

[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#1

The loud music wasn't loud enough to silence Anaya's miseries, not loud to silence her pain or the voice in her head. She stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom wondering what was going to happen to her. She had dreams, once upon a time she had dreams, dreams she had worked hard to fulfill. She had went to university for full four years and today she had turned into one of those people who had their degrees sitting at home. If someone could see her now, no one would ever guess she had a degree in Accountancy. No one would believe she had a degree in her house just sitting. Tears filled her eyes, it had to be bad luck. She couldn't think of anything else.

A loud bang on the door made her quickly wipe away her tears. "Anaya, we need to go." Stacy shouted from outside, her friend.

“I am coming.”

She took one last look at herself on the mirror, she was only in matching lingerie, Stacy had borrowed her. Her makeup made her look different too. She took a deep breath and walked out of the bathroom.

“Are you ok?” Stacy asked and she nodded.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

“Good. Let’s make some money.”

They walked downstairs to where everyone was, the rich old men. The rule was spotting the rich one who could give it out, that’s what Stacy had told her. All you need is to have a good eye for money, she had said and now Anaya’s eyes wondered around trying to point out the rich men who could cash it out.

“Just relax ok, I am here.”

Anaya looked at Stacy and smiled. She had to make money, she repeated the mantra in her head. She needed the money.

They both walked between the rich people, dressed up in suits with expensive watches on their wrists.

All sipping something fancy, Stacy called them exclusive parties, were all rich important people took a break from their nagging wives. They were other girls like them, doing the same thing as they were doing.

“Look at that one,”

Anaya immediately turned to look at what Stacy was looking at, it was a rich old man smiling right at them. Anaya’s intestine’s immediately knotted. This was it.

“Let’s walk towards him. He is our meat today.”

A world of sin lived before her eyes, a universe full of wickedness. Her lips moved silently as she spoke the unknown. As they walked, she raised her eyes and they fell right at him, standing in the middle of the crowd, him too in a suit only his slim fit. Anaya’s skin shivered as he watched her watching him. She could feel his power lazily curling itself around her. It was as if he was sucking the life out of her with only his eyes, as if he was fully consuming her and there was nothing she could do about it. He turned away from her as if in trance, giving her his back and it

was over.

“Hey Daddy!” Stacy’s voice startled her and she looked what was before her. They had approached the old man. She forced a smile on her lips, curving her mouth.

“Princesses, sit...” He motioned to both of them. Anaya immediately hated his voice and everything else about him but the bigger picture she was looking at ushered her to sit on his lap, careful enough not to break his bones. He immediately groped her ass and Anaya’s heart skipped, she had been told to expect this but now as it happened, she couldn’t seem to be able to breathe properly.

Steady Anaya, you need the money. Steady. She inwardly chastened herself and let him fondle her.

“What are you girls drinking?” He spoke on top of the music, his voice harsh and disturbing.

“Whatever you are drinking Daddy.”

Stacy was in charge of everything. This was her usual thing, where she got all her money to be able to afford the house she was renting, she even had a

Run-X and she had bought all that with the money she made in this exclusive parties.

Soon they had drinks coming to them, one after the other. The trick was not to drink too much, they had to drink just enough to be able to satisfy the old man and have him thank them generously. He kept fondling her, touching her and Anaya fought not to push his hand away but just sat there stiff. Stacy was soon grinding on him. Licking his face.

“You naughty girls. Let’s get out of here.”

“Yes Daddy, let us go put on something and then we are all yours.”

Stacy grabbed Anaya’s hand and dragged her up the stairs till they were in a bathroom.

“Anaya, what are you doing?” She asked anger flashing in her eyes.

“Nothing.”

“Exactly Anaya! If anyone had to walk in, they would think you are being forced into all this.”

Stacy was right, she was being forced into all this

and only by circumstances.

“I am just nervous.”

“You have nothing to be nervous about, I got you.”

Anaya forced a smile. “Yes.”

“Good, now let’s go.”

They both walked out, Anaya following behind Stacy. Her heart was beating so fast she could swear it would leap out. Stacy led her inside the room they had left their bags in. Nothing was inside, except coats. It wasn’t cold But Stacy had explained putting on a coat was far much more easier than putting on clothes.

“Ready?”

Anaya nodded. She wasn’t but there was no other way out. She wrapped her arms around herself as they walked out. The old man was already waiting.

He led them outside in the night to where his car was parked. As he opened the door for them, someone approached them. A big guy who Anaya suspected to be a bouncer. He whispered something

to the old man who's name she didn't know, Stacy had said knowing his name wasn't as important as making money.

The old man looked at Stacy then whispered in her ear, now Anaya was more alarmed than nervous. Something was going on. When Stacy looked at her again, she was sure she wasn't imagining it.

"Naya, come," she said dragging Anaya few feet from the car.

"I guess today is your lucky night."

Anaya frowned, what was Stacy saying now? "Huh?"

"Someone liked you, he wants you all to himself."

Anaya snapped her head to the old man who was smiling at them. "But I thought we were going together."

"Oh, not him. Someone else."

Anaya's frown deepened. "What?"

"Yes. You are going to go with him, don't forget what I told you. You do whatever he wants expect drugs. Don't do that no matter what. Everything else do, this

guy apparently is rich. Don't be a bore."

Anaya looked at Stacy trying to put on a brave face.
"Ok."

"Nothing will happen to you. Just relax, remember that your mother is in hospital right now fighting cancer and Ayana and Lethabo need school uniforms." Stacy reminded her. "You need the money."

She nodded. She needed the money. Her mother had stage three cancer, she needed money for her treatment.

"Good, go with the bouncer and call me when you get home tomorrow morning."

"Ok."

Stacy walked back to the old man and got in the car with him while the bouncer led Anaya to another car. A Range Rover. He opened the back door for her and she slid in holding her breath. No one was in the car, she looked around. She was alone. She tried not to over think it, maybe he was still inside. She took a deep breath, she was in a car which she didn't even

know who it belonged to waiting to be used for money.

Had someone told her this after she passed her form 5 she wouldn't have believed it. She had gotten A's in everything and went to university. Her mother had wanted her to study medicine but she was in love with accounting. All she had ever dreamt of was becoming an accountant, that's all she ever wanted and when she got to university, she worked harder than before. She never missed any class, never got anything less than 4.5 GPA.

She worked hard all her life and today here she was, waiting to be taken to some hotel room. It all felt like a dream to her, a dream she badly wanted to wake up from. Tears filled her eyes as she looked back at the big house, she could still hear the music but now only faint. Stacy had reassured her that if she did this for a couple of times she would save enough money for her mother's surgery. Just a few times with the right men. A tear rolled down her cheek as she remembered the last company she had submitted her CV to, the receptionist hadn't even

looked at her. She had just left her CV on her desk in hope that just maybe, she would hand it over to the HR.

The driver's door opened and a man she couldn't see properly stepped in. Anaya wiped her tears and took a deep breath summoning the confidence she never had. He started the car and reversed out till he was in the road. She held on to her seat when he stepped on the accelerator, she couldn't see him properly especially with the sunglasses he was putting on but she could feel his mysterious energy from him, the power, the dominance. It all made Anaya swallow a lump on her throat. Maybe this was the type of man Stacy had said liked being in power, liked authority, the type of men to never question but just submit to.

He drove to a hotel and stepped out. Anaya wasn't sure if she had to remain behind or follow suit, she chose the latter. She walked behind him trying to get herself under control. He was tall and even in heels, he was still very much taller than her. With the heels she was at least five foot four. He didn't speak to the receptionist but just walked to the elevator. Now she

could see him clearly, he had removed the sunglasses. Her heart crushed against her chest and breast bone and her breath that she had been trying to control quickly escalated. Suddenly she felt lightheaded as she went down for the count.

He was what you would see in a Men's magazine, the type of man women dreamt to have. He was handsome and he knew it. He was perfect. Anaya looked at his haircut and sighed standing beside him. Her legs shook, she wasn't sure they could hold her weight.

When the lift opened, he stepped out while Anaya staggered behind him. She couldn't stop staring at his sexy back, his sexy walk. He opened a door and stepped inside. Inside the room, she watched him take off his jacket and throw it on the bed starring at her. Anaya stood awkwardly while her heart ran it's own marathon. His eyes brown eyes were cold, intense and clear, he was devastatingly attractive.

"Undress." He commanded with a raspy smooth voice.

She stood still, just staring, unable to persuade her limbs to cooperate. Her brain had detached from her body. She watched him unbutton his shirt till his massive chest was exposed. Her eyes went down to his torso till his V-line. Raising her eyes up to his face, she found him staring at her, the coldness still visible in his eyes.

Slowly she reached for the belt of the coat then loosened the knot before unbuttoning the buttons. Her hands shook as she finally took off the coat leaving her only in the black lingerie. When he kept on looking at her, she knew she had to take off everything. She reached for the lace panty and stilled, what was she doing. She had had sex before but not like this. Her mother was the motivation she needed to take off her panties and bra. She stood before him naked, her weave falling on her shoulders. From the drawer beside the bed, he took out handcuffs. She frowned, she had never done this before.

He took out a black cloth then walked behind her. Her breath hitched in anticipation, she had no right to say no. she knew that. All she had to do was

submit to him. He put the cloth over her eyes blindfolding her. He then handcuffed her hands behind her like a prisoner. He put his hands on her waist, his hands were cold yet they burnt her skin. Slowly, he pushed her behind till she could feel the bed behind her.

“Kneel and open your mouth.”

She knew what was coming, slowly she knelt and opened her mouth. He grabbed my lace front weave and pushed himself in my mouth. Her stomach lifted as he pushed more of himself in her mouth. He was enormous, she didn't need her eyes to see that.

Lone looked at the time and sighed trying not to cry. It was just after two early morning and he still wasn't back. She knew he was with another woman, her instinct told her so. She tried calling him again but his phone was still off, it had been off the entire day. She had called his office earlier, he was out on a

meeting with a shareholder, his PA had told her. Tears filled her eyes as she called her friend.

“Lone, it’s late.” Courtney answered, obviously sleepy.

“He is still not back.” Lone cried. She couldn’t understand what hurt more, the fact that she knew he was with another woman that instant or the fact that he wasn’t talking to her.

“Who? Miguel?”

“Courtney I don’t know what to do anymore.”

“I don’t know what to tell you. I thought you were with your mother.”

“I came in the morning. He doesn’t want to listen to me.”

“But we agreed you would give him space Lone.”

“I know but I feel I am losing my man.”

“You need to give him space friend, he is still dealing with what you did.”

“Why can’t he just understand that I was scared? I was scared.”

“Yes you were but you chose not to tell him you were pregnant and then went and aborted the baby, see how that sounds? How do you expect him to feel, and either way, it’s been what? A week? Give him time.”

“I am not going to lose him to some skank. I am going to fight for my man. I was with him when he had nothing. When no one wanted him. I motivated him to start that business.”

“Lone, just sleep. We will talk tomorrow.”

“Ok, bye.”

Courtney hung up. Lone knew he was cheating but she couldn’t blame him. She had pushed him to it, had she not aborted the baby then he wouldn’t be cheating. She silently convinced herself, she knew him in and out, this was her man and surely he would come around.

Time seemed to be moving slowly as sleep deserted her. She lay on the huge bed alone feeling the coldness creep on her. She couldn’t help but wonder what kind of girl she was, maybe he had just picked

a prostitute on the side of the road. She tried calling him again and still, his phone didn't go through.

"Just sleep Lone, he will come back." She whispered to herself willing to believe in her own words. He would surely come back. They had been together for 5 years, he was going to come back.

Ayana's heart thudded as she heard footsteps outside. She looked at Lethabo who was looking at her with tears in his eyes. He was terrified. Anaya had told them to lock and not let anyone in. Her hands shook as she held the knife tightly in her hands. The door was locked but anything could happen.

She knew all about self defense, Anaya had told her if it came time to protect herself, she had to do everything possible. She looked at Lethabo and put her free hand on her lips. He knew he had to be silent. They both listened carefully then heard the

knock on the door. Soft but not Anaya's knock. Anaya knocked nine times, never once.

The person knocked again, Ayana knew it was an intruder when she heard someone tempering with the door.

"I am calling the police on you, I know you. I saw you!" She screamed then waited for a few seconds.

"Hello? Is this the police? There is a man on the door! He wants to break in, please come, hurry." She yelled so that whoever was outside would hear her.

Lethabo was silently crying now staring at her.

Ayana bravely stood by the door and listened, it was as if the person was running. She slid on the floor with relief. She started crying loudly with her hands on her face. Lethabo got off the bed and sat beside her.

"Don't cry, Naya said she is coming back. She will protect us."

Ayana looked at Lethabo and tried to silence her cries. Anaya had reprimanded her about crying in front of Lethabo.

“Yes. Let’s sleep. Tomorrow is a school day.”

“Is Anaya going to bring food?”

She nodded wiping away her tears. “Yes.”

They got in the bed holding each other tightly. They were both hoping Anaya would come back with something tomorrow, she had just left. There was no food left in the house, not even maize meal to cook porridge.

“Let us pray.” Lethabo said then they both closed their eyes.

“God please protect my mother in hospital so that she comes back and stay with us here. Help Anaya find a job so that she can buy me the school uniform and shoes and also so that she buys Ayana her school uniform and shoes. Protect Anaya so that she can protect us. Thank you.”

“Amen!” They both said, their voices filled with nothing but hope.

“Don’t cry, God has heard us.” He said and Ayana laughed.

“Yes, I am not crying anymore. Anaya is coming.”

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#2

Anaya slowly opened her eyes, it was still dark outside but her body clock told her it was just after five. She looked beside her, the man was gone. Tears filled her eyes as she remembered last night's events. She slowly got up and walked to the ensuite where she looked at her reflection on the mirror. She had bruises everywhere. Her neck was reddish from where he had been chocking her. Her wrist were redden and so was every part of her body.

She slowly walked under the shower and opened the water. She could still feel him in her mouth, he had fucked her mouth, pushing himself deeper while she

cried. He didn't care, even when she had vomited, he had rather slapped her across the face and told her to clean up her mess. She felt like a slave. He had fucked her in ways she never knew, he was rough to a point where she felt he wanted to tear her. He never freed her hands, not till he was done. She finally broke down as the water hit her body. She couldn't understand what she had done to deserve this, why God was punishing her.

It took her a moment to pick herself up and walk out of the shower. She looked at the dressing table, there was an envelope. She took it and opened it. A smile broke on her face, money. There was money. She started counting every note.

"Yes!" She screamed then quickly picked her panties from the floor and put them on. There was a lot she could do with 2k but first, she had to get home. There was no food. She dressed then walked out calling Stacy. The phone rang unanswered. Anaya sighed and put the phone in her pocket walking inside the elevator. As soon as she walked out through the gates of the hotel, she stopped a taxi

and jumped in.

“Broadhurst, special.” She said and the man nodded.

As the taxi moved, she did a budget in her head, she had to buy the kids uniforms and shoes then also buy food and lastly, save the rest for the treatment.

The government hospital had referred her mother to the private hospital after she did the first surgery at the government hospital and noticed there were still cancer remains left. If not done fast the cancer was going to keep on spreading. She needed only 10k to add on what was already there.

The taxi soon stopped in front her house, he gave her the fair then waited for the change.

“Thank you.” She muttered getting off the taxi and walked inside the gate. Their yard was big but her mother had only managed to build only two rooms after their father left them five years ago. With no qualification, all she could do was go back to being a tailor and it paid the bills, if she didn’t get sick then they were going to start extending their house.

Anaya took out her phone and checked the time, it

was quarter to six, Ayana was still sleeping. She usually woke them at six so they bath because she would have long woken up to start the fire and heat their water.

She approached the door and knocked in style, three times at a time.

“Naya?” She heard Ayana ask.

“Yes open up.”

Seconds later the door was open. Ayana looked at her empty hands and smiled sadly moving from the door. “Mma Lesego said we can come and get food from her.”

Anaya walked inside the house and looked at Lethabo who was sitting on the bed with puffy eyes.

“Lethabo, what’s wrong? Why are his eyes like that?”

“A thief came.” He answered.

“A thief?” Anaya asked looking at Ayana who nodded.

“I threatened him and he left.”

“It’s ok, go and bath, we are going to the shops.”

“But with what money?”

“I am going to start a fire so you can bath. Go and look for firewood.”

She watched her siblings walk out while her heart pounded, what if the intruder had managed to get inside the house. She undressed then put on a dress. In an hour’s time, her siblings were clean and ready to go.

“We are not going to school today?” Lethabo asked, he was only ten but too smart. Anaya smiled.

“No, you will go tomorrow.”

They walked to the main road where they got a combie to GameCity mall. Ayana and Lethabo sat beside her with silent excitement, it had been time since they felt like that.

“Anaya, are we going to buy the school uniform?” Lethabo whispered in her ear.

“Yes.” She whispered back. He closed his mouth with his hand, his eyes sparkling with happiness. Throughout the journey she watched Ayana and

Lethabo whisper to each and laugh.

“Anaya, are you also going to buy me shoes?”

They crossed the road walking towards the mall.

“Yes Lethabo, I am also going to buy your shoes.”

“I can’t wait to go to school and show everyone my new shoes.”

She chuckled as they walked inside the mall passing nicely dressed people. She held her sibling’s hands and led them towards Pep store where she grabbed a basket.

“Let’s get the shoes first.”

They walked over to the shoe section where she got Lethabo’s shoe size and handed it to him. “Do you like them?”

He nodded trying them on. “They fit.” His voice trailed as tears ran down her cheeks. “Thank you Anaya.”

Anaya blinked her tears and knelt before him. “I bought you this shoes so that you can go to school, and pass and be a pilot like you want to be.”

“I will fly you to America.”

She laughed as a tear fell but she quickly wiped it. “I can’t wait. Now let’s look for Ayana’s shoes.”

She got up and walked to the girl’s section where she picked Ayana’s shoes. “Try them on.”

“Where did you get the money?”

“Huh?”

“Where did you get the money Anaya, you didn’t have money yesterday.”

She took a deep breath and faced her younger sister. “I found a job yesterday, as a bartender and so I asked money from Stacy and told her I would pay her back end of month.”

Ayana smiled with relief. “I don’t want you to become...”

“What?”

“A prostitute.” She whispered.

“No matter what, I will never become a prostitute ok? I will work at the bar waiting for any response from

the banks.”

“I heard the banks really pay well.” Ayana said with a smile.

“Yes. Now, try on the shoes.”

She said stepping back. “It fits?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, now for the uniform. Lethabo, you can put the shoes in basket.”

They didn’t take long in the shop, almost twenty minutes later they were walking out with plastics in their hands.

“I will buy you both jerseys in sometime ok? Right now you can use the old ones.”

“It’s ok Anaya, thank you.” Ayana said as they walked to Choppies supermarket.

“I like this mall, it’s beautiful.” Lethabo pointed out to Ayana.

“It is.”

“Grab a trolley Lethabo.” Anaya said walking to the

parcel counter where she handed the lady all the plastics.

“Where your mother is, she is proud. I would be if I had such a beautiful daughter like you.”

Anaya laughed shyly then walked away after getting her parcel card. She joined Ayana and Lethabo, all they needed were the basic goods. Only basics that would last them for a while. When she was sure she had everything they needed, she pushed the trolley to the cashier where they paid while Ayana went to get their uniforms from the parcel counter.

Her phone rang as they walked out. “Stacy, I tried calling.”

“Hey, are you home?”

“I went to buy the kids uniforms but I am on my way back.”

“I am so glad you are ok, now you see? If you keep on then you will raise money for the treatment.”

She smiled. “Yeah.”

“I heard there is another party tonight so we will go,

different party but still, for rich people. I will come over and pick you.”

“Ok.”

She hung up as they walked out of the mall with Lethabo in front. He started running and before Anaya could begin reprimanding him, he bumped into some lady.

“Hey, can’t you watch it?” She yelled taking off her sunglasses.

“I am so sorry, please forgive him.” Anaya quickly apologized.

“Your child made me dirty, why can’t you hold his hand if you can’t control him? La tena kwa!” The lady said sharply. Anaya looked at the woman and smiled apologetically.

“I am sorry.”

She clicked her tongue and walked off.

“I am sorry Anaya.”

She looked at him and smiled. “It’s ok, just don’t run.”

“Hey, you made it,” Courtney said as Lone sat down beside her in Nando’s.

“Yeah,” Lone took off her sunglasses and sighed. “I am so hungry and stressed.”

“Your problem is that you don’t listen Lone. You should allow that man time to heal, your problem is that you don’t listen honestly.”

Lone looked at Courtney. “You don’t understand.”

“Why do you always say that? I understand and all I am trying to do is help you.”

“Sorry I am late.” Rachel said sitting beside Lone. “I had to sort out a few things.”

“It’s ok, I just arrived.” Lone gave a semi hug to Rachel.

“Ok, so what are we talking about?”

“Miguel is cheating.”

“How sure are you?”

“He came back home today smelling some cheap perfume, I bet it was a prostitute.”

“You should give him some space.”

Rachel looked at Courtney with a frown. “I don’t agree. He is cheating on her, clearly he has lost respect for the relationship. I think you should confront him and find ways to mend what’s broken. Go for counseling.”

“Lone is all over his space, he is still angry because she aborted his baby.”

“Yes, Lone aborted the baby and she is wrong and she is taking responsibility for her actions but if I remember correctly, you are the one who gave her this abortion pills and you are the one who suggested the abortion so please, stop talking as if she just came up with the idea herself.”

“Are we arguing?”

Rachel looked at Courtney with a calm smile. “No darling, I am just telling you facts. There is no need

to cry over spilt milk, it's time to clean the mess."

"He canceled the bride price negotiations." Lone said quietly looking at her friends while massaging her temples.

"What?" Rachel was shocked.

"Yes, he says he can't marry a murderer."

"That's why I am saying he needs space. You shouldn't have gone to his house. You should give him space to calm down."

Lone sighed as Courtney's phone rang. "I have to go, it's work. When are you coming back to work Lone?"

"I still have another week."

"Ok, we will talk."

They both watched her as she walked away. "Don't worry, he loves you and I am sure he will come around."

"He won't even talk to me Rachel."

"He is just angry. Maybe Courtney is right, maybe he needs some space. I am sure he is just hurting."

“I am not going anywhere Rachel, I am going to remind Miguel of what he is missing. Why he loved me in the first place. I can’t lose him, I stayed with him when he had nothing, I am going to reap the fruits of my labor.”

Courtney walked parked her car in front of MIGUEL LOGISTICS. She took out her lipstick and ran it over his lips then stepped out. The glass doors slid open as she approached them then with grace, walked right to the reception.

“Hi, I am here to see Mr. Mkwena. Ms. Lopang.”

“Do you have an appointment?”

“He is expecting me, call him.”

The receptionist looked at Courtney momentarily then called.

“Rebaone, there is a woman here, she said she is Ms. Lopang... ok.” She hung up and put the phone down

staring at Courtney who seemed to be getting impatient with each second that passed.

“You can go, he is waiting for you.”

She walked towards the elevator then pressed 3. The lift whisked her up to his floor, stepping out, she walked towards the PA who waved her towards the door written ‘CEO, Mr. Mokwena’ and knocked softly.

“Come in,” he said and immediately Courtney walked in.

His office was big and elegant. She looked at Miguel who sat leaning back on his chair staring at her. She smiled and walked further inside the office.

“Miguel,”

“Courtney, what can I do for you?”

She sat down opposite him and put her handbag on his chocolate colored wooden table which shined. Everything in his office was in order, no files laying around or papers threatening to step down and walk out of the office.

“I just came to tell you that I am sorry, about the baby. I shouldn’t be here but I just thought I would explain a few things to you.”

“She sent you?” He asked, his voice was full of nothing but authority.

She shook her head. “No, she doesn’t even know I am here. Miguel you have to understand that Lone loves you, so much. She is just not ready for kids at the moment. Or settling down. She feels cornered into this whole thing because she doesn’t want to disappoint you. You guys have been together for so long and she really wants to make you happy. She is just... she needs some time to get everything in order.”

He looked at her for a while in silence. “So you both decided to kill my child?”

“No, I wasn’t there when she committed the abortion, I mean, I would never suggest killing a child, that’s evil and...” She sighed pursing her lips. “I am just trying to explain to you that she is not ready, give her some time to gather herself. It seems this was a

mistake obviously, I was just trying to help a friend.” She stood tucking her weave behind her ear. “She loves you, she may make mistakes but she loves you. I don’t support killing of innocent souls, God knows I am also in a point in life where I want to settle down so there is no way I would ever support such. Goodbye.”

She walked out closing the door behind her, a smile on her face.

The mirror never lied, but just reflected the truth right back. It never hid any secrets but always exposed everything. Ayana felt naked staring at her reflection yet she was fully clothed. She felt her soul was bare, staring at her on the mirror. Her eyes showed nothing but misery.

“You have to do this, only a couple more times then it’s over.” She whispered.

“Anaya, Stacy is outside.” Ayana said walking inside the house.

Anaya put the mirror down and stood up. “I have to go to work, I picked that,” she said pointing at the metal rod behind the door. “Put it on the door. Don’t open for anyone. If anything happens, blow the whistle. Ok?”

She nodded. “Ok.”

“Good.” Lethabo walked in as Anaya picked her phone from the floor. “Lethabo, listen to Ayana ok?”

He nodded sadly. She hated leaving them but there was nothing she could do. Stacy pressed the hooter and Anaya smiled staring at her siblings. “Ok, bye, I love you.”

She walked out with the plastic with a lunch box and went to the car. “Anaya, you like delaying, I told you, this is a top class party. You will see your mother for five minutes then we leave.”

She just nodded as Stacy drove out of the yard and stopped just outside the gate while Anaya stepped out and locked the gate with the new padlock she

had bought earlier on. Once back in the car, Stacy sped off turning on the radio.

“So last night, who was it?”

Anaya shrugged. “I don’t know, we didn’t talk about anything.”

“That’s ok, what matters is that he paid you.”

Stacy drove to Princess Marina Hospital where Anaya’s mother was currently at. It was better she stayed there while the doctors monitored her than staying at home. She got off as soon as Stacy parked then rushed inside. One of the nurses recognized her.

“Anaya, I was beginning to get worried when I didn’t see you today.”

“I couldn’t come during the day.”

The nurse smiled. “It’s ok, still no job?”

Anaya nodded. “They never call for interviews.”

“My sister is looking for a maid, she has two kids, one doing standard 6 and the other form 2, the youngest is only a year old. I suggested you, I

already gave her your number but I think you should call her.”

Anaya smiled and took the sister’s number. “Thank you Nurse Botshelo.”

She smiled. “It’s sad watching our youth suffer like this, it’s the least I can do.”

“Thank you.”

She walked to her mother’s ward. Her mother smiled as soon as she saw her, the woman who had been Anaya’s hope was right there on her death bed.

“Mama...”

“Hey Naya,” she coughed. “You are here.”

“I brought you food.”

“They already gave us food.” She said weakly trying to be brave.

“I brought you warm food.” Anaya took out the lunch box and opened it. “It’s rice and beef.”

“Where did you get the money?”

Anaya smiled. “I found a job.”

Her mother's eyes filled with tears as she looked at her, Anaya looked away. "Anaya, look at me."

She swallowed the lump on her throat and stared at her mother. "I will come tomorrow."

She gave her mother the lunch box and hugged her.

"Anaya..." She called again.

"I love you, that's all that matters."

Her phone vibrated from her pocket. She knew it was Stacy getting impatient. "I have to go. Bye."

She walked out of the ward holding her tears. Time for crying had passed. As she walked towards the exit, she saw her old high school classmate walking towards her direction. Anaya looked around wondering if she should hide or not but it was too late because Theodora had already seen her.

"Anaya!" She said as they got closer to one another. Anaya couldn't help but notice how she was smartly dressed in a body hugging white dress that reached just below her knees and silver heels that matched with her watch. Anaya looked down at herself, jeans

and a t-shirt. She wished for the ground to open up and swallow her right that instant.

Theodora hugged her and Anaya inhaled her flowery fragrance, she smelt really nice that Anaya wondered if her Nivea roll on was enough. Theodora stepped back smiling whilst fixing her spectacles. Her makeup made her look flawless, Anaya wondered just how she looked.

“It’s been time.”

“Yeah, you look nice.”

Theodora laughed. “What can we do? We need to look the part. How are you?”

“I am fine.”

“Are you working?”

She smiled, Anaya had now grown to hate that question. “No, still job hunting.”

“My boss is extending his hotel, I will look for you.”

“Thank you.”

They exchanged numbers before Anaya ran outside

to Stacy's car.

"Anaya we are going to be late, you are always delaying." Stacy complained as soon as Anaya stepped inside her car. "We are going to be late. When you want big money you should learn being punctual."

Anaya silently listened as Stacy started the car, she still couldn't rid Theodora from her head, that's what she had always dreamt of, having a job and dressing smartly. She looked out through the window as Stacy drove through the traffic.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#3

Lone finished with her makeup then stared at her

reflection on the mirror admiring herself. She stood up and put on her red number and heels, she knew he liked the red dress, it always drove him crazy every time she wore it. She listened carefully to the gate opening then took her perfume and sprayed herself. Walking out of the bedroom, she rushed to the kitchen to make sure everything was in order then waited till he walked in.

He looked more than exhausted, she knew he was working hard to secure a great deal at work. His phone rang as he walked pass the chicken then paused taking a step back and looked at her. Lone smiled praying her plan would work.

“You are still here?”

She took a deep breath as she looked at his pissed face. “Babe, I thought we could talk. Please listen to me, I am so sorry. I shouldn’t have taken that step at all, matter of fact I should have told you from the very beginning. I panicked but that’s no excuse. I love you, you know that. I have loved you for five years, I wronged you, I am sorry. Please, give me a chance to make things right.”

He chuckled. "Lone you killed my child."

"I am sorry Miguel. I can't take it back, if I could I would."

