

Introduction



'Can You Hurry Up, Please?'

Sonia often chided Trent about his lack of understanding that a woman's mind was the pathway to her experiencing orgasms.

"Baby, I'm tired of faking it with you. How long have we've been married?"

He began to form *seven* with his lips, but he was interrupted.

"Better yet, how long have we known each other?"

He paused. "I don't know. Twelve, thirteen years—"

"Fifteen," she corrected him.

"Okay—"

"How many times have I told you, you start off with the little things and they build up to bigger things? Maybe even something that's pleasurable for both of us."

Whenever Trent heard Sonia mention "the little things," he'd tune out on her and think about what might have been

with Teale McFadden.

Ah, yes. Teale. Had it not been for the night he was unable to get inside her apartment complex that hot summer night in Atlanta back in 1997, and had it not been because he was unable to explain his side of what really happened, life might have taken a much different course.

Not that the former Sonia Chandler was a horrible consolation, but she was not Teale. In Trent Buckner's mind, Teale was a *real* woman. She knew how to be a lady in the streets and a freak beneath the sheets. She had no inhibitions.

Their relationship, although off and on, was kinetic and they had great chemistry. There was even reason to believe they were destined to be as one some day.

"Are you listening to me?" Sonia asked, cutting a mean glare at Trent.

He rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I'm listening. Do I need to tell you exactly what you just told me?"

Sonia could not hide her disgust. Sighing, she retorted, "So, it's gonna be like that?" She placed her hands on her waist, eager to light further into him.

Trent knew he was a bad response away from another stay in the Dog House Inn where the rates were always in the peak season, and there's never any sympathy for being sentenced.

Remember, it's the little things, a still, small voice spoke to him. But then another still, small voice had its say: *There are never any little things with women. They're always BIG things to them.*

"What's wrong?" Sonia bantered with him. "You can talk about anything else, but you become mute when it comes to a conversation of substance with me?"

Faced with a moment of demarcation, Trent remained silent and mulled his options. He could try holding his ground and risk a stay at the Dog House Inn. Or he could relent and risk another lengthy lecture.

His pride said risk it; however, the testosterone within him said to relent. He had already gone all week without any bedroom activity with Sonia.

“Sonia, baby. How long are we going to go on like this? It’s like one day everything is all right. Then the next week or two weeks I can’t even touch you.”

“Let me try to explain it to you this way. You want to have sex with me, right?” Sonia said, appearing rather matter-of-factly with him. She then walked toward their king-size bed.

Trent’s heart beat increased. This was not quite the right time for him to be aroused.

“Am I right?” she repeated.

Sighing, Trent responded, “Yeah, I would like to have some.”

Sonia sat down on the mattress and folded her arms. “Okay, then tell me what have you done to get me in the mood; because right now, I don’t feel like doing anything.”

Remember those little things. . . .

“See, I was ready for you this time. What about that text message I sent to you early this morning?” He had now joined her on the bed; he leaned back on his left elbow.

“Humph! A text message that said, ‘What’s up, sexy?’ You call that setting a mood? Love making takes place long before the bedroom—”

“Wait a minute, I’m not finished. I called about taking you to lunch. But you never answered.”

“Trent, in case you’re having temporary amnesia, although I would strongly question it being permanent, I told you yesterday that I would be busy all day today. And it would be pretty hard catching me. It kind of goes with the territory working in contract services at United Care Plan.”

“Okay, but I thought you still might have some time for me. But then what about the card that I surprised you with this evening?”

Sonia was moved to chortling. “My husband . . .” She then shook her head. “You gave me a card similar to that, like, three months ago, the last time you and I had a discussion like this.”

She got up from the bed, kicked off her shoes, and removed her off-white business skirt and black blouse, leaving on her black French-cut panties and low-cut bra. Trent’s eyes widened and he had a silly grin. After all these years, including the birth of their son, Taylor, at thirty-nine, she still maintained a shapely figure on her five-foot-five frame. He felt a rush of blood flowing downward.

“Don’t get any ideas. I need to take a shower,” she said, catching a glimpse of him from the corner of her eye.

“Well, let me join you.” He stood up and began walking in her direction.

“No!” she snapped back at him, causing him to stop in mid-step.

“Aw, come on. We used to take showers together all the time.”

“No. Not tonight!” She proceeded at a saunter past him to the bathroom, knowing all along that she had her husband’s family jewels right in her grasp. “Maybe while I’m in the shower you might want to think about how you could get me in the mood.”

Wow, such torture. And to think there were actually much simpler times; Trent knew he had no choice in the matter.

Oh, well!

Sonia was never one for taking long showers. Five minutes was an eternity.

So, Trent rushed out to his work office of their four-bedroom home in Chapin, South Carolina—a fast-growing community just beyond Columbia—and brought a CD he recently burned full of R&B ballads and Quiet Storm music. He turned off the bedroom lights, leaving only a wall light on.

