



URBAN AROUSAL

THE SEX LIFE OF THE MODERN COUPLE

AN EROTIC NOVEL
BY
OLAWUNMI ESAN

URBAN AROUSAL®

VOLUME 1

THE QUEST FOR SEXUAL SATISFACTION

By

OLAWUNMI ESAN

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Table of Contents

Copyright Page.....	3
INTRODUCTION	5
DEDICATION	6
CHAPTER 1: Sex is Overrated	7
CHAPTER 2: Seeking Solution	10
CHAPTER 3: The Journey of Sexual Discovery	13
CHAPTER 4: Pleasure	17
YOUR EXERCISE.....	22
SEXUAL REAWAKENING (VOLUME 2)	23
CHAPTER 1: Dissatisfied	24
CHAPTER 2: Unloved	27
CHAPTER 3: A Rude Shock	30
CHAPTER 4: Chaos	34
CHAPTER 5: Reparation.....	39
CHAPTER 6: The Reawakening	45
YOUR EXERCISE.....	50
ABOUT THE AUTHOR.....	51

INTRODUCTION

Urban Arousal is a series of short erotic stories for couples. Set in the city of Lagos, Nigeria, it tells a story about the sex lives and marriages of the contemporary African.

It arose out of a desire to help couples take Sexual Intimacy from Routine To Amazing.

Urban Arousal is a guided Do it Yourself Approach to help couples learn new and fun ways to improve their sex lives.

It's not just fiction, it is fiction with a twist.

If you are a fan of the DIY approach. This book is for you.

If you need further help with sex and intimacy beyond what this book provides, you can reach out to me at <http://www.olawunmiesan.com/>

I hope Urban Arousal brings you great Sexual and Intimate delights you can enjoy with your spouse.

Enjoy.

Olawunmi

DEDICATION

To my heavenly Father, the giver of all gifts. Thanks Dad.

To my husband. Without your love, support and of course, your body, I wouldn't be here.

To every couple who has chosen to make the best of Sexual Intimacy in Marriage, I am rooting for you.

CHAPTER 1: Sex is Overrated

Sex is overrated!

Well, from her experience so far, it was.

Itunu sighed. She got married three months ago and although she got married as a virgin, she considered herself to be a “sexually enlightened virgin”. She had devoured more than adequate information about sex and had sexually active friends during her university days, who had given her first-hand gist of how sweet, sex was.

So why was her experience different? She, who had done the right thing by waiting to get married before having sex. She was not a saint and “*konji*” held her from time to time, but she had waited and was looking forward to enjoying great sex, however, the reality of her sex life was the opposite of what she had learnt.

Surely, those resources and people who told her great things about sex could not have been telling lies.

I need help. She thought to herself.

Should I call the Pastor? She shook her head. Her Pastor had spoken about sex during premarital counselling but did not dwell much on it. She didn’t need veiled references to sex, she needed someone who would be direct and help her get results.

She needed someone different, someone specialized in this field.

With a sigh, Itunu picked up her phone and searched Google for sex therapists in Lagos, Nigeria. As she looked through the list, her other phone rang, her friend Chioma was calling.

Itunu and Chioma had been friends since their first year in the university. They first met when they took GPS 101, an elective course together. There had been no spare seat in the lecture hall and Chioma offered to share her seat with Itunu. They had been best friends since then.

She wondered if she should talk to her about the sex issue.

Chioma had been sexually active during their university days and had never been one to shy away from talking about sex. If it was sex-related, you could be sure she was interested. When she discovered back in the university that Itunu was a virgin who intended to stay that way till marriage, she encouraged her, but never failed to regale Itunu with tales of her own sexual encounters. However, in their third year of school, Chioma dedicated her life to God and swore off sex till marriage. She had been married for 3 years now and according to her, was giving her husband sex like it was food.

"Hey, Chioma, what's up?"

"Not much. I wanted to know how the newest wife in town is doing today,"

"I am hardly the newest wife in town, it's been three months already! In any case, I'm fine"

Should I tell her what is going on? She thought to herself again. If there's anyone I can tell, it's Chioma.

"Hope the man is treating you right? Ehen, how is that thing naa?" Chioma asked

Itunu could hear the smile in her voice

"You have come again o, what thing?"

"Common, you know what I want to hear. How is the sex?"

"Well, it has been fine but...", Itunu hesitated a bit

"But what?" Chioma prompted

Itunu sighed, "I am only telling you this because I trust you, Chioma. The sex has not been great. The first time was painful and I expected that," she swallowed, talking about sex was not very comfortable for her. "In his defence, he gave me some time to get over the pain and we tried again after a few days without much pain. But subsequently, it hasn't been great. To be honest, I don't enjoy it much and it doesn't help that it's usually over pretty fast if you know what I mean."

Chioma chuckled, "Ah yes, I know what you mean by it being over pretty fast. He doesn't wait to get to the bus stop before coming down, right?" She laughed some more

"It's not funny Chioma. I'm in a dilemma and you are laughing. You are aware Bayo and I were virgins before we got married and while we got the sex talk during premarital counselling, it didn't go deep enough to cover areas like this." She sighed, "I looked forward to enjoying sex in marriage since I knew what sex was but now I am so disappointed! What do I do?"

Chioma sensed that Itunu was on the verge of tears, so she got serious. "I'll be honest with you, Itunu. We, Nigerians expect so much of their pastors but a pastor can't be everything. He cannot be a spiritual father, a marriage counselor, a sex therapist, a prayer warrior, a finance expert and so many other things at the same time. It's high time we gave unto

Caesar what is Caesar's. If you have a financial problem, you should go to a finance expert and if you have a sexual problem, you should go to a sex therapist, not your Pastor!"

"I was thinking the same thing and just before you called, I ran a Google search for a sex therapist to see."

"Oh, that's great to hear but I can recommend one to you. She helped me and David out when we had sexual issues."

"You, Chioma the sex superstar, had sexual issues? I am shocked!"

Chioma laughed "Everything is not always as it seems, but that's talk for another time. Anyway, I'll text you her details and you can get in touch with her."

"Thank you so much, dear. I'm glad I was brave enough to talk to you about it."

"No problem love, let me know how it goes."

As Chioma hung up, Itunu wondered what sexual problem she and David had that made them seek the services of a sex therapist. She sighed. She had her own problems, Chioma had sorted hers out.

Her phone beeped as Chioma's message came in. She looked at the details of the therapist. She would call tomorrow.

All that sex talk was exhausting.

(Konji: Intense sexual arousal. A Nigerian expression)

CHAPTER 2: Seeking Solution

She walked into the office and straight to the reception desk.

"Good morning, my name is Itunu Bankole. I have a session with Kemi Salvador."

"Good morning, madam." The receptionist replied with a warm smile, "Your session is scheduled for 10 am, please have a seat"

"Thank you"

Itunu walked to one of the lounge chairs in the waiting room and took a seat. Her palms were sweaty, she was nervous. She almost cancelled her appointment but the last time She and Bayo had sex, there had been no improvement, so she strengthened her resolve to see the therapist.

The door to the inner office opened and out came a young lady. She was dark-skinned, tall and very attractive.

Itunu admired her as she walked to the reception desk. She must be one of Kemi Salvador's clients.

I wonder what sexual problem a lady as beautiful as this could have? She thought.

The lady spoke briefly with the receptionist and walked towards the lounge chairs where Itunu sat. Itunu had placed her handbag on the seat next to her. Out of courtesy, she took the bag away to allow the beautiful lady room to sit when she heard her name.

"Good morning, Itunu Bankole, I am glad you could make it today. I am Kemi Salvador."

Wait a minute, this was the sex therapist? Wow!