He shook his head and walked away answering his phone while Lone fought to keep her tears from rolling down her cheeks. She looked up at the ceiling before following him to the bedroom where she found him undressing. She looked at his broad chest imagining being trapped under it. Her eyes moved down to his briefs as he discarded his pants. She pressed her legs together as her thoughts ran wild.

"Miguel, please, baby please... I am begging you."

"I am done talking to you." He said walking to the ensuite where seconds later, she heard the shower. Lone sat on the bed staring at his phone. She looked at the bathroom door then back at his phone before picking it up and unlocking it. She went through his messages then WhatsApp messages, there was nothing suspicious. She scrolled through his call log and sighed not finding anything. Finally, she stood up and undressed before following him in the

bathroom. She opened the shower curtain and walked in hugging him from behind. He tensed at her touch but she didn't let go. "I am sorry, I love you."

He stood still then turned to look at her. "Your little friend came to my office today."

Lone frowned as her hair got wet. "Who?"

"Courtney,"

"What did she want?"

"To tell me you are not ready for a family."

She shook her head. "That's not true. You know I have been wanting to get married for a while now. Courtney was the one who told me to abort the baby because you are growing to become a very big successful business man and a baby would just pull you down."

He looked down at her as Lone's eyes filled with tears. "I thought I was..."

He closed the shower tap attempting to walk out but Lone stood in front of him. "Miguel, I hurt you. I admit and I am taking responsibility for my actions

but you walking away is not going to help us. I am not losing you because I love you. Yes, I have wronged you but I deserve a second chance. I am not perfect and I am not saying that to justify my actions, all I am asking for is just your forgiveness. I can't go back and undo what I did."

She stood on her toes wrapping her arms around his neck then kissed him. He stood still for a while before he finally kissed her back, picking her up. He put her against the wall before he rammed deep inside her. She screamed with pain and surprise digging her nails into his skin.

"Fuck!" he groaned then started thrusting into her with so much power that she screamed with each thrust. He was merciless, relentless. She relaxed her body and let him have her the way he wanted, she didn't care, as long as he was with her. She was going to fix her relationship and nothing was going to stand in her way.

He pulled out as she started getting used to his intrusion and with her hair, he dragged her back to the bedroom, their bodies wet.

“Touch your toes.”

She bended almost immediately touching her toes. He thrust into her as Lone let her toes go attempting to stand up. “What are you doing? Don’t try me.”

She resumed touching her toes, she knew he was not to be questioned. With each thrust she felt as if he was tearing her. She knew he wasn’t going to stop, this was a punishment, one she was willing to take.

Anaya flipped her hair behind her with a smile, she loved her look.

“Head tall, check my nails, baby how are you doin’?” Stacy sang along with Lizzo who was blasting from her radio.

“You look beautiful right now.” The gold silky dress hugged her curves and exposed a nice cleavage. It stopped just below her mid thighs. Anaya liked the

pearl design choker that was on her neck.

“I look different.” She said, Stacy had taken time doing her makeup then loaned her one of her long curled weaves.

“You do darling, now imagine when those men see you, wait and watch, they are going to drop to your feet.”

Anaya laughed staring at the sparkling heels she wore, they made her feet look nice especially with the nail polish Stacy had applied to her foot nails.

“Now it’s time to go.”

They walked, Anaya following behind Stacy who was putting on the shortest dress Anaya had ever seen. Stacy sped to the venue, they were late but Stacy said they were ok kind of late, and that walking in late would put them on the spotlight for a few minutes. Anaya was surprised when they arrived with no ticket for overspeeding.

“Let’s go and remember, act cool, sleek and smart.”

They stepped out of the car, the party was in some

lodge. Fancy lodge. Anaya looked at the expensive cars parked, only rich people. The Run-X looked out of place. They walked inside the venue and this time, they were more girls. People turned to look at them as they walked in, Anaya quickly looked around her eyes searching. He wasn't there.

They walked to the bar and ordered drinks. Soon a man was walking towards their direction.

“Not rich enough, remember, look for the hot meat. Keep eye contact for at least two seconds and look away. He will be yours, let me deal with this one.”

Anaya watched as the man approached them, he looked like he was in his mid thirties.

“Ladies, what are you drinking tonight?”

Anaya looked away as Stacy smiled at the man. She caught some old man staring at her. He was probably going for his sixties and she was pretty sure he was rich. She turned back to Stacy for guidance but she was already gone. She looked around in panic, why would Stacy just leave her alone like that. She looked back at the old man who

was now motioning she comes to him. She took in a deep breath before walking towards him, slowly, letting him take her in. Stacy had already told her what to do in such situations.

Anaya was mad Stacy had left her but at the same time, she was glad she had found Daniel. He was very charming, wealthy, flirty and sixty. It grossed Anaya that she was busy flirting with a man old enough to be her grandfather.

He was confident and liked boasting about his money, but drank like a fish. She was now sitting on his lap as he kissed her neck rubbing her thighs.

“We should get out of here.” He whispered to her after a while burping.

Anaya smiled. “You know what I love?” She whispered in his ear making him giggle.

“What? Tell Daddy and he will have it done for you.”

“I love a rich old sexy man.” She rubbed his bald head then smiled. “And money.”

“How much do you want?”

She smiled. "5k."

"That's nothing. I can give you the world. I will do the transaction right now."

"Yes Daddy..." She said with a little moan that gave him motivation to do the transaction quickly. Using cell phone banking, he deposited the money to her bank account. She smiled then kissed him.

"Now we can go to the hotel."

She looked around one last time looking for Stacy who she still couldn't find. The old man led her outside to his car. She got in his car while texting Stacy. If she didn't know better she would say Stacy had went off with the man she had called broke. Maybe he wasn't as broke as she thought he was.

Rachel shook her head seething with anger. "I knew there was something off about that girl." She said.

"I can't believe Courtney would do this to me. Now I

see why she didn't want me to go back. She wants my man."

"Good thing Miguel told you. We should go and teach that girl a lesson."

Lone nodded looking at Rachel while they sipped their drinks in a restaurant.

"Call her and find out where she is. It's already half six, I am sure she is home by now."

Lone took out her phone and dialed Courtney's number which rang unanswered for a while.

"Lolo, hey,"

"Hey girl, are you home?"

"Yes, what's wrong."

"You were right, I think it's best to give Miguel space. Can I come over."

"Yes you can. Don't worry, he is your man, he will surely come around."

"Yes, I will be there in twenty minutes."

She hung up and looked at Rachel. "Let's go. This

girl is testing you.”

Lone stood up and walked out and drove to Courtney’s house.

“Hey, I don’t know Rachel was also coming.”
Courtney said as she opened the door.

“Can’t I come? I thought we are all friends.”

Courtney smiled. “We are, come on in.”

They walked inside her house.

“I will pour us wine.”

“Miguel tells me you went to see him yesterday.”
Lone said making Courtney turn to look at them.

“Yes, I did. I went to talk to him so that he doesn’t leave you. I was only trying to help, I went there to explain what had really happened but rather I found him with a woman. You know I was shocked, I told him I was going to tell you but he told me you wouldn’t believe him because he is going to tell you that I came seducing him.”

“What?”

Courtney sighed walking back to the couch where she sat down. "We all know how you love Miguel, I mean, we were already planning for a wedding so I went to tell him I was the one who suggested the abortion and that he shouldn't punish you. I even promised to stay away from you if he took you back because it really seems like I am bad influence but rather it ended badly."

Lone laughed sitting down. "And here I thought... who was the woman?"

Courtney shrugged. "I don't know, she left as soon as I walked in. I am sorry Lone."

"It's ok, I appreciate you helping."

"So what are you going to do now?"

Lone smiled. "It doesn't matter now because Miguel and I have fixed our problems."

Courtney smiled. "That's really good."

"Yes, only you are lying Courtney. There was no woman you found at Miguel's office, you went there in hopes to ruin Lone's relationship. I know girls like

you.” Rachel said with her hand on her waist.

“Rachel, why would I do that?”

“Because you envy Lone, you can’t fool me.”

“Rachel...”

“No Lone, this girl is lying, can’t you see? Why on earth would you go to Miguel’s offices in the first place? It’s girls like you who make one think twice before making friends. You are a snake and you know it.”

Courtney stood up. “You know what? I am tired of this nonsense, Lone if you came to accuse me of nonsense please get out of my house.”

Lone stood up blocking Rachel who was about to attack. “It’s fine, I am sorry. Rachel let’s go.”

“You are snake, I am going to expose you.” Rachel screamed as Lone pushed her out of the house. Courtney closed the door as soon as they walked.

“Rachel calm down, you always want to be fighting and at the end of the day I get in trouble. If this how you are going to be for rest of your life then I don’t

think you and I can remain being friends.”

Rachel stepped back laughing while fixing her blazer. “You are funny, are you telling me you can’t see that girl for who she truly is? She is playing you and by the time you open your eyes, she would have long replaced you.”

“Miguel loves me Rachel and Courtney is my friend. I don’t think I can continue with this friendship of ours. It’s proving to be toxic and I don’t want to be associating with toxic people.”

“Wow! Ok, I am toxic, then you are right. I don’t think this friendship can continue. Bye.”

Rachel walked out of the gate while Lone stared.

“Hey, come on in,” Courtney called from the door.

Lone smiled and walked back in.

Anaya put on her clothes staring at the old man she

had just slept with. He wasn't hard work like the man of the other night. It took giving him a blow job and riding him for the two minutes he lasted. But still, it was the fact that she had now turned into a prostitute that made tears burn her eyes. She rubbed her tears putting on her heels then walked out of the hotel room. She walked fast till she was in a combi, she sat at the far back in the empty combie. She took out her phone and looked at the time, just after half five.

She knew if she did it one last time or maybe twice more, she would raise the money. Thirty minutes later, she was getting off the combie. She paid then walked to her house where she unlocked the gate and walked in.

"Ayana, open up."

"Naya?"

"Yes, open."

Seconds later, she was walking inside the house. She looked at Lethabo who was still sleeping then began undressing.

“I am going to heat your water. You can sleep.”

“No, I will help you.”

She nodded then walked out now dressed in her old jean dress.

“You know the lady who sells during break time moved, she no longer stays around here anymore.”

“Oh,”

“Yes. There is a business gap. In our Commerce and Business studies lesson we learnt that if there is an opportunity you grab it. We can start our own table, you will sell fresh chips, fat cakes, atcher and other things people buy during break time and lunch time. You can even come in the morning and make tea for the combi drivers, the rank will just be close by and you will also have market from the senior school students. Then at night you will go for the bar and make extra cash.”

Anaya smiled as the thought of the idea. “You are a genius Ayana!”

Ayana laughed watching her sister jumping and

down like she did every time she got 100% in her test.
“Now who is behaving like a teenager.”

Anaya picked Ayana and twirled with her. “You are so smart.”

“Thank you, I take after my big sister who passed her accounting degree with a 4.9 GPA.”

“Now let’s make the fire. I will plan during the day and see how much I may need.”

“Ok. I don’t like Stacy by the way.”

Anaya looked at her younger sister shrugging. “I need her more than she needs me. Don’t worry, soon you won’t be seeing her here. But first, we set up our business.”

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Like and comment, your feedback is motivation to me. Keep sharing too and good night.

[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#4

Miguel walked in his office late midday while on his phone. He sat down loosening his tie.

“I got the deal, I was thinking that I would extend the hotel into a bigger one with varied entertainments. Making it a five star hotel.”

“Yes, that can work. It will be very viable.”

“I am also thinking of buying double-decker buses and replacing the old ones. I didn’t think the public transport sector will bring in money like it’s doing.”

“It’s because you are doing something right. This is your third year but look how far you have gone. Another person is also doing the same thing as you but they are facing losses. With good leadership and good business skills you will go far. I am proud of you.”

“Thank you, we will talk.”

“When are you talking to your brother Boikanyo? Tell

that boy to come home.”

“Papa you know how Agang is. He won’t listen to me.”

“No, tell that boy to come back, that Dj nonsense he is doing must stop.”

“I will talk to him. I have to go.”

“Ok my boy.”

He hung up then opened his laptop. A soft knock erupted on his door and he looked up. “Yeah?”

His PA walked in and smiled. “Mr. Mokwena, a man called Kenneth is here to see you.”

“Let him in, what time is my meeting with Mr. Matshaba?”

“In twenty minutes. I will let him in.”

She walked out as Miguel began opening his emails. A minute later Kenneth was walking in.

“You look like you have been hit by one of your buses.”

Miguel laughed standing up. “And when did you

come back?”

“Never ask such questions, why do you look like a tired gorilla?”

Miguel walked round his table and fist bumped with Kenneth. “English water treating you good I see.”

Kenneth laughed. “If you bath you will look good. Let’s talk money.”

Miguel walked back to his chair and sat down staring at his bare fingers. “Where is Emily?”

Kenneth shook his head. “We are done.”

“That’s what you said the last time.”

“This time for good. I am back, I am done with UK.”

Miguel couldn’t help laughing. “I told you you shouldn’t marry her, you didn’t listen.”

“I should have listened, you win. I need a job, let’s start there.”

“You know you can always come back. No one does what you do better.”

“Good. Where is that-“

The door opened and Lone walked inside in a red trenchcoat. Miguel rubbed his lips remembering the girl he had met two days ago, she too had been wearing a red trenchcoat, just like Lone's.

"Oh, I didn't know you..." She trailed off looking at Kenneth.

"Kenneth?"

"Lone, good to know you still look good."

"I do have a meeting in fifteen minutes."

She looked back at Miguel and smiled. "I thought we could go out for lunch."

"I am busy."

Kenneth stood up. "We will talk BK."

"Let me call the HR department and have them draw up your contract. You can pass by signing it."

"Ok. Sure boy!"

He walked out leaving Miguel staring at Lone. "I didn't know he was back."

Miguel shrugged. "He just came back."

“Don’t you think him working for you can cause conflict?”

He frowned. “Is that why you are here?”

She shook her head. “No, I was just-“

“Get to the point, I have to work.”

“I was thinking we can go out for dinner today.” She said slowly untying her trenchcoat till Miguel could see her red lingerie. “After you have this lunch.”

Miguel sighed. “I am working late today.”

“Babe how are we supposed to fix things if you keep pushing me away?”

“Lone, I am busy. We will talk at home.” He said grabbing his office phone.

Lone slowly closed her coat then smiled. “It’s ok, I will cook at home.”

“Don’t wait up.”

She started crying while Miguel just stared at her, his face blank. “Miguel please,”

He dialed the HR department and listened as the

phone rang.

“Go home, I will find you there.” He quickly dismissed her while the HR answered his call.

Lone approached her car already unlocking it, one could swear she wasn't wearing six inch heels with the way she was walking.

“Running away?” Kenneth asked following behind her.

Lone ignored him and opened the door to her car.

“You can't avoid me forever. You and I are going to be seeing each other a lot.”

She turned. “What do you want Kenneth?”

He looked at her thighs till her toes. “You are still beautiful.”

“Stay away from me.”

He chuckled. “You do know that it's impossible

right?”

She took a deep breath staring at his face, he still looked good. UK obviously was treating him good. The last time she had heard he was married but now she noticed he had no wedding band on. He ran his hand in his head and smiled biting his lower lip.

“Miguel is my cousin and also my friend.” He said with a sly smile, his eyes going to her exposed thighs again.

“Kenneth please...” She begged him.

“Ok, have it your way.” He looked at his watch then moved back. “It’s always good to see you, Lone.”

He got in the car beside hers and drove off while she just stood there, her heart still beating. She could still smell his cologne. She finally got in her car and started the engine.

Anaya looked at her budget plan and sighed. P500

was not bad to spend on the cost but she feared that the idea wouldn't be viable. Her mother had managed with a single manual sewing machine, there was nothing she couldn't do if her mother did it. She took the P500 from the money she had saved from two days ago and walked out only to meet Lethabo and Ayana by the door.

"Lethabo, you are late!" Anaya said looking at his clean uniform.

"I was waiting for Ayana. I wanted us to walk together."

Anaya smiled. "I will let it go just for today. And good boy, you are not that dirty but you know you wash the socks and shirt right?"

He nodded then walked inside.

"No one laughed at me today."

Anaya chuckled. "Why would they? You look beautiful."

"I got 100% in my mathematics test."

"I am proud of you. I am going to mall, I am going to

buy stock. I already cooked.”

“Ok, we will lock.”

“Ok.”

Anaya walked towards the gate where she met Kgotlang who was passing by.

“Naya, hey.” He said softly making Anaya smile. He was always nice.

“Hi.”

They both started walking in the same direction in awkward silence. “You look beautiful.” He finally said.

Anaya smiled. He lived five houses from hers and worked at some attorney offices, she had forgotten where. Anaya knew he liked her but was just shy to tell her.

“Thank you, how is work?”

“It’s fine, I will be moving out end of month. I found a bachelor pad.”

“That’s really nice.”

“Yeah,”

They walked towards the bus stop.

“I am going nearby so bye.” She lied. She was going to walk to the nearby mall.

“Anaya wait- I was wondering if it’s ok to have your number.”

Anaya looked at his cute face and smiled. “Yeah, it’s ok.”

He laughed. “I am bad at this.”

“Yeah, that explains why you are single at this age.”

“Anaya don’t make fun of me. I am shy, some guys are shy too.”

They laughed. “Ok, sorry.”

“It’s ok. And no, I am shy but that’s not why I am single.”

She cocked her head to the side. “Really? They why are you single? I am sure you have girls throwing themselves at you.”

“Yeah but I am single because for a year now I have been trying to come up with a way to ask you out. I

never heard you talk before till that time I met you at the clinic with your mother. I expected you to not even talk to me, it's not everyday guys like me have beautiful girls talk to them."

Anaya laughed softly, recalling the day. About six months ago when she had went with her mother at the clinic because she was in pain. After seeing the doctor, she had asked for directions to the nearest tuckshop where she could buy a packet of Niknaks so her mother could eat before taking the pills.

"And since then, all I have been wanting to tell you is that you have a beautiful voice. Soft and soothing." He said with a small laugh.

"Well thank you."

A combi came and he ignored it. "Can we go out sometime?"

She looked at him with a smile. "Yah, I would love that."

"Ok,"

She laughed at his silly smile then turned and walked

away. A combi passed her a minute later then she heard his voice.

“Get in, let’s go.” She looked at him as he called her through the window. Everyone in the combi was full and everyone was looking at her. His eyes begged for her to join him that she reluctantly walked round the combi and sat in the front seat where he was.

“You are going to the mall?”

She nodded. “Yes,”

“I will pay.”

She opened her mouth to tell him no but he spoke first. “Take it as a thank you, for giving me your number.”

She looked in his bright eyes and blushed. “Thank you.”

“So what are you going to do at the mall?”

“I want to buy stock for my new business.”

“What kind of business?”

“Street hawker.”

“Then you should definitely go to bus rank. There are a lot of shops there which sell such.”

“I just need-“

He gave her P10. “You can come back with this P10. I am not trying to buy you or anything, I just know the struggle of not finding a job. You will pay me back with your first profits.”

She laughed. “If I make profit.”

“No, I am sure you will at least make P50 even if your business fails.”

They laughed. “Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome. I was in your position a year ago. I started a car wash and it paid bills. We all start somewhere.”

“I already gave up on finding a job that requires my qualification. Sometimes I regret studying Accounting, I wish I had studied something else.”

“Wow! So I am sitting with an accountant right now. I feel special.”

Anaya laughed shaking her head. “Don’t tease me, I

am an accountant by name.”

“Don’t be negative. One day you will find a job.”

She looked at him. “Yah, so what are you? A lawyer?”

“Yes, but an intern. The boss is really cool so I think he is going to hire me after my probation period.”

“Good for you.”

He stopped the combi at a bus stop. “I will call you.”

She got off so that he can climb out then climbed back in while he closed the door for her.

“Bye.”

“Bye,” she said waving. She looked at the P10 in her hands, she just knew him from afar and had only seen him a couple of times to know his name. Her phone vibrated from her pocket as the combi headed to bus rank.

I am praying that your business idea gives you lot of money.

Anaya smiled reading the message.

Stacy closed her pot satisfied with what she was cooking. Everything was going according to plan. Her phone rang and she took it out from her apron's pocket answering.

"Ricky,"

"Are your girls ready?"

She smiled licking the spoon she had been using to steer her stew. "Yes, I told you."

"Good, I don't want any mistakes. I told you, this guys have a bag of money."

"You worry too much, the girls are ready."

"Ok, fine. We will talk."

Stacy walked out of the kitchen as soon as Ricky hung up. She sat down on her couch taking the small phone and put the ready to use sim card. Her plan was coming together and she knew soon, she would be making loads of money.

“Hey, Tebogo, this is Mae, I got us a good deal. There is a bachelor party tonight, big money. I think you will finally be able to raise money to pay your mother’s debts.”

“Thank you so much Stacy, so what should I do?”

“I will come over and help you prepare. Don’t worry about clothes, I already have it covered.”

“Thank you so much, some of the people she owes even took the fridge today.”

“Don’t worry babes, I got you. We will meet later.”

“Ok, bye.”

After that, she called the other girl who was also desperate for money. They were all desperate and what Stacy understood more than anything was that desperate times called for desperate measures. It wasn’t going to be long till she recruited more girls and let them make money for her. She looked at her watch then smiled. One of her big clients was coming over, she was planning to introduce Anaya to the client in the near future. She knew he would want her immediately, they all wanted her. Who wouldn’t

want a pretty face with a petite body.

She walked to her bedroom to change calling Anaya.

“Stacy,”

“Hey Naya, I got us into a bachelor party. It’s going to be lit.”

“I don’t think tonight I will make it.”

“What? Anaya don’t forget that your mother needs money.”

“I know but tonight I am busy. I have to help Lethabo with his school work and either way, I am taking the kids to see mama.”

“I am sure they will see her properly once she is dead. I am only trying to help you but anyways, it’s fine. I am sure you will make a plan.”

“Stacy I-“

“No, it’s fine. Bye.”

“Wait, you can come pick me up.”

“Ok, I will come by around six.”

She smiled hanging up then threw herself on the bed.
“Money here I come!”

“Lone don’t tell me you are back at that man’s house.”

“Mama you don’t understand, if I leave he is going to cheat.”

“Lone, even if you stay there, he will still cheat if he wants to. Didn’t I tell you not to go back there? You are staying in Gaborone with him but he hasn’t even married you. You have turned into his wife while you are just a girlfriend. You have been in Gaborone for years now but you still have nothing to your name. You are helping someone build themselves while your life remains stagnant. Soon he is going to marry someone else while all you have to your name is ‘I made him who he is’.”

“Mama I just can’t leave, I wronged him. Please let

me fix my relationship.”

She heard her mother sigh. “I have no words for you anymore. I have tried my best to advise you but you are just hard headed.”

“Miguel is going to marry me, soon. I promise you.”

“If you say so.”

She put her phone down then heard the hooter by the gate. She smiled rubbing her lips together then rushed to the sitting room and pressed the gate’s remote. She waited patiently putting on nothing but his shirt with the first three buttons unbuttoned. When he finally walked in, she almost screamed.

“Kenneth!” She quickly started buttoning the shirt.

“What are you doing here?”

“Don’t freak. Miguel went to Mahalapye.”

She looked at him. “What?”

“Yes, he went for some important meeting he had to attend then see his parents. I thought your relationship was going well.”

“It is.”

He closed the door and walked further inside the house. "Is that why he didn't tell you he was not coming home tonight?"

"Kenneth please leave."

"No, I am not going anywhere because you really don't want me to." He said closing the gap between them while she backed away.

"Kenneth, I am not playing this game with you anymore. Where is your wife?"

"Divorced. And you know you want to play," he shrugged. "I don't even know why you are backing up."

He took three steps then pulled her in his arms. Lone froze as he kissed her. His lips still tasted the same, just like they had three years ago. She couldn't believe she was kissing Miguel's cousin. He unbuttoned her t-shirt then kissed her neck.

"You know you want me Lone. And I am going to have you, like I had you three years ago." He whispered seductively, her nipples hardened. Lone stood there, having her body caressed, touched,

kissed in ways she couldn't remember when last Miguel did. No doubt in her mind that she loved Miguel but with Kenneth she couldn't seem to control herself. Tears filled her eyes as Kenneth blessed her with wet kisses down her stomach, her navel and further down. The first time it happened, three years ago, she knew it had been a mistake, one she never wanted to remember but then it kept happening till he left for UK.

A tear ran down her cheek as he put her left leg on his shoulder kneeling before her then kissed her right on her sensitive bud. She closed her eyes as her hand made it's way to his hair. He kissed her in ways that woken up the sleeping desire in her, desire she had long buried. Her legs began vibrating as he thrust his finger inside her soft walls.

"Oh Kenny..." She moaned releasing in his mouth. He licked her clean before standing up and kissing her. She tasted herself in his mouth.

"You can always have us both, you know it." He whispered against her lips.

“Ken...”

“Shhh.”

He picked her up and placed her on the couch. He slowly undressed while staring at her. Her eyes dilated with lust, she wanted him inside her already. She ached for his gentleness.

“Condom.” She said as he got in between her legs.

“Don’t worry about that. Relax and let me have you.”

Then he was sinking deep in her warmth groaning. She couldn’t stop him, he felt more sweet without the condom. She wrapped her legs around his waist when he was finally buried to the hilt.

“You feel so good.”

She moaned as he started to move. He was gentle, loving. She loved his touch, loved how he took his time with her. Going faster then slower. Pushing deep into her, kissing her everywhere. Lone moved beneath him, meeting him thrust for thrust and with each thrust tightening her muscles around her. They made slow love to the soft music that played in the

background, focusing on nothing else but their pleasure. Lone wished he'd never stop, that he would go on forever loving her tenderly.

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Don't forget to like and comment, following insert follows at 22:30.

[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#5

Anaya walked with Stacy inside the hotel. They walked to the elevator and went to the second floor where the bachelor party was.

“Remember what I told you.” Stacy said fixing Anaya’s weave. “Just do what you are supposed to do and you are good.”

“Ok.”

The elevator doors opened and they both stepped out and walked to the small hall. The party seemed to have been starting, they were few people. A man met them as soon as they walked and kissed Stacy’s cheek.

“Hey, you have made it.”

“I told you I wouldn’t disappoint, you should trust me.” She said with a smile. The man turned to look at Ayana with a smile.

“Wow! Come in.” Stacy and Anaya walked in then the man whispered something to Stacy.

“Let’s go change.” Stacy said as they walked out already.

“The party hasn’t started?”

“It has, we are just a bit late.”

They walked to a certain room where they quickly changed. Anaya could have qualified to being naked, she looked at the thong and sighed. Stacy had said today would bring in more money than ever so she

hoped it would be enough to have enough money for the surgery. She didn't tell Stacy that the old man had given her P5k all because he had been too drunk to care.

"Ok, wait here, I am coming. I forgot my outfit in the car."

Stacy walked leaving Ayana alone in the big room. She looked around with her arms around her chest. The door opened and Ayana turned wondering if she had already arrived at the parking lot and returned but to her surprise it wasn't Stacy. Three men walked in, two holding cans of beer while the other smoked. Her heart skipped.

"Anaya?" The one who had walked in first asked and she slowly nodded. Her heart was beating too fast.

"I thought they were two?" One asked.

"No, it's only her for now."

"No, you want to kill the child."

They laughed. "What are you saying, we paid for her."

Anaya frowned, she couldn't understand.

One of them walked towards her with a warm smile. "Don't worry, we are not going to hurt you ok? I promise."

Ayana wanted to run out of there, she wondered if she said no would they let her go. "Just do as we say and it will be fine." He whispered then pulled her in for a kiss sliding his hand inside her panties.

"Shit!" He groaned against her lips then took a step from her sipping his beer. He motioned she twirled slowly. Anaya swallowed then turned round.

"She is perfect." The quiet one finally said then laughed. "What do you say?" He asked the one who had been smoking.

"A pussy is a pussy, just this one has a pretty face to it. I want her ass."

"Strip. You can call me A." Anaya looked at the man who had just kissed her then started taking off the thong. She undressed till she was naked. She watched A unzip his pants with a smirk then pushed her to the couch where she knelt. He took out a

condom from his back pocket and covered his dick before pushing her chest down and pushing into her.

“Ah fuck! She’s tight.” Ayana raised her head trying to ignore the pain

Another one came to her face then forced his dick in her mouth. This one had a ring on his finger, she noticed the other two didn’t. He pushed himself deep inside her mouth that her insides turned. She gagged moving her head back while A continued thrusting from behind her.

He grabbed her hair roughly then began thrusting in her mouth, tears filled her eyes as she struggled to breathe. He pulled out from her mouth just as A slapped her ass cheeks hard going faster. Anaya tried moving from him, there was a sharp pain she couldn’t seem to ignore anymore.

“Where are you going beautiful Anaya? Come here...” A pulled her even closer to her thrusting more deeply.

“Stop!” She cried. “Please stop. Stop!”

Before she could say anything more, a dick was thrust back in her mouth, deeper this time around.

Tears warmed her cheeks as she tried to free herself. Her tears seemed to arouse them, they didn't stop but rather became rough.

She gagged on the dick then felt vomit come. She pushed him away roughly and hurled on the floor. They all laughed.

"Mister, don't be too rough on the child." The quiet one who had been standing a distance from them said now approaching her. A pulled out as the quiet one picked her up like a sack of potatoes and put on her the bed.

"Please, let me go. Stop!" She pleaded with him but the smoker was quick o respond.

"No, we paid her. I am not going anywhere till I fuck this whore."

"It's your bachelor party, fuck this girl." A said laughing.

Tears rolled down as he looked at his friends then made her kneel.

Miguel walked inside his parent's house and was immediately met by a sweet aroma. He smiled walking towards the kitchen where he found his mother steering her pot.

"It smells good in here." His mother turned with a smile.

"My boy." She walked towards him and hugged him.

