

THE WEDDED WHORE

A novel by Ugochukwu Kingsley Ani

The Wedded Whore is a work of fiction. At such, all the characters and the places used in this book are all imaginary. All the characters in this book, should they bear any resemblance to persons living or dead are purely coincidental, as they are all the products of the author's imagination or are used very fictitiously.

Copyright © 2015 by Ugochukwu Kingsley Ani

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any mechanical or electronic means, including information storage and retrieval systems without the prior written permission of the author.

Cover Image: By Anita Brown

Cover Illustration © 2015 by Adrian Banks

© 2015 by Ugochukwu Kingsley Ani

Except from *Affair with the Dancer* © 2015 by Ugochukwu Kingsley Ani

The Wedded Whore: A celebrity novel/ Ugochukwu Kingsley Ani

ISBN- 13: 978-1519147615

ISBN- 10: 1519147619

The moral right of the author has been asserted

For Barkings, for making this possible. Thank you, always . . . and Nony . . .

THE WEDDED WHORE

PROLOGUE

The room was incredibly vast and outrageously packed with men. On a raised dais were live band players, and a girl was singing. Obinna had his back to the dais but he was strongly aware of the pop song that was being sung by the most sonorous voice he'd ever heard. The voice was a very feminine voice that had the tunes right on, and the entire patrons and the women of the crowded bar were all nodding their heads to the sound of the voice.

The singing stopped abruptly. And then the music changed, from the upbeat sounds that were being belted out by the sonorous voice to an exotic Eastern beat that was seductive. The lights had dimmed. Simultaneously, all the men held their breath. Astonished, Obinna glanced around wildly so he could understand why the men were acting so strangely, and when his eyes fell on the girl who'd emerged as if conjured up from a puff of smoke, he understood the reason for the instantaneous enchantment.

She stood there, her back turned to the room, her body draped from neck to toes in a veil of shiny tulle. There were jewels ringed on her arms, so long they almost formed a percussion band; there was a snake bracelet draped around her biceps, and she looked like something that had been conjured up from a dream. The veil covered her, and there was the sight of a long, glorious body hidden in the material she'd covered herself with. Her head was tilted back, and there was her hips moving and undulating in a slow, seductive rhythm that was as enchanting as it was exoteric.

It was like watching a very long snake move languidly through the room, and she could move; she seemed to flow, from one move to the other, and it was as if she was oblivious to the people in the room. There was a mystery to her moves, as if she was performing a very slow, very sexy ritual only she was privy to.

She turned, and the light played on the jewels that were entwined in her long, glorious hair; it played on the heavy kohl that lined her eyes, and her body seemed to shimmer with reflected light in the semi-dark room. She was wonderfully tall, fair-complexioned; with full breasts that strained against the thin material of her dress, with the tulle veils straining against the luscious body that had been so carefully covered, and yet so artfully revealed; deliciously long legs that seemed endless, but it was her chiseled face that drew the most attention. It drew the eyes, and held it, causing uneasiness and even a shiver of shock to pass through the beholder of such beauty.

Her chiseled face was framed in long raven black hair that was like black satin against her fair complexion, a very straight, narrow nose, pouty, provocative lips that were outlined in a slash of red and high cheekbones that accentuated her stunning facial bone structure. She was astonishingly

beautiful, and she seemed magical, like a sea nymph or a sylph that had come to the earth to wreck havoc on the male folk. Hers was the type of beauty that needed no physical enhancements for her maintain it

Mesmerized, Obinna leaned forward. ‘Wow!’ he exclaimed.

Seemingly oblivious to the shock she’d caused in the room, she continued to move, her bones twisting and turning with a languid flexibility that seemed a vision of its own. Then the first veil came down, and if a pin had dropped in the room, it would have sounded like a bomb_ the room was so still and silent. The light-skinned body was revealed just a bit, and her bones were delicate, and beautiful, and there was a flawless perfection to the body that made her ravishing. Then came the second veil, and there was the red velvet gown that clung to the perfect body like a second skin; the outline of the perfect body was now visible, and when the final veil came down to her feet, the lights played on her.

She looked dazzling.

And she turned and twisted, still almost seemingly oblivious to the crowd, and the spectators were twisting in their chairs, all eyes straining to see her every move, her every body language. She looked like a sea goddess dancing to the tunes of some musical number, a tribute from her worshippers.

