

PHILIP ETEMESI



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**Philip Etemesi**

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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

***To my best friend Chris :*** I'd be less of a man if I never met you. You taught me things—many things. I teach you things too but your life tutorials have always exceeded mine. True friends are rare. Thank you for being one.

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Dedicated to all my loyal readers in Kenya and to everyone from around the world who will spare their hard earned money to see what this young writer from Africa has to offer.

## **AUTHOR WARNING**

This book contains detailed descriptions of sexual acts. Keep away from children and anyone who might be offended by this type of content



# Chapter One

Right there! Right in the middle of her father's 40-acre sugarcane plantation! That's where Pesh had an orgasm for the first time in her twenty year existence.

Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that Okusimba — the herdsboy — would be the Santa who'd deliver the 'Big O'. And if you had prophesized to her that the magic would all happen in a sugarcane plantation, she'd have labeled you insane. She always visualized it happening at a ritzy mansion in Nairobi or on the splendid beaches of Zanzibar.

As intense pleasure drained the strength out of every tendon in her joints, her fingers managed to cup Okusimba's cheeks. With her eyes closed, she pushed her lips forward for a kiss, but she got the coordinates all wrong. Her lips landed on the space between his chin and mouth. She tried again, this time hitting the target. She locked her lips with his. She wanted to thank him a million times but her mouth was occupied with better things.

How did she end up naked with the man her father had tasked with taking care of the family's livestock?

It all stemmed from a series of disappointments.

Like many girls her age, Pesh wanted her orgasm to be triggered by a classy man. Ideally, it should have been one of the cool male students in Kenyatta University, where she studied. She was obsessed with the guys that wore shiny jewelry like rappers who had just gotten their first record label deals. She fancied the men that sauntered through the campus pavements with the aid of Jordan and Adidas sneakers. The working class men, who drove fuel guzzlers and lived in upmarket hoods in Nairobi also dominated her fantasies.

One student who she had an unhealthy crush on was Mule, the richest and cutest boy in her class. She was quite sure that when she finally kicked off her heels and jumped into bed with him, she would get an orgasm.

That never happened.

He ejaculated after only two minutes and 12 seconds, setting a new record

for the fastest man in her vagina. Previously, the record was held by a man she met on Facebook. His name was Collo.

Collo was all talk and no action. He said he had the stamina of the gods because he ate traditional foods like sorghum, millet, sweet potatoes and arrow roots. He boasted to Pesh how he would render her immobile.

“When I am done working on your body, you will need crutches to walk!” He gave her this promise during one of their late night sex chats.

He lasted three minutes.

“You came already?” Pesh had parted her heavy eye lids which the moment of bliss had clamped together. Collo had stopped just when he was hitting the right spot.

“This never happens! Believe me. It’s just that you are too tight down there.”

Too tight? A naïve girl would have felt good after being told she was too tight. After all, which girl wants to have a loose coochie? But Pesh was not a fool. That was a lame excuse often used by men who couldn’t last long.

She allowed Collo to give it another try, a second round, a second chance to redeem himself. There was zero improvement. He stuck to his time of three minutes. Worse still, he had the guts to ask for another date. She laughed about it later with her friends.

Mule was the man she was banking on to make a difference.

He didn’t.

Initially, he had been reluctant to hook up with her. Girls were always around him so he had the luxury of choice. Pesh wasn’t the type of person who saw obstacles and turned back. She was determined. The feelings she had for him wouldn’t allow her to just sit back and let other girls have their way. She also knew that brave girls didn’t wait to be approached. They did it themselves. She pursued him relentlessly. She was coquettish. In class, she would sit on the same row as him, push her seat a little forward and cross her legs. She made sure he saw them —those tempting legs. They were superbly shaped; thick at the thighs, less thick at the calves and thin at the ankles.

Her overall beauty made it easy for her to seduce any man too.

Pesh couldn't relate when other women complained of being blessed with a big ass and small boobs, or vice versa, or neither. Almost every part of her body was perfect. Back at home, people told her she looked exactly like her mother. But even her mother didn't have an ass like hers. Great mathematicians like Archimedes of Syracuse and René Descartes would have taken days to calculate the circumference, radius and diameter of her booty. Her boobs were a wonder on their own, always pointing forward as if suspended by invisible strings. Her face was thin but her cheeks were puffy and lustrous like those of healthy toddlers from diaper TV commercials. Her mouth was a bit too wide but her full lips had a flavorsome look. Her russet complexion was as appealing as that of any other dark-skinned woman. Her hair wasn't always smooth, so she experimented with different hairstyles all the time. She mostly preferred neat weaves and braids. At 5'3, she wished she was taller but she didn't let it bother her too much.

Mule finally agreed to come to her bedsitter in Kahawa Wendani, a hood that was just five minutes away from the university grounds. Most students who didn't live in the campus hostels resided there.

He asked her to hop into his *Toyota RAV4* after an evening class. The other girls looked at her with envy. Deep inside she was loving it. "Yeah, look at me bitches! He's mine now!" She wanted to utter those words but her brain didn't give clearance because it wouldn't have been a polite thing to do. He pulled up at her bedsitter at around 7 o'clock. His cologne hypnotized her. The moment they entered the room, she pounced on him, wrapping her arms around his waist as he struggled to regain balance. They almost fell. She kissed him first, but just as he was about to place her on the bed, her roommate Wawuda showed up.

Pesh was pissed. She wanted to curse and bark but she couldn't. Wawuda was her best friend. She was the best roommate one could ask for. Unlike Pesh, she was tall, slim and light in complexion. She always preferred to keep one hairstyle—a well-oiled and well-combed afro. She had cute pink lips and small boobs but her ass almost resembled that of Pesh in size. She had a warm and sweet coastal accent that the people of the Taita tribe were known for. The way that words came out of her mouth gave any listener instant joy. Her sentences were decorated with brilliantly stationed vowels and with the evenly fluid phraseology of a woman that had been gracefully raised.

What Pesh loved the most about her was her good heart. She always offered to do all the chores herself, instead of asking for a 50:50 split of tasks. The food budget was on her too because she felt she was a better nutritionist. Pesh would prepare a pot full of vegetables for supper but Wawuda would put it away and come with kilos of beef for them both.

Wawuda was a bit weird and naughty too. She never saw the presence of a third party during sex as a problem, so long as the third party didn't directly interfere. That's why Pesh wasn't even surprised when she came in, saw them, and told them to continue.

Just a few weeks earlier, Pesh had walked in on Wawuda deep-throating a well-known rugby player who starred for the Kenya 7s. With his thick legs, he stood straight, his jeans at his feet. Unlike the majority of men who prefer to watch when they are being sucked, the player's eyes were shut.

Maybe it was too sweet?

His forehead tilted up like a navy officer saluting his lieutenant, and his wide chin hung loose. On her knees, Wawuda looked like a parakeet trying to eat a banana.

As Pesh juggled between being star-struck, shocked and confused, Wawuda withdrew from the cock with a pop sound to grant Pesh permission for entry.

"Come in! Don't mind us!"

Her velvety fingers got busy once again, ushering the superstar's penis gingerly back into her scorching mouth as she dismissed the slight interruption and resumed her oral duty.

Come in? Don't mind us?

Unlike her roommate, Pesh wasn't comfortable with the presence of a spectator during intimate proceedings. She was a liberal girl in general but when it came to matters of pleasure, she was conservative. Sex was supposed to be a private sport. Mule wasn't comfortable with Wawuda's presence too, so they both stepped outside.

What now?

Given how much Mule had played hard-to-get, Pesh was afraid she

wouldn't get another chance with him. Her relentlessness was magnified and she became creative. Wrapping her fingers around his neck, she came up with a wild suggestion.

"We can do it in a lecture hall."

"Woooooo... Are you serious? Is that even possible?" He stared at her like he had misheard her.

"Yes!" She rubbed the back of his neck slowly.

She knew about a hall that was never locked at night. It was where she had tried marijuana for the first time. In fact, she had returned there a couple of times to inhale the herb.

She didn't give Mule any time to think about the suggestion. He'd probably raise an objection to it. She took his hand and led him to the car. "Drive!" He stepped on the gas and they were on their way back to campus.

He searched around for a parking spot and as soon as he found one, he tucked the *RAV4* there and turned off the engine. Once they got out of the vehicle, Pesh grabbed his hand again and walked.

She never moved that quickly when she was going for an actual lecture. She always arrived ten or fifteen minutes late and dragged her feet all the way to the back, causing minor disruption. The male lecturers would lose focus for a moment and stare at her smooth legs and soccer ball buttocks.

"So class, where were we?" This was a question the male lecturers would ask as soon as Pesh sat down. Her appearance had erased all of their previous memory.

This time, it was not a lecture. It was something she had always wanted—sex with Mule. She dragged him with the pace of a marathoner in the last lap. She was dying to get his wealthy member past her folds as quickly as possible. She spotted the lecture hall and just as she expected, it wasn't locked. The skies were cloudy and the night was extremely dark, so there weren't many curious corneas and irises to figure out what they were up to.

She pulled him inside the hall and made him sit on a chair in a corner.

She slid her fingers down her hips and drew her half-thigh skirt upwards, pulling it straight up over her shoulders and head. In a neat, liquid

movement, her panties descended all the way to her Lilliputian feet. She then adjusted herself and struck a *Chakacha* dancer's pose. The legs she had used time and time again to tempt him came apart, each foot deployed to different sections of the floor for balance

She pulled down the zipper of his black rockstar jeans and grabbed his average-sized cock. Hastily, she directed it to the place between her thighs as she sat on him. It was riding time. She was ready to be Zorro and him, the black stallion.

“Ssssss... Fffffuuuh... Aaaaah... Yes bab...”

Before she could finish saying the word ‘baby’, Mule began ejaculating. He groaned like a pained rhino that had been shot in the leg by poachers in the Amboseli.

“Grrrrrrr... Grrrrrr.”

“Are you okay?” Pesh wasn’t wrong to think that maybe he was in pain.

“Yes, it’s just too sweet. I came!” He looked so happy.

Was he for real? What sweetness could possibly be found in two minutes of sex? She was hoping to ride him for about thirty minutes but a bloody two minutes and 12 seconds is what it took for him to find release.

As he sent the last of his clumsy thrusts into her, the smile never left his face. She arched herself, held on to the back of the chair and stood up. Her normally pointy and heavy breasts flattened, they hung low as if in a bored yawn. If breasts had mouths, hers would have booed.

Counting the number of minutes a guy lasted wasn’t a thing Pesh enjoyed doing but after the Collo incident, her eyes would always peep at a nearby clock or at her wrist watch to check the time. And she always got the time right, including the seconds and microseconds. The Olympics could use someone like her.

“That was awesome!” Mule voiced his satisfaction again.

Was he serious? Pesh stared at him with the disgust of an African mother meeting a daughter-in-law with eyebrow rings and full arm tattoos. Without uttering a word, she placed all her respective clothes where they had been on her body and left. She left him there and went all the way back to her

bedsitter to study with Wawuda. Mule didn't seem to care. He walked away a happy man. To him, she was another conquest, another story to tell his pals. He always walked with an entourage. Being the richest dude in class, broke students followed him around with the hopes that he would buy them lunch and booze.

He was already imagining the words he would tell his parasitic buddies during the morning lecture.

"You see the girl sitting there at the back, the one with nice legs and melons on the chest? I fucked her last night in the lecture hall near the science department."

And they'd probably give him a standing ovation. Felo, his biggest sycophant would pat him in the back and ask for tips.

"Teach us your ways master!"

But he was no master, he was just a jerk. Masters made women tap out. Masters drilled vaginas like they were mining oil.

To Pesh, this was another case of men not taking women's sexual needs seriously. At that point, she really wanted to hate men. She strongly considered being a toxic feminist, maybe even a misandrist. However, the last thing she wanted was to be hypocritical. She loved sex too much to hate men.

She had seen some of her friends singing 'men are trash' online yet in private, they were aggressive dick hunters. They lived for dick. She didn't want that. Why hate men and still expect them to cool down the hunger pangs of your vulva? She didn't want to hate men to only end up bitter, lonely and desperate.

She didn't see men as trash. To her, there were bad men and good men. Just the way there were bad women and good women. She wasn't quite sure which side of the bad and good seesaw she occupied. What mattered to her was happiness. All she wanted was to be happy, and good sex was one of the things she believed would bring it.

Pesh had a colossal appetite for sexual intercourse. She was only in her first year of university but she had already allowed dozens of male fingers to swipe through her skin. Sadly, she hadn't found a man who fucked her the

way she wanted.

Frustration had even driven her to purchase a dildo. It didn't solve the problem. Every time she began using it, she felt the need to yank the thing out and plunge the real thing in. There was no substitute for real dick.

In her quest for good sex, she fell for the charms of another student, a fourth year model and actor. He was known as 'El Dicko.' The name had an interesting origin. His real name was Dickson Opondo. In the few stage plays and short films he had appeared in, he used the name Dick O, a shortened and catchier version of his actual name.

His penis was really huge too. On his trademark slim trousers, his 'tool of trade' would be seen pressing against the fabric like a boa constrictor ready to attack.

He also owned a guitar and could speak Spanish fluently. The Spanish people love slapping the phrase 'El' in front of everything. El Patron, El Padrino, El Titties... if you may. This made it easy for Opondo's friends to coin the name El Dicko for him.

El Dicko had a tried and tested formula for getting laid. Whenever he brought a girl to his crib, he wore his sombrero and grabbed the guitar. As soon as he began plucking on the strings with his fingers, it was a done deal. Game over! He would serenade girls and make them naked in a matter of minutes.

"When is your D-day?" Wawuda had inquired about her friend's date with El Dicko. She wanted Pesh to do it quickly, so that she'd get a full sex report. She loved hearing those. She wanted to know whether the man had chest hair or not. She wanted to know whether the man was rough and hard or as gentle and considerate as a romance poet.

"It's tomorrow." Pesh laughed. They always referred to the days they were going to have sex as D-days.

She had no doubt she would be treated like a princess by this man. She couldn't wait to get the Spanish experience. She would be his Doña Ana and him, her Don Juan.

He asked her to meet him at a popular lounge in the city where they had a few drinks before leaving for his place. When they arrived at El Dicko's



place, there was a blackout so Pesh suggested they go to her bedsitter instead. Quickly, he picked up his guitar and they left.

When they arrived, she expected him to maybe play her a tune first. That didn't happen. As soon as the door was locked, his hands sought the buttons of her clothes, looking to take them off. He was so rough that a few buttons popped off her blouse. She didn't mind. Buttons are easily found, orgasms are not.

She was still hopeful. Maybe guitars and roses were to come later. Well, no guitars and roses came. Instead, more frustrations followed.

It turned out that El Dicko preferred using his hands more than his *dicko* . Such irony! With his short, thick fingers, he mishandled her clitoris. He aggressively rubbed against her labia majora and labia minora until she felt acute soreness.

“Hey! Go easy on the fingering. Could we please just have normal sex?” She clamped her legs together and turned to her side.

“Relax, this is the best way to make you orgasm. I am an expert at these things.” He tried unclamping her superbly curved legs.

Keeping up with her spirit of giving second chances, she let him try again but she wasn't feeling it. After a few more seconds, she clamped her legs again. She couldn't understand him. Didn't he realize how blessed he was? He had something many men wanted —a huge penis. And he preferred to use his fingers instead? That was total flapdoodle!

Frustrated, she ordered him to either insert his *dicko* inside her or get his legs out of the door and never come back. He opted for the latter. She watched in horror as ‘El Dicko’, who should have just been called ‘El Fingo’ hurriedly put on his jeans, grabbed his guitar and left.

Such was the story of her first year in university—disappointment after disappointment.



Pesh had always been fascinated by sex ever since she was a young girl. Her first exposure to copulation happened when she was seven years old. During

a game of hide and seek, she crept into a room only to become an underage eye-witness to two adult bodies slamming against each other.

Her tiny, innocent eyes first focused on the woman. She was naked. She was beautiful too.

Her long, dark hair flowed to her shoulders and coiled above her tummy like a one-handed buccaneer's hook—a blunt one. Her skin was highly mottled with speckles that looked like particles of gold. Was it the sweat or it was just naturally like that? On top of the woman was a man whose hair had the color shade of a cooking pot that had been assaulted by firewood smoke for years. Patches of white were randomly distributed on his hair as well.

The man was moving his body up and down. He looked like he was doing push-ups like her older brother. She wasn't quite sure what they were doing but she must have stood there watching them for several seconds.

Whatever they were doing was nice to watch.

All of a sudden, the woman turned to look at Pesh. It was Auntie Biti. "Get out!" She yelled, enduring the embarrassment of being on display. She pushed the man away from her and struggled to find her clothes. Pesh ran away, surrendering herself to the seeker in the little game they were playing.

She later asked her father about it.

"I saw Antie Biti naked with a man on top of her. What were they doing?" Questions were something her father never had the patience for. But he was in a good mood that day so he made an exception for his little girl. "Auntie was sick. The man was covering her so that she couldn't feel cold."

"What about the sounds she made?" Pesh sought further clarification. Clear understanding was her goal.

"Sick people make sounds like those sometimes, don't worry. Auntie will feel better soon."

After seeing a few more years of life, she would discover that her father had lied to her. It was okay though. Parents were allowed to lie when their kids confronted them with questions whose answers they were not mature enough to handle.

She kept on trying to find out more about sex and came to love the idea of

it. When she joined university, she got the freedom to explore it fully. Sadly, she had been mishandled by men again and again.

She wasn't going to give up though. When the second semester exams were over and the long holiday break began, Pesh opted to remain in Nairobi. She wanted to seek more sexual adventures and to continue with her harum-scarum ways. Perhaps this would be her chance to get non-student dick. Maybe student dick was the problem.

Sadly, Mzee Malupia, her wealthy and strict father, had other plans. He ordered her to board a bus and come home to the small town of Butere in Western Kenya.

He barked at her so loudly on the phone she could feel her earlobes rattling.

“When will you learn how to cook and cultivate land? Do you even know how to peel potatoes? Stop being a lazy girl in the city! Come home and learn a thing or two.”

Pesh had no choice but to go home. If she stayed in Nairobi, he would have cut all forms of funding. He kept on reminding her that he had done her a favour by enrolling her on a self-sponsored program in the university after she had failed to get the required grades to be sponsored by the government.



The night before Pesh was to travel, she went to bed early. Normally, she would have gone to party with her friends and have a final taste of the Nairobi nightlife. But she was sad and tired. Even if she went out, she was sure she wouldn't enjoy it. All she wanted was to have a peaceful night's sleep before the long journey.

Not so long after she slid into the sheets, Wawuda came back with a man. This time it was a slim human, a far cry from the stocky rugby player. He was all cuddly and giggly with her.

Just as she expected, they didn't mind that she was there.

Mystery Man pulled Wawuda's black jacket from her body and gave her neck one long lick like it was a cone of Dunedin ice cream. Pesh was wowed

by the move. Her eyelids fluttered severally, the cells in her retina faltering in reaction to the salacious sight. She could literally feel her boobies becoming turgid. Her nipples momentarily turned into a compass, pointing west, south and finally north east, in reaction to the erotic swipe.

As Mystery Man undid Wawuda's flowery shirt, he placed his mouth close to her temple and sent a few words of explicit whisper into her ear canal. A dirty talker? Pesh loved dirty talkers. To top that, Mystery Man had a sexy voice. His voice was lust itself, enfolded in satin, drenched in unpolluted honey.

This time, Pesh was more than glad to be a spectator. Good things were about to happen and she wasn't going to miss them. Even if she decided not to watch, Wawuda would still narrate everything that happened, so why not just see for herself? This way, she would even know if Wawuda usually reported her sexual encounters exactly the way they happened or she exaggerated things a bit.

Pesh created a perfect opening between the mattress and the duvet then she adjusted her body. She had the perfect view.

It was show time!

"I want to spank you." Mystery Man pulled down Wawuda's skirt and panties in a double yank and squeezed her ass, feeling its rubbery firmness with his fingers. He repeated the squeezing a couple more times, like he was testing the ripeness of an avocado.

"You can't!" She issued an abrupt retort.

Wawuda was sweet but she was strict too. She never let a man do to her as he pleased. She was the boss of her own body. And one thing she didn't like was being spanked. Her ass was too sensitive. This was the result of trauma from corporal punishment. In her primary school days, she was caned too many times by teachers. Kenyan teachers had a penchant for resorting to whippings for the tiniest of mistakes. And if you were a constant noisemaker in class like little Wawuda was, you got it worse.

Mystery Man didn't insist on the spanking even though the expansive surface area of his palm would have loved to land on her buttocks a couple more times. Instead, he roofed her breasts with his eager palms and held them

with glee as if they were freshly discovered diamond rocks.

"Take off my bra." She was in an authoritative mood.

He stationed himself behind her and began the procedure of unclasping. It didn't take two seconds. Wawuda felt him slipping out of his clothes too. When all forms of attire were on the floor, he ran his index finger along the Grand Canyon that separated her left and right butt cheeks.

He knelt to appreciate her ankle bracelet, and as he got back up, he put his tongue to use again. It sneaked out of his mouth and left a long wavy trail of saliva from her left leg's calf, to the fleshy expanse of her thigh and then finally back on her ass, smearing and drawing wet zigzag patterns on them like a toddler with crayons.

Bringing his body back to upright form, he slid a hand through her armpit, and captured a breast, holding it captive while subjecting the nipple to gentle twisting. Behind her, Wawuda could feel his rock-hard penis applying pressure on her butt, working its way up and down as it looked for the nearest shortcut to her vagina.

Mystery Man exhaled large quantities of air that passed through her ear like wind. He was happy, very happy to be having her. He had that look that you see in a man when he's been through much suffering and finally, good things are happening to him.

His fingers trekked down her belly, all the way to the mini field left after her pubic hair was mowed. He gauged the level of wetness. Seeing that it was adequate, he made her bend over and touch the edge of bed before ramming his cock into her from behind.

He kept changing angles—acute, obtuse, all of them. Wawuda's body shook violently, like a tiny aircraft in turbulent skies. She felt the sweetness coming from everywhere; through her punani, through the fingers that kept a firm grip on her hips, through his powerful cock. The back of her thighs and ass kept slapping the front of his thighs and waist. Like a runner on his marks, she kept her ass as high as possible. Soon, the clapping of bodies became like a beat that a talented singer could have added vocals on.

And Wawuda did indeed add vocals. Yes Baby. Clap. That way. Clap. Harder. Clap.

A tag-team of wobbliness and quakes soon invaded her legs and arms. Through her throat and past her mouth, moan after moan escaped. She was coming. She palpitated and mumbled as the cosmic wrench of unalloyed pleasure tore through her nervous system. She screamed in delight, loud enough to wake the neighbours. Behind her, Mystery Man began speaking in tongues too. He came, shooting torrents of semen inside her.

After her orgasm subsided, Wawuda remained in a bent position, honoring the number seven as she felt Mystery Man's semen streaming down her thighs and all the way down to her knees. Unable to stay on her feet any longer, she collapsed on the bed.

Mystery Man dropped beside her, his forest-like pubic hair still matted with cum. A short while later, they were both snoring.

Pesh felt like she had been watching a blockbuster film. If it were possible, she would rewind it and start all over again. But it was real. She looked at the two naked beings. She never took her eyes off them until sleep captured her too.

## Chapter Two

The next morning, Pesh took an early morning bus to the countryside. It was a long and tedious journey. To make it worse, the man sitting next to her decided it was the perfect time to make advances at her. She would have gotten to know him better if he chose his topics wisely. Instead, he kept on bragging. Apparently, he was doing a Masters degree in Thoracic and Cardiovascular Surgery at the University Of Nairobi. He went on and on about his achievements, with the hope that Pesh would be deeply impressed. She wasn't. When he asked her for her number, she gave him Mule's number.

The bus arrived in Butere at 5 o'clock.

As the passengers alighted from the bus, she whispered to his ear.

"Hey genius... when you arrive, send me your dick picture on that number okay? Do it via Whatsapp. I'll be waiting."

"For real?"

"Yes! I'll send you my nudes too. Then we'll arrange a meeting one of these days. You want this body don't you?"

"Yes I do."

"Good. Send the picture immediately you get home. "

"Great. I'll invite you to my house too in Inaya village so we can do this okay?"

"Perfect. I'll come. But first, make sure you send your nudes."

"I will. I promise."

Pesh called the commercial motorbike rider who always ferried her from the stage to her father's vast farm whenever she came to the countryside. A few minutes later, he arrived. She sat comfortable on the back seat of the bike and grabbed his waist with one arm. With the other arm, she waved the braggadocios medicine student goodbye. As the motorbike sped off, she blew him a kiss. He was thrilled.

The poor guy didn't know that he would be sending nudes to a fellow man, a three-minute man, and that he'll never see Pesh again. To Pesh, this was the perfect way to hit back at Mule. She imagined him opening his phone only to be greeted by the sight of a dick picture.



Mzee Malupia was an extremely wealthy man—a traditional one too. He had three wives and fourteen children. Those were the ones that could be accounted for. He had several mistresses and concubines as well. Most of them were rumored to have given him children. He was a modern day King Solomon, but unlike Solomon, Malupia wasn't close to Yahweh.

He owned several sugarcane plantations in Butere, Mumias and Kabras. The farm in Butere was the headquarters. It was his ancestral land so it was where he kept his family. His late father left him 5 acres but he bought out the neighbours, expanding his piece to a whopping 55 acres. 15 acres were for the houses, gardens and grazing fields while 40 acres were for sugar cane. His other pieces of landed were even bigger, with the one in Kabras covering 120 acres.

Malupia was well connected. He knew all the managers of the sugar factories. As a result, his harvest always got bought first. And of course, they paid him inflated amounts. He insisted that a little corruption was never a bad thing. He even bragged about it to his children.

The night after Pesh arrived, he had bragged about a sale.

“They paid me 10 million shillings for that quantity. Other farmers were paid 2 million for the same quantity. Life is all about knowing the right people. Dear children, be smart like me, okay?”

“Yes Sir!” Everyone answered in a chorus, except Pesh.

“Pesh are you listening?” Using his lighter baritone, he put her on the spot in regards to her concentration. The tone wasn't harsh. Normally, he would have shouted at her but this time he used the voice he loved to use while hanging out with his equally wealthy friends. Huge deposits into his bank account always made him nicer than he normally was.



“Yes father. I am listening.” Pesh responded with humility, an expression of stultified amusement on her face. She didn’t like it. She didn’t like her father’s corrupt ways. Despite the fact that some people considered her slutty and lazy, she always believed in doing the right thing. She didn’t like shortcuts. Little did she know that she would eventually take some too later on in life.

She was the second to the last born among her ‘known’ siblings. Her father always feuded with her because she loved the city life more than the rural life. The rest of her siblings were country birds. She always thought of herself as the odd one out in her family. She had grown to hate her father. She never had any daddy-daughter moments with him. Eventually, she came to a conclusion that apart from their incontrollable desire for sex, they had nothing else in common.

But he was her dad, so she respected him. She didn’t have a choice really. Mzee Malupia was an intimidating man. He demanded total respect from his wives and children. Anyone who showed a sign of unruliness would get a blow so powerful it would send them from one corner of the room to the other. He hit his children, he hit his wives, he hit everything, even cats. Sometimes he would even knock the radio off the table and buy another one the next day.

Pesh had to survive though. Her first few days at the farm were frustrating. Her hatred for the country life only kept growing. When she was younger, she would beg to go and stay with either one of her aunties or uncles in Nairobi during the school holidays. Her mother would negotiate with Mzee Malupia on her behalf and the request would be approved. Now that she was getting older, he wanted her to stay in Butere. His argument was that she would soon be someone’s wife so she had to learn how to do hard farm labour.

She had different views. She wasn’t even sure if she’d ever be married. Right now she just wanted to fuck and to have fun. On the farm, she kept to herself most of the time. She only talked to her mother. Mummy was the only person who seemed to get her. She’d always been there for her, ready to listen to her and to comfort her from childhood all through her girly teenage-angst years and eventually into adulthood. She couldn’t ask for a better mother.

Being trapped within the concrete confines of her father's castle-like mansion should have been seen as a luxury, not a hardship. The house was beautiful and spacious. It had been constructed by the best architect in Luhya land. But as each day passed, the walls, donned with art and family portraits felt like the fabric of an outfit that was too tight, pressing against her skin and making her uncomfortable. She missed the city life.

She didn't like the attention she got whenever she stepped out either. Due to her impeccable fashion sense, she stood out from everyone else. She had the best makeup, the best hairstyles and the best outfits. She was truly beautiful. About five of the most ambitious men in the village would try to seduce her on a daily basis.

A chubby looking official from one of the sugar millers even threatened to spoil Mzee Malupia's deals after Pesh rejected him. He showed up on her fourth day at the farm. She was relaxing in the living room, listening to *Kimpa Kisangameni*, her favorite Rumba song from legendary Congolese singer Franco Luambo Makiadi.

Godzilla steps could be heard from afar. A short while later, his belly appeared first on the door. The rest of his body followed. He lifted his arm and managed a clumsy wave at Pesh. His hand dragged through the air, like the windscreen wiper of a *Datsun* that had stayed too long without being serviced. He murmured an inaudible 'hello' to her before parking himself on a nearby couch.

He rotated his head by a couple of degrees. He then gave her a sidelong glance and smiled again. She didn't smile back. There was only slight twitching on the corners of her lips, a clear reflexive response. Her eyes followed him to the nearby couch where he parked himself. There was total gloom in the room, no ideal setting for flirting but he kept smiling at her again as he played with his fake gold watch. The daylight sweeping through the curtains would spasmodically illuminate the watch, making it shine too bright and cause discomfort in her eyes.

"So you love Rumba music huh?" He started a conversation.

"No, only that specific song!" Pesh responded without looking at him.

"Really? Rumba is amazing. You should listen to singers like Tabu Ley, Madillu, Papa Wemba and the others. Their music is very good."

“Alright!” She decided she was only going to use monosyllables now.

“I can take you to a nice joint in Kakamega town one of these days. There, we can listen to Rumba, drink Guinness and eat lots of goat meat.”

“No, I am good.”

“Are you saying no to me?”

Pesh didn’t respond to that. Men with power were always shocked when they were rejected. She wasn’t willing to engage him any further so she stood up and went to her room. At that time, she didn’t know he was a high-ranking official who her father relied on for backdoor dealings. If she did, she would have still rejected him but she’d have done it with respect.

If it had been the right guy, with the right body type, with the right smile, with the right lines and the right fashion sense, she would have given him the opportunity to win her over. And maybe empty himself between her thighs in the future.

Even though she liked guys with money because her mean father didn’t really give her as much as she wanted, that man had been far from her ideal. She had a type, the swaggy, sophisticated guy from the city. The guy who was probably bad for her but had a neat beard that looked like the canopy of the Valdivian Rainforest. The type of guy whose haircut looked like a painting from Vincent Van Gogh. The type of guy who went to the gym and didn’t stop until he had six cubes on his belly.

That’s why Ombuna, the smart classmate who always helped her with her assignments, had unsuccessfully tried to get in her pants. He wasn’t her type but she enjoyed stringing him along anyway.

On the last day of the end of semester exams, he had asked her to accompany him back to his hostel room.

She was sly.

“I know what you want Ombuna. Don’t worry. I’ll give it to you when we resume school for our second year. I promise.”

She then smiled at him, massaged his chin and hugged him goodbye.

He watched her walk away, the sound of her heels pleasing his ears. The sway of those curvy hips lit a fire in his balls. He said a short prayer to the

gods, asking them to bless him with this woman, even if it was just for an hour. The things he would do to her.

Ombuna went away with much joy in his heart. He had no problem waiting. Next semester would be here soon.

If only he knew it was a fake promise.



A week passed.

It was a Saturday morning and as usual, Pesh was reluctant to wake up. Throughout her life, she had never been an early riser. People like Wawuda who woke up at 5 o'clock in the morning surprised her. How did they manage it? Were they human or were they brought to planet earth by UFOs?

Here though, she had to try and pull herself out of bed by 8 o'clock in the morning. There was no way Mzee Malupia would allow anyone in his house to enjoy extended daytime slumber like a deejay.

Pesh turned on the bed a couple of times before forcing her eyes to open. Gaps on the curtains allowed parallel rays of the warm and appealing morning sunlight to spear into the room and land on her face. Squinting, she stared at the ceiling as her little nephews and nieces kept running along the corridor.

The boredom of the village life had come with sexual starvation. Ever since she joined university, this was the first time that she had stayed a full week without sex. She always had sex—bad sex. But it was sex anyway.

Given how large her family was, most rooms were full of people, every minute of the day. She didn't really have the privacy she needed.

Despite the fact that her dildo hadn't helped her much in the recent past, she whipped it out of her handbag and gave it a try again. Maybe this time it would surprise her. She forcefully slammed it into her cunt a couple of times. Unevenly distributed pangs of pleasure lit up like sparks on different parts of her body. Just as the plastic thrusts were becoming more enjoyable, she heard the noise of a child playing with toys outside her door and she had to pull out her adult toy and put it back inside her handbag.

She got off the bed and walked through the maze-like corridors of the house on her way out to explore the vast farm. Maybe she would be lucky enough to find a secluded place to say hello to her coochie again.

Outside, the change in atmosphere felt like relief from a hangover. The moment she stepped out of the main door, the cool breeze washed over her and gave her hair a natural blow dry. Her senses were still dull so she vigorously rubbed her hands across her face a couple of times to revive them.

The farm was beautiful. Bounds of Sobibor-like barbed wire served as boundaries for the land. Inside, there were garages full of trucks and tractors, granaries, iron sheet structures that stored bricks and other building materials, kennels full of puppies and flower gardens. There were pigpens, chicken coops, cow sheds, yards for slaughter and quarters for servants.

Numerous trees were scattered all over the compound—mostly baobab and mango trees. They provided adequate shade to any living being that needed to flee from the sun. In a field the size of a soccer ground, cows mowed the green grass, slashing it with their tongues. Sheep bleated constantly just next to the cows and their sounds gave Pesh some much-needed peace of mind.

Her half-sister Nasambu, the last born among all children, was comfortably sitting on the grass, with a text book in her hand. Her thoughts were so buried in the book that she didn't see Pesh approaching.

Nasambu was the closest thing to Pesh in terms of beauty. Her nose had an artistic and picturesque feel. It looked like the Eisriesenwelt caves of Austria. Her chin was curved like a semi-circle; her cheeks hosting deep dimples. Her hair hung low in front of her forehead in continuous lines. The angularity of her face was something to behold. But she was never aware of her beauty, she was only aware of her brain.

She was in her final year of high school and she always talked about how in two years she'd be in Yale, not a local university. And in a few years after that she'd be running a billion dollar pharmaceutical company that would roll out vaccines to some incurable diseases.

As Pesh walked by, she glanced at her sister's divine long legs that were spread out carefully along the grass. She looked like one of those librarians or teachers in movies. Those who dressed ordinarily but when they took off

their clothes to take a shower or to make love to a man, they looked like Playboy cover models.

“Morning sis.” Pesh waved.

“Morning.” Nasambu pulled down her glasses with a neat finger and waved back at her sister before turning a page on the textbook.

From a distance, Pesh could see Nasambu’s mother looking at them with a frown.

“Nasambu, come to the house!” Her loud voice tore through the air.

“I am coming mother.” Nasambu stood up and ran.

Nasambu’s mother was a staunch Christian, the type that would brag how God spoke to her in her dreams and even go further to claim that Angel Gabriel was present too. She never wanted her daughter to hang out with Pesh, fearing that she might be led into sin. Mzee Malupia had disagreed, telling Nasambu’s mother that she was jealous because Pesh had big boobs and hers were as tiny as the guavas in the farm. Yes, he was always blunt like that, even to his wives. He never knew how to filter his words. But behind such blunt statements lay good intentions. All he wanted was for all his children and wives to co-exist in harmony. Even though some didn’t love him, he wanted them to all love each other.

A part of Pesh knew that Nasambu’s mother wasn’t wrong to be overprotective. She was bad company. The warning signs were everywhere, from the erotic tattoo on her leg to the snug, provocative dresses that accentuated her swinging tits, putting hectares of cleavage on display.

She didn’t care though.

Her third born brother had been tougher and wilder. Some of the naughtiness Pesh possessed had filtered down from him to her. He taught her how to differentiate good weed from bad weed. And after noticing she always struggled to roll a blunt, he gave her tutorials on how to do it properly.

He was a petrol head and a speed freak. One day he knocked Auntie Biti over as he sped into the compound and began drifting. Luckily, only her arm was broken.

He always pissed their father off with everything that he did. What Mzee

Malupia hated most was the heavy Dancehall music that blared out his window almost every night.

Mzee Malupia had once stumbled upon an original Vybz Kartel CD in his room. It had a case and the lyrics were scribbled on the back of it. Curiously, he had lifted the CD, put on his myopia-correcting glasses and read the explicit words in muted horror. The pure disgust on his face wasn't hard to recognize.

"I don't want anyone playing this kind of music in my house!" He roared to anyone he could lay his eyes on before throwing the CD in the trash bin. "You hear me?"

Ever curious, Pesh searched the bin when no one else was looking and located the CD. She picked it up and read the lyrics with plenty of amusement— *Baby... Memba di fus fuck..Memba di first time pussy hurt up... Push in a inch it buck and it stuck... Mi tek weh yuh virginity.*

She couldn't even read the words properly. Lord! That Jamaican Patois was difficult to comprehend. It was hella dirty too. She understood why her father had been so mad.

She liked it though.

Unfortunately the cool and stubborn brother was killed in the line of duty as he fought for the Kenya Defence Forces in Somalia. Being a soldier was the only thing he ever wanted but he never got to enjoy it for long.



Pesh sighed as Nasambu ran to her mother. Large quantities of the fresh air swept into her nostrils and down her lungs as she took further strides. She arrived at a spot where the conglomeration of farm buildings tied up to a dark area overhung by broad, towering trees. The land there was rocky and it inclined downwards. The tenebrous bushes had enough blackness and secrecy to conceal the most clandestine and sinful proceedings.

It was the area where her father planted hundreds of trees for timber. She walked into the area bravely, as if she had never read stories about ogres when she was little.

The dry crackle of broken branches, leaves and tiny stones sounded off beneath her brown Maasai sandals as she walked leisurely. She located a big enough rock for her butt to fit on and sat on it.

No one else was in sight. She was well hidden. The view from the main compound was obscured by a curtain of blossoming leaf shrubbery. The dense aqua fragrance of the stream at the bottom of the slope filled her nostrils.

Then it hit her. This was her chance. This was her chance to masturbate. She would have preferred a penis but in desperate times you work with what you have. She lifted up her skirt and hired three fingers from her right hand. She assigned them to her panties, where they immediately got to work by lifting her panties. With the free hand, she grabbed a boob through the fabric and squeezed it, biting her lower lip with her teeth in the process.

She parted her legs as far as her body could allow, exposing her pubic thickness. She hadn't shaved since she came to the village. There was no need to, she wasn't getting any action on the regular.

Her vaginal fluid was viscous. It soaked her pubic hair, making it drip and glisten like freshly varnished furniture. Its scent mingled with the spice of the shorter trees of wider variety. She used one finger to part the lips of her womanhood. They opened gladly. She pushed the finger in and twisted it there unhurriedly, making sure she was rubbing the most sensitive spots. Her labia sheathed the fingers, protecting it like it belonged there, wanting it to take as much time as it needed.

Slowly, she began pressing against her clitoris as she massaged her boob. It felt good—really good. Her ass kept on lifting from the rock, like it was being given a push, but it was just the pleasure causing the restlessness. She moaned as she continued to work the finger deeper. Her eyes remained shut, like doors in an unsecure neighbourhood. Her head swung from side to side, like a pendulum clock. Her punani drooled malevolently, her biological lubricating fluid oozing down the temporarily rumpled inner cheeks of her buttocks in thin, colourless trails.

The tendons and ligaments in her legs rigidified and loosened erratically. She kept rubbing until she felt like she was about to climax. Was the long-awaited 'Big O' finally coming? Had she finally been able to get it all by



herself? She kept rubbing as endless moans boomed from her voice box. Just as she felt her body beginning to shake, she heard a loud sound.

She withdrew her finger and stood up. Her vaginal lips shut themselves in unvoiced disappointment. She wasn't sure what caused the sound so she crept behind a tree to peep. It was a young man cutting a tree with an axe.

Poor tree! She never liked the idea of cutting trees. She was a member of an environmental club in her university. This was her father's farm though, so he could do as he pleased.

When she was done feeling sorry for the trees, her focus shifted to the man. He was focused. Sweat streamed down his neck and chest in never-ending streams. He had the physique of a gym addict. Dense muscles coded his dark skin. The physique must have developed through years of rigorous farm work. His face wasn't too pleasing to look at but there was no doubt that he had the body of a god.

Pesh stared at him for minutes as he continued with his work. She ran her tongue over her teeth as fingers from each of her arms joined into each other. Her mind wandered into the land of fantasy and covetousness. She didn't even realize it when she stepped away from the tree and stood on unhidden grounds.

She only came back to her senses when the young man put a pause on his work, turned to her direction and smiled. He immediately recognized her as the daughter of his boss. Hastily, he approached her. He extended a hand to greet her. The skin was rough. Hers were soft. The contact seemed to shock each of their palms.

The young man then spoke to Pesh in mother tongue. Confusion plastered itself all over her face. She couldn't comprehend.

"Sorry, I don't understand the language."

"Ooh... sorry. I am Okusimba, the herdsboy. I take care of the flock but I do various other jobs around the farm too," Okusimba repeated himself in English that had the accent of the Luhya people.

"Nice to meet you... Oku... Okuuuu..."

"It's Okusimba."

“Got it. Nice to meet you Okusimba.”

He studied her face with his intense bright eyes. His gaze was so powerful, it seemed to strip her and leave her like the biblical Eve. She swallowed, saliva choking her as she visualized him nude, over her sexy body, her hands sliding over his expansive chest and stuffed arms. Her rational mind told her to quickly wrap up those fantasies but she couldn't.

Lust devoured her like she was an adolescent. Her clit quivered, her labia opening and closing in the manner of a crocus flower. Her vagina filled itself with fluid, the excess spilling to her panties.

All along, she had a type but her type had disappointed her again and again. It was at this point that she knew she had to try something different.

## Chapter Three

The firm smack of Mzee Malupia's shoes on the mosaic floor caused Pesh to flinch. He had just arrived from a bar and she knew that he only walked like that when he was angry and bothered.

"Sit down!" The command was sharp and shrilly as if targeted at someone who was thirty yards away.