"I missed you."

"I missed you too. What are you making?"

"Your favorite dish. I made it with all my heart."

Miguel smiled. "I love you."

"I love you too my boy, you have dark spots under your eyes. You should rest."

"I will."

"Where is Lone?"

"I left her behind."

His mother walked back to her pot and closed it.

“When are you marrying that girl, her family has been waiting for a while now.”

“It’s a good thing he is here so that we can discuss that issue.” His father joined them in the kitchen.

“You can’t just take their daughter and make her your wife without marrying her. That is very disrespectful.”

Miguel watched his father walk towards his mother and kiss her cheek.

“I will marry her.”

“When? It’s not like you don’t have money to do it. What’s going on with you.”

“Papa I will marry her, right now I’m just too busy.”

His mother shook her head turning back to her pot.

“Talk to your son please.”

Miguel walked out with his father and stood against his car outside.

“What is the problem? I thought you were sure that you were going to marry her.”

“I was till she aborted my child. She didn’t even tell me she was pregnant.”

“She did what?”

“She killed my baby. Two months.”

“I am shocked to say the most, I never thought...” He sighed. “But at the same time I don’t blame her. She was probably scared, no woman wants to be giving a man who isn’t marrying her kids. You are the one with the problem, do you think she would have aborted tha baby had you been married to her?”

“No but still, she didn’t even bother telling me she was pregnant but instead ran off and killed my child.”

“So what are you saying? Don’t forget this is the same girl that held your hand and loved you even when you had nothing. This girl stayed with you when things were still hard for you. People make mistakes.”

“Yes but murder is not a mistake. She carefully thought of it. I don’t think I can forgive her.”

His father folded his arms staring at him. "So you don't want to marry her anymore because of one simple mistake she made?"

"It's just not a mistake. It's my child. How would you have felt had mama aborted me?"

"I married your mother before I impregnated her. I can't tell you what to do but I just want you to know that you will never meet a perfect woman, we all make mistakes because we are human. That girl has loved you for the longest time but I can't force you to be with her if you don't want to. What I know is that we don't leave the people who love us, people who can stand with us when the entire world turns it's back on us. Those people are rare to find." He said then walked back inside the house.

His sister parked her car beside his then stepped out of the car. "And here I thought you wouldn't come because you are in a meeting with important people."

Miguel laughed as she hugged him. "I thought I could come and see you."

“You? You stay only an hour away but you never come here.”

“Where is that-“

“Don’t insult my to be husband.” She pointed a finger at him. “When is Lone? I missed her so much.”

“I didn’t come with her.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

“I didn’t drive home but just came straight here. I was going to go to Mahalapye, I had a business deal to seal then sleep over at home but the person decided to cancel last minute and then I heard the folks were here.”

Colleen shrugged. “They initially wanted to come to your house, surprise visit but I persuaded them otherwise. I am happy to see you, it’s funny how we never see each other.”

“I will improve.”

“You have to, soon enough you will be an uncle.”

He laughed. “I can’t believe you let that-“ she gave him a look. “I can’t believe you are pregnant, is that

why we are here?”

“Yes, there is no best support than that that comes from your own family. I called Agang and he said he is coming, not today but he is.”

“I still think you are too young to be getting married.”

“Boikanyo, we spoke about this. It’s not our fault that you are this old but still refuse to marry your girlfriend of five years.”

“Where is he?”

“At his bachelor party.”

“You know what happens at bachelor parties right?”

“Boikanyo, I trust Ian, we are getting married in a week’s time, you have plenty of time to change your attitude towards him. Can’t you just like him? For me? For your younger sister?”

“My younger sister who is 22 years old and already getting married?” He hugged her. “I will try.”

“Thank you. Let’s get inside the house, tell me, why did you leave Lone?”

“I told you. How is your job? I am glad you are working.” He said as they walked towards the entrance. “You even own your own car.”

“It’s too small but anyways, that’s what I could afford, a Honda.” She turned and looked at him before she could open the door. “But I am quitting and before you panic, I want you to know that I just won’t be sitting at home doing nothing.”

Miguel shook his head. “He told you to quit?”

“No, Boikanyo, I just want to enjoy my pregnancy with no work stress or any pressure.”

“You want to tell me you quit your job to be a house wife?”

“There is nothing wrong in being a house wife, that’s a personal choice and I am grown.”

“You are behaving like a child. Once you are jobless, he won’t respect you.”

She shook her head then opened the door and walked in. Miguel’s phone vibrated in his pocket while he followed after his sister. He took it out then

put it back in his pocket.

Anaya closed her eyes crying as she got one final thrust.

“Let’s go.” A said already zipping his pants while the smoker stepped away from her.

“Thank for your services mam, you are a sweet little bitch.”

They both walked leaving the groom staring at her.

“Your friend will give you the rest of the money.”

Anaya covered her face with her hands crying. He walked out as Anaya struggled to breathe. She tried to calm down but she felt as if she was suffocating. Her heart was beating too fast, she felt light headed.

“Anaya!” She felt arms around her body. “Look, listen to me, take a deep breath in. Relax, focus on breathing. In and out. Slowly.”

She followed instructions till the pain on her chest eased. She looked at the groom, he had come back.

“Dress, I will take you home.”

Anaya’s body shook as she dressed. He helped her to the elevator and right to the underground parking lot where they got in his car. He drove out as her tears ran down her cheeks to her neck.

“Your friend sold you to us.”

She looked at him.

“She told us that you knew what was going on. We paid her P1200.”

Anaya closed her eyes as her head ached. Her thighs were on fire, she couldn’t even feel her vagina.

“I know she is not going to give you anything. She brought other girls too, four more. She used you. You should be careful of the crowd you keep.”

“You raped me. I said no. I said stop. I pushed you away.” She whispered.

“Where do you stay?”

“Broadhurst.”

“Ok,”

He continued driving silently. After a while he finally spoke. “No one raped you Anaya, you brought yourself to the party, no one forced you. You got paid for it. And you don’t know me.”

He parked the car by the mall closer to her house. “Don’t think after this you will go to the police, I know police officials, I will end your life and no one will ever find you. Try it and see.” He took his wallet then gave her money. “Get out.”

Anaya opened the door and stepped out of his car then watched him speed off. She took out her phone and switched it on while shoving the five P200 notes in her bra. She slowly walked along the road dialing Stacy’s number.

“Naya, hey, I had an emergency, I had to leave.”

“I know you sold me and I want my money. You paid for me to get raped.”

“Hey, I didn’t force you into doing anything and I

don't owe you nothing."

"Oh? Ok, I am going to the police right now and reporting you. I don't know what they are going to charge you with but what I know is that they are going to charge you."

She laughed. "You are full of jokes, so you think they will listen to a prostitute?"

"Yes because you took me to the party Stacy and you sold me unknowingly to men I don't know."

"Yes I did so what? Go to the police darling."

Anaya forced a laugh. "You just admitted to it, I have been recording this call. I am going right now."

She said then hung up. She tried walking faster but she was in too much pain. She slowed down looking at the cars which passed her. She looked around hoping to see a combi but there was nothing.

Her phone rang and she answered. "What? You are disturbing me, I am walking inside the police station."

"Fine, I will give you your share."

“Ewallet it right now. It’s P2000.”

“No, that is not-“

“Ok, it’s fine. I will gladly tell the police what you are. They are coming, you can’t run away.”

“But P2000 is a lot.”

“I got raped! I am reporting you and those men, wait and watch, you think I am joking. I have nothing to lose.”

“Ok, fine. I will ewallet it right now.”

Anaya hung up and looked at the time. It was just after ten. She took off the heels and started walking barefooted. Her phone vibrated, she looked at the ewallet message and sighed.

She put her phone away when she saw a boy cross the road to her side. She looked behind her, two more were coming from behind her. Her heart skipped as she looked at the empty road, there was no car or anyone expect from her company. They were walking too fast, she couldn’t even run even if she wanted to.

She held on to her handbag. “God I know I am have been asking for a lot from you but today I ask you for your protection. You know how much I have suffered, you know what’s in my heart, please help me.” She prayed loudly as they approached her. She ran in the middle of the road when she saw a car speeding.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#6

Car tires screeched while Anaya closed her eyes waiting for the impact. She slowly opened her eyes when she realized she was still standing. The car had stopped an inch away from her. Tears gushed from her eyes as the driver pressed the hooter but she stood there paralyzed. She couldn’t seem to know how to walk anymore.

The driver stepped out of the car. “What are you doing?”

She raised her eyes and looked at him shaking. It was like she had been poured with cold water.

“Get out of the road!”

Slowly she moved her legs walking to the other side of the road. The boys were gone. From the corner of her eye, she saw him get back in his car and drive off. She still couldn't get her feet to move fast or to even run. Her phone vibrated from her bra but she ignored it. A minute later a car stopped beside her, she slowly turned and looked.

“Get in.”

He had come back but Anaya couldn't figure why he was back. Did he want more? She still had the marks from the handcuffs. She slowly shook her head walking.

“I am not going to beg you, they are going to come back and kill you.”

She wiped her tears looking into his cold eyes.

“Get in.”

She slowly opened the door and slid in the backseat.

“Where are you going?”

“Near the church.”

He quietly drove and from the church, she directed him to her house where he parked in front of the gate.

“I thought prostitutes were smart.” He said when Anaya opened the door. She looked at him.

“I am not a prostitute.” She whispered.

“Then what are you? What do you think you are?”

“You don’t know me.”

“I don’t need to know you to know you are a prostitute. You sleep around for money instead of finding a real job. It’s people like you who paint the country in a bad way. After that, you victimize yourself. Get out of my car.”

She wiped her tears then climbed out of his car while he drove off. She stood still till she couldn’t see his tail lights anymore. Bravely unlocked the gate and

walked inside the yard. She knocked on the door calling Ayana who opened almost immediately.

Anaya paused looking at her sweaty face and her eyes filled with nothing but terror. "What is it?"

"The man, he was back, he was trying to break open the door."

Anaya looked at the door which looked tempered with then walked inside locking behind her. Lethabo was still awake holding a small knife.

"It's fine now. I am here. Nothing is going to happen. You can sleep."

"What if he comes back Naya? I will not sleep, I will protect us." Lethabo said making Anaya smile.

"I know you will but you have school tomorrow. Sleep. Let's all sleep."

She put her bag and shoes down and took off the wig before pushing the kitchen unit against the door. Her phone vibrated.

"Let's sleep. I want to bath."

Lethabo put the knife under the pillow and covered

his head with a blanket while Anaya began undressing. She filled the dish with cold water and sat inside bathing. She scrubbed her skin hard hoping she would feel better but when she finally stepped out, it felt as if the world was too big and she was alone on the corner. She felt ashamed, felt dirty. She took the dress and squashed them before throwing it out through the window. She never wanted to the dress ever again. She sat on the bed with a torn towel around her body and looked at her life in the small room she called home, she looked at the money on the bed. She should have never spoken to Stacy three months ago when she met her in the combi and should have never agreed to selling her body for money.

Tears fell with self loathe, she hated herself, she hated her body. She wished she would stop breathing all together, wished the world would just stop. She felt detached from her being. Slowly, she crawled on the bed and lay far away from her siblings. She didn't want to contaminate them with dirtiness. She cried silently wishing she could

squash the memory of what had happened. Now she imagined what it would have been if he had hit with the car, that would have been better. A while later she lay on her bed, numb, floating in darkness and emptiness. Her sadness frightened her but what was worse was the thought of continuing on living. Sinking deep into it. She felt too drained to breathe or move so she just lay there, silently and listened to the wind outside.

“I don’t think you should sleep here.” Lone said lying on Kenneth’s chest.

“Relax, he is not coming back.”

Lone sat up right. “Why do you want to work with Miguel? I think you should look for a job somewhere else.”

“I need somewhere to start and either way, he is going to pay me big money so why not?”

“I don’t think I am comfortable with that, what if something slips?”

“So you think I am stupid enough to tell my cousin that I am sleeping with his girlfriend?”

“No. I just don’t want you working for Miguel, he is smart.”

“I am not stupid either.”

Her heart skipped when she heard the gate. “It’s only Miguel and I who can...” She looked at Kenneth. “I thought you said he went to Mahalapye.”

She jumped off bed and ran to the sitting room where their clothes were. She slightly moved the curtains and looked at Miguel’s grayish Range Rover Velar. She ran back to the bedroom almost slipping.

“Dress, you need to leave, I can’t believe this. You lied, are you trying to ruin my relationship?”

He dressed up. “Your happiness matters to me. Either way, I need Miguel so being caught with you is the last thing I need right now. I even parked my car by that car wash because I knew anything can

happen.”

She took off the sheets off the bed throwing them at her side of the closet and sprayed her perfume in the air.

“You need to leave, go to the guest room, I will distract him while you leave.” She heard the main door closing then rushed to the bathroom and stood under the shower. She quickly lathered her body with soap to get rid of any smell.

She washed the soap off then grabbed a towel and wrapped it on her wet body walking out.

“Hey baby,” she said softly.

He looked at her then at the bare bed.

“Hey,”

“Oh, I wanted to change the sheets. I forgot to do it earlier on.” She walked to the closet as he undressed and came back with clean sheets.

“How was work?”

“Fine.”

She quickly made the bed her heart still pounding hard against her chest. She walked back to the closet then came back dressed in a night dress.

“I will go and warm your food.”

“I am not hungry.” He said already walking to the bathroom. Lone waited for a while before dashing out. She found Kenneth already walking out through the main door.

“You know this is not over right?”

“Leave!” She whispered pressing the gate’s remote. She watched him walk out then walked back inside the house. She looked around making sure everything was in the rightful state before walking back to the bedroom and sat on the bed waiting for him so that they maybe talk.

“I was thinking we go for counseling.” She told him as he put on his sweatpants.

“I am busy.”

He switched off the light and got in bed switching off his side lamp. “I am sure you can make time

Miguel. I love you, why can't you see that?" She cried. "I said I am sorry. You keep pushing me away. I have given myself to you for the last five years, I don't deserve this."

"Lone, I want to sleep. I have a morning meeting tomorrow."

She walked to his side and knelt before him. "Miguel I am sorry I killed your child. I know you are hurt but please... please. I know you slept with someone a few days ago but I am not saying anything because I believe I pushed to it."

He turned giving her his back. She took a deep breath standing up.

"I can't live without you Miguel. I have tried and I seem to be failing. I can feel you slipping from my hands. I don't think I can continue living anymore."

He remained silent then she walked out of the bedroom. She opened the drawer with the knives in the kitchen and took out the sharpest. Her subconscious silently watched her as she brought it to her wrist. She momentarily looked at her wrist

wondering where to cut, she knew it would take time for her to die and probably by then he would have taken her to the hospital. She wondered what was less painful and less risky between drinking pills and cutting her wrist.

She needed something to catch his attention, maybe him seeing her lie in a pool of blood would make him come around. She took deep breath bringing the knife to her wrist.

“What are you doing?”

She looked at him. “I can’t do this anymore. I have always given myself to you, watched you build your empire while I cheered you on. I stood by you when everyone thought you were just too ambitious. I loved you when no one did and today I guess it all ends because of one mistake I made all because I was scared and thought you were not ready. I have forgiven you for a lot you wronged me but I guess because it’s me, I don’t deserve being forgiven.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to forgive you, I love Lone but I am hurt. You just can’t expect to jump because

you say so. Please the knife away.”

“What do you want me to do then?” She sobbed.

He walked towards her and took the knife. “I think we need space, I need space to deal with it and you need space to figure out what you want.”

She looked at him. “You want a break?”

“Yes, I think some time apart will do us good.”

“Then why does it sound like a breakup?”

He kissed her. “It’s not. I love you, you know that, nothing is going to change that.”

Anaya looked at the small bucket full of fatcakes. She sighed looking the nikhaks she had bought together with sweets and other small snacks students liked. She put them in a big bag while Ayana took the paraffin stove she would use to fry the chips and the bucket of fat cakes.

“I will help you with the foldable table.” Lethabo said picking up the foldable table. Anaya smiled.

“If you can carry it then it’s fine. Let’s go.”

They walked outside locking behind them then headed to school. Anaya listened to Lethabo speak animatedly about his school adventures.

“If you guys don’t want to be seen with me it’s fine, I can take it from here.”

She said as they approached the school. Ayana shook her head. “I am not ashamed of my family hustle.”

They walked near the where the combis parked, a spot in the middle of the primary school and junior school. They set up quickly putting everything on the table.

“Ok, you can guys can go. I will take care of the rest.”

“Ok bye Naya,” Lethabo said hugging her.

“Bye Lethabo.”

She watched them walk away then sighed.

“Do you sell fatcakes?” A student asked standing by her table.

She smiled. “Yes, how many do you want?”

“Four.”

Anaya quickly served him as two more students approached.

“Can we have five fat cakes?”

“Yes.”

She worked fast then quickly lighted her paraffin stove before putting a pot full of oil.

“Hello, can I have two Niknaks.”

“Yes darling.”

She served her then took out her potatoes and quickly peeled them.

“Do you have fresh chips?”

“I am still cooking them, you can wait though.”

“Ok.”

Soon a small crowd was gathered around her table

as she balanced frying the chips and serving. Even the drivers were buying from her. In a matter of an hour, she no longer had fat cakes nor the fresh chips. What was left were the sweets and NikNaks. She looked at the time, it was already time up for the lessons to start.

“You should consider coming earlier you know, you have good market.”

She looked up and smiled at Kgotlang. “Hey,”

“Can I have Niknaks? Two.”

She took the money then handed the Niknaks to him.

“Today was a success, tomorrow will even be a better success.” He told her as she begin packing her things into the bag.

“I hope so. I really do.”

“I thought I would come by and see you at your first day at work.”

Anaya smiled trying not to break down. She had been holding it in ever since she woke up, the urge to cry.

“Thank you.”

“Ok, bye.” He said stopping the combi and jumping in, he waved as it moved. She looked around then sighed. She couldn’t afford being weak. She had to keep moving.

She packed almost everything in the bag then she took out her ringing phone, it had been ringing since last night.

“Hello?”

“Anaya can we talk? I know you think-“

“Never in your life ever call me, if you ever see me, turn before I see you because I swear, I will mop the floor with your ugly face then take you to the police where they will lock you up and throw away the key. Don’t try me.”

“You are just stressed right now, I understand. Call when you have calmed down.”

“Call me again Stacy and see what I will do to you.” She hung up angrily then picked the bag putting on her shoulder, the stove in the other hand then the

bucket in the other one. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at the foldable table. A wave of dizziness hit her as frustration coiled itself around her. Sadness washed over her as she looked at the primary school gate, she didn't know how many times she had thought of killing herself last night but every second she thought of her siblings, the thought got crushed.

Her heart was heavy, she couldn't even look at herself on the mirror.

"You can leave your table here."

She looked at the man willing her tears not to fall. "I drive that combi, I am leaving in twenty minutes. You can leave the bucket here too, I will look after them till you come back."

"Thank you."

"We are all hustlers. I like your food by the way, you should also offer tea. Some of us leave our houses without eating."

"I will, thank you."

She put the bucket down then started walking. Her

phone vibrated as she arrived home. She put everything inside the house then answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Anaya, it’s Nurse Botshelo. My girl, I think you should come at the hospital.”

Her heart skipped. “Is everything ok?”

“Just come. Right now.”

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#7

Anaya rushed inside the hospital, she couldn’t control her thoughts. She arrived at her ward then looked at her empty bed. She felt her soul fight to escape her body as she remained standing, frozen to be exact. She couldn’t think of anything as she

stared at the empty bed.

“Anaya, she’s alive.” Nurse Botshelo said pulling her in her arms. “Relax.”

She didn’t even realize she was shaking till she was in Nurse Botshelo’s arms. “They took her to the ICU. She... Anaya do you have the money?”

She looked at Nurse Botshelo crying. “It’s not enough. I tried.”

The nurse shook her head wiping away her tears. “Don’t cry. I wish I had money but right now I am broke. I bought a car with a loan, I am still paying the debt. I want you to take what you have and go to that private hospital. Beg them, give them what you have. We are ready to transfer your mother there. Her cancer has spread, this is just a chance you are taking. It might or it might not work.”

Anaya nodded then ran out of the hospital. She jumped in a combi that was at the hospital’s bus stop. She wished the driver could drive a little faster. She closed her eyes trying to pray but she couldn’t form a single word in her head. In thirty minutes, she

was getting off the combi. She ran home and took all the money she had including her bank card. Today she just didn't have time to walk to the mall though it was only twenty minutes away. Arriving, she quickly drew out the money in her account and also the P2000 Stacy had sent to her. She shoved the money in her bag before getting another combi that took her to the private hospital.

Time seemed to be moving too fast and she couldn't seem to be able to do anything about it except from just watching. She couldn't even think of what would happen once her mother was dead, the thought was too heavy for her, it threatened to crush her. Her phone rang from her pocket and she took it out and answered.

"Hello,"

"Anaya, it's Aunty Rose."

"Oh, how are you Aunty?" Her voice was just too weak to show emotion.

"I am fine, how is your mother? I heard her situation is getting worse. I am going to come there in a while

so that if anything happens we start planning the funeral immediately. I hope your mother had money saved up somewhere.”

“Mama is fine, there is no need for you to come, thank you.” She hung up and sighed. She was just too drained to cry. When she finally arrived at hospital, she felt as if she had spent ages in that combi.

“Hi, can I please see Dr. Maje.”

The receptionist smiled. “Do you have an appointment with the doctor.”

“No but my name is Anaya Shato, I am here to see him about my mother.”

“Let me see,”

Anaya watched him call him then seconds later told her to go to his office. She didn't waste time, she walked right to his office. This was the second time she was in this hospital, the first time had been the time the public hospital had referred her mother here.

She knocked softly on his door then walked in. He

fixed his spectacles as she walked inside his office.

“Ms. Shato,” he motioned she sit down.

“My mother is very sick. I managed to raise this amount only. She took out all the money and handed it to him. He started counting it as Anaya stood there with weak knees

“It’s not enough.”

“I know but please, I am begging you. There is no where I can get more. No relative is raising their hand to help. I am not working and I have two siblings looking up at me. I have nothing, what should I do?” She cried. “Please, please... I am begging you, help her. That’s all I have have.”

The doctor sighed looking at her down on her knees.

“Anaya, I understand your situation but-“

“No you don’t. You don’t understand my situation at all. You don’t understand what I have been doing to raise this money. Last night I was raped, I know I went there willingly but I said no. And all that for money. You don’t understand how hard it is facing two people every night who are now fully depended

on you. You don't understand how it feels staring at your mother dying, slowly and have her relatives call to check if she is dead already. You don't understand my situation. You don't because if you did, then you would understand when I tell you this is all I have. If you did then you would understand why I need you to help her because if you don't, she is going to die."

He looked at her a while then took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes. "Ok, I will have her transferred here but you are going to have to make a plan on how to pay the remaining balance."

"Thank you. Thank you so much."

He stood up and walked out while Anaya stood up wiping away her tears with the hem of her t-shirt. She waited for the doctor to come back, when he did, he had some paperwork for her to sign.

"She is on her way here. She is going to be fine, I promise you."

She nodded. "Ok."

She looked at the time sitting on the waiting area. Her head was aching. She sat there for hours

wondering what was going on. Dr. Maje had said he would update her.

Lone looked at her bachelor pad sighing. She couldn't shake off the feeling that her relationship was over. She had moved out once he left for work. Last night she hadn't been able to sleep, something had changed in him. Something had changed deeply and it scared Lone. He didn't look at her the same way he used to anymore.

Somehow she knew how much he loved her, she knew they would be fine, she was going to fight for them. Her phone rang and she immediately took it from her pocket.

"Amantle," she answered.

"Lone, I am around, where are you?"

She sighed. "I am at home, we can meet for lunch at Airport Junction mall."

“Or I can just come over, is Miguel around?”

“He is at work, I am leaving the house right now, I have to see a friend. We can meet in 2 hours.”

“Ok, suit yourself.”

She hung up already picking her car keys. She put on her heels then walked out locking behind her.

She passed by a salon where she did her nails and styled her hair before finally going to the mall where she found Amantle already waiting, her older sister. As she looked at her, Lone smiled feeling shaken. Amantle always looked good that Lone always had to do ten times more to look her level. She had always felt like that growing up. She always got compared to Amantle, was it on beauty, education, career or relationships, it was always a competition, one that Amantle always did best.

“You look good,” Amantle said with a sly smile leaning back on her chair while taking off her sunglasses.

Lone sat opposite her. “I didn’t know you were coming.”

“I didn’t know too, how are you?”

“I am fine.”

Amantle slowly scrutinized her then finally smiled revealing her white teeth which were in line. “That’s good, how is Miguel?”

“He is fine.”

Amantle chuckled taking a sip of her wine. “I am surprised he still hasn’t married you till now.”

“He is currently so busy with new projects, he doesn’t want to do things hurriedly so we decided to wait till things are back to normal.”

“Oh really now? I thought you were having problems. I never knew you would be the type to kill a baby but then, you are capable of anything.”

Lone took a deep breath knowing her mother had told Amantle. Even a blind man could see that their mother loved her older sister more. She looked at Amantle calmly.

“Mistakes happen.” She said with a shrug. “But Miguel and I are totally fine.”

“I pity you little sister. A man like Miguel doesn’t want a woman like you, you can’t handle him.”

“And who does he deserve? You?”

Amantle shrugged. “Maybe, maybe not.”

“Miguel didn’t want you five years ago and I can assure you, he still doesn’t want you even now. You may have the best career, traveling all over the world or the beauty, but that won’t make him want you. You are so desperate it’s sad.”

Amantle was silent for a while before she started laughing. “Me? Desperate? Oh please, the only person that is desperate here is you, crying for a man who clearly doesn’t want you anymore, but it’s fine. You have always been like this Lone, it’s actually sad that you think I can ever be desperate for a man or that I can ever be like you. Order and let’s celebrate life.”

Amantle raised her hand calling the waiter. Lone wanted to stand up and leave but knew that would only give her sister the satisfaction she needed. She ordered her meal then carefully studied Amantle’s

face.

“So you did a plastic surgery?” She asked with a chuckle.

“Oh why not? I can afford it.”

“You don’t need a plastic surgery to look beautiful Amantle, your nose was fine but of course what do I know?” She shrugged. “I can’t afford it.”

Amantle pursed her lips then finally smiled. “I have no problem perfecting my beauty. You should try it sometime, your flat chest needs some reassessing and being light in complexion doesn’t make you beautiful.”

Lone looked at her breasts. She had always been a late bloomer, by the age of 18 her chest was almost flat, she had tiny hips and a flat behind. It wouldn’t have bothered her if she never got compared to her voluptuous sister. She still wasn’t thick, she had a petite figure and she loved herself more than she did growing up. Miguel liked her body, he said she was portable. He had been the one to teach her to love her body and her imperfections. He had been the

one to teach her to love herself.

Lone stood up. "I actually love my flat chest, I am happy with my body and myself. I am sorry but I have to go, cancel my order. Ciao!"

She walked to the parking lot and sat in her car for a while trying to locate her confidence. She never understood why she always let her get to her every single time. She took out her compact mirror and stared at herself.

"You are beautiful, you are strong, you are smart." She whispered to herself. She put the mirror away and started the car. Her phone rang as she drove out of the mall and a smile brightened her face.

"Rachel,"

"I have just sent you a location, come now." She said and hung up. Lone looked at the message and sped to where Rachel had summoned her. She had been wanting to call her since she woke up but she was too ashamed. Of course Courtney was her friend but she couldn't compare to Rachel, they had been friends since primary school, they were more like

sisters than just friends.

Twenty minutes later she was stepping out of her car in front of some house. The gate opened and Rachel came out of the house. "Come!"

She walked in then stood in front of her. "I am really sorry about what I said, I was just stressed."

Rachel rolled her eyes and dragged her inside the house where Courtney's step sister was.

"Kelly?"

Kelly stood up with a smile. "Hey," She looked at Rachel who nodded. "I called your friend here to tell you that Courtney is after Miguel. I have no reason to lie, I think you deserve to know the type of friends you keep."

"What?"

"She wants him. She has been wanting him for a while now. I heard her talking to him today morning when I was at her house."

Lone nodded. "Oh,"

"I know I don't like her that much and you might think

I am after ruining her friendship with her but that's not the case. I just happen to really like you so I thought I would tell her then she would tell you." She said pointing at Rachel.

"See? I told you."

Lone burnt with anger thinking of how Courtney had pushed for her to have an abortion. Now it made sense.

"Thank you Kelly."

"It's ok, you guys can leave before my boyfriend comes home."

Rachel took Lone's hand and they walked out to her car.

"You should just cut her off, fighting doesn't solve anything."

Lone shook her head. "No, it doesn't but it straightens people. She is going to know me today."

"Lone no, you don't want to go to jail for assault or even lose your job. Just let her be."

Lone got in her car already starting the engine. "I will

call you.”

Rachel opened the door and got in the passenger seat. “This is a bad idea.”

Lone ignored her and drove heading to Courtney’s house.

Courtney rubbed her red lips together listening to Tank sing. The mood was set. She got up and put on her heels, she knew Miguel was to arrive in a few minutes. She had called him earlier on and asked him to pass by her house because she had something important to tell him. She didn’t feel bad for lying, she was going to have him one way or the other. The gate was open. She looked around her house, everything looked good and in place. It wasn’t her fault Lone couldn’t keep him.

She smiled when she heard a car drive in. She walked to the door and opened it hearing foot steps.

Her heart skipped as she came face to face with Rachel and Lone.

“Wow! Who are you expecting?” Lone asked looking at her red silky gown. Courtney tied the belt and smiled.

“A special friend. What are you guys doing here?”

Lone pushed her inside the house walking in. “We are here to see you.” Lone looked at the roses all over the floor then back at Courtney. “And I see we are disturbing.”

“Yes, maybe you can come back tomorrow.”