The girl suddenly stopped and swayed slightly on her feet as though drunk, and then she stood stock still. The men applauded, all of them drawn and entangled in her web of allure and seduction. Oblivious to the thunderous applause, the girl shook her beautiful head this way and that to the steady beat of the music while her long black hair swirled round her face like a cloud.

‘Wow!’ Obinna exclaimed to his companion, Richard, as they all watched this dancing flame of fire and epitome of beauty as she worked her art with a sexy grace that held the eyes unblinkingly to her face. ‘That girl is marvelous and great. Look at her! Just look at her!’

Richard nodded, his eye still glued to the dais. ‘Yeah. I know how marvelous she really is. She’s a singer, an agile dancer, and I hear that sometimes, though rarely, she doubles as a whore in order to earn some extra cash for herself. I really do not even know why a girl as beautiful as she is should stay here, performing a striptease for a bunch of leering men when she could go and be a model or a singer.’

The girl glanced around wildly, as though lost, or as though she had forgotten her surroundings, but to Obinna, she looked as though she were testing the air for a scent of prey she could pounce on. Her luminous eyes scanned the dense crowd of men, hovering over the man seated next to Obinna, and then rested on him with a mesmerizing intensity that made him gasp. She held him in her gaze, and to him it was like being stared down by a huge animal of prey which had come on down to devour him. And her fingers moved across her face, her lips parted, and the smile that was revealed flashed blindingly white against the red paint of her lips. But never for once did her gaze waver from his face.

She looked at him and he looked at her; or rather, he was trapped in her gaze while she held him mesmerized in her grasp. It seemed as if the very universe had shifted, that this stunningly beautiful

seductive dancer was the only thing that was now visible in his universe. The shock of her gaze held him entranced, and though she was still making her exotic dance moves with the fluidity of a snake, she seemed not to be moving of her own voluntary free will, that her body was controlling itself independently of her will.

That was when she took off her red velvet gown, or rather, the gown seemed to slip from her at some silent command from her, and she stood before the spell-bound audience dressed now in nothing but a red bra and a small red wrap that covered her from waist and then on past her buttocks. There was a collective gasp from the appreciative audience, for she had the kind of shape that would tempt even a Buddhist monk into giving up his vows and taking her right there and then.

There was the luscious curve of her hips, the type some women would kill for, and there was the curve of her full, firm, high breasts that stood out on her chest like sirens that beckoned for some attention. With the black hair, the stunning face and the bone structure, and the killer shape she had under the nothing thing she wore, she was the physical embodiment of every straight man's wet dream.

Totally unaccustomed to such intense stares, and such stunning, glorious beauty, with the accompanying performance and the snaky feel of it, Obinna stood up and headed for the door because her gaze had shocked him and had his heart thumping. Unfortunately, he couldn't seem to get out fast enough; his progress was painfully slow, and he could hear the cheers of the men as they screamed their encouragement at the girl_ it seemed as though she'd come to the end of her shock act.

And then finally, he emerged on the wide corridor, and he heaved a sigh of relief. He had really enjoyed himself here at the Happy Day club which was surprising because it was situated at Ajegunle, one of the slums of Lagos State. And the only reason for that was because of the performance of this girl. Whoever the hell she was, she had the looks, she had the power and the magnetism, and she had the sensuality to trap any man she sunk her clutches into to do anything she wanted him to do for her.

He was breathing heavily, and he knew that the loud palpitation of his heart was due to the fact that the stunning dancer had worked some sort of invisible charm on him to make him lose half his senses and have him thinking about the dark rim of her almond-shaped eyes, and the curve of those kissable red lips, and the swell of that killer shape she had below her flat midriff which had given him an erection the very moment he'd laid his eyes on them.

Running his fingers through his blunt-cut hair, he heaved a big sigh as he thought to himself what a blessing it would be for him to flee from the sin this young exotic dancer was trying to lead him into and run back to his parents' house so he could enjoy a few days of quiet before he packed up his things and left the country for the continuation of his studies.

He turned, and then he felt his muscles freeze into rigidity as a shudder ran through him and the ice was dropped into his bowels. God, there was no escaping the sin that oozed from this place like the pus from a festering wound.

Leaning against the wall, smiling and staring at him with her mesmerizing, luminous eyes, was the girl. Her eyes seemed hard and very cold as she trapped him in her gaze once again.

