

The calm before the storm

[Environment](#), [Disaster](#)



The Second Coming was a big pleasure organization and I had a comfortable look on my face as I drove down the road and into the parking lot at about 7:00pm. It had rained heavily and there were puddles of water in pot holes here and there, dotting the road like a cheetah's hide. I cut the engine and sat in the car for a while, both hands on the steering wheel as I engaged in some light thinking.

It was just five days after Queen died and I had found love again. It happened a day after her death while I was at work. It was Friday and I took an early tea break so I caught Philip, the IT guy unawares. He was sitting close to the water dispenser where the Wi-Fi connection was strongest. I asked what he was doing and he replied that he wasn't doing anything, even opting to show me his PC which had no programs running. Unbeknownst to him, I knew one or two things about the computer and I realized he had just opened a new window. I switched back to the previous window and discovered he had been watching what I thought was porn and deciding to punish him, I confiscated his laptop and put him on cleaning duty for the rest of the day.

I don't know how or why but I feel like I derive certain pleasure from making other people hurt. Whatever it was I felt punishing Philip was no where near what I felt the night Queen died. It was a marvelous experience and I still can't explain the feeling.

Once in the privacy of my office, I played the video Philip has been watching. It turned out he was on live stream with a stripper from The Second Coming. The lady was confused when she saw a new person viewing the video and

was ready to terminate the transmission when I offered extra payment. She was quick to comply and the bee sheet she had used to cover her body when she saw the new face, dropped like the tail of a frightened lizard.

It didn't take long for me to get mesmerized by the beauty on the other end of the screen. The way she moved, the way she parted her lips and how she touched herself I had never seen anything like that in my whole life. Queen might have been the hottest lady I knew but her luscious body was all there was to her appeal. At least to me, it was. I couldn't say the same for my employee and best friend, Jide.

My two year marriage with Queen had been eventless. Quite boring, now that I look at it. We weren't best of friends or anything and she always refused to share anything with me that doesn't end up with her asking me to give her some money. In fact, the only times we ever talked were when she wanted to ask for some cash. At least she was courteous enough to ask me face to face and not demand via text message or whatsapp. Our sex life was so uncool and I only took her in missionary. Our relationship had poor communication and bad sex-I wonder how I ever thought the relationship would last.

As time went by, I kept on losing more money to the lady who was by now richer than most of my employees. I didn't realize it but I had my eyes glued to the screen for nearly an hour before common sense finally set in and I began to question my own actions. I ended the session only after I was able to book a private session with the lady at her work place. That day, I left work early with only one destination in mind, The Second coming.

Since then till today, I've visited this pleasure organization everyday in search of my newly found love who I addressed as Valerie- though it wasn't her real name but she was more comfortable with that name than 'doll face' which I had earlier opted to address her with. Valerie and I had developed a mutual liking for each other I thought. She always seemed to understand everything I said or did and she helped me solve most of the things bothering me. Mostly things related to sex and sexual preference along with a few day to day problems like where best to get fuel during this period of scarcity and the likes. Our relationship never reached the point where I didn't pay her for her services. Basically, no relationship does because even married women demand money from their husbands because of the nuptial ties between them and the various services the woman renders.

Based on the growing relationship between Valerie and I, it wasn't at all awkward when I opened up to her about the fact that I felt more pleasure from more physical pains and hurt than I did with having the the sexual status quo. Her reaction still baffled me till today. She merely smiled and told me it was okay, that it was a normal phenomenon and she could help me with it. Help me adjust and learn the limits of my unusual emotional inclinations.

Valerie introduced me to what I thought was a torture chamber the very first time I stepped through it. It was a large wooden room with a medieval type door lock and the room seemed to contain several equipments which I was a stranger to. There were bars-horizintal and vertical ones, shackles, belts, face straps, and a variety of whips amongst many others. I didn't understand

at first what was happening and I thought Valerie had brought me to a shrine to consult an herbalist for my 'ailment'. I felt a little offended and a little fear thinking I was going to be used for rituals. My new lover saw the unease in my face and told me to relax that it was going to be fine.

The next few hours were a new and very different experience as Valerie handled me and the grotesque equipments with such delicacy and sureness that it felt like she had a degree in the art. My heart beat came in pounds as I was hooked unclad onto what I could only describe as a crucifix in the shape of an X. I was chained spread eagle and she placed what looked like kitchen mittens on my hands. The only difference was that these didn't have a separate spot for the thumbs so all my fingers and my thumbs went in the same spot. When I asked Valerie what they were for, she simply smiled and said it was so I couldn't grasp anything or clench my fist when the pain came.

Of course I was on a pain induced high once Valerie started and my moans were loud and irregular. I couldn't explain it but with each hit I got in sensitive regions, I felt something new. It was painful pleasure and I was all too ready to indulge in the throes of ravaging desire. All night, I whimpered and cried. It was a cry of pain and joyful satisfaction. Ever since that night, I made it my sacred duty to visit Valerie and the second coming at night. We were almost inseparable.

