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1

*Weddings were always beautiful.*

The bridesmaids and groomsmen in their matching outfits, the décor, the guests in their Sunday best, it was all beautiful. The groom in his best suit and the bride in her over the top stunning wedding dress, a beautiful wedding it was that Tracy was attending.

She enjoyed the dress she was wearing, she looked pretty, it accentuated her curves, moulded her large breasts and the colour was stunning against her caramel skin. But of course she stood no chance against the bride, she was one of the bridesmaids and it would be a blasphemy to look better than the bride, absolutely preposterous.

When her friend, Loraine Teffo exchanged her vows with her husband she was watching in awe. It was like a scene out of a romance movie. It was beautiful that she felt her eyes moisten. She wasn't sure if it was because of how cute and loving the couple standing before the priest looked or if it was because of her own longing.

She didn't believe in love. She used to but only that one time. Growing up in a family like hers would make one reconsider most things in life, like love.

Loraine and Greyson Pierce looked absolutely picture perfect. Knowing her friend was also pregnant on top of getting married was really the cherry on top over the common love story.

Meet, fall in love, get married and then start a family. That's how it was supposed to be right, according to fairy tales?

She mingled with some guests as some were colleagues and the reception of the wedding was remarkable. She couldn't believe that Loraine, a black African girl really got married to a white man and everyone seemed to be happy about it. There were only good vibes at the wedding and it was such a sight.

Of course as the day went on and the night was about to catch up, she found herself happy by the bar. She figured she needed to leave soon before she drank her livers to the very last piece.

Picking up the bottle of champagne and the glass she was drinking from, she went to find the newlyweds to bid them goodnight.

"Mr and Mrs Pierce." The curvy woman grinned at the lovely couple. "This wedding is amaze balls. Maybe one day I will lose my mind and fall in love too." She then giggled. That would be the day.

"Maybe you will Tracy." Her friend, Loraine the newly wedded wife responded.

"Did you tell him about the bun yet?" she asked softly. Well she thought she was whispering but in her tipsy state, they could hear her.

"He can hear you Trace and yes, yes I did." Loraine responded and Tracy could only giggle in response.

She felt like someone was watching her. Tearing her eyes from Loraine she was met by a pair of stormy blue eyes and they were starring right back. She hadn't noticed the man when she saw the newlyweds. Her focus was on her friend alone but not anymore.

Tracy was never one to back down from a starring contest. She starred back at the man. She wanted to see who will look away first but the look in in the strange man's eyes told her she'd be the one to look away first.

He screamed danger...he was tall, his physic was... he was a large man, he was a sexy large man. He had trimmed his beards, he had a boyish haircut and looked hella sexy in the suit he wore. He was one of the groomsmen; she saw him but never paid that much attention until that moment.

He looked at her from her feet to her chest, then slowly to her face. She felt uncertain, she felt uncomfortable under the stare. She started to feel self-conscious. Was there something wrong with her? Or did he find her pretty? She couldn't tell but the look in his eyes was just too damn dark.

The both of them were broken out of their starring competition by the new Mr and Mrs Pierce announcing they were retiring for the honeymoon and Tracy was glad for that distraction. Once her friends left, she looked at the man and he looked right back at her.

"I am gonna go..." she softly spoke and turned to leave but then he spoke, haltering her steps.

"Don't!" his voice held authority. She didn't know if she liked that or not.

She turned around and shrugged her shoulders.

"Come here."

She didn't know if it was the alcohol in her system or what, but she put one leg in front of the other and walked the short centimetres to him.

"You wanna share that?" he asked, pointing with his brows the bottle of champagne.

"Uhh sure." Tracy agreed. She passed him the bottle and he took a swig.

He refilled her glass and she drank. When they were done, he led them to the dance floor. A song played and Tracy's body vibrated to the beat. She didn't even know the man's name nor did she care for it. She was having a good time in his presence. She turned around and began grinding on him to the song's beat and the man lost his marbles.

Her ass, her soft ass was pressing provocatively against his south region and that was a dangerous thing the girl could ever do.

Grabbing her by the hips

he spun her around, "I wouldn't advise you to do that." He spoke through gritted teeth.

"Yeah? And why's that?" she had a smirk on her face. She dared smirked. He couldn't believe his eyes. The little vixen!

"You don't want to unleash the tiger love. Trust me."

It must be the alcohol in her system as Tracy pressed herself against him, the man was gorgeous and she'd be a damn fool if she didn't get a taste of those rose plump lips.

"No?" she teased and he closed his eyes momentarily and opened them to find Tracy staring at him with desire.

"Fuck it." He smashed his lips against her and she was very welcoming. Her lips were so soft and peachy. Her body as he caressed her curves were also soft.

"I booked a room in the hotel, wanna dip?" he asked as they came up for air. Dizzy from the kiss, Tracy nodded and allowed the man to take her hand and drag them away from the rest of the party.

As they reached reception, the man requested his key and they rode in the elevator, even there... they couldn't stop kissing each other.

Tracy's mind was going haywire. This man was a great kisser, one of the best she's ever had. He smelled incredible; she wanted to embed the smell to her mind forever.

Dimming the lights in the bedroom suite, the mood was set. Soft music played in the background and the man took off his suit jacket.

"Strip and leave your shoes on." He commanded and Tracy looked at him with a smile and turned around, swiping her long

Brazilian wig to the side. "I can't reach my zipper." She spoke in a husky tone.

His breath hitched as he pulled down the zipper and was met by the black bra that housed her large boobs, then her lacy matching thong... "Fuck this. I can't take it slow." He turned her around and kissed her while pulling the rest of the dress down.

Pushing her thong to the side, he sneaked a finger in and found her wet. He toyed with her silk folds and her moans of pleasure filled his ears.

"Ohh!" she moaned out loud as he added the finger while his thumb was rubbing her clit.

Her manicured fingers held onto his arms, while his tongue invaded her mouth. She was losing her mind. The man was skilled; she could feel the build-up of her orgasm. "Please I need you inside me." She pleaded but he didn't listen.

He bit her ear lobe and felt hot juices trickle down his fingers and hand. Her eyes were shut as she rode down the orgasm. She couldn't believe she came from just being fingered. It was such an enjoyable ride.

Slipping he thong off her body followed by her bra, the man looked at her melons, they were big... he played with them in his large hands, squeezing the nipples and earning a moan out of the woman.



"There is so much I want to do to you but your naked body is driving me insane." He said.

"Then take me!" she laid back on the bed and spread her legs wide open. The man did not waste time in ditching his clothes on the floor, rolled a condom on his dick and crawled over to her.

"You ready?" he asked and she nodded eagerly.

He slowly pressed in and they groaned simultaneously. She groaned from the intrusion of his manhood opening up and he groaned from the warmth of her folds. "Fuck!" she was not just warm, she was hot, very hot inside.

Tracy was losing her mind from being filled that much. The man was hitting the right spot over and over again and she couldn't keep up. Her moans filled the room, she couldn't care how loud she was, the man was a beast.

She came, he came, they rested, then he woke them up just to take her again and again.

"Fuck you're delicious love." The man commented as he fell back on the floor where they had ended up with the sheets.

"So are you!" Tracy had a lazy smile on her face. That was some good ass pounding she received. This man was a beast and she was falling asleep from the orgasm that came with every round.

"Let's go to bed..." he suggested but when he looked at her, she was already fast asleep. He picked her up and placed her on the bed, where he joined her.

On a Sunday morning, the next day just before the sun could rise, Tracy woke up needing to relive herself. She went to the bathroom to pee, she looked at the man lying in bed, oh how great he was last night, that's one memory she'd keep with for a while. She'd never again settle for mediocre sex after him. He definitely rocked her world.

Wearing her bra, shoving her thong in her purse that she luckily retrieved from the bridal chambers before leaving with the stranger, she picked on her shoes and made a dash for the door.

One look at the man and she smiled. That was the best night of her life. But all good things come to an end.

Right?

**One month later**

Tracy had just parked her car in the parking bay of her workplace when she realized she had forgotten her purse on the kitchen counter at home. What a day she was going to have. Her mind was all over the place, everything was just hiking to the left and down south.

She only had her house keys, car keys and lunch bag as she was starting her new healthier diet; she needed to make a healthy banting lunch from home. She was not used to taking lunch bags, so the lunch bag fooled her into thinking she was carrying her purse.

She was fortunate to find the security guard at the entrance and they allowed her to enter as she did not have her access card.

She took the elevator and luckily there was someone going in with her, they'd help her get inside the building.

When she got to her desk, she fixed herself a temporary access card as that was part of her job so knew how to sort that part quickly. She hoped she wouldn't need money through the rest of the day as all her cards and money were sitting nicely on her kitchen counter and she was not going to drive there during lunch due to heavy traffic.

"Good morning T." a group of people greeted her as she was the frontline of the office and despite her not so nice morning, she plastered a smile on her face and smiled at her co-workers.

"Good morning." She cheered back. Well there was nothing good about her morning but there was no reason to dampen other people's moods.

She switched on her PC and her switchboard came to life. She actually enjoyed her job, she didn't want to be promoted or anything, she was satisfied at her desk.

Her emails as usual were crazy, but mostly she'd need to forward to Loraine, and other personal assistants and managing assistants in the company and some she needed to filter for the bosses.

The phone rang and it was Greyson Pierce, the CEO himself. The man she once thought was a brat, lazy and just downright out of order. She has since changed her mind. The man was just dealing with a lot of issues. Loraine, her friend and Greyson's wife had filled her in.

"Mr Pierce, good morning." She answered.

"Hi Tracy, how are you?" Greyson greeted back.

"I can't complain, I hope you are well too."

"I am fantastic, look I need your help today. Loraine is off sick and I need you to oversee things as usual." He began to state the course of the call and Tracy internally groaned. She hated the office administration job with passion. It took a lot of her time and the managers were just too damn demanding.

"Alright, I can step in for a while."

"Great, I need you to set up a meeting with the board, it is rather urgent that they come in today and all the managers today at twelve o'clock. Let's allow them time to prepare." He continued while Tracy was wondering where his personal assistant was to set up such meeting. But who was she to question the boss?

"Okay, is that all?"

"For now, and remember to book us the boardroom on the second floor and please organise us refreshments, some champagne and finger foods will do, we have something to celebrate."

Quickly after the call, Tracy set to work. She had the company card details to make food orders and that was one part she enjoyed because she always ordered extra for herself. Getting on with her day, she also made means to ask one of the cleaners who usually holds the reception fort for her while she's on lunch or taking on Loraine's work to come help her

man the desk while she moved to the fourth floor where Loraine's desk was.

The CEO's assistant was late to work due to a car accident on her way so she had to change routes hence Tracy was asked to set up the meeting.

Karabo, the CEO's assistant came waltzing to her in a body hugging pant suit and a killer pair of heels, she always dressed up and Tracy could consider her a friend through their mutual friend, Loraine. "Hey babe, I love those pants. I want." Tracy mentioned. She loved clothes, she too always made sure she looked good all the time.

"I got them from Zara babes. Listen I received your email with the meeting, I will be going to a meeting during lunch in Greyson's place so you're going to have to do it alone."

"What?" Tracy thought she didn't hear right. Not only did she have to do a job that was not hers, but she had to do it alone. Fantastic.

"I am sorry. Thought I should give you a heads up. Maybe you too should fall pregnant and get day offs." Karabo joked since Loraine was pregnant and was often sick. She then left Tracy's desk and headed to the lift.

"Fuck my life." As Tracy finished responding to emails and sorting out a couple of things for the product manager, a very

bitchy manager at that, the phone rang, it was Bonolo, the lady at reception.

"Bonolo, what's up?"

"You have a visitor. He says he is your father." Bonolo told her and Tracy's heart picked race. Why would her father come to her place of work? He was not supposed to.

Rushing downstairs, Tracy released the breath she was holding when she noticed it was Punch, her father's worker or lackey if you would like.

"What are you doing here?" Tracy hissed, looking around making sure no one was noticing the man. He was dressed in a suit and tie, looking clean and fresh like he worked in corporate. He was rather lean and didn't pack any muscles but Tracy knew underneath the suit lay a monster.

"You were not answering your phone and today is Monday." The man gave her a tight closed mouth smile.

"I forgot my purse at home and I am busy. And I know it's Monday but what do you want here?"

"When the boss calls you answer, if you don't, we have to find you. You know the drill, don't ask me stupid questions." Punch rolled his eyes. He couldn't be bothered by the slight panic in the woman's voice or eyes.

"This is my place of work. You cannot just show up. Where is my father?" she asked. They had stepped to the side, standing against one of the bonsai trees decorating the foyer.

"Not here. I just needed to see you and make sure you haven't made a run for the hills."

"Okay I am about sick and tired of him and his threats. I am not going anywhere. I just forgot my purse at home. If there is nothing else, I'd like to get back to work."

"Fine. But next time, make sure not to forget your phone. See you tonight." Punch pivoted on his heel and exited the building, leaving Tracy fuming. She was seething with anger. How dare her father send one of his goons to her work place?!

When she returned to her desk, she received a call again from reception, her refreshments were just delivered and she realized it was time for the meeting in the boardroom.

She gave the attendees thirty minutes, before Greyson called her to bring down the refreshments as the meeting was about to be done.

She asked Bonolo and some of the kitchen cleaners to help her carry the food to the boardroom. She was the last one to enter the room and she was carrying a tray of flutes filled with champagne.



When she entered, her eyes enlarged to the size of tennis balls when she made contact with the man she never thought she'd see again and as she was not looking where she was walking, she tripped over her feet and tried to balance the tray but all the filled glasses leaned towards her and tainted her dress with the liquid.

"Oh my God!" she screamed while everyone was surprised at how and what could have caused her fall.

The very same man that had shocked her into falling rushed to her side and picked her up from behind. "Are you alright love?" he asked.

His voice, his damn voice brought all the memories back. The perfect night she'd been fantasizing about for over a month. The perfect night she masturbated over every time she needed a release.

"Yes..." she stood up, but was a little disorientated so the man held her again, making sure she was alright. Greyson, David Pierce; the founder of the company and also Greyson's father and some of the board members wore worried expressions.

"Your dress is ruined." She was wearing a white body hugging dress and it was badly stained with the champagne stain.

"Oh fuck!" Tracy looked down on her dress and groaned. "I didn't bring any change of clothes or my purse, fuck my life."

"Let's go, I will get you a new dress." The man who hasn't left her side suggested and her back stiffened. She did not want him anywhere near her. What was he doing at her place of work having a meeting with the board and her bosses?

"No." she refused.

"Are you sure Kyle? I mean she's my employee." Greyson argued.

"She's now mine too brother, as the new managing director of this company. And this champagne was to celebrate me..." said the man who she now has learned that his name was Kyle and probably a Kyle Pierce since he called Greyson Pierce brother.

New managing director? David Pierce was resigning? Her thoughts were in shambles. She turned to look at him, eyes widened.

"Whenever you're ready love." He smirked. He was shocked to see the girl he couldn't delete from his head at his father's company. The girl who sneaked out while he was sleeping and never even left a note or anything.

Tracy knew everyone was watching closely, she had no reason to say anything already her blabber mouth disclosed how she forgot her purse at home.

"Okay..."

3

Tracy was nervous as she entered the lift with the man. He was dressed in jeans and a blazer paired with a white shirt. He looked drop dead handsome. He was very tall and packed muscles like he slept and woke up at the gym.

She looked at herself in the mirror and grimaced. Even though her face was top-tier, her blonde weave set into place, the look of her strained dress made her groan.

The doors to the elevator closed and so did her wind-pipe. Did he remember her? Of course, he would remember her, it was only a month ago. But they were drunk, maybe he doesn't remember her. She hoped he didn't... but the way he was looking at her through the mirror told her she was in no such luck.

"Why are you looking at me?" she asked him. She was not going to cower away from him and his sinful self.

"No reason." He responded.

"Mhm."

"Tell me..." Kyle wanted to ask her why she left him in the hotel room early in the morning but he'd sound needy and desperate. That wouldn't work, he felt nothing for the girl. He shouldn't be feeling anything for her. Yes she was great in the sac but so what?

"You don't really have to buy me a new dress you know?" Tracy told him. She'd have gone to the bathroom and washed it. "I could have washed it."

"Yeah, you could have..." he said. He wanted to be alone with her. He wanted to catch the whiff of her amazing perfume

again. He wanted to hold her, to press against her, to fuck her senseless.

He walked behind her and tried to move but there was only so much space in the elevator. "Kyle..."

It was the first time he heard her say his name, he realized that when they fucked, he knew her name from his brother's wife but she didn't know his. They didn't introduce themselves to each other. He missed an opportunity of hearing her moan his name out loud, pleasing his ears.

The lift doors dinged and Tracy bolted out of the elevator so fast, she almost broke her neck from turning that sharply.

"My car is this way." Kyle directed her to his car and they drove to the mall in silence. Tracy kept thinking of the night they

spent together and wondered if this man was affected as much as she was.

She's had her fun with men before, black, white... she's had crushes before but this time around, she wondered what the hell it was she was feeling towards the man.

They arrived to the Centurion mall which was closer to work and she suggested they go to her favourite boutique.

"It's a little pricey but I will pay you back." Tracy said before she went through the clothing isles checking for something she could wear.

While she was busy fitting the three dresses she liked on sight, Kyle picked on a few things and paid for them then went to the fitting rooms.

"Tracy?" he called out.

"Yeah?" Tracy responded back, she was trying to zip up one dress but it wasn't bulging.

Kyle knocked on the door of the fitting stall she was in. "Please try the red dress." He gave her the paper bag.

Tracy was confused. These are already paid for. She thought to herself. How did he know her size?

She tried on the first dress and it slipped and hugged her body like a glove. Its sleeves reached her elbows and had a plunging neckline, giving a tease of her cleavage. It was casual yet passed for office wear. With the nude four inch pumps she wore, she looked stunning. She didn't even want to try the dresses she picked herself. This would do.

She stepped outside and Kyle's breath hitched. She was gorgeous. He knew the red colour will look amazing against her light skinned self but her curves were a stunner.

"Fuck." He groaned. He played himself. There was no way he wouldn't have sinful thoughts about her now. She was a stunner and the dangerous part is that, he'd already had a bite of her. He wanted more.

"Let's go." He declared and Tracy carried the paper bag which had two more dresses in, and they walked to the food court, there they ordered lunch then returned to the office.

"I am glad you're back. I cannot function without an administrator Tee. You can't do me like that." It was Karabo who was working on Tracy's desk, well Tracy's temporary desk. She returned early from her meeting since there was no one manning the admin work.



"I am sorry babe

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had a wardrobe crisis." Tracy apologized and Kyle who was behind Tracy cleared his throat.

"Hi, we met earlier before but I didn't quite catch your name."  
he said to Karabo.

Karabo looked at him and swooned. The man was incredibly hot. He looked older, perhaps late thirties but damn he was fine.

"I am Karabo," she gave her hand for him to shake, but he kissed it instead. "pleased to meet you." Indeed she was.

"I am Kyle Pierce."

Tracy saw the look on Karabo's face and jealousy brew in her being. How dare she look at him like he was the last piece of a fat KFC dunked wing?

"Is there anything I can help you with Karabo?" Tracy snapped after rounding her desk and occupying her chair.

Karabo smiled at Kyle and turned to Tracy. "No, just glad you're back I can now return to my desk." Karabo picked up her files and laptop she's been working on.

"Hope to see you soon Kyle." Karabo smiled teasingly. Her eyes held mischief. She pivoted on her high heel and flaunted her behind as she walked away hoping Kyle was watching... and liking.

"Thank you for the dresses. I will make sure to pay you back first thing tomorrow." Tracy snapped as she began to search through emails. She didn't even look up at the man anymore. She was annoyed. How dare he flirt with another woman in her presence.

"No need love, consider them a gift."

"No, I want to pay you back. I don't want to owe you anything." She deadpanned and Kyle was taken aback by the hostility in her voice. What has changed since they left the mall? The woman hardly spoke but she was fine, not angry or upset...

"What's wrong?" he asked, Tracy made the mistake of looking up at him and she was lost in his blue orbs.

She couldn't allow herself to feel anything for the man. He was a great one night stand, something that will never happen again because she was afraid she might catch feeling and he fails to catch her.

"Nothing is wrong. I'd like to get back to work if you don't mind." She snapped. She had to. It was the jealousy she felt while he kissed the back of Karabo's hand to watching her walk away that highlighted the fact on why she did not date much. Why she would never date.

"Okay. But I will see you around buttercream." He winked at her while walking to the lift.

Hell he was just appointed as the MD of the company and couldn't celebrate because she messed up her dress. He wanted to be near her again, to see if he will feel the pull, he felt the first night he saw her. He felt it when he touched her, when she was in his car, when she came out of the fitting room wearing the dress he chose.

But he wanted to test the pull further and allowed himself to flirt with his brother's assistant. She felt nothing for the girl instead he just wanted to see if he'd feel a pull towards Karabo... she too was a pretty lady, but he didn't feel anything for her.

It was just Tracy...

But then she snapped at him. She had fire inside of her... and he didn't know if he wanted to play with fire.

He has been burned once too many times...

Arriving back to the boardroom, the celebration was still in a swing and Kyle grabbed a glass of bubbly and went to join his brother and father who were talking alone while sitting.

"Grey, Dad... do you think I can get myself a PA?" he had to ask. He had a particular curvy woman in mind perfect for the job.

"I thought you were going to take mine?" David, the founder of the company and the man's father responded.

"Oh, come on dad, I want someone I choose. Your personal assistant... well we can always find her something to do in this company I am sure of it. I want my own PA." Kyle deadpanned.

"You know what? Speak to Grey about that. I no longer entertain office admin; I just want my paycheck." David then stood up to go bid his shareholders farewell. It was not his farewell yet, they wanted Kyle to settle in first before he officially left the company. He didn't want to cause an uproar or uneasiness in the firm.

"Ky... I hope you aren't trying to bring in your new little girlfriend to the firm because I am going to say no. it's going to be a hard no my brother." Greyson told him. The men looked almost the same with slight facial differences and their different body structures.

"She's not my little girlfriend. I don't do girlfriends. Plus she works here, I just think she'd be a great asset to me." He smirked.

"Fine, I will see what I can do." Greyson then stood up leaving Kyle grinning to himself.

This ride, he was going to enjoy it.

4

By the time knock off time rolled over, Tracy was tired and had called her friend Loraine finding out when she will be coming back to work but to her dismay, Loraine was booked off by her doctor for the whole week.

She hated standing in for her. She only ever wanted to answer calls the whole day and forward and surf through emails, nothing hectic.

She finished up her work and was excited to go back to her humble abode, but as soon as she realized that it was Monday and her father was probably waiting for her outside, her mood dampened.

Just as she was about to switch everything off, her desk phone rang, "Charmaine, hi." It was Charmaine from HR.

"Tracy, I am glad I caught you before you left. You are a hard woman to track." Charmaine exclaimed.



Tracy only chuckled. "Busy day."

"I can imagine, look please pop into my office before you leave. I know it's knock off time, but I need to get the ball rolling before tomorrow."

Tracy wondered what that was about, but alas she switched off everything and picked her bags and went to the HR department. She knocked on Charmaine's door and found the almost pale woman in her later fifties, eating a peanut butter sandwich with what seemed to be coffee.

"Charmaine." Tracy greeted once again before sitting down.

"Tracy, thank you again I am sorry, I know you wanted to beat the traffic." The older woman smiled sweetly clearing her food to the side so she could focus on the matter at hand.

Tracy sure wanted to beat the traffic but that's not all, someone would be waiting for her outside and she was anxious. Anxious about what Charmaine wanted from her, and anxious of her father who hated tardiness.

"Why am I here?"

"We have a new managing director; I am sure you have caught the news in the grapevine, but he will be introduced to the staff tomorrow."

Oh, damn the new managing director Tracy thought. That man has clouded her senses enough for one day.

"Okay, so you need me to set up for this tomorrow?"

"Yes and no." Charmaine smiled. She has been here with Tracy before; she doesn't know how to break the news or what to expect. She has never met anyone who ever refused to be promoted like Tracy Mohau Phiri. She was happy to be just a receptionist.

"As you are assisting with Loraine's duties, yes you will just have to send an email to the staff to meet us in the conference room for the announcement but that would be made after lunch." Charmaine said. "The reason I have asked you here is because... well the new MD needs a PA, and he wants you to be one."

Tracy blinked rapidly, her head turning to the side in a confused manner. "He what?"

"I know you're happy with your receptionist job, but you have been with us for quite some time now. We have young Bonolo who has been helping us hold the reception fort and it's time that we also promoted her." Charmaine smiled sadly. Her bosses, Greyson and Kyle Pierce did not give her any choice in the matter. Tracy was to be Kyle's PA.

"Charmaine, I am happy with my job if you want to promote someone, promote Bonolo. She can help Loraine; she can take over office admin. I don't mind." Tracy pleaded.

"You know about the business more than Bonolo, you have manned the admin desk so many times you're a pro at it. Moving you from reception to Loraine's desk to a personal assistant of one of the bosses Tracy, is a good colour on your resume. You are exceptional. You are perfect for the job." Charmaine reached for a red file on her desk and pushed it towards the younger woman. "That's how much they are offering you."

Tracy picked up the file and opened it. Of course, the numbers were great, it was three times more than she made as a receptionist, but she didn't care about that. It was the work load she worried about.

"What if I say no?"

"Then we will be forced to enter a mutual separation agreement." Charmaine finished. She hated doing this, she hated being forced to force people to do things they did not want. But she loved her job and didn't want to risk losing it.

Tracy was stunned. Kyle was a piece of trash and she was going to give it to him the next morning.

"Fine, Charmaine. I need this job so fine

so what happens with Loraine's job? I can't do both."

"For the rest of the week, you and Karabo will be sharing her responsibilities until she's back or until we find a permanent solution. Your new workstation is outside David's office. I am sorry once again, but my hands are tied."

Tracy took the new contract and said she will read it at home. She stormed out of the office and headed straight to the reception where she knew her darling father was waiting.

"You are thirty minutes late." Her father barked as she entered the car with dark windows.

"I'm sorry. I was held up in HR." Tracy answered as she shoved her new contract in her temporary laptop bag that she was given to do Loraine's work.

"What, you are slacking in your job? You can't afford that you know right?" he asked. Her father was a scary man, he had a crooked nose from the man time it broke and got fixed, hard eyes that never showed any emotions. He was caramel complexioned like herself.

"I know, I just got a promotion not that you care." She rolled her eyes.

"Where you are concerned, I do. I don't want people asking questions. You better keep that job. And this new promotion of yours, I hope it won't take too much of your time to do what I pay you millions for."

"It won't. Can we just get this stupid mee-"

Tracy didn't get to finish whatever she wanted to say because her father roughly grabbed her face and turned her to him. His eyes were a stormy black. He looked deadly. He looked like he ate human beings for breakfast and supper.

"Talk to me like that one more and see what happens to your pretty little face." He threatened. Tracy's eyes grew larger and she swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry." She managed to say as her father continued to squeeze her face with just one hand. Her jaws were starting to ache, she'd probably have dental defects if he doesn't let go.

"Good. There is two million cash in the boot. I expect a check tomorrow morning, Punch will pick it up. And Friday, I'm bringing more."



Tracy said nothing afterwards. She was angry and embarrassed. Her father scolded her roughly in the presence of his workers who were in the front seats of the car. They never looked back but they sure were listening in and she swore one of them looked in the rear-view mirror to see what was happening. They'd probably take advantage of her in his absence.

She got out of the car and found the boot slightly opened. There was a pink bag with yellow flowers in the boot and she took it out. It weighed a ton. Luckily, it had wheels so she could just drag it to her car.

Soon as she closed the boot, the car sped off onto the road. She felt hot tears prickle her eyes, but she wouldn't cry. She was not going to cry. This was her life; she chose to do this.

Breathing in and out, she returned back to the building as she had to go to the basement where she had parked her car.

Kyle was just coming out of the elevator as he saw Tracy in the basement walking to what he assumed was her car.

"Tracy." He called out. He wanted to talk to her but had no idea about what.

Tracy spun around, coming face to face with the man she wanted to kill. "You had no right to do what you did." She lashed. "I don't want your stupid promotion; I want my reception job back."

Kyle was taken aback by her lashing out. Most people would be happy with the offer. Who wanted to be stuck as a receptionist anyway? When he was told by Greyson and Charmaine that Tracy wasn't going to be happy, he thought they did not know what they were talking about.

"Tracy, it's great opportunity."

"For who? Me or you? I don't want it. Go back to Charmaine and tell her you changed your mind."

Kyle did not appreciate how she was talking to him, sure she was angry, rightfully so, but he wanted her near him for reasons... he's yet to understand.

His blue eyes turned icy.

"Don't talk to me like that love." He took predatory steps towards her. He reminded her of her father. Men did not like it when she lashed out, when she screamed or yelled at them. Out of fear of being slapped, she kept quiet.

She took a couple of steps back until she hit her car. "I'm sorry for lashing." She almost whispered.

Kyle neared her, pressing his large body against hers. "Do I need to put something in your mouth love? Mhm?"

She shook her head. She really expected him to lash or at least hit her, but he did either of that. Instead, he pressed into her and she could feel the body heat radiating from him to her. He smelled good, he smelled incredible... just like that night.

Leaning in, Kyle brushed his lips against hers in a feather light kiss. "You gon' be a good girl?" he asked, his voice huskier.

She nodded. "Use your words."

"Ye-yes."

"You're gonna be my PA okay?" he kissed her jaw, her mind going into a frenzy. She went from being afraid of him, being afraid that he will hit her to being horny... what was this man?

"Yeah." She whispered, her body catching heat.

"Good girl." With a kiss on her cheek, he pivoted on his heel and headed to his car, not once did he look back at the mess he left behind,

a panting and flushed Tracy.

5

The next morning, Tracy made sure to take everything she needed, unfortunately she wasn't in the mood of a healthy meal that day. Whenever she was stressing, she found comfort in junk food, maybe that's why she was all soft and on the heavy side. She enjoyed her potatoes in form of chips and her burgers, and she couldn't wait to have that for lunch.

Sliding in her car, she drove to work. She arrived thirty minutes before work could start and she first dropped her new signed contract at HR then proceeded to the IT department where they assigned her a new laptop and went up to her desk to fix her new workstation. She had to get a new email address with the new signature. Looking at it she grew pissed.

This is not what she ordered in life. In another life, maybe she'd be ecstatic to being promoted, hell that's what happened in corporate world, you work your way to the top, but she was okay with being at the very bottom.

As she sat down, getting a feel of her new chair, Kyle walked though, he was walking with his father and boy did Tracy not look at him from bottom until his uncombed boyish hair. His beard was nicely trimmed, he had a nice fade and his brown hair fell lazily into his eyes. He was tall, well built, packed heavy muscles and of course dressed in jeans and just a white shirt.

"Morning Tracy, fancy seeing you here." David, Kyle's father and also the founder of the company greeted her. The man was always kind and warm.

"Hi David, well what can I say..." she smiled sweetly at him.

"Can you please organize a fresh pot of coffee for us and be so kind to join us, it's a formal meeting for Kyle over here and as his assistant you will have to be present." He then walked into his office, well soon to be Kyle's office.

Kyle looked at her, he didn't say much. He wanted to talk to her, but he didn't know what to say. Last night when he left her in the parking lot, he drove home and almost drowned himself in a bottle of scotch. He proceeded to take a very cold shower and beat his junk to the thought of her luscious curves and soft body.

He couldn't let himself fawn over his new assistant, perhaps he made a rushed decision of forcing her to become his PA.

"Morning." Tracy snapped at him. Just because he sometimes could make her feel hot did not mean they were going to be best of friends, just because they fucked once and it was amazing, did not give him a right to dictate how her life should go.

"Morning, please get us the coffee and join us." That was all he said before he entered his office. Tracy wanted to hit him with a stapler. Damn him.

She had a lot of work waiting for her, nothing Greymont Holdings related, and she knew she wouldn't be able to get by.

Carrying the pot of coffee and mugs on the tray, Tracy entered Kyle's office. The man's eyes milked her in then he looked away. He needed to stop thinking so much about her. She was just another woman walking on earth. Nothing special about her.

"Thank you, Tracy." David helped himself to coffee while Kyle was engrossed on whatever he was looking at on his computer screen.

"Should I pour for you, Mr Pierce?" she asked Kyle.



"Kyle?" David called him, making him look up to find Tracy with an arched brow.

"Coffee, Mr Pierce?" Damn it. Why did she have such beautiful brows?

"Sure." He curtly replied and Tracy rolled her eyes. What was up with this man? He was hot and cold for sure.

She placed the steaming mug on a coaster just by him and immediately as he reached for it, their hands touched. Tracy was the first to retract her hand, his hand was warm, and it made her think of things she didn't want to think about.

Walking around the large mahogany desk, she joined David on the other side and started taking notes she was requested to. Taking down passwords to certain applications that she will need in order to help out Kyle carry out his duties.

"Pay attention, Tracy because you are as good as his right-hand woman at this point. He's going to need you more than he will need Greyson." David added as the meeting continued.

The pair briefly looked at each other when he said that and of course again, Tracy averted her eyes. Why did he look this gorgeous? And why would he need her more than his brother? She didn't want to spend all of her nine to five by this man's side. She'd die of being horny and frustrated because no way, will she ever put herself in that situation of sleeping with her boss.

Sure, her friend did it, but she was not going to as she knew it wouldn't lead anywhere and quite frankly; she was tired of being the broken-hearted girl.

The meeting took until lunch time and David excused himself to go to lunch leaving the two together.

"Can I take lunch?" she asked.

"Can you order me something to eat? I am just going to be here." Kyle was now in a work mode. His father's responsibilities were about to choke him.

Tracy wanted to throw a tantrum, she had things to do she didn't want to be some PA running around and ordering lunch for the 'boss'. "What would you like to eat?"

"I don't know, anything, I don't have allergies." That was his only reply. Tracy rolled her eyes and walked to the door.

"Roll your eyes at me again..." the man said, halting her in her steps. But she didn't look back, she just hurried to the door and

escaped whatever it was Kyle wanted to unleash. Sitting by her desk, she fired up her laptop and set to work.

Her cell phone rang, and the name made her stomach to churn. She could never get used to receiving such calls, no matter how many years it has been.

"Victor, hi."

"Hey Tee, it's half twelve in the afternoon. There are transactions that went off, accumulating to one million and I don't see what it is for." Victor ran her salon and the restaurant right next to it, both establishments were used to clean money for Tracy's father. Punch had picked up cheques from Tracy's place very early in the morning before she could drive to work and clearly, he had started to cash out.

The cheques of course were divided accordingly so it wouldn't be suspicious, now she just needed to cook her salon books then the restaurant books, with her degree in accounting she was the best woman for the job. The only woman trusted to do the job and do it well.

"I'm sorry Victor, I am working on it right now. Just give me at least three hours." She told him.

"Three hours? Tee you've never slagged like this before. What's going on?"

"I know, I know I will try to work as fast as I can." She assured him.

After the phone call she set to work. She needed to check the salon and restaurant's work, the products, the suppliers and had to alter things differently just so when her books are

checked, nothing is out of place. And she also needed to make sure everything balanced out. She didn't need the bank to come for her behind and end up investigating her. Her father would kill her if she ruined things.

Around past one an hour since Tracy left for lunch, Kyle popped his head out of his office and saw Tracy engrossed in a couple of sheets on her desk and the screen on her PC. She looked so into her work, but he was hungry.

"Tracy?" he called out but she didn't hear him. Walking up to her, she smelled him before she saw him. She looked up at him with questioning eyes. "Oh! your lunch! Let me go get it, it should be done by now."

"Please..." Kyle wanted to say more, hell he wanted to ask her to join him for lunch as well, but he figured not. He took out his card and gave it to Tracy and went back to his office.

Tracy quickly packed up the sheets she was using and slid them in one of the drawers and locked it. She didn't need anyone seeing what she was doing. Her heart was beating frantically when Kyle stood in front of her. she thought he'd want to see what it was she busy doing. This is why she never wanted a promotion.

She didn't have to run around and get people food, organise their schedules or have to know every little detail about the company so she can be of great help. She didn't want that.

Getting to the café downstairs, she was lucky to find that the chicken wraps she so much liked were still available. She only needed to wait ten minutes max.

Once she picked up her order, she went back upstairs and found none other than Karabo in Kyle's office standing dangerously too close to him.

The curvy woman was ticked off. But why was she allowing herself to feel that way over a stranger, a stranger that she once had sex with?

Amazing sex. A voice inside her head added and she wanted to roll her eyes.

"Hi Karabo, here's your lunch Mr Pierce." Tracy placed one of the bags down. It was a chicken wrap, fries, a side salad and an orange juice. She got herself the same meal.

"Hi babe." Karabo happily greeted her. She was in a good mood; she was in the presence of a very sexy man that seemed to be taken by her as she was by him.

"Are you not eating in here?" Kyle asked Tracy.



"No, you have company." Tracy said a little too spicy for Kyle to notice but for Karabo to pay no never-mind.

"Sit down Tracy." Kyle almost barked. His voice was deep and arousing but she'd be damned if that man thought he could control her. There was already a man who was, she didn't need anyone else to.

"And I said no, Mr Pierce. Enjoy your lunch, I will see you in a bit." Tracy turned on her heel and left the office. She was fuming and she knew it was because of Karabo's comfortable presence in that office.

Oh, why was this man invading her head in this manner? She growled as she threw herself on the chair.

Kyle was ticked off but in an exciting way. Tracy was not going to be a walk in the park and that enthralled him. That excited him.

"Someone is not happy." Karabo mentioned. She had come into Kyle's office to check if he had settled in well and if he wanted help with anything and the man was ever his charming self, dishing out compliments in her direction like they were candy.

"You know, they did tell me she wouldn't want the promotion... I just thought... I don't know what I was thinking." Kyle was at loss of words.

"Tracy is crazy. But she really doesn't need the money." Karabo told him.

"No? I mean she was a receptionist; she sure didn't earn that much."

"A receptionist that drives a G-wagon Kyle. She wears shoes that cost the receptionist salary." Karabo noticed every little thing about people. It was her job plus she loved fashion. So, she was always looking up for latest wear.

"I will see you later, if you like." She winked at him and he winked back. She took that as an open invitation to coming back. The man smelled great, looked great and was a charmer, she wanted him. She wanted him on a platter.

Kyle leaned back on his chair. Tracy drove a G-wagon? What did this woman do? He was now interested.

A little voice in his head reminded him of how he swore off women, but he assured himself there was no harm in knowing his assistant a little bit better.

"Yeah right, an assistant that still gives me a boner." He grumbled.

6

Around fifteen minutes past four, Kyle's cell phone rang. He was still working on the load of work his father had left, trying to get to know the company from the ground up.

It was Greyson, his younger brother and also the CEO of the company he will be running with. "Grey... wassup?"

"Wassup? Where are you? We are waiting for you in here." Greyson barked. The brothers were cut from the same cloth. They were like wolves.

"What meeting?" Kyle was confused, he didn't know anything about any meeting.

"We have a meeting downstairs Kyle, do you not have a personal assistant that keeps you updated with these things? Karabo sent out a meeting invitation as well as the memo hours

ago. Just fucking get here, people need to get back to work and some need to leave soon." Greyson then hung up.

Kyle took a notepad, his laptop, phone and keys and walked out of his office to find Tracy very busy behind her desk.

"Tracy? Why didn't you tell me about the meeting Greyson called? And where is it? Which boardroom are they using?"  
Kyle was frustrated.

Tracy looked up and she looked tired as hell. Her heart was thumping so loud, she could hear it. "I am so sorry Mr Pierce, I lost track of time." She checked her work emails, and they were about thirty unopened mails. "Fuck!"

She checked the calendar and saw the meeting request. "Uhh it's at the second-floor boardroom and eish... Yoh" she quickly printed out the memo.

Kyle wanted to be angry at her, but she looked tired. "What the hell have you been doing Tracy? You're my PA, I can't be slugging on my first week."

Tracy took out the printout and passed it to Kyle. "I didn't want to do this okay. You forced me! So, don't blame me if I'm hardly coping. That's the memorandum. I have work to do, I can't come with you." She was spicy. She was overstressed, she was almost done with the salon books, nowhere near touching the restaurant.

When she was a receptionist, answering and forwarding calls, taking her leisure time in surfing emails to the right recipients, she managed just fine to do this kind of work.

It was almost knock off time and she couldn't wait to leave, she had to drop off money at Victor's so he could make bank

deposits tomorrow morning then head home to finish up the work. She was going to have to put in the hours.

She didn't move from her desk for a while, emails for Kyle were slowly coming in from some people in the firm and she knew she was royally fucked.

Maybe if she keeps sabotaging him, he might just demote her... that thought brought a smile to her face. She was going to go out of her way to making sure the man hated her guts, that he wouldn't want to see her near him or his office at any given time of the day.

She realized it was time to go, so she packed up her things, just as she was about to leave, Kyle appeared, his walk, man was the man trained to walk by Adonis? He was dripping sex, he was sex on legs, a Greek god. He jumbled her thoughts.

"Please step into my office Tracy." He waited by the door, his blue eyes were stormy, darker and seemed predatory.

She felt warmth at the pit of her belly. She was supposed to be ruining his office life, not him ruining her panties.

"I can't, it's knock off time." She gave him a tight mouth smile.

Kyle roughly bit his plump bottom lip, then his jaw locked.

"Tracy don't make me come there and get you because what I will do to you... you will be sorry. Get in here." He tilted his head to the side, directing inside his office.

Tracy grew nervous, she hated always being at the receiving end of men's wrath. She always ended up more hurt. She couldn't for the life of God meet gentle men who treated her like an egg. Did she perhaps have bad omen, a bad aura around her? She wondered.



"What's wrong? I know I forced you into working with me, but you could have tried harder to say no. I don't need you to sabotage me like this!" Kyle asked as soon as she entered his office, carrying her bags.

"I –" suddenly she was at loss of words. The sick little plan she had of becoming the worst PA so he could demote her was out of the window.

"You what? I went in that meeting late as fuck and it seemed like I can't run this company to those people. Do you even know what a managing director is supposed to do? There is a lot I need to do and learn Tracy, I don't fucking need you slagging!"

"THEN DEMOTE ME THEN! FUCKING SEND ME BACK TO RECPETION!" Tracy yelled in frustration. "I can't do this; I don't want to do this."

"No." Kyle deadpanned. He walked over to her; he was frustrated with her.

"Why?"

Why? He asked himself as he was nearing her, watching her back into the wall. She looked nervous...

Because he wanted her near him, because somehow, he felt warm inside when she was in the same room as him, because like the first night he saw her... she was such a distraction, she distracted him from everything else.

He neared her, he invaded her space, he could make out her alluring perfume, it was sexy

how could 'sexy' be used to describe a perfume? Well, it was. She had the same thoughts too, he smelled incredible, his lips were moist and tempting, she remembered that night they spent together... those luscious lips.

"I don't fucking know." Kyle was then in her 'circumference' his face was almost buried in the crook of her neck. She felt his tingling hot breath on her neck and a moan escaped her throat. That was definitely a tune he was going to dance to because his hot breath was replaced by his lips.

Tracy's bags fell to the floor, one minute she was scared, her mind going back into what scared her the most, thinking Kyle was angry at her, that he was going to hurt her... but instead he had her melting like butter on a hot skillet.

Her manicured hand found itself cupping the back of his head, combing through his hair and pushing him closer.

What was she doing? This is a recipe for disaster, surely she knew this. Flirting with the boss or sleeping with the boss was never a good look, it sure did look good in movies and in books but not in real life.

If people ever found out that they once slept together or that he once had her up against his office wall, pressing his muscled body into her fresh and soft one, they'd think that's why she was promoted. She would become hot topic of the cafeteria, the kitchen, the smoking area and the corridors.

"Kyle..." she moaned out loud when he sucked her soft spot just a little below her ear. "...fuck!" she swore. The man must have been a wizard, cast a spell over her because when he slammed his lips roughly on hers, she welcomed the kiss.

He may have started off rough, but then it turned soft, his tongue softly massaging hers, it was sweet and tender and... and wrong.

Tracy pushed Kyle roughly away from her body as he was just about to get lost in the kiss. His lips were so plumb, he touched them, his eyes hooded, dizzy and coloured with lust.

"I can't do this and don't you ever do that again." Tracy picked up her bags and left the man's office like her ass was caught on fire. She wanted to bolt out of there, but her heels couldn't only push her to an extent.

She jumped into her truck and groaned against the starring wheel. "Mohau wa tlhanya mara hee?" (Mohau are you insane?) she asked herself. She felt a tingling sensation on her south region.

Damn Kyle pierce. The man didn't have to do a lot, he could all but just breathe, and she would still get horny.

It was already late; she was already late to meeting with Victor and she knew she was sure as hell going to stuck in traffic. All because of that sexy, gorgeous man.

Pressing her foot on the accelerator, the pretty woman drove out of the parking lot and onto the bust streets of Pretoria. She drove to her restaurant, well a restaurant that was in her name that she didn't exactly own.

"Hi boss lady." One of the waitresses greeted Tracy as she entered the lavish restaurant that was packed with people dining. Of course, they served the most delicious food, the décor was supreme, everything was perfect the restaurant attracted the most amazing clientele.

"Hi doll face, is Victor in?" Tracy asked and the younger girl nodded.

Tracy was carrying a nice black bag and it was full of cash. It was heavy as hell, but she couldn't risk showing anyone else that it was something to be suspicious of, so she acted as if it weighed nothing.

Arriving to the office at the back of the restaurant, Tracy found Victor behind the computer busy working. "Hey..." Tracy greeted then proceeded to lock the door behind her.

"Brought you a gift." She sat down in front of Victor's desk.

"Just one?" Victor always wanted things done in order, he didn't want to see his behind locked behind bars. He was too pretty to become a jailbird.

"I got promoted at work, I am hardly coping. The new boss wants me by his hip nine to five. I am almost done with the salon. In fact, I can do it here... and have dinner then I will do the restaurant when I get home." Tracy was bummed. She was exhausted.

"Shame I feel for you. But don't worry I won't put much pressure but tomorrow you should be done." Victor smiled at her and pulled the bag towards him. "How much?"

"Two fifty."

"Just two hundred and fifty K? how much are you sitting on at home?" Victor was not surprised that they could only put back in such a little amount. No restaurant or salon can make a million in just two weeks or a week. So, he knew Tracy was sitting on a lot of hard, dirty cash at home.



"About three million. I have three million cash in my house, and it is burning me." She was almost close to tears. "Every time I am close to putting everything in the bank, he brings in more. I can't say no, I can't give excuses..."

Victor nipped his lips and went to hug Tracy. Years later, and the woman was still fragile as ever.

"I will think of a plan to help you get that money in the bank." He said while soothingly rubbing her back.

"But for now, I will got place an order for dinner and help you with the books okay?" Victor was fun, relaxed. He was used to this. He loved what this life could afford him. Hell, he had one million in a safe tugged somewhere, so he understood where she was coming from.

"We will manage just fine, even with your new job position."

7

The next morning, on a Wednesday Tracy woke up to the blasting sound of her alarm going off. She groaned and reached for the gadget with thoughts of throwing it out through the large window of her bedroom.

She pressed the lock button and her eyes popped off. She was late for work. "Oh no." she groaned getting out of bed. It was already past eight in the morning, and she needed to report for duty at nine. She must have hit snooze in her sleepy state.

She had slept around three in the morning working on her restaurant books. The good thing was that she would get a break from the books until next week. It could be a once-a-month thing if her father didn't make drop off every week.

She sent Bonolo a message to pass to Kyle that she would be late as she didn't have Kyle's cell phone number yet. She wasn't sure she wanted the numbers. She might find herself doing dumb things like calling him unnecessarily.

Taking a very short shower, she had no time to do her makeup, she just got dressed in a black pencil skirt with a thigh slit, a white t-shirt and finished the look with black Hollow-cut Tassel closed, round toe shoes. She was grateful that her salon workers were very skilled in installing wigs because it was still set in place. She just combed it and took her emergency makeup bag and left for work.

She was tired, she felt like she was carrying everyone's problems on her shoulders.

She didn't park in the basement as usual, instead she parked in the parking bay on the side of the building and walked through reception.

"Hi Bonolo, okae?" she greeted Bonolo, the new receptionist. From being one of the youngest cleaners, to becoming a receptionist. She looked the part.

"Hi Tracy, I am okay, how are you?" Bonolo was full of smiles and it was all because of her promotion.

"Your boss was not too pleased with your late coming and I think he is in a meeting of which he requested you be a part of as soon as you arrive." Bonolo gave her all the details and Tracy wanted to bury herself alive.

She was one hour late because of the traffic on her way, if she knew, she could have done her makeup to get rid of the eyebags shining under her eyes begging to be seen.

She dropped her bags on her new desk and took a note pad and softly knocked on Kyle's office and she found him and his father David deep in a conversation concerning the business.

"Morning, I am sorry I am late." She apologized while grabbing a seat. She tried to sound cheerful but both men could see how tired she was.

"Late night?" David asked teasingly.

Tracy smiled at the old man and nodded. "Something like that."

Jealousy the green coloured monster danced happily inside Kyle's body at the thought of Tracy having a great night, partying up a storm with probably other men. Men who wouldn't help themselves but to touch her.

"Let this not be a habit Tracy or I am going to issue a warning." He told her without even looking at her. He knew looking at her would render him powerless and he wasn't going to do that.

Tracy was shocked to say the least but when David kept quiet, she knew, the old man was really out of the game and was not going to tell Kyle how to run the business.

"It won't happen again Mr Pierce." Tracy apologized, her voice so low. Kyle wanted to look at her, to apologize for snapping but in doing that, Tracy might just take advantage, so he passed her some files that David brought.

"Those files contain information about the board and..." David started to explain to her and all she needed to know about the meeting. Just like the previous day, David was doing a handover.

As the meeting progressed, Tracy was lost in all the information she needed to know and keep. All the applications they used. Man, she was already exhausted, she was hardly keeping her eyes open.

Kyle looked at her and noticed she wasn't wearing any makeup except for the red lipstick coating her full and plump lips. She looked beautiful. With or without makeup, this woman still managed to steal his focus.

David noticed Tracy's eyes dropping and he called for a break. "Coffee anyone?" he joyfully asked, and Tracy snapped back into the land of the living.

"Mhm?"

Kyle kissed his teeth in annoyance. "I'd like coffee dad, are you getting it?" he smiled at his father who shrugged and got up to get the coffee. He actually wanted to give the two a chance to talk. He knew Tracy didn't want the job, but he didn't think she'd sleep while on the job, so he wanted his son to step in as a manager and lay some ground rules.

"What is wrong with you Tracy? Are you doing this on purpose? Do you hate being promoted this bad that you would really sleep while we are working?" Kyle was frustrated. He had to beg Greyson to do this for him and now it seemed as if he bit more than he could chew.

"I am sorry I slept around three and I am so tired. I am not-" she wanted to tell him she wasn't doing this on purpose, but he interrupted her mid-sentence.

"I don't care Tracy; I don't care if you're tired. I didn't send you to go party on a freaking Tuesday forgetting that you have work the next day. Monday to Friday, nine to five you are mine, do you understand?"

When he said, it served a double meaning to it. The possessiveness of it all made something flip in her stomach.



She licked her lips, nervous at what she was feeling towards this man. She was hot and cold towards him. She didn't want to feel anything for him but how could she not after what they did?

"Do you understand me?" he asked, his eyes boring into hers.

"I didn't go to a party." She snapped.

What he heard was 'I was with my boyfriend last night.'

"I don't care what it is you were doing, I don't care who kept you up at fucking night, but nine to five be here. I am going to get coffee." He roughly stood up and left his office and all Tracy could do was stare at him, mouth opened in shock. That man was insane.

She scoffed but was just too damn tired to do anything. She went to her desk to check her emails since she now could do Greymont Holdings work without any interruptions.

There was an email from Karabo, asking her to set up a meeting for the staff on Friday to introduce Kyle.

"Why don't you do it?" Tracy asked, well she was asking Karabo but talking to her computer screen. "Man, I hate this job." She mumbled.

There were other few emails Karabo had forwarded to her which were a part of Loraine's job. As HR did tell her

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for the rest of the week they needed to split responsibilities.

Her cell phone rang while she was busy yet slowly, reading and responding to emails. It was Sofia, the nurse that took care of her mother.

"Hello Mohau." Sofia was ever cheerful. If there was one person who loved her job no matter how demanding, how disgusting and how heavy it could get, it was this woman, Sofia.

"Hi Sofia, how are you? Is everything okay?" Tracy asked, concern thick in her voice. Sofia never called for a social check-up; she was a woman on a job.

"I am okay, we are okay... uhm there is a slight issue here, we need to go to see a physiotherapist and we were told the medical aid wasn't going to cover the full amount." Sofia began to narrate the cause of the phone call.

"Oh okay... how much do you need?" Tracy asked.

"Well, the physio is very great, it's really coming a long way. It's also at a private hospital."

"Sofia, I know okay? That's why she's on my medical aid, to get the best medical help possible."

"Yeah, but you know how she wants things to go. We need ten thousand." Sofia told her.

Tracy earned ten thousand as a receptionist and her family knew that, she sent her payslip home every month as well as money. She gave them eight thousand rand every month, she could give them more, but they didn't want more.

"Yoh Sofia where am I going to get that money? You know I have it..."

"But she doesn't want that." Sofia finished.

"So ko etsa jwang Sofia? Ke etseng? Did you ask Lesedi?" Tracy asked, Lesedi was her older sister.

Sofia scoffed on the other side of the receiver, "Lesedi doesn't have a steady job, you are our only hope."

They discussed a few other details concerning the matter on hand then Tracy hung up. She declared that week, the worst week ever. She was so exhausted from sleeping late, she was tired from the workload that was awaiting her, she was tired of thinking of how to get the money in her house into a bank, she

was tired of thinking about her new job and how much she hated it... and she was tired of having sexual fantasies about Kyle Pierce.

There were a lot more pressing issues that she was mentally, emotionally and physically tired of, but that week those stood out most for her. As if she wasn't having problems before, her mother's nurse just had to ask her of something she had no idea on how she will get.

Bonolo came bouncing to Tracy's desk carrying a box. "Your stationery madam." Bonolo placed the box on Tracy's desk.

"Thank you doll." Tracy called everyone younger than her doll, or doll face. She was really a warm person.

"Are you okay?" Bonolo asked when Tracy seemed to be away in thoughts, and she noticed she didn't even wear makeup.

"How do I get my hands on ten thousand rand?" Tracy asked. The thought was heavy on her mind.

Bonolo was surprised that this very same woman who was always in nice clothes, wearing expensive shoes and driving one of the most expensive cars was asking about getting a mere ten thousand rand. Mhm, maybe she wasn't so rich after all. Maybe like everyone speculates, she's dating sugar daddies who sponsor her lifestyle.

"I don't know, you could ask your boyfriend?" Bonolo suggested. I mean if she were dating sugar daddies that bought her such expensive materialistic things, they sure could cough out ten thousand rands to help her.

"Out of the question." Tracy didn't like people knowing whether she was or wasn't in a relationship, well people only being her nosy colleagues.

"You can ask for an advance of your salary. If your boss is nice, he can make that happen for you." Bonolo then bid her farewell when she saw Tracy entertaining the very idea. She couldn't wait to go tell others about Tracy's money problems. Oh, this was good.

Tracy was toying with the pen; she'd have to ask Kyle for an advance... but man Kyle drove her insane. How was she going to approach this?

She couldn't be consumed for longer in her thoughts as Kyle returned back from the office. He had a brown paper bag and two cups of what she assumed was coffee on a takeaway tray.

"Let's go." He went into his office, and she followed suite.



"Mr Pierce..."

"I got you breakfast, have you eaten yet?" he asked as the same time he called out his name. "Mhm?" there was something about her saying his name. It just demanded his attention.

"Never mind." Tracy sat down. "What's for breakfast?" she had on a smile on her face, but it was nothing sincere. She looked like she had a lot to say.

"What's wrong Tracy? Look if it's about what happened earlier on..."

"I need a salary advance." She blurted out quickly without even breathing through the sentence. She just had to. She knew the more and more she spent time with him, chances were they would fight again, and she wouldn't get what she wanted, what she needed.

He seemed to be in a better mood than when he left, so she struck.

"Excuse me?"

8

Kyle was cute when he scrunched his brows together and his lips in a pouty manner. "You? You need an advance?" he asked. If it weren't for what Karabo had disclosed to him about Tracy, he would have been compelled to help right away but this woman was intriguing as each day went by. Why would she need such an amount if she was believed to be rich?

"What's that supposed to mean?" Tracy almost snapped. She didn't like how Kyle asked the question. It was as if she wouldn't ask for financial help. Well in reality she didn't, but who knew that? No one.

"Tracy... okay how much are we talking here?" Kyle sat down on his chair. He started to notice the eyebags under Tracy's eyes. This woman didn't look as radiant as other days, but she was still so gorgeous she made his heart flutter.

"About ten grand." Tracy told him.

"Ten grand? Tracy... look I'd, I'd, I'd love to help you, but I am new here okay? And this week has been a lot no thanks to you, now you want me to give you a ten-grand advance?" Kyle felt like he was being tested.

"Please Mr Pierce."

"Kyle... call me Kyle." There was a reason he wanted her to call her by his first name, well two reasons; one being that he preferred his father being called Mr Pierce and secondly it turned him the fuck on when she said his name.

"Kyle... I am begging you; I need your help." Hearing the desperation in her voice, his heart was conflicted. Indeed, he was just brought into the company, hell they haven't even introduced him to the staff yet, most people just passed him in the hallways without so much so as a mere greeting. He arrived and made his brother force Tracy to join him as his PA even

requesting for a crazy salary which some part of it will be coming from his own pocket...now he had to get her an advance?

"I hear you; I can't give you an advance as yet Tracy, I don't think I can."

"Fine. Don't help me then, I will see what to do." She turned on her heel, ready to go back to her desk and stress.

"What about breakfast?"

"Eat it." Tracy then turned on her heel and went back to her desk. She wanted to cry, she wanted her mother to get better and if Sofia said physiotherapy is coming well it meant her mother's health was looking up and there is nothing she's ever wanted in this life than for her mother to get better.

She couldn't ask Victor for a loan, she couldn't ask anyone for a loan... unless her doctor friend, but she has a new-born, and the baby daddy lost his job so that was a no go. She didn't have many friends in the field and didn't know who she could ask help from.

This is when her hatred for her father took over. He was the root cause of all her problems, maybe not all of her problems but mostly were because of him.

Picking up the work phone, she called her darling sister, Lesedi.

"True caller tells me this is from Greymont Holdings... o batlang Tracy?" (What do you want Tracy?) Lesedi answered the call. She sounded tired and very moody.

Tracy rolled her eyes, if she had a choice, she wouldn't have made the call, at all. "Well good morning to you too sis."

"Ketla dropa, ke phone yaka e." (I'll hang up, this is my phone.) again, Tracy rolled her eyes as if her sister could see her. For a forty-year-old woman, Lesedi sure was mean and very childish.

"Mama needs ten thousand for therapy." Tracy decided to cut to the chase. "And you know the drill. I don't have it at the moment, it's the middle of the month, I don't have it."

Lesedi laughed on the other side of the receiver. "You? You don't have ten thousand? Wena? Mohau kopa osa ntlhantsha!" Lesedi's high pitched voice grew mad. "O dutse godimo ha dikete tsa diranta, otlo botsa nna hore mama o batla ten thou?" (You're sitting on thousands of rands, yet you are telling me, mom needs ten thousand?)

Tracy kissed her teeth in annoyance. Of course, calling her sister was a terrible idea because at every chance Lesedi got, she reminded her of things she knew very well unnecessarily so.

"Can you help or not? Because you know ga batle tšhelete ele."  
(Because you know, she doesn't want that kind of money.)

Lesedi laughed, "Oh yeah, she doesn't want your fath-" before Lesedi could finish talking, Tracy cut the call. That was a waste of her time. Lesedi was selfish and never cared about anyone else but herself.

Tracy toyed with the pen on her desk, doodling circles on a notepad, thinking for what to do next. Who she could call, because one way or another, her mother needed to get to that appointment,

What Tracy didn't know was that Kyle was listening in on the conversation, soon as he saw the extension light going off on his office phone, curiosity got the better of him. He wanted to know if whether Tracy would be making a personal call or a work call. If it was a work call, he wanted to know how she handled it, if it was personal then he wanted to hear what exactly was going on with her.

He couldn't get much out of the conversation because they spoke their native tongue but what he knew was that Tracy was trying to get her hands on ten thousand rand and it wasn't working out. He was feeling bad.

He wanted to help her out mostly because he was starting to accept that he may feel just a little more than he should for her. Hearing the desperation in her voice for something that is not his dick was not going to cut it.

He picked up his phone and called Greyson. "Little bro, do we give out salary advances?"



"Yeah, but you need to have worked for six months and on a permanent position to qualify. And also

if you just got promoted or changed positions, you need to at least have worked three months."

"Fuck."

"What's that?" Greyson asked and Kyle quickly dismissed him.

"Nothing, later."

He got up from his desk and called Tracy in his office. He was standing by the door after she entered and damn him for looking all kinds of handsome. Tracy marvelled in how sculpted his body and his face were. What a creation. His parents were probably not in a rush to finish the job.

"Do you like live in the gym?" she found herself asking. Where this man was concerned, she was one minute cold and the next minute warm...

Kyle smirked and looked at his biceps with pride. Of course, he lived in the gym, what better way to live was there?

"Greyson says we can't give you the advance because you haven't worked three months in your new position."

"So, you called me in here to dampen my mood further? You've already said no, I accepted that, no need to rub salt on my wound."

"Hey relax." Kyle walked towards her and grabbed her shoulders. His touch was warm, and she instantly relaxed under it. "I can give you a personal loan though." His blue eyes were

so curious taking in her facial features. She couldn't help but to look back into his eyes.

"It won't work. I need... I need it to come from the company." She whispered. His stare was making her feel warm and at ease. The anger she was holding in for him was threatening to melt away.

Kyle was confused, "I don't understand."

"You can't understand. This money... it has to be..." she didn't know how to explain without giving herself away. "It was to come from my workplace or at least someone who works a decent job."

"Tracy what do you mean?" Kyle furrowed his brows, letting go of her shoulders. "Okay would it help if I send you an email

confirming the loan? Is that it? You want some sort of proof that the money is legit, and you can pay it back?"

Well now why didn't she think of putting it like that? She smiled "Yes, yes exactly that. And I haven't forgotten that I owe you three thousand for the dresses."

"I told you they were a gift." He winked at her. "So, I will wire you the money and we can have an email trail just for you."

She felt relief wash over her body. That was the first time her problems ever solved themselves in that quick manner. Usually she had to bite nails, walk on needles before anything could happen.

"Thank you!" she threw herself at him in a bone crushing hug.

He was taken aback by the gesture. This woman for the past two days has been reigning terror on his parade and now was dishing out hugs? He felt a stir inside of him. It bubbled in happiness, she felt just right against him, soft and perfect.

Tracy felt how rigid the man was and tried to pull away, but he held onto her. Her heart was hammering fast, she couldn't allow him to get that close to her, not again.

"Kyle..." she pulled back, but he still caged her in his large arms.

"Kiss me." He was now looking at her, her lips were so plumb from being bitten once too many times, probably out of stressing over the money.

"Just because you are helping me out at a time of need doesn't mean I then have to sleep with you." Tracy snapped and

pushed Kyle off her. He didn't understand how she arrived at that ridiculous conclusion.

"Tracy..."

"If you try that one more time, I'm going to slap the taste out of your mouth." She then left him. She was on fire when she went back to her desk.

She checked her laptop and of course, there were emails gunning for her attention. It made her so mad that the same man who was driving her up a wall, she had to be on his beck and call business-related.

She did respond to the emails and busied herself with learning some of the information David gave her that she was going to need.

"Tracy? Is your boss busy or can I stick him out for coffee?" that was Karabo, and the girl looked stunning in a red pocket dress with collars. It was semi-formal and looked incredible.

"Keng? You want the man?" Tracy snapped.

Karabo didn't find the question offending, instead she smiled at Tracy and wiggled her brows. "Is it that obvious? I think he likes me too."

"I don't care what you do, knock yourself out." Tracy snapped. Why did it bother her that Karabo fancied her boss? Why did she have the urge to pull Karabo's wig off her head?

Karabo softly knocked on Kyle's office door a smile on her face. "Hey, hey."

"Not now, okay? I'm busy." Kyle snapped.

"Oh, okay I will come back later." She turned on her heel and left his office. "Wow your boss is in a foul mood, just like you what's going on?" Karabo asked Tracy.

"He is in a mood?" she asked, she thought he'd flirt with Karabo as he usually did.

"Yeah, literally told me to kick rocks. Is he okay?" Karabo couldn't let it go. She liked and wanted Kyle.

"Excuse me." Tracy's mind snapped into a mode that only one thing was heavy on her mind.



She went into the man's office without knocking. "I don't want to be disturbed, Tracy." Kyle snapped at her, but she didn't listen to whatever he was saying.

Walking around his desk, she spun his chair around and he allowed himself to be swivelled around, coming face to face with her. Tracy smashed her lips against hers and didn't give him a chance to talk or a chance for her to chicken out.

The kiss was hungry and heating their most sensitive spots. Kyle stood up and dominated the kiss, pushing her into the wall, he didn't know what came over her, but he was happy as hell that she was the one to initiate the kiss.

Tracy moaned in his mouth when he started kneading her boobs, she thought she had control over the situation but as the kiss deepened, and his hands roamed over her body, she knew she was losing the grip. His warm hands trailed down her

skirt and just before he could hike up her skirt, she stopped them.

They were breathing too hard, both needing air as if they'd pass out.

"That was one time and one time only. If we are ever going to build a working relationship, then you must stop trying to kiss me. Okay?"

Kyle nodded, while touching his lips. Still feeling hers on his. Tracy then walked out, he watched as her ass bounced with every step she took.

"I am fucked." He looked down on his crotch and had to adjust himself. He wanted her again. He wanted to bury his balls deep inside of her.

No other woman mattered, just Tracy. He had to have her, but she sure as hell wasn't going to make it easy on him.

9

The rest of the day, Tracy spent it learning about her new role. She was glad that some of her biggest problems have been resolved. Well only for that week.

She had money for her mother's medical needs, Kyle true to his word sent her the money and there was an email trail regarding the loan between themselves of which she forwarded to her mother's nurse. Then she had cooked the books for the salon and the restaurant, so she got to breathe but that wasn't all her problems solved.

She had three million rands in a safe in her house that she couldn't put in the bank and she needed to do so, fast, as her father promised to make another drop off soon. If she didn't, she wouldn't have enough money in the bank to give to her father.

Having to clean money for her father was one of the taxing things she has ever done in life and what saddened her the most was that there was no getting out of it. It was for life.

She was stripped of her independence, her life, her friends, her family. She was basically a loner. She couldn't relate to anyone at work, she didn't trust anyone, she couldn't even if she wanted to. When the company hired a new office administrator, she didn't think they'd end up being good friends, even when the said friend disclosed in her of her secrets, things that could have ended her in jail, she still couldn't tell her about her own problems instead she pretended like she didn't even have many problems to begin with.

She used to go to church, praying to God to help her but every year that came and went, she still found herself in the same situation, so she stopped going to church and she stopped praying.