Lone nodded taking off her heels then earrings. “I think tomorrow is too far. So you are here, planning to sleep with my man?”

Courtney laughed. “Really now?”

“Yes. You think I don’t know what you have been planning?”

“You are crazy, get out of my house.”

Lone walked over to Courtney and slapped her across the face. She grabbed her braids slapping her

again.

“I am going to cleanse you today!” Lone said slapping Courtney again.

Courtney pushed Lone hard that she staggered back but she wouldn't let the braids go.

“Leave me!” Courtney yelled kicking Lone in the stomach.

Lone let go breathing hard. “It's not my fault that you couldn't keep a child and yes, if you don't take care of him, we will do it for you.”

“You are the one who told me to abort.”

“I didn't hold a gun to your head. You made a choice. You are so dump, no wonder he doesn't want you no more.”

Lone jumped on Courtney, with her petite body she still managed to land them both on the floor. Lone sat on top of Courtney's stomach and punched her in the face.

“Bitch!”

She threw another punch then Courtney pulled her

hair that Lone screamed with pain. Without thinking twice, she leaned over and grabbed Courtney's cheek with her teeth.

Courtney pulled Lone's hair harder but the more she pulled, the more Lone sunk her teeth into her flesh.

"Lone, let go. Stop!" She cried but it fell on deaf ears.

"Lone you are hurting me. Let go."

"Lone, let her go, it's enough." Rachel intervened trying to pull her friend away but Lone wouldn't let go.

"Lone please..." Courtney cried then finally Lone spat her cheek out standing up. She wiped blood from her mouth and kicked Courtney hard.

"You think because I am thin I can't fight? I will beat you so hard your ancestors will cry for you if I catch you staring at my man. Do you hear me?"

"Lone, it's enough, let's go."

"Don't test me, let me see you with Miguel!"

Rachel dragged her out and pushed her inside the car before getting to the driver's side and driving off.

“You know she might go to the police right?”

Lone closed her eyes.

“I have a police friend, let me call him. Maybe we can go report that she attacked you when you confronted her and so you defended yourself.”

“I am going to go to jail.”

“I should have stopped you.”

She took out her ringing phone. She looked at the unsaved number for a while then answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s me, can we talk.”

“I can’t right now.” She said hanging up. Rachel looked at her silently then looked at the road.

Tears filled Lone’s eyes as she looked out through the window. Rachel rubbed her shoulder while she cried.

Anaya watched her siblings eat while talking. They laughed and Anaya forced a smile on her face.

“Naya, when are we going to see mama?” Lethabo asked.

“After I get enough money then we will go.”

Ayana smiled. “I told the whole school about you so tomorrow you are going to have a lot of customers.”

“That’s good, today was also a good day.”

“I know. We are going to be rich!” She said laughing.

Anaya stood up. “Yes, uhh don’t worry about the dishes, start with your home works.” She looked at the small candle that was burning.

“I forgot to buy candles, I will go buy one by the tuckshop. Lock the door.”

“Ok,” Lethabo was already up. Anaya took a few coins and walked out. Her heart skipped when she saw a male figure approaching the gate.

“It’s me.”

She sighed with relief hearing Kgotlang's voice. She walked to the gate and smiled. "Hey, you scared me."

"I am sorry. I have been trying to call."

"I am sorry, my phone is off."

"It's ok, where are you going?"

"To the tuckshop, I want to buy candles."

"I will walk you."

They walked side by side silently. "Are you ok?"

She looked at him in the dark and nodded. "Yes, just stressed about the business."

"You shouldn't stress much you know, I think you are going to go far. You have good market."

"Yah..."

"When I started the car wash, business was slow, I nearly lost hope but at the end of the day, it was success. So you don't worry, things are looking up."

"I guess. My siblings are so supportive. They keep me going."

“You have a great support system.”

“I know.”

They approached the tuckshop and Anaya purchased the candle then turned.

“Do you want to buy something?”

He shook his head no. “No, let’s go.”

They started walking back. “I thought you were a combi driver, I swear, I once saw you driving one.”

Kgotlang laughed. “I did, times were rough. Driving a combi is not as easy as they put it to be.”

They both laughed. “You looked out of place.”

“And that combi had a lot of problems. The hooter wasn’t working properly and I always had to shout so people can come.”

“I can imagine.”

“Every time I would see my old classmates, I would get ashamed.”

“I can understand that one. A few days ago I bumped into an old class mate, she was dressed up smartly

with long heels and matching handbag and I looked like dying that moment. Matter of fact, I had wanted to hide but she saw me.”

“One day you won’t have a reason to hide.”

They approached her gate as a car parked in front of them. Anaya took a deep breath as Stacy stepped out of the car.

“So you are now looking to sleep with him for money too?” She asked.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#8

Anaya carefully looked at Stacy as the headlights of her car provided light. She sighed then looked at Kgotlang.

“Thank you for walking me. You can call me later after I charge my phone.”

“Oh now you won’t talk to me but when you were looking for older man to sleep with you were crying to me.”

“Stacy, please leave, you and I have nothing to talk about.”

“We have! Did she tell you that she is a prostitute? Did you tell him that you sleep around for money?”

Kgotlang looked at Stacy then at Anaya. “What is she talking about?”

“Oh so she didn’t tell you? She sleeps around for money. Yes, she is a prostitute.”

“Stacy, I can walk to the police station from here.”

“Don’t worry, I was already leaving. I hope you tasted for HIV/AIDS, God knows what you may be carrying in your blood. You wouldn’t want to infect this poor man.”

She got inside her car then drove off while Kgotlang just stared at her hoping for some kind of

explanation.

“I can explain,” she started.

“So you do sleep around for money?”

“Yes but-“

“Wow!”

“Listen to me, I can explain-“

“I don’t want to hear your explanation. I can’t believe all along I thought... Wow!”

“Kgotlang, wait, I can explain please.” She begged taking his hand into hers. “I know what it looks like but I had no choice.”

“That’s a lame excuse and we all know it. You had a choice and instead you chose the easy way out. You are not the only one with struggles you know, there are other people struggling out there but they don’t turn themselves into prostitutes to make ends meet.”

“I know and I-“

“Bye.”

He walked away and she watched till he disappeared into the darkness. She blinked away her tears then walked inside the gate. Inside the house, she handed Ayana the candle and locked the door before pushing the kitchen unit against the door.

“Anaya, are you fine?” Lethabo asked and all she could do was nod. She took off her shoes and got under the duvet closing her eyes feeling the urge to cry, the desire to break down but she held it. She could not cry in front of her siblings, that was the lesson her mother had taught her. In such cases, she had to be strong, her siblings depended on her. She took a deep breath fighting her tears and when they won, she cried silently not making a single sound. She felt too tired and every minute that passed, it felt as if something was tying itself to her neck.

Lone was woken up with a loud knock on the door. She stilled as she heard footsteps. A while later

Rachel walked inside the guest room where she slept.

“Lone, dress up, the police is here.”

“She reported?”

Rachel nodded. “Yes, dress.”

Lone got off the bed while Rachel walked to her room. She put on her dress and shoes and walked out. Rachel had dressed too, they both walked outside and got in the police car. Lone tried calling Miguel but his phone wasn't going through and she finally texted Kenneth.

At the police station, they found Courtney who had a swollen face and bandage on her cheek.

A police officer approached them then looked at Lone and Rachel. “Are these the ladies who attacked you?” He asked Courtney who nodded.

“I didn't attack you, we fought.” Lone said.

“She came to my house and her friend watched as she beat me up.” Her speech was slow and anyone could tell she was in pain.

“You are going to be charged with assault, what’s your name?”

“Lone Monei.”

“Why did you beat her? Look how she is?”

“She beat me because her boyfriend dumped her and now he wants me.”

Rachel shook her head silently.

“We are going to keep you here, you go around beating people, you think this is wrestling? Let’s go.”

Lone handed her phone to Rachel.

“I will try bailing you out.” Rachel whispered to Lone as they took her away. They put her in an empty cell where she sat down wondering what she was doing with her life? Fighting people was not her. She closed her eyes wondering what she would do if somehow Amantle found out. An hour later a female police officer came to get her.

“You got bail.”

They approached the front desk where she found Kenneth waiting.

“Hey, are you ok?”

She nodded. “Yeah, I am fine.”

They walked out and went to his car. “What happened?”

“I had a fight.”

Kenneth laughed. “You fought? You?”

“Yes, thank you for bailing me out.”

“I can’t believe you were fighting? It’s just hard to imagine.”

Lone chuckled. “Don’t underestimate me.”

He laughed even harder. “I wouldn’t dare. I wouldn’t want you to chock slam me.”

“Stop it.” She couldn’t help laughing too.

“I feel sorry for whoever saw you fighting, it must have been sad.”

“Mxm, leave me alone.”

“So that little hand was...” He laughed not able to finish his sentence. “Wonders shall never end.”

“Take me home.”

“Your wish is my command.”

He opened the door for her and she climbed in with relief. Now what was left is to convince Courtney to drop the charges. She hoped the news wouldn't get to work, she couldn't afford to lose her job.

“Don't worry, whatever it is, we will figure it out together.” Kenneth said starting the car.

“Thank you.”

Anaya walked inside the hospital and walked over to the receptionist.

“Hi, I am here to see-“

“Dr. Maje? He is in his office.”

“Thank you.”

She began walking away when the receptionist

called her. “Anaya right?”

Anaya nodded.

“Anaya, I just thought I would tell you that one day you will look back at this day and see how far you have come.”

Anaya momentarily stared at her before she turned and walked away. Her feet moved forward till she was in Dr. Maje’s office. “Anaya, I told you, I will call you.”

She looked at the doctor sitting down. “Is she going to make it?” She asked defeated. She just wanted to know the truth. This time with no sugar coating.

The doctor sighed. “Stage 3 breast cancer is curable, it needs an aggressive treatment. The only risk is that the cancer may grow back after treatment. We are going to perform surgery and radiation. We already have the best surgeons and oncologists. The breast surgeon went through your mother’s biopsy results in detail and she has come up with some really good suggestions. I know all this is overwhelming but I need you to be strong. Her

treatments are going to include about 6 rounds of chemotherapy and we are going to put her on a certain drug which targets the cancer cells for about 18 weeks . Radiation treatment will be next and it would be an every day thing for 5 weeks. But first, we are going to have to perform mastectomy and it's scheduled for today. This is going to be a draining journey, one I hope you are ready for."

Anaya nodded then stood up. She headed to the door.

"Anaya, I have therapist friend, you need someone to talk to and it will be for free."

He stood up and handed her the business card.

"Dr. O. Rams. She can help you through this difficult time. All you have to do is call her."

Anaya turned with the card in her hand and walked out of his office. Outside the hospital she sat on the ground burying her face between her legs. She couldn't summon the energy to even cry.

"Excuse me, move. I want to drive out."

Anaya raised her head and looked up. He frowned as she stood up. She started walking towards the gate. She looked up at the skies and stared at the black clouds. It was going to rain.

“I will drop you off.” He said stopping beside her. She looked into his eyes.

“I am fine.”

He took off his sunglasses and Anaya stared into his cold eyes. “Why do you always want to be begged to be helped?”

Light rain droplets fell on her. “I never asked for your help.”

She resumed walking while he closed the window and drove off. She passed the gate and went to the bus stop where she just sat down. Like she had predicted, it started to rain. She sat under the shade of the bus stop alone and watched the rain as it got more aggressive. A combi stopped by the bus stop, Anaya stood up thinking of Lethabo, he was probably not going to wait for Ayana but just come straight home. The last thing she wanted was to find

him sitting in front of the door while soaking in the rain.

“Bus rank?” The driver asked and she nodded. As she attempted walking towards the combi, a Range Rover parked between her and the combi. He stepped out in his car unbuttoning his jacket. He opened the passenger door and looked at her as the rain ravished him.

“Get in.”

The authority in voice made Anaya’s heart skip. She remembered the night he had had her, he had used that voice throughout. She looked at him as his stripped costume made suit got wet.

“No, thank you.” She said weakly then walked in front of his car and got inside the combi. Almost everyone in the combi looked at her, their eyes full of curiosity. She hugged her chest shivering while the combi moved.

Anaya found Lethabo sitting in front of the door like she had guessed but he wasn’t wet. He said he had went over to Mma Lesego’s house and played with

her grandson until it stopped raining.

“I am sorry, I went to see mama.”

“I also want to see mama too Naya.”

She unlocked the house then stepped in. He followed after her taking off his bag.

“You will see her, I promise but right now she is in hospital getting the doctor’s help.” She locked the door and opened the windows. “Are you hungry?”

“No, I ate at school. You know the teacher taught us that if we want something, we have to go for it. I wanted a lot of food so that I can also eat after school and I went for it.”

Anaya looked at him then chuckled. “Your teacher is right.”

“She said we shouldn’t just wait for thing to happen but work hard for them. Like reading so that you can pass.”

“And she is also right about that.”

She watched him as he took out his books and placed them on the bed before taking a bucket and

pouring water inside. He took the green soup and his uniform and bended near the door washing it.

Anaya looked at the empty packet of sweets, today she had sold more than the previous day. She took her phone from the wardrobe then connected it to the charger which was plugged in on the solar's battery.

She switched it on as it started charging then blocked and deleted Stacy and Kgotlang's numbers.

"Lethabo take," she gave him a P10 note. "Go and buy me airtime and come back fast. I will wash your uniform."

"Ok."

He put on his flip flops then unlocked the door before running off. She quickly washed the uniform and hung it outside. In a few minutes Lethabo was back breathing heavily. They got back in the house, Anaya recharged her phone and bought internet bundles.

On YouTube, she started playing artificial nails tutorials videos then makeup tutorials while Lethabo

played a puzzle on an old magazine.

FOUR MONTHS LATER

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#9

Four Months Later...

Lone walked inside the bank on her phone smiling.

“I will come with dinner, you don’t need to cook tonight.”

“No, I feel like cooking for you. All I need is you.”

“Ok, see you.”

She hung up passing Courtney who looked at her with anger and hatred. She plainly ignored her then went to her desk. She quickly settled before calling in the next customer.

She smiled assisting the customer feeling Courtney's eyes on her. Once her customer walked off, she turned to look Courtney.

"Am I that pretty that all you do is stare me all day long?" She asked softly fixing her fixing her weave.

"You are going to pay for what you did to me, your karma is coming."

Lone laughed. "It's been four months hun and believe me, if my karma had to come, it would have long arrived."

"You are a witch!"

"Ah-ah, lower your voice, you don't want to make our customers feel uncomfortable."

Lone turned and called for the next customer. She couldn't care less about Courtney's anger which she never hid. After the warning she received from the

authorities because Courtney had reported her to the supervisors, she by all means tried to play far away from Courtney but that was after Kenneth had to pay Courtney a certain amount he refused to disclose so she drops the charges.

She quietly worked till it was time up and drove to Rachel's house first, she hadn't heard from her for two days and was getting worried. She had even called her work place and was told Rachel took a sick leave. An hour later she was stepping out of her car walking towards Rachel's apartment. She knocked on the door a couple of times but it was silent. Lone walked round the house knocking on the windows.

"Rachel!"

She walked back to the door and knocked already dialing Rachel's number. Her phone was off. Lone sighed knocking harder.

"Rachel!"

She walked to her neighbor and knocked on the door. The owner opened the door after a while stretching.

Lone looked at his flabby tummy then at his face as he stretched.

“Hi, is she around?” She asked pointing at Rachel’s house.

“Yah but I haven’t seen her in a while.”

She nodded. “Thank you.”

“Sharp!” He walked back in his house and closed the door.

“Rachel!” She called again banging the door, this time harder. “Rachel!”

She had footsteps seconds later while she stood anxiously by the door. The door swung open and Rachel walked out wearing a morning gown with a doek covering her face.

“Rachel? Are you sick?”

She nodded. “Yes, it’s contagious, can you come back tomorrow. I just drank my pills and they knock me out usually.”

Lone looked at Rachel carefully then pushed her aside walking inside the house. She couldn’t ignore

the smell that was coming from Rachel and something told her she hadn't bathed in a while.

"Lone, I am really not feeling well."

"I don't care, I am not going anywhere till you tell me what's going on."

"Lone, please leave."

She was still looking down. Lone approached her then took off the doek. Her jaw dropped the ground as she looked at Rachel's face.

"What happened to you?"

"Nothing, just an allergic reaction." She said already walking to her bedroom. Lone's heels echoed on the floor as she followed after Rachel to the bedroom.

"Who did that to you?"

"Lone can you leave?"

"No! If you don't tell me then I am calling the police. Someone beat you."

Rachel got in bed and covered her head with a duvet. Lone took off her heels holding her breath.

Something was stinking. She walked over to the window and opened it then started picking up the clothes which were all over the floor. She put them in the laundry basket before putting other things which were out of place in their rightful positions. More than an hour later the house was clean, Lone took the black plastic full of rubbish then walked outside with it. Back in the house, she sprayed air fragrance then walked to the kitchen. There was no food, this was so unlike Rachel. With the way she liked food, there was no way she would stay without food in her house.

She took out her phone then called for delivery before going to the bathroom and filling the bathtub with water. She added the salts and foam bath then went back to Rachel's bedroom.

"Rachel wake up, I have ran you a bath."

She pulled the duvets off. "Wake up!"

"Lone I said leave, what don't you understand?"

"Wake up and bath, you stink."

"If I stink leave."

She pulled Rachel up forcefully. "Come and bath."

"Why are you harassing me?" Rachel asked tearfully as Lone pulled her off the bed.

"Because I love you and you are going to bath, you like it or you don't."

She undid the gown's belt then took it off her. Lone gasped starring at Rachel's whiplashed body.

"Who did this to you?"

"No one." She whispered.

Lone helped her to the bathroom then inside the warm water. She flinched sitting down. Lone started bathing her careful of her wounds.

"Rachel, you need to tell me what's going on. Is it that guy you met two months ago?"

"It was a mistake." Rachel whispered.

"What was?"

"He just lost control."

Lone paused staring at her friend. "Rachel, did you see what this guy did to you? What was he using?"

“A belt.”

“I can’t believe this.”

Lone bathed her friend then helped her back to the bedroom where she tried her before taking the antiseptic spirit. She poured it in a little bowl then dipped the cotton inside.

“We need to report him.” She said gently treating the wounds.

Rachel flinched. “I love him.”

“No, you can’t love an abusive man.”

“He regrets it and either way, I pushed him to it.”

“Are you listening to yourself right now?”

“I love Prince and he messed up, just like any other human.”

Lone shook her head helping her dress a clean night dress. “What if he killed you?”

“Prince loves me, I shouldn’t have been talking to my ex boyfriend in the first place.”

“A man who loves you would never raise his hand on

you.”

“I don’t expect you to understand.”

“What do you mean? Why should I understand you being abused?”

“I love him, I am not leaving same way you stayed even after you knew Miguel long lost interest in you.”

Lone raised her eyebrows. “Miguel never hit me and he loves me.”

“Wake up and smell the coffee, if he did then he would be with you. It’s been four months, how much more space does he need to forgive you.”

Lone took in a deep breath. “I won’t listen to this, you are depressed, you need help.” She said putting on her shoes. “You have turned into a punching bag, one day he will kill you.” She grabbed her bag and walked towards the door. “I ordered debonnairs, eat something and brush your teeth.”

She walked out getting in her car. Her phone rang as she drove to her house.

“Hey, I am on my way. I got delayed.”

“Ok, I have already arrived.”

She stepped more on the accelerator staring at the time. In thirty minutes, she was walking inside her house with Kenneth behind her. He grabbed her waist and kissed her grabbing her small breast.

“I missed you.”

“How was the trip?”

“It was fine, I want to quit and start my own thing.”

Lone freed herself from his hands walking to her bedroom. “And do what?”

He sat on the bed as she undressed and put on shorts and a loose top. “And start my own thing. I was thinking to take a loan. I want to start a property development company.”

Lone walked out. “I think you should work a little bit more, Miguel has connections. They might work on your favor.”

“I know but I don’t want to be under his shadow forever.”

“And I understand that but you still need him. Till you

don't, I think you should keep on working."

He shrugged. "It was just a thought."

"I know," she kissed his cheek taking out the meat from the fridge.

"Need my help?"

She smiled shaking her head. "No, I wouldn't want you to ruin the entire meal. You can go and watch TV, give me two hours."

He nodded and walked to her small sitting room. She quickly worked in the kitchen wondering how she was going to tell him that she wants them to stop seeing each other. She hadn't heard from Miguel for a while and something told her that by now he would have worked into forgiving her.

Lone dished the food and handed Kenneth his plate while she sat beside him. Kenneth put his food down then took Lone's plate and also put it down. He looked into her eyes.

"I have been thinking about us a lot. I know this was just mindless good sex but I know you feel

something. It has become more than what it was supposed to just be.”

She nodded, at least they were on the first page. She smiled taking his hands into hers.

“It got out of hand pretty quickly.”

He chuckled. “Yeah, I didn’t even see it coming. I am not proud that I am sleeping with my cousin’s girlfriend but what’s done is done. The truth is that I love you, Lone.”

Lone froze staring at him, her brain took longer processing the words to form an understanding.

“What?”

“I love you. I can’t deny that. And I want to do right by you. I know this is going to cause chaos but I am ready to fight for us.” He went down on his knee and took out a ring from his pocket. “Lone Monei, will you please marry me,” He begged. She put her hand over her mouth in shock. She closed her eyes hoping she would wake up if it was a dream, but when she opened them, he was still kneeling before her, the ring in his finger.

“Kenny, you...”

“I know, and I am serious, I am not growing any younger.”

She shook her head standing up. “Miguel... he will-“

He stood up. “Don’t worry about Miguel. I will deal with it.”

“Kenny but I told you, I love Miguel. I just can’t-“

“You think you do babe but you don’t. You think because you have been together for five years you need to be together. That’s not it, your happiness should come first. You are not very happy with him, he has changed and you know it.”

Tears filled her eyes. “Kenny...”

“Babe, I can make you happy. You don’t need Miguel. He is not the same man you met five years ago.”

Lone knew Kenneth was right, Miguel had changed over the years but she still had hope. She had hope that after they get married things would change. She looked at Kenneth. “I can’t leave him. I deserve to be part of his empire, I helped him build it.”

“I know but you can’t sacrifice your happiness for money and status.”

“I don’t love you. This was supposed to be just sex. You are the one who is messing everything up. I don’t think we should see each other.”

He grabbed her waist and kissed her. She sighed into his mouth as he claimed her mouth, caressing his tongue with his. Her legs shook while she kissed him back. “Tell me you don’t love me and I will leave you for good.”

He whispered against her lips. “Tell me you don’t feel anything for me Lone, tell me I am imagining all that is between us.”

A tear ran down her cheek and he quickly kissed it. “I love you and you love me, we can be happy. You don’t need him.”

She couldn’t deny the bond, the attraction, the chemistry but... She shook her head. “I can’t do this.”

“You can’t even deny it, why are you doing this to yourself Lone? That guy doesn’t love you anymore. He loves his business.”

She shook her head. "I am sorry."

He put the ring back in his pocket and walked out. She heard him drive out a second later while tears wet her cheeks.

Anaya walked inside the hospital room with her siblings. She smiled as they rushed to her mother's side.

"Mama, Anaya bought me new clothes." Lethabo quickly reported taking their mother's hand.

"Did you say thank you?" Their mother asked with a smile.

"Yes. She bought clothes for Ayana too."

Anaya walked closer and looked at her mother with a smile. "Mama,"

"Naya, how are you my girl?"

"I am fine. The doctor said he is going to discharge

me for a while before you come back for your radiation treatment.”

“I know, he told me. How is business?”

She took her mother’s hand into hers. “Business is fine.”

“I am so proud of you for taking care of your siblings. I know even if God takes me today, my kids will be safe with you.”

Anaya shook her head. “Don’t talk like that. The doctor said you are reacting to the treatment well. You are going to be fine.”

“I will. Ayana, how is school?”

Anaya stepped back and watched her siblings interact with their mother. The last four months had been the hardest but the doctor had assured her everything was going to be fine. She walked to the window and looked outside her mind drifting away.

“Naya!” Lethabo startled her. She turned and looked at them with a smile.

“Naya you said you are going to buy me a book

right?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

A nurse walked in. “Visiting hour is finished, she needs to rest.”

Anaya nodded walking to their mother then hugged her. “I will come when the doctor calls me so I can come collect you. I love you.”

As she let go, her mother held her hand. “Naya, when I finally get back on my feet, I promise to make all this right.”

She smiled. “I know mama, I know.”

They walked out. Anaya held her sibling’s hands. “Ayana I have clients today so you go home with Lethabo and I will see you later. Remember to lock the bar and door.”

“Ok.”

They walked to the bus stop waiting for a combi. Anaya’s heart skipped as she watched the Range Rover park by the bus stop. She had last seen him four months ago, right on this bus stop where she

left him standing in the rain.

“Anaya when I grow up, I want a Range Rover Velar, like this one.”

“How do you know the name of the car?” Ayana teased laughing.

“I know all cars. Don’t think just because you don’t know, everyone doesn’t.”

Ayana laughed hitting Lethabo’s head playfully. He stepped out and Anaya locked eyes with him.

He was dressed casually and he still looked good. Anaya wondered if he got paid for it.

He approached them fixing his black biker jacket. “Hi, I like your car.” Lethabo said freely, he was over confident.

He looked down at him and smiled, for the first time ever Anaya saw him smile. He had a beautiful smile.

“You do?”

“Yes, I like a Velar more than I like the Range Rover Sport.”

He chuckled. "Me too, what else do you like?"

"I like Mercedes AMG C63, it's beautiful."

Anaya listened as Lethabo explained the details of the car in shock. She wondered who had told him all that.

"How old are you?"

Lethabo folded his arms. "I am 10 years old."

"You are one smart champ."

"I know."

He chuckled. "I am Miguel,"

"Lethabo."

They shook hands. "Well, nice to meet you Lethabo."

He giggled as they fist bumped at last.

"You don't do it like that." He said then taught him a weird way of shaking hands. They laughed seconds later.

"Lethabo," Anaya called him over. Lethabo moved over standing in front of her in a protective manner.

Anaya took a deep breath and looked at Miguel praying and hoping a combi could just come.

“Get in, I will drop you off.”

“No thank you.”

“It’s hot here, at least for the kids.”

“You know him Naya?” Lethabo asked.

Miguel nodded. “Yes, we are old friends.”

“You are lying. Naya doesn’t have friends.” He shot back.

“She didn’t tell you about me. We are friends, ask her.”

Lethabo turned to her. “Are you friends?” He said trying to whisper.

“He is Stacy’s friend.”

Ayana smiled. “You know him? Why can’t he drop us off? He offered.”

“Because we don’t need him to get home.”

“But he is nice.” Lethabo said sadly.

“I know but we will get a combi. We don’t know him that way so he is as good as a stranger. You don’t get in stranger’s cars.”

They nodded and turned to him. “Naya said we can’t go with you because you are a stranger. A nice stranger.” Lethabo said, Anaya ignored his sad tone.

Miguel looked at Anaya and sighed. “I am not going to kidnap you or them, I promise.”

A combi came and she immediately stopped it. “Lets go.”

Lethabo waved at Miguel while Ayana just smiled.

“I would appreciate it if you stayed away from my siblings and I. Let me victimize myself in peace.”

She looked in his eyes. “I am sure we are on the same page.”

The combi took off as soon as she got inside. “He is nice.” Lethabo whispered minutes later.

“Yes,” Ayana responded while Anaya looked at her phone. Her clients were already waiting for her. She had a lot to worry about than a man who had called

her a prostitute.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#10

Anaya walked inside the house carrying her makeup bag and artificial nail bag. She smiled looking at the house then back at the lady who had opened the door for her.

“Hi, Anaya right?”

Anaya nodded. “Come,”

Anaya walked behind her till they reached the dining room where other two ladies were.

“Ok Anaya, meet Colleen,” she pointed at the pregnant lady. “And that is Lebo,” she pointed at

other one. "I am Maggie. We want nails and make-up for a baby shower."

"Ok, I think I will do natural flawless, not too much but elegant in a way."

"I am cool with that." Colleen said with a smile. She was chubby and somehow Anaya felt as if she knew her from somewhere.

"Me too." Maggie responded then sat down.

"It's ok. I will start with the nails."

Anaya set her products and equipment on the dining table. "So who am I starting with and what kind of nails do you want?"

"Start with me," Maggie responded. "I have to go and do the final touch ups of the party. I will come back for the make up after an hour."

"Ok, you can sit, what kind of nails do you want?"

"I want natural tips using acrylic. I saw them on someone from Instagram." She showed Anaya the picture. "Can you do it?"

"Yes."

She took out her sanitizer spray and sanitized her own hands before she sanitized Maggie's hands.

"So your brother is single?" Maggie asked Colleen as Anaya started with her work.

"No, I told you, he is with Lone."

"I don't understand why you won't tell us the truth. Your brother is fine and looks capable. I want him."

"Hand him to us!" Lebo said laughing. "I am tired of dating small boys."

"Weren't you working out things with Patrick?"

Maggie laughed. "Phetiriki is a problem. They broke up again."

"I can't with that man anymore. He is a lost cause."

"What do you expect from a man called Patrick?"

"Maggie stop, you can't judge a man by his name."

Anaya worked fast. An hour later she shined Maggie's nails then finished off with applying cuticle oil.

"Done."

Maggie looked at them with a smile. “Wow! This is beautiful. I like the little diamonds. I love them.”

Anaya took out her phone. “Let me take pictures for my page.” She clicked pictures then saved them in her phone.

“I will definitely recommend you. You are so good. I love them.”

“Thank you.”

Maggie stood up and Lebo sat where she had been sitting.

“I want french tips. I just love them.”

“Ok. I will use the gel system, is that ok with you?”

She nodded. “I don’t know what you are talking about but yes.”

