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DEVESH REDDY, D-DAY Bella Hayes-Roth

Lovers act on their feelings; true lovers put their feelings into action.

Devesh Reddy truly loved his wife. So it happened that, on September 19, 2008, a glorious day, a day like any other in the San Francisco Bay Area, he readily performed several loving actions for her, in the course of which he incidentally made a devastating discovery.

He'd taken a rare personal day from work. Most of his colleagues took the occasional long weekend. But he was bound by the golden handcuffs that had sealed the deal on Intel's acquisition of his company, Bijli Net, "Lightning Net." He wasn't the type to warm a chair until his two years ran out. Besides, he found his work gratifying and, he liked to think, important. Having earned his *artha*, he planned to stay on in research and development. It suited his temperament.

Artha. The means of living. Or in blunter, Western terms, wealth. Ten million, more or less. Not the twenty-five his brother-in-law, Ajay Bhattacharya, had pocketed when he flipped his company, Svasthya Tech, a decade earlier, before the crash. But enough to ensure comfort and security for his wife and family. Even some luxury. This year, the vacation in Paris she said she craved. And he'd earned it himself, without capitalizing on Reddy family wealth.

A cultural Hindu, if not a religious one, Devesh vigorously pursued the four traditional goals of a good life. Since childhood, he'd practiced *dharma*—ethical, moral, and dutiful behavior—following the examples of his esteemed parents, grandfather, and schoolmasters. In adulthood, he'd focused on *artha*—acquiring professional skills and using them to achieve economic prosperity. Strictly speaking, he couldn't strive for *moksha*, liberation after death from the painful cycle of rebirth, because he doubted reincarnation. Instead, he strove for a variant called *jivan-mukti*, liberation before death, by working toward self-actualization, the peak of Abraham Maslow's hierarchy of human needs. As for *kama*—sexual, sensual, and emotional fulfillment—therein lay his greatest challenge.

At college, he'd fallen in love with Jalaja Patel. With youthful exuberance, he believed her his soul mate. While publicly mocking such nonsense, he privately recognized all the signs. An ineffable connection on first meeting. Comparable wit and intelligence. Shared interests and values. Easy companionship. Animal attraction.

Jaja had many of his mother's fine qualities. He understood how his father must have felt when they first met in medical school. He meant to emulate his parents' love marriage.

After waiting entirely too long, he proposed, only to learn Jaja had already consummated marriage to his charismatic best friend, Ganesh Knight. Thank Vishnu, Lord of the Universe, the three of them remained fast friends. In fact, it was Jaja, now a vice president for strategy, who had facilitated Bijli Net's acquisition.

While privately nursing his broken heart, Devesh tried dating the American way, at graduate school, in Pittsburgh, and then at his first job, in the Bay Area. Misadventures, all.

The most intriguing possibility was Phyllis Krantz, a feisty New Yorker. When he introduced himself, at the first meeting of their project team at Carnegie Mellon University, she smiled sweetly. *Devesh. That's a new one. Can I just cawl ya Haaary? Shawt fuh Haaary Krishna*. Smart, funny, and kind. Fiery-red hair, sky-blue eyes, and a smattering of freckles. A statuesque figure. He found her entertaining. Exotic. Arousing. His parents would have liked her. Dada, his grandfather, a high Brahmin, an aristocratic Anglophile, a cynic on Americans, would have required persuasion. *Koi bat nahin*. No matter. Phyllis was a little too fast for the extremely well-bred, extremely inexperienced young man Devesh Reddy was in 1985. When she casually suggested they start *schtuppin*, having sexual intercourse, he came to a full stop.

What a relief when Dada beckoned him home to New Delhi. Though he'd hoped to find a woman with whom to

emulate his parents' love marriage, that apparently wasn't his *karma*, fate. With six years of fruitless effort under his belt, an arranged marriage was just the ticket. It had worked for his grandparents. He vowed he and his would-be wife would honor and love one another, as Dada and Dadi had, and work together on the goals of a good life.

The matchmaker presented photos and bio data for three young ladies. All made good matches on caste, class, and economic status. All had compatible astrological signs and good education. They differed mostly in appearance. Like their peers, all three had long black hair. The first two braided theirs in the usual way. The third left hers free to drape across the left side of her face, over her shoulder, down to her . . . Also like their peers, all three applied *kajal*, black kohl rimming their eyes. The third applied hers more dramatically than most. Her eyes seemed to twinkle right out of the photo. Like most Indians of both genders, the first two candidates suffered dental deficiencies, while the third flaunted a wide smile, showcasing preternaturally even, sparkling white teeth.