Her new job was starting off slow, but she has helped Erica, the previous PA to the MD before and she knew how busy that woman always was. She sometimes pulled late nights and she knew that was waiting in store for her.

The good thing about the job was that it was paying her so much money, it would be able to move her mother from their old house to a home where she would receive all the help she needed. So, she had to suck it up and to find ways to lessen her workload.

She thought back to what she did earlier in the morning with Kyle. She had kissed him and told him it would never happen again. Oh, what a lie that was. She wanted more, she wanted that man, but she knew getting entangled with him would result in another heartbreak, if not from her secrets or life then from her father who would do anything to making sure she was never that close with anyone.

"It is dangerous for you to get close to anyone Tracy because they will find out about our little secrets and I'll have to kill them, so do me a favour stay away from men." Her father would always remind her. That man was the definition of cruel.

Even though Kyle Pierce sexed her good that one time, kissed her until her mind couldn't conjure up coherent things, she couldn't allow him to get anywhere close to her.

The way he looked at her, the way he held her, she felt at ease and that was scary. She shouldn't allow those feelings to make a home inside of her.

She was still tired from not sleeping last night but the coffee she's been drinking coupled with energy drinks seemed to have been doing the trick. She managed to clear all the emails that came through for Kyle, they were not a lot and she was also busy with Lorraine's work as she was booked off for the rest of the week.

She was not used to working this hard at this company, but she had to remind herself that the pay would come in handy.

Kyle on the other side of his office was also getting buried in workload, well he wasn't one to shy away from a challenge and he needed to prove to his father and the board that they were not doing a mistake by placing him as the MD of the company.

Maybe he shouldn't have hurried to hire Tracy as his personal assistant because he wanted to bed her every time he saw her. But maybe it was time that he focused on building a name for himself in the company, gain the respect before he places his heart on the ground for yet another woman to stomp upon.

He just never learned when it came to mixing business with pleasure. A lot of women have used him in the past to get ahead in the business and because of how much pleasure he gave them between the sheets, that's all they ever wanted

from him. He was frankly tired. He wanted to be wanted too and it seemed as if Tracy was going to be like those other women. They enjoyed the thrill of being wanted until they didn't.

David was in the room; he has been doing a handover for the past couple of weeks and he felt that by the end of the week he wouldn't be needed in the office anymore and that brought a smile on his face.

"And that smile?" Kyle asked.

"I think you are a fast learner son. And soon enough I will be out of here." David cheesed.

Kyle couldn't help but to laugh. He has such a great relationship with his father, all of his siblings had great relationship with each other and their father that he wished that for himself. He



was approaching forty soon and there was nothing promising in that land.

"I hear you dad. I just hope that I won't disappoint you."

"If you and Tracy can settle your differences and work as a team, you won't disappoint anyone. She's your right hand, you need to tread carefully there and don't be like Greyson. Don't fuck your assistant." Kyle choked on his own saliva when his father said that. He didn't see the conversation heading to that direction at all.

"I hear you." That's all he could say because he has been there, done that, got the t-shirt and won't burn it.

The pair worked for a while until Tracy popped into the office letting everyone know she was leaving as it was knock off time.

"You know you owe me an hour for being late right?" Kyle asked her and her eyes enlarged in size.

"Hah... are you serious?" she asked, she couldn't believe he had that nerve. No, he wouldn't dare.

Kyle grinned and shook his head. "Please be on time tomorrow. We have an early meeting with the board."

Tracy nodded and left the building. Arriving home, she took off her clothes, proceeded to take a shower then remained in her birthday suit. She went on her phone and ordered herself food. As she was waiting for her food, she decided to roll herself a joint while a glass of wine was chilling on the coffee table in her lounge. She needed all the escape she could get. Once high and tipsy, she was gonna stuff her face with food then pass out.

Hearing a knock on her door, she knew it couldn't have been someone else from the outside or security would have called her. It was someone from the building. She lived in the penthouse suite which was on the highest floor of the building.

Grabbing her robe, she went to open the door to see none other than Dylan Kruger, a coloured boy she sometimes fucked with.

"I've been calling you..." he leaned against the door frame, rolling his bottom lips sexily into his mouth. He was such an eye candy

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probably why Tracy ever gave him the time of day.

"My phone is on silent, sorry. What's up Dylan?" she asked, she wanted to be alone. She wanted to stuff her face with the juicy burger she ordered from steers that was probably on its way.

"So, you're not going to invite me to join you? I can smell the greens." He asked. They usually smoked together then fucked each other's brains off.

"Not tonight Dee. I am not in the mood."

"Oh, come on Tee, you know what we agreed on. When you want, I will avail myself and when I want... you will. Unless that has changed?" he needed some ass that night. Work was stressful and he wanted to release some tension.

"No, nothing has changed." Tracy said. He was there for her whenever she needed to release some tension but now, she didn't want him. It was not his penis she wanted inside of her...

But the penis she wanted; she couldn't have. She shouldn't even want it.

"Come in..." she held the door wide open and welcome him inside.

"Wine?" she asked. She was actually not in the mood, but she hoped they could talk and just have some light and fun conversation and she'd grow to be in the mood.

"Yeah, please mama." He sat down on the couch while she cringed at the nickname and went to get him a glass.

"I ordered food, should be here in a while."

"I can't stay for dinner." The man just wanted to get right down to business, and she was stalling.

Pouring him wine, she sat back to finish off rolling her joint. She was very pleased with her 'engineering' that went into rolling a perfectly fat joint.

She went to the balcony and Dylan followed suite. They used to do this together; smoke, drink wine then start kissing and finish up on the couch or in the bedroom.

They shared jokes, and of course Dylan complained about work and his baby mama who was milking him of money... then he moved next to her. There was a time when she used to get excited to see him. He wasn't bad in bed, she just had someone else in mind. Someone that rocked her world in ways she couldn't disclose to anyone.

Pulling her in his arms, he planted a soft kiss on her lips. It felt wrong, why did it feel wrong kissing someone she was used to kissing?

Hearing her cell phone ring, she jumped back and went to retrieve it. "Must be food." She said.

No surprise to find Kyle's name flashing on the screen. They had exchanged numbers when he had to send her money. She didn't want his numbers, but he told her that she should have it because how else will she get a hold of him if he was not in the office.

"Kyle?" she was so relived to hear from him, mainly because she didn't want to sleep with Dylan but at the same time, she couldn't burn that bridge in case she's gonna need him again.

"Tracy, sorry for disturbing you, but there is a file I left on your desk in the afternoon, and it has information about the board and tomorrow's meeting. Where is it?"

Tracy wanted to scream; she packed the file with when she was leaving the office. "I have it, do you need it today?" she asked.

"Yes, I can't exactly go unprepared tomorrow, right? I know it's late so I can't exactly ask you to drive back to the office..."

"I can do that. It's not a problem at all Mr Pierce." She had to call him that just so Dylan doesn't suspect that she had a choice in the matter.

"It's Kyle... and are you sure?"



"Yeah, I'm on my way." Tracy then hung up. She'd do anything to get out of the sticky situation she was in, even if it meant going to see the man who was actually standing between her and a nice orgasm that Dylan would probably give her. "I am sorry Dylan that we have to cut the night short. I have a new boss in the office, and I have his files that he needs."

Dylan nodded in understanding. He was a little bummed but hey? What choice did he have? "Hit me up when you're back?" Tracy nodded but she knew she was not going to do that.

Throwing on her lounge set and wearing sleepers, she went downstairs just in time for the Uber eats delivery to arrive. She drove to the office with her meal on the driver's seat. She took the file up to their office. It was pretty quiet in the office, a little peaceful than how it was during the day.

She found Kyle on his couch, a bunch of files around him.  
"Aren't you overworking yourself?" Tracy asked while walking in.

"Too early to tell. Thank you for bringing this. I just need to know those people, their contribution and how they are actually like."

Tracy looked around him, this man was stressed, she could tell with how he kept running his hand through his hair. "Okay, so let me read about them then I will brief you, how's that?" she was upset that she was going to ruin her high by working, but he needed her help.

Not only did Tracy have to learn about the board members and their contribution to the company, but she also had to type new documents that would be vital for him. "I am starving." She complained after she made copies of the documents, filing them properly.

"I swear I never had to work this much in this company."

"Well, there is only so much you can do as a receptionist buttercup." He said while clearing the couch of some papers he was working on.

"I have forwarded you some documents you need to print for tomorrow then we will be set." He told her.

After a while of working, they ordered dinner and Tracy's fatigue started to creep in. "Are you gonna be okay to drive back home?" he asked.

She even forgot about her burger and fries in her car. She was eating pizza with Kyle. "I am tired. But I will drive, it's okay."

"I am taking you home okay?"

"You're not the boss of me." She pouted.

"No?" he smirked, and Tracy smiled.

"You're cute." She found herself saying. Between hardly sleeping last night, smoking weed, having a glass of wine and working overtime, her brain was in shambles.

Kyle smiled and packed everything up before helping Tracy to stand up. "Yeah?" he smiled.

"Yeah, and I want to kiss you." She wrapped her arms around his neck while he had to keep her steady.

"Rather not. We said we won't cross lines anymore, right?" truth was he knew she was not in the right frame of mind. He didn't want to take advantage and there was truth in what he said. They needed to stop trying to kiss or fuck each other.

"Wow." Tracy felt a pang in her chest. "You're rejecting me. But it's fine. I will call Dylan." She spoke as he walked them to his car.

"Now who the fuck is Dylan?"

10

"Tracy? Buttercup you need to wake up." Tracy was shaken awake, but she lived alone. Who was in her house? She shot right up on the bed and found none other than Kyle by the bedside.

She looked around, still in a sleepy dizzy state. She wiped the sleep off her eyes, still looking around. She was still dressed in her lounge set in a very large bed that was covered in grey sheets. Hers were white and pink. So, she wondered where she was.

"What am I doing here? Where are we?" she asked. she couldn't remember much from last night except that she drove to the office and ended up working with Kyle.

"You were exhausted last night and couldn't drive." Kyle responded. He was wearing black suit pants, a crisp white shirt and a black waistcoat which he was going to cover with the jacket, and he looked incredible.

"And you couldn't drive me home?"

"You passed out in the car and I don't know your address. So, I had to bring you here and you better say thank you because I gave up my bed for you." He told her.

She felt relief wash over her that they didn't share a bed. She knew that she was a hugger in bed and loved to cuddle. She cuddled anyone she ever slept with and some men did not like it when she did that. She didn't want to embarrass herself.

"Okay what time is it?"

"It's half six. We need to drive to your place so you can get ready for work and I don't know how far it is." He responded.

Tracy yawned and felt her body relax from waking up on such a high alert. "Okay, let me just go pee then we will go." She got out of bed on the other side and Kyle directed her to his ensuite bathroom.

Something about Tracy waking up from his bed aroused a need inside of him. A need to have a partner, someone who he could build with. But was Tracy that woman?

The pair drove to Tracy's house and they found out it only took twenty minutes to get there. Unlike Kyle's apartment, Tracy's was more homely. His was a bachelor suite by all means. He didn't even have furniture yet as he had just moved out of his father's house just one couch. He still didn't have cutlery let alone eating and cooking utensils.

"You have a nice house." Kyle commented.



"Thank you, so do you but yours still needs stuff." Tracy told him. "Make yourself comfortable. I am going to get ready." She said to him.

"Do you have coffee?"

"Yup." She ushered him to the kitchen and showed him where everything was then made a dash upstairs to shower and get ready.

She had to work quick on her makeup, yesterday she couldn't care about her appearance but that morning she did. They had a shareholder's meeting that she was going to be a part of, so she had to look the part. Kyle was even wearing a three-piece suit than his regular jeans and blazer, so she had to up her game.

Hair done, makeup done, perfume worn, she decided to wear one of the red dresses Kyle bought her. It hugged her body in a way that made her feel absolutely untouchable. He had great taste, that she had to give it to him.

She paired the dress with white, red-bottom shoes and took her laptop bag, her purse, phone charger and everything she thought she would need.

"Okay, I am ready."

Kyle looked up from his seat where he was drinking coffee and his mouth hung open. His eyes darkened in nothing but lust.

"Tracy..." his voice was in a low warning tone. "Go change." He ordered.

Tracy furrowed her brows in confusion. Shouldn't he be happy that she was wearing a dress he bought her?

"I don't understand, what's wrong with what I am wearing? Do I not look nice in it?" she started to fidget, wondering if her mirror was lying to her. Was her arse too big in the dress or maybe her boobs? Or maybe her fupa? "It doesn't look good on me, right?"

Kyle saw how stressed she became in under seconds and stood up, tossing the magazine he was reading to the side. "Oh no, it's not that." He walked over to her.

"Then what is it?" she asked. she hated feeling insecure about her body. She has worked hard to lose some of the weight she had gained and to hear him ordering her to take off her dress brought back some painful memories. Things she didn't want to think about.

"You look amazing. Fuck you look hot in this dress. I don't know what I was thinking buying it, but I want you to burn it." He looked dead serious, his eyes raking all over her body milking her in.

Tracy felt relief wash over her. For a second she thought something was wrong. They always found something wrong with her.

"I like it." She told him, she started to feel her confidence levels rise again. "And we are going to be late if I go change now."

"Tracy... you are begging for my dick in that dress." He told her and she gasped.

"Give me one second." She left her bags on the couch and went back upstairs, then came down wearing a body-hugging black dress. Well, it didn't exactly hug her body like glove, it sure did leave some space here and there, but she still felt good in it and looked good.

"Better?" she asked while at the stairs.

"A little." Kyle mumbled. Couldn't the woman find a trash bag to wear? "We are going to be late if we don't move now." His mood was changing, and Tracy worried they might clash. What was wrong with this man?

The drive to the office was filled with Radio noise, it was a comfortable silence. While Tracy was wondering if she was ready to join in on the big table at work, to finally have the inside scoop of all things company related, how they made decisions and how other department were structured and how money was made, Kyle was stressing about the meeting and how he was going to handle it with Tracy being there.

Everyday he woke up to go to work, he mauld over the fact that he may have rushed in hiring Tracy. But would he demote her and give her what she wanted? Hell no. A huge selfish part of him wanted her by his side.

The pair walked in together from the basement in complete silence. Like they did not sleep in the same house or came in the same car.

Tracy settled on her desk, to prepare for the meeting that was scheduled to start at ten o'clock. They were a little early, so that gave them a bit of time to prepare and recap from last night.

Tracy and Karabo were the only assistants that were going to be a part of the meeting, so they set up the boardroom. All necessary documents needed for the meeting were printed and

laid out for the board members, refreshments were organized, projector set up

all they were waiting for were the attendees.

"So, what are we really expected to do in here?" Tracy asked Karabo as they finished setting up.

"Just look pretty." Karabo joked. "We will be taking minutes for our bosses. There could be something said that he missed so after the meeting you need to brief him making sure that if there are things he needs to do, he does them and then type the minutes and send them to the board. That was Erica's job now it is yours. But because you're new to this, I will take responsibility for typing the minutes to the board." Karabo told her.

"Sounds great to me."

"Yeah, but the next meeting, you are taking over." Karabo told her. "Anyway, let me go get my things and I will be back."

Tracy sat down on one of the chairs, she already brought in her notepad, pen and phone to record the meeting if there is a need. She was not used to this and she most definitely did not want to fuck anything up.

"Hey... no one is here yet?" Kyle walked in the boardroom looking drop-dead gorgeous.

"Mhm-mhm. Karabo went back upstairs though I'm sure she will come back with Greyson."

"Okay. I am fucking nervous." Kyle admitted. He pulled a chair next to Tracy and his leg was shaking.



"Hey, you worked hard on this. I am sure they are going to love what you have already gathered and the direction you want this company to take. You've only been here a hot minute; they surely can't expect you to have it all figured out." Tracy comforted him.

"You're right... yeah I will keep that in mind." He tried to sound confident but he sure as hell wasn't.

Tracy has helped to set up meetings once too many times, she knew the corners of the boardrooms all too well. She quickly stood up with a glass and went to the corner of the boardroom and opened the cabinet. There were bottles and bottles of delicious whiskeys and vodkas. She poured a neat double of whiskey and brought it to him.

"Tshwara." She passed him the glass making sure no one was coming in. "Calm your nerves."

Kyle grinned at the gesture and quickly chucked down the contents. Well drinking on the job was absolutely not welcomed, they only ever drank if there was a function or a celebration of some sort. Surely if any of the board members were to walk through the door, they would be very much displeased.

"You are something else you know that?" he was easing up a little, maybe because Tracy was cheering for him even before the meeting could start. He wanted to be great for her. "I got this."

Tracy smiled. Was this part of her job? Helping ease nerves, set up meetings, filter emails, help him achieve certain goals? She sort of liked it except she knew that it would be taking too much of her time. Time she sometimes didn't have.

Soon everyone was in the boardroom, taken their seats and listening to Kyle deliver his speech. He had to prove to the

board that he had the success of the company in mind and as a day-to-day activity manager, what his game plan was.

Tracy kept smiling while watching him pull his A-game. The man was about the business, and he was smart. At some point she had stopped taking notes and just watched him speak.

Everyone in the boardroom was eating from the man's palm and she was pleased that she got to be by his side.

"And for now, that is all from me. I appreciate your time." Kyle thanked the board; his father wore a proud smirk same as his brother. The board members were all taken and clapped hands as the man resumed his seat.

"I must say David, you have a strong team in the business, and we don't foresee any problems with Kyle taking over from you." One of the board members spoke and David smiled and

nodded. It made him proud that he was leaving his blood and sweat in the capable hands of his two headstrong and ambitious sons.

"Karabo, please reschedule any meetings I have for today, I need to rush home." Greyson told Karabo as everyone cleared from the boardroom after having some of the refreshments.

Karabo nodded and walked over to Kyle and Tracy. Tracy remembered when Karabo confessed to wanting Kyle and thinking that Kyle wanted her back so that turned her mood sour.

"Kyle..." she smiled at the man. She was so blown away by him, she had to tell him herself.

"I am going upstairs, see you there." Tracy picked up her belongings and left the two alone. She didn't want to be caught

up in one of Kyle's flirtatious moments. She was about sick of him smiling at that girl.

Tracy stopped by the kitchen to make tea for herself. She tried to stay away from coffee a lot. "Tracy ntombi." One of the elderly cleaning ladies greeted her in the kitchen.

"Dumela mme Vero, okae bathong?" (Hello mme Vero, how are you?) Tracy turned to hug the lady. She was very fond of her. Veronica was like a mother to all. She was very loving and cared a great deal about people.

"I am okay my baby, congratulations I hear you moved up to the big leagues." Vero smiled while washing some of the dirty dishes in the sink next to where Tracy was making tea.

"Ha, eish what can I say? It makes a difference." Tracy didn't want to seem ungrateful of the opportunity, so she downplayed it.

"Mhm hee my baby, are you alright? Phela I heard things being said about you in the change room." Vero whispered so none of the people passing by could hear her.

"What did you hear?" Tracy narrowed her eyes. This is why she hardly had friends in the workplace because everyone was just in everyone's business.

"That you don't have money. That you're broke and your sugar daddies can't even help you."

"Sugar daddies? What sugar daddies?"

"Haibo, don't you know that everyone here thinks you wear nice clothes and drive a nice car because of sugar daddies? Hee you don't know anything. They are now talking about how you just got promoted and yet you were asking people for ten thousand." Vero sang like a canary.

Tracy didn't even have to think hard to know where the tale came from. Damn Bonolo. "Please watch my things." She left the kitchen, taking angry steps towards the elevator, heading to reception.

She found Bonolo laughing with a delivery guy and waited until the man left.

"You've got some nerve you know that?" Tracy said to Bonolo. "You go around telling people that I am broke? That I date sugar daddies?"

"Me? I would never." Bonolo denied.

"You listen to me little girl. I will crush you. You are a child to me, I am not your mate and I am not your friend. If I ever hear that you're talking shit about me with your little friends, I am going to moer the hell out you. I will beat you black and blue you will not be able to tell if you're coming or going. Stay out of my fucking business." Tracy turned on her heel and went to fetch her stuff she left in the kitchen on their floor.

"Tracy..." Vero called her out, but Tracy dismissed her. She was very annoyed.

While walking to her desk, her phone rang. It was Victor. "Hi Victor, is everything okay?"



"No, no everything is not okay. I checked the account Tracy; do you know how much we are left with in the bank?" Victor was whisper yelling.

"I deposited money and paid suppliers for next week's delivery, and you know how much we are left with? A hundred thousand in the restaurant account. Actually, let me give you the correct amount, we are left with ninety-eight thousand, seven hundred and forty-seven rands."

Tracy felt her world spin immediately. She didn't need this. Her father will definitely skin her alive. She had the money that was supposed to be in the account at home.

"And the salon?"

Victor chuckled through the phone. "The salon... don't ask about the salon." That was all he said.

Tracy sat down on her desk unmoving. She saw Kyle and Karabo laughing walking towards her and her frustrations doubled. Nothing was working out in her life and she wanted to crash and burn. She couldn't take this anymore.

She had to watch the man she wanted but knew she can't have laugh and flirt with someone else while stressing about what her father was going to do to her when he realizes he can't make his weekly cash-in.

"Are you okay love?" Tracy was snapped out of her trance by a concerned Kyle. She noticed Karabo was no longer there.

"Are you and your little girlfriend done flirting?" she snapped.

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Kyle was confused by Tracy's actions. Did the woman want him or not? Why was she acting jealous if she didn't? It was starting to drive him insane. He had the hots for her. Where she was concerned, he lost all reasoning and he knew it was because he liked her, he was sexually attracted to her.

"Who's Dylan Tracy?" Kyle asked. He sure did not like how she spoke about another man in his presence last night, the beast that lay inside of him wanted to come out to play but he has been burned too many times by women that liked that side of his. He wasn't going to let it play besides, Tracy seemed to be afraid of him than enticed the first time he ordered her around.

"Wha-what?" Tracy was shocked that Kyle would ask her about Dylan, hell she even forgot for a minute about who Dylan was.

"Last night you wanted to kiss me."

"I did not." She couldn't believe this. Can fatigue really do that to a person? She didn't remember any of that.

"Yeah, and I said no because I respected what you said, so you told me you will call Dylan. Who is Dylan?"

"He is no one of importance." She was getting uncomfortable. The look in the man's blue eyes told her he was not the one to be messed with. But why did she care if whether he knew or didn't know who Dylan was?

Kyle rounded her desk and crouched so his mouth could be next to her ear. "If he's your little boyfriend tell me. If he's your little fuck buddy, get rid of him okay love?"

The way his voice was deep and sensual, she nodded weakly. His perfume was clouding her judgement. He smelled incredible, the way he smelled made her to want to strip him naked and run her tongue on his back.

Kyle was shocked at the response, hell he expected her to breathe fire his way. "Please don't forget to email me the minutes." He walked into his office before her mind could register what had just happened.

Tracy shook her head as if bringing herself back into the land of the living. What the fuck did Kyle mean she should get rid of Dylan and how in the hell did she agree? He was not the boss of her.

Why did all the men she met want to control her? This was her life and she'd let no one dictate her on how to live it, especially not some white boy that just landed from New York. She wanted to go in his office and tell him where to get off, but she had more pressing matters to attend to.

She figured during lunch time, she'd drive down to the restaurant and have a conversation with Victor about sorting out the issue. She needed to find ways to bring in large amount of money to the bank without the bank calling the financial intelligence centre (FIC) and reporting her because that would then open a channel of investigation as to where the money comes from and how come her establishments made so much money in such a little time.

Listening to the audio of the meeting, and checking against her notes, she set to work on typing the minutes. She was fortunate that this time around, she was only making them for her boss.

Tracy and Kyle communicated via emails as the day progressed until it was almost lunch time. She walked into his office and found him on a phone call, sitting on his desk.

He looked at her and signalled for her to enter with his hand. She stood awkwardly waiting for him to finish the call. Firstly, she wanted to tell him that he must never order her around, secondly, she wanted to let him know she's taking lunch and might come back a little late.

But her plan seemed to be flying out of the window as Kyle snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her closer. He was sitting on the desk with his one leg on the ground and the other dangling in the against the desk.

The position they were in was just too personal but the warmth she felt whenever he touched her, she wanted to bask in it.

"I look forward to meeting with you Mr Joshua. Thank you for this call." Kyle then hung up after speaking to the client.

Tracy cleared her throat as she looked into the man's eyes whose eyes has been trained on hers since she entered the office. Brown to blue, no one backed down from the starring contest. When Tracy walked in, he felt like he was looking at his other half. He wanted to hold her, to touch her, to kiss her.

When he left her desk earlier on, he knew she was going to come and scold him, but he also felt the chemistry between them. Maybe they meant nothing to her, but he wanted to test out this theory he had or this chemistry he thought there was between them.

"Hey." Kyle whispered, he swallowed saliva and Tracy watched as his Adam's apple bopped up and down. It was the sexiest thing...

She knew what was happening. Just the look in his eyes was dampening her panties. She quickly looked to the side and stepped out of his embrace. "Uhh... I wa..." she couldn't find words to say because she went into the office with a plan and



carefully rehearsed words to say to him. Then he goes out to touch her like they were lovers, confusing her mind.

Kyle wasn't going to push her, but he was sure not going to stay away from her. It was hard.

He rounded his desk and sat on his chair. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"You're what's wrong but anyway I came to tell you that I'm going to take lunch soon and I might be late coming back."

"Okay how late?"

"Probably thirty minutes or so."

"Okay, try not to be... just text me and keep me posted. We are having one final meeting with my father." Kyle said to her.

"Okay." She was about to leave but then remembered her problems. "Kyle can I ask you something?" She sat down when he gave her all his attention.

"Hypothetically speaking... if you were to bring in large amounts of cash to the bank, legit business but knowing the bank only has a capped amount they allow in before notifying authorities

how would you go about that?" she asked.

Kyle leaned back in his chair and thought about what she asked. He sure didn't expect that kind of question.

"Okay... first of all if everything is legit, you just take that money to the bank and let them call FICA to verify everything,

yes the investigation is going to be tedious and annoying but then it can also help you in future." He told her. She didn't want to hear that.

"But, if there are some dodgy dealings like money laundering, then your best bet would be finding someone in the bank, bribe them so they don't contact authorities." He then shrugged.

Bingo!

"I guess letting FICA do investigations shouldn't be a problem." She said. She didn't want to give herself away.

"Mhm that's true. Anyway, why are you asking about this? Thinking of opening a business?" he asked. And Tracy smiled.

"Nope, I was just reading something online. I will see you after lunch." She got up from her seat and left his office.

She was a woman on a mission. She had retrieved her car keys from Kyle who had them secured and she couldn't wait to see her car. If there was anything she liked about the life she was living was that she drove a nice car. The car of her dreams and lived in a very nice place. That was all there was to it. Anything else, she didn't care about.

"You don't look as stressed as I am and yet you're the one who will be spotting blue eyes if we don't have a solution to our problems." Victor said as soon as Tracy walked through the restaurant to the office at the back.

"Okay, so I might have a solution but I don't know how to go about it." She sat down. She was thinking about it the entire drive to the restaurant. "We need to get an inside person in the bank."

Victor looked at her, he was ever dressed in black, he preferred to also have a uniform to look a part of the team even though he was way out of their league. "You're starting to sound like a criminal and I love it." He smiled. "I have been telling you time and time that you needed to start thinking like a criminal."

Tracy laughed at how silly the man actually was. "But me thinking like a criminal doesn't mean I can do the criminal activities. How do I find this person at the bank? How do I even approach them?"

Victor sat down on his high and mighty chair, putting his thinking cap on. "The person shouldn't just be an ordinary person we need someone high in power."

"Like the branch manager?" Tracy suggested.

"Yes! Yes... that could... that could actually work. So, we need to find a man, not a woman those ones will tell on you before you could even say how much it is you want to deposit."

Tracy narrowed her eyes. "Men are the front-page of crime in this country. Women are always the victims, if ever something went south, men will be the first suspects. And besides that, women tend to have more needs, we need to find someone who badly needs money."

"Tee, do you know how many bank branches there are in this city? Let alone this province? Never mind the country. How in the hell are we supposed to spot a poor yet working woman who is also a branch manager before Tuesday?" Victor asked. It was a good idea they had but seeing it through would prove to be difficult.

"Yoh mara..." Tracy wanted to cry, the excitement of having a solution just got diluted. Whenever she solves one part of the problem, the solution becomes a problem on its own.

"Remember the last time my father couldn't make his cash in because we hadn't updated the books?" Tracy asked, a bitter smile on her face.

"Your father is evil, let's find a way to sort this out because I honestly don't want to deal with another hospital visit or blood bath." Victor grimaced when they took a trip down memory lane of just how cruel Morris Phiri could get.

That man cared about two things in life, power and money. That's it.

Tracy bitterly chuckled. "I now can't have kids because of him, and I don't want to find out what he would do to me this time around."

"Okay let's get the name of the branches... and narrow them down to who the branch managers are, target is female. How do we know their financial status?" Victor asked, already on the internet and searching around.

"I know someone who can help with that. I just hope he won't ask too much in return. You know in this world, it's a favour for a favour." Tracy responded while taking out her phone out of her purse.

She dialled the number she had never before called.

"Is there any problem? Why are you calling?" Punch, her father's sidekick answered his phone. Tracy rolled her eyes. Trust the man to always be suspicious.

"I need a favour. Can you help me?"



"That will depend on what it is and if the boss needs to know."  
Punch responded.

"He doesn't need to know, and I just want background of some people." Tracy said through shaky breath.

"I'm listening."

Tracy told him what she needed help with, in great detail, trusting that Punch wouldn't at all alert her father that he might not make his weekly cash in. She had to trust the man in order for him to help her. She knew he was the best man for the job, and she has never asked anything of him.

"That's easy for me to do, but it's going to cost you. I am gonna need something from you if I am gonna do this." Punch said.

Taking a deep breath Tracy asked the big question, "what do you want?"

"You."

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Tracy felt like someone was sitting on her throat. Someone heavier. She wanted to throw her phone against the wall and scream but she couldn't. She composed herself, shaking her head from the shock she was webbed in.

"Askies?" She wanted to make sure she heard correctly. What did that crazy, slimy man mean he wanted her.

"Look, you heard me loud and clear. I meant that shit. Just one time and I will help you." Punch continued. He didn't even beat around the bush.

"I don't think I can do that."

"Then you don't want my help."

"I do, I really do."

"Well, those are my terms and conditions sweetheart. I'll give you some time to think about it. Just to remind you though, Tuesday morning I will be collecting cheques, if not cheques, then I will be collecting you and delivering you to your daddy dearest." Punch then hung up. What a sadist.

Tracy couldn't believe her life. Just wow. She was stunned. She wanted to cry. She was not for men to use and dispose however they wished. She too was human. She had feelings.

"What's wrong?" victor asked. "What does he want?"

Tracy sat back down on the chair and looked at the screen of her phone. She was bummed. She felt hot around her chest.

She was scared of her father more than anything in the world but at the same time she loved herself. She took care of herself and she'd never sleep around for favours unless it suited her and this time it did not.

Punch wasn't so bad looking but he sure as hell was not her type. He was a slimy, sneaky little gangster just like her father and she'd be damned if that man ever touched her naked body.

"He wants something I can't give him." Tracy spoke in a very low and defeated tone.

"Tee, you are not in a position to be picky about these things. Your father will literally skin you alive if there is no money for him in the bank. What's so big that whoever you called want and you can't give him?"

"He wants me." Tracy responded.

"He wants you? What kind of reque... wait he wants to sleep with you? Ha! How desperate is he for some pussy?" Victor was appalled. "Who is it?"

"Punch."

"Ohh he's cute though, I mean sure his request is insane, but the man is clean, wears suits and is cute. It's a one-time ticket out of your father's lethal claws, are you not going to do it?"

Tracy didn't expect Victor to understand. Victor would go on his knees and suck something just to get to the top. He would definitely sleep his way to the top if ever given a chance. She wasn't made that way.

"It's my body Victor. It's not for anyone to use anytime they want to." She wanted to cry. The amount of time she has cried in the past eight or so years were more than she could count. Countless time she had contemplated taking her own life but ended up going against the very idea because of her mother.

"Tee, just one night. You might even enjoy it... besides you're single. I won't judge you and no one else needs to know what you did."

"My lunch is over. Just narrow down the list for me and send it to me okay?" Tracy picked up her bag and left the restaurant. She was in a very sad mood that when she settled in her car, she broke down.

If her car could talk, the number of times she cried in it, gave herself pep-talks in it... it would be enough of her.

She hated that she had to go back to work. That she had to pretend until five that she was happy, that she was in a good mood while she was dying inside.

She hadn't had the time to even order food, but she had left her meal from last night in the car, so she munched on that as she drove to work. Stopping by the robots, she spotted a homeless family. A mother and two children asking for spare change. The robot opened for her, but she didn't move, causing the cars behind her to hoot at her.

She didn't care because she was busy searching her purse for money. Pulling out hundred rand notes that accumulated to one thousand rands, she rolled out the window, and the woman stood up and was shocked at the money she was being given.

"Tjo nna!!" (Oh my!) the lady couldn't believe her eyes. "Kea leboga hle sesi. Modimo a go dire ka go loka." The woman continued to say. (Thank you sister, may God bless you.)

"Take care of yourself and those kids." Tracy smiled then drove off. She hoped that no one will hassle the lady and see she had some bit of extra cash. This was normal to her. Those are the things that actually put her heart at ease. Being able to uplift someone's spirits by helping out financially.

Tracy parked her car in her designated parking spot in the basement and with a final look in the mirror after reattaching her makeup, she went up to her desk.

"Hey Tracy." It was Mark from finance. "Uhh Mr Pierce is not in well Greyson, and his assistant so is Mr Kyle. Can you please help me have a meeting Mr Kyle as soon as possible?"

Tracy heaved a sigh. She hasn't even placed her bum on her chair and yet Kyle's work was attacking her. She didn't have two minutes to think about anything else.



She opened up her laptop and checked Kyle's calendar, he was free from next week. "I can pencil you in on Monday at ten is that fine?" she asked.

"You are a star Trace." Mark smiled then left. Mark never smiled often, a lot of people in the company were afraid of him. He was about the numbers and didn't care much about office politics.

Tracy walked into Kyle's office and didn't find him or David and it was way past lunch time. She took her cell phone and called him.

"Hey love." He answered. The way he called her love made her stomach flip. Butterflies gathered at the pit of her belly.

"Hey..." for a minute she forgot what it is she wanted from him. His voice soothed her racing her thoughts. It calmed the storm brewing inside of her.

"Miss me? I am five minutes away." He said and she smiled. Of course she didn't miss him, but then again maybe she did.

"I don't miss you, just trying to be a good PA." she then hung up. What was she going to do with the feelings she was having for that blue eyed man? She did feel something for him, whenever she was in his presence, she wanted to wrap her arms around him and just bask in the warmth that he provided, dare she say, she felt safe in his arms.

Maybe it was because he had big arms, maybe it was because he was a large man, that's why she was feeling the security when with him.

But then again, she couldn't have him, it would never end well. Her father has made sure she knew and understood what he meant when he said, you can't have anyone get close to you. Ever.

Maybe she should just forget about Kyle and just have a working relationship with him, she'd try and apply for jobs elsewhere so she wouldn't have to see him again. Maybe indeed she should give Punch what he wanted; it was only for one night anyway then she'd breathe.

She didn't have much time on her side, Tuesday was just right here and she needed to at least have five hundred thousand in the bank. Her father never withdrew over five hundred thousand at a go, he was smart, he understood the risks but he still wanted to collect at least 1.5 million a month. It wasn't a lot but it was better than nothing.

Punch wasn't dirty, he was just skinny... he wasn't her type. But it's not like they had to date afterwards. It was just a one-time thing.

"Hey, I brought back some lunch did you eat?" Tracy went into a two second shock mode when she saw the black food paper bag of Daisy's, her restaurant in Kyle's hand.

"Where did you get that?" she asked the dumbest question.

"I was at some restaurant in Lynwood, it's called Daisy's you should try it. The food is amazing, pricey but amazing. The chefs there won awards and have appeared on multiple shows." Kyle boasted. Daisy's was one of his favourite restaurants, every time he was in the country, it wouldn't feel right to not go there. Now that he was back home, he was sure going to frequent it.

Tracy gave a nervous smile as she got up from her desk to follow the man. She was thankful that he didn't see her there and hoped for the life of God, he didn't frequent the place.

"I got chicken alfredo, gourmet cheese and avo burger, some chicken sticks with cheese... some chickpea salad..." Tracy was shocked at the amount of food Kyle bought.

"Did you order for your father as well?" she asked.

"No, I mean we could share the chicken alfredo it's a little much and the salad. Everything else is mine." He sat down and smiled. He was looking forward to eating.

"You are going to eat all this? By yourself? You even have fries..."

"Sweet potato fries, healthy. Tracy, this body needs fuel okay? I have to eat to keep up. Otherwise, I'm going to look scrawny like Dylan."

"How do you know what Dylan looks like?" Tracy burst out laughing at the silly man's statement. "FYI, he's... he's well he's not scrawny."

"Is he like me?"

"No one is like you Kyle." That didn't come out in the way she thought it would. Instead, it was huskier and more needy. She was checking him out, Dylan who? Dylan where?

Kyle also looked up at her when she said that. It was dashed with some sexual innuendo of some sort. "If you keep talking like that buttercup, I'm going to bend you over this desk."

"And do what?" she challenged him. Was she high? Was she high on her problems? Maybe she was because why did she just dare the beast that was Kyle Pierce?

His eyes darkened, his Adam's apple bopped up and down. Food forgotten, he got up from his seat and instead of grabbing her like she felt he would, he went behind her.

Tracy was a tall girl, but Kyle was taller. She came just under his chin. "Why do you keep doing this?" he asked. His voice was low, it sent vibrations down her spine and into her core. How could she be aroused by a mere voice?

"Do what?" she asked, having a hard time breathing with the man standing right behind her but not touching her. She longed for his touch. She wanted him to touch her, anywhere, it wouldn't matter.

"Play hard ball. You know I want you." He told her. "This... this is what you do to me." He pressed her behind with his crotch. He was hard. She could feel him through the fabric of his pants. "All you have to say is something stupid and I become hard. I want to bend you over this desk and ram my dick so hard inside of you that you will –" Kyle didn't get to finish whatever he was saying when he heard his father speak behind him.

"Am I disturbing something?" David asked. His son was standing behind his assistant dangerously close and he wasn't sure he could read the signs.

"Nope father. Tracy couldn't clasp her necklace properly, so I was uh... helping her out. Yeah." Kyle quickly moved to take a seat before his father could see he had big problems.

Tracy was flushed. She could still feel the man's boner on her ass, and it took her back to the night of her friend's wedding,



the night she met this gorgeous man with gorgeous blue eyes. She wanted him, she had to have him. Even if it was just for one night.

David took a seat next to Tracy. "By the way Tracy, we might not finish here on time and I need you to set this up quickly. Tomorrow we are introducing Kyle to the staff, so set up in the conference, schedule for everyone to meet us in there it will probably take fifteen to thirty minutes... you don't have to offer any refreshments." David said.

"Okay and is tomorrow your last day here?" she asked.

"Uh-uh I will be here until next week Friday." David confirmed.

"Okay, let me just go quickly to my desk and sent this invitation out so everyone can prepare. What time should we pick?"

"Uhm after lunch should do it."

Tracy walked out of the office and Kyle's eyes never left her, well her behind.

"What you looking at?" David asked his son. Kyle looked at the closed door where Tracy just vanished then back at his father, "Nothing."

The meeting carried on until half past four. David had an engagement he had to get to, so the meeting was cut short. He was pleased with how far his son was with taking over from him. He was happy.

Tracy stood up too, it was almost knock off time and she needed to go check her emails. Kyle didn't say anything to her

neither did she. The moment they shared before David walked in was very much present in their minds, heavily so.

Tracy crossed and uncrossed her legs, feeling horny. She wanted the man. It hasn't been a full week since they saw each other after a month of steamy sex and she wanted him. She was hungry for him.

When five o'clock hit, she packed up her desk, locked files that needed to be locked away in her drawers, hoisted her laptop bag over her shoulder and went to tell Kyle she was off.

"One night, just one night to get this tension between us... to dissolve this tension between us." That's all she said, and he didn't need to be told twice about what she meant.

"When?"

"Tomorrow night. My place." She closed the door and walked away.

13

Tracy didn't sleep a wink at all last night, anxious of what will happen if she didn't take money to the bank. She checked her personal account; she could loan the business but that will just bring more problems because she too will need money in her account. Then it's still another issue of having to put the money in the account.

It was Friday, the day she had promised Kyle Pierce her body on a nice Instagram worthy plate then served on a wooden tray. Could she do it? Could she really give the man her body? Then what about Punch's request.

That's why she didn't sleep much last night and she hoped for the life of her, she doesn't suffer fatigue like she did on Wednesday. Maybe she'd take weed to work and smoke during lunch just to revive herself. But knowing herself, weed made her relax a little too much, she might just step into Kyle's office and take a nap on his couch during working hours.

Fridays at work were fun as everyone came rocking casual wear not that anyone cared in that building. For as long as you are decent, and doing your job, they didn't care much of what you are wearing. However, the people there have made it common to wear formal Monday to Thursday then casual on Fridays.

She decided to wear black jeggings that were ripped on the thighs and knees, white sneakers and a yellow SpongeBob t-shirt. She looked at her wig that was still set in place, the blonde sitting nicely against her caramel skin, she thought it was time she changed her hairstyle.

This time around she did not forget to do her makeup, she didn't want to show-off her eyebags.

Tracy set up on her desk and saw an email from Kyle letting her know that she should see him first thing when she arrives. It's not like she has never done that. What kind of a personal assistant would she be if she didn't check in with her boss?

"Good morning." She chirped. There was nothing good about that morning but if there was one thing she has learnt, is to never dampen other people's moods just because she was not feeling good.

"It's not even ten in the morning yet, hell it hasn't been a full week yet and I am already asked to talk to you by HR." Kyle snapped. He was back to wearing his jeans, and this time he paired it with a white long-sleeved button down.

"Why? What does HR want you to talk to me about?" Tracy asked. So far, she hasn't done anything wrong that required HR to step in.

"An employee went to complain at HR that you were harassing her, promising that you will beat her up. Now I know you don't want this job, but you can't threaten someone else to leave their job so you could go back." Kyle was disappointed in Tracy.

When Charmaine from HR called him to talk, he did not expect that she would tell him that his assistant was being a bully. Yes, he didn't know Tracy that well, but she didn't seem like someone that went around bullying people.

"What are you talking about?" Tracy asked. She was lost and confused.

"Didn't you threaten to beat that reception girl? She went to lay a formal complaint against you at HR. She says that you want your job back. It seems like everyone here knows that you never wanted to let go of the reception job." Kyle was standing right next to his desk. He had just come back from making coffee when Tracy walked in. "And HR cannot believe that you're that type of person, so they asked me to step in."

Tracy was gobsmacked. The cheek of that little girl. "Bonolo said that?"

"I want you to go and apologize to her, in fact send her an apology via email, copy Charmaine and myself in it. Then go and apologize in person." Kyle ordered.

"No." Tracy deadpanned. That would be the day.

"No?" Kyle corked his eyebrow questioningly.

"No, you don't even ask me if it is true, you're quick to assume that I am some sort of a bully. Yes, I didn't want this job but when was the last time you heard me complain about it?" she asked him. She was not going to let everyone paint her as the bad person whereas people couldn't just keep her name out of her mouth.

"Well in a while but she went to HR Tracy, clearly she feels intimidated."



"And you believe her? Why don't you ask me what happened Kyle? Huh? Is it so bad to ask me 'Tracy what happened between you and Bonolo?' so I can tell you what happened?" she was fuming. She hadn't had breakfast yet or morning coffee and already her day sucked. "Or only what Bonolo says matters neh? My side of the story doesn't matter."

Kyle was dumbfounded. He opened his mouth to close it. Why didn't he ask her? Was it because he believed that somehow Tracy didn't want to work with him?

"What kind of a manager are you? That you listen to one side of the story and take sides? Actually, what kind of a person are you Kyle? Is it this how you go about living your life? Treating people unfairly? Believing whatever narrative that suits your agenda? Fuck you man and fuck Bonolo too and fuck Charmaine." Tracy then stormed out of the office, leaving Kyle reeling in her words.

He was not like that. He always gave people the benefit of the doubt, listened to the whole story before making judgement, so why didn't he provide Tracy, the woman he was crazy about those same benefits? Now she was mad at him.

This day was supposed to be filled with them trying to seduce each other, flirting until they see each other again at her place after work. Now he probably ruined that chance. He couldn't even wait for midday, he just had to strike in the morning.

"Fuck." He cursed.

"Tracy..." he went after her. He found her desk empty. He'd have to wait till she returned.

Tracy went to the café, so much for a girl that was trying to eat healthy for a full week. She ordered a bacon, egg, cheese, tomato and avo sandwich with coffee from the café then went back to her desk.

She wanted to cry. She thought Kyle would have some decency to at least ask her what had happened between herself and Bonolo. Maybe she gave this man way too much credit. Sure, he was sexy, was great in bed too but that didn't necessarily make him a good person.

She didn't even know him that well, yet she was stressing about him. She even denied Dylan sex because of him and for what good reason?

She went back to her desk with her breakfast and began eating while working. She was surprised to see an email from Loraine. She quickly picked up the office phone and called her.

"Hey babe." Loraine cheered into the phone.

"I was wondering why my emails were this little today. I am so glad you're back." Tracy said. "Oh my God, how are you? You weren't responding to my texts this week and I didn't want to bother you."

"Arg I literally just switched off from the world. I will tell you all about it during lunch... if that man doesn't want to have lunch with me." Loraine, her friend, well only friend in the company said.

"I can't wait, I hope he gives us time. He is always with you." Tracy whined. She missed this, she missed having Loraine around. Even though Loraine didn't know much about Tracy's life, she still made a whole difference by being present.

"Tracy, I'm sorry." Kyle found Tracy back at her desk and he just had to apologize.

"Greyson has asked to see you in five minutes in his office. He wants to brief you about the product team." Tracy responded.

"Tracy don't be like that."

"I wouldn't be if it wasn't for you. I am busy did you need anything?" she asked

and he shook his head. There was no winning with this girl. Every time they took two steps forward, they'd then take five steps back.

Kyle left for Greyson's office.

"Hey Lori." He found Loraine and Karabo talking just outside his brother's office. He went in for a hug. "I thought you were booked off for the whole week." He said.

"Uh-uh just until yesterday, besides, it was Greyson's idea to book me off. I am perfectly fine." Loraine whined. Greyson treated her like an egg since they found out they were expecting. Any slight discomfort, he panicked.

"Hey Karabo, is he in?" Kyle asked.

"I don't get a hug?" Karabo asked. The things she'd do to this man if given a chance.

Kyle sensed that Karabo was flirting with him, he has been oblivious to it all along but now he can see it. There was hunger in those brown eyes, the smile on her face told it all. Maybe

Tracy wasn't so crazy when she asked if he was done flirting with his little girlfriend.

"Why not?" Kyle smiled at her and he tensed when she ran her hands up and down his back. He stiffened at her touch. It's not her he wanted.

"I'll see you ladies in a bit." If he could sprint, he would have.

"And then that smile?" Loraine asked Karabo. The two were friends from university and had shared a flat together in those days.

"Dude that guy smells like heaven. I have never been to heaven, but it definitely smells like that." Karabo was full of smiles.

"Mhmm... you want him." Loraine commented.

"What's there not to want on that man? Mhm? You have Greyson, I can have my Kyle." She winked while Loraine walked away laughing.

Lunchtime arrived and Tracy managed to have time with her friend Loraine. "Let me guess, you want chicken wrap and fries?" Loraine asked while they were in the café.

"Nope, I want chicken wrap and a salad. The girl is eating healthy now." Tracy smirked when Loraine giggled at that statement. The amount of times Tracy went on a healthy eating spree were quite laughable.

They took their food and went to eat at the outside eating area. "Are you okay babe? You sound pretty down." Loraine asked.



Tracy wished she could tell her everything, but she couldn't. Besides the fact that Loraine was pregnant and didn't need much stress, if ever her father found out someone else knew what went on in their business, he would get rid of them... permanently.

"I've been butting heads with my new boss and today was worse. Can you believe Bonolo is spreading lies that I'm dating sugar daddies, I confront her and promise her a small, small beating, she takes me to HR!"

"You lie! Haibo!"

"I kid you not and Kyle instead of asking me what happened, orders me to go and apologize." Tracy was roughly stabbing her salad with the fork because she was still angry. "I mean if he had asked for my side of the story and then asked me to go

apologize and show me where I was wrong, I'd understand but he didn't. Nxa."

"You're pissed alright. And I am sure you told him where to get off neh?" Loraine knew her friend never beat around the bush. She always cut to the chase.

"Yeah, I told him he can go fuck himself and Charmaine too and that stupid girl."

"Tracy! Are you not afraid of getting fired?"

"Let him try me."

The rest of the lunch went with Tracy complaining about her new boss and Loraine laughing her ass off at how crazy Tracy

can actually get. "My poor brother-in-law has a fireball for an assistant."

Tracy smiled. She liked such compliments. It was refreshing to be reminded that she wasn't as weak as her father tends to make her. She was strong in some other areas.

"Babe... say you find yourself in a bit of sticky situation and you ask someone for help and that person asks for sex in return. What would you do?"

Lorraine leaned back on her chair and maulled over the question. "Okay you know me; I'd never do that. One because of my morals, they'd never let me do that... I would sleep with someone because I want to, not because they want me in exchange of a favour. Two, if I do that, what's to say they will not always want sex from me?"

"Mhm... okay you make valid points... about them always wanting sex fuck morals." Tracy said and Lorraine again laughed.

"You're not asking for yourself, right? Because if you are, I say find an alternative to your problems, don't sleep with someone because they are helping you out."

"It's not me. It's for my sister actually. So, I was like she must do it but at the same time I needed a second opinion. And I agree, she shouldn't."

Tracy groaned inside. Why did she think miss shy and timid Loraine would agree to such means? Of course, she'd never. And what is this about her finding an alternative? What's an alternative to finding information about people?

"I got it!" she almost jumped in her seat.

"What do you have?" Loraine was puzzled.

"Nothing baby momma, lets go inside. My new boss is going to be introduced to the staff and we can't miss it."

"Speaking about your boss, Karabo wants him and yoh you should have seen her hug him. She almost fucked the man right in front of me!"

"She hugged him?" Tracy asked, more like growled. What the hell was wrong with that man? One minute he claims he wants her the next he goes around hugging women that want to fuck him on the spot.

The Greymont staff gathered in the conference room. Only those that were on leave or taking their day off were absent.

David took to the podium, with a mic in his hand so everyone would be able to hear him.

He made a speech about how he started the company, how it all began, and to how it has grown beyond his imagination. He thanked his staff for being incredible then told them he was stepping down. There were ahh's in the crowd as almost the whole office loved the old man.

"I am not leaving you alone, or with just the CEO, I'd like to formally introduce the new managing director, Mr Kyle Pierce." David wore a proud on his face. His sons new he was just happy to stop working, nothing else.

Kyle beamed as he took the mic from his father.

"Now he is fine!" One girl said besides Tracy and Loraine. "I mean Greyson is fine too, but I love me man that's packing

muscles." The blonde girl with grey eyes continued. Tracy wanted to push her off the balcony and gauge her eyes.

Kyle stole the show. Everyone listened to him make jokes while delivering a very pleasant and short speech.

"And last but not least, Tracy please join me." He called Tracy whose heart started hammering against her chest. What was this man trying to do? She felt butterflies in her stomach as she made her way to the front. Her questioning eyes never left Kyle's mischievous ones.

"I am going to try so hard to be the best manager in town. I want everyone to be comfortable to approach me anytime but of course you will have to get through this lady first. Miss Tracy Phiri has joined my hip as my personal assistant." He told them and everyone clapped as they cheered for Tracy who gave a nervous smile.

"Tracy and I had a disagreement this morning and she told me I must fuck off and that..." he couldn't even finish the speech as people broke out in fits of giggles. "That's when I knew I fucked up and that she's the best person to help me steer this ship." Kyle finished.

"But I'd like to formally apologize to her, that Tracy I am sorry that I didn't listen to your side of the story this morning, that's not what a good manager does. And I hope you will forgive me and never tell me to fuck off again."

Tracy was feeling hot when Kyle wrapped his arm around her neck in what could seem like some bro-side-hug. She was going to murder this man for putting her on the blast like this.

"It's okay." She whispered.



Kyle beamed then let go of her then continued to make a speech, telling everyone, especially the managers that he would like to have a one-on-one session with them from next week. They must be on the lookout for Tracy's email.

Tracy went back to stand with Loraine, her heart still beating wild for being under the spotlight.

"What's going between the two of you?" Loraine asked.

"Huh?"

"Between you and Kyle, what was that?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

14

Tracy didn't stay around when people were introducing themselves to Kyle, shaking hands and rubbing shoulders. The smile on that man's face troubled her. She also ran away from her inquisitive friend who was reading way too much between the lines.

She didn't need to confirm her feelings for Kyle out loud, she could just be infatuated over the man, just dizzy of his nice junk and nothing more. She didn't want to read too much of anything or let her friend do so too.

She went to her desk and saw that she had a few missed calls from her father and Punch. She decided to call back, her nerves running short. Wondering what they needed so early in the day.

"Tracy." Her father answered ever so calm. "We are outside. Unfortunately, we have somewhere to be so we couldn't wait till your knock off time." Her father finished.

Tracy hated when this man came to her place of work during working hours. She didn't want attention drawn to her.

As people were still in the conference room, some slowly resuming their duties, she rushed outside and just like any other time, her father's escalate was in the visitor's parking bay.

When she entered the car, Punch looked at her, winked then looked back at whatever it was ahead while her father was busy on his phone.

"I am going away for a few days, but Punch will still collect from you on Tuesday. I am dropping off just five hundred k today so that shouldn't be a problem, right?" her father asked. The man was ever cold. He was a good looking caramel skinned man. Tracy got her complexion from him; she was the female version of him where looks were concerned.

"And Punch is going to collect two hundred and fifty on Tuesday. Let there be no delay okay? Or I will remind you what's at stake."

Tracy nodded, she couldn't talk, she never liked to talk because every single time, she'd say something to anger the man and she'd get slapped or threatened.

Getting out of the car, the same bag that her father always dropped off money in, was sitting nicely in the boot. She picked it up and walked back inside the building.

She had forgotten her car key at her desk, so she went to get it.

"Tracy..." Kyle called out behind her as she walked towards her desk. She started to panic. The bag wasn't suspicious but because she knew what was inside, she began to panic.

"Why do you look scared? What's going on? And where are you going?" he fired those questions at her.

"Nowhere. Why do you ask?" She could feel her heart, beat so loudly, it felt like she'd puke it.

"The bag? And why are you so tense?" Kyle was confused at the woman's reaction.

"I am not tense. Just stressed, yeah stressed. And the bag... I uh... I had left some things at my father's house. So, he uhm he brought them here, yeah." Tracy put the bag under her desk and sat down. "Are you done with your meet and greet?" She wasn't breathing normal.

Kyle was suspicious but he was going to let it go. There was something off about the woman and he was sure she was hiding something from him.

"Yeah, I am done." Kyle told her. "Look Tracy about earlier on... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have went off at you. I don't like it when you're mad at me. And I guess I should stop thinking that you'd do anything to sabotage this job that you don't want."

Tracy was starting to breathe normally because Kyle was no longer being inquisitive, but she'd feel so much better if the money was in her car.

"It's okay, it happened. And I just hope and wish that I too can be listened to. It's unfair that I am always accused of things. It's very unfair." Kyle was no longer sure that Tracy was talking about their situation anymore.

After clearing the air, Kyle went in his office and called up a favour from one of his old friends that was a private investigator.

"So, who's this person you want information about?" His friend, Luke asked.

"Tracy Phiri, I will send you all details via mail. I just... I don't know I need to find more about her, what she does when she's not at work that sort of thing."

"I am going to bug her cell phone too, just to track phone calls and SMSs she receives and location. And just because we are friends, don't mean I'm giving you a discount." Luke informed him.

"Man, just get the job done and send me an invoice. Fuck." Kyle and he joked a bit then hung up. He was drawn to Tracy. He was ignoring the signs before, but Tracy was hiding something from him, something that hurt her feelings, something that made her feel insecure.

He started to think about when she worried that she didn't look good in the dress he made her change and how she'd grow scared when he dominated her. Something was amiss and he was going to find out what it is.

After a while of clearing his emails and preparing for next week, Tracy walked in his office.

"Hey..." she walked in; she was feeling a little at ease because she quickly went to put the money in the boot of her car soon as Kyle left her alone. "You were not entirely wrong about the Bonolo issue, I did promise to beat her up."



"Tracy... why?"

"Because I had asked her how I could get my hands on ten thousand rand because I was desperate, and she went around telling people that I am broke because my sugar daddies have dumped me. Apparently, people here think I am dating sugar daddies that's why I can afford the things that I do. So that made me angry."

Kyle was relieved to hear this but at the same time grew annoyed at what people were saying about her.

"I am kinda tired from working, how about a little chit-chat... I want to know you better." Kyle ushered her to the couch, and they settled there.

"What do you want to know?" Tracy asked him. She wore a cute smile on her face. She enjoyed the attention this man was giving her. She enjoyed being in his presence.

"For starters... how can you afford the car you drive and that place you live in, with a receptionist salary... are you a trust fund baby?"

Tracy grinned. She actually appreciated that the first thing he thought of was that she was from a wealthy family instead of thinking very low of her. As if black people couldn't bask in wealth.

"You know you are legit the first guy to ask that. Everyone thinks I have sugar daddies. Is it so hard to either think I'm from a well-off family or that I have other business ventures?"

"I mean, do you tell people about yourself?" he asked. His legs were crossed over each other, his arm extended on the backrest. His eyes trained on the woman just a few centimetres away from him. The jeans she wore drove him insane. Just seeing her milky thighs through the ripped jeans, he wanted to run a tongue over them.

With a sheepish smile, Tracy shook her head. "But that doesn't mean they should go and assume things. They must ask and if I don't divulge, they must leave me alone."

It felt nice to just talk to Kyle without wanting to gauge his eyes out.

"I heard that you were staying in New York why did you leave? I mean some of us can only dream of living and making a career there." She asked him.

"New York was amazing I won't lie but I was following Mason to be honest. Mason is my elder brother. He got a job opportunity that side and I asked if I could tag along. Arriving there, he settled in then got me a job in his company and life began. Thought I'd even settle down that side but that didn't happen and I felt like I needed a reboot.

"So, when my father complained about being old and wanting to leave the company, I suggested that I'd take over and here I am."

"Do you have any regrets?" She asked.

"I thought I would have... but so far, not even one. I am happy I chose to relocate." The way he said that while looking at her, she started to fidget. He moved in towards her and she couldn't run away, his arms caged her in, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"I don't want you mad at me." His voice was low and husky. It sent vibrations through Tracy's spine. She could only nod and roll her bottom lip in her mouth. Her heart was hammering against her chest. She was getting heated up.

He looked at her lips, they were so big and juicy, he wanted to nibble on them. What he didn't know was that Tracy was thinking the same damn thing, she too wanted to nibble on his rose-coloured plumb lips.

Like a magnet to a coin, their lips collided in a needy kiss. His breath was hot, her mouth was hot, he kissed her like he hadn't kissed anyone before. He kissed her like he was drinking from the fountain of life.

He pulled her to straddle him, then ran his large hands over her thighs, her back...everywhere he could possibly touch her. As if he needed to touch her to make sure she was real.

Tracy was lost in the kiss. This man was driving her insane. She went to his neck, licking, sucking... that earned her a grunt out of the man. He was hot, his dick grew hard underneath her. Even though she wore jeans, she could feel the slight pressure of it and that aroused her.

Kyle pulled off her t-shirt and threw it on the floor and came face to face with her large melons. Her luscious boobs, he wanted them freed from the jail that was the woman's bra.

"I want to take it off." He murmured against her chest.

"You can't..." Tracy told him, hell she was scared that he will see just how big of a chest she had. She normally had sex with her bra on well except the night she was drunk and slept with the man.

Kyle ran his hands on Tracy's back and in a quick motion, unclasped her bra. She gasped and he took that as an opportunity to pull one boob from the cup of the bra and sucked on it.

Tracy threw her head back and moaned while grinding teasingly on the man. She was horny and she wanted the man at that very minute.

A soft knock resounded on the door and the two horny colleagues did not hear it. Kyle's ears were filled with Tracy's moans, while Tracy's mind had hiked out of her head and onto pink clouds.

The door opened, "Oh shit!" they heard the voice right after they heard the door opening.

Tracy looked at the door and her eyes enlarged in size as she jumped off Kyle, pushing her boob inside the cup of her bra, frantically looking for her shirt so she could cover herself.

"Hey uhh..." Kyle couldn't move from the couch; he was afraid to move from the couch because he was spotting an erection. His face was flushed but not from being caught but from being horny.

"It's not what it looks like." Both Tracy and Kyle spoke at the same time, almost out of breath.



15

"I'm sure it is not." Loraine responded to the pair. She was the one that caught them in their office. In her defence, she knocked and thought no one was inside.

Tracy worked on wearing her top, while Loraine couldn't help but to grin. "I knew something was going on between the two of you." She continued.

"Uhm I have to go." Tracy said, dashing to the door just where Loraine was standing.

"You need to fix your bra." Loraine said, smiling at Tracy. She knew if the shoe was on the other side, she'd faint. Hell, she's been caught with Greyson in his office couple of times and every time she felt like jumping out the window to save face. But these two were her people so she enjoyed tormenting them.

8

"Shut up." Tracy rushed out of the door without a second glance at Kyle or Loraine.

"I brought you these files that you requested from Marketing." Loraine placed the files on the coffee table in the office.

"Lori." Kyle called out to her still sitting on the couch. "Don't tell Grey."

"Ha, but he's my husband."

"Lorraine..."

The pregnant woman left the office laughing but with a promise that she'd keep quiet and not tell a soul. Kyle was frustrated that he was disturbed. He was really in a zone, sucking on Tracy's boobs felt like mini heaven to him. Something he wanted to do over and over again.

She was probably panicking and having regrets where she was, but he took this as a sign that tonight, at her place, was still going to happen. It had to happen.

Tracy went to the bathroom to fix herself up. She wondered what would have happened if Lorraine didn't walk in on them. With the way she was feeling while grinding on the man, she wanted their clothes to come off.

She returned back to her desk to find a message from Victor.

*'Hey doll, tried to find a PI as you requested but so far, no one wants to touch this. Imma keep looking thou so yeah.'*

She groaned. Just when she thought she had the best alternative to her dilemma, Victor came bearing bad news.

"I can't seem to catch a break my God. I need a break. I need a fucking break!" She looked herself in the mirror, there was no life in her eyes.

Her mother wasn't talking to anyone but her nurse, her sister hated her guts for all the wrong reasons, she was all alone. She had friends that she couldn't get much closer with in case they figure her out. She needed a break, she needed to breathe again.

Searching through the contact list, she landed on the name she was looking for. The name that made her stomach churn in nothing but disgust. Punch.

*'Tonight, lets meet at my place.'* She sent the message while walking back to her desk to finish her work for the day and prepare to leave. It was almost one hour to knock off time.

She sent Victor a text about her plan as she couldn't waste anymore time trying to find someone from the bank. Tuesday was around the corner and she needed to act fast.

She didn't see Kyle for the remainder of the day. The two however conversed via email. She ignored WhatsApp texts from Loraine and some of her old friends who were inviting her to unwind at a club and let loose.

Tracy couldn't face Kyle after what happened and also because of what she had planned for later tonight. She felt like she was cheating on Kyle but they were not even together. So, she sent him a text telling him she had left the building since it was knock off time.

Kyle was surprised but not entirely after what transpired between the two. Nonetheless, he let it go and remembered to send his dear friend Luke, the necessary information he will need to be able to dig information about Tracy Phiri.

Tracy drove to her place, she wanted to get there, shower, get high and drunk so she would be able to go ahead with what she had planned with Punch.

"I hope he can at least fuck." She said through gritted teeth while driving. "God, I hope he will at least shower and smell nice."

She was worried about a lot of things where her situation with Punch was concerned. He looked like a terrible kisser. She wondered if he would mind if she doesn't want to kiss him.

Pulling up to her place she parked her car and went to her suite. Soon as she put her bags down, Victor called and said he was downstairs, but he didn't want to come up, so she had to go down to meet him.

Victor was sitting on the visitor's couch in the foyer of Tracy's apartment building. He was dressed in black slacks, black button down as always with the manager tag clasped on the side of his t-shirt.

"Hey... what's up?" Tracy asked him. She was worried that something bad had happened to either the salon or the restaurant. "Is everything okay?"

"Calm down baby." Victor grabbed both her hands and made them sit down. "I know I have been the bearer of bad news as of late, but I think today I am going to be your fairy godmother little Cinderella" Victor grinned at a confused Tracy.

"What do you mean? Did you find the private investigator?" she asked, hope filling her body.

Victor sighed. "Oh no my love. But I am working on that. Here..." he passed her a small, brown pharmacy paper bag. "Don't look suspicious, make it seem like I am just giving you your meds or whatever. Nothing dodgy." He finished.

Tracy shrugged and peeped into the bag to see a small white box that housed a small brown bottle. "What is this? It does look dodgy, and I am not a good actor."

Victor chuckled. "And you need to get acting lessons, I mean girl your other life needs you to act the hell out of your life, okay?" Victor scolded her. He was deep into this life that he was enjoying it. He was enjoying it because he wasn't at the receiving end of anyone's wrath should everything go haywire.

"Victor, what is this?" Hearing Tracy ask that question brought a smile to his face.

"I can't let you sleep with that slimy bug; I mean he's cute I would totally let him do me but not you."

Tracy's stomach flipped. "Well, what choice do I have? He's coming later tonight."

"Drop a few drops in his drink, delay him for twenty minutes max and you can move in."

"I thought you came here to help me? Now I must pour things in his drink and then sleep with him? Why can't I just sleep with him and get it over and done with?"

"You honestly can be so cute sometimes. This baby is to make his soldier sleep and sleep and sleep. His little penis, even though he looks like he's packing won't wake up for a good five days. Well depending on the dosage." Victor smiled as if he had won the lotto.

"Are you telling me that tonight might not happen?" she asked, eyes enlarged.

"Yup! Just make him weak where possible and you need to stay in character girl. You better bring your Sindi Dlatu game on. Be Kalashnikov and get things done. Make him feel like he has a problem that way, he will be obligated to help you... out of sheer embarrassment." Victor was proud of his work. He couldn't let Tracy take the fall always. She didn't deserve any of

this, and she didn't deserve to be used and abused by everyone.

"Victor..." Tracy quickly hugged him, and he hugged her back. "I have to go, the restaurant is busy tonight. By the way, I overcharged the minister for his booked floor. So, we have room for a few k's in the books." He winked at her then stood up so he could go.

"I owe you

thank you." Tracy thanked him before they bid each other farewell.

She went back to her humble abode, took a nice shower and dressed in a black underwear set, finished with a black satin gown. She went to her lounge and poured herself a glass of red. If she was going to drug someone, then act innocent, she will need all the help she could get. From wine and weed.