Anaya smiled then started with her nails while Maggie walked out. Lebo was bubbly, she never stopped talking.

“My boss is after me and that man is hot.”

Colleen sighed. “You do know that he is married

right? His wife may sue you.”

“I know but he is just an eye candy. And with a good dick.”

“Are you sleeping with him?”

“No but I did grab his dick.”

“Wow!”

“Colleen, your problem is that you have only been with one man, do you even cum?”

“I won’t discuss my bedroom issues with you but yes, I do cum. I don’t understand why you dumped Rorisang, he was good to you. He was willing to settle down.”

“Not everyone wants to settle down.”

They continued talking while Anaya worked silently. A while later she put Lebo’s hand under the UV glaze to cure while massaging cuticle oil to the hand that was done.

She took out the other hand from the UV Glaze when it stopped timing then repeated the same procedure with cuticle oil. She took pictures while Lebo praised

her.

“You are so good, I wonder why you are not famous yet.”

“Well if you post me on your timeline, I will gain popularity.”

“Thank you.”

“I can start with your makeup if that’s ok.”

Lebo grinned. “Yes, I want to pick something from my house.”

“Ok.”

By now Colleen was on her phone. Anaya took her time working on Lebo’s face trying to cover every dark spot and acne on her face. She finished off with the setting spray and gave her the mirror.

“Do you like it?”

“Wow! I look... different. My acne is not showing.”

“The power of makeup.” Anaya responded.

“You are right about that. I can’t wait for the instagram pictures.”

Anaya smiled taking out her phone. She took a few pictures and a small video showing Lebo's face.

"I will pay you." She said already taking out some notes from her handbag. She handed the money to Anaya. "Keep the change girl."

She stood up, kissed Colleen's cheek and walked out.

Colleen stood up and sat next to Anaya.

"Hi, you are really good at what you do," She said with a smile, Anaya loved her left dimple. "What kind of nails do you suggest I do?"

Anaya looked at her nails. "I think fibre glass will do."

"Ok, Fibre glass it is."

Anaya shaped Colleen's natural nails. "So this is what you studied at school? Beauty therapy?"

Anaya shook her head. "I studied accounting."

"Wow! But couldn't find a job?"

Anaya nodded. "Yes."

"That is the struggle with most people. You go to university but only to keep the degree in the house."

“Yeah, but I am surviving.”

“I can see, so you did a course in beauty therapy?”

“No. YouTube taught me.”

“You are lying.”

“I am telling you.”

“No, I mean, you are so good. You are a good learner I guess.”

“Yes,” she looked at Colleen. “If you want money then you have to be good.”

“What else do you do? Expect from beauty treatments.”

“I am a street hawker.”

“You are a hustler. I admire you.”

“Thank you.”

“I studied Architecture and Planning but I am not working right now.”

“Why?”

She pointed at her bump. “That and hubby said he

could take care of me.”

“Wow!”

“I know, I never dreamt of becoming a stay at home mom but I think I love it. It get’s boring during the day but I know as soon as Zoe is here, I will have company.”

It surprised Anaya that Colleen was genuinely happy with being a house wife. “Zoe is a nice name.”

“I know, I love it. So any relationships?”

Anaya shook her hand working on the nails. “No, I want to focus on myself and my siblings, I have no time for men or relationships.”

“Why? I know that you want to focus on yourself and stuff but there is always a reason why you don’t want anything to do with men. A painful heartbreak?”

She glanced at Colleen then back at what she was doing. “No but I don’t want anything to do with men.”

“You are so beautiful, it’s hard to actually believe you are not seeing anyone.”

Anaya smiled. “Well you better believe it. What kind

of length do you want?”

“Wow, what a question. I don’t really care about length or thickness. Just the normal length and thickness will do as long as he knows how to use it.”

Anaya slowly looked up and stared. It took a moment for Anaya to understand what she was saying. She burst into laughter.

“No, I mean for the nails, which length do you want. Long, medium or short.”

Colleen gasped putting her hand over her mouth then she joined Anaya laughing.

“Oh my God! I am so ashamed right now, in my head I am like why is she asking me such a question but then she is nice so I might as well tell her.”

Anaya laughed harder.

“It’s ok, your secret is safe with me.”

“I guess I trust easily.” Colleen smiled shaking her head. “I want medium.”

Anaya giggled then reduced the length before she started shaping.

“So what type of dick do you prefer, we might as well talk about it.”

Anaya shrugged. “I don’t know. I once had a boyfriend, he was short and thick.”

“Did he do it right?”

“No. I don’t know but I think not. He never waited for me.”

Anaya thought of Miguel. She still couldn’t forget that night no matter how much she tried. She orgasmed with him. He was rough but she had reached her peak. She thought of his enormous size and closed her eyes briefly. She had to squash him from her head.

“I think my-“ Colleen was cut short with her phone ringing. She answered and Anaya suspected it was the husband with the way she was blushing.

She worked fast till she was done with her nails. Colleen was still on the phone, giggling and blushing.

“Honey I have to go, we will talk. I love you.”

Anaya took out her makeup while Colleen hung up.

“I just love my husband.”

Anaya started with her face. “I can tell. I hope you grow old together.”

“Me too. He was my first.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. I am happy.”

“I am happy for you. Your makeup s going to be a little different.”

“It’s ok, I know I will love it. I love the nails.”

Colleen kept quiet as Anaya worked on her face. After the face beat, Colleen asked her to fix her weave for extra cash. When Anaya finally stepped back, she stared at Colleen satisfied.

“Wow! I swear, I look like one of those celebrities. I look... wow!”

“Yes you do.”

Maggie walked in talking on the phone. She had already changed into a purple dress and heels. She paused talking staring at Colleen. “Wow!”

Colleen giggled while Anaya snapped a few pictures.

“Look, I have to go.” She hung up. “Girl, make me look like Rihanna.”

Anaya laughed. “We aim to please.”

Maggie sat for an hour before she was done. Anaya packed her things as the ladies walked off to dress. A while later Colleen walked back in a long white dress that hugged her bump.

“Take,” she handed Anaya her money. “I put a couple more notes, you made us look beautiful. Can I have your number, for next time. And you will be coming to my house in Ramotswa not here in Maggie’s house.”

Anaya gave her the number and walked out only to be met by a man by the door. He looked down at her then smiled.

“Hi,”

“Hello.”

“Oh hey!” Colleen hugged the man tightly. “I am so happy to see you. I hope you are back for good.”

He smirked. "Yes, finally you get to be happy."

Colleen chuckled. "Yes, finally. Prince charming has arrived."

They laughed and Anaya wondered if he was the husband. He was handsome but he had no wedding band on his finger.

"Oh, Anaya, this is my brother Agang and Agang, this is my beautician, Anaya."

Agang smiled, there was something about him, something she couldn't put her finger on.

"It's nice to meet you."

He smiled. "Likewise. I like your name."

Anaya nodded. "I have to go now. Bye."

"Agang, why don't you drive Anaya at the bus stop on your way to wherever you are sleeping tonight. You know you can always come to my house, we have space."

He shook his hand. "No, I am fine. I will sleep in a hotel."

Maggie walked out of the house. “Agang,”

“Maggie. Let’s go Anaya.”

“You really don’t have to, but thank you.”

“I insist.”

“Go Anaya, he will drop you off.” Colleen urged with a smile.

“Ok.” She hesitantly agreed. Agang took her bags and put them in his Golf 7.

“Let’s go.”

She walked round to the passenger’s seat and got in. He immediately started the car and reversed from the yard.

“So where do you stay Anaya?”

“Broadhurst.”

“Oh, ok. I will take you.”

“You really don’t have to.”

“Why won’t I? A beautiful girl like you shouldn’t be seen walking. If you are a beautician, why don’t you

use makeup on yourself?”

“I like myself better without it.”

He looked at her with a frown. “Really?”

She laughed shaking her head. “No, it takes time and time I don’t have.”

He nodded. “I get your point. I am a mechanical engineer by the way, I heard girls like to hear your profession so to decide whether to talk to you or not.”

They laughed. “I really don’t care but good for you.”

He smiled. “I know right? I hope you don’t mind if I pass by my brother’s house, I need a place to crush.”

“Why don’t you have your own house?”

“Because I don’t stay here. I was based in SA, but I have decided to come back home.”

She nodded while he drove to his brother’s house.

“I will be only a minute.” He said parking in front of the gate then jumping off the car. Anaya looked at the house before taking out her phone. She logged in

on facebook and uploaded the pictures of her treatments on her facebook page.

She raised her head and only to find Agang still standing by the gate. She stepped out.

“Maybe he is not around.”

He turned and looked at her. “Yeah, I will come back.”

A car parked behind the Golf and Anaya turned. She took a deep breath watching him step out of his Range Rover still in the clothes she had seen him earlier on wearing.

“Agang!”

“BK, I was about to leave.”

They fist bumped while Anaya watched. Miguel finally looked at her.

“Oh, this is Anaya, she is Colleen’s beautician and also my friend now.”

He put his hands in his pocket. “Naya, you didn’t tell me you knew my brother.”

Agang looked at his brother then back at Anaya.

“Hold up! You know each other?”

“Yes.” Miguel responded pressing the gate’s remote.

The gate opened.

“You can wait for me, I will drop her off.”

Agang took Anaya’s bags from his car and handed them to Miguel before driving inside the yard.

“What are you doing?”

He looked at her then walked to his car and put her things in the boot. “Get in.”

“I am not going anywhere with you, what’s your problem?”

“If you don’t get in the car then you won’t get your things, you choose what you want.”

He wasn’t really giving her a choice.

He parked in front of the gate and switched off the engine. "So are you fucking my brother?"

"What? I don't even know your brother." She paused. "And even if I was, it wouldn't be your business."

"It would be, I wouldn't want my brother sleeping with a prostitute."

Anaya shook with anger and slapped him. It took her a few seconds to register what she had just done.

"I am not a prostitute."

She got out of the car then walked to the boot and tried opening it. It wouldn't budge. She walked to his door and opened it.

"Give me my things, I want to go."

"After you slapped me?"

"You called me a prostitute!" Tears surfaced. "Why are you doing this? I didn't ask for a lift."

He stepped out of the car. "I am not doing anything to you." He walked to the boot and opened it. Anaya grabbed her things and marched to the gate.

“Wait.” He called out after her then took her phone from her back pocket.

“Give me my phone back!”

He pressed it for a while before putting it back in her pocket. She watched him arrogantly walk towards his car and drive off.

Miguel walked inside his house and found Agang sitting in front of the TV.

“I didn’t know you were back.”

He shrugged standing up. “It was about time. I applied for a job at Kanyeto Engineers and they called me for an interview.”

“That’s good. Papa will be happy to hear this.”

He laughed. “Yeah either way, it’s time to grow up.”

“Where is that Zulu girlfriend of yours?”

He shook his head. "So you broke up with Lone? I thought you loved her."

Miguel sat down. "We didn't break up."

"So Anaya is your side?"

"No."

"Then why did you give me the impression that you were in a relationship with her?"

Miguel put his feet on top of his glass table and looked at him nonchalantly. "I did?"

"You did but maybe I misread the entire situation. If she is not yours then I will have her."

Miguel shot a look at Agang. "She is dealing with a lot right now, the last thing she need is stressing about you."

"Why would she stress, those are the type of girls you take home to your mother. I like her, she is beautiful, sexy and soft."

"How about you just stay away from her and focus on settling."

“Why do you sound like a jealous boyfriend. Do you want her?”

“Are you crazy, that girl is too young.”

“Then I will have her. I like her and she will probably be the mother of my kids.”

Miguel’s phone rang before he can respond to his brother.

“Kenny,”

“Miguel, I have something important to tell you.”

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#11

“What is it?” Miguel asked.

“We are coming over to get you, get ready. You can’t

be home on a Saturday.” Pule screamed in the background.

Miguel laughed. “I am ready.”

“Sure boy!”

Kenneth hung and Miguel slid his phone inside his pocket. “Pule and Kenny are coming over.”

He stood up.

“So you don’t mind if I go after Anaya?” Agang asked.

“Do what you want but forget winning her over.”

“I have my charm.” Agang boosted.

“Today I have to get laid, I can’t anymore.” Pule said as they walked inside a club.

“Wifey is still in confinement?” Kenneth asked as they settled.

“Yes, I don’t think I can pull through.”

Miguel laughed ordering his drink.

“Like I always say, play the game and don’t let it play you.” Agang advised.

“When did you come back Agang? I thought you were a DJ.”

“He’s DJ Khalid this one, be very afraid of him.”

Miguel teased and they laughed.

“You should see what comes with the category, I tell you, the life is a bliss.”

Pule laughed. “This one, celebrity, be very very afraid.”

A girl passed by them and they all turned to look at her round figure. “I am going to fuck this one.”

Miguel turned to Pule. “Go get her. Be careful, you know how crazy your wife is.”

“She is still crazy?” Kenneth asked receiving his drink.

“She poured hot water on some girl a few months ago.” Miguel told Kenneth laughing.

“I love her crazy ass. Sarona is soft, she was just

angry.” Pule said standing up. He fixed his watch then walked towards the thick girl. They all watched as he spoke to her and when she smiled they cheered.

“And you?” Agang asked Kenneth. “Where is your white wife?”

“It wasn’t working out.”

Agang looked at Miguel who was trying to hold his laughter. “She left him for her baby daddy.”

Agang chuckled. “The fuck? That’s why I don’t want a woman with a child, I know at the end I will be hearing stories like baby daddy said we should raise our child together. Most of the time the baby daddy will give her another child then leave her, from there she comes crying to you.”

“What did Mbali do to you?” Miguel asked taking a sip of his drink while Agang gulped it all down.

“This nigga is stressed, what’s going on?”

They both looked at Agang. “She had a child when I met her, this nigga wasn’t even supporting the kid

and he was married. I practically raised her son for full three years then the thanks I get is her fucking this nigga behind my back.”

“So you decided to come back?” Miguel asked.

“Yes, either way, I wanted to come back, what was holding back was her, she wanted to finish her degree first before we get married, should have known she was taking me for a ride.”

Miguel finished his drink looked at his sad brother.

“You need some place to figure out your life. Any woman you are going to see from here, you are only going to use her.”

Kenneth nodded in agreement. “You need some time out my man.”

“What happened to Lone?” Agang asked curiously.

Miguel shook his head ordering another drink.

Rachel opened the door for Prince early Sunday morning.

“Hey babe,” He said walking inside her apartment.

Rachel turned to look at him. She had met him two months ago in a super market. He had been there with his daughter shopping. Now looking at him she saw what she had seen that very faithful day. It was his handsome face and sexy lips.

“Prince,”

He looked at her. “I am really sorry about what happened. You know I love you.”

“If you loved me then you wouldn’t have raised your hand on me.”

He looked at her with regret in his eyes. “You are right, I shouldn’t have raised my hand at you. I love you Rachel, I haven’t loved any woman like I love you. You have no reason to trust me when I say this but I promise, I will never lay my hands on you ever again.”

A tear ran down her cheek and she wiped it away.

“You hurt me. Emotionally and physically.”

“I am so sorry, I can’t believe I hit you. That was never my intention. I just wanted you to tell me the truth.”

“I am not cheating. He texted me out of nowhere after seeing my status and I told him that I was in a relationship with a man that I love. That was all.”

“I am sorry baby, I am so sorry.”

Rachel shook her head. “I don’t think I can do this anymore.”

“You can’t leave me, I love you.”

He started crying going down on his knees.

“Prince you-“

“I am sorry.”

She looked at him. “It will never happen again, I promise.”

She knew better than to believe him but looking at him, he looked and sounded sincere.

“I just need one last chance, I will treat you better.”

“If you raise your hand at me ever gain, you and I are done. For good.”

Anaya tied her braids into a bun then washed her hands before helping a customer. A couple of taxi drivers were drinking her tea feet from her with her dumplings. She quickly served students, working fast and multitasking between serving customers and cooking. Mornings were the rush hour though she did come back during lunch hour, with cooked lunch. It usually sold faster that in twenty minutes, she would be long gone. The teachers, drivers, students and even by passers bought her food. She liked Mondays more, they far much more busy.

“Anaya, can I have a couple of tea.”

A combi driver said. She smiled then quickly made him the cup of tea before handing the disposal cup to him.

“Ever since you started coming here. I am growing fat.” A teacher from the primary school said approaching her.

Anaya laughed serving another customer.

“Really now?”

“Yes, did you see how thin I was?”

She looked at him then at his round belly. “No, I didn’t do that.”

He laughed. “You did. Anyways, my sister is getting married and they were looking for a caterer, I suggested you.”

She switched off her paraffin stove. “You want me to cater for your sister’s wedding?”

“Yes, I mean, your food is very tasty. No one would ever believe that some of it is cooked by the fire.”

“Thank you, you can take my number and have your sister call me. I am going to register a company.”

They exchanged numbers laughing. As her stock finished, she started packing her things.

“Hey,”

She raised her head and looked at Kgotlang. She hadn't seen him in a while and he looked smart in the suit.

“Hi,”

“Need any help?”

“No, thank you.”

She now left her table tied to the tree she sold on. She picked her bag and the two buckets and started walking.

“Can we talk Anaya?”

She didn't respond. He walked by her side. “I am sorry about what happened, I should have listened to you.”

“It doesn't matter. I am over it.”

“I really like you, I should have listened to you that day. I don't know you that much to judge you, I haven't walked in your shoes before. Can we still be friends?”

She looked at him. "I can't be friends with people who judge."

"I swear, it will never happen again. I even go to church these days. Please forgive me, I am begging you."

She continued walking. "Ok, I will go down on my knees."

She turned and found him kneeling. "What are you doing? You are..." She looked around. "Stand up. I am leaving you there."

"Then I will not stand up."

"She laughed. "Fine."

She paced up walking away from him, seconds later he was walking besides her.

"Why are you so evil, can't you feel sorry for me."

She laughed. "You are dramatic."

"Thank you, it usually works."

They stopped walking. "I want us to be go out some time."

“How long have you been practicing to say that to me?”

“It’s been a while.” He admitted with a shy smile.

“We will see when I am not busy.”

“Ok, and please, unblock me.”

She smiled and walked away. Arriving at her house, she unlocked the burglar bar and then the door. She had the bars installed for the safety of her siblings. She locked the bar then the door before sitting on the bed taking out her phone.

Her phone rang as she logged in on facebook.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Agang.”

She frowned. “Oh, hi.”

“I don’t know what’s going on between you and Miguel, what I know is that I will be at your house in twenty minutes to pick you up. I also know that we are going out.”

“Look Agang, I don’t know your brother and I don’t

think you should come to my house either.”

“I have already arrived. I can’t go back now.”

She stood up and went to the window. His black Golf was already parked there.

“What? I am not home.”

“I just saw you through the window.”

“I am with a client, it’s probably my sister.” She said stepping away from the window.

“On your beauty website, it specifies that you are not busy and that I can book for a face beat or artificial nail treatment. So I need your services.”

“Agang, I don’t have time for this.”

“So I can’t get a face beat because I am a man. I am taking you online, let people know how rude you are.” He teased. “Please Anaya. I am not Miguel.”

“I never said you are. I just don’t want anything that has to do with that man.”

She tensed hearing a knock. “Agang, go away!”

He laughed. “You are not even a good liar, please

Anaya.”

She unlocked the door and looked at him through the burglar bar. He took off his cap and smiled. He looked like Miguel but not fully. His cute smile made Anaya roll her eyes.

“Ok fine, but just for five minutes. I need to start cooking lunch.”

She unlocked the door and walked out with her phone locking behind her.

“Lunch for who? Your siblings?”

He led her to the gate.

“No, my customers.”

“You sell cooked food.”

“Yes, wait, I forgot something.”

She jumped out of the car and rushed back to the house and took her documents.

“What’s that?” Agang when she finally came back.

“I want to go register a catering company. I have been wanting to do it for a while but always thought

otherwise but today a customer of mine said he wants me to cater at his sister's wedding. I want straight things."

He smiled. "Well lucky Monday for you, you have found yourself an uber."

She laughed. "I am an opportunity taker."

Lolo fixed her sunglasses walking towards Mokwena Logistics late Monday morning. She approached the receptionist who looked new.

"Hi, I am here to see Mr. Mokwena."

"Do you have appointment?"

"No."

She receptionist smiled. "I am afraid Mr. Mokwena is currently busy at the moment."

She looked at her watch. "How far is his meeting from ending?"

She shrugged. "I don't know."

"I will wait."

She sat by the waiting area with her handbag on her lap. Thirty minutes later, she stood up and walked back to the receptionist.

"My name is Lone, I am Mr. Mokwena's girlfriend, call and tell who ever it is that I am here."

"I am sorry mam but I can't do that."

Lone turned and walked towards the lift. She got inside and the door closed as the receptionist ran after her. She sighed finally stepping out then walked past the PA's empty desk and right into his office without knocking. He raised his eyes from his laptop and looked at her.

"Hi," she said softly.

His PA walked in seconds later. "I am so sorry sir," she apologized looking at me.

"It's ok." He waved her away then leaned back on his chair rubbing his lips.

"I didn't know you were coming."

She took off her sunglasses. "I thought I would surprise you." She smiled and walked to his desk. "I was thinking we can talk."

He stood up. "Lone I..."

"Can we please put everything that happened behind us and move on with our lives."

He stood in front of her. "You are the most beautiful and intelligent girl I have ever met. I know things haven't been like they used to in a while."

"Yes but that will change."

"I don't think I still want to be in this relationship. A lot has happened, a lot and I know it's not your fault. I think we should go our separate ways."

"Miguel, we can fix this." She took his hand and placed it on her chest. "My heart beats for you. I love you Miguel. You know you are the one for me. I am willing to do anything."

"It's not you. Lone, I know you can feel it too. Things are no longer the same."

"They are not but we can fix them." Tears filled her

eyes. "Please don't leave. I love you."

He hugged her. "You are a bright woman, I am sure you will find someone else. I don't want to keep on hurting you."

She staggered back. "Is there someone else?" She thought of Courtney.

"No, there is no one."

"Then what is it? You just can't dump me, you are not leaving me Miguel. That's not happening."

He walked back to his chair and sat down while she cried. It just wasn't the fact that she had known the relationship was long over but the thought of another woman benefiting what she should benefit, the thought of another woman living the life she should be living. Her blood boiled. "I am not leaving, I am going to fight for us. You can't just toss me out of your life now that you are rich."

"Lone."

"No, you used me all this years, if you thought I was just going to leave you are wrong. That's not going

to happen.”

She took her bag and walked out putting on her sunglasses. Her legs shook as she got in the elevator. The doors closed while tears ran down her cheeks. She carefully wiped them away to avoid ruining her makeup.

She called Rachel getting in her car.

“Lolo,”

“Miguel is breaking up with me.”

“What?”

She took off her sunglasses. “Rachel what should I do? After everything I have done for this man? I don’t deserve this.”

“Calm down and tell me what happened.”

“I went at his work place so we can talk and he said we should go our separate ways.”

“I will come after work. We will talk.”

“I am not going to lose my man Rachel.”

Pule walked inside Miguel's office holding two takeaways during lunch hour.

"What's going on with you?"

"Nothing." Miguel closed his laptop while Pule sat down.

"No, I don't believe that. You have been off. Ke ene Lone?"

"I don't think I still want to be with her. I just lost interest. Wa mbora hela."

Pule handed him his meal. "Tell her then."

"I did, she was crying."

"Let me tell you one thing, the last thing you want is to be stuck with someone you don't love."

"There is this girl..."

"I knew it!"

They laughed.

“She is beautiful but her background turns me off. I met her at one of those parties. She is a call girl.”

Pule paused eating. “A prostitute.”

“I slept with her. And paid her.”

Pule shook his head. “That type is not to be trusted, I am telling you. Once a prostitute, always a prostitute.”

“I know but I just can’t get her out of my head.”

“She probably has AIDS. Imagine how many men she has slept with for money. Stay away from her.”

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#12

Lone stepped out of her car while Kenneth parked

behind her. She walked towards the door and unlocked. Inside her house, she took off her shoes waiting for him.

“Can we talk?” He asked walking inside and closing the door behind him.

“Yes.”

“I can’t keep doing this with you. Chasing after you while you chase after Miguel. I love you and I am ready to start a family with you. I am not going to keep on begging you to love me because I think I have proved myself to you over and over again.”

She folded her arms on her chest. “I am not going to leave Miguel.”

“He doesn’t love anymore, I hope you know that.”

“You don’t know anything. Miguel and I are going to get married, we are going to be a family.”

“Keep lying to yourself, I am not going to be part of this equation anymore. I am going to walk out from this house and from you. We are done.”

“The door is not locked. “ She picked her shoes

walking to her bedroom. "Don't forget to close the door behind you."

She took a quick shower and when she finally came back to the sitting room, she found Rachel sitting on the couch.

"Hey, what time did you come?"

"I just came. The door was not locked."

"I think I know what to do to get Miguel back."

"What?"

"I should get pregnant."

Rachel frowned. "What?"

"Yes. He wants a child so bad, if I get pregnant then I will get him back."

"And how do you plan to do that?"

"I am going to get some pills."

"You want to drug him?"

"I have no choice."

Rachel frowned. "You do. You think he will ever take

you back after that?”

“Maybe not immediately but he will come around.”

“I can’t believe you right now.”

“What should I do? I am not going to just walk away from my relationship just like that.”

Rachel’s phone rang.

“Hey,”

Lone looked at her as she tensed. “I am coming, I went to see Lone, my friend. No, I said I am coming.” She hung up and stood up.

“I have to go, we will talk.”

“What if he beats you?”

“It only happened once, and we have fixed things. Prince is not going to hurt me.”

“I am going to call you in two hours, if you don’t answer then I am coming over. With the police. You can take my car.”

Rachel picked the cars keys and hurried outside.

Rachel parked Lone's car in front of her house and immediately stepped out of the car. She walked to the unlocked door and walked in. she screamed as Prince welcomed her with a slap across the face.

"Where are you coming from?"

She looked at him with her hand on her cheek. Her ear rang as he looked at her boiling with anger.

"I asked you a question, where are you coming from?"

"I was with Lone I swear."

He took a step towards her. "So you think I am stupid?"

"Prince I swear I was with Lone, you can call her. She even borrowed me her car."

He looked at her as she began crying. She had known he was still going to beat her but had chose

to believe him. She could see her father in him and she wasn't sure if it was still love that she remained with him or just fear.

"I am sorry babe, I thought..." He sighed pulling her in his arms and held her tightly as she tried to hush her sobs. He tilted her head and kissed her, raving her lips. She held on to him when he tore her dress.

"You little whore!" A woman screamed walking inside the house. Rachel moved back from Prince staring at the pregnant woman holding a phone.

"I am going to sue you, you are a home wrecker."

Rachel held her torn dress covering her body in confusion. "Babe, wait..." Prince said softly to the woman. "I can explain."

"Woman like you are so evil, out here breaking families. I am going to fix you, wait and watch."

Rachel shook her head. "I didn't know he was married. I swear. I wouldn't have talked to him had I known."

"Wait and watch!"

She walked out pushing her stomach. Prince looked at Rachel.

“I will fix this, don’t worry, I love you.”

He tried to kiss her but she moved. “Please leave my house and never ever come back.”

He ran after his wife. Rachel rubbed her cheek as her phone rang. She took it out from her handbag and answered.

“Did he beat you?”

“No, but his wife came. She is going to sue me.”

“He is married.”

“I guess.”

“This man is a dog! Then on top of it he beats you?”

“I don’t know what I am going to do Lone. It’s like I have bad luck in love.”

“Friend, don’t say that. You just haven’t met the one.”

Rachel laughed. “I am tired. I am going to be in newspapers for home wrecking.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok.”

A knock erupted from the door. “We will talk.”

She put her phone down and hurried to her bedroom where she put on her gown before walking back to the door.

She smiled staring at her neighbor.

“Hi,”

“Hi, I am asking for a condom.”

Rachel looked at him then finally laughed. “What?”

“A condom.”

She laughed even more looking at his serious face.

“Ok, I am coming.”

She walked back inside her house laughing then came back seconds later and handed him a box of condoms.

“I will return them if there is something left.”

She burst into more laughter. “Ok.”

He walked away while she shook her head in amusement.

Agang walked around the house then turned to Anaya.

“What do you think?”

She shrugged. “I think it’s fine.”

He looked the landlord. “You heard the lady.”

The landlord smiled. “Then it’s yours.”

“I want to pay two months rent, is that ok?”

The landlord grinned. “Yes.”

“Ok, I will deposit the money.”

“Thank you.” They walked out.

“I will move in tomorrow after I buy some property. A bed, and a couch.”

Anaya laughed. “Why didn’t you just come back with

your furniture from Pretoria?”

“I left in a hurry but you may have point there. I will make a plan.”

She nodded. The landlord drove out and Miguel drove in.

“I hope you don’t mind, I had initially asked Colleen to help me choose a house but she responded late.”

Anaya watched Miguel step out and open the door for Colleen. She stepped out and walked towards them with a smile.

“Hey Anaya.” They hugged.

“Hey,”

“Every one loved my makeup and nails, thank you so much.”

“I hope you told your friends to come to me if they need to look like you did.”

Colleen laughed. “I did, I even gave them your details. I wish I had known you before, I would have used you on my wedding day.”

Anaya smiled. "Me too, I would have made loads of money."

"I know, hey Agang." She hugged her brother. "I see you have hijacked my potential friend."

Agang laughed. "I thought of strengthening your relationship."

"I am going, I have to be in a meeting in a few minutes." Miguel said making Colleen hug him.

"Thank you for disrupting your schedule and choosing to pick me up and drop me off. Now I am not sure if Agang still needs me or not."

"Anaya already helped me choose a house. She likes this one."

"I didn't, I was just..."

"Shhh... it's ok." Colleen quickly said with a huge smile on her face. Anaya looked at Miguel who was looking at her. They locked eyes for a while before she looked back at Colleen who was laughing with Agang.