‘Hello, sugar,’ she said. Her voice was low, and very sweet, like chocolate, and there was a glint in her eyes. She walked towards him with a measured sway of her provocatively curvy hips. ‘See anything you like, my dear?’ she asked. She was smiling at him again, knowing that she had him in her grasp.

He was staring at her. There was something about her that was totally seductive, and could transfix any man with desire. Scowling with frustration at the welcome prospect of his body’s reaction to her, which he so did *not* wish to act upon, he forced a smile. She smiled right back, and he was immediately done in. ‘How much?’ he asked her.

‘For a man with a purse as deep as yours, I think 5000 NGN per hour will suffice as a reasonable price.’

‘I’ll pay you 8.’

Adamma stifled a gasp and then she spread her rosy lips in a smile of silent sexual victory over him. She had not spent two years in this nightclub without detecting the signs and strange aura of power and sureness of their superior status that emanated from men of blue blood who dabbled effortlessly in wealth.

As she had performed her on the stage_ for her singing and dancing was her art_ her hunter’s instincts had switched on of their own volition, and she’d pandered to it by scanning the dense crowd of men that worshipped at the altar of her beauty. And then there he was, standing out from the others like a wild rose in a field of plain white daisies. There was something that was completely innocent and enchanting about him, and then there was the wealth that he stank of; he was *the* perfect prey.

She led him off gently down the corridor to a room she always reserved from the club_ free of course_ and for the better part of an hour, she willingly submitted herself to the sensuous delights and throes of sheer, mindless ecstasy that were being dished out to her by her gorgeous new lover in one of the club rooms that had been specially designed for that purpose.

He had a wonderfully sculpted body that was designed for sex, and, thankfully, she was also supremely gifted in the act, all thanks to the well-thumbed copy of the famed Kama Sutra in her possession which she devotedly devoured day and night for insight and inspiration.

He reached for her, drawing her into his muscular arms, and then his lips claimed hers. They kissed for a long time, and then, hand-in-hand, they went to the small bed. There, as they stood before the bed, she undressed herself slowly, and when she stood naked before him she undressed him, with the same slow reverence with which she’d attended her own clothing. To her eyes, he was beautiful from head to toe, a perfect male specimen that any woman below the age of seventy would undoubtedly die for, and she pressed her lips to the thatch of dark hair that nestled above his erect penis.

And the organ was really huge, a living pole of muscle that shot out in between his legs like some monster that demanded gratification from her. And she was willing to give him value for the money he was paying to her for her just for a few minutes of passionate sexual tryst with her.

‘You’re beautiful,’ she whispered. And it was true, for he was really wonderful-looking and gorgeous.

She kissed him down *there*, and then she made him kneel down so she could kiss his lips. And he tasted so good, so clean, and the taste of berries was all she could feel. The sensation of kissing him and touching his hard, muscular body, was so entrancing to her senses, she could do nothing else.

He opened his mouth to say something, then thought better of it and kissed her instead, his tongue swirling around hers in a masterful caress that almost had her begging for more. Finally, he pulled himself away and chocked out, ‘What about our protection?’

She smiled at him in reassurance. ‘I am quite free of diseases, but, as a matter of policy and precaution, we don’t do it without protecting ourselves, so there are wraps of condom in the drawer by the table.’

She watched him take a wrap of condom, and then, he slipped the lubricated material up the erect shaft of his tumescent penis. He came over to her, and then he kissed her once again, his lips claiming hers in a French kiss that was quite unlike any she had encountered before. He pulled her down gently to the bed, kissed her reassuringly, and then he guided his throbbing cock into the wet mound of her womanhood that wanted instant gratification from the stranger and began to fuck her.

His hips moved slowly at first as he kissed her patiently, and then he moved faster, his hips pounding her with a passion and force she’d never known before, and occasionally she’d stroke his back to slow him down. But the sculpted Adonis was insatiable, and the moans of ecstasy he emitted echoed through the room, and she moaned with him, matching him cry for cry. When she was sure he was about to climax_ she’d been timing him in her mind, ticking the seconds off as they passed, he stopped and flipped her over so she was now on her hands and knees then he fucked her from behind.

