lesson last week. Imagine...I went for boat cruising with two female friends to have some fun with some married government officials last week. I mean the top guys in power! Unknown to us, the drinks were drugged and we completely lost consciousness. These guys slept with us and even took photographs of the goings-on. Although none of us died, I’m sure it was a bitter experience”. Emilia concluded almost in tears.

“It’s Okay. I’m sorry about that. Fun is sometimes produced by pain.” Obinna admonished with obvious empathy and continued, “Why didn’t the old guy with you some minutes ago take you home?”

She replied; “Don’t mind him; he was just telling me how he would snatch me from my boyfriend. *He no get power for bed.* I am doing this mainly for the pleasure. I’m not a prostitute. Prostitutes are cheap roadside hawkers!”

As Obinna and Emilia were cutting steps towards his car, Obinna was busy pouring some beer into his insatiable stomach. He could drink urine if cocked in a bottle. He was always soused in whisky and rum daily. Sometimes after bouts of drinking and getting high, he would beat the living daylights out of his girlfriends. Just almost where his car was parked he sighted Pamela; a twenty year-old student of the University of Lagos. Pamela is a novice in the job. She just wants to be like her colleagues, use I-phones, latest Black Berry phones and what have you. These are luxuries her poor parents cannot afford for her.

“Hi...small baby girl! Can you come with me? I like it small sometimes...you know,” he snapped.

“Okay, it depends on your pocket. How much do you have?” Pamela asked displaying her plump side.

“Money is not the problem if you make me happy,” he responded.

Only one, neck-deep into the playboy culture could have made three beautiful catches in less than thirty minutes. He had flung the doors of the jeep open and they were hopping in. The sweet fragrance of their perfume had filled the car and Obinna had the urge to push his nose in their cleavage and sniff some more. Even the playboys around were mesmerized as they wondered where he will get the raw energy to satisfy the appetites of such a number of

ladies. But with women, you can't beat him. He was already driving to a friend's sprawling duplex at *Ikeja*.

Obinna was now right inside the living room- with his three new '*catch*', not minding the fact that they were total strangers. When it came to romance, he had no moral scruples and would take the plunge without hesitation. He was about to begin the romance maze. He quickly took off his designer shirt and trousers, leaving only his shorts. The girls were all sitting on a long Italian leather couch. He laid his head on the soft thigh of Angela and stretched out his legs on the thighs of another. The third girl was busy massaging his bare chest. The three girls in a row were giving him a regal treatment meant only for kings and princes. He was also sipping champagne and munching the laps of chicken. The young man was in heavenly bliss. What more could life offer? The split-unit air conditioner was on and music was blaring from a hi-tech CD player. He continued his wayward maze of romance till five o'clock in the morning. He was now like a dehydrated horse. He reached for his brief-case and rewarded the girls.

Despite the fact that she was debased, lewd and a girl of easy virtue, he had developed a strong affection for Angela beyond the gloat of sex appeal. Will Angela fall for him and stop "*hooking up*" with her Indian boyfriend? He later gave Angela a *sweet ride* back to her family's house at Agege, after exchanging all necessary contact addresses with her.

Chapter three

Obinna placed a call and while waiting for it to connect, he heard a voice welcoming him to the season of “love”. He thought it was an error. He cut the call in order to re-dial again but alas! The error was not that of the network but his. He did not know that the world had moved on to another level in its pursuit of the transient, the ephemeral. He tried to connect again, he heard the voice which sounded like that of the female among the genies and the message it sought to pass across was meant to remind him of the fact that valentine’s day was around the corner; that he was now in the season of “love”. Immediately the voice on the phone network invited him to partake of its offers to mark the day, he realized he needed to write a letter and buy some “*valentines*” for his girl.

Tony was invited over to write a letter. “Please give me the best of all letters; it is meant for Angela, the only one I love, the most beautiful girl on earth”.

“There’s too much love in your eyes these days my guy, this new girl in your life is getting you crazy. You got to take it easy! Lagos girls are no good. They are vampires of sort, you got to *shine* your eyes before you fall *mugo*.”

“Just don’t disturb me... Please...Please...” pleaded Obinna. “I need it very badly; just put down all the ideas I have given you! There is no time for the preaching, if I need it, I will simply go to your church.”

Tony, sensing the inconvenience he was causing him started writing while Obinna kept coming back to peep at the long letter as he was busy “*facebooking*”.

Tony wrote with an overflowing smile:

Dearest Angela,

Since I met you at Empire, my life has changed! It astounds me! I've never seen a lady so beautiful. Your love for me is working like alcohol in my senses. Ever since I saw you, I haven't slept. I thought I must have gone mad with love. I am full of admiration for you. My parents and friends thought I must be sick or something. But I knew I wasn't sick. I knew it's your love that overwhelmed me. I've heard about love at first sight. Yes! I've heard it. I never knew such could happen to me. But now I know it's real! The day you will confess your love for me will be the happiest day of my life. Whenever, I think of your beauty and the joy of being my wife, sweet tears of joy rolls down my face.

Your being an angel and trustworthy is rare among the ladies I've met. The general notion is that beauty comes with bad character. But Angela, you're different. Angela, the light of my life, the fire of my loins, my sin, my soul; Angela, a name sweeter than honey, softer than butter, lovelier than Juliet. No man will see you Angela and pass by without stopping to turn his head thrice or four times or more.

I shall feel your warmth and tender lips forever, even up to heaven. Just remain by my side Angela. With your presence I'm "belly-full", with your presence I'm my true self. Angela! Your name itself is soft; it's musical and soothing to the ears...its honey, I confess. Let's love and love till we exhaust the large portion of love Romeo and Juliet forgot to give. Angela, my heart! Without you I'm dead. I shall come to your place tomorrow as I told you on phone. I give you one thousand deep kisses through this letter; Angela, the living Angel.

Yours sincerely,

Obinna.

“Ah!” This is too much! You’re mad with love; don’t give yourself a heart attack because of “*common Lagos love*”! Tony exclaimed, while reading out the letter.

“Just help me deliver the letter and that’s all, no comments. That’s how I feel about Angela,” Obinna replied and collected it.

He folded the letter, tucked it in a brown envelope and handed it to Tony. Tony took it and left immediately. He had a first semester examination to catch up with. Tony was a slender young man, easy-going and understanding by nature. He was an undergraduate at the Lagos state university. It happened that Angela, his newfound love, lived beside Tony’s house. That afternoon after the examination, he made it his first duty to deliver the letter.

On reaching the house, he was fortunate to see her. He gave her the letter. She was extremely glad to see the letter. Truly, she was a beauty, a rare gem. She had all it takes to make a man wag his tongue and go up in flames of desire. Words alone are not enough to describe her seraphic beauty. She was fairly tall. Her skin was dazzlingly light. Her eyeballs were seductive and sparkling white. Her breasts were full and round. Her glittering white teeth were something no man could resist.

Everything about her was graceful and enchanting. Angela opened the letter delicately with smiles. She unfolded it and began to read. Every now and then she smiled. Then she laughed softly. She had never seen someone so full of desire for her and who could express it confidently on paper. She thought she must not disappoint him. Yes! She vowed to be loyal but must make things a bit difficult so that she doesn’t appear cheap.

She read it with rapt attention and her spirit was instantly elated. After finishing the last lines, she stood up with a rather sensuous smile. She was indeed very happy and she took her siesta thinking of him.

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