"I owe you lunch, we can all go." Agang said then

looked at his brother. "I will come over for dinner later."

Miguel briefly smiled. "You are finishing my food. I will see you."

He walked to his car then drove off while Anaya's phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hi, am I speaking with Anaya Shato?" A male voice said.

"Yes, how can I help you?"

"My girlfriend has somewhere to be in three hours time and she needs her makeup and nails done. She saw you saw you instagram. Can you come over to my house or should she come to you?"

Anaya smiled looking at the time, it was just after five. "I will come, where do you stay?"

She listened carefully at the details then hung up.

"Hey Agang, I am glad I helped and good luck on your first day at work tomorrow. It was nice seeing you Colleen but I have to go, duty calls."

“I can drop you off.”

“No, take your sister out for late lunch and I will attend to my client.”

She waved then walked away calculating the time she would take to go back home, collect her products before going to the client’s house. She needed an hour or so.

Anaya walked inside the client’s house.

“Hi,” the man said then led her to where his girlfriend was, in the sitting room busy on her laptop. She turned and smiled.

“Hi, I am Rebaone.”

“Anaya.”

She put her laptop aside and stood up. “I am going to a company event.” She took out her phone then handed it to Anaya who looked carefully at the

picture.

“I want exactly like that.”

“Ok, I can do it. But this lady doesn’t have eyelashes on, you don’t want eyelashes?”

“No. I want exactly like her.”

The boyfriend sat in front of the TV while Anaya worked on the Rebaone’s face. She took her time perfecting her, with the publicity she was earning, it was imperative to always do her best. After the makeup she did her nails.

“Thank you so much, I love this. I look like Beyonce.”

Anaya took out her phone and snapped a few pictures.

“I am glad you like it. I will go and change quickly. Babe, pay her.”

She walked out while Anaya packed.

“How much will that be?”

“The face beat is P360 and nails P190.”

He took out his wallet and counted the money

before giving it to her.

“Thank you.”

“You are beautiful.” He said biting his lower lip. Anaya looked at him and where his girlfriend had disappeared to.

“Thank you.”

“Do you want to go out for drinks tonight?”

She chuckled with disbelief. “No, I don’t want to go anywhere with you.”

She stepped back then continued packing her products.

“I can pay you, I know you.”

She angrily glared at him. “Leave me alone.”

“You are the girl Marcus and his friends slept with. Look, we can meet up at a hotel and-“

“I am not prostitute, don’t make me-“

“Baby call Ana- oh, she is still here.” Rebaone approached them with a smile of relief.

“I have thought, I want eyelashes.”

“That’s ok.”

She looked at the boyfriend who was now back at watching TV. It was funny how he was behaving as if he hadn’t been asking for sex just seconds ago. Anaya looked at Rebaone’s bondage yellow dress that rode above her mid thighs.

“You look beautiful.”

She smiled. “I have to, if I don’t then I will be reflecting a bad image for my boss.”

Anaya put the eyelashes on then finally walked out. She glanced at the time, it was getting late. She had planned to go see her mother, the doctor hadn’t discharged her yet. Now it was just late to go see her.

She got a combi home and when she arrived, Ayana and Lethabo were already eating.

“Hey guys,” She sat on the bed untying her shoes.

“There is report collection tomorrow.”

Anaya smiled at Lethabo. “I will be there.”

“Also mine.” Ayana added. “I passed more than anyone in my grade at school.”

Anaya smiled. “Good. I will buy you something.”

“I also got an A!”

“I will get you something too Lethabo.”

She got her plate and started eating. She frowned at the knock on the door.

“Who is it?” Lethabo whispered while Anaya stood up and peeped by the window. Her frown deepened as she unlocked the door. She walked out closing the door behind her.

“What are you doing here Miguel?”

“Is that your way of greeting visitors?”

“You are not welcome here. Leave.”

“And who said I am here for you?”

The door opened and Lethabo laughed. “You came!”

They did their handshake while Anaya just stared.

Ayana walked out and greeted Miguel.

“We thought you were lying.”

“I don’t lie.” He said handing Ayana a box of pizza.

“Thank you so much. I didn’t eat a lot saving space for the pizza.”

“Liar, he finished all his food.” Ayana said laughing.

“Ayana, give it back.”

Her siblings sadly looked at her. “But uncle Miguel-”

“Lethabo do you have an uncle called Miguel?”

He looked down and shook his head.

“Give it back Ayana. I am disappointed in you, what did I say about strangers? Do you even know this man?” She shouted. “Give it back!”

Ayana quickly handed Miguel the pizza then took Lethabo’s hand and walked back inside the house.

“Why are you shouting at them? They didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Stay away from my family!” She whispered.

He looked at her as it got dark. “Are you sleeping

with Agang?”

“No I am not. I am not going to. Your brother just happens to be very stubborn. Now leave.”

“Good.”

He turned and began walking away but only to turn back. “I am sorry for calling you a prostitute...” He sighed. “I am sorry but please give this to them.” He stretched his hands. “I will never come back here again.”

Taking a deep breath, she took the box from him. “I would appreciate that.”

She opened the door. “I hope this is the last time I see you.”

“I can’t control that, the world is a small place.”

She walked inside and locked behind. Ayana and Lethabo were paging through a magazine.

“Take.”

Their faces lighted up as they looked at the box of pizza.

“Thank you Naya.”

“It’s ok Lethabo. I don’t expect this to happen again.”

Anaya said looking at Ayana.

“It won’t.”

“Good.”

Miguel looked at her house sitting in his car. He couldn’t understand himself, this was unlike him. Usually he knew just the right words to say to a woman but with Anaya his mojo seemed to fly out through the window.

His phone rang pulling his eyes from the small house. “Yes?”

“Mr. Mokwena, the outfit has arrived, who should I send it to?”

“Take it to the office.”

“Yes sir.” His PA hung up while he summoned the

confidence to ask her out. How hard could that possibly be?

He climbed out of the car and walked back inside the gate and knocked. He saw the curtain move.

“What are you still doing here?” She asked as soon as she opened the door.

“I have a company event I have to attend to.”

She raised her eyebrow. “So?”

“I want to take you with. I will pay you.”

“No thank you. I don’t want your money.”

“Please...” He finally begged. “I said I was sorry, I don’t get why you are still angry.”

“I am not angry.”

“You are, if you were not angry then you wouldn’t have a problem with me.”

“Are you high or you just happen to have a mental problem?”

“I don’t get what you are so angry about, you are like an angry bird. But what can I do? They say short

people are always angry.”

“I don’t want to go on a date with you.”

“I never said we should go out on a date. I don’t want you!”

“Then what are you doing here?”

“I want you to escort me to a company event.”

“No!”

She closed the door on his face. He took out his phone and called her.

“Hello?” She answered though he could hear her from outside.

“Nna mma ga ke go batle, I just want someone to accompany me to work.”

“Delete my number and never call me again.”

“Why do you always want to be begged?”

“Go away before I call the police.”

Miguel heard someone opening the gate, he turned and watched some skinny boy walk over.

“Hello,” the guy acknowledged him while Miguel just stared silently wondering if he was the boyfriend. Anaya opened the door while Miguel looked at the boy trying to figure out who he was.

“Kgotlang, hey, I didn’t know you were coming.”

“I thought I would surprise you.”

He definitely wanted her from the way he looked at her. Miguel watched his eyes go down Anaya’s body and that’s when he too noticed she had changed from the jeans into some shorts which exposed her yellow thighs.

She walked out while the boy looked at Miguel who was still assessing the situation.

“He is lost.” Anaya said to the boy who then smiled. No, they were not dating but he definitely wanted her. Miguel’s head ached, he couldn’t get himself to just leave.

“Ok, I was thinking we can go out for a small walk if you are comfortable.”

“Anaya is my girlfriend and you are not taking her

anywhere.” Miguel said getting between them.
“Know your place boy.”

Miguel turned to Anaya then grabbed her waist and kissed her. He felt her tense but he didn't pull away. He kissed her even more hoping Kgotlang would walk away. She pushed him away seconds later breathing hard.

“Ummh I better get going.” Kgotlang walked away.

“Kgotlang wait I...”

He walked even faster.

She turned to Miguel, he couldn't see her properly now, it had gotten dark and there was no electricity at her house.

“What do you think you are doing?” She angrily asked through gritted teeth.

“Please be my date.” He begged calmly with a husky yet breathy voice.

“You called me-“

“I am sorry, please forgive me.”

He put his hands on her waist. "I know I am a jerk but please."

"You are not my type."

"Then who is your type, Anaya." Her name rolled easily off his tongue. He knew she was glaring at him even in the dark.

"No one is."

He kept quite contemplating her answer. He hadn't factored her response. "I never said we should date. I am just looking for someone who can accompany me to work."

"I am sure I am not the only girl you know." She was now calm.

"You are. I will return you early."

"I don't have clothes." She was grasping for any excuse she could use, he could sense it.

"It doesn't matter."

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#13

Anaya walked with him inside the elevator and closed her eyes wondering why she had agreed to his request. She could have just said no and let him leave. The doors and opened and they stepped out then walked inside his vast office.

“What do you work as?”

He looked at her. “Forget that, there is your dress.” He handed her the gown bag which she unzipped and carefully looked at the sky blue jumpsuit.

“It’s a jumpsuit.”

“That’s ok.”

“How much is it?”

“Don’t worry about the price. I hired it.”

She ran her hands on the soft fabric.

“You can put it on. Here are the shoes.”

He pointed at the box on his desk and walked out. Anaya took off her jeans and t-shirt and put the jumpsuit on. It hugged her figure like a glove, it also had a cape that trailed behind. She walked towards his desk and took out the sparkling sandals. This were the kind of heels she never dared to look at in the shops. She put them on and smiled. Her toes looked beautiful.

She sat on the couch that was inside the office opening her handbag and took out the basic makeup she had carried along then started with her face. There was no way she would wear an expensive jumpsuit and not have makeup on.

Miguel knocked on the door as she put on her lipstick. “Hey, still not done?”

She quickly held her braids and made a bun before styling her baby hairs. He walked in, obviously his patience had worn off.

“Can we go? We are going to be late.”

Anaya stood up and looked at him. He slowly looked at her from head to tall. "Wow... you look beautiful."

She smiled. "My braids are a little bit old."

"You still look beautiful, we can go now."

He stretched his hand and Anaya put her hand in his.

"I don't know how desperate you are to actually take a prostitute to an event as your date."

"How long do I have to apologize for that?"

She narrowed her eyes. "You shouldn't care about that because after this, you and I are good as strangers."

Her phone rang and she took it out from her handbag.

"Hello?"

"Hi Naya,"

She turned hearing her mother's voice. "Mama... how are you? I have been easy, I thought I would come today but I had a client."

"It's fine my baby, let me speak to Aya and Lethabo."

"I... uhh I am on my way back home right now."

"Oh, ok, be careful. I borrowed a nurse's phone since mine is off."

"I will come tomorrow in the morning."

"Ok, take care of yourself."

"I will, I love you."

"I love you."

Anaya hung up.

"Is your mother the one in hospital?"

She nodded. "Yes, we can go now."

She picked up her handbag.

"What's wrong with her?"

"Cancer."

"So she...-"

"She is doing her treatment. She will be fine."

"Is she the reason why you were-"

"Sleeping around? Yes. I don't want to talk about this."

Can we please just go?"

"Yeah.."

Anaya was surprised at the people who were at the event, people of class dressed elegantly. Almost everyone was staring at them as they walked in, Anaya prayed she wouldn't step on her trailing cape and fall making a fool of herself. A waiter came and gave them champagne which Anaya took a sip trying to fit in.

"Are you ok?"

She looked at Miguel and nodded. "Yes, I am fine."

There was no way she would tell him how scared and intimidated she was. A man walked over to them and greeted Miguel.

"Mr. Mokwena, congratulations."

"Thank you."

He shook hands with a couple of people while Anaya just smiled beside him.

“What did you say you work as again?” She asked as soon as they were alone.

Everyone’s attention turned to the MC who was now holding the mic. “Good evening and welcome to C-SKY HOTEL,”

Anaya turned as the MC continued with his speech. She caught Rebaone staring at her with a confused look. People started clapping startling her. Miguel walked to the stage as people clapped more.

“Good evening and welcome to the reopening of C-SKY HOTEL. I wasn’t going to do a launch party but my investors were adamant.” He smiled while people giggled. “I just want to thank those who have believed in me, if five years ago one of you had told me one day I will be at this level in life, I would have probably ignored you.” He continued with his speech while Anaya stared in shock. When he finally came back to where she was standing, she cleared her throat.

“So you own this big hotel?”

“Yes.”

“I am sure everyone here thinks I am good digger.”

“Why do you care about what people think?”

She shook her head. “I don’t but don’t you see the position you have put me in? I am not the type of woman you should be seen with. I hate how people keep on looking at me.”

“Then don’t look at them.”

“Baby...” A woman said approaching them in a red evening gown. She kissed his cheek smiling. “I am sorry I am late.”

Anaya looked at him and smiled, she knew people were staring. The lady turned to look at her.

“Hi,”

“Hello, you must be Mrs. Miguel. It’s a pleasure meeting you.” She said giving a waiter who was just passing by her glass then turned and walked out.

She took out her phone as soon as she reached

outside. She had to get out of here though her handbag was still in his car.

“Anaya!”

She looked at him as he approached her. “Why didn’t you tell me you had a girlfriend?”

“I don’t. We broke up months ago, I don’t even know why she is here.”

Anaya laughed in disbelief. “And I should believe that?”

“It’s the truth, I swear.”

“What’s going on here Miguel?” The lady asked. She sounded angry and the last thing Anaya wanted was a fight.

“I didn’t know he had a girlfriend.”

“How many times do I have to say she is not my girlfriend? Lone, what are you doing here?”

“So you already replaced me?”

“Lone, I am not doing this with you.”

She grabbed his jacket. “What do you mean you are

not doing this with me? After everything you think you are just going to dump me for some whore? Who are you?"

Anaya looked at her. "My name is Ana—"

"Who are you to my man?"

"She is my girlfriend and you are going to respect her. Don't you dare try me."

He took Anaya's hand and began walking to his car. "I am not going anywhere with you."

"Anaya I wasn't asking you or begging. We are going. I will put you over my shoulder if you try anything funny."

Lone was just staring at them. Anaya let him take her to his car. He opened the door for her. "Get in."

She carefully climbed in. He closed the door for her then walked round to his door.

"What happened between you and her?"

"Lone and I started dating five years ago and we broke up months back. Things long changed between us and I guess we were both too scared to

say anything till four months ago when we had a fall out after she aborted our baby. Lone is my ex girlfriend and that's all she is ever going to be. Trust me."

She looked at him for a while. "I just don't want drama."

"Lone is the last thing you should worry about. Can we stay a little bit longer? I just can't leave like this. The investors are inside."

"It's ok, we can go back."

Lone watched as they walked back in with tears in her eyes. He had replaced her. Her heart twisted in a painful manner, she was really beautiful. Not only was she beautiful but she was young. Lone wondered where he had gotten her from, she looked down on her dress. She had been wearing a beautiful jumpsuit, something she should have been wearing.

She had been standing where Lone knew she should have been the one standing. She slowly walked to her car and got in. She couldn't bring herself to think of anything but how he had held her waist as he led her back inside the hotel. It was that moment that she missed her man, she missed his touch, his smile. She missed how he kissed her and how he made love to her. She pressed her thighs together as tears blurred her vision.

Seconds later she was calling Rachel.

"Lolo,"

"He replaced me."

Rachel was silent for a while. "I am sorry Lone."

"She is actually beautiful, can you believe it? She is really beautiful."

"Maybe it's time to move on."

She shook her head. "Miguel is my man, he is going to be my husband and we are going to be a family. It's just a new pussy that is driving him mad, once he's fucked her he is going to toss her like a used

condom. Can you believe he actually took her to the official re-opening of C-SKY Hotel? I know makeup can deceive, yes she is beautiful but she is an opportunist. You should have seen her old braids.”

“Then you should just relax, he will come back to you.”

“Yah, I will call.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and waited.

Hours later Miguel parked in front of the gate and switched off the engine.

“Thank you for coming with me.”

Anaya smiled. “It was nice.”

“Such events are always a way of networking. I initially wasn’t going to do anything but my PA thought otherwise.”

Anaya nodded then took off the seatbelt and reached for her handbag at the backseat.

“She or he is smart. I have to go.”

“Can I call you tomorrow?”

“No. This is it.”

“That’s being evil.”

Anaya smiled. “Don’t call me in the morning, I will be working.”

He switched on the light then pulled her in for a kiss. Anaya put her hand on his cheek kissing him back. She felt his hand on her thigh going back to her exposed back. His lips were soft and cold, she could taste wine from his tongue.

“I hate jumpsuits.” He whispered against her lips. Anaya smiled then opened the door and stepped out.

“It was nice knowing you Mr. Mokwena.”

She walked towards the gate and turned. She knew he was looking at her.

“Thank you for the jumpsuit and shoes too.” She

shouted then rushed to the door. He only drove away once she was inside the house.

“You look nice.” Ayana said after lighting the candle.

“Thanks.”

“Is he your boyfriend?”

Anya looked at sleeping Lethabo then back at Ayana.

“No. Sleep.”

“He is your boyfriend. I saw you kiss.”

Anaya laughed. “Sleep!”

She changed into a dress and folded the jumpsuit nicely.

A knock on the door made her smile. She unlocked the door giggling but to only stop looking at Lone.

“Hi,”

“Can you step out. I want to talk to you woman to woman.” She was still wearing her gown.

Anaya looked back in the house before unlocking the burglar bar and stepping outside closing the door behind her.

“My name is Lone Monei, I am Miguel’s girlfriend.”

Anaya nodded. “Ok.”

“Yes, Miguel and I have been dating for more than five years. I know the money excites you, my man is rich, good looking and everything but he is mine. You are going to stay far away from him or else you will know me very well. Don’t try me, do you hear me?”

Anaya could sense anger emitting from her voice. She nodded. “Yes.”

“Give me the clothes my man bought for you.”

“Those clothes are mine.”

“Look here little girl, I will slap you so hard you won’t be able to spell your own name. I said give me the clothes my man bought for you.”

Anaya walked inside the house with Lone right behind her, took the jumpsuit and handed it to her.

“The shoes too.”

She swallowed then picked the shoes and handed them to her while she looked around the house with poor disgust.

“You think you can sleep with Miguel living in this dirt? I can smell poorness from you, all he sees is what’s between your legs. You are nothing but a hoodrat.”

“Can you please leave.”

“I wonder what he even saw in you, you are so poor it’s sad.”

She walked out while Anaya locked the burglar bar then door. She shook her head as her heart throbbed painfully.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stiletto

#14

Lone laughed alone driving to her house. She

couldn't believe she had been intimidated by a hoodrat who slept in a stinking hole. She probably had failed her form five and slept with men for money. She couldn't even believe Miguel had resorted to sleeping with her.

She parked in front of the gate and pressed the hooter. A while later, the gate opened and she parked behind his Range Rover. She took a deep breath then stepped out of her car and walked to the door. A minute later after she knocked, he opened the door in only his sweatpants.

"Hey, I just wanted to apologize for causing a scene. I shouldn't have even come there, I just thought maybe we could fix things but now I see. I love you and it's going to be hard to accept that you and I are never going to be together."

Miguel sighed and opened the door for. She walked in and stood in the middle of his sitting room. He closed the door and looked at her.

"I know this must be painful but I think it will be best if we go our separate ways."

Lone nodded blinking away her tears. "I understand. I messed up, it's my fault and I will take responsibility for my actions."

He hugged her. "It's not you. I am at fault too. The reason you aborted was because you were unsure of our future. I understand why you did what you did."

"Yeah, even though it cost me the man I love."

"You should stop blaming yourself. Either way, you have been my cheerleader for a while now. Even when I had nothing."

Lone smiled. "It's ok, I guess I just have to watch you from the sidelines."

"I bought you a house. The one you wanted us to move in after we got married. You deserve it."

Tears finally fell from her eyes. "I don't want the house. It's just a house."

"No, it's yours."

He wiped away her tears.

"I miss you Miguel."

She stepped back and took off her dress. "Just one last time for the sake of the old times."

"Lone I-"

"Please. After tears?"

She kissed him putting her hand inside his pants. She rubbed his dick slowly and smiled as he grew hard and big in her hands.

Miguel took her hand out. "Lone can you please not do this."

"Miguel please, one last time." She begged softly then kissed him again.

He picked her up then lay her on the couch pulling out her panties. He took out his dick from his pants and pushed inside her.

"Shit! Condom."

She locked him with her long legs. "It's only been you and I trust you. I will take the morning after." She assured him then he sighed and started fucking her. She moaned moving her waist, meeting him thrust for thrust.

Anaya opened her eyes to a knock on the door. She took her phone and checked the time. It was just a few minutes before six. She got off bed and pushed the curtain aside peeping before opening the door.

“Kgotlang.”

“Can we talk?”

She unlocked the burglar bar and stepped outside.

“Hi.”

He rubbed his hands together. “Is he your boyfriend? I couldn’t sleep.”

She looked into his eyes. “No.”

“So you are not seeing him?”

“No I am not.”

“Then why did you kiss him?”

“I didn’t kiss him. He forcefully kissed me.”

Kgotlang sighed. "Ok. That's all."

Anaya looked at Kgotlang but he kept quiet. "Ok then, I have to start preparing."

"Ok."

She walked back inside the house and woke Ayana up. It usually didn't take her long to prepare to go to the school. An hour later they were walking out of the house headed to school.

"Today I am going to eat my pizza in class." Lethabo said with a grin.

"Me too. I know they are going to ask for it and I am going to refuse just like they refuse when they have nice food."

They helped her set up her table before heading to their respectful schools. Her phone vibrated after a while and she took it out.

Kgotlang: I really like you. I was wondering if we can go out.

She started typing her response when a car hooted making her raise her head putting her phone away.

Almost everyone was staring at his Range Rover. She ignored him as he stepped out of the car and continued serving her customers.

“Is it me or you are always angry?”

She looked at him. “I am busy right now.”

“I will wait.”

She looked at his expensive suit. “No. Go away.”

“I want to buy.”

He took out two P200.00 notes and gave them to her.

“I would like to buy everything.”

She ignored him and served students who had crowded her table. He stood there till all the students had disappeared to their schools. She started packing her things.

“Why are you angry? I don’t recall doing anything that may have upset you last night.”

“Your girlfriend came by.”

“Lone?”

“Yes.”

“Did she harass you?”

Anaya looked at him. “No. I don’t want any drama, I already have a lot going on. I am a parent to my siblings, a guardian to my mother. I don’t need the drama that comes with you.”

“I will deal with Lone, I promise.”

She looked at him. “I don’t want her at my house.”

She picked her big bag then put one bucket into the other before putting her paraffin stove inside

“I will take you home.” He offered taking the bag from her.

“Miguel don’t you have fancy girls to be chasing after?”

He opened his boot and put her bag inside.

“Put that bucket inside, I have to go to work.”

She sighed then put the bucket in the boot and he closed it. She folded her arms when he opened the door for her and climbed in.

“You need to see someone, you are always angry.”

He said closing her door. Anaya watched as he walked round to her door, this was the type of a man she could only dream about, the type of a man that never looked at her. He was tall, sexy and attractive. Anaya wondered why he kept coming back to her, surely he could have better women. Women like Lone. Women with office jobs. She watched him as he started driving and couldn't help but notice just how he drove with one hand leaning back on his seat. He had on an expensive watch that shone to the morning sun.

Minutes later he parked in front of her gate then jumped off the car. With grace only he could have, he opened the rusty gate and got back inside the car. He drove in her yard parking just in front of the door.

She opened her door and got out of the car. He opened the boot while she unlocked the burglar bar and door.

"I will take that inside..." She stretched her hands so to get the bag and buckets but rather he walked past her getting inside the house. She walked in after him, it was only one room but Anaya always made sure it

was clean. He looked at the well made bed then at the dressing table which was against the wall. On the other side, it was the blue kitchen unit and gas stove. Behind the door there was the big dish they used to bath in and a washing basket full of dirty clothes.

“You don’t get inside people’s houses uninvited.” She took off her shoes and stepped on the black soft carpet taking the bag from him. She put it beside the kitchen unit and turned to look at him.

“What? Not used to such poor conditions?”

“I have been here. For years I bathed in a dish and used a candle. At least you have a gas stove, I used firewood.”

“When was that?”

“Years ago after I finished with my degree.”

She smiled. “You have definitely come so far.”

He took off his brown shiny shoes and stepped on the carpet with his socks. “I did. Why don’t you use the other room too?”

“Mama uses it to sew.”

She took a deep breath looking down. Miguel raised her chin. “I don’t know how you do it but a lot of people wouldn’t have managed.”

“Don’t you have to go to work?”

He leaned over and kissed her. Anaya’s heart pounded as their lips moved together. She pulled away and looked up at him.

“Is that how you kiss?” She asked with a smirk.

He grinned. “I am not doing it right?”

“No, I know a different way of doing it.”

“You can teach me the different way of doing it.”

She stood on her toes inching closer to his lips. She brushed her lips against his then finally, kissed him tenderly, softly and slowly. She tilted her head a bit teasing his lips with tongue while he put his arms around her. She slid her tongue between his lips into his mouth and tentatively coerced his tongue with hers. She moved away with a smile.

“Okay.” He grinned. “I liked that.”

Her teeth sank in her lower lip as he gazed at her with half closed eyes. The bulge in his pants was visible he didn't even try to hide it.

He grabbed her waist and kissed her unzipping her jean dress from behind. He let it fall to the ground and unclipped her bra taking it off. Freeing her lips, he cupped her full firm breasts that fit his big hand.

"Wow!" He muttered bending over and pulling a nipple in his mouth. Her toes curled while she held his head arching her back. Her nipples hardened as her panties soaked with wetness. He pulled the other nipple in his mouth and she moaned softly rubbing his head. Slowly, he let her nipple go and dropped feathery like wet kisses down her belly button till he was kneeling before her. He hooked her panties with his thumb then dragged it down her legs.

She cupped her breast when he put her one legs on his shoulder and started licking her. Her legs shook as pleasure vibrated deep inside her. He drove two fingers inside her with his mouth on her throbbing clit and she moaned squeezing her breast even

more with her eyes closed. He relentlessly sucked her while driving his fingers in and out of her. Her breath hitched as her inner walls clenched on his fingers. This was her first time to have someone do that to her but she knew he was good at what he was doing. She let her breast go and put her hand in his head. She froze then let out soft whimpers while her body convulsed. He rose up and took off his jacket. With shaking legs, Anaya helped him unbutton his white crispy shirt then loosened his tie taking it off his neck. He took off his shirt while Anaya took off his belt then unzipped his pants.

Miguel picked her up and lay her on the bed kissing her. She silently cursed when took out his dick and rubbed it gently on her wetness.

“Condom...”

He looked at her still teasing her entrance with ragged breathing.

“Miguel, we need to use to use a condom. I don’t know my status.”

He pushed in the tip. “Fuck!”

“Miguel!”

He looked in her eyes. “I can’t stop now, I don’t walk around with condoms.”

“We have to stop.”

“From here we will go testing.”

“Miguel...”

He pushed half his dick. “I can’t stop.”

Anaya moaned as he pushed till he was buried to the hilt. She put her hands on his wide chest as he began giving her slow strokes.

“Shit! She’s tight.” He groaned increasing the speed of his strokes. He pushed her knees up shifting his weight to his elbows. His weight held down burying her under his broad chest. He sped up, pounding into her as she sunk her nails into his bare back. His thrusts became relentless, unapologetic. Anaya could feel something building deep in her. She moved her waist meeting him thrust for thrust shutting her eyes close.

“Arrg!” She groaned as she stiffened followed by her

body exploding into climax. He pulled out and dragged her to the corner of the body. He flipped so that she lay on her front. She knew what he wanted, with the strength she had, she knelt thrusting her ass up in the air.

He put his hands on her waist while the other pressed her chest to the bed then rammed inside her. She screamed into the bed feeling as if metal had sliced into her. She could swear he was pocking her cervix. He started fucking her hard and deep. She tried raising her head but he pressed her down even more moving faster and even deeper. She grabbed the sheets taking it like a big girl. He pounded into her over and over till he tapped something sweet deep inside her. Her toes began curling as she moved her ass against him.

She gritted her teeth as he tapped it even more. She began cumming, pulling the sheets more. It felt like it wouldn't stop as the pleasure intensified not stopping. She closed her eyes tightly, she had never felt that much pleasure before. He drilled her as she suffered orgasm after orgasm.

“Gaddd... oww...” She meowed tears filling her eyes. He pulled out then pulled her off the bed. Anaya buried her face on her neck as he picked her up and held her in the middle of the room with her legs hooked on his arms. He brought her down to his waiting dick then began thrusting into her. Her walls clenched around him as he went harder. She knew he was now chasing his own pleasure yet her body still responded. Over and over he thrust into her, she could feel him throbbing deep inside her. A few more thrust he shot his load deep inside her as Anaya’s body spasmed. He slowed down riding their aftershocks then finally put her back on the bed slowly pulling out. He watched his juices leak from her pussy lips going between her asscrack. Anaya closed her legs shyly then closed her eyes.

She heard him chuckle before she felt his lips on hers. “Don’t be shy, you were not shy a few seconds ago.”

She opened her eyes smiling. “You are a beast.”

“You haven’t seen anything.”

He baby kissed her as she wiped the sweat off his forehead. A knock interrupted them.

“Anaya!” Agang shouted from outside.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#15

Anaya looked at Miguel’s frown as he stood up.

“What is it?”

“He wants you.”

“What makes you think that?”

“I know my brother Anaya.”

She got off bed but her knees shook that she sat down for a while. Minutes later, she opened the door and stepped out. Agang had his car parked beside

Miguel's. He stepped out taking off his cap.