In sum, Miss Monica Bhattacharya was ravishing. Given the opportunity to choose her as his bride, Devesh felt he'd died and gone to heaven. Or *svarga*. Or *nirvana*. Wherever.

Upon his request, with his parents' approval, but discounting Dada's disapprobation, the matchmaker gladly expedited procedures required to sew up the contract. The marriage of Devesh and Monica was consummated forthwith.

Though they did not *consummate* it.

On their wedding night, his bride shied away from intimacy.

His mother, an ob-gyn, reassured him. *One expects modesty in an innocent young woman.*

After six months of postnuptial courting, Monica granted him weekly *kama*, most Friday nights. But, with her first pregnancy came a ban that continued through six postnatal months. With her second pregnancy, the same. Though his mother said bans were neither necessary nor advisable, he accepted his wife's insistence on protecting their unborn children. Especially after she almost miscarried their son, Garvpreet, during her third trimester. Thank Vishnu, she carried their daughter, Neelakshmi, to term, without incident.

Over the ensuing post-childbirth years, *kama* yet remained elusive, with a stream of Friday-night excuses—fatigue, menstruation, paining stomach, a video of *Casablanca* loaned her by a cinephile friend. When she did accommodate him, she hardly participated in their lovemaking, only lying like a plank, in *savasana*, corpse pose, dead in the bed.

Thus, his modest bride became his prudish wife. He refused to say *frigid*, for he'd never stop trying.

Now, after nearly two decades of marriage, much research, and many seduction campaigns, just last Friday night, one week ago, Devesh took a great leap forward. Following detailed instructions in his new manual, Ian Kerner's book *She Comes First: The Thinking Man's Guide to Pleasuring a Woman*, he succeeded in giving her the first orgasm of her life.

Bap re! Wow! Who knew Monica had such passion? Since then, he'd been floating on air, ecstatic at this marvelous turn of events, proud of attaining a major milestone, optimistic about the passionate years ahead, eager to score again tonight. Tonight.

He let her sleep in this morning, so she'd be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed for tonight's tryst. After battling rush hour to take the kids to school and stopping at Starbucks to get her a blonde cappuccino, he returned at ten. He found her in the kitchen with her parents, Abhijit and Makshi Bhattacharya, now entering the fourth month of a twice-yearly visit from Jaipur.

Sarama, their labradoodle, greeted him ecstatically, as though he were Ulysses, newly returned from the Odyssey. She rolled on her back for a leg-pumping belly scratch.

Gazing up at his Penelope, standing at the sink, washing her hands, he admired the rear view. Though everything had gotten bigger over the years, she still looked tiny to him. Barely five feet tall, even in kitten heel mules. She still wore her bedclothes, a white cotton *shalwar kameez*. The tunic hugged her fat bottom alluringly. It had pearl buttons running all the way down the front. Tonight, he'd undo them, one button at a time.

Watching her turn toward him, he found her unusually animated, pretty face flushed, brown eyes glinting. Like himself, she, too, brimmed over in anticipation of tonight's *kama*.

He paused to savor her signature move. Starting in her provocative *tribhanga* pose, she swiveled her torso counterclockwise, shifted her weight to her right foot, and pointed her left foot toward him. She splayed her fingers on her thighs and swung her long black hair over her left shoulder, back to front, to shroud her face. After a teasing moment, she tossed her head sharply up and to the left, exposing her vulnerable throat and fanning her hair out over both shoulders, like a silky black waist-length cape. Facing him, she narrowed her twinkling kohl-rimmed eyes and slowly widened her hot-pink mouth in a Cheshire cat grin, displaying that perfect row of shiny white teeth. Ravishing.

He'd planned a Friday of foreplay, in preparation for *kama*. To cover his bases, on Tuesday, he'd ordered Gary Chapman's book *The Five Love Languages: How to Express Heartfelt Commitment to Your Mate*. Thank Vishnu for Amazon Prime's free two-day delivery service. He'd read it, cover to cover, last night, after she went to bed.

The only problem was, he'd be dancing in the dark, since he had no idea which love language she spoke. Languages, actually. Chapman said everyone has two, a primary and a secondary. The phrase book helped. But he didn't want to be too *bedanga*, heavy-handed, by asking her directly. So, he decided to test-drive all five.

Kicking off his assessment, he probed his wife with one of the languages, *gift-giving*, by offering her the blonde cappuccino.