Then he rushed to the kitchen and returned with two wine glasses and a bottle of red Moscato in anticipation of her re-appearing.

As soon as Sonia opened the bathroom door, Trent pressed the PLAY button, greeting her with Peabo Bryson's "Feel the Fire." Next, he walked over to his wife who was clad in only a terry cloth robe; she held up her hand.

"Aren't we going to have some God time tonight? You know we missed having it yesterday."

Trent held his breath. So much also for his arousal.

"I see. So that's where your priorities really are, hmmm?" Sonia was quick to surmise.

"I love God as much as you," he countered. "But even I think God wouldn't have a problem with us doing something that He ordained."

"That may be right. But don't you realize that there's something attractive about things being done in a godly, decent and orderly manner?" She walked past him, stopping at the dresser. She looked into the mirror back at him. "So, did you choose something that could do us both some good?"

"You sure know how to kill a mood, don't you?" Trent mumbled to himself.

"What did you just say?"

"Does it matter who we listen to?"

"No, it doesn't. I just think we could use some God time together."

While Sonia removed the rest of her makeup, Trent was less than enthusiastic about searching the Internet for any online ministry podcasts.

"How about Creflo Dollar?" he asked.

"No, I'm not feeling him these days."

"What about Charles Stanley?"

"He's starting to sound old, and I'm talking about him be-

ing, what, eighty-one years old.”

“Okay, how about Joel Osteen? You know I used to attend Lakewood before Lakewood became what it is today.”

Sonia stopped and looked over her shoulder, nodding in approval. “Yes, I think something from Joel would be nice. What is he talking about today?”

“I don’t know. You figure he’ll be talking about the same old thing. He worked in the back and had no aspirations of preaching . . . When he met Victoria who was working in a jewelry store . . . God loves you and we love you . . . Maybe a story about how they moved into their new place. If not that, the favor of God can take you places that man cannot—”

“Well, I wouldn’t mind hearing whatever he has to say. And to be honest, you’re the head of this household. You should be looking out for us in that area, anyway.”

It took all of him not to react angrily and lash out at Sonia for goading him. Eventually, he decided upon an Osteen podcast message that encouraged listeners God was in control of the storms in their lives. Then he went ahead with taking his shower.

Upon his return, Sonia, still wearing the bathrobe, sat in the bed eating from a bowl of fruit salad she bought from Bi-Lo supermarket. “Come on, baby,” she said, shimmying her shoulders excitedly, “let’s have that God time that we were just talking about.”

Trent tuned out right after Osteen’s opening monologue and faith proclamation. He sat with his head arched back against the headboard, arms folded, and his eyes closed during Osteen’s message. Meanwhile, Sonia figured so long as his head wasn’t hanging and he was snoring, why make any issue of it?

“What did you think of the message?” Sonia queried Trent. He glared to his right without commenting.

She queried again. “Well, what did you think of it?”

After inhaling deeply through his nostrils, Trent was slow to speak. “I guess it was a timely message.”

“You really think so?” she reacted with raised eyebrows.

“Yeah.”

She gestured with a head nod for him to continue.

“I suppose God knows exactly what to do in this storm I’ve been going through. Hopefully, if He’s in control of the direction of these winds, that means He’ll be changing your attitude about us having sex.”

“That’s not what I got from his message. But if you want to take jabs at me, remember this: It’s your responsibility to create the right environment.” She then cut a conceited stare back at him. “You certainly had no problem making every effort when you were chasing me.”

“Well, when I was ‘chasing’ you, you weren’t holding things up for any God time. The only time I heard any mentioning of God was when my name was in the same sentence, your legs were wrapped around my waist, you were clawing my back, and—”

“We’re married now. And it takes more to keep the fire burning.”

“Uh-hmmm. Yeah. . . .”

Sonia sat up in bed; it allowed for exposure of her cleavage. “I see where this conversation is heading. Just remember that your prayers are hindered because of the way you treat your wife. Humph!”

Yeah, the little things . . . I better not say what’s really on my mind, Trent mulled.

Once again, Trent allowed his thoughts to digress back to Teale. With her, he never had things held up because of God moments and potshots taken at him. Both of them had an uncanny sense of awareness whenever either one was in the

mood or need.

“How many times are you going to beat me over the head with that verse?” he complained. “Don’t you think you’re taking it out of context? It does say you shouldn’t be adding to it or taking away. And if you do, there’s a curse.”

Sonia inched closer to Trent. She was always drawn to his handsome features: a strong, angular face and square jaw; intense, dark brown eyes and a smile that reminded her of a couple of her favorite male actors. It also did not hurt, too, that he still maintained much of his former world-class track sprinter’s physique.

“Baby, sharing God’s word helps relax me, and I feel like it draws us closer.”