Itunu tried to regain her composure "Good morning ma'am"

"Please, call me Kemi. Can we go into my office?"

"Yes, sure" Itunu was dazed. She had expected someone older. She didn't expect the sex therapist to be so young and so.... well, sexy. Talk about looking the part.

Kemi ushered Itunu into her office "Have a seat"

"Thank you, Kemi" Itunu replied

"How are you today, Itunu?"

"Ah, I am fi... I'm well, thank you."

Kemi could tell Itunu was surprised to see her. She got that reaction often, and some clients were honest enough to tell her they had expected to meet with someone older. As Itunu took her time to settle down, Kemi took a good look at her. She seemed a little shy and was visibly nervous from the way she kept rubbing her palms together. They had a little talk before scheduling the session and she could tell that Itunu was not very comfortable talking about sex. She was used to that. Few women felt comfortable talking about sex in this part of the world.

"Let me introduce myself properly. My name is Kemi Salvador, I am a psychologist who specializes in Sex therapy. I work with married couples to help them make the best of sex in marriage, I also work with couples who suffer sexual dysfunction."

"That is interesting." Itunu responded, "If I may ask, what inspired you to go down this career path in a country like Nigeria?"

Kemi leaned back and smiled, she got that question a lot "First, this for me is a passion. Sex, in its totality has always been for me, a topic of interest. In this part of the world, sex is still considered a taboo and many people who have sexual issues suffer in silence because they don't know where to seek help. I am here to provide that help." She moved forward in her chair, clasped her hands together and placed them on the table "Speaking of help, how may I be of help to you?"

Itunu shifted in her chair "Err, I... I" She cleared her throat "I am not enjoying sex with my husband."

"How so?" Kemi asked

"Well, we both got married as virgins and all my adult life, I have been looking forward to enjoying sex in marriage but now that I am married, I don't enjoy it."

"Can you be more specific? What don't you enjoy?"

"Well, for one, I don't think my husband understands or knows how my body works. He doesn't seem to know what turns me on and what doesn't. He goes for whichever one he learned would do the trick in biology class. It's almost mechanical. Kiss for 2 minutes, squeeze for 3 and thrust for 5. It's textbook and boring but I can't say any of this because I don't want to hurt his feelings. And because I feel disappointed, I haven't been motivated to do much sexually, plus, I wouldn't even know what to do if I was motivated. So, that's the long and short of it."

Kemi smiled, for someone who seemed nervous initially, she blew off a lot of steam, "I understand and being courageous enough to share, many people find that difficult to do. It is not out of place to feel the way you do especially as one who was a virgin till recently. What I get from everything you've told me is not a dislike of sex. You seem dissatisfied with your sexual experience because you hoped for better. Still, it's early days yet, and things won't be perfect right off the bat but I can tell that you are off to a great start."

Itunu's brows furrowed in confusion.

Great start? Did she hear my tirade? How can she say I am off to a great start? Is Chioma sure this lady knows her stuff?

"I'm sorry, did you say I was off to a great start?"

Kemi smiled, "Yes, I did and no, I am not crazy. You are off to a great start because I can tell you don't want to settle for a mediocre sex life. That is a great start to having the sex life you desire."

Itunu blushed, "When you put it that way, you don't sound so crazy."

Kemi leaned forward in her chair, looked Itunu in the eyes and said, "I'm going to give you a little exercise to carry out."

CHAPTER 3: The Journey of Sexual Discovery

Bayo inserted his keys into the lock and entered the house.

The lights were off.

Where was Itunu? He thought to himself

He got a text from her asking him to come home early, why wasn't she here to meet him?

Switching on the lights, he placed his suitcase on the dining table.

Itunu will have my head for that. Bayo thought to himself. She hated it when he put things in the wrong place.

He picked up the suitcase and headed to the bedroom. Better to avoid a quarrel.

Still speculating about his wife's whereabouts, he entered the room and turned on the lights

Oh, boy! His eyes popped.

Itunu was on the bed wearing what he could only describe as "*Come and do*" lingerie. She wore a sheer red teddy with a vee neck that drew attention to her perky breasts. Her dark brown areolas peeped through the lace fabric, begging to be set free.

He smiled. *This must be an early Christmas miracle.*

Since they got married, things in the sex department hadn't quite fallen into place. He wanted to call the pastor for some pointers in that direction but he just couldn't bring himself to.

What would the pastor think? He was a church worker for crying out loud, how could he take sex matter to his pastor?

So he decided to do some research on his own to fix the problem.

He smiled and walked towards the bed but Itunu signalled him to stop.

This piqued his curiosity, yet he obeyed.

Hmm, where was this going? He wondered

Itunu walked seductively towards him although, she didn't feel as bold as she hoped she looked.

When the therapist had told her what to do, she blushed all the way to her toes but decided to take action before she lost her nerve. She stopped by at a lingerie shop and purchased a teddy in Bayo's favourite colour. After which, she sent him a text to come home early.

As she moved closer to him, he smiled. That was the smile she fell for and it never ceased to make her heart skip a beat. She smiled back at him and slowly took off his tie. Looking at him coquettishly, she put the tie around her own neck, pushed him to sit in the chair by the dresser and straddled him.

Bayo was stunned. He had never seen this side of Itunu in the bedroom. She was taking charge, and he liked it. His penis must have felt the same because it already took on a mind of its own.

She smelt divine. He would love to bury his head in her neck and savour that scent. Just as he was about to do that, he heard the words every man dreaded.

"Bayo, we need to talk." The volume of blood pumping into his penile shaft reduced, softening his erection a little.

What! This entire sexy showdown just to talk? Bayo sighed. He might as well satisfy her and hope to get sex as a reward for being a good boy.

Itunu smiled. Bayo was surprised at the change of events. He didn't know what to make of it.

"What do you want to talk about?" he asked

"This" She unbuttoned his white shirt and parted them with her hands. He looked confused. That was the point. She leaned in, parted her lips and licked his earlobe.

Bayo shivered.

Using the tip of her tongue, she traced the outline of his ears from top to bottom and lightly grazed the fleshy earlobe with her teeth.

"Do you like that?" she whispered

Her answer was the sound of him swallowing his saliva. She felt good. The therapist had talked about her and Bayo going on a journey of sexual discovery and told her to try it. It was sex, yes, but sex with the aim of discovering what they both liked in bed rather than playing guessing games and relying on the internet to teach them how to pleasure themselves.

It involved communication, which could be verbal or otherwise to let each other know what felt good and what didn't. They were newlyweds, they needed this. Why hadn't anyone told them about this?

Thank God for the therapist.

She moved from his earlobes to tracing kisses along his jawline and neck. The tempo of her kisses alternated between feathery light and firm kisses that involved sucking.

"How does that feel?"

She raised her head when she got no response. His eyes were closed, he seemed lost in ecstasy and didn't hear her. She took advantage of his "distraction" and went for his lips.

His eyes flew open, the kiss was unexpected. He had enjoyed her kissing and licking his earlobe and neck so much that he was lost in sensual paradise. He expected it to continue, but she changed tactics. And this time, she went gangster. *Who taught her all this?*

She was sucking his lips hard and biting them lightly with her teeth but there was no tongue. Usually, she would kiss his lips fleetingly and thereafter, head straight for the tongue but today she seemed to take a different route.

He liked it. Very much.

Itunu played with his lips, enjoying the feel of them, she had never kissed him like this before. She was ready to unravel the mystery of her man's body. Every inch of it.

She looked at him and was about asking if he liked it when he put his arms around her well-rounded butt and carried her to the bed.

Two could play this new game.

He lay her on the bed and held her hand. Slowly, bringing it to his lips, he put her middle finger in his mouth and sucked it deeply.

He had been doing research of his own.