"My favorite!" she said and sipped it carefully. She licked her lips to protect her lipstick and delivered a bonus twinkling-eyed grin. "And still hot! Thank you, Pati!"

Vijay! Victory! he thought. And Monica, too, was still hot. He dug the sexy way she flicked her pale-pink tongue over her bright-pink lips. He got the message.

Makshi frowned, fretting over her daughter's *nitamb*, bum. "Looks very, very sweet."

"Sweets to the sweet." Probing with *words of admiration*, Devesh inadvertently reprised his carnal past and foretold his carnal future in the Bard's much misunderstood bon mot to the dead Ophelia.

Monica took another sip. "Thank you, Pati. This is sooo good for waking up-ness."

Tik. Okay. Words of admiration? Not so much.

Stepping closer, he opened his arms and winked. "Let's spend the day together. Let's reap the benefits of your flex-time deal in this rare opportunity for *niji kaal*, private time."

Private time. In the Indian sense. With her parents.

"Sooo sorry, Pati." She spoke in a pained voice, evading his embrace, distancing him with the formal address, *husband*, which she'd insisted on using since they married. "Critical meeting at fourteen hundred. Just found out. I must go and dress now."

Disappointed, Devesh took a deep yoga breath and recited his *mantra*, meditation chant. Inhale: *Jai guru deva*, praise the divine teacher. Exhale: *Ohhmm*, the universe.

Tik, he thought. Forget *physical touch* and *quality time*.

Abhijit objected. "You've not eaten *puri bhaji* Mother prepared."

"Sooo sorry, Mama-ji. Busy, busy day." And she was gone.

"Monica's working too much, *Damad*." Makshi's muffled words rumbled out of a mouth full of the puffed fried bread, filled with spicy potatoes, that she made for breakfast every day. Addressing him as "son-in-law," she aimed her remark directly at him.

Abhijit seemed to validate the implied criticism with his stern silence, though he was actually just trying to conceal his abhorrence of Makshi's manners. He swallowed his own mouthful of *puri bhaji*. At least she could

cook, even with the inferior ingredients available here in Fremont, California. Else he'd cut their visits short. He patted his mouth with a yellow cotton napkin, block-printed with red and green elephants. Then, he patted his big belly with his hands, glad he'd finally had his paining gallbladder removed.

Devesh wished Monica would inform her parents that working was her choice, not his. *Koi bat nahin*. No matter. He deflected his mother-in-law's dig with his own brand of social jujitsu, first amiably agreeing, "Yes, she does work too much," and then flipping the sentiment, "She loves her job." But he also affectionately appeased Makshi, addressing her as "mother-in-law." "Very tasty *puri bahji*, *Sas-ji*. Thank you for making it."

Monica rushed out of the house just before eleven, wearing a filmy purple and yellow blouse, tight jeans, and red pumps. Devesh thought she looked extremely *kamottejak*, sexy.

Soon, Makshi and Abhijit disappeared for their postprandial constitutional. They never tired of the vistas of undeveloped foothills, blanketed with sage-green chaparral, behind the last row of houses on the opposite side of Calle Frontero. In India, an area such as this would be an unimaginable Shangri-la. Here in the Golden State, it was just another unstable expanse of parched scrub, prone to earthquakes, fires, floods, and landslides, extending beyond the outer reaches of pop-up commuter land, in the Calaveras Fault zone.

Devesh changed into a tracksuit. A weekday run up Mission Peak would be a treat for him and Sarama. Needing no invitation, the labradoodle fetched her leash, dropped it at his feet, and grinned. She knew today was special. Monica probably did, too. Hard to tell.

Three hours later, showered, dressed, blissed out on a runner's high, he stepped from the *en suite* bathroom into the master bedroom. Surveying the scene, he congratulated himself on the bower of bliss he'd furnished for his wife when he'd bought the house in 2000, thanks to a generous loan from Ajay for the down payment. The magnificent antique Persian rug, a wedding gift from Dadi to Dada, whose love still burned brightly half a century after her death. Carved walnut furniture from Kashmir, Dadi's birthplace and Devesh's parents' romantic honeymoon destination. On his side of the dresser, a photo of Monica in her bridal regalia.

That was the first time he saw her. Of course, they'd met at the seeing-the-girl ritual, at her home in Jaipur, and, after signing the marriage contract, on several dates, in tearooms, with aunts chaperoning. But the first time he saw her, really saw her, was at their wedding.