Pesh quickly planted herself on the nearest couch she could find. Her skin crawled with the fear of him.

"Do you have any idea how much money you almost cost me?" He scowled. His fingers clutched at a thin flower vase that was standing on a tiny cupboard. He could have crushed it any moment if he maintained that grip.

"What money father?" She wasn't quite sure what he was talking about.

"You remember the man that came here the other day?"

"Yes!"

"Do you know that he is the man that gets me better deals for my sugar cane?"

"I didn't know father."

"Next time, don't embarrass me like that, okay?"

"Yes, I won't, father."

"Is he not good enough for you?"

"No... It's just that I have a boyfriend." She lied to avoid being forcefully paired with the chubby official.

"A boyfriend? Why have I not seen him? Why haven't you introduced him to me?"

"You'll see him soon. I promise."

If she had a boyfriend, she would never introduce him to her father. Mzee Malupia would scare him so much that he'd quit the relationship.

"Or you are all about boyfriends in campus. That's why you haven't been

performing well.” He switched the topic to her grades.

She stared at him with cold, lifeless eyes as he began lecturing her about her poor performance. She wasn’t aware how lethal the expression on her face was.

His harsh tone bore her, so her mind made the decision to drift to happier thoughts—blissful thoughts of Okusimba. All she could think about was his body. She wondered if he could be different from the other men she had encountered in her life. Would he be able to take her, possess her, bend her over a table or bed and channel vicious strokes of delight into her pussy until she miraculously acquired the ability to converse in Portuguese?

Would he even be interested?

Mzee Malupia didn’t like the look on her face. He preferred his children to look down whenever he talked to them. He wanted total submission.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Are you trying to be rude?” He bellowed, his drunken gaze slicing and inflicting terror over her. The facial creases were a clear indicator of his rage.

“No father, I am not trying to be rude. Sorry!”

She tuned the volume of her voice to the lowest levels. She couldn’t risk being smacked across the room. At this point, scars wouldn’t do her any favours in her quest for the perfect man.

“Eyes down then, young lady.” He scoffed as he paced the living room. Harsh breaths came out of him in fumes, his fury now expressing itself through clenched fists and uneasy steps.

Mzee Malupia was a big man. He wasn’t muscular; he was fat, just like his friend from the sugar factory. But his weight was never an Achilles heel. He once ran after a burglar in the middle of the night, caught up with him and hit him severely with a bat until he bled like a snitch that had been clobbered by mobsters. He almost died. Not much was heard about the thief since the incident but there were rumors that he currently relied on a wheelchair to move around.

The poor man had only stolen a bunch of bananas.

It was true that Pesh had been performing dismally. She was an average

student in high school but her grades in the university were totally unimpressive. That's why she had sought the services of Ombuna in recent days. He at least lifted her most recent CAT score to 20/30, up from her usual average of 10/30.

Her poor performance was due to a combination of factors. First, she didn't like her course. She felt like her passion lay elsewhere. She was just not sure where. Her lifestyle was a contributing factor too. She spent too much time partying, watching movies and chatting with strangers online instead of studying.

As Mzee Malupia continued to lecture her, she peeped at the huge clock in the living room. It was a few minutes to 10 o'clock. Normally, she would be in a nightclub at this time of the night. Other times she would be in a guy's house, looking for an exit strategy after a first round of bad sex. Sometimes she would just be watching a movie. She loved movies and everything there was about film. Maybe she could try being an actress in the future. She should have asked El Dicko to connect her to the right people, since he was already in the film industry. In Kenya, getting the perfect job was all about who you knew. Talent and qualifications played a very little part. Sadly, she hadn't spoken to El Dicko since the finger incident.

Despite the fact that it had the appearance of an alcazar, the home was a shame to technology. There was no electricity, so she couldn't even watch movies. Despite his immense wealth, Mzee Malupia was too uncivilized to even put electricity in his home. Only lamps and candles were used for lighting.

A mansion without electricity? Pesh just couldn't understand her father's way of thinking. Her brother in the army had purchased a generator which he used to power a laptop and speakers so that he could enjoy his music. But after he died, Mzee Malupia gave away the generator to one of his distant relatives.

Mzee Malupia was disdainful of modern distractions such as smart phones, social media, computers and digital televisions that delivered too many high-definition channels of largely unwatchable fare. And despite owning the latest version of the I-phone, he only used it for phone calls and text messages. He bought it because his fellow rich friends had it too. Who knew older men would be victims of peer pressure?

For the next two hours, he lectured Pesh but only few of his words sunk in. She sat there, pretending to listen.

When he was done yelling and banging tables, they had supper—*Ugali*, mutton and fruits. The meat served in the house was always the best cut. With the dense livestock population in the farm, only the fattest animals were slaughtered for family consumption. Meat from the skinnier animals was sold at Mzee Malupia's butcher shop in Butere town.

As soon as Pesh had cleared her meal, Mzee Malupia released her. She walked slowly back to her room, dragging her feet as per her norm. She dreaded those walks. Without electricity, the long corridors looked creepy at night. One couldn't help but fear that a ghost might pop up any moment. To make it worse, Pesh was the type of person that was scared of every little thing. Any slight movement in the dark would have her jumping and screaming.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she reached her bedroom.

The fear of darkness was soon replaced by thoughts of Okusimba. That man Okusimba.

She still didn't feel sleepy so she just lay on the bed. After a few minutes of lustful thoughts, she decided to finish the masturbation that she had put a pause on, earlier in the day. She stripped herself naked and summoned her fingers once again. She put them to work but the ecstasy she had felt during the day wasn't present this time. No matter how hard she rubbed, she couldn't achieve an orgasm. She eventually gave up and just lay there with her legs apart.

She wondered what it would eventually take for her to experience the bliss. As thoughts raced through her head, her phone began ringing. It was one of her close friends called Kitoko.

"Hey girl, how are you doing?" Kitoko was beaming with joy on the other end of the line.

"I'm good boo. How is Nairobi? I am just bored here." Pesh was the opposite. She sounded low.

"Girl, you wouldn't believe what happened today. My boyfriend Kevo and I had sex in a swimming pool. I came twice."

“Twice?” Pesh chortled, with a little rancor.

“That’s right!” Kitoko confirmed it rather gleefully.

“In a swimming pool?”

“Yes!”

“How did you manage that?”

Kitoko had a great boyfriend called Kevo. She was always more than eager to brag about him.

“It’s a science. I’ll teach you. But first, you need to get a man.”

“Woow... I envy you. Never let him go. ” Pesh forced herself to be nice but that last statement from Kitoko had been hurtful.

“Thank you. I’ll keep him forever. Gotta go now girl. I’ll tell you more sweet stories about Kevo and I tomorrow,”

Pesh should have been happy for Kitoko but she felt a stupid stab of jealousy. Why didn’t such good things happen to her?

“Alright... Sleep tight.”

“I don’t even think we will sleep tonight. We will keep making love till morning.”

Jealousy converged and centralized in her thoughts even further.

“Damn girl! Okay, say hello to him.”

“I’ll do that.”

At the end of the conversation, Pesh couldn’t help but think about Kevo. He was the kind of guy she liked. She wondered why she never got men like him, men who were suave and good in bed.

She was tempted to ask Kitoko if a threesome was something she’d ever consider. She really wanted a taste of what her friend was getting. She even scrolled back to the call log to dial Kitoko’s number again but she shelved that idea. Maybe Kitoko wouldn’t be too impressed by the proposal and it would put a dent on their friendship.

It was hard to get some sleep. Her fantasies had become an addiction.

Deep in the night, when there was a snoring chorus from all over the house, she imagined being in seclusion with Okusimba. She imagined an ungovernable desire spreading through her and prompting her to remove his vest as fast as he was removing her bra. No objections, no ruses, no pretences, no indecision. She imagined the feel of Okusimba's tough, labor-hardened muscles against her soft boobies. It would be the most splendid sensation imaginable, something far beyond what human reason could handle.

That night, her sleep came in small portions, which when added together wouldn't have summed up to two hours.



In the morning, she didn't even take a shower. All she wanted was to see Okusimba. She squeezed herself into the nearest piece of clothing she could find, a silky indigo outfit that reached a cul-de-sac just above her knees. Its elbow sleeves were slack. The waist wasn't so tight either while the décolletage looked like something you'd see on the dress of a duchess.

She rushed out of the house and washed her face with water from a tap. The tap was attached to one of the three gigantic plastic tanks, perched on concrete foundations.

The tanks played a key role in the farm. Rain water from most of the roofs was harvested and directed through gutters and conduits into the tanks. The water was meant for drinking. Mzee Malupia had insisted that it should be used very sparingly. It was only for cooking and quenching the thirst, not for washing. An extended dry spell had caused a water crisis on the farm once, so he was always paranoid.

The sheep, goats and cows never tasted the tank water either. They either drank from the stream down the slope or they were served salty borehole water, tapped from a water table deep in the ground. The borehole water was used for washing and cleaning too.

Stubborn Pesh didn't care about her father's directive. She washed her face with some of the tank water. After she was done, she stood up and spotted Nasambu's mother approaching with a bucket. To avoid a



confrontation, she walked away quickly.

Pesh dashed to the mini-forest but Okusimba wasn't there. She tried to locate him in the fields but there was no trace of him there either. Frustrated, she walked back to the main house.

One of her nieces ran towards her. "Auntie, your phone is ringing in your room." Pesh hadn't even realized that she left her phone in her room. She had been too eager to see Okusimba.

Quickly, she rushed to her bedroom and unlocked the door. She grabbed the phone, which was ringing for about the third time, and checked the caller. It was Mule. She answered it.

"What the fuck did you do?" He sounded like he was about to punch a wall any minute.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Pesh pretended to be unaware of the genesis of his fury.

"You gave my number to a dude? Now he's been sending me nudes and telling me that he loves me. I even called him to tell him that I am not who he thinks it is but he isn't buying it."

"Ha ha ha... That's funny. But I had nothing to do with it."

"Stop pretending. And stay away from me okay?"

"I am not even near you. Quit tripping."

"I am even about to sleep with another girl right now. And she's way prettier than you."

"Congratulations! Does she know you are only going to last two minutes?"

"Fuck you!" He hung up the phone.

As she allowed herself to fall on the bed, Pesh smiled.

Luckily, she saw Okusimba the next day. She was just coming back from one of the gardens that surrounded the mansion. Her mother had been teaching her how to plant kales but there was nothing she had grasped.

"You look bored! Are you okay?" Okusimba studied her with much

concern. He had noticed that though her half-open eyes had narrowed their field of view to him, they had become slightly stationary. They examined him without discernment. Clearly, her brain was occupied elsewhere.

“Yes, I am a little bored but I am okay.” Pesh acknowledged her mild misery.

“You don’t even have a radio to keep you busy?”

“No! My father only allows us to listen to one radio in the living room.”

“Ooh... I have a radio, though the batteries are almost dying. You can come and listen to a few songs with me in the evening once I have brought the cows back to their shed.”

“Ummmm!” She wasn’t quite sure if his musical tastes coincided with hers.

“I listen to Hip Hop... You look like you love Hip Hop.”

“Okay... let’s see.”

Okusimba waved goodbye and walked past her. Pesh turned to look at him again. He walked with authority, like he owned the entire place.



In the evening, Mzee Malupia went to a nearby market centre to have a few beers with his rich friends. Since his strict eyes weren’t around, Pesh immediately took the opportunity and sneaked into Okusimba’s hut.

On her way, a bold termite bit her toe, causing her to jump around. Bloody termites! They were everywhere in the staff quarters. They had staged a Mongolian type of invasion and erected brown tall towers that looked like miniature pyramids.

Luckily, she managed to get to Okusimba’s hut without being subjected to any more bites.

He was glad to see her. He didn’t have chairs. The only thing she could sit on was a bed. He welcomed her and instructed her to sit on it. As she settled on it, a strident creaking noise could be heard. For a moment, she thought it would break.

A couple of centimeters from the bed, there was a cooking area where three huge rocks and piles of firewood lay. Okusimba had just finished cooking *ugali*— big *ugali* that was enough for about five people.

When he realized Pesh was coughing, he opened the sole window so that the smoke would clear. Fresh air forced its way into the hut, diluting the highly concentrated air that was about to choke Pesh. He then slid a cassette into his radio and pressed play. Hip Hop music from the 80s and 90s eradicated the silence that had been prominent since Pesh arrived. She was surprised that cassettes still existed. She hadn't seen one in years.

The music pounded through the speakers, blaring with a static beat, a wicked mixture of hard bass and special effects. Every lyric referred to sex directly or indirectly—the sizzling, clammy, no-boundaries type of sex.

Fuck! Hoe! Cum! Titties!

Why were American rappers so vulgar and misogynistic? Pesh couldn't help but wonder. However, like many other women who loved Hip Hop, the vulgarity and content that was degrading to women didn't offend her even one bit.

Okusimba offered her some food but she politely declined because she was still full. Deep inside, he was a little bit glad that she didn't want it. That meant he could have it all to himself. It wasn't his fault that he liked to eat a lot. The hard work that he did on a daily basis required plenty of energy. His diet mostly consisted of grains and vegetables but it gave him the fill he needed. The servants only got to eat meat on special days when Mzee Malupia held a ceremony to celebrate his achievements.

As Okusimba sent large quantities of *ugali* into his mouth, he stole glances at Pesh.

Not even a single blotch marred her skin. Thick and curvy limbs led up to well-rounded hips, a low-circumference waist, and twin breasts that were spectacularly formed. He had heard on most women, one breast was smaller than the other. But the ones he was looking at appeared to be of the same mass and surface area. Jesus! They were faultless. The nipples could be spotted through her dress if one had proper eyesight. They looked like they were trapped inside the clothing and needed urgent rescue. A lump of *ugali* stuck on his throat as he imagined sucking them.

She was an angel, maybe a goddess.

It only took him half a song's time to finish his meal. Pesh was still getting used to her current environment. Her gaze continued to sweep the hut. Concentration caused her eye brows to furrow. The hut and the mansion were worlds apart. She wondered how they existed in the same compound.

After placing his plate away, he washed his hands and sat on one edge of the bed as she sat on the other edge. He didn't want to offend her by sitting too close.

A part of Pesh hoped that Okusimba would just pounce on her and make love to her in a primal way. She wanted to get this over and done with, to see if her desires were justified or she was just wasting her time fantasizing about another man who would disappoint her. She wanted to see if he could extinguish the fires that burned deep in her ovaries.

He addressed her respectfully. She was the daughter of his boss after all. Being addressed respectfully was something she didn't care about. She'd have loved it more if he just stood up and said "Bend over! Bitch."

Not wanting to look like she was all about the 'D' and didn't really care much about the man, she asked him plenty of questions. Getting to know him a little bit better wouldn't hurt. What impressed her was his level of intelligence. He knew about things that ordinary guys never bothered knowing. He knew about the great Genghis Khan of the Mongolian Empire. Like one of those scholarly narrators in documentaries, he could explain why every famous conqueror of the BC era succeeded and failed. He knew about the great Formula One rivalry of bad boy James Hunt and the disciplined Nikki Lauda.

Okusimba was smarter than she had ever imagined.

She had always fancied engaging men in intellectual discussions. A part of her identified as sapiosexual but she rarely found guys who were interested in anything other than her ass and titties. The other few smart ones that weren't only interested in sex, were full of themselves, like the Masters student.

She continued tapping into Okusimba's brain. They touched on various topics for a long stretch of time like Irish professors with moustaches and thick spectacles. The subjects ranged from extraterrestrial beings, to global

warming, to agnosticism and then to showbiz. She was the sexual health freak and in the tiny space of the hut, they touched on topics such as contraception, abortion, and STDs—concept after concept. It wasn't just enthusiasm and speculation, it was an intense discussion.

In the midst of these heated discussions, she was eager to know how a man who had such a wealth of information ended up as a herdsboy.

“Both of my parents died while I was just starting high school. I had no option but to drop out. I had no one to support me. My siblings were all poor.”

“Sorry to hear that.”

“It's okay. I have never stopped reading. I read a lot, that's why I am knowledgeable. I read all kinds of books and magazines. I sit down and read anything I lay my hands on.”

Reading served as an escape for him too. Though far-flung and improbable, it provided him with some sort of connection to the world he had been forced to give up and become a herdsboy.

Tears flowed down his cheeks as he told his story. Pesh never thought a tough man like him could cry. She felt his pain. Moving closer, she offered him a hug and placed his head on her chest. When his face came into contact with her chest, she got that swampy feeling in her panties. Slowly, she began rubbing her palm against the muscles of his right hand as drops of tears fell on the mattress.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, not minding the last remaining traces of firewood smoke. Lord, he made her feel so warm. The heat coming from his body heated her blood. She didn't want to let him go. Not just yet. She wanted him right where he was. The only alternative she would have loved was for him to come above her.

To her dismay, he lifted his head, breaking the contact between his face and her boobs. For a brief moment, they stared at each other. It was one of those moments where no one needed to be told what to do. Their bodies spoke for themselves.

Slowly, their lips began moving towards each other. Any minute from now, they would connect. But it was all happening too slowly for Pesh. She

took charge. She reached for him with increased velocity and kissed him with an experimental fluffiness that he ardently reciprocated soon as his breathing returned to normalcy. She gurgled with delight, hauling him into her gentle arms and crushing her gloss-filled lips to his mouth once again.

Pleasant moans were manumitted from her mouth as his authoritative fingers journeyed enthusiastically to the north of her arms to clutch at her shoulders and then trekked further north. They made a stop at her throat and settled briefly, as if placing her in a light choke-hold. Finally, the fingers took off again and stopped at her beautiful face. They cradled it with passion, just like she hoped he would.

Okusimba still couldn't believe he was kissing the daughter of his boss. He took her lips as though he were famished for her. If Mzee Malupia ever found out about this, he would crush his head with bare hands. But Pesh was one of those girls that were capable of making a man risk it all.

In a show of dominance, his tongue invaded her mouth, like Japanese fighter jets invading Pearl Harbour. This wasn't just him wanting her, it was a supplication for capitulation. Pesh lost herself in the mouth-wrestling. These were the types of kisses that only resided in her fantasies. She couldn't think of any other man that had ever made her feel so aroused, so consumed. She had no reason to doubt whether he desired her as much as she desired him. His actions proved it all.

His palm departed her face, his arm proceeding to curl around her, anchoring her securely against his body. Across her back, his veiny arm was like an iron band.

She surveyed his shorts. The erection was obvious, rigid and pushing forcefully against the fabric. Now had to be the perfect time to move things to Level 2. Since he was still too reluctant and respectful, she reached down and slid her hand between his legs to press the perceptible bulge.

"You can take off my clothes now." She gave him clearance as she ran her fingers through his shorts.

Breaking contact with her lips, his breath washed over her. He had a nice breath, a result of chewing plenty of fruity gum. They both gasped for air, breathing in unison.

“Nooo... Not here. Someone might come any moment and find us.” He embraced caution. “The other workers might become curious too.”

“Well... Ummm... You sure?” Pesh had no idea what to say at this moment. She badly wanted his penis inside her, right there and then. She was actually a little bit disappointed to find out that he wasn’t willing to risk getting caught with her.

He quickly noticed that her mood was switching from joy to gloom so he offered a solution.

“Tomorrow at 3 pm, come to the place where you found me cutting trees. I will take you to a nice and hidden location where we can do this.”

“Alright... I’ll be there.” Pesh breathed a sigh of relief. She didn’t want to ask where he would take her. A surprise would be nice.

She grabbed Okusimba’s face once again and kissed him for about five more minutes before leaving to sneak back into her father’s house.



She had another sleepless night as thoughts of Okusimba refused to depart her mind. Dawn didn’t arrive joylessly like the darkness had. There was plenty of fanfare in the animal kingdom. The roosters crowed in competition as if trying to impress the hens. The he-goats wouldn’t stay quiet either. Beaming with excitement and anticipation, Pesh woke up.

First, she did some deforestation, placing a mirror between her legs and clearing all of her pubic hair. She had eavesdropped on one of her male classmates once. He lamented how he had sex with one of the most sought after girls in class called Peri Lindiwe but he didn’t enjoy it. She was half-Kenyan, half-South African. He joked that her bush was so thick and overgrown, it made him feel the way *Mau Mau* fighters felt in the colonial era as they jumped through terrains while engaging the British in guerilla warfare.

Pesh didn’t want Okusimba to feel the same way. She wanted him to have a neat playground.

She spent the morning hours checking the clock. 3 o’clock wasn’t coming

soon enough.

Finally it did.

She sprayed herself with her *Coco Mademoiselle* perfume which she had been given by Wawuda just a few weeks earlier as a gift for her twentieth birthday. Convinced that she smelt nice, she put on a nice, hugging gown with no bra. Of what use was a bra if she was going to be naked again in a short while? She always dressed lightly when going to get dick. She knew of ladies who put on such heavy clothing when going to get laid, you'd think they were about to visit the Finnish capital of Helsinki in winter. By the time the men they were going to sleep with were done undressing them, they'd be more fatigued than a construction site worker after a day's work.

Mzee Malupia wasn't around so at least she didn't have to explain where she was going. She took off her panties and put on new ones. Forgetting to shut the door behind her, she left the house in a mad rush.

Destination? The mini-forest.

She didn't understand why men complained that ladies never kept time. Apart from time for lectures, she was always punctual in everything else she did.

When she arrived, Okusimba was nowhere to be seen. She scouted the area but he was nowhere in sight. A tiny kernel of panic took root in her belly. Exasperation built up inside her. Was he late or had he backed out of the agreement? Was he playing games with her? She was tired of playing games with men at this point in her life.

After waiting for about a quarter of an hour, she decided she was going to leave. *Fuck Okusimba* .

As she began walking away, someone called her from a nearby bush.

"Psssssst!"

She went to check and found Okusimba hidden there. Like a Soviet spy, he offered an espionage type of explanation for the delay.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting. I was hiding here to see if anyone followed you. It looks like there is no one. You can follow me now."

Pesh was indifferent about his explanation. She didn't know whether to



laugh or commend him. She followed him anyway. She also wasn't scared by the fact that he was holding a machete in his arm. She trusted him.

Okusimba led her through a few hidden bushes before changing trajectory and heading towards the expansive sugarcane plantation.

"Where are we going?" Pesh felt she should get a little bit of information at this point since where they were heading to looked like a dead end.

"To the middle of the plantation." Okusimba continued walking as if it was no big deal.

"How will we walk in a farm full of sugarcane?"

"Don't worry, I have created a path by cutting some cane. I also have a weapon here in case something attacks us." He lifted the machete. "See?"

Indeed he had created a secret path. As if walking in a jungle, they trekked through the cane.

Finally they arrived at the designated fornication spot.

Okusimba had cleared a wide area in the heart of the sugarcane plantation where they could easily lie down and do the business. Surrounded by sugarcane, this was as hidden a place as they would get. The secrecy there was divine.

She imagined how it would feel to offer herself wholly and unconditionally, at that very spot. Hidden away from all human eyes, they were at liberty to enjoy the joys of mating. They could do whatever the hell they wanted. They could lie flat and rub against each other's bodies, they could kneel and kiss, they could get on all fours like animals, or they could stick their feet in the air and just have it easy.

Okusimba had even erected a shelter of banana leaves and supported it with four posts to prevent the sun's fangs from biting them. To ensure comfort, he had spread a blanket on the ground.

What a man!

## Chapter Four

Breathing out roughly, Pesh spoke. “Well this is quite something. I like it.”

The lengths Okusimba had gone to, in his mission to ensure they had the perfect and most comfortable location for intercourse made her feel special. She felt patchy, dazed by the desire that was now taking all her cells captive. She let out a couple of sighs as she examined their surroundings. Slowly, she brushed her fingers across her hair, making sure it was as neat as it was when she left the house.

Okusimba grabbed her head with desirous fingers and stared at her with eyes full of need. He wasn't as reserved as he had been back in his hut.

“You smell really nice.” He acknowledged the spellbinding effect of her perfume.

“Well, thanks. You look good too today.” She curved a smile that made his balls jiggle.

There was something about the color of her eyes. Perhaps he was imagining but they were not just black and white like what was typical to most Africans. They looked like they contained several colors of a rainbow—indigo, violet and the color of the sky on a lucid, cloud-free day. There was the red of roses as well as deep mossy lime and a twinkle of tawny yellow. It was not even night time yet the eyes smoldered like an open treasure chest with numerous semi-opaque jewels. Short but curling lashes framed her eyes, serving the purpose of adding extra beauty. He took a finger and brushed it against one of her eyes, feeling the lashes.

This was the most beautiful woman he had been with. She was a class above all his ex-girlfriends. For a few months, he had dated Nelima, the big-booty woman who sold Tilapia in Bukura Market and together, they had enjoyed great sex but she was nothing close to Pesh in terms of beauty. Khasundi, the 19-year old girl who fetched water for people to earn some coins, had been a great girlfriend too. She allowed him to fuck her in the ass. But then she had gotten a job as a house help in Nairobi and left. He heard that she had gotten a swaggy boyfriend there who sold second hand clothes. Reports from the grapevine said that the new man in her life bought her

sausages every day. As a result, she had even become curvier.

He didn't care though. His ancestors had blessed him with Pesh. And he wanted to show her just how much he appreciated her.

Gently, he lodged a kiss on her mouth. Her tummy clenched in reaction, almost viciously. She shut her eyes to feel the moment. Just by standing next to him, her body lost all its strength.

A leaf-blade that had overgrown from one of the sugarcane nodes pricked Pesh, causing her to move a bit. Okusimba took a step after her, his hands settling on her thin waist. His left thumb smoothed over the fabric of her dress as she battled the quakes of pleasure the contact evoked. The palm of his right hand moved to her arm, rasping over her skin, warming up blood, making her moan with the sensations that travelled through her body. His touch was delicate, his natural manly scent complemented her perfume and wrapped around them both with warmth that seared them to their souls.

Heat began sizzling inside her panties. Her vagina was calling for something, anything —a dick, a hand, a mouth, just anything to cool the desire.

Like an expert lover, Okusimba stroked his tongue over her jaw, causing sparks to fly inside her body. The move gave her the desire to be licked some more. There was nothing she wanted more than for this amazing man to kneel down, lift up her dress all the way to her hips and bury that devious tongue in her hot, wet pussy.

Grabbing her gown from the bottom, he pulled it upwards, all the way to her shoulders. It left her skin like a mango that was being peeled. She shuddered at the sensation. As he finally drew it from her shoulders and above her head, a snivel of longing escaped her throat. She felt frail, dazed, totally unable to entertain any second thoughts that might pop up.

She couldn't feel her bones, everything became mushy and fluid, a temperate melting dimness pouring over her senses. The feeling of her soft, finely textured skin on his hands made him lose any semblance of control. She was too warm, too tempting.

"You drive me insane Pesh. There's nothing more I want right now than to feel you in every way." Total honesty. That's how his words could be

summarized. They touched her heart.

“You can have me dear. Do with me as you please.” She was giving him full creative control. And when a brilliant mind is given creative control, great things always happen.

As Okusimba’s tongue licked over her neck, cows mowed endlessly from a distance, as if missing him already. Satisfied with the taste, his lips left a trail of hot kisses down the slope of her left arm. Her nipples hardened further as they anticipated contact too, and missed the dubious warmth of the clothing that had just left her body.

Okusimba’s hands opened up and covered the swollen mounds of her mammarys. She stared down at the veins that played on the surface of his skin. They were both dark but the contrast between his coal-like complexion and her russet skin amazed her. The difference didn’t end there. His hard, muscular body against her softer one was a brilliant sight. They looked good together.

Watching him work his magic with his hands caused an overflow inside her vagina. She was too wet. Her panties began dripping, consecutive drops falling to the ground. This was a whole new experience to Pesh and she was loving every minute of it. The sensations in her body were overruling her reasoning, erasing her doubts, her qualms.

The feel of his fingers made it impossible for her to speak or to think. The bend of desire and pleasure was enslaving her, the intensity destroying her. The pressure that the pads of his thumbs exerted on the swollen peaks made her hiss. He kept tugging them, causing the dripping to continue. The bliss was tormenting the depths of her pussy.

“Okusimba!” She managed to cry out his name, but in a hushed tone.

Her jugs were on fire.

Without warning, he stopped. A frown curved on her face, her tormented nipples almost protesting the sudden withdrawal of fingers. The loss of sensation hurt her.

“Where are you going?” She asked him as he stepped away from her and sneaked under the shade. He didn’t answer, He simply went to an area covered by leaves, dug through them with his fingers and whipped out a 2-

litre bottle full of milk.

“I milked all this today morning and I am going to use it on your body.”

What? She thought his sexual creativity was only with his choice of location. Now there was milk. She couldn't wait to find out how this would go.

Holding the bottle, he circled her thrice as if to appreciate her beauty, as if he was doing some sort of ritual. As he stood behind her, she heard the bottle being opened. A short while later, cold drops of milk landed on her neck, Then she felt the sensation of his tongue, licking.

Her eyes closed and her lips parted, letting out soft moans as he licked her neck. Her belly was tight with contractions, aching with the need for more, more from where that came from. He poured more milk on her back, an animalistic growl coming from his mouth as he licked. The voice was so feral, yet it sounded sexy. The feel of milk trickling down her body totally shut down her senses. God help her. He then placed the bottle down and there was silence. She didn't look but she was aware that he was taking off his clothes behind her, removing first his vest, then his jeans and sandals.

The tiny, invisible hairs of his chest were soon felt on her back. She stood still, waiting for more magic.

“The way you were created, it's just so perfect.” He made an additional compliment as he pulled her to the cradle of his thighs.

His cock felt tough and thick behind her. Rubbing against her panties, it felt like gently heated steel. It was erect to its limit. She knew it wouldn't be long before he put it inside her. She couldn't wait. She proceeded to ground her derriere against it, the movement of her thighs forcing the penis to push against the fabric of her panties into the valley between rounded mountains and stick between them.

He placed the bottle on the ground and moved to the front to face her. She could now see what his cock looked like. It was huge, about the same size as El Dicko's, if not bigger. Even with his bulk physique, it appeared big on him. On the body of an average man, it might have looked like a tail. It was going to be the most enormous cock to ever get inside her—but she was ready for the challenge. She just hoped he knew how to use it.

Sharp breaths could be heard from him. He swallowed the remaining traces of milk in his mouth, a rueful and lengthy chuckle vibrating from his lungs in the process.

His arms came around her waist and her thighs. Placing her arm around his shoulder, he picked her up.

No one but Okusimba had ever carried her in his arms. His eyes, dark and focused, glittering with hot and pure lust. He didn't mind holding her longer than he should have, as he knelt under the banana leaf shade. He had a secure grip on her, holding her close until her ass landed safely on the blanket that was spread beneath them.

Pesh adjusted herself to a sitting position. She stretched her hands to the back to support her body. She then stretched her legs out straight in front of a kneeling Okusimba. Her pink, tight panties had darkened with a spreading patch of saccharine moisture. Pinching the elastic edge on her waist, she slid them down her sexy legs as he salivated over her. She pulled her right leg out of the panties, leaving them to dangle from the ankle of her left leg.

She adjusted her knees, folding her legs as she poked the blanket with the thin heels of her shoes. In its fullness, her pussy bristled. It glittered like ointment had just been applied there.

Okusimba's gaze was possessive. His torso and hands flexed with power, his tight abs rippled with firmness, and his cock... ooh goodness. She swallowed a portion of saliva tightly as she sent her hand to rub along his thigh on its way toward it.

The dark-brown mushroom head of his dick throbbed with life. It was like adjustable steel. Before he had even touched her, the sight of it caused her hungry cunt to heat up and excess moisture to spill out.

"Not yet." He grabbed her hand before it could set base on his dick. "I want to do other things to you first."

She retreated and clenched on the blanket beneath her as Okusimba resorted to driving her to the edge of madness once gain.

He brought the bottle of milk and poured it on her breasts. He didn't care that some of it was spilling over to the blanket. His lips settled on one breast, toying delicately as his tongue licked the hard peak, confidently stroking

around the sensitive nub. The severe sensations weaving violently through her body caused her to finally address him with a term of endearment.

“Baby... It feels so good.”

He poured more milk, as his lips drew on a nipple. His mouth made hard, brief but consecutive pulls at it. She almost climaxed. Then there was a sound.

An animal ran behind them quickly. Pesh almost screamed.

“Don’t worry. It’s just a squirrel. There are no harmful animals in this field.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

Rationally, a sugarcane plantation is quite an impersonal place for very personal matters such as intercourse. There is utmost solitude. When you are lying in the middle of thousands of plants, anything can happen at any moment. Worst part? There won’t be people around to help you. There’s only you and your lover. The two of you are as alone as Robinson Crusoe in an uninhabited island. But it adds to the thrill. The more dangerous and unusual the sex, the sweeter it is.

To Pesh, this moment was more divine than any other thing she’d ever experienced in her whole godamn life. And she was confident that if anything happened, Okusimba would protect her.

He picked up where he had left before the interruption. Pouring more milk, he suckled on her breast. This triggered a string of spasms on her wombs and she screamed out her pleasure.

It was okay, here, she could scream as much as she wanted, and no one else would hear.

Okusimba repeated the milky procedure on her other breast, suckling like a baby as her fingers with well-painted nails clutched at his expansive shoulders. How much longer could she withstand this wonderful tongue and lip assault? It was too sweet and she couldn’t help but writhe beneath him.

The nights were many in which she had dreamt of him owning her this way, possessing her. Though softened with puppy-like eyes, his expression

was fierce. The savage hunger was visible. The mixture of pleasure and arousal kept on building inside her and she didn't know how to contain it.

Hot and restless, she wanted to fight the feeling of yearning that bloomed deep inside her—but she couldn't, she just couldn't.

Leaving her boobs, his mouth travelled to the place between her thighs.

“Auuuuuu!” She began to squeak like a werewolf as soon as she felt his hot breath between her thighs. She raised her head a little to take a look at the happenings downtown. She was startled as she saw him spreading her legs further like a gynecologist. She let herself loose so that he could part her legs as much as he wanted.

His tongue left the chambers of his mouth then disappeared within the curl-rich slit that fortified her punani. Air locked inside her lungs as she watched him do his thing. He really was an expert.

“Uuuh yes baby!” She tried to scream and voice her approval but her voice was too weak. When Okusimba sent one quick lick that separated her pussy lips and dived to the confidential regions inside her, her buttocks rose from the blanket, her body vibrating. He was in fact glad to see this happening. His hands grabbed her butt cheeks and he lifted her, angling her appropriately for the continued assault of his tongue.

Then he began to lap at her, small, hungry licks through the thick essence of her desire. He growled as he ate her, his tongue dipping into the furnace of her pussy, drawing yet more of the frothy sweetness into his mouth. Her breasts rose and pointed upwards. They appeared to be levitating to the heavens.

He was establishing himself as the master of cunnilingus, the lord of muff-munching.

He ate her pussy with the dedication of the great conqueror Hannibal Barca marching towards Rome through the Alps. He ate her pussy with the hunger of a Cretan wildcat that had just torn its prey apart.

She couldn't inhale and exhale like she was used too. The sweetness had broken the tradition. She took in long quantities of air and struggled to let out any. She stared at the banana leaves that protected them from the sun, wracked by a pleasure so exquisite she feared it would destroy her mind.



His tongue was ravenous, ruthless. It avoided the areas of zero importance and only stroked the clit and sensitized tissue. Inside her channel, it drove her to the perimeter of insanity.

Taking the milk bottle once again, he poured some on her vagina. He was all too glad to slurp at the heavy mixture of her wetness and the white cow milk. He drank from her, and tongue-fucked her with wild, vicious strokes. Pesh thought she would collapse. The mindless sweetness was too much.

“Okusimba!” Her legs went to his shoulders as she struggled to contain the convulsive tightening of her coochie.

Her toes curled and she tightened those very legs against his neck. He pulled her closer to his face, his tongue diving deeper like an expert swimmer in the Pacific, reaching the pea-sized bud that was her clitoris. She gave up on trying to support herself. She let herself free and left all the holding to him. With his strength, he held her perfectly, not letting her fall even once.

Violent shaking began from her womb and went all the way to her vagina. Unable to withstand the tongue assault anymore, she squirted. Warm streams shot from her opening, exploding out of her, splashing through the air, ripping her senses apart as a myriad of bright colors took over her vision.

The fluid came in three separate phases, each a long stream. It washed Okusimba’s face like water from a horsepipe. Some even blinded his right eye. He had to blink severally to see clearly again.

The first stream had shot above his face and hit the bud of a nearby sugarcane plant; the next stream caught him on the chin and ran down his neck. The third was what sprayed all over his right eye, making it red.

“Sorry!” Her apology was accompanied by a smile. She almost laughed.

“It’s okay.” He didn’t mind. Not even a bit. He actually loved it.

Her thighs kept up with their gyrating motion, pushing her kitty against his mouth. The strength that her squirting came with caused every muscle in her body to riot. The sensations were like gentle but soothing stabs all across her skin.

Withdrawing from her, he reached for his jeans on the ground and frantically searched the pockets. He found a condom pack and tore it open with his teeth.

Hastily, he shoved the latex onto his cock.

Okusimba's throaty groan was the only warning she was served with, before he went on his knees, lifted her to a perfect angle, and buried his penis into the homely depths of her soaked channel.

Tears were now dropping from her eyes. What did she do to deserve all this sweetness? Could this be termed as the dawn after dark? Was it the happy moment after long periods of suffering? She had suffered so much at the hands of men, now she was getting the type of sex she always wanted.

He slid inside her, pushing in further until the head of his cock disappeared into her tight pink opening. The sensation of his heavy member separating her, sliding its way into the taut depths of her pussy caused a brief moment of discomfort. It was mostly because of the size of his dick. But the pain was so insignificant that it barely registered as a worry on her brain.

Their genitals fit perfectly, like they were made for each other, created for the sole purpose of fucking each other.

"Does it hurt?" He wanted to make sure that she was okay.

"No, it's sweet... Really sweet." She offered a word of reassurance.

That's all he wanted to hear. He gave her an extra inch, and another until she could barely make a sound. All she could do was move her lips.

When the thicket around his dick met the freshly shaved area around her pussy, he picked up the rate of his pounding and began banging her like a man possessed.

Though a laborious task, she lifted her legs and tried to balance them in the air as he pummeled her. She gave up on the balancing act because of the weakness she felt. She brought her legs back down and opened them wider. Pesh managed to take a moment and stare at her partner-in-thrust. She almost said 'Good job sir!' but she realized it would be silly. She was too happy. There were many great feelings a human being could have. But was there any other feeling so cataclysmic, so exquisite, like the feeling of good sex?

Okusimba never slowed down on the direct, atrocious thrusts of his cock inside her sweet cunt. It was gripping him, but he powered through it. She swore she could feel his erection almost making contact with her lungs from the inside. Her body accepted everything he offered, and it wanted to be fed

more.

“I love you!”

Was that her voice she just heard? Maybe she was overstating but at this point, she really liked him. It was impossible for a woman not to adore a man who made her feel this way.

“Oh God... Like that... Right there... Harder...” There were endless pleas, asking for more from where all that magic was coming from. Plumes of fire infused her. Green nails which matched the surroundings bit into his flesh, taking skin with them. He didn’t even feel it. All his focus was on steering his big bus down her road.

“Yes! Destroy my uterus! Fuck me Okusimba. Fuck me harder...”

Was this really her, she gave those words a review. She had never said such words to any man. She had never lost control of her body like that.

But it was her. He had brought out a part of her she never knew existed.

Okusimba began mumbling incomprehensible nouns and adjectives. He was panting, sweat dripping from his temple. She began to sweat too, her body getting wet, glistening. Their sweats were now mixing.

Her vaginal walls clamped against his cock. She was trapped in a whirlwind of passion. Her body was beginning to feel weird now. Something was on its way, something big. He somehow knew it too. He grabbed some of her hair in a fist and gave himself full jurisdiction over her mouth. He tongue-fucked her and dick-fucked her, all at the same time.

His cock kept storming into her, like a bulldozer clearing illegal structures. Her lips nipped at the supple flesh of his neck. She locked her arms around his neck, feelings of intense enjoyment reigning supreme. Their naked bodies moved in unison as he continued pistoning inside her. A short while later, she began convulsing. It was like she was walking into the gates of heaven without even taking a single step. The ‘Big O’ was here. He gave her a few more strokes that threw her higher and further into an orgasm.

"Mumo... Umgrrr ... Auuus." She murmured things against his ear. Things that he didn’t understand.

God, she felt as though she was about to meet her demise. The

gratification from the soul-destroying release was unlike anything she had ever been subjected to in her life. Every cell in her body celebrated the moment. The heavy beating of the heart provided the music, while the cells danced. She screamed as the release continued to wash over her.

Guttural and primal roars could be heard from Okusimba too as heavy pulses of heated sperm shot hard and hot into the condom. They held each other close as they came, again and again.



Okusimba collapsed over her, his body blanketing her. She was barely aware of it when it happened. She only realized it when his weight settled above her. She cupped his face and kissed him, wanting to thank him for how he had made her feel but she couldn't say a word. Her lips were kiss-swollen and heavy. She had no objection over him resting on her body. He had serviced her well so she relaxed as she learnt how to breathe again.

He was breathing quickly, whispering words that had no sense in them. The words were beautiful, nevertheless. His erection had receded and the most difficult feat for him was pulling his cock away from the fisted grip of her cunt. It was total torture. Their wet bodies were locked together. They never wanted to separate. They wanted to remain that way for eternity, and if that were to happen, she wouldn't protest.

Pesh allowed exhaustion to capture her and lead her to sleep, right there at the heart of nature.



Pesh danced and jumped on her way back to the main house. The smile on her face looked like it was going to be there forever. She was a happy woman. She had finally had good sex for the first time in her life. The world was suddenly a beautiful place. There was totally nothing to complain about.

"Hello dad, you are very smart today!" She said to her father as he left the house to go and hang out with his friends. Mzee Malupia wasn't used to such compliments from his daughter. But he loved it.

“Well, thank you my daughter.” He stared at her, trying to figure out the cause of her good mood.

After all that action, she must have stunk of sex. Anyone with a keen nose for these things would have identified the cause of the glow. They could have known what kind of mischief she had been up to. But of all people, Mzee Malupia was unable to pinpoint what was making his daughter happy. He waved her goodbye and walked on.

“Why are you so happy this evening?” Nasambu appeared out of nowhere to poke Pesh.

“Nothing! It’s just a wonderful evening, isn’t it?” She tried to dodge it.

“It is a wonderful evening indeed.” Nasambu wasn’t convinced by the answer. She didn’t press, knowing well that her sister wasn’t the type of person to expound on something she didn’t want to.