Rolling her joint while taking a sip of her wine, her inhouse phone rang. It was security.

"Ms Phiri, we have a Mzoxolo Duma here to see you."

"Mzoxolo?" She asked, she didn't know any Mzoxolo Duma.

"Uhh yes, he says you know him as Punch, Punch...yes Mr Punch." The security man said, and Tracy started to freak out. He was here. The man was here.

She told security to let him up and she went to meet him by the door. If the man looked close enough, he'd be able to see Tracy's heart beat angrily against her chest. She was nervous, hoping and silently praying that Victor's plan works.

"Sho." Punch greeted, he was of course dressed in a suit and tie. He was almost the same height as Tracy, just an inch taller.

"Hi." Tracy let him in. She was just about to start smoking when he arrived but at least she had a glass of wine to calm her a bit.

"I came straight from work; do you mind if I use your shower?" he asked, and she guided him to the guest bathroom offering him a fresh clean towel. The man came with a sling man-bag that had some of the things he'd need and also his gun.

"Can you pour me whiskey? If you have and bring it in here." Already he was feeling at home and that annoyed her but gave her a chance to drug him.

"Of course." She seemed nervous; he was expecting that but hoped that she'd relax. He wanted the both of them to enjoy the night. He's been eyeing Tracy for a long time now, her big butt enticed him, he wanted a piece of it and was glad that the opportunity finally came.

Tracy poured a couple of drops of the serum in the man's glass, added ice for control and went to knock on the bathroom door.



"Come in." He ordered. Tracy opened the door and quickly closed her eyes. The man was standing naked in her bathroom.

"Haibo, you acting like you won't be sucking on this as soon as I'm out." Punch said while taking the glass from her.

Sucking? Did this man want her to perform oral sex on him? That would be the day. Now she was more determined than ever to make sure tonight did not happen at all.

She went to light up her weed while gulping down her second glass of wine then pouring a third one.

She was smoking on her balcony when she heard a knock on her door. It was probably Dylan, she couldn't deal with that, not on that day.

She opened the door and almost puked her heart out. "Kyle?" she thought she was dreaming.

"Hey, your security let me in because the other day you introduced me as your boss, so hey..."

"Ey Tracy where should I put my clothes?" Punch asked, coming from the bathroom and at that moment Tracy wanted to shit on herself.

"I am sorry I should have called before coming." Kyle's whole mood changed. He had a bottle of wine and flowers with him. "I

thought we still had a date tonight. I shouldn't..." he didn't even finish talking as he turned around and walked towards the lift.

"Kyle wait..." Tracy called out to him, but the man entered the lift while Punch approached the door trying to see what it was Tracy was looking at.

"Who's that?" Punch asked.

"Put your clothes wherever, I'll be back." Tracy took off barefooted, rushing down the stairs. She was running for her life. She couldn't let Kyle walk away.

When she reached the foyer, breathless, he saw him walk out through the glass doors. "Kyle, Kyle wait." He halted for a few seconds but didn't look back. He simply walked to his car.

"Kyle." Tracy reached him. "Don't go." She was out of breath when she reached him, stopping him from entering the driver's side after dumping the flowers and wine in the backseat of his car.

"Tracy... I need to go. I've seen enough." He said. His eyes were hard, his blue orbs were so dark, they scared her.

"No, you don't understand. You didn't even give me a chance to explain." Tracy knew she had to rush after the man but didn't know what she will say to him if he asks about Punch.

"Okay, Tracy... who is that guy? And why are you dressed this sexy with that guy?" Kyle was reeling in jealousy. How dare Tracy dress this gorgeous and be with another man on the night she said she will be with him?

Tracy was glad the robe was fastened in place as it was hell running down the stairs with nothing but underwear underneath.

"That's Punch."

"Punch?"

"Yeah... he's..." Tracy knew that at that point, she needed to become Sindi Dlathu, she needed to become Lindiwe Dlamini Dikana a.k.a Kalashnikov, she needed to gun for that Safta 'award' for best actress.

"He's my brother." She told him.

"Brother? So why didn't you tell me? Why did you look like you have been caught with your hand in the cookie jar?"

"Because no one can know about him. I wasn't expecting visitors and we can't let anyone see him." She lied through her well brushed teeth.

"Oh okay..." Kyle had a lot of questions but knew that's why he needed a PI. There was a lot he didn't know about this woman that he just had to find out.

"Yeah, look it's a very long story, and I really didn't think I'd have to tell it... but can we do it tomorrow?" she asked.

"You still want to see me?" Kyle asked. He had hope that Tracy would say yes. He wanted her. He had feelings for her. He was drawn to her.

She nodded and pushed herself against him. "I do. I'd love to see you tomorrow." Kyle pulled her by the hips and kissed her. She smelled great. When they pulled apart, Tracy's eyes were hooded.

"If those flowers were for me, put them in water, I want you to give them to me properly tomorrow." She smiled at him. Kyle nodded and kissed her before watching her run back into the building.

She got a few curious stares from some of the tenants in the lift as she was almost naked and barefooted, but she didn't care, they didn't know her.

"Where were you?" Punch asked as soon as she closed the door.

"I had to go see someone." She said. She saw him drink the whiskey and was glad she decided to empty the whole bottle of the serum in the whiskey decanter.

"Come here." Punch was dressed in nothing but a towel. He wanted Tracy to sit on his lap. The thirty years old woman

worried about her weight crushing the skinny man. But alas she sat on him.

Punch began caressing her, kissing her neck while Tracy fidgeting. She was uncomfortable as hell. His lips were kissing her neck and it wasn't his lips she wanted.

For a while Punch caressed Tracy and didn't feel his soldier rising to the occasion. Turning Tracy's face, he kissed her. She was disgusted to say the least but didn't pull back. Even kissing her didn't help.

"Touch me." He commanded. Tracy shifted to sit next to him on the couch. "I can't do this." She told him.

"You can baby. I have been wanting you for a long time. Just enjoy it." Punch encouraged her.

Tracy continued playing with his dick and it was not rising to the occasion. She could tell he was getting frustrated, and she was dancing inside. She was so happy that Victor's plan was working.

"Dlala ngayo baby, izo vuka."

(Play with it baby, it will get up)

16

The following day, on a Saturday morning, Tracy drove to her salon. She needed a change of hairstyle. She was welcomed by the assistant manager of Gorgeous, her salon, Mona. Mona was her nickname, and she was also a social media influencer who brought in clients to the salon.

"Boss lady." Mona smiled at Tracy. "Here to check on us or here for our amazing services?" she asked. Tracy smiled and told her she needed to change her hairstyle.

"I actually want to do braids; how long do you think that will take?"

"Three hours if two people are on your head, depending on length and size." Just as Tracy was about to tell Mona which hairstyle she wanted, her cell phone rang, it was Lorraine, her friend.

"Lorraine, hi is everything okay? Why are you calling me so early in the morning?"

"Babe, it totally slipped my mind that today is the 7th of November and it's Greyson's birthday." Lorraine was whispering. "Luckily, Gina and some of his friends didn't want to stress me up so they had been planning a small get together of family and friends here at home, so can you please come?"

"What time is it?" Tracy asked. She had plans to see Kyle tonight. In fact, she was nervous about that said meeting with the blue-eyed man. She was kind of happy that this was happening.

"Around two. Please come with a change of clothes, I need a girl's night in when the guests leave." Lorraine finished. They spoke for a few more minutes then hung up.

"I am glad I came here early because I just got invited to a last-minute thing. So, braid me up baby." Tracy said to Mona. The assistant manager pencilled Tracy's appointment in just so there isn't any confusion when cashing up.

She then asked two hairstylists to work on Tracy's hair.

Four hours and thirty minutes later, Tracy was done with her hair. The knotless braids she opted for reached the middle of her back, weren't too thick and were not heavy as well. She loved them. They were less painful than regular braids.

She already paid, so she decided to go into the office and just suss things out. Soon enough, Victor entered the salon after she had told him where she was.



"You look beautiful." Victor complimented her. "And that face tells me our plan worked, right?" Victor grinned when Tracy nodded.

The man grabbed a chair, crossing his legs and waiting for the tea. "Baby, you need to spill the tea. How was he? I bet he was too embarrassed. The walk of shame he had to do." He cracked up just thinking about it.

Tracy smiled. Victor was enjoying this a little too much. "Well, I mean not too well he did point a gun at me at some point."

"He did what?" Victor's jaw dropped.

Tracy shook her head and her thoughts tracked back to last night.

Punch was getting frustrated. He was horny before taking a shower, his soldier was up and ready to plough Tracy's field. But as the hot water hit his back, he relaxed and when it went soft, he didn't think much.

He was so ready that night, finally one of his fantasies was coming through. Fucking the boss's daughter. It excited him that the ball was in his court, that finally she needed a favour from him so he could score.

But that seemed to not be the case. No matter how much he tried to kiss Tracy who was already trying to run from him, his dick wouldn't get up.

"What did you do to me?" he asked Tracy through gritted teeth. Tracy's heart was beating wild against her chest.

"Me?" she asked, feigning innocence.

"Yes, I was fine when I got here, did you drug me?"

Tracy got off from the couch, shaking, scared that he might find out that she actually did. But she remembered what Victor said to her, she needed to start thinking and acting like a criminal.

"Why would I do such thing?" she turned around and looked at Punch who was agitated.

"So that we don't fuck." He rose from the couch, his eyes feral like he would eat her alive.

"Do you honestly think that? Do you really think that I took a shower and picked one of my favourite lingerie set just to drug you? Why go through the trouble of looking this good if I knew that I was going to drug you?" she asked.

Punch grabbed his gun from behind one of the toss-cushions and pointed at Tracy. "What did you do to me? I was fine when I got here."

Tracy raised her hands in surrender, scared that Punch will shoot her. "Please, I didn't do anything to you." Tears formed in her eyes. She thought of her mother, her sweet mother, thought of what will happen to her and her sister if she were to die.

"I promise you; I didn't drug you. I didn't do anything to you." She continued; tears started rolling down her cheeks, but it was mostly because of fear. She feared that Punch will kill her.

The man searched Tracy's cupboards, drawers, but he didn't find anything. Tracy after she had dumped the whole bottle of the serum in the whiskey decanter

she threw the bottle over the balcony and it landed in the bushes outside.

When Punch didn't find anything even in Tracy's handbags or closet and drawers, he wore the clothes he came wearing and left without as much as a goodbye. Tracy quickly went to the door and locked it... then heaved a sigh, a sigh of relief.

"That was close." She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "What a sloppy kisser." She murmured.

She told all that to Victor who was cracking up. "I cannot believe that he did that. Good thinking on throwing it out hey? You would have been toast if he had found the bottle."

"Yeah." Tracy said. "And this morning he sent me the details of the person he thinks we will need. Send the address, contact details, how much she makes, how much debts she's in. I am

planning on calling this lady once I know what to say." Tracy told her.

"I am coming with you to that meeting." Victor said. "You need me."

Tracy didn't argue. She drove around and decided to treat herself to a new dress to wear to the party and bought Greyson a very expensive bottle of Whiskey, she took two. One was for someone else who seemed to love whiskey.

She dressed in a short white summer dress; the November heat wasn't playing nice on them. She went minimal on makeup and wore flat sandals to match. She packed an overnight bag with sleepwear, house shoes, clothes to wear once she woke up and when she hits the road.

Loraine was never inquisitive, she just enjoyed having Tracy around, they got along so well and that's why Tracy didn't mind sleeping over at her house. She contemplated on leaving her car and just taking an uber in case her father tailed her, and she decided to leave it.

She wanted to breathe. She was going to make sure that the woman at the bank helped her either by hook or crook.

When she arrived at Loraine and Greyson's house, there were cars on the driveway, she quickly paid the uber driver his fee and told him to keep the change.

Security at the gate let her in and she saw some of the guests already in the backyard, swimming, some drinking and chatting. She walked through the door to the kitchen and Loraine who was now four months pregnant and hardly showing grinned and rushed to hug Tracy. "You made it." She smiled. "Let me take your bag." Loraine offered.

Tracy passed her, her bag and took the gift bag that housed Greyson's whiskey. "Where is the birthday man?" she asked.

"Out in the backyard." Loraine told her before leaving Tracy to go put her bag in the guest bedroom. It felt nice hosting people at their new house. They had sold Greyson's old house and bought one that Loraine loved.

Tracy walked to the poolside and there a were bunch of people who greeted her, and they were just warm and welcoming. "Happy birthday boss man." Tracy reached Greyson who was mastering the braai wearing an apron.

"Thank you, Tracy... you didn't have to." Greyson smiled and peeped into the gift bag and his brows shot to the roof.

"Tracy... this is, I'm sure it cost a fortune." Greyson knew his whiskey and he knew the bottle Tracy got him did not come cheap at all.



"What didn't come cheap?" that damn voice. Tracy had forgotten that Greyson and Kyle were brothers so he definitely would be present at his little brother's birthday celebration.

"Tracy got me a ten-year-old Irish whiskey." Greyson passed the box to Kyle whose eyebrows also shot up. "That's some good shit right there. Some good expensive shit." He just had to say.

Tracy turned to look at the man and she wished she didn't. He was wet. The man was wet and shirtless. He had on black swimming trunks that clung to his body, and droplets of water were trickling down his abs, down his torso and disappearing into the waistband of his shorts.

"I forgot my phone inside." Tracy turned on her heel and quickly rushed into the house.

"You look like you've seen a ghost." Karabo said meeting Tracy by the door. She had totally forgotten that chances of Karabo being there would be high.

Loraine joined her friends and wondered why Tracy seemed to be flushed. She then looked behind Tracy and saw Kyle and Greyson talking about something in a box and she just knew...

"What did you get for him babe?" Lori asked Tracy.

"Just some whiskey. Uhm, where is my bag? I forgot my phone." She asked and Loraine told her.

She went inside the room; it was decorated in neutral yet warm colours. The bed sheets were light grey. She sat on the bed and the mirror faced her back. She felt cute, so she started to take

pictures of herself. She didn't even hear when the door open and close.

She almost jumped a mile in the air when she looked into the screen of her camera and saw a second face.

"Fuck! You want to kill me?" Tracy snapped at Kyle who was grinning at her.

"Come on, let's take a picture." He encouraged her, ignoring her rants.

Tracy was nervous. She was more nervous because of what they had promised each other. Her hand was shaking so Kyle took her phone and got really close to her and took selfies. One last selfie, he kissed her cheek and Tracy closed her eyes momentarily, enjoying the moment.

"You can't be in here." She told him. He was too sexy for her.

Kyle looked at her and the thighs that were out on display since she wore a short dress. "You couldn't find any long dresses to wear?" Kyle growled. He hated that other people will be seeing her sexiness. It riled him up.

Tracy looked at her dress and just saw thighs and knew he wouldn't like that. This man seemed to be a little possessive of her, and it worried her. "It's hot." She told him.

Kyle went to stand in front of her and pushed his body against her, his wet body. "You're getting me wet." She whispered, looking into his eyes. And when his blue orbs darkened, she knew her words affected him than she had implied.

Kyle smashed his lips against hers hungrily. She tasted like pineapples; she had a fruit salad before coming to the part. Nibbling on her bottom lip, it gave his tongue access to taste her mouth. Their tongues wrestled fighting for dominance, they were breathing heavily as they continued to devour each other's mouth.

"Kyle..." Tracy moaned when he started kissing her neck, sucking gently and every time he did so, she felt her panties dampen.

Kyle's large hand that was surprisingly warm rubbed her thighs then hiked up until he was at her precious entrance. Then he ran a finger over her panties and Tracy sunk her nails into his arms, his strong and bulky arms.

"Ow!" She arched her back when Kyle shifted her panties to the side, and sneaked a finger in. His lips found hers again and they got lost into the kiss.

Kyle's finger sunk deeper into Tracy until all he could hear was the sound of her pussy-juices and her moans. Tracy kept getting wetter and wetter the more Kyle penetrated her with just a finger.

She was so warm inside, he wanted to dive in, headfirst.

"Loraine did you put my handbag with Tracy's things?" they heard Karabo's voice in the hallway and quickly jumped apart.

Karabo opened the door and found Tracy and Kyle in the bedroom and smiled when she looked over at Kyle. "Guys, this is no time to be working, we are here to party and bullshit." Karabo grinned and searched her bag for her phone charger.

Kyle was so hard, he wanted to curse Karabo out for disturbing them.

"Come on let's go." Karabo grabbed Kyle by his hand while he was trying by all means to hide his hard-on with his other hand.

He was still dazed, he couldn't say no. He just wanted to rush outside and dive into the pool and hide his problems.

Tracy was annoyed by Karabo but her whole body was on fire. "Fuck I need that man." She whispered to herself, her bean throbbing, needing attention.

17

Kyle didn't let Karabo drag him anywhere else but the pool. He jumped in and remained underwater for a minute before emerging.

He had to have Tracy. Her skin was glowing and milky, he wanted to run his tongue all over her body, dare he say; he wanted to worship that body.

People were fast arriving, and the backyard was in a full party mode.

"Man, I can't believe you left New York City to come back here? Here? With the crazy economy and all?" One of Grey and Kyle's friend Marcus said to Kyle while in the pool.

"It's not so bad though." Kyle told him. He did not care about any of that at that minute, hell he didn't want to talk business



or the country's crisis on a damn Saturday, at a birthday party while there is a woman who was driving her crazy present.

"Kyle, come and take over." Greyson called out to his brother. He wanted to go grab a shower so he could also enjoy the party. There was a DJ present, and everyone seemed to be in a great mood.

Kyle jumped out of the pool feeling better, the cool water had calmed him down. Greyson took his whiskey that Tracy bought him as he was going to shower. "Pour me a glass." Kyle said.

"Not now, this is some good shit that I don't want to share with anyone. When everyone leaves later, will have some." Greyson grinned. This is what they used to do. Take the best whiskey for themselves and drink by themselves. They didn't even offer Mason their older brother or their father. It was a good thing Gina wasn't a whiskey person either.

Kyle grinned back and busied himself with grilling the rest of the meat.

As Kyle was busy, he saw Tracy, Karabo and Loraine come out to the backyard laughing out loud, grabbing his attention. They seemed to have started drinking. They had a bottle of gin, mixers and fruits in a bowl.

They went to sit by one of the poolside tables with lounge chairs and joined some of the party attendees. It was amazing how now they were diversified. There were as more black people as there were white.

Kyle looked at Tracy and she looked up only to be met by his blue orbs. He winked and she looked away, bringing her glass of gin to her lips.

He chuckled himself, oh the things he was going to do to her. She was going to be sorry.

Just as he put the last batch of boerewors on the braai stand, he felt a hand touch his bare shoulder. Turning around to look who was touching her, he grew angry.

Penelope Davis. The woman he never, ever, ever wanted to see ever in his life.

"Ky!" she purred. She was wearing denim shorts, paired with a loose tank top and a pair of heels. Her lips were coated with a fiery red lipstick, just like she used to back in the days.

"It's Kyle." He continued tending to the meat, ignoring her presence.

"I came with Nicole and them. I haven't seen Greyson in a while, so I thought I'd pop by. Imagine my surprise when I saw you. It has been so long."

"What do you want Penelope? Because as far as I am concerned, you and I are not friends." Kyle looked at her, his eyes burning ablaze.

Penelope sighed; she didn't know what she was thinking approaching him. "Ky... Kyle I am so sorry for what I did to you. You didn't deserve any of that." The slender woman told him.

Kyle has been longing for such a long time to hear her say those words. To hear her say she was sorry, but as she did, he couldn't give a flying fuck.

"Do me a favour Penelope, stay the fuck away from me, yeah?" Kyle turned around and focused on the task at hand.

Penelope nodded to herself before turning around and going back to her group of friends, but it was not over yet. She had cheated on Kyle not once, not twice but three times even got engaged at some point, but she was young and reckless. Now she knew Kyle was just the right man for her. So, she wanted him.

Finishing up the task at hand, Kyle took the meat to the kitchen and planned to go and take a shower.

At the ladies table, Karabo was telling Tracy and Loraine about her newest conquest, her new interest.

"I mean Loraine you and I are like tight-tight, imagine our men being brothers, girl?" She was grinning while enjoying her gin cocktail.

Loraine briefly looked at Tracy who looked right back at her, challenging her to say something. "I mean Kay, what if he's not single?" Loraine asked.

"Not single? If he wasn't, wouldn't there be a woman right now with him?"

Again, Loraine looked at Tracy who was now looking at her glass that was sweating, watching as the droplets of water cascaded down in a zig-zag pattern. She was not interested in what Karabo was saying, in fact, she wanted to drag her to the pool and drown her.

"Maybe you should give him hints you know, don't go chasing the man. Suss out if he wants you or not." Loraine continued saying. She kept looking at Tracy, wanting her to say something to stop Karabo but the woman wasn't budging.

"Uh-uh, how do I do that?"

"Flirt with him." Loraine advised her and at that moment, Tracy choked on her drink. She was trying so hard to ignore Loraine and Karabo, but they were making it hard. She knew Loraine was doing this on purpose.

"Are you okay babe?" Lori asked her.

Tracy cast a nasty look at her and wiped her mouth and the little that she spilled on the table. "Karabo don't listen to her, okay? Let a man a chase you. You don't want to seem desperate." Tracy said.

"But I am." Karabo interjected.

Oh, for fuck' sake, Tracy was getting annoyed by the conversation. She was horny, she hadn't had amazing sex in a while, Kyle was frustrating her. But what frustrated her the most was that she knew she wanted Kyle sexually so, but it might complicate things when they have to stop because she can't even date him if she wanted to.

And she knew she'd never survive watching him and Karabo flirt.

When Kyle dropped the meat in the kitchen, he left to go shower. He was tired of swimming anyway.

When he emerged from the bathroom, Penelope was waiting for him in the hallway. "Can we talk?" She asked



trying to give him the best puppy eyes. They used to work on him before, but not anymore. She looked pathetic from her small frame, looking up at him with desperation in her eyes.

"No. We have nothing to talk about. Leave me alone, and fucking leave this house." Kyle growled.

"Oh Ky, you don't mean that. I know I hurt you..." she walked up to him and placed both her hands on his chest. "but what we had was so real. You are made for me and I am made for you."

The last part of that sentence was caught by Tracy who was coming up the stairs to charge her phone. She actually wanted to leave her phone, so she could drink in peace.

Brown orbs locked with blue orbs. Tracy's eyes hardened and she walked past them into the guest bedroom she will be occupying.

"Listen to me and listen very carefully Penelope. If you come near me again, I am going to choke you to death. I despise you and you smell terrible." He spat angrily and harshly removed her hands from his chest.

Penelope was shocked at the venom dripping from Kyle's words. She couldn't believe that the man she loved, said that to her. The man who once cried for her, begged her not to leave her.

Kyle followed Tracy and met her by the door. "Tracy."

"Don't you dare. Leave me alone." Tracy snapped after making sure her phone was charging in a discreet place.

"Love..."

"Kyle Pierce, I will slap the taste out of your mouth. Out of my way!" She harshly pushed him to the side and walked out. She wasn't going to let him toy with her. How dare he flirt with someone just after kissing her?

It didn't matter if she and him were not dating, but common fucking decency at least, he should have.

When Tracy returned back downstairs, everyone was helping themselves to food.

"Hey sexy..." a guy approached her. He was black, fair complexion and had a nice hair cut with a fade. He was a little skinny but still cute.

"Can I join you?" He asked. He had such a cute smile that Tracy couldn't help but to smile at him. They dished up together with the guy dishing out compliments under the sun. Tracy was taken, giggling like a schoolgirl.

"Ha! I see you have met my cousin." Loraine approached them.

"Yeah, but he didn't tell me his name." Tracy said.

"I am Khutso, motho omontle." (I am Khutso, beautiful person.) he was cheesing hard, and Tracy was blushing.

They went to sit down and Khutso sat next to her and Tracy kept blushing. "You are too much. Do you go around dishing so many compliments?" she just had to ask.

"Only to gorgeous people, sexy." He winked at her. The two of them were laughing and just talking about nothing. Tracy didn't realize Kyle was staring at them, getting ticked off.

The man was dressed in blue jeans that hugged his toned and muscled thighs, paired with a white short sleeved t-shirt revealing his arm tattoos.

Tracy looked up and saw Kyle sitting with some of their friends but looking directly at her. She couldn't help but to melt at the sight of him. He looked so incredible.

Of course, the man was going to attract someone, Karabo went to sit next to him with her plate of food and struck a conversation with him.

Tracy looked away and concentrated on whatever it was that Khutso was saying. Quite frankly, she was getting bored of him.

Even though she was angry at Kyle, it was his attention she wanted. But she'd rather not.

She was glad that Loraine and Greyson came to sit with them, and the mood changed.

Everyone was getting drunk dancing; it was a lovely celebration. There was no need for any speeches just good vibes. Soon some guests decided to leave.

A few were left at the house, the very closest people so they went inside as it was a little late and a little chilly outside. They sat in the basement where Loraine and her husband had turned it into a little entertainment room.

The lights were almost dimmed, and people were just enjoying themselves.

Karabo was drunk and she clung on Kyle's arm as they sat down on the large chalet that filled the room. Tracy was livid. She couldn't stand the sight of Karabo offering herself on a tray to Kyle, so since Khutso left and Loraine was playing kissy face with her husband, and some guests were just talking to themselves, she decided to go upstairs to the guest bedroom.

Jumping on the bed, she fished for her phone and started scrolling through social media while her glass of gin was on the bedside table.

The door opened before she could even get any far with her social media entertainment. Then it closed and got locked.

She watched as the sexiest man walked towards her. She was intrigued by his tattoos but didn't forget that he was busy flirting with two women in her presence.

"Go away." She said.

Kyle didn't listen to her instead he jumped on the bed right on top of her. "You've been ignoring me." He said.

"Well, you were busy flirting with everyone in here." She snapped.

"And you were busy laughing with some stupid guy in front of me, were you testing me buttercup?" He asked. His eyes were stormy blue, looked like a whirlwind of emotions.



"Kyle, you don't get to flirt with all these women and come and ask me stupid questions." She wasn't going to play with him. If he thought she was a pushover and walkover, he had another thing coming.

"Penelope is my ex and I hate the sight of her. I don't ever want to talk about her, and don't you ever think I'll give her the time of day. And Karabo... fuck I think she wants me." He told her. He never got off her, they were looking into each other's eyes, noses almost touching.

"She does." Tracy told him.

"I want you." He nuzzled his face in the crook of her neck and bit her. Tracy moaned out loud because the bite wasn't painful, it was... she couldn't explain it, it caused her to moan instead of crying in pain.

Grabbing Kyle's face, Tracy kissed him. She was not going to lie to herself that this man didn't shake up her hormone levels. Or that the sight of him didn't soak up her panties.

Kyle wanted more than just a kiss. Getting off Tracy, he pulled her by her legs towards the end of the bed, her dress hiking up and revealing a beautiful black pair of panties. They weren't lace, it was some soft material that hugged Tracy so nicely.

They looked into each other's eyes while Kyle slowly removed those damn panties. The sight of her waxed and moistened pussy caused his whole body to catch multiple degrees of heat.

He placed his thumb over her bud and rubbed her gently. Tracy filled the room with moans of pleasure. But they were not enough for Kyle... he wanted to hear her cry and beg for him.

Swapping his thumb with his mouth...his tongue licked her slit and Tracy jumped back.

"You can't do that." She whispered.

"Why not?" Kyle's voice was so deep and so sensual.

"Because..." she wanted to tell him no one has ever did that to her and she also worried about not smelling too good. She has since bathed in the morning and he made her wet earlier in the day.

"Relax..." he went to kiss her, let his fingers do the work, just as she was getting lost in the moment, his fingers hitting the right spot, his kiss dimming lights in her head, he went back to kissing her coochie.

"Kyle..." she tried to protest, to pull back but he placed his firm hands in a tight grip on her thighs. Even if she tried to move, she wouldn't be able to.

Kyle licked her open, spreading her lower lips with his mouth and inserting his tongue inside of her. Tracy wanted to cry. It felt just too fucking good.

"Kyle!!" she was getting closer, she didn't even care anymore if she didn't smell good, the man was feasting on her and it was driving her crazy.

When Kyle realized that she was comfortable, he sneaked a finger inside her warmth and his tongue played a tune on her clit.

Tracy swore she was losing her mind at the sensation. It was too much pleasure. The fingers inside of her and the tongue over her clit. This man was skilled and very dangerous.

Grabbing Kyle's head, she pushed him deeper and with her moans becoming too silent, he knew she was about to cum, so he abruptly stopped... and Tracy cried at the loss of touch.

She wanted to cry when she opened her eyes to find Kyle starring at her. "I was so close." She complained. Damn it she was very, very close.

"Let's go to my house."

18

Tracy's heart was beating frantically against her ribcage. "Okay." She whispered. She wasn't thinking straight anymore. She was thinking with her south regional wet folds. "Should I take my bag?" she asked.

"Yeah, let me go get my wallet and keys." He told her. He left her in the bedroom and went to the guest bedroom he was occupying to get his things. It was a leather backpack that housed his keys, change of clothes, cologne and some toiletries.

He went to get Tracy, took her overnight bag, drink then grabbed her hand.

They knew everyone was in the basement and wouldn't see them leave.

They made it safely to Kyle's car without being seen and he opened the door for her before rounding the car to his side after dumping their bags in the backseats.

Kyle's veins were filled with adrenaline as he drove to his house that was roughly thirty minutes away.

Tracy was nervous about going to have sex with her boss, again. So, she nursed her drink.

When they reached a red light, Kyle grabbed her face and kissed her.

They arrived at his place after a very silent car ride. Both were anticipating what was going to happen that night. There was no one to walk on them or disturb them.

Kyle's place had one couch and a TV mounted on the wall still covered in plastics. "When are you planning to get some furniture?" Tracy asked.

"Soon." He curtly responded.

Tracy didn't know what to do, should she sit on the couch or... she didn't have to think hard as Kyle grabbed her hand and led her to his bedroom.

The room smelled so much like him, and unlike the rest of the house, it was more furnished. Kyle stood behind her, swiped her braids to the side and kissed her exposed neck.

"Love..." he called out to her.



It melted her whenever he called her 'love' or 'buttercup'.  
"Mhm?" she couldn't find her words.

"I am going to fuck you." He growled in her ear and she almost wet herself. Her body shivered at that promise. She wanted nothing more than for him to actually do just that. "Are you going to let me?" he asked her, his warm breath tickling her ear.

She nodded.

"You don't understand..."

She turned around and looked at him with questioning eyes.

"I need you to give me permission to own your body." He told her. She was confused.

"Wh- what do you mean?" She asked, finding her voice. It was low though and what she didn't know was that her innocent looking eyes that were starring back at him were making him hornier.

"I mean let me worship your body, let me please you, let me own you, just for tonight."

She didn't understand fully, but she knew she wanted to get fucked by the man, so she agreed. "Okay." Instead of a smile, his eyes darkened with lust. He wanted to devour her like a lion devouring a Zebra in the wild but at the same time he wanted to cherish her body, whisper sweet nothings in her ear, as he took her.

"Do you trust me?" he asked.

"Kyle..." Tracy whined. Why was he asking so many weird questions?

"Do you trust me?" he asked again, and Tracy nodded.

"Say it."

"I trust you."

He then slowly took off her dress, leaving her in her underwear, still standing behind her. That too came off, her shoes as well until she was stark naked. Before, she'd be self-conscious about her body, but he made her feel like she was beautiful. Like she was a masterpiece.

Then she heard him walk away, she looked and saw him returning with a belt. "What's that for?" she asked, eyebrows dancing near her hairline.

"You said you trust me, right? I need you to trust me." He went behind her, locked her hands together and tied them with the belt.

Before Tracy could start going crazy as it dawned to her that this man was restraining her hands, he turned her around and kissed her. His kisses were lethal because they send her mind spiralling out of control. He tasted so good, his mouth was so warm and tasted great, his lips were plump and soft.

His one hand was resting on her hip and the other was caressing her body until he touched her wet folds. It was amazing how Tracy was always wet for him, he enjoyed that.

Sneaking a finger inside, he stroked her, going deeper and deeper and she was moaning in his mouth.

He stopped kissing her and watched as her eyes remained closed but her mouth opening, moans rushing out to meet his ears, while her chest was heaving. What a beautiful sight.

"Open your eyes." He instructed her. He wanted to look into her brown eyes as he stole her soul.

Tracy opened her, it was a struggle to open them as Kyle did not at all stop fingering her, but he was ever so slow. Hitting the right spot over and over again but in a slow, tantalizing pace.

Tracy was sure losing her mind as she looked into his eyes. There was something about the man's eyes that made everything around them disappear. It was just them alone in the world. The world created by his eyes.

And then she felt it, the heavy feeling in her lower belly, the heavy

tight feeling... she was going to cum, she wanted to cum. Having her hands tied at the back and she couldn't reach for him or grab him enticed her in a way she couldn't believe.

She never thought she'd enjoy being tied up. Hell being tied up, bossed around always reminded her of her sick father...but Kyle...looking into his eyes reminded her of where she was and who she was with...

"Fuck!" She swore, her eyes rolling back as she released hot spurts of fluid.

Kyle watched mesmerized by how she came on his hand. His hand was all wet and he wanted her in the worst way possible. He wanted to bend her over everywhere he could.

He was so hard; it took a lot of him to not take off his clothes and enter her.

Removing his fingers, Tracy whimpered and opened her eyes and found Kyle licking every single digit of his. That sight made her throb. Fuck, what was this man?

He then proceeded to take off his clothes, the jeans were too tight now. He needed room to breathe.

Tracy's mouth watered at the sight of him. It has been long since she had sex with him, she forgot how impressive his girth

and length were. It was so clean, and she had the urge to suck it.

Kyle watched her look at it and licked her lips. "You wanna suck it baby?" he asked, and she nodded.

Getting on her knees, hands still tied, braids cascading down her back, Tracy kissed the pink head that had a bubble of precum on it. She licked it and slowly she opened her mouth to wet the whole of it.

Kyle looked down at her, and the veins on his shaft pulsed. He wanted to capture the moment to his memory forever.

Tracy's hot mouth covered him, but she couldn't get all of him in his mouth. With her hands tied, Kyle was going to fuck her mouth to remind her, who he really was.



He was going to fuck her mouth for all the swearing she had dished his way and for laughing with other men in his presence.

Grabbing her head and gathering her braids in his hands, he pushed his shaft further into her mouth and Tracy made gagging sounds. Oh, that was going to be so good, Kyle thought. He kind of reeled in the fact that she was having a bit of a gag-reflex problem and concluded on his own that she wasn't too experienced in that field.

He was going to teach her.

Tracy's eyes were watering from being fucked, and she was thankful as the man kept giving her breaks to swallow, to breathe and to compose herself, even though the breaks were definitely a couple of seconds.

Kyle hit the back of her throat, his grunts accompanying Tracy's muffled moans and gagging sounds. He was so lost in the moment that he forgot to pull out. He looked down and found Tracy's face filled with tears and saliva and probably some cum from him.

"Shit." He cursed as he pulled out.

Tracy coughed, trying to get air into her lungs. "Are you fucking trying to kill me?" she snapped.

"Sorry baby." Kyle breathed out loud. He almost came in her mouth. He wasn't ready yet. But he knew if he went inside the woman's warmth, he was going to.

Kyle untied her, and she relaxed her arms for a bit but that too was short lived. They climbed on the bed and there, he tied her hands again to the metal supports of his headboard. He placed her on her side and crawled to get in-between.

That position... Tracy marked it her favourite.

When he softly entered her, he came to a tilt, and her moans filled the room. He had reached her sensitive spot. Slowly, he started to penetrate her, hitting the spot over and over again. What made matters worse was that even when he was hitting her spot, something was also rubbing her clit and it wasn't his hand.

Tracy was in heaven; it was double stimulation, and she couldn't help but to cum even before he picked pace.

Kyle spanked her generous arse and Tracy rewarded him with a closed mouth moan. Her eyes were closed, and she curled her hands around the metal bar soon as Kyle picked up pace.

Tracy didn't know where this man started or where he ended, it was an unending circle that was draining her body of fluid.

"Baby... oh fuck!" she moaned as Kyle repeatedly hit her spot without mercy. His eyes were closed as he savoured the moment. Being inside Tracy felt like being home where his mother had cooked a warm Sunday meal for the family.

"Oh fuck!" he growled as he neared his peak. With a couple of more hard, meaningful thrusts, he came undone inside of her.

When his hot semen coated her walls, Tracy came hard again. She was a trembling mess even when Kyle remained still inside of her.

After a couple of minutes, while Tracy was still trembling and twitching from sensitivity and being overspent, he untied her hands and kissed her ass.

Then he pulled her to his chest and kissed her forehead.

That was the best sex of his life. He thought to himself. And he wasn't even lying.

Tracy was panting but nuzzled to his side. A couple of more silent minutes passed between the two then Kyle turned her around and kissed her.

Going on top of her, she was still wet from her juices and his load, the extra warmth caused him to roll his eyes back.

She opened her legs wider for him and almost cried of pleasure.

"Baby..." she moaned. It felt right to call that man baby. He was doing her right.

"Yeah baby..." Kyle responded. He was in the zone but also present with her wherever she was. They were present in their own zone.

"Right there..." She encouraged him, and Kyle picked up pace and gave her what she wanted. She was so loud, and he enjoyed every moment of it.

After a couple of more minutes, he came inside of her and tapped out. He was spent... but he knew he was going to wake her up soon because she only promised him one night and he was going to milk it for all it was worth.

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The following morning, a Sunday morning Tracy was woken up by the urge to pee. She was fast asleep that when the irritation of needing to relieve herself visited her, she groaned.

She tried to move and felt arms tighten around her. Opening her eyes, she was met with a chest. She knew that she loved to cuddle, it didn't shock her that she was sleeping on Kyle's chest... but it was his secure arms around her that shocked her. Most men she's been with that she unfortunately shared a bed with, always untangled themselves from her.

Some even told her to stop doing that as if she could.

She tried to move again, really needing to use the bathroom, but Mr blue eyes woke up. He looked so sexy in the morning, definitely picture worthy.

"Trying to run away again?" Kyle asked, his morning voice was raspy.

Tracy looked up at him, embarrassed that he woke up to find her cuddled next to him with her head resting on his chest. "I need to go pee." She managed to tell him.

Kyle kissed her forehead and released her from his tight grip. "Hurry and come back, it's too early."

Well, it could be very early or very late, they wouldn't know until they checked the time as Kyle had dark curtains.

Tracy went to the bathroom, naked and slowly started to feel self-conscious. She started to think what if it was the alcohol that made this man enjoy her body? What if his sober self wouldn't like to see it?



After relieving herself, she draped her body with the towel she found in the bedroom.

As she reached the bed, Kyle opened his eyes, saw the towel and snatched it off. "I want to see you." He smiled, still in a dizzy, sleepy state.

Tracy decided to get back in bed as someone did not let them sleep much from last night to the early morning. Before she could even get in, her phone rang from her bag.

She took the towel Kyle pulled off her body, wrapped her body with it and went to search for her phone.

It was Victor.

"Hey..." she answered.

"Hey, where are you? And what time is the meeting with that branch manager?" Victor asked.

"Shoot!" Tracy slapped her forehead with her palm. "I forgot about that, fuck. What time is it now?"

"It's half past eleven Tee, did you go on a drinking spree last night? Without me?" His tone was accusatory. "I can't believe you."

"Baby?" Kyle called from the bedroom, sounding like he was waking up.

"Is that a man?" Victor asked.

"I am going to my place now, meet me there. We will drive to Nellmapius together." Tracy quickly hung up as Kyle came into the living, his empty living room with his dick, hollering good morning to whoever could see it.

"Come back to bed." He caged Tracy in his arm and kissed her neck. Tracy pulled away and rushed to pick up her clothes.

"I can't. I have to go. Something has come up." She told him while putting her bra on. She then put on her dress and stuffed her panties inside her bag.

"What's up? Anything I can help with?" It was the panic in her voice that concerned the tall man.

"No, uh, no thank you." She took her phone to request an uber.

"Let me take you home then." He offered.

Tracy looked at him, she saw he wanted to do this but at the same time, she just had a whole reminder of why she should never get comfortable with a fuck buddy.

"You can just tell your security to let me through. Uber is on its way."

Kyle was dejected. And he felt rejected. So, he nodded and went back to bed, leaving Tracy alone in the living room.

She felt bad, of course she felt bad but what choice did she have? This was her life at stake, she couldn't risk it.

When the uber arrived, she left the building and went home. There she took a shower, brushed her teeth and got dressed in under twenty minutes. She applied lipstick and eyeliner and called it a day.

Victor soon arrived, and they drove to the address Punch had given her.

"I didn't even call her to arrange a meeting, I was so busy with Greyson's stupid party I forgot the most important thing." She mumbled on the way.

"Why didn't you invite me? You know I love me a good party."

"You were working, duh?"

"And who was that man calling you baby in the background this morning?" He asked. "Are you seeing someone?"

"If seeing you mean fucking then I did, it was a once off thing though." Tracy told him. It should be a once off thing, it couldn't grow into anything. "And I am hungry, fuck."

"Didn't he feed you?"

"Well, he did feed me alright..." she smirked, and Victor cheesed and screamed like a bad bitch.

"I know das right! So he was that good huh?"

"Good?" Tracy snickered. "You must be kidding."

The rest of the conversation was about this mysterious man that Tracy hooked up with. Victor watched how his boss and friend blushed and smiled when talking about this certain man.

"You like him, don't you?"

Tracy had stopped at a red light, so she looked at Victor with questioning eyes. "What?"

"Yeah, this man, you like him. I have never had you speak about a hook-up like this, like ever."

"He was just good, nothing more to it." Tracy thought the more she said that the more she would believe it and the more it would be her reality.

"Anyway... we are almost there, how much are you offering this woman?" The slender, yet poised man asked. Victor took really good care of himself. He was ever clean and dressed well. You wouldn't think that he was involved in some money laundering schemes just like Tracy.

"I don't know... fifty thou?"

"Yoh aowa wena!" Victor went against that immediately. (Yoh, no way) "Anever. That's a lot of money."

"Well, we are desperate, aren't we?"



The rest of the drive went quiet except for the radio music coming on and soothing their thoughts. Soon the GPS directed and stopped them at a peach house in Nellmapius in Mamelodi, Pretoria.

The two walked in the yard, and Tracy knocked on the door. A woman opened the door, holding a dirty baby who was being fed his porridge.

The woman looked at the two strangers and back at the car outside and greeted them. "Dumelang."

"Ashe mme, my name is Tracy  
and this is my friend Vic, we are looking for Nancy Thema."

The woman welcomed them inside and introduced herself as the Nancy Thema.

Tracy asked if she worked for a certain bank and if she was the branch manager, the lady agreed. "Even if you can't see that I am." The woman joked, looking around their house.

The couches were covered with cloths, the paint had started to chip off, the glass coffee table was broken. Clearly money was a luxury.

"What do you mean?" Victor asked. He couldn't help but stare at the dirty baby. He wanted to bathe him pronto.

"I have children and my sister's children that I am supporting, so now I can't even afford the life that my other colleagues afford."

This woman was sort of making things easier for them.

"Nancy, we have a proposal for you." Tracy spoke. "We need your help actually with getting money in the bank."

Nancy stopped feeding the baby on her lap and looked at Tracy. "What do you mean? Where does the money come from?"

"The restaurant that I own and my other businesses."

"Well, if they are registered businesses why do you need my help?" the fair complexioned woman asked.

Tracy looked at Victor, they both knew it wasn't going to be easy. Had it been Punch or her father, he'd have simply taken his gun to threaten the poor woman and all her children.

"Because it is a lot of money and there is too much red tape around that." Tracy finished.

"How much money are we talking about here?" she asked, sceptical. How did these people even find her? She wondered.

"Five hundred thousand at a go, sometimes two fifty thousand, mostly two fifty thousand a week."

"Yoh!" The woman couldn't believe her ears. "That's a lot of money. The authorities will need to know and vet this money. The FICA needs to know."

"Nancy, we know...and that's why we came here love. We know you can help us. No one needs to know about this. You can change this for us, you can do this for us." Victor chirped in.

"I can't."

"You can Nancy. You help us and we will help elevate you. We will pay you a good sum of money every month. That we will make sure of it. You can renovate your home, take your children to school in better uniform, buy them some things they'd like..." Tracy carried on. Punch had given her ample information on Nancy. She did need the money.

Nancy bit her bottom lip, she knew it was easy money, money she will need. And she also knew she could do the job easily. "I could get arrested."

"You're smart, I am sure you will make sure to cover your tracks." Victor smiled at her.

"What's in it for me?"

Before Tracy could answer, Victor chirped in. "Ten thousand." Tracy was amazed at that. That's not what they agreed on.

"Ten thousand? That's not enough. That's not worth the risks I will be taking. Please, go back to where you came from and don't disturb my peace." Nancy told them.

Victor and Tracy looked at each other, with Tracy warning him. It was her life at stake here. "Okay Nancy, how much do you think we should give you?" Victor asked.

"Twenty-five thousand." Nancy said without skipping a beat.

"I can push it to fifteen..."

"Twenty-five thousand rands."

"How about twenty?"

"Twenty-five thousand rands, if you can't give me that, then please... I have kids I need to bathe." Nancy continued to feed the toddler on her lap who was gawking at the guests.

Victor looked at Tracy and smiled and shrugged his shoulders. His smile was a triumphant smile.

"Okay, okay Nancy, we can try to give you that money every month. So, do we have a deal?" Tracy asked.

"Before that..." Victor brought out a piece of paper from his denim jacket pocket and passed it to Tracy. "We need to sign in on it. That way we have it on record. We just need to fill in names, ID number, we already have yours Nancy, you just need to sign, and we need to add the amount."

Nancy sighed and Tracy smiled at Victor. He always thought ahead of things. After signing, Tracy took the signed piece of paper that was mostly filled by hand and zipped it up in her purse.

"I will see you around lunch time tomorrow Nancy and thank you for doing this." Tracy and Victor then left.



"What are your plans for today?" Victor asked Tracy as soon as they arrived at Tracy's place and parked right next to Victor's car in the visitor's parking bay.

"It's Sunday Vic, I'm going to visit mom." Tracy said then drove off to her mother's house in Soweto.

Arriving there, seeing this house almost every Sunday haunted her. She'd remember how she had to carry her bleeding mother out of the house while the ambulance couldn't arrive on time. How she prayed all the way to the main road until a good Samaritan saw her, felt for her and rushed them to the hospital.

No child should ever witness and experience such in their lives.

Parking her car inside the yard, she closed the gate and was greeted by her neighbour. "Eh cheese girl." The guy called out to her via the 'stop-nonsense'.

Tracy rolled her eyes but smiled at him anyway because he meant no harm. He was just a Kasi boy trying to push life.

"Fede poi?" Tracy greeted him back. They shared a history. He was the first guy she's ever slept with and they were still nice to each other.

"Not much ntwana. Came to check mamas?" he asked, and Tracy looked at the house and nodded.

"Your sister is also here. Yeses but your sister is rude hey... fok!" Tracy could only chuckle. Lesedi wasn't this way growing up. Something happened and it changed her outlook on life, she was mad at the whole world.

"Ntwana ao nzame nyana daar." He asked her for some spare change. Whenever he saw Tracy, he'd always ask her to buy him cold drink. It was the car she drove, the clothes she wore that made people think that she was loaded.

She took out a hundred rand note from her purse and passed it to him. "Get yourself some good weed mfana." Tracy smiled and walked around the RDP house that was freshly painted.

It amazed a lot of people at how come Tracy drove such a nice car, wore expensive clothes and yet she couldn't upgrade her home. The only thing that they kept changing or upgrading over the years was the paint.

They also wondered how it was possible that her older sister was still taking taxis to travel.

Tracy found the back door opened, that revealed the kitchen. It was a two bedroom and one bathroom house. It was spacious though.

Tracy found her mother, Lesedi and Sofia sitting by the kitchen table with only Sofia and Lesedi talking.

"Yoh look what the cat dragged in." Lesedi commented bitterly.  
"Kaba naar same time."

Her mother's eyes travelled up to meet with hers and Tracy smiled but her mother only looked at her for a few seconds then looked away.

"Dumelang." Tracy greeted them and sat down.

Sofia hugged her; she was always happy to see Tracy. "How are you baby?" Sofia asked.

"She's good, she's dressed up in some sissy boy jeans and a LV top Sofia, she's good." Lesedi decided to answer.

Lesedi had taken after her mother's complexion. They were almost dark chocolate; their melanin was dripping but Tracy had her mother's face. Often times people thought she looked like her father because of her complexion even so, she resembled her mother to a T.

Sofia stood up and poured Tracy a glass of cranberry juice. "I'd offer you wine, but we don't drink la ekhaya." Sofia joked.

Her mother's hand reached Sofia and Sofia knew, she wanted to leave. She always did so whenever Tracy was around. She couldn't stay much longer around her. Sofia had done a great job with understanding what the girls' mother needed even when she didn't voice it out.

Sofia helped Daisy Phiri up and took her to her bedroom, there she sat on her rocking chair that Tracy bought her on last year's Mother's Day.

"She can't stand the sight of you and the sooner you realize that the better for everyone because you will stay away."  
Lesedi's words cut through her like a knife.

She felt tears gathering to hold a meeting in her eyes. "You're lying." Tracy said through gritted teeth. She was trying so hard not to snap and cry.

"Really? Then why was she sitting here all morning with us until you arrived, mhm? You need to realize that you are an outcast just like that filthy monster you call a father." Lesedi held the knife she had stabbed Tracy within her heart and kept twisting it...with words.

"You picked a side. Shit got hard and messy and you picked a side. You can't have the best of both worlds baby sis. You picked the money; you picked the gold and left your heartbroken mother who still cannot walk because of that fucker. You left her and now you want to be here because somehow you are paying for her livelihood? I don't think so."

"Lesedi that is enough. Leave your sister alone." Sofia came back just in time to stop Lesedi from spewing more hate to her baby sister.

"I am just being honest and realistic Sofia. Just because she buys groceries here at home and pays you and mama's medical bills doesn't mean she's welcomed her. Mom hates you. She

can't stand you and neither can I because you're a traitor!" Lesedi then roughly pushed her chair back and went to her mother's bedroom.

The minute she turned her back and left the kitchen, Tracy cried.

"Shhh, don't cry sesi. Don't mind her." Sofia rushed to comfort Tracy.

"She's right. Mama hates me." The thirty years old cried hysterically.

"That's not true, she loves you, she loves you so much. don't listen to your sister. She doesn't know what she's talking about." Sofia continued to comfort Tracy. "Don't cry nana."



Tracy stood up, a lump stuck on her throat, tears flowing freely on her cheeks, searched her purse and gave Sofia a thousand rand as she normally did every Sunday she visited so she could buy whatever they will need before month end.

She angrily walked out, harshly wiping her tears as she opened the gate before jumping into her car.

She drove out and parked outside the yard and tried to calm down. She longed for her mother, she longed for her mother's love... the love she once showed her.

But Lesedi was right... her mother did hate her. And it hurt.

What Tracy hasn't been noticing was that she was being tailed from her place to Mamelodi to see Nancy and from Mamelodi to her place then to Soweto. Pictures of her being taken while crying were sent to Kyle Pierce.

When Tracy arrived at her place, she took off all her clothes and wore her gown and sat on her bed and cried.

She did this every Sunday she comes from visiting her home. Well almost every Sunday as some Sundays she'd find her mother taking an afternoon nap and some Sundays Lesedi wouldn't be there.

How dare her sister accuse her of choosing money over her family? How dare Lesedi thinks she'd choose that monster of a father over them? It pained her that they couldn't see how she was protecting them from evil. Instead, they thought she picked sides.

A harsh knock resounded on her door and she didn't move from her bed. Whoever it was would have to go away she was not in the mood of visitors.

The knocking stopped after a while and her phone rang, it was Kyle.

At first, she wanted to ignore it, but thought against it. "Hello?"

"Open the door." That's all he said, and she felt her heart pick up pace. She was excited and yet surprised.

So, she went to open the door, didn't even try to put a bra on. Kyle was standing there with takeaway food packages, flowers and a bottle of wine.

"I come bearing gifts." He smiled at her.

She closed the door as soon as he stepped in and thanked him for the flowers and found a vase for them. "Did you eat? You left my house in a hurry and I was worried about you. Are you okay?" He asked.

The main reason he came was because Luke had sent him snaps of her crying and looking at her now, he knew she was still crying.

"Have you been crying?"

Tracy looked at him and nodded, there was no use denying it. It was probably written all over her face. "Please don't ask me why." She mumbled and went to sit on the couch.

Kyle followed her, put the food on the table, went to the kitchen and searched her cupboards and brought back plates and two wine glasses.

"Okay I won't ask... but can we eat?"

A moment ago, Tracy didn't care about food, yet she hadn't eaten all day. But seeing that Kyle had brought a lot of food, her favourite chicken wraps, fries and some nuggets and dessert, she took one of the large toss pillows and sat on it on the floor and began dishing up on the plate.

Kyle joined her and they worked in silence. Kyle dished up two full wraps on his plate, the large fries and a handful of nuggets.

Tracy took a bite of her food and looked at him in shock. "That's a lot of food." She mentioned. This man didn't play when it came to food, he ATE!

"Buttercup... this body needs fuel, besides, you drained me last night." He winked at her and she blushed. Thinking about last night made her kitty throb. Blood rushed through her veins and she had a mini-shock wave.

Kyle noticed that and smirked. Oh, she was feeling him.

"Can we watch TV?" he asked, and Tracy nodded. Searching through channels, he found the movie, Italian job playing. It was just about twenty minutes in. "Oh, I love this movie." Tracy mentioned.

"Me too."

They ate in silence and the more Tracy fed her tummy, and drank some wine, the better she was starting to feel. Soon when they were done, Kyle took their dirty plates to the kitchen came back and asked for Tracy's hand.

He helped her up and asked her which way the bedroom was, and she led them upstairs. She wondered what this man was trying to do...

Arriving to her bedroom, Kyle was glad there was a TV in there, so he switched it on, played the same movie and jumped on the bed. "Your room is very... pink." He commented.

Tracy scrunched her forehead, "It's not pink... it's rose gold." She pouted.

"There is a difference?"

"Shut up, you don't even have furniture." She smiled when Kyle chuckled.

"Touché." He said. "Come... come lay with me." He was tired from last night and he wanted some rest, but he wanted something first.

Tracy settled on the bed and Kyle pulled her into his arms. "You know you can talk to me anytime you want right?" he spoke in her hair, nuzzling her.

Tracy nodded. This felt a little too much, maybe she should ask him to leave... but she didn't want him to. A very big selfish part of hers did not want Kyle to leave. "Thanks." She mumbled.

How would she even begin to talk to him? 'Oh, hey Kyle I am helping my drug dealing father with laundering money?' so he could report her or condemn her? She wouldn't dare. What will he do with that information?



"What made you cry today love?" he asked. He was rubbing her arm soothingly that she wished he could run those large hands all over her body.

"I just had a fight with my sister... it wasn't exactly a fight just her reminding me that she hates me." She found herself talking.

"Why does your sister hate you?" ahh the big question...

She shrugged. "I am not a good person, I guess. Siblings fight all the time, right?"

Kyle hummed in agreement. "Yeah, they do

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and they can fix things."

"How do you fix years and years of hate?"

"By going to the root of the problem, love. Tell me why you think you are not a good person, what do you think makes her hate you?"

Tracy kept quiet, every question Kyle asked had an answer, but that answer will lead her to talking about her father and she wasn't going to. What if he wants to take her father to the authorities? Then Morris will definitely kill the both of them. Or what if he would be repulsed by her actions and condemn both of them? Then she will go to jail with her father... the odds were against her.

"It's okay... it's nothing." She turned and looked at Kyle, her eyes darting from one eye to the other. "Why are you here?" Her question came as a whisper.

"You don't want me to be here?" he asked, his heart strings pulled. He must have read the signals wrong, maybe Tracy truly didn't like him in that way. Maybe just like other girls, they liked him for the good sex.

"No, I do... I'm just... I left your house rudely this morning and you are not mad at me. Why?"

"Because you said you had to be busy with something else... and if you really couldn't stand the sight of me, you wouldn't have let me in again."

"What if I only did that because you're my boss?"

"Is that true?"

Damn Kyle was good. He wasn't giving her straight answers but making her confess to the things she didn't want to. Things she couldn't even lie about. She shook her head, "no." she replied.

He smiled at her. His blue orbs sparkling with mischief. "Kiss me."

Tracy smiled and leaned in. The man met her halfway and gently and softly kissed her.

The kiss was supposed to be short and sweet, but like hungry scavengers, they started ravaging each other. Kyle pushed of her gown off her shoulders and was met with naked softness.

"Fuck baby..." he grew hard just at the sight of her. Hearing him go crazy over her body caused Tracy's stomach to flip.

She knew what lay ahead of her... a good ass pounding, and she was anticipating it.

On the other side of the Province, in Soweto, Lesedi had just left her home going back to her dingy flat in town she shared with her alcoholic and forever unemployed boyfriend.

She left her mother in the care of Sofia.

"Weits Aus' Daisy, Lesedi upset Mohau earlier on. That child is carrying a lot of anger within and she keeps unleashing it on the poor child." Sofia spoke.

"Mohau is doing the best she could under given circumstances, but she doesn't even notice the efforts. Every time she sees Mohau, she goes off the rail. It's not fair." Sofia continued.

Daisy Phiri looked at her intently as they were sitting in the lounge, after having tea and biscuits.

"Every time Mohau comes here, you want to leave why? You know that she didn't choose that man, you know very well what is going on, but you don't want to intervene why? I don't understand."

Sofia was soft spoken and had taken a liking to the girls. She knew their history, knew all about their lives and wouldn't condemn them for anything. She was happy to step in and help them out of the goodness of her heart and she didn't want any of them to suffer.

Even when Lesedi walked around with her nose up, angry at the whole world because of one person, even when she is very rude to her little sister, Sofia would still give her money just to get by because she knew life was hard.

Sofia received money from Tracy almost every Sunday and she'd keep it until it was a reasonable amount and give to Lesedi to get by.

She loved the two girls and wanted to see them be better. She knew Lesedi would never ask Tracy for money or even accept it from her, but she knew the only way Sofia could have money is because Tracy gave them.

In a way, she was a hypocrite, a prideful hypocrite.

"That child came here to check up on us and to make sure we are okay, she didn't even stay for twenty minutes already she was crying because she is being made feel like an outcast, like she doesn't belong. And that's not fair. In fact, Lesedi should be worshipping the ground Mohau walks on. She owes her." Sofia was furious but she was more furious with Daisy's actions.

"She... she... chose... her... father." Daisy responded slowly. She could talk, she did talk but no one else besides Sofia knew this fact.

"She did not. Didn't she come here after graduation and promised you that her father would not bother you or Lesedi anymore? What do you think she meant by that because... look at it, when was the last time Morris ever gave you grief?" Sofia asked.

"I... failed...her...I fai...led...them." Daisy was even breathing hard, it was such a difficult task to talk but each time she spoke, she was getting better. Sofia knew they needed a speech



therapist soon, but Daisy refused because then they'd have to ask Tracy and she'd ask a lot of questions and end up finding out that her mother could talk.

"Don't be too harsh on yourself. I am just upset that you making the only person taking care of you by all means necessary suffer. You sit and listen to Lesedi talk nonsense the whole day but can't even spare Mohau just even a smile? You're wrong."

Sofia then turned to look at the TV. What happened on that day hurt her. Tracy felt like a daughter she's never had.

"I...am... their... mother. I... should... protect...them. I...should...protect...Mo...Mohau...waka, but... I...failed...her. She...does...not...deserve...a...weak...mother...like me." Daisy finished and by then a tear rolled down her cheek. Slowly and yet surely, she wiped it. Even though she struggled, Sofia watched her wipe her tears off on her own, she wanted to help

her, but the physiotherapist told her to let the woman do certain things by herself.

Sofia felt slightly bad for going off at Daisy. Daisy blamed herself for the life Tracy was forced to live in order to protect them.

She had failed to protect her daughter from her evil husband... so she couldn't stay in the same room as her. She felt guilty.

She felt guilty because her silence on the matter, had created a rift between her only children.

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The following morning a few minutes to five, Kyle got off Tracy. He woke up with the need to pee then returned to bed and woke Tracy up.

Tracy was sad last night when they finished eating and Kyle wanted to leave. She was sad, she looked sad, so he asked her if she didn't want him to leave and she said no. That's how he ended up spending the night over.

"I have to go." Kyle said, trying to catch his breath.

"Already? It's early." Tracy mumbled in the pillow. Kyle had taken her from the back, while she was on all-fours. She just slumped on the bed after they came at the same time. The two of them forgetting something called a condom. Since Saturday, they have been careless.

"It's almost five baby and it's Monday. I need to get to the gym before preparing for work." Kyle told her.

"Ooh okay. You can go." Tracy closed her, she wanted to some sleep, she knew she only had an hour left before work, so she wanted to use it wisely.

Kyle kissed her temple, dressed up and left her sleeping.

He liked Tracy, he wanted Tracy every waking moment of his life. He had feelings for her. If he didn't, why would he care about what she did in her spare time, or why the hell she was crying?

Arriving to his place, he changed into his gym gear and sent Luke a message to find out more about Tracy's sister and why the hell they were fighting for that had his buttercup very upset.

Later in the morning, Kyle was in his office, nervous about taking on the day without his father holding his hand. He was going to do this; he was determined to do this not only for himself but to the people that were rooting for him.

A brief knock resounded on his door, followed by the door opening. This was the office, he thought, people were not going to wait for him to tell them to enter.

It was Karabo holding a takeaway bag and two cups of what he assumed would be coffee. "Morning, I come with breakfast." She smiled and put it down gently. "Tracy is not by her desk."

Kyle nodded; he was dressed in a suit. He wanted to be respected and thought if he dressed in suits, people would at least take him very seriously.

"Thanks, Karabo, you didn't have to." And he meant it.

"It's nothing. You disappeared on me Saturday night, I mean I know I was drunk, but I woke up in the middle of the night wondering where you were. The following morning, you and Tracy were gone." She spoke. "Did you leave together?"

He wanted to say yes, he wanted to be honest with her but couldn't bring himself to. "No, Tracy left before me."

"Oh." She was relieved, the whole of Sunday morning while at Loraine's place, she couldn't help but to think that maybe Kyle left with Tracy. It bugged her mind relentlessly.

"Kyle... are you ready for the meeting with –" Tracy walked in Kyle's office with her work tablet in hand and some files under

her arm. She stopped talking when she saw Karabo in the man's office. She felt her temperature rise. This girl just did not know when to quit, did she?

"Morning Karabo." Tracy offered her a brief smile.

"Morning Tracy, sorry that I'm stealing your boss for a few minutes, I got some delicious breakfast from the Seventh street deli." Karabo smiled.

Tracy and Kyle shared a look, Kyle shrugged his shoulders while Tracy starred daggers at him.

Kyle had to admit to himself though, Tracy looked smoking in her pants and blouse. Tracy was dressed in formal palazzo pants that didn't reach her ankles, paired with an orange blouse that had some white roses. She finished with orange heels, she

looked professional and absolutely gorgeous. Her braids were in a neat bun atop of her head.

"Tracy want to join us for a quick bite?" Kyle asked as he watched Karabo take out the condiments.

"I didn't bring enough for two people, sorry." Karabo apologized while passing Kyle's share to him.

"No worries, we will share mine." Kyle discreetly winked at Tracy.

"I am on a diet, okay? Stop making me eat unhealthy things." Tracy said to him.



"Mhm, you really should watch your weight Tracy... I mean bona mkhaba, your belly is getting bigger you don't want problems girl." Karabo said while sitting down to start eating. "And this is healthy by the way, healthy sandwiches. But I'd advise you to just eat salads and drink warm water for like a month straight to have a tiny waist like mine." Karabo munched away, missing the glares from Tracy and Kyle.

"Her body is perfect." Kyle spoke, pissed at Karabo. "You don't need to fucking eat a salad. You eat whatever the fuck you want." He then took half of his sandwich and gave it to Tracy who gingerly accepted it. Her weight has always been an issue, even when she had lost weight, someone was still seeing some flaws on her. It caused insecurities to brew inside of her.

Kyle took the cup of coffee, drank some and passed it to Tracy. "Come sit and tell me about this next meeting I have. Is it a meet and greet?" Kyle helped Tracy to sit on his chair, maddening Karabo. Karabo looked between the two of them, she so wished she could be the one sharing her meals with Kyle, drinking from the same cup...

"You two are close neh?" Karabo commented. She was jealous now. Why wasn't she this man's PA? Loraine should have been Greyson's PA instead so she could be moved up here.

"What do you mean?" asked Kyle.

"I mean you're drinking from the same cup, literally drinking each other's spit up." She scrunched her face as if disgusted.

Kyle chuckled. Oh, he drank more than Tracy's spit alright. "I guess we are close. Anyway, Karabo you need to excuse us, thank you for breakfast but we have to work."

Karabo picked up whatever was hers and left the room.

"That bitch!" Tracy growled the minute Karabo closed the door.  
"How dare she calls me fat?"

Kyle chuckled and kissed her temple. "She said your belly was... and don't mind her. Your soft belly is perfect... I enjoy holding it at night." Kyle said while looking into her eyes.

Tracy looked away and cleared her throat, pushed the chair back and stood up. "You need to prepare for your meeting with the head of finance."

"Tracy..." Kyle tried to pull her into his arms, but she managed to duck his advances. "Kyle... we agreed that it was only going to be a one-time thing. That was the agreement between us. We need to squash this before it grows into something."

Kyle looked at her but was not hearing her. Her soft lips were moving, but no sound was coming out. This woman right in front of his desk was so perfect.

He moved towards her; Tracy kept talking but none of what she was saying made sense to him.

Kyle sneaked his arms around her waist and pulled her close. His breath fanned her face and so did hers. "I want to kiss you every single time I see you." He breathed against her face.

Her hands were on his chest, a weak attempt to push him away. In honesty, she enjoyed being his arms, she enjoyed the attention he was giving her, she enjoyed how he defended her against Karabo who he knew wanted him.

"Kyle..."

Kyle responded with a featherlight peck, then another one, then another, until Tracy grabbed the back of his head and pushed him to her lips. The kiss was sweet, hungry and yet tender.

A knock resounded on the door and they pulled apart. "We are not done on that part." Kyle told her before heading to the door and opening it.

"Ah, you must be Mark, right?" he asked, and Mark agreed.

"Will you two need coffee or tea? Water maybe?" Tracy asked as she picked up her tablet.

"Nothing for me thank you Tracy." Mark spoke as he sat down.

"I'm good too, you don't need to stay with us

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I am sure we will be fine." Kyle smiled at her and watched her walk away.

Tracy sat by her desk... she was playing with fire and she knew it. What could make Kyle stop liking her? The thought of that made her upset very fast. She didn't want him to stop liking her. Hell, she didn't want to stop liking him... but if ever her father found out about this, surely, there would be hell to pay.

As she was responding to emails, trying to set up a meet and greet for Kyle and other managers, Loraine came waltzing down the corridor.

"Oh, here it comes..." Tracy mumbled to herself, listening to the clicking sound of Loraine's heels against the floor.

"Did you leave with him?" Loraine asked.