Whoa!!! She felt it all the way from her fingers straight to her nipples and toes. She looked up at him and his eyes were on her, watching her reaction while he sucked her finger.

He took the finger out of his mouth and whispered, "*Do you like that?*" all she could do was nod. He smiled. Next, his hands went to her shoulders, removed the slim strap of her lingerie and kissed her lightly.

Slowly, he traced his tongue over her collarbone. When he got to the hollow, his tongue traced a line from there, down to her cleavage. He didn't need to ask her, the fingers clutching and digging into his arms told him she liked what he was doing to her.

Bayo was killing her. Her entire body was on fire. His mouth was in between her breasts and her nipples needed his attention. She moved to put them in a position where he could suck on them but he didn't oblige. He continued tracing his lips and tongue down her body till he got to her navel. The warmth of his mouth and flicking motion of his tongue on her navel sent shivers down her spine.

A moan escaped her lips.

Besides foetal exchange when she was in the womb, she never knew her navel had any other function or usefulness till now. How could it be one of her erogenous zones? How could she have missed that!

He heard her moan and knew he had stumbled on a pleasure spot. It made him feel good, he was getting to know his wife better. While researching on how to improve his sex game, he came across different techniques, so he put one to the test.

He moved his mouth to the left side of her navel and lightly bit the skin of her belly, there was no moan this time so he tried kissing her on the curve of her waist, where her hips began.

And that's when she began to giggle uncontrollably.

CHAPTER 4: Pleasure

He had never done that before and it tickled like crazy.

He raised his head and looked her in the eyes. "You like it?"

"Yes, I do but not in a sexual way. It tickles."

"Now I know what to do when I want to get a laugh out of you." he straddled her and asked, "What got into you today?"

"What do you mean?" she replied demurely

He smiled and made his way back to her ticklish waist. She started giggling again "Stop, stop, I'll tell you."

She cleared her throat, "Since we got married, sex has not been what I expected and I knew I had to be more proactive about it. I figured there was no better place to start than at the beginning. We both needed to know our bodies and how they work sexually and so I decided to take us on a journey of sexual discovery, where we could get freaky and tell each other, what felt good and what didn't."

He squinted as he thought about what she said, "I like it. Did you come up with this on your own?" He asked

She wondered if she should tell him about seeing a therapist. Men had fragile egos when it came to sex, she decided not to tell him yet. "Well, I did some research of my own, but that's a story for another day." *Personal research was a blanket enough term to cover her seeking professional help.* She thought.

"Now, come here you sexy man", she winked at him and reached her arms out towards him, expecting him to come closer.

He didn't. He smiled at her and gently pushed her back on the bed, "You said something about getting to know our bodies, right?"

Bayo reached for the strap of her teddy and slipped it off her shoulders, his lips followed the path. He moved the lingerie down her body and his lips followed till he got to her waist and pulled it off.

He looked at her. This gorgeous woman with a beautiful heart was his. He would gladly spend the rest of his life making her happy.

And this was a good place to start.

She had a great body but her breasts were his favourite part of her body. Perky breasts with large dark brown areolas that contracted whenever she was aroused. He could tell her state of arousal simply by looking at them.

They were giving him the green light now. He bent his head and traced her areola with his tongue. She squirmed and tried to get her nipples into his mouth.

He took the bait this time and went for her nipples.

He placed his mouth on her areolas but this time the nipples were also in his mouth. Rather than suck her nipples right away as usual, he used the tip of his tongue to tease them and flick the tips.

Oh gosh! Bayo was driving her crazy, he was doing things to her that made her forget her name. He was getting to know her body and doing a thorough job of it.

Just when she couldn't take the teasing any longer, his lips latched on to her nipples and he sucked them like his life depended on it.

He liked how responsive she was.

It made him feel good. It made him know for sure he was doing the right things to her, even without her having to say so. He moved to the other nipple and continued his onslaught.

Itunu hands went to the band of Bayo's boxer shorts in a bid to take them off but he stopped her.

No way, she wasn't getting off that easy. He straightened up, took her hands in his, kissed each finger one after the other, and placed them by her side.

Bayo meant business. He wasn't allowing her to go for gold. She needed him inside her right now. She was ready.

He had just finished with her breasts, hopefully, he'd progress south anytime now.

She was in for a shocker!

He progressed south all right but much further south than she had expected.

Bayo knelt by the foot of the bed, took her ankles in his hand and kissed her there. He took skin between his teeth and nibbled gently. She moaned.

Kissing his way from her ankles to her knees, he raised her legs up and ran his tongue along the back of her knees. This time around, she gasped.

The back of her knees?! No way!

How could the back of her knees be a pleasure spot? She would never have guessed in a million years. The most contact she had with that area was when she washed it whilst taking a bath.

Wow. There were things even she didn't know about herself.

Bayo smiled.

Her body was a treasure trove of information! He was getting to know her better and discovering more ways to please her. Who would have thought that the back of her knees would be an erogenous zone for her?

He put her legs down and proceeded to her thighs. His hands, mouth and tongue were all over her and he could tell from her moans, which were getting more, well,..... heartfelt. They felt like they were coming from a place much deeper than her lips. If moans could be heartfelt, these were definitely the heartfelt ones.

He traced his fingers along her inner thighs and opened her legs. Her labia parted to reveal his glistening treasure. He was tempted to go in right then, but he wasn't done. Just a little more.

She saw him bend his head and thought he wanted to put his mouth on her. Alarmed, she closed her legs with lightning speed.

She wasn't sure how she felt about him doing that.

Bayo looked at her, surprised by her reaction. He had wanted to tease her inner thigh a little more with his tongue when she shut her legs together so fast.

"What's wrong?" he asked

"Nothing" if she were Caucasian, her face would have turned bright red by now

"Common babe, tell me. Don't you like it?"

"Ah." she opened her mouth but the words seemed stuck, she tried again. "It's not that. I'm not sure how I feel about you going down there with your mouth."

Oh! She thought he intended to go down on her with his mouth. The thought had occurred to him but that was for another day.

"I understand. I won't do it." He winked "Not today."

Her eyes widened. Did he mean he would do it some other time? He was a church worker for crying out loud! Okay, that was a naughty thought but she couldn't help thinking how funny it seemed for "Brother Bayo" of the church to "minister" to his wife by giving her head. She laughed

"What's funny?" he asked

"I'm not telling" she quipped mischievously.

"Hmmm. You are being naughty and you need to be punished" he parted her legs and went for her inner thighs with his mouth. He kissed her inner thighs, licked them, bit them lightly and sucked them till she begged him to make his way inside her.

Finally, he obliged and took off his shorts. He was hard. Had been hard for a while now but he was bent on seeing this journey of sexual discovery through and it had paid off.

"Bayo, I want you now," She begged

Gazing into her eyes, he entered her and moaned.

She was wet and warm and it felt so good. It felt like coming home and it was home. His home.

With every stroke, she moaned loudly and dug her fingers into his back. It should have been painful but the thin line between pleasure and pain had become so blurred that he couldn't tell which one he was feeling.

He was getting close to climaxing, so he stopped. He wanted this to last longer.

She was having none of it. She lifted her hips and thrust at an angle that connected her vagina wall with the head of his penis.

He couldn't rein it in anymore. That move was intense. He stroked hard and fast. His hands reached for her breasts and fondled her nipples while he was moving inside her.

"Ah yes, don't stop babe." Her words spurred him on. He was so close. Then she did the hip thing again, and it was out of his hands.

He came..... hard. He had never had an orgasm with that much force. Ever.

Just as his orgasm was subsiding, he felt her nails dig deeper. She wrapped her legs tightly around him like she was holding to life and whispered to him not to stop, so he continued stroking till she screamed out his name in orgasmic bliss.