By the time she went to bed, the smile hadn’t deserted her.

The following morning, Pesh couldn’t get out of bed. Her body was still very fatigued. That’s what good sex does to you.

She remained in bed and ignored knocks on her door, pretending she wasn’t around. She only showed her face in the afternoon. She was in such a good mood that she said hello to all her siblings.

The day after, she felt the urge to see Okusimba again. She wanted to return to the plantation with him. She really did. After what had just happened? Who wouldn’t become addicted?

She looked for him everywhere but she couldn’t locate him. She wasn’t alarmed because this had happened before. He liked to vanish sometimes.

It was the same case the next day. Okusimba was just nowhere to be seen. She couldn’t ask her father about it because then, her father would want to know why she was so concerned with Okusimba. She wouldn’t have an answer for that, would she?

When three days passed without seeing him, she began getting worried. She checked his hut but it was locked. She checked the fields and the forest but he was nowhere to be seen.

There was only one place left to check; the fornication spot.

She made a mad dash there. It was a few minutes to 5 o'clock. Maybe he was just there relaxing before taking the cows back to their shed.

Shock on her.

What she saw when she reached the spot broke her heart to pieces. Okusimba was fucking a woman. The woman was none other than her mother.

Her eyes narrowed and dilated, and narrowed again. Horror engulfed her. She stood there, watching the two, feeling all the blood leaving her face as her eyes zoomed in on their nakedness.

Terror surged through her veins like the most potent acid. It ate away at all the joy she had managed to find in the last few days. This was something she never anticipated, to be drawn into a saga so dangerous and unbelievable, it made her father look like saint.

Okusimba was sending forceful thrusts into her mother's folds. Her mother was more enthusiastic than she had imagined she was. They didn't even realize she was standing there.

"Mother?" Pesh screamed. "Okusimba?" She covered her mouth with her palm and tears began rolling.

Her mother was the first to react, terror and shame in her eyes. She got up, while Okusimba remained on the ground, confused. They had no explanation to give, nothing to say. It was the ultimate betrayal.

What kind of family was this?

She began running back to the house, the shock still heating up her bones. Rage. Deep, hot rage made everything blurry. She ended up ramming into a tree. The pain didn't even register. She was on her way again.

Her mother didn't even bother following her to calm her down. At some point, she stopped running to really confirm if 'dear mummy' was following her. She wasn't.

It hurt, it hurt so much.

Pressed, she stopped to relieve herself behind a hibiscus bush. Urine shot from her vagina with anger too, going on all directions like water from a sprinkler. Her bare ass shivered in the wind, eager to be covered again.

Normally, she wouldn't pee just anywhere. That behavior was for men. She had seen men pee on walls and fences all the time.

But this time, she was mad. And what was the point of going to a latrine? She would find someone inside anyway. There were many pit latrines in the farm but whenever she wanted to answer a call of nature, there would be someone inside, taking longer time than usual.

When she was done, she adjusted her skirt and took off once again.

On reaching the house, she had made up her mind. She was going to leave this cursed place. She was going back to Nairobi. She only had money for bus fare. She had no idea how she would survive once she arrived at the city. But she was going anyway.

She couldn't stay. Not like this.

She packed her bags quickly and sneaked out. The alert Nasambu spotted her just as she was leaving the main gate.

"Where are you going sis?"

"I am going to Nairobi."

"It's almost 6 o'clock. Can't you wait till tomorrow?"

"No!"

"Have you told dad?"

"No!"

"But..."

"I really have to go sis. I'll explain later."

Nasambu watched with sadness as Pesh hurried on, almost running, clothes blowing in the wind and flapping as she headed for a narrow trail that would take her to the main road and straight to the nearby Butere town. There, she would board a bus to Nairobi.

# Chapter Five

The overcrowded bus sped through terrible roads, throwing passengers up and down. During election campaigns, parsimonious politicians always promised to repair them, or even build new ones but they never really did anything once elected. The irate rumble of the *Scania*'s 8000 cc engine snuffled over the chilly air as it pounded out the kilometers through the vast plains and mingy towns of the Rift Valley. Its sound mingled with the endless chitter-chatter of the passengers inside. Its twin headlights ripped the black panorama of the night, making sure the elderly driver could see clearly.

Pesh unlocked her phone. Twenty two missed calls from her father. By now he must have been told that she left. He could go to hell too.

She tried to catch up with the latest celebrity gossip. The first news that caught her eye was interesting. A popular comedian's girlfriend had poured hot tea on him after she caught him kissing a fan in a restaurant. Pesh tried reading the full story but her thoughts were too scattered so she gave up and put her phone away. She stared out of the window, not really able to see much.

She was relieved to be going back to Nairobi. Her mind was still trying to process what she had just seen a few hours earlier. She had been caught in the grimy machine of lust and betrayal. Only a couple of days after giving her the best sex of her life, Okusimba was shagging the brains out of her own blood mother? Insanity!

Was it something they did regularly? How many more women was he sleeping with? The questions were too many.

A part of her wanted to give him credit. Sleeping with the wife and daughter of your boss at the same time? That was a feat only the smoothest of men could pull off and a stunt only the bravest of men would partake in. But the heartbreak she felt couldn't allow her to see him as 'The Man'. He was a heartbreaker, an idiot.

She sincerely hoped that her mother would never talk to her again. She didn't want to hate the woman that gave birth to her. She had fought within herself to hold together the brittle memories of happier days that she shared



with mummy ever since she was a toddler. She wanted to believe that her mother did what any other woman would do, seeking external love after being neglected by her own husband. But she couldn't find a justifiable excuse for what her mother had done. She just couldn't.

She was tired. She was angry. She was stressed.

She adjusted her back and tried to take a nap, but her descent into slumberland was groggily interrupted by another rush of uneasy arousal. Sometimes it just came out of nowhere. Or maybe it was the bad road. Being rocked up and down brought this feeling sometimes.

"Here we go again." She let out a sigh.

A strange nip in her vulva made her lean back on her seat. A drop of sweat trickled down her cheek. She adjusted herself, hoping to find an immediate remedy to the impromptu ache but instead, it became conspicuously prickly. She gritted her teeth and when it looked like the sensation was fading away, there was a jagged jolt in her pulsing clit, followed by a zap. She covered her mouth and cried out in agony, making sure to keep the sound as low as possible. The aftereffect of the jolt wasn't so bad. It was blistering hot, extensively dazzling and luscious.

She thought it had subsided but to her surprise, a renewed series of unsystematic jolts, meteoric pulses, quick vibrations, and throbbing followed. Air fled from her lungs in a oh-so-quick whoosh. The skin over her hands and legs tightened with goosebumps. She was forced to grope at the seat in front of her to steady herself.

What was happening to her? She had once felt this way in class, and the lecturer had looked at her with genuine concern. "Young lady, are you okay?" He pointed at her and tried to find out the cause of her discomfort. Everyone turned to look back, but she cheekily turned to look back too, pretending he wasn't talking to her. He simply smiled and continued.

Now in the bus, the erratic chain of events on her cunt was becoming too intense. It looked like a contest was taking place there. She clutched at her jugs, pulling and activating receptors she didn't even know were present inside her body. Tentacles of desire began shooting to the edge of her cylindrical nipples. She almost let out a howl that could have been heard across the bus. She managed to suppress it as she twitched and writhed,

wondering what to do.

She couldn't persevere any longer.

Quickly, she reached into her plain-straw handbag. She looked around to see if there were any curious eyes before whipping out her dildo. She vowed to throw it out of the window, if it didn't make her feel better this time. She looked around again before covering her thighs with her comfortable light-weight camel-hair overcoat. She liked it because it had over-buttressed shoulders.

With enough cover, she slid the dildo underneath her skirt. She was seated next to a good-looking man. He wore a black suit with a green pocket square and a neatly patterned foulard tie. She wondered why he was taking a bus in the first place. Didn't people like him own cars?

Forgetting that he was there, she let out an involuntary "Uuhh." Her seat-mate raised his eyes above his spectacles and shot her a glance that contained bemusement and confusion.

"It's very cold." Pesh flashed him a smile, trying to distract him and break his curiosity.

"Ahaaa!" The man muttered loudly but noncommittally.

As she tried to be more covert, Pesh experimented with various forms of wiggling. She tried rocking her ass up and down to create some friction before finally settling on a comfortable pose that allowed the dildo to rub at her clitoris properly. She wanted a proper rub, not a rub similar to a kindergarten kid erasing a bad answer. She wanted proper stimulation, akin to how it felt when Okusimba —the traitor —had his penis inside her.

Her nipples kept expanding and hardening, threatening to spill milk, honey or something even sweeter. The most difficult task was trying not to make another sound. When the man stole another glance at her, probably suspecting that some mischief was going on, she wanted to pull him closer to her boob and shout, "stop looking and suck them!" In reality, she couldn't do that. She grinned, her teeth in full display like she was in a photoshoot.

At some point, the bus swerved to duck a pothole and then the brakes screamed as the driver tried to avoid hitting a wild animal that had jumped on the road. He banged his fist on the horn and held it there. Pesh was hard

pressed not to injure herself. The bus had come to a halt with a terrible jolt and in her attempts to slither back into her original sitting position, she was thrown against the man. Bracing himself with one leg, he did his best to support her weight. Their faces almost came into contact, lips almost kissing. He must have stared at her breasts for a minute but he resisted the temptation to continue. He withdrew from her and continued minding his business.

The driver stepped on the accelerator again, picking up speed.

As Pesh was bracing herself to continue playing with her adult toy, an annoying ringtone screeched from the man's phone. He answered it.

"Hello, Pastor Suruale here." He spoke unemphatically and without any notable gestures.

So he was a pastor? Interesting.

The voice on the other end of the line spoke for long before the pastor responded angrily.

"Make sure the money is in the account by next week. We are hosting well-respected bishops from Uganda next month and I don't want these small issues to embarrass me. Okay?"

Pesh felt like a real sinner, pleasuring herself next to a pastor. But she wasn't the kind of person to be stopped by guilt. She continued.

Her body screamed for more attention. She could have summoned any passing human from the opposite row as well as the bespectacled man of God next to her, to ease the pressure building in her engorged boobies by suckling and chewing on them.

There was no one to save her. The feeling was so extreme she could have whipped a titty out of her frilly black and white striped blouse and sucked hard on it with her own hungry lips.

Eventually, her fingers crept back to her handbag where she took out a book that had been keeping her busy during her lonely days in Butere. It was *The Thing Around Your Neck*, by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. She pretended to consume the stories, but after a few minutes, she tilted it vertically and pressed it against her sensitive nipples.

The pastor was now going for some headphones. What did he want to

listen to? Choir recordings? He was a good-looking man who could have had many women but he wasted it all on the pulpit? She thought of leaning over to him, tearing her blouse, and saying, “Halleluyah! How about you have these instead of listening to that annoying gospel music?”

She thought of plucking the ear phones from his ear and jamming a nipple into it. The other nipple could be taken care of by his mouth. She imagined grabbing his spectacles like a playground bully, leaving him with foggy vision. She’d hang them on top of her breasts and watch him struggle to locate them. She imagined reaching over, pulling down his zipper, grabbing his cock and saying, “stop playing nice pastor, bring your hands and touch me.” But he was obviously not the kind of man to go along with it. And she wouldn’t dare go to such lengths with a stranger anyway.

Ignoring him, she plunged two fingers under the well spread out coat and into her skirt. There, they parted her pussy lips wider and created more working space for the dildo.

She was finally loving the toy. The sensations were piling up through her torso and her legs warned her to stay still. An orgasm was beginning to germinate, growing tall from her womb into her entire pelvic region. She pressed her feet forward, almost hurting herself as the free toes on her open heel came into contact with his grey suede shoes that were pointed like a dagger. The dildo continued to press against her clit. A hot spot inside her channel caused her body to shudder. A loud sigh escaped from her voice box, which she failed to stifle.

She noticed the pastor glancing at her, then at a seventy-something year old woman at the other row, and quizzically back at her. She angled her head to hide a visible smirk.

“Behave yourself.” The holy man aired out his disapproval. He had noticed what she was doing.

Embarrassed, Pesh withdrew the dildo quickly and sneaked it back to her handbag. The orgasm had eluded her again.



Pesh hovered in front of the mirror, examining her morning face. It was a

daily routine to make sure no pimples had popped up. A loud yawn tore from her mouth but her hard stare didn't flicker. Except for two tiny marks above her lip that looked like mosquito bites, her facial features seemed no different. She hoped she wouldn't get malaria. She hadn't fallen sick in the past two years and it was her wish that things would remain that way.

The bus had arrived in Nairobi at around 3 a.m. in the night. She had taken a cab to her bedsitter in Kahawa Wendani and went straight to bed when she arrived. The journey had been long and tedious. She didn't even eat. There was no food. And she had no money to make sure there was food.

Wawuda, who had always been a reliable provider of 'manna' when Pesh was starving, was not around. She was enjoying the long holiday break like the rest of the students.

Pesh searched around one more time, hoping to find something she could throw into her stomach. There was nothing. Except for the clothes she came with, everything else was scrupulously clean. The pots and pans were neatly arranged on shelves and hooks. Before leaving, Wawuda had also scrubbed the floor and left it shining.

Pesh garnered a little strength and washed a few of her clothes in the tiny bathroom before going to hang them outside. Her neighbour Joji spotted her and came outside. He always did so whenever he peeped through his window and saw her hanging clothes.

It was those legs that attracted him. Whenever Pesh stretched upwards to grab the hanging line, her skirt would pull upwards, showing off the magnificent outline of thighs and calves.

"Hi Pesh. You are back." He coughed and stepped on the ground harder than usual to grab her attention.

"Hi Joji. Yes, I came back yesterday." She turned to look at him briefly before bending to pick a coat from the basin. The skirt she was wearing pulled itself up, almost showing her vagina. She hadn't put on any panties yet. She always slept without them in order to give her ladybits some ample breathing room.

"You are still looking as fine as ever." Joji swallowed, trying to tame the erection rising inside his jeans.

“Your girlfriend should hear you saying that.” Pesh pinched the coat with a peg.

“Come on, I don’t have a girlfriend.”

“You are denying she exists now?”

“Okay, I have a girlfriend. But if I ever become single, I am coming for you.”

“Are you sure you are my type Joji?”

“Now you are hurting my feelings.”

They laughed about it endlessly, Joji’s eyes refusing to leave her legs.

“By the way, do you have some of that good stuff?” Pesh inquired.

“You can just say it by the name you know. Say weed.” Joji winked.

“Okay, do you have weed?”

“Of course! I am bringing you some in a few.”

In recent years, cannabis had become as common as alcohol. A good percentage of the youth smoked it. Years ago, it was frowned upon and considered the drug-of-choice for lost, misguided humans. When she was a little girl, Mzee Malupia had narrated horrific weed stories to Pesh and her siblings. He talked about people who went mad and howled like wolves after smoking weed. As a grown up, Pesh was yet to see any ganja lover who howled like a wolf.

After hanging all the clothes, she got back to her bedsitter. Joji showed up later with only a single blunt. It wasn’t much but it was better than nothing.

She examined it as if checking for quality before lighting it up. She smoked it appreciatively and with fondness, pulling the smoke deeply into her lungs with a little sigh and then pushing it out it reluctantly through her lips and nostrils. Her movements were precise and she posed as if she was in deep meditation.

Staring at her phone with blank eyes, Pesh wondered what she would do. She considered borrowing Joji some money. But would he really give it to her? He was a relationships blogger and one of the recent posts he had made was titled *How To Avoid Lending Women Money* . According to him, women

never paid back. They always expected the man to let the loan slide. Pesh thought about it and realized there was some truth to it. Personally, she had never paid back any man that she owed money.

As she wondered where she could acquire some beaucoup bucks urgently, a guy that she had matched with on a dating app texted again. She had avoided him for months.

“Hey, can we meet over lunch and get to know each other? Please don’t ignore my message again. Please Pesh.”

What a miracle. Someone was offering food. Perfect. Food was all her mind was focused on, not even the guy. This was mean, but she wasn’t the only girl in university who went to dates just for the food.

“Okay, text me the time and location.” Her stomach did a tango with her pancreas and intestines. If it could speak, it could have said the obvious—ladies and gentlemen, brace yourselves, food is coming.

It was still early in the morning but she didn’t mind waiting a few hours for lunch. Sweet lunch!

Before she went to her rural home, the same man had invited her to his place but she declined.

“Let’s meet at a public place. I can’t come to your place. You might be a serial killer.”

The statement, though innocent and genuine, infuriated him.

“Does every Kenyan girl use that ‘serial killer’ line to reject an invitation? It’s like you were all programmed to say that. It’s like you all read from the same script. Lemme tell you the truth. We hate that line. We prefer to just avoid dates and get straight to the business.”

A friend had explained it better to Wawuda and Pesh during one gossip-filled Sunday afternoon.

“Let me tell you the truth girls. Most men have no interest in getting to know you first or to establish a decent rapport first before sex. If you did a survey, a huge portion of guys would confess that the less talking, the better. Your boss is mistreating you at work? They don’t want to hear about it. All they would like to do is fuck you.”

Wawuda had agreed and offered her own sentiments as well.

“It’s true. If men could be blunt, they would simply say ‘come to my place and let’s fuck.’ Instead we force them to use lines such as ‘come over, let’s watch a movie.’ But we have to do that to avoid getting used. They want something? We want something too. A man should work hard to get in your pants. But I just don’t like it when men use tricks to get us to go over to their houses “

Wawuda then went on to narrate how a male student from a neighboring university lured her to his house with lies. He said he cooked like an Italian chef. He promised her Turin caviar, fish filet, incredibly delicious grilled chicken with tarragonny sauce, and ripe saccharine strawberries.

When Wawuda went for the sleepover, she was greeted with fresh horrors. He only offered her bitter, overcooked vegetables and *ugali* . As per her own narration, even prison food was better than what she had been offered. And before she could even take three bites, ‘Mr. Fake Chef’ lurched off his side of the sofa and grabbed her boob. Barefoot, she stormed out of his house like a maniac.

Pesh couldn’t stop making fun of Wawuda. For days, she kept reminding her about the incident and laughing.



As she waited patiently for lunch, she hoped her own date would be great. He had asked her to meet him at 12 noon. When it was time, she took a bus, popularly known as *Matatu* , to the city-centre and went to the restaurant he had given her directions to. She found him seated.

The conversation kicked off in bizarre fashion.

“You have a nice nose.” A long smile that put all his canines and incisors on display curved itself above his chin.

Nice nose? Who made compliments like that? Pesh wasn’t impressed but she coerced herself to say a word of gratitude. After all, a lame compliment was better than no compliment.

“Thanks.”



Awkward silence followed.

The food arrived as he was staring into his smartphone. Pesh was staring directly at him. Was he googling how to impress a lady on a date? She wondered. She analyzed his fashion sense and every other important detail. She was giving him points and she had already awarded him zero for composure.

When the aroma of the meal hit his supercar-shaped nose, he lifted the ketchup from the table and poured an obscene amount on his burger and over his fries. His meal was soon flooded in red fluid.

“Ummm! Ladies first? You don’t believe in that?” She grabbed a lone fry and forced it past her lips.

“Sorry. My bad.” He put the ketchup back in the middle of the table and captured his burger. He stuffed a huge portion of it into his mouth, ignoring the bulging eyeballs of a lady on the opposite table.

“So, what do you do for a living?” Pesh began grilling him. He looked uncomfortable, like a criminal being grilled by a coffee-sipping FBI agent in a dark square room, as two other agents watched from the outside.

“I am an artist and graphic designer. I’ve even drawn graffiti for the president.” He mumbled with his mouth full of crushed burger.

“What does the president need graffiti for?” Pesh was curious. Her lips had curved into the contour of a flower that still retained an allusion of the bud. Her shiny eyes were unflinching, unyielding and direct.

“Some of his documents need graffiti. You weren’t aware?”

Graffiti? Documents? Pesh knew he was lying. He was trying to impress her but he wasn’t doing a great job at it.

“Okay.” She was forced to accept the lie.

“Your cleavage looks so good by the way.” The guy was obviously hungry, both for her and the food.

He seemed to have examined her succulent breasts and became completely lost, forgetting all proper date etiquette. He also forgot everything else. He forgot his name. He forgot his age. He forgot all of it.

The wealth of flesh inside her braissee filled up his puny imagination. Pesh had that effect on men.

“Don’t piss me off!” She shot him a cold stare when she noticed his eyes had refused to leave her breasts, like a kid refusing to let go of mummy’s hand on their first day in school.

“Sorry.” He apologized while taking another enormous bite. He spoke before swallowing his food too? Aargh! She realized he’d most likely devour that humongous burger in the next sixty seconds.

“HMMMMM.” Pesh dug her hands into her smooth hair and stared at the well-polished bamboo table.

He grinned at her, traces of ketchup stuck on the corner of his mouth. He then glanced down at her food. “So, are you going to clear those fries, dear? Or do you need help?”

Anger caused Pesh to clutch the edge of the table with both hands. She reached for a glass of mango juice and took a deep sip, ignoring the straw. She brought up an extra hand to support the glass which was rattling on her teeth. After taking a couple of sips, she put the glass down and looked back at him, her mouth open, searching for words.

“Of course I am going to eat.”

“Alright. After here, we are going to my house right?” He brought it up again.

“Not gonna happen!” The corners of her eyes thinned.

“You look kind of pissed. You’re cute when you’re angry.” Somehow, he was finding the whole thing funny. She didn’t understand it.

The date was a waste of time. It was making her already-existing stress worse. She ate quickly and as soon as her plate was empty, she stood up and left. The guy tried pleading but she wouldn’t turn back.

“Hey! I spent 3000 shillings on this food. You are just going to leave me like that?” Lamentations poured out of him when he realized she wasn’t going to turn back.

The woman at the opposite table burst into laughter.

## Chapter Six

Pesh kicked off her heels and threw herself onto the only couch in her house. She would have loved to have more furniture but the space wouldn't allow. Apart from the couch, there was only room for a study table and bed. She unlocked her phone and called her friend Kitoko. She wanted to let her know she was back in Nairobi. She also needed someone to talk to, and to collect a small loan. She didn't have enough money.

"Hey girl, are you around? I need to talk to you. I am stressed and I also need some help."

"Unfortunately, I am in Mombasa. I came here with some friends of mine".

Kitoko went to Mombasa without her? Pesh felt slightly offended. She didn't like how Kitoko kept leaving her out of her plans. But then again, she hadn't been in Nairobi, so it wasn't really Kitoko's fault.

Still, she felt like the friendship was one-sided. All Kitoko ever did was brag to her about her sex life and leave her out of plans.

"It's okay." Pesh said with much melancholy as she considered hanging up the phone.

"You can go talk to Kevo if it's something urgent."

"Alright. I will."

Kitoko always trusted Pesh with her boyfriend Kevo. Kitoko and Kevo were cohabiting and she didn't mind Pesh going to the house when only Kevo was around. She was completely sure that he was a faithful boyfriend.

Pesh called Kevo and asked to go over and talk. He gave her the green light, saying he would be free in the evening. To pass time, she watched a movie on her laptop. She was normally attentive when watching movies but this time she couldn't concentrate.

She thought about her mother. There hadn't even been a single call from her. Only Mzee Malupia kept calling. A while later, she dozed off.

In the evening, she stripped rapidly and deposited the garments in a rack.

She took a shower and spread cocoa butter all over her skin before sliding herself into one of her nice outfits. Satisfied that she looked great, she got out of her house in a hurry. She kept checking her finger nails as she walked, just to be sure she had polished them well.

On the wall outside the gate, a daring graffiti artist had defiled the concrete with Sheng-language obscenity. Older women that kept walking by had expressions of disgust on their faces but Pesh felt his work was quite decent, a bold splash of creativity and colour, like a throw pillow, to break the monotony of dusty grey.

She took slow steps through the street towards a junction. The commercial motorbike riders, popularly known as *Boda Boda* watched her libidinally as she passed. They had many names for her, none quite descent. They called her *Wamaringo* , the proud one, or *Dem Wa Mathayo*, a Sheng reference to her fleshy thighs, which she never made any attempt to hide.

She lifted her hand and waved to one of them. Three of them sped towards her before breaking. They began arguing about who should carry her but Pesh put an end to their murmuring and chose the one wearing aviator sunglasses.

“Where to?”

“Bila Apartments.”

“Cool! You look good by the way!” He admired her as he wore his helmet.

“Thanks!” She wasn’t used to such compliments from commercial motorbike riders.

The rider took off like a Grand Prix racer and in a short while, they arrived outside the apartment block.

Pesh hated having to take a few steps through the dusty road to reach the gate. She liked to keep her feet clean at all times. But she had to.

Bereft of soothing dampness, the dryness of the craggy earth and the rapid winds rubbed each other, raw and crackling, a gnawing friction which created too much dust that coated her legs. Some sneaked into her eyes, causing them to water.

The scurrying squeak of her rubber-soled shoes ended when she got to the

stairs. She climbed to the first floor and stopped outside Kitoko's door. She took out a handkerchief from her handbag and patted her calves and ankles, eliminating the few particles of dust that had settled there.

Her fingers formed into a fist as she moved her hand to the door and knocked.

She heard the sound of footsteps coming from the inside before the door swung open. Kevo stood there, his height threatening to be too much for the door. His dreadlocks followed the contours of his shoulders and chest. He only wore jeans that hugged him on all the right places and a vest which did a good job at showcasing his elegant, gym body. His physique made her ache for things that were forbidden.

The sight of him was like a primeval blow. Her knees bent slightly and a blush played across her face as she waited for him to welcome her in. Her gaze was eating him up.

He had a focused gaze that threw her completely off balance. Two women walked behind her and waved at Kevo. He waved back. Pesh turned to look at them. One had a deliciously round ass like hers. The other girl was tiny in stature, the type that men cheekily liked to refer to as *1 GB*. (one gigabyte, due to the size)

Pesh noticed the way Kevo looked at the tiny one, like he'd have loved to wrap her legs around his waist, press her against the wall and pummel her. But his gaze returned to her, causing a hot flush to sweep up her body. Her heart didn't just start beating with unusual speed; it was careening out of control. Her palms were going damp and her head was swaying in dizzy excitement.

Her excitement died down when she noticed there was something wrong. He hadn't welcomed her in yet and it appeared he was in a depressed state. He looked tipsy as well.

"Kevo, what's wrong?" She had come to seek help but it looked like she would be the one offering help.

He shot a crooked grin at her. "Nothing!" He opened the door wider and ushered her in.

As she settled on a nearby ottoman, he dragged himself to one of the

cabinets and pulled out a bottle of *Glenfiddich* whisky and two glasses.

He inspected the glasses before turning to her. “Feeling like having a drink?”

“Sure.” She had missed alcohol but she was also eager to know what the problem was. “Something’s up. What is it?”

He kicked the leather sandals off his feet and stepped back on the clean carpet, the bottle and glasses hanging dangerously from his fingertips. He placed them on the coffee table before filling them each with whisky.

When he sat on the couch, Pesh eased closer to him. He drained the glass quickly and plunked it back down for a refill. Instead, his fingers clenched the bottle, pulling it upwards and all the way to his mouth. He took a few gulps before finally speaking.

“I found nudes.” His lips twisted into a snarl. He then swung his head, his dreadlocks flying all over.

“You found what?” Pesh didn’t quite understand what he was talking about.

“I found nudes of Kitoko with another girl, naked. “

“Say what?”

“For real... they were kissing, using dildos, tying each other up... sadomasochism... all those weird things.”

“Where did you find them?”

“On her phone.”

“You went through her phone?”

“Yes I did.”

“You know that’s never a good idea right?”

“I just had to.”

Pesh felt bad for Kevo. Why would Kitoko cheat? She always mentioned how he gave her good sex. And why was everyone cheating? Aaaargh! What was wrong with the world?

“So what did you do?” Pesh was eager for more details.

“I haven’t confronted her about it yet.” His head sunk low.

“Everything is going to be okay.” She gave him a pat on the shoulder.

Pesh opened up about her own woes too. Together, they were partners-in-heartbreak. Through their sad stories, they found a connection.



The night matured quickly.

After drinking for a few hours, Kevo retreated to the kitchen to prepare a meal. When he was done, he brought it to the living room. It was fish and it smelled delicious. How on earth he had managed to cook such a nice meal in a state of drunkenness was beyond her. But there it was —a delicate, juicy, shiny mass of Tilapia, fragrant and steaming, with thin slices of raw tomatoes and well-peeled avocado, waiting to be devoured.

Her mouth watered as she picked bones out of the first piece of flesh and brought it toward her mouth. And then, quite suddenly, as he was going to have a seat, Kevo tumbled, followed by a violent lurch forward. Such were the effects of being drunk.

The head of the fish flew off his plate and onto the cleavage of Pesh, where it lodged itself on the valley between her breasts. He stumbled again, the drink he had been holding flying in all directions. The fate of the rest of the fish was bad too. He dumped it over her left foot.

She let out an earsplitting wail as the hot fish and soup landed on her.

“What the fuck? I am so sorry.” He apologized about a dozen times.

“It’s okay!” Pesh pulled the head of the fish out of her breasts. Kevo then knelt down like a servant to mop fragrant, fishy juices from her toes with a tissue. Seeing him making an effort to clean her up made her feel nice.

“What are you going to eat now? We can share mine.”

“I can eat the head. It didn’t fall down. And I am guessing the area it landed on is quite clean.”

“Hey hey... Are you sure you wanna eat it?”

“Why not? But there’s more. More fish. More booze. Don’t worry about me.”

“Alright then.”

Kevo went back to the kitchen to get another plate. When he was back, they ate and as soon as they were done, they continued drinking as they talked about their woes.

Due to her own stress, Pesh drank more than she should have. As the liquor took effect, she couldn’t help but feel more and more attracted to Kevo. She remembered all the tales that Kitoko told her about his sexual prowess. She needed something to temporarily cure her from the pains of heartbreak. And what better than the thing she loved the most? Sex. The drinks, together with Kevo’s charisma had made her really horny. Would it hurt to make a move? Would Kitoko ever know? She didn’t want to betray her friend but her friend hadn’t been too nice to her or her own boyfriend.

“That’s a tattoo on your thigh?” Kevo had seen a dark work of art that disappeared into her skirt.

“Yes! It’s an impression of Hatshepsut, a female Egyptian pharaoh who ruled between 1473 and 1458 BC.” She pulled the hem of her skirt just a little to reveal her thighs. She could see Kevo stealing glances.

“Wow! You really know your history. And that’s a badass tattoo.” He gave her a compliment, while admiring the outline of her leg.

“Thanks.” She pulled the hem back down.

*Thank You Mr. DeeJay* by veteran South African songstress Yvonne Chaka Chaka began playing on the radio and Pesh stood up immediately to dance. She loved that song. It was the only song her father liked that she liked too.

But while the song wasn’t in itself dirty, she found herself dancing erotically. She should’ve stopped and switched back to a calm state, but the alcohol surged in her blood and made the decisions for her.

“Wanna join me?” She threw her hands in the air and shook her buttocks vigorously.



“I don’t really know how to dance well.” Kevo felt a little bit shy.

“Come on... I’ll teach you.”

He succumbed to the persuasion and stood up to join her. The first thing that made her aware of his presence behind her was his smell. She found it heady, unanticipated —some very expensive cologne, a cool and manly tang and no hint of foul sweat.

He pulled a brief, jerky intake of breath as her body rubbed over his. She was to teach him how to dance but what she offered weren’t lessons. She was more of a provocateur than a tutor. She simply rubbed her soft bum on his trousers again and again, their bodies moving over one another in a slow adagio of touching.

That wasn’t dancing. It was deliberate baiting.

She pulled away and tried to gauge his reaction to her advances. There was nothing to show he didn’t approve. He reached out a hand and roofed a small part of her thigh. He followed her lead in the ‘dancing’ process as he surveyed the sensual, feminine landscape of her body.

She tried to take in air, but there was a hitch. Oxygen stuck in her throat as her heart drummed erratically. It was arousal.

When succumbing to forbidden lust, there’s always that brief window of time where you try to reconsider. There’s always that moment when you take a second to contemplate your actions and contemplate backing away. Pesh had already passed that window, and so had Kevo. She wanted more of him, more than just dirty dancing and a few shy caresses. She’d waited so long for him to look at her the way he was looking at her right now.

When she turned back to face him, she noticed that an erection had formed on his jeans, threatening to bulldoze past his zipper. She saw it as the chance to make a move.

She grabbed his head and planted a searing kiss on his mouth. Kevo was taller than her, and in order for her to be kissed by him, she had to lean her head back. Her tongue speared through his lips with brutal force. His hand grabbed a buttock and rubbed light patterns there. But just as he was about to suck the tongue, she pressed against his broad chest and pushed him hard. He fell on to the couch.

She followed him.

Pesh had always hated her lack of control when she was intoxicated. But she also loved it because it always gave her plausible deniability. Whenever she found herself naked in bed with a random guy, she would blame it on the alcohol instead of recklessness and poor decision making.

At this very moment, she didn't want to hold back on anything. She sent her fingers on a lower trajectory, smoothing them over his shoulders and down his muscular arms. She took a moment to scratch at his wrists with her magenta nails. She was awed by the feel of his dark skin and the raw toughness that exuded from him.

She was dying to shove his cock inside her so that she could release all her pent-up desire. But first, she wanted to show him the magic her mouth could do. Her liquor energy had rendered her wholly subservient and eager to please. She slid to the floor and positioned herself on her knees.

She placed a hand on each of his thighs, and began caressing him, feeling the muscles through the denim. She then placed her face on his crotch area, sucking at his fly. If it were possible, she could have drawn out his penis by suction alone but since it wasn't possible, she brought her hands to help.

As she was tugging down the zipper, she accidentally plucked it off but he didn't mind. She yanked the front of his boxers downwards and took his cock. Slowly, she directed it towards her face. Her pretty mouth opened, and her tongue protruded a little, as some form of welcoming mat.

For a brief moment, she allowed the head of his cock to rest on the warm, wet platform and familiarize itself with its surroundings. She swirled her tongue in circles over the tip. A short while later, her lips clamped at his cock and she claimed all of his inches, all eight of them.

A low groan rumbled in Kevo's throat. Oh, her mouth felt like heaven! Like diving naked into a cold pool on a hot sunny afternoon, or a hot shower on a chilly, rainy night. The noise of her mouth covering and uncovering his cock lanced through him, filling him with heady power. She made none of the mistakes that novices made, like scrubbing the penis with teeth. Instead she shielded her teeth with her love-heart lips that had opened in a larger O, applying just enough suction to bring his dick to rock hard status.

Kevo rubbed her cheeks and pulled her further down, making his member go all the way to her throat. She chocked a little and he permitted her to come up for air, but she didn't need plenty of it. Like the maniac she clearly was, she went straight down again.

She knew how to strike the right balance between pace and dragging. She understood that a blow job should feel sweet and smooth. It should never feel like a fight of wills that resembled a kind of industrial procedure. Or a gladiatorial battle between warrior-tongue and monster-cock. She knew that a lady should never experiment with too many oral techniques. She should find what works and stick with it.

Wawuda once hilariously advised her that a noble lady should never act like she is being forced to do it. She should never see penises as yucky things. If she decides to suck, she should do it with the whole of heart. She should go on and on, even when her neck was hurting, then take *Paracetamol* later.

So Pesh sucked Kevo whole-heartedly for a few more minutes before getting up. She didn't want him to come. Not just yet.

She swung her leg over his lap, and straddled him. She stared into his eyes as she pushed her hands underneath his vest and began to shove it upward. His answering desire gave her even more confidence.

Pulling her against him, Kevo slid his lips hotly over hers. The kiss was intoxicating. It made Pesh feel as if she floated unanchored in a space of air and light. Her arms wrapped around his neck and merged lips with him, meeting his lips in playful abandon.

Her shirt moved up her body as Kevo's hands slid underneath to cup her bare breasts. He unclasped her bra with the quickness of someone who had done this many times before. Her belly was singing at his touch. Desire was humming through her breasts.

As the shirt came above her head, Pesh sounded off a piquant purr. She arched her body and made a quick slither across Kevo's chest until her nipples offered themselves to his mouth. Amazed at the offering that was presented to him, he nipped at the swell of her left titty then lapped at the pointed nipple with his tongue. She threaded her fingers into the dreadlocks and pulled him closer until he sucked the tender bud into his mouth. He suckled like a baby that had just been offered a breast immediately after

crying. Her body sang as his mouth enjoyed the nipple. She loved the things he was doing to her.

To her surprise, he stood, holding her perfectly and hauling her with him. He walked towards the bedroom while safely cradling her in his strong arms. When he placed his hand on the knob, the door refused to open, like it was against the affair. He had to place her feet back on the floor and struggle with it. When it finally opened, he carried her again and shouldered his way in.

The interior of the bedroom glittered with luxury. It looked like a place any woman would enjoy being fucked in. The light from a crystal energy saving bulb lit the room dimly and shone back from all reflective surfaces. It winked off wardrobe, cut-glass vases, cupboards and lamp-stands. The carpet and curtains had a uniform wine-red colour. The cream wall was broken at intervals by oval-framed paintings of birds, lions and giraffes against a background of clear African sky and clouds.

Slowly, Kevo dumped her on the bed. It was a thick, large, sleigh one. As she enjoyed the feel of the thick, plump pillows, Kevo positioned himself on the edge of the bed. He lifted her leg and licked it, enjoying the taste of it. He licked over the tattoo above her knee. He wanted to eat her, every part of her. He felt cannibalistic. It wasn't his fault that she looked so delicious.

For an embarrassingly long time, he wrestled blindly with the buttons of her tight skirt. Pesh couldn't help but dissolve into drunken giggles.

“Should I help you?”

“Hehe. I'll manage. Don't worry.”

Finally, he managed to unbutton the skirt. With a flick of his fingers, he began pulling the cloth down her legs, leaving her only in her panties. The scent of her arousal permeated the scant space between them. It made him the horniest he had ever been.

The panties didn't remain on her body long. He grabbed and pulled them down, tracking their progress as they said goodbye to her pussy. When they were at her feet, he slid them away and tossed them onto the floor.

Her pussy appeared to be staring right at him, as if trying to say *Bonjour Monsieur!* He loved how neat and clean it looked. He bent and licked her leg again, causing millions of goose bumps to scatter over her abdomen. Shivers

ran all the way to her bare jugs as his tongue kept tasting her skin like it had sugar.

He trailed kisses down her leg and went all the way to her feet. He rubbed the soles gently, causing her to feel ticklish then he took each tiny toe into his mouth, sucking them all in equally allocated seconds. He then moved up again to lick her ankles.

His tongue finally left her leg and he backed out to a corner in the bedroom and turned to face the wall. Slowly, he slipped out of his jeans. As he rid himself of his jeans, Pesh rested on her elbow and admired his back as well as his firm manly buttocks. The allure of touching his recently familiar muscles again almost overpowered her. She couldn't wait for him to get back to the bed.

A smile formed on her lips when his boxer briefs hit the floor. He turned to face her, baring his straining erection. Need glittered in his eyes. Like a Sumatran tiger, he crawled onto the bed without making a sound. It was like he had paws. When he reached her, he licked her cheek. It appeared he really liked licking.

He always had unprotected sex with Kitoko. He couldn't remember the last time he used a condom. Though dangerous, raw sex was a common practice. Almost every exclusive couple was doing it. But Kevo figured that if he was going to cheat, he should at least be safe.

Remembering where he placed the condoms, he shot off the bed again and hurried into the living room. He yanked open the drawer. Hallelujah. One half-empty box of condoms. He hoped like hell the damn things hadn't expired. They had been there for months. He checked the expiry date —two years away. Perfect.

He returned to the bedroom to find Pesh spread out all over the mattress. She was motionless, the intricate contours of her sex were in full view. Her lips were shining, her hair splayed out on the pillow. She had switched on those come-fuck-me-eyes that she had looked at him with when she was deep-throating him. Lord! Those beautiful eyes. They glittered in appreciation as her gaze wandered down his body.

He was quite blessed in penile length. At eight inches, he was well-endowed than most men. However, when a beautiful woman stares at you

with those eyes, it adds two inches to your dick. He felt like he was now at ten inches.

Her delectable nipples were puckered, waiting patiently for his mouth, or his fingers, or even his cock to press against them.

Tossing the condoms onto the nightstand, he crawled onto the bed to be closer to the heat that radiated from her body. Her hand played with his dreadlocks, feeling their texture. He was itching to immerse himself into her hot, moist folds but he never subscribed to the short and sweet ideology. Unlike most of the men who had been with Pesh before, Kevo knew that the best way to make a woman hate you was to make it all end in two minutes. He always did his best to make sure the encounter lasted long, even if it meant thinking about Quantum Physics and Plant Ecology while thrusting.

“I love your cologne.” She giggled as he lowered himself on her.

“Thanks.” Breath departed him when her fingers grabbed his cock. They felt so smooth and loving around it.

They stared at each other for a brief moment before their wet and lusty mouths met. The assembly of tongues, lips and gentle teeth drove them wild. But just as she was beginning to enjoy it, he withdrew from her mouth and positioned his body above her in a way that his cock was directly above her boobs.

“Have you ever been boob-fucked?” After doing an assessment of her boobs, he had come to the conclusion that they were the perfect size for his cock to play with.

“Not really. You wanna try boob-fucking me?” Pesh was curious to know what it was all about.

“Yes. I do.” He smiled.

He sent the head of his cock to her breasts and poked one of the taut little buds with it. She shivered. With his hard erection, he toyed with the nipples, rubbing it against them in turns, enjoying their texture. The plump mounds of her jugs shook with each tap of the cock. The contact sent shockwaves through her. She cried out, volts of electricity, both DC and AC moving through her body.

The more he tapped and rubbed at her nipples, the more her punani

flooded. Whoever said that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, was never so right as at this moment.

When he broke the contact, the nipples were red and erect. Leaving her on the bed, he went to the nightstand's drawer and grabbed a bottle of lube. It was half full. Pesh guessed that he had used it with Kitoko several times. She just didn't know what for.

She was soon to find out.

He came back with it and positioned himself above her again. He opened the bottle and poured the lube on her breasts. When there was enough of it, he placed his cock on the valley between her two tits. Grabbing them both with his firm hands, he squeezed them towards each other such that they engulfed each other and created a hole underneath.

Pesh was a little bit afraid that this might be another El Dicko case where the man abandoned her pussy. But she remained calm. Since he had good reviews and ratings from Kitoko, Pesh had faith in Kevo. She knew that he would take good care of her body. Plus, this boob-fuck looked like it was going to be fun too. In addition to that, the idea of having her orgasm denied until she could hardly stand it had been a tiny part of her fantasy.

