

SAMPLE



QUEER
&
Sexy
COLLECTION
volume 1

eniitan



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LAST WEEKEND BY ENITAN

Chapter One

Ufuoma was the last off the plane. She had shunned her usual garb of comfortable jeans and tees and worn a cream skirt-suit that clung to her voluptuous figure like wet on water.

The cream showed off her dark skin, and to drive the point of her femininity home, she had the first three buttons of the white shirt open. Her bra pushed up the mounds of her breasts, leaving onlookers in no doubt of the gifts hidden underneath her clothes.

On her feet was a pair of heels, making her appear even taller.

She was determined to make the best of this long weekend away from her regular life.

This would be her first time at an all-female party, and although Loretta had assured her that it would be fun, she was still a little anxious, so she fell into the default of looking extraordinarily good to boost her spirits.

One of the best things, and the worst, was her ability to ‘pass’ and be taken for a heterosexual, cis-gendered woman, but it also made her invisible to other queer women. A blessing and a curse in a country like Nigeria. She remembered her university days with a shudder. Those years she’d spent listening to ‘godly advice’ from classmates and lecturers about how she should stop hanging out with her more masculine-presenting friends, the rumours they felt comfortable sharing with her about how these women were all a bunch of lesbians and that she should avoid being inducted into the ‘cult of lesbianism.’

To worsen her situation, bonding with women was not her strong suit, maybe because she was not primarily attracted to

men, not sexually or emotionally. She'd never felt invested in them enough to mind their vagaries; she could take them or leave them, without a backward glance. But with women—she was always so scared, had always been, of the different ways loving women could drive you to a point of madness, of how invested she became in their lives, their well-being. But most importantly of the powerful way a woman could break you ... but that hadn't stopped her from wanting them, loving them.

As she joined the other passengers waiting for their luggage at the ramp, her wraparound sunshades gave her the luxury of sizing up the other female passengers, and as usual, they were all beautiful in their diversity.

“Lord, I love women,” she breathed as a yellow-skinned beauty wearing a short, floaty gown walked past her. Her derriere brushed the cotton of the gown, giving a tantalizing hint of their plumpness.

“I beg your pardon?” someone standing beside her said.

Ufuoma looked at the woman, another yellow-skinned beauty with thick red lips.

“Not you.” She smiled to soften her tone. “I was talking to myself.”

“Oh.” The girl said, the pout on her lips an indication of her disappointment.

Ufuoma bit back a smile. It was exciting and sad that one had to be careful when engaging...

“Yay! Our luggage is here!” The girl squealed.

Within a few minutes, she stepped out of the cool interior of the airport into the blazing sunlight and a warm hug from Loretta.

Loretta was her close friend from their university days. They’d even had a fling at some point, but both women had agreed they were better off as friends.

“The other girls are already here, except for one more person, who’ll be joining us later this evening,” Loretta said as they headed for the car-park. “Like I

told you, just be yourself. Everyone is here to have a good time. There's no pressure, no need to be anything but yourself."

They approached a spacebus, and the driver took Ufuoma's luggage from her.

"Everybody, this is Ufuoma, an artist. We call her 'oil-on-canvas'."

"Hello, everyone." Ufuoma poked her head into the bus and waved, being met with warm welcomes and smiles.

"Wow! You're magnificent!" one of the girls blurted out. Someone swatted her, and the bus burst into laughter.

Blood rushed up her cheeks. She muttered a 'Thank you' and pulled her dreadlocks into a bun at the nape of her neck, a sign that she was nervous.

"We're off now, ladies!" Loretta announced as she climbed into the front seat with the driver.

Chapter Two

The room was a two-woman room, although it wasn't too large—spacious enough to accommodate two beds and leave enough room to move around without bumping into the furniture.

Ufuoma dumped her luggage on the bed closest to the window, undressed, and laid down on the bed she would be occupying 'til they moved to their next location. This was her first time in Calabar. Loretta had promised they would do a tour of the town before moving to Obudu Resort where they'd be spending the next three nights.

She wondered about the woman she'd be sharing a room with. *I hope she doesn't snore too loudly.*

The next time she opened her eyes, the sun that had been hitherto shining through the curtains had taken refuge behind the clouds. She checked the time; it was already half-past six. She hurried into

the shower. There would be pre-dinner drinks at the lounge, and Loretta had asked them to dress comfortably. So she wore a pair of Ankara shorts that showed off her slim legs and a T-shirt.

She was the first person at the lounge, and she paused at the doorway while contemplating returning to the room to pick a book. But a second later, the girl who had called her ‘magnificent’ entered the room.

“Hi, I’m Tara.” The girl smiled and extended her hand.

Ufuoma took it in hers, and a shock went through her system. She took a good look at Tara, her thick afro that sat on her head a midnight black, her dainty nose and full lips, eyes that had an Asian slant, and a smile that promised delights both physical and intellectual.

“You are?” Tara prompted.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Ufuoma. I’m an artist.”

“Oh, yes, I remember now. Oil-on-canvas.” Tara laughed, and so did

Ufuoma. “I was so struck by your beauty, I was barely listening to Loretta.”

“Flattery will get you—”

It suddenly occurred to Ufuoma that if she completed the sentence, it might be taken as flirting, but did it really matter? She was saved by the entrance of Loretta and a few other ladies.

“I’m sorry for coming in late. Our last guest arrived earlier than expected, and we had to go and pick her at the airport.”

“Let’s get this party started!” Tara said, and as if on cue, muted music floated into the room, followed by a bartender.

Ufuoma ordered a glass of wine, picked a plate of finger food off the buffet table, and returned to her seat. She was soon joined by Tara.

“This is my first time in Nigeria,” Tara ventured.

“Oh, I wouldn’t have guessed. You look and sound so much like a Nigerian!” Her curiosity kicked in. “Where are you from?”

“Here, there, everywhere.” Tara laughed, a loud, graceless laughter that had some of the girls looking in their direction. “I’m actually not of this world.”

Ufuoma rolled her eyes and joined her laughing. There was a buzz of excited chatter as someone entered the room, but she did not look up—she was on a roll and had no intention of getting distracted.

“So, what do you do?”

“Everything and nothing.”

Tara was openly flirting with her.

“You’re a cagey one.” She was definitely fascinated.

“No, I’m not.” Tara shrugged, drawing Ufuoma’s eyes to the curve of shoulders peeping through the gown she had on. Her dark skin glistened, and Ufuoma wondered how they would feel against her lips. “... let’s just say I’m a relationship expert.”

A pair of lips were suddenly on the nape of her neck, the warm breath sending shivers through her. She turned to see the person who had taken such liberties.

Larrie.

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