As he fucked her, he stroked her breasts, fondled and pinched her erect nipples, and kissed her back. He turned her over again so she lay facing him, and he continued to fuck her, his eyes glued to hers, the wanton desire in them unmistakable. And then he cried out, and she smiled to herself, knowing she had brought him to shattering orgasm that rocked his body.

Her own pleasure swamped her, and she held him and cried out as waves of orgasmic pleasure swept through her in waves. Finally, she sank down, boneless, on the mattress, her long hair spread out on the bed.

The act over, she managed to extricate her supple, lithe body from the embrace of her lover and then she donned on her dress once again with deliberate slowness while he watched her, with desire smoldering in his dark eyes. Turning to him, she held out one well-manicured hand for her money which he surrendered gracefully.

Obinna smiled at her, a salacious glint in his eyes. ‘A wonderful night spent with a girl I don’t even know her name,’ he said to her, his voice accusatory.

‘Adamma,’ she managed to say, though very reluctantly, managing to infuse an arctic blankness into her luminous eyes. Certainly, she thought to herself, if the no-good, morally bankrupt man thought he could browbeat her into a long-time commitment by merely flashing currency notes in her face, then the man was in for a rude awakening. It was the rule of the game that the girls should never, under any circumstances whatsoever, try to get themselves entangled with the men they had sex with in any way.

Unaware of the condemnation she’d washed over him, Obinna savored the sound and feel of her esoteric name in his consciousness. It was a strange name, which was peculiar to Eastern Nigeria, and which meant *Daughter of Beauty*. And it certainly suited her, for she was indeed beautiful.

He then embarked upon an arrogant estimation of her worth. ‘My dear girl, I know you’re somewhat in need of money, so I’m offering you another night of pleasure at my house before I travel out to London, England, to continue with my studies and other pursuits. And I wouldn’t refuse such an offer if I were in your shoes.’

‘I’m definitely at your service, sir,’ Adamma snorted, her voice heavy with derision. ‘The address, please?’ she asked, hating this man’s guts and arrogance, with the sureness and confidence that went with it. But then, she would really not have expected anything less from him; she would have been very disappointed in him if he was one of those men that were simpletons, doing anything they possibly could to fake the nice guy when they were not.

Obinna withdrew a translucent card which was pale blue in color and then handed the card to her, their fingers brushing together in a way that sent the electricity whispering through him.

‘I’ll be expecting you to be at my place at seven tomorrow so that we can have dinner together before we get down to action. In two days’ time, I’ll be leaving the country to go to England, so I’d like us to make the most of our brief acquaintance. Until then, I’ll say adieu to you and goodbye.’ He bowed over her beautiful hands and then turned to don on his rich couture and then leave the room.

Adamma was still smiling as she watched the handsome stranger wear his clothes and leave. She didn’t bother to get a piece of identity from him. Not even his name. She knew that if she was stupid enough to get herself committed to him in any imaginable way, then she’d be chaining herself down to a new unbreakable bondage.

And not just to any man but a handsome, self-seeking jerk of a man who had flicked his eyes over her, concluded that she was in dire need of his finances, and peremptorily ordered her to make an appearance at his house and entertain him with her body services. But she knew that the sculpted Adonis was right; she did *need* his money. And he sure was a real piece of work, she thought; someone she would have loved to know under different circumstances. But that was not possible.

She was somehow convinced beyond doubt that she was never going to see the young man ever again, and as there was the very unlikely chance of there being any repercussions of their lovemaking

because he'd protected himself with condoms, she tore up his card and then emptied the torn pieces into the nearby trash can.

What she took no notice of was the fact that the condom had a very small, unobtrusive and unnoticeable leakage.

What she also was totally oblivious of was the fact that a new page had been written in her life.

CHAPTER ONE

Adamma strode purposefully towards the hotel manager of the Palace Hotel, the venue where she was going to perform for the hotel's rich, glamorous patrons and patronesses. The frown marring her stunning features, and the fire in her eyes were enough evidence of the fiery outrage and blazing anger she felt towards the simpering man who'd dared to publicize the performance without first seeking her consent. Now, the throng of screaming fans in the hotel lobby that had been demanding for autographs was more than enough for her to manage.

'You stupid sod!' she exploded at him, indignation flaring through her the moment she was standing before the pot-bellied man. 'How dare you announce everything to everybody? You even had to involve the press! Now, the massive turnout of people is more than enough for my peace of mind. It was supposed to be a private concert!'

