

SOMETHING MAJOR by Randi Braun

EXCERPT

“Randi, I just have no desire,” she whispered into the phone, worried somebody might hear her, even though she had called me from her home office.

Letting out an audible sigh, she luxuriated in a moment of relief for finally saying the aching, silent part out loud. “In fact,” she confessed, “I honestly can’t even remember the last time I was even in the mood.”

It took every ounce of self-control I had not to spit out the second—okay, third—cup of coffee I was sipping. Placing my The Bags Under My Eyes Are Chanel coffee mug on the fireplace mantel, I leaned in as though she was sitting right in front of me. “Tell me everything, Ana.”

“There should be sparks,” she explained, “but there’s just nothing lighting me up. In fact, this amazing thing happened with my boss yesterday...”

That’s right: she wasn’t talking about that thing you think she was talking about.

We were talking about work, and about a relationship to work that used to feel fresh and exciting but was different now. Ana could hardly remember the fireworks she had once felt in this job. Nothing had gone wrong, but things didn’t seem quite right, either. That led to Ana looking around, asking herself, and even asking me, “Wait, how did I get here?”

She had played by the rules and done everything “right.” Instead of the happily ever after she had been promised, she was left with a case of low work libido, and—unfortunately— there’s just no little blue pill for that.