He gazed at the photo, transported to that cosmic moment. They'd stood before five hundred guests, on a flower-bedecked dais, beneath a golden *mandap*, canopy. An *antarpat*, delicate white silk cloth, hung between them, perfectly symbolizing the amorphous, yet adamant societal barrier that divides two chaste virgins as surely as a moonless night divides two brilliant days. Their parents stood ready to whisk away this fragile film of propriety and thereby sanction, at one stroke, their social, emotional, and physical union.

Just before the *muherta*, the auspicious marrying moment fixed by their astrologer, the shrill cry of a peacock pierced the air. The ill omen provoked a collective gasp of alarm among the assembled guests. Truly absurd, thought Devesh, wanting to reassure his bride.

Then, suddenly, there she was, just as she appeared in the photo. Wearing a red silk *sari*, wrapped skirt, *choli*, blouse, and *dupatta*, scarf. Red. The color of unfulfilled desire and yearning. Which he was then authorized, indeed obligated, to fulfill. Ten kilos of gem-encrusted gold jewelry adorned her. A diamond pavé necklace, laid in a graduated fringe from her neck to her clavicle, suspended a huge square ruby. Matching pendants hung from her ears. Fourteen pavé bangles threw sparks as they slid over tight ivory bangles encasing her forearms. A *nath*, ring, pierced the left wing of her nose, dangled a colossal ruby, and anchored a chain of smaller rubies running to her ear. A white gold tiara tethered a diamond *mangtika*, pendant, on her forehead. Strands of luminescent pearls cascaded from her temples, framing a flamboyantly painted face. Henna flowers, paisleys, and symbols decorated all exposed skin below her neck. Beaded ankle straps and toe rings secured her sandals, where *Suka*, Kamadeva's parrot, a harbinger of *kama*, spread his wings.

Spellbound by Monica's resplendent presence, Devesh felt suffused with Vedic conviction. She was the incarnation of Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune and Beauty. He was the incarnation of Vishnu, Preserver of the Universe. In their matrimony, the immortal souls of these divine consorts would reunite once again.

He recalled showing the photo to his good friend, Moon—a hippie busker, whom he'd first met in Connaught Place in the sixties, né Saul Horowitz Stein of Manhattan's Upper West Side, Juilliard-trained classical guitarist, Harvard BS, Cal PhD, Director of New Horizons School in Oakland; married to Skye, whom he'd also met in Connaught Place, née Skyleeza Jones, Roxbury born, Radcliffe BA on a full scholarship, Cal PhD, Professor of

Education.

Moon had winked. *Looks like a Hindu Christmas tree, pyramidal in form, laden with gaudy ornaments, obviously immobile.*

Devesh still chuckled at the simile. He also felt sure his wife had never looked more bewitching.

He spied her laptop on her bedside table. Puzzling. Didn't she need it for her meeting? *Koi bat nahin*. Good opportunity to seduce her, in absentia, using the fifth love language, *acts of service*. He'd been meaning to update her operating system. Hah! If only he could!

He decided to work there, in the master bedroom, so as not to disturb her parents, who'd returned from their walk, eaten lunch, and retired for a siesta. Of course, when he married Monica, they became *kutumb*, family. But he'd had enough *kutumb* for today—enough for this week, this month, this season, this year, if the truth be known. He'd rather spend the afternoon with his girl, Sarama. Thank Vishnu, Abhijit and Makshi were out cold.

He'd sit at Monica's vanity, the only non-Kashmiri piece in the room. Her decorator, Dante, had said, *Daaahling, it's Itaaalian, a maaahvelous faux antique. One would nehhhva guess*. The price had given Devesh sticker shock. But he had to admit, Monica's vanity was splendid.

He cleared a space for her laptop on the right side of the mauve surface, moving the jumble of bottles and jars, brushes and combs, beauty tools and makeup to the left side, rearranging them by category and grouping them by size, so she could find things easily.

He sat on the bench, with Sarama curled at his feet, twitching and woofing now and then as she dreamed of cows wandering near the trail up Mission Peak. She had a thing for cows. Just like her namesake.

He opened the laptop lid, and typed in Monica's password, *ReddyRNot*. Her email inbox filled the screen.

That was the lure. The snare. The booby trap.

It was like a tsunami's unexpected drawback of the sea, enticing wide-eyed holiday-makers to venture out into normally submerged areas near the shore, where they might inspect newly exposed rocks, shells, and marine creatures. Just so, the unexpected display of a full inbox enticed a guileless husband to glance over a normally unseen margin of his wife's life, where he might espy newly exposed clues to her still mysterious inner workings.