'Calm down, madam,' Mr. Adebayo tried to pacify her, smiling with reassurance. 'It's nobody's fault that it leaked out. I tried to stop it from leaking out, but somehow, it did manage to slip through. And even at that, you're supposed to be happy about it because it somehow serves as free publicity for you.'

Looking at the face that was smiling at her with such charmed arrogance and smug pleasure at her discomfort, Adamma lost her temper which she'd firmly clamped down. Her mind awhirl with sheer anger, her senses burning with venomous fury, she exploded and aimed a stinging slap at the smiling face. But in the back of her mind, she knew that she would stop before her hand got to his face or she would face the full fury of the press.

However, the thought never formed fully and her hand never found its mark. Her soft hand was imprisoned in mid-air in an iron grip that made her gasp, and then drawn down to her side.

'I am so deeply sorry, my dear girl, but I will not allow you to slap my manager in full glare of the public. That would undoubtedly make me lose face in this Lagos, yes?'

Her body rigid with shock, Adamma whirled around and faced her unwelcome assailant. It was a totally unexpected shock that she would hear that voice again. It had been so long but yet . . . it was a totally unexpected shock that she would hear that low, drawling voice again. Even after more than a decade, her mind had frog-jumped with dizziness at the prospect of seeing him again. This man, here, right before her vision . . . Her thoughts had flowed across her face, a clear procession from initial bewilderment, through dawning realization, to scandalized horror. Jesus, it was *him*.

Her heart was hammering wildly in her chest, but, recalling her scattered wits, she let a mask of impassivity mask her face as she asked, in the sweetest tones she could muster, 'Oh, does this hotel belong to you? Or do you work here?'

‘It is mine, my dear girl; it most certainly belongs to me,’ the lean man replied, his eyes glued to hers in challenge. At thirty-four years of age, Obi Obiekwe was a highly successful businessman who was constantly hailed as the youngest, most eligible businessman in the Lagos fashionable society. He was stinking wealthy, a ruthless man who cut down whatever adversaries that dared to stand in his way. That he was looking into the eyes of this woman, the one who had occupied his nightly fantasies for well over a decade, was impossible. He had searched for her unendingly but had always met with a brick wall of failure that promised no success.

Recognition flared in her luminous eyes which widened dramatically, but she immediately extinguished it. Her face became an inscrutable mask. ‘And to think that I’ve been reading about you for all these years and yet never knew that I was in a place that bore the stamp of your credentials! It was nice meeting you, but you must excuse me; I’ve got an appointment with my manicurist and my hairdresser. But before that, I have an audience waiting for me. So, if you’ll excuse me. . .’

Turning round, she sashayed her way out of his presence, and the manager did strain his neck to watch her departure. Obi watched her retreating figure appreciatively, his eyes gleaming with mischief and unbridled joy and wonder. She certainly hadn’t changed in any way or become different from the young flame he still carried a torch for even after ten years.

She was still absolutely stunning; she still had the same luminous eyes that transfixed him with desire and totally mesmerized him; her breasts were full and ripe, and swelled seductively, straining against the fabric she wore; she had obviously maintained her body with diets and strenuous exercise because she still looked sculpted to perfection; her deliciously long legs were amazing, a sight that would have a model frowning with envy. Her attire was definitely haute couture; her sea-green, lime satin blouse was cut very low, revealing an unholy amount of cleavage, and the skirt she wore set off her long legs to advantage. She was every man’s dream and every woman’s nightmare, a sculpted Venus, a creature with a hot body made for the sin of sex.

Turning to the simpering fool who was still gawking after the departing woman, a questioning frown on his face, Obi demanded, ‘And what was she talking about? A concert is taking place here? And what audience was she babbling about?’

‘Well, she first appeared on the screens ten years ago, with her bestselling debut album *Promiscuous* which subsequently sold more than ten million copies worldwide. People loved her immensely for it, and since then, she’s never looked back, and has remained the hottest in-demand female singer in the country till date. She’s released several singles, and then albums, and she works for charity. She was hailed as the most charitable young celebrity in the country by the president himself.’