"Morning Tracy, oh morning Lori, how are you this morning? Well, I'm okay but you don't look okay..." Tracy mocked her younger friend. Loraine was five years Tracy's junior.

"Stop it. You can't just leave like that Tracy, what if something had happened to you?"

"Well, uhm I'm sorry but I couldn't exactly tell anyone that I was leaving."

"You mean the two of you lacked decency to at least let us know that you're leaving together."

"You're making a big deal out of nothing okay? I'm sorry I didn't let you know, but I really didn't want you to know." Tracy was ever honest.

"I wonder why..."

Tracy sighed and leaned back on her chair and looked at her friend. "Firstly, I don't know what the hell is going on between him and I and I don't want this to be a big deal. So, if I disappear with this person, don't ask questions and don't expect me to say anything because I don't want it to become a thing. It is not."

"Yoh... okay I am confused. So, the two of you are just having sex? What if he likes you?" Loraine asked.



"That will be too bad. I can't get involved like that. It won't end well for either one of us."

"How do you know? How do you know that Tracy? This man could be what you have been looking for."

Tracy sighed and stood up from her chair to go to the printer.  
"Can't we just have fun and call it a day? Besides, it was a once off."

Lorraine chuckled. "If the two of you could see how you act around each other, you would say otherwise. It's definitely not going to be a once off thing and you need to tell Karabo so she can back off."

"I don't owe anyone any explanation Lori, least of all your friend. I am not going to nurse anyone's feelings."

Loraine understood where Tracy was, hell she was once partly there with Greyson. She didn't even think they'd get married. All she wanted was some good sex, and then she fell for the man. But her concerns with Tracy and Kyle's relationship or situation-ship was because Karabo genuinely liked Kyle and both Tracy and Karabo were her friends. She didn't want to betray anyone.

"Fine, am I seeing you at lunch?" Lori asked.

"No, I have to go somewhere."

"You're not angry with me, right?"

"No, Lori I am not. I really do have to go somewhere during lunch." Tracy gave her friend and reassuring smile and watched her walk away.

She envied Loraine to a degree. She came from a family that ran on love and support. Loraine's mother was so affectionate with her children and even strangers close to her children. Loraine and her younger sister got along like house on fire, reminding her of herself and her sister once upon a time.

Even though Lesedi and Tracy have never felt all that love from both of their parents, they loved each other so much and took care of each other. Their mother tried to love them but was often troubled. They later found out the hard way why their mother seemed to be out of touch with her feelings.

Then Loraine got married to a man who loves her loudly and boldly, a man who loves her the way she wants to be loved and they were expecting a baby. Something she once looked forward to having but was snatched from her harshly.

Not only was that chance snatched but doctors told her she will never again have that chance... that they were sorry.

She couldn't help but to really envy her friend, but still had nothing but love for her.

Mark and Kyle were in a meeting for longer than Tracy anticipated, so she ordered them lunch as they requested, Tracy moved and rescheduled some of her boss's meetings and then took her lunch break.

She drove downtown Pretoria CBD to the bank.

Her father was going to drop off money later in the day, so she needed to move some at least because tomorrow, he will be picking up his cheques.

Tracy met Victor in the parking lot and they both went behind Tracy's car, to the boot and pulled out two not-too-big black leather cases, pulled them to their wheels and dragged them towards the building.

Victor was in his signature black suit with a matching black shirt, no tie and together they wore sunglasses and felt like they were walking a scene out of an action/spy movie.

The two cases each held five hundred thousand. They were going to deposit one million rand, in cash.

"This is so exciting." Victor spoke as they almost reached the building. Tracy shook her head. She was nervous. If shit hit the fan, it will be her going down. Not her father but her.

Nancy welcomed them and ushered them to her office. She looked so much better than she did on Sunday. She was clean, wore makeup and her work uniform sat nicely on her small frame.

"Let's do this." She said to them after locking her door.

At Greymont Holdings, just as Kyle wrapped up a meeting with Mark, a couple of pictures came through to his phone.

"Thanks for lunch Mr Kyle." Mark said as he packed up his PC and a couple of documents he came with.

"No problem Mark, I have enjoyed the meeting." Kyle spoke but while looking at his phone which was much interesting. He then walked Mark to the door and bid him farewell.

He sat back on his chair and called Luke.

"I am glad you called." Luke answered on the first ring.

"Talk to me, what am I looking at?"

"I am not entirely sure; I am running on a hunch here." Luke began to tell his tale. "These two are always together since I have started following her. The guy's name is Victor Themba, and he is the manager of two organisations, a salon and a restaurant. They are just right across each other in Lynwood.'

"Okay, but what's their relationship?" Kyle felt jealousy tickle him from the inside. Tracy was with this man yesterday and today again? Who was he?

"Well, it is safe to say they are just friends, he doesn't swing the ladies' way." Luke assured him he had nothing to worry about. But still, he hated seeing that another man was that close to the woman he badly wanted. "They went to Mamelodi yesterday right, did some digging and found that they went to visit a woman named Nancy who is the branch manager of this bank. Now today, they are offloading two cases and heading into a bank... to meet Nancy." Luke sounded excited. He's been in the P.I business for quiet sometimes, and usually he had to tail wives or husbands whose partners believed to be promiscuous to them, but this is? This was good, it was sweet like honey to him.

"Now I am not saying much, but you definitely cannot walk into a bank, with a case of sweets." Luke chuckled at his own joke. "My estimation, there's roughly half a million to a million in those bags and they needed Nancy for that. Remember every bank has a threshold of amount that an individual or an organisation can put into a bank account at once... that much money... very suspicious."



Kyle mauled over the information Luke shared with him and a light went on in his head. "Fuck!"

"What?"

"The other day she... Tracy asked me a strange question, she said that she was watching some show hence her curiosity, so I let it slide. I gave her that idea..." Kyle drew out the last words. "Fuck!"

"I am going to find out where the money comes from, I still haven't managed to tap her cell phone, she's not opening the link I sent to her. I mean I have tried shoe sales, hair sales, alcohol sale... she's not budging." Luke said. He has sent a link to Tracy's emails, if she clicked on the link it will appear to be some useless spam, but Luke would gain access to her cell phone. But she was not opening those links at all.

"I will call you back Luke." Kyle then hung up.

He recalled the conversation they had... "Hypothetically speaking... if you were to bring in large amounts of cash to the bank, legit business but knowing the bank only has a capped amount they allow in before notifying authorities, how would you go about that?" she had asked.

And he went on to tell her she needed to find someone in the bank and bribe them...

"Fuck Tracy what dodgy dealings are you in?" he asked himself.

He went to the cupboard in his office and pulled out the whiskey decanter that was still full of liquor. He poured himself a glass on the rocks from his mini bar fridge.

He looked out the window, enjoying the view of the sky scrapping buildings from around... wondering what the hell Tracy was doing on her free time... and what he was going to do once he unravels the truth because whatever it was, it was definitely dodgy and illegal.

Tracy was relieved when she returned to the office. The meeting and cash deposit with Nancy went well. Of course, Nancy suggested that they need to look into depositing at different banks, but Tracy did not need the stress of finding another branch manager to bribe however she promised Nancy that she will keep the deposit amount lower, she just needed to make sure there was enough money in the account.

She brought takeaways on her way back and she quickly went to check on Kyle, letting him know she was back and if he needed anything from her.

"You're back... how was lunch?" He asked, looking away from his computer screen.

"It was alright." Tracy smiled; she was all types of relived. Her father was a painful thorn on her backside and knowing she wouldn't deal with his anger just this time, made her feel happy. "How was lunch with Mark?"

Kyle got up from his chair to stretch his legs. "It was alright, I asked for the past six months financials and it is going to be a long night. Is there anyone I am seeing next?" He sat on his desk just next to Tracy and his eyes bore into hers. He had a lot of questions but didn't want to jump the gun.

"Yeah, Chrystal is coming in the next hour and for the rest of the day is reports, reports and more reports." Tracy was starting to settle in her job that she had Kyle's schedule on lock. She was experienced in the firm; she has been with them for a couple of years and has helped stand in for other assistants while they were on leave.

"You're great at this and it's only been a week." Kyle commented and she smiled.

"If there is one thing about me that you need to know is that my work speaks for itself and I take it very serious. I may not

have liked what you did to me for my own personal reasons... but I won't jeopardize my work."

"That's good to know. Are you going to help me later with the reports?" He asked. He couldn't help but to be drawn to this woman. The way he looked at her, he had already forgotten what he found out during her lunch break. He wanted to kiss her, undress her and fuck her on his desk...

"Don't look at me like that." Tracy warned him in a very low and sweet voice. She knew that look all too well, that look had the powers to make her horny, to catch heat and caused her to lose her senses.

"Like what?" He asked, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down, further turning her on. His hair fell lazily into his blue eyes, his five o'clock shadow was one for the books, he looked handsome as hell.

"Like you want to devour me or something, stop it." She started to walk backwards so she could leave but his reflexes were too quick for her. He caged her in his large and strong arms and looked down at her.

"Maybe I do want to devour you, eat you all up until nothing is left." He smirked.

Tracy couldn't help but to giggle. "You're insane. Let me go I want to go eat and work."

"I thought you went out for lunch?" He cocked his brow; he knew where she was, but he wanted to hear what she would say.

Tracy cleared her throat, starting to feel uncomfortable. "I had to go to the bank." She didn't want to lie to him but at the same time she couldn't be honest.

Kyle expected her to lie to him and when she didn't, he didn't know how to react. "Yeah? Took a while, I thought you were eating out."

"Nope, had something important to do, now I am hungry. Can you let me go now?"

"If you promise to stay with me and do the reports..."

"Okay." She smiled at him and he let her go. He wanted to kiss her, God he wanted to kiss her so bad, but he didn't want to over do it, so he let her return to her desk.

A couple of hours passed by and Morris Phiri pulled up to Tracy's workplace in his town car, of course being driven by his two bodyguards.

Tracy entered the car quietly and waited for the man to speak.

"How is the restaurant doing my girl?" The man asked, looking intently at her. Tracy hated it when her father tried to have small talk with her. It irked her soul.

"Okay."

"Just okay?"

"Yes."

Morris's patience started to thin at her curt replies. "Tracy, when I talk to you, you better answer me with respect and in



detail, do you understand me?" He questioned, his brown eyes darkening in anger.

Tracy swallowed hard and nodded. "The restaurant is doing well, there are no issues."

"Mhm alright. Anyway, there is two million in the boot, that's yours. I don't need any clean cash until next week. So, consider that your payment." Morris smiled at her and she smiled back, she had to or else she'd miss a couple of teeth.

"Thank you." She quietly spoke. She was afraid of this man but above all, she hated him.

"Good. Anyway, let me love and leave you. I have places to be." The man smiled at her and she quickly got out of the car.

Opening the boot, there was the famous pink travelling bag that housed her money. She had to admit, she was totally relieved that the man didn't need any clean money and that she was getting her share.

She dragged the case to her car, this time she remembered to take her car keys with just to avoid an in-run with Kyle.

She returned to her desk and worked most of the day until it was knock off time. She remembered she promised Kyle to help him with reports, so she reported to his office.

Kyle kept looking at her, wanting to ask her what the hell was going on as he received more pictures of her exiting a very expensive looking town car with tinted windows dragging a travelling bag with. No doubt it was some cash in there but what was the deal with that?

Those thoughts jumped out of the window the moment he realized just how much work lay ahead of him, so they got down to it.

Tracy, ever the financial guru looked at the reports Mark had left for Kyle and was intrigued. She was now in the big league, seeing how they made their money, how much money the company made. She was so excited.

She was going through the numbers while Kyle went to fetch their food from reception that he ordered for them.

"Something doesn't add up here..." Tracy said to herself. She started checking the other reports that Kyle had, comparing the months and that's when the man walked in with two big takeaway bags. At this point Tracy knew not to ask him about food because the man appreciated his food like he did his pussy.

"What you have there?" Tracy asked while taking a calculator, clean sheet and sitting back down on the pillow on the floor. She had long ditched her high heels and walked barefooted.

"Some chicken wraps, some small beef burgers... fries salads...and more fries." He smiled. "Oh, and water." He winked at her and she smiled back at him.

"What you working on there?" He asked while unpacking the food. He was starving.

"The monthly statements. There is some discrepancy I picked out... I could be wrong, but something is just not adding up."

Kyle looked at her, surprised at what she was saying but allowed her to do whatever the hell it was that she was doing. He went back to his pile of work and noticed that some papers were missing...he realized Tracy was using them.

After a while Tracy took a break and ate while Kyle resumed his duties. "You know you look sexy when you're concentrating like that." Kyle mentioned and Tracy looked up at him. For a minute she had forgotten who this man was and what he did to her.

She felt her clit throb when he spoke. "Please don't start."

"Come here..." he leaned back on the couch patted his thighs.

Tracy groaned because she was enjoying working but at the same time, his invitation was more appealing. So, she got up and sat on his lap, straddling him.

Rubbing his hands over her thighs, Kyle looked deep into her eyes and said, "I fantasize about fucking you in this office."

Tracy almost moaned. It was crazy at what his words, his voice did to her. "Yeah?" She had nothing better to say, her mind was now concentrating on the man.

"Would you let me?"

"Kyle... this thing is dangerous." Tracy told him. Hell, she wanted him at that very moment, but she knew every time they engage, feelings will enter the charts.

"I love it when you say my name..." it was as if whatever Tracy was saying fell on deaf ears. If it was not her consenting to his advances, then it sure fell on deaf ears. He knew she wanted him as much as he did, but she was holding back.

"Kiss me." He said and she leaned in... softly she pecked his rose-coloured full lips and Kyle groaned. Her lips were so soft against his and she smelled so heavenly.

The kiss intensified, hands were flying all over the place, tops and shirts being discarded, and boobs being sucked. Tracy's head fell back as she reeled in the moment of Kyle sucking her left boob while kneading the right one, playing with the nipple.

Tracy felt very warm between her thighs that she started grinding against Kyle's hard member.

"Baby..." she moaned out loud, not being able to hold herself back. The papers that were on the couch fell to the floor as their make-out session continued.

Kyle swapped their positions and quickly went to lock the door. He didn't want to risk anyone working late walking in on them or security catching them.

"Take off your pants." He ordered her and she gingerly took off her pants followed by her thong...and remained stark naked before him.

Kyle watched her breathing hard, eyes coloured with lust and he took off his pants as his waistcoat and shirt were already taken off. He looked breath taking, like he had stepped out of a magazine page.

He neared her, roughly pulling her against his hard and toned body. His lips attacked hers, and his fingers found her warm and ready honeypot. Her pussy was wet and silky, ready for him.



"Fuck." He groaned at the feeling of her walls tightening against his fingers. This girl was going to be the death of him. Spinning her around, he pushed her to the couch. Tracy's ass was to him, she pushed it back, revealing all the glory to him from the back.

"Jesus Christ!" He swore under his breath, loving the sight presented before him. Did this woman know what exactly she was doing to him?

Drawing near her, he spanked her ass a couple of times earning hearty moans from the lady before he entered her hard without warning.

"Oh fuck!" Tracy cursed at the intrusion. It was a nice and welcomed intrusion. Kyle stilled inside of her, she was so warm and welcoming. He wanted to stay in there forever.

He pulled back to the tip and rammed inside of her again. He took his leisure time, enjoying her moans and screams of pleasure. She began to cream around his hard and impressive girth.

He closed his eyes, savouring the feeling of being inside her. He wanted her by all means necessary. He wanted to wake up next to her every day, he wanted Tracy and he wanted to fuck her every fucking morning to night.

"Kyle please..." Tracy begged him, she wanted him to go deeper and faster, but she only received deeper and slower. The man's hard and slow thrusts caused her to curl her toes, to want to cry because it felt too good.

She felt the tight feeling in her lower belly and knew she was going to cum pretty soon. "Baby..." she bit the backrest of the couch trying to conceal her moans. Kyle liked that, he enjoyed seeing her helpless that the only thing she could do was to take the dick.

"Yeah baby..." Kyle responded cheekily. He didn't want them to stop, he didn't want that to end, it felt just too good.

"I think I'm going...I'm gonna...fuck..." Tracy was a moaning mess. She wanted to cry at how good it felt being fucked in that manner. The build up to her orgasm... her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she threw her ass back for Kyle as he rode out her orgasm still in that slow and hard manner.

"Come for daddy baby..." Kyle said. When he felt Tracy's hot juices coating him, he couldn't slow down anymore... he picked pace and rammed relentlessly inside of her.

Tracy didn't know where to grab, or how to stop the tight feeling in her stomach signalling another orgasm. Her moans filled the office, fuelling Kyle's energy levels.

He roared like a wild animal as he emptied his load inside of her. "Fuck shit!" He cussed out, his toes curling, his head thrown back and his hands still on Tracy's hips, keeping her in place as to not to move.

"What have you done to me buttercup?" He asked but was really asking himself. Often times he'd want to leave after sex, after casual sex but not with Tracy. He wanted to cuddle next to her while she mumbled about nothing and everything.

"You are fucking delicious!" He said that before pulling out. Tracy whimpered at the loss of touch and the loss of feeling him inside of her. He watched as their juices coated her pussy lips, trickling down her inner thigh. What a sight...

Just outside the office door, Karabo was listening, her heart beating frantically against her chest. She was working late and had to leave some documents on Tracy's desk for Kyle as per

Greyson's instructions. She found Tracy's bag on her desk, her laptop on her desk, clearly the woman was still around. She was about to go check if she was in Kyle's office only to be stopped by the haunting sounds coming from the man's office.

There was no doubt on what was happening, and it crushed and burned her soul. But she was not going to take that with a pinch of salt.

That will never happen, she was going to stop this. Kyle was hers.

23

The week went by with Tracy and Kyle playing cat and mouse... Tracy was starting to accept her feelings for Kyle. She smiled and blushed every time he was near her, every time he touched her, every time he bought her food.

The feelings she had for him were choking her, she wanted to admit them to him, but she couldn't. Not with her history, not with her track record.

It was a Thursday when she drove into work and as usual, she parked, clocked in, switched everything on, went to do a fresh pot of coffee, made a cup and took the rest to Kyle in his office.

But something was in the air that particular morning, he'd usually beam at the sight of her, call her cute names, try to kiss her or touch her but he didn't do any of that.

"Morning." Tracy greeted him as she placed the tray down, right next to him. "I got you coffee." She smiled at him and received no smile, none whatsoever.

"Thanks." Was all he said.

"Are you okay?" She asked, rounding his desk to look at him.

"Yeah, I am okay why do you ask?" He still didn't look her in the eyes, he fixated his eyes on the screen of his computer, reading emails or trying to seem like he was reading emails.

"You're being... never mind, I will be on my desk. I am almost finished with the financial reports and as I suspected, something is off."

Kyle only then looked up at her. Jesus Christ, she looked so gorgeous, he loved it when she tied her braids into a bun on top of her head. He loved her face out in the open, he wanted to grab her face into his large hands and kiss her... but he couldn't bring himself to. He was burning inside... he felt rage, anger, confusion...

"Okay, you can revert back to me when you're done. If I have any meetings now, please move them to later in the day, I am going to see Greyson and stepping out of the office for maybe an hour or two." He said, standing up from his chair.

"Okay, where you are going?" She asked, watching him pack his PC and taking his car keys.

"Out Tracy. I will let you know if there are any changes to my schedule." He didn't wait for her to say anything, he walked out of the office, leaving his coffee untouched.



Tracy felt tight against her chest. Was it something she did? Maybe because she's been denying him sex for the past two days... but he wouldn't be that cold, would he? She still kissed him, stolen kisses and sneaky spanks in the boardroom while waiting for the meeting attendees. What changed overnight?

She took the coffee back to the kitchen then returned to her desk. Shortly after, Karabo came waltzing down the corridors in her finest attire.

"Hey Tracy, Kyle said to bring him coffee with his favourite mug, which one is it?" Karabo asked her with a smile on her face.

"Why didn't you ask him?" Tracy snapped. She was hurt by what the man did to her this morning that she was taking out her frustrations on Karabo.

"He said I should ask you since you made him the coffee and he didn't want it."

"He said that?" Tracy was shocked. Kyle did mention how Tracy made coffee but he was in a hurry to drink it so he asked if Karabo could make it.

"Yeah... anyway girl I no longer have a crush on him." Karabo mentioned, gauging Tracy's reaction. "I mean who wants to be known as the office skank that sleeps with the boss? Definitely not me, I have some dignity." She flipped her hair back.

Tracy felt like she was being attacked. Would people really call her that if they found out she was sleeping with her boss? Of course, they would. She shouldn't have encouraged that in the first place. She should have tried harder to resist the man.

"Oh? I thought you badly wanted him." Tracy commented.

"I did, but you know I heard rumours going around on how he actually fucks his women and ditch them once satisfied. That he was not the settling down type. And I won't let any man reduce me to a whore, especially at my workplace." Karabo smiled when she saw the solemn look on Tracy's face. She knew her words will get to her. "Anyway, let me go make the man some coffee... see ya girl." She walked away even without Kyle's favourite coffee mug.

Tracy was conflicted, just this morning she had admitted to herself how she had feelings for the man, then he gave her the cold shoulder and now she was scared that people might find out that she shagged him and will start to name call her...

Kyle was in Greyson's office, they were talking about business, the structures

what Kyle had to do, how far he was with certain things... but Kyle was not really concentrating.

Greyson looked at his older brother who was looking at him intently so, but when he looked up Kyle's gaze didn't shift. So, he looked to his left, then right and then back at Kyle...

"Hey!" Greyson snapped him out of his trance. Kyle blinked repeatedly and looked at Greyson...

"What?" He asked.

"What are you thinking about?" Greyson asked.

Kyle sighed, he wanted to confide in someone, but he was afraid. He was afraid he might say the wrong things or put someone's life in danger. But he was growing crazy out of his mind.

"I have a bit of a situation on my hand and it's eating me up." Kyle confessed. He could always talk to his younger brother; he was only three years older than Greyson.

"Anything I can help with?" Greyson asked. His blue eyes filled with concern.

"What do you do when you find out that someone close to you is involved in criminal activities?" Kyle asked.

Greyson leaned back on his chair, playing with a pen between his fingers. "Criminal how?"

"Does it matter?" Kyle questioned.

"Yeah, it does. Some crimes to me are forgivable, shit I can overlook... but some are just not worth the risks. Either I will have to cut the person loose or report them to the police."

"Mhm." Kyle heaved... this was not going to be easy for him. Damn Luke for ruining his morning. "If they are money laundering?"

Greyson's eyebrows shot up. "Now that's deep. Where do they get this money from? Who are they working with? What's in it for them? Are they doing these criminal activities themselves? And also... how close are we and how did I find out?"

Greyson was asking all the right type of questions, but Kyle wasn't and couldn't answer him without outing Tracy.

He was bummed this morning when Luke called with much better information even when he still couldn't tap Tracy's phone.

He found out that Tracy owned his favourite restaurant Daisy's and the salon right across the restaurant. Those two establishments were used to launder money for Tracy's father, Morris Phiri. Luke found this from when Morris visited Tracy on Monday and he went digging. The gruesome truth made him sour very early in the morning.

Morris Phiri was a known criminal, never convicted and was feared by many. Not only was he a drug dealer but he also smuggled guns. When Luke dared him to search him on the internet, Kyle felt hot then cold...

His favourite girl was helping her father in building his illegal empire while pretending to be the sweetest girl with a spunk. He felt betrayed.

"Kyle?" Greyson again called out to him. "Who is this person?"

"I will tell you later, I have to go."

"But we are not done here."

"We will catch up later." Kyle was already at the door, not thinking straight. He needed to clear his head. He couldn't return to his office as he was going to see her but at the same time he needed to work.

He chose to go for a drive instead. Tracy toyed heavy with his mind, he liked her, he wanted her, hell he loved her. He fell for her and now he didn't know what to do. There was no way he could actually pursue her with her criminal activities, no way.



The man returned to the office and didn't find Tracy on her desk, instead she found him in his office placing some files on his desk.

She looked up at him and their eyes locked.... Blue to brown they held each other's gaze. The love, the longing was evident in their eyes but the two of them had small demons they were fighting.

Tracy was worried about the office gossip, and she knew once it gets to HR, it will not be a good colour on the new boss or herself while Kyle was stressing about what he was going to do with the new-found information about Tracy's dodgy dealings.

"Hey..." Tracy broke the ice. Kyle was stuck by the door, staring at the woman. She looked so beautiful. She dressed so well and somehow, he found her body and outfits always provocative.

"Hey..." he responded and did not move. He was afraid of being near her. She caused his heart to skip a couple of beats. Just yesterday, he couldn't help but to steal kisses and try to bed her, but she was avoiding him, dodging him... he found that exciting, thrilling, it was a chase he was enjoying... but everything changed overnight but not his feelings.

"What's going on Kyle?" She had to ask. The man neglected his duties for the better part of the morning, and she was worried about him. "Are you okay?"

"I just have a lot going on." He answered on the beat. He knew Tracy was not going to allow him to pull away from her or from his duties, she was going to ask him what was wrong.

"Okay, I hope you deal with whatever it is because I think you have a problem on hand." Tracy spoke and sparked his interest.

"How so?" He moved towards his desk and Tracy made way for him to seat on his chair. They briefly touched and the body heat that transferred between the two of them affected them in ways they couldn't speak about.

"Check this..." Tracy pulled out the papers she's been working since Monday night. She explained to Kyle what was happening, and he soon forgot about all other problems he had.

"What are you saying Tracy?" He asked.

"The company makes money in various ways and one of that being licensing to companies to use our apps. These here... shows how much money we have made month after month." Tracy explained.

"Now everything was updated very well except for the past three months. There is five point three million missing from the company according to these sheets. Now I am not saying anything, it could be a mistake..."

"Doesn't look like it. This here is not a mistake but deliberate." Kyle said.

"I thought so too... so either Mark has been cooking the books and swindling money, or there is group of people out there using our products for free."

Kyle was impressed, Tracy was good, very good. "How did you pick this up?" He wondered.

"I am a BCom accounting graduate Kyle, numbers are my thing." She smiled.

"Mhm must have experience in all of this huh?" He couldn't help but to reference to her money laundering schemes.

"Excuse me?" Tracy heard that but was surprised at the way he said it.

"Nothing, thank you. I will go through this with Greyson. We have to find what exactly is going on." Kyle said and Tracy left him alone to work on what she has gathered.

Tracy sat back on her desk and wondered what in the hell was going on with that man. He was clearly upset with her but what was it?

Greyson, the CEO of the company walked by, greeted Tracy and went inside Kyle's office. The two gentleman a couple of

seconds later emerged from the office, laughing at something while walking towards the lift.

Tracy got up from her desk to take some more files to Kyle's office. The man was ever busy, and she was getting tired too.

She rounded his desk and saw that he had left his laptop on and he was on WhatsApp. She peeked to see what he was doing with his personal WhatsApp on his PC and had the shock of her life.

"Oh no." She felt her heart threaten to beat out of her chest. She could even hear it.

"Modimo waka." (My God) She scrolled up and down the WhatsApp chats and felt her knees buckle. She felt sweat form on her back, on the back of her neck and on her forehead.

"Batho ba Modimo." She kept scrolling up and down, her air supply growing limited at each passing second.

"Fuck!!" She read the conversations presented to her and felt her world spin. Everything was starring her right back in the face.

Biting her fingers, she looked to the door then back at screen, reading conversations between Kyle and someone named Luke.

"Yoh, I am fucked."

24

Tracy didn't wait in the office any minute longer, she went back to her desk and sat down. She was a sweating mess. She couldn't think straight. The phone kept ringing, emails were pouring in and she couldn't bring herself to work.

It was almost lunch time and she wanted to run for her life.

This man has been following her for a while now. There were so many pictures of her; clearly Kyle had someone tail her.

She wanted to get angry, how dare he follow her around, how dare he sets dogs on her tail... but she wouldn't do anything about that. The man knew too much about her, he knew too much, he knew enough to send her to jail.



She had no one to talk to except Victor and the man was somewhere across the city. She'd have to wait for her lunchtime to drive there.

She was so stressed, her stomach tightened and she felt the need to actually relive herself. This is what happens whenever she was nervous or scared her stomach acted up and she'd have to befriend the toilet.

She wished she had someone in her corner to help her out. To tell her what to do.

Kyle soon returned from wherever he went and disappeared into his office. Greyson had called him to meet an old friend of theirs who was in the vicinity.

The man; Kyle wanted to speak to Tracy. He felt sick being this distant with her. He missed her so much. He wanted to hug her,

hold her, kiss her and definitely fuck her but she had baggage. She was a ticking time bomb and he wondered if he should keep her in the company.

When lunch time knocked, Tracy rushed out of the office like her ass was on fire. She drove like a maniac on the road, rushing to the restaurant.

"Boss lady." She was greeted by the waiters as she entered the luxurious venue. She tried to smile at them but she was panicking, she had to find Victor.

She got to the office and it was locked. "Where is Victor?" She asked.

"He said he is going to meet with the meat supplies...he should be back soon." One of the waiters responded her.

Just as she was about to call the man, he came walking like he was getting paid to do so. "Hey T, wassup?" He asked as he unlocked the office.

Tracy even forgot she could open the office, she was just standing outside the door, panicking.

"I am in deep shit." Tracy mumbled as she closed the door of the office.

"What happened? Is it your father? Does he want more money? Is it Nancy?" Victor panicked too. If anything he didn't want any more blood bath taking place or someone dying. He knew Morris Phiri was a ruthless son of a bitch and he was scared of him.

He also didn't want to go to jail in case Nancy's plan backfired.

"No, no it's none of that."

"Whew!" Victor dramatically sighed and wiped off imaginary sweat. "Well then I guess what you panicking over is small waters. Wassup?" Those were the two things Victor was afraid of, Morris and jail. If it wasn't any of that, then he believed they didn't have many problems on their hands.

"Kyle was stalking me and now he knows." Tracy blurted out.

"Who is Kyle and why is he stalking you and what does he know?" Victor asked, confused. He sat back on his chair and watched as Tracy paced up and down the office floors.

Tracy groaned forgetting she has never spoken to anyone about Kyle before. So she explained to him who Kyle was.

"Okay wait... the sexy hook-up that was supposed to be a one night thing is your new boss? You have been shagging your boss and he was stalking you? What did he find?"

"Everything!"

Victor stood up right from the chair, his eyes almost popping out of their sockets. "Say what? Tracy Jesus Christ... mmawee." Victor felt panic dance its way from his feet up to his head. "What is he going to do with the information? What did he say to you? Did he threaten you? Does he know about me?" Victor fired all those questions while Tracy was nodding like a mad man.

"He didn't say anything yet to me. He was very cold to me this morning and I didn't understand why. So when I went to his office, he had left his computer on, curiosity got the better of me so I looked and fuck... all I saw were pictures of me, picture of us, you and me, meeting Nancy, me going to Soweto, us going to the bank and they put one plus one and got a motherfucking two." Tracy felt anger and fear cripple her mind.

"Then my dad came over and guess what? Cherry on fucking top. Tip of the motherfucking iceberg. They spoke about how I must be laundering money through the salon and the restaurant. Everything was just staring at me Vic."

"Yoh!" Victor's hands rested on his head. "You need to talk to him."

"What?" Tracy snapped. "And say what?"

"I don't know, you have to know what it is he's thinking or what it is he's planning. You have to know and you must not let him turn us in, I am too young and hot for jail and definitely too young to die at your father's hand."

Tracy sat down on the chair and rested her head on her folded arms on the mahogany desk. "Yoh!" She mumbled to herself.

Raising her face again she met Victor's scared eyes. They were both terrified. "If my father finds out that someone else knows..."

"You and that person are dead. He can't find out this is why you must talk to this man of yours."

"He's not my man." Tracy mumbled.

"Make him one then, I don't care what he is, but you need to talk to him T, we are not going to jail and we are definitely not going to be killed by your senseless father. Speak to him, go back to work and let him know you know what he did."

Tracy heaved a shaky sigh. Her hands were trembling. She was hungry and terrified, a bad combination. But food was the least of her worries.

She didn't even order food to go, she just left to work. There she bumped into Loraine who was laughing with Kyle talking about nothing and yet everything.

"Hey babe..." Lori greeted her. "I was looking for you and I was told you were on lunch."

Tracy looked at Kyle whose mood changed at her presence. Now she understood why the man was off and not feeling her.



"I will come see you in a bit babe." Tracy smiled at Loraine who took that as a cue for her to leave.

Tracy placed her hand bag by her work station and went over what she had rehearsed on her way back. She'd first ask him what was wrong and make him tell her what he did or what he knew then ask him what he was going to do with that information.

She knocked softly on the door and entered without his consent.

"Why the fuck did you have someone follow me Kyle Pierce?"  
Gone was what she had rehearsed. She was pissed that he was intrusive like that.

Kyle's brows shot to the roof, shocked at what Tracy was accusing him of, how did she know?

"You left your PC on and I saw all pictures of me there. Why?"

Kyle got his answer and stood up from his chair. "Don't stand there and act holier than thou you criminal."

Tracy gasped

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shocked at the reference he used on her. "How dare you!" Her eyes shone with anger.

"Is that a lie? Tell me that what I found is a goddamn lie and I will apologize."

"Apologize? You have invaded my privacy, dug up shit about me. Why? What's it to you heh? What do you get out of this? And why the fuck did you do that for?"

"Tracy, you do realize you're being a hypocrite right? You're standing there acting all innocent in this. You're a criminal Tracy, what you do is illegal!" Kyle raised his voice a little, frustrated that she was acting all innocent.

"You had no right to do that!"

"Oh? What are you going to do about that huh? Now that you know I know your dirty little secret, what are you going to do?"

Tracy was fuming but at the same time, she was scared. "What are you going to do with the information you found?" She asked. "You can't tell anyone, you also can't take me to jail, please."

Kyle looked at her, the anger subsiding. He looked into her eyes and saw how scared she actually was. "Tracy..."

"Kyle please okay? I can't go to jail."

"You should have thought about that before you did this. Didn't you think you will go to jail if you got caught?"

"Who will catch me Kyle? No one is digging about me like you are."

"How do you know that? What if your father's enemies did what I did? You're literally hiding in plain sight."

Tracy kissed her teeth, annoyed, irritated and scared out of her mind. "You can't take me to the police. I had no choice in this matter, please understand. Please I beg you." She tried to near him, to touch him but he pulled away harshly.

"You're asking for too much. I can't look the other way Tracy."

"Why not? I thought you liked me... I thought you had feelings for me... That you cared about me." Tears welled up in her eyes, she felt a lump patch itself on her throat.

"Things change. I didn't know I was falling in love with a criminal. I can't I am sorry."

Tracy felt her heart break. She was scared, she didn't want to go to prison, like Victor said, they were too soft and pretty for prison. And she knew, if Kyle set the police on her, her father

will be implicated but he will get out of jail... then kill her and Kyle.

"Kyle I am begging you, my father will kill me if you take me to the police. Please, let this slide. Please I am begging you." Tracy went on her knees, by then tears were flowing freely on her face.

Her eyes were turning red, she was hopeless, begging him because she was not ready to die or for her father to unleash hell on her sweet poor mother or sister.

"You don't understand... no one can know, I am begging you."

Kyle felt his heart constrict against his chest. Seeing his buttercup on her knees, crying and begging for him to turn the other way to her crimes broke him. He loved her, he had

feelings for her and he didn't think the fire will go out so early. They were still trying to find themselves...

"Fuck Tracy, I knew you were hiding something, you were cagey, you hardly slept the other night, you made some mistakes with the reports... I had to find out about you... and I found out that you were laundering money? For a drug dealer? I can't..."

"Please Kyle... I am begging you. I can't go to prison, my mom, my sister... they will be in danger please." Tracy was scared now. She begged the man and he looked at her in nothing but disgust. She felt her heart break.

Kyle couldn't take the sight of Tracy like that. She was always on her feet, with her head held high being bossy and being strong. The woman standing before him... she was new and she broke his heart.

"Get up..." he ordered her and she gingerly did. She tried to wipe her tears but more poured out.

"I won't go to the police... but I can't work with you anymore."

"Wha- what do you mean?" She asked, confused.

"I want to fire you but I have no grounds to do that so you will resign. I am sorry Tracy but I cannot work with a criminal of your calibre. You're untrustworthy and I don't want you near my family business."

Tracy couldn't believe every single word that came out of the man's mouth. For some moment, she thought he actually cared about her, but she was wrong.

"What?"

"Resign Tracy, quit with immediate effect."



25

"Resign."

"Quit."

"Resign, leave this place, I don't trust you, you are a criminal..."

"Quit with immediate effect."

Those words rang wild as Tracy sat on the toilet seat, face covered with tears, a lump stuck on her throat. How did it get here so soon? She wondered to herself.

How did she mess it all up? What did she do wrong?

For over five years she has been careful, doing what was expected of her, working hard, working smart, studying to better her side job that paid her millions or gave her black and blue marks if she fucked up.

How did she lose it? How did she not notice being followed? Why didn't her father notice this? But she remembered, Morris didn't want too much attention on her, so he didn't have anyone tailing her. He gave her the freedom; the girl was his daughter no one would think much of anything.

Fuck Kyle pierce.

How was she now going to explain this to her father? She possibly couldn't. She wouldn't dare or he will break her jaw like he had threatened to so many times.

Tracy rolled the issue on her side and wiped her tears off. She was in hell; her life was suffocating her. It was all too much. She just couldn't catch a damn break, could she?

She heard a couple of people enter the bathroom and take their sweet time, so she waited until the coast was clear before she emerged to wash her face.

She looked into the mirror, eyebags were forming under her eyes, her eyes were reduced in size, she had been crying for such a long time...it was expected.

"Oh, hey babe. I was just texting you now wondering if- what's wrong? Why are you crying?" That was Loraine finding Mohau in the ladies' bathroom.

Tracy sniffed and shook her head then cleared her throat. "I am not feeling well." Her voice was so low and solemn.

"What's wrong? Are you sick? Did someone pass away?"

Lorraine was actually scared of the answer. She has never seen Tracy in this state. She felt her heart pick pace.

Tracy wiped her hands with the paper towel and gave Lorraine a tight mouth smile. "I will be okay. I will see you around."

Tracy left her alone and went back to Kyle's office. "I didn't do anything wrong to you or the company, I just helped you realize someone was stealing from the company, so it is unfair that you are forcing me to quit. I won't do it. You fire me." Tracy was stubborn as they came and yet very fragile if you looked carefully.

Kyle was surprised at the outburst. "Tracy... I am warning you. I don't want to work with you, I don't want you to mess things up for us, I won't let you."

"I am taking the rest of the day off and I will see you tomorrow, bright and early." She turned around and left his office.

After packing up her stuff, she left the building and went home. She wished she could go to Soweto to her mother and Sofia, but what was the use? The woman hated her guts, and she was about to hate her even more if she loses the job.

"Hi miss Phiri." The security guy greeted her as she entered the building, she could only wave before disappearing into the lift.

Victor, ever with the impeccable timing called her as soon as she stepped into her penthouse.

"T, did you talk to the man? What did he say?"

"He fired me." Tracy chuckled. A sad and bitter chuckle.

"He did what? Okay well that's expected right? Fuck... but the police?"

"He won't report me. But he doesn't want me anymore or want me in his family business. But of course, I won't let him, I need him to cool off maybe I can try to talk to him."

Victor kept quiet on the other side for a minute or so. "Don't make him angry, we don't want him reporting you because you're stubborn. You will find another job."

"It's November Victor, where will I get another job so soon? I need this." Tracy was so frustrated. Her mind was racing wild. "Let's talk later." She hung up. She didn't want any more stress.

That night sleep did not come easy to her, she tossed and turned until the early morning. She probably slept for three hours or less.

Waking up for her work, she didn't know what to wear after her shower. She settled for jeans, sneakers and an oversized Minnie Mouse T-shirt. She loved her cartoon printed t-shirts, especially on Fridays.

That morning she didn't take the G-Wagon to work, she settled for the Porsche her father gifted her with. She hardly drove the car but whenever she did, it was such an experience.

She arrived at the office a couple of minutes late, Kyle was expecting another meet and greet so she when she went into his office to let him know she had arrived, she found Karabo by his desk, helping him out with his schedule.

"Morning." She greeted bitterly. This man already replaced her, with Karabo? The betrayal was unmatched.

"Oh, hey Tracy, Kyle said you were not coming in and asked me to help out." Karabo was confused seeing Tracy there.

"He did? Well, I feel better now and I am here."

"Karabo lets carry on with the schedule, Tracy will just check calls today." Kyle didn't even look up at her. "I have a couple of meetings after lunch, so you can squeeze the HR team for this morning..." the man carried on like Tracy was not in the room.

Not wanting to humour Karabo anymore, Tracy left the office and sat on her desk. Kyle really didn't want her working for him



anymore. Why was she forcing matters? Why was she acting strong and unbothered knowing very well she was?

Karabo was now having the time of her life in his office, sitting on meetings with him while she was surfing through mails and calls. She hated this. She hated that the only person she could talk to about this was Victor. She wished she could talk to Lesedi or Sofia or her mother or Loraine. She wished she could talk to someone who wouldn't be in danger, who wouldn't judge and condemn her.

Her mind tracked down to the day she graduated. She was happy because the wait was over, the stress was over, the long nights, the threats from her father were over...well at least that's what she thought would happen.

Her sister was there, cheering so hard for her, joyful that her younger sister obtained her degree... but it all went downhill from that day. Her father who was paying for her university

fees, sponsoring her lifestyle as a student came in to collect his degree in a form of Tracy running his establishments.

Tracy wanted to cry when her father took her out for breakfast and as they ate, he told her what was now expected of her.

"Now that you're done and qualified, you will run the new restaurant I am opening. You graduated top of the class, so I expect no mistakes baby girl." The man disclosed. She was enjoying her breakfast and not understanding what he meant.

"The restaurant? What do you mean? What will I be doing?"

"I am glad you asked." He smiled at her. "I need clean cash, until now I have been using some people, but they cost me an arm and a leg, so I am going to open up my own shops in your name and you run them for me, while making sure I have clean cash. You and your sister."

"Clean cash? Are you saying... papa are you saying... that's money laundering and it's illegal." She was scared, shocked at what the man was asking from her. She thought when he sent her to school after what he did to their mother was a way for apologizing and making amends, but she was wrong.

"A salon and a restaurant. Lesedi will run the salon and you run the restaurant and you listen to me, if you fuck up one time... I will eat you alive. I will forget that you are my children. I didn't create you so you can sponge off me, you must work, you must help me build the Phiri empire." He leaned back on his seat, a smug look dancing on his face.

Tracy has seen first-hand what the man did to those that defied him. She couldn't let her mother go through that again or her sister. Lesedi has been through hell in her life, she didn't need this.

"Leave Lesedi out of this." Tracy told the man. "I will do it; I will run both of them."

"See you will take care of financial means, the books must always be up to date, but because your mother is a fucking cunt, she refuses to take any of my money and that's dangerous because she will get sick, and people will ask questions. So, you will need another job... to take care of her and to keep appearances."

Tracy's head was spinning but she was quick to think on her feet. "Okay

so I will only check the finances of the salon and restaurant, make sure you have legit money while I go to work. Okay, I can do that. I will do that. I will take care of them."

Morris smiled. "That's my girl." He sipped his coffee. "But if you are going to protect your sister, she will not get a dime out of me and I will make sure she lives like a rat from Alexandra".

Tracy did not like the sound of that, but it was okay, she will take care of her mother and sister, he wouldn't have to know.

Now all her sacrifices were about to bite her in the ass, and she had no idea what to do. Lesedi hated her, she wouldn't even listen to her now. She'd definitely ask why she never told her this earlier on...

Kyle stepped out of his office later on and was laughing about something on the phone. "Okay Karabo, you win. We will go to your restaurant." He locked his office and left.

Tracy felt tears prick her eyes, he was going out on lunch with Karabo... this man was out to hurt her, and he was succeeding.

She left for lunch too, went to McDonalds and sat at a booth in the corner and ate her meal.

Tears kept threatening to run down her cheeks, but she kept catching them. She couldn't even enjoy her meal, there was a lump stuck on her throat that just refused to go away.

"Mohau?"

That voice, she knew that voice. Bringing her teary eyes up she met the man she once called her fiancé. Kagiso Mollo.

A tear escaped her eye and she caught it, but he noticed it. He knew her very well. The man was no longer on a wheelchair but was using one crutch to support himself. He was a little taller than Tracy.

"Kagiso..." she breathed. She hadn't seen or heard from him in years, and she didn't know how to react seeing him. She was shocked, surprised, happy to see that he was standing tall and not chair bound like the last time she saw him. "Wow... Uhm..."

"May I?" He asked to sit, a smile on his face. Tracy nodded and he sat down.

"I thought I recognised you when you entered in here. You have changed. You have lost weight I see. You still look beautiful." He complimented her.

Tracy only smiled. She didn't know what to say, things didn't end on a good note between them, if anything that was an understatement. Things ended terribly.

"Why are you crying? Why are you here sitting alone and crying?" He asked.

She looked down at her hands that were toying with the napkin, bit her bottom lip and looked up... then shrugged.

"Your father?" He asked, his eyes turning cold in that second. She nodded. If there was anyone who knew Morris Phiri, was that man right there.

"Mohau... I wish I could help you." Kagiso began. "I wish I had means to help you get out of that situation, I tried..."

"I know..."



"Yeah, I tried, and he broke my bones. He almost killed me and as if that was not enough, he killed my child. Our child. I still haven't healed from that trauma emotionally... I can only wonder how you are."

That statement alone made Tracy burst out in tears. She sobbed in her hands, not caring if anyone could see. There were a lot of people in the restaurant, but her booth was secluded in a corner where only a few could notice her.

Kagiso slid next to her and hugged her. He pulled her into his arms and hugged her, kissing the top of her head as she cried.

Kagiso and Tracy were once engaged and expecting their first child together, they were happy, thrilled until Tracy told her father she wouldn't be able to take the stress because she was pregnant.

The man asked to meet Kagiso, the man who was going to make a wife out of his daughter only to kidnap both Tracy and Kagiso and roughed them until Tracy miscarried the child.

It was a gruesome thing to experience, Kagiso had to watch Morris kick and punch Tracy's stomach repeatedly until he was satisfied that no human being will come out of her...

As for Kagiso, it's a wonder he didn't succumb to death when Morris was done with him.

"I wish I could help you but the only way you can be free of that monster is if he dies." Kagiso wasn't going to sugar coat things, he told it as it is.

"Tell me what he did now, I know you don't have anyone to tell... but you can tell me." Kagiso wanted to help her, but he knew he could only offer a shoulder to cry on.

"I met someone who found out about him and he hates me now."

"Why? I don't understand who could possibly hate you over what that man is forcing you to do?" He asked, bewildered.

"He doesn't know... I haven't told him the whole story, he's just... he found out on his own." Tracy then cleared her throat. It felt awkward talking about another man with her ex.

"I understand such news could be a shock, but if he loves and cares about you, he'd listen to you and maybe he'd be a better man than me and help you get out of it."

"He doesn't love me." She was sure of that. If Kyle did love her, he'd have listened to her. Maybe Karabo was right, maybe he

just wanted some pussy from a black woman before kicking her to the curb.

"Talk to him, if you and this guy stand a chance then be honest with him, don't keep him in the dark like you did with me. You don't want to put another man on a wheelchair, well in his case would be a coffin."

Tracy grew quiet and maulled over what Kagiso was telling her. Tell Kyle the whole truth? How was she going to do that when the man clearly indicated that he wanted nothing to do with her?

As they sat there, with Kagiso cuddling and comforting Tracy, Kyle and Karabo walked in... and the blue-eyed man noticed Tracy, crying in the arms of another man and he lost his appetite.

"Let's get a takeaway and leave." He said to Karabo. They had planned to sit in so he could avoid Tracy, but Tracy was there, with another man.

"You said we can eat here plus I am tired of the office anyway." Karabo refused.

"You have two options; we get takeaways and leave, or you will stay here and eat alone." Kyle said to her. She agreed to getting takeaways, then they left.

When Tracy arrived at the office, Kyle was standing with Karabo next to the printer that Tracy used.

He looked down at Karabo who kept looking at him with flirting stares... he didn't like that, but he needed to send a message to someone. He knew Tracy was watching them.

"Can I get a hug?" He asked Karabo who didn't question him at all. She was happy to touch that body, to smell him in close proximity.

"Sure." She smiled and wrapped her arms around her neck. Kyle kissed her neck, and he earned a schoolgirl-with-a-crush giggle. Karabo didn't want to let go but after a minute or so, Kyle pulled away.

He looked to find Tracy starring at them. He smiled at Karabo and bid her farewell as she returned back to her desk. He stepped into his office flatly ignoring Tracy.

Tracy was fed, she was hurt and couldn't take it anymore. She was having a terrible day, since yesterday everything was just too much... so she did as the man asked, typed a resignation letter.

She actually googled a generic one, edited it and printed it out then folded it.

She walked into the man's office without knocking.

"You didn't give me a chance to explain about what it is I do for my father."

"We both know what it is that you do, and I don't want to hear any excuses. You are enjoying what that life affords you, even looked me in the eye and told me you came from a prominent family."

"I didn't say that." She softly answered.

"You didn't correct me either. I can't trust you; I can't trust a criminal and the sight of you makes me sick."

Tracy nodded. "You know what, I hear you, loud and clear. You being with Karabo like that really hurt me, I know you were doing it to spite me, and it worked. It worked because I like you, so I am going to cut myself loose. You win."

She then placed the resignation letter on his desk. "I wish I never met you."

"That's funny, because I feel the same way." Those were the words she heard as she walked to the door, she only stopped briefly but continued to leave.

She felt her heart break as she took each step with all her stuff to the car, not caring about the curious stares she received from her colleagues.

Her heart was broken, and she was scared of what her father will do to her...



Weeks went by, November flew by and Kyle was grumpier than an old man whose dog just died. He was foul at work and kept to himself.

He couldn't even tell anyone why Tracy decided to resign, it came as a shock to HR, David the founder of the company and the man's father, Loraine who was good friends with Tracy and Greyson who was the company CEO and Loraine's husband.

He just told them she was unhappy with the move from reception to his office and left it like that.

He was being assisted mostly by Loraine and Karabo where possible and he didn't want Karabo that close to him. He avoided her like the plague.

He kept on searching about Morris Phiri and the things the man was accused of sent a cold chill down his spine. He couldn't understand how he has never been detained for longer or sentenced. Every time he was arrested, he'd get out as soon as he went in.

Not only did he sell drugs that ruined so many people's lives, but he also smuggled guns that terrorized communities all over the world.

It shattered Kyle that the woman he developed feelings for was involved in ruining lives of innocent people. How could she

endorse this? How could she look him in the eye and cry to him that he shouldn't call the police?

Her innocent looking face haunted him, it haunted his dreams, she pleaded and begged him not to punish her as if she were not enjoying what her father's 'career' did for her. The woman drove millions' worth cars, lived in a penthouse of one of the expensive and luxurious apartment building... there was nothing she could say that would convince him that she did not enjoy the money or that lifestyle.

She was just upset and scared because she was caught.

"Knock-Knock." Karabo entered his office carrying two cups of coffee. "I come bearing gifts." She smiled.

Even her smile irritated the fuck out of him. This girl couldn't catch hints.

"Thanks." He accepted the steaming cup and set it aside. He was not going to drink it.

"So, are you going to find another PA?" she asked while sitting down.

"Not yet, Loraine has been helpful so that's okay."

"But you know she has other people she has to take care of, right? You need your own personal assistant."

Kyle looked at her, Karabo was a beautiful girl but he didn't move her like how Tracy did. He was annoyed at how he couldn't get over Tracy weeks later of not even seeing her. He longed for her spunk, her touch, her smell...

"I will think about it maybe in January I will find someone. Karabo, can you excuse me? I need to catch up on a lot of work." Kyle spoke, sighing in irritation.

"Okay, do you want to catch lunch later?"

"No, I don't." Karabo felt rejected by that, so she nodded sadly and left the man's office. *Did he still care about Tracy even when she had left?* She wondered to herself.

Soon Greyson walked into Kyle's office, they have been working tirelessly to find out who was stealing from them and they were much closer to unravelling the truth.

"I still can't believe Tracy made you aware of such an important thing then left us. She was a gem, an asset to the company." Greyson spoke as he got comfortable on the visitor's chair in Kyle's office.

"Mhm, can't believe it either." Kyle mumbled.

"Anyway, I got a report from the auditors and Tracy was right, we are missing a couple of millions and it's because someone in finance was cooking the reports. Mark is stealing from us."

Kyle sighed and rubbed his temple. It amazed him how the one person they trusted with their financials was the one stealing from them, yet he went and punished Tracy for something she did in her personal capacity.

He was angry, he was angry at the world, at Mark, at Tracy for giving him false hope at love. She was so sweet and easy to love, she didn't give him a headache but a good chase... and she tasted fucking good.

As they carried on discussing work and a way forward Greyson remembered a conversation they once had.

"Hey bro, whatever happened to your friend that was money laundering? Did you ever find out anything?"

Kyle looked at Greyson

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it had slipped his mind that he once told him about such. "I cut myself lose. That's just too much to take in. What if I get implicated?"

"How so? How could they implicate you?" Greyson asked and Kyle had no answer. "Did you ask how they got involved in such?"

"Why must I ask? It's clear they were enjoying that life and I cannot condone that."

"Mhm, I thought maybe it would be a case of someone being forced to do such by some dangerous drug dealer but if they are enjoying that lifestyle then yeah better safe than sorry."

Kyle wondered if Tracy was forced, but nah, she didn't look like someone who was forced to do anything. He'd just have to find another woman to bed until he forgot about Tracy and how she even smelled like.

"Fuck." *I miss her.* Kyle wanted to say but he could only just curse.

On the other side of the city, Tracy had just woken up from a nap and she didn't feel any better from the past couple of weeks. She resembled a zombie. She has been lying to her father that she took paid leave and a sick leave because she was tired of work and he believed her.

Month end was approaching, and she was glad that she was still going to get paid for the days she worked so for November she had a payslip and some money for her mother and Sofia.

She thought back to the days when she first sent money home after hiring Sofia to take care of their mother.

Sofia immediately called back and asked where the money came from.

"From me Sofia why?" Tracy asked.

"I don't think Daisy wants the money. I don't know how I even understood this, but she refuses to move or even go to the doctor, I had to ask her a couple of questions until I understood she doesn't want money from Morris." Sofia explained.

Tracy became stressed at that point; she had a job as a receptionist and had sent about twenty thousand rand home after her father paid her. Both the restaurant and the salon were open and running, she felt happy that she could take care of her family... little did she know her mother wasn't about that life.

"So... what must I do? I earn roughly eight thousand rand Sofia as a receptionist, does she want that money? I can send it."

Tracy suggested.

"To make things easier, when you send the money, please send your payslip as well so she knows it is not dirty money." Sofia told her.

Tracy sighed; things were just not about to get better as she hoped. "Didn't Lesedi send anything?"

"Lesedi braids people's hair nana, we can't expect her to help out like you can."

Tracy knew that was the burden she chose to carry so she agreed to do things on her mother's terms. Every month end she sent all her salary to her mother, accompanied with a

payslip. She went as far as including the woman on her medical aid in case she needed medical attention.

But whenever she visited, she'd slip Sofia one thousand or two thousand rand to just buy additional things in the house as well as for Sofia to have some money on her in case of emergency.

The memories of how it all began ate away at her. But she was already deep in this and there was no way out.

She was a fool to think that after Kagiso she could be happy again with another man. No man will ever want to touch her, love is a foreign concept to people like her. She should have learnt this from her parents. Love was not for people like her.

She switched on the TV but couldn't concentrate on anything. She looked around her apartment and grimaced. She hadn't cleaned in a while, she didn't normally do her laundry or clean her apartment, there was a lady that came in to do that for her, but she had told her not to come until she called her to.

She was depressed. How can a person who she met just a hot second ago rock her life this fast? Damn Kyle Pierce, damn him.

She changed into a pair of leggings and an oversized t-shirt and started to clean her apartment. She played house music, blaring the speakers with the high volume and tuned into the task at hand.

From her bedroom, she changed bedsheets, to the guest bedroom, tidying up, mopping the floors and vacuuming the rugs. From top to bottom, all her energy went into cleaning up her space.

She loaded her laundry in the washer, washed the dishes she had used over the weeks that piled up on her kitchen counter, sink and the coffee table. She had turned into a slob and that had to end.

Hours later, she was finished and exhausted. So, she went to take a relaxing hot bath, a glass of red wine and a fat joint on hand. Candles were lit and rose petals adorned the bubbles in the tub.

She needed this; she was slowly beginning to rekindle with herself.

When she finished smoking... she gulped down the rest of her wine then grabbed her phone.

She scrolled through her gallery and found the pictures she took with Kyle at Greyson's birthday braai.

They looked so good next to each other. She felt her heart constrict against her chest.

"I miss you..." she whispered...



"But you are a fucking ass." She finished. As she stepped out of the tub, she vowed to not let him take over her life.

She has managed to survive this long; she can still continue... she will continue and fuck Kyle Pierce wherever he was.

"I hope he chokes on his saliva." She further mumbled to herself before placing a food order on one of the food delivery apps.

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December 2015 rolled up smoothly and Tracy was living her life as usual except that her time of leave was now up. She had a week left according to what she told her father and was scared of what he was going to say to her or do to her for not being at work.

It was a Saturday, and she was bored out of her mind. She hasn't been doing much except, updating books which came with a whole peace of mind as she wasn't stressing or overworked, then she'd go to banks to deposit money, everything on that part was just smooth sailing.

Dylan was also trying to get into her pants, but she wasn't rolling like that anymore. She didn't want any man next to her.

That particular Saturday, she wasn't feeling okay, a little lightheaded but she assumed she needed food.

When Loraine called and asked her out for lunch, she wanted to decline but Loraine threatened that she will come over to her house and sleep there.

She didn't want any company, so she agreed to meet her younger friend for lunch.

She was dressed in white pants, a nude top and nude flat sandals. She left her braids down, did her makeup and felt cute. They haven't seen each other in a while. They mainly talked via WhatsApp.

Arriving to the said restaurant, Loraine was sitting on the outside setting, munching on garlic bread and having mango juice. Tracy smiled at her sight, Loraine was pregnant and was starting to eat a lot. Her appetite had increased.

"Baby mama." Tracy smiled at her friend. Loraine stood up and hugged her before she went back on her seat.

"Hey babe... arg I'm sorry I started without you; I am starving."  
She mentioned.

Tracy giggled and dismissed her. She didn't need to be sorry, she understood perfectly.

Just as Tracy sat down, Greyson joined the table with his big brother behind him. Tracy looked at Loraine and saw the devious smile on her face and starred daggers at her. She planned this...

Loraine has been asking Tracy what happened between her and Kyle and Tracy kept telling her nothing. So, she set them up on

this date, not even Greyson knew what his wife was planning. He was just told to tag Kyle along to the lunch date, so they could have some fun.

"Heey stranger..." Greyson greeted Tracy. "Fancy seeing you here after you dumped us." Greyson sat next to Loraine and that left Kyle to seat next to Tracy.

"I am sorry about that. I just had to." Tracy offered a small smile. Her heart accelerated when Kyle slipped into the seat next to hers and their bodies touched briefly before he adjusted and moved a little bit away from her.

"Hey, we are not here to cross question her, we are here to eat and just enjoy the ambiance." Loraine scolded her husband. She didn't want to ruin the mood as she could see that Tracy was growing uncomfortable.

She knew something happened between Tracy and Kyle, both of them were ever moody and it was clear, they missed each other.

The restaurant was a nice set up, the leather seats were black with dark wooden tables, lights hung from the ceiling and green to pink plants adorned the area. The light from the sun made everything beautiful and it was a little cool.

The waiter came to take their orders, and they ordered.

"Okay for the two of you, I'd suggest a platter instead to share because it's a little pricey when you order individually." The young man clad in green and white uniform said to Tracy and Kyle.

Tracy looked at Kyle who looked at her the same time. They were uncomfortable around each other. The body heat she felt

from the man heightened her senses. She felt lightheaded once again, her body picking up heat.

Maybe it was the hot December heat. She thought to herself.

"They will share it's fine." Loraine responded seeing the two didn't want to.

"Alright, I'll bring your drinks so long." The waiter then left.

The mood around the table was dim. No one was talking, Kyle was on his phone totally oblivious to everyone around him. He was uncomfortable with Tracy being there. He wanted to touch her, to forget that she was a criminal just so he could have a taste of her again.

But how could he forget such a grave thing? He wondered if Loraine and Greyson would feel any different if they knew the truth.

"So, Tracy, where are you nowadays? You don't even pop by the house." Greyson started small talk and Tracy engaged with him. Loraine of course also dropped a few words and somehow tried to get Kyle into the conversation, but the man wasn't budging.

Their drinks arrived and Tracy kept fanning her face. She felt hot. Her neck, her back, she felt hot all over.

She felt mild pains around her abdomen to her lower back.

"Are you okay babe?" Lori asked, her voice thick with concern.



Tracy took the special of the day menu and fanned herself with it. "Yeah, I am just feeling a little hot." She then took a sip of her long island cocktail. Maybe it was the summer's heat, maybe it was Kyle sitting next to her... but something was wrong.

Lorraine thought maybe sitting next to Kyle made her catch heat, she'd know because Greyson made her feel warm whenever he touched her or sat next to her. So, she let it go and they just talked about any and everything.

Their food arrived and Tracy had to share her meal with Kyle.

She took a plate and started to dish up for herself at the same time, Kyle decided to do so too. Their hands briefly touched, and Tracy pulled back.

"You can go first." She said to him, her voice low just above a whisper.

"Nah you go first."

"You can go first."

"It's fine, I can wait." Kyle wanted to kick himself for being such a child. He didn't even know why they were having that back and forth. He didn't have appetite.

Tracy shook her head and dished up for herself... then Kyle followed suit. All the while Loraine kept stealing glances as them while she and her husband were eating and talking to themselves.

As they all ate, not much talking but more of cutlery hitting the plate... Tracy began to feel worse than she did.

She called for a waiter and asked for a glass of cold water with ice. Even that did not help get her temperature down.

She couldn't even finish her food. She wasn't sweating, she just felt hot from inside. She took the menu again and fanned her face, by now Greyson and Loraine were starting to worry.

Kyle too was getting worried. But he thought maybe Tracy was faking sickness so she could leave. He wouldn't blame her, he wasn't exactly welcoming, and he didn't think he'd ever welcome her again after what he found out about her.

"I am going to get some air." Tracy then stood up and felt lightheaded as she did. She placed her hand on her head as if to prevent it from falling. She closed her eyes, feeling dizzy.

Lorraine looked up at Tracy, "Oh my God Tracy..."

At the panic of Lorraine's voice, Greyson and Kyle looked at Tracy. "You're bleeding!" Lorraine finished.

Tracy wasn't hearing her, she couldn't concentrate on anything, black dots filled her vision and white light entered her head.

"Fuck!" Kyle curse as Tracy lost her balance. He caught her just in the nick of time before she could fall to the ground.

Her white pants were badly stained between her thighs with the red liquid pooling from her womanhood.

"I'll get the car." Greyson spoke while jumping from his seat.

By now a commotion erupted in the restaurant and the manager came to check what was happening.

"I don't even know how much the bill costs." Loraine panicked as Kyle carried Tracy out of the restaurant to Greyson's car.

"Can I come settle this bill later?" Loraine quickly scribbled her name and number on the napkin and gave it to the manager. "I promise." She ran after Kyle

leaving their food half eaten and a few glasses broken from when Kyle had to quickly react in catching Tracy.

Greyson drove all four of them to hospital which was fortunately twenty minutes away.

Arriving there, the doctors attended to Tracy taking her away from her friends.

Kyle panicked. There he was thinking Tracy was acting up, pretending to be sick but in actual fact, something was wrong with her.

His heart was pumping too fast for him, he was scared of what was happening. His head was spinning.

He kept biting his fingers as they waited for the doctor to tell them what was going on.

Lorraine was uncomfortable as the hours passed and the evening approached. She was pregnant and well, fatigue was her middle name.

"You can take her home; I will be fine." Kyle said to Greyson who didn't want to leave him behind.

"Are you sure?" Greyson asked.

"Yeah, I am sure. I will call you to let you know if there is anything they said."

"Okay and if they keep her overnight, call her family and go home, okay?"

"She doesn't get along with her family." Loraine piped in. "Kyle please stay with her; I don't want to leave her alone."

Kyle didn't even need to be asked, he had already decided to stay. It was funny how just a few hours ago, he hated her guts, well disliked her guts and now he was worried sick about her.

Loraine had left Tracy's purse with Kyle; he almost jumped a mile into the air when the small bag vibrated. He opened it and saw that someone named Victor was calling Tracy's phone. He knew who Victor was, so he answered.

"Hello?"

"Hi, who is this?" Victor was surprised a man answered Tracy's phone.

"It's Kyle."



"Kyle?" Victor then remembered who Kyle was. He almost sighed when he realized Tracy was back together with the man. Clearly, they resolved their issues. "Oh, I know you, Tracy's man. Where is she? Can I talk to her?"

When Victor said Tracy's man, Kyle closed his eyes. He wished that were true, he wished Tracy was different, that she wasn't a criminal with a drug dealing father. He wished.

"Uhh she's in the hospital." Kyle told him.

"What? What happened? Oh my God, did her father beat her up again? Oh, my word, how bad is the damage? He didn't break her jaw, right? Or any bones? Can she still walk on her own? He didn't take out her eyes, did he?" Victor fired all those questions at Kyle and the large man grew confused.

Why would Victor ask him such questions? He was so direct like Tracy's father has done this before.

"Uhm..."

"How bad is it, Kyle? I can take it, we have been here before, I can take it. Geez did he find out you fired her? But she has been good, didn't have any problems... oh Jesus. How bad is it?"

"I don't know but nobody beat her up."

"Oh, Jesus thank heavens. I am on my way, which hospital is it?" Victor asked and Kyle told him. Soon Victor hung up.

Kyle was confused. Her father beat her up? What kind of a monster would do that to their own child? A woman at that?

He looked at Tracy's phone and it was locked. He had a lot of questions for her and for Victor. God, what if he had misjudged her?

"Hi, I am doctor Zungu, are you here for Miss Tracy Phiri?" a female doctor with black locks on her head walked up to Kyle.

He stood up and nodded. "Is she alright? What's wrong with her?" he asked.

"Please let's go to my office." Kyle followed the young doctor into her office. "What's your relationship with the patient Mr...?"

"Kyle, Kyle Pierce but please call me Kyle."

"Okay, Kyle."

"She's my girlfriend." He lied. He didn't want to be told about the patients' family only having the privy to know what was happening. He didn't want to be in the dark anymore. There seemed to be more about Tracy than what met the eye.

"Okay, so we normally tell family first, or the patient first... but seeing you are her partner and have been waiting for hours..."

"Please doctor, just tell me what's wrong with her." Kyle almost begged.

"Okay, we also offer counselling in such instance for both the patient and partner or for the patient alone in some cases..."

"My God, doctor please. What is wrong with my girl?" Kyle didn't even swallow saliva when he claimed her as his girl. She felt like his. Even when they were not seeing eye-to-eye.

"Miss Phiri was pregnant."

His brows shot to the roof, his heart rate decelerating. "What?"

"Three weeks and unfortunately her body rejected the pregnancy, so she lost the child. I am terribly sorry about this."