"Hey, I didn't know Miguel borrowed you his car."

Anaya turned to the car then back at him. "Uhh..."

"Or is it Colleen? She spoke about inviting you for lunch yesterday."

Anaya speechlessly looked at him not knowing what to say. She had suspected he was into her the day he escorted her so she registers her company.

Miguel stepped out of the house dressed, he looked sexy and a bit of a mess. Agang locked eyes with his brother while she stepped back.

"So you are fucking her?"

Miguel threw his jacket in his car. "Agang,"

"I asked you if you wanted Anaya and you told me no." Agang said angrily.

"I was just in denial." Miguel responded calmly.

"Wow! Really now?"

"Agang I know-"

"You don't know anything. I guess you couldn't

stomach her with anyone else, what happened to Lone?”

“We broke up.”

“I can’t believe you. You know I like her, couldn’t you just hold yourself?”

Agang turned to Anaya who was frozen to her spot.

“Look, I know I can never give you what my brother probably presented to the table but you and I have chemistry. It’s not like I am broke.”

“Agang, that’s my girlfriend.”

Agang glared at Miguel boiling. “Since when was she your girlfriend? You sleeping with her doesn’t make her your girlfriend.”

“Anaya, go and dress up.”

She looked at Miguel who nodded and quickly turned walking inside the house, she hadn’t imagined the drama that was going on. She tried blocking their voices but Agang was getting angrier. She took her wet towel and wiped between her legs then took off the dirty dress she had picked from the floor. She

grabbed her jean and white t-shirt, put on her pumps and walked out with her handbag. Agang was driving off.

“I don’t want you fighting your brother.”

He kissed her. “He will come around, either way, he is still dealing with a heartbreak. He is not ready for any relationship at the moment. He just happens to be stubborn.”

Anaya stood still mesmerized by his calmness. He didn’t look like he had just been in an altercation with his brother.

“Get in, we will go and test right now. From there I will drop you at the hospital.”

“I have to collect my sibling’s reports.”

“We will collect the reports first.”

“Don’t you have to go to work Miguel?”

“I own the company.” He said opening the door for her.

“Miguel, you shouldn’t miss work for a girl you barely know. We are going to collect the reports because I

can't afford not to then we go for testing and from there you will go to work while I go to the hospital."

"Anaya-

"I wasn't asking you or begging. I was telling you."

A smile flitted across his face. "Ok."

Lone was ecstatic as she spoke to Rachel.

"I am not even worried anymore. I didn't even use those pills, he just came to me."

Rachel laughed. "I guess he is still not over you."

"I know but I have decided not to fight too much. It will make me look desperate. Let me leave him for a while, let him see that without me he is headed for disaster. You know I made that man Rachel. He is mine."

"Yes girl! You are within."

They laughed. "I am the girl. He put the house we were going to buy as a family house in my name. He said I deserve it so I will moving there. In the morning he said I should go and pick the property and he will have everything paid for. He probably doesn't know how to tell me he wants us to fix things."

"Men are like that. At least this time no listening to crazy advise. It's time to focus on building a home. Behave like a wife."

Lone looked at Courtney as she walked past her in her formal wear. She still had a small mark on her cheek. She clicked her tongue making Lone laugh.

"Things I see here, I swear this girl will one day drown me in the toilet, the way she hates me is not even normal."

"Who? Courtney?"

"Yes."

"I saw her post on facebook yesterday and laughed. I wanted to comment but figured she was looking for attention. Talking about desperate women."

Lone laughed. "I saw but decided to leave her. You know I am treading on thin ice at work. I don't want to make a mistake, I know how finding a job is hard and also in a big bank like this. Either way, Miguel wouldn't be happy, you how he loves independent women."

"Hey, I have to go, the boss just walked in, we will talk."

"Ok, my break has ended too."

Lone hung up before walking to her chair. It was a lazy Monday mid month, the bank was almost empty. She sat down putting her phone away. She knew people gossiped her because of what Courtney told them but she didn't care. What they said about her never bothered her.

"Hi,"

She put on her work smile. "Hello, how can-" She paused looking at Kenneth.

"I want to open a savings account." He said without the smile he usually gave her.

“Ok,”

She attended to him waiting for him to ask them to fix things but to her surprise, immediately after she had assisted him, he walked out. She sadly sighed, she knew how much she had hurt him but then there was nothing she could do. She wanted Miguel.

She snapped out of it summoning the next customer.

After work, she walked to her car pulling down her formal skirt. As soon as she got inside, her phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Hey, guess who’s back in town?”

She laughed. “Agang, the prodigal son has finally found his way back home.”

“Unfortunately yes, where are you? I need to talk to you this evening.”

“I am on my way home, is everything ok?”

“Yes, where do you stay?”

“Phase two, I will send you the address just now. Are

you sure everything is ok?"

"Yah, send it now, I already driving."

"Ok."

She sent him her address then drove headed home wondering what possibly Miguel's younger brother would want to talk to her about. In thirty minutes, she was parking her car and a minute after, a car parked behind hers. She stepped out and smiled at Agang who was already walking towards her.

"Look at you! All buffed."

Agang laughed. "You don't look bad yourself."

"Thanks, come in."

They walked in her house and sat down.

"What's going on? Is everything ok?"

"Yah, what's going on between you and Miguel?"

She sighed. "We had a little fall out, but we are fine now."

"So you guys are still dating?" He questioned.

“No, but you know Miguel and I.” She smiled. “What’s going on?”

“He is sleeping with someone else.”

Lone kicked off her heels. “I know, but he will get over it.”

“I wouldn’t care but he is sleeping with the girl I like.”

Lone frowned. “You like that low class girl?”

He sighed rubbing his face. “I need your help.”

Colleen put her plate on top of her belly putting on her Netflix show. She took a bite of her spicy meat with her attention focused on the TV. Her phone rang and she looked at the caller ID debating with herself on whether to answer or not but knowing Maggie, she knew she wouldn’t stop calling.

“Hello?”

“Colleen you are a witch. A witch with horns, and a broom.”

Colleen sighed. "What did I do?"

"So you hooked that makeup girl with Miguel?"

"What?"

"Yes, that plain girl."

"What are you talking about?"

"I went to the official opening of C-SKY hotel and Miguel was with her."

Colleen put her plate down. "You mean Anaya?"

"Yes. You know I really thought we were friends. Do you know how many times I begged you to hook me up with your brother. You are not fair Colleen."

"No, I think you got it mixed up. I think she was there with Agang not Miguel. Miguel is dating Lone."

"You say Lone? That woman is past tense. She came and kissed Miguel then Anaya walked out. He followed after her with Lone behind. Minutes after, your brother walked back in with Anaya and they were all lovey dovey."

Colleen shook her head. "That can't be it. Agi is the

one who likes her.”

“You don’t know anything. I am heart broken. Where can I ever find a man like that?”

Colleen forced a laugh. “You will be fine, look I have to go, Ian is here.”

“Ok, let me go drown myself in my miseries.”

Colleen hung up and called Miguel, it was unlike him not to tell her what happened in his life.

“Colleen,”

“Boikanyo, how did the event go?”

“It went well, actually better than I expected.”

“Good, hey, I wanted to ask, remember Anaya?”

“Yes, she is my girlfriend. He’s already ran to report?”

“But you know Agang likes her.”

“I met her first.”

“What do you mean?”

“I met Anaya months ago. He will get over it.”

She rubbed her forehead. “He is probably hurt. He

really liked her.”

“He will get over her.”

She heard a car outside.”I just didn’t think you would go for someone like her.”

“What’s wrong with Anaya?”

“Well she... there is nothing wrong with her as per say, just that she doesn’t look like your type.”

“I know but it is what it is.”

Colleen heard noise in the background. “Where are you?”

“I am out with Anaya and her siblings.”

“You are already spending money on her siblings too?”

“Colleen, we will talk.”

He dropped the call as Ian walked inside the house.

“Hey baby,” He walked over and kissed her.

“Hey, I missed you.”

He smiled sitting beside her. “I missed you too, how

are you?”

She stood up rubbing her stomach. “We are fine.”

She walked to the kitchen then came back with a dish of water and his plate. He stared at the food for a while then at hers.

“Baby why are we eating different meals?”

She smiled. “I ordered this because I wanted some spicy wings. I cooked that for you, I hope you will like it.”

He washed his hands and took a fork with a smile.

“Where did you get the recipe? It looks good.”

“I got it from YouTube. It’s macaroni cheese.”

“Oh,”

She watched anxiously as he looked at her and dug in the food. He put it in the mouth with a funny face. Slowly he chewed then swallowed. He took her glass of juice which was next to her food and gulped it all down.

“Wow baby! It tastes... wow.”

“I knew you would like it. Eat up.”

He looked at the food. “Uh, let me take a bath first.”
He stood up and walked away while she looked at his plate with a proud smile.

Rebaone walked in a restaurant chatting with her colleagues during lunch hour as Theodora stood in front of them.

“Hey, you work at C-SKY hotel right?”

Theodora turned back and smiled. “Yes.”

“Wow! Your uniform is nice. You have everyday uniform or is it for you only?”

She shook her head. “No, it’s for every employee though each day has it’s own uniform.” She fixed her blazer with the C-SKY hotel emblem. Her slacks covered her heels leaving only the tip showing.

“This uniform is sexy honestly but I don’t think us at Mokwena Logistics would survive. That company is big, we won’t manage wearing uniform.” Rebaone

said at Theodora before turning away. The queue moved and Theodora moved.

“This girl is only a makeup artist. She had even done my makeup that day. I called her to my house and that girl is below the word average itself. She came to my house wearing some old disgusting dress and worn out pumps. I never knew that were Mr. M’s type.” Rebaone told the two other ladies and they laughed.

“I was shocked. That girl is out of his league, it’s just the complexion only.” Another lady responded.

“Anyone could see that even those expensive clothes were denying her.” They laughed. “Her name is Anaya apparently.”

“You know what, some mother’s deserve to be in jails. Some names are meant for certain people. No, you can’t have an Anaya like. That one should be Goitsemodimo, those are the names for her.”

They laughed even more and Theodora fought the edge to turn and say something. The line moved and it was her turn.

“Hi, can I please have fried rice, chicken and the beetroot salad.”

“Yes mam.”

Rebaone kept on laughing with her friends thoroughly bashing Anaya. Theodora got her food and walked to the empty table. She watched Rebaone till she walked out then took off her spectacles recalling the day Anaya had stood up for her in front of the entire class back in high school. It had been years ago but Theodora recalled it perfectly and guilty seethed in her as she wondered why she hadn't told Rebaone off or why she hadn't told the people at the hotel who spoke of Anaya to stop. It was no secret that Anaya was pretty and no matter what they said, that fact didn't change expect that they were just a group of bitter and jealous humans.

She looked at her phone feeling more lonely than ever. It rang and she smiled.

“Mama,”

“Theo ngwanaka, how are you?”

“I am fine mama, you? How is the business?”

“Business is fine, how are you? I hope you are resting well.”

“I am.”

“Good. How is the job?”

“The job is fine.”

“I am happy you are doing something for yourself. I wish I had done what you are doing when I was your age but now I get to watch my daughter do it. There is nothing more satisfying than that.”

Theodora smiled fixing her spectacles. “Ok mama, we will talk.”

“Bye ngwanake.”

She hung and held the phone momentarily in her hands then finally decided to call her. It rang for a while before it was answered.

“Anaya Shato, hello?”

“Hi Anaya, it’s Theodora.”

There was silence for a second. “Hey, I never

thought you would call.”

“Because I was scared. You know how awkward I am.”

Anaya laughed. “You are no longer awkward. You are actually beautiful.”

Theodora smiled. “Thank you. After college I went to Francistown to my parents.”

“I would do too. Your aunt wasn’t the best aunt in the world.”

“Yah, I know. I thought I would find a job soon after college but I guess I lied to myself so I came back a year ago and by luck got a position as a receptionist. Gaborone is just too mcu or maybe it’s just me but I haven’t made a friend.” She tried to brush off her embarrassment with a laugh. “I am in serious need of a friend and I thought of one person who was never my friend but always had my back.”

“Ohhhhh I see now. Being lonely is serious problem.”

They laughed. “The doctor said I might die.”

“Don’t worry, Anaya is here for the rescue.”

“As always. Did you find a job?”

“I employed myself. I am hustling.”

“I like that. I saw your instagram and facebook page. There is a lot of following there.”

“Yes, I also opened my own catering company. Naya Shato Caters. You can tell your work mates in case they ever need catering services.”

“Wow! That’s really great. You have always been driven.”

“It’s the circumstances we find ourselves in, they call for different measures.”

“I Know, does your mom still sew?”

“Yes but right now she is sick.”

“Oh, I remember when she once sewed me a skirt back in high school because my aunt wouldn’t buy me a new one.”

“I know but I am sure your aunt can see she didn’t break you today.”

“I don’t know, I long stopped talking to her or her

kids.”

“Look, I would love to chart more, but I have to go, my customers are piling here at the school.”

“School?”

“Yes, I sell at the school.”

“I get it, well let me leave you to make money.”

“Ok, thank you for calling.”

Theodora chuckled. “I am going to call everyday.”

“I don’t mind. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Theodora put her phone away with a smile on her face. She quickly ate her lunch and went back to work. She sat on the front desk putting her handbag away.

“Hey,” her coworker said sitting beside her. The phone rang and Theodora reached for it.

“Good afternoon and welcome to C-SKY hotel, how can we help you today?” She cheerfully said.

“Afternoon, connect me to Monthe.” A deep male voice said, Theodora took a deep breath. It wasn’t just that the voice intimidated her but also made her skin hot.

“I am sorry but who am I speaking to?”

“Mr. Mokwena.”

She almost jumped out of her chair. This was the first time she was talking to him. She hadn’t even seen the man expect of cause on pictures.

“Of cause Mr. Mokwena, please do hold on as I connect you to Mr. Monthe.” She tried for the professional voice.

“Ok.”

Theodora connected him then put the phone down.

“You spoke to the boss himself?”

“Yes, wow!”

“Don’t worry, he has that effect on almost every lady.”

Theodora looked at him then shook her head. “No, I am just shaken. It’s not everyday you talk to the

owner of the hotel.”

The coworker shrugged and looked at her phone. Theodora looked at her shaking hands, her heart was still pounding against her chest she thought her ribcage would burst.

Anaya walked inside the house and put the bag down. The lunch hour was usually more exhausting because of the sun. She frowned hearing a car outside and stood by the door staring at Agang’s car.

He stepped out and walked towards her. “Hey, you look exhausted.”

She smiled. “I am.”

“I moved in.”

“That’s good. At least now you can settle.”

“Yah, can we go for a short drive.”

“Agang I don’t think-“

“Come.”

She reluctantly locked the door then followed him to his car.

“I didn’t know Miguel was into you.” He said as soon as she closed her door.

She silently looked at him words failing her.

“Had I known I would have made my move quicker.”

She sighed. “I am sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry about. I know how Miguel is, doesn’t take no for an answer.”

She looked down on her hands fiddling with them.

“I understand babe. You don’t have to make a decision right now.”

Agang pulled her chin up and leaned over. Anaya froze as he got closer to her till she could breathe in his breath.

Her phone rang making her snap out of it. She quickly took it out of her pocket.

“Hello?”

“Hi, am I speaking to Naya Shato Caters?”

Anaya put her hand over her chest to calm her frantically beating heart. “Yes mam, how can I be at your services?”

“My brother suggested you to me, he said you cook great food. I need your services for my wedding, is it ok if we meet up tomorrow and discuss?”

“Yes, tell me the time and place.”

“Ok, I will send you a whatsApp message.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and looked at Agang. “Look, I am not going to be jumping between brothers. I don’t know what’s going on between Miguel and I but what I know is that I am not going to do this to him. You shouldn’t either, after all, he is your blood. I won’t be the reason why you fight. It’s sad to actually know that this is how you think of me.” She opened the door and stepped out. “I am glad that we have cleared this. Bye.”

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#16

Rachel looked at the court papers sitting inside her office and sighed. Somehow she had been praying that Prince's wife lets it go. She had slept with her husband but unknowingly. Had she known he was married she would have never looked at him. She didn't want to be the woman who was the reason another woman slept in tears. She had watched her mother cry so she knew how it felt.

She put the court papers wondering where she would get P50K. She already had a bank loan she was still paying for. Her phone vibrated and she answered.

"Hi,"

"Hello, you are speaking to Leano Sebele, I hope you

have received the court papers, I am Mrs. Davidson's lawyer. We are willing to settle this out of court."

Rachel closed her eyes. "I don't have this kind of money. I took a bank loan which I am still paying for. When I met Prince he never told me he was married, matter of fact, I didn't know he was married till his wife came to my house."

"I am sorry I can't help you, we will meet in court I guess."

Rachel took a deep breath, she didn't even know what she was going to, the last thing she wanted was to see her face in the newspapers and social media platforms labeled as a home wrecker.

"Hey, I am going, want a lift?" Sadi asked passing by her office.

Rachel stood up. "Yes but can you just drop me by the mall, I want to buy something."

"That's ok."

They both walked out. "How are you? You have been awfully quiet these last days."

Sadi worked at the HR department while Rachel was just a graphic design. They had bonded after finding out that they stay two streets away from each other.

“It’s nothing. Just one of those times you know.”

Sadi smiled unlocking her car. “I know.”

They got in and Sadi drove off headed to the mall.

“How is your friend, I haven’t seen her in a while.”

“You mean Lone? She is there. It has been hectic at the bank.”

“I get it. I have to hurry home, it’s my husband’s birthday and we are throwing him a surprise party.”

“You are married?”

Sadi laughed. “Yes, I don’t like wearing my ring.”

Rachel frowned. “What? Why? The day I get married they will know me.”

Sadi laughed. “I don’t think a ring means anything, it’s just a ring. I know I am married and that I love my husband, I don’t need a ring to prove that fact. A lot of people actually don’t know I am married.”

“And what does your husband think?”

“Well at first it hurt him but he has grown to understand. The fact that I love him is enough, a ring is just for show off at the end of the day.”

“Wow, I can never be you.”

Sadi chuckled pulling up by the mall. “I will see you tomorrow Rachel. And please, try getting some sleep.”

Rachel smiled and stepped out of the car. She walked towards Spar supermarket and walked around the shop throwing a few things in the basket before going to the till. She paid and walked out heading to the bus stop.

“Hey, you dropped something.” A male voice said from behind her that she turned and looked.

“What?”

He held out her identity card. “It fell in the shop when you took out your credit card.”

“Oh my God! Thank you so much.” She thankfully took it. “Thank you. I don’t know what I was going to

do.”

“I guess it’s a good thing people like me exist.”

Rachel smiled. “I don’t know what I was going to do. Thank you”

“I am Kenneth, it’s nice meeting you Rachel. Now I am beginning to think something is wrong with the camera’s they use because I swear no one would ever believe that the girl on that identity card is you.”

Rachel laughed. “I am so embarrassed of this picture, it’s so ugly.”

Kenneth laughed. “I am glad you see it. I wouldn’t want you to feel as if I am bullying you.”

“I know, that’s why I never take it out unless it’s important that I do so.”

“I understand your struggle. Where are you headed?”

“To the bus stop.”

“Where do you stay?”

“Block 6.”

“I can drop you off.”

She shook her head staring at his bare fingers. “No thank you, and thank you once again for this.” She raised her identity card.

“Rachel that’s not how you treat good Samaritans, we are the closest people to Jesus Himself.”

Rachel chuckled. “I don’t want drama, I recently found out that my boyfriend is married and right now I am being sued. I don’t like repeating mistakes.”

Kenneth laughed. “So all along you didn’t know he was married?”

Rachel shook her head. “No. I guess he was smart.”

“Yeah, but lucky you I am not married. But I do want to get married.”

“I don’t trust you.”

Kenneth smiled then gave her his phone. “Go through it and tell me when you find something that implies I am a married man.”

“Kenneth take your phone and let me go.”

He turned and began walking to the parking lot where his car was parked. Rachel stood still

watching him continue walking away. She walked after him after glancing at her watch, it was getting late.

“Kenneth.”

He unlocked his car from a distance ignoring her. When he finally approached his car, he got in and closed the door. Rachel walked up to his window and softly knocked but rather he started the engine.

She walked round to the passenger door and stepped inside. “Please take your phone.”

He smiled then reversed from the parking lot.

“Where in block 6 do you stay?”

Anaya dished for her siblings later in the evening then handed them the plates.

“Eat.”

Lethabo broodingly took his plate and began eating.

“Lethabo I am not going to talk to you about this again, today is the last day I hear that you were fighting. Do you hear me? You did so well at school, you shouldn’t be fighting ok?”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“Good.”

Car lights brightened the house, these days she was getting more visits than ever. She stood up and slightly opened the curtain.

“Is it uncle Miguel?”

Anaya looked at him then sighed. “Yes.”

She walked towards the door and unlocked it together with burglar bars as he stepped out of his car with two plastics.

“Hey,” he kissed her cheek.

She looked at the plastics. “You didn’t have to. We have food.”

“I know. Are you going to let me in?”

She smiled moving from the door letting him walk in.

She closed the door behind and watched Ayana give him a metal chair, the only chair they had. He sat down as Anaya took the plastics from him before dishing up. She was glad she had left some food behind that the kids were going to eat in the morning. She took a dish and jug.

“Wash your hands.”

He looked in her eyes washing his hands.

“What?”

“I don’t remember the last time I got this kind of treatment.”

She handed him a clean dish towel to dry his hands.

“You are insane.”

He smiled drying his hands. She handed him his plate after getting the dishtowel back. The mood in the house had already changed. The kids seemed to get more talkative when he was around. She could see from their eyes that he made them happy. Just his presence was enough.

“I didn’t want to hit him but he hit me first after

stealing my pencil so I punched him that he bled.”

“I know how bullies are. I am not saying you should fight but trust me, after this no one will ever tease you.”

Lethabo smiled. “He was crying. The teacher beat both of us though.”

“Because she doesn’t want you to become a bully like him. For now, just lay low. Plus girls don’t like violent boys.”

Ayana laughed. “There is this boy at school who beats the entire schools, we are all scared of him.”

“You see champ? You don’t want to be that kind of person. Did you nail that exam Ayana?”

“Yes. I am sure I got 100%. I want to be smart like Anaya.”

Miguel looked at her. “What did you study?”

“Accounting.”

He frowned. “Are you serious?”

“Yah, guys, we don’t talk with our hands, let’s eat.”

“Me too. I want to be a pilot!” Lethabo chipped in.

Miguel smiled. “That’s good, why?”

“Because I want to be up in the sky. I will also take Anaya to Hawaii. She said she wants to go to Hawaii one day.”

They continued chatting whilst eating though Anaya felt Miguel’s eyes on her most of the time. When they were done, Anaya collected all the plates as Anaya walked Miguel out. He opened the door to his car and she got in.

“You didn’t tell me you are an accountant.” He said as soon as he got in his car.

Anaya shrugged. “You never asked.”

“I can give you a job.”

She shook her head. “No. I want a job but not like this. I want to get a job because I deserve it not because you pulled in for favors and either way, I wouldn’t feel comfortable working with you. Not that there is anything wrong with that but that’s not how you run a business. Pleasure needs to be kept away

from business, they don't mix."

He smiled. "No wonder you are smart."

She laughed. "I was born smart."

"How is your mother?"

"She is fine. I called her doctor in the morning. He said soon enough he will be releasing her as she takes the pills but she will go back for the radiotherapy."

"I am sure she is proud of the woman she gave birth to."

Anaya shook her head. "I wouldn't be if I were her."

"Why? We all have done things we never thought we would do all because of the circumstances we found ourselves in."

"Ayana said she doesn't want a prostitute of a sister. I know she was just saying but every night, it haunts me."

"Anaya you shouldn't let this affect you."

"People will always know me for being a prostitute."

“Come here.”

He pulled her for a hug.

“People will always talk because that’s what people do best. I am here now.”

He loosened his hold on her and kissed her gently, the way she had kissed him. When he pulled away she blushed.

“You are beautiful.”

She tucked her braids behind her ear. “Thanks.”

“What are you looking for in a man?”

She leaned back on her seat and looked at the house.

“I...” She sighed and glanced at him. “I have always wanted a faithful man. A man who is smart and thoughtful. A man who is able to put my feelings before his, a mature and considerate man. A loyal man who doesn’t expect me to change who I am.”

“What’s your breaking point in a relationship?”

“Cheating. I will leave faster than how you can spell the word ‘leave’ incorrectly for two marks. And also lies. I believe in transparency.”

“I am looking for a maturity in a woman too, a woman who can make her own decisions without being influenced by anyone. A woman who can make independent decisions. Someone who has values, a forgiving woman who is also loyal and faithful. Nna babe I am too old to be playing games, I want someone who is serious. Someone who is understanding.”

“Your brother came by today.”

He frowned. “What did he want?”

“He wanted to tell me that he likes me and he tried to kiss me. I told him I am not that kind of girl, I may make mistakes in life but there is no way I am going to jump from brother to brother. I am not telling you this so that you can go fight your brother, I am not going to be reason why you don’t get along with him. I am telling you because I believe in transparency and also believe that you are going to handle this in a mature way.”

“Do you know you are sexy when you get all serious?”

She smirked his shoulder playfully. "You are starting."

He pulled her for a hot kiss that left her panties soaking. "Nna mma kea go rata."

She blushed looking into the eyes that once displayed nothing but coldness but now just softness. She loved his smile or the way he laughed. Or even the way he spoke to her. It was too soon to be feeling what she was feeling but she couldn't help it.

"Do you hear me? Miguel wa go rata."

"Go, it's getting late."

"What am I supposed to do this now?" They both looked at his boner.

"Your hand can function properly. I feel nauseas, it's the effects of the emergency pill."

"Tomorrow we will get you on contraceptives."

"Ok." She opened the door but he grabbed her hand.

"I am serious, I love you."

She smiled and jumped out of the car. "Go, Anaya loves you too."

She walked to the door as he started the car. The bright lights made her narrow her eyes. He slowly drove out of the gate then drove off.

"I miss him already." Lethabo whispered as they both watched his tail lights disappear.

"I know, me too."

Lone scrolled through Anaya's facebook page. She had to admit it, the girl's make up was on point. She went to Anaya's personal account hoping to find something but everything was privatized. Her phone rang and she answered.

"Rachel,"

"Hey, I got served with court papers today. Prince's wife is suing me."

“How much does she want?”

“50K.”

“At least it’s not 100K. I heard some woman charge till 100K.”

“I don’t know what I am going to do. Maybe I should take another loan. Or maybe sale the caravan.”

“The one your mother left?”

“Yes. It’s still in good shape.”

“At this moment you should rejoice you are the only child your mother had, you don’t need anyone’s permission to sell it.”

“Yeah but I wanted to sell it so I can buy a car but I guess that’s going to have to wait.”

“I know, maybe you should negotiate that you settle out of court.”

“That’s what I was thinking, the wife’s lawyer called when I knocked off. I will call her back. Now I just need a buyer.”

“I will help you look. Agang came by last night.”

“Agang? Miguel’s brother?”

Lone stood up and walked to the kitchen. “Yes. Apparently Miguel is sleeping with the girl he wanted.”

“What?”

“Yah, she chose the rich brother instead.”

“She sounds like a gold digger.”

“Because she is.”

“So what did Agang want from you?”

“He said he wanted me to tell her that she should stay away from my man in a scary way but then I figured that would make me look like a bitter ex. So I told Agang that in a few months time, Miguel will come back to me. I won’t even force him because we are going to be a family.”

“Yah, there is knock on the door. We will talk.”

“It better not be that good for nothing bastard.”

“I doubt.”

Lone poured herself water and drank with her hand

on her flat tummy. She couldn't wait to have her man where he belonged.

Rachel stood by the door staring at him.

"Couldn't you wait to be invited?"

Kenneth smiled. "I was patient for two hours. I brought popcorn and a movie."

Rachel laughed rolling her eyes then walked inside with him behind her.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#17

Anaya walked out of the house with a monkey smile on her face. She held her handbag tightly as she stepped out of the gate. She walked down the road taking out her phone from her handbag. A car horned from behind making Anaya turn.

“Hi, can I give you a lift?”

Anaya looked at the man and shook her head. “No, I am fine thank you.”

He smiled. “I am harmless.”

“I am fine.”

“You are too beautiful to be walking. I am Andrew by the way.”

“Anaya.” She said still walking. She texted Theodora alerting her that she was on her way to the small restaurant they were going to meet at.

“Ok, I guess I will see you around.” Andrew said with a sly smile. Anaya just nodded and watched drive off.

Theodora waved at Anaya as soon as she got inside the restaurant. Anaya took a deep breath sitting opposite Theodora who looked classy as usual.

“How did the meeting go?”

Anaya smiled. “I got it. The wedding is two weeks away so I am going to make sample dishes of she wants during the weekend and let her taste.”

“You make hustling sound so easy.

Anaya laughed. “No I don’t. It’s actually hard but it’s all about determination”

“You are the kind of person I want to hang out with, a person who motivate me. I have always wanted to sell perfumes but I have always felt discouraged.”

“Why?”

“I always think it wouldn’t work out.”

“In business, you shouldn’t have such an attitude, if you want things to work out then you have think positively. I always work hard because I need the money more than anything. If you really need the

money, you will get rid of that attitude. I finished school at 22 and today I am 24, no job of my qualification but pushing my hustle making money because I really need it.”

“You are right.”

“Every time I look at you I wish to one day be dressing like you.”

Theodora laughed. “Don’t be tempted. Most of the people you see wearing formal earn peanuts, just like me, who knew at 24 I would be earning less than 3k?”

Anaya’s phone rang and she quickly answered.

“Miguel.”

“Where are you?”

“I am with a friend at some restaurant. From here I am going home.”

“Which restaurant are you in? I will come and collect you. I am already leaving the office with lunch.”