And she was right to have faith. Kevo knew what he was doing. He knew she wanted his inches inside her cunt but he wanted to make her wait and show her new games first. Wasn't variety the spice of life anyway? Smart men don't ignore lemons when they are presented to them. Equally, smart men don't ignore nice boobs when they are presented to them —they boob fuck.

He began to pump, enjoying the sliding motion. Blazing. Soft. Wet. Her boobies were ultimate paradise.

Pesh managed to slide her fingers all the way to her vagina. She put them to work, spreading her labia and exposing slick, pink flesh. She copped some of her wetness, then smeared it across Kevo's chest as she enjoyed the feeling of his cock rubbing against her breasts. She gathered more of her juices with her free hand, this time pressing her shiny fingers directly into Kevo's mouth. She scooped again and put her fingers in her own mouth, sucking them, enjoying the feeling of her own fluids. She sucked and licked her fingers like they were just from being dipped into a pot of delicious soup. How erotic. He

almost came when he looked at her face. Damn, those lustful eyes were staring directly at him.

Sweat broke out over his body. The contrast between the roughness of her nipples and the lush softness of her breasts awed him. She had the best jugs he had ever seen. He couldn't help but imagine how sleeping with his temple pillowed on them would feel. Wasn't that every guy's fantasy?

Pesh shot out her hand and braced herself on the mattress. Kevo remained in position, powering through her globes with force until they almost rotated like planets. Gradually, he grew bolder and went faster. The succulent flesh there enticed him, made him want to never leave her boobs.

"Yeah... Fuck my boobs baby. Grab those titties like you bought them for a million bob."

What? Kevo almost burst into laughter but the intensity of the pleasure didn't allow him. She had said that with the sluttiest voice ever. And he loved it.

He rubbed with his dick, stroked, and fondled with his arms. He was enjoying how she kicked and bit her lip, her half-lidded, passion-glazed eyes never leaving him.

Pre-cum drizzled out of him occasionally and in tiny volumes like honey from a honeycomb. He stroked, enjoying the pleasure and imagining how it would feel when he finally made a grand entrance into her pussy.

"You have the best breasts I have ever seen Pesh." His voice was raspy.

"I know." A cheeky, low-volume giggle escaped her mouth.

"Hehe. I knew you would say that."

"Shut up and fuck my titties." She unleashed another cheeky line.

This time he laughed a little. When she pouted her lips and licked them, he damn near spread his seed all over her chest.

She took her finger to her tight hole again, swiping upward in one erotic motion, sliding over her clit, then pausing where there were millions of nerve endings. The combination of clitoral sensation and the electric volts being generated from her boobs made her howl. She grabbed his thigh with her free hand and dug a finger nail into it. He winced a little but he continued.



Without warning, he withdrew from her bouncy mammaries and rolled off the bed. First, he wiped the lube from his penis with a tissue. He then grabbed one of the latex condoms, ripping the package open with his teeth like there was candy inside and fumbling with the wrapper. In another ten seconds, he had rolled the rubber on his cock.

He had always wanted to try the spooning position. It was loving and soothing. Kitoko had always preferred wild acrobatic positions but at this moment, he longed for something more sensual. He made Pesh face the window and positioned himself behind her.

He parted her ass-cheeks with his hand and rubbed his cock against the straining little nub of flesh. She whimpered and squirmed as he rubbed without entering. Then his cock wandered down to the tight little opening and she shifted her position slightly to give him better access. After a bit of effort, his cock found her hole and penetrated her, tasting her warm honey.

“Kevo! Oh Yes! Kevo!” She gasped. The grand entry had sent electric shivers up her womb.

He grabbed every part of her body that could be grabbed. Her thighs? Her boobs? He grabbed away. He moved his head towards her neck, whispering some obscene endearments in her ear. Like velvet, her pussy clung to his column of maleness, cradling it with utmost care. All mental activities that had previously been going on in her brain were cancelled and postponed until further notice. The sheer overwhelming sensation of his cock working its way, inch by inch, into her hole made it impossible for her to think of anything else. It was pure bliss.



After about thirty minutes of spooning, they decided to switch it up to doggy style. He permitted her vagina to pull away from him as she slowly worked her body until she was lying on her tummy. She positioned herself well to receive strokes from the back. Her finger nails hooked around the sheets and she heaved her body upward until her ass, stuck in the air, presented itself firmly for him to start working on. Her legs were well parted to offer him unlimited premium access.

“Put it in!” She issued a three-word directive that sent an edgy need crawling over his balls.

He moved behind her, grabbed her hips with his hands and deployed his dick to the land of wetness and sweetness. Her cunt yielded without protest as he mounted her like a bull on heat. Inch after inch of his member disappeared into her. His eyes were closed as he felt his nerves acknowledging the invasion and cheering on.

She convulsed as he worked his way inside her. The clamping of her walls on his penis put intense pressure on his prostate glands. Her bottom lip sucked between her teeth.

“Bu bu bu, Buju Buju Buju.” She had no idea what she was saying. A section of her mind had cut adrift of its customary moorings. She was going insane.

Pesh screamed and yelled but no neighbour came to complain. They were either too deep into their sleep or they were accustomed to the noises of the night club just across the road that a bit of extra noise didn’t bother them. Or, maybe they were used to such noises coming from Kitoko’s house.

Acting like a whip, her words kept spurring him to further action. He kept burying and excavating his cock inside her vagina. She pressed her head against the sheet and kept her ass high so that his angle of penetration was better. She bit the sheets and began chewing a fraction of fabric as Kevo sent powerful strokes into her.

The view was beautiful. Forget bird’s-eye view. His was the fucker’s-eye view.

The hills of her ass kept slapping against his thighs as sweat trickled from them both.

“God almighty... I am dying.” Her mind was a cloud of euphoric pleasure.

For all her recent troubles, Pesh was happy about one thing. She was having good sex. Her life was a mess but the curse of terrible sex had left her. The good dicking by Okusimba was now being followed by a good dicking from Kevo. He dicked her like a freshly-sentenced convict dicking his wife for the last time before going to prison.

He hammered into her as whimpers and sighs escaped her mouth.

“Damn this condom!” He let out a low curse.

He cursed the condom. He wanted the feel of skin on skin. He wanted to erupt inside her, to feel the pink curls inside her cunt massaging his cock. He wanted to witness his seed trickle out of her pussy slowly, when he was done pummeling her.

She noticed his agony.

“You want to feel me flesh to flesh?” She turned her head to the side to stare at him.

“Yeah... Yeah!” He really wanted it badly.

Pesh was not thinking clearly. She was teetering on the edge of climax. Her mind was lost in the pleasure. She felt it wouldn’t be a bad idea for her and Kevo to discard the condom.

“You can take it off.” She granted him permission to switch to raw, rubberless strokes.

Without wasting his time, Kevo yanked the condom off and threw it on the floor. With much psyche, he put his penis back inside her.

She was too sweet, tighter than Kitoko. If he was ever going to be caught, he felt that it would be worth it. After around seven minutes of unprotected bliss, he felt her let go, heard her scream, and then felt a burst of wetness surround him as she orgasmed.

It triggered his own. He felt his balls tightening painfully. The eruption was about to begin. Then he thought about pregnancy. Was he ready to make her a mother? Not really. He had an alternative idea.

He withdrew from her pussy, much to her dismay. Before she could ask why he had pulled out, he turned her and made her lie on her back. Semen raced up his urethra and with a powerful force, it washed over her boobs.

He rested on his knees, breathing heavily as his cum splattered and sprayed, painting her breasts white. His legs trembling as the final drop came out. When it was all over, he let himself loose and collapsed on the bed beside her.

Lovingly, he gathered her in his arms.

“That was...” She smiled as she looked at her breasts. She couldn’t find the right words to describe how explosive the experience had been.

He understood her difficulty because even he couldn’t find the perfect verbs and adjectives to describe how sweet she was. There was a ring he had bought for Kitoko but was yet to give her. It was meant to be a commitment ring, just to pledge that they would always stick to each other and fuck each other only.

He now thought of using it to propose to Pesh, right there and then. Sometimes a man gets ‘pussy so good’ that he wants to own it forever. He almost went and got it, but then he realized it was a foolish idea so he stayed calm.

“Kevo, that was... That was so wonderful.” She finally put some words together and constructed a sentence.

Not caring about her cum-covered breasts, she nestled her warmth into him and placed her head on his chest, before succumbing to sleep.

He stroked the strands of her hair with his fingers as he held her tight. This wasn’t exactly how he had envisioned the night going when Pesh arrived, but he damn sure wasn’t going to complain. He considered the ramifications of what they’d just done but the sight of her naked body annihilated any doubts he had. There was no guilt present in him, none at all.

## Chapter Seven

As per his daily routine, Kevo's eyes flung wide open at the darkest part of the night just before dawn. Waking up early was a tradition he had acquired in his high school days. His principal always demonized sleep, making it seem like the most dreadful thing in the world. He would walk into their dormitories at 5 o'clock each morning and roar.

"Look at these lazy young men! You are still sleeping? Just don't hide when I find you selling tomatoes ten years from now. Continue sleeping and you will sell tomatoes. Wake up early and you will fly planes."

So, Kevo acquired a habit of always being awake by 5 o'clock every single day. The habit stuck with him in adulthood.

Unlike other mornings which always found him beaming with energy, he was fatigued this time, and in no hurry to get out of bed. He thought about calling in sick. However, he realized it wouldn't be such a smart idea to call in sick. He had an important presentation to make, one that could take his career to the next level.

Pesh was still sleeping soundly, her head on his chest, her hair tickling his nose. She appeared to smile while sleeping, the smile of a fairy-tale enchantress. Perhaps she was having beautiful dreams. He kept staring at her until the darkness in the room began to fade and the light of dawn crept through the window. He had to get up and go to work.

Naked, he inched his way out of bed and crept into the bathroom. He turned on the shower and sighed as the warm water sluiced over his body. He felt lucky to be living in an apartment that had no water problems. In most areas of Kahawa Wendani, the taps would go dry for days. From the bathroom window, he could even see people below moving around with 20-liter jericans as they searched for water. But would he continue living here with Kitoko? He wracked his brain and wondered how he would handle his cheating girlfriend.

Should he ignore it now that he had cheated too? Was this the perfect payback? Tupac Amaru Shakur once rapped, "revenge is the sweetest joy next to having pussy." Kevo managed to have both revenge and pussy. This

put a smile on his face. But what bothered him was that he never knew Kitoko was bisexual. The naughty side of him wished that she had just included him in her debauchery with other girls instead of doing it behind his back.

He finished up and while still naked, he walked into the bedroom, running a hand across his dreadlocks so that they were well aligned. He glanced over to Pesh and saw her staring at him with sleepy eyes.

Neither spoke. He quickly wrapped the towel around his waist then made his way to the edge of the bed. Slowly, he sat there.

“I have to go to work.” He grabbed a bottle of men’s lotion from a tiny cupboard and applied it on his skin. “Can you please stay? I want us to spend one more night together.”

“You’re really asking if I’ll still be here when you get back?” With her head cocked, she inspected his features. The more her eyes swept over his skin, the wetter she became.

He stared at her for a moment then slowly nodded. “Kitoko will be back after two days, so we still have time.”

“Haha! Someone really enjoyed my pussy. I thought you’d be in a hurry to ask me to leave so that we won’t get caught.”

“Yes, I enjoyed your pussy so much... And everything about you.”

This made Pesh feel good. She was glad that there was a man who couldn’t get enough of her.

She had actually prepared herself psychologically for the walk of shame. It was a norm. Between 6 o’clock and 8 o’clock every morning, many girls from her university would be seen streaming out of men’s houses. Some would pass by pharmacies first to buy emergency contraceptives before heading home, or to class.

“Okay, I’ll stay.” She was all smiles.

Kevo reached for the sheet and pulled it slowly to unveil her leg. Damn, he loved how sexy it was.

“You like what you see huh?” Pesh teased.

“So much!” He licked his lower lip.

He thought of having sex with her right at that moment but it would make him late for work.

“There’s food in the fridge. Help yourself to whatever you need. In case you need me, just call. “

“Cool.”

He quickly fitted his muscles into a grey single-breasted suit, a cream shirt and a maroon tie, held in place by a gold tie-clip. He then stopped by the kitchen and sent a liter of mango *Del Monte* juice down his tummy before leaving.



Pesh sat on the big chintzy sofa in the living room, her naked legs tucked up under her. Besides her bra and panties, she wore one of Kevo’s T-shirts. Since she hadn’t planned on spending so much time here, she hadn’t brought any clothes.

She turned the page on a book she’d found on the table —*The Game: Penetrating The Secret Society Of Pickup Artists* . This book was mostly targeted at the male audience, but with nothing else to do and her body still reeling from the previous night’s heavy banging, she didn’t mind going through it.

Kevo’s reading tastes were eclectic, everything from autobiographies to science fiction thrillers. She loved men who read books because she loved reading them too. Funny enough, she enjoyed reading a variety of books but hated studying. Most of her friends were the opposite. They buried themselves in Calculus and Economics text books but would never touch a novel or self-help book.

As she began the first paragraph of chapter two, a Whatsapp message from Wawuda popped up.

“Hey bestie, what are you up to?” The message was accompanied by kiss emojis.

“You wouldn’t believe where I am.” Pesh included a shy monkey emoji.

“Where are you?”

“I am at Kevo’s house.”

“Which Kevo? The one who wears the same shoes everyday?”

“No, Kevo, Kitoko’s boyfriend.”

“What are you doing there? You came back from Butere?”

“Yes, I came back. I even tried calling you yesterday.”

“Sorry, I get so busy here sometimes. What are you doing at Kevo’s house?”

“We slept together.”

“You what?”

“We slept together.”

“How the hell did that happen?”

“We were both drunk and stressed. But it was really sweet.”

“Did you get an orgasm?”

“A heavy one.”

“Yaay! Congrats on your first big O”

“It wasn’t actually my first.”

“What? When did you get your first? And why didn’t the breaking news reach me first?”

“I got it in Butere, with our herdsboy.”

“Girl! Say what? This is madness. Tell me more. In fact, tell me all of it.”

Pesh spent the rest of the day chatting with Wawuda and narrating the crazy events of the past few days. She only realized how much time had flown when she saw Kevo stepping into the living room. It was 6 o’clock already.

Kevo’s thoughts had been on the presentation he made at work. He wasn’t



sure it had gone well since his female boss, who always appeared to have an issue with him, interrogated him unfairly. However, his worries were eliminated when he saw the beautiful body of Pesh, incredibly erotic in the tight emphasis of the clinging brassière and panties that outlined her vaginal lips. She had removed his t-shirt earlier because of too much heat. Now she looked like a swimsuit model.

They didn't talk much. They got right into it. His mouth was on hers in a crushing, authoritative kiss that left her lungs devoid of breath. It was so powerful she feared he might crack her front teeth. After he pulled off her bra, her panties didn't stand a chance.

Yup. There they went, down her legs and on the floor.

When he asked her which position she wanted, she climbed on the sofa, positioned herself on all fours, pointed her large ass in the air, and buried her face at the edge. That was all the answer he needed.

The sex was even more intense than the previous night and this time, they didn't even use a condom at all. He came everywhere—on her face, her belly and inside her vagina.

The next morning, Kevo loaned her a huge amount of money. She left early because she had somewhere to be. On her way out, the round ass girl that she had seen the previous day looked at her with wicked eyes. It's like she knew what had just gone on. Or maybe they had made too much noise in the night. Pesh hoped she wouldn't snitch to Kitoko.

She passed by a nearby pharmacy to buy emergency contraceptives. There was a queue. None of the girls there talked to each other. They all knew they had semen inside them. What would they probably talk about? Some were regretting while some had the best nights of their lives. All they wanted was for the elderly cashier to stop calculating the balances slowly as if she was using a computer for the first time. As she waited for her turn, Pesh refrained from analyzing the events of the previous two nights. They were marvelous nights. She wouldn't mind turning the two-night-stand into a prolonged affair.



Kitoko came back earlier than usual. She arrived at 4 o'clock the next morning. If Pesh had decided to spend another night with Kevo, they would have been caught right in the act.

Phew!

She tried not to wake Kevo up, but he heard her in the kitchen, opening the refrigerator and taking out cans of cold beer. She cleared about three cans before he heard her feet slowly approaching the bedroom. She opened the door and without switching on the lights, she unbuttoned her shirt and let it fall on her feet. She reached behind herself and the maroon bra fell away, followed by the skirt. Her light purple underwear was cheap and slightly torn, perhaps due to aggressive sexual encounters, but it looked sexy on her lissom curves. When she was completely naked, she grabbed a towel and crept into the bathroom with the door half open.

Kevo had a habit of pouncing on her and initiating a quickie whenever she came back home. It was a tradition. He didn't want to break it or else she could have suspected something was off. So, he got out of bed and followed her to the bathroom.

He stood behind her, watching her as she applied toothpaste on a brush. As the brush started going back and forth in her mouth, he got on his knees behind her, His fingers tiptoed to the front of her slightly protruding belly, down the insides of her thighs and back up to clamp at her rear.

She mumbled something through the toothbrush and tried to push him away with her free hand. He didn't stop and she found herself leaning further over the sink, forgetting the toothbrush, lifting her leg as a sign of invitation.

As he ground his erection into the vee of her thighs and lowered his boxers, he wondered what kind of mischief she had been up to while she was away. Had she been sleeping with other women in Mombasa? Should he stop pretending and tell her it was over?

He could have done that but he remembered that he owed her a lot. He got his current job courtesy of Kitoko's uncle who was a board member. He failed the interview which had been conducted by his current female boss but Kitoko called her uncle and the next day, he was given a contract. If he dumped her, she'd probably do something to make sure he was fired. She didn't look like the type of woman to have an amicable breakup with a man.

She was the type that'd burn your clothes and smash your car windows.

Wisely, he concluded that there was no need to tell her that he knew about her infidelity. He would let her cheat in peace and then he'd continue cheating too.

But first, he had to act like things were normal. He tried penetrating her but she stopped him.

"No sex tonight... I am tired."

"Just a little baby..."

"I said no!"

She pushed him all the way out of the bathroom and closed the door to take a shower. Kevo shouldn't have been disappointed. Two days hadn't even passed after his memorable sex with Pesh. But somehow he felt bad. What kind of girlfriend was Kitoko? What demon drove him to date her?



He met her in a club in the city. She was a regular reveler. Whenever he went there, he would see her. She always gave him signals. His eyes wouldn't wander around the club, without finding hers.

At first, he wasn't interested in her at all. His mother warned him not to date girls that partied too much. In addition to that, picking up women in night clubs had become risky lately. There were stories of how men would go home with women and wake up to an empty house, with the woman nowhere to be seen. It was also hard to know whether a girl in a club was single or not. You'd approach her only for her jealous boyfriend to pop out of nowhere and start a fight.

In as much as Kevo tried to ignore Kitoko, it really didn't help that she had the biggest crush on him. Boy, did she want him. Whenever he looked at her direction, she was staring right back at him with undiluted lust. He could practically hear her clit twitching from where he sat.

He tried everything he could to resist her. He convinced himself that he didn't like her friends, the ones she always sat at the table with. They were

rowdy, rude to bartenders and dismissive to men. They also cursed like rum-loving pirates and laughed hysterically over the silliest things. He considered them dangerously unstable.

What pissed him off was that his dick kept getting hard every time he thought about her. Even while discussing his previous night's escapades with his pals, his mind would recall how she was shaking her booty on the dance floor and his dick would go rock solid.

One night, she saw him getting up from his seat. He was leaving. She couldn't let that happen. She extracted the lemon peel from her drink and chewed it reflectively. She then stood up and rushed towards the exit, intercepting him before he could step outside. She stood looking at Kevo, examining him slowly, inch by inch, from his dreadlocks to his sneakers.

"Hi!" She broke the silence as she continued her detailed inspection.

"Hello!" Kevo brushed his dreadlocks as he admired her necklace.

"I am Kitoko."

"I am Kevo."

That night, she wore a long green silk evening dress which revealed the upper half of her breasts. The dress had a classical line which was divided by deep folds that fell from her shoulders. She also wore heavy earrings which seemed to pull her ears down, and a thin silver bracelet on her left wrist.

"Is it just me or are we always staring at each other?" Kitoko put the phone-sex tone of her voice to good use and made a move.

"Is that so?" Kevo stared at his watch and acted like he didn't know what she was talking about. His friends were waving at him to follow them.

"You don't think so?"

"You might be right."

"How about we have a few drinks and stop pretending that we don't like each other."

"Well, why not? Let's do it."

He had plans to make, sleep to catch. He had no time to get involved with

a club girl but he smiled and agreed to go with her back inside.

They got themselves drunk and the next morning, he had found himself naked with her in his house.

He wanted someone to tell him he didn't do what he thought he had done. But he knew he had. The memories came flooding in. The club. The flirting. The cuddling. The drive back home. The sex.

As he tried to piece all the events of that night, he remembered what she did that made him hooked to her even more. She disappeared under the sheets and gave him the most intense blowjob of his life. He came inside her mouth and she swallowed. After everything, she made him breakfast and did his laundry, while naked. Who washed clothes while naked?

He was instantly addicted to her.

All they did was party and fuck, until they eventually got serious and moved in together.

## Chapter Eight

Pesh kept scrolling through her phone as she walked back home. There were hundreds of unread messages on Instagram, mostly from men. She texted a friend, reminding her to send pictures of the video shoot. The friend had convinced her to appear in the music video of a popular rapper. Being a video vixen wasn't something she had ever considered but she was broke and when the opportunity presented itself, she took it.

On her way to her bedsitter, she bumped into her landlord who was just getting into his car to leave.

"Pesh, you haven't been answering my calls. Where is the rent?"

With every word he projected at her, his visage became contorted with fury. Rage made the red colour of his eyes to be darker. Frustration caused sweat to drip heavily off his jowls on to his coat. His weighty lips were drawn back from the brown teeth. A string of saliva had crept out of his mouth and was hanging creepily down from his chin.

"I will pay you soon. I promise." She felt a smidgen of shame as she stood to talk to the man she had been dodging.

"You better!" He turned on the engine and rolled down the window. "Otherwise I will be forced to evict you."

He didn't really like both Wawuda and Pesh because a few other tenants had complained about the loud noises they made during sex. This time though, he found himself beaming with thirst for Pesh. As she stood there explaining her failure to pay the month's rent, his eyes remained on her. There was an allure about her. Her dark hair matched her sunglasses. Her red dress was a simple mid-thigh-length design with a low collar and short sleeves. It molded her so snugly, emphasizing the sensual symmetry of her form, from the upward thrust of her breasts to the modest flare of her hips and her sculpted legs.

She looked back at him with pitiful eyes that were velvet-soft and lovable as a child's. "You'll have your money before the end of the week."

In all honesty, she had no idea where she would get the rent from.

“Just try. It’s not that I am harassing you. I just want us to have a good tenant-landlord relationship.” His tone softened as her beauty continued to awe him.

“I’ll try.” Pesh turned to walk away.

He began driving while still looking at her. A little kid had to jump away from the road to avoid being knocked down.

Despite being broke, Pesh was glad to be a free bird again, free from the cages of solitude that she’d been forced to endure in Butere. As she walked towards her door, a cat immediately ran past her from behind. This made Pesh shriek in terror. It was unexpected and it caught her off guard. Something must have been chasing it. She thought she heard footsteps but she brushed it off as just a work of her imagination. So much had happened lately that she was now imagining things—how silly.

She looked to her right, and then slightly backward. It was like she felt a presence. Maybe her imagination was at work again. She rubbed her shoes against the door mat and toed them off before inserting a key into the keyhole. She turned the key and pushed the door open. With her feet bare, the pretty painted toenails a subtle candy orange, she stepped into the house.

Before she could put her handbag down, Kitoko and three other women stormed past her.

She stared at them, her deer-in-the-headlights look exposing the bone-deep fear that resided in her. Her pulse pounded dangerously through her chest and ears. Her stomach lurched, loosening an endless wave of intense nausea. Panic raced in her veins and prickled like syringes over her skin.

Did Kitoko know?

Yes she did.

“You bitch! I trusted you with my man and you slept with him?” Kitoko bore her teeth in a furious snarl, her lips pursing with self-superiority.

Pesh struggled to explain herself.

“I was... I... I...”

Her stammering was violently interrupted as Kitoko’s fist crashed into her nose, flattening it briefly. The blow tore the sunglasses from her face. Before

she could process the pain, the full gang descended on her with blows, kicks and hair-pulling. The assault sent pinpricks of agony to her bones and nerves. She thought they had come to yell at her, not to fight. How wrong she had been.

Managing to break free, Pesh made a wild leap for the door but she didn't move fast enough to curve her fingers on the knob and pull the door open. One of Kitoko's friends, a 200 pound lady, caught up with her. She grabbed her by the scruff of her neck and shoved her to the floor.

"Where do you think you're going?" She was hissing like a house cat.

"Leave me alone. This issue is between Kitoko and I." Pesh twisted her head repeatedly as she tried to protest.

"Oh! You think so?" The woman lifted her hand high up in the air and brought it down, smacking Pesh right in the middle of her face. Her eyes closed in agony. "You mess with one of us... We come for you... All of us."

Pesh turned her head away to avoid the annoying shots of saliva that were coming out of the big woman's mouth as she bragged how her gang had each other's backs. When the talking ended, she turned back to stare at the violent and enthusiastic attacker. Her gaze encompassed her bizarre features. She was scary. Unwieldy breasts bobbed on her chest like flotation devices. Her ears lay very flat and close to the bony, rather box-shaped head. Her lips were patchy and purplish like an unstitched wound.

Pesh attempted to throw a punch but her hand was grabbed. The woman responded with a head butt that left Pesh feeling as though jagged nails were tearing across her chest with maddening satisfaction. The monstrous female squeezed her throat and dug her thumb into the center of her neck. When the choking became too much, she eased the pressure a little bit.

Pesh slumped gratefully forward, gasping for air. She tried to move again without succeeding. Her hands were beginning to go numb.

"Hold her tight and let me give her a lesson now." Kitoko issued an order to the big woman. She did as instructed. Her grip on Pesh was firm. It was as if she had two fierce tourniquets applied above the elbows.

Pesh ducked swiftly to the side to avoid another hard jab at her nose but Kitoko came back with a powerful blow to her sensitive tummy, quickly



followed by a mean right hook that left her ears ringing and her head hammering. Eyes blazing magenta fire, Kitoko stood over her and kept on whacking her ears, eyes, cheekbones and jaw. Pesh ran her palm across her nose. Blood was oozing out. Pain seared through her neck as Kitoko scratched it with her long nails. She was left panting and couldn't even scream for help. She wished Wawuda was around to help her.

When she managed to stand upright, the kicks intensified. She dropped and hit the floor with a resounding thump, biting back a scream of pure pain. She lay there, with her head stretching backwards in a rictus of anguish until the tendons of her neck and shoulders projected like roots.

Kitoko saw a laptop lying on the couch and picked it up. Pesh immediately knew what she was planning to do with it.

"No... Not the laptop." Her tongue swiped over the painful dryness of her lips as she pleaded for her laptop to be spared.

Kitoko ignored her. With wild rage, she smashed the laptop against the wall, pieces scattering everywhere. Pesh couldn't believe it. Tears streamed freely from her eyes. She had sacrificed a lot to buy that laptop.

Agony wracked her body but Kitoko and her gang wouldn't show any mercy. They descended on her again on the floor. One of them proceeded to bite her thigh like a tiger, forcing her to finally let out a scream.

"You whore... You bitch!" The cursing never ended.

She panted heavily, trying to squeeze oxygen back into lungs that had been severely jarred by her fall. She tried to figure out a way to escape but she couldn't see how. After taking a few more blows and scratches, terror lent her adrenaline. She rocketed away, Kitoko's curses ringing in her ears. The big woman tried to catch her again but her hand slid through the dress.

She stormed out of the house, moving as fast as her painful body could allow. She didn't even run. She jumped from one spot to the next like batman. Searing pain shot through her ankles as she kept stepping down on them. While trying to run after her, the big woman tumbled and fell.

"Joji. Joji. Joji." Her chants were high-pitched as Kitoko and her gang followed her and came around the corner.

She banged at her neighbour's door in quick succession, praying that he

was inside. Her cries for urgent rescue came out in a ghastly croak. She coughed endlessly, her face turning into an awful, livid dark, as if she was being gassed. A thick vein stood out on her forehead.

Joji opened the door for her and let her in. She dragged her left leg behind her as she limped into the house.

Kitoko and her gang made a halt outside Jijo's door when they saw him standing there.

"Tell her to come out." Kitoko pointed a finger at Joji.

"And you are ordering me as who? Get out of my face before I..." Joji was having none of her nonsense.

"Before you do what? You are gonna beat a woman? Huh? Beat me then. Beat me." Kitoko pushed him.

It was funny how the person who had just orchestrated a viscous assault on her friend was now using the 'woman card' to avoid being subjected to similar violence.

Realizing that the matter was most likely to go out of hand, Joji retreated into his house and locked the door. After banging for a while, Kitoko and her friends gave up and left.

"Thanks." Pesh gave her gratitude in between coughs and heavy breathing.

"What's going on?" Joji looked confused. "What did you do to them?"

As Pesh struggled to form words, she stared gloomily at the water glass on the table in front of her. "Water... Please!" Before she could tell Joji what was going on, she got a call from Kevo. She was in no mood to talk to him but she picked anyway.

A part of her wished that this conversation would be taking place under happier, hornier circumstances. But it wasn't, so she began yelling.

"You shouldn't be talking to me. Do you know what your girlfriend just did to me?"

"I am sorry. Someone told her. She confronted me too and I confessed."

Pesh suspected the round-ass girl. She was the only person that saw her entering and leaving the house. Still, she wasn't going to let Kitoko get away

with this.

“I am going to report her to the police. She must pay.”

“It won’t help. Her dad is a senior police officer.”

“Her dad is a what?”

“Her dad is a cop, you didn’t know?”

Pesh sighed. Her hopes of making Kitoko pay were dimmed. In cases where a person knew or was related to a cop, charges were usually dismissed, no matter how serious.

“So, what will I do?”

“You just have to let it slide.” Kevo sounded sad on the other end too. “Let me ask you something. Was there a huge woman in the group that beat you up?”

“Yes... Why?”

“Jesus! She was in the tapes.”

“The sex tapes?”

“Yes... She’s one of the women Kitoko cheated with.”

Pesh felt more devastated. How could Kitoko do this to her yet she had cheated on Kevo too? Unable to handle any more weird revelations, she hung up the phone.

Joji stared at her with much concern. Her eyes were swollen and bloodshot, sunken in rings of shadow. Her lips, usually so smooth and smiling, were puffed and bloody. He offered to take her to hospital but she refused.

“I’ll be fine. Just go and lock up my house for me please.”

After resting for a few hours on his sofa, she got up and dragged herself to a nearby clinic. She lied that she had been attacked by thieves.

“Did they rape you?” The concerned doctor studied her body with his sharp eyes that bounced from side to side behind his spectacles.

“No, they didn’t.” Her face was expressionless.

“Have you reported the matter to the police?”

“Not yet.”

“Make sure you do so. Okay?”

“Okay!”

After being scanned for broken ribs, she was treated and discharged. She had to use all the money that she had been paid in the video shoot to pay the clinic fees.

Slowly, she began walking back home. She made a stop at a liquor store and bought a bottle of whisky with some of the money Kevo had given her. She had vowed to use the rest of it to pay rent but she was in pain and she was quite sure *Paracetamol* wasn't going to do the trick for her.

When she arrived back home, she saw blood on the floor, a fair-sized patch of it. It was perhaps seven inches long and three inches wide, roughly the shape of a tiny rug. There were a few sprayed droplets around it too.

She took a wet piece of cloth and wiped it, before walking over to the tiny refrigerator that Wawuda had purchased a few months ago. She put a handful of wilted ice-cubes into a plastic cup, poured in four inches of the whisky and then swirled the alcohol to cool and dilute it.

In one long swallow, she downed half of the contents of the cup. She put it down and eased herself out of the coat Joji had given her. Her left wrist was so swollen that she could hardly get it through the sleeve. Her once cute nails were badly broken and the pain was vicious as her hand pulled out of the cloth.

She picked up the plastic cup, cleared the rest of the alcohol, and collapsed on the bed.



The next morning, Pesh couldn't move from the bed. Her body didn't feel good. She wasn't right. She couldn't help but feel that her life was a mess. It was purposeless and devoid of luck.

She wanted to rest but her phone wouldn't stop ringing. First it was Mzee Malupia. She ignored the call. Her mother called too, for the first time since the incident but she ignored too. Then Kevo called.

“What?” Her throat tightened with anger.

“How are you doing?” He was calm.

“How do you think I am doing?”

‘Easy... You have to understand that whatever happened isn't my fault.’

“Hmm... “

“I'd like to come and see you.”

“That can't happen. I'm sorry. I almost died yesterday. I don't want to be murdered over dick. “

“Don't be that way. I am even planning to break up with Kitoko.”

“Good for you but I don't think we can see each other again. Goodbye Kevo.”

She hung up on him and ignored his messages thereafter.



She spent the next two days in bed. She relied on Joji to bring her food, something he did with much dedication. The landlord kept disturbing and threatening to evict her but luckily Wawuda agreed to pay the rent all by herself.

Soon, Pesh felt better but her life began going on a downward spiral. Depression caught up with her. She became a heavy drinker and smoked more weed than her body could handle.

She didn't have money so she relied on guys for the weed and drinks. As expected, some guys expected to be paid in 'kind.' She didn't mind if the guy was up to her standards. If he wasn't she would proceed to string him along. She was good at stringing guys along.

It was an art she had to master, given the high number of men who wanted to have sex with her. In as much as she loved sex, she couldn't let all of them

in. But in her depression, she did let many in than she should have.

She was broke and she needed money. She wasn't in speaking terms with her mother. Her father gave up on her too after she stopped answering calls. He only contacted her to pay fees when it was time for her to begin the first semester of her second year in university.

During her second year, she didn't study much either. She became a full-blown alcoholic and sex addict.

Cock and cocktails. That was what her life was all about.

Since she was dependent on men to fund her lifestyle, she always made sure the man she was sleeping with at least had something to offer.

Despite her hatred for books, Pesh still found a way to do well in class. Ombuna had stopped helping her with assignments after she refused to sleep with him but she found another male classmate called Karis.

It had all began rather unexpectedly.

One afternoon after a boring lecture, he had invited her to his room in his hostel to teach her a few concepts. They didn't study much. Karis ended up playing an erotic movie.

By the time the movie was over, Pesh had found herself turning sticky with wetness, the drops of liquid pushing from her. Karis had a tent on his trousers. They found themselves naked on the couch and they did it right there. After the high octane action, Pesh made him promise that he would help her with her grades.

He did.

Karis would do assignments for her and allow her to sit next to him during exams so that she could copy everything.

To avoid losing him too, she would let him enjoy her honeypot about once in a week. He was more stylish than Ombuna so she didn't regret it one bit. It was a perfect transaction. In addition to that, he really knew how to eat pussy. So she benefited twice. Good grades and good sex.

One of the popular lecturers even pulled her aside after class after she scored 28/30 in a CAT. Her name was Miss Watiri. Every student loved her.

“Pesh, you’ve really been studying a lot eh?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“The last time, you scored 7/30. Your current score is shocking, but it isn’t out of the ordinary, since you are dating two of my most intelligent students.”

“Huh? What are you talking about ma’am?”

“Ombuna and Karis. They were fighting over you the other day.”

“But... But... I am not dating either of them.”

“Come on. I know how you young girls roll. Just choose one. Okay?”

Curious, Pesh asked around and she was told that Ombuna and Karis had indeed been in a fight. She had missed class on the day it happened, due to a hangover. Apparently, Karis had mocked Ombuna, telling him “I fucked the girl of your dreams.”

It ended in a bloody exchange of fists and kicks. The two had to be separated by the rest of the classmates.



Despite her recklessness, Pesh made a vow to be more careful with her sexual adventures. With most of the men she slept with, she insisted on using protection. She didn’t want babies or diseases.

One day, her handbag fell down as she was leaving a lecture hall. As the bag landed, it opened and packs of condoms fell out. Mule, who she didn’t talk to anymore, laughed like a psychopathic villain, “I knew you always have many customers... Pwa ha ha ha!”

A flush of raging embarrassment stained her face as she dropped to her knees to pick up the condoms. Luckily, only about three people had witnessed the incident since she was always among the last people to leave a lecture hall.

By the end of her second year, she had taken control of her life and found some happiness. She no longer counted on men to work hard in order to give her an orgasm. She would mostly take charge through the cowgirl position and ride them until she came. So long as the man had a decent dick, had

money and didn't cum in three minutes, she was good. He didn't have to know how to fuck her properly. She was the one doing the fucking and boy did she fuck them. She'd go all night, leaving even the strongest guys weak and astonished. Most men would be addicted. The sight of those beautiful titties bouncing up and down as she rode them was enough to make them lifetime beggars, pleading for another chance to be inside her. There were dozens of messages in her phone reading "When will I see you again Pesh?"

Since she was getting plenty of funding from men, she decided to relocate. She moved from Kahawa Wendani to a bigger house located in the neighbouring Kahawa Sukari hood, leaving Wawuda with no spectators for her sexual encounters. However, they still remained tight friends.

Her new crib was a massive improvement from the bedsitter she shared with her best friend. There were large windows on the walls that gave every room a slightly hazy, serene look. Outside, there was a hopper green, well-watered lawn, connected to small flower beds and an abundance of shrubs. The home décor was commendable for a student's house; new electronics and kitchen appliances, comfortable sofas in a light desert-brown colour with long matching curtains, a decent rosewood table and a furry carpet. She also had a new 6 by 4 king-size bed that was a big improvement from the boarding school-sized bed she had become accustomed to while living in a bedsitter.

Mzee Malupia began to like her again when he heard how well she was doing in Nairobi. They began talking frequently and she'd send him money too. She was aware that nothing pleased an African parent more than receiving money from their adult child. No matter how rich the parent was, they would always appreciate it.

When Pesh insisted on staying in the city during the long holiday break so that she could look for a job, Mzee Malupia agreed immediately.

She sent a job application to a top company in Nairobi and to her surprise the CEO sent her a message on Instagram. It was quite unexpected. He was well-known all over the country. His name was Mr. Ngwatilo Mafinyo. They called him Mr. Get-It-Done. Over the last eleven years, he had been in the helm of five different companies and steered them into million dollar profitability within twelve months.



He promised to offer her the job full time during the holidays and when she resumed school for her third year, he would let her do it part time. A salary of \$ 2000 was promised as well. This was a game changer for Pesh. Not many university students touched that kind of money. Heck, not even many middle class Kenyans touched that kind of money.

In return, he wanted sex.

Pesh was a little surprised. He always presented himself in the media as a clean, decent person. Now he wanted sex from her?

She really hated the idea of women having to sleep with men in exchange for jobs. But it was hard to turn down what he was offering. There were women who were enjoying great careers after sleeping with men in higher positions. There were men who had climbed the corporate ladder after sleeping with older women too. During their recent gossip sessions, Wawuda told Pesh that El Dicko —The Fingerman—had gotten a starring role in a high-budget, international film that was being shot in Kenya after he slept with the female American director who was in her fifties. Apparently, he auditioned to be part of the supporting cast but ended up getting the main role after the director asked him to come to her hotel room. Pesh wondered what had impressed the director. The fingering? Maybe American women loved being fingered.

Seeing how lucky El Dicko had become also influenced Pesh. What Mr. Mafinyo was offering looked like a fair deal. Such a job would make her secure. She wouldn't have to depend on men for money anymore. She'd forever be Miss Independent, something she always dreamt of.

Plus, the naughty side of her felt that if she continued being 'nice' to the popular CEO, she would rise up the ranks quickly and be manager one day.

However, after she accepted his offer, Mr. Mafinyo was quite elusive. She didn't understand why he had hit on her only to delay meeting her. It was only until the second week of the first semester in her third year that he gave her an appointment.

# Chapter Nine

Pesh raked the fringes of her hair that had fallen forward across her face and pulled her head back. It was 10 o'clock in the morning. Her gaze scanned the reception area, checking out the glossy paneled walls that lengthened upward to the ridiculously high ceilings. The building, in general, was picturesque. She would kill to work here.

As she patiently waited to be summoned into Mr. Mafinyo's office, she eavesdropped on the conversation between two ladies that were sitting next to her. They looked like they were employees at the company.

"Where are we going for lunch today?" The lady with short hair sought to find out where her intestines would have their fill.

"Odhis said he'll take us to the new restaurant that has just opened down the street. You've forgotten?" The lady with an expensive Brazilian weave issued a reminder. She was prettier. She had an allure that could turn on a straight woman.

Ringlets from her weave spiraled down her neck and shoulders like the stems of a *Carolina Jessamine* plant, stopping at the swell of her round, average-sized breasts.

As the two women were talking, a man in a *Givenchy* suit sauntered slowly towards the reception desk. A lady sat behind the desk, checking out the cover of the latest issue of *Forbes Africa*. Mr. Mafinyo was on the cover.

"Oh my dear, there goes the Head of Marketing again. Today he is hitting on the receptionist." Miss Short Hair tapped Miss Brazilian Weave on the shoulder so that she could see what was going on.

"Is she his latest target?" Miss Brazilian Weave squinted to view the latest target of the Head of Marketing's charms. "I just saw him seducing the tea girl yesterday."

Pesh would have focused on checking and ignoring messages from men on Whatsapp but out of curiosity, she lifted her gaze to properly analyze the man whom the ladies were discussing. He wasn't good-looking but his suit was fitting and new. He was also tall, commanding and possessed a smile that

never left his face. His movements were graceful. The way he posed and made jokes, revealed a man who knew how to present himself in front of women.

When Pesh realized her eyes had shifted to the bulge at his crotch, she reprimanded herself and tore her gaze away from the place where a community rod probably lay. Her eyes had an unhealthy habit of wandering to men's crotches.

As Miss Short Hair and Miss Brazilian Weave's denunciation of the cocksure man continued, Pesh tuned her ears like a safelight dish to capture more signals of gossip.

"He'll probably sleep with her by the end of the week" Miss Short Hair now had a smirk on her face. "He's just like the CEO."

"Mafinyo?"

"Yes?"

"What does Mafinyo do?"

"Aiii... You've never heard?"

"No! You know I have only worked here for two weeks. I don't know much about the sins in the company."