Wow! Was all he could think. That was one heck of a finish.

Minutes later, they both lay in bed, spent but happy. It had been an amazing experience.

"I'm glad we went on this journey together. I now know things about you I never did and I'm sure, there's more to learn."

She smiled. It had been a discovery all right. "We have the rest of our lives to keep learning. I love you Bayo."

"Same here babe. Oh, and I love the way you moan. Actually, I wouldn't mind hearing it again." he moved down gradually.

She looked at him in surprise. *What was he trying to do?*

"Any last words?" he asked as he bent his head to lick the back of her knees

No words were heard. Just moans.

YOUR EXERCISE

I hope you enjoyed reading Bayo and Itunu's story.

Although, we follow the story of fictional characters, their experience is something a lot of couples go through.

For many couples, sex is just another exercise to engage in without thought to being Intentional about each other's pleasure.

It doesn't matter if you are newlywed like Itunu and Bayo or have been married a long time. Intentional Intimacy is important if you are to achieve sexual satisfaction in your marriage and this is what I want for you.

Go on the Journey of Sexual Discovery today. Take the time to discover your partner's body and what turns him/her on. Don't rush. Be patient and thorough as you learn about your partner's unique sexual terrain. Don't rely on what you think you know, you are dealing with a unique person. Uncover the treasures that lie within your partner and take them to wonderful heights of ecstasy.

If your spouse has not read this book, don't be discouraged. Take the bold step and be the one to introduce new pleasures into your intimate life.

I hope it brings you fresh and beautiful delights.

And remember, I am rooting for you.

After this, proceed to Volume 2 for even more sexual delights!

Enjoy

URBAN AROUSAL®

VOLUME 2

SEXUAL REAWAKENING

By

OLAWUNMI ESAN

CHAPTER 1: Dissatisfied

“Excuse me sir, I will like to take my leave now.”

“Is it 5pm already?”

“It’s 5:20pm.”

“That's fine. Have a good evening.”

“Thank you.”

How time flies. Another work day had ended and it was time to head home.

David sighed. He didn’t enjoy going home these days because there wasn’t much to look forward to. In the past, he’d be out of the office by half past five, in a rush to go home to his wife. They would have dinner together, put their son to bed and retire to their rooms to enjoy each other’s company.

It didn’t hurt that their sex life was amazing. His wife, Chioma had a high sex drive and was always eager for sex. He loved that about her. Her enthusiasm made him feel desired, and he reciprocated with as much fervour as she provided.

These days, she seemed uninterested. She had stopped waiting to have dinner with him and sex, well, sex was a distant memory now. He felt relegated to the background, as if his existence was tolerated, rather than enjoyed.

He watched as Stella, his assistant organized the files on her table and retouched her makeup in preparation to leave. She seemed happy to go home.

He envied that.

Loosening his tie, he undid the top button of his shirt while rifling through the files on his desk. There had to be some outstanding task to keep him at the office much longer.

"Hey, David."

The voice was a distinct velvety voice that was easily recognizable. He didn’t have to look up to know it was Shade, the marketing manager. She had a habit of stopping by his office after work hours. In the past, he’d be ready to leave but since he stopped being excited at the prospect of going home, he didn’t see much harm entertaining her visits.

“Hi Shade, how are you?”

“I’m tired. I had a very hectic day” she said, taking off her red jacket to reveal a white chiffon blouse with a plunging neckline that put her double D cup breasts on display.

Her choice of outfit was deliberate, she wanted something that would catch David's attention.

Despite her repeated overtures, he was proving to be a tough nut to crack. She had never worked this hard to get a man's attention. With David, she tried every trick in the book but had made little progress.

Couldn't he tell that she had feelings for him?

For months, she had been coming to his office after work hours yet he had been shutting her down with the excuse of going home early. However, she noticed he had recently been more receptive of her visits. That was an opportunity she had to utilize.

"You also seem to have had a hectic day, because you look tired." She walked to where he sat and perched on the edge of the table, making sure her chest was unavoidably in his line of vision. The top button of his shirt was undone and she got a glimpse of his chest hair.

Good Lord, the man had hair on his chest! Sexual heat spread through her body and she felt her nipples harden.

Everything about him aroused her. He was tall and had a strong physique that revealed he worked out often. She often fantasized about him lifting her with those strong hands and taking her against the wall. Licking her lips, she parted her legs just enough for him to get a glimpse of her silk purple thongs.

David cleared his throat and moved his chair backward. Shade was a very attractive woman. He'd be lying if he said he didn't notice her beauty, but he was a married man and this was becoming too close for comfort.

"Yes, my day was also hectic and I need to leave now." he picked up his briefcase and stood up.

"David, what's wrong? Why are you leaving suddenly?" She stood and faced him "You did not look like you were ready to leave when I came in." Moving closer, she placed her hands on his chest. "Why not stay a little longer?" She winked at him and pouted seductively.

Her subtlety had yielded no progress so far, she had to take a more direct approach.

There was more to this than meets the eye. David thought. It seemed he had entertained trouble by welcoming her visits.

"Shade, I have to leave. My wife is expecting me." With that, he walked to the door, ushered her out and locked up.

That girl was trouble.

Shade watched him leave, her brows furrowed in displeasure.

There had to be a way to break down his defences and she would find it.

CHAPTER 2: Unloved

"Jacob, put that toy away and come to the dining table."

Chioma was tired. Being a working mum was difficult.

Six months ago, she transitioned from managing an online clothing store to managing a brick and mortar store. Her customers kept requesting for a physical location and that necessitated her to set up one. Business was doing well, but she didn't have the luxury of the flexibility she had when she ran the business online.

She left home by seven o'clock every morning to take Jacob to school before heading to her boutique. By 4pm, she would close the boutique to pick him up from school and head home to prepare dinner. After dinner, she would bathe and read Jacob to sleep. By the time her chores were done, she'd be exhausted and would sometimes fall asleep in her son's bed.

She hadn't slept in her own bed for weeks!

Her life had become so hectic that she couldn't meet up with her regular spa appointments. There was no time to relax, and the stress was telling on her marriage.

Chioma checked the time. It was 7pm and David was not home. She sighed. These days he got home when she was fast asleep. A few times, she tried waiting up for him but had slept off on the couch. She couldn't remember when they last enjoyed each other's company, let alone have sex!

I used to be very excited about sex. She thought nostalgically.

On slow weeks, they would have sex at least three times but on good weeks, it could be as high as six times but sex had taken a back seat in the past six months and now, if they had sex once a month, they were lucky. Somewhere along the line, she and David had dropped the ball on that one.

Something had to be done about it before things got worse.

She yawned. Tomorrow, she would think. Right now, all she needed was sleep.

David walked into the house and as usual everywhere was silent. The living room lights were on but Chioma was not there to welcome him with open arms and an excited smile.

As he walked down the hallway to their room, he paused to look at their photographs that hung on the wall. His favourite was one he and Chioma had taken about a year ago when they went on vacation in Maldives. She was wearing a pink bikini with thong bottoms and a straw hat. He stood behind her with his left arm placed around her belly. What no one could tell from looking at the photo, was that his right hand had been caressing her backside. After taking the photo, they ended up having sex in a secluded spot on the beach.

Whenever friends made comments about the picture, Chioma and David smiled knowingly at each other. It was like a dirty little secret that they shared.

David shook his head. *Those were good times.*

He proceeded down the hallway and saw the door to Jacob's room ajar. Opening the door, he saw Chioma and Jacob fast asleep. Jacob had his pyjamas on but Chioma looked like she slept off in the clothes she wore that day. She still held Jacob's night-time storybook in her hands.

She must have slept off while reading him to sleep.