There, like a sea star, stranded when the water retreats, almost buried, its presence betrayed by an iconic arm, silhouetted against the sand—so, the third message, its body concealed in the inbox, caught Devesh's eye with the offbeat username in its header.

Famous_Wolf@Yahoo.com. Odd choice of a username for business communications.

He read the rest of the header. *Today at 9:53AM Re: Meeting*. Was this what Monica meant when she said she'd just found out about a meeting today? But the sender's domain was Yahoo, not Oracle. Possible, but unusual.

Curiosity overcame his respect for her privacy. He opened the message.

Got back Monday. Really need a Monica Special. MV 2-4. Don't be late.

Like a holiday-maker who discovers an exotic crustacean and minutely examines its head, thorax, and abdomen, its exoskeleton and appendages, Devesh dissected the message. Why did Famous_Wolf tell her he *got back Monday*, as though she awaited him? What was a *Monica Special*? Why did he *really need* it, as though he often had one? Where would they meet in *MV*, Mountain View? Why not at Oracle, in Redwood City? Why *2-4*, as though they regularly met for two hours? Why did he say *Don't be late*, as though she often were?

Devesh felt his heart beat faster, his breathing quicken. He recited his mantra during each of three deep yoga breaths. Inhale: *Jai guru deva*. Exhale: *Ohhhhm*.

Get real, his rational self scolded. Monica wouldn't know some guy calling himself Famous_Wolf. No Indian would assume such a name.

Her boss was Belgian. Conservative. Her other colleagues—the busybody named Jane who had a clubfoot, the Jewish kid who had a crush on her—no Famous_Wolf among them. She surely wouldn't care about some guy's travel schedule or his need for a Monica Special. Whatever that was.

The message was probably spam. Generated by a bot. A really smart, highly personalized bot.

On the other hand, his empirical self observed, the message had arrived fifteen minutes before Monica said she just found out about a critical meeting. And she said the meeting was at fourteen hundred. Two o'clock. Had the bot infected her calendar?

Still, thought his rational self, she'd probably already gone down to the kitchen before it had arrived. Probably already eating *puri bhaji* with her parents when it arrived. Then she left without taking her laptop. Probably hadn't even seen the bot message. A coincidence.

His empirical self looked back at the header. *Re: Meeting*. It appeared to be a reply to a message from her. Easy to find out. Clear up the confusion.

He switched to her sent messages mailbox. There it was.

MBReddy@Oracle.com Yesterday at 10:07PM Meeting

Last night. While he was reading *The Five Love Languages*. He thought she'd gone to sleep, exhausted from a hard day at work. He'd remained downstairs so as not to disturb her.

The situation was troubling, his rational self acknowledged, but still ambiguous. She probably didn't send a message to Famous_Wolf. The bot had probably hijacked a message stream between her and an Oracle colleague.

To test his increasingly implausible hypothesis, he opened her sent message.

To Famous_Wolf@Yahoo.com

Are you back? Can we please please have a meeting tomorrow? At what time and what place will be most convenient for you? Please let me know by 10AM.

Like a holiday-maker who doubts his eyes at the sight of a ribbon, paddle-tailed sea snake, writhing in the sand, Devesh strained for an innocent explanation and discounted the venom.

Huh. So Monica's boss, Jens Verhoeven, went by the username *Famous_Wolf*. And used Yahoo. Go figure. He must have been away on a long business trip when she urgently needed his input. Totally normal. Though *please please* sounded unprofessional. He'd coach her on that. Tactfully. Naturally, she'd accommodate her boss's schedule. She requested confirmation by ten to give her time to cross the Bay. She left at eleven for a two o'clock meeting. Three hours seemed excessive, but Jens had said *don't be late*. He must have had other meetings in Mountain View. All internally consistent. Business as usual. Made perfect sense to Devesh's rational self.

Yet, his empirical self felt a deep, dark pit of doubt, yawning in his gut. He had to fill it with evidence that would unambiguously differentiate two competing hypotheses. Was it business as usual? Or . . . *business as usual*? He couldn't yet put more specific words to it.

He scanned upward for the last message she sent before leaving this morning. There it was. Her reply to Famous_Wolf's reply to her request for a meeting.