"Mafinyo is a great CEO but a horny idiot as well. He uses women for his own sadistic gratification and once he's done, he tosses them aside like bloody tampons. The worst part is that women never turn him down!"

"Damn... Horny idiot? He seemed nice when he met me in the elevator the other day. He even asked for my number."

Miss Short Hair's eyes narrowed at Miss Brazilian Weave as if she was trying to warn her.

"Be careful... He will charm you then possess you and forget you. Plus, he enjoys punishing women in bed."

At that moment, Pesh thought about what she was really doing. All this suddenly looked like a huge mistake. Maybe being here was not wise. Perhaps she should just let the chance of a \$2000 salary go.

She made a decision to leave. Her gaze darted back to the Head of

Marketing as she sneaked her fingers into her handbag to look for bus fare. He was staring right back at her. Her heart skipped about two beats then she looked away. As she was about to stand, the two women continued with the gossip.

“He punishes women in bed?” Miss Brazilian Weave had a concerned look on her face.

“Yes! Interns and female job seekers. He shags them and spanks them until they can’t walk.” Miss Short hair was letting out all the information.

“That’s outrageous!” Miss Brazilian Weave scoffed. “Who told you all this?”

“Girl! I’ve worked here for three years. I know everything that goes on in this company.”

Pesh felt a tremble running across her belly. Her fingers crushed at her bus fare notes as she wondered what she was going to encounter if she stayed. Conflicting thoughts were unfurling inside her. She was afraid that if she left, she would regret it. She understood the pains of being broke and she didn’t want to ever go back there.

“Is his wife aware of all of his lewd ways?” Miss Brazilian Weave crossed her legs.

“I don’t think his wife knows. Someone should tell her.” Miss Short Hair checked her watch.

As she wondered whether she should leave or stay, Pesh directed her eyes back at the Head of Marketing. His gaze kept switching between the receptionist and her. His eyes didn’t bother with her face, they were at her dress as if he was trying to figure out what she looked like underneath the fabric.

To her surprise, he winked at her. She thought it to be quite indecent. She looked away. When he realized Pesh wasn’t going to buy his charms, he smiled at the receptionist and left.

Pesh should have left a long time ago but instead, she sat still. Images of her naked buttocks receiving smack after smack from the CEO played in her mind. Maybe she’d love it. After all, she had always fantasized about being dominated by an older powerful man. She had fantasized about being

someone's slave for a night or even a whole day.

Her breath got stuck in her throat when the elevator door opened and three men in suits trudged out. One of the men gave her one of those slow, drowsy-eyed looks. Then with an indecorous smile, he whispered cryptically to his colleagues. "There goes another one." His colleagues smiled.

There goes another one? Goodness! What had she gotten herself into? That statement sent warning flares through her empathic senses. She made up her mind that she was going to leave now. She grabbed her handbag and stood up. Before she could take a step, the elevator door opened once again and Mr. Mafinyo appeared, accompanied by four white men. He was about 5'10 and slim. His baby face shed about twenty years from his age. He looked 35, yet he was 55. His well-combed hair was dyed black to conceal any traces of grey. Pesh felt the cells in her body rioting as she waited for him to be done with his associates. He shook the hands of all the four men and waved them goodbye. Recognizing Pesh from her Instagram pictures, he walked towards her.

"Pesh... Is it?" His eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly as he took in her appearance, his expression tightening into sharp, icy lines.

"Yes... That's me." Pesh cleared her throat. Her hands and legs were shaking.

Common sense told her to turn and walk away right there and then but she tamed her fears. Once all this was over, she would have a dream career.

"Follow me!" Without shaking her hand, he began walking back to the elevator.

He punched button number five and when the elevator came back down, he let her go in first. It took them all the way to the top floor. Mr. Mafinyo stepped out and walked along the thickly carpeted corridor as he directed her to an office at the far end.

"Welcome." He pushed the door open and pointed inside.

She studied her surroundings as she stepped into the office. Through an open window came the distant roar of Nairobi's traffic. The sun was burning straight through the glass windows and on to the hot, frying floor. With a clatter of wings, a pigeon with navy blue and white feathers landed on one of

the window-sills. It glanced inside briefly and upon realizing there was nothing familiar, it flew off again. Well-framed business certificates and degrees from foreign universities hung on the walls. There was a tapestry as well, which portrayed Shaka Zulu leading his warriors in battle. On his desk, numerous trophies were arranged. The tall trophy that stood out from the rest was written 'East African CEO Of The Year.'

A shiver tore through Pesh when the door closed behind her with a soft swish of air. Her heart fluttered. She felt like a deer being pursued by bloodthirsty wolves as Mr. Mafinyo stalked up behind her.

He fished something out of his pocket and tossed it half way across his desk. With a faint clang, it landed on a metallic tray and lay there. It was a gleaming gold chain. She had seen him wearing it, in some of his non-official pictures.

Pesh jolted at the impromptu touch as his hands gave her shoulders a light squeeze. His touch made her blood hot, driving it to boiling point as it raced from the nape of her neck all the way down to her feet.

Thinking he was going to start making a meal of her there and then, he left her standing and walked to a chair behind his office desk. He sat on it. He also instructed her to remain standing.

Mr. Mafinyo opened his laptop and played *Kuta Vitu*, an explicit song by veteran Kenyan artiste—Nonini. His directness caused a chill to dance in her bones. Most men played soft love songs when they intended to sleep with a lady. This man was playing one of the dirtiest songs in Kenyan history. She wasn't surprised though. Men with power were often confident enough to do anything they wished.

"You know why you are here, right?" He shuffled some papers on his desk.

"Mmmmm... Aaaahh... Yes." She swallowed hard.

"Why are you here?" His eyes moved away from the papers and settled on her breasts.

Pesh stared out of the window for a moment to assemble her thoughts. She remembered watching one of his interviews where he castigated the interviewer for asking questions too slowly. He didn't like haphazard talk. He

liked people who uttered their words assertively with no ‘um-ing’ and ‘aah-ing’. No pre-thoughts or extended pauses.

“I came to play!”

“And then?”

“To work.”

“Good girl. Do you feel comfortable or do I intimidate you?”

“I feel comfortable sir.” She felt compelled to lie.

“Don’t call me sir. That won’t be necessary.” He tried to make the tone more casual.

“Pardon me Mr. Mafinyo. How would you like me to call you?”

“You may call me... Daddy.” A half-smile played on his lips.

What? She already pictured how this was going to go down. He was going to make her say things like “Yes daddy,” “fuck me harder daddy,” “spank me daddy.”

“Okay daddy.” Sweat trickled from her armpits.

He scanned her body with deliberate slowness, his eyes feeding on every curve. Pesh felt her nipples tightening against her bra and pushing towards her cotton dress.

“Look here Pesh. The great Miguel Felix Gallardo once said, ‘When I look at things, I don’t see them for what they are. I see them for what they could be.’ The same applies to me. When I look at you, I don’t see a naïve university girl. I see the future CEO of this company, or any other major company in Kenya.” His eyes were now looking at her stilettos.

“Thank you.” A smile formed on her face for the first time.

She always responded well to flattery. But did he just quote Miguel Felix Gallardo? The famous Mexican drug lord from the 80s? She had read about him and followed his story on the TV series *Narcos*.

“I am a realistic and direct man too. So, I’ll assure you that getting to the top of the food chain doesn’t come easy. You have to make proper deals. You get me?”

“Kindly elaborate further sir.”

“It’s daddy.”

“Sorry... Kindly elaborate further daddy.”

“You cannot achieve greatness all by yourself. You have to give someone else what they want in order for them to give you what you want. Now, here we are. You want a great career. I want your lovely body. Do you believe the exchange of these two things qualifies as a great transaction?”

“I do, so long as there is mutual respect and confidentiality.”

“Awesome. Now we are in agreement.”

He stood up and walked all the way to where she was standing and shook her hand.

“Deal?”

“Deal!”

He then walked back to his seat and left her standing. It was awkward.

“Now, I want you to impress me.”

“How?” She shouldn’t have asked that. She hoped it wouldn’t make him mad.

“Dance for me!” He leaned his head towards the laptop to set up a playlist for dirtier songs.

More streams of sweat trickled from her armpits. The morning was hot and sultry like a fire opal but it was mostly her anxiety that caused the excessive perspiration. Pesh was nervous but more than eager to please. She took a few steps back and piled her dark hair in a perfect circular arrangement on top of her head.

The heavy curtain of hair swung forward and across her left eye so that she had to brush it back. She began dancing. The way she moved was an invitation, and a promise. She planted her stiletto-clad feet on the floor with a decisive step, then swung her hips, making a sensual circle.

Somehow, she didn’t feel comfortable in her own skin. Maybe it was because she was aware every move she made was being watched and



analyzed. There was a tall mirror at a corner in the office so she gladly peeped at it occasionally to see if she was as beautiful as ever. She checked her face. Was her mouth too broad? She wasn't sure whether to smile or remain serious. Did her lips look terribly wide when she smiled? To confirm, she smiled towards the mirror's direction. Yes, her mouth was wide; but the lips were full, finely etched and the red fruity lipstick made them look delicious.

She flattened the palms of both hands against the area of her dress that covered her big breasts. She began lowering the palms, so damn slowly until Mafinyo's breath got caught in his chest. She didn't stop until her fingers reached her thighs. She tossed her head back as her fingers circled them. The CEO jerked on his seat when she revealed a tattoo.

She swung her head sideways to check herself in the mirror again. Her thighs were as appetizing as ever but was her chin too pointed? It was neither pointed nor sharp. It looked like her mother's. It was just curved downwards in a manner that still looked appealing.

Pesh whisked her focus away from the mirror and snapped her gaze back to him with a sharp jerk of her head. Her dress was too tight. It revealed the tiny circular outlines of her hardened nipples. Slowly, she turned to face the other side and began twerking. His hands grabbed his temple in disbelief as the hint of heavy, bare ass cheeks flashed from beneath the edge of the dress. The display of fleshy buttocks, bisected by a pink thong, sent fresh lust crashing into his balls. The visual temptation taunted him. He had fucked employees, business associates, and interns. With a number of them, he had been forced to use *Viagra*. Not one of them had incited a powerful erection like Pesh.

"I love it... I love it." He began clapping.

After shaking her booty for a few minutes, she strutted toward a short pole at the center of the office that he normally used to hang his coats. She undulated against it, grabbing it firmly and pressing it to the juncture of her thighs. He let out a cough. The lust was choking him. The throb of music was reverberating through the table and chair, adding ballast to his throbbing cock.

As she continued rolling into motion, Pesh stuck a finger into the wet

cavern of her mouth and sucked. A sizzle burned in his loins as he imagined how that mouth would feel around him. The lash of that tongue would definitely make him shoot his load to her throat.

The kittenish smile that played on her mouth was an invitation to pure sin. Her teasing was a level above the women he had been with. It was impossible for any red-blooded male to witness it and remain sane. She pulled out the finger from her mouth and sent it to her cleavage. The finger tugged down her dress slightly, revealing more acres of boob. The finger then took a rest and was substituted by her palm which smoothed over her right breast as if placing relief on painful skin.

Pesh rubbed her thigh against the pole and didn't bother to pull up the strap of her dress that was falling down her arm. She stared at him with an inviting look that stunned him. He gripped the arms of his chair, unable to decide whether he should stay seated to enjoy more of the dancing or walk up right to her, bend her over and tunnel into her ass.

Finally, he stood but she ordered him back down.

"Sit down daddy! Now!" Confidence had surged inside her. If she was going to do as this man wanted, she was at least going to make him her 'bitch' too. It wasn't going to be a one sided affair.

The CEO placed his small buttocks back on the chair. He wasn't used to being commanded so this was new to him.

She allowed herself to be in the zone where she focused on the task at hand and didn't think of anything else. Her fingers moved down her body once again and disappeared under her dress. With her sultry mouth half open, she pulled her thong slightly aside and began rubbing her vagina. To allow him an unobstructed view of her inner thigh, she lifted her leg. His body tensed. He had to fuck her soon.

She reached to her back and pulled down the zipper of her dress. Then she pushed it down her body until it was at her stilettos. She kicked it away from her feet, not caring where it fell. The departure of the dress revealed a light purple bra. She unclasped it too, revealing hard black nipples that ached for a warm mouth and the gentle compression of teeth.

Streams of cum almost shot out of Mafinyo's cock as it rubbed against his

trousers. Remaining with only her thongs and stilettos, Pesh moved to the centre of the office with steely grace. She turned to face him, holding her breasts up in offering.

“You love these daddy, don’t you? Say you love them!” She shot him a gleeful smile. Her bedroom voice caused a riot in his loins.

“I love them so much.” He obeyed and did as instructed.

“Good! Now come over here and lick them daddy!” She finally put him out of his misery.

Mr. Mafinyo always felt a little guilt every time he ‘used’ these young girls who were looking for a good life but this time he felt no guilt at all. Pesh was temptation personified. He stood up and rushed to her. Grabbing her boobs with both hands, he suckled on them like they had milk.

“Now stop! Go back to your seat!” She pushed his head away after a few seconds.

“Huh? I was only just getting started.” Lamentations poured out of his mouth

“Go back to your seat daddy... Now!” He retreated quickly back to his desk.

To his surprise, she went on her fours and began crawling towards him like a panther. His fists clenched as she moved closer, closer... She crawled until she reached him behind the table and looked up at him with bright eyes that beamed with the craving of cock.

Placing her fingers on his trousers, she unzipped.

She ran her soft thumb over the sensitive mushroom-shaped crest, admiring it. “Oh God!” He shook as her finger tortured nerve endings that suddenly burned in an ecstatic quest for more. He felt as if he’d been pumped full of a hundred volts. Pesh always imagined that men over fifty had wrinkly dicks. So, it was a surprise to find out that Mafinyo’s member was actually good-looking. It wasn’t long. It stopped at around 5.5 inches but it was thick and decent.

As she pushed his trousers and boxers to his knees, he took a handful of her hair and felt the texture. She squeezed his testicles with her fingers.

“You like it?” She reinitiated eye contact.

“Yes.” A bellow full of base boomed from his mouth.

She opened her mouth and began to ease forward. He couldn’t wait to be inside that warm chamber. But to his surprise, she stopped.

“Say I like it baby!”

“I like it baby!”

She was taunting him. But he loved it. She could have ordered him to give her the pin code to his bank account and he would have agreed.

“This is such a nice cocky... Me likey.” Randomly, she hit him with a cheeky praise.

Her naughty words, combined with her touch, made his head want to explode. If she continued like this, he was going to be addicted to her. Sleeping with young girls wasn’t good but if this was the pleasure it gave him, he was going to continue forever. He didn’t fucking care.

Pesh breathed on the sensitive head of his dick, and his body shook once again. Her mouth began advancing towards his member once again. At that moment, they both remained quiet.

He watched.

In the asphyxiating silence, her mouth and his cock conversed in an encrypted code of desire.

Closer, closer...

She was going to swallow him any minute now.

The phone rang... he ignored it.

The phone rang again a few more times before finally there was a knock on the door.

“Who is it?” The CEO didn’t like the interruption. Seething anger could be seen through his gritted teeth.

“Sir, your wife is downstairs.” The receptionist’s mellow voice could be heard on the other end.

“Shit... Okay, send her up after two minutes.”

Pesh rocked back on her stilettos. Disappointment gripped her as she stood. She glanced down at his cock regretfully, before she walked away to search for her clothes. He pulled his trousers back up as she dressed up quickly.

“Well, this is unfortunate.” He kissed her on the lips before ushering her out of the door. “I’ll call you again to set up a new meeting.”

She just hoped she wouldn’t have to wait for months again before the next meeting happened.

# Chapter Ten

Outside Mafinyo's office, Pesh took a few quick steps but stopped when she realized her feet weren't balanced. She looked down and discovered that her left stiletto was in dire need of a cobbler. The sole was almost coming off. She leaned against the wall to catch a breath. Her mind slowly processed what had just happened. She was glad that she'd at least seized control. It made her feel at ease. She knew she'd have felt dirty if she'd allowed him to be in full control.

She opened her handbag and pulled out a pair of sandals which she always carried for emergency purposes. She wore them and pushed the stilettos into her handbag even though they couldn't fit properly. As she walked towards the elevator, she saw a woman in her early forties hurrying towards the other direction. When she recognized her as Mafinyo's wife, sudden shame flooded her cheeks. He had married her in a highly publicized wedding four years earlier.

She didn't look at Pesh even once. Her expression was all too serious. The high ankle jeans had a firm grip on her tree-trunk legs. The thick legs served a great purpose. They were pillars for her heavy ass which could otherwise have caused slender limbs to buckle. She had a very pretty face but her braids which tumbled riotously above her cream coat were poorly done. They made her forehead look bigger.

The wife looked like a good woman. Pesh couldn't understand why Mr. Mafinyo cheated on her so much. Maybe men were just like that. She inhaled.

Quickly, Pesh sneaked into the elevator before the doors closed. Inside, there was a well-built man wearing a janitor's uniform. He was facing the other side, inspecting his face using the front camera of his phone. With his free hand, he held a broom. Suddenly, his head whipped up and he turned to face Pesh. His body stiffened and his eyes flared with shock. Pesh almost screamed. Her chest tightened with pain as she stared right back at the man.

It was Okusimba.

No horror could compare to what she felt seeing him. What was he doing

here? He was a janitor now? At Mafinyo's company? What the hell was going on? There were so many questions.

"Pe..." Before he could finish saying her name, a heavy slap landed on his face. She didn't even know what forces made her hand swing. She just felt it connecting with his jaw. He let go of the broom and held his face in pain.

"What are you doing here asshole?" She swung her handbag at him, but he ducked. She let it fall on the floor. Icing with fury, she stretched her fingers, ready to claw at him with her nails.

"Calm down. I work here now." He positioned his hands to shield himself from any more attacks she was planning to make on him.

"You work here? Bloody hell?" She kept her voice low despite the umbrage that burned in her bones.

"Please, I can explain."

Before she could let him explain, the elevator reached the ground floor. About six people were waiting to get inside. Pesh picked up her handbag and began walking away. She wanted answers but she wasn't sure she was willing to spend another second with this man.

"I will call you to explain." He whispered to her as he walked towards the direction of the washrooms.

Pesh panted as she dashed out of the building. She walked all the way to the bus stage and jumped into the next bus that stopped. When she alighted at Kahawa Sukari, she stopped by a grocery stall to buy some fruits and vegetables.

"You look sad today. What's wrong my daughter?" The elderly woman checked on her as she selected the best mangos.

"Nothing mama. It's just a man." A tear that was hanging on her eyelashes fell to the ground.

"I understand. Men can be cruel. Just don't let them walk all over you okay?"

"Yes mama!" Another tear fell. "By the way, do you know where I can get my shoe fixed?"

“Sure. Just walk through the alley between those two buildings. You’ll see a cobbler.”

When she had everything she wanted, she paid the kind woman and left. She moved towards the alley and spotted the cobbler about three blocks away. As she walked towards him, she passed a group of men who were sitting on rocks at the side of the road. They whistled at her. She hated such men. If it were possible, she could have gone there, pulled out her damaged stiletto and hit them all with it. But she remained composed and walked on.

“Nice breasts!” The one with discolored teeth stubbed out a cork-tipped cigarette after a dozen lungfuls of smoke and immediately pulled out another from a box in his shirt pocket. “Can we go to my house?”

His house? He didn’t even look like he had a house. He smiled at her as he continued smoking incessantly. She noticed that he was sweating rather freely. He mopped his face and veined neck with a dirty handkerchief at three-second intervals. His ugly hairy hands were trying to do too many things at once. One moment, they were fiddling with fresh khat, the next moment he was struggling with the cigarette lighter that lay beside a zigzag white cigarette-case on his side. Occasionally he inserted a rough finger greedily into his mouth and bit a nail. Even from a distance Pesh could see that every fingernail was bitten down haphazardly. Even children bit their nails better than him.

“Fuck you wanker!” She gathered some courage and barked at him.

He stood up, ready to confront her but his friends told him to calm down. They all laughed as Pesh quickly walked away. She was just glad that the men hadn’t caused her any harm. She didn’t even stop to talk to the cobbler. She just walked away and vowed to never use the route again.



Pesh spent the rest of the day sleeping. She was somehow looking forward to Okusimba’s call. She wanted to hear what he would say. She wanted answers. But the call never came.

As she thought of preparing supper in the evening, there was a knock on her door. It was Wawuda.



“Wassup Pesh. What are your plans for tonight? Or you have scheduled some dick?”

“Ha ha! Naah! I am just chilling.”

“Just chilling? Come on! Dress up. I’ll pick you up in an hour. A mega party will be going down in a mansion at 1<sup>st</sup> South Avenue.”

“Awesome! Let me take a shower.” She wouldn’t miss a party for anything.

Pesh shut the door and undressed. By the time Wawuda came back, Pesh wasn’t ready yet. She was still trying various outfits on. Finally, she found something she liked and stepped into the living room.

“How do I look?” A small smile tugged on her lips as she sought Wawuda’s opinion.

“Wow! You look hot!” Wawuda stood up and inspected her friend all the way from the top of her head.

Pesh wore a sarcoline dress and as usual, there wasn’t much of it on her body. It was one of those no-sooner-had-it-started-than-it-ended type of dresses. She had bought it from a hawker just by the lakeside during a girls trip to the city of Kisumu. Interestingly, she almost never bought it. Wawuda was the one who persuaded her to take it.

The nutella jacket she wore over the dress did nothing to hide her sublime curves. She also donned green leather boots that stopped just below her knees.

“Let’s get going now.” Pesh picked up the door keys from the table.

“Cool. Just watch my back okay? I am planning to get drunk, so make sure that I don’t go home with a toothless dude okay?” Wawuda’s humor hadn’t faded one bit.

They burst out laughing as they stepped out of the house.



Students were packed inside the mansion like black olives in a jar. The air was thick with marijuana smoke and the sweet, feral smell of youth.

Apparently, a rich kid had decided to throw a party after his parents travelled. Unlike many college house parties, this one was organized. There were numerous tables and chairs. Drinks were in plenty too. The noise was endless—an undertone of the jabber of students seducing each other without restraint, punctuated by Nigerian Afrobeat music and high giggles.

Pesh sat next to Wawuda. They grabbed a few drinks and proceeded to gossip about various issues. Behind them, a buff man was busy badmouthing his friend to the woman he was sitting with.

“Kirio sleeps with many women, you should stay away from him.” The man spewed venom like a saw scaled viper. He appeared to have a bad cold. He blew his nose again and again as he spoke.

“Are you sure? He seems like a nice guy.” The lady wasn’t convinced.

There were many men like that in college. Men who liked to badmouth other men in the presence of a woman. By doing this, they hoped the woman would stop liking the other guy and like them instead. Quick-witted women saw through these lies. Other women fell for the lies and stopped liking the good guy.

“Hey, stop talking trash about your friend.” Pesh turned to face him. The man had to be put in his place.

“Mind your business bitch.” He scratched his head. There was no trace of hair. His head was as polished as a snooker ball.

“Don’t call my friend a bitch.” Wawuda stood up and pushed the man’s forehead.

He stood up and retaliated, pushing Wawuda hard on the chest until she fell on the floor. When she got up, he pushed her again, telling her to stay out of his business. Luckily, one of Wawuda’s gym buddies who was in charge of security at the bash saw what was happening. He dashed towards the area of the commotion and punched the guy right on his tummy before dragging him out of house.

After the situation had been handled, the two ladies settled on their seats and continued drinking.

“You can join us.” Pesh smiled.

The lady whose arrogant date had been whisked away gladly accepted the offer. She picked up her glass and joined them.

“I am Bobo.” The lady introduced herself.

“Welcome Bobo.” Pesh and Wawuda chorused.

As they roped Bobo in on their gossip, a couple of guys tried hitting on Pesh but she was on form, dishing out the word ‘No’ like it was candy. She rebuffed them all. She wasn’t planning on sleeping with anyone tonight, at least not with anyone who wouldn’t change her life. The next time she was going to drop her clothes, it would be for Mr. Mafinyo, or someone with money and power like him.

Generally, the night was fun. From time to time a brave guy or girl skidded to the dance-floor and did a vigorous solo jive. The crowd made sure to watch and clap. There would be a burst of whistles and cheers if it was a guy. If it was a girl, there would be cries of ‘shake it, shake it.’

Pesh cleared the beer on her glass and poured some more. As she cocked her head to stare at the dancers again, her eye caught the figure of Mule. She wasn’t surprised to see him. He never missed any party.

“Shit! Not him again!” A loud curse rumbled from her throat.

“Who?” Bobo was curious.

“Just an annoying coursemate.”

“Do you two have bad history? The way your face changed when you saw him... It says a lot.”

“You are right. We do have history.”

“Tell us about it.”

“We fucked. He ejaculated after two minutes and twelve seconds.”

“Excuse me... What?”

“Yes... two minutes only.”

They all turned to look at Mule.

His arm was linked in with a young lady’s, high up above the elbow. She was probably a naïve girl in her first year. He was guarding her, shielding her

with his body, trying to signal to other men that this was his girl and they better not get any fishy ideas. Yet there was a lack of intimacy in their appearance. There was an uncomfortable chill on the girl's face. They looked like a boy and girl forced to sit next to each other, rather than a couple.

"That chick is not even feeling him. She must have gotten a warning from Angel Gabriel, telling her he is going to ejaculate in two minutes." Bobo was already pulling out good jokes.

"Yea... Pwa ha ha ha." Wawuda high-fived Bobo. "He's protecting her like there's an incoming missile threat from Pyongyang."

"Pwa ha ha ha." They all continued to laugh.

"Maybe they are dating." Pesh introduced another angle.

"Who... likes... possessive... men? It's such a turn off... She will even play him." Bobo spoke with pauses this time. She was feeling the effects of the liquor.

"Maybe she is already doing it. She probably picks his calls and lies that she is studying yet another man is on top of her, fucking her raw." Wawuda concluded.

Pwa ha ha ha. They were at it again.

Ten minutes later, Wawuda excused herself, saying her younger brother had been arrested so she had to go bail him out. She hugged Pesh goodbye and left.

Bobo and Pesh spent the next hour chatting about relationship issues. They had realized that they both had complicated dating lives.

"No matter how much I try to organize things, my relationships always end up in disarray. Eventually, I have resigned myself to the fact that things will never get straightened out." Bobo was going on a rant.

"I can relate." A tipsy Pesh nodded.

As Bobo was opening up, Miss University Kenya walked by. Pesh couldn't stop admiring her triple-strand pearl necklace. Her name was Makena. She had been recently crowned the top model in all Kenyan universities.

Bobo concentrated on her drinks but Pesh watched the beauty queen. Something always sparked inside her whenever she saw a woman who was as beautiful as her.

Makena winked at a man on the far end. She gave him a slight gesture with her head for him to follow and then she left the main house. Pesh was in for a surprise when she turned to see who the guy was. It was Mystery Man. Yes, the same Mystery Man who shagged Wawuda in their hostel room as Pesh watched.

It's as if the gods were throwing every man she ever knew or had history with, back in her direction. From Okusimba to Mule, and now Mystery Man.

What was he up to this time? What plans did he have with Makena?

Mystery Man took consecutive sips of his vodka, almost dipping the tip of his beaklike nose in his drink. He then deposited his empty glass on the nearest table and followed the beauty queen through the double doors onto the veranda, and then into the shadowy garden at the back of the house.

Pesh was curious. She decided to follow him.

"Let me go to the washrooms, I'll be back." She stood up. "Watch my drink for me."

Pesh trailed Mystery Man and hid behind a large pillar. She was careful not to be seen. She could see Makena hiding in the little garden that was rich in hibiscus, bougainvillea and roses. The beauty queen's eyes swept the area to see if anyone was looking before giving Mystery Man the all-clear signal.

When Mystery Man trudged through crescent of red soil and stopped behind Makena, she was bent over. Her gentle fingers clawed at her long skirt and raised it to expose the enticing curves of buttocks and thighs.

These two were going to fuck? Pesh was fascinated. After the live and entertaining blockbuster coitus that Mystery Man had delivered with Wawuda, Pesh was eager to see him engage in the exquisite pleasures of outdoor sex.

As for Makena, Pesh didn't know what to think. On paper, she was a very decent woman. She was a champion for the girl-child and a member of several organizations that were aimed at ending Female Genital Mutilation (FGM), preventing teenage pregnancies and providing sanitary pads to school

girls in impoverished communities. Apart from her beauty, her activism had made her stand out when the judges were deliberating on who would be crowned Miss University Kenya.

“Hurry up dear!” She was eager for him to get started. He growled and set his cock loose. Erect and eager, it found its way up her eager cunny.

She cried out as he pushed through her inner walls. His hand journeyed up the gauzy fabric of her blouse, where he pulled her brassiere down without removing it and found a nipple.

“Yes... Yes.” She kept urging him on.

Her body accepted his cock like it was a part of her that had been missing for far too long. He could read her body like a book. He matched his thrusts to the demands of her pussy. He increased the tempo. This was what she really craved for—to be fucked hard and fast, rough and ruthless. To have her nipples tugged and pinched while he pummeled her.

While enjoying the show, Pesh accidentally bit her bottom lip so hard and split it. The metallic tang of blood spilled to her taste buds. There wasn’t any intense pain so she kept watching.

Overhead, the stars wheeled and the cosmic winds blew gently as if cheering those two crazies on. It was a beautiful sight—young horny humans serving large doses of pleasure to each other.

A drunkard stumbled out of the house and came to pee at a fence close to the action site. He was oblivious to what he was interrupting. He dragged his heavy feet into the edges of the garden and relieved himself. As the stink of his piss polluted the natural fresh air, Pesh paused, putting on a face of disgust. Few seconds later, she resumed her observational duties. Makena and Mystery Man had put a pause to their coitus. They had spotted the drunkard too.

The man relieved himself and fished in the pockets of his jeans for an unknown object. He took out a blunt of weed and tried lighting it up for what seemed like a millennium. Finally, the pale yellow glow of the lit ganja blunt illuminated the jawline of his bony face. After enjoying a few puffs, he retreated back into the house where he belonged.

All clear!

Makena and Mystery Man began to stir again. She pushed back into him and he pulled out, only to crash back into her. She let out a gentle gasp and whispered a few words that Pesh couldn't hear from where she was.

He shafted into Makena repeatedly. She struggled not to let out animalistic screams as she kept bringing her hips back to meet his powerful thrusts. His strokes were well-calculated. None went to waste. And with such precision, it didn't take long for an orgasm to arrive. She melted and almost collapsed to the ground but he held her.

Mystery Man continued pumping into her until jets of spunk shot from his balls and into her. When the final spasms eddied away, he withdrew from her and pulled up his trousers.

Makena, pulled up her panties as well and allowed her skirt to fall down. "Thanks!" She gave him a peck on the cheek and slipped past him and back to the house.

Mystery Man's eyes followed her as she ascended on the steps to where the lights of the mansion were spilling through the open doors. After she disappeared from sight, he looked around, straightened his shirt and rejoined the fray.

Once again, Pesh stood in awe.

That smooth man had shagged a respected beauty queen in the bushes like she was a basic whore. A delightful blush danced on her cheeks when she recalled the depraved words Mystery Man had uttered to the beauty queen.

"If we weren't in a party, I'd slam my cock in your asshole. But let's leave that for another day, shall we?"

She had known Mystery Man as being an expert at talking dirty. He hadn't disappointed.

Pesh drew in a sharp breath. Never would she be able to erase the memory of Makena's closed eyes, the shiny lips, the crinkly forehead or the rough sound of her heavy breathing that punctuated every thrust.

She smiled when she remembered the irony in what she had just witnessed. A woman who was at the forefront advocating for safe sex and prevention of teenage pregnancies had just had sex without a condom.

Slowly, she returned to the mansion. She was glad to know that she wasn't the only spoiled girl on this planet.



# Chapter Eleven

Pesh woke up at around 11 o'clock. She took a cold shower before going to grab lunch at a tiny restaurant that usually served the best beef stew and soup. When she was done, she went to the university grounds. She spent the rest of the day jumping from hostel to hostel as she tried to catch up with her friends.

As she was walking back to her house in the evening, she got a Whatsapp message from Mr. Mafinyo.

“Come immediately.”

He shared the location of his house. He lived in Karen Estate, one of the most affluent neighbourhoods in Nairobi.

Pesh was excited. This was finally happening. Very soon, she'd have her dream job. She rushed to her house and took another shower. She spent another twenty minutes trying to pick the best outfit. When she was all dressed up, she locked the door and headed towards the gate.

The gate was always locked so she opened it quickly. As she turned to lock it, she heard a motorbike stopping behind her. Perhaps it was just one of her neighbours. As she inserted the keys back in her handbag, the person called her.

“What the hell!” She almost dropped the handbag. “How did you get here?”

It was Okusimba again.

“I just want to talk Pesh.” He paid the commercial motorbike rider as he tried to plead with Pesh. “Nasambu gave me the directions to your house.”

“Nasambu?” Pesh felt her fingers parting again, eager to scratch his face. “Did you sleep with her too?”

Nasambu had visited her about a week earlier. She was now a first year student at the University Of Nairobi. She never managed to go to Yale University as she wished but she was still studying for her dream career — medicine. She was also growing to be a fine young lady, even prettier than

Pesh.

“No, I didn’t sleep with her. I just want to explain everything. I know you have a lot of questions.”

“Cool. Get started. I don’t have the time to talk all day. I am rushing somewhere.”

“You aren’t going to welcome me inside?”

“No!”

“Okay. You need to know that I never betrayed you. I didn’t sleep with your mother out of my own will. She used to threaten me. She said if I didn’t do it, she would tell Mzee Malupia that I tried to rape her.”

“Wait... this is too much.” Pesh responded with a hint of skepticism as she felt her tear ducts getting active once again. “How do I even know you are telling the truth?”

“I wouldn’t lie to you Pesh. I am not that kind of guy. I tried calling you many times to explain but you never answered.”

“So, how did you end up in Nairobi?” Pesh began crying.

“Someone told your father about your mother and I. He came to my hut in the middle of the night with a machete, ready to kill me. I had to flee. I didn’t even carry anything. You see this huge scar on my arm? He cut me here with the machete but I overpowered him and ran away.” He pointed to his arm.

“You haven’t answered my question. How did you end up in Nairobi?” Tears were rolling freely down her cheeks, ruining her makeup.

“I am getting there. I had just been paid so I used the money as bus fare to come to Nairobi. I am now staying with my cousin temporarily in Kileleshwa. I couldn’t have fled back to my rural home. Mzee Malupia would have found me there. At least now, he doesn’t know where I am.” He pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to Pesh.

“And how did you get a job as a janitor at the company?”

“The same cousin that I am staying with here in Nairobi organized it for me. He works there too.”

“What work does he do?”

“He is the Head of Marketing.”

“Excuse me... He is the head of what?”

All these coincidences were driving Pesh insane. The same Head of Marketing that Pesh had seen flirting with the receptionist was Okusimba’s cousin?

“You know him?” Okusimba was curious to find out why Pesh had reacted that way.

“No!” Pesh pretended to not know who he was. “I have to go Okusimba. This is too much information for me to handle. We will talk later, once all this sinks in.”

She couldn’t handle any more revelations at this point. She didn’t even know if she had the strength to walk to the bus stage. She pulled out her phone and hailed a cab. It arrived quickly.

“I’ll look for you.” She continued wiping her tears as she entered the cab through the back left door. “Good bye.”

Okusimba remained standing there as the car sped away.



The cab was keenly inspected by the security guards when it arrived at Mr. Ngwatilo Mafinyo’s house. The driver was instructed to stop the car at a parking spot nearby. Pesh would have to alight and walk the rest of the way.

His compound was large. It beamed with opulence. She didn’t even know which route to take in order to find the main door. Close by, she could hear dogs singing. They did not bark. They engaged in madrigals and set up an anthem fairer than Kirk Franklin’s background vocalists.

Luckily, she managed to find an entrance.

Her black high heels echoed ominously against the floor. Her gaze took a voyage up the polished walls replete with A4 portraits of grim-looking historical business minds such as John D. Rockefeller, Benjamin Franklin and Henry Ford.

Pesh feared she would get lost inside the house but she managed to find

her way to the servants' area where a maid directed her to where the boss was. She was instructed to go through a door to what looked like a home office. She stepped inside and there he was, sitting on his chair.

It was a power move; sitting there and allowing girls to come in as they trembled.

"Welcome to my lovely house Pesh. You like it?" His voice thundered like that of a villain straight out of a Marvel film.

"I like it daddy." Pesh stood still, waiting for further instructions.

"Perfect. I am glad you remember to call me daddy." He clapped.

He had a face that fascinated her, not because she liked it. She simply couldn't come to a conclusion on whether it was ugly or handsome. It appeared to change while she looked at it.

There were times when his visage had film star elements, as handsome as that of a gun-slinging spy. If he'd been slightly taller and had this face permanently, he might have spent his days dodging ladies, not abusing his position to get them. His second visage, especially when he smiled, looked like it belonged to a gargoyle on the roof of a cathedral or perhaps a castrated salamander; repulsive and twisted.

Pesh stared at the decanter of liquor on his table as she forced herself to remain still. Her globes were heaving with her speedy breaths but she could do little to lessen her rising anxiety. She didn't feel as confident as she had been when she first met him. She was a stark contrast from the enthusiastic and natural-born stripper version of her that she had unleashed in the office.

"I would like to only see you in your panties. Please rid yourself off the clothes." He clicked 'shut down' on his laptop.

The breeze from the windows tickled her flesh as she undid the row of buttons down the front of her dress. With shaky fingers, she pushed the right sleeve down, followed by the left. The bodice fell and hung around her waist. Through her bra, her diamond-hard nipples were pebbled and palpably visible.

She pushed the rest of her dress downwards. It dropped and settled in a pool around her ankles. Mr. Mafinyo stood and Pesh felt her knees going weak. What were he plans? Was he going to bend her over the table and take

her?

“You know the funniest thing I read today, Pesh?” He rubbed his hands.

“Tell me daddy.” She unclasped her bra slowly.

“It was an article that made fun of older Kenyan men who sleep with younger women. It said that such men usually have pot bellies that look like tanks. The author mentioned how these old men look like they are the ones that get pregnant after sex, instead of women. They look like they ate all the previous girls they slept with.” His lips curved as if to form a laugh but no laughter came out. “Can you believe that?”

“Crazy!” Pesh actually felt like laughing but she feared he might get offended. “Age is nothing but a number. The author of that article is delusional.”

Mr. Mafinyo was one of the most relaxed men Pesh had ever met. It showed in the calculated restrictions of his movements, the economy of his speech, and the minimalism of his expressions. He wasted no effort, yet there was something compressed and sinister in the calmness of the man.

“Are the lips between your legs as lovely as the lips on your face?” She could hardly swallow as he drank in the sight of her body without moving closer.

His words made her think. Somewhere in her mind, it occurred to her if word got out in her campus that she was doing this, she would be ruined. Girls who slept with older men for money and jobs were well known. Everyone whispered behind their backs. One of them even quit school because she was tired of being slut-shamed.

Other girls didn’t care what people thought. Big cars would pull up outside their hostels on weekends to pick them up and they’d gladly hop in. But Pesh didn’t want to be known this way. She didn’t want her reputation to be that of a sugarbaby or the girl who slept her way to the top. She wanted to leave no paper trail of her illicit trysts. That’s why she hadn’t even told Wawuda or any of her friends about Mafinyo. Sometimes friends become enemies. Pesh feared that if she ever got to be a powerful woman, a friend-turned-enemy would tell the world how she sucked cock to get there.

“Are you going to answer my question?” Mafinyo noticed that her mind

had drifted.

“Question?” She forgot what he asked her.

“Your vagina. Is it pretty?” His voice was louder. Her absent-mindedness pissed him off a bit.

Her breath got stuck. “I’m not sure, Daddy.” She felt as if her heart was throbbing in the crevice between her thighs.

“Then let’s have a closer look at it.” He closed the space between them. Like a polished shoe, his cornea sparkled.

Her panties were the only barrier preventing him from seeing her femininity.

She inhaled the scent of his *Paco Rabane* perfume. For the first time, she felt relaxed. Men who smelled nice always turned her on. His hair was well-shaved by a popular barber (he had posted pictures online). She concluded that he was quite stylish for a man in his fifties.

His fingers were hot as lumps of coal on her tummy as they tugged the drawstring that held up her panties. He didn’t remove them. He simply bent down to see what her vagina looked like before pulling the panties back up.

“It’s beautiful.” He clapped again.

“Well... thanks.”

Why did he love clapping so much? Slight disappointment surged through her, when his fingers didn’t return to her skin.

“You know what else that author wrote, Pesh?”

“Another attack at older men?”

“Yes! He said older men like me scream while cumming. They don’t groan like ordinary men. They scream like a goat that is being strangled by a python. Then they faint.” He chuckled in a voice that was stern. “Do I look like a screamer?”

“You kidding me? You look like you roar... like a lion.” She massaged his ego.

In a split second, he pulled her and had her bent over his table. He pulled

her panties down to her thighs, exposing her buttocks for a lengthy, languid appraisal. His hard leg pushed between her thighs, prodding her limbs apart as he grabbed both of her wrists with one powerful hand and pinned them behind her back.

With the open flat of his hand, he let a resounding slap land on her buttock. Despite being immobilized by shock, she let out a throaty sound that was the midpoint between a groan and a growl. Fire radiated through her butt and, as the sting subsided, the firm hand made contact once again. Her ripe skin stretched against his fingers. He was punishing her, making her whine and wiggle in breathless moans.

This should have been a humiliating moment but she enjoyed it. Her body wanted more. She wanted him to assuage the yearning between her legs. This time, she couldn't take charge. He had her in a vise hold and all she could do was say "Yes daddy!"

Any time she tried to swing back her hand and grab his crotch, he spanked her harder, punishing her for insubordination. His instructions were clear. Moving was prohibited. She was meant to do two things —moan and call out daddy's name.

His hand landed and took off again and again until her ass began to turn red. His scent lingered powerfully in her olfactory senses. Her forehead dropped to the smoothed, polished wood of the table. Her cunt tightened as she felt wetness oozing down her legs. Her clit blinked like there were a hundred tongues lapping at it.

The endless spanking lit fires in her tight channel, fires that she badly wanted to be extinguished.

"Feeling good?"

"Yes daddy!"

"Are you dying to have me inside you?" His fingers departed from her ass and tickled the pinks of her vagina. She ached for him.

"Yes daddy. Please fuck me."

Her vagina clamped on his fingers but he quickly withdrew them. He released her right hand.