A tinge of guilt pricked him. They used to take turns reading their son to sleep but now, she did it all by herself since he stopped coming home early.

He walked to the bed, planted a kiss on his son's forehead and took the book out of his wife's hands.

She didn't even move. *She must be exhausted,* he thought. He knew running her new boutique was tasking but they never really talked about it.

Shutting the door to Jacob's room, he headed to their room.

The cool air from the air conditioning unit that welcomed him as he opened the door, did nothing to dispel how uninviting the room felt without his wife.

He took off his clothes and lay on the bed.

How long would this continue?

He missed her but had been too proud to take the first step and reach out to her. Instead, he resorted to spending longer hours at work, thereby exacerbating the situation.

This had gone on for too long. He wanted his wife back.

Still thinking of how much he missed his wife, he drifted off to sleep.

“Good morning” Chioma greeted David as he walked into the living room

“Good morning” he replied

He walked over to Jacob and lifted him up, “Hey, big man, how are you this morning?”

Jacob grinned at his dad, “I’m fine”

Chioma looked on with mixed feelings. David had responded coolly to her greeting but was, playing excitedly with Jacob. She knew she was not supposed to feel jealous of her son, but she was. Before things started going downhill between them, her morning greeting used to be a passionate kiss accompanied by some ass groping but now everything had become formal between herself and David.

By reflex, her hand moved to touch her backside, as though to remind her of what she was missing.

The sound of David clearing his throat jolted her back to reality. Quickly, she picked up Jacob’s bags, and hers, waited until dad and son were through with their animated exchange and led Jacob to the car.

Another hectic day had begun.

CHAPTER 3: A Rude Shock

"Madam, I will pay eight thousand naira for the blouse."

"Eight thousand can't cover it please. The best price I can sell to you is nine thousand naira," Chioma replied.

"Your clothes are now more expensive."

Chioma sighed. These customers were demanding! She moved her business to a brick and mortar store because the majority of them said they preferred to see the clothes before purchasing. Did they think her overhead costs would not affect the price of the clothes?

The customer paid for the blouse reluctantly and left. Sitting in her chair, Chioma ruminated over the state of affairs in her marriage. Things were getting worse by the day and she missed being friends with her husband. The intimacy and closeness they once shared had become history, and she had to something about it fast.

I could take Jacob to his grandma's for the weekend. That would give us time to sort out this issue. She thought.

Today was Friday. What could she do to open up communication channels between herself and David, for a start?

Suddenly, a brilliant idea occurred to her. She had to take action before she chickened out, so she picked up her bag, closed the boutique and drove off in her car.

Chioma felt a bit nervous as she drove into David's office complex. It had been a while since she visited him at work and he would be very surprised to see her. She had decided to take him out to lunch. Hopefully, that would give them an opportunity to talk.

She retouched her red lipstick and dabbed some powder on her face before getting out of the car. Her figure hugging blue jeans emphasized the curve of her buttocks. David always complimented her nice butt. She wore a matching blue tank top with a pristine white jacket. Checking herself out in the makeshift mirror her car windows provided, she patted her hair, then walked towards the building.

"Good afternoon, I am here to see Mr. Onyeka."

The receptionist, who had been busy on her desktop computer, looked up in slight irritation and said, “Good afternoon, do you have an appointment?”

She smiled. The receptionist must have been employed sometime in the last six months. Many of the staffs in David’s office knew who she was. “No, I don’t but you can tell him his wife is here.”

Slight irritation gave way to a smile, as the receptionist gave her a proper look as if to verify the authenticity of her claim.

“Please have a seat madam, his personal assistant will be with you shortly.”

Chioma settled comfortably in one of the chairs while waiting for her husband’s assistant to show up. David hadn’t told her they employed a new receptionist, neither did he mention that the office was under renovation.

The usual white walls of the office were now painted in a warm shade of cream. *It was a good choice*, she thought. The new colour was more welcoming, it felt like an environment one could be comfortable in. The previous white walls gave the office an almost hospital-like ambience.

She heard her name and looked up to see Stella, David’s assistant. Stella was a five feet two lady who was smart and very efficient at her job. She had been working with David for close to five years and he had nothing but high praise for her.

“Hello, Stella.”

“How are you, Mrs. Onyeka?”

“I’m very well. Thank you.”

“And how is Jacob my boy?”

“He won’t take it lightly if he hears you call him a boy, he says he’s a man now.” They both laughed and walked towards David’s office.

At last! Shade thought. David’s evil assistant Stella, had finally left her desk and gone to lunch.

Whenever she went to David’s office, Stella was sure to devise ways to prevent her from seeing him. That was why she reverted to seeing him after work hours but clearly, that was not working in her favour.

Today she decided to catch him at his desk during the lunch break. He wouldn't be able to give her the lame excuse of going home to his wife by this time.

Her eyes darted around cautiously as she walked to David's office. Their organization had very strict policies against indecent dressing and the Human Resources manager had cautioned Shade on a number of occasions to tone down her dressing but Shade was adamant. She didn't think a little cleavage peeking out of her top qualified as indecent dressing. She had to sell her 'market'.

In any case, she decided to fully flout the rules today. No more teasing David with a hint of cleavage here and there. That did nothing to help her quest to win him over. This time, she was swooping in for the kill.

She wore her usual skirt suit but had brought along a nude lace top that emphasized her bounteous breasts and left nothing to the imagination. Whenever she wore that top, men drooled over her. She called it her "weapon of mass destruction".

Just before lunchtime, she changed her camisole to the nude lace top and for better effect, decided to go without a bra.

She smiled. *David won't know what hit him today.*

She had to be smart about her violation of the dress code. If the Human Resources Manager saw her, she would be in trouble this time. She put her jacket back on to cover her tracks and placed a file across her chest to hide any tell-tale areas her jacket did not cover.

There was no escape for David today.

Walking quickly past the assistant's desk, she opened the door to David's office.

David had a lot of work to do but for heaven's sake, he couldn't get Chioma off his mind. When they exchanged stiff greetings this morning, it took all his will power to refrain from wrapping her in his arms and kissing her passionately.

He had applied for two weeks leave, to give him time to put his home in order. His job was a great fit for him but he could not perform optimally when his home was in disarray.

Placing both hands behind his head, with fingers intertwined, he swiveled his chair to face the wall behind him.

His mind worked better when he wasn't looking at the pile of work on his desk.

Maybe he had been looking at things from a selfish angle. He wouldn't deny that he felt neglected, but he hadn't thought about how Chioma felt. He had done nothing to salvage the situation and for all he knew, she felt just as unloved as he did.

I should have been more selfless. After all, it takes two to tango in marriage. He thought

Lost in his thoughts, he didn't hear the door to his office open.

David didn't hear her come in.

That was even better, she had the element of surprise on her side. Shade took off her jacket, pursed her lips silently together and smiled. Her red lipstick was the perfect match for her killer top. Releasing her hair from its bun, she allowed it cascade down her shoulders. Her nude top highlighted her full breasts and erect nipples.

The overall effect of her appearance was extremely seductive.

She had fantasized so much about this moment that the reality of it caused her body to burst aflame with desire. Already, she felt a throbbing desire between her thighs. She was wet and ready for him, all he had to do was go with the flow.

She walked stealthily to his desk, stood behind him and placed her hands over his eyes.

David grabbed the hands that covered his eyes and sprang out of his chair with such speed that it toppled over and he lost his balance. The speed of his movement sent him, the chair and the owner of the hands down in a twisted heap of limbs and chair.

Seething with anger, he tried to get up, ready to give a piece of his mind to whoever played such an expensive prank on him but he couldn't. The hands of the prankster were wrapped around his waist, he felt soft flesh pressing into his back and smelt a woman's perfume.