Two days passed and it was Christmas, the mass of Christ. I didn't put up any Hanukkah decorations and if anyone asked why, I simply told them it was because I thought my wife had dumped me. Queen's body had not been

discovered and if it had been, it wasn't disclosed. This didn't bother me one bit as I knew no one would be able to trace her death back to me. Any detective would be able to see it as a love affair gone wrong once news about Queen's and Jide's affairs were made public.

It was on that note that I pushed every thought of Queen and whatever it was she meant to me aside. She had meant a lot to me at one point but now that I look back at it, she didn't mean enough. She was replaceable. And she was replaced so fast by someone who to my eyes was the perfect woman. Valerie. I didn't ask for her real name but I knew it would be something pretty. She was probably an hausa-fulani girl raised in the the east because of her accent. She must have been through the university because of the way she spoke- she was intelligent and her knowledge in many aspects and her winning personality added more appeal to her already luscious body.

Christmas passed like a stranger. Unwelcome in my heart and soul. My day I spent half sober moving from mall to cinema. The afternoon and early part of the evening was spent playing with fire works and the likes. Christmas night I spent in Valerie's torture chamber after which I slept in her laps, passed out from the overexertion of the day.

On this night, i sat in my car with my hands on the steering wheel as I stared through my windshield at the wall of the parking lot. The warm draught coming from the heater warmed me and I shivered at the thought of being outside alone in this December period. It had been so cold and a silver mist hung in the air all day, hugging both nearby and far away structures on the

horizon in an embrace that seemed infinite. One could have sworn it snowed judging by how low the temperature got.

I was at The second coming, the pleasure Organization which I had grown fond of over the couple of days but I had a hard expression on my face. A sight that was rare whenever I came here. The singular reason for this was because I had received a call earlier in the day. It was the morgue, informing me that my wife's dead body had been found. If the next thing I heard had not been made mention of, a true detective might have named me as a suspect because my expression had been stoic till it was mentioned. Queen's body had been found in the boot of her car, wrapped in black tarp. Here was the thing, Queen died in the hotel room and I didn't move her body. She couldn't have moved herself from where I lay her in a pool of her own blood. Or could she. Is my life a Horror Story? A story of how my dead wife comes back to life to haunt me in revenge for her death at my hands?

That was out of the question because I didn't believe in ghosts and what you don't believe in can't hurt you, can it? The only reasonable explanation why Queen's body could have been found the way it was, I told myself, was perhaps the work of someone unknown, a new player in what I thought would spiral into a game of madness. Another thought struck me. It could have been Jide. He might have returned to the hotel in search of something. Something he misplaced, maybe his wedding ring and finding Queen in her state felt like he would be the first suspect so he tried to cover up by wrapping her up and dumping her body in the trunk of her car. Who else would have recognized her car and know the location of her car keys?

It was obviously an haphazardly thought of plan to hide a body. Even I knew that touching tarp can leave fingerprints which can lead to whoever it was that moved the body. The person might have done me a solid by implicating themselves in Queen's murder. ' The ' murderer' would soon be found and I need not worry myself about a situation that's resolving itself. ' thought as I alighted from my car, locked the doors and strolled to the entrance of The Second Coming.

Inside, I was welcome by the sweet smell of passion and lust which seemed to ooze out from the ladies who were dressed flamboyantly and accurately sexualized. The ladies were like models displaying their wares to whomever cared enough to be interested in them. Amidst the sea of bodies and the rampant cacophony, i noticed a lone pair of eyes staring at me but once my gaze shifted to that direction, i noticed the lady seemed to turn round and seemingly vanish. This wasn't the first time I would experience such. A smile crept into my face as I deduced what was happening, or at least I thought. The lady must have seen me visiting regularly and had developed a sudden interest. It must be my good looks or maybe the size of my pocket. Anyway, I ignored the occurrence and walked on ahead to the room where my heart lies.

As stated, my heart was lying on the bed inside the room where we had our sessions. She had on a red coat which she is took off to reveal a very fitting lingerie which held onto her body perfectly, presenting her goods on a silver platter. Her luscious body beckoned on my soul, bidding my inner demon welcome. The thought of the on coming pleasure made my mouth water and

the heat I already felt made my blood boil as she led me to one of the pleasure devices. The electrostimulation machine worked in such a way that through electricity flowing through my body, my hormones and sexual endorphins were electrolysed from my body, releasing them in bulk into my my blood stream so that had the feeling of sex without actually having it. Only thing was I wanted pain, I wanted to cause pain not have an orgasm.

All this while, Valerie danced in front of me while I had that sick twisted look on my face. After all the pain therapy, I had Valerie in the old school sex move which all couples practiced. It was literally boring to me and I hated every moment of it but I had to satisfy Valerie too or else she would lose interest. I couldn't risk that because I had fallen in love again.

Hours later and Valerie and I were asleep in bed. It had fast become an habit for me, sleeping over at the second coming and leaving the next morning. Usually it wasn't possible during working days but it was a festive season and there was an holiday. Valerie lay beside me, facing away from me like the last thing she wanted to do