“Touch yourself for me.”

“I can’t. I don’t have the strength.”

“Oh yes you can baby. Begin please!”

Another slap landed on her derriere when she hesitated. Throwing away all sense of decorum, she pushed her fingers into her vagina and began to frantically rub the stiff clit that ached for contact with a penis. As she maintained finger play, he rubbed her stinging buttocks gently, kneading them to provide some relief.

All of a sudden, Mafinyo released her and took a few steps backwards, leaving her feeling lonely and uncovered.

“Dress yourself!”

“Sorry?”

“Get dressed.”

What was he doing? She was expecting him to pull out his cock, sink into her and nut on her ass. Now he wanted her to get dressed. He moved to the window and stared outside.

She felt compelled to seek an explanation.

“Why?”

“Stay here. I am going to finish up on some work then we’ll continue.”

Leaving all the sweet offerings in order to do some work? Not many men could do that. She now understood why he was a badass CEO. Nothing came between him and his work. In as much as she was disappointed, she acquired more respect for him.



After an hour, the same maid that directed her when she arrived came back and led her to the living room. She didn’t understand why she was being pulled from one room to the other. When she stepped in, she was greeted by the sight of Mafinyo lounging on a sofa, boxers down, holding his naked member like a garden hosepipe.



“You are a very lucky lady Pesh. You know why?” He continued stroking his phallus.

“Why?” Pesh smoothed her dress.

“I have never allowed any other girl to enter my home. I finish any business in my office or a hotel room.”

“Thank you. I am glad to know I mean that much to you.”

Her eyes remained focused on his penis. She admired the black curls at the base. She figured he combed his pubic hair too.

When she was younger, she used to feel that penises were pathetic, perhaps even distasteful. Nowadays, she didn't see anything weird in them. To her, they were stunning. They were marvelous tools aimed at cooling the hidden fires that burned deep in any woman.

As she was busy examining the penis, she heard the clicking of heels from behind. Slow steps moved behind her and she felt uneasy. Curious, she turned to look. Terror chased down her spine when she saw a woman smiling at her. It was none other than the woman she had bumped into outside Mafinyo's office —his wife.

She was terrified as she remembered the beating she had received from Kitoko. Was she about to suffer a similar fate? She contemplated running.

“Relax Pesh. My wife knows all about you. In fact, she likes to watch.”

“I don't follow. What do you mean?”

“She likes to watch me have sex with other women. In fact, she was very mad when I didn't let her watch us in the office”

Pesh blinked, debating. So his wife knew about his dirty games. She contemplated leaving. This wasn't the agreement. She thought it would only be the two of them.

The wife walked towards him. “Yes! You naughty boy.” She gave him a gentle slap. “You wanted to have her all to yourself. Didn't you?”

“I am sorry my love.” He pulled her by her hand and kissed her.

Pesh cringed. What had she gotten herself into?

“I think I’ll... I’ll leave now.” She coughed.

“Don’t be silly Pesh. Take off your clothes. My wife here wants to admire your amazing body.” He winced as he stroked his tormented erection.

She didn’t like the idea of being ordered around by men, especially when she was feeling uneasy. Girl power, right? Why should she have to bow down to any man? This wasn’t the 1970s.

Noticing that she was uncomfortable, the wife cat-walked back to where Pesh was standing and stopped right in front of her.

“Ignore my husband’s tone. He can be too aggressive sometimes.” She pinched Pesh at her chin and captured her mouth in a firm kiss.

Pesh felt confused. It was the first time she had ever been kissed by a woman. Interestingly, there were no first-kiss jitters. She returned the kiss with all the fervor that perfect innocence knew. Everything felt right as their lips locked into each other. She could feel fierce, gnawing arousal blooming in her stomach, replacing the fear that was making her reconsider.

Mrs. Mafinyo’s hands wandered over her body, with delicate touches, squeezes. “Please, strip for me.” She broke away from the kiss.

Pesh obeyed and shed her clothes as quickly as she could. Her body shook slightly as the fierce air molecules from the windows tickled her skin.

To her surprise, Mrs Mafinyo began stripping too.

She unbuttoned her blouse and let it fall to the floor. She then loosened her tight skirt, drawing it slowly down her tree-trunk legs. Pesh watched with keenness as she revealed her white panties. The colour matched the bra that kept the full mounds of her breasts from bouncing.

“Guess what? I bought these panties and bra in Toulouse, France.” She looked at Pesh.

“They are beautiful.” Pesh felt at ease. She didn’t want to leave anymore. She knew that if she pleased The Mafinyos, she’d be shopping in Europe soon too.

Pesh swept her gaze over Mrs. Mafinyo’s impending nudity as she unclipped her bra, towing the cups back from her oval, puffed-up boobies and shrugging it from her shoulders. Her hands journeyed to her panties. The

finger with a wedding ring hooked beneath the elastic edge and with the support of its twin on the opposite hand, it eased the panties down her thighs. Pesh licked her lips as the panties landed on Mrs. Mafinyo's feet and she stepped out of them. Their departure revealed the smooth, shaved pussy beneath. It sparkled with her juices and through convection, its sweet earthy scent travelled across the room.

She then kicked off her heels and sauntered over to a sofa, revealing a not-so-shapely but mammoth ass that would not have been out of place in any Miss Bum Bum contest.

"I now want you to suck my husband's cock as I watch." Mrs. Mafinyo dumped herself on the couch and began rubbing her glistening vagina.

Quickly, Mr. Mafinyo removed the rest of his clothes and approached Pesh. She sank to the floor. It was smooth. Kneeling on it didn't hurt. With her nose levelling with his jutting phallus, she began sucking.

His fingers burrowed into her hair, pulling her head closer. His fragrance was strong. It drove her crazy with longing, influencing her to suck more vigorously. She washed his cock with her saliva then stroked it for 30-seconds with her hand before reintroducing her mouth.

She tilted her head to check what Mrs. Mafinyo was up to on the couch. Her legs were wide apart, a distended clit lying at the centre of wet curls. Her fingers rubbed and thrust against her juices in a mindless, animalistic pantomime of self-induced pleasure. When she noticed Pesh was staring at her, she winked and blew a kiss. Pesh felt flames licking her inner thighs and her pussy flooding as a result of this naughty gesture.

The power with which his thick shaft prodded her lips caused air to depart her lungs in a ragged rush. She sucked the hard steely penis, feeling a bulging vein forming on it and pressing against her tongue.

Mr. Mafinyos' body shuddered as Pesh scooted closer, stretching her hands around his waist to detain his firm, hairy, muscular buttocks, pulling him closer as her mouth swallowed the entire length of his penis.

Finally, her warm and sweet mouth became too much for him. Warm, viscous liquid shot out of his penis and she gulped some of it down. He produced an abnormal quantity of seed for a man of his years. The rest of it

spilled out of her mouth and trickled down her chin. Contrary to what the writer who had dissed older men suggested, Mr. Mafinyo actually didn't scream. He roared and uttered words that couldn't be traced to any language. He snarled. He groaned. And then, he did what had become a form of tradition for him now.

He clapped.

Mrs. Mafinyo took a break from rubbing herself and clapped too. Her hazy vision cleared slowly as she watched the young beautiful woman clearing every last drop of her husband's semen with her fiery pink tongue.

"Come here Pesh!" She summoned the talented cock-sucking goddess.

As Pesh approached her nostrils flared with the syrupy scent of sex that was coming from Mrs. Mafinyo's pussy. She wondered what she'd be told to do next. Whatever it was, she was ready for it,

"Come and lie across my laps." She sat.

Obediently, Pesh climbed on the four-seater sofa and spread her body above Mrs. Mafinyo's thighs. Her cunny convulsed and her blood boiled as the horny woman inspected her. Every part of her was open and exposed to the licentious courses of her fingers, which, like a candescent fire, ran over her whole body, and defrosted all coldness as they went.

"You have such lovely legs Pesh. Where are you from?" It wasn't unusual for Kenyans to want to know someone's tribe.

"I am from Butere in Western Kenya." Pesh stretched in her vulnerable position.

"Ooh. You are a Luhya lady. I guessed right." The tonality of her voice dropped. "My maid is Luhya too. Her name is Awinja. Did you see her legs? They are stunning."

"I'd have loved to. But I think she was wearing a long dress."

"Ooh... too bad. Maybe I should call her so she can show us her legs."

"No need ma'am. Let's just focus on mine." She let out a girly giggle.

"Ha ha. Alright." Mrs. Mafinyo ran her fingers across the legs. "I don't even know what to do with you. I feel like eating you alive. You are such a

meal.”

“Do with me as you please ma’am.” She gave the green light.

Suddenly, Mrs. Mafinyo’s hand came down on her buttocks. She trembled. Twaaaaaf! Another slap came. She was being smacked like an unruly child but she loved it. Fluid trickled out of her vagina and onto Mrs. Mafinyo’s thighs. An extended blush danced on her cheeks as the older woman’s fingertips patted her ass cheeks and found themselves to her vagina.

She squeezed her eyes shut as the fingers sunk into her most private place. Thinking became impossible. Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that she’d be in this position with any woman, let alone an older woman.

“Does this feel good, Pesh?”

“Oh God, yes!”

She struggled to hold back a scream when all she wanted to do was spread her legs as wide as physically possible so that more fingers would be sent in. Heat raced up her spine. Heavy sensuality made her face appear drowsy.

But just when she was beginning to reel in the pleasure, Mrs. Mafinyo withdrew her hand.

“Nooo... Nooo.” She couldn’t help but protest as her body went into a state of unrest.

“Tell me what you want.” A caring Mrs. Mafinyo spoke with a hypnotic voice, zeroing in on the beautiful view of glorious ass.

“I want you to keep spanking me,” she glanced over her shoulders. “To keep fingering me... Please...”

Before she could utter any other word, a heavy, stinging slap landed on her ass. She yelped, nearly falling off from her position of submission. The slap was painful but the feeling of discomfort quickly subsided into luscious warmth. Mrs. Mafinyo was relentless and focused. Her free hand slid under Pesh and cradled a hard-nippled breast. Her busy hand connected with the booty more and more.

The sharp continuous stings cut her loose from her last remaining bits of control. Her punani clenched and spasmed with desperate need. It continued

to flood with little regulation as wonderful heat swam through it.

“Phew! My hand is tired.” Short, curvy lashes covered Mrs. Mafinyo’s eyes for a second as she blinked.

“Let me fuck her now.” Mr. Mafinyo bellowed. The action between Pesh and his wife had made him horny beyond control.

“No!” Mrs. Mafinyo raised an objection and followed it up with an order. “You can leave now, Pesh.”

“Ummm... “ Pesh pursed her lips. “But I want to stay ma’am. I am in no hurry to leave.”

“It’s okay. You’ve done enough.” A sense of authority was lurking in her eyes. “It’s time for my husband and I to make love in private.”

Was she kidding? After everything that had just happened, she wanted her to leave? This was bizarre.

“You heard my wife, please excuse us.” Mr. Mafinyo didn’t look happy. “You can hail a cab. I’ll pay.”

Pesh wiped her face with her hand as she tried to pull together the fragments of conflicting thoughts. She gathered her clothes from the floor and wore them slowly.

“Awinja!” Mrs. Mafinyo called.

“Yes ma’am.” The maid came running into the room. Surprisingly, she didn’t seem to mind that her bosses were naked. Perhaps she was used to seeing them that way.

“Show Pesh the way out, will you?”

“Okay ma’am.”

“Wait... Before you leave, could you show Pesh your legs please.”

“Yes ma’am.” Awinja pulled up her long skirt to reveal fleshy, curvy legs.

“See those, Pesh?” A wicked smile danced through her high cheekbones.

“They are beautiful.” Despite her kind response, Pesh was disgusted. What she wanted right now was to have a dick inside her, not to see a maid’s legs. She had never met such weird people. And, wasn’t that sexual harassment?

Telling the maid to show off her body parts?

Pesh sighed. Her shoes lethargically scuffed the floor as she followed Awinja out of the living room. The maid was kind enough to escort her all the way to the main gate. Pesh stepped outside and pulled out her phone to hail a cab. Mr. Mafinyo had sent her cab fare through mobile money as promised. She was still as aroused as ever. She still couldn't piece together the reason why Mrs. Mafinyo dismissed her like that. Her cab came quickly and the fact that the driver was good-looking didn't help. She almost begged him to fuck her and extinguish the fires in her cunt but self-control kept her calm. An hour later, she was back in Kahawa Sukari.

# Chapter Twelve

Struggling to find her keys, Pesh stood in front of her door, frustrated. She was sure she threw them in her handbag. As she pulled out a few items to check, the keys fell on the ground.

She bent over to pick them, exposing her thighs and about a quarter of her ass to the dark world. Maybe not really the world. When she stood up and turned around it was just an elderly woman watching. Even she had been fascinated by the smooth flesh on display.

She got into her house and turned on the TV. She thought about what had just happened. The optical geometry of Mrs. Mafinyo's naked body would forever remain scorched on her retinas.

Hungry, she undressed and walked naked to the kitchen. She enjoyed cooking while naked. Before she could grab a pan, there was a knock on the door. She thought it was Wawuda. She was the only one who always popped up unannounced. Even her immediate neighbours called or texted first before coming to her door.

Pesh wanted to grab a towel but she figured there was no need. Wawuda saw her naked many times when they were roommates. They knew every part of each other's bodies even if there was no sexual attraction between them.

Slowly, she tiptoed to the door and turned the knob gleefully.

"Come in Wawuu..." Her words caught in her throat. "Okusimba? Bloody hell! Are you stalking me now?"

She quickly moved her body behind the door to cover her nakedness and stretched her neck so that only her head showed.

"I've already seen you naked Pesh. No need to hide." He stood there smiling.

"Shut up! What are you doing here?"

"I never left. I had to talk to you. I was having a non-alcoholic drink at a nearby pub. I left my number with your neighbour's security guard and asked him to call me when you came back."



“I am really not in the best of moods Okusimba. You should leave.”

“I’ll leave. But I just want you to know that I still love you.”

“I don’t love you.”

“It’s okay. I am willing to win you over again. Just let me in so we can talk.”

Pesh spent about two minutes thinking before she decided to allow him in. It would be unfair to not let him tell his side of the story.

As he walked in, she covered her body with the door’s curtain, wondering how she’d move from there. His fashion sense had improved a lot. He was no longer the rural man in shorts and a vest. With his black jacket and new blue jeans, he looked like one of the attractive campus guys.

“Okay... Say what you came to say then you can leave.”

“No need to hide behind the curtains Pesh. I promise I won’t try anything fishy.”

There was something about the way he talked that just put her at ease.

Covering her breasts with her hands, she walked to the furthest sofa from him and sat there. She grabbed a cushion and placed it on top of her laps so that her vagina was shielded from his prying eyes. She wasn’t taking any chances.

“So, like I said Pesh, your mother is the real Jezebel here. Sorry to refer to her in such terms but she actually is. She forced me to have sex with her. I was about to tell you before you caught us. I also don’t think I was the only worker at the farm that she was sleeping with. Are you aware that Mzee Malupia has sent her away? He is planning to divorce her.”

“Yes I have heard about their separation.”

Nasambu had told her about her mother being banished but she hadn’t mentioned why. Pesh hated her mother so much that she didn’t bother to probe for more details.

She sized up Okusimba. There was nothing to show he wasn’t being honest. He didn’t look like a shady person. She was also tired of sad stories as well as twists and turns, so she decided to switch the conversation.

“So how is your new job taking you Okusimba?”

“It’s awesome. I get paid three times what Mzee Malupia used to pay me.”

“Congratulations. I am happy for you.”

“What about you, how are you doing?”

“I am okay... Just keen on my studies... nothing much. Are you hungry?”

“Yes I am.”

“Me too. Let me go prepare a meal.”

She stood up and walked to the kitchen. She could hardly concentrate as she sliced the onions. Why had this man come to tempt her at her most vulnerable moment? Her cunny was still wet after the events at Mr. Mafinyo’s home. She badly needed a cock inside her. But the situation with Okusimba was too complicated. He slept with her mother. Would it ever be okay for her to sleep with a man who slept with her mother? She also remembered how he had given her the best sex of her life. Any lady would give a man like that a second chance; at least a second chance in lust, if a chance in love was impossible.

She was preparing to pour oil on the pan when she felt his fingers running through her hips, followed by a lick on the neck that drew all the strength and balance from her spine.

“Nooo... We can’t do this Okusimba.” She grabbed his hand.

“I’ve missed you, Pesh.” He sounded off a low base-packed whisper.

“Let’s not make things complicated. Just relax in the living room and wait for the meal.” A frown curved on her face.

“Alright.” He pulled away.

He was a man who valued consent. Slowly, he began walking away. Ironically, loneliness washed over Pesh when she couldn’t feel him behind her anymore. She wondered why she was resisting. There was really no logical reason. After all, having sex with Okusimba would be a victory against her evil mother.

“Wait!” She turned to face him just as he was about to disappear through the kitchen door.

He turned to face her too. Their eyes met and at that moment, no words were spoken. Their bodies knew what they were meant to do.

Like a maniac, Okusimba dashed towards her and connected his mouth with hers. He pressed her buttocks, lifted her and placed her on the kitchen counter. Frantically, he took off his jacket, shirt and jeans.

“You have a condom? Or can I go get one from my bedroom?” Pesh broke away from the kiss to inquire about protection.

“I do. It’s in the pocket of my jacket.” He bent down to search through his jacket which was now on the floor.

He found the condom, tore the foil and rolled it down his dick. Without any more talking, he was inside her. With her legs wrapped around him, he pummeled her mercilessly on the kitchen counter.

For the rest of the night, they couldn’t stay away from each other’s bodies. He made love to her on the carpet in the living room after supper, then in the bed for more hours than she could count. They would only sleep for around ten minutes before one of them would wake the other up and they’d continue fucking.

Dawn found them still fucking. They would have continued but sadly, Okusimba had to go to work.

“Do you know I’ll be your colleague soon?” Pesh made the revelation as Okusimba wore his clothes.

“I know you are kidding.” He slipped into his jeans.

“I am serious. I am coming to work for Mr. Mafinyo soon.”

“Wow! Congrats. I always knew you’d make it big.”

“Thank you. And since you are the janitor, you can take care of me whenever I am horny at work. You can pretend to lock the washrooms for cleaning, then you sneak me in and give me a pounding.” She winked at him.

“You are so naughty.” He lowered his body to give her a kiss.

Since he was already late, he didn’t even take tea. He gave her a goodbye kiss and rushed to work.

Pesh felt happy. She had reconciled with Okusimba and she was also

about to get a wonderful job. She was eager to know when she'd start. She picked up her smartphone and dialed the CEO's number. He didn't pick it up the first time so she called again. This time he answered.

"Hello daddy!" She rubbed her naked legs against the sheets.

"Hello... Who is this?" Mr. Mafinyo sounded harsh.

"You didn't save my number? It's Pesh."

"Listen Pesh! My wife has forbidden me from seeing you again. She sees you as a threat. She says you are different from the other girls. Her instincts are warning her that you might break our marriage."

"That's strange. She seemed to like me..." Pesh coughed.

"Exactly... that's the problem. She feels that we'll both become too fond of you to a point where it'll create toxic friction between us."

"This is unexpected." She coughed again. "Anyway, now that you both enjoyed my body already, when am I starting the job?"

"Which job?"

"The job you promised me."

"There's no job. I didn't have real sex with you. I never penetrated you. I also expected to be fucking you frequently. Since that won't be happening, the deal is off." He hung up the phone.

Shock blew through her senses like a thermobaric bomb. She felt dizzy but she didn't collapse. She had to lean back against the pillows and take a few breaths. She tried calling him again but he had blocked her.

Fury spread through her system. Her heart pounded wildly in the face of the truths she was learning. For thirty straight minutes, she just stared at the bedroom door with blank eyes.

With plenty of reluctance, she finally gathered some strength and dragged herself into the bathroom. The worried feeling in her stomach wouldn't go away, even as she washed the stickiness of the sweat from last night's sex down the drain. She scrubbed soap against her body but felt dirtier. The Mafinyos had used her.

Inside the bathroom, she cried for about an hour. When she finally stepped

out, she called Wawuda. She arrived quickly. She always availed herself for Pesh whenever she was stressed or in trouble.

“Do you know what you need to do?” Wawuda patted her shoulder, ready to offer some advice after being told the full story.

“What? Storm his office?” Pesh was still crying.

“No. You need to expose him online.”

Renewed spite for the CEO burned through Pesh. She thought about it and realized that it was actually a great idea. She was going to expose him, not just for vengeance but to also prevent other young girls from going through the same experience as her.

Wawuda even went ahead to switch on the laptop for her.

“Get started dear. The sooner the information is out, the better. All of Kenya will know the truth about that bastard.”

Pesh adjusted herself to a sitting position in order to type, the soreness on her ass a painful reminder of what had transpired. She sighed. There was no time to dwell on what she had lost. She had tweeting to do.

The words flowed as never before as she told the tale of the horny CEO and his wife. Without another tear dropping, she detailed everything from how they met to how she was blocked.

Sad memories of their palms landing time and again on her ass, gave her the fuel to type hundreds of words like she was a thriller writer. As she revised the posts, she felt as if she were outside her body, watching the events of her own life unfold.

She knew which words would go to Facebook and which ones would go to Twitter. Resentment and hurt vied for prominence in her mind as she shared the posts. She had hoped to feel some sense of triumph after sharing the posts but instead, she felt empty inside.

As she walked to the kitchen to make some breakfast, Wawuda screamed at her excitedly.

“Come see! Your posts are going viral. Many women are coming out, explaining how he duped them too. He had sex with many university girls and promised them jobs that he never delivered.”

A few hours later, the board of the company put out an official statement that was shared on social media and broadcasted on the news.

*Due to the seriousness of the allegations leveled against Mr. Ngwatilo Mafinyo by a number of women, the board of Dhafu Investments has decided to relieve him of his duties as CEO with immediate effect. The company values the wellbeing of women and will not be associated with anyone who causes them harm.*

It was a victory for Pesh and many other girls that had gone through a similar ordeal.

For the rest of the week, her phone rang continuously. There were endless requests for interviews from the media. Everyone wanted to hear the story of the girl who brought down Kenya's most popular boss. She couldn't even attend class. She spent about four days moving from one media house to the other. During the evenings, she would summon Okusimba to her house. He'd show up without fail and sex her repeatedly. He had heard about her story too and he applauded her for her bravery.

One evening after a heavy fuck, he gave her some interesting news.

"My cousin is getting promoted to CEO." He was all smiles.

"Your cousin? The Head of Marketing?" She couldn't believe the company was swapping one hedonistic male for the other.

"Yes. And he's promoting me to the position of Head of Procurement and Supplies. Can you believe that? I don't even know what that job entails."

"Congratulations." She kissed him. "Don't worry about it. You'll learn on the job. After all, you will only be dealing with goods, not sums."

She didn't like the fact that the naughty Head of Marketing was being put in charge of the company but she was glad that he was at least making Okusimba's life better.

"The job is well-paying so hopefully, I'll look for an adult school that offers evening classes and clear my education." He brushed her hair. "This all came as a result of your bravery. If you hadn't exposed Mafinyo, I'd still be a janitor."

"No need to thank me dear. I am really happy for you." She kissed him

again then got on top of him and fucked him in the cowgirl position.



In the month that followed, they spent every moment fucking. They just couldn't get enough of each other. Sometimes Okusimba would even miss work and allocate his duties to a junior employee. His cousin was the boss so there was never a threat of getting fired. Pesh skipped a lot of classes as well just to bend over for Okusimba. Their sex was no different from crack. They were totally addicted to it.

Soon, Karis started complaining that Pesh wasn't 'paying' him for all the academic work he was doing for her. Karis was too valuable so she had to reduce the time she spent with Okusimba in order to give Karis some pussy. He relished those moments when she'd text him during an ongoing lecture, saying things like "I am wearing no panties today. Follow me after class."

However, there was another challenge. Okusimba had fallen deeply in love with her and wanted to move things to the next level.

"I can't." Her response was firm when he asked if she could be his girlfriend. "Let's just keep it casual."

"Why?" He was visibly heartbroken.

"We are from different worlds Okusimba. I love the finer things in life. I party, I travel, I buy expensive clothes. You'd be under so much pressure to take care of me."

"But I have some money now."

"Yes you do. But I can't let you use it on me. Use it to get an education and to help your family back at home."

Okusimba didn't receive this rejection well. He stormed out of her house and ignored her calls for a whole week. Pesh couldn't understand him. She believed she was being reasonable. She also felt it wouldn't be fair to start a relationship with Okusimba only to cheat on him with Karis. She wasn't ready to sacrifice her grades for love.

On the day Okusimba decided to finally answer, Pesh could hear a

woman's voice on the background. "Let's go baby, we'll be late." He responded with "Just a minute Khasundi."

It was the same Khasundi he dated years ago in Bukura —the one who got a job as a house help in Nairobi.

"Are you with a woman?" Pesh couldn't help but feel jealous.

"Yes!" He acknowledged it calmly.

"You couldn't even wait?"

"Wait for what Pesh? I need love, not just mindless sex. You made it clear that you can't offer me that."

"But... "

He hung up before she could explain.

Not the type of girl to beg a man, she let him be.

Falling out with Okusimba drove her to a fresh form of stress. She missed his mighty cock and to compensate for it, she allowed multiple men in. Karis was allocated more time. He'd sleep with her about three nights a week and they'd head to class together in the morning. A few other dudes would show up in her house as well. It became too much that her new landlady pulled her aside to offer some elderly advice.

"Be careful young lady. You are moving too fast."

Pesh didn't listen, until more shocking news hit her. One afternoon, while gossiping with Wawuda she checked her phone and saw someone familiar trending. It was the rapper whose video she had appeared in. She had slept with him too later on and he was now coming out to confess that he was HIV positive.

She couldn't remember whether they had used a condom or not. He had pumped her body with drinks then drove her to his place on a Wednesday night. The next thing she remembered was waking up in the morning naked. She wasn't too proud of that moment.

She called him to ask whether they used a condom but he said he couldn't



remember. She panicked.

She left everything she was doing and went to a nearby clinic to get a HIV test. She was relieved when the test came out negative but her joy was erased again when the nurse told her that she could only be sure about the result if she tested negative after three months of exposure.

For the next three months, she lived in fear. She couldn't even have sex. Fear made her celibate. All but a few of male contacts on her phone book were deleted. She only spent time with her female friends. Despite the fact that she was told to do another test after a quarter of a year, she did about ten tests in total. They all came out negative.

She did her final HIV test just as she was completing her third year and getting ready for the long holiday break. The nurse assured her that she was good now. She hadn't been infected.

She dropped to her knees and thanked God. That was close. She considered changing her ways.

For the first time in two years, she went back to Butere to visit her father. She stayed with him for the entire duration of the school holiday. Through his connections, Mzee Malupia had managed to secure her an internship at an NGO in the nearby Kakamega town. She wasn't paid well but the amount was decent enough for her to buy good clothes. Mzee Malupia had also married a new wife to replace her mother. This didn't bother Pesh at all.

She returned to Nairobi when it was time for her to start her fourth and final year. She started going to church frequently. She began working hard in class too. She wasn't interested in offering sex for grades to anyone, be it a student or lecturer.

An elderly professor even tried making advances at her. The old Pesh could have asked "Where do you want me and when?" The new Pesh turned him down. He persisted and even threatened her with failure. In retaliation, she tracked down the Vice Chancellor and reported him.

He was fired.

She was on a roll. She was a different woman now. The HIV scare had completely changed her.

She had forgot about dicks. She was focused on making herself a better

person.

One of her neighbours called Brayo even tried hard to get her. He was a fairly good guy. A dry spell prodigy, his only crime was being attracted to a woman that wasn't interested.

He would knock on her door several times just to say hello. He always fantasized about her. He imagined how he would peel her sexy dress from her body, take the delicate jugs into his hands and then his mouth. He would close his eyes, suckle on the nipples long and hard, then finally he would unfasten his pants, penetrate her like a randy bull. But it would never happen.

One day, she welcomed him in. He was nervous. She didn't like the look he was giving her. Thirsty and hungry. He looked like he was looking for a meal and considered her fair game all of a sudden.

He was at loose ends, fumbling for the next move to make and the next topic to delve into. He wasn't quite used to female company. He spent the next ten minutes explaining to Pesh the importance of musicians playing instruments during stage performances. He worked himself into a lather over the fact that modern Kenyan artistes were ditching instruments and relying on playback. After this diatribe he took a sip of the juice that Pesh had served him. Then without warning, he attempted to kiss her.

She refused. He had made the mistake of thinking she liked him too.

"What do you think you are trying to do? You are like a brother to me." She told him the statement that most guys dreaded.

"Do you hate me because I am short?" Brayo lamented.

"What? No! I just don't think we can do this."

He was being ridiculous. Pesh wasn't a subscriber of heightism. She never judged men by their height despite the fact that many of her friends disparaged and discriminated guys that didn't measure up. She knew that short guys had a hard time with sophisticated women but she wasn't one of the givers of hell. Ideally, she was more concerned with the inches in the boxers. This time, she wasn't concerned with any inches at all.

However, she hated short men who were insecure. She detested the short guys who allowed their shortness to colonize them. Those that became insecure, esteem-deprived and sad because girls were rejecting them or

weren't showing much attention.

So, despite Brayo's pleas, she ordered him to depart.

"Goodbye Brayo."

With a silent curse, he went back to his house. He raced into the bathroom, locked the door behind him and engaged in masturbation.

# Chapter Thirteen

Pesh loved the woman she had become. She was well-mannered now; an expert at resisting temptation.

Then one Sunday, all that changed.

As she was walking away from the church premises after an inspiring mass, a well-built man in a suit and sunglasses ran towards her and tapped her on the shoulder.

“The senator wants to see you!”

“Me?”

“Yes!”

Olunga Ouko, the country’s most popular senator had come to church that day. He was a sharp and eloquent man who always gave electrifying speeches and appeared on TV frequently to discuss burning issues. The public nicknamed him Senator X, due to his bold advocacy for the elevation of various marginalized groups as well as his efforts to end tribalism and corruption. His name was a reference to popular American civil rights activist—Malcolm X.

“No thanks!” Pesh put some pace on her steps.

She knew what this was; another man trying to take advantage of her. And as tempting as it was to fall back into old habits, she considered herself fully reformed now.

“He insists. It will only take a minute.” The bodyguard walked after her. His hands flew out, a gesture of frustration. “You know I’ll just keep on following you.”

“Alright. Stop following me. I am coming with you.” With an inward groan, she buried her face in her hands for a brief moment.

She stopped walking and turned back to follow the man. She figured it would be fun to tell a powerful man ‘No’, straight to his face.

He took her to a parking spot where a Range Rover Evoque was parked

then he opened the door for her.

“You can get inside.”

Pesh was reluctant at first but the senator’s tranquil voice put her at ease.

“Please, come inside.” He extended his hand to her. It was large and his cuffs were immaculate. There were myths that men with big hands and big feet had big penises too. Pesh didn’t want to think about that right now.

Senator X’s stare took a meandering path down her body as she stamped her heel on the floor of the vehicle and made herself comfortable on the back seat. She felt nervous being next to him.

He was a short man as well but powerfully built and glowing with confidence, the total opposite of Brayo. A tailored light-blue suit caressed his body. His suit didn’t hinder her from observing the symmetry of his body and the exactness of shape. His thighs were like wonderful pillars worthy of supporting his marvelous frame.

His hair was neatly cut, his face very oval, with a well trimmed moustache and a neat goatee falling downwards. He was, perhaps, 34 or 37—maybe fourteen years her senior at most—but he was in remarkable shape. His expansive shoulders to his solid midriff and dominant manly thighs were proof of this.

“I would like to talk to you. Can we have lunch at a nearby restaurant?” He checked his *Hublot* watch. “It won’t take much of your time.”

She came prepared to say ‘No’ but the way words came out of his mouth made her disoriented. She didn’t even know it when the word ‘Okay’ rolled out of her mouth.

The vehicle sped away, his supporters waving on the sideways.

They stopped at one of Nairobi’s fanciest restaurant where Senator X got out of the car first before walking to the other side to open the door for her.

“Thank you.” Her foot touched the ground. She was impressed.

He simply smiled.

“Wait here for me. I’ll go inside alone with her.” He instructed his bodyguards.

“That’s not a good idea sir. We need to keep you safe at all times.” The one who had approached Pesh spoke.

“Look around. Isn’t this the safest place in Kenya? I’ll be fine.” He gave the serious man a pat on the shoulder and signaled Pesh to follow him.

Inside the restaurant, he pulled a chair for Pesh again. Once he sat, he called a waiter and whispered something in his ear. Moments later, a chef arrived. He was pushing a trolley loaded with covered dishes, cutlery and red linen, which he proceeded to lay out on the table.

Pesh had never been to a restaurant where the customers were served by the chefs themselves.

“Here you go sir! Soft-shell crabs with tartare sauce, flat duck hamburgers from the hot charcoal grill, fried tropical potatoes, broccoli, mixed vegetable salad with Caribbean dressing, ice-cream with melted butterscotch and as good a lamb steak as you can get in Kenya.”

“It looks delicious. Thank you very much.” Senator X lauded him.

The chef had a fake British accent. It didn’t sound so convincing. Perhaps it was a requirement for the employees to have such an accent, in order to impress the high-end and mostly foreign customers. 90% of the people in the restaurant were white.

Instead of music playing from speakers, there were traditional Maasai dancers, singing and performing without a stop.

Pesh and the senator began eating steadily through each delicious course.

“I didn’t catch your name.” He tried to maintain eye contact with her, only breaking it momentarily to admire his food.

“I am Pesh.” She shied away from the cavernous stare of his eyes and watched the dancers.

Backwards and forwards, very slowly, the dancers hobbled, and at each step their chins tilted and their knees jerked upwards, while their shoulders shook continuously. They held spears in their hands and their loose traditional clothing kept swaying from side to side. Their eyes were half shut and from their mouths came a routine of incomprehensible words; the same brief verse of chanted song, repeated after every iteration.

“I would like to know you better Pesh. I saw you in the church and became attracted to you.”

He flirted with her straight away and he did it genuinely. Unlike other powerful men, he didn’t act entitled. He told her that she could take as much time thinking about it as she wanted then give him feedback later.

Pesh was captivated. A man who wasn’t interested in taking off her panties straight away? How rare. He must have been God’s gift to her, a reward for changing her ways. He wasn’t that old either, compared to Mafinyo. Maybe she could give him a chance to woo her further.

After the date, they exchanged numbers. Senator X hugged her goodbye. Since he was rushing to a political rally, he ordered one of his drivers to drop her home.

When she was home, she called Wawuda to tell her about the new man in her life. Wawuda warned her.

“Be careful. Older men are poison. You of all people should know that. Or have you forgotten what Mafinyo did to you?”

“I know. But he is decent and God-fearing.”

“That doesn’t make it okay. I am in politics now, so I know how dirty these male politicians are. Remember the recent predicament I was in as well?”

After being talked into it by Pesh, Wawuda had decided to contest for the position of President of Kenyatta University’s Students Association. To her surprise, she won. But the road to the seat had been dirty and full of controversy. First, she had a one-night stand with a governor. She had met him while she was trying to raise funds for the campaign. Her opponent was none other than Mule; the moneyed guy who ejaculated too quickly. Given the way he was bribing students everywhere, Wawuda knew that her popularity wouldn’t get her the seat. She knew she needed money —lots of it —to stand a chance against him.

Pesh knew that Wawuda could make a good leader but it was her hatred for Mule that made her convince her best friend to go for the seat. Her opinion of the guy hadn’t changed. He was a jerk.

With nowhere else to get funds, Wawuda wrote a proposal to Governor

Gobi Kipara and dropped it at his secretary's desk. The chubby and bald politician was among the top ten wealthiest men in Kenya. He was a major shareholder in 26 companies. He also owned three skyscrapers at the heart of Nairobi city.

The secretary called Wawuda the next morning to inform her that the governor would like to see her in the afternoon. She was surprised to have received such a quick response. Wawuda knew that a person like him had a lot of people vying for his attention so she feared it would be a while before getting a reply from him. Was her proposal that good? She remembered the secretary asking her to write down her social media handles. Did it have something to do with his rapid response? Whatever it was, she was determined to do anything necessary to convince him to part ways with his money.

When she went to see him, she found him at the parking lot just as he was stepping out of his *Mercedes AMG*. She introduced herself and he offered to escort her to his office on the second floor through the stairway. He preferred to not use the elevator since he was keen on shedding some pounds.

"Are you okay?" She was concerned to see him coughing and breathing with difficulty when they entered his office.

"Yes. I am totally fine." He smiled lopsidedly as firm words of assurance left his lips.

It wasn't the climb up the stairs that caused his respiratory distress; it was watching her in front of him. That tight green skirt that enfolded her hips. The view from her backside and the hint of her bare ass cheeks visible with every climb of the stairs. She had the most perfect rear end, so tight and round, so thoroughly grabable.

He was more than generous to her. Reaching out under his desk, he pulled out a bag.

"This is six million shillings. I believe you can win an election in a university with that." He smiled as he adjusted his tie.

"Wow... This is a lot." Wawuda's emotions were a blend of shock and joy.

"It's nothing. My team did some research on you and I believe you have



what it takes to be a great leader.” The governor let out another cough.

“I don’t even know what to say.” She ran towards him and hugged him tight.

“Oh... Okay. Be gentle there young lady. Now it’s your turn to be nice to me. I believe you know how this game works right? I scratch your back, you scratch mine.” He was blunt with his words.

Wawuda was in agreement. Unlike what Mafinyo had done to Pesh, Governor Kipara had already kept his end of the bargain. Why not give him what he wanted? They arranged a time and a place— his mansion.

Just as he hadn’t been shy with his money, he wasn’t shy with his words.

“I’m going to pound you so hard, you’ll remember me for the rest of your life.”

Wawuda laughed at the growled promise as she walked away with a bag full of money. What would an overweight man like him do to her in bed? She believed he’d manage one round at most.

How wrong she was.

The night at his house was startling, sizzling and magical. Being enveloped in the governor's resolute aggression felt like paradise for Wawuda. Under his dark stare that night, she hadn’t felt like a slutty woman, but like a queen. Money was a real aphrodisiac and with six million already granted, she found herself getting wet for him again and again.

He made her toes curl and gave her a whole new definition of sweetness. He tied her hands and legs with a rope to his bed and slammed her with powerful strokes, his bald head shining with sweat and lighting from the chandelier.

He enjoyed switching sex styles and locations. From bedroom to bathroom, from missionary to doggy style, he rode her from one orgasm to the next. His thrusts cut her mind from the existing world and brought her burning body to a fever pitch. He took her to pleasure zones that no young man had taken her. And he had done it again and again for hours. Never tiring, never stopping—greedy, rapacious, and thrilling.

She wondered how he did it. Was it *Viagra* ? The man was a sexual

monster.

The next morning, he left her in his bed without telling her goodbye. Like Pesh, she was dropped home by a driver.

A few days later, he sent her a diamond necklace with a hand-written apology for any discomfort or pain he might have caused during the sex.

*My dear Wawuda. As you might have noticed, I was so turned on by your body that I might have ended up behaving like a kid at a candy shop. The best sex of my life was with you that night. I apologize if my beastly aggression during sex might have caused any pain, discomfort or damage to your genitals. Good luck in your campaigns.*

Discomfort? Pain? She'd loved every bit of it.

The sex was meant to be transactional but somehow she felt attached. She wanted more of him. He had a wife but what if she could be his official mistress? Wawuda wanted to be close to him so that he'd also create a clear path for her to succeed in Kenyan politics. He had been in the game for 30 years.

She never called guys after sex but she broke her own rule and called the governor five times. He never returned her calls personally. Instead, his annoying secretary would answer and say that the governor would call her back when he had time.

It never happened. He never contacted her again.

She was a bit hurt but she didn't take it personally. Six million Kenyan shillings was enough consolation. After drafting a budget with her campaign team, she realized that she'd only need to use four million shillings. The remaining two million would go to her pocket.

After failing to clinch the governor's affection, Wawuda had almost failed to clinch the seat too.

A few days to the election, her sex tape leaked. Mule led a protest with his supporters all across the campus grounds, calling for her to withdraw from the race.

"This woman lacks integrity. We don't need a person who will be a bad role model to our sisters here at Kenyatta University. I once saw her myself,

doing nasty things with a rugby player. Now she has a sex tape. What kind of immoral person is this? She must withdraw her candidature with immediate effect” Mule screamed through the loud speakers.

The tape went viral across all universities in Kenya due to its explicit nature and the people who were in it. Every student had it on their phone.

It showed Wawuda in her naked glory with a guy who was a candidate for the position of Finance Secretary in the same elections. The sex was intense. It started and stopped in fits and waves. The man ate Wawuda’s pussy like it was caviar. The last few minutes of the tape were particularly interesting. After risking it all, the man suddenly felt a strong and feverish sense of failure to his girlfriend.

"I've made a mistake... " The look of guilt plastered across his face as she wore his shirt.

“Shhhh... ” Wawuda quieted him with a voice as gentle as water from a winterbourne.

She pushed him down, her mouth on his. Then they fucked again and again. It was a masterpiece, a clip that made Kim Kardashian's sex tape look like a toy car next to a *Lamborghini Huracán* .

Soon, the video found itself to ordinary citizens as well. It made Wawuda famous all over the country. She almost withdrew from the race out of shame but Pesh urged her to stay in it.

“You’ll not only be letting yourself down if you pull out. You’ll be letting all women down too. You’ll have proven that women can easily be bullied into dropping their ambitions.”

So, she stayed in it and it turned out to be the best decision she ever made. The sex tape had made her especially popular among the male populace. Consequently, 98% of male students voted for her in the elections, giving her a landslide victory against Mule. Heck, even Mule’s friends that followed him everywhere like sheep voted for Wawuda.

She celebrated her victory by flying Pesh and all of her close female friends to the serene coastal town of Malindi. There they hired a yacht belonging to an Italian multimillionaire and partied in it for four days straight. It was all booze, weed, food and male strippers. By the time the

party was over, everyone on that yacht had fucked each other; everyone except Pesh who was going through a reformed phase.

Since Wawuda was not a provincial ignoramus, she did some digging and found out that it was Mule who had leaked the sex tape. How it reached him, she didn't know, but she was glad it did. With his foolishness and dirty games, he handed her the victory.

After the tape, more powerful men wanted to sleep with Wawuda. They wanted to get some of that joy they had seen on the tape. Wawuda wouldn't grant them their wishes. She had become powerful too.