He recognized that perfume. It was Shade!

He opened his mouth to speak in his sternest voice and that was when the door to his office swung open.

“Mr. Onyeka, your wife is.....” Stella’s voice trailed off as she saw the heap of bodies on the floor by her boss’ desk.

Standing behind Stella, it took Chioma a few seconds to comprehend what she was seeing.

That was David on the floor with a woman!

Seething with anger and disbelief, she turned to Stella, who looked just as confounded as she felt. She forced a smile, cleared her throat, and walked out of David’s office.

CHAPTER 4: Chaos

Shade got up and straightened her clothes. Her plan had failed and worse still, Stella had seen her make a fool of herself.

She tried to muster courage to speak to David but the look on his face spoke volumes.

If looks could kill, she'd be six feet under by now.

She put on her jacket and walked past Stella, out the door.

Murphy's Law had just taken effect! Everything that could go wrong today had gone wrong!

He ran his hands frantically on his head. Why did Shade have to choose today of all days to be diabolical? She had obviously gone stark, raving mad and Human Resources needed to hear this.

He thought about going after his wife.

Chioma might break my head in anger, he thought and decided to stay put.

How would he get out of this mess? Just when he had been making plans to resolve the situation on ground, this had to happen.

He took off his jacket. Suddenly, his office felt stifling.

Chioma was hyperventilating as thoughts flooded her mind.

David was having an affair!

She thought the state of affairs in their marriage was her fault and she wanted to make things right. Unknown to her, he had been having an affair with a woman in his office!

When did it start? She thought

Were they having sex? Judging from their intimate embrace, they were. They had been doing it on the office floor for crying out loud. He couldn't even wait long enough to take it to a hotel room!

Tears trickled down her face, smearing her makeup. *How would she deal with this? How could David do this to her, to them?*

She wiped the tears from her eyes. *It was her fault. She had starved him of sex so badly that he had to get it elsewhere.*

No, it couldn't be her fault alone. Couldn't he be discipline?

She wept profusely as she prevaricated between taking the blame, sharing the blame and laying it all at his feet.

Ten minutes later, with eyes puffy from weeping, she headed out of the parking lot.

She was in no shape to go to the boutique, there was too much turmoil in her life at the moment. Her heart was heavy, and she needed someone who could offer a shoulder to cry on.

She dialed her best friend. "Hi Itunu"

"Chioma, darling, how are you?"

"Where are you? I need to see you."

"I'm home. Are you okay? You don't sound too good." Itunu replied

"We'll talk, when I come over."

She and Itunu had been best friends since their university days and had been through a lot together. Theirs was a friendship of implicit trust and she knew she could confide in her.

Chioma pulled up to Itunu's house and checked her reflection in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were still puffy and red but there was no need for cosmetic touch up to mask how she felt. She could be vulnerable with Itunu.

She rang the doorbell.

Itunu came to the door, took one look at her friend and wrapped her in a hug.

"I don't know what's wrong but if you are hurt enough to cry this much, then it must be bad." her kind words fuelled a fresh spring of tears in Chioma and she bawled like a baby.

A few minutes later, when the tears had subsided, Chioma spoke.

"David is cheating on me."

"What?" Itunu gasped, "That can't be true."

"It is. I caught him in his office!"

"That's preposterous, Chioma. In his office?"

"We have been having issues for some time. Since I opened the boutique, I have been so stressed that I have paid little attention to him. I went to his office today to take him to lunch, so we could talk and try to resolve the issue. Lo and behold, his assistant and I walked in on him fooling around with a lady on the floor."

"Wait a minute. Are you saying David was having sex with a woman in his office?" Itunu shook her head "I find that difficult to believe."

"Why in the office, why not a hotel room, if he had to? He doesn't strike me as someone who is indisciplined and uncontrollable, Chioma."

"Well, it's not like I saw his penis in her vagina but I saw them in a compromising position!"

Itunu sighed, "I'm sorry you had to go through that."

"I needed to come here to blow off steam."

"It's okay. I'm glad you did."

Amidst her husband wahala, she hadn't taken a proper look at Itunu since she came in. She noticed now that Itunu didn't have her wedding ring on, she wasn't wearing makeup and more curiously she didn't go to work on a weekday.

"Itunu, why aren't you at work and where is your ring?"

"I haven't been feeling well for some days."

"I'm so sorry. And here I am dumping on you when you ought to be resting." Chioma squinted at her, "Or has it happened?"

"Has what happened?" Itunu inquired

"Itunu, are you pregnant?"

Itunu smiled and nodded. “Yes, I found out this morning. When Bayo gets home, I’ll break the good news to him.”

“You mean, I’m the first to know?”

“Yes.”

“Wow. That’s my godchild. I call dibs.”

“Imagine this woman, calling dibs on a child that has not been born. Okay, godmother, I have heard.”

“I am happy for you, Itunu and I apologize for bothering you with my issues.”

“That’s what sisters are for. I don’t see you as a friend anymore, you are my sister.”

“Same here dear.” Chioma straightened up from the sofa and said, “I have to get going now, I need to pick Jacob from school.”

“No problem, please call if you need me.” Itunu moved closer and wrapped Chioma in a hug.

“Thank you Itunu. Congratulations once again.”

CHAPTER 5: Reparation

It had been three days since the incident and Chioma still wasn't speaking to him. His greeting always met with stone cold silence. He also noticed that she had moved some of her things out of their room into the guest room. Obviously, she had passed judgement on him without taking him to trial.

She must think I'm having an affair with Shade, he thought.

Shade! That devil's incarnate of a woman. Whatever had possessed her to do such nonsense was beyond him. He had reported the matter to the Human Resources department. They promised to investigate the report and carry out the appropriate actions based on their findings.

Shade was not his problem at the moment, Chioma was. How could he handle the issue when she refused to speak to him?

Today was Monday, and he was on leave for the next 2 weeks. He had planned to use the leave period to straighten out his relationship with his wife but that was before the incident. Right now, he was at a loss about how to make things right.

Chioma had left home this morning in a rush with Jacob and he knew she wouldn't be back till later in the day.

He picked up his blue linen shirt and put it on.

If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed would have to go to the mountain. He had given her enough time to be upset; he had to make things right.

Chioma barely missed getting Jacob to school before the 8am deadline. She slept late last night because she had been crying over David's infidelity. That had been her routine for the past 3 nights and it was exhausting.

She had stopped speaking to him and was now sleeping in the guestroom. She was disconnecting herself from him emotionally and physically.

What will I tell Jacob if David and I have to get a divorce? She wondered. Her son was the sole reason, she had not upped and left when she found out about David and the woman in his office.

To make matters worse, David had not addressed the issue. His silence was as good as an admission of guilt!

She checked the time; she had ten more minutes before it was time to open the boutique. Those ten minutes were precious, she needed to rest. Settling into one of the boutique chairs, she shut her eyes.

Chioma had been asleep for just a few minutes when she heard a knock on the door.

She looked at her wristwatch. It was five minutes till opening time. Why did this customer have to come so early?

She was tempted to ignore the knocking till it was time to open, but the need run a profitable business won. Every kobo that came in was important, especially now that there was a possibility she might leave David.

She walked to the sliding doors and came face to face with David.

She froze.

What was he doing here?

She must have been staring at him for a while because he knocked again and signalled for her to open the door.

Reluctantly, she allowed him in.

“Hi Babe.”

It was bittersweet to hear him call her babe. Three days ago, she would have given anything to hear him say that. “What do you want, David?”

“I want us to talk.”

“Talk about what?” She inquired

“Chioma, we both know that the past six months have been tough on us. I want us to talk about forging a way forward. Let’s retrace our steps and pick up where we left off 6months ago.”