She kissed him on the cheek. Next, she shed her robe, exposing her entire French vanilla flesh to him. She then turned onto her stomach, provoking him to freeze in thought and movement. “Aren’t you going to give me a massage?”

This was beyond excruciating; he was at her mercy.

“Y-yeah. I guess so,” he was reluctant to say.

“Good, I can sure use one.”

Sonia had long since developed an affinity for Trent’s large hands manipulating and kneading her body. On many occasions, the mere thought of him touching her was more than enough to place her in the mood for intimacy. An orgasm was merely a formality as it took minutes, maybe moments, before she felt all her body pores opening and a tingling sensation that followed; the most intense of them began from the deepest depths of her being.

It’s not as if Sonia had taken those occasions for granted. She was happy that Trent was attentive enough and willing to do something as simple as a massage. But the moments had also become rather perfunctory and predictable. Eventually, Trent would begin rubbing himself upon her. His attention

to her body would shift to satisfying his libido. And within minutes, his body would go limp within her embrace.

“Trent, when was the last time you told me you loved me?” she asked just as he placed his hands on her shoulders.

He paused.

“Don’t stop. Can’t you talk and give me a massage at the same time?”

“Of course I can.”

Yes, those three words had been expressed fewer and fewer times in recent months, Trent acknowledged to himself. But even he didn’t understand why.

“Anyway, Trent, when was the last time you said you loved me?” She moaned in approval as she felt the tension subsiding in her neck and shoulders.

“I can tell you when. But when can you tell me the last time you outright told me that you wanted to have sex?”

“I asked first.”

“Let’s see . . .”

“And I’m not talking about when you’re about to release inside of me, either.”

Trent continued working downward along her back. The mere sight of his wife’s body was always a turn-on, especially the view from behind. His favorite was whenever she wiggled her hips.

“I’m waiting for an answer—”

“How about right now? I love you, Sonia.”

She jerked her body in defiance. “That doesn’t count!”

“Sure it does. You asked me when was the last time I said I loved you. So I just updated by saying it.”

“When was the last time before now?”

He was slow to respond.

“Ah-hah! You can’t even remember the last time you said it. And you expect for me to be in the mood whenever you want

to have sex?”

“Look, it’s kind of hard to say you love someone when she can’t even say she wants you.”

“Trent, it all goes hand-in-hand,” she tried explaining to him. “I’m like a plant. You provide water to it with the things you say and do to me.”

“Hey, aside from what I’ve done earlier today, I’ve shared some God time with you and I’m giving you a massage. Quite frankly, I think I’ve done enough today.”

Sonia turned over and faced him. “You really think you’ve done something, huh?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Okay, come on. Let’s get this over with. January is a busy month. We have our highest call volume, and I need to be as rested as I can to deal with those crazy people when they call in yelling at my phone reps.

“Oh, and don’t forget to pull out. I don’t want to have to get up at all odd hours of the night tonight.”

Trent hated the fact that this was just another get-me-off occasion, but something was better than nothing at all. He attempted to kiss his way upward starting from her inner thighs, but she shooed him away.

“Just get on top, please—”

Within moments of mounting Sonia, Trent noticed he was not making any significant progress. Her body tensed as soon as his rested atop of hers. But he was determined to follow through.

“If you really want to get this over with, you might want to get some lubrication,” she suggested.

“I think you’re right.”

While Trent was in the bathroom, he found himself remi-

niscing about Teale. The lack of arousal was never an issue whenever they were together. They never had arguments over whether he loved her, liked her, or anything else in between. Teale was even multi-orgasmic, so there was no doubt she was going to get hers no matter what the mood was prior to the bedroom.

“Okay, do you want me to apply it on me, or on you?” he asked just as he left the bathroom.

“Yeah, use it on yourself. I just needed a little bit of help tonight. I hope you can understand that.”

This time, Trent was able to find some kind of a rhythm. However, it was clearly evident that Sonia was going through the motions.

She went as far as to mention, “Oh, by the way. Taylor needs to be picked up tomorrow after practice. He’ll also need fifty dollars by Friday for his athletic fees.”

He paused in mid-stroke. “Why are you mentioning that now?”

“Because it was on my mind.”

He resumed with Sonia. He hoped the mere sensation of his body working inside and upon her might incite some interest on her part. He reminded himself it actually worked one Thursday morning about six months ago.

“Baby, can you hurry up, please?”

So much for that . . .

“Okay, I’m trying.”

“Well, you need to try harder.”

“Can you at least help me out?”

Ten minutes later, Trent was returning from the bathroom having washed off. Sonia had already rushed to visit the other bathroom and done the same thing before returning to bed. She was turned over on her right side with her back facing

his side of the bed. He merely eased under the sheets and cover, turned over to his left and sighed.

There were no words exchanged, not even a good-night kiss. He wondered to himself how different a moment like this would have been with Teale.