Kyle couldn't believe this. She was three weeks pregnant? He was fucking her raw before they called it quits, could it... it must be...

"I don't understand... why is her body rejecting the pregnancy?"

"Okay, Tracy cannot fall pregnant, that's what we discovered the last time according to her medical files. After the rough beating she endured a couple of years back, it caused damage to her womb and to her uterus. So, this was really a miracle that an egg was fertilized but unfortunately instead of attaching inside the uterus, it attached outside on her fallopian tubes, which we call an ectopic pregnancy."

Kyle's head was spinning. He felt dizzy. A rough beating? Could this corroborate what Victor said about Tracy's father?

"What?"

"I am terribly sorry, but I must ask you to be strong for her sake because she's my patient and she's going to be heartbroken when she learns this. So, I need you to be strong for her and to take care of her. I know it's terrible for you too that you lost a child, but she's going to feel the pain worse because she does want a child and unfortunately medically, I don't see that happening." It was by pure coincidence that Tracy was taken to her usual hospital.

Kyle had no more words to say, he couldn't wrap his head around what he was just told.

"Can I see her? Is she awake?"

The doctor nodded with a small smile. "Take it easy, okay?"

Then Kyle was shown to the room Tracy was occupying.

He walked in and found Tracy lying on the bed looking up with a nurse in the room. The nurse smiled at Kyle and excused herself.

"Hey..." Kyle softly called out to her. Tracy turned to his voice; she was shocked to see him there.

"Leave." That's all Tracy said to him.

"Tracy..."

"LEAVE!!" she screamed at him.



Kyle understood Tracy loud and clear, he stepped out of the room and went to the reception area. He didn't have his car with, it was at home because Greyson picked him up.

He decided that he will uber home to get his car. As he walked towards reception, Victor rushed in and shot towards the receptionist. "Hi, I am here for Tracy Phiri." He said and Kyle heard him.

He walked over the lean man and tapped him on the shoulder. "Victor?"

"Kyle?"

Kyle nodded and Victor told the receptionist he was fine. The two men walked over to the sitting area; Kyle still had Tracy's bag on him. It was his insurance that eventually she will have to talk to him.

"I need you to tell me about Morris Phiri and the things he has done to Tracy." Kyle opened the channel of conversation.

Victor looked at him, the man was an eye-candy, Tracy was a lucky girl. He thought before shaking those kinds of thoughts out of his head.

"What do you know?" Victor asked, wanting to know if it was safe for him to speak.

"Not much, except that he had beaten her up before. Why did he do that?"

Victor grew nervous. He hated talking about Tracy's father, he was scared of Morris and he didn't want to open a can of worms. "It's not my place to say... what's wrong with Tracy?"

"Man please, okay? I care about her. I want to help her."

"You?" Victor laughed in the man's face. "You want to help her? You fired her once you realized half of the story. You didn't even ask her anything or for her side of the story. What changed now?" Victor asked. He disliked the man for what he did to Tracy, but seeing him in person, he sort of believed that maybe he was just the man Tracy needed. But he still had his doubts.

"I have my reasons." Kyle snapped.

"Yeah? What reasons are those?"

"Her father kills people and she works for him. Would you trust and believe someone like that?"

"I wouldn't, but I would not dismiss them without even listening to their side of the story."

"What if she lied?" Kyle barked.

"What if she didn't?" Victor shot back. Victor was lean compared to Kyle's large frame. If Kyle wanted, he could snap

Victor like a twig but at the moment, Victor felt superior. He felt powerful defending his friend and boss' honour.

Kyle flicked his nose out of sheer irritation. Victor was right, what if Tracy had something to say that could convince him that she wasn't the bad person he believed her to be?

"See? Anyway what's wrong with her?" Victor asked.

"She had a miscarriage." Kyle mumbled and leaned back on the uncomfortable metal chair that has been nipping his butt for hours.

"You knocked her up? How?"

"What do you mean how? People fucking have sex and –"

"I don't mean like that!" Victor snapped, while rolling his eyes.

"Doctors have been telling her she couldn't fall pregnant even if she tried. How was that possible? And why did you knock her up?" Victor slapped Kyle hard on the shoulder. "Do you know what that monster will do to her if he finds out she's pregnant again?"

"Again?" Kyle grew confused even more.

"Uhm... Jesus I talk too much sometimes. Can I see her? Is she up?" Victor quickly stood up not wanting to be with Kyle anymore. The man had him talking with no boundaries.

Kyle led him to Tracy's room and told Victor he was going home to get his car. Before that, he asked Dr Zungu when can Tracy go home, and the lovely doctor said probably tomorrow or the day after.

When Victor entered the room Tracy was in, Kyle remained outside, trying to listen in.

"Hey T." that was Victor in his sweetest voice. "Don't you dare scare me like that!" Victor scolded her.

Tracy allowed Victor to hug her before taking the visitor's chair and pulled it to her side. "Pregnant huh?" Victor said.

Tracy only gave him a shrug, sadness colouring her face. "Is this what they mean miracles happen?" Tracy asked quietly. "But how is it a miracle if the doctor tells you, your body is rejecting the baby." She was so sad, from outside the room, Kyle could detect the sadness in Tracy's voice. He felt like such a fool for not ever listening to her. It seemed she had more to say.

"Maybe things are looking up T, maybe this is the beginning of a new miracle that's to come."

"You surely don't believe that? Miracles don't happen to people like me Victor."

"And why not?" Victor questioned and all Tracy could do was shrug.

"I have always wanted a baby... I had a chance, and it was taken away from me. Almost had another chance again... but my body has been butchered that it can't accept such a foreign concept as pregnancy happening to it. My soul is crushed."

"I am so sorry T, I of all people know how much becoming a mother means to you." Victor grabbed her hands and rubbed the back soothingly. "Is the father the sexy blue-eyed man I saw outside?" he asked.

Tracy nodded. "Yeah, unfortunately." When she said that, Kyle felt pins prick his heart.

He almost had a baby with her... he would have loved her to carry his children.

"Unfortunately? I thought you two are okay? He's the one that told me where you are."

"We are not okay. I don't even know why he's here. He wrote me off, flirted with some girl at work to spite me who does that? Then he forced me to resign... I hate him." Kyle regretted what he had done to her right after she said those words, especially when he listened to the tone of her voice. She was sad.

"Mhm, I know he has been terrible to you, but you need to remember that he didn't know the whole story, he still doesn't know. He thinks you are living it up, driving nice cars and

wearing expensive clothes... he doesn't know the actual hell you are living in. Did you tell him?"

Tracy shook her head while playing with her fingers. "He didn't give me a chance. I cried and begged and him not to tell the police. I told him my family will be in danger..."

"And he didn't. he didn't call the police, that alone should tell you something. That should be a clear indication that he was shocked, scared of who he thinks you are but at the same time cares about you. If he didn't... you'd be in jail or dead."

Tracy smiled. It was weird just how Victor was ever calm in such matters. He only ever panicked if things weren't going the way Morris Phiri would want them to.

"I don't wanna talk about him anymore... he will just confuse me even more."

"it's okay, how do you feel?"

"I am heartbroken Victor. I just can't have a moments' worth of happiness in my life. My heart is broken."

Kyle figured he couldn't stay yet another minute or will enter the room and hug the hell out of Tracy. She was still raw from emotions, so he will have to wait until she was calm.

He went home with an Uber and decided to return the next morning, it was already too late anyway.

He sent Greyson a text message telling him and Loraine that Tracy was going to be okay. He did not tell them about the miscarriage, Loraine was pregnant that might scare and stress her, so he avoided telling them that.

The next morning, a Sunday morning

Advertisement

Kyle called the hospital to find out visiting hours, from there he called a gift shop company and organized a bouquet of colourful flowers, some chocolate, the large almost human size brown teddy bear and had them write a note of apology.

He knew that was nothing compared to what he has done to her, but it should be a start.

After breakfast at the hospital, Tracy showered and took care of her hygiene, wishing she could shower with her kiwi flavoured shower gel that she loved so much. She also wanted a couple of things from her house but didn't even have her phone on her.

She thought Kyle would have left her bag before leaving, but he kept it on him and that annoyed her.

She was on the bed, relaxing, thinking about what could have been had her body accepted the pregnancy.

Would she have told Kyle? Would he have believed her? She had a lot of 'would he have' questions swimming in her head that were disturbed by a nurse knocking on the door.

"You got a delivery." The young nurse that was helping her out that morning greeted her with a smile,

Tracy smiled seeing the flowers, the get well soon balloons and the teddy bear. She's been wanting that teddy bear for a long time but didn't want to buy it herself.

Her heart constricted. *'there are actual people in this world that care about me.'* She thought to herself.

The nurse placed them on the chair and some on the bedside table, passing her the box of chocolates with a card.

*'Buttercup...*

*I am sorry.*

*There are things I wish I could say but I don't think it's time yet. I am sorry, I know you want nothing to do with me at the moment, but please... don't shut me out.*

*I am truly sorry,*

*Love, Kyle.'*

Tracy heaved a sigh. What was this man playing at? She was not a damn yo-yo he could pull up and down and play with.



As she read the card over again, the devil walked in, dressed in his finest jeans and a polo t-shirt. He looked amazing as usual and that irritated her to the moon and back. She hated how he made her feel.

The nurse had already left Tracy's room, so it was just the two of them.

"Can I come in?" he asked, still standing by the door.

"Whatever." Tracy didn't feel like being hostile towards him that morning, maybe it was because Victor spoke to her and made her realize something.

"I am sorry baby."

"Baby? don't you dare call me that." Tracy cast an icy glare at him.

Kyle walked in and took a seat just at the end of the bed, next to the door. He sat down and looked at her. She looked so vulnerable, like a hatchling.

"I am sorry. Doctor is telling me you will be discharged tomorrow."

"I don't even know why they think you deserve to know that." Tracy snapped. "Where is my phone? Where is my purse?"

Kyle stood up and walked over to her. "I have them with me." He was looking into her eyes, his ocean blue eyes were full of

all raw emotions, so Tracy looked away. He did not deserve her.  
"I am going to spend the day with you."

"Yoh!! Kyle? I don't know what you fucking want from me. You made it clear that I was just some common criminal to you, so what do you want bro?"

"I fucked up, okay? I fucked up. And I want to fix things." He tried to grab her hand, but she pulled away. "You were carrying my child..."

Tracy looked at him briefly before looking straight ahead at nothing. Her nose was flaring, she was fuming. "Ohh that's why you are here. Because I was pregnant with your child. Well, there is no fucking baby growing inside of me, so you can fuck off."

Kyle knew this was about to get worse. Tracy was a ticking time bomb, that much he knew about her. He knew he did not have his work cut out for him. He will have to plough the field with his bare hands.

"You would have made a great mother."

"Yeah? A criminal would have made a great mother? I am not sure if you can tell? But your presence disgusts me. I want you to bring my purse, bring my phone and leave me the fuck alone."

Soon as she said that she heard her phone ring close by, it was ringing from Kyle's pocket jeans.

He reached into the pocket, fished out the blaring device and looked at the screen... "Monster Phiri is calling..."

Tracy panicked. She snatched the phone from his hand and quickly answered. "Papa?"

Kyle looked at her, brows raised. She saved her father's number as monster?

"Okay, okay..." Kyle heard her say, then she hung up her phone.

"My dad knows where I am, he's coming. Please make sure he doesn't find out that I was pregnant and make sure he doesn't find you in here." Tracy said to Kyle, fear taking over her body. She was even trembling.

"Hey, hey...calm down. What's going on?"

"I need you to make sure the hospital doesn't tell anyone that I was pregnant, please. Please!" The way Tracy was begging him, it reminded him of that time in the office...

She had the same fear in her eyes.

"Shhh." Kyle grabbed and rubbed the top of her hands. "I will do it, but first tell me why..."

"Because this time... I am afraid he will succeed in killing me."

Kyle was confused, the fear in Tracy's eyes shocked and maddened him. He didn't want to see her like that. She was always full of life, had a spunk in her step and spoke her mind.

She always appeared strong and carefree not a scared little puppy.

He nodded and left Tracy alone. He went to find Dr Zungu who was happy to see him.

"She's a strong girl hey?" she smiled at Kyle as they walked into his office, referring to Tracy.

Kyle nodded. "Okay, I need a favour doc."

"Okay, happy to help if it's within reason."

Kyle sat down on the patients'/visitors' seat. "Her father is on his way here, he heard that something happened. You cannot by all means let him know that she was pregnant."

That was a strange request but not totally strange. The doctors have witnessed such things hence there is a doctor-patient confidentiality.

"Okay, we can do that."

"It needs to get off the system. You need to delete the report off the system."

"I can assure you that our system is not easily hacked. What I can do is just write a new report and present it to him just so he doesn't ask a lot of questions. Is he abusive or cultural?" Dr Zungu asked. The way she answered Kyle with urgency, he appreciated it.

He didn't even know all the details, but he knew Tracy needed for this to happen.

"Abusive. I can't go into all details, but I need your help."

Dr Zungu agreed, Tracy was her patient, it was by a great chance that the nearest hospital was the same one Tracy used to go to whenever she needed medical attention.

Dr Zungu knew there was a gruesome history where Tracy and her family were concerned, and she'd help by all means necessary.

Kyle remained around the hospital until Morris Phiri arrived, the man was flanked by four bodyguards dressed in black suits like they were walking a scene out of a movie. They were drawing attention to themselves, but the tall and yet lean, light skinned man seemed to not to care. This was just another day in his life.

He met Dr Zungu just outside Tracy's room.

"Doctor, Morris Phiri, I believe you're the doctor tending to my daughter?" the man asked, his voice was gruff and uncomfortable.

"Yes sir, lets go in." they went inside Tracy's room.

She hid the card from Kyle under her pillow and waited for her father to enter.

"Baby girl, how are you? What happened?" he asked, faking concern. He was just worried about his weekly business stalling.

"It's nothing to worry about, just a secondary case of dysmenorrhea." Dr Zungu responded. Tracy hadn't even thought of what she was going to say, she was relieved when the doctor told her to let her do the talking.

"A what? What's that?"

"Just terrible girl problems. She had intense period cramps that she fainted. Nothing concerning."

Morris was irritated that he left all that he was doing to attend a period pain issue. *Girls.*

"Well, thank you doctor. Pleased to hear it's nothing serious."

Dr Zungu smiled then excused herself. The bodyguards were outside and that left Morris and his daughter alone.

"How did you know where I was?" Tracy asked.

"The gay boy at the restaurant told me. I went to pay a social visit and I asked."

Tracy rolled her eyes. She knew Victor would never lie to Morris, he was afraid of him and she didn't blame him at all. Her father was a fucking monster that threatened to eat people up.

"Here I was thinking something terrible happened to you. When are you being discharged?" he asked.

"Soon, I am not sure."

"Better find out, and it better be soon. My business cannot stop because you are on your fucking periods. Yeerr, I don't know why I wasn't blessed with boys. You girls are both useless." The man spoke through gritted teeth. You could tell he was pretty displeased and annoyed by the whole situation.

"Make sure that my business is up and running Tracy and get out of this place. You experience these things monthly, get over it." The man didn't even wait for her response before leaving.

His bodyguards once again flanked him, and they exited the hospital.

Kyle went in, his lips moulded to the side. He was thinking hard, has been thinking hard. He needed some answers to the questions dancing in his head.

"How did it go?" Kyle asked.

"He said he wishes he had boys because us girls are useless."  
She passed a sarcastic smile at him.

"Fuck him." Kyle cursed. "Tracy... I have to ask..."

"No, you don't." Tracy stopped him. "Look, I am grateful for what you did for me. But you and I... we are not on good terms and I don't think we ever will be."

"Don't say that." Kyle looked passionately at her. This girl drove him near damn insanity. He was irrational, moody, rude, crazy where she was concerned. She made him feel things he has grown to be scared to feel.

He has been burned once too many times, been lied to, fooled so many times that he was afraid it was about to happen again in the worst way.

"I don't want to fight, I am in pain, I am not comfortable on this stupid bed, my heart is aching and you being here is not helping anything. Please leave."

"I don't want to leave you; I can't leave you. I was a fool to let you go that easily the first time. I shouldn't have."

"Yey, nna akena taba." (Hey! I don't care.) Tracy clicked her tongue in annoyance.



"What?" Kyle didn't understand the language that Tracy spoke which was Sepedi.

"I don't care. I don't care how you feel now, I don't. Please leave me alone and bring back my purse damn it!"

Just as the two were having a heated conversation, the door opened and revealed Loraine's sweet face holding a bouquet of sunflowers. They were so yellow and bright and definitely made Tracy smile.

"Hey Kyle, fancy seeing you here." Loraine teased him. Kyle groaned; his brother's wife was a pain in the butt. He knew she was the one who set them up yesterday for lunch.

"Hey Tee." And just like that, Loraine stole all Tracy's attention.

"Greyson is parking the car; he will be here soon." Loraine said to Kyle.

"Kyle was just leaving." Tracy smiled deviously at Kyle who narrowed his eyes at her. She dared him to say something.

Kyle had allowed the woman to do as she pleased, he also did as he pleased and all of that led them to being angry with each other and he wanted none of that.

"Actually, I don't. Imma stay right here." Kyle smiled as he took a seat. Loraine smiled cheekily at a clearly angry Tracy.

"Kyle, can you please get me some water?" Loraine asked and Kyle stood up and left the room.

"Okay

what's going on between the two of you?" Loraine asked.

"Nothing, he's just annoying."

"Okay I have so many questions to ask but what's wrong? What did the doctor say is wrong?" Loraine asked. She was concerned over her friend. She loved Tracy like a sister.

Tracy looked at Loraine, she remembered her friend was pregnant and she didn't want to stress her, but at the same time she needed to talk to someone about this. "I miscarried." She softly said.

Loraine gasped. "Oh no!" hands covered her mouth as she looked over at Tracy. "How long?"

"Three weeks."

"Oh Trace..." Loraine went in for a hug and that's when Tracy released the waterworks. "I am so sorry."

As the girls were hugging, Greyson entered the room then left immediately. He didn't want to disturb the two ladies having a moment.

He bumped into Kyle who was right behind him. "Shit bro, sorry." Greyson apologized and closed the door.

"Why are you not going in?" Kyle questioned.

"They are crying." Greyson looked sad. He hated seeing his wife cry and since she fell pregnant, she cried a lot. She cried at every little thing and he couldn't even do anything about it.

"Oh, I guess Tracy told her the truth." Kyle spoke before sitting down with Greyson following suit.

"What's wrong with her?"

"She lost our baby." Kyle told him.

"Oh, shit that's some terrible news, she must be- wait... did you say our baby? As in yours and hers?" Greyson asked the million-dollar question. "You were fucking your PA bro?"

"That's rich coming from you Grey." Kyle snapped. "And yeah, we were kicking it."

"Officially or just kicking it and winging it?"

Kyle pursed his lips together. He had a good relationship with Grey. They were each other's safe space. Could be vulnerable to each other and absolutely be honest. But at that time, he was annoyed by the many questions Greyson was asking.

"I don't know. All I know is that she's mad at me and said she hates me."

"What did you do to her? Actually, why did she quit? I hope she didn't tell you she was pregnant, and you flipped?"

"No! What the fuck you take me for? Of course not. It's just... man I kept being a dick to her. There are things she does or rather react to and I never ask her what's going on, I just accuse her of being the wrong one all the time."

"That's dumb."

"It is. I know it is, but it's too late now." Kyle sighed. "She hates me, and I am forcing myself by being here."

"It was your baby too; you can be here for her. I don't know man but imma tell you one thing, if you think she's worth it? Get your girl. Don't ever leave her or doubt her."

The two men carried on talking until Loraine called Greyson to find out where he has disappeared to. The two men walked in the room and Loraine told Kyle that Tracy needed a change of clothes for when she's discharged.

Instead of going to buy her some staff, Kyle said he will run by her place to get them. Tracy was annoyed at Loraine for trying to push her back into Kyle's arms even after their lengthy conversation about the miscarriage and how she didn't want

Kyle near her anymore... the younger woman of the group still wanted Kyle in the picture.

Kyle drove to Tracy's place, there he opened her closet, following her instructions. She wanted black sweats both pants and top, he checked the labels and shook his head. This girl wore clothes that looked basic with their cartoon prints, but the labels were high fashion.

He then checked for her comfortable fluffy slides, underwear and a perfume. She had a mean collection of perfumes. Her bedroom was that of a goddess.

As he walked out of the room, he noticed an open book on the bed, it looked like a diary.

Curiosity got the best of him, so he walked over to it...

Invasion of privacy... he thought to himself and yet still read through the last page.

*'Dear Diary...*

*I miss him. I miss that blue-eyed large man that ate like tomorrow is not promised. I envy that. I envied him every time he ate because he didn't worry about gaining weight and becoming some sort of an outcast in society.*

*He'd buy me a burger and I will eat only half of it, but I want to eat it all too.*

*Silly things that I miss. Mxm.*

*I know that love is not for people like me. I know that but for a minute there, I thought I had found some happiness. That I found someone who I can act in love with.*

*It was all so good, the kisses, the glances we stole at each other, he caused butterflies inside of me. Kyle Pierce.*

*But hey, he found out about what I do for my father. I can't say I blame him for being repulsed by me, but he treated me like some scum under shoes.*

*He didn't even ask me anything, he didn't ask me how I got into this or why am I even doing it. That hurt. That was the end of the fantasy I had, thinking we can be something.*

*I was crazy to think that.*

*Not only was I crazy but I was selfish. If my father finds out I was seeing someone he will surely kill him. Kagiso got off easy with broken bones and a dislocated spine... I doubt Kyle would be lucky or even me.*

*For some reason I know that he wouldn't kill me, but the way he beats me, I might just die from shock and pain.*

*I was selfish for allowing Kyle into my space, but if you could see him... there is no way you wouldn't want a piece of him.*

*Anyway, things ended sourly between us. I don't hate him, but I also don't want to see him anymore.*

*I just have to convince my father that I am on leave and whatever. I don't understand why he would be pissed that I no longer have a job, can't I just focus on the restaurant and the salon alone?*

*I know he is afraid my mother will one day talk again about his shady dealings, or that people would want to look into me and the restaurant hence he wanted me to have another job to divert the attention... but still it shouldn't be an issue.*

*Unfortunately, I don't want to find out what he will do to me. I will have to make a plan. I don't know how, but I hope that something pops up.*

*Anyway... this is enough ranting from me, we will chat soon my confidant.'*

Kyle felt a heavy weight elephant sit on his chest. Tracy seemed to be living a double life where she was pretending to be happy while dying inside. He didn't like this.

He didn't try to read more of what was written in the diary, he decided it was best she told him these things herself. So, he put the diary back where he found it and left the penthouse.

On his way, he received a text from Greyson telling him he and Loraine have left the hospital and Tracy was resting so he

stopped by a burger joint and got them some burgers and fries and then returned to her.

"I know you hate me right now, but I am not going to stop trying to make you feel a little better or even apologizing." Kyle spoke as he placed her bag of clothes on the bed and food parcels on the other side table.

Tracy looked up at him, the smell of burgers and fries hit her so good. She was hungry for real food. She wanted to smile and dance but this man was still in the dog box.

"Thanks. But I am not hungry." She mumbled.

"Oh?" Kyle cocked an eyebrow. "Okay, I will just take these with me then."

He tried to move but Tracy snatched the bag so fast he was shocked. "But you can leave."

Kyle smiled. There was his girl.

Tracy didn't know it yet, but she was his and she will be his.

Damned be what she said. She was his.



30

Monday fast arrived and Tracy couldn't wait to be discharged. Hospitals brought back heavy and hectic memories.

From when she had to carry her bleeding mother through the streets of Soweto trying to get her to the clinic, then having to wait hours and hours on the uncomfortable metallic chairs, the smell of disinfectants sipping into her bloodstream making her dizzy.

She hated hospitals with all her being.

Then she returned once again, this time it was her in pain. She had never felt so much pain in her life. The pain of being beaten and battered like she was a dog. Like she was a thief caught by the community suffering the 'mob justice'.

The pain of losing her child, in that manner? She could never forgive. She has never wished and dreamed of killing a person like she did her father. A constant nightmare.

Now she was back again, losing yet another child. Maybe she didn't deserve to be a mother. Maybe she did not come to earth to bear children.

After showering and dressing in her ordinary clothes she climbed the bed and waited for Dr Zungu to discharge her.

She was still in pain, but it was very mild compared to Saturday.

Instead of Dr Zungu entering her room, her good old friend Mosa walked in. she was a doctor herself who not so long ago gave birth to a baby girl. Another envy added to Tracy's envy list.

"Hey gorgeous." Dr Mosa greeted her friend. "Fancy seeing you here." She joked. Mosa was a short woman compared to Tracy, short fair complexion, curvy with a big soft belly. She had a baby face that always made her look younger than she actually was.

"What are you doing here?" Tracy cut to the chase. They always spoke via texts and phone calls so there was no need for formalities.

"I am back at work. My child is not breastfeeding, and I am currently you know I am the breadwinner." Mosa gave a sad smile. Her husband had just lost his job as soon as the baby was born. So Mosa didn't feel comfortable just staying home. After a month and couple of weeks, she returned.

"But physically? Can you stand the hours?"

"Yeah, I have some leniency at least. I saw your file with Dr Zungu. How are you feeling baby?"

"I just need to accept that I can't be a mother."

Mosa nodded in understanding. "I wouldn't be so quick to say that." She told Tracy. "Do you mind if I just book you in for a quick scan with Matthews, the gynae?"

"Mosa why? I am actually sick of this place. The smell, this bed, the constant checking up on me. It's making me feel worse!"

"I know my love. But I just need to see what's happening. I know you were cleaned, but I am not sure if Zungu checked everything... humour me. After this, I will release you."

Tracy sighed. There was no use in arguing with Mosa, so she stripped down and dressed back into the hospital gown again and off they went to Matthews's chambers.

On the other side of the city, Kyle was at work but only for that morning. He needed to go fetch Tracy. The hospital called him to let him know she was going to be released in an hour, so he needed to be there to sign off the papers since he volunteered to pay for her hospital stay without her knowledge.

Just as he was busy wrapping up some work, Luke called him. "Luke." He answered his phone.

"Hey Pierce, I know you said I shouldn't look into your girl since she found out that you put me on her tail, but I couldn't stop myself."

Kyle pinched the bridge of his nose in annoyance. "Lucas! That shit got me in so much trouble with my girl, I don't want no part of it anymore."

"Mhm, I think you do." Luke chimed on the other side of the receiver.

"I am not paying you for this..."

"Morris Phiri is a monster. Eight years ago, he allegedly beat up and butchered his wife and left her for the dead in front of his children." That sentence chilled Kyle's spine.

"Come again?"

"Well, the children Tracy and Lesedi, didn't report the case, but neighbours saw and heard what they saw and heard. Apparently one of the girls had to drag the wife out of the house, put the battered woman on her back and tried to walk to the clinic. I am thinking they didn't have any money and the ambulance didn't arrive on time."

Kyle couldn't believe what he was hearing. His mind couldn't even think of that particular scene. It sounded gruesome, chilling and absolutely scarring to the woman's children.

"What?"

"The wife was so bloodied up, I managed to get a few pictures which people took back then hoping to help the wife's children if they ever wanted to open a case against the man. They never did so now it is just one of the stories in Soweto, in that particular section."

Kyle leaned back on his chair. Milking all the information in like a weetbix.

"That's cold."

"Yup. So, I don't think your girl got into this willingly."

"Now you are telling me!" Kyle snapped. "Thanks man, for the heads up. 'ppreciate it." Then Kyle hung up. He had to get ready to pick Tracy up in a few minutes.

As he was working, Karabo knocked and entered his office. She was carrying coffee and some documents in clear folders.



"Hey, Greyson said I should drop these here for you." She smiled then passed him a cup of coffee from the café. "They make nice coffee downstairs hey." She said while settling on the visitor's seat, getting comfortable.

Kyle appreciated the coffee but was soon getting enough of the girl's presence. "Thank you. And yeah, they do." Kyle agreed.

He grabbed his phone and scrolled through the contact list. He had to send a message to someone and hoped they will get it and understand it.

"What do you want?" came Tracy's sultry voice. She sounded exhausted to say the least. It pulled the strings of his heart.

"Hey baby..." his voice was low and husky. Karabo almost choked on her coffee at Kyle's sexy voice and at the term of endearment he used to whoever he was talking to.

"I will hang up Kyle." Tracy threatened.

"I know, but you haven't." he smirked as if she could see her.

"What do you want?"

"I am coming to fetch you in a couple of minutes, are you ready?" he asked.

"I will grab a cab home Kyle; you don't have to come get me. Also, I don't want you to. I want you to leave me alone."

Kyle sighed and scratched his brows. This woman was a hard nut to crack. "Listen, buttercup. Daddy is coming to fetch you,

okay? You just be ready for when I arrive. Soon as I sign the papers, we going home, okay?"

There was no use arguing with the man. Tracy was tired and worn. She didn't want to fight anymore plus Kyle still had a crazy effect on her. She could only manage the effect this time because she was angry, but every time she saw him, the anger diluted.

"Okay."

"Good girl." Kyle smiled then hung up.

Karabo cleared her throat. "You have a kid?" she asked.

Kyle arched an eyebrow, wondering what made her ask that.  
"Your phone call, daddy?"

Kyle laughed; his chest vibrated against the button-down shirt that hugged him tightly. His eyes sparkled with mischief as he calmed down

his teeth on full display. He had such a great smile.

Karabo sat there confused as to why the man was laughing at such a simple question.

"I don't have a kid Karabo, could have had one but we just we lost it."

"Huh?"

"My girl was pregnant, but we lost the baby. So, I am going to fetch her from the hospital now and take her home." Kyle enjoyed the look on Karabo's face. She seemed to be embarrassed then grew angry. He felt bad that he knew she liked him but was glad that she was receiving the message.

"Oh, I thought you were single."

"Mhm! Is that why you have been bringing me coffee and tryna go on lunch with me?"

"Yes, I won't lie. But you also lead me on."

"I don't believe I did. All I did was entertain you, but if you feel that way then I apologize. I have eyes for one girl and one girl only." Kyle then stood up and pulled his suit jacket from the back of his leather office chair and wore it.

"Thanks for the coffee but I need to go now." He said waiting for her to stand up.

"You're such a jerk!" Karabo stomped out. He won't lie, he did feel bad, but he has never led her on. The only worst thing he has ever done was to kiss her neck while trying to make Tracy angry. That was a dick move he wished to delete from his mind.

Locking his office, he sent Greyson and Loraine texts that he had stepped out of the office, so they should hold the fort.

He drove to the hospital to pick Tracy up. He picked up all her balloons, flowers and the rest of the gifts she received.

"Ready?" he asked.

Tracy nodded. Slowly they walked to the car that he had parked close by. He dumped everything in the boot of the car then helped Tracy to settle in the car. "I am not handicapped; I can get into the car by myself."

"Says someone who took ten minutes just to get here." Kyle shook his head then closed the door before rounding to his side.

The car roared to life and he smiled. If there was anything the Pierce boys loved? Were their cars. Well so did Tracy, she actually enjoyed being on the passenger side of such a nice car. She just marvelled in it, despite that she wanted to hate the owner.

They passed through a drive-thru to get some food then went to Tracy's place. She only asked for the Teddy bear from Kyle's car when they arrived.

"What about the rest?" Kyle asked, looking at the flowers and balloons decorating his car.

"I need you to help me walk." Tracy mumbled. Kyle didn't want to be a dick by teasing her, despite everything that has taken place, this woman right here just went through a terrible ordeal... and he hasn't even asked her how she felt.

He was afraid. He was tired of listening to her broken voice, expressing how broken hearted she felt. He was tired of seeing tears run down her peachy cheeks... he wanted her to be happy again. So, he avoided asking her how she felt.

"Hold this." Kyle gave her the teddy bear to hold. "You got it?"



Tracy nodded. "Why?" soon her question was answered as Kyle swooped her up bridal style.

"You good?" he asked, sounding perfectly normal like he wasn't carrying a whole human being that was heavy and chunky.

Tracy nodded hating the body heat seeping from his body to hers. She wanted to nuzzle her face into his neck, but she was frigid as hell. She didn't want to give him any ideas that they were okay with each other.

Arriving to her penthouse, he put her down and unlocked the doors. She was glad she had tidied up before the weekend or they'd be walking into a pigsty.

Kyle took off his suit jacket and set them up to eat by the lounge. Tracy comfortably sat on her perfectly soft couch and

switched on the TV. She looked up as Kyle walked in with two plates of food.

He was such a sexy man. A sexy large man. His boyish haircut, his ocean blue eyes, his rose-coloured pouty lips that she wanted to kiss... oh she had it bad for him.

Kyle took the remote and shuffled to a sport channel. "This is my house." Tracy mumbled. She had put Keeping up with Kardashians. The show was her guilty pleasure.

"I am going back to work soon; you will watch your Kardashians."

Tracy smiled. "I have never met a man who knows the Kardashians. Do you also watch them?"

Kyle chuckled while stuffing his face with a hot chilli beef wrap. "I have met them in New York during one of Mason's crazy events. I know them."

Tracy was jealous. The things she'd do to meet Kim, Khloe, Kourtney... and Kris. She loved Kris more than the children.

"Lucky fish." They then continued to eat in silence. Tracy was of course afraid of finishing her food in front of Kyle, so she stopped eating, saying she was full.

Kyle looked at her with an arched eyebrow. "Finish that." His voice was stern and left no argument.

But he was talking to a stubborn lady, of course she'd argue. "You are not the boss of me or my father."

"I'll bite your ass." He threatened and she smiled. What a silly man. She finished her food, enjoying them wholeheartedly.

Then Kyle helped her take her pain meds and brought her a pillow and a throw blanket.

"Tracy..."

"Kyle..."

"I fucked up."

"You did."

"But can you blame me? We can't act like you were- you are not laundering money for one of the biggest criminals in the country."

Tracy sighed and looked at Kyle. "I know, but you could have asked me Kyle, you could have asked me why I was doing it!"

"You caught me off guard. I was shocked at what I found out. I wanted more time to see how you acted, how you really were, and I was thinking of how to ask you in a way that I was sure you'll have no choice but be honest. But you went and snapped at me and I lost it."

"What if you had lied to me? There were so many things going on that when you cried... I didn't know what to say. I thought you're crying because you were caught." He finished.

Tracy nodded, she understood where he was coming from. It didn't make it any better because she was still heart broken but she understood.

"I hear you. Do you want to know now?"

"I just have a couple of questions... is he forcing you?"

Tracy nodded with her bottom lip rolled into her mouth.

"Do you want to get out?"

Again, Tracy nodded, she looked into his eyes briefly but then averted them. His eyes were soul snatchers. She did not trust them at all.

"One last thing... can you please forgive me? I don't want you to hate me for misjudging you. I care about you. I want you; I don't want to not have you buttercup."

Tracy felt warm all over her body especially when he called her buttercup, it melted her insides. She knew she couldn't stay mad at him if he kept on apologizing the way he was. Especially when he spoke in length of why he acted the way he did.

Tracy nodded. She didn't know what to say. She just knew, romantically they couldn't be together. Kyle was sweet, straight and narrow, he had no illegal bone in his body. He was no criminal; he shouldn't be mixed up in her life where he might exit in a body bag.

"Use your words, love." Love, how she loved hearing him call her that. All the terms of endearment he had for her caused her butterflies in the pit of her belly.

"I was heart broken when you forced me to quit and treated me like some scum. But I now understand." She began to speak. "I totally do, and I want to thank you for being there for me, for being here for me..."

Kyle knew this speech all too well. He was about to be crushed again. She was going to let him down.

"But any other thing... I can't. We can't... we can't get involved romantically or whatever, sexually we can't. I am sure you now have pieces and clues about my life thinking you can handle it... but you can't. I am suffocating inside; I am dying inside. I can't breathe... and I won't let you join me."

"Tracy..."



"There is no happiness with me Kyle. I am a fat dark cloud walking. So, it was all nice while it lasted... but there will never be an us, or whatever it is you want."

Tears poured from her eyes. Clearly it hurt her to do this. But what hurt the most was that it was not what she wanted. She wanted Kyle, all of him... but with the life she was living he was better off without her.

"Just like that?" Kyle asked, a lump stuck on his throat.

"I am afraid so Kyle." Tracy looked him in the eye then looked at her hands. "It is better this way. I will only bring misery to you and I can't do that. Don't force matters."

Kyle stood up, wore his jacket and buttoned it. He was crushed beyond means. He leaned and kissed Tracy's temple.

"I understand." Then he walked out without even glancing back.

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"Zola, please can you spare me a minute?" that was Dr Mosa, calling Dr Zungu. The two women entered Mosa's office where she pulled out scans she received from Matthews, the gynaecologist.

"What am I looking at?" Dr Zungu asked.

"Tracy's uterus and womb." Mosa passed her two scans.

"These are the old scans we have," she told her. "and these are the new ones." Mosa was smiling.

Dr Zungu studied the scans, going back and forth, squinting her eyes, then pulling her lips. "Mhm!" she exclaimed.

"Mhm indeed." Mosa broke into a full grin.

"So, the tissues repaired. This looks brand new." Zungu commented.

"Not fully repaired but yes. Way much better than the last time. We need to schedule another visit with Tracy after her two weeks is up and let's see." Mosa spoke with so much enthusiasm.

"Mosa, Tracy stands a chance to become a mother. I can't believe this. Do you know how badly injured she was? There was no hope for this... yah no, glory be to God because this is a flippin' miracle." Dr Zungu was amazed. She was so excited. It brought them so much joy to be able to put smiles on their patients' faces.

"I can't believe something as dangerous as an ectopic pregnancy did this. That baby that passed, was making way." Mosa finished.

At Tracy's apartment, she had just finished bathing and was craving a glass of wine, but her doctors advised against it while she was still on medication. She felt frustrated but remembered they never said anything about weed so she rolled herself a joint.

The night was warm, so she was just dressed in her black silk pyjama set that consisted of shorts and a sleeveless top. Her braids cascaded down her back and she enjoyed the evening summer breeze.

The lights in the area weren't blinding like the city lights, they were rather warm, inviting and just pretty to bask in. She rested on the chaise on the balcony and enjoyed her joint.

"Mind if I join?"

Tracy let out a tight scream before composing herself as she looked up to the sound of the voice and found Kyle Pierce now dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. The man looked ravishing in suits and in casual wear. There wasn't a look he couldn't pull.

"Fuck man do you want to kill me?" Tracy placed her hand on her chest, trying to calm her racing heart. "How did you even come inside?"

"The door is unlocked, and I don't get it, why didn't you lock the door?" he asked, eyes darkened.

"I thought I had locked it."

"Tsk tsk buttercup, don't you ever leave your door unlocked do you understand?" he scolded her, walking further to sit next to her.

"Whatever this is my house." She snapped.

In a swift move, Kyle dragged her up to stand on her feet. "And this... this is all mine. You need to protect it."

Tracy's stomach flipped. Oh, how she enjoyed it when he called her his. But it was unfortunate that they could never be. She wondered why he was back. She thought they had an agreement, an understanding.

"Kyle... why are you back? I told you –" she was cut off by a pair of soft and warm lips landing roughly on hers.

Kyle swallowed whatever she was going to say with a feral kiss.

The kiss was intentional, it had meaning, it wasn't forceful, but it wasn't gentle at the same time. Tracy danced all the way to the cloud 9, forgetting about her joint as it hit the floor and continued to burn. She wrapped her arms around Kyle's neck and deepened the kiss.

His tongue invaded her mouth, trying to taste every part, soon her tongue kicked his out, and she went to taste every part of his mouth. The kiss lit a fire between them. Sparks were flying before but now they were engulfed by the flames of passion.

It felt right, the kiss felt like home.

Tracy didn't know what the hell she was thinking trying to stay away from Kyle, she felt like he was who she needed in her life despite the awfulness surrounding her, the dark cloud looming

over her. With him, she felt like she could breathe... with him she felt alive again, with him she felt what it meant to be taken care of instead of always being the one to take care of people.

Coming up for air, Kyle placed his forehead against hers. They were both heaving, almost breathless.

"Look at me." Kyle demanded. His voice was so low, so sexual...it vibrated through her core.

She rubbed her thighs together, feeling an ache between them that needed attention. Kyle could see the lust in her eyes. She wanted him, she wanted him as much as he wanted her.

Tracy looked up at him. Damn her doe-like eyes captured his soul and he didn't care. "I want you." He breathed.



Tracy had no words to say, she wanted to him too, but she kept on chanting in her head that they were not meant to be. That they couldn't be, that it was dangerous for him to be with her.

She'd rather not have him than to lose him to her father's wrath.

"Kyle..."

"If the next words out of your mouth are not 'I want you too' then don't say anything." He sternly told her. Gone was the soft Kyle she had been witnessing lately. Back was the man that tried to control her. She didn't know if she liked him in this way or when he was soft on her.

She wanted a gentle man; well he was always gentle even when he ordered her around, but she wasn't sure. All her life she has

been around men that not only tried to control her but managed to do so.

"Don't try to control me. I don't like that." She mentioned.

"I am not. You are controlling yourself... and right now I know you got an ache right here..." he slipped his hand inside her shorts, her thighs parted nicely for him, the pad of his finger found her clit and he gently rubbed her, earning a moan.

"You are in charge... you want this

you want daddy to remove the ache... right?" All the while he was looking at her, the emotions dancing on her face were beautiful. Her mouth was open releasing a series of soft moans.

Kyle was toying with her.

"Kyle..." there was something about the way she said his name, it was so beautiful.

"What do you want?" he asked as gentle as he could. Kyle was dominant, he loved to dominate his women, but since he has met Tracy, he has been relaxing, allowing her to have a say, to do as she please...no repercussions... and now he wanted to remind her just how actually he punished his women.

He wanted to leave a mark on her.

Inserting his finger inside of her, she moaned out loud and dug her nails in his arms. "Oh fuck... Kyle... we can't."

"We can't?" he asked breathless. She was so wet. It always amazed him just how wet she could get for him.

Tracy pushed him away from her body, taking him by surprise at the strength. He didn't expect that.

"Doctor said... they said no penetration for at least two weeks."

He had forgotten that Tracy lost their child and is just from hospital. "Fuck!" he cursed but didn't stop wanting to touch her. He walked just one step towards her, caged her in his arms and kept her there.

"No penetration... what about stimulation?" he asked, biting his lower lip. Kyle was such a flirt. He was goof-horny-flirty-ball.

"Uhh..." Tracy opened her mouth, closed it only to open it again. She wanted to say hell yeah give it to me, but she didn't want to give in to the temptation. If she lets him enter the

forbidden garden, there is no turning back even if he was just going to play with her clit.

"Kyle... we should take it easy."

Kyle pulled her towards the grey chaise she was lying on when he arrived. Gentle he pushed her back and when he pulled back up, her shorts were pulled with him leaving her bottom naked.

Her flesh was so juicy, she was like cream, he wanted to lick and bit her thighs... so he did.

His hands were caressing her thighs, touching, pressing, trying to grab as they felt so soft, his lips soon landed on the milky lane. Feeling his lips on her thighs made Tracy feel so warm inside. Warmer than how red wine made her feel.

Then he sucked them, he'd suck her outer thigh, earning a moan from her and he'd kiss to soothe. He was definitely marking her and she was enjoying every minute of it.

He moved to her inner thighs and kissed all way up to the valley of where manna resided. "Oh baby." Tracy was nothing but all a moaning mess. The weed surely heightened the sensation. She was high but at that moment she was high on Kyle's kisses.

Then he roughly split her thighs. Tracy loved how he dominated her sexually, he was a force and went for whatever he wanted.

Then he lapped up her wet folds that were already glistening with pussy juices. "Oh, my word..." Tracy wanted to cry at the sensation. How was this man this skilled?

Flicking her clit with his tongue, then grazing it softly with his teeth sent her into an orgasmic shock.

Her moans, calling for him to stop but not meaning it, her toes curling, her hands in his hair all but fuelled Kyle to keep assaulting her body in the most pleasurable way.

"Baby..." she called out before going silent with her mouth gaping open and nothing coming out. She had neared her peak and pushed Kyle's face harder against her pussy as she rode out her orgasm on his face.

She grew sensitive almost immediately as she came down her high.

Kyle lapped up her warm juices and Tracy almost cried from her sensitivity. She didn't want him touching her anymore. That was an orgasm for the sex gods.

"Fuck!" Tracy cursed, trying to catch her breath.

"You taste fucking amazing." Kyle said before he joined her on the chaise and pulled her into his arms. Tracy nuzzled against his neck, getting comfortable.

She ran her hands over his jeans and the man was rock hard. He felt so hard that her clit throbbed.

She wished they could have sex, she wished the two weeks were already over... she wanted him, actually she needed him.

"I am sorry." She softly spoke.

"What for?" the man asked, curious as to what was on his buttercup's mind.



"That we can't fuck... I know you're horny..."

Kyle chuckled. He found her sweet and adorable when she stepped out of the cage she often locked herself in. "I will be alright. It's not the first time you left me high and dry." He squeezed her shoulders, pulling her impossibly closer.

Tracy kept mum for a while... she bit her fingers and sighed.  
"What's on your mind buttercup?"

"I uh... well... I can still help you..." she suggested, her heart beating wild at what she was thinking of. She wanted to do this, she too wanted to pleasure him the same way he pleased her.

"I'm listening..."

"My mouth is available..." she whispered. He wouldn't have heard a thing had he not been paying attention all along.

He wanted to ask what she meant but it dawned unto him before he opened his mouth. He didn't want to pressure her into doing anything really, eventually he'd be fine. He'll have to take a couple of cold showers in the next two weeks, but he was willing to wait with no issues.

"You don't have to –" Kyle's words stuck on his throat as Tracy unbuttoned his pants... then slowly unzipped him. She fished for the impressive little fella that resided behind the zipper and smiled as it sprung out.

She got up on her knees and her hand closing around his thick shaft. Oh, how could they think with their genitals at a time like that was beyond them. They were horny, they wanted to fuck each other so bad but they couldn't.

Her mouth descended while open and she began to lick and pleasure the man.

Kyle lay back and watched her set to work. It felt too damn good with her wet and hot mouth.

Kyle's hips bucked up and he started thrusting upwards soon as Tracy covered his whole shaft with her saliva.

"Fuck!" he grunted, eyes closing as he hit the back of her throat repeatedly.

Tracy placed her hands on his thighs and pulled back. Tears welled up in her eyes from being gagged. She calmed herself for a couple of seconds before continuing with sucking and deep throating the man.

Kyle placed his firm large hand on the back of her head, keeping in place as he thrust up, losing himself in the moment.

Tracy controlled her gagging reflexes as best as she could, tears rolling down her face as Kyle depthroated her then kept her head in place, hitting the tilt as he came hot and heavy in her mouth.

The milky substance trickled down Tracy's throat and Kyle remained still...

With all her might Tracy managed to push up, his hand was so strong in keeping her in place, she couldn't believe it.

Looking to the side at him while swallowing his load, Kyle opened his eyes, blue to brown eyes... they looked at each other...

Then smiled.

32

Kyle's mouth ran dry, sure Luke told him about this day but hearing it from the horse's mouth, it broke his heart.

He hated that man named Morris Phiri, what a vile human being he was.

Kyle left Tracy for a few moments and brought water and a bottle of cranberry juice and glasses.

He first gave her water, then poured her a glass of the cold juice and left it on the table besides her. She still didn't want him next to her.

"It's okay if you don't want to continue..." Kyle had to clear his throat as his voice was locked up inside the voice box. The air was thick!

"No, no... I want to finish." Tracy guzzled the juice and wiped her face with the soft tissues. "When I went back home, leaving my mother there all by herself with tubes and tubes going in and out of her... my heart sank with every step. I just couldn't understand... it was a lot to take in. My world was rocked in just one day." Tracy was still in disbelief. That day felt like it happened just last week.

"I asked the receptionist to loan me money for the taxi and she was so kind to give me money to even come back the following day. She felt for me, my clothes were covered in mom's blood, my hands, my face... I was a mess. I was just... yoh!" she blew hot air and drank the juice.

Kyle could only imagine how she looked like then. It broke his heart. Such things happened in movies, in real life? He was shocked, shocked and angry.

Tracy then chuckled before she could talk. "When I got in a local taxi nobody wanted to sit next to me, the driver asked me what was going on and I just burst out in tears. Funny enough I expected him to tell me to get out, but he comforted me, asked me where I was going and drove me home. He walked inside my house with me, he thought maybe I was being abused by my husband or something...so he wanted to check."

"How noble of him." Kyle commented. He wished he could have been there for her too. She needed someone in her corner.

"We found Lesedi in the kitchen, biting her nails, anxiously waiting. When she saw me, she came to hug me in a bone crushing hug, she was worried sick because I hadn't locked the door or even closed the doors... there was blood in mom's bedroom and on the floor because I dragged her out...so you can only imagine what was going through her mind at that time.

"So, we sat down, the taxi driver too... I then explained what happened there and that man said we should open a case against my father. Lesedi was ready to go the police station immediately but I stopped them." Tracy gave a tight closed mouth smile.

"What? Why?" Kyle scrunched his brows together.

"Because what my father did, I knew he'd do it again to us. If he could do it to his wife of fucking hundred years, who the fuck are we? His children sure, but shouldn't he care about mom first? Besides, I knew who Charlie, the man he worked with was. No one ever dared tried to snitch on Charlie." Tracy explained.

"I experienced the most horrific thing in my life, I was not about to experience it again. The driver understood shem, he knew Charlie. He just told us to be strong and he will check up on us and he left us some money. What a kind man." Tracy smiled.



"Anyway... Lesedi and I had to clean the house. She cleaned the bedroom while I was watching, silently crying, praying that my mother lives. Lesedi started to cry too... we comforted one another...then she dropped a bomb on me." Tracy stood up and walked outside to the balcony.

It was around one in the morning; it was eerily quiet. Of course, Kyle followed her like a cute little puppy. Listening attentively.

"She was like this is the most horrible day ever, ever. It was in the way she said it that had me wondering what else is she talking about, so I asked. Hehe... so when she left me at the mall, she went out with her group of friends to some house party, there some guy forced himself on her. She literally ran back home. I don't even know how but she was so angry when she told me. She wasn't sad or heartbroken, she was just so angry."

"We react differently to certain things but that is just fucked up. I will never understand men that rape." Kyle was ticked off. His head was spinning.

Firstly, the mother gets beaten up like she was some community thief, then one of her daughters had to witness such a gruesome thing while the other daughter was getting raped. It was fucking too much to take in.

"Me neither. I was heartbroken Kyle. My sister went through a horrible ordeal and couldn't cry about it because we were scared of losing our mother." Tracy then kept quiet for a while, thinking back to that day. She regarded that day, a cursed day. The most horrible day of her life.

"We couldn't sleep that night; we were up and just staring at walls. We shared a bedroom, and we couldn't even talk to each other. What could we possibly say? Nothing, as if our day wasn't so worse, that bastard came back home around midnight like a fucking thief.

"He came into our room and found us awake, yoh Lesedi snapped." Tracy chuckled at the memory. "There was a jug of water next to her, she picked it up and threw it at him and went to fight him, physically. But that didn't end well..." Tracy snickered.

"My father is tall, and she was no match. He slapped her so hard, she fainted."

Kyle's eyes enlarged to the size of saucers in disbelief. "You are kidding me! What the fuck was wrong with that man? Did he not have no shame? Or a conscience?"

"None whatsoever. He had zero conscience. Yoh Kyle, I sat there on my bed and looked at him, I didn't know what to say but I knew that my father had turned into the devil himself. When I didn't make a move, he said...'good girl.'" Tracy then clapped her hands once.

"I don't understand Tracy... what made him that way?"

"The love of money. From that day, he decided not to come back home but after he carefully told us he will fuck us up if we told anyone what happened. So, we shut up... mom came back from the hospital in a worse state and my father also returned.

"When he returned, he told us that it will be business as usual.  
Of course

Advertisement

Lesedi didn't hear any of that, she said he was dead to her and he must never think he can control her... then he told me that if I want to keep my family alive, I need to learn how to run the show. I asked how, he told me that I needed to go study accounting. That to me sounded like a chance to escape it all." Tracy started to feel a little cold, so they went inside, and she wrapped a throw blanket around her soft flesh.

Kyle of course, obediently followed close by, and sitting on the bed.

"I spoke to Lesedi about me going to school and she was happy for me, she wanted me to be gone. She told me that she will take care of mom, I should go and study so I can come help them out.

"That was the plan... but that man is very calculative, smart and dangerous. He enrolled me into college, made sure he knew my each and every move. I wasn't allowed to go to parties, make friends or date... I had to be a loner because he'd bring the books around so I can start training, so he didn't need people snooping in my business."

"That's fucked up." Kyle commented. "All the varsity years and you can't even make friends? Tracy how did you live?"

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33

Kyle's mouth ran dry, sure Luke told him about this day but hearing it from the horse's mouth, it broke his heart.

He hated that man named Morris Phiri, what a vile human being he was.

Kyle left Tracy for a few moments and brought water and a bottle of cranberry juice and glasses.

He first gave her water, then poured her a glass of the cold juice and left it on the table besides her. She still didn't want him next to her.

"It's okay if you don't want to continue..." Kyle had to clear his throat as his voice was locked up inside the voice box. The air was thick!

"No, no... I want to finish." Tracy guzzled the juice and wiped her face with the soft tissues. "When I went back home, leaving my mother there all by herself with tubes and tubes going in and out of her... my heart sank with every step. I just couldn't understand... it was a lot to take in. My world was rocked in just one day." Tracy was still in disbelief. That day felt like it happened just last week.

"I asked the receptionist to loan me money for the taxi and she was so kind to give me money to even come back the following day. She felt for me, my clothes were covered in mom's blood, my hands, my face... I was a mess. I was just... yoh!" she blew hot air and drank the juice.

Kyle could only imagine how she looked like then. It broke his heart. Such things happened in movies, in real life? He was shocked, shocked and angry.

Tracy then chuckled before she could talk. "When I got in a local taxi nobody wanted to sit next to me, the driver asked me what was going on and I just burst out in tears. Funny enough I expected him to tell me to get out, but he comforted me, asked me where I was going and drove me home. He walked inside my house with me, he thought maybe I was being abused by my husband or something...so he wanted to check."

"How noble of him." Kyle commented. He wished he could have been there for her too. She needed someone in her corner.

"We found Lesedi in the kitchen, biting her nails, anxiously waiting. When she saw me, she came to hug me in a bone crushing hug, she was worried sick because I hadn't locked the door or even closed the doors... there was blood in mom's bedroom and on the floor because I dragged her out...so you can only imagine what was going through her mind at that time.

"So, we sat down, the taxi driver too... I then explained what happened there and that man said we should open a case against my father. Lesedi was ready to go the police station immediately but I stopped them." Tracy gave a tight closed mouth smile.

"What? Why?" Kyle scrunched his brows together.

"Because what my father did, I knew he'd do it again to us. If he could do it to his wife of fucking hundred years, who the fuck are we? His children sure, but shouldn't he care about mom first? Besides, I knew who Charlie, the man he worked with was. No one ever dared tried to snitch on Charlie." Tracy explained.

"I experienced the most horrific thing in my life, I was not about to experience it again. The driver understood shem, he knew Charlie. He just told us to be strong and he will check up on us and he left us some money. What a kind man." Tracy smiled.



"Anyway... Lesedi and I had to clean the house. She cleaned the bedroom while I was watching, silently crying, praying that my mother lives. Lesedi started to cry too... we comforted one another...then she dropped a bomb on me." Tracy stood up and walked outside to the balcony.

It was around one in the morning; it was eerily quiet. Of course, Kyle followed her like a cute little puppy. Listening attentively.

"She was like this is the most horrible day ever, ever. It was in the way she said it that had me wondering what else is she talking about, so I asked. Hehe... so when she left me at the mall, she went out with her group of friends to some house party, there some guy forced himself on her. She literally ran back home. I don't even know how but she was so angry when she told me. She wasn't sad or heartbroken, she was just so angry."

"We react differently to certain things but that is just fucked up. I will never understand men that rape." Kyle was ticked off. His head was spinning.

Firstly, the mother gets beaten up like she was some community thief, then one of her daughters had to witness such a gruesome thing while the other daughter was getting raped. It was fucking too much to take in.

"Me neither. I was heartbroken Kyle. My sister went through a horrible ordeal and couldn't cry about it because we were scared of losing our mother." Tracy then kept quiet for a while, thinking back to that day. She regarded that day, a cursed day. The most horrible day of her life.

"We couldn't sleep that night; we were up and just staring at walls. We shared a bedroom, and we couldn't even talk to each other. What could we possibly say? Nothing, as if our day wasn't so worse, that bastard came back home around midnight like a fucking thief.

"He came into our room and found us awake, yoh Lesedi snapped." Tracy chuckled at the memory. "There was a jug of water next to her, she picked it up and threw it at him and went to fight him, physically. But that didn't end well..." Tracy snickered.

"My father is tall, and she was no match. He slapped her so hard, she fainted."

Kyle's eyes enlarged to the size of saucers in disbelief. "You are kidding me! What the fuck was wrong with that man? Did he not have no shame? Or a conscience?"

"None whatsoever. He had zero conscience. Yoh Kyle, I sat there on my bed and looked at him, I didn't know what to say but I knew that my father had turned into the devil himself. When I didn't make a move, he said...'good girl.'" Tracy then clapped her hands once.

"I don't understand Tracy... what made him that way?"

"The love of money. From that day, he decided not to come back home but after he carefully told us he will fuck us up if we told anyone what happened. So, we shut up... mom came back from the hospital in a worse state and my father also returned.

"When he returned, he told us that it will be business as usual.  
Of course

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Lesedi didn't hear any of that, she said he was dead to her and he must never think he can control her... then he told me that if I want to keep my family alive, I need to learn how to run the show. I asked how, he told me that I needed to go study accounting. That to me sounded like a chance to escape it all." Tracy started to feel a little cold, so they went inside, and she wrapped a throw blanket around her soft flesh.

Kyle of course, obediently followed close by, and sitting on the bed.

"I spoke to Lesedi about me going to school and she was happy for me, she wanted me to be gone. She told me that she will take care of mom, I should go and study so I can come help them out.

"That was the plan... but that man is very calculative, smart and dangerous. He enrolled me into college, made sure he knew my each and every move. I wasn't allowed to go to parties, make friends or date... I had to be a loner because he'd bring the books around so I can start training, so he didn't need people snooping in my business."

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Tracy calmed down a little bit and this time Kyle refused to leave her side. "I am not going to leave you here buttercup. Suck it up." Kyle was stern in his voice. He hated seeing the girl cry and all he could do was to watch. It ends there.

But he allowed her room to breathe. He sat and leaned on the other side of the couch and she sat on the other, facing him. The bottle of juice was now half-full. "I can't believe I am doing this sober."

"You are high baby... look at your eyes."

"It's not the same. I want to get drunk." She pouted.

"Soon my love. You got this..." Kyle wanted to tell her they should go sleep but he knew she wanted to get everything off her chest.

"Okay... so Kagiso and I went to the same school, he was helping me to study most of the time. He liked me and I liked him too but as a friend cause I had no room for romance. I told him that when he made a move on me and he respected it, until after graduation.

"So, when I accepted to work for my dad, I went home and told mom and my sister and my sister told me that if I am going to work for that man, then the least I could do was to move out so he doesn't have a reason to visit because they were sick of him and by then he had already moved out too."

Tracy felt some sort of relieve as she was telling Kyle her whole life story. She was burdened but now, it was getting better. Not even Victor knew all the gory details. He knew enough but not everything.

"I felt attacked. I felt like they were kicking me out of my own home. Lesedi was so hostile towards me, I had explained to mom why I was going to work for dad and Lesedi only heard the part where I said I was going to work for him and didn't give me a chance to explain.

"My sister basically kicked me out of my own home and because I wanted to spare them the trouble and the pain, I left. I told my father and he rented me out a place until I could afford to buy this place. Then Kagiso came into the picture. He was alright, not my first boyfriend or the first guy I had sex with... but he felt safe. He was caring, sweet and kind you know... I had no issues."

"I don't like him." Kyle commented and that made Tracy giggle sweetly.

"Stop it, anyway so I was like he's really the opposite of my controlling father and his goons, we can do this. So, I let go. We had a relationship, he proposed, and I of course said yes, in my

mind... marrying him was going to be my ticket out of hell. Little did I know, that was just going to be a fantasy." Tracy shook her head and drank the juice.

"So, we fell pregnant and man I was so happy, Kagiso too. I was like, a baby and marriage? I am getting out of here. I wanted to move to Cape Town away from it all and start afresh... but my dad found out about this because you know, he always finds things out... and he asked to meet this man who wants to marry me and who has knocked me up." Tracy then stood up and went to sit on the edge of the bed. She was tired of sitting on the couch.

She chuckled before continuing, "That man... he organized a nice dinner at Daisy's the restaurant, I was even shocked that he was being nice, he is never nice, he is terrible I should have been worried, but I let my guard down... he asked us how's the future looking and Kagiso told him that we are going to move to Cape Town after the wedding. Big mistake!!"



"How so?" Kyle inquired.

"My father got ticked off, but he played it cool. When it was time to go, he told us there was a Limo waiting outside to go and celebrate the good news. Something told me not to go inside that car but Kagiso wanted to be accepted by my father so off we went. What a long drive hey? I was like three months pregnant by then... I was uncomfortable, nauseous, irritable I wanted to go home... but that didn't happen.

"We found ourselves at some one roomed house in the middle of nowhere, hidden in bushes. That's when I knew, my father was being my father. I immediately begged him not to do anything to us and that fell on deaf ears. He had his guys roughly pull us into the house and they stripped us naked and tied us up in a standing positions. I was naked in front of other men Kyle... strange men... naked and pregnant."

Tracy closed her eyes momentarily, her bottom lip rolling into her mouth. "I don't know what the fuck we did to deserve a

father like Morris Phiri. I don't know Kyle...because..." Tracy chuckled with tears welling up in her eyes.

"Whew!" She blew out hot air. "Kagiso was confused as to what the fuck is happening, why are we being attacked. He didn't know about my side job...mind you, I was already a receptionist at Greymont."

"Really?"

"Yeah, my mother didn't want any money from my dad, that's what Lesedi said, that's what Sofia said... so I had to get another job also my dad said because people might look into me, I needed to have a different job as a front. So Kagiso knew me to be a receptionist that I was struggling to find work. He thought I was from a well-off family hence the apartment my father was renting for me... he was in the dark.

"So

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my father starts with me. He punched my stomach so hard, and so bad...I puked until I couldn't puke anymore. He roughed me up while telling Kagiso that he will only marry me when he's dead. Said that no child of his will ever belong to any other man except for him. That we will never start our own families and desert him. All these things he's saying while hitting me." Tracy thought she was going to cry but she was strong, she was standing...of course her eyes were teary, but she was handling herself.

"Tracy... that is some fucked up shit. Is your father normal?" Kyle felt anger bubble inside of him. How dare that man think he owns his children to this extent?

"Kyle, I don't know, I don't know what we did to that man, but he is ruthless. To his own children. I was bleeding so bad; I couldn't even tell you exactly where was I feeling pain. My stomach was hot, my abdomen was hot, blood was trickling

down hot between my thighs and I just knew... my baby was gone. I couldn't even cry... he punched me so hard, I fainted.

"When I woke up, we were lying on the floor, in a large pool of blood, Kagiso and I. Kagiso was black and blue Kyle. He was... he looked lifeless. I stood up in so much pain, looked around and found our clothes torn up... I wore the dress, torn as it was just to cover up... and went out to see where we were... luckily there was a road just behind the trees and I waited and waited until a car pulled over, it was some white old man..."

"He asked what was going on and I told him my partner and I were kidnapped, can he call an ambulance, he told me the two closest cities were an hour drive away... I told him that he should try to get a helicopter, an air-ambulance and he did. Poor man was shocked at my state but when I took him back to Kagiso... he put a rush on the job."

"We were lifted out and taken to a hospital and of course the police were involved and guess who found us and threatened

us?" Tracy bitterly laughed. "That man is the devil himself and I will never forgive him for what he did..."

"When Kagiso woke, he wanted nothing to do with me. He couldn't walk, his spine was fucked but luckily it was only temporary but temporary could mean a year. His family didn't understand what happened and why he no longer wanted me... my heart broke.

"The doctor that was treating me, Mosa... she was my shoulder to cry on and that's how we became friends because she held my hand even after I was discharged."

"I don't know what to say... this is a lot to process, well a lot to actually understand and accept. How can one person be the cause of so many miseries in people's lives? What's the end goal here?" Kyle questioned. He was livid. He could smell blood, he wanted blood.

"Imagine I had to accept it all, put a smile on my face and carry-on working. Kyle I was and still am dying inside. I met you and you ignited a spark inside of me... and it just never ends well for me. I am not meant to be happy... because my father is alive.

"Kagiso was right, the only way I can be free of that man is if he's dead. Right now, I want to tell you that I want you, that we can be together, that we can try... but how? How when I have to hide my friends and lay low so my father doesn't kill them?"

"I am surprised he hasn't killed you yet." Kyle mumbled.

Tracy chuckled, "Me too. When he found Kagiso and I in the hospital he laughed and said, I raised a soldier."

"What the hell? Who the fuck says that after almost killing someone?"

"My father." Tracy smile. "That is my life in a nutshell. So now that you know... do you still want to be with me? Do you think you can handle this? You couldn't handle the fact that I was laundering money, how do you think you will deal with this?"

Kyle walked over to the bed and pulled her in a standing form. He placed his lips on hers, pecking her lips multiple times before speaking. "I want you; I want all of you... and right now I don't know, but I know I will help you get out of your father's claws."

Tracy sighed. "You don't have to play superman Kyle."

"I am not. Look when I found out that you were laundering money, I was disappointed. I mean I didn't take you for a criminal that's why I acted the way I did. You also didn't give me a chance to ask you properly and I didn't ask you much... but that does not mean I can't handle this."

"How? How are you going to handle this? How are you going to help me? Are you going to kill my father?" she asked, and Kyle opened and closed his mouth like a fish with no words coming out.

"My point exactly. I don't even expect you to, I am just highlighting what we are dealing with here."

"Look it's been a rough night, it's almost four in the morning. Let's sleep... and yeah, let's sleep. We will talk tomorrow."

Tracy was tired. She also missed her bed. Because she had told him all he needed to know, they got in bed and let sleep engulf them.



Tracy was so tired, she passed out almost immediately while Kyle was wrecking his brain for possible solutions.

He knew how could try and solve this... but he just wasn't sure yet that it was the route he was willing to take.

Just how much did he love Tracy to want to do that for her... he asked himself.

The following morning, Tracy woke up around eight with the urge to go pee and realized Kyle was still snoring in bed, lights out on a working day.

She went to the bathroom then returned and gently shook his arm. He had nice tattoos on his arms... she liked tattoos but never had the courage to get one done.

"Kyle..." she cooed.

Kyle slowly opened his eyes and pulled her back into bed. Tracy giggled jubilantly, "you're going to be late to work." She told him.

"Urg!" Kyle groaned and still kissed her exposed arm. "Fuck..." he then fully woke up and sat upright in bed, wiping sleep off his face.

Tracy just couldn't help but to stare at him. He was a good-looking man. His blue eyes sparkled, and his hair fell lazily into his eyes. God was in a good mood when he made him that's fosh.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked, his morning voice groggy and raspy, she loved it.