His mind reeling with disbelief, his brain awash with the memories of past years, Obi recalled, with total clarity, that his mother had yapped incessantly about the singer and her songs for a very long time. Hope had been filled with nothing but adoration and love for the singer who she claimed was well-loved by adoring fans all over the continent. Hope, with her youthful good looks and energy

which rendered her age indeterminate, had tried to coax him into attending one of the singer's concerts and nationwide tours six years ago, shortly after his return from overseas. However, his response had a polite and chilly refusal.

The tenacious woman, never easily daunted, had gone ahead to procure numerous albums of the well-known singer, and he had invariably listened to them, and had been forced to acknowledge the singer's irrefutable genius with the microphone.

Turning a frozen look on the manager, Obi embarked on an inquisition as to the time of the performance. 'And when, if I may be so bold as to ask, is this all-important performance taking place?'

'Everything will take place right away. The audience is ready for her.'

Waving the man away so he could have time to think, Obi cleared his suddenly agitated mind of the myriad of thoughts that had swept into it, totally unchecked. And he asked himself a searching question: was he still infatuated with the whore? And even if he was, would she give him the light of day now that she was a famous woman who was no longer in need of his petty cash? And, did she remember him even though their affair had been a one-night tryst?

Whether or not she still remembered him was a nagging question he couldn't get rid of from his mind. He fervently hoped to himself that there was a trace of memory remaining in her mind pertaining to who he was and about the night they had shared together. The reason was because he wanted her once again, yearned for her body passionately. He was attracted to her_ he had been from the first moment he set his eyes on her at that club where she was feeding the fantasies of the men who were there, gawping at her body.

Right now, he wanted to date her and have her back in his arms, but that was highly unlikely, he reasoned to himself. She had to be attached to a man, or she could even be married to another man. No one who was stunningly beautiful like she was could remain single. It was impossible!

Thirty minutes later, Obi walked out of the concert hall, looking dazed and shell-shocked. His mind was reeling from the effects of Adamma's laudable performance. The sonorous voice, the lithe, flexible body that moved with such grace and power, the agile, seductive steps, and her entire choreography was superb and totally captivating. He had no choice but to dredge up images of that woman, that body which had moved with such captivating grace and sensuality_ the body he had fucked and enjoyed years ago and had asked for more, but she had disappointed him and failed to turn up_ and he was lusting after a taste of her body once again.

This time, the force with which he desired her was stronger and more pronounced than before.

He found her to be irresistible, and, like a dismembered ghost, he materialized at her side when the last throng of her adoring, screaming fans had vanished from her side after she had attended to their requests for photographs and autographs. He was smiling radiantly as he approached her side.

‘My dear girl,’ he drawled, giving her a lopsided grin that he hoped would charm her. ‘I must apologize for my rude manners some time ago. I was only protecting my business interests. And I hope you still remember me. You’ve not forgotten me, yes?’

Infusing a look of doubt on her face as if he had appeared from the moon, she replied, with the barest hint of civility, ‘I’m sorry, my dear sir, but I have absolutely no inkling of who you are or where you might think we met. As for your arrogance and lack of manners, I’d already forgotten about it, and so, no need to apologize to me. Now, if you’ll be kind enough as to excuse me, I have an appointment with my dance choreographer, so. . .’

Accustomed to such resistance from the members of the opposite sex, Obi spared her a smile, one he reserved for spoilt women who believed so much in the power of their looks and their sex, and he spoke, his voice a throaty murmur that had many a woman panting for sex. ‘If you’ll spare me just a minute of your time, then I’ll enlighten you as to the circumstances surrounding our brief acquaintance.’

‘Oh no, I’m in a hurry and I don’t have the time to waste in idle conversation,’ she snapped, and there was an edge of steel in the well-modulated tones. She flashed an impatient look on her Cartier Tank watch. ‘Surely, you can state your business here?’

Her repressive tones and icy glare stung his sensibilities like a legion of vengeful bees, he noted dispiritedly to himself. And from the look in those mesmerizing luminous eyes, he was sure she would undoubtedly denounce his existence if he were to prod her mind. Hunting around for a way to upset her equilibrium or even floor her from her vantage point on her high pedestal, he arrived at the conclusion that using a more indirect mode of questioning would yield more positive results.

He fastened a basilisk stare to her face so as not to miss the emotion she would emit when he unloaded his bomb on her. He asked coldly, ‘Have you ever been to a club called the Happy Day club? Do you know that it exists?’