This man had guts! Was he really going to sit here and not address the issue on ground?

“David, if you want to retrace steps. Let’s try retracing them to three days ago when I caught you having sex with your mistress in your office.”

David furrowed his brows, "Mistress? You think Shade is my mistress?" he looked at her incredulously, "Shade is not my mistress. She's just a lady, well, an obviously crazy lady that works in my office."

She didn't know which was more insulting. The fact that he had tried to avoid addressing the incident or that he was telling a blatant lie.

He could tell from her facial expression that she didn't believe him.

He went on, "Chioma, after all these years together, I can't believe you think I would even dream of cheating on you?"

"There's no need to lie, David. I know what I saw." The mental image of David intertwined in the woman's embrace flashed in her mind again.

Don't cry Chioma. She willed herself. Be strong!

It was all she could do not to burst into tears.

"Chioma, you misinterpreted what you saw." he reached for her hands but she pulled them out of reach. David sighed, "What you saw was a desperate woman who had reached her tether's end because I rejected her advances towards me."

How could he make her understand? She stood there staring at him steely eyed. It was obvious she did not believe him.

"Chioma, I know you don't believe me but I'll say my piece and let you be for now. Shade works with the marketing department of my office and I have known her since she joined the firm. I never had reason to think she might be interested in me until a few months ago." he paused, "I began staying back in the office after work hours because the relationship between you and me had changed. I no longer felt like a priority to you and coming home had lost its allure. She must have noticed the change in my schedule and decided to take advantage of that."

"Don't you dare blame me for your affair! You should have nipped it in the bud when you found out she was interested in you." Chioma fired at him

"Calm down and let me finish, please. She began stopping by my office after work hours to say hello. Initially, I didn't think much of it but when it became a daily habit, I avoided her. She must have noticed that and decided it was best to catch me at lunchtime. I didn't know Stella had left her desk to attend to you and I had absolutely no idea when Shade entered my office. The only thing I felt were hands covering my eyes. I reacted instantly and the speed of my reaction sent the chair, myself and Shade toppling and that was when you came in."

He moved closer to her, "Chioma, I did not have an affair with Shade nor have I had an affair with anyone else. I take the blame for not talking to you about how badly I felt. I

also did not take into cognizance that running the new business had taken so much of you and you would also need my support. That was selfish of me and I'm sorry."

He continued, "I'm sorry I was not there when you needed me to be your strength. I'm sorry I let us slip into this recession without doing anything constructive about it. I'm sorry I made a habit of staying late at work and giving Shade the opportunity to come into the picture. I'm sorry I failed you Chioma."

She believed him. She wished she didn't but she could tell that he was being truthful.

David looked at her, waiting for her to say or do something. She didn't know what to say or how to respond, it had been a long time since they had been this open with each other.

He had told her everything. There was nothing more to say, the ball was in her court. He wasn't sure if she believed him but he could see that her facial expression had softened. He walked towards her and took her hands in his.

"Babe, I'm sorry."

A sob escaped her lips and he put his arms around her as she wept.

It was heart-breaking to know he was the reason behind all the pain she was letting out. He had been arrogant and selfish and it almost cost him his marriage!

He had been so self-absorbed and did not realize the pressure she was under, both in her business and at home.

It was a marriage. It was about both of them working together. Not one person doing all the work while the other stood on the side-lines and watched.

He took her face in his hands and wiped her tears. "Words can't express how sorry I am. I love you Chioma and no other woman will ever have my heart."

"And your body?" Chioma queried

He smiled, "And my body. I am all yours."

David looked around the boutique, he had not been there for some months but he could tell that the business was thriving. She had done a great job, and he told her so.

"Thank you. I am trying my best but I have been running myself ragged trying to manage the store on my own. I need to employ a store manager who can resume early and keep the store open till 7pm to help boost sales and improve efficiency. Most times, I close up by 4pm to pick Jacob from school and head home to prepare dinner."

She really was under a lot of pressure and it was no wonder many things had gone awry. He felt worse that he had done nothing to help the situation.

“I can speak with a couple of people I know to recommend a reliable person. Would that be okay?” David asked.

“That would be fantastic. Thank you.”

“I’m sorry I let you shoulder so much burden alone over the past few months.” He pulled her close and hugged her again. He needed to make things right from now.

A brilliant thought occurred to him but he needed a little privacy. Just as he was plotting on how to bring his idea to life, Chioma interrupted his thought process.

“Why aren’t you at work today?”

“I took 2 weeks off work. I needed time to fix my marriage.”

She raised her eyebrows, “Did you make that decision because of what happened?”

“No, I already made the decision and applied for my leave before the incident.”

He had to be telling the truth. He couldn’t have applied for his leave on Friday and gotten approval the same day especially as he would have needed more time to handover some of his work to his team members.

“Babe, I need to make some work calls outside. I’ll be back shortly”. He smiled as he stepped out.

He wasn’t making work calls, he had something else up his sleeve.

Chioma looked up as he walked back in a few minutes later with a twinkle in his eyes. She knew that look, it meant he was up to something.

“What is it?” she asked

“I need you to do me a favour.”

“What favour?”

"I want you to take today off." She opened her mouth to protest, but he silenced her by placing his index finger on her lips. "I called one of my clients who runs a spa and booked their VIP spa experience for you. You can leave your car here, I'll be your chauffeur today and I'll get Jacob from school."

He knelt beside her and kissed the inside of her palm. “You don’t have to worry about anything. Just relax and let me take care of you.”

Leaving the boutique was not an easy decision to make but her marriage was far more important. Moreover, she really was tired and could do with a spa day.

Smiling at him, she nodded in agreement.

She locked up the store while David picked her bag, and waited to lead her to the car.

He insisted she sit at the back and relax. Today, she was the madam, and he was her chauffeur.

She smiled and settled comfortably in the backseat. It felt good to be cared for again.

CHAPTER 6: The Reawakening

David was up to something.

He had picked her up from the spa without Jacob and when she asked where their son was, he told her not to worry.

On getting home, she walked into their room to discover that he had spread out a beautiful red dress and a matching red thong on the bed with a note that instructed her to put it on.

The spa day had been very relaxing. She almost didn't want to leave, she wasn't looking forward to preparing dinner and doing mummy duties. Not that she was a bad mother, she just needed a break from her routine now and then.

David must have read her mind, it looked like he planned taking her to dinner.

Not a bad end to a day that didn't start out great. She thought to herself.

She walked to the dressing table and saw he had also picked out shoes and jewellery for her to wear.

Chioma put on the clothes and thought about how much she had longed for both of them to be this close again. The incident seemed to have made things happen faster.

Maybe it was a blessing in disguise. She chuckled. It sure didn't seem that way when she stood in his office and saw him with the Shade woman.

The door opened and David walked in.

She fluffed her hair and turned around to face him. "How do I look?"

In response, he closed the distance between them with a few steps, cupped her face in his hands and kissed her passionately.

She wasn't expecting that sort of response. "You look gorgeous" would have sufficed, but it seemed words couldn't do justice at the time.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, leaned into him so her body was in full contact with his and kissed him with just as much fervour.

It had been too long. If anyone had told her she could go for months without being sexually intimate with David, she would have laughed derisively in their faces. His kiss reignited the part of her that had been suppressed for the past six months and she embraced the reawakening enthusiastically.

She wrapped her left leg around his waist and felt his hardness against her groin. David placed his hands firmly on the curve of her ass and moved them caressingly down the length of her firm thighs.

Tongues intertwined in the deep embrace of their lips. They drank of each other so passionately that everything else was forgotten.

Well... almost.

She broke free of the kiss and gasped. "Dinner. I thought we were going out to dinner. I'll have to retouch my makeup."