Now that Pesh had also met a politician, Wawuda hoped that she wouldn't go through any heartbreak.

"I'll be fine dear." Pesh assured her.

"Alright bestie. But still, I'll do some digging about the senator and tell you if he's legit. I know many insiders in politics now."

"I appreciate. Where would I ever be without you?" Pesh looked at her best friend with puppy eyes.

"Awww... Come here girl. You know I'd be nowhere without you too." They embraced each other tightly.

The senator didn't have a wife. Despite getting the best treatment in various hospitals across Europe, his wife had succumbed to breast cancer two years earlier.



In the days that followed, Senator X took Pesh on several dates without ever asking for sex. He was romantic, patient and considerate. She loved every bit of it.

After a month of going out, he called her with a surprise.

He wanted to fly her out of the country for a romantic getaway. He was taking her to see the Machu Picchu in Peru. She jumped on her sofa and broke into a dance. She was more than excited.

She didn't have a passport since she had never flown out of the country. Passports in Kenya always took a long time to get. Government clerks were particularly rude. But there were two ways in which you could get one in a day. You either had to bribe someone on the inside or know people in high places.

Luckily Pesh knew someone — Senator X.

He made a phone call and her passport and visa were ready in less than a day. He had already booked the flights and accommodation even before he called her to tell her the good news.

On a Friday afternoon, she skipped class to pack her bags. They were to leave the following morning.

She was excited. Her Instagram was going to be lit. She was already imagining the captions she'd be putting on her photos. They'd be things like *Enjoying a delicious meal in Peru* or *Chilling with my new Latina friend*.

As her mind was swimming in fantasy and anticipation, a call from the senator came through. He had a request for her.

"Anything for you... just tell me what you want baby." Pesh was all smiles as she continued to push essentials into a suitcase.

"Did you have your periods recently?" He was frank.

"Pardon me?"

"Your menses. When did you last have them?"

"Why are you asking?"

He laughed, surprised that she couldn't figure out why he was asking.

"I wanna make love to you in Peru."

"That's okay. You have earned it anyway."

"I want us to have unprotected sex."

That took Pesh by surprise. After the HIV scare, unprotected sex wasn't something she was willing to engage in. She was about to say her current favorite word — No.

However, she did some more thinking. It didn't have to be a deal breaker.

She didn't have to forego Peru just because the senator was anti-latex. She could simply ask him to prove he was clean first.

"Are you there?" Senator X sounded concerned on the other end after several seconds of silence.

"Yes! Unprotected sex is okay, but it is contingent on us doing a HIV test first." She made the rules clear.

"Is that necessary?" He attempted to negotiate.

"Yes it is." Pesh was not going to compromise.

"I like that. It shows that you are a responsible woman. Let's even meet right now and do it."

"Right now?"

"Yes, right now. Remember the restaurant I took you last time?"

"Yes!"

"Behind it, there is a clinic. Come there."

Pesh was paranoid. She wasn't comfortable with the fact that Senator X was picking a clinic. What if he decided to collude with the doctors to give him a negative result? He was powerful after all and from her recent experiences, she knew that powerful men were capable of anything.

"Or we could just buy self-testing kits then we'll use them in Peru."

"You know how to use those?"

"Yes I do. I'll buy them."

"Okay, I'm sending you five thousand shillings."

"That's too much baby."

"It's okay. You can use the rest to grab a nice meal."

Pesh had learned about self-testing kits when she had the HIV scare. She actually bought them a few times.

Hurriedly, she went to a nearby pharmacy and bought two kits. She kept them safely in her bag and looked forward to testing her new lover when they landed.

The next day, they were off to Peru.

First class! Her first flight was the best moment in her life. Many of her family members had never been out of the country. Here, she was, going to South America.

Senator X was in a comical mood, telling joke after joke in the skies. He kissed her on the plane too. The feeling of his lips on hers for the first time placed her senses in a tumult. He hadn't stopped there. He pushed her skirt up, above her tattoo.

"What exactly are you doing naughty man?" She allowed him to proceed.

"Nothing." He lied as he ran his hand over her thigh.

She watched as his large palms moved over her flesh. His other hand explored her back. She wanted more but he stopped just as a hostess approached them to ask what they would like to drink.

"We'll continue this when we land."

"No problem."

# Chapter Fourteen

Upon landing at Jorge Chavez International Airport in Lima, the capital of Peru, they were picked by a limousine driver. He sped through the traffic and made a turn on a tarmac road that waved through a posh neighbourhood before stopping at a five-star resort that was located just next to the beach. There were no ordinary rooms in the resort, only high end suites that were reserved for high-net-worth individuals. The have-nots were not fancied there.

*“Hola señora y caballero .”* The manager of the resort, a man who looked like he was in his 60s, greeted them in Spanish.

*“Hola .”* Senator X shook his hand. He was glad to hear someone speaking Spanish again. He loved the language —the way it sounded and the fact that sometimes single letters could be used as words. He turned to Pesh to translate. “He says hello to the both of us.”

“Sorry ma’am. Sometimes I forget that not everyone speaks Spanish. My name is Raul. Follow me.” The man apologized and began walking.

They entered the main building in the resort and took slow steps after him across the red and white granite floor of the hall and up the wide staircase with fine mahogany balustrade. He unlocked a door and welcomed them into their suite.

“Sir, make yourself and Madam at home. There is a spacious living room, a bedroom, and a balcony. We also have a bathroom and a comfortable bathtub. It has warm water that we fetch from the marvelous glacial lake called the Laguna Paron. We bring it all the way here. No doubt you would both like to refresh yourselves with a nice bath. Whether alone or together, the space in the bathtub is enough. Enjoy. If you will excuse me, I must make a call.” Raul bowed in front of them then he walked out.

Pesh set her eyes on an excursion around the suite; surveying everything. They were standing in an attractive living room decorated in comfortable ottomans and a broad sofa covered in blue fur, copies of travel magazines on the floor, orange walls, a bow-fronted sideboard with bottles of wine and a tray full of raspberry and pistachio. There was also a wide window through



which cool breeze poured in from the Peruvian skies.

“This is lovely. Thanks for bringing me here baby.”

“You are welcome. Dress up, we are going out.”

Senator X didn’t stop to think that his precious Pesh could be suffering from jet lag. He had no intention of letting her rest. He was used to flying so he didn’t imagine it would be tiring for anyone.

“Where?”

“There is a black-tie gala where the city’s wealthiest folk are partying.”

How had he gotten an invitation to such a place? She was impressed at how well-connected he was.

He took a quick shower, dried himself and dressed in a black suit, black tie and white shirt. He hoped that she would be dressed to kill and she didn’t disappoint. She disappeared into the bathroom and took a quick shower. She then squeezed a generous amount of lotion to the hollows of her hands before applying it first to the furrows of her breasts then to the rest of her body. Shortly after, she emerged with a towel wrapped around her body. Examining herself in the mirror, she penciled her eyelids and made sure her armpits were generously perfumed. She then squeezed herself into a tight peach dress in pleated cotton.

She hooked her hand to his hand and together they went downstairs where the limousine driver was waiting for them. It took about twenty minutes to get to the venue.

The thudding harmonies and rhythm of Latina music rocked them as they waited for the security guard to check their names. They then pushed through heavy curtains at the entrance and walked into a massive ballroom where the elite party was taking place.

The ballroom was filling up quickly. The setting was tepid and companionable—a far cry, Pesh reflected, from the inimical climate of the Nairobi party joints that she was used to. From the roof, thin lights of different hues danced all over the place. The violet, green and red beams hit their bodies, causing them to glow like coloured moons. The majority of the people in the building were Peruvians but Pesh could spot a few black faces.

The champagne which had been brought to them on arrival stood firm on a wine-cooler next to their table. Senator X filled her glass first, before filling his. After taking a few sips, Pesh busied her mouth with a delicious liver pâté and helped them both to the crisp salchipapas and the thick rectangle of deep yellow butter set in blocks of ice.

They shot stares of affection at each other at intervals. They could feel the excited anticipation of what was to come as soon as they got back to the suite. With the noise, it was hard for her to hear him as he talked to her about his childhood. However, their bodies communicated effectively. Whenever their glasses threatened to have a champagne shortage, Senator X filled them again to the rim. While they ate, he reeled her in on his past experiences growing up in a large family and being his mother's favorite. He also discussed plans for the next day; mentioning a lineup of activities.

Kenya's ambassador to Peru spotted them and had a brief chat with them before disappearing again. Occasionally, visiting diplomats from other African countries would stop by their table to say hello too. Senator X knew a lot of people.

Their hands and feet came into contact from time to time as if to assuage the tension in their bodies. When the beef tenderloin steaks had come and gone and the third bottle of champagne was almost empty, Senator X ladled thick cream over their fried turkey pieces. Pesh gave a deep sigh of gratification.

"I've never been treated this well before." She blinked.

"There is still much more to come baby." The senator gave the impression he was only getting started.



Pesh was dead tired and drunk when the limousine driver dropped them back at the resort at 3 a.m. When they entered the suite, she sat on the king-size bed, staring at him appreciatively with that tender red mouth slightly open, just like it had been on their first date at the restaurant in Nairobi.

He reached out and took a glass from the table.

“You need more champagne?” He filled it.

“I am already too drunk baby.” She kicked off her heels.

“Alright. I must admit this is nice—to stop and give ourselves a little break from the tough hustles of Africa.”

“I can’t agree more.” She allowed her back to fall on the mattress.

The *La Crosse* clock on the wall ticked gently through the silence of the night as warm air poured almost soundlessly through the ventilation. Senator X unknotted his tie and hauled it downwards before unbuttoning his shirt.

“I feel relieved. I have no idea know who invented ties and then insisted a man can only be considered to be properly dressed if he is wearing one. If I had a time machine, I’d go back and strangle him before he makes this stupid invention.”

“Haha. It’s the same case with us. Brassieres can be super annoying, but we need them anyway.”

She stood to go to the bathroom to pee but before she could get there, he grabbed her hand. He pulled her closer and put his hands on a southward trajectory, stopping at her plump thighs. He then gave her a kiss so prolonged and profound that it felt like he exhaled his soul through his lips. All of her lipstick moved from her mouth to his. Considerate, she took a handkerchief and wiped it. She then brushed the hanging hair away from her forehead, and kissed him again, lightly and lovingly. The senator’s lips were eager to taste every part of her. Instead of simply staying on her mouth, they face-trotted. They pressed against cheeks, before jumping to the orbits beneath her brows.

He withdrew his hands from her thighs and plucked at the long row of buttons down the back of her dress. He slid off the dress from obedient arms, causing it to hang down her breasts. She was a true beauty. If she existed in the early 1900s, Pablo Picasso would have courted her and convinced her to pose for him, in all the true price and pomp of nakedness, so that he’d paint her.

Senator X tried to pull the dress all the way down to her legs but she stopped hm.

“Let me go pee. I am pressed. I’ll be quick.” She slid a finger across his lip before walking to handle the matters of the bladder.

“Wait.” He had a look of concern on his face. “There’s a scar on top of your shoulder. Who gave it to you?”

“It’s nothing. It happened a long time ago.” She tried to avoid the topic.

“No... tell me.”

“It was a lady called Kitoko. She used to be my friend, but we fell out and she ended up assaulting me badly.”

“What? She must pay for this. Where is she located?”

“Baby... just leave it. Okay? I already forgave her.”

“Alright. If you insist.”

Pesh stepped into the washroom and shut the door behind her. She took off her panties and to her surprise, they were full of blood. What the hell? She was on her period.

This was bad timing. She couldn’t have her period in Peru. It just wasn’t right.

She wondered how she’d tell him. Like other men, he was unlikely to receive the news well. She relieved herself before stepping out slowly.

“What’s wrong?” He had noticed the wrinkles of worry on her forehead.

“I am having my menses.” Her voice was a wry undertone.

Pesh expected him to get mad. He was, but he didn’t show it. This was the exact reason why back in Nairobi, he had asked her when she last had her menses. However, they had forgotten to address that issue when Pesh shifted the conversation to HIV testing.

He hugged her. “It’s okay.” She wanted to give him a blowjob as consolation but the liquor and fatigue overpowered her. She collapsed on the bed and was conquered by deep sleep.

He let the breeze from the wide-open transoms play over her body. Then straight out of a gentleman’s playbook, he covered her. It was depressing to think that there was a sexy woman in the bed yet there was nothing he could do.

At that moment, he was torn between the desire to fall back full-length on

the bed and his longing to be cooled by the breeze. Playing with the choice for a moment, he went over to his suitcase and took out a pair of beach shorts. He stripped naked and pulled the beach shorts up his legs. He then slipped his feet into a pair of sandals and stepped outside to the balcony and lit a cigar. The slightly chill air poured through his body almost overwhelmingly. He closed his eyes briefly, taking it all in.

On the balcony of the next suite, a Latina woman sat on a bamboo chair, her folded legs exposing smooth creamy thighs. She was busy sending little quantities of vodka into her wide and sensual mouth while staring at the stars. The parting of her lips appeared to exhale an air sweeter and purer than what it drew in. Her medium-length skirt was held together by a two-inch, hand-stitched belt. The pink fabric of her blouse was lasciviously tight across her mammaries. Her black hair framed her beautiful face and the clear line of her jaw perfectly.

“Hello.” She greeted Senator X as she ran a finger past her hair and tucked multiple strands behind her ears. The hair rebelled and moved back towards her eyes and this time she didn’t pat it back into place.

“Hello.” He stared back into her light blue eyes which gazed candidly back at him. He wasn’t sure whether they had a touch of curiosity or ironical disinterest.

“Are you from here?” She studied him as she brushed her palm against her lightly sun-tanned skin. There was no trace of make-up on her body. Even her hands had a natural look. Aside from the broad topaz ring on her index finger, the rest of her fingers were basic, unpainted and cut short.

“No. I am from Kenya.” He coughed after too much of the cigar’s smoke sneaked into his lungs.

“Wonderful! I am not from here either. I am from Colombia. Pardon my ignorance, but is Africa as bad as they say? War-torn, wild animals walking freely and incurable diseases?” The plain gold chain of wide flat links on her neck shook as she spoke.

“Those are just stereotypes. Africa is really beautiful. You should come visit. I am actually a senator in my country.”

“That’s interesting. My late husband was an aristocrat, a minister in

Colombia. He died in a road accident a year ago.”

“I am sorry to hear that. I lost my wife too, to cancer.”

“Cancer’s a bitch. Sorry for your loss.”

“Thank you. So, what brings you all the way to Peru?”

“Vacation. My husband left me a lot of money and I have no idea how to spend it. So, I just travel around the world.”

She pulled out a tiny mirror from a hand-stitched multi-colored sabretache that rested on a chair beside her and inspected her face. She then took a long hard look at the senator’s chest.

“I feel like going to the beach for a swim. Would you like to accompany me senator?”

“I don’t think my partner would approve.”

“Come on. It’s just a swim. Plus, it isn’t safe for a lady to be out there alone at this time of the night.”

Her beauty intrigued him. The gentleman in him wouldn’t let her go out there by herself. When he was younger, he had fantasies of hooking up with various women from around the world. Latinas were at the top of his list, followed by Russian women.

He had managed to sleep with a Russian woman, just after his wife died; a Russian escort to be exact. He had flown to Moscow on official duty. To take his mind away from grief, he had paid a Russian escort 1000 dollars to make him happy. She gave him the best sex of his life. Her dirty talk, laced with her accent still lingered in his mind to this day.

He would have flirted with this woman, if he was single but he loved Pesh too much. Her presence in his life was each day an oasis of pleasure, something to look forward to. For most of his life, Senator X had believed that people were islands. They never really joined and became one, even when they’d been married for fifty years. But with Pesh, it felt different. Loving her had been a thrilling voyage. He felt like she was really a part of him that he couldn’t survive without. She made him happy. Not many women had made him feel happy. Not even his late wife. They simply co-existed.

He enjoyed making new friends though and he saw this as the perfect

chance to make another.

“Cool... Get ready. Or are you going like that?” He took two final puffs of his cigar.

“Of course not.” She smiled.

To his surprise, she stood up and began undressing right there as he watched. His cock began growing hard as he watched the perfections of Latina beauty.

Remaining with only her bra and panties, she signaled him to find her downstairs and retreated to her suite.

He followed her out of the building and together, they ventured across the terrace to the beach. They walked along the waterline on the smooth golden sand until they were out of sight of the resort.

He didn't even realize he was carrying his phone until it started ringing. He answered it as the Colombian woman walked on.

“The documents are ready sir.” The person on the other end of the line spoke.

“You have everything we need?” He was excited all of a sudden.

“Yes sir! Every detail is in here.”

“Good, I am still in Peru. As soon as I come back, I am holding a press conference.”

“This is going to be big sir. This right here might just make you the next president of Kenya!”

“I can't wait. This is why I love politics.”

Senator X hung up and placed his phone on the sand. The Colombian woman had already dived into the ocean. Emulating her, he took a short run and a quick flat dive into the small waves. He kept underwater as long as he could, swimming with precise movements. Then he surfaced and brushed the water out of his eyes.

The Colombian woman was already out of the ocean, sitting on the sand, her head tilted backwards so that the water would drip. She had ditched her bra and panties to remain in naked form. He couldn't help but feast his sight

with all those treasures of female perfection. She had a body without a fault. It glowed with all opening bloom and vernal freshness.

“Come! Sit with me.” She shouted at him at the top of her voice.

As he came ashore, he wondered whether he should really sit with her or head back to the resort. She was tempting. He would be failing Pesh by allowing himself to stay with her any second longer.

Still, he found himself going to where she was.

“I didn’t catch your name.” He shrugged his shoulders and lay down next to her with his legs spread out as he gazed at the stars above.

“I am Valentina.” She kept her gaze at the sea.

“It’s a pleasure to know you Valentina.” He tried hard not to concentrate on her naked form.

“Listen senator. I consider myself a sexually liberated woman. I have no problem getting naked with strangers. Also, when I see a man I like, I go after him. However, I don’t steal men. I only go after single men. In that case, you have no need to feel uneasy. Consider me a friend.”

“Understood.”

When her hair was dry, she lay next to him, watching the stars too.

As he inhaled her sweet scent, Senator X thought about the phone conversation that happened before the swim. He was about to make the biggest and boldest move of his political career. He was nervous but he was going to do it anyway.

After a while, Valentina looked down the beach and saw that the shadows of the headland were almost reaching for them.

“I have to get some sleep now.” She got up and wore her panties and bra.

“Me too.” He followed her as she began walking back to the resort.

The flesh of her buttocks tempted him. They really did. But like the true gentleman that he was, he never entered her suite, even when she lingered at her door for a little longer, trying to see if he’d take a risk. He simply wished her a good night, even though dawn was fast approaching, and joined Pesh in bed.





Pesh was naked in the bathtub. She looked sideways from the magazine she was holding with wet fingers and through the open giant glass window of the bathroom that offered a view to a big lawn on the resort. While the senator was still sleeping, one of the servants had passed by and handed her a tray full of cocktails. She had taken the tray with her to the bathroom.

On the glasses, there were writings. *Pisca Sour* mixed with *Chicha De Fruitilla* and *Chicha Morada* . She had heard that Peruvian liquors were dangerous. They tasted like cough medicine but they hid a potent, Viking spirit. She heard that people always got a little wild after a glass of Peruvian cocktail, but in those few minutes, she had four.

She threw the magazine on the floor, picked another glass from the tray and took a sip.

For the short time she had known Senator X, she'd enjoyed the luxurious lifestyle of the wealthy. And, to be quite honest, she could see herself easily getting used to it. She thought about her menses. They normally lasted three days. They'd be in Peru for five days. This meant they'd still have time to fuck in South America.

It wasn't the first time she was drinking in the morning. But there was something disturbing her. The night before, she had woken up to find Senator X absent. Curious, she looked for him everywhere. One of the security guards told her he was at the beach. She rushed there and from a distance, she saw him with the Colombian woman.

Had he slept with her?

She wanted to pick a fight with him but she did her best to remain composed. It wouldn't be a good idea to ruin such a perfect vacation. Right now she just wanted to enjoy Peru. Maybe she'd bring up the issue when they got back to Nairobi.

Senator X, who was just waking up, yawned loudly and stretched to reach the suite's telephone.

"Good morning." A lady's voice spoke on the other end.

"Room service please." He yawned again. "I'd like to order breakfast.

Two pints of fresh mango juice and eight eggs. Make them lightly scrambled and pair them with fried bacon. Also bring white tea and double portion of Café Ristretto with cream. Captured it?”

“Absolutely sir! Your breakfast will be in your suite in ten minutes.”

“Perfect.”

Senator X walked to the door, opened it and picked up the four newspapers from different regions in the world. They had been placed quietly outside while they were still sleeping.

He spotted Valentina coming out of her door, wearing tight pants, a vest, a cape and sport shoes.

“Morning.” She looked happy.

“Morning.” He waved at her. “Where are you headed?”

“To the gym downstairs. Wanna come?”

“Maybe some other time.”

Without saying another word, she walked away.

Senator X and Pesh spent most of the morning hours relaxing. She was awfully quiet but he didn’t realize it. In the afternoon, they flew by chopper to view the iconic Machu Picchu. The sights were beautiful.

“Do you know that the Macchu Pichu was constructed many years ago for an emperor called Parachuti?” Senator X asked her as his eyes swallowed in the citadel’s view from the chopper.

She didn’t respond.

He turned to face her and he found her on the phone laughing at videos by a Kenyan vlogger. His head almost exploded.

“What are you doing?” He pulled the phone from her hand. “We’re in bloody Peru and you are watching videos?”

He wasn’t impressed. He wanted her to completely enjoy the vacation. They had a minor scuffle over it, but they ended it when the pilot advised them to just hold off any domestic squabbles and savour the view.

# Chapter Fifteen

“Why did you cheat on me?” Pesh kicked the ottoman in an angry bout.

Senator X put a pause to his celebratory dance. He was still holding their self-testing kits. They had both tested negative.

It was the night of their fourth day in Peru, the night they were supposed to finally have sex. Her menses were over. Instead of giving her lover what he longed for, she decided to raise hell. She had sworn she would keep things cool but the images of him sitting beside another naked woman at the beach were continuing to form vague, disturbing patterns in her mind.

“What are you talking about?” He couldn’t understand her.

“I saw you with the woman.”

“Oooh... That’s what this is about? She’s just a friend. Relax.”

“Really? So your friends stay naked around you huh?”

“It’s not what you think Pesh.”

“Yeah right. You men really like saying that statement huh? It’s not what you think? Cut me the crap.”

“You need to calm down Pesh.”

“Don’t tell me to calm down.”

“I can’t deal with you like this.”

“Of course you can’t. Why don’t you go hang out with your new Latina lover?”

“I am not doing that.”

“Of course you are. Get out!”

“Be reasonable.”

“Get out you cheater.”

Pesh began pushing him out of the suite. He tried to make her calm down but he failed. He eventually gave up and walked out. She banged the door

behind him.

He thought about going to have a drink at the lounge downstairs but he didn't feel like it. Frustrated, he knocked at Valentina's door. He had really been looking forward to having sex with Pesh but now she was giving him hell. After the superb treatment he had given her? He couldn't believe it.

He heard movements inside, then the door was opened and Valentina appeared. She was wearing a white bath robe. On her left hand, there was a glass of wine. In the background, speakers cranked out *Tuyo* by Rodrigo Amante, a Spanish song that Senator X hoped would lift his spirits and take his mind off Pesh.

"My lady and I just had a fight. Do you mind if I hang out with you?"

"I understand. Love is complicated... Come in."

He stepped inside, swallowing in the view of plush furnishings and epochola canvases. Valentina locked the door behind him.

"Your suite looks really nice."

Without responding directly to his compliment, Valentina changed the topic.

"You know senator... this misunderstanding with your partner has provided you with the perfect opportunity."

"For?"

"For this."

She ran the back of her knuckles from his chest down to his belt. To his surprise, she began unbuckling it. His heart pounded in his chest in a crazed rattle.

"Whoa! What are you doing?"

"Seizing the opportunity... trying to get myself some black cock. I've heard good stories about black men."

"Didn't you say you don't steal men?"

"People go against their principles all the time, senator. As a politician, you should be aware of this."

Senator X saw the intent in her glittering eyes. The raw honesty surprised him. It was obvious that her hungry hole needed filling.

“I still think we should take a moment and think about what we are about to...”

Before he could say another word of protest, Valentina dropped her robe, revealing pointed, mouthwatering, ruddy tan breasts.

“Well, Mr. Senator... do you still want to think about it?”

He suppressed a groan as a bolt of desire shot straight down to his toes. The size and volume of her breasts didn't rival those of Pesh but they were ripe and appetizing nevertheless. They were pear-shaped with nipples that had a call-to-action feel about them. As he was busy processing the view, she thrust her hands into his hair and pulled him closer before planting her lips on his.

A tang of need burst across his senses as her mouth met his in a rush. He threw his arms around her waist, pressed firmly and lifted her against him. Instinct steered her to wrap her legs around him. The desire was searingly evident in the way she clamped tight against his waist.

He carried her to the bed and moments later, her world tilted and the mattress was at her back.

“Uuuh la la... I love how you handle me senator.” He loved how her accent became more distinct in the heat of passion. It was hot.

His mouth went for the pair of breasts that hung loosely. The lip contact was a hot shock to her system. She melted under his onslaught. He spent a good chunk of time on the boobies, cupping, nibbling, licking, and laving. For endless minutes he cupped, laved, and stroked her breasts. He swiped his tongue over the taut beads of each boob, appreciating the swelling and reddening. The assault on her jugs made her feel like she was in a pool of heat. She took a hand to the place between her thighs and peeled back her nether lips, exposing her clit. Soft breeze from the windows blew on it like a child blowing on a morsel of food too hot to eat. Her cunny shed tears of wetness, crying out to be filled with his cock.

He eventually left her breasts and transported his mouth to the tender skin below her ear. He toyed with the lobe, his cock jerking when he felt tiny chill

bumps dancing across her skin. When he returned to her lips, Valentina kissed him ravenously, her arms circling his neck and locking him into place so that his lips wouldn't wander again. Every vein in her body circulated liquid fires. She fed from him; drank his saliva and sucked at his tongue until it threatened to become dry.

She grinded her legs against his trousers in a movement of incredible friction as her fingers reached to his fly, trying to free his cock. He had never kissed a woman who was so receptive, so welcoming for everything he could give her. It was damn addicting. The way her gaze glowed with raw passion made him forget that Pesh existed.

"I've wanted you ever since I saw you at the balcony." A low purr left her throat.

Valentina managed to pull down his zipper, and fished around in his boxers for her prize. She drew it out with difficulty, as it was hard as steel and quite inflexible. She stroked it and started a countdown for when it would be inside her. She badly wanted it to ease the relentless gnawing hunger that burned in her pink vaginal territories.

When he lifted himself and stood up to unbutton his shirt, Valentina caught on quickly. She went after him and simply ripped it from his body, exposing centimetres of gorgeous chocolate shoulders. His bowed and rippling muscles made her gasp with need.



In the other suite, Pesh lay in bed, uneasy. She wondered what Senator X could possibly be doing with the Latina. Not knowing what to do, she decided to call Wawuda.

"Hey girl! How is Peru?" Wawuda's voice beamed with joy as usual.

"It's not so good." Her voice was throaty.

"That bastard... he cheated on me."

"With who?"

“A certain Latin woman.”

“Come on. That’s not cheating.”

“What do you mean?”

“Any man would cheat with a Latina if he got the chance. Give him a pass.”

“Are you being serious right now?”

“Of course... If your man got a chance with Beyonce and slept with her, would you be mad?”

“Not sure.”

“It’s the same thing. You wouldn’t be mad... because it’s Beyonce goddamit. Latinas are the gold standard of beauty and sexiness. Even Saint Peter would fall for a Latina. If your man cheated with one, forgive him and forget it ever happened.”

“I see.”

“Where is he now?”

“He is with her I guess.”

“With her?”

“Yes... I chased him out of our suite in anger.”

“Girl, are you insane? You chased a man who didn’t rush you into having sex? A man who flew you to South America? You are really strange, Pesh. Go get him before he forgets about you completely. Or else you’ll be flying back to Kenya alone.”

“Alright... Alright! Let me do that.”

With renewed vigour, Pesh stormed out of the suite and stopped at Valentina’s door. She banged it hard with the sides of her fists.

Valentina quickly wore her bathrobe and went to see who it was. She saw Pesh and immediately knew she was Senator X’s partner. She had seen him with her around the resort.

“What do you want?” Valentina expanded her body to cover more of the

door so that Pesh wouldn't force herself in.

"I want my man." Pesh found it hard not to admire Valentina's stunning facial structure.

"Your man is busy."

"I don't have time for your nonsense. Tell him to come out."

"Go back to where you came from young lady."

"Why don't you go act in a soap opera instead of stealing men? Isn't that what you people do?"

"Soap opera? Just cause I'm Latin American? Well I'm Colombian and we do so much more than star in telenovelas!"

"Good. Why don't you go sell cocaine then? Or maybe you can do something constructive like contesting for Miss Universe. Don't women from your country win it all the time?"

"Really? You are being annoyingly stereotypical right now. Should I also tell you to go back to your mud hut in Africa? Huh? Or maybe you should go feed your hungry giraffe... You're busy enjoying yourself in a foreign country while it's starving."

Within a short time, the two ladies were pulling each other's hair. Shirtless, Senator X rushed to separate them. Raul, the resort manager was just passing nearby. Upon hearing the commotion, he rushed to intervene.

When Pesh explained to Raul what happened, he gave a ruling.

"Ladies... and gentleman. This is not a place for catfights. Valentina, kindly go back to your suite." He then turned to face Pesh and Senator X. "You two, kindly go back to your suite as well and resolve your differences in a hushed manner. We have very respectable guests here. We don't want them to have bad memories of this beautiful resort."

Slowly, Pesh and Senator X walked back to their suite.

"I am going to sleep now. I don't want to fight." He was mad that his beautiful moment with Valentina had been interrupted.

"Baby, I am sorry." Pesh walked towards him. "I just don't want to lose you."



“Hmmm... ” He didn’t really saying anything.

“Let me show you how sorry I am.” Her tone confirmed the gravity of her apology as well as her desire. She grabbed his belt and began unbuckling it.

She pulled down his trousers together with his boxers with brutal efficiency. She then ran her palm through the intriguing trail of pubic hair that created a highway from his navel to his penis. She was glad to have reclaimed her man. She now wanted to show him why she was the sexiest woman he’d ever seen.

“Lie on the carpet, please.” Her sinful fuck-me eyes promised sweetness unlike anything he’d ever known.

“Ummm... alright.” He did as instructed.

Slowly, Pesh pulled every existing fabric from her body. She did this deliberately to show him just how sexy her body was.

He fused his stare to her body as she knelt above him, each leg on the sides of his hips. Above him, she looked like a goddess, striking, built for pleasure. His cock was pointing to the ceiling, ready for entry. Grabbing it, she eased her thighs apart and directed the hard member to the lips of her vagina. She pushed her weight down and allowed it to skid across the sensitive opening. She grunted at the delicious intrusion as his penis went all the way into her insides which were now a jumble of anticipation, wetness and need.

He stilled with acceptance. He had missed out on Valentina’s vagina but Pesh was the woman he loved and her vagina felt like heaven.

“Did you really fuck her?” She genuinely wanted to know.

“She wanted me to. But it didn’t get there.” He gave her another assurance.

He ran his fingers through her compact calves, as she began riding him. His fingers traced a sensitive line from her thighs all the way to the curves of her ass. His touch made her knees weak but she never lacked the power to move up and down on his cock; swallowing it and releasing it every time.

His stare lasered its way to her nipples which had peaked. Each of her breasts bounced at their own time. While one was up, the other one was down

or sideways.

“I almost didn’t come with your bodyguard to your car the day we met, you know?” She confessed as she continued riding him. She was looking forward to pleasuring him until his dick was sore.

“Really?” He sought more information as he enjoyed the way her hair swung in all directions.

“Yes. I thought you were just another older man who wanted to use a young girl.”

“But you made a smart choice eventually, right?”

“Yes, right now I’d have been lonely in my room in Nairobi, not here in Peru.”

“Indeed. Don’t ever worry about me leaving you my love. I won’t do it.” He had decided to give her a clear promise.

“That means a lot.”

She was glad to get such assurances. At that moment, she chose to forget how Valentina almost staged a successful coup to steal her man.

Pesh threw her head back again in heedless delight. She fucked him until the muscles of her inner thighs strained. Her tight pussy milked him so hard, he felt like his penis was on fire. He wanted to ask for mercy but he suspected she would show none. She was branding him, proving him that there wasn’t another woman on planet earth like her.

She wished this moment would never end. His hands roamed over her body as she continued proving she was the master of the cowgirl position.

Senator X fingers flirted with a tattoo, admiring it.

“This looks so sexy on you.” He whispered to her.

She didn’t even hear him. She was lost in a paradise of pleasure. More arousal gathered in her wet cleft. The more it went, the more she couldn’t get enough of him. She grabbed her breasts and pressed them, a move aimed at trying to control the sensory overload. It didn’t work so she bent slightly forward and let him grab them.

Shallow gasps came from both of them as they struggled to breathe. At

every point where their bodies made contact, the skin burned.

“Sssss... uuuiihh.” She dug her nails into his shoulders when his cock went too deep.

Most of the time, she would close her eyes as the sweetness coursed through her body. But whenever she opened them, their gazes would connect, and so would their hearts. She loved him and he loved her too.

“God, you taste so nice.” His body was shaking. Her vagina was like syrup with too much sugar. It melted him, made him feel like his body would combust to flames.

Flesh to flesh— that’s how he had wanted her and that’s how he was getting her. But he wasn’t sure he could take it anymore. The pleasure was overpowering, putting him in a state of wild euphoria.

Pesh could sense that Senator X was on the very edge of control. She honestly couldn’t wait for him to lose it, to tap out. She picked up speed, setting a hard rhythm. She milked him vigorously as she looked for the moment he would spill his seed inside her.

But without warning, her orgasm came before his. Atomic energy converged inside her then she exploded.

He allowed her to fall on his chest. She bit his neck as she burst into a thousand pieces; her heart pounding mindlessly for him; her cells scattered by the unruly, mind-bending pleasure. When the wave had subsided, he placed her down carefully and positioned himself above her.

Their sweat-covered bodies shone in the lighting as he walloped her into senselessness. She clung to him and called him every name she could think of — from honey to hubby. Earsplitting screams were powering through her throat, no matter how hard she tried to keep it down.

Her voice had already grown hoarse. He enjoyed the way she worked her vocal chords until she couldn’t say anything. Her flesh was swollen and now every thrust looked like it would tear her body apart. After a few more thrusts, he finally spilled himself deep inside her. Ejaculating inside her was the sweetest thing he had ever known. It felt like falling over a high cliff into a fiery pit of delight.

Her pussy clung too tightly on him that it was impossible to pull out. Her

legs were turning into rubber. He realized she was so close to another orgasm so he kept riding on a flat tire. His dick had gone flaccid, ready to call it a day, but he pushed it to do some overtime work.

Pesh felt lightheaded as their genitals rubbed against each other. They strained together toward a potent cataclysm that threatened to destroy them both. As she chased her second 'Big O' with reckless psyche, her moans morphed into low whimpers which eventually turned to gentle pleas.

"Fuuuuccckk!" She cursed out so loud as if the word consisted of thirty letters. The storm raged inside her, making her feel nothing but blinding and deafening ecstasy. Valentina must have definitely heard her scream from her suite.

The pleasure scorched her insides and flattened her. She lost all strength as the mixture of her cream and his semen trickled out of her vagina. As she waited for her body to cool down, Senator X slammed his mouth over hers for one final kiss before they collapsed on the carpet.

They laid on the carpet for a while, Senator X's cock buried deep in her, their stomachs glued together with sticky semen. Finally, he withdrew himself from her with a plop and a squelch, rolling off her. He held her in his arms.

Hungry, Senator X ordered food for them both.

It came quick. The elderly lady pushing the trolley made the mistake of entering without knocking first. When she saw them naked on the floor, she did a cross sign and retreated quickly.

"It's okay. Just bring it inside." Senator X shouted.

*"Recogelo! Soy una mujer de dios!"* She shouted back.

Senator X laughed.

"What did she say?" Pesh was curious.

"She says we go pick the food outside the door because she is a woman of God. She can't come back inside when we are like this."

"Ha ha. No problem. I'll pick the food baby."

After resting for two more minutes, Pesh stood up and walked to the door.

She opened it and saw the trolley. There were an array of meals; crisp chicken on a crunchy rice, hot dogs and salad, fish and spaghetti, brown mutton cutlets and roast pork.

The door of the next suite opened and Valentina came out. Perhaps she was hoping that Pesh and Senator X had been in another fight. She was ready to welcome him back to her arms. Instead she saw Pesh in her naked glory.

Pesh smiled and waved a middle finger at Valentina before pushing the trolley inside.

*“Putá!”* The Colombian beauty cursed in Spanish.

Once inside, Pesh arranged the dishes at the carpet and they ate from there. It was scrumptious.

“I am sure I have gained ten pounds ever since we came here.” Her eyes shot lavender sparks as she chuckled. “Given how much you are spoiling me, I hope I won’t turn into a balloon.”

“Blasphemy! No one’s getting fat. And if you do, we’re still going to shed those extra kilos on the bed.” He pinched her chin and brought her closer for another kiss.



The plane began descending towards Jomo Kenyatta International Airport in Nairobi. It was a few minutes to 7 o’clock in the evening. Pesh turned her head to look at Senator X who was still sleeping soundly. It had been a long flight. She then looked outside the window where the sun was setting in a blaze of orange. In the skyscrapers and ordinary buildings below, the dazzling lights were coming on, turning the whole city into a golden honeycomb. Far below the highways were rivers of neon lighting, cherry, indigo and lime.

They eventually landed. The senator’s bodyguards were waiting for him. They saluted and began walking the couple towards the arrivals’ area. He had refused to let them accompany him to Peru since he wanted to be alone with Pesh—he needed to feel like a normal man.

Pesh enjoyed the VIP treatment she got ever since she started dating

Senator X. She was glad to be back to all the pampering but a part of her wished she was still in Peru. Those few days had been dramatic and memorable.

As they walked on, People were taking pictures of Senator X. Some even stopped him to ask for selfies. He didn't seem to like it but he had to act nice. Before they walked any further, he took a detour and asked Pesh to follow him. Covertly, he whispered something to one of his bodyguards and sneaked Pesh into the male washrooms. Naughty senator!

Inside, he politely requested for a blowjob.

“Suck me my love!”

“We won't get caught?”

“No, I have instructed my bodyguard to stop anyone from entering.”

Gladly, Pesh spread her coat on the floor, knowing he would buy her another one. She knelt on it and made sure her body was perfectly balanced. She stuck her hand into his trousers and fished out his 'tools.' She held his cock at a perpendicular angle before smothering it in kisses.

She squeezed it with utmost gentleness, weighed with her hands like they were the most accurate scale and measured the width with her soft fingers. She then proceeded to lick the shaft and the balls which seemed empty. Back in Peru, they had made love for several more hours and then rested before departing in the evening. They spent around 23 hours in the air since they had to connect flights.

She took his cock deep into her mouth and gulped, fighting for control. His balls, which she was gently squeezing were on fire. They could have shot out a stream of cum immediately but there was a shortage in his testicles. Most of his seed was inside Pesh already. The sound of her lapping tongue could be heard all over the place. If there was one thing she really excelled at, it was giving blowjobs.

One of the bodyguards knocked at the door and notified them there was a high demand for washrooms and people were wondering why this one was closed. Not the type of girl to leave her man without satisfaction, Pesh sucked him more meticulously while gently stroking, to ensure he came quicker.

He poured his white heavy fluid on her forehead shortly after. Like a

gentleman, he wiped her face with a tissue and pulled her up. She walked out first in order to not raise any suspicion. He waited five minutes later before following her.

They hugged each other and promised to meet the following day. He then ordered one of his drivers to drop her home.

# Chapter Sixteen

Students stood up to clap as Wawuda concluded her speech at the university's amphitheatre. Pesh joined them, clapping the loudest. As president of the students association, Wawuda was launching a project that aimed at providing free contraceptives to all female students. Makena joined her on stage where she said a few words before the audience clapped again. The two had partnered on the project and Pesh couldn't help but wonder whether they were aware that they once slept with the same man—Mystery Man.

Attending Wawuda's event was the first thing Pesh did when she woke up in the morning. As the female-only crowd streamed out of the amphitheatre, Pesh rushed to Wawuda's direction.

"I missed you so much bestie." She hugged her.

"Me too girl. How was Peru?" Wawuda was reluctant to break off the hug.

"It was like a dream. I'll tell you all the stories later. Right now, I have to rush to class."

"Great. We'll catch up later. Take care."

As Pesh walked to class, she tried calling Senator X but his phone was switched off. She tried again after class but his phone was still switched off. She assumed he was busy so she waited it out but by evening, he was still unreachable.

This had never happened. She began getting worried.

That night, she stared into the screen of her laptop on an assignment she was working on. She sighed wearily as she finally admitted failure. It just wasn't going to be completed tonight. She badly wanted it done but the concentration was lacking. Her mind was occupied with memories of Peru and deep concern about the senator's whereabouts.

She remained awake for a couple of hours before sleep captured her.

The next morning, she passed by Senator X's office but no one there had seen him. Devastated, she went back home. She would have checked his



residence but she wasn't sure where he lived. They had never met at his house.

Back home, she sunk on her newest couch. The leather was wickedly soft and supportive beneath her body. It would be perfect for coitus, if the opportunity ever arose.

She picked up her phone and sent Senator X a text message. She really hoped he would contact her as soon as possible.

A local TV station was airing a Nollywood movie. She wondered why these stations focused too much on foreign soap operas and Nigerian movies instead of promoting the local film industry. She tried to suppress her grin as the pidgin English of the actors echoed through the home theatre speakers. Bored, she held on to a teddy bear, trying to find nonchalance.

As she was busy thinking, the movie that was running was cut short and the image of a news anchor appeared.

The words BREAKING NEWS were displayed at the bottom of the screen.

*News just in... We've just been informed that Senator Olunga Ouko aka Senator X is missing. Again, we've just been informed that Senator X is missing. He was last seen at the Jomo Kenyatta International Airport as he arrived in the country from a short vacation in Peru. Neither his family, friends or political associates know where he is.*

Pesh nearly collapsed. The moment Senator X's picture appeared on the screen, everything inside her froze. The news anchor's voice chilled her blood. Missing? How? They had been together not so long ago.