"Mhm-mhm no reason." Somehow, she felt so light after their conversation in the early hours of the morning, she still needed more sleep. She was so tired and her eyes stung.

"Your eyes are so small today." Kyle observed.

"Mhm I was crying my eyes out last night."

"I am going to make sure you don't cry a lot... kiss me." He neared her and Tracy forgotten about morning breath and leaned in. The kiss was light and loving.

Soon Kyle got dressed, telling Tracy he will shower at his place before going to work. "Buttercup..."

"Mhm?" Tracy responded in a sweet chid-like manner.

"The other day when I was here... you mentioned that guy being your brother, but during your story he is nowhere to be found. How is he your brother?" Kyle asked and Tracy felt nervous.

"Uhh..." she twisted her lips to the side and played with her fingers. She was kneeling on the bed, having been watching Kyle dress up. "I lied." She mumbled.

"Sorry?"

"I lied." Tracy forced the words out. "He works for my father."

"Oh... what was he doing here then?" Kyle innocently asked before it dawned unto him that they could have been shagging. "Don't tell me you were sleeping with him?"

"No, hell no!" Tracy was quick to put the fire out. "I might as well be honest with you... I mean he wanted to sleep with me, but it didn't happen."

"Why? What happened?"

Then Tracy began to explain to him the story about Punch, how he used the fact that Tracy needed his help, how she needed a favour from him as means to get inside her pants and of course she told him about the drugging him part.

Kyle's hand protectively went to cover his crotch over the pair of jeans he was wearing, "That's fucking cold Tracy." He said but a smirk danced on his face. "And brilliant."

"I had to do it... well Victor helped me do it. I have suffered enough in the hands of my father and her stupid men, I had to do something."

Kyle pulled her by her waist and landed a kiss on her forehead, "It's okay... I am going to work while you rest, okay? Try not to stress about anything."

"That's no use... every Monday my father drops off money so I can deposit it... this month he has been slacking and relaxing,

but he sent me a text yesterday, telling me he will be making a drop off this week, so I need to plan for it."

"Okay, you do that... only worry about that."

"But what about my job?"

"What about it?"

"I need my job, or he will flip if he finds out I no longer have a front." There was panic in Tracy's eyes and voice. She was actually worried about that.

"Hey... don't worry about anything, tell him I gave you some time off cause your body needs rest. I am sure by next week we would have a plan."

"Did you replace me at work? You have another personal assistant?" she asked, sounding hurt.

"A temp yes... but nothing definite. Buttercup... relax... rest and take care of yourself. I will see you later." Kyle had to dash, he knew that now that Tracy was calmer and has revealed all her secrets, she was going to worry about the little things like having a job.

He didn't want her stressing; he was going to handle this situation very soon.

"I love you." Kyle told her after kissing her goodbye. Tracy was shocked to hear those words. She didn't know what to say or

how to react, so she just looked at Kyle, looked at him then watched him leave her bedroom. She didn't move from her position on the bed, on her knees.

He loved her... what a foreign concept, but she knew in her heart, she was in love with the man too.

Taking her phone from her nightstand, she called him.

"Buttercup, did I forget something?" Kyle asked as he was driving to his place.

"Uhm no... I just..."

"What's up? You know you can talk to me, right? What's going on

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do you want me to turn around?"

"No, no... uhm no, I just want to..."

"Tracy...." Kyle called out. "Spit it out." He sternly instructed.

"Iloveyou." She quickly said before she could chicken out.

"I am sorry, I missed that?" Kyle said.

"I love you; I love you Kyle..."

Without her knowledge, Tracy just reassured Kyle of the one thing that was bugging his mind since she told him all her life

problems. He wanted and needed to know that he wasn't just a fool being used once again.

He didn't force it out of her, didn't expect her to say anything about it... it took him by surprise to hear confess her feelings. It brought a huge grin on his face.

"I love you too buttercup, and I'm gonna see you later and have you tell me that to my face." He responded.

"Okay." Then she hung up and went back to bed.

Kyle showered and dressed in his olive suit, paired with a crisp white shirt and headed to work. There he found Greyson by his temporary secretary's desk.

"You're late." Greyson commented cheekily, looking at his wristwatch.

"Suck my balls." Kyle responded and his secretary, Lisa giggled at the remark but quickly recovered when Greyson mean-mugged her.

She didn't know that they were both being playful, so she avoided them and resumed her duties.

The two tall men walked inside Kyle's office. "Why are you late?"

"Spent the night at Tracy's, had to go shower at home."

"Oh, how is she by the way? My wife is stressed about her."  
Greyson sat down on the visitor's chair.

"She's alright... she will be alright."

Greyson looked at Kyle, he knew his brother wanted to talk about something with how he kept looking at him. "Stop looking at me like that and tell me what's on your mind."

Kyle knew he could trust Greyson with his life, but he wasn't sure if his little brother was ready for it all.

"So... okay let's go a drive after my meeting with Crystal. I don't trust the walls in this place." Kyle told him, he decided he was going to tell his little brother the truth.

Greyson knew that whatever Kyle wanted to say, was serious so he agreed. They spoke about business and the new product the company was launching and soon Crystal arrived for her meeting with the new boss.

Greyson excused himself leaving the two to work. "I have re-evaluated the strategy you came up with last week and I hope that this will solve your backlog issues." Kyle passed her printed documents he had been working on for the product team.

Crystal scanned them through, "Okay I'll have a look at it properly maybe this might just help us."



The two carried on working until after lunch. When the meeting was over, Kyle texted Greyson to meet him in the basement. Together in Kyle's car they drove out of the building.

On the way, they talked about anything under the sun and Greyson made jokes of how Kyle has fallen for a black girl.

"I find it funny how I didn't just go for that 'black' girl... it was just Tracy; I was just seeing a woman I wanted."

Greyson smiled, "I know what you mean. I was there, still there." He winked.

After a short drive, Kyle parked on the side of an unnamed road where there was just trees and shrubs in the area.

"Why are we here? Why did you have to bring me in the middle of nowhere to talk to me?" Greyson asked, rounding Kyle's car to stand next to him.

"Tracy is involved in money laundering." Kyle blurted out.

"She's what? Oh wait, she's the person you have been asking advice about?" Greyson was shocked. He didn't expect that at all. He has been wondering what Kyle wanted to talk to him about but never in a million years did he think that he'd say such.

"And that's not all there is to it..." then Kyle narrated the whole story to Greyson who was shocked to the moon and never

back. He couldn't wrap his head around what Kyle was telling him.

He was fortunate that Kyle gave him the summary and not the gruesome detail of how it all happened and how it was still happening.

"That's some fucked up man right there... and if he's really that much of a sadist, then there is only one way to end it all." Greyson spoke up.

"I know... I kept thinking of all possible solutions to this, but fuck it's a risk Grey, and it's one huge leap into the life we don't want to live." Kyle spoke while looking at the passing cars on the freeway.

"I know... is she worth it? Is she worth you taking this kind of risk for?"

"I love her... and I think she loves me too and she trust me. She trusted me enough to bare herself to me, even if we don't work out, God forbid that, then I at least would have set her free from that sociopath."

The two men kept quiet, mauling over their thoughts and the decision Kyle was about to make.

"Then I don't see another way out, make the call and let's get the ball rolling."

"I don't want you involved in this Grey. You are starting a family, okay? I just wanted you to know what's on my plate." Kyle spoke. The plan he had in mind was far too dangerous and he didn't want Greyson and Loraine to be affected in any way.

"You're right... will the two of you be able to handle this alone?" Greyson asked. He knew what the plan was, that was the only solution there was on the table, no other solution will give them a permanent result.

"Always..." Kyle then fished for his phone from the inside pocket of his jacket. He called his big brother, Mason.

"It's seven in the morning Kyle, what the fuck do you want?" Mason's groggy voice came live through the speaker.

Kyle smiled as if the man could see him. "I need you on a job in south Africa." Kyle told him.

"A job? Who is it?"

"My girl's father."

"Your girl... I will let you know when I'll be landing." Mason then hung up.

"So, he never asks questions?" Greyson was surprised Mason didn't grill Kyle with questions.

"He never does."



Days came and passed, three weeks to be exact, it was almost Christmas time. The whole town was filled with Christmas carols from restaurants and the malls nearby, Kids crying and wanting to take pictures with Santa Claus while others were rushing to get the Christmas grocery specials in supermarkets.

Tracy had just dropped off money in the bank, her father still in the dark that she was no longer working and was told that the company was closed for December of which was a lie. The Greymont Holdings company operated all year round, but he didn't know that and quiet frankly the old man did not care.

He was having problems on his side and he needed to focus.

Tracy then went to her restaurant and sat in the office, cooked the books as usual when she received a call from her sister. Panic set in her being as Lesedi never ever called her.

"Lesedi, what's wrong?"

"Hai maan, why do you think there is something wrong?" Lesedi asked, you could tell she was annoyed by the tone in her voice.

"Oh... I mean you never call me, so I was just wondering."

"Right... mom needs money for a physiotherapist, a speech therapist and to attend a couple of sessions with... a chiropractor."

Tracy should have known that her sister would either call her to ask for money or to give her bad news.

"How much is needed?"

"I don't know probably thirty grand... or more." Lesedi sounded bored and irritated, if anything, she hated talking to Tracy.

"First thing first, I don't earn that much... secondly I can give you that money but will she accept it?" Tracy asked.

"Obviously not... but what can we do? Her speech needs to improve and everything and we need a chiropractor to sort out her neck and back."

"I understand all that, but where will I get that sort of money this soon if she won't accept what I already have?"

"Hey, you are the one who walked out on us, you are the one who said you will take care of her to ease your guilty conscious, how you get the money I don't give a flying fuck, I was just letting you know." Then she hung.

Tracy groaned and almost broke her phone in her hands.  
"Fuck!" she cursed and on cue walked in her boyfriend, Mr Kyle Pierce.

"Buttercup...what's wrong?" Kyle was in the bathroom while she was on the call, he had come to eat in his favourite restaurant while Tracy worked.

"My sister just called me."

"Yeah, what did she need?"



"Thirty thousand rand." Tracy snapped. "Where will I get thirty thousand rand from?"

"Speaking of money... baby you know you owe me ten grand, right? You said you will pay it month end of November, it's almost Christmas." Kyle smirked when Tracy's mouth hung open. She had totally forgotten about that.

"Oh my God I forgot about that." She giggled. "I truly did, do you still want it?"

Kyle only shook his head, a smirk on his face. He loved seeing her joking around, smiling and laughing it warmed him up inside. Every night he went to bed, her fear and tear-stricken face haunted him, so he made it an everyday mission to make her happy.

"You don't have a salary, and you mentioned how your mom expects you to send through a payslip to show where the money is from..."

"Yeah, which is why I am stressing now. What do I do?"

"Nothing." Kyle nonchalantly responded and Tracy turned her head to the side as if she didn't hear correctly.

"Excuse me?"

"You do nothing. How long are you going to carry your family on your back and they don't appreciate it?"

Tracy's face morphed into confusion, she didn't even know what to say or what to ask. She never thought she'd hear someone tell her to stop caring for her family.

"Yeah... I mean they just call you and demand money from you and then come back to tell you how to get that money? No baby, if they want your help, they better accept whatever you give them." Kyle sat down and resumed eating.

The whole side table was filled with food, all his favourites. From mini cheeseburgers to beef wraps and onions rings. The man ate like he never eats.

"I don't... I don't understand what you're saying. I hear you but I am not making sense of that. I should what?"

"Call your sister and tell her to meet us back at your house. I'd like to have a word with her. But for now, come let's eat I am

starving." Kyle dismissed her. He hated seeing his woman stress about all of this and he couldn't wait to put it all to the ground.

Tracy didn't want to argue, even if she did, Kyle wasn't in the mood to argue back that much she knew. So, she sent Lesedi an SMS to meet her at her place. Lesedi responded back and said Tracy will have to pay for the uber and Tracy replied sure, whatever. It would probably cost around five hundred just to move from Joburg to Pretoria, but it was okay, she did have the money for it.

Come sit here. Kyle pushed his chair a little back and had Tracy sit on his lap. She felt so uncomfortable, she didn't want to crush him with all her weight. "Relax... daddy is a strong man." He nuzzled her ear. His low voice sent chills down her spine and she moaned.

"Careful there baby... I might have to rip off your dress off this body." Tracy shuddered at the promise. Kyle affected her core with just words. They haven't had sex since November, even

when the two weeks were up, he still didn't touch her... and she was getting frustrated. She wanted some, she wanted some Kyle.

"Open up..." Tracy looked at Kyle, getting lost in the ocean blue eyes, she opened her mouth, and he fed her the beef wrap. She took a bite, and he quickly licked the sauce on the corner of her mouth.

That action caused moisture between her legs. She was so horny and soon becoming frustrated. Kyle carried on feeding her until she said she was full.

"Do you think I can get a bottle of wine?" she asked Kyle who was eating while refusing for her to get up from his lap. He enjoyed having her there.

"That will have to be to go cause we expecting your sister, right?" he spoke his mouth full. Tracy didn't understand how a person can eat so much food at once.

Just as Tracy wanted to comment

a knock resounded on the door and in walked Victor. "Hi cuties..." he gave them a smile that didn't fully reach his eyes. "we have a problem."

Tracy got up from Kyle's lap, he let her this time. "What's wrong?" Tracy asked.

The door opened and in walked a man and woman dressed in black suits and white shirts. "Tracy Mohau Phiri?" the lady asked, and Tracy nodded.

"Fantastic, I am Chanel Hugh, and this is my colleague Brandon Chase, we are the with SAISA."

"The SAISA?" Tracy asked, confusion marring her face.

"The South African Intelligent Secret Services on behalf of FICA. We are here on suspicions of money laundering taking place at these very premises, so we have a warrant for your accounts, your bank statements, your books and pretty much the whole establishment." The Chanel lady spoke up. She had a poker face and a mean smirk on her face. She definitely enjoyed her job.

Tracy snatched the warrant from the man's hand and scanned it while the two officials waited.

Kyle walked to Tracy and took the paper from her and read it.

"There must be a mistake." Kyle commented while Tracy was beginning to shake like a leaf. She didn't want to go to jail. She was scared.

"Well, if there is, we will know about it and we will revert to Ms Phiri. Please note that as from the minute we set our feet out of here, your accounts will be frozen both personal and the restaurant. Don't skip the country and do anything foolish." The tall and lean woman with dull grey eyes spoke.

Victor gave them all they needed, all the information they needed, the bookkeeping files, everything... and they left.

"Oh my God." Tears welled up in Tracy's eyes. "My father is going to kill me." She was a ball of mess.

"Over my dead body, let's go home." Kyle picked up her purse and took her hand. "Victor you handle everything here and



close shop for a few days alright?" Kyle instructed and Victor nodded. He too was scared. He didn't want to spend Christmas in jail.

Kyle and Tracy drove silently to her apartment, when they arrived Tracy looked at Kyle fear dancing in her beautiful brown orbs.

"Hey, hey... calm down... nothing will happen to you." Kyle assured her.

"How do you know that Kyle? What if they see that I have been cooking the books? I don't want to go to jail."

"You won't..."

Tracy wanted to scream at Kyle. How dare he be so casual and calm about this? It was her future and life at stake not his. But she couldn't do that cause she received a call from reception that her sister had arrived.

The pair waited for Lesedi to arrive and when she did, Kyle couldn't exactly see the woman Tracy described. Tracy had told him just how bitter and angry the woman was but all he could see was beautiful, rich in melanin woman dressed in jeans and micky mouse t-shirt. They clearly loved cartoons all the same.

"So what? You going to give me the money in a black plastic bag?" and just like that, Kyle understood what Tracy meant.

The venom dripping off the woman's tongue my goodness, it was shocking. But just like Tracy he understood where she was coming from, but he wasn't going to allow her to walk all over Tracy.

"Actually no, there is no money here." Kyle spoke up.

"Who is this?" Lesedi asked pointing at Kyle with her thumb, her face that of a fucking bored person.

"Hi, I am kyle, Kyle Pierce, Tracy's boyfriend." Kyle offered his hand for her to shake but she didn't budge, instead she rolled her eyes.

"Right... didn't come here to meet people I have no interest in knowing. What the hell am I here for?" she asked. Her eyes held no emotion, if there was any emotion, you'd ever see on Lesedi was anger, annoyance or irritation.

"O-kay..." Kyle retracted his hand. "I asked buttercup here to call you so we can talk."

"Mo...Tracy ake mo itsi monna o wa lekgowa neh? Please keep him away from me." (Mohau, I don't know this white man, okay?) Lesedi was irritated to the moon and back. Why was a strange man talking to her? She didn't understand.

"Kyle... what did you want to talk to her about?" Tracy asked, if anything Tracy never wanted to have a back and forth with her sister. Lesedi could say really hurtful things and she didn't want that. Already her day was fucked up.

"Listen, Tracy has the money to give you but she's making it from the restaurant. If you don't want that money, then she can't help. You can't ask for help from her then dictate how she should help." Kyle's eyes were boring into Lesedi's cold ones.

"Oh, so you in the know. You know damn well that money doesn't come from the restaurant, that's drug money, that's money made of blood... my mother doesn't need that and neither do I."

"Okay then stop bothering Tracy asking for money because if you do, she will have to take from the restaurant or the blood money as you call it because where else is she supposed to get the money? If she has to make a plan, what plan are you making on your side? You can't be that selfish." Kyle questioned and Tracy gasped.

Lesedi chuckled bitterly, "You are right, whoever the fuck you said you are. Life hasn't dealt me many pretty cards and while she was getting a breather from it all, I was taking it all in and taking care of her mother. It's her turn now, I am tired, I am exhausted from it all. The only thing she ever has to do is send money. She doesn't know how to bath and feed that woman... so you fucking don't come here and talk about being selfish." Lesedi then turned around and marched to the door.

"And listen to me baby sis, I wash my hands off you and your mother. I am exhausted, I was hanging on by a thread... but this is it. I will not beg and grovel for you to help her out. You living

a nice life while the rest of us are going through shit after shit... then you have the audacity to let your little muscled up boyfriend here talk to me like he knows me from a bar of soap... le ntlwaela masepa." (You're full of shit) Then she walked out.

She even forgot that Tracy had to reimburse her for the uber money but at that minute she did not care at all, she needed to get out of there.

Tracy watched the door close then turned to look at Kyle anger taking over her body,

"How dare you speak to my sister like that? Actually, who do you think you are Kyle Pierce?"

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"Baby calm down... I am sorry I didn't think shit will get out of control like this." Kyle spoke. "She's fucking rude and I lost my shit."

"I told you, I told you she hates me, I meant it when I said that. Now she's angry. Fix this Kyle." Tracy snapped and her phone rang from her purse and she went to retrieve the minute Kyle told her he was going to get Lesedi.

Kyle took the lift to reception and by chance he saw Lesedi on one of the couches probably waiting for her ride.

"Lesedi, I am glad I caught you."

"You have some nerve, fucking leave me alone." She snapped. She had the nose and lip shape as Tracy. They did share a few

similarities but Lesedi was a little slim and dark whereas Tracy was on the chubby side and light skinned.

She stood up and tried to go around him, but he grabbed her arm, preventing her from leaving. "I'd like to apologize." He told her. Lesedi looked at his grip on her arm then at him, threatening him with her eyes and Kyle backed up.

Lesedi sighed and sat back on the couch. "Can we talk somewhere private?" Kyle requested.

"I am not going to Tracy's apartment if that's what you mean."

"Fine, let me give you a ride to the taxi rank and we will talk on the way." He suggested and Lesedi who has been contemplating on how she was going to leave this place had no choice but to agree.



Already Uber cost her R570, she was left with enough money to get her to town at her flat with a taxi.

They walked silently to Kyle's car and he began to drive. Kyle drove for a short while and stopped next to some private soccer field that was a little out of the Suburb.

He stopped the car and looked at Lesedi, she wasn't scared, if anything she looked more nervous.

"What's wrong?" he asked, and she shook her head, her eyes closed, her hands clasped together. She mimicked someone who was claustrophobic, she looked absolutely uncomfortable, so Kyle got out of the car and rounded her side and opened the door.

"You can step out for some fresh air." He said, he didn't want to touch her in case she stabs him. She looked like someone who could pull out an okapi on a person.

Lesedi took a deep breathe and stepped out of the car. She looked around, only cars were passing by in numbers. The houses were a short distance away, should anything happen, the cars driving by would be able to see so she calmed down.

"This is not the taxi rank." She commented.

"Yeah, but you looked uncomfortable stuck in the car with me, so I thought to stop here and give you a peace of mind." Kyle leaned against the car and looked at the empty soccer field with no interest.

"Okay I need to go back home, so just tell me what you want, and we keep it moving."

"Okay, straight to the chase kind of girl huh?"

"No use beating around the bush." She shrugged.

"Right... look Tracy told me about what happened, and I need you to give her an ear."

Lesedi heaved a sigh. If she could get a penny for every time Sofia said that to her, she'd be able to pay rent at a better flat and live lavishly. "I am not going to do that, just like how I told Sofia, I will not sit down with Tracy and have her tell me nonsense or try to justify why she left me... why she left us."

"It was either she leaves you all or come bury you all." Kyle snapped.

"What?"

"You did not want to work for your father at all, you hated him, and I understand. You also had some trauma you were facing so Tracy took the fall for you. In exchange of your freedom from the claws of that Satan, Tracy offered herself. Yeah, she's living lavish, but did you ever wonder if she was happy? If she was truly happy? If that man wasn't beating her up every time she messed up?"

"Did you ever stop to think that a man who could do what he did to his wife would never suddenly love his children?" Kyle asked. Thinking about Morris caused rage inside of him.

Lesedi was confused, shocked and angry at the revelation, "What are you telling me?"

"I am telling you that Tracy thought you and your mother have been through a lot, that you specifically have been through a lot, so she took what was supposed to be your job. And that came with a lot of beatings, losses she suffered... did you know he caused her miscarriage?"

"What?" Lesedi whispered in shock.

"It's not my story to tell but what you think about sister... is not entirely true." Kyle left it like that.

"Take me back to her. I want to talk to her." Lesedi didn't even waste a second, she jumped back into the car and they returned back to Tracy's building.

Walking in, Kyle was followed by Lesedi found Tracy on her couch, biting her nails.

"Baby? What's wrong?" Kyle asked.

Tracy stood up from the couch and was surprised to see Lesedi with Kyle. "My father, he called, and he wants to meet tonight. I don't want to meet him at night Kyle, what if he found out that my accounts have been frozen?" she panicked.

Lesedi's eyes narrowed for a split second. Tracy looked scared. "What's going on?" Lesedi asked. She sounded more calm and less angry, taking Tracy by surprise.

"Uhm... well I am being investigated and my accounts and the restaurants have been frozen." She told her sister. She expected a backlash, but nothing came. Lesedi didn't even know what to say nor did she understand what was happening.

"Baby, calm down. I will be with you every step of the way, go talk to your sister." Kyle then kissed her forehead.

Tracy led Lesedi out on the deck and they sat down on one of the chairs. "I don't know where to start but I'll just ask... are you happy working for him?"

"What did Kyle tell you to bring you back?" Tracy asked, already tears welled up in her eyes. She hasn't had a quite neutral moment like this with her sister in so many years.

Lesedi shrugged, "Doesn't matter what he said, I am here... and I am listening."

"Oh... okay well to answer no, no I am not happy. I don't live, I live for him. Every waking moment of my life is so I can clean

money for him, do as he say, as he asks... if I don't do that then I get roughed up like a street dog."

"Mohau..." hearing her sister call her that caused her to sob. She had missed hearing her call her Mohau, a name Lesedi gave her. Lesedi was forty years old, ten years older than Tracy so their mother allowed her to give her baby sister a new name.

Lesedi didn't go to comfort her though, she stayed rooted on her seat. "How bad is it?"

Then Tracy explained it all to her.

"Why didn't you tell me this from the get-go?" Lesedi scolded her.



"Because you had a lot on your plate, and you were angry by then. I didn't want to make it worse." Tracy wiped her tears with the back of her hand, sniffing.

Lesedi went to hug her. She didn't know exactly how she felt but she knew her hatred for her father just doubled up. The two ladies finished crying then went inside, they weren't exactly friends or anything like that but the animosity between them was lessened.

"I am sorry for being harsh on you all this time, clearly you did not deserve that."

"Hearing you say that... I forgive you. And I am sorry for not saying anything sooner and allowed this to grow into what it is."

Kyle seeing the two ladies walk in, he handed Tracy her phone...  
"Your father sent you a message."

Tracy took her phone and realized she hadn't locked her phone and Kyle read the message.

'Plans cancelled, my warehouse caught fire tonight, will talk tomorrow, I will need cash.'

"What does he mean his warehouse caught fire?" Lesedi asked after Tracy read the message out loud.

"He has a warehouse where he keeps his drugs and firearms... what's going on here?" Tracy wondered.

"We will find out from him tomorrow. He has another thing coming if he thinks you have the money." Kyle smirked.

"He will kill me Kyle..."

"It will never be your fault that the hawks or whoever those people are have frozen the accounts. Relax."

Tracy narrowed her eyes for a second at Kyle but dropped it. She wanted to ask but couldn't, not yet anyway but something told her this man knew a lot than he was telling.

"Take care of her okay? I need to go." Lesedi needed a moment to digest it all. She has been so comfortable hating her sister but now, she had to let go of the hate and it wasn't happening fast enough.

"Wait... I owe you." Tracy knew her sister need money; she was just too angry and prideful to ever ask.

Reaching into her purse she pulled out a rolled two thousand rand, she always had proper money with her in case she'd need to use cash somewhere or someday.

"That's for your uber." She gave to her sister who accepted it, then waved goodbye to Kyle.

"Kyle Pierce... what is going on here? And don't tell me it's nothing."

"I will tell you... but when I do... you're gonna have to strip." He rolled his tongue between his teeth in a way that Tracy found it incredibly sexy.

"What?"

"If I tell you that I had a thing to do with today's restaurant visit you take off your shoes..." Kyle told her.

"You do?"

"Yes... your shoes off now." He closed all the curtains in the room, and it went a little dark. They relied on natural light to be able to see each other

in the dark.

Tracy took off her shoes, suddenly she was no longer worried about her father or thinking about the reunion with her sister. Now her hormones were raging, fighting wanting, needing sexual attention.

"Your father received a call in the week from the SAICA about suspicion of fraud... but he didn't tell you anyway."

"He did?"

"Your dress ma'am." Kyle reminded her.

"Sorry," Tracy took off the dress and remained with her underwear... well only her bra. "What are you talking about?"

"You naughty girl, you don't have an underwear on?" Kyle got aroused the same time. "What am I going to do to you Tracy for this?"

"Uhhh..." Tracy didn't know what to say when Kyle got up from his seat and predatory steps.

"Let's not talk about your father..." he whispered in her ear, his hand cupping one of her bra covered boobs, his thumb slowly caressing her nipple.

"I want to talk about us... well not talk but be about us... you'd like that?" he asked, and Tracy nodded, not finding her voice.

"Use your words..."

"Yeah..."

"Yeah what?" he arched his brow. Tracy thought she was dead and gone, this man looked incredibly sexy and unreal.

"I'd like that." She whispered.

She had trained her mind to be aware that Kyle was not her father, Kyle was not Punch, Kyle was not Dylan, Kyle was not Lesiba... Kyle was not out to hurt her, he just wanted to please her and make her happy. So, she surrendered... she surrendered all her problems, her worries, her stress and her heart to him.

Kissing her neck slowly, Tracy couldn't help but to moan. She was very, very horny, incredibly horny that whatever this man did to her aroused her and caused her to moan out loud.

"I need control." Kyle whispered in her ear. His voice sent tingles down her spine into her core.



The curvy woman cleared her throat and asked, "what do you mean?" she needed to know. She'd do anything for him to touch her on places that mattered the most.

"I need you to give me control over your body." He pushed back and looked into her eyes. Blue to brown, lust was coloured all over.

"Okay..."

And he smiled. Taking off his tie, he smirked when she scrunched her brows together in questioning manner. "Turn around." He ordered her.

Tracy took a deep breath and did as instructed. Kyle unhooked her bra and gingerly took it off her body and threw it carelessly on the floor, he then took hold of her two hands and joined them together and fastened them with his tie.

Tracy gasped. This was like the first time they had sex; he had locked her hands together with a belt. Today he used a tie.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked, his voice nothing but a raspy whisper. She nodded and quickly remembered to use her words, "Yes... I am."

Kyle rewarded her by kissing her neck then turned her around and ordered her to kneel. "On your knees."

She looked into his eyes; they were warm but at the same time very dark. He was horny fosh and the man she fell in love with was not present in the room and she was not at all complaining.

She went to her knees, her tongue moistening her lips as she anticipated his next movement. He unzipped his pants and sprung his generous penis in her face.

Opening her mouth, Tracy set to work. The feeling of her wet mouth covering him, hitting her throat repeatedly drove the man insane.

He kept growling like some feral animal, closing his eyes, getting lost in the moment while Tracy checked and controlled her gag reflexes.

Kyle felt like he was too close to reaching his climax, he pulled her to her feet and adjusted himself.

He took off his shoes, his shirt and remained only in his pants. Rolling his shirt, he used it as a blind fold.

Tracy was freaking out inside. These were the type of things she's only ever experienced while reading a book through the characters. She very seldom read but whenever she used to, these were her type of romance books she fancied.

Before, she couldn't allow herself to be tied up and blind-folded like how she was, because the memory of what her father did to her was so fresh, but now with Kyle... he was the only person he could think of.

"Mhmm!" She moaned when she felt a finger dance around her south region. She was wet. The thought of having sex with Kyle caused her to be wet, the feeling of him inside her mouth got her wet, the restraints on her wrists caused her to be wet...

"You like that?" Kyle asked, enjoying the expressions on her face. Oh, he loved how her body reacted to his touches. He had

given her body a chance to recuperate before he could ravish it and that night, he planned to do so until she gave up.

Then he kissed her. Being kissed with hands tied at the back, a blind fold covering her eyes felt crazy and thrilling. She was horny beyond comprehension.

Their tongues wrestles each other, seeking dominance, so the man took that opportunity to sneak two fingers inside of her.

She clenched around his two digits, releasing a series of moans.

Her juices coated his fingers, and he enjoyed the feeling of that, but he knew she could give more. He wanted her to give him more... so with his fingers gently hitting her sweetest, sensitive spot inside of her, his thumb ran a number on her clit.

"Oh God!" Tracy called out in moan-like nature. The sensations that were going through her body were insane. Kyle resumed kissing her, swallowing most of her moans and when he stopped, he'd suck on her breast...the assault on her pussy never stopping.

Tracy's toes curled; her fingers intertwined behind her back as she rocked an orgasm. "Oh baby!" she called out, her head spinning into darkness as Kyle increased pace with his fingers, riding her orgasm with her.

The shirt that served as a blind fold wasn't so tight, so it slid down her face causing her to open her eyes and look into his.

Kyle removed his fingers from her honeypot and licked them simultaneously. "You fucking taste good buttercup." And she blushed. What was this man?

"Kyle..." she called out his name. "baby I need you." She told him. Enough with the toying already, she wanted to feel him inside of her.

He smiled, actually he grinned her at her showing off his pearly whites. "You need me where buttercup?"

"I need you to fuck me." She almost begged him.

"Oh, I am going to do that baby, I am going to give you what you want." He guided her to the couch, hands still tied, ass up in the air, starring him, waiting for him...

Taking off his pants, Kyle was hard as hell... he needed her as much as she did. He has been craving her for a while, he always craved her.

Swiftly, he entered her.

"Fuck!" they both groaned.

Kyle held her with her bound hands and relentlessly pounded her. the clapping sounds filled the room and Tracy wanted to cry at the feeling of being filled by that man. She had missed this; she had missed him fucking her like that.

Her pussy made the macaroni sounds. She was wet, wet and kept releasing more juices as the man pounded her...

Just as she was about to reach another orgasm, Kyle pulled out and replaced his dick with his mouth.



"Oh Jesus Christ!" Tracy wanted to run from him but there was only so much she could do. "Oh my...fuck!" she cursed.

Kyle quickly untied her hands, freeing them then he turned her around... he wanted to see her. He wanted to look and get lost in her eyes.

The sexual escapade continued, they couldn't keep their eyes open, they were closed, savouring the moment.

"Oh baby!" Tracy cried out when an orgasm pierced through her.

"Shit! FUUUCK!" Kyle roared when he emptied his load into his woman. He tightly grabbed her thighs that had enveloped him as he emptied all of him inside of her.

"You fucking own me." Kyle panted as he fell onto of her.

"Don't even think about it sweetheart."

"You don't wanna do that... what you want to do Tracy, is get in your car and go home okay?" the man holding a gun to the blonde girl's temple spoke in a gruffy low voice.

The girl was shaking like a leaf, her hands raised in surrender, her phone on the ground. It fell when the man crept up on her.

"My name... my name is not Tracy." She managed to say.

"Yeah nice try." The guy pulled her arm toward the black G-wagon in the parking lot after he picked up her phone for her. "Get inside and go home. Kyle will call you."

The girl was so confused. She didn't even know whose car that was but internally she wished it was indeed hers. What a beast of car it was.

Just as the two were standing by the car, a large man with dark green eyes walked up to them. He was dressed in black jeans that hugged his muscled and toned thighs, a black shirt that too hugged his upper body like glove and combat boots to finish the look.

"Who the fuck is this Charles?" the green-eyed heartthrob asked. The man had trimmed beards, brown mop of hair that fell lazily in his eyes with a fresh fade on the side.

Charles was the man holding the poor blondie hostage just next to Tracy's car.

"What do you mean boss? This is Tracy."

"That is not fucking Tracy!" the boss angrily spat. He ran his large hand through his hair while looking back at the pub. He saw some of his men going in and carrying on with the task of the day.

"Do know the man we are after?" the boss asked.

"Yeah I know him, saw pictures of him, and I saw him enter the bar."

"Right.. does she look like she'd be his daughter?" the boss asked, not believing he had one idiot on his team.

"I did... I did tell him that, that, that I am not Tra-Tracy." The girl spoke up in a squeaky frightened voice.

"Shut up!" The boss spat at the girl.

"Well, you said I should watch out for a girl who answered her phone and come outside. She did... so we lit the place up." Charles answered and the boss kissed his teeth in annoyance.

"Stop fucking talking Charles, you are pissing me off. Deal with this, I don't care how, but fucking deal with it." The man started to walk away but stopped abruptly when Charles spoke.

"Should I kill her?" he asked.

"No, you moron! Leave." The boss took the girl's hand and instructed Charles to leave. The green-eyed man crouched and was the same eye-level as the girl. "Listen to me love, you didn't see anything happen here, you didn't see me, you don't know me, you have no idea what happened okay? Go home and forget about today..."

"But listen to me carefully, if I find out that you told anyone even the police, I will come for you and I will tear your liver through your mouth with my fucking hand, understood?" he asked, his voice was so deep and terrifying. The blonde girl quickly nodded and rushed to her Picanto.

She drove out of the parking lot, scared out of her mind.

The man walked into the bar and saw his men working on what they had intended to do. He saw the woman in a spider man t-shirt. That was Tracy... he knew they had fucked up. He picked her up and threw her over his shoulders like she weighed nothing then dropped her off in the backseat of his car.

Pulling his phone from his tight jeans he made a call.

"Is it done? Has she left the bar before you guys can start?" that was Kyle on the other side of the receiver.

The green-eyed hottie kissed his teeth while scratching his brow with his free hand, "Right. No." he answered.

"What's that?" Kyle asked.

"Your girl passed out in the bar."

"MASON FUCKING PIERCE!!!!" Kyle growled into the speaker, "YOU DRUGGED MY GIRL?"

Mason knew his little brother would react this way. It was a fuck up on their side, it was not part of the plan.

"Well at least it's harmless, she will be fine. Come get her."  
Mason responded.

"You fucking piece of shit." Kyle spat angrily before he hung up the call.

Mason took long strides into the bar and walked over to where Morris and his goons were.

"Are we sure these are the only men he came with?"

"Well two were outside but we took care of them, the rest are guarding the safe at his old warehouse." a buffy guy with ginger hair responded. He was covered in tattoos wearing a black leather vest.



"All devices have been tampered with so anything they will be doing, everywhere they go, whoever they talk to, we will know." Ginger responded. Well Ginger was nickname and he loved it simply because he dyed his hair and beard ginger, he wasn't a natural ginger.

"That's great... cameras?" Mason asked.

"Taken care off. This place isn't high on security I guess that's why he wanted to meet his daughter here." Ginger had all the answers Mason needed. He was the team-leader of the crew.

"Get rid of Charles will you? He's a fucking dead-weight and find someone to drive Tracy's car." Mason ordered before turning on his heel and headed to his car.

He found Kyle parked side by side, already carrying Tracy into his car. When Kyle saw his big brother, his eyes narrowed into thin slits.

"You better hope that shit isn't poisonous." Kyle spat.

"Hey, it is not. Just take her home and when she wakes up give her warm water with lemon and ginger. She will be fine

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but I do apologize for this. I got rid of the guy, he was useless anyway. How in the fuck do you mistake a blonde, white girl for a black man's daughter?"

"That's stupid. We don't need any foolish mistakes Mason. We have already declared war and we must win it." Kyle spoke after he closed the back door of his car where Tracy lay unmoving.

"Well, Tracy was supposed to answer her phone and leave. How the hell are you going to explain how she didn't get affected but her father did? Remember we can't let anyone suspect that this was not the bar's fault." Mason told Kyle who groaned in response.

"How long does it take to get out of the system?" the blue-eyed man asked his green-eyed brother.

"Two hours to four? You want to leave her in there?"

"I am not leaving my girl here."

"Okay so you gonna have to kidnap her then." Mason suggested, and Kyle looked at him in a bored expression. Mason was always nonchalant about things. He always suggested the craziest of things... and yet he saved their butts every time.

"Why? How do I even kidnap my own girlfriend?"

"You keep her in your place and start looking for her so her father could think something happened. Then we contact him and seek ransom and start rolling out our plan." Mason explained.

"Oooh!"

"Nyoooh!" Mason mocked him. "That's why I am the brains little bro. Look I need to get to my station and make sure everything has been encrypted correctly. Call me when you're ready to file a missing person's report." He then winked.

Kyle watched Mason get in his 1965 Ford mustang fastback and drive off.

He stood there, leaning against his car, mauling over what his brother suggested and he had no other choice. That was the only choice he had when it came to protecting Tracy.

Driving off he went to his place and used the fire exit to enter through to his condo. He placed Tracy on the only couch he had and placed a damp cloth over her face. She must have inhaled too much of the gas however not dangerous it was, it still did some damage.

He made a call to Greyson to explain the situation, Greyson did tell him that he's gonna let Loraine know because his wife was pregnant and won't need to be stressed about lies. Kyle couldn't disagree with that, Loraine's health and the baby's were as important as Tracy's life.

Kyle ordered food while working from home. He was sitting on the kitchen island as he still had no furniture in his house when Tracy started to stir and groan.

Kyle's head popped up when he saw her beginning to move, he went to boil water and fixed her a cup of warm water with ginger and lemon. Walking towards her, he crouched beside her, setting the cup on the floor and removing the damp small towel off her face.

"Hey buttercup." He cooed.

Tracy's throat was parched. She struggled to open her eyes but eventually did. "Where am I?" she asked.

"My house. Here...drink this." He helped her to sit up and gave her the cup.

"My throat is sore." She complained. "I'm thirsty, I need water."

"Drink this first baby." Kyle urged her so she drank up quietly. She found relief with the warm water, so she finished the cup and gave it to Kyle who never left her side.

Her head was spinning, a lot was going on, she was trying to remember just what happened. Closing her eyes, she leaned back on the couch. It all felt like a dream. She pulled the throw he had covered her with to her chin and basked in the warmth it provided.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked quietly.

"I was in a bar when there was smoke everywhere...well gas I think. I was meeting my father and we got locked in that bar... it feels like a dream but my throat and eyes sting like how they stung in the bar too." Her voice sounded so far away. She was trying to piece things together.

"That wasn't a dream." Kyle told her and stood up, heading to the kitchen.

Tracy narrowed her eyes into thin slits, "what do you mean? So, we were trapped in that bar... how did I get out? Did you get me out?" she asked.

"Yeah." He called out from the kitchen. There he fixed her another cup of lemon and ginger and brought it to her. "You did inhale the gas and you were not supposed to. But it's harmless it's like a sleeping drug. You just pass out for a while and wake up feeling hungover. This will help you though. After you eat, I will give you headache pills and you sleep okay?" he sounded so sweet and sincere.



"No, no it's not okay. How could you do that to me? Do you know how scared I was?" she was upset.

"I know baby, but you were supposed to get out of there... I tried calling you, but you didn't answer."

"When I meet my father, I put my phone on silence, he scares me when he gets angry." She pouted. "You should have told me before we left my house."

"You would have been too nervous, and he would have seen through you. I'm sorry baby, but I am doing all of this so you can have peace okay?"

Tracy knew better than to argue. She had to trust the man had her best interest at heart. She just hoped that she wouldn't come out of this in a body bag.

"There is another thing though..." Kyle walked toward the windows in the living room. "You can't go anywhere anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"You can't leave this place, ever until it is safe to do so."

"Like ever ever? Why?"

"Because how will we explain how you got out of that pub and your father didn't?"

"You left him there?? Why did you drug us then if it was not kidnap him?" Tracy asked, bewildered.

"The plan wasn't to kidnap him as yet... we want to hit him where it hurts the most, shift his focus and render him helpless and powerless." Kyle told her.

"His money?" she asked.

"His money." Kyle responded.

Tracy got up from the couch, the throw falling to the ground, and she walked towards Kyle. "How will you get his money? That man has security tighter than the president's. He makes shit load of money that he will not let it get out of sight. He may

have passed out in the bar but if Punch is not there, then Punch is guarding the money and won't let anything happen to it."

"His money is in the safe right?" Kyle asked and Tracy nodded.

"Then it will be easy for us to get to it. We already have a plan in motion, he does have a tight security at his warehouse, but we already tempered with that..."

"Now he has no choice but to move it for safety..." she was starting to catch on.

"Then we hit him with the Italian job baby!!" Kyle smiled. It thrilled him to be doing this with his brother and they couldn't wait to screw Morris's business over in just a blink of an eye.

"He's going to go crazy!" Tracy broke into a grin. "Oh, he's going to go berserk!"

*18th December 2015....*

Just a couple of days before Christmas, when everyone was planning for their Christmas day, some sad because they do not have families to spend the glorious day with, some sad they did not have any friends they could visit, some happy to be going *ko magaeng* to spend more quality time with the family they last saw in January when they left for work...

Then there was The Phiris and the Pierces... dancing in a turmoil of money laundering investigations, closed establishments, sick mother, angry sister, worried friend, worried father, stressed out girlfriend, desperate father and crazy brothers...

Tracy was officially declared missing only on paper, a fake paper that Mason Pierce had put together... fake police officials that were 'running the case' and a stressed-out Morris Phiri who was worried sick about his money.

He didn't have much clean cash on him because he had to make payments, ship goods, buy more product to sell...and the only person who could help him with cash was missing and he was being asked for ransom.

"Punch... did you try and locate her cell phone?" Morris asked Punch. He had put his right-hand man on the task of finding Tracy.

"Yeah... the last location we detected is at that bar."

"I don't understand... if these people are after me, if they want money, why not kidnap me instead and ask me to personally give them instead of kidnapping my useless daughter?" Morris asked.

They were at his house, a nice and cute double storey house where he lived with his maid who was also his sex partner and some of his men who were providing him with security.

The safe was moved from his warehouse to his house and he knew it was the biggest risk ever. The security at his home was not as tight as that of his warehouse and that worried him.

He couldn't let his money get out of sight.

"I did speak to someone though, about getting clean cash? His name is Ginger, a friend of an associate, he could get us clean cash for the ransom as soon as possible but at a price." Punch mentioned.

"No, no... I am not paying any ransom for anyone. I need you to work on finding that girl, actually, you work on finding us a nice place to keep my money... we will worry about Tracy when all

fails." Morris couldn't care about the whereabouts of his daughter. He cared more about his hard-earned money.

"Did you move the product and the guns?" he further asked, the product being the coke they kept in the warehouse.

"Not yet..." Punch responded.

"You idiot! Must I always think for you? That Product is much more worth than gold. Find a place for it. In the meantime, slowly move it into my basement. By the end of today, at least ten million worth of product should be with me." With that Morris stood up and went inside his house.

He felt like he was on house arrest. He couldn't go anywhere, afraid that he'd come back home to an empty safe.

Punch kissed his teeth and went to his car, he was with other colleagues of his and they drove to Centurion cbd, Greymont Holding towers to be precise.

At those very offices, Loraine who was Tracy's friend and married to Kyle's brother was sitting on the couch in Greyson's office having breakfast.

"Baby... are you alright there?" Greyson asked, seeing the discomfort on his wife's face.

Loraine nodded while stuffing her face with chicken salad, "I am good, I just feel bloated though." She complained.

"I am sorry my love, if I could, I would carry the pregnancy."

Lorraine smiled, her husband was always sweet to her, more so now that she was pregnant. "I am just worried about Tracy though." She mentioned.

They hadn't closed the door properly and Karabo

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Greyson's PA was coming towards the office to give Greyson some documents he needed to sign. At the mention of Tracy's name, she stood outside the door and eavesdropped.

"I still cannot believe that she's money laundering... she is always so carefree, so happy, joking around...you wouldn't think she did such." Greyson walked over to the couch and sat down.

"I know right? All this time I have spent together with her, it never crossed my mind. It now explains her luxurious car even when she was a receptionist for a long time."

"Mhm! I thought she was from a well-off family or that she had other businesses, and this was just a job to kill time. It's insane."

Karabo couldn't believe every word the couple spat. Her jaw was swinging down low at the revelation.

"Mhm where is she now?"



"She's hiding at Kyle's place." Greyson answered.

Karabo's blood boiled instantly. How dare Tracy tries to include Kyle into her messy life? She was going to have to warn Kyle. Maybe he didn't know about this.

"No one can know about this Loraine... promise me you won't tell a soul." Greyson urged.

Karabo rolled her eyes and walked back to her desk. Not tell a soul? Did Greyson not care about his brother? She wondered.

In the office Loraine simply nodded, "I understand. Her father will kill her if he finds out that she's not missing. Yoh this is just too much hey... can I still talk to her?"

"I am sure you can call Kyle and speak with her." Greyson said.

At reception, Bonolo was overwhelmed by the presence of Punch and his two other colleagues who said they wanted to know where Tracy was.

"She doesn't work here anymore." Bonolo responded. She was scared of the men who were in front of her, they looked like they ate people for a living.

"Askies? Since when?" Punch arched his brow threateningly.

"Uhm about a month ago..." Bonolo whispered.

"About a month ago? Hey, don't fucking lie to me! Where the fuck is Tracy?" Punch growled.

Bonolo looked between him and his colleagues, she looked around the foyer, no one was coming and going. It was dead silent. Most of the colleagues had taken leave for December holidays... it wasn't busy as usual.

"I pro-promise you sir. She resigned in November." Bonolo stuttered in fear. "Mr Pierce has a new personal assistant." She finished.

Punch looked at his colleagues who were dead quiet. They never spoke unless they had to. They just spoke with their hands or guns most of the time. At that very minute, they were just assisting Punch to looking more intimidating.

"Call Mr Pierce for me." Punch asked.

"Uhm... he's not in... but his brother is."

"Call somebody little girl. Call someone and tell them I want Tracy!"

Bonolo quickly called Karabo's desk-phone. It was office protocol; the calls went to the PA's first before the big bosses unless the PA was not available to take the calls.

"Hi Bonolo, what's up?" Karabo answered the phone.

"Hi K, uhm there are men here looking for Tracy, I told them she's not here and now they want to talk to Mr Pierce." Bonolo explained.

"It's okay babe, I am coming." Karabo told her.

"Please bring Mr Pierce with you. I don't want problems. I don't want to die." Bonolo whispered and Punch chuckled at that. He enjoyed seeing people grow scared of him. It made him feel powerful.

"No one will die." Karabo then hung up.

After a couple of minutes, the lift dinged, and the doors parted in the middle and out walked Karabo. She was dressed in her finest black dress with red heels. She always tried to look her best.

"Gentlemen," She greeted the fellas. "How can we help you today?"

Punch looked at Karabo from head to the toes and liked what he saw. "I am looking for Tracy unless you know where I can find her, I suggest you run your pretty big ass upstairs and call your boss for me." Punch coldly responded.

Karabo was not phased at all, maybe because she knew why these people may be looking for Tracy and she had unravelled the big secret Tracy had been keeping.

"How friendly of you, I do know where she is... but firstly who are you and why are you looking for her?" she questioned.

"I work with her father, and she's been missing for a while now. I have to find her."

"Right, okay well she's not missing, she's just hiding. Apparently..." Karabo looked around to make sure no one can hear, when she noticed they were too close to Bonolo she grabbed Punch's arm and pulled him further away from the reception desk. "Apparently she's involved in laundering money so she's hiding at her old boss's place."

Punch was shocked that this stranger of a woman knew that Tracy cleaned cash for them, that was not a good look. "What old boss and how did you know about her doing money what-what?"

"The walls around here not only listen but speak too... and her old boss is Kyle Pierce. She did quit her job in November but word in the corridors is that she's hiding at his place. I don't know from who, but I know she's placed Kyle's life in danger. So, you need to go get her before she ruins lives." Karabo angrily spat.

"You sound like you hate her."

"I do." She folded her arms and clicked her tongue in annoyance.

"Do you perhaps know where this ex-boss of hers lives?"

"Of course, I do. Let me quickly get the address for you."

Karabo walked to Bonolo's desk, asked to use her computer, there she accessed the company files with information of employees.

"Oh hey, I didn't know I could access these." Bonolo commented.

"You can't, but I can. I used my log in credentials. I am the PA of the CEO darling, levels." Karabo winked after she wrote down the address on the sticky note she found on Bonolo's desk. She then logged out of the system so Bonolo doesn't creep in and view things she shouldn't.

"There you go." Karabo passed the small pink paper to Punch.

"Thank you gorgeous." He said and Karabo rolled her eyes. She hated when men she didn't fancy called her with cute pet-names. It disgusted her.

"Sure, just make sure that her father keeps her away from Kyle okay?" then she spun around on her heel and walked towards the lift.

Punch walked outside feeling triumphant.

"So, you are not missing at all Tee... you are hiding. I wonder from who though cause I am going to find you."

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"So, Mace... what's thing for? I don't even understand why you chose this filthy room..." Kyle looked around the empty old loft they were in. Not only was it dirty, but it had broken windows, paint chipping off the walls, some few broken windows and exceptionally good doors that had locks.

Kyle was holding a small black gadget that he had no idea what it was for.

Mason his brother, his older brother, the first born of the Pierce family walked up to him and snatched the device from Kyle's hand and looked at it softly like it was his most prized possession.

"None of your goddamn business but if you must know... this little bad boy is a magician. He listens in on conversation and tracks where these conversations are taking place. In that way I get a live session of my enemies." The green-eyed man broke into a huge, pleased grin.

He loved his job, he loved what he did so much so it worried his family.

"That's really awesome." Kyle was impressed he followed Mason who had set up a little working station in the middle of the room. "But this place...how sure are you about it?"

"It's safe from the cops and prying eyes. Also, I put some good damn doors on it, awful but good doors none the less." Mason responded and Kyle left him to work.

Shortly two of Mason's men that he often worked with when he was in the country came in and took over from him when he and Kyle left to Greymont Holdings.

Kyle had some work to pick up so he would finish off at home and Mason wanted to see Greyson and his lovely wife as he liked to say it.

They drove separately to the same destination but walked through the reception doors together. They were chatting softly about things they needed to set in place and stopped the minute they entered the building to avoid being heard by wrong people.

"Mr Pierce!" Bonolo called out to Kyle in a panic mode. Both Kyle and Mason turned to look at her then Mason smirked in realization that he wasn't particularly known in the building.

"Yes Bonolo..." Kyle walked over to the reception desk and Mason stuck around there. He didn't know which way was Greyson's office, so he waited for Kyle to finish so he could accompany him. It had been a long time since he came to this very company that has since been remodelled from the last visit.



"There were three scary men earlier on today..."

"Scary men?" Kyle asked, corking his brow in Mason's direction.

"Yes and they said they wanted Tracy. I told one the men that she had resigned but he started to go crazy and demanded that I call you to bring Tracy here." Bonolo explained.

All alarms went off in Kyle's head, but he remained calm. Mason had taught him to always be calm even when you are boiling and stressed inside.

"Then what happened?" Kyle asked, he had to find out exactly what had happened before jumping into conclusions.

"Then I tried to call Greyson to come but Karabo came in and he helped them with Tracy's whereabouts."

His blood chilled, he momentarily closed his eyes, there was no way Karabo knew where Tracy was...he chanted to himself in his head. By then Mason was paying full attention, they couldn't let anyone get to Tracy or it would defeat the whole purpose of the mission he had flown over to carry out.

"Her whereabouts? What did she say?" Mason was the one to ask. Bonolo looked over at the strange man in dark jeans and a dark t-shirt with piercing green eyes. He was so hot; he was so gorgeous but then again Kyle and Greyson were too. She thought how David had good looking sons... too bad they wouldn't look her way. She'd pay a dollar just for Mason to smile at her.

"Karabo mentioned how Tracy was a bad person and stuff and I am just worried about what if those men try to come back? Tracy no longer works here... we can't live in fear because of her." Bonolo was very upset.

"Love...I need you to calm down and tell us what did this Ka...whatever this person's name is said to those men." Mason urged Bonolo to speak up.

"Well, she gave them some address... I saw it, I didn't see who it belonged to, but it was definitely from someone who works in this company."

Kyle couldn't think straight... Tracy was at his place. But surely Karabo couldn't know that.

"It was an apartment building in..." Bonolo tried to remember and reiterated the address to Kyle whose heart stopped beating the same time Bonolo stopped talking.

Mason was already on high alert, he pulled out his phone and called one of his men, "I need you to get to Kyle's place right now, right now. Tracy is in danger." Mason then cut the call, but then Bonolo was confused at the change of events. Tracy was at Kyle's place?? She had a lot of questions that she knew she wouldn't get answers to..

"Let's go." Mason said to Kyle who was rooted in position. He snapped back into reality when Mason slapped him lightly on the shoulder already heading for the door.

"I will be right behind you..." Kyle said to Mason. "Is Karabo in?" he asked and Bonolo nodded.

"Where are you going?" Mason asked.

"To teach somebody a fucking lesson Mason... go and get Tracy."

Kyle reached for his phone and called Tracy... her phone rang unanswered, and he was panicking but he knew and trusted his brother to take care of her. He just had to make a first stop.

"KARABO!!!" Kyle yelled her name from the pit of his belly. The walls shook at the grumble of his anger. The long strides he took awakened the devil from a deep slumber.

When Kyle didn't see Loraine at her desk and Karabo at hers, he charged for Greyson's office and found the three having drinks over light snacks.

Kyle's eyes were a stormy shade of blue, he resembled a feral animal, "You little bitch!" he pulled the chair Karabo was sitting on then grabbed her neck with his hand and began to squeeze tight, choking her.

"Who do you think you fucking are!" Kyle continued to growl, anger taking over every inch of his amazing and well-built physique.

"Kyle!" Greyson jumped from his desk and tried to pry his brother off Karabo who kept opening and closing her mouth, not receiving enough oxygen into her lungs. Her feet were already off the ground, Kyle having her in a tight grip.

"Who the fuck do you think you are? Who gave you the right to give fucking strangers my fucking address?? How the fuck did you know where Tracy was??? Are you fucking stalking me you little whore?"

"Kyle!" Greyson screamed his name successfully pulling him off his personal assistant. He stepped between the two when Kyle tried to attack Karabo again. The short light skinned woman fell to the floor clutching her neck and coughing furiously trying to get much needed oxygen into her lungs.

"You will kill her!" Greyson spat.

"That's the fucking plan!" Kyle argued back looking at Karabo in sheer anger.

"What is wrong with you, what did she do?" Greyson asked. He couldn't even imagine what Karabo could have done to the man that signed off her death wish. Kyle wasn't hostile and crazy so he needed to know what the deal was.

Lorraine helped Karabo up, casting an angry glare at Kyle but choosing to keep quiet. The man was angry, he was a beast in

what was a peaceful office a moment ago, she didn't want to add fuel to the fire.

"Who the fuck told you about Tracy? How the fuck did you know where Tracy was and who the hell gave you permission to give strangers my fucking address?" Kyle asked angrily.

Greyson was still shielding his PA from his brother's wrath. Greyson was shocked at the questions he turned slightly to look at Karabo who was in Loraine's embrace.

"Answer me before I lose my damn mind!" Kyle spat.

"I heard Greyson and Loraine talking.." Karabo cleared her throat. Kyle almost killed her indeed, his grip had been too tight she thought she was going to meet her maker on that day. "I want to protect you okay? Greyson found out about... about Tracy and he wasn't going to say anything."



Kyle pinched the bridge of his nose; eyes closed and shook his head side to side in disbelief.

Greyson and Loraine's eyes grew to the size of the microwave plates as they couldn't believe that Karabo overheard them talk and ultimately put Tracy's life in danger.

"Greyson what the fuck?" Kyle was so angry, he was turning red. "What the actual fuck Greyson? What the fuck!!!" Kyle wanted to kill Greyson, he wanted to put his little brother in a box.

"Do you fucking know what you have done Greyson? Do you fucking know what you have done Karabo?"

Greyson walked over to him

remorse colouring his face, "I am sorry Kyle. I don't know what to say... it's my fault."

"Damn right it is!" Kyle pushed him out of the way and in a quick motion, he had Karabo pinned against the wall once again in a death grip.

"You listen to me, and you listen very carefully... I don't want you, I never wanted you, and I will never want you." He spat angrily while Karabo was trying to pry his hands off her neck.

This time Loraine was the only one pleading for Kyle to not kill her while Greyson stood and watched.

"If anything happens to Tracy, if anything happens to my buttercup even so much as lose one fucking braid on her head, I am going to gut you like a motherfucking fish, I am going to

make you regret the day you ever met me." With that he released her, and she fell to the ground in fits.

He turned and looked at Greyson, "that goes the same for you too, if anything happens to Tracy..." he turned and looked at Loraine, "you better hope nothing happens to her or you going to be a fucking widow." Then he walked out of Greyson's office, banging the door on his way out.

While everyone was setting up the plan to hit Morris's safe, while Kyle and Mason were driving to Greymont Holdings,

Punch and his colleagues had already arrived at the given location. Dressed nicely and not looking like some common criminals, they held one of the tenants hostage and took away her entry card access and swiftly entered the building without being detected by security.

Karabo had given them the unit and floor numbers so up they went.

Tracy was just taking out the trash when she heard the lift ding a short distance away and saw Punch walk out of the lift, he looked to his left first trying to read the unit numbers on the door and that gave her an opportunity to run back to Kyle's apartment.

She quickly locked the door and moved away from the door and at that instant her phone rang, it was her sister.

"Lesedi they are here they found me," she cried into the phone.

She listened to Lesedi and when she heard the gunshot. "I need to get out of here." Tracy dropped the phone Kyle bought for her to keep in touch with her family and charged to his room.

She was walking barefooted and couldn't even get a second to put on shoes. She was wearing a pair of leggings and a sponge bob t-shirt; she didn't care about anything else but her life.

She opened the balcony door of Kyle bedroom and closed it behind her. She looked down and saw if she could carefully swing her legs over the edge and jumped, she'd be able to jump into the neighbour's balcony.

The more gunshots she heard followed by the voices indicating they were about to enter the house, she quickly sat on the edge, closed her eyes and jumped.

There she found no one in the bedroom, "shit, shit, shit." She cursed when she couldn't see anyone while trying to peep in and the only way to open the door was to unlock it from the inside.

"Uhh..." she looked around her and saw a flowerpot hanging on the wall, she picked it and used it to smash the glass door. At this point she couldn't care about anyone else but herself. This door will be fixed, she needed to run.

Finding the lock, she turned it and the door opened. The room was almost similar to Kyle's except this had more furniture and more personalized.

She ran towards the door and in walked the owner of the unit, "What the fuck?" the skinny lad with dull grey eyes carrying a McDonalds takeaway bag was confused and surprised at the stranger in his home.

"I am so sorry if I make it out alive I will fix your door I promise." Tracy spoke while pushing past him and running towards the fire exit. She used the stairs and ran two floors down from the sixth floor. When she got to the second floor,

she got into the lift. She thought this way those men will definitely use the stairs to chase her...

When the lift got to the ground floor, she was panicking, she had chosen the basement in that way she could get out through the exit that led into town. She didn't want to run to security, or they'd call the actual police and her problems will triple.

The car finally reached the basement and she bolted out of it like her ass was on fire.

When she reached the gate, she was almost out of breath and glad that they had the pedestrian gate which didn't require access, so she used it to get out of the building.

She crouched, hands on her knees, trying to catch her breath...then she looked up, trying to see where she was going to turn...

"Something told me to wait here..." Punch said, a smirk on his face, his gun dangling in his hand.

"Weits' Sesi I have been calling Lesedi and Mohau and they both aren't answering their phones. A few weeks ago, I asked Lesedi if she could ask Mohau to pay for your extra medical activities that you need to attend... she said she called her but doesn't tell me if she agreed or not." Sofia spoke to Daisy in the comfort of their home over their afternoon tea.

"I know the money is a lot, I was hoping that both of them will talk about it, put heads together on how we can get that money so at least when January comes, you will get all the help you need... but they have since went mute." Sofia brought the warm tea to her lips, unlike Daisy she did not at all like piping hot tea.

Daisy who was getting better as each week came by looked at her dear friend and nurse and shrugged. She hasn't seen Tracy in a while, she used to visit them almost every Sunday and her presence made her feel at peace. Seeing her child in one piece always comforted her but now she hasn't seen her since the month began and she was worried something had happened.



"Did you... call her work?" Daisy asked in her sweetest and polite voice.

"Mhm, they said she no longer works there. She hasn't told us anything... she did send the money month end of November maybe that was her last salary..." Sofia too was worried about Tracy especially now that she couldn't get hold of her.

"Do you think... you know who made her quit? What if she's now working for him full time? But why can't we get hold of her? I hate worrying about them hle sesi." Sofia looked at the red and white scorched tablecloth, getting lost in her thoughts. She conjured up the most horrifying of scenes... Morris abusing Tracy, overworking her and beating her up for not complying. She shuddered at the thought and went to take her cell phone from the kitchen tabletop next to the kettle where she had left it and called Tracy, voicemail, she tried Lesedi and nothing with her either.

"I think we should pray..."

Daisy looked at Sofia, the woman was always calm and collected and yet today she was panicking and worrying over the girls. Daisy's heart picked race... Sofia's energy transferred to her, and she nodded her head. Unlike Tracy, Daisy never stopped believing in God even after everything that has happened to them... every night, every morning, anytime she prayed, she and Sofia prayed for the safety of the girls and on that Friday, they had to... something just did not feel right.

Back in Centurion, Kyle was driving to his place, the security guards had called him that they had the police with them and needed him present. He called his brother while on the way, his heart racing than the car he was driving.

"Your place is fucked up and there is no sign of your girl... word from the guy in the unit below yours says he unlocked the door

to his apartment and a girl matching Tracy's description ran past him, when he went to his bedroom he found his door smashed."

"Huh?" Kyle was confused, "Do you want to tell me that Tracy jumped from our balcony to the one below? What the fuck, is she insane?" Kyle grew mad, she could have injured herself.

"Well, either that or she risks losing her life because those fuckers shot your door open and continued to shoot at everything in there... right now I am waiting for intel on Morris's men... I am trying to track the ones with cars and see where they fucking are. It's madness here man... I am leaving your place, will chat."

Mason not sounding sure scared Kyle. He had hoped that he would be the one to find Tracy. Nothing remained hidden from Mason if he wanted it and this time it seemed as though his buttercup was missing.

While all of these were taking place, the prayers in Soweto, Mason and Kyle trying to get their thoughts together and try to get information, Tracy was on the other side of the building, looking at Punch, blood draining from her face but she wasn't so scared... there was help... she just needed to distract him.

"Punch... please let me go." She begged him with her eyes, she was out of breath and out of her depth. He had a gun, and she knew the fucker wasn't scared to use it. Hell, they shot down Kyle's place in broad daylight without a care in the world. She didn't think he'd go back down and waited for her, she had underestimated him...

"Don't test me Tracy... I mean maybe if you were my girl I'd let you go, but you are not and I am loyal to my boss, and we need to know why the fuck you faked your disappearance." Punch was irritated. "Get in the car."

Tracy needed to distract him, so she moved forward, and Punch turned to face her and cocked the gun, "Don't test –" he couldn't finish his sentence as he got hit behind the head with a baseball bat. The lights immediately dimmed, causing him to collapse to the ground along with his gun.

The neighbourhood was quiet, and most people were still at work while the police were on the other side of the entrance.

"I am so glad to see you sesi." Tracy sighed in relief. She saw Lesedi crossing the street with a baseball bat and relaxed but had to somehow avert Punch's attention to herself so Lesedi could approach from behind so she could hit him with it, and she got him good.

"Let's get out of here." Lesedi said.

"We can't leave him here... we have to take his car and then get out of here and find Kyle."

The two girls quickly carried the man into the backseat of his car and Lesedi took the driver's seat while Tracy rode shotgun.

Lesedi switched the car on, revved it a little, testing it and from there... she didn't even look at anything else, she sped out of the neighbourhood, speeding like she was on the Fast & Furious movie set.

"Where are we going?" she asked, concentrating on the road.

"I don't know... I can't think of any safe place, do you have your phone with you?" Tracy asked.

"It's in the back pocket of my jeans, let's just find a safe place so we could relax and call your man, okay." Lesedi suggested and Tracy nodded in agreement.

She thought she was a driver but compared to her sister, the woman was crazy behind the wheel. She was flying on the road and not once did she feel unsafe or that they would crash. She was that good, but then again... Lesedi was the one who taught her how to drive using their father's car when stones were soft, and chicken used to fly.

Tracy's thoughts raced as they continued on the journey to an unknown destination, she was thankful that her sister was on her way to their place when everything happened. When Lesedi called her earlier, she was already downstairs and hearing that her sister was in trouble, she urged her to run to the other side where she would wait for her. She had seen a couple of kids enter the premises with baseball bats and asked for one, telling the kids it was an emergency. She saw Punch heading to a certain direction and she followed him. There was no way she was going to let them take her baby sister and abuse her.

"Uhh we have a problem." Lesedi mentioned looking into the blind spot mirror, "somebody is chasing us." She finished.

Tracy turned to look back and indeed there was a black mustang chasing them down. Lesedi stepped on the accelerator, not wanting to give the person who was chasing them a chance. Just like she did, the car behind also picked race.

"Fuck, we have to detour," when she took a left, the car followed suit. "That man is fucking relentless. How many people did he send after you, yeses!" Lesedi clicked her tongue in annoyance while Tracy felt her heart dance all the way up to her throat.

The curvier women of the two bit her nails, when Lesedi swerved to take a sharp left in an unknown suburb that she randomly drove into, the mustang followed suit, when she



swerved right, so did the other car. When she proceeded straight and the houses disappearing on the rear-view mirror, the car was still there...