MBReddy@Oracle.com Today at 9:55AM Re: Re: Meeting

Taunted by his empirical self, he entertained his second hypothesis, quickly joining up the dots to simulate and reinterpret her behavior. She'd been waiting at her bedside table for the 10:00 a.m. deadline. Famous_Wolf's message hit her inbox at 9:53. Two minutes later, she sent her reply. Then, she casually strolled down to the kitchen to play dutiful daughter. When he returned a few minutes later, she hoodwinked him with her beguiling greeting and appreciation for the blonde cappuccino. Then, she painfully regretted she couldn't spend the day with him because she'd just found out about a critical meeting at fourteen hundred. What she left out: The meeting would be in Mountain View. With Famous_Wolf. Who really needed a Monica Special. Whatever that

was.

With sweat beading on the back of his neck, Devesh lay his hands on the surface of Monica's vanity. He recited his mantra during each of five protracted yoga breaths.

With a great act of will, he summoned his rational self to return. The evidence, though suggestive, was not yet definitive. Moreover, he could stop here. Give his honorable and beloved wife the benefit of the doubt. Give her the respect of a frank inquiry.

Or—he could close her email, forget it, pretend he never saw it.

Because, as Devesh knew, once he rang that bell, he could never un-ring it.

He recalled how his buddy, Pakhi Engineer, an intelligent, educated man, hesitated to schedule a follow-up visit after his PSA blood test came back high. Only half joking, he said he didn't want some doctor sticking a fat finger up his *guda*, anus. Besides, it was probably a false alarm. As though playing the odds to avoid a mildly aversive clinical examination would mean he didn't have prostate cancer.

Now, Devesh, a right-living, hardworking, happily married man, hesitated to open his wife's last message to Famous_Wolf. He didn't want to insult her dignity or his own by prying into her emails. Besides, it was probably just business as usual. As though playing the odds to avoid a trivial violation of her privacy would mean he wasn't a . . . He couldn't yet put a word to that.

He sat there for minutes. It felt like hours.

Like his friend, he was too smart to take much comfort in denial.

Once Pakhi had acknowledged the worst-case scenario, he'd decided to do a decision analysis, considering the value, as well as the probability, of alternative outcomes. If he played the odds and won, quite likely, the value of avoiding the exam would be positive. If he lost, unlikely, the value of avoiding the exam would still be positive, but the value of allowing prostate cancer to progress would be very negative. He might die. Overall, the expected value of playing the odds was too low. He had to know for sure.

Pakhi took the test and got bad news. But with early detection, he qualified for brachytherapy, low-dose radiation delivered to his prostate in hundreds of tiny pellets. He had minimal side effects and an excellent prognosis. Six months later, he began proselytizing for screening and teasing his embarrassed, but relieved, wife, Sakhi, by making her testify to his impressive post-treatment *unnat shishins*, erections.

Like his friend, once Devesh acknowledged the worst-case scenario, he decided to do a decision analysis. If he played the odds and won, quite likely, the value of not prying would be positive. If he lost, unlikely, the value of not prying would still be positive, but the value of allowing *business as usual* to progress would be very negative. He'd spend his life as a . . . *vyabhicharee*, cuckold. There. That was the word. He didn't believe it. Only a possibility. But overall, the expected value of playing the odds was too low. He had to know for sure.

He opened Monica's message and, like Pakhi, found bad news.

I'm sooo happy you're back! Four weeks is toooo long. I thought you forgot all about me. I'm craving you so bad, baby. Sure, I'll give you a Monica Special. Love to. I made a noon appointment at Pedestal. I'll be clean as a baby down there! How bout Black Hole of Calcutta? Mmm. Getting stuffed by you feels sooo good. Then I'll slurp your big hard cock and gulp down your yummy cum. Deelish! Then you can lick and eat my very horny wet pussy til I can bear it not a moment longer. I'll have the biggest orgasm of my life!!! Urs4evr, M.

Devesh's marital clock stopped dead. Like the birth of Jesus, his discovery of his wife's adultery reset time itself. From this day forward, he would reinterpret everything in their marital life in light of its occurrence, BD-Day or AD-Day, before or after Discovery Day.

He felt numb, stunned by confrontation with a fate that previously lay outside his cultural realm. Hindus like him lived by *dharma*. They didn't have extramarital affairs. Hindu women were modest. They surely didn't have affairs. Prudish Hindu women who withheld sex from their husbands—like Monica—were not uncommon. They never had affairs. Of all the things that might go awry in a Hindu marriage, the extramarital affair of an asexual wife who neglected her husband wasn't among them.

With his brilliant mind, faultless character, and ingenuous spirit unmoored by the abrupt fragmentation of his

moral and emotional bedrock, Devesh floundered in confusion, fumbled through the fog, and began revising his reality.