Still holding on to her, he asked, "Who said anything about dinner?"

She looked at him in confusion. "The dress, shoes and jewellery. I assumed you wanted me to wear them because we were going to dinner."

He smiled. "We aren't going out to dinner. I already made dinner, but that wasn't why I asked you to put on the dress and shoes."

She looked at him quizzically and asked, "Then why am I wearing them?"

He turned her around to face the mirror that sat on the dressing table console. "I'll show you."

David stood behind her and she could see herself and him in the mirror. The red dress was a figure hugging number with slim shoulder straps and a built in bustier that emphasized her ample breasts enticingly.

The jewellery David picked was a gold necklace with a teardrop pendant that nestled alluringly between her cleavage.

The man had an eye for beautiful things.

David placed his hands on the straps of her dress and lightly bit her shoulder. Chioma shivered. Slowly, he slid the straps off her shoulders and kissed her neck. Her perfume pervaded his senses.

The slim straps of the gown hung on her arms and David took each strap off and gently pulled the red dress down to her midriff.

A surge of desire coursed through his body at the sight of her full breasts. His hands moved to cup them and his thumbs lovingly teased her nipples. A moan escaped Chioma's lips as David's hands worked their magic on her.

David looked at Chioma's face in the mirror. Her eyes were shut and her moist lips were parted in ecstasy.

“*Chioma*” He whispered as he stroked her pert nipples. Her response was a moan.

“*Don't close your eyes, Chioma. I want you to watch everything.*”

She obeyed. She watched through the mirror as David's hands slithered over her breasts and teased her nipples.

It was intense. Watching the erotic scene play out was insanely arousing, more so because she and her husband were the stars of the show.

David watched her bosom heave as her breath quickened and she bit her soft lips to keep herself from moaning. He pulled the red dress which had been around her midriff, down the length of her body and took it off entirely.

She stood there in her naked glory save for the red thong he had selected for her.

Still cupping one breast, his right hand slithered down her belly to her feminine core.

The red thong didn't stand a chance against the onslaught. He deftly pushed the thong aside and slid his finger into her wetness.

Chioma moaned. Her knees threatened to buckle from the sheer sensations of what David was doing to her. His thrusting fingers were creating a havoc she couldn't withstand much longer.

Gently, he slipped his finger out of her and caressed her clitoris lightly with fingers that were dripping with her juices. Then he spread open her labia and this time, slid two fingers inside her.

She couldn't stand it any longer. She turned around and faced him.

“I want you now!” It was not a request and David could tell from the urgency in her voice.

He put his hands on her waist in an attempt to lead her to the bed but she resisted.

“Take me here, take me from behind.” She turned her back to him, facing the mirror once again. She grabbed a hold of the dressing table and arched her back to allow him unrestricted access to her from behind. He was taller than she was but her four inch heels gave her the additional height advantage she needed to make the ride seamless.

Deftly, David unzipped his trousers and freed his already hard penis. He needed no further invitation. The sight of Chioma's enticing ass was all the green light he needed.

There was no standing on ceremony. The urgency in her voice didn't make room to take

her thong off.

Maintaining eye contact with Chioma through the mirror, David pushed aside her thong. Using his hands, he felt for her wet and inviting entrance and guided his hardness into her.

He moaned.

How could he have been so stupid to have missed out on this for so long?

She was tight, wet and warm. If he did not pace himself, he would come too fast.

A myriad of emotions washed over Chioma as David filled her. She had missed being sexually intimate with him. Having him inside her now was more than a physical experience, it was also an emotional one for her. She felt like someone, whose thirst was finally quenched after going without water for a long time.

She could feel every ridge of his penis and the full length of him as her walls closed in around him like a sheath. She wanted, no, needed more. She arched her back and pushed out her ass to allow him deeper penetration.

David rammed into her and moaned again. This apparently would not last very long. He had to make the most of it.

His hands grabbed her hips as he withdrew and slid into her repeatedly.

"Ah yes, harder baby." Chioma's body writhed in passion as she rotated her hips in circles of eight and back and forth motions.

David leaned forward to reach for her left breast. He teased her nipples, and while thrusting, held her hips with his right hand. She loved it when he touched her nipples while making love to her. It was guaranteed to get her to orgasm.

The combination of his thrusting and caressing her nipples made her go wild. She was almost there.

She steadied herself with her hands against the dressing table and contracted her vagina walls around his shaft while gyrating her hips to give David maximum satisfaction.

"Aaaaahhhh". David groaned. She was using her walls to milk him and it felt great.

He couldn't hold back anymore. He let go just as she did and they both rode the waves of their climax together.

It was a sweet release.

Sated, they moved to the bed and David wrapped his arms around his wife. "I was a fool to let us go through that rut. I missed you, I missed us."

"Did you miss us or did you miss the great sex?" She teased.

"Great sex is a part of us and I'll be lying if I said I didn't miss that. I did, but I also missed every other aspect of us." He bent his head and kissed her chin, "I'm never letting anything get between us again."

"You promise?"

"I promise." Suddenly, she remembered their son. "Where's Jacob?"

"I told you I dropped him off at your mum's."

"No, you did not. You only told me he was safe."

"Oh, I thought I provided further details."

Chioma smiled mischievously "You mean we have the house to ourselves?"

David nodded. She took off the heels she had been wearing, got off the bed and took David's hands.

"Where are we going, babe?"

She smiled at him, "To shag your brains out for the second time."

He smiled.

His sex-crazy wife was back, and he loved it!

THE END

YOUR EXERCISE

The human mind loves visuals and with sex, it's no different.

Visuals are powerful and stimulating. It's no wonder the pornography industry rakes in billions of dollars in revenue annually.

I want you to watch as you both make love with the aid of a mirror. Watching yourself being pleased and give pleasure is one of the most stimulating sights you will ever see. The Erotic vision is guaranteed to heighten your sexual experience.

You can adapt Chioma and David's method and finish with the rear entry sex position or you can do whatever feels good for you.

Bring in more erotic excitement into Sex with the mirror.

If your spouse has not read this book, don't be discouraged. Take the bold step and be the one to introduce new pleasures into your intimate life.

I hope it brings you fresh and beautiful delights.

And remember, I am rooting for you.

Enjoy!

P.S If you are a bit shy at first, dim the lights a little.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Olawunmi Esan is a trained psychotherapist and Certified Sex Therapist who helps couples and individuals discover and enjoy Mind blowing Sexual Satisfaction and Fulfilment.

She is a founding member of the African Network of Professional Counselors and the lead therapist at Thriving Family International, an organization focused on providing counselling and therapy for personal and family-life related areas.

She has worked with over 1000 couples and individuals over the years to help them achieve the Sex life of their dreams through One on One Sex Therapy/Coaching , her Online Sex Coaching Courses and her recently launched Sex Academy, the University of Sex.

She also works with individuals dealing with Sexual dysfunctions (such as Erectile dysfunction ,Premature Ejaculation, Vaginismus etc), as well as individuals struggling with Sexual addiction and victims of Sexual trauma/abuse.

You can learn more about her work on her website, www.olawunmiesan.com .

ABOUT THE WRITER



Olawunmi Esan is a trained psychotherapist and certified Sex Therapist who has helped over 1000 couples and individuals achieve and enjoy amazingly passionate Sex lives.

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ABOUT THE BOOK

Urban Arousal is a series of short erotic stories for couples. Set in the city of Lagos, Nigeria, it tells a story about the sex lives and marriages of the contemporary couple.

It arose out of a desire to help couples take Sexual Intimacy from Routine To Amazing.

Urban Arousal is a guided Do it Yourself Approach to help couples learn new and fun ways to improve their sex lives.

It's not just fiction, it is fiction with a twist.