"Okay... we have no choice now..." Lesedi switched gears and made a sharp U-turn, reversed and faced the car. She looked straight ahead; the car was following them but there was a much impressive gap in between them.

"Lesedi what are you doing?" Tracy found herself scared

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just when she thought they had made it out alive her sister was driving in high speed towards the car that was following them.

"Lesedi wa tlhanya?!" (Lesedi are you insane) Tracy was glad she had put on a safety belt, but she didn't trust that it will shield them against the crash that Lesedi was about to cause on purpose.

"Aahrg!" Lesedi screamed in frustration when the other car swerved out of her way, and she missed it. The car stopped and flashed lights before she could go back into the suburb they just drove out of... there was no way her father's goons will flash lights at them... or swerve out of the way. So, she stopped.

The car reversed and she waited... "Take Punch's gun."

Tracy whose eyes were closed the entire time opened them to find the other car not in front of them and they were still in perfect condition. "Tracy get the gun!" Lesedi snapped and Tracy turned around and took Punch's gun that had fallen on the floor.

The mustang stopped right behind her and out walked a fucking model. Lesedi couldn't believe this... her father couldn't possibly have a white man working for him. The guy was drop

dead gorgeous, tall, packed muscle, he probably lived in the gym and had a powerful and demanding presence in his walk.

"Oh, thank God." Tracy heaved a sigh. "That's Mason." She declared, throwing the gun back at Punch who was still out like a light.

Lesedi stepped out of the car, they were on a deserted road, parked on the gravel off the road.

"What the hell man you got a death wish or something?" the snappy woman charged at Mason.

Mason was impressed at her driving skills, when the car made a U-turn, he was shocked to see women in the front which was why he swerved out of the way. He couldn't believe that he was chasing a woman and never even caught up with her until she gave in and in giving in, she gave in in-style.

"I could ask you the same damn thing!" Mason looked the girl over; she was a little tall, but nothing compared to him. Curves in the right places, fire in her eyes and she was a fucking fantastic driver.

"Mxm who the fuck are you and what do you want?" she asked.

Tracy jumped to the driver's side as she wasn't wearing any shoes and grinned at Mason who she had the pleasure of meeting once. "Hi Mason, boy am I not glad to see you."

Mason smiled at Tracy, but the smile quickly vanished as it came. "Wanna tell me how you're driving the enemy's car? Here I am thinking I'm chasing one of Morris's fuckers."

"And we thought you one of his too, why the fuck would you chase us like that?" Tracy pouted, "Now Miss crazy over here almost killed us deciding that it's better to crash into you than run from you."

"Where were we gonna go Mohau? What if this was a dead-end road?' Lesedi was still pissed.

"Look, I am glad that this turned out this way... but how?"

Then Tracy happily informed Mason who kept stealing glances at the firecracker besides him clad in skinny jeans, converse and a tight vest that showed of her nice full melons.

"Mhm that's impressive."

"I know right? Please call Kyle?" Tracy begged him, "Can I call him? My phone is at his apartment I couldn't even take it."

Mason happily unlocked his phone, dialled Kyle's number and gave it to Tracy.

"Mace, I will call you back these fucking officers need a statement from me the sooner I do it the –"

"Hey baby..." Tracy cooed into the receiver. She could tell Kyle was stressed about her.

"Oh, thank God! Buttercup!" Kyle wanted to kiss God at that moment, he couldn't even care about the police statement anymore. "Are you okay?" Kyle asked.

And the two conversed while Mason and Lesedi ignored each other, waiting for Tracy to finish the conversation.

As the two stood outside, they heard banging noise coming from the boot of Punch's car. "Did you hear that?" Lesedi asked, narrowing her eyes at the boot.

"Yeah... open it..."

"No, what if the person just comes out shooting at us?" Lesedi questioned, wary of the whole situation.

Mason nodded and pulled out a gun from his back, "Now open." He instructed her. It was in the way that he took charge that had her rolling her eyes and yet complying.

"What the..." Mason was shocked to see a woman with bound hands and a tape over her mouth in the boot. Lesedi went to check and raised her brows. "What is this?"

Mason easily carried the woman out of the boot, untied her hands and removed the tape off her mouth. "Who are you? What happened?"

The woman looked around and couldn't help but to cry. Lesedi looked at her like she had some virus and Mason who expected Lesedi to comfort her had to hug the woman, soothing her back.

"Hey, it's okay..." he reassured her.

Tracy saw the other woman and told Kyle they were safe and hung up the call. She opened the back windows as she couldn't get out of the car. "What's going on there?" she yelled.



"Your friend Punch kidnapped this poor woman and took her access card to y'all's place. That's how he managed to get in." Lesedi filled her in.

"Oh my God that's so terrible."

Lesedi went to search Punch and found the access card and gave it to the woman. "What are we going to do with her?"

"Please, please don't kill me." The woman cried out, she looked to be a little older, dirty blonde hair, pink eyes, probably wearing contact lenses, suffering from mid-life crisis, Lesedi thought.

"Do we fucking look like we kill people?" Lesedi snapped and rolled her eyes.

"Lesedi!" Tracy scolded her sister. Lesedi could be rude when she wanted.

"Listen, you ladies get in my car and go to Kyle... I will drive that sleepy guy somewhere nice." Mason suggested with a smirk.

"I need shoes to get out of this car." Tracy whined and Mason chuckled.

He went to carry Tracy and put her in his car, "happy?" he asked, and she nodded like a kid.

Mason took his car keys and gave them to Lesedi, "You scratch that car..."

"I didn't ask to drive it." She snapped, taking the keys out of his hand.

Mason shook his head, he was intrigued... something about that firecracker intrigued him. But for now, he had a mission to accomplish. Taking down Morris's right hand man and using him against that very boss.

The girls drove back to Centurion, and this time Lesedi was enjoying the ride. She loved to drive, did not have her own car but driving was something that soothed her. She enjoyed the adrenalin that came with speeding.

Tracy was a lot calmer than before. When they arrived back at Kyle's place, she ran towards him,

"Kyle!"

Kyle turned around and his heart picked race, his buttercup... there was no denying the love he had for her. "My baby!" Tracy crushed into him, wrapping her arms tightly around him.

Kyle kissed her head, her face and then captured her lips, not caring who was watching. For a minute he thought he'd never see her again, that her monster of her father would kill her and make sure her body was never found.

"I am never letting you out of my sight ever again, do you hear me?" Kyle held her delicate face in his large hands.

Tracy was so happy to see him, when she jumped over the balcony an hour earlier, she thought she'd never see Kyle again, that she'd never get to feel happy again. She wanted to try to

survive, not only for herself, for her mother, and sister but for Kyle too.

She could only nod while tears streamed down her face. She was scared, when she saw Punch she didn't think she would survive.

"I love you so much!" Kyle kissed her; his kiss was like drinking from the fountain of life. Her soft lips ignited a fire in his body.

"Mr Pierce we still need to take a statement from the lady as well." One of the police officials neared the couple with a notepad in hand.

"Fuck off!" Kyle looked the police officer dead in the eye. "Fuck off!!" then he looked Tracy in her eyes.

"My goodness don't you ever scare me like that."

"How did they know about this?'

Kyle sighed, "The less you know the better... but I have handled the situation."

"I want to know Kyle; how did they know where to find me?"

Kyle couldn't keep secrets from her even if he tried, "Karabo heard Grey and Loraine talking... so when Punch and gang went to the office, the fucking blabber mouth gave them my address."

Tracy was boiling inside, "That bitch!"

Oh she was angry, she was not going to take it lying down, one way or another... Karabo had to pay for what she did. She almost cost her life. She almost had her killed and she needed to pay for it.

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"Those officers are fucking useless I tell you." Kyle spoke as they entered his apartment after the police took their statements and evidence of the shooting and allowed the couple together with Lesedi back inside.

"Very, I have zero trust in the justice system of this country." Tracy commented on the subject. She found her shoes by the couch and wore them.

Lesedi looked around and the place was trashed up, albeit there wasn't a lot of furniture in the place but still, it was ruined.

"So where are the two of you going to sleep tonight?" Lesedi asked.

Kyle had forgotten the woman was around, she was eerily quiet like a church mouse. He noticed she didn't speak a lot unless she was upset, angry or any negative feeling.

"I don't know, probably my father's house or a hotel." Kyle replied to her.

"Your father's house? I am not going to David's house." Tracy quickly shut that idea off.

"Or a hotel... the part where I said a hotel." Kyle chuckled at her; he didn't think she'd want to go shag up at his father's house either way. Mason was already living there, and Gina was in the city as well, he didn't want to make her feel uncomfortable.

"Do you think I can crash at your place until the dust settles? Kyle... it's almost Christmas, when are you carrying out the



plan?" Tracy asked both Kyle and Lesedi, she wanted her father dealt with once and for all.

"Let's not talk about that here, Mace texted that he's at his spot and we need to go there and bring his car there." Kyle told them. "And you aren't leaving my sight. You sleep where I can fucking see you, touch you and smell you." He deadpanned. He'd be damned if he let her out of his sight again. Today just reminded him how much he loved and was scared to lose the girl.

Lesedi watched the exchange and felt a pang in her chest. With what her baby sister had to go through, she hoped Kyle was really genuine and would take care of her. Tracy needed him, but as for her, she was going to be okay, she was a tough cookie.

The trio left after Tracy changed into more suitable clothes, jeans and t-shirt with converse shoes. She and Kyle drove together, while Lesedi drove Mason's car alone.

Of course, Lesedi met some challengers on the road who wanted to race her for her money, and she gave a good race until they had to off-ramp towards Mason's secret location.

"Your sister is a crazy driver but she's playing a dangerous game." Kyle commented, watching Lesedi drive behind them.

"How so?"

"Did you see how she was racing on the road with those guys? Mason would flip if anything happens to his car."

Tracy smiled, "I think he knows just what kind of a driver Lesedi is. He chased us down and couldn't even reach us... Lesedi decided to stop and wanted to crash into him instead." Tracy

explained what happened when Lesedi was driving them in Punch's car.

"What the hell? She almost killed you, is she suicidal or what?" Kyle was concerned. "She almost killed you?" he had to give her lip as soon as they arrive to Mason. That was a crazy and dangerous thing to do.

Soon as they arrived, Kyle waited for Lesedi to park and then unleashed hell. "Are you crazy Lesedi? You wanted to crash into Mason? What if it was Morris' men? What then? You would have killed the two of you? You would have killed my buttercup?"

"Don't be dramatic..." Lesedi snapped. "We didn't die."

"What if you did?"

"Motho, we didn't die okay? Geez." She rolled her eyes while taking out a cherry Chapstick from her jeans and applying it to her lips. "Lwena Tracy learn to keep some things from people okay."

"I am not people." Kyle snapped and Lesedi shrugged.

Kyle sighing, he led them upstairs to Mason's lair. The place was a little creepy to say the least and dirty. It was a shocker to find doors that looked awful from the outside and yet requesting fingerprints to unlock.

Kyle ushered the ladies in, and they found Mason sitting on a desk and chair, electronic buds in his ears, he turned to give them a curt nod before resuming his duties.

Kyle took up space on another desk in the room and the two ladies found themselves on the balcony.

"Thank you for coming today, if it wasn't for you, I don't know what would have happened to me." Tracy said to her sister. They have been trying to talk since the last time.

Lesedi felt good within that just this one time, she was able to do something for her sister. She was glad that she helped save her from the claws of the demon called their father.

"I was glad I arrived on time." The older woman of the two mentioned. "So, I don't understand... what is the grand plan here? You were supposedly kidnapped but now papa is gonna know that you are not. Wouldn't that now raise suspicions as to what really happened in that tarven yall were drugged in?" Lesedi asked and Tracy started to panic. She hadn't really thought that far...

It had completely left her mind that the only reason she was fake kidnapped was because Kyle took her away from the pub where she last saw her father.

"You forgot why you were 'kidnapped'?" Lesedi asked, fingers drawing inverted comas in the air.

"Ky –" Tracy was about to call Kyle, but he and Mason were already making their way to them.

Mason headed to Lesedi and opened his palm without even saying anything. Lesedi rolled her eyes and dropped the keys in his hand.

"What's the plan with our father?" she asked.

"I think we need to move it up a bit, so that man is no idiot he decided to move his safe on one of the less busy days of the year." Mason began to explain.

Lesedi chuckled for a brief second, "Christmas day?" she asked. Tracy had filled her in that they were going to steal the man's money, so she needed to know the whole plan.

"Christmas day. So, we will be moving in on him on that day, if the two of you had plans with family

I suggest you postpone because I have jobs for you."

Lesedi snapped her head at the tall man's direction, "jobs for who? What kind of a job? I don't want a job." She quickly answered.

Mason looked at her, his piercing green eyes reading and milking her in. He didn't say anything, he had a lot to say but he checked himself.

"Your father has a plan; he's going to put the money in a truck that would be posing as a detergent delivery truck. That way to avoid officers stopping to search... but he is going to have five trucks of the same kind driving to the same destination... so now our job just got a little complicated, we need to find which truck it is...

"I have all the routes to the warehouse he will be transporting his money to, so I am going to cause road-blocks on a couple of roads to maximise our chances of being able to get the truck. We firstly need to find our truck and guide it towards the road we want... there we will jam the road for a good five minutes, this is Pretoria, even though people have gone home... there will still be people around. So, we will have to cause major accidents on the road to close them up...



"Then we will be waiting underneath the road, we are going to destroy the the street, sink the truck in, close it up from above... then we take out the safe and I will work on the code...and that's where you enter..." he looked at Lesedi.

"Me? How?"

"I need someone to drive the safe to another location."

"The safe with the money?" Lesedi asked, her head spinning wild with the thoughts of her driving a car filled with stolen cash. "I will do no such thing." She told them.

"I thought I had the best driver, but you are something else... I am great driver, and you outdrove me in a fucked-up sedan... you outdrove a mustang with one of the craziest engines... I need you; we need you. Besides, this is money will belong to

you and Tracy after the whole ordeal... and my cut of course."  
He smirked.

"Lesedi, he's right... he gave you his car and tracked you with it... you will be an asset to this mission."

"I am anything but a fucking criminal... it was okay to just be in the know of the whole situation because I hate that man but to go down his level?" she was unsure of it all. She spent ten years being angry at a lot of people and to now suddenly become a thief over a night did not sit well with her.

Tracy understood her sister very well, hell a lot of things did not sit well with her but how long will they let their father dictate, control and hurt them? How long will they let him get away with the cruel things he does all because he has money?

"Sesi Lesedi please think about it?" Tracy grabbed her hands gently and Lesedi looked at the intertwined hands. A warm feeling grazed her left side, but it left as it came.

She pulled her hands away, she wasn't ready to feel warm... she wasn't ready to address some feelings and issues. "Mohau..."

"He took two of my kids away from me, he took our mother away from us... he took you away from me and me away from you, we can't let him win... we can't let him take over our lives and ruin them. You can do this..."

Lesedi looked at her baby sister, how her eyes glossed up when she mentioned her miscarriages, that was her undoing. She nodded. "Fine, I will drive the damn money." Lesedi shrugged.

"How much are we talking about?" she further asked.

Mason who had the pleasure of listening in on conversations that happened in the Morris's den looked at his younger brother, Kyle had been shocked when he found out just how much money was in the goddamn safe and he knew the girls will be shocked too.

He cleared his throat and looked at the city ahead. The little place was on the outskirts of town but the perfect tower to do work from. They could control the traffic by hacking into the systems, they could see Morris' warehouse from there... and it was hidden in the bushes and trees for safety.

"Baby?" Tracy called to Kyle... something about Tracy calling him baby calmed and soothed him.

The man was dressed in jeans and blazer but had ditched the blazer when Tracy was in trouble and remained with the shirt... a few buttons unbuttoned revealing his toned and inviting chest.

How she wanted to sleep on it, lick it...but now was not the time... now they had to deal with the elephant in the room: Morris Phiri.

"How much money is in the safe?" Tracy asked the question.

"A hundred twenty..." Mason told them.

"A hundred and twenty... thousand?" Lesedi asked in a flat tone. She couldn't believe that they'd have a whole crazy mission over a hundred thousand of rands. Surely they were joking.

"Million." Kyle clarified.

"A hundred and twenty million?" The girls asked at the same time.

"Of rands?" Tracy continued. She was shocked, she couldn't believe her ears. "A hundred and twenty million rands?"

"Ahh yeah no, mhm-mhm, andizi." Lesedi chickened out. There was no way their father was going to let a hundred million go just like that. He'd hunt them down one by one until he found them and what she thought he will do to them chilled her spine.

"Find another driver ...actually I am not even getting involved in anything. I am wishing all of you luck... but andizi!"

Tracy was bummed about her sister's decision about the whole plan of stealing from her father. She literally felt her heart swim all the way to the pit of her belly.

She walked inside the building and sat down on one of the chairs, Kyle followed her, wanting to make sure she was alright.

"Do you enjoy seeing her like that? Do you enjoy watching her having to watch over her back for the rest of her life?" Mason asked Lesedi.

"You don't know what you're talking about, okay? Ska mphaphela nna." She snapped.

"I do actually, I do... and deep in your heart you know it. You have hated crime ever since your father changed on your mom and you guys... I understand you're not a criminal... but just this one time, tell yourself you're doing a good deed, you're getting

rid of a bad thorn in society. Your father is that bad thorn."  
Mason then left her to her thoughts.

Lesedi stood on the balcony by herself, mauling over everything that has happened, everything her father did to them...

She had nothing to lose if she were backed up by people who knew exactly what they were doing and from the bits and pieces she heard from Tracy and Kyle... no one would fly across the ocean for a mission they had no hope of winning... so she had to trust that Mason knew what it was he was doing..

"Okay." She walked in and they all looked up at her. "I am all in."

"As long as you won't be driving my buttercup again... I'm good." Kyle joked.

Mason and Tracy chuckled while Lesedi rolled her eyes, a smirk however tugging at the corner of her lips.



*Christmas day...*

"What's mama and Sofia doing for Christmas?" Tracy asked her sister; she hasn't been able to visit them since the month began. She and Kyle booked themselves into a hotel and the man had upped the security around them. She wasn't allowed to go anywhere let alone take out the trash, she was stuck in the hotel but at least with room service and a man whose lips never got tired of pleasuring every inch of her body.

"I have no idea, didn't ask... I am avoiding them. I can't keep shit from Sofia, so I have just been letting her know that we are alive and well." Lesedi responded.

It was in the morning on Christmas day, they were in Tracy's hotel, getting ready to leave. All instructions have been sent and they just needed to get to the location Mason instructed them to on the agreed time.

"I haven't had a good Christmas in a fucking long time that I don't even think I still wish to celebrate it." Tracy spoke up.

"I know... anyway what will you be doing today?"

"Taking you through the roads... I will be your eyes and ears on the road."

"Fun times." Lesedi rolled her eyes. She was nervous about the whole situation. She couldn't sleep at all last night. Her father kept hounding her dreams, denying her peace. "Where did that Mason guy take Punch?" she asked. She has been dying to know what happened to Punch but for some reason she couldn't ask Mason.

"He stripped him naked and tied him to his car and left him at papa's gate. Of course, he put trackers on him... that way, he was able to get information inside papa's house." Tracy filled her in, and she gasped.

"Is Mason okay in his head? Also... what is he Mohau? He literally drugs people to stamp trackers on their bodies and then leave them at that so they could panic... he's a fucking lunatic." Lesedi mentioned. She was thinking a lot about the whole mission, how Mason took charge of the whole thing... she expected him and Kyle to kidnap all Morris's men they could and keep them elsewhere, but they did no such thing. It was... interesting, made her curious...

"That's the question I keep asking Kyle and he dodges it every time. I don't know what Mason does but I can tell you, he has the full support of the whole Pierce family and whatever it is, is fucking illegal."

Tracy finished dressing up and they were set and ready to leave. Lesedi slept in the hotel next to hers, Kyle had booked

her in for a week just to be close by and lay low after the whole ordeal was done.

"Ready?" the younger sister asked.

"Sure." Lesedi pocketed her hands in the oversized hoodie she wore, wearing the shades and drawing the strings of their hoodies so tight in order to conceal their faces from the cameras in the hotel, in case Morris's men try something funny they walked out.

Walking a street down from the hotel, as expected there was a pickup truck parked and waiting for them. A Ford Raptor. Mason had planned this out to a tee, he had cars ready for his team and Lesedi wondered just how was he this well connected.

"You drive... my nerves are running short." Lesedi passed Tracy the key and the girls hopped in the truck.

The minute Tracy switched the engine on, Mason's deep voice boomed inside the car, causing the girls to jump in shock.

"What the fuck was that?" Lesedi asked, clutching her chest.

"Sorry ladies, just making sure that for as long as you're in the car, you will be able to communicate with one of us... anyway ready when you are." Mason sounded happy. He was excited.

Lesedi rolled her eyes while Tracy shook her head and pressed her foot on the accelerator and the car moved.

They drove under the bridge and found themselves going through a wet tunnel and then they drove in an open space where a few men in work suits were already working.

"Please park there..." one of the men asked Lesedi who in turn told Tracy to park where they instructed.

"We are going to bomb the area up so we can't mess up the car." It was Ginger who told the girls why they had to park away from them.

Tracy looked around, she thought she'd find her blue-eyed man in the area but turns out not. She quickly received a call that Mason was up in the streets waiting for her. She took the stairs up but not before wishing her sister good luck.

"You gon' be okay?" she had asked and Lesedi nodded with a small smile.

Lesedi jumped into the car they came with and busied herself on the phone. She was nervous but tried to be calm as nothing was happening yet.

She put in the earpiece Ginger gave her and just relaxed in the car.

At Morris's warehouse, the old man was on the edge, stressing about his money being moved. "Punch are the trucks ready? Are the drivers aware of the importance of today's trips?" he asked.

Punch strolled in dressed in his suit, he was always in black suits. "Boss, everything is under control, I got you a monitor, there will be a camera following the truck and you can keep an eye on it. We will be guarding it, I have a few guys on cars and bikes...we are good to go."

That please Morris. He needed to move his money to safety as his warehouse has been compromised. He had taken all of his drugs and guns to his home, and they too needed to go soon. Someone was trying to sabotage him and had no idea who and what exactly was it they wanted from him.

He was jittery but had to trust that Punch had everything under control.

The five trucks with pink and blue flowers with images of different type of washing powders displayed were staring at him on the front door, only one of the trucks held the safe and he bid them farewell and went back inside to track them.

Guys on bikes followed close, some further away and other with cars provided the much-needed security.

Tracy arrived with Mason to the lair and there she was carefully instructed on how to carry the mission.

"Tracy, your sister is going to rely on you if the road is clear, the police coming, if anyone is chasing her, you are her eyes and ears on this one. So do a stellar job okay?" Mason was all game no play that day, he needed everything to go accordingly.

He took a seat on his desk and tracked the trucks, he had to see which truck they were targeting, switching on his ear and mouthpiece he spoke to the rest of the team,

"Alright guys, can you all hear me?"

"On."

"Yes."

"Sure case.

"You got it." Were some of the replies from the team. That satisfied him so he checked the trucks, using his technical skills to weigh the trucks, the first four trucks weighed the same while the fifth truck had more weight on the wheels.

"Got it, our truck registration is XKP335GP, I repeat XKP355...GP" Mason spoke up.

He had people posing as officers on the road and they heard the registration number and memorized it.

The driver of that said truck was following a specific route as instructed but as he was driving, there was a roadblock ahead, a truck was bombed and they had to close the road,

"Boss, there is a roadblock, we have to detour." The driver with the safe in his truck spoke through his mouthpiece. Morris was listening in as he was following but Punch was the man handling the move.

"Take the R21." Punch instructed and the drive followed the instruction.

Tracy was a nervous wreck, she had the live version of events, she could see the truck moving and she was anticipating everything. What if her father upped the security, what if the plan fails, she was far too stressed but couldn't allow her nerves to consume her. She had to play her part.

The truck met with traffic officers on the way, "Hi sir may we please see your driver's license?" the fake officer asked, and the driver complied. He went around the truck to check the license disc, checked if there were no leaks under the truck and the necessary measures that he assumed real traffic officers will do.

He then gave the big man his license back. "There is a roadblock ahead, car and bus collision

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where are you heading?" the officer asked.

"Joburg north." The truck driver curtly responded.

"Please use the next available road,"

"Is it the one that goes through the Steve Biko bridge?" the driver asked, and the fake officer almost smiled, that was the bridge they needed the truck to go under, immediately after the bridge there was traffic another accident but officers there were guiding cars to pass through in a very slow pace, it was another Mason made accident.

The driver again told Morris and Punch of the change of routes, and they allowed him to use the suggested road.

As soon as the truck went under the bridge, a number of buses and trucks drove behind it while there was traffic before him.

"There is crazy traffic here boss, and I'm closed in, can't get out or go forward." The driver told Punch.

"On a fucking Christmas? Something is just fishy here." Morris responded, "Punch keep an eye on him." He further instructed.

There were about two guards on motorbikes right behind the truck and two cars just behind the busses not too far.

Mason spoke in the earpiece, "Hit it now Ginger."



"Roger that." Ginger who was under the bridge and his boys set to work... in ten seconds they bombed the road the truck was on, and it fell through and immediately the truck fell through to the ground, a billboard that was just by the wall was shot and it covered the hole, allowing the other cars to pass through, but the bus that was behind the truck drove over the billboard and stopped, eliminating any chances of anyone deciding to jump through the hole and following the truck.

The men on the bikes saw what happened and they turned back on the road. They had to get underneath the road and find the truck.

"My truck! Mzoxolo what happened to my truck?" Morris asked, panic setting in his body. "Find my fucking truck!" he lashed.

Underneath the bridge, Ginger and gang drugged the driver and his mate then opened the truck, taking the safe out.

Lesedi watched as they bombed the surface, watched as the truck fell through and has been on the edge, adrenaline pumping into her bloodstream.

They loaded the safe in the pickup truck Lesedi would be driving and made sure they sealed it carefully inside the truck bed with the black leather cover.

"Go!" Ginger instructed Lesedi who was already revving the car up. As soon as she got the go ahead, she drove out of the area, through the tunnel then into the road.

The guys on the bikes met with her on the way and at the speed she was driving, they suspected she had the money, so they turned and followed her.

"The car with the safe is an orange Ford raptor Punch and it's heading north." One of the guys on the bike told his teammates as they chased Lesedi down.

Tracy jumped on the minute Lesedi got out of the tunnel into the busy streets of Pretoria. "Lesedi head north and when you reach the car dealership turn right..." she instructed and Lesedi carefully listened.

Tracy continued to guide Lesedi out of town until she was on the highway, flying on the road with two bikes flagging her.

Hitting the brakes Lesedi managed to knock out one of the bikers who was tailing her. Then she carried on driving, checking to see who was following her. There was now a number of black town cars chasing her. She had to give them a good chase or she'd be caught.

Just as she began to stress, she saw police vans knocking some of the cars out of the way through the rear-view mirror. She looked at the biker on her side who kept trying to shoot her car.

She neared him and opened her door and tipped him over, his bike rolling while he was flung over the door and hit the ground.

"Eat that!" Lesedi praised herself. Excitement filling her body. She couldn't believe she did that.

"I can't believe you just did that..." Tracy commented, "You have about six cars chasing you, you have a thirty-five second gap, turn right and then turn left... you need to lose them." Tracy instructed, watching the road carefully.

Punch was one of the people chasing down Lesedi, they started shooting with the other guys in police vans who were clearly the fake police. It was a huge mess on the road, but there was a hundred million rands on the loose, it was a do or die game.

Two cars caught up with Lesedi and she spun on the road in a three-sixty motion and the cars were knocked out of the way, one turning over. She didn't have the time to marvel at her driving skills, she had to drive out of town.

"We have a problem, there are more cars ahead of you, you need to improvise Lesedi, you need to go through the old river, once you drive across it, you will have to drive up the hill and you will join the R21." Tracy warned her.

"The river?" Lesedi asked, not at all stopping the car, she was a woman on a mission.

Mason who was now with Kyle on the other half of the mission was listening in, keeping quiet as to not disturb decided to speak up, "Go through the old river if need be, that car will carry you through if it's wet, trust it."

The old river was nothing deep, in fact it was filled with rocks which Mason believed the car will driver over with less issues.

Lesedi was a blur on the road, she didn't even feel the heaviness that lay behind her in the truck bed. Reaching the river, she saw eight more cars tailing her. There were rocks upon rocks in the river, but she could see the road up the hill that she needed to get on.

"There is water here... I hope I don't get stuck in the mud." Lesedi spoke as she drove through, as if jinxed, she got stuck mid-way.

"I'm stuck..." Lesedi spoke up.

"You're stu –" Lesedi could no longer hear Tracy as the network cut them off.

Tracy panicked, she could no longer see Lesedi on the map, could no longer have a view as they didn't have any cameras around the river. It was dead-end.

"Guys can you hear me?" Tracy spoke up.

"I can hear you baby what's going on?" Kyle asked.

"I can hear you too." That was Ginger responding.

"I lost Lesedi...we lost Lesedi." She spoke in a panic.

"What? What do you mean we lost Lesedi?" Kyle asked, his voice booming through the earpiece.

Tracy stood up from the chair she was graciously given as she looked at the computer screen and there was no movement, the last image was before Lesedi off ramped to the river. "She said she was stuck after getting in the river and we lost connection. She got stuck in the river and there were about eight cars tailing her..." Tracy feared for her sister's life...

"I can't believe this... we lost my sister." Tracy palmed her forehead, she was with another guy who was guarding her in the lair.

"Oh, he's going to kill her... he's definitely going to kill her." She chanted quietly to herself.

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"Mace, what the fuck do we do now? The fucker is not here!" Kyle and Mason teamed up and lit Morris's house on fire, unfortunately he was not home, neither was his housekeeper and their plan to scare him out of the house in order to kidnap him failed.

"The thing is he's alone where he is... and I forgot to enter his fucking tracking number onto my phone, we can only track him if I go back to the lair, and I can't go back to the lair because I have to find Lesedi." Mason was beginning to stress.

Things were not going according to plan, and they couldn't afford for that to ahead.

"I can go to the lair so we can find him, one thing for sure Mason, I want that man perfectly bound in a dungeon. I don't want him near my girl ever again." Kyle deadpanned.

Mason took out his laptop from the boot of his car after they drove a little further from Morris's now burnt to ashes house, along with his drugs and firearms he sold to make money.

"I can't see Lesedi anywhere..." he took out his phone and called Ginger who did not answer, he tried some of the other guys and no one answered his calls.

"Ginger?" he spoke through his mouthpiece, and it went dead silent.

Ginger and gang were taking out cars on the way chasing Lesedi. They served as security while she tried to get out of the muddy situation she was stuck in.

Lesedi, with panic colouring all her body and tainting all her body organs took off her seat belt. She couldn't breathe... cars were behind her; they were shooting while some of the guys she assumed worked with Mason shot back and hit some of the cars out of the way.

The car she had was a beast, their own cars wouldn't at all cross the river, but if those men got out of their cars and head to her direction, they'd win the battle. The only way was to move fucking forward.

She started the car again, she didn't rev it up this time, she looked at the rocks ahead, if she could climb the rocks, she'd be able to get to the other side and drive up the hill. Only the back wheels were caught in the mud.

"Oh, dear God...help me." She pleaded. "Kind of ironic huh, I am asking God for help while I'm stealing money." She chuckled nervously to herself.



Pressing her foot against the accelerator, she put the gear into drive... the car was alive, it was humming a pleasing sound... but she could still hear her heartbeat over the sound of the car. She looked back into the rear-view, more cars were coming in, she saw a truck like hers approaching and she knew... she had to force the damn car to move.

She swayed the car to the side hoping she wouldn't lose herself and it tips over, then she swayed to the other side bringing it back into the middle, then felt it lift from the back... "I'm out!" she jumped into her seat excitedly at the same time a bullet hit the back window taking her by surprise and yet snapping her into action.

"Oh fuck!" she couldn't speed over the rocks, but she saw her team had barricaded the area, stopping the other cars from passing through.

When she finally got out of the river and driving up the hill, she stepped on the accelerator and didn't even look back. The hill went up and around and she finally lost sight of anyone behind her.

As soon as she was on a clear road, her network came back up, but Tracy was nowhere to be found.

"I am back baby!" she cheered. She felt her phone vibrate in her pocket and she took it out, she figured she was safe now from all those monsters, so she relaxed a little.

"Hello?"

"Please tell me you're safe? I couldn't get through to you and the guys." That was Mason.

"I am fine, there was no network in the river and that's where the guys are. I am on the move now..."

"Alright let me send you the location fast okay, step on that gas woman and leave a fucking gap." Mason then cut the call.

Lesedi rolled her eyes at his command, but she knew he was right, she needed to make sure she left nothing but dust behind.

Following the gps coordinates, she found herself in a very small neighbourhood just when you enter Joburg. The gps led her to some grey double storey house with grey walls and a large remote-controlled gate.

Soon as she pulled up on the gate, it opened, she drove through, and it closed behind her.

She saw Tracy flying down the driveway towards her car, she stopped midway and smiled at her baby sister.

She felt nostalgia hit her so hard she almost had a whiplash. Seeing Tracy run towards her like that took her back to her school days when she'd come back from school and Tracy would run for her because she always brought her back some nice snacks from her school.

"Oh my God you're alive." Tracy spoke with her through the window. She was driven to the said house when she realized that she lost connection to Lesedi.

Kyle picked her up while Mason went to finish his business after calling them and letting them know Lesedi was alright.

"Let me drive up..." Lesedi said, and Tracy jumped in the backseats of the car. Lesedi was ushered into the garage and the doors closed.

She got out and followed Tracy inside the house.

Two men asked for the car keys, unloaded the safe and drove the car out, while the other one scanned the safe if it had no bugs and found none. Morris was a damn fool for not tracking the actual safe. He was too trusting and that was going to cost him all he's ever worked hard for.

"Whose house is this?" Lesedi asked.

"One of those guys." Tracy answered her. "We need to drive to another location I was just waiting for you with Kyle. Mason went to sort out some things he said." Tracy was so relieved to see her sister, even after all the hate and the not talking nicely

to each other for years, she'd still always love and care for her sister and would try to protect her.

"We are doing a lot of travelling today I am beat." Tracy mumbled.

"Glad to see you well and alive." Kyle went and hugged Lesedi who stiffened at his touch, bile rising up her throat. she didn't hug him back, her hands curdled into fists by her side, and she closed her eyes and counted from ten downwards.

Kyle quickly let her go and found her with her eyes closed, her chest heaving. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Mhm, don't sneak up on me like that ever again." She warned him and that took him and Tracy by surprise.

Raising his hands in surrender he apologized, and she just nodded. "Anyway, we need to get out of here and go to the guesthouse. Mason and the rest of the guys will be fine." Kyle told them and they drove in Kyle's car.

Tracy was so glad that the whole mission was over, but something was bugging her, her father was free, he was still roaming the streets and by the turn of events he surely knows now that she had something to do with it or know something.

"Kyle... where is my father?" she asked.

"We are going to find him; don't worry without his money he can't do much baby." Kyle assured her and she just nodded for peace's sake not at all believing that her father will just let go and accept defeat.

Arriving to the guesthouse they saw Mason's car in the driveway and the other two guys who were at the old house drove in with a different car this time and they unloaded the safe into the large house Mason had booked.

There, Mason went to the safe, "Alright I am going to try and crack the code." He smirked and Kyle rolled his eyes.

"You know you got this, you're just a show-off." Kyle said and Mason couldn't only chuckle as he worked on the man's safe.

Lesedi was jittery, she was nervous, she watched carefully as Mason worked, he was all work and no play. He had to crack the code without making any mistakes that could lock it for good.

"Drinks ladies?" Kyle opened the fridge in the room and there were beers, ciders, juice, water and some champagne.



"Oh my God yes please." Tracy took a cider; the other guys took beers like Kyle himself and Lesedi opted for juice.

"You don't want to get drunk?" Kyle asked.

"I don't drink." She responded and Tracy sharply turned to her, "since when?" she asked.

"About five years ago."

Tracy nodded and didn't question her sister. Lesedi was always an open book but over the years she became more reserved, she was actually a closed book now, she was a book closed with glue. She didn't indulge much, she didn't open up much, only what she wanted and that was that.

They heard a bolt clicking sound and all eyes looked at Mason and the safe. Mason stilled

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this part of his job always got to him, cracking codes. He loved it.

He stepped a little away from the safe, he grabbed the lever and opened it...

"What the fuck!!"

"Wow!"

"You gotta be shitting on me!"

"Jesus Christ!"

"Damn boy!"

"What!"

Everyone was just in shock of what was inside the safe. They couldn't have prepared themselves for this moment even if they tried. The money was stacked so beautifully in the safe, it looked like gold.

It was so much money they couldn't believe their eyes.

"That's a hundred million in cold hard cash!" Kyle commented stepping closer. "A hundred fucking million." The Pierce family were rich, they had money to spend, money to splurge but most of their money was tied to investments, future earnings, tied to the company...

To come face to face with a loose hundred million was gold.

"We did it! We fucking stole a hundred million!" Mason grinned. He couldn't have pulled this off without his incredible south African team, his brother, his girl and the firecracker that safely drove the safe.

"You did this Lesedi... you did this." Everyone wore smiles, including Lesedi. Seeing the money with her own eyes brought this satisfaction to her heart. They knocked the man she hated with all her heart down to his knees and it felt good.

Tracy walked out after a while and went to sit by the stairs. She was feeling anxious and overwhelmed.

Kyle followed her, he always wanted her by his side, he was terribly and crazily in love with the soft and curvy woman it was ridiculous.

"Baby... what's wrong?" he asked, joining her.

"Is everyone alright? Those guys at the bridge?" she asked in a sweet and concerned voice and Kyle nodded while taking a swig at his beer.

"They are alright baby... is that what you're worried about?" he asked.

"Nope..." she heaved a sigh, "what happened today... it was... that was illegal Kyle."

"I know baby... but we are safe from the cops."

"I just find it very selfish and ironic that you accused me of being a criminal just a few weeks ago and yet here we are, you are your brother leading an illegal mission, shooting, bombing streets, drugging and tracking people, having means to high level security, the , the ability of being able to, to hack into systems, control the traffic lights... just a fucking lot of things which do not make sense and yet... you stood in your office and accused me of being a criminal. You condemned me, fired me... and yet here we are.

"Now don't get me wrong, I fully am aware and understand that you did this for me and my family but still, that doesn't take away the fact that it is illegal."

Kyle did not expect that at all. He thought they were passed that horrible ordeal, but she was right, he was a hypocrite about her issue.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't need to hear you say you're sorry, I need you to tell me why. Why did you do that to me, why didn't you give me the benefit of the doubt, why did you resent me... for being a criminal and yet you and your brother are this well connected in illegal things?"

"Kyle you were disgusted by me, and I was just being an accountant and cooking books, yes for a drug lord but still... if we were to rate our criminal activities you and your brother are there in the top position while I come third."

Tracy was a no push-over just liker her older sister. They had fighting spirits inside of them, they never wanted to be taken for fools, experience had them like this.

Kyle looked into her eyes, she looked very hurt. "The truth?" he asked a rhetoric question, but she still nodded, while looking into his blue orbs.

"When I discovered what you were doing first instinct was to protect my family and that's protecting the business. I didn't know you any well, and my family has been on this road before where someone close to us stole from us, crippling my father's business.

"First thing was to think what if you were not who I thought you were, what if you were there to steal from us, I didn't know you that well... to give you that kind of benefit of doubt." He was raw and honest with her.



"I thought of it, that you couldn't possibly do that to us, but I couldn't risk it... Grey tried to make me see reason that maybe you were forced, and I was thinking more with my heart, what if you didn't feel the same way about me the same way I felt about you, that you were using me?"

"Also, my father, Greyson, Greymont Holdings are not at all into this, it's just Mason. And I used to help him out, I couldn't possibly let you know that. No one is supposed to know what Mason truly does for a living..."

Tracy nodded, "I get it... and yet you wanted me to tell you the whole truth while I didn't know you that well."

"Buttercup I am admitting that I was selfish okay? Don't crucify me for that, I am sorry. It was unfair... I did what I had to do but you had to do what you had to do to protect yourself like I was protecting my family." He finished.

"Is that how you knew just what to do when one needed to deposit a large amount of money into the bank?" she asked with a smirk.

"Yeah... little did I know I was leading you into the lion's den."

They carried on talking, ironing things out...apologizing for unfairness they showed to one another.

"How are we going to deposit a hundred million into a bank account Kyle?" Tracy asked Kyle who only smiled in response.

Back inside the guesthouse, Mason and the other guys were busy packing the money into bags to make it easier to move to desired destination when Lesedi's phone rang.

It was Sofia, she answered and that's when Kyle and Tracy walked inside the house, holding hands.

"Sofia, hi..." Lesedi smiled, sounding cheerful. She didn't want Sofia to worry about them.

"Le dirileng!" (What did you do?) Sofia cut to the chase, her voice was shaking, she sounded like she was angry.

"Sorry?"

"Lesedi what did you do to this man damn it!" Sofia exploded.  
"What did you steal from him that he had to come here and disrupt our Christmas?"

Lesedi stood from the couch, her eyes enlarged at the mention of Morris possibly being at the house. "Wait, Sofia are you telling me that my father is there?"

"Oh, so you do know who I am talking about. Why can't you all leave this man alone Lesedi? What did you steal? He has a gun pointed at your mother's head... he spilled all our food to the ground... he broke all the glasses and plates in here... so I do not care what it is that you stole from him, but I need you to give it back to him." Sofia finished...

"Tell them or they can come home and bury their useless mother." Lesedi heard Morris yell through the phone and her blood chilled.

"What's going on Lesedi?" Tracy asked, face coloured with concern.

Now everyone had stopped doing all they were doing, and attention was fixated on Lesedi who looked at the now hung-up call.

"Papa is at the house... he is holding mom and Sofia hostage until we return what we stole from him." Lesedi told them and Tracy felt bile creep up her throat.

Her head spun, thinking to the day her father butchered and battered their mother with a baseball bat that was meant to protect them from thieves.

"No... no..." tears welled up in her eyes and Kyle quickly engulfed her in a hug.

"Shhh baby... don't cry." Kyle cooed her while sharing a concerned look with Mason.

Mason looked at his brother, he knew what was on Kyle's mind even without saying.

"All we did... all of this... for nothing?" Tracy was in disbelief. Once again, her father wins and that, that toyed heavy with her emotions.

*Daisy Simelane Phiri...*

So delicate, so soft, so caring, so loving, soft spoken, laughed like the sun always shined on her and her family, her laughter would awaken angels from their deep slumber, her smooth skin was like melted butter...

She had a spunk in her petite body, a bounce in her step and big heart that was unfortunately given to the man who would bring her nothing but pain, a man who brought her nothing but misery, a man who was a dark cloud that loomed over her little family.

The man she once loved, the man she once thought loved her back...well he did... until he didn't.

The man she knew would never feed of tears, would never feed off seeing people cry and beg for mercy... but there he was, her lovely husband... flipping everything he could get his hands on in the house. Smashing and breaking anything made of glass in their home and all she could do, was to watch.

She turned cold when she saw him enter the house, a sinister smile on his face, a deranged look in his eye...and the bloody gun he held so delicately in his hand.

She had been wondering for quiet some time, what kind of a monster she married, because he was a monster, and she never

got her answer. It was until that Christmas evening that she saw her husband for who he really was.... A psychopath.

He was deranged, he was insane, he had no conscience, he fed off fear, he craved blood, he craved power, he enjoyed being powerful and taking from others without mercy.

This time, someone took from him, and it set him off... not someone, some people...being her daughters, his daughters. Daisy couldn't believe her little girls did that to this man, she had no idea what it was that they took from him, but it sure meant a lot to him as he was going off the rails.

She needed them to return it back to him so he could leave them alone. She hated the man, she loathed him... and when he pressed his gun to her head to get Sofia to cooperate, she wished she could grab the gun and empty the barrel into his evil ridden body.

"Those little hussies!" Morris's baritone voice boomed into the kitchen that was filled with broken glasses, plates and spilled food. "Who do they think they are!!!" he yelled as he walked into the cosy lounge.

He had tied Sofia to a chair and left his wife sitting comfortably. He knew she wouldn't try anything unless she wanted a repeat of what once happened years ago.

"Those little rascals... ene Tracy neh, that little... arg!" Morris was losing his shit. "I gave her everything. She drives nice cars, lives in a nice place which she fully owns, she has restaurants under her name... and she still chose to steal from me? Me? The man who made her? Who gave her a good life?" Morris was looking at his gun as he spoke.

He looked at his wife who looked very afraid of him. "Punch calls me... he tells me, boss you won't believe who's driving the getaway car... your first-born child." Morris laughed at the memory of the conversation.

"You know my daughters... they are very smart, very clever which is why I wanted them to work for me. Lesedi is a fighter, she's a soldier, a diehard... I am not surprised she was the one who drove, she has guts...she's a beast behind the wheel... fucking hussies."

He walked over to Daisy whose eyes darted around the room not at all looking at him.

"Tell me here... my sweet Daisy, did you send those little rascals of yours to steal from me?" when Daisy didn't respond he roughly grabbed her chin. "I am talking to you, are you mute?" anger flashed in his eyes.



"You know she doesn't talk and what did they steal from you?" Sofia asked. She was never afraid of the man; she was just purely disgusted by him.

"Money!!!! I want it here; I want here it tonight!!!!" Morris sat on the wooden coffee table. "Hundred and twenty million?? They think... they think I will just let it go? Like that? Are they insane??" he asked rhetorically then burst into laughter. A sadistic laugh that boomed through the house and shook the windows.

Sofia couldn't believe her ears; the girls stole hundred and twenty million of rands? Were they stupidly insane or what? She wondered. If they get out of the situation alive, she was going to give them hell!!

"I thought Tracy was missing... Punch found her and now it made me wonder, how was she able to leave that café after we were drugged, so they must have drugged us... to take her. To stop her from working for me, to protect her and get information about my house from her... that little hussy!!! Arg!" Morris was frustrated trying to piece everything together.

"She faked her own kidnapping to extort money out of me, when I refused to pay it and find her, she and her good for nothing sister thought it would be smart to steal from me, ha! Steal from me? My name is Morris Phiri, no one steals from me and live to tell their grandchildren that story... I will kill them

with my bare hands if I have to." He roughly got up from the table..

Daisy was so scared; she was so scared for her children. She prayed to God to protect them... to spare them of the crazy man's wrath.

"You useless woman, you couldn't give me a son! You gave me two little bitches who steal from me! Me their own bloody father..." he broke into fits of chuckles. Shaking his head in disbelief. He walked down memory lane, just a number of hours ago he was looking at his money, promising payments to the big dogs, moving and shaking things up in the government.

And now... "Now I have nothing." He laughed. "They cleaned me out even took the money that doesn't belong to me. Oooh I am going to kill them... and wena, wena you're going to watch me do it." He said pointing the gun at Daisy whose face showed nothing but fear and terror.

Sofia was watching the man from the chair she was bound on, the man was sick in his head that was on thing for sure, he was sick in his head, and he needed help, he needed to be removed from society or he will keep ruining more lives for the fun of it.

"Hundred and twenty million, I counted it myself... do you understand?" Morris sat back on the wooden coffee table and brought his hands to his face trying to emphasize the point he

was making to his wife. "I counted it myself." He whispered; he resembled a child that lost his favourite toy. One moment he was a raging lion ready to feast the next he was a lunatic that has escaped from the mental asylum and the next thing he looked like a child that has been abused...

Well Daisy knew that he was never abused as a child, he was well taken care of but sure here and there, his family wasn't big on emotions but overall he didn't lack nor need for nothing. He was just a fucked up, crazy man that was a danger to her family.

As the two women looked at the deranged man mumbling to himself on the table

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who seemed to be oblivious to their presence the lights went off in the house.

"What was that?" Morris went on high alert that very second. "Don't you dare move." He told Daisy knowing Sofia couldn't even if she tried.

He went to the window to look outside and saw that the front neighbour's houses were also out of lights, he went to the kitchen and roughly opened the curtain just like he did in the lounge where he had Sofia and Daisy and he noticed that the power was out.

He took out his phone from his pant pocket and he found it dead, battery had died. He went back and took Sofia's cell phone and turned on the torch.

"Call them again, ask them where they are." Morris dialled Lesedi again and pressed the loudspeaker option.

"Sofia I am on the way... I am bringing the damn money to that man he better not fucking touch you or mom."

"Who the hell are you calling '*that man*' you little hussy!!! Bring my money here right now I want it or otherwise I am lighting this place up, you will come pick up the ashes and bury them. Hehe" at the mention of burning down the house, Morris grew a little excited and laughed at his threat. One thing was for sure, if push came to shove, he'd burn it, but he needed the leverage, he knew they loved their mother, they'd do anything for their mother...

Outside where two of his men had parked they grew wary of the situation; they exited the car they were in only to land in arms of two strong men and a chloroform cloth covering their mouth and nose...

They went limb and Mason nodded at Kyle who had the other man. They shoved the two men in the boot of their car and went inside with Tracy and Lesedi walking behind them...

Mason reached out to Ginger and asked him to help him run this last job, so they cut electricity in the area so they could get the man.

Pulling out their guns, Tracy went around the house to the lounge side with Mason and Ginger while Lesedi went to the kitchen with Kyle...

The plan was for Lesedi to unlock the kitchen door to attract the man's attention to herself and divert it from the backdoor where Mason, Ginger and Tracy will enter so to gang up on him.

"Ready?" Kyle asked, his voice just above a whisper.

Lesedi took deep breaths in and out and nodded. She loudly inserted the key into the keyhole, inserting the wrong key so it can make enough noise to rattle the man.

"Ha! She's here... those little rats are here." Lesedi heard her father say.

She inserted the right key and swung the door open coming face to face with her father who was holding her mother captive, a gun pointed to her head.

"Leave her alone!" Lesedi spat angrily. She saw the fear in her mother's eyes, there was nothing Daisy could do, she was weak, she was helpless and that angered Lesedi. Her mother used to be strong...but he changed her. He took away her life.

"Give me my money!" Morris growled through gritted teeth. "I want all of it now, all of it, every single note!" he seethed.

"It's outside... but leave mom in here." Lesedi offered.

"No, she's my golden ticket." Morris sneered.

"Or not." Kyle walked in holding a gun, ready to shoot if there was a need. He has never hated anyone in his life like he did this man. How could one person be the cause of such misery in people's lives?!

"Who the hell is this white boy?" Morris sneered, anger flashing through his eyes in a terrifying way. Lesedi was scared for her mother, but she looked at her, promising her it will be okay through her eyes, even in the dark, she could see clearly.

"I will kill their mother and I will –" Morris didn't even finish talking when Mason knocked him behind his head with the back of his gun. The man went limp and was knocked out cold to the glass filled floor.

Kyle was quick to catch Daisy before she too fell. "I am sorry ma'am." Kyle smiled sweetly at the woman who was shaking like a leaf.

"Where is Sofia?" Lesedi asked and received a response from Mason...

"With Tracy in the lounge." It was amazing how they could still see each other in darkness. The moon was out and brightening earth, they could make out each other in the dark.

"Let me move this big guy before we turn the lights back on." Mason and Ginger took Morris out to Mason's car.

"Oh my God Sofia." Tracy hugged Sofia after she freed her from the chair. "That sick bastard."

"Mara why did you steal from him heh?" Sofia wasn't too pleased with the girls. She was very upset.

"I am sorry ma." Tracy apologized, she saw Kyle walk in with her mom and soon after that, the lights came back on.

Tracy looked at her delicate mother in Kyle's arms and she wanted to hug her, but she couldn't. She didn't know how her mother felt about her, the last time Lesedi told her how their mother hated her, she wondered if that was the truth or if Lesedi was just being spiteful.

"Mohau..." Daisy spoke for the first time in years to the girls and both Tracy and Lesedi gasped. They hadn't heard their mother's voice for so long, it caused their hearts to beat faster... it was so smooth, so sweet...so delicate...

"Sedi..." she called the other daughter too. Shaking slightly, she opened her arms, and the girls were too stunned to move. They

both looked at each and at the same time rushed to hug their mother.

"Whoo! This place is fucked up!" Mason commented as he walked back into the house through the kitchen and noticing all the broken pieces of glass and flipped tables and chairs.

He found the girls with their mother hugging and sobbing with Sofia watching them with teary eyes.

Kyle felt warm around his heart, it was so beautiful to see Tracy interact with her mother in such a loving and caring manner. He knew just how much this meant to her.

After a while they looked around and saw the place was a mess,

"Your mom and Sofia can't sleep here babe..." Kyle mentioned after checking the rest of the house. The crazy man broke windows and glasses and everything he could get his hands on.

"Where will we go? It's late at night, that sick man ruined our Christmas." Sofia mumbled.

"Well, it's only eight at night and my father has his chef cooking a Christmas feast. Would you all like to join us? I am sure the old man would love some guests tonight." Mason suggested.

Sofia looked at Daisy then at the girls...



"After the rough day we have had... maybe we do need this." Tracy accepted the offer and Lesedi just shrugged, not seeing any issues there.

Sofia and Daisy were instructed to pack up some clothes and necessities and they drove to David Pierce's house while Kyle, Tracy and Lesedi passed by their hotel to freshen up.

Arriving to his home, Mason guided Daisy and Sofia into the dining table where Gina, David, Greyson and Lorraine were seated. Ginger went home. David was already aware they were going to have guests and they were just waiting for them.

Daisy and Sofia received warm welcomes and offered drinks, they opted for juice, and tea for Daisy while waiting for Kyle, Tracy and Lesedi.

"Thank you for this... thank you so much for all you have done for me Kyle, I don't think I can ever repay you." Tracy said looking into her lover's eyes while outside David's house, waiting for Lesedi to finish fixing herself up in Kyle's car.

"I am hopelessly in love with you that I am afraid there is nothing I wouldn't do for you." Kyle confessed.

Tracy felt her heartbeat faster than normal. She never thought she'd ever feel this way about a person or even experience this type of person. Kyle was rare, and as true as they come. He was charming, had a heart of gold... and he was all hers.

She responded by giving him a kiss that was disturbed by Lesedi clearing her throat. "Ready when you are lovebirds." She gave them a small smile which was unusual of the girl because she was always scowling.

Tracy grinned and allowed Kyle to hook her arm through his and lead them inside.

Tracy was dressed in a red body-hugging dress that showed off her beautiful cleavage and her curvaceous body, having Kyle so hard he couldn't wait for the dinner to be over so they could return back to their hotel so he could eat her up and leave no crumbs.

"Family, we are here..." Kyle announced and walked in just as everyone was just chatting here and there over drinks.

Mason had freshened up as well when he arrived home and he was in the dining room as well, pouring a glass of scotch on the rocks. He turned to look at Kyle who was demanding attention with his loud voice and he wanted to tell him off but words got stuck in his throat as Lesedi walked in right behind Tracy and Kyle in a stunning black dress that hugged her body like glove with a crazy thigh slit.

Who knew the girl always in jeans and all-stars could clean up like this?

"I am hungry, let's eat my people." David was happy everyone was finally at the dinner table.

"Milady." Mason opened the chair for Lesedi who looked at him, feeling shy at his chivalry.

"Thank you." She whispered and Mason only winked at her and went to sit down.

Everyone filled their plates with food and their glasses with their preferred drinks.

Kyle sitting next to Tracy, ran his free hand on her thighs under the table and she was squirming in her seat, already feeling heat creep between her legs. This man was going to be the death of her, the dinner suddenly didn't look so appetizing, she wanted to ravage the man next to her.

"Merry Christmas family." David held his glass of scotch up and everyone chorused with him,

***"Merry Christmas!!!"***

"Eat up so I can take you to the hotel and rip that fuckin' gorgeous dress off your body." Kyle huskily whispered in her ear, earning a blush from the lady in red...

After the lovely Christmas dinner that the Phiris and the Pierces shared, the Phiris returned to their hotel together with Kyle.

Lesedi had an extra room in her hotel suite to accommodate her mother and Sofia while Kyle and Tracy locked themselves inside their suite with no disturbances.

Early morning on the 26th of December, Tracy woke up early, excitement filling her system. She was like a kid waking up on a Christmas morning, excited to be going to wear Christmas clothes before going to church.

Pulling her silk pyjamas shorts over her naked body and the matching top with the gown, she pushed her feet into her morning slippers and swiftly exited their hotel suite without waking Kyle who was out like a light.

They had a very fun and exhausting night, he was man of the match, she didn't blame him for snoring through out the night and not feeling her get out of bed.

Excitedly she went to knock over on Lesedi's hotel room door and after waiting a few moments, Lesedi unlocked the door holding a cup of what smelled like hot chocolate in her hand.

"Mohau it's seven in the morning..." Lesedi with her deep morning voice commented.

"And you're up having hot chocolate..." Tracy retorted. The hotels had room service but as well as mini kitchens in the units in case guests would need drinks, coffee, tea, hot chocolate, green tea or anything they could make it themselves as they did not have a 24 hr kitchen services.

"Are they up?" Tracy asked, she wanted to talk to her mother so bad, she couldn't hold still. Lesedi chuckled at the excitement over her baby sister's face, she guided them into the room where their mother and Sofia were sleeping in.

Sofia was in bed but awake and Daisy was sitting on the comfortable one-seater couch in the room, drinking rooibos.

Daisy looked up when Lesedi opened the door and a smile grazed her features. It was incredible how her beautiful face was scarless, flawless and just radiant. Morris may have beaten her up like she was a dog, but she came out alright. Sofia really took great care of her.

"Can you also make me hot chocolate please." Tracy asked her sister, then looked at her mom and smiled. She wanted to touch her, she wanted to hug her, but she didn't know if it was alright.

"Ase nna kitchen girl wena..." Lesedi clicked her tongue jokingly but went anyway to fix her sister a cup.

"Come here..." her mother softly called out; her speech was coming along way better as each day passed. Sofia was determined to fix the woman up so she could be the mother she wishes to be to her children.

"I can't believe you're talking..." Tracy whispered still rooted by the door. "When did this happen? Yesterday?" she asked, wondering if seeing their father in the house caused her to try to talk.

"No, it's been a while, she wanted to get better before she could talk to the both of you." Sofia answered beaming with pride. "She was stuttering a lot when she first started so we took it each day as it came."

"I... that's great news. Ummm.."

"I don't mind ngwanaka." Daisy said. She was so soft spoken, slow but still coherent enough. Tracy smiled at that, she took a pillow from Sofia's bed and placed it at her mother's feet and sat down. She hugged her mother's throw covered thighs and began to sob.

Never in her wildest dreams did she ever see this working out the way it did. It was overwhelming, she spent so many years crying because she thought her mother and sister hated her, even though Lesedi did, it was because she had the wrong end of the stick. With her mother, she couldn't have been sure

about that but because Lesedi said otherwise, and that Daisy wasn't talking to her... she thought she was the outcast.

But now... she had her family back, her family loved her, welcomed her, showed her affection and her monster of her father wasn't present to disturb the mood, she couldn't help but to cry.

"Aww..." Sofia cooed. She has been wishing for Daisy to talk to her children for a long time but knew she needed to be ready first.

After comforting her daughter and kissing her forehead, the ladies indulged in baked biscuits Gina gave them last night before they left.

"Tell me here girls... how in the world did you manage to steal hundred million from that bastard? Hundred million? Ke bokae mara hundred million?" (How much is a hundred million.) Sofia spoke up and Lesedi and Tracy burst into laughter.

"Sofia, hundred million is a hundred million." Lesedi answered, stuffing her face with a chocolate chip biscuit while Tracy was dunking hers in her second fresh cup of hot chocolate.

"Tracy's boyfriend came up with this idea actually." Lesedi snitched and Tracy kicked her sheen. They were both sitting on the floor on top of pillows.

"He's a nice one mara Mohau... lekgowa? Last night we were dining with Mr and Mrs Joubert, mhm? *Miss Viljoen I made you tea.*" Sofia spoke in a high-pitched voice, trying to mimic the old snobby white people who walked like they had sticks up their butts and spoke like they had pegs over their noses.

Tracy and Lesedi were full of laughter that morning. Something that they haven't done together in a very long time.

"Was it chicken that we ate? It tasted so good, but I was like hai, serope se se kaaka?" (such a huge drumstick?) Sofia carried on and the girls with their mother were laughing so hard, thankfully they were closed in one of the bedrooms and didn't make noise to other guests.

"Sofia please stop..." Tracy clutched her stomach almost spilling her drink, "It was a duck Sofia. What kind of chicken would have such huge drumsticks?"

"Hai, we don't know these things, just give me my chicken and beef, some wors and I will be okay. But shame, it was so delicious. That man was very nice, it was very nice of them to invite us at such short notice." Sofia was full of compliments to the Pierces that morning.

"Mhm you didn't even say no when they offered you wine." Lesedi commented.



"Hee! Akere kea go botsa gore we were visiting Mr Van Wyk, mhm? And when he offers some nice and expensive drinks who am I to say no to tasting? But yeses it was so bitter, it was terrible."

"You don't even drink wine, when was the last time you drank wine...or alcohol?" Lesedi probed and Sofia shrugged. She didn't drink much as she catered for Daisy twenty-four-seven but sometimes she did buy herself some hunters dry to excite her liver.

"Tell me Mohau nana, that white boy? So, you don't want your African brothers anymore?"

"Mhm... I want to know too." Daisy chirped in softly. It brought her joy to see her offspring in such a happy mood, laughing and eating together... it was a miracle.

"Well... I mean..." Tracy started but then poked her tongue out and teased them. "He makes me so happy." She gushed.

"When I am with him, I feel like all my problems are no longer heavy. He makes me want to wake up every day... he makes life worth living." She confessed. She has never confessed this to the man, she only ever told him she loved him once over the phone... but she knew, she knew she loved him.

"Aww my baby sis is in love."

"Yes she is..."

"Oh yes I am."

The rest of the conversations went from talking about Tracy and Kyle to talking about how they managed to steal such a lot of money and no police chased them, to talking about the Pierce dinner again... then talking about Mason and Lesedi.

"I saw how he was looking at you, he was charmed. Sis Daisy, you will have white boys for bakgonyana." (bakgonyana = sons in law) Sofia was the one who brought up the Mason and Lesedi topic.

"Mhm-mhm Sofia, kill that thought dead right now. That will never happen." Lesedi dead panned. Sure, the man was good looking, hella good looking, he had rose coloured full lips, enticing green eyes that always sparkled with mischief, his body was so sculpted she'd be lying if she said he wasn't drop-dead gorgeous... but that wasn't the only man whose looks were heavenly.

He was good looking but so what? She didn't want him.

"Bathong... imagine sisters getting married to brothers and they are white

Haibo...the whole lokshin will come see the wedding." Sofia was just too excited that morning.

"Bathong Sofia!" Lesedi couldn't believe their mother's caregiver was this insane, already planning their double wedding.

"If ever Kyle and I reach that stage... we are not having a double wedding with my sister." Tracy refused.

"Mason and I will never happen, read my lips and get that. He may look at me however as you say Sofia, which was probably in your head but thanks but no thanks." Lesedi smiled and picked another cookie from the bunch and crunched on it.

"I love you all... all of you... so much." Daisy spoke up when everyone had quietened down.

Later in the day, Kyle was all showered and dressed up and waited for Tracy to finish getting ready as they were going out on a trip.

"Kyle..." Tracy called to Kyle who was sitting on the couch, surfing through TV channels while drinking water. He looked up and didn't respond.

"Bathong Kyle are you going to ignore me the whole day?" Tracy asked, a small smile dancing on the corner of her lips. Kyle was mad that she woke up early and left him all alone in bed.

She only returned after they had eaten breakfast and lunch from her sister's suite. She found Kyle slightly moody, smoking

a joint by himself. He knew where she had gone but didn't think she'd take almost the whole day there.

"We need to get going." He stood up seeing that she was dressed and ready to hit the road. Tracy grabbed his hand and roughly pulled her to him.

Kyle looked at her from above and she looked up into his eyes, her arms going around his waist, "I am sorry for leaving you alone. I promise to take you with me next time." She smiled at him. A smile that shone from her eyes.

The big man couldn't help but to smile back at her. She looked so happy, so free.

He leaned in and they shared a hot steamy kiss that caused a hard situation in his pants. "Got ten minutes to spare?" he huskily asked, and she nodded with a sly smile.

Their clothes came off faster than lightning bolt and after thirty minutes, they were on the road to the unknown destination, with Lesedi in the backseat keeping herself busy with her phone.

She kept looking out the window, seeing where they were going but once they left town, she stopped caring and just allowed Kyle to drive them wherever he wanted.

He stopped outside some nice house that was shielded from the neighbours' prying eyes. It was hidden in the trees and a gated wall.

"Mhm, we better come out of here alive." Lesedi commented looking around the quiet area. As soon as Kyle parked, Lesedi noticed Mason's car next to the house. Something flipped in her stomach as she saw the car... she thought back to what Sofia said earlier in the morning.

"Kyle where are we?" asked Tracy as she got out of the car looking around and not understanding their location.

"Come ladies... got a little surprise for ya." Kyle smiled at them and led them inside the house. There he pressed the elevator in the double storey house that took them straight to the basement.

Tracy and Lesedi kept stealing confused glances at each other and it was only when they reached the basement and Kyle opening the door, did they understand where they were and why they had to come.

There in just his underwear, hands bound above his head with chains and feet chained to the floor was their father. Awake and all.

"The big man woke up... he says he has a headache, don't know what he wants me to do with that." Mason commented. "Who wants to go first?" he asked.

"Go? Go where?" Tracy asked.

"He means who wants to hit him first." Kyle shrugged and walked over to his brother who had all kinds of whips, chains, knives and guns on him. He kept it light, the deal was not to kill the man.

"Can we talk to him alone? Please?" Lesedi asked. She has been meaning to speak to her father without his power present.

Kyle and Mason left the room and the girls walked over to the man.

"Why?" they asked at the same time.

"Why did you beat our mother like that?"

"Why did you beat me like that? Why did you kill my child inside my womb and left me to die?"

"Why did you blacklist everything that I did?"

"Why did you force me to work for you and only you? Why couldn't you allow me to have a life?"

"Why? Did you do all that you did? To us?"

Morris looked at his pathetic daughters. Tears welled up in their eyes and it made him sick. "Get out of my sight you little pussies." He sneered.

"So, you're not even going to give us an answer, at least so we can fucking understand why you did what you did man." Lesedi snapped. "Why the fuck!"

Morris chuckled bitterly. He hated how he was bound almost naked in front of his daughters. They may have think they won, but they didn't know who exactly they were dealing with.

"When I get out of here, you will be so sorry. You will beg me to spare your life." Morris promised them. "Those white little boys do not know who I am, and they are going to be very sorry. I am going to kill them while the two of you watch...and I am going to feed you their eyes."

Tracy was disgusted by the man's thoughts. Why did she ever think her father will disclose why he was the way he was? Why did she think he'd have some decency to at least let them know what it was that they did wrong to him that made him this monster? The decency to even apologize.

"You make me sick." Tracy spat in his face and Morris spat back. "Are you fucking insane!" Tracy slapped him so hard across the face, his cheek twitched.

That's when hell broke loose... Tracy kept hitting and hitting the man until her knuckles and her father's nose started to bleed.