Seemingly unperturbed by his icy glare at her face, she contrived to exude an attitude of polite surprise as she proffered a question of her own in answer to his. ‘And where would such a club be? Is it an exclusive club? Is it famous?’

‘On the contrary, it is an unknown club, but is known for its *special* pleasures. It’s located at Ajegunle.’

She smiled ruefully. ‘I’m sorry, but I have absolutely no inkling about the existence of such a club. Well, you’ve had your shot, so I have to go.’

She had lied with a fluency that stunned Obi to shocked silence, and, as she was quite sure of the reins of power and victory being in her hands, she turned and, with a curt nod at him, she walked out of his presence, her long hair flying. She gave the doorman a curt nod, and then she was walking towards the sleek white Mercedes she had arrived in.

Thunderstruck, Obi watched her slide in behind the wheel after a handsome young dude had opened the door for her, and then the engine kicked to life, and she was driving out of the

surroundings of the hotel at great speed. He marveled at her lying expertise, the audacity she had mustered up and walked out on him as if he was nothing to her, and the bleakness and total blankness with which she had answered his questions. She was the most convincing and talented actress he had ever encountered, and it would be to his benefit to go and regroup before he went again to take on an adversary of her caliber.

His mind was definitely made up, and he was going to continue hunting her until he had her firmly in his trap and in his arms. His mind definitely made up, he spent the next six weeks reading about her, looking for insights as to who she really was. But the chit was more elusive than the famous Siberian Tigers; there was absolutely nothing personal about her that found its way into the papers. Her personal life was shrouded in mystery, and there was no way he could hunt her down. Obviously, she was one of the rare breed of female celebs who valued their privacy more than anything else. Even his frequent trips to the information superhighway_ the Internet_ yielded no positive results. All he could get was an avalanche of her pictures, news about her career and upcoming performances.

He reviewed all he'd found, a rubbish heap of useless information that led him nowhere, and he realized now that tracking down the singer was now becoming an obsession with him. He had to find her soon, otherwise he'd go crazy.

And then, one bright morning, he went to see his dentist for a ten o'clock appointment so he'd get his teeth cleaned by a professional. He flipped disinterestedly through the pages of the magazine the receptionist had proffered to him fifteen minutes ago after he had walked into the reception area, pretending to be totally engrossed in the glossy pages that depicted the tell-it-all lives and love affairs of the rich and famous of Lagos society.

The plain truth was that he was bored out of his skin; his supreme impatience had taken hold of his senses, and he was itching to enter Dr. Wright's office for his ten o'clock appointment with the gorgeous mouth doctor who would brandish his magic wand and his mouth would be as good as that of a new-born baby.

'Mr. Obi,' he heard the dark receptionist say in her slightly accented, though flawless English. He looked up from the pages of the shitty tabloid and looked towards the reception desk. 'You may go in now, please. The doctor is ready for you right now.'

He heaved a sigh of heartfelt relief and then turned to the door of the office where his doctor waited for him. What prompted him at that moment to turn to the centre pages of the magazine, he would never know, but when his eyes fell on the photo of the stunning woman that graced the page, a smile lit up his countenance.

There, in the middle of the page, was a photo of the elusive singer he had been trying unsuccessfully to track down. She was standing in front of a beautiful bungalow, and two little kids, who appeared no more than ten, were flanking her; they were all smiling into the camera, their faces lit up with joy.

He paused, and his sharp eyes flashed through the picture appraisingly, and then he frowned, a wave of anger swamping his mind. His smile vanished, and murderous rage swept through him, making him to clutch at the wall for support before he flipped completely. Damn you to hell! That was the thought he wanted to shout at the top of his lungs, but he refrained from doing so.

He would murder that cold, lying, murderous bitch who had dared to fling it to his face that she didn't know who he was whereas she kept such a big secret locked away. She was cold-hearted, cruel, an angel-faced evil spawn of the devil, a smutty, useless, impassive-faced witch who had dared to deny knowing him.

He shouted at the befuddled secretary to reschedule the appointment, and then he was hurrying to his car, oaths pouring from his mouth venomously as he looked up her address in the pages of the magazine. And boy, did he have issues with her! No woman ever dared to lie to him. None had ever dared to try, and now that she was the first, she would feel the brunt of his rage!

Jesus! Such a huge secret!

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