Within a few hours, most of her friends had come to her house to console her. As usual, Wawuda had been the first one to show up. She dropped everything she was doing.

Prominence creates jealousy and in his rise to the top, Senator X created a lot of enemies. He enjoyed criticizing the fake politicians like Governor Kipara and exposing corrupt public officials. He was a threat to many big people but Kenyans loved him. Everyone looked forward to his speeches and dossiers. A recent opinion poll had shown that 79 % of Kenyans wanted him to be the next president.

Pesh was worried that something really bad must have happened to him. She prayed every few minutes. She hoped he would be found alive. History didn't give her any hope. In the past, all Kenyan politicians that had been reported missing were later found dead.

Three days later, detectives from the Directorate of Criminal Investigations showed up at Kahawa Sukari. They found Pesh just as she was leaving for class. They picked her up and took her to their headquarters where they questioned her and made her record a statement.

They concluded that she had nothing to do with the senator's disappearance and released her.

Just as she was leaving the building, journalists swarmed her.

"Please... I don't want to be on camera." Her palms moistened with fear as she tried to get away from them.

She felt dizzy as each of the news-hunters shouted at her. The man she loved had just disappeared and she was not ready to talk about it. She pleaded with them to leave her alone but they wouldn't.

Quickly, she pulled out her phone and tried dialing some numbers. None of her friends were picking yet she wanted to get out of the place quickly. With all the close contacts exhausted, she decided to unblock Kevo and call him.

"Hi Pesh. I saw the news. I am so sorry. How can I be of assistance?"

"Could you please come and pick me from the DCI headquarters? Journalists are everywhere and I don't know how to get out."

"Get back in the building and sit tight. I am coming."

She did as instructed.

Thirty minutes later, Kevo called to inform her that he had arrived. She lowered her head and walked out of the building, hoping the journalists won't see her. She rushed to Kevo's car which was moving towards her from the lower end of the parking lot. He had acquired a new car recently, a second-hand *Toyota Celica*.

"There she is!" A reporter shouted as she walked towards the car. Before she could get to it, she was grabbed from behind by about three hands and

jerked around. Her flesh protested the touching and pulling but there was no way of fleeing. The collar to her shirt was pulled with so much force it ripped. She almost threw a punch at one of the cameramen but she figured it wouldn't look so good on TV. Fear coursed through her body like a tidal wave as hard hands held her captive, cameras flashing before her eyes and a dozen microphones shoved in her face.

"Describe your last moments with Senator X... Did he mention that he feared for his life?" The fervent eyes of a reporter tore through her as she struggled to break free.

"Is it true that he proposed to you? Did he promise to marry you in two months time?" Another reporter projected a microphone towards the lovely lips of Pesh as if it were a cock.

A furious scream boomed through her mouth. She didn't even realize it when she started crying. She didn't know that the cameras were catching every tear. Finally, she managed to break free. One reporter was left with material from her skirt as it tore when he tried to pull her back.

"Pesh... Get inside." Kevo pushed the door open. His voice ripped through the panic and became bolder than the music that was playing in his car stereo. KRS One's *Sound Of The Police* was the current song on his playlist. Coincidence or just a deliberate choice by Kevo?

The crowd of reporters surged behind Pesh. They almost caught up with her but she managed to dive into the car before they did.

"Drive!" She yelled as the now horrific sight of cameras and microphones appeared outside the windows.

Kevo slammed his foot on the gas, almost running over a few reporters who were trying to block the car.

"Move Bitch!" He growled as if he was Ludacris..

His usually calm face flushed with anger, his dreadlocks swaying in all directions like he was Bob Marley in his heyday, performing to a 30,000 capacity crowd. Some of his locks hit Pesh on the eye, others struck her lips and neck.

Finally he maneuvered the car to the gate and sped off.

“Woooo!” Kevo howled, a form of excitement blistering in his voice.

She could tell that a part of him enjoyed this. He seemed harder edged, like a man who managed to get the better of tough times and was now unbreakable. He looked happier but he also had those narrow eyes that promised danger.

The tires screeched as he hit the highway. He picked a lane and took the direction of the city’s central business district. Each vehicle he overtook swept him away from the chaos.

He kept the speed at a hundred and thirty kilometers per hour. When he came to some red traffic lights, he jumped them. At another red light, he saw a cop so he stopped until it was green. He turned on the lane just past the traffic lights and continued speeding.

He was glad to see her again after many months of silence. Her torn skirt exposed plenty of flesh on her sleek thighs, bringing back memories of sweet fornication.

“You wore that skirt to the station? Wow? No wonder they released you so quickly.” His naughty thoughts influenced inconsiderate words.

“Cut the nonsense Kevo. I didn’t choose what to wear. They picked me up abruptly.” Normally a statement like the one he made would have made her angry. But he had helped her at a time of need so she cut him some slack.

“My bad... Anyway, are you okay?” He turned to look at her as he overtook a slow bus.

“Except for some slight pain, I am fine.” Her skin was still burning from the unfamiliar pulling and shoving of the enthusiastic reporters.

“I am glad you are okay.” He turned to yell at another bus driver who was overtaking dangerously.

“Thanks for showing up.” One thing Mzee Malupia had taught her as a child was to always show gratitude. She never failed to thank anyone for a compliment or favour.

“No worries, you and I have always been cool, even though things didn’t end well.” He shot a glance at her thighs again.

“Take me home.” Pain reflected in her voice. She sounded croaky from

the endless crying she had been doing in the past few days.

“The reporters will still come there, you know.” He took another turn. “You need to stay somewhere else for a while.”

Kevo was right. She couldn’t go home. She was a hot topic in the news at the moment and the reporters would probably hunt her down again. They would camp at her gate even if she refused to leave the house.

“You can stay with me until things cool down. I moved into a bigger and better house. It has a spare room.” His eyes were still beaming from the drama of the chase. “You’ll be safe there.”

Pesh thought about it. Was this really a good idea? A better idea was to go to Wawuda’s house. However, Wawuda was a famous student leader. She didn’t want to bring negative media scrutiny to her friend’s ‘clean’ career.

“Are you still with Kitoko?”

“Kitoko and I broke up a long time ago, just after she beat you. I am not with anyone right now. So don’t worry about a woman showing up.”

“Fine... Let’s go.”

He increased the speed to 150 kilometers per hour.

An hour later, Kevo pulled up outside his apartment block at a neighbourhood called Utawala and switched off the engine. He then directed Pesh to his apartment and opened the door before locking it behind them.

“Your room is that way.” Kevo pointed to the closed door at the far end. “It has a bathroom inside. You can shower as I cook.”

“Why are you doing this Kevo?” She turned back to him. She was suspicious of the way he had suddenly appointed himself her rescuer and guardian.

“Doing what?”

“Why are you being this kind to me yet you are aware that I am deeply in love with another man. What’s in it for you?”

“Don’t overthink. I am just helping you as a friend. That’s all there is to it.”

She nodded and walked to her room where she undressed and showered. Later on, he offered her food and weed. He never made any advances at her.

The next day, he offered to go to her house to pick some fresh clothes for her. He let her stay at his place for about a week. When the media had cooled off on the story, he drove her back to her house.

“Take care!” He started the engine. “Everything will be alright.”

She was surprised at how he’d become such a gentleman. She almost wished she’d stay with him a few more days. She knew she’d be lonely but there was no way she would ask him for an extended stay.

Slowly, she walked to her house.



Weeks passed and then months. Pesh even did her final examinations and said goodbye to university life. There was still no word on the missing politician. Not even his body had been found. What happened to Senator X? A local investigative journalist tried to solve the mystery but he disappeared too.

Pesh lost plenty of weight. No matter how often her friends tried to console her, she couldn’t get over the loss of her lover. She never allowed any other man to touch her. The very thought of being with anyone besides him made her ill.

She got a job but her days were still filled with sadness and loneliness. Her best friend Wawuda was never around. She was always travelling across the country with politicians. Now that she was also done with her university studies, she was laying a foundation to enable her contest for a political seat in the next general elections.

One Saturday afternoon when Pesh was bored to death, she called Kevo. She figured it wouldn’t hurt to go and hang out with him for a little while.

“Are you around?” She spoke gently over the phone.

“Yes... just watching some movies and smoking weed.” He sounded high on the other end.

“Can I come?”

“Sure.”

When she arrived, he was standing outside his door, talking to a neighbour. A smile etched on his face when he saw her. He wore a white vest. His long powerful legs were encased in snug denim. It looked like he had grown bigger from gym workouts. His massive frame dominated the door as he walked in after her.

“How are you holding up Pesh?”

“I am finally letting it go.”

“It’s about time. You need to get your life back on track.”

“I will.”

“You’ve lost plenty of weight as well. I should put you on a feeding program.”

“Haha. Would you?”

“You know me. I cook like a billionaire’s chef.”

“I agree.”

“Let’s head to the kitchen and I’ll make you a meal. Cool?”

“Yes... I am actually hungry.”

He showed her how to prepare the best fried chicken and spaghetti. When they were done, they ate and had several bottles of beer which Kevo kept on getting from the refrigerator.

They talked for hours and this time, he made a move on her. He kissed her just when the mood was right.

“I don’t think we should do this Kevo.” She pulled away.

“I am sorry.” He moved away from her.

“Fuck it, let’s do it.” She changed her mind again in an instant.

Kevo kissed her again and this time, her lips yielded eagerly. As he was taking off her clothes, she discovered there was a drop of blood on her panties. Not again. Her cycle had always been irregular ever since she was a

teenager. She could never really tell when the bleeding was about to start. As expected, Kevo was disappointed but she promised him that she would let him have her again soon. She had enjoyed the sex they had a long time ago and she was willing to do it again. She knew it would help her with the grief. Her only condition was that he took a HIV test first then send her a picture of the result. He agreed to do so.

A week later, she gave him an impromptu visit, ready to offer him the goodies he yearned for. She caught him just as he was about to leave.

“I am taking my car to a repair centre. Wanna accompany me? It won’t take long.”

“Sure.”

They got in and sped off.



# Chapter Seventeen

Pesh was tired of standing under the iron sheet shade. The mechanics were taking too long to begin working on Kevo's vehicle. They were supposed to change the rims but they hadn't taken the wheels off yet.

"Give us ten minutes. We are finishing up on one vehicle then we'll start working on yours." The tall dark mechanic who looked like he had swam in grease lied to Kevo. It was now fifty minutes.

Soon, the surrounding air began getting chilly. Vast dark clouds were swallowing the sun and the skies as a whole, prepared to pour Noah-like torrents of rain over the earth. Thunder came marching from just a short distance away, warning everyone that it was time to seek cover. Hawkers selling umbrellas appeared from nowhere as they always did. Mighty forks of lightning drew ribs and veins of fire all across the dark skies. Then, with boisterous winds that vacuumed the dust and flung it onto ears, eyes and hair, came the downpour. Everyone jumped when the thunder cracked—it exploded with the racket and ferocity of a disintegrating world. The mechanics even took off and went to seek shelter inside a nearby building, forgetting they had waiting clients.

"Standing here isn't safe, let's look for a place to chill." Kevo's eyes danced through the yard as the trees shimmered.

"Yes... Where do you suggest?" Pesh was shivering. The goosebumps on her skin stood out stiffly.

"Hurry, let's get into one of the cars." He went with the first idea that came into his mind.

"These ones here? Aren't they dirty inside?"

"Someone doesn't want to get her ass dirty." He pulled her hand. "You either get dirty or you get washed by the rain. Choose one."

"Okay, let's go." She followed him as he directed her to an old SUV.

Forcefully, he jerked the door open without releasing her arm. She jumped in quickly and Kevo followed. Safely tucked inside the SUV, they remained silent for a while. Except for little dust on the seats, the interior of the vehicle

wasn't as dirty as Pesh thought it would be. Unlike Kevo's car which was squeezed, there was plenty of room here, room for all possibilities.

She took out a lollipop from her handbag and began sucking it.

"So, how is your professional life nowadays? I've never asked you about it ever since we reconnected." Pesh watched the rain washing over the windows as she broke the silence.

"I am doing great. I started my own company after Kitoko made sure I got fired." His voice was softer, resonating with contentment.

"That's awesome. I am proud of you."

"But I don't want to talk about my work right now."

"What do you wanna talk about?"

"Us."

"Us?"

"Yes! I feel like you and I were meant to be together Pesh!"

"Uh oh. Where did that come from?"

"From the heart."

"Not from the dick?"

"We can check if that's the source too."

"Right here?"

"What better place than right here?"

Her heart tripled in speed.

He was right. There wasn't a place better than right there in the car. The possible thrill of it hit her like a ton of bricks. No one was around. The back lot was deserted, enclosed by a high fence, leaving them secluded, hidden from view. They could use the heavy downpour to conceal their sins.

Kevo lifted his hand and reached out to rub her cheeks. They were once cute and full of fatty layers. Now they were plain and devoid of life. He didn't mind. The warmth of his fingertips caused a sobbing breath of need to escape her lungs. She pulled the lollipop from her mouth and her tongue

peeked out. Acting fast, he seized the opportunity and locked his mouth on hers. The sounds of their tongues and lips twisting against each other filled the interior of the vehicle with a burning tension that tightened every nerve in their bodies to near snapping point.

In a split second, he rose above her. He lowered his hand and jerked the handle under the seat to slide it farther back and allow him more room to explore her body. He grabbed the lollipop from her hand and shoved it inside his mouth, licking it seductively. After drawing enough sugar from it, he tucked it on her cleavage where it stood symbolically like the flag planted on the top of Mount Kenya after independence by the great Kisoï Munyao. He then lifted her arms and pulled the tan suede jacket off her body. With the skin of her arms exposed, she looked as edible as ever. She whimpered, staring up at him in mild amusement. He noticed that her once sparkling eyes had become dull lately. However, they still had that air of temptation in them. He was eager to bring her back to happy days. He heard his inner voice summoning him, telling him he had one mission only —to make this woman happy.

“Kevo...” Moisture spilled between her thighs in reaction to his hungry stare. It was a stare that showed his intention, his desire to consume her whole, digest her and make her a part of him.

“Feel me, Pesh.” He sounded hoarse as he pulled the hem of her dress upwards.

He grinded his denim covered leg against her panties, delighting in the smoothness there.

He didn’t even have to say it. Feeling him was the only thing she could do at that moment. She felt his power, she felt the texture of his dreadlocks rubbing against her neck, she felt his need—she felt everything.

“Are you as sweet as I left you?” His voice was grating, exciting her senses in ways she could have never imagined.

“You are going to find out shortly.” She let out a smile as desire forced her hands to move to his waist.

She clawed at his black T-shirt and pulled it above his abs. She wanted to run her fingers down his chest but horniness had destroyed all forms of

patience inside her. She pulled out his T-shirt, exposing hard muscles which flexed with eagerness. Next, she took her fingers to the waistband of his jeans where she fought with the wide belt buckle. The rings on her fingers knocked against the metal of the buckle again and again, sounding like the swords of Crixus and Spartacus in a Roman colosseum. Kevo had a bad habit of tying his belt too tightly, something he'd learned from the strict Catholic schools he had studied in and had never been able to unlearn in adulthood. She licked her lip as she finally emerged victorious and slid the leather of his belt through the metal loop.

Pesh was so eager to capture his cock that she almost ripped a hole on his clean grey boxers to pull it out.

His face flushed with unabashed lust as her fingers finally held his cock and balls in captivity. One hand grabbed them and watched over them, as the other hand struggled to pull his jeans and boxers far down as they could reach. They didn't have to reach his feet. So long as they created enough room for penetration, she was good.

Returning the favour, he grabbed the hem and peeled the dress from her body. She lifted herself from the seat to allow for a smooth transition from clothed to nudity. The feminine scent of her body infused his senses —hot and arousing.

When the dress came above her head, he tossed it on the next seat and licked over her lower neck. His hands went to her back, where they unclasped her bra with expertise. It was like he had gone through years of training in a school of brassiere removal. Her panties were the only thing remaining and she was more than glad to pull them down herself. It was already soaked thanks to the wetness that had trickled out of her punani in rivulets.

Kevo breathed in the thick sweet scent of pussy. Hers wasn't just the usual scent. He was sure she smelled like butter and flowers. He had the sniffing capabilities of a police dog.

He slid his hand over her smooth tiny tummy then sailed north through the sea of fine skin. He stopped on her chest and grabbed a handful of tit. The supple fleshy tissue there felt so warm, cushioned and welcoming. He squeezed and fondled the tit, molding it passionately like a sculptor working on a fresh lump of the finest clay.

“Oh Lord.” Her head fell back against the seat as his tongue set itself on a quest to torment her skin.

“You think The Lord appreciates you calling him like that right now?” A playful smirk drew itself on his face.

“Hehe... you are silly.” She shot him a hot liquid gaze. “The Lord made sex sweet for a reason. If He didn’t want us to do it, I believe He would have made it painful.”

“Shhhh... Be quiet. Thunder might strike us if you keep talking like that.” Kevo teased her. “But first, feel my thunder.”

Without warning, he shoved his cock inside her. Pesh let out a loud yelp. She shuddered as he sunk to the deepest depths of her cunny. He had caught her off guard. When she opened her mouth to speak, no word came out of her. She suddenly became dumb.

Debilitating weakness presented itself in each of her joints. Her eyes suddenly became round, like those of a cartoon character. She nearly fell off the car seat but his hands steadied her.

It was cold outside but the brush of skin and genitals lit up an invisible form of everlasting fire around them.

The sudden intrusion of Kevo’s cock into her moist pink interior made her whine like a lost puppy. The sweetness made her high. This was beyond pleasure. It was madness.

Pesh bit her lip in tortured bliss. Her breasts were heaving as her lungs fought for oxygen. Kevo’s eyes raked over them, then to her beautiful face. His cock kept on probing her deeper and deeper. Every time he pulled the mighty rod out, it was covered in her sweet nectar.

Pesh backed away from his frame a little to create more room for coital action but it was all a pointless move as he came after her. She squealed as his cock spread open her meaty cuntlips once again. Her body trembled beneath the onslaught. Her hands shot up and curved to form a ring around his neck. Her nails ploughed into his dreadlocks as she tried to make sense of his taste. His raw skin felt like wet, dark honey.

The SUV bounced up and down as Kevo thrust into her demandingly. It was like a rally car being driven through rough terrain. Luckily, no one was

there to witness it. The rain protected them. The thunder drowned their moans, protecting their sweet mischief.

Pesh lost all sense of reason as her body burned brighter and hotter. Her slick folds of warm and drenched woman-flesh tightened around Kevo's cock as he kept the brutal strokes coming. He shagged her like he was punishing her for blocking his number. The hard points of her breasts combusted every time his body brushed against them.

"You are delicious, Pesh." His voice roughened.

For most beautiful women, praise always got boring with time since many men bombarded them with it. However, Pesh felt these things were always nice to hear. And she knew that what Kevo said wasn't just idle praise.

He thanked the heavens for this woman. Despite being a thinner version of herself, she was still too damn irresistible.

"Y... o... ooh." She still hadn't regained her ability to speak.

Conflict arose within Kevo. He wondered which trajectory his lips should be headed. He moved them to her ear and tasted traces of bitter wax. He then trailed them down the column of her neck.

"K... e... vv." Her head fell back against the seat as she tried to talk again.

"Sshhhh." His lips stroked over her collarbone. "You don't have to say a thing."

The frenetic pace of his thrusts was too much for her. His dick covered the distance in her channel. In and out it went, moving like pistons. She felt like she would explode and evaporate into thin air, but she didn't want him to slow down, not even a little bit.

With every thrust, her breasts danced for him. She mewled in ecstasy. Her lollipop had fallen off to God-knows-where but she didn't bother searching for it because what she was feeling was much sweeter than what man-made candy could offer.

She closed her eyes. She wanted to let the moment sink into her soul. But then she didn't want to miss out on the view of Kevo's beautiful body. So she met herself in the middle ground and kept alternating between shutting her

eyes and keeping them wide.

“I love you Kevo.” She finally overcame the overpowering bliss and spoke. “I love you so... so much.”

Perhaps it was too soon to say that but she did it anyway. Her body was overruling her mind. This need and pleasure wasn't natural. It was abnormal but she couldn't blame herself. Those powerful thrusts could make a woman say anything.

“I love you too Pesh.” His voice was full of base like the thunder outside.

Her pussy clenched and conformed to the shape of his hard dick. The pressure against her clit was wild, cruel and destructive. His fingers marched downwards around her hips until he could cup the smooth globes of her ass. They pressed against the naked skin, grabbing, rubbing and parting the rounded cheeks. If he had two dicks, he could have sent one into her asshole. But he only had one, and her vagina was too good, he had no intention of abandoning it for the pastures of the rectum.

He held her still, one foot on the floor, the other stepping between seat and floor to give his penis the calm working space it needed in order for it to be productive.

He pulled out, whispered her name, then went back in and buried his member in her to the hilt.

They say fucking really is one of those activities that ‘practice makes perfect.’ Kevo had done enough of it to be extremely good. He knew how to establish rhythm that made a woman turn into a lunatic. It was that rhythm that made Pesh bang a fist on the window, almost smashing it.

“Damn you Kevo... What are you doing to me? I am gonna die.” She began to protest. The things he was doing to her were not normal.

“What’s the problem baby?” A wicked smile played on his lips.

“It’s too sweet.”

“Should I slow down?”

“Nooo... Nooo. Keep it going. If I die, I die.”

If she dies, she dies? Was there a woman in history who had been fucked

to death? Pesh really thought that Kevo was going to fuck her to death. And she was ready to die for pleasure.

Her cunt held on to his cock tightly but he still managed to power through it, stretching her. Like the biblical Samson, his cock pushed the walls. It swirled inside her like a whirligig. Soon, she reached a point where she couldn't move, she could only feel. Her womb was now contracting fiercely, a sign that she was getting closer to destruction. The 'Big O' wasn't so far away.

They say the best holiday isn't Christmas, it's Christmas Eve. This is due to the anticipation and longing. Equally, the best part of sex isn't the climax itself but being on the verge of it. You feel it coming from far away. Sometimes it comes quickly, sometimes it takes its time. It's always better when it takes its time. When you feel it coming but it takes an old, slow locomotive train rather than a fast jet —that's the best part. It's the sweetest pleasure known to mankind.

Her vision was now getting blurry. Her ass cheeks quivered under the strain of incoming climax. He kept pumping into her, and she kept waiting for it.

All of a sudden, deep, hard, blasts of heated semen shot into the ultra-tight channel. He poured litres of his fluid into her. His knees buckled and he fell over her.

“Aaaaaaaarrrrrrr!” He was literally screaming.

Pesh remembered Mafinyo complaining about the article that lambasted old men, saying they screamed while coming. Kevo wasn't old and he was screaming. Perhaps that's what good pussy did to men.

His ejaculation triggered her own explosion. It was nuclear —capable of putting the United States on high alert. She banged the window again and this time it cracked. She had to strain her eyes downwards and check her pussy. She wanted to be sure it hadn't caught fire.

They both breathed harshly, their sweaty bodies stuck to each other. As lightning struck outside, they stared at each other for a brief moment then they drifted into deep sleep.





Pesh forced her eyes open. It was chilly but her body was still bathed in perspiration. Her joints were achy. Her skin was itchy. Between her thighs, her pussy felt sore. She wasn't quite sure where she was but her senses got back to her slowly and she realized she was in the SUV. Kevo was still asleep next to her, his left muscled arm thrown carelessly over her belly, his dreadlocks falling across his face. He was a disciplined sleeper, always quiet. He neither snored nor turned too much. She remembered the hard driving thrusts of his cock inside her tight cunny. Lord, the man had been merciless.

The rain had ended and darkness had already crept in. Her ears captured the sounds of distant chattering, rumbles of engines in traffic and hooting. Nearby high-perched street lights blared in electric-white moderation, catching objects in the humid air.

This had been a different kind of sex. It hadn't been the quixotic interlude that her missing lover had treated her to in Peru. There had been no cocktails, or appetizing meals. It wasn't the romantic, milky love-making in the middle of a sugarcane plantation either. Instead, it had been dirty and rough. But she considered ranking it together with those other two, as her top three sexual encounters of all time.

It was the most fun she had experienced in months. Sex inside a crappy old SUV with a former friend's ex? This was something that would definitely make her buy a diary. After months of celibacy, she considered her thirst sufficiently quenched.

She thought of waking Kevo up to get him to do it again. But then there was a knock on the window. This was the second one actually. The first one was what had pulled her from her peaceful nap.

When she turned to look, there were two men with daggers. She let out a loud scream that made Kevo wake up with a confused look. As they panicked, a third man appeared on the other side and signaled them to open the window. He was holding a pistol. They figured he was the gang leader.

Fearing for their lives, they obeyed.

"Hello lovebirds! Enjoying the evening?"

The two remained quiet.

“I asked you a question.” He pointed the gun at Kevo.

“Yes... Yes... We... Are... Enjoying... The...” Kevo’s lips trembled as he responded.

“Okay! Shut your big mouth now. For a rastaman, you are such a coward.”

The other two gangsters laughed.

“Please... don’t kill us.” Pesh tried to plead with him.

“I said be quiet. It looks like you missed the memo saying you ought to keep your mouths shut. Should I remind you with a bullet?” He now pointed the gun at Pesh.

“No... Please no... I’m sorry.” She raised up her hands.

“Perfect. I am glad we understand each other. The ability to understand is something that eludes so many humans.” He chuckled. “Here’s something you don’t know about me. I don’t kill people. Killing is so overrated. Will killing the two of you pay my rent? I prefer it this way. I take your money and valuables, I let you go, you forget about me. Then if we meet again in future, I rob you a second time. Sounds reasonable, doesn’t it?”

“Yes it does.” Kevo responded while still shaking.

“Very good rastaman. You shake too much. Your dreadlocks might fall off.”

The two other gangsters broke into laughter once again. The gang leader wasn’t done with Kevo.

“When I make a joke, whether good or bad, I expect you to laugh. You see these men laughing?”

“Yes.”

“Now laugh.”

“Ha ha ha ha.”

“I didn’t hear you... Louder please!”

“Ha ha ha ha ha.”

“Fantastic. At this moment I want you to fill this bag with all your valuables... and I mean all your valuables. Then we’ll leave you two to continue with your fun. Okay?”

“Okay!” Pesh and Kevo chorused.

“Good. Make it quick.”

He gave them a huge bag for them to deposit everything they had in it.

The gang leader was thin, almost skeletal, like he was suffering from some sort of plague. His skin was pale and shockingly wrinkly, as if he had spent years in solitary confinement without being exposed to the sun’s rays. His face had dozens of visible scars. His skinny jeans were so narrow that the bones of his knees bulged through the fabric. His white shirt looked like it hadn’t been washed in ages. The three buttons at the top were open, exposing a bushy chest.

In contrast, the pistol he trained on them was fancy. There were tiny pearls surrounding the trigger and the long octagonal barrel was finely chased. How he got such an expensive gun was a mystery. Perhaps he stole it from a high ranking cop, or a rich man with a firearm license.

The thugs took everything, even bras and boxers.

When they were done, one of the junior thugs was reluctant to leave. His eyes remained on Pesh, checking out her naked body. She feared he might be thinking of raping her and she was right.

“Boss! Let me have a taste of this fine beauty over here first. Hi-hi.” He pulled a falsetto laugh as he sought permission from the leader.

“Are you stupid? Let’s get going, we have more people to rob. Our mission is money and valuables, not pussy.”

“I am sorry boss.”

“Start walking... before I put a bullet in your ass.”

The perverted gangster stared at Pesh one last time before they all took off.

# Chapter Eighteen

Pesh and Kevo remained still in the darkness. The reality of Nairobi's high crime rate had dawned on them. With no clothes, they didn't know what to do. Luckily, Kevo still had his car keys. Quietly, they got out and tiptoed to where his *Toyota Celica* was parked. Their steps caused dirty rainwater from the tiny pools on the ground to splash on their naked bodies.

They got to where the car was parked and got in. The lazy mechanics hadn't worked on it yet. The engine kicked as soon as he flicked the key clockwise. Turning the twin head lights on, he drove cautiously. They remained quiet. As the car crawled along the tarmac, the loud drumbeat of its three-inch exhaust was the only noticeable sound.

Driving naked? How many men had done that? Despite the bad experience, Kevo saw this as quite an adventure. Pesh didn't feel the same way. She was cold and worried that other motorists or pedestrians might see them. She didn't want to find herself in the news again.

Luckily, they got to Kevo's apartment without encountering any more misfortunes. Kevo called one of his neighbours and requested him to bring them clothes in the parking lot. The neighbour couldn't help but laugh when he showed up with the clothes in his hands.

Kevo made him promise to keep the entire encounter a secret. He was unlikely to do so.



Two days later, Kevo travelled to Mombasa for business purposes. He spent a whole month there and Pesh missed him deeply. They communicated frequently, sent each other nudes and even talked about taking things to the next level.

Just a few days before he was to come back to Nairobi, Pesh began feeling intense pain in her abdomen. Occasionally, she would vomit. Concerned, she went to a hospital where the doctor examined her before dropping the bombshell.

“I think you might be pregnant.”

“What? Me? No!”

“Yes, it’s the most likely scenario here. To confirm if this is the case, you can take a pregnancy test.”

“Okay.”

He directed her to the lab where she was given a pregnancy kit and directed to the washrooms. She peed on it and after a lengthy wait, the test did indeed come out positive.

“Congratulations, you are pregnant.” The lab assistant smiled at her as if he was the father.

Pesh returned a fake smile and walked away. How could she have been so careless? She had wanted to take emergency contraceptives the morning after the car sex with Kevo but somehow, she forgot. She wasn’t quite sure she was ready for this but she was a grown woman. She was no longer in school. She had a job. She could at least afford to take care of a baby. She had to call Kevo to give him the ‘good’ news.

“Hello baby” Kevo spoke softly, signaling that he was in a great mood.

“How is Mombasa?” Pesh rubbed her belly and crossed her legs as she sat on the sofa.

“It’s great, but I can’t wait to be back in Nairobi so that I can spend more time with you.”

“Me too... I have some good news by the way. Or should I say interesting news?”

“Tell me about it.”

“I am pregnant.”

There was silence on the other end of the line.

“Kevo, are you there?”

“Yes. Are you sure you are pregnant?”

“Yes, I just took a pregnancy test.”

“Okay.”

“So does this mean you are glad we are having a baby?”

“Are you sure it’s mine?”

“What do you mean? You are the only person I’ve slept with in a long time.”

“What about your beloved senator?”

“Be serious Kevo. This baby is yours. I took contraceptives when I was with the senator. I didn’t do the same with you.”

“I am sorry. I don’t think it’s mine. And I don’t think I am ready to take care of a kid now.”

“Kevo... I...”

He hung up.

Staggering against the sofa, Pesh fought to keep her head from burning up. Anger flamed inside her. She felt like there was no one but herself to blame.

Deep regret flooded her brain when she recalled how eagerly she had curled her fingers around his penis and guided him into her body. Her life wasn’t going to be the same after this. She felt stupid and used.

When Wawuda heard about it; she was shocked as well as sympathetic.

“I don’t believe this. I have been giving out free contraceptives to young women then my best friend gets an unplanned pregnancy?” She paced around the living room as Pesh sat on the sofa.

“A lot was on my mind. I never imagined this would happen.” Pesh was staring into blank air.

“Here’s what’s gonna happen. We’ll wait until that bastard comes to Nairobi then we’re gonna track him down. We’re gonna smash his house windows, his car windscreen, his balls... everything, until he agrees to take care of this baby.”

“I don’t think I can do that.”

“Girl, that’s what we’re going to do. It’s not up for debate.”

When Kevo came back to Nairobi, the two tracked him down but he wouldn't open the door for them. So, Wawuda smashed his house windows and car windscreen. He was lucky they couldn't access his balls. However, he stood his ground and made it clear that he was never going to take responsibility for the pregnancy. He even suggested giving her money for an abortion, something Pesh wasn't willing to do. Wawuda threatened him, promising to use the police and all organizations that championed for women's rights. To their surprise, he relocated from Nairobi to Mombasa. It was hard to track him there so they gave up.

Pesh thought of committing suicide. She couldn't help but wallow in self-pity. Being a single mother was the last thing she ever wanted. She always thought she would end up with a happy, solid family.

She remembered the words of Miss Watiri, the lecturer who once told her to choose between Ombuna and Karis. Miss Watiri loved dishing out cold, hard advice to her students in the middle of lectures.

She once told them that the majority of young single mothers were the authors of their own pain and the architects of their own sorrows. According to Miss Waitiri, women ended up being single mothers after doing something called poor mate selection. This meant that before they ever got pregnant, they had the option of choosing the responsible men but they chose the wrong men instead. Why? Because the responsible men were the nice men, and the nice men were boring.

Miss Waitiri explained how single mothers knew the men they were sleeping with were the wrong men but they rode along because it was fun at the moment.

She had stood in the middle of the lecture hall and almost took a full hour to explain it.

"Talk to a young single mother and you will discover she chose a hot guy with abs or a guy who took her out every weekend and drowned her in liquor instead of the guy who was intelligent, caring, humble and had all the potential of being a good father. A part of her knew that the fella was a crazy non-committal cad but she went along for the ride anyway. Now, she is shocked that he got her knocked up and refused to take care of the kid. Guess what? She is currently shouting 'men are trash' from the top of the

mountains.” She wiped the sweat from her face and continued. “Ladies, irresponsible men don’t just fall from the sky and land on your bed. Deadbeat dads don’t magically change from good men into monsters. They were already bad.”

Maybe Miss Watiri was right. Maybe Pesh should have chosen some of the nerds who had tried to seduce her in campus. Most of them were currently in happy relationships or marriages.

Maybe Miss Watiri was wrong too. There were innocent women who honestly thought they were sleeping with good men but these men surprised them and turned out to be deadbeat monsters.

Pesh didn’t know where she lay between the innocent women and the ones that only had themselves to blame. She didn’t know where to turn to. She had suffered too much at the hands of men.

At some point, she even went to the pharmacy and bought dozens of pills, ready to take them all. It was Wawuda’s phone call that saved her.

“Hey girl, I am coming to visit you today. Cook some *chapatis* okay?”

“Okay!”

Pesh confessed to Wawuda that she was almost giving up on life. Maintaining her status as the most reliable friend ever, Wawuda pulled out another piece of advice from her reservoir of wisdom.

“I am not a religious person but I think you should try the church. You used to go to church a lot, what happened?”

“The grief after Senator X’s disappearance made me give up on God.”

“No! Don’t do that. Go talk to that priest who used to like you so much. What was his name?”

“Father Musa.”

“Yes. I’ve seen him in some of the female empowerment events that I attend. He’s a good guy.”

“Alright. I will talk to him. How is politics?”

“Politics is great. I am thinking of running for governor in the next elections. Governor Kipara is serving his last term and I think I should go for



his seat.”

“That’s the Wawuda that I like. I think you will win easily. You are very famous. The Kenyan Kim Kardashian.”

“Haha! Stop it.”



Pesh took Wawuda’s advice to heart and went to see Father Musa the next day. She was anxious as she climbed the steps of the massive cathedral—there were nine—and stepped on the polished wooden door at the entrance. Cool air rushed through her body when she was inside. She spotted the confession box and walked towards it. When she reached it, she pulled her dress down and sat. Like in all confession boxes, there was a barrier preventing the priest from seeing the sinner.

“Hello father.” A cough escaped from her throat.

“Pesh, is that you?” Father Musa recognized her voice.

“Yes father.”

“So, tell me, what brings you here today?”

“Father, I have sinned.”

“How have you sinned my daughter?”

“Fornication... I have slept with more men than I can remember, and I have lost them all. I feel like my life has lost meaning too.”

“Don’t give up on life my daughter. Everyone sins and everyone goes through dark times.”

“I’d just like to have peace.”

“I understand. There is a building we built next to this church called *The House of Solace* . Ever heard of it?”

“I haven’t, father.”

“It’s a place where troubled people come to turn their lives around. Think of it as something like a monastery for counseling, meditation and healing.

You come in, you spend some days there, depending on how long it takes for you to heal, without contacting any person from the outside. Once you leave, you are a different person.”

“Sounds like a nice place.”

“It is. We don’t discriminate. We host everyone from sex addicts to people with suicidal tendencies. If interested, I can register you and you’ll pick a convenient date to start.”

“I think I am interested.”

“Perfect.”

Pesh quit her job, which was only adding to her sadness, and joined the *House Of Solace* the next day. It was good as advertised. It had four-star accommodation and nice food. All this was Father Musa’s work. He was the one who had gathered funds and set up the place.

By the third day, Pesh was already feeling like a new person. She vowed to work hard and make herself a better person when she finally got out. But she still wasn’t sure what she really wanted to do in life, so on the fourth day, she sought Father Musa’s advice.

“What do you think your strength is?” Father Musa looked at her with eyes that appeared to be blessing her already.

“I am not sure... but I know I talk very fluently.”

“There it is. Become a motivational speaker. You have plenty of powerful stories to tell and plenty of people to inspire. Many young minds can draw lessons from your life.”

“I hadn’t even thought about it.”

“Yes, give talks and tell your story. Use it to inspire others. Teach people how to live responsible lives.”

“Thank you father.”

“You are welcome. I’ll link you up with the heads of a few learning institutions. You can start from there.”

Pesh got up and tried to hug him but he said it wasn’t appropriate so he just shook her hand.

When she got out of his office and began walking back to her room, she bumped into someone who she thought she would never see again — Okusimba.

“Jesus! What are you doing here?”

“I can ask you the same thing, Pesh.”

“I am here to find peace.”

“So am I.”

“What problem brought you here, if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Sex addiction. My girlfriend, the one who you heard on the phone that day, cheated on me. Losing both you and her drove me to depression. Since I don’t drink, the only thing I could resort to was to sleep with as many women as possible.”

“Sounds like an excuse to just sleep around.”

“It isn’t. Trust me.”

“Interesting... Anyway, they say good tools shouldn’t be left lying in the store. They should be put to use. I see you put your tool to good use.”

“Wow... I didn’t see that coming. I am glad you think my tool is good.”

“I don’t.”

“Ha ha... It’s too late to go back on what you just said. Anyway, what about you? What brought you here?”

“I am here to hide from men... men like you. Yet somehow we end up bumping into each other. At this rate, we’ll meet in hell too.”

“Not likely. I am a candidate for heaven, Pesh.”

“That’s better Okusimba, because we won’t have to see each other ever again.”

“Well, I am glad to see you again Pesh. How about we sit at the table right over there and catch up.”

“I am not glad to see you but I am interested to hear which other stories you have to tell... so, yeah, let’s catch up.”

They walked towards the table.



When Pesh left the *House Of Solace* , she began her career as a motivational speaker. She was so good at it that she began getting invitations to speak abroad. It didn't take long for her to be a wealthy woman. The money was good. Her baby came, a girl. She named her Joy, because joy was now in her life.

### **THE FINALE (FIVE YEARS LATER)**

A myriad of emotions subjugated Pesh. The skies had turned dark. The wind swished and swooped around the area. It was about to rain heavily. The priest said the final prayer hurriedly as the body was being lowered into the ground. He wanted to avoid being caught by the looming downpour.

Pesh trained her eyes south to check on her daughter, Joy. She wanted to make sure the little angel wasn't feeling cold. To her right, Okusimba stood with his head bowed down. During their time at the *House Of Solace*, their hearts had reconnected. She was happily married to him now. To her left, Wawuda stood, looking elegant in her black dress, wide grey hat and sunglasses. Behind her, there were two men in black suits —her bodyguards. She was a governor now—Kenya's youngest governor ever.

Pesh then stared at her mother's casket again as men with spades began piling grains of red soil on top of it. As soon as the burying process was done, mourners began placing flowers on the fresh grave and leaving.

Mzee Malupia was nowhere near the proceedings. He stood at a distance, watching the people as they dispersed. His ex-wife was dead but he still hadn't forgiven her for cheating. He had forgiven Okusimba though, after he saw how much love his daughter had for the man. Pesh shot him a sharp stare, but there was nothing to be read in his expression.

Her mother had died of AIDS-related complications.

It was only on her last days when the disease had robbed her of her strength that she reconnected with Pesh and apologized. On her deathbed, she told her children she was sorry for hurting any of them but she didn't regret her wayward ways. She insisted that the loneliness and neglect that wives faced in polygamous marriages drove her to seek love and pleasure from other men.

Amidst the grief, Pesh was glad that her own past behavior hadn't led her to the same fate. She wished that her relationship with her mother had been better.

"Mummy, what kind of person was *Kukhu* (Luhya for grandmother)?" The curious little Joy sought to find out more details about her dead grandmother who she barely knew.

Pesh turned her head down to look at her daughter again. Before giving her an answer, she took out a handkerchief and wiped the tears from her cheeks. She knelt and placed a flower on the grave before getting back up on her two feet.

"Your grandmother was a good person dear... she was a good person."

She grabbed little Joy's arm and walked her back to the car.

Before they reached it, the sound of loud sirens filled the compound. A string of police cars streamed in, their red and blue lights flashing incessantly. Cops, some uniformed, some suited, jumped out of the vehicles and rushed towards Mzee Malupia.

All mourners were in shock. A detective whipped out a pistol and pointed it at the old man.

"Hands up!" He looked like an action figure from a Hollywood blockbuster.

"What's going on?" Mzee Malupia couldn't conceal the creases of worry that were forming all over his face.

"You are under arrest for the kidnapping and murder of the late Senator Olunga Ouko, otherwise known as Senator X. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law."

Seeing the commotion, Pesh left Joy with Okusimba and rushed to the scene.

"Why are you arresting my father?" She recognized the officer who had picked her up for interrogation after the disappearance of Senator X.

"I'm not supposed to divulge this information right now, but I believe I owe you an explanation. We have sufficient evidence to prove that over five years ago, your father, together with a couple of politicians and high profile officials in the sugar sector were involved in the kidnapping and murder of Senator X. The senator was about to table a dossier that would expose them all for grand corruption." The detective issued a detailed explanation.

"I'm... I'm sorry, what did you just say?"

"I believe you heard me ma'am."

Pesh shot another stare at her father who was now being led away in handcuffs. She felt herself getting dizzy. The information coursed through her system like poison. Weakness engulfed her, making her fall to the ground.

"Ma'am... Ma'am. Are you okay?" The detective called out for help. "Someone take this woman to the hospital quickly."

Pesh could hear the panic and commotion from a distance. All her senses were fading.

“Mummy... Mummy! Wake up!” Her daughter screamed at her but she was no longer in control of her body.

She blacked out.

**THE END... OR MAYBE NOT**