"I hope you rot in here." She angrily spat and walked out.

Lesedi looked at her father, venom making an appearance in her eyes. "I don't know man... is it just me or do you also think the world is better off without you?" Lesedi asked, playing with a knife she picked from Mason's stash.

"I mean what good have you done for the people? For us your family?" she circled him and pressed the blade to his back...but didn't push, she came back around and looked at him.

"What do you think?"

Morris laughed, he laughed so hard, tears rolled off his cheeks, irritating Lesedi. "Oh, my little girl, you want to kill me? You can never even hurt a fly. So do it... I dare you." Morris taunted her.

Lesedi grew irritated, how could he still feel so powerful even when he was stripped and bound in chains? This man was a lunatic.

Before she could utter anything else Kyle walked in and took the knife from her. "Go join your sister and Mace upstairs." He ordered her. It was the different tone Kyle used that Lesedi knew not to argue with the man.

She happily gave the knife and walked out of the room.



Kyle took off his shirt and remained in just jeans and shoes...showing off his tattooed massive and rippled chest.

"Yeah big guy... you think you can hurt my girl and I let you walk away just like that?" he asked and proceeded to wrap Morris's head with a black refuse plastic bag.

From there onwards Morris became Kyle's punch back. He had put on black leather gloves on his hands to protect himself and went crazy over the man's body.

From hitting his face to hitting his bare torso... at some point he heard some bones crack, but he was far too gone into teaching the man a lesson.

He heard the magic sound he has been dying to hear all along, Morris whimpering in agony.

That's all he's ever wanted, to make him feel pain as much as he inflicted his family.

Kyle removed the plastic bag and grimaced at the sight of the man. He was so bloodied up, almost unrecognisable.

A few teeth fell into the plastic bag and Kyle looked at his handy work in pride.

"Imma let you get all better, and we gonna have a round two." He then winked at the man and walked out of the room, carrying his t-shirt over his shoulders.

"Not with my girl." He commented as he pressed the button calling the lift down.

"Let's go." Kyle didn't wait to explain himself to anyone or even mention what went down in the basement.

"Baby what happened?" Tracy asked, following Kyle to his car. "You didn't kill my father did you?" she asked, her face masked with horror.

Kyle stopped dead in his tracks, her tone was accusing, and he wondered, what if he did...

"What if I did, huh Tracy? What if I did kill him, then what?" he asked, his blue eyes boring into hers expectantly. He wanted to know what she will do or say.

Tracy looked him in the eyes, Kyle was daring her, he wanted her to say what was on the tip of her tongue, what was dancing crazily inside her head...

"I... I didn't take you for a killer." She whispered.

"For you, I'd become one. For you, I'd burn the whole town just to make sure you're okay. Now I don't know what the hell is going on in that pretty head of yours, but get this, you're mine and I will protect what's mine. If you can't deal or handle that, then let's break up right here, right now."

Tracy was dumbfounded. This was all too much for her to take in. The stealing, that she could take but the killing... that was severe, that was a little too much. She didn't know if she could be with a man who was capable of killing. She felt like that was like having her father in her life all over again.

"So, what is it going to be Tracy?" Kyle didn't kill Morris, but he needed to know where he stood in Tracy's life. He needed confirmation that she understood how much he loved her and just the great lengths he will go for her to protect her and make sure she was alright.

Tracy looked at him, dead in her tracks, playing with her bloodied fingers.

Lesedi and Mason just heard about everything and chose to stay on the veranda of the house and not make their presence known. It was tense outside, and they didn't want to make it worse.

It was sounding like a break-up situation... and the decision lay with Tracy.

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Tracy was quiet, a lot was going on in her head. She was dealing with a lot in a short space of time and she wasn't handling the situation well.

"I guess I have my answer. Maybe Mason would be so kind to drive you back to the hotel." Kyle angrily marched to his car, got in and drove out of the yard in a such speed, the three of them thought he'd knock over the gate.

Tracy was stunned. How did things escalate in such a very limited time? She looked at the gate where Kyle's car just passed through, and she still couldn't wrap her head around the situation.

Mason walked over to her, disappointed at the turn of events. "Tracy..." Mason was usually carefree, outgoing, serious but never over the top serious. His seriousness was always accompanied by a playful smirk or a mischievous grin but at that moment, all playfulness was gone.

"Your father is still very much alive. We don't kill people; sure, we have some casualties if shit hits the fan like those guys that were on bikes chasing Lesedi when we stole the safe and some of the guys on cars that Ginger and his men had to take care of..."

"But we, myself and Kyle? We have never killed anyone before. Yes sure I am the dodgy one here, but Kyle is the good kid. He's a good man." Mason told her.

"He's not dead?" Tracy asked, some sort of relief washing over her. The thought of Kyle killing someone unsettled her. She was still trying to process how they had stolen their father's money in such a mission that cost some lives. She couldn't add her father's death onto that plate. And she was still rekindling with her family. She needed peace.

Mason shook his head, "But then what if he was Tracy? That man almost killed your mother, it took almost ten years for your mother to be able to utter proper sentences, your mother. That very same man killed your child while you watched and felt all the pain physically, he almost killed your fiancé. Ky is offering you a lifeline, he's offering you fucking freedom, he didn't get me all the way from New York for you to be this ungrateful."

Tracy was stung by that. She was not ungrateful. She gasped, shocked at what Mason said to her. "I am not ungrateful; I just don't want that man's blood on our hands."

"Okay then what do you want us to do with him princess? He's in there... alive, he knows who has done this to him, so what's your great plan?" Mason sarcastically asked, his green eyes hard and unreadable.

Lesedi was still standing by the veranda, listening to the two speak. She didn't understand why Tracy was suddenly feeling

for the dog in the basement after she punched him the way she did. Didn't she want the bastard to permanently leave them?

"I want him to rot in jail. Can't we get him arrested?" Tracy suggested and Mason chuckled.

"Okay... I mean sure you can get him arrested I don't know how the fuck you're going to do that but while you're it Lesedi, Kyle and myself might as well drive ourselves there too because how the fuck do you see that man getting arrested and not us too?" Mason's temper was being tested and he was quarter to exploding.

"Leave her alone, okay? She's just overwhelmed." Lesedi decided to step in. She didn't agree with Tracy, but she also didn't like how Mason was talking to her, like Mohau was some idiot.

"Overwhelmed? We are all overwhelmed. We don't fucking know what to do with your father, and Ky is making sure he's away from the two of you, but your sister here can't get that. You know what, get in the car so I can drop you two off before I say something I will regret." Mason walked back to the house to lock it then proceeded to go to his car where the two ladies joined him.

The road back to Centurion was silent and surprisingly short. It was as if Mason couldn't wait to get rid of them but who could blame him? Tracy had spoiled the mood.

"This is why I don't fuck with relationships; you fall in love with someone and try to protect them against the biggest monster in the universe and they thank you with a gold platter of shit." Mason spoke as he pulled up to the hotel street.

"You don't know what you're talking about." Tracy snapped.  
"Just shut up."



"That is my brother Trace, he will always come first. Get that. I don't ever wanna see him in the state he's in. So, you better fucking get your act together... soon." Mason spoke as he pulled up to the hotel and the ladies got out. This time he didn't even wait until they were safely in, he drove away so fast, he was a blur on the road. Something that made Lesedi smile. A speeding car.

The women quietly walked to Tracy's hotel suite and there she dropped on the couch, "What the fuck just happened?" she asked. "I mean we were fine; we are fine right?"

"I don't think you still have a boyfriend sis." Lesedi stated. "And that was very stupid of you."

Tracy was taken up, she stood up from the couch and looked at Lesedi questioningly. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. Mason was right, I just wasn't going to side with him and make you feel ganged up on, but he is right. Kyle offered you freedom and you spat in his face."

"Are you listening to yourself Lesedi? We are talking about murder here, taking someone's life!!! Would you be okay with the fact that one of them killed our father?"

"YES!!!" Lesedi raised her voice. "Yes I would fucking pop them the most expensive bottle of champagne and lick their feet after because they would have done me and my family the biggest favour."

Tracy was beyond shocked. Yes she wanted her father to pay for all the trauma he caused them but death... maybe if he was killed by someone else she didn't know, she'd probably be okay with it.

"I -... maybe I... look I just don't want Kyle to kill anyone. I don't want to feel like I am in a relationship with a killer? I don't think I'd be able to sleep at night. It was hard enough to grasp and accept that Mason is a thief and occasionally Kyle is too... but to kill?"

"Wake up and touch some grass Mohau. You need to come down that high moral compass of yours before you lose the best thing that has ever happened in your life. All the men you have ever been with never gave you such a lifeline. None of them ever stood up to your father and saved you from the hell he had locked you in. Be grateful, one thing I know is that Kyle fucking loves you with all his heart and you are too dumb to see it."

"Lesedi!" Tracy growled her sister's name.

"I was just saying. Anyway... I have to go need to see if mom and Sofia are alright and please don't come in there with your negative energy, that man deserves to die end of story." Lesedi then walked out of Tracy and Kyle's suite, leaving her sister alone.

Tracy opened the drawer searching for her pot-stash. She quickly rolled herself a fat joint

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poured wine and went over to the balcony and started smoking while drinking her wine.

She was spotting a headache; her head couldn't wrap around the fact that Kyle may have broken up with her. It didn't feel like a break-up... just a tight and tense situation.

What if he had killed him? Kagiso did tell her, the only way she could be free was if her father died. But she didn't want her

father dying at her hand or that of her boyfriend's. It scared her to think that Kyle could be a killer... just like her father.

But she knew, Kyle would never hurt her, but it still bugged her at the back of her mind.

She was a person driven on morals and yet she was working for her father to clean his filthy money... Kyle comes along and provides a crazy, life threatening lifeline and she questions his motives.

Sitting there, she remembered her phone that has been off for days now, she switched it on, and a number of messages came through. Some from Sofia, Lorraine some of her friends...

She saw one from Mosa asking her to call her urgently, she wondered what Mosa wanted, she called her back and Dr Mosa

rejected the call with a quick message telling her she will call her later she was busy.

She logged onto WhatsApp as well and wasn't even interested in whatever was saying, she wanted a destruction. She has been using the phone Kyle got her when she was fake kidnapped, and she just wanted to touch base with some of her friends.

Just as she was scrolling through her phone, Loraine called her.

"Hey Lori..."

"What did you do to him?" Loraine asked through the receiver.

"I am sorry did what to who?" Tracy asked.

"Kyle! What did you do to him Tracy? He's here fucked up...drinking his liver away and complaining how women ain't shit. What did you do to him?"

"I don't know Lori... I don't know what I did."

"Well, you better fix him because this is not how I want my child's uncle to be okay? He loves you and he's a good man Trace." Lori sounded so defeated. "I will get him sober and send him to you. Fix this."

Tracy felt so guilty. Kyle had feelings, Kyle expressed how much she meant to him, and she has never done that, instead like Mason suggested, she dished up shit on a gold platter and served to him.

"Arg Tracy you can be so stupid." She chided herself.

"Mohau..."

Tracy let out a loud scream as she wasn't expecting anyone in her hotel room. She looked at the sound of the voice and found her mother and Sofia. "Lesedi opened for us." Sofia told them and Tracy nodded placing her hand over her heart calming down, Lesedi had the spare key in case something happened to them.

"I will leave you to it." Sofia helped Daisy to sit down and then left them. "What's wrong?" Daisy softly asked her youngest child.

Tracy was always chubby and bubbly, but Daisy noticed how her daughter had lost a lot of weight and seemed to be more



sad than relieved that their father was no longer going to be a thorn on their side.

"The truth..." then she began to tell her mother everything. Daisy was always aware of what was happening in Tracy's life because she always told Sofia. Tracy always went to the house seeking comfort.

Daisy smiled, her daughter still had her kind and forgiving spirit, that pleased and annoyed her at the same time.

"Can I ask you something baby?" Daisy asked after listening to Tracy's point of view.

"Yeah..."

"If your father has you in a corner, he is hitting you, hitting you so hard you can smell death coming towards you... and Kyle walks in on the two of you and he has a gun... do you want him to call the police or do you want him to shoot your father who is about to kill you."

"I would want him to shoot him." Tracy responded. She has just never looked at the situation in that way. "So, you think it's okay to kill him?"

"No, but if push comes to shove... I'd rather have you alive. I want to leave this earth when God permits, not when Morris says so."

"I just... I need to find Kyle." Tracy was stressed. Her mind was in such a fog but now things were clearing up. Her father was the enemy here, he was the monster, and she shouldn't care what happens to him.

"Give him time, call him tomorrow okay? Let's go eat dinner... this hotel serves nice food." Daisy softly and slowly said to her daughter while smiling.

"Okay." Tracy walked with her mother back to Lesedi's hotel and they had dinner there. After dinner, Tracy excused herself feeling tired.

When she walked into her suite she smelled him before she saw him...

Her heart was beating faster, she was nervous. She walked into the bedroom and found him starring out the window, his bag on the bed. He seemed to have come to take some of his stuff.

"Kyle..."

Kyle stiffened at her presence. He didn't think she'd come back this early from her family's room. He just came to get some of his clothes and dip.

"I just needed some clothes; I will be gone. I will come get the rest when you're not here." Kyle turned around and reached for his bag, but Tracy stopped him.

"Don't leave." She begged him.

"Why not?"

"Because... I don't want you to."

"I don't think you and I will work out..." Kyle snatched his arm from her hold and walked over to their wardrobe. He picked

out a few clothing items like his gym gear and casual clothes since they have closed the company for the two weeks of the festive season.

"Kyle don't say that.. we can. I was just stupid. I was confused. I know better now."

Kyle looked at her and didn't say anything. He was far too hurt for words. He finished packing lightly and zipped up his bag.

"I don't need a woman who is this unsure of what she wants. Do you want freedom or not?" he asked.

"I do, but I don't want you to kill."

"And if I do kill him to keep you safe? Would you still want me?"

"I think so." Tracy answered.

"Well, until you know so..." Kyle then left the room leaving Tracy standing alone in the bedroom feeling like an idiot.

She ran after him before he reached the main door, "I know so. Don't leave baby." She hardly ever called him with pet-names and that made hi pause by the door.

"I have feelings Tracy. And right now, I'm hurt."

"Kyle... I don't want my father to taint you. You're so perfect. You're so pure. He's a monster and I was afraid that he was

going to turn you into him. But I know better... I was just too fucked up to notice that you will never be like him. I am sorry please don't leave me.

"I'd rather have that man dead than not have you. If ever we get involved in a situation where you have to choose whose life is worth saving and whose is worth taking, I will need you to take his and save mine." Kyle looked at her. There she was, his girl... crying, letting emotions take over her.

"I was not thinking straight, all of this is too much to take in. I spent a long time wishing for his death and now that it's this close, I don't want to be like him. I don't want him to die because I said he must. I don't know if I am making sense. Yes I want him to die but... I don't want any of us doing it. I should have worded it correctly and not make you feel like shit or seem ungrateful. I appreciate what you have done for me and my family baby... and I don't want to lose you. I can't lose you."

Kyle felt warmth wrap around his heart in a strong hold. He thought he was going to lose his mind if he didn't have this crazy woman in his life.

"You won't lose me." Kyle dropped the bag and Tracy rushed into his arms at the door. She hugged him with all her might.

"You're crazy, I understand you but at the same time I don't." Kyle spoke wrapping his large arms around her. Loving the feel of her against his hardened body.

"Don't leave me."



Tossing and turning, Tracy couldn't sleep a wink that night. Her thoughts were jumbled, her mind racing wild. Her fingers hurt worse after the shower she took. She couldn't believe that she beat up her father the way she did. He deserved it, but that was not who she was. She was not a fighter.

She turned and faced the ceiling after she turned from facing the door, then facing Kyle who had his arm secured over her waist.

She sighed when she couldn't get her thoughts in order. She fully rose and leaned against the headboard. For so many years, she had been praying and hoping for a lifeline, hoping that one day her father would leave her alone. That he'd make enough money and leave her and her family alone.

As each year came by she saw none of that ever happening. Her father got greedier and greedier and deeper in the well of his lies did she fall. She was trapped and never saw the ending to

the story... but there she was, in a hotel room, with her family just down the corridor, working on fixing themselves up.

She was supposed to be relieved; she was supposed to be rejoicing but she was so conflicted with emotions.

"Baby?" Kyle woke up realizing that his arm was not so secure around his chunky buttercup. "Are you okay? What time is it?" he asked in a groggy voice. That night they didn't have sex, instead, he held her through the night and told her they were okay, that she won't lose him.

It was refreshing to him to hear a woman voice how scared she was to lose him. It made him feel seen, feel important but overall, it assured him that he wasn't doing this alone.

"I don't know...go back to sleep." Tracy softly responded but it fell on deaf ears. Kyle woke up and sat upright just like her but instead of leaning against the headboard, he looked at her.

"What's wrong?" he asked, he looked at the time from his phone and it was just a couple of minutes after three in the morning. "It's three in the morning..."

"I couldn't sleep but that doesn't mean you shouldn't."

"Well, I am up now. Actually wait... I need to relieve myself." Kyle jumped off the bed and went to pee, Tracy could only hear his groans of relief and somehow smiled. Kyle was ever the dramatic, but she enjoyed how free he was around her which in turn made her comfortable.

Kyle returned from the bathroom and walked out, and Tracy wondered where the hell he was going. They had turned off the

lights but lights from the outside casted some glow in their unit, they could make out each other and other objects in their suite.

Tracy's wondering was answered when Kyle returned to their bedroom with a bottle of vodka, two glasses, and cranberry juice. "Well, it's the festive season and you can't sleep..." Kyle put everything on the bed and joined Tracy inside the white sheets.

"Talk to me." Kyle said and Tracy looked at him and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Heey... what's wrong now?"

"I am not okay Kyle... I feel like I am losing my mind." Tracy let the waterworks flow. "I am not okay. My head hurts, my fingers hurt from punching that man. And I just can't wrap my head

around the fact that we have him bound and I don't know what to do with him."

Kyle pulled her to his chest and allowed her to cry. He kissed the top of her head; her braids were pulled into a messy doughnut atop her head. "Am I crazy? Am I crazy Kyle for not wanting us to kill him? I don't feel for him, I want him as far as possible from me, from us... but I don't want to kill him." She pulled back and looked into his eyes.

Ever since Kyle had met this lovely woman, every time she cried, it was because of this psychotic man that has made it his personal mission to ruin his family's lives. It ticked him off.

"You're not crazy baby, you're not." Kyle assured her. He was now starting to see things in her way. Tracy was never a criminal, and she didn't want to be one. She had only agreed to steal the man's money because even though it was a criminal activity, it was still not as fatal as death.

"Why do I feel like I am letting everyone down then?"

"You're not. I just needed assurance that you wouldn't condemn me for protecting you, but we won't kill that fucker baby, we will find a way to deal with him, a clean way. Just for you."

"Thank you... but Lesedi was hounding me about it, my mother hinted at it too. They want him dead and somehow it seems like that decision lies with me." Tracy felt burdened. Having had dinner with her family, they were hinting at it, not even hinting, Lesedi downright said she wished the man could die soon before they entered the new year. She couldn't even eat properly.

"What?" Kyle was confused. Her mother seemed so sweet and forgiving, it shocked him that the woman would suggest such a horrific thing.

"I didn't even get to enjoy dinner. They want him dead, and I don't want that man's blood on my hands. I am not a killer, and I won't let you become one... that man has ruined my life in so many ways, I can't let him win."

"I understand baby, I do... I won't kill him. Mason and I have been thinking of ways to detain him or get him in prison, I promise you I won't kill him. Your sister and your mother shouldn't make you feel this terrible. If they want the man dead, they will have to kill him themselves."

Tracy looked at him, rolling her plumb bottom lip in her mouth, "Really?"

"I don't want you to stress about this, you're not a killer, you don't want the man to be killed and I understand you. I want you to be at peace, to be happy. If the man dying in this

manner will unsettle you, then I will find another way to sort it out."

"I feel like I am ungrateful..."

"Hold that thought..." Kyle paused her mid-sentence and fixed them drinks. He knew when his girl got like that, they'd need to get themselves a little tipsy.

"Thanks..." Tracy happily gulped the cold drink down and it was so refreshing. It tasted so good.

"What makes you feel ungrateful?"



"The fact that you brought Mason all the way across the oceans and seas to rescue a damsel in distress a.k.a me and yet here I am, saying no to killing the man that's been abusing me."

"Baby, like I said, I wanted to see just how much you see my efforts in trying to keep you safe, but Mace and I don't kill people. Mason doesn't kill people, a few casualties we have along our missions, are a must or an accident. We won't kill... so don't even think about that. You're my girl, can never tire me enough." He smiled at her.

She smiled back... this man was incredible and insane; he was incredibly insane.

"Vodka with cranberry is surprisingly nice." She mentioned and Kyle nodded by taking a swig of the dry vodka from the bottle.

"Arg, that hits the spot." Kyle commented after swallowing the hard liquor. "I agree... do you wanna smoke?" he asked, and Tracy nodded.

They rolled up a joint and next thing they found themselves in Kyle's car, driving to McDonalds. Tracy wanted some fries and he drove them to get the girl what she wanted.

"I'll have a McFeast deluxe, a Big mac don't give me the drink, it's fine without the drink and give me two large fries to go with that." Kyle placed an order.

"Okay, one McFeast deluxe, one big mac and two large fries coming right up." The cashier said but Kyle stopped her from running her till.

"You didn't ask my girl what she wanted..." Kyle said.

"Oh, I am so sorry, I thought that the whole order was for the both of you." The cashier apologized.

Tracy chuckled, "It happens, don't worry about it. Can I have quarter pounder please with large fries and a watermelon McFizz." Tracy placed her order and Kyle kissed her forehead while smiling at her.

The cashier smiled at them, they seemed to be so in love, somehow it caused her to wish she had a white man who showered her with such affection.

After placing their orders, the pair drove back to the hotel and turned the TV on, a music channel in the background while they ate and talked about any and everything, calming Tracy's mind and a bit of her soul.

She was a lot calmer than when they went to bed, she was now full, a little tipsy, and high on Kyle's love.

He guided them to bed and there they passed out within a few minutes of getting warm in the sheets.

Later that day, they were woken up by the blaring sound of Tracy's phone on the nightstand. She reached for it in her sleepy state and saw Mosa's name flash on the screen.

"Mosa, hi."

"Hi, sorry doll face, did I wake you up?" Mosa asked.

"Yes, but it's okay..."

"Mhm ke December neh? Ga le robale Tracy." (it's December hey, you all don't sleep.) Mosa passed a humour filled remark.

"You know..."

"Anyway, can we meet for lunch please? There is something I'd like to talk to you about. It's urgent, I have been trying to get hold of you, your workplace told me you resigned, you were not at your place... I am glad I found you."

Tracy cleared her throat as a yawn escaped passed her lips,  
"okay, we can meet at my restaurant."

"In three hours' time?" Mosa asked and Tracy agreed. She looked at the time on her phone, it was ten in the morning, and she needed to get up.

"Let's sleep in," Kyle mumbled, holding her hostage.

"I wish, I need to meet Mosa, she says she has something important to discuss with me, and I need to meet Victor as well at the restaurant." Tracy told him.

"Okay, I am coming with you." Kyle woke up but not to go and shower but devour someone's soul. They had slept naked, and Kyle couldn't help but grow horny at the sight of his soft girlfriend.

Sooner than later, they were at her restaurant that was always filled with people but now there was no one except the two of

them. The place was fairly clean with chairs on top of tables, and everything neatly packed away.

She was paying her employees, from Kyle's pockets as her accounts were still frozen by Mason. Her employees were on a deserved paid vacation, but some were expressing how much they missed working, she was gearing up to open shop again.

She picked a booth where Dr Mosa soon joined them. They had opened a bottle of wine, Kyle however sticking to water while Tracy and Mosa helped themselves to the bottle of red.

"So, remember after the last scan we did?" Mosa got serious after their mini catch-up session.

"Yeah..." Tracy was wondering what it was that Mosa wanted to discuss in person.

"Well, it turns out the tissues around your uterus have repaired themselves. Your womb is no longer affected by anything, in fact your womb is like brand new." Mosa cut to the chase. She knew just how much this would mean to Tracy.

"What does that mean doc?" Kyle asked.

"It means that my darling friend here, can have kids, can carry kids full term." Mosa smiled, her smile was so bright, it would put the damn sun to shame.

Kyle was so relived and happy to hear that he had another chance of scoring a kid or more with his favourite girl. "That's great news baby, isn't it?" he was beaming with excitement.



Tracy couldn't believe her ears, she has been waiting for such a miracle for a very long time and now that it was possible, she wasn't thrilled. "Oh." That was all she said.

"Oh?" Mosa was confused by the girl's reaction, "are you not happy babe? This is your chance to become a mother, you have wanted this for as long as I have known you." Mosa continued.

"I know... but I have changed my mind." Tracy told her. She was very uncomfortable with the look she was receiving from Mosa. "I don't want to be mother."

Kyle and Mosa looked at each other. Mosa was hella confused while Kyle was crushed. He thought this woman would be so happy that she'd jump his bones immediately to get a kid out of him.

But it did explain why she was hellbent on using condoms lately when they fucked.

"Thank you Dr for the great news." Kyle tried to make the situation light. He didn't know what else to say. Tracy was behaving strange.

"My pleasure. Are you okay Tracy?" Mosa asked.

"Yeah, I just have a lot going on... but I am glad to know that I don't have any permanent damage." Tracy passed a small smile which could be observed as fake.

Mosa finished her glass of wine then excused herself and left the lovebirds alone.

"Tracy... I am confused now, aren't you happy that you have another chance of becoming a mother?" Kyle asked.

Tracy kept quiet for a moment, she brought the wine glass to her lips, her eyes still looking at the empty seat Mosa has been occupying. Her body was in the restaurant, but her mind was miles and miles away.

"Tracy?" Kyle shook her out of her thoughts.

"Mhm?" Tracy snapped her eyes in his direction swallowing the drink she was swirling in her mouth. "What?" she asked innocently.

"What's all this? I thought you'd be happy to be a mother again, isn't it what you wanted?" Kyle asked again. Ever since Tracy lost their child, he has been hoping and wishing for a miracle.

He fell in love with the idea of her carrying his seed into this earth. He wanted that, he wished for that.

He knew she'd make a remarkable mother to his children, and he couldn't wait for that day. He loved her. He wanted her in his future, he wanted a forever with her.

"No."

"Sorry?"

"I don't want to be a mother; I don't want to have kids."

"Mason, when are you flying back to New York?" David Pierce asked his eldest child. They were sitting in David's lounge, having drinks while catching up on what was going on in their lives.

"Probably mid-Jan... why?" Mason answered, sipping his whiskey, appreciating its rich taste. It was one of his father's collection, and the man always opened a good bottle of wine occasionally to share with friends or with his sons.

"Just asking, it's actually great to have you back home, whenever you're gone, you don't even visit unless you have a job here."

Mason knew where his dad was going with the conversation, they always had the same conversation every time they were alone. "I am not coming back here dad. I am not going to work at Greymont, Ky and Grey got shit on lock." He said to his father.

"I know, but it would be good to have you there as well, as head of IT?"

"Head of IT? What about Gina? She sure loves being the manager, you want her to report to me now?" Mason asked with a smirk. There was no way Gina would let her father take her job from her and give it to Mason, she'd bite all of them off.

"Mhm, I'm sure we can find something, we don't have a CFO now..."

"And I am sure you will find someone very capable, look dad a nine-to-five is not for me okay? I am happy helping people."

"You steal Mason, I mean as glorious as sometimes you make it sound, you my son are a thief. I know I gave you the go-ahead because you fix what's wrong... but until when? I don't want to fly to New York some day because I have to identify and collect a body because you stole from very dangerous people." David argued back.

"I am always careful dad. You don't have to worry I mean; besides, I don't steal from many criminals like Morris Phiri... it's still a safe job. And I have my security company, I am not always stealing." Mason was carefree and saw nothing wrong with what he did for a living.

It took crazy years to become who he was, and he was just not going to give it all up for a job behind a desk.

"Okay, I rest my case. What's the plan now? I mean you can't keep that Morris man in the basement forever... and what about his right-hand man?" David asked. As much as he did not like what Mason was doing, he was still kept in the loop of why Mason was in town. They had a very water-tight bond.

Mason stood up and refilled their glasses and sat back down. "Well Kyle and I managed to get those idiots in jail, planted some cocaine in their car and set a cop on their ass, without Morris they can't pay their way out... and Morris... I don't know what the hell I am going to do. I can set him up too, but how do I know he wouldn't walk right out of that jail and terrorize his family again?"

David leaned back on the couch and drank his whiskey. "Publicise his arrest. Set him up, make sure that when he's arrested it's all recorded, hack into the police system and make sure that every civilian on social media catches a whiff of this. No police department ever want to catch public smoke of not detaining a hardcore criminal."

Mason looked at his dad and smiled, "See why I do what I do old man? I fix things, call me the fixer."

David chuckled, "You are a thief."

"A good thief..." Mason grinned, and David rolled his eyes, his sons were just going to be the death of him one day.

Navigating through the streets of Pretoria, to the hotel where Tracy and Kyle were, the mood was intense, the lovers were feeling the burning flames of their love for each other.

Tracy was a moaning mess, her panties soaked and her dress thrown on the makeshift bed, leaving her with just her underwear.

"That looked good on you, but I like you better like this." Kyle huskily told her as he claimed her lips in a more passionate kiss, almost bruising her. Kissing her felt like drinking from the fountain of life, he didn't ever want to stop. He felt like his thirst was being quenched but not enough.

He roughly pulled back, getting lost in the moment as Tracy traced her hand over his crotch, feeling the bulge and squeezing it. He almost came in his pants, but he couldn't allow that to happen, not yet anyway.

"What?" Tracy asked him, she was so horny and needed the man to enter her as soon as yesterday.

"Give me your hands." Kyle ordered, he wanted her tied and helpless. He wanted to convey a message to his beautiful queen.

Tracy was fast realizing that Kyle enjoyed dominating her in the bedroom, if not his ties or belts, then her dress was used to tie her wrists together.

Joining her hands in front, Kyle tied them together and gently pushed her back on the large and accommodative seat. None of them stopped to wonder what if someone passed by... it was



their moment and only them existed in the little world they created.

Pushing her thighs apart, Kyle settled in between them... Tracy was anticipating what he was going to do to her... she couldn't believe that she once tried to stop him from kissing and licking her pussy to now yearning for it.

Kyle kissed the inside of her one thigh, his breath so warm against her skin. For the fact that she couldn't run her hands through his hair stressed her. Moving from one thigh to the next, Kyle ran his hot tongue between her thigh and pussy, and she arched her back, feeling blood rush to her head.

"Oh God!" she moaned, not at all expecting that sensation. Kyle loved that reaction so much he kept doing it and doing until Tracy complained that it was too much.

Sweeping his tongue over her pussy, Tracy was wet! She was dripping... her scent hit so hard, her dove right in, eating her out like she was his first meal of the day after working hard in the mines.

"Oh baby!" Tracy was thrashing around on the seat...the pleasure was a little too much. when she felt his teeth slightly graze her clit, her toes curled, the feeling in her lower belly intensifying. She was close to reaching her climax... and Kyle knew that.

He didn't stop pleasuring her, inserting a finger he found her spot and started fingering it, hitting it in a maximum speed while his tongue never leaving her clit.

"Oh God

oh my fuuuuck" Tracy's voice disappeared into the night as an orgasm crushed through her. Her toes were curled, fingers intertwined, and eyes closed... "Oh baby!" she cooed after coming down her high.

Kyle pulled back licked his finger clean of her juices. "Let's go to our room." Kyle suggested.

"Okay... you don't wanna be naked outside?" she asked with a teasing smile on her face.

"It's not that... I need some things in the room." He told her. His eyes were a stormy shade of blue.

"What things?" she asked.

Kyle kept quiet and untied her hands and then helped her to dress up. "You wanna walk back or should we call the butler?" he asked.

"It's not that far...we can walk." Tracy answered him. She was bummed that he had stopped their fun night but didn't ask anymore questions. They put on their shoes and walked back to the hotel.

The minute the lift closed, Kyle roughly pulled her against his hard body and kissed her senseless. "I wanna tattoo my name on your mind tonight." He told her as they pulled back, the lift having arrived on their floor.

Tracy was crazy for thinking Kyle was no longer in the mood, he was still very much in the mood of fucking her that night and she grew excited once more.

Arriving to the hotel, she was instructed to strip naked and wait for him on the bed.

Tracy was nervous, the man was acting strange alas she did as instructed. She climbed in the bed and sat on her knees and waited for him.

He walked in with a bunch of stuff in his hands and Tracy grew concerned when she saw a whip.

"What... what are you going to do with that?" she asked.

Kyle looked at her through the roof of his lashes and didn't say anything. He was not in the mood of tolerating Tracy's craziness anymore.

He picked out handcuffs from the bunch and told her to come closer and bring her wrists behind her back. She did so, a part of her wanted to experience the full level of Kyle's domination.

He brought her to a standing position on the white Persian rug in the room with her hands bound behind her back.

"Blind fold?" he asked, holding it.

Tracy didn't know what to say. All of this was new to her, excited her but scared her at the same time. "I wanna see?" she said unsure of what she was really saying.

Kyle nodded, pouting his lips as he normally does and threw blindfold aside. "How many times do you think I can make you cum without fucking you?" he asked.

Her heart was beating wild against her rib cage. What was this man asking her? What the hell was going on? "I don't know?" her voice was shaky.

"Let's find out." He grinned, showing off his pearly whites.

She heard it before she could see it; a vibrator...

"Open your legs." He ordered her. She did and he placed the head at her front and the vibrations travelled down her spine, causing her to arch her back.

"Shit." She cursed.

"I don't wanna hear you speak unless I am speaking to you okay? If you say something., that beautiful whip is going to land on the pretty big ass of yours, got it?"

Her lips clamped shut and she nodded.

"When I speak to you, you respond with words, got it?"

"I got it." She answered. This man was insane that's for sure, but why was she not afraid of him as much? why was she getting excited?

Kyle turned up the vibration and Tracy could only open her mouth with no words coming out, her white painted toes curling and digging into the rug as her hands were bound. She could feel the build up of her orgasm in the pit of her belly.

"If it gets too much you tell me okay?"

"O-kay" she wanted to scream, she wanted to moan, but all she could do was so try and suppress the moans, she knew she was going to fail soon.

That moment came quicker than she anticipated when Kyle increased the volume of the vibrator and her orgasm pushed passed her walls, "Oh baby!" she moaned out loud.

Kyle loved it when she called him *baby*, it enveloped his heart with warmth. But that did not mean she was not going to get punished for speaking when she was not supposed to.

He switched off the vibrator and it was wet with her pussy juices. "You wanna taste yourself baby?" he asked, his voice just above a whisper.

Tracy nodded, she was under some Kyle Pierce spell that's for sure, cause normally she wouldn't agree.

Kyle smirked and brought the vibrator to her lips. Her tongue darted out and she licked the surface, and she tasted her pussy juices. "Delicious huh?" he smiled, and she nodded.

She has tasted herself before on his lips but having to lick a toy full of her pussy juices was a new and she liked that, she liked it a lot more than she anticipated.

Kyle brought his hands around her head and brought their lips together, he kissed her with all the feeling she felt for him. The kiss was nasty, there was a lot of tongue play and he needed to enter her before he came inside his pants from just kissing her.

His one hand travelled to her pussy, with her thumb on her rosebud and two fingers sliding inside of her. "That feels good baby?" he asked, his fingers stroking her into oblivion.

"I am gonna... lose.. my... miiiind..." Tracy moaned the words out, knowing she was nearing another orgasm. Her body was singing and dancing to Kyle's tune. He was playing her like a violin. He knew where to touch, where to caress, the right words that spoke to her body and once more, an orgasm rippled through her.

Kyle couldn't keep toying with her anymore, for her sake and his too. He was too hard against his jeans, way too hard.

Slipping out his wet fingers, he of course licked them then proceeded to take off his clothes and was left naked just like his lover.

He untied her hands and threw her on the bed. "On your knees, ass up." He demanded.

Tracy shaking from the previous orgasm, did as told. She arched her back and waited for this man to fuck her. She needed him to fuck her so much.

A whip landed on her butt, and she yelped in surprise. It wasn't as painful as she thought it would be, but it stung a little. "That was for your fucking mood swings." Kyle told her.

Another whip, "That was for stressing me the fuck out."

Whip, "That... that was for not allowing yourself to be happy."

More whips followed with reasons as to why she was getting whipped. "For not allowing yourself to be free from that devil's claws, for not talking to me about how you exactly feel, for trying to question if we will be happy in the long run... and that was for talking when I said no talking." when he was finished, Tracy's wetness was running down both her thighs.

Her pussy was glistening and very swollen from being aroused.

Kyle crawled behind her and grabbed both her ass cheeks and spread them and slowly entered her.

"Oh baby!" Tracy was on the verge of tears from the pleasure Kyle showered her in. Her mind was on a trip to paradise land.

His strokes were slow and hard. Slow and powerful... he was taking his time with her, and she begged him, she begged him to hurry the fuck up because she couldn't keep up with him anymore.

Kyle smiled and switched positions. He brought her on top of him and grabbed her hips and helped her up and down, bouncing on his dick.

Tracy thought she could feel it in her stomach, she was close to coming. Kyle's hands moved to her boobs and sucked on them individually. "Shit!" he cursed, his balls tightening.

He wanted to shoot up, but he enjoyed shooting down, so he quickly switched positions where Tracy lay on her back.

He pushed her legs up and blocked them with his arms which were on the bed like he was doing push ups on her.

Tracy felt the man's dick on her pleasure spot and when he started to relentless pound inside of her, showing no mercy and not giving her time to push him up or to run off the bed, she squirted while he was still busy fucking her.

Her moans were so loud and then it all went quiet, her mouth opened, and her eyes rolled back.



Kyle looked at her and he was pleased with his work... he shortly followed, emptying his sac into her.

He remained inside of her, his dick twitching in the warmth... "Oh you messed up the bed buttercup." He spoke almost breathless, and Tracy was still heavily breathing, dazed and lost in their passionate moment.

"You sleeping on the floor."

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"Tee, you're telling me that I missed out on all the crazy drama? I mean dangerous but crazy." Victor asked her boss/friend as they sat in the restaurant office.

They were catching up on things, planning on re-opening the restaurant on New Year's and working out what way they could do to entice their customers once again.

Tracy filled the man with the latest on her father and what they did to him. She didn't mention just how much the money was, she trusted Victor with her life but couldn't put anyone else's life in danger should anyone hear anything.

"You did miss out but it's something I don't ever want to go through again."

"Your man is a star. I can't believe you found someone who really said let me fuck a bitch up. I never ever thought there could be someone who'd take Morris out of the game so quick. In just one day? Girl!" Victor was shocked as hell.

Tracy passed a small smile, "I appreciate that man so much, so much Vic. I was always looking over my shoulder, scared to make mistakes with the finances... and now, I am home free?" Tracy was still disbelief.

"I am glad you are, it has been stressful years man, how's your mother taking it? And your bitchy sister, how is she?"

"My mother is okay actually enjoying her time at the hotel, according to Sofia her mood has improved and so is her speech, she still takes a minute to say one word, but we are getting there.

"And as for my sister..." Tracy got up from her seat to take the papers she had just printed. "She has been nothing but supportive. She has been taking my side in public and correcting me in private. She is very supportive of my relationship with Kyle, she's rooting for us hey." Tracy smiled, sitting back down to look at what she printed.

"This is what I want to run past the chefs and you..."

Victor took the papers from Tracy and quickly scanned them with his eyes, "Tracy you are offering fifty percent off on all food and beverages? Are you insane?" Victor asked, eyebrows shot up.

"We closed shop for a while and I have seen the complains on social media, people actually love this restaurant." Tracy mentioned.

"Duh! You have me as the manager and Markos as the head chef, we have amazing outdoor area for those Facebook and Instagram selfies, we have shit on lock." Victor sang the restaurant praises, "But which business school did you go to

that told you it is okay to mark down everything you sell by fifty percent? Fifty percent Tracy?" Victor was bewildered.

"We have the money for it, we are good for it. I mean it's New Year lets be the gift of the givers... and it's only for two weeks...then we back to regular prices, look I need to go. Just please go through that and then call a staff meeting and get the ball rolling. Find that guy who does our social media creatives and get the word out." Tracy switched off her laptop and packed it in her handbag.

"What are you doing on New Year's Eve? Kyle's brother is hosting a little get-together for family and friends, you can pop by if you don't have plans."

"Which brother is this? The married one?" Victor asked, his tongue darting out teasingly.

"Hey, Loraine may be pregnant and can't fight, but I can. You leave Grey out of this... it's Mason actually. He has booked a guest house and just want us to party." Tracy was excited for the party.

She wanted to let loose and just let go off all the troubles and heartaches of this year.

"Mason... there is another Pierce man?" Victor asked and pulled out his phone and quickly went on google and searched

for Mason Pierce. "It's only the married one and yours on the internet...do you have a picture of him?"

Tracy chuckled while shaking her head, "Come to the party and see him in person. I don't know why he doesn't have a social media or internet presence." Tracy left Victor at the restaurant and drove back to the hotel where they would be vacating very soon.

She was driving Kyle's car who was picked up by Greyson earlier that morning to go to the office to finalize somethings before the new year began.

She drove there. It felt weird seeing the building of the company she used to work for and loved. Her time spent there was nothing short of amazing, and that's where she met the love of her life.

She parked in the visitor's parking lot and entered the quiet building. The staff were awarded a week off, while the IT staff were working half days from home.

Only Greyson and Kyle were present in the building, with security as far as she was concerned.

Her heels were clicking on the floor as she walked towards the lift. She felt good about herself, she was confident, and she felt almost free. Arriving to the floor she met with Kyle coming out of the next lift, "Oh hello gorgeous." Kyle smiled at her.

It felt like he was seeing her for the first time that day. Tracy couldn't help but to grin and run into his open arms. Kyle couldn't help but to capture her lips into a dizzy kiss, making her smile wider.

"Did you see my text? I asked you to bring lunch." Kyle looked at her empty hands.

Tracy gasped in shock; she had forgotten about the lunch. "You forgot."

"I am sorry baby, but tell you what? When we go home I will cook for you."

"Go home? Cook? Isn't home the hotel?" he asked. Wondering if he had missed anything while he was gone.

"I was thinking we could go spend the night... or more at my place. Look the hotel is nice and all, but I miss my place." Tracy informed him of the plans she had.

"Okay, I mean you can cook for me... do you mind waiting for me a little while? We are just wrapping up a meeting and I will be all yours." Kyle smiled at her. Tracy nodded gave him a kiss and told him she was going to the bathroom and will wait in his office afterwards.

Tracy walked into the bathroom and when she was done relieving herself, she washed her hands and checked her make-up and reapplied her lipstick, as she was busy, the door opened

and Karabo walked in... she was shocked to see Tracy but at the same time did not care. She was crying, her life was crumbling down.

"Hi..." Karabo greeted her while wiping her tears off.

Tracy looked at her, slightly concerned as to why she was crying but couldn't bring herself to ask, for all she cared about was that Karabo almost had her killed.

"You know... I have always kept you at the back of my mind, wondering what is it that I will do to you the day I see you, do I beat you up, do I spit in your face or do I fucking punch your face..."

"Tracy look, I am sorry okay? But I am already being punished, your boyfriend just told Greyson to fire me because I tempered with his security. I love my job okay? That's enough punishment." Karabo retorted.

"Karabo you gave away a managing director's private information that could have endangered him, surely you knew after being suspended you will be fired? But you also almost had me killed and what's the punishment for that?" Tracy snapped. Her eyes were glistening with anger.

Karabo sniffed, wiping some remaining tears off, "I am sorry okay? I was just jealous

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and I was just jealous and stupid okay? I am sorry."

Tracy looked at the girl, she felt sorry for her. "I just lost my dream job, this means I can't pay my apartment and then I have to go home and live with my drunkard of a mother, do you understand what's happening? Greyson doesn't even want to write me a letter of recommendation. Kyle is making sure that he strips me bare." Karabo continued to fill her in.

"That sounds like a you problem, sounds like something you should have thought about before fucking putting mine and Kyle's lives in danger. Now you will go stay with your *lovely* mother." Tracy was fast past the caring point. She couldn't give a flying fuck about Karabo was going through. A drunkard of a mother surely could be better than a killer of a father.

"I don't expect you to understand or anything, but I need you to speak to Kyle please, I am sorry Tracy I really am. I need this job... or at least a recommendation." Karabo was almost on the brink of kneeling down and begging Tracy.

Tracy looked at her with a disgusted look, she hated Karabo for what she did. She wasn't even phased by the tears. "I will do no such thing; you are only sorry because you have lost your job. I wish you well in future, if ever you get a job, just do your job well and don't plot evil cause you just never know what will happen next time." Tracy picked up her purse and walked towards the door.



When she got the door, she stopped herself from swinging the door handle, instead she walked back at Karabo who was yet to move. "Another thing..." Tracy raised her hand and brutally slapped Karabo so hard across the face, the younger woman saw stars fill her eyes. "O ntlwaela masepa wena, I am not your friend." (You're full of shit) then she walked out and headed to Kyle's office to wait for him.

She sat comfortably on Kyle's chair and noticed there was a framed picture on the desk...of the time they were at Loraine's place. He once asked her to send him the pictures, she just never thought he'd put them on his office desk.

Next to it there was another picture of him and his family when they were a little younger with both their parents. It was the first time she was actually seeing Mrs Pierce and what a beauty she was.

Mason was the one who inherited the woman's sparkling green eyes, but they all inherited her pouty lips, well all of them had rose-coloured pouty plumb lips. They were such a gorgeous family; the death of their mother must have taken its toll on them.

After a while of just playing on her phone, Kyle returned to his office and of course kissed his woman, complimenting how his chair suited her more.

"I have my own at the restaurant thank you." Tracy told him getting up to give him time to wrap up his work.

After a while, they left to the grocery store to pick up some few items, passed by the hotel to let her family know they were going to check if her place was still standing, packed some items and then drove to her house.

The security guards at her place were so happy to see her, they thought something terrible might have happened to her. Some even went to check her place and were surprised it was all in order. She was appreciative of their concerns and told them she was back for a while.

"Let me take the bags upstairs and we will start with the cleaning okay?"

Tracy followed him and changed into comfortable gear as well and they changed the sheets, cleaned the bedroom and then moved to the lounge while making sure everything was still in order.

By the time they had finished cleaning, the place looked spotless, smelled like nartjies and vanilla and Tracy started to prepare dinner. They had to take out spoiled and rotten food and replace them with the few fresh groceries they had bought.

Kyle returned from throwing the rest of the garbage out and watched as Tracy set to work in the kitchen.

"Don't you just stare at me, please chops these peppers..."  
Tracy placed a chopping board in front of him with a knife.

"Yes ma'am." Kyle smiled and asked her how she wanted them. They carried on working together but Kyle only helped to chop and wash.

"Go shower while I finish up." Tracy instructed him while sipping her wine. She was making prawn pasta with cheese sauce made from scratch. Once done, she dished up and set the table, placing the bottle of wine with glasses then went to freshen up as well.

"This taste amazing baby, I don't mean no disrespect, but do you think you can make more of this?" he asked, his mouth full.

Tracy hadn't cooked in a while; she learned a lot from their in-house chef who was a beast in the kitchen. She picked up a few more skills from the cookbooks in her mother's kitchen and from watching YouTube videos.

"I mean I'll be a stay-at-home girlfriend so why not?" she smiled, bringing the wine to her lips. They paired the meal with fresh Greek salad which went down easy.

"A stay-at-home girlfriend? Is that even a thing baby?" Kyle asked, a laugh escaping his throat.

"Yes because I will be doing nothing but staying at home and occasionally running the restaurant." She informed him.

"Are you not coming to work with me again?"

"No, oh no baby that won't work. I need time out, I have been working my ass off, I need to rest."

"And the salon?"

"I am going to sign it over to Lesedi, she loves the beauty market you know, I am sure she will thrive running the show."

"I am glad things are working out for you and your family my love, you deserve the joy that is coming your way." Kyle smiled at her. They continue eating, he of course finished his first serving and asked for more.

"One day you're going to eat us out." Tracy mentioned as she watched him fill his plate for the second time like he was eating for the first time.

"I have this insatiable woman that is a tiger in bed that I need to keep satisfied, so I need to fill up baby." He winked at her while watching her blush.

"Shut up and eat your food." Tracy added more salad to her plate, enjoying her meal as well. It was such a lovely dinner.

"So when will they be fixing your place up?" she asked.

"I think it's already fixed..."

"So, you will be moving back there?"

"I? I will be moving back there? Buttercup I am not going anywhere alone anymore. The fuck do you mean? We will be." He dead panned. Did this woman seriously think after all they have been through, they were suddenly going to sleep in separate beds in completely different places? She was insane.

"Huh?"

"You are moving in with me."

"I... I don't like your place though; this place is much safer." She told him. It warmed her heart that this man wanted her close to him by all means necessary.

Kyle looked around her house, it was a lovely place but for a woman. She did not lie about the security being top-notch though. "You want me to live in a pink house?" he asked.

"It's rose gold." Tracy jokingly snapped.

"You want me to live in a rose gold pink house?" he asked again, a grin plastered on his face when Tracy threw some lettuce in his face.

"I will change the theme...to suit you." She smiled at him.

"To suit us baby, to suit us."

Tracy couldn't believe just how lucky she has been. Just how fortunate to have met this incredible man that moved mountains for her. He was godly sent. He was heaven sent, and

she was going to spend their entire relationship, appreciating the hell out of him.

"Do you think Punch and those little goons will be detained for a while?" she asked, needing to make sure that this chapter they are about to close will not have any loopholes.

"Yup! I will damn make sure of it, but besides they no longer have your father's money... so there is that." Kyle assured her.

She smiled and finished her wine, "I am thinking of going to therapy."

*December 31st*

All the year's activities, all the drama, all the sadness, all the worrying, the confusion, the stress seemed to be fading in Tracy's life.

She woke up that morning in a very good mood, her mother had expressed how she wished to go back to her hometown in Mafikeng but Tracy and Lesedi asked if it wouldn't be better for them to buy her a new house in the city that way it always be her and her family and no one else since everyone distanced themselves from her while she was in need.

The woman agreed only if her girls could afford to do so, and they couldn't help but to giggle. They were a hundred million rich, surely a half a million or even a million rand costing house wouldn't dent their deep and heavy bags.

They had new year cross-over plans later with Kyle and his family and some of their friends. She wanted to start the new year with a smile, with hope, with faith. She also found a highly recommended therapist who she would start seeing in the second week of January.

There was light at the end of the tunnel, and she couldn't wait to reach the other side of it. Everything seemed to be coming all very well, it made her anxious and wary, what if something

terrible were to happen...it was a feeling at the back of her mind nagging her. But she chose to ignore it, she chose peace, and she chose positive thoughts.

Kyle was at the gym when she woke up that morning, they were still at her house of which she was still to redecorate and remodel to suit both of them and her family was still living in the hotel. The bill was sure not staying in one place, but it wasn't going to be long. They were going to go back to Soweto until they find the perfect house to buy.

The curvy girl jumped into the shower, she loved showers, they are almost therapeutic... she wanted to feel the hot water hit her scalp, but she had braids and couldn't do that and that's when she decided to cut her hair.

Driving to the salon with a bright smile, she was happy to see her staff working, they were booked and busy. Just like the restaurant that was said to open tomorrow with a banging half price special on everything, the salon was running a sixty percent special to entice their old customers back.

"You want to cut you hair?" Mona the assistant manager asked Tracy as if she had lost her mind. Tracy had long beautiful black hair, Mona couldn't understand when Tracy said she wanted to take the braids off and cut the hair.



"It's a new year, I can grow it again. I just... I want to be free Mona. I want to welcome the new year in style." Tracy wasn't backing down from her decision. The hair had to go.

"Are you sure?" Mona asked once again.

"Get someone to tend to me okay, I am meeting a friend soon." Tracy was giddy and excited about this. She wondered if Kyle would love her new hairdo.

A couple of hours later, Tracy's braids were off, she had very, very short hair dyed blonde. Against her caramel complexion she looked totally amazing.

"Okay, I know I was asking if you're sure...but damn, now I want to cut my hair too!" Mona was full of compliments that day.

"You are smoking boss lady, smoking hot."

As they were talking, Mosa entered the salon. "I couldn't resist the sixty percent special, make me pretty Mona." Mosa grinned. The salon was busy and worked mostly on appointment but still accepted a couple of walk-ins. Mosa had an appointment though.

She sat down and had her hair braided while talking to Tracy. "You know you haven't met my baby right? You're a terrible friend." Mosa complained.

"Hey, I couldn't bare to see a baby as yet, but I promise you I will visit soon with crazy gifts you will need another house to

just put them." Tracy was honest with her. "And I am sorry for how I reacted when you gave me the good news about my uterus, I just couldn't wrap my head around it."

"It's okay chommy, I understand really. I just hope that you will be a better communicator though, you had me stressing that day." They continued to talk a while then Tracy excuse herself.

She had to go finish things up in the restaurant with Victor and the chefs before opening tomorrow.

"Oh my God." Victor was the first to notice Tracy walk in. "New beginnings?" he asked with a smile. He was busy helping some waiters wipe down glasses and placing them back where they belonged.

Tracy beamed with pride, "You know it. How do I look? I don't think I look too bad; do you think Kyle will love this look?" she asked.

Victor rounded the bar and looked Tracy over, "You look like a brand-new woman, you're smoking hot Tee, you are... you look amazing." Victor couldn't believe that the woman went to cut her long and healthy hair. The blonde short hair was a stunner though.

Tracy couldn't help but to feel her confidence levels rise. She couldn't wait to go back home and show Kyle.

They worked for a while and were ready for tomorrow. "I will meet you at the party right?" that was Victor.

"Yes, I am glad you're coming. I did give you the address right?"

Victor nodded and started to dance while singing some house music, "We will be bustin' it open tonight, I can't wait. I am bringing two friends of mine; I hope your boyfriend's brother wont mind?"

"Nope, don't even worry about it. I will see you later. Thank you Markos." Tracy bid them farewell and drove home.

Loraine kept texting her, asking her what she should wear for the party and Tracy simply told her, go short or go home. She was going to rock denim shorts and a dress shirt. Her outfit was already planned, and she couldn't wait to *party and bullshit*.

"Buttercup is that you?" Kyle called out from upstairs in their bedroom.

"Yeah." Tracy responded, placing her keys on the coffee table. She had brought takeaways from Markos who did not at all mind cooking for her.

"I missed you today where were -..." Kyle stopped dead in his tracks on the stairs. He looked at Tracy his eyes milking her in. She was smiling; she knew he was noticing her hairless head.

"You uhhh... you cut your hair." Kyle was gobsmacked. It was like he was looking at a different woman than his buttercup.

"I did." Tracy's smile fell. The reaction from Kyle was not what she was expecting. Somehow she thought just like Victor and Mona, he'd be full of praises.

"Right... why? I mean if I may ask." He started to descend the stairs, walking towards her.

Tracy heaved a sigh, "I felt like a change, I want to take a hot shower and feel the hot water hit my scalp and soothe my thoughts." She was honest with him. "You don't like it?" she asked. Somehow she knew she didn't care what anyone else would think but she still needed that assurance from Kyle that he will still love her anyway.

"Like it? I love it baby... you look...different, you look...radiant, you look...amazing. I love the blonde colour, I love this. I mean it kinda sucks that I will have nothing to hold on to when hitting it from the back but still." He grinned when Tracy narrowed her eyes at him mentioning hitting it from the back.

"I am glad you do, because I do too. Zero regrets over here." She grinned.

"You have been smiling so hard lately, I love it. I love that..." Kyle stepped into her comfort zone and kissed her. "You are so

gorgeous my love. I can't stop starrng." Kyle wasn't lying. He couldn't stop starrng at his girlfriend, she was stunning.

As they day had already progressed, they packed an overnight bag and dressed up and drove to the guest house Mason had booked. Turns out he booked three guests houses that were sharing a Lapa and the party was only just starting.

"Looks like it's going to be a wild party tonight." Tracy was already in the mood. Kyle parked their car and went to join Mason and Greyson who were busy grilling meat.

"Is it a bring your own poison type of party?" Kyle asked his brothers with Tracy tailing closely behind him.

"Nope, I got mad liquor for y'all mates. I have the motherfucking brewery operating in here." Mason grinned.

Tracy greeted them and Grey told him Loraine was in one of the houses, eating.

"She looks good, that hair suits her." Mason said to Kyle about Tracy. "Is her sister coming?"

"Yeah, she said she will uber to here." Kyle answered him.

"Speak of the devil and she will pull right up." He continued as he watched Lesedi exit a car which they assumed was the uber.

She too had packed an overnight bag was dressed in her signature wear, converse, skinny jeans and an oversized sweatshirt that had a dropped-off shoulder.

"Dumelang." She greeted them, they soon figured she enjoyed greeting them in her language, so they greeted back.

"Where is Tracy?" she asked and got directed.

"You ask about her and not even greet her?" Greyson asked his older brother.

"This girl enjoys giving me hell, I was just asking if she was gonna come. Just needing confirmation if I should drink enough so she wouldn't dance on my head." Mason responded.

Soon the party was in a full swing, Gina their sister had arrived with some of their friends, Chrystal from the office also came but she came with Penelope, Kyle's ex-girlfriend that used to drive him crazy.

Victor also arrived with her boyfriend and boyfriend's sister and there was just a number of people the Pierce men were close to that were also invited.

The meat was enough, anyone who could braai meat took turns in making sure there was always meat on the table, salads, rolls, drinks everything was sorted.

"Masego you better not be drinking alcohol in there." Loraine, Greyson's wife and Tracy's friend scolded her baby sister who was also at the party.

Masego was eighteen years of age and really a sport of a child.  
"Loraine please leave her alone

just because you can't drink doesn't mean she shouldn't. You are knocked up she isn't." Tracy defended the young girl who she has taken a liking to from the first time they met.

Masego poked her tongue at her sister. "It's just hunters dry... and I won't get too drunk. Besides I am nineteen."

"Eighteen." Loraine argued.

"Nineteen in a few hours." Masego finished in a sing-song manner. She came with her best friend and Loraine promised her sweet-sweet mother that she'd take care of her wild child.

The party was wild, Tracy and Kyle kept dancing and they were hilarious. They were getting sloshed, and Tracy was just happy and carefree.

"Do you wanna disappear for a while?" Kyle asked and Tracy nodded happily. "Get Keys from Mason."

Kyle found Mason in the house talking to some people and asked for the keys of the other house. Mason fished for the keys... but then retracted them and gave him another set of

keys. "These are Ginger's keys, sorry." He gave them the correct keys.

Kyle happily walked out, couldn't wait to fuck his girl.

Lesedi who was watching Mason closely stood up and walked over to him, "Can I borrow your car?" the girl was sober as a judge, Mason had forgotten she disclosed how she didn't drink alcohol.

"Why?"

"I need to go for a drive." She told him, "I will be careful."

Mason took his keys, and Ginger's house keys fell and Lesedi picked them up and kept them on her. She took Mason's car keys and walked out without saying another word.

She drove the Mustang out of the premises and entered the address she had memorized to head on the gps.

She sped on the road and arrived at Ginger's place within no time. She unlocked the doors and went straight to the basement.

"Arg, it smells in here." Lesedi was disgusted. She turned the lights on, and her father came into view. He looked so dirty and smelled very bad. It had been a week of him being detained, he was bound to mess himself up, but he had only peed on himself.



"An old man, peeing on himself... how... sad." Lesedi walked over to him. She was disgusted but mostly at what he did to them.

"What do you want?" the man asked. He was running low on energy. He had thought by now he'd be out, but he was started to think otherwise.

"I just want to know why the fuck you did what you did. Why did you beat up mom like that? Did you not love her?" she asked.

"I did... but she's a whore." Morris answered. He was no longer in a fighting spirit, he was tired, his arms were tired from being tied up in that way, he was tired of standing.

"A whore? What did she do?"

"She didn't appreciate me. I made money, I was going to make us rich, but she wanted to get me arrested, how pathetic." The man snickered.

Lesedi was not surprised her father wouldn't even apologize or give her a valid reason why he did what he did.

"You're disgusting." She told him, "The world is better off without you."

Morris chuckled. "I know... but I heard them saying they were going to send me to jail." He laughed, "I will be out of jail soon."

And you know what I am going to do? I am going to finish what I started. I made you all, I made all of you and I will break you, all of you."

There was truth in his threat, Lesedi knew that, and she knew she had to do something to help her family.

Back at the guest house, Mason sobered up when he received a call from Ginger who was spending NYE with his own family.

"What do you mean what am I doing in your house." Mason asked.

"I got a security notification that your mustang just pulled up, just needed to make sure if everything was straight." Ginger spoke.

"I am not... I just... oh fuck, Lesedi took my car... how did she get the keys to your place?" Mason asked while patting himself and searching for the keys. "Fuck she has the keys, alright I'll go over there and just check what's happening." Mason then hung up.

The alcohol he had disappeared out of his bloodstream as he had to find a car to get to Ginger's place.

There was no telling what that girl would do at this fucking time of the night.

Mason went to find Greyson who unfortunately did not bring his car with. They had ubered themselves to the party.

He went to find Kyle, he did not care if he'd walk in on them fucking, he was worried. He opened the door and the two didn't even lock. Their clothes were discarded on the floor leading to the bedroom, by luck he found his car keys on the carpet in the lounge. He picked them up and rushed to the man's car.

He drove like a maniac to Ginger's house, parked haphazardly and ran into the now unlocked house.

"You were supposed to protect me, but you chose to endorse the man who ruined my life. I hate you!" Mason heard Lesedi say to the man before he could walk in.

He expected more but it went died silent.

He walked in and found Lesedi shaking and crying. He took his phone out and called Ginger, "Sorry man, think you can come and help me drive one of the cars back to the guest house?" Mason asked.

"Code?" Ginger asked.

"Six."

"Shit, I am on my way." Ginger then hung up.

"Let's go back to the party okay Les?" Mason guided her out to his car. He knew she didn't take what her father did to them well. The man was a sociopath with no remorse.

Arriving back to the guest after Ginger arrived at his house so he could help drive back Kyle's car, Mason unlocked the second guesthouse he had booked.

Ginger dropped the car off, had some snacks and drinks as it was already after midnight, they welcomed the New Year. He soon left.

Mason and Lesedi walked back to the main guest house that everyone had access to, and Loraine and Greyson were planning on leaving as Loraine wanted to sleep but Masego her younger sister didn't want the fun to end.

Greyson didn't have any problems with leaving, he'd do anything to make sure his pregnant wife was okay.

"I will take care of her Lori; she and her friend will sleep with me, and you can pick them up tomorrow." Gina came to the rescue and Loraine and Greyson left peacefully.

Penelope watched as Kyle and his girl walked in, giggling and kissing each other like schoolgirls. She knew right there and then; she had lost him to the curvier woman.

Mason helped Lesedi sit on the couch and offered her a stiff drink as she had been crying the entire time.

"Are you okay?" Tracy asked her sister, concern colouring her face. Lesedi nodded and gulped the whiskey down.

"Where did you two go?' Tracy asked as she and Kyle were looking for them earlier on.

"We went to get some hotdogs and just hid from y'all for a while." Mason winked at Tracy with his boyish grin.

Lesedi stood up, "I think I need to lie down a while." She told them.

"Is this ketchup up?" Tracy touched the red substance on Lesedi's chin. She was about to put it in her mouth when Mason roughly stopped her.

He wiped it off Tracy's finger, "That's just nasty... but you guys enjoy and take care of this place okay? Me and baby girl here we are going to sleep." Mason told everyone.

"Baby girl?" Tracy asked, looking at Lesedi. "Are you fucking my sister?" she asked.

"And you're fucking my brother, we squared." Mason grinned at his smart comeback and took Lesedi back to his guest house.

"Why did you make them think we are sleeping together?" Lesedi asked.

"You will find out why some day. Anyway, I am beat too I need some rest." Mason locked the door after them. The guest house

was a two-bedroom house, he slept in one while she occupied the next one.

The party went on until sunrise. Some were sleeping on couches, some in the beds of the main guesthouse, some were sleeping in cars, on tables, and some had left.

When the sun was high up, and they woke up...they finished off what they started yesterday, continued to celebrate the New Year.

Tracy was sitting on a table munching on some piece of meat while Kyle was resting his heavy head on the table, nursing a hangover.

"I feel like I am dying." He groaned.

Tracy giggled, she was feeling fresh as she didn't drink too much, and she was also drinking again. "The best way to cure a hangover is to drink again baby." She told him.

"I might just throw up." Kyle informed her.

"Well have some meat with hot sauce then since we don't have pap, you need pap." She told him.

"Bathong Mohau, you want to feed a white man pap?" Lesedi sat around the table with a plate full of meat, some rolls and chakalaka.

"It will help him." Tracy laughed at the thought of her man eating pap. White people were not notorious for eating pap, it would definitely shock them if they agreed on trying it.

They spent the day together and just before three in the afternoon, they all left.

Mason promised to drop Lesedi off at the hotel while Tracy and Kyle drove to their humble abode.

There Kyle took some headache pills, took a shower and stuffed his face with food they ordered. Tracy finished showering and that's when she noticed her phone ringing non-stop.

"Happy New year Sofia, I was planning to come see -"

"He's dead."

"Huh? Who?" Tracy asked.

"We just received a call here from Lucas." Sofia told Tracy; Lucas was their father's younger brother. Hot headed as hell.

Her heart was starting to beat wild. Why would Lucas call their family, why now? Who was dead?

"Who is dead Sofia?" Tracy asked.

"Morris."

"Baby, please bring my phone with you!" Kyle yelled from downstairs.

Tracy couldn't believe her ears as Sofia filled her in on the latest. The man was found almost burned to ashes in a stolen car. He had listed Lucas as his next of kin on most of his things so the police had called him, and he went to identify the body and he called Sofia so she could let Daisy know as she was still his wife.

Tracy walked down the stairs, naked.

"Oooh! I love taking clothes off you but this...this I don't mind at all." Kyle wiggled his brows, feeling a lot better than he did in the morning.

"My father... my father is dead Kyle." Tracy told him.

"How?" Kyle asked. "How is he dead when we were going to set him up later today?" Kyle got up from the couch. Confused as hell.

Tracy explained to him what Sofia told her and Kyle was still confused. "Let me call Mason." He took his phone from Tracy's hand.

"Mace... what the fuck?" Kyle cut to the chase.

Mason explained the story to Kyle who then hung up. "Mason says Ginger got hijacked today while trying to move Morris, apparently his location was compromised."



That gave Tracy relief that neither Kyle nor Mason killed her father. "Oh, thank God it was not Mason who did this. I was going to lose my mind." She felt relieved instantly.

A smile broke out on her face, "I am free." She giggled. "Baby, I am free from the devil's claws. His sins finally came to bite him in the arse."

Kyle was shocked at the girl's reaction but nonetheless, it was what he was secretly hoping for. Morris dying so his girl could have peace.

"I don't know if this makes me a shallow person, but I feel... I feel free, I feel like someone cut the noose around my neck and I can... I can finally breathe again."

"You can breathe again."

"I can finally breathe again baby. Thank you."

.....**THE END**.....

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