She told him then hung up. “I am sorry our lunch is going to get disrupted.”

Theodora laughed. “It’s ok, I think it’s a good thing that I have befriended the boss’s girlfriend. Who knows, I might get a bonus.”

“You work at his hotel?”

“Yes though I wish I worked at Mokwena Logistics. Why can’t you ask for a job?”

“I guess because I love getting jobs fair and square.”

They both walked out. In minutes, the Range Rover stopped in front of them as they chatted. Theodora hugged Anaya before she walked away.

“I want us to pass by somewhere.”

“Ok.”

Anaya put on her seatbelt as Miguel drove. His phone rang and he ignored it while Anaya stared at the unsaved number.

“Why are you not answering?”

“I don’t answer unknown numbers, most of the people who call are either looking for jobs or some sort of motivation, sometimes they are asking for money. I have everyone’s number saved, if I don’t

have yours it means I don't know you and you will have to call the company or something."

"What if it's your mom or someone you care about? What if it's an emergency?"

"I am sure I am not the only person saved in my mother's phone. She will call someone who will alert me if it's really that important. Baby, I run a big business and people know that. I have to avoid opportunists at all cost."

"Ok, I hear you."

"What did you do today?" He asked with one hand on her thigh. "You look beautiful. I am sure you didn't just dress up to meet a friend."

"No. I went to meet my first Naya Shato Caters customer."

"You want to start a catering company?"

"I already started it. The company is already registered."

"I have come to a conclusion that you love money."

Anaya giggled. "At first all I cared about was that my

siblings were eating and that I could pay my mother's hospital bills but now I just want to make money, extend the house, buy myself a car and just maybe, open a small restaurant."

"I like your spirit, we all started there."

A song played on the radio and Anaya smiled increasing the volume. "I love this song."

She sang along to Carrie Underwood- the champion while Miguel stared with a smile.

"Your voice is horrible. I never knew people with smooth voices can be such horrible singers."

Anaya laughed. "My voice doesn't matter, what matters is the message behind the song. This song and Sia unstoppable are my favorite. "

"You almost broke my windows with your voice though I am still not sure if you were singing or talking."

Anaya laughed harder. "I am not talking to you anymore."

He parked the car in front of some house then

stepped out taking off his checkered jacket remaining with the waist coat. "I am coming."

She watched as he took a glance at his watch approaching the gate which was already opening. He had a sexy kind of walk and she wondered how many women drooled over him. She took his jacket in her hands and inhaled his intoxicating scent. She just couldn't believe that out of all women he could have gone for, he had chosen her. She put her hands in the pocket, there was nothing expect from a pen and pocket handkerchief. Minutes later he was walking back to the car.

"What do you want to eat?"

"Anything is fine."

Agang tried Anaya's number as he stopped his car by the red traffic light. It rang unanswered. He couldn't help it but think that she was with him. All

thoughts of what she could probably be doing with him made it hard for him to breathe. He couldn't understand how he could feel so strongly about someone who he had just met a few days ago. He called her again and this time she answered.

"Agang," she said softly making his heart skip.

He cleared his throat. "Hey, I wanted to talk to you."

"Ok."

"I am sorry about what happened. I want you to know that I would never think lowly of you."

"It's ok, it's all forgotten."

He swallowed a big lump on his throat. "Thank you. I really love you and it's hard for me to--"

He heard Miguel in the background though couldn't really hear what he was saying.

"Agang, I have to go. Bye." She hung up and covered his face as tears filled his eyes. He couldn't even believe he was crying for her yet they were never in a relationship.

"Fuck Agang! Get it together."

He looked up then at the car by his side. The red light changed and the car surged forward. Agang stepped on the accelerator and followed after it till it stopped in front of a lodge. Ian stepped out with some girl while Agang followed after them. He grabbed Ian's hand turning him then swung a fist that had Ian losing balance and falling to the pavement. The girl screamed putting her hand over her mouth.

"You are fucking cheating on my sister?"

"No wait, let me explain Agang."

Agang sat on him and punched him harder relentlessly. Ian's nose bled as he tried to push Agang off. "You piece of shit!"

Some man intervened and using all his strength managed to push Agang off. "He is bleeding, let him go."

Agang kicked Ian who covered his face protectively. "After everything she's done for you including quitting her job, this is how you repay her? I am going to fuck you up."

He looked at the girl who stepped back obviously terrified. He clicked his tongue and got in his car driving off.

Anaya dished the pizza in the plates while Miguel poured them juice.

“Your house is beautiful and clean.”

“I have a cleaning lady who comes every Tuesdays and Fridays.”

He sat next to her on the kitchen stools with their food on the kitchen island. His phone rang again and this time he answered. She slowly took a bite of her pizza as he spoke on the phone.

“Agang,”

“I just beat up Ian, I caught him with another woman.”

“What?”

“I doubt he’s going to press charges.”

“He wouldn’t think of it. I have known that he was nothing but a piece of shit. I hope you took off his teeth.”

“He was bleeding, I left.”

“It’s ok. I will tell papa then we take it from there but he better hope we don’t meet.”

“Ok bye.”

Miguel put his phone down seeming angry.

“Who is Ian?”

He turned looking at her. “I could hear the entire conversation. Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, don’t worry, eat your food.”

“Miguel what’s going on? Tell me.”

“Anaya can you just drop it?” He snapped.

She nodded then stood up. “I think I have to go.”

He sighed. “I am sorry.”

She grabbed her handbag and walked out.

“So are you going to leave every time we have a disagreement?”

“No but I will leave when you talk to me like that.”

He pulled her by her waist. “I am sorry. It’s Colleen’s husband.”

“We are all frustrated but that doesn’t give you the right to take it out on me, I don’t like it.”

“I am sorry. It won’t happen again.”

He leaned over and kissed her already opening her zipper. He pushed her dress down till it was on the floor. Anaya stepped back catching her breath.

“Miguel you are agitated, wait...”

He pulled her closer unclipping her bra and taking it off her. He cupped her breasts kissing her roughly. Anaya put her hands on his chest as he squeezed her breasts.

He picked her up and walked to the kitchen where he put her over the kitchen island. Anaya took off his tie then unbuttoned the first three buttons of shirt while he unzipped his pants. She caressed his bare sexy

chest feeling her panties.

He took his dick then pulled her to the edge pushing her panties aside. Anaya screamed into his shoulder as he pushed roughly into her.

Meanwhile Agang drove inside the open gate and parked behind his brother's car. He held his blood stained t-shirt stepping out. He reached for the door then heard loud moans and groans. He gently opened the door slightly peeping through the small space. His heart broke as he watched his brother thrust into Anaya who was moaning softly with each thrust. Miguel took Anaya's leg and put over his shoulder and pounded into her more.

Agang turned around and quickly walked to his car. He drove off trying so hard to keep it together. With tears in his eyes, he drove in the wrong lane. An oncoming car suddenly appeared and he swayed the car to the rightful lane missing the oncoming car

with just few inches. The black golf spun in the road with its tires screeching. It finally stopped facing the opposite direction he was driving from. The owner of the car he had missed had parked feet from him. She stepped out then ran towards him in her long heels and white coat.

“Are you ok?” She asked knocking on his window. He groaned unable to move his painful neck. The lady opened the door and freed him from the seatbelt.

“Hi, are you ok?”

“My neck...” He said with a croaked voice.

“Just relax, I think you have strained your neck. Does it hurt somewhere else?”

“No.”

“Ok. I am going to take you to the hospital. Come.” She helped him out her car then led him to hers.

“Be careful,” she cautioned as he got inside the car.

“I will park your car by that driving school. I am coming.”

She walked towards his car and drove it to the open

ground where there was a driving school. When she finally came back, she sped off to the nearest clinic.

“What’s your name?”

“Agang.”

She nodded parking her car. “I am Olerato, I will wait while the doctor attends to you but I doubt you are that hurt.”

They walked inside the clinic and she explained to the nurse who then led him to where the doctor was.

Olerato sat in the waiting area already dialing her sister’s number.

“Where are you? I have been waiting.”

“I am sorry, I almost had a head on accident, I am at the clinic right now.”

“Are you hurt?” The sister asked panicking.

“No. But the person from other car is. He was driving on the wrong lane.”

“You mean he is the one who was wrong?”

“Yes.”

“What are you doing at the clinic then?”

“I just can’t leave him.”

“Yes you can. He is a stranger who was probably drunk. What if you had an accident?”

“Boitumelo, I am fine.”

“Come now. I miss you, I am so glad you got transferred to Gaborone.”

“So am I. I am on my way now.”

“Ok.”

She took out a piece of paper in her handbag and scribbled down a message which she gave to the nurse at the reception.

“Please give him this when he comes out, thanks.”

“Your neck just suffered a tiny sprain so I am not going to give you a neck collar. You will be fine. I am going to give you some painkillers. From here just go home and rest.” The doctor told Agang.

“Ok. Thanks.”

He walked out of the office to the waiting area but she was already gone.

“Hey, the lady I came with... where did she go?” He asked the nurse on the reception.

“She left but gave me this.”

He took the note and walked out. He read the note and chuckled avoiding moving his head.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#18

“A caravan big like yours is very expensive. You need to find the rightful person to buy it, especially those people who travel a lot.” Kenneth said staring at Rachel.

“It can cost over 50K?”

“Yes.”

“Thank God, I want to settle the issue out of court.”

“I think that will be good for you. How did you even date this guy if he was abusing you?”

“It was more of fear than anything else.”

“You should have reported him.”

“I should have. So what’s your story?”

Kenneth laughed. “I have no story.”

“Trust me you have, everyone has.”

“I just broke up with my... I don’t know if it will be

appropriate to say girlfriend because we were just fucking. I caught feelings but the feeling wasn't mutual so I walked away."

"You were alone in the relationship?"

"Yes. I am just glad I managed to walk away with my pride."

"What if she comes back and says she wants to start all over again? What will you do?"

"I am not going to go back because I am already moving on."

Rachel smiled then stepped out of his car. "Thanks for dropping me home."

"I will call you later."

"Ok."

He drove off while she walked inside her gate. She exhaustedly threw herself on her couch as soon as she walked in. She almost screamed at the knock on the door but still forced herself up.

"Hi," She said to her neighbor who of course had no t-shirt exposing his flabby tummy.

“Hi, I am asking for a condom.”

Rachel chuckled then walked back inside the house. She came back with four and gave them to him.

“Thank you.” He said and walked away.

Colleen stared at the laptop as a YouTube cooking tutorial played. She looked at the YouTuber’s dough then her dough.

“Too thin.” She muttered adding more flour to it. She mixed it with her hand like it was being done on the video. A while later she was putting it in the oven. She timed her oven then washed her hands before sitting scrolling on her phone. She had the urge to call Anaya but then she didn’t want to get involved in her brother’s fights. She finally called her and took a deep breath waiting for her to answer the phone.

“Hello?”

“Hi Anaya, it’s Colleen.”

“Oh, hey.”

“How are you?”

“I am fine, yourself? How is the baby?”

“I am fine and the baby is growing.”

She heard someone talking in the background and figured it was her siblings. “Sorry about that.”

“It’s ok. I heard about you and Miguel.”

“It just happened.”

Colleen shook her head. “There is nothing like that Anaya. I thought you were going to date Agang.”

“I looked at Agang as a friend.”

“Or you just went to the better richer brother.”

“That’s not true.” Anaya responded offended.

“How are we supposed to know that?”

“I respect you so I am going to hang up and pretend you never called.”

“Miguel loves Lone Anaya. I am just trying to help you here. They always fight but they always find their

way back to each other. I don't want you crying at a later stage."

"Thank you for caring and thank you for calling. Bye."
She dropped the call and Colleen looked at the phone in frustration. The door opened and she walked out of the kitchen but only to be met by a swollen face, cut lip Ian. He looked well butchered.

"What happened?"

"I almost got mugged. They tried to steal my phone and wallet but I fought them."

Her heart skipped as she led him to their bedroom. "I am sorry, next time don't fight them. What if they killed you?"

"I am fine."

"No you are not."

He sat down on the bed. She helped undress.

"I am really sorry for what happened." She smiled.

"You are really brave."

"Thank you baby."

The baby moved and she took his hand and put it on her belly. "Feel that?"

"Wow! Does it hurt?"

She shook her head laughing. "No. It doesn't."

Tears filled his eyes. "I love you Colleen."

She kissed his cut lips gently. "I love you too. I am cooking pizza."

He smiled ignoring the pain. "Ok, I have a headache. I am going to just lie down for a bit."

"Ok."

Colleen stood up and walked back to the kitchen. She waited for a little while then took out her supposedly pizza. She looked at the video following instructions. An hour late she was dishing her pizza. She took both plates to the bedroom where Ian was sleeping. She put the plates down to wake him up but his phone flashed. She took it and unlocked it and frowned opening a message from his ex girlfriend.

"Ian!" She shook him boiling with anger.

“Are you already done?” He asked waking up.

“Why do you still talk to your ex?”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

Ian looked at his phone in her hands then sighed.

“She texted me, I was just being polite. It’s nothing trust me.”

“It definitely is something because I thought you had deleted her number. Was she the one you slept with on your bachelor party?”

Ian got off bed. “Colleen, are we still on that?”

“I know you slept with someone that night, I could smell her all over you. Was she the one?”

“I am not cheating on you.”

“Then what does this message mean?” She read it out. “I am sorry for what happened earlier, I hope you are fine.”

“The truth is that she asked we could meet and talk.”

Colleen’s heart shattered as she looked at him with

trembling lips.

“I only went because I just wanted to clear the air. Now I see it was wrong, I shouldn’t have done it. I am sorry. We talked and I told her to never text me again. She is actually engaged to be married too. She then asked me to drop her off at the lodge she is currently staying with her fiancé because they don’t stay here. When I got there, Agang saw me and thought I was sleeping with her. He attacked me.”

“You are lying! You are sleeping with her, I know you lan.”

“I am not, why would I if I have you and the baby to focus on.”

She closed her eyes crying. “I knew you were going to go back to her. Why am I not surprised.”

“Colleen, I would never hurt you like this.”

“You just did.” She threw the phone at him. “Not a year into our marriage and you are already cheating?”

“Babe listen...”

“I am not listening to your lies. I wonder why I am surprised.” She walked trying to hold it in but as soon as she got in the kitchen she broke down crying.

Pule and Miguel walked inside Agang’s house holding six packs of beer.

“How is your neck?” Miguel asked Agang who was sitting on the couch.

“I feel better. I drank the painkillers and I can move but only slowly.”

Pule laughed. “I can’t imagine being in your position right now. The game is starting.”

Miguel sat beside Agang. “Are you sure you are good?”

“Yeah I am fine. I hope this doesn’t make the boss think otherwise of me. I’ve only started.”

“I am sure he won’t.” Miguel opened a can of beer and handed it to him.

“The game has started.” Pule said sitting down.

“I am right on time!” Kenneth walked in holding an opened bottle of Hennessy.

“Don’t shout too much, Agang is not supposed to move his neck.” Pule teased laughing before answering his ringing phone walking out.

When he came back, he gulped down his beer.

“What’s going on with you?”

“I can’t get a break. Sarona is on my case. She is always calling accusing me.”

“She has every right to be worried. Imagine being so far away dealing with a baby.” Kenneth pointed out.

“I am also frustrated, I miss her too but I am not accusing her of sleeping around.”

“Because you know she is not, she has stitches so obviously she can’t be cheating but as for you...”

Pule looked at Miguel. “I am not cheating, I am just

taking care of my needs.”

“I agree with Pule on this one. If your girl can’t take care of your needs, you find her help.” Agang said laughing.

“I don’t believe in cheating. If she can’t cater for my needs because of something she can’t control then I will be patient with her.”

“I have to agree with Kenny.”

“BK you are not the one to talk. How many times did you cheat on Lone? You even slept with your PA.”

“We are not talking about me.”

Pule laughed. “I love Sarona, no doubt about that and I respect her because she is my wife but at the moment, I have found her help.”

“If you respected her enough then you wouldn’t cheat. I don’t cheat and neither can I be with a woman who can cheat.”

“I knew it! You are banging a married woman Kenneth, BK, I told you.”

“No I am not. She was not married but just indecisive.

Right now I just met someone and she is way better than the indecisive one.”

“BK, why are you quiet?”

“Pule I am trying to watch the game.”

“Who was that girl you brought with to the event?”

“I have been meaning to ask to, she is a real beauty.”

Pule whistled. “That girl is pretty.”

“It’s still new. I don’t want to jinx it yet.”

“Liar, you have always been secretive, I want to meet her.”

They continued chatting whilst watching the game.

Anaya carried her stock to school the following day in the morning with the help of Ayana and Lethabo.

“Why didn’t uncle Miguel come yesterday?”

Anaya looked at Lethabo. “Because he was busy.”

“Is he going to come today?”

“I don’t know Lethabo.”

He nodded then continued on walking.

“Do you think he likes us?”

Anaya frowned at the question. “Yes, I think he likes us but he can’t always be there. He has to go to work and also be with his friends and family.”

“But we are his friends too.”

“We are but he also has other friends Lethabo.”

Ayana explained. “Like how you don’t play with Thato everyday because he is in another class.”

“Ohhh but I always say hi to Thato everyday.”

Anaya sighed realizing it wasn’t only her who was getting attached, her siblings were too. Her phone rang and she took it out quickly.

“Hello?”

“Hi Anaya, it’s Dr. Maje.”

Her heart skipped. “Is everything ok?”

“Yes. I am releasing your mom today.”

Anaya closed her eyes as relief washed all over her.

“Really?”

“Yes. I think she will be fine at home.”

“Ok, thank you so much.”

“I will give you her diet. You do know that she will have to come back for check ups right?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, I will see you.”

He hung up as Anaya fought the edge to jump up and down.

“Mama is coming home today.”

“Yes!” Ayana screamed.

“I am going to show mama all my tests.”

With excitement, Anaya set up and quickly started serving her awaiting customers. She worked fast, multitasking.

“Anaya if you stopped coming I will die.” A female

secondary school teacher sad as Anaya served her.

She laughed. "Don't worry, that's not going to happen anytime soon."

"Don't."

Anaya looked at her chipped nails. "No Mrs. O, those nails no."

The teacher looked at her chipped nails and laughed. "I am from confinement Anaya, don't laugh at me."

"I am not even laughing, I am feeling sad." She said looking at her plain face and bushy eyebrows. "You need a makeover. I will do your nails, shape your eyebrows and tint them if you want today after school. Tomorrow morning I will come and do your makeup before you go to work. Let them be wowed."

Mrs. O laughed. "And how much will that be?"

"Beauty is costly Mrs. O."

"Ok, I guess you are right and Peggy's dad is coming back tomorrow. I heard you do really good makeup. I will have to look really amazing tomorrow. You know I never have time because of the baby."

“Don’t worry, Anaya is here for your rescue.”

“I can see what you are doing Anaya.” She said laughing.

“It’s called hustling.”

Anaya’s phone vibrated as she attended to another customer.

“Hello?”

“Hi, am I speaking to Anaya?”

“Yes mam how can I help you?”

“Yes, I want to do my makeup before I fly out today and also do my nails, can you come to my house?”

“Yes, what time?”

“In two hours.”

“Ok, I will be there. You can send the directions and address.”

“Ok.”

She put her phone away and continued working. In an hour’s time, she was already walking back home

with nothing. Everything had sold out, including the sweets. At her house, she changed and walked out with her makeup bag and Artificial nail bag just as Miguel parked in front of her gate.

She walked out of the gate while he stepped out in his suit.

“You have a client?”

“Yes.”

He kissed her then took her bags and put them at the backseat. “Mama is getting discharged today.” She told him as he started driving.

“I can borrow you the car, I doubt combis will be comfortable for her.”

She looked at him in horror. “What? No!”

“Why not?”

“Miguel that’s just not right. And besides, I don’t have a license.”

“You need to get a license. You can’t be this bright and don’t know how to drive yourself. I can’t always be driving you.”

“That’s why there are combis and taxis.”

“You won’t struggle whilst I have a car. You are going to have to get a license. Where are you going?”

In minutes, he was parked in front of the gate. Anaya got off getting her bags from the backseat. She walked to his open window.

“ I will be busy today, I have a client later on so don’t bother with lunch.”

He kissed through the car’s window. “It’s ok, here, for lunch.” He pulled money from his wallet.

“P100? No, that’s too much for lunch.”

“Take it, you are mine now and I can spoil you if I want unless you are fine.”

Anaya quickly took the money. “Thank you, I am going to use this money to do my hair. Bye!”

She walked away as he called her. She waved and rang the gate bell. Seconds later she walked inside as Miguel drove away.

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#19

Lone and Rachel walked inside the French restaurant during lunch hour talking. A waiter approached them and led them to an empty table where they sat down and ordered their meals.

“I think I am pregnant, I have been feeling funny lately.”

Rachel frowned. “Already?”

“Yes, I know my body. I can’t wait till I am showing.”

“Are you excited about the baby or getting Miguel back?”

“Both actually. I wonder what kind of mother I am going to be.”

The waiter brought their food and Rachel took her glass of juice and sipped with the stroll. "I know what kind of Aunt I am going to be. A cool one."

They laughed.

"I met this guy Lone, I know I said I am going to take a break from the relationships but this guy is everything I have ever wanted in a man. He is serious and strict too. He likes straight things but at the same time he is funny. And he is not married neither does he have a child."

"I yes him."

Rachel giggled. "I have a good feeling about him."

"Do you have his picture?"

"Yes."

Rachel for her phone and scrolled for a while before handing it to Lone who took it curiously. She frowned. "What's his name?"

"Kenneth. He is hot right?"

Lone forced a smile on her face giving Rachel her phone back.

“Yeah, so how long have you been dating him?”

“We are not yet dating but it’s going to happen. I met him about two days ago.”

“I think you should hold off relationships, he looks like a player and I don’t want your heart broken.”

“I know but he is different. This guys keeps talking about settling down. He was based in UK for the past few years where he was married to some lady for citizenship through marriage though it was an open marriage. After years of being in a loveless open relationship, she met someone and they filed for divorce and that’s when he came back. He missed his family.”

“He sounds mysterious, I think you should just stay away from him, what if he only wants o use you?”

“He is mysterious and that’s what makes everything interesting. I understand your concern but I think he is planning to marry me Lone. I have finally found the one. God has answered my prayers.”

Lone forced a smile and sipped on her juice.

Anaya helped her mother out of the taxi which had parked inside their yard. He drove away as soon as she gave him his money. They walked slowly inside the house where she helped her mother sit on the bed.

“I don’t know why you keep stressing about me. I am fine.”

“Yes, I will make you something to eat and later when I finish up with my client I will go and buy the things the doctor said I should buy.”

“The house looks nice and clean.”

Anaya smiled as she started cooking on the gas stove.

“Staying in one room doesn’t mean it has to be untidy.”

“So who is he?”

Anaya looked at her mother. "Who is who?"

"Him. The one who makes you smile with your phone. I can see it in your eyes."

"Mama there is no one."

"I am old but I can see what's going on. I want to see him. Today."

Panicking Anaya responded quickly. "He will be at work."

"I thought you said there is no one."

She looked down shyly.

"I want to see him."

Her mother lay down and closed her eyes as Anaya continued cooking. A while later she handed her mother the plate and put on her shoes.

"I have a client. She wants some nails and to shape and tint her eyebrows. Anaya and Lethabo will be here soon. Call me when you need me."

"Ok."

She walked out closing the burglar bar then hurried

to the teacher's quarters. She answered her ringing phone as she stood in front Mrs. O's door.

"Kgotlang,"

"Hey, you haven't responded to my message."

"Kgotlang you are a nice guy but I think you and I can only be friends."

"Oh, ok. it's fine."

Mrs. O opened the door and Anaya hung up with a smile. "I am here."

Mrs. O smiled opening the door wider. "Come in child."

She looked around the house, nothing fancy but yet child friendly. The nanny greeted her taking the baby from Mrs. O.

"So what kind of nails do you think I should do?"

They both sat down while Anaya took her hand to check the condition of her nails.

"I think I will give you some short French tips. You can work with them."

“Ok.”

Anaya did her nails then shaped and tinted her eyebrows. She smiled after taking pictures. “You look beautiful, wait until I touch on that face tomorrow. They won’t recognize you.”

Mrs. O smiled looking at her nicely shaped and tinted eyebrows on the small mirror. “Thank you so my child.”

“You are welcome.”

She got paid and left.

She wondered what excuse to use to avoid inviting Miguel over but even as she walked, she couldn’t think of anything. She took out her phone and called him.

“Naya,”

“Hey, mama is at home and she wants to meet you.”

“Ok, I am going home to change then I will pass by.”

“Please don’t feel pressurized, I can tell her you are busy.”

“I am coming, I also want to meet my mother in-law and you know first impressions last longer.”

Anaya laughed. “Mother in-law?”

“Yes, I am coming. Should I bring anything? I can’t just come empty handed right?”

“No, don’t buy anything. Just bring-“

The call cut due insufficient credit. He called her back immediately.

“I am saying don’t bring anything.”

“Ok, I am going to recharge your phone just now.”

“You don’t have to.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She put the phone away as he hung up. Minutes later she was walking in her head, she found her mother sitting with Mmagwe Lesego.

“Good evening,” she greeted sitting on the door step next to her mother.

“Hi Anaya, your daughter has been scarce for the last few months.”

Anaya’s mother laughed softly. “She has been hustling a lot since she can’t find a job.”

“That’s good. Most of her age mates cry sitting at home not even wanting to start a small business to survive.”

“I am happy that Anaya is doing something while she wait, sitting doing nothing is exhausting.”

Anaya stood up and walked inside the empty house. She knew with her mother around, the kids were out there playing, they had nothing to worry about. She too had nothing to worry about, she felt the burden decrease on her shoulders with her mother back home. It was the effect her mother had on them, the motherly effect. Anaya took the list the doctor had given her and carefully read. She had to follow a certain diet, the doctor had been strict about that.

She took out her phone to check her bank balance online but it was off. She quickly connected it to the charger on the satellite battery and walked out. Her

mother was now alone enjoying the dusk.

“Mama I am going to buy a few things, I will be back.”

“Did you talk to him?”

“Yes and-“

She stopped talking staring at the Range Rover as it parked in front of the gate. Anaya’s heart skipped as he stepped out and opened the gate in his casual clothes. It was hard to know he was the owner of a big company and hotel in those clothes. He jumped back in his car and drove in and parked under the tree. He walked towards them holding a Game store plastic bag.

“Good evening mam,” he greeted her respectfully.

“Son, sit,” she pointed at the metal chair where Mmagwe Lesego had been sitting.

He sat down, he didn’t look nervous or scared, rather he was actually calm.

“I brought you some fruits, Anaya told me the doctor said you should eat health food.”

“Thank you so much son, Anaya don’t just stand there.”

Anaya took the plastic bag from him then walked back inside the house. When she came back, she found them talking.

“So what do you do for a living?”

“I run my own business.”

“Ok, as you can see my daughter is not from a rich background but she is smart. If you think because I am sick and you can get away with mistreating her, you are wrong. My brother is in the military, he will haunt you down and find you. I hope you heard me.”

“I heard you mam.”

“Good.”

She stood up and walked inside the house leaving Anaya with Miguel.

“I think she likes me.”

Anaya laughed. “Oh?”

“Yes.”

He looked around before standing up and kissing her briefly whispering. "I miss you."

"No, you like sex too much too much." She whispered back and he cracked up laughing.

"Why won't I? You are too sweet for me not to."

"I don't know what you are going to do because I have to go to the pharmacy then come back and cook."

"We can pass by my house, have a quickie, then go to the pharmacy, I will be very quick." He whispered squeezing her butt.

"Uncle Miguel!" Lethabo screamed running towards them. Anaya stepped back and watched them greet each other with their weird handshake.

"Champ!"

"You didn't come yesterday." Lethabo whispered loud enough for Anaya to hear.

"I know, but I am here now."

"I missed you."

“I missed you too champ.”

Lethabo hugged him tightly.

“I will make it up to you champ!”

“I thought you were not coming back.”

Miguel laughed. “I will always come back. I promise.”

They spoke for a few minutes till Lethabo was laughing.

“I will see you champ!”

“Ok, bye.”

Miguel knocked gently on the door. “Ma I am going, it was nice to meet you.”

Anaya’s mother walked out and smiled. “Goodbye my son.”

“Mama Miguel will drop me off by the mall so I can buy what the doctor said I should buy.”

“Ok.”

Anaya rushed inside the house and got her phone from the charger before walking out switching it on.

“See? I told you, she likes me.”

Anaya laughed getting inside the car. He drove out of the yard and joined the main road. Anaya silently watched him as he drove to his house. He drove inside his yard and closed the gate as they stepped out. Inside the house, Miguel threw his car keys on the couch and kissing Anaya already unbuttoning her jeans. She stepped back and sighed.

“Miguel I love you. I didn’t think I would love you in such a short period of time but I do. And you make me happy. You make my siblings happy. They have become attached to you. Please don’t hurt me, don’t hurt us.”

“I won’t, I love you too, and I love them. You need to trust me.”

Anaya smiled looking in his sincere eyes. Her phone vibrated from her back pocket and she took it out.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Anaya Shato, we are calling from C-SKY hotel, can you please come by for an interview tomorrow morning at eight.”

She frowned looking at Miguel who gave her an innocent look.

“Can I please get back to you?”

“You can either show up for the interview or not, it’s your choice. Have a good day.”

“Who was it?”

“Miguel what did I say? I know I am in need of a job but I don’t need you pulling in favors for me. It’s improper at every level and you know it. What happens the day you and I have a misunderstanding?”

“Anaya the only thing I am going to admit to is stealing your CV. I asked Ayana for it and had it submitted anonymously. The hotel has just extended, we have added a lot of things and when you extend it means we hire more workers because the load itself has increased. There are posts open, they are there even in the newspaper. We have put job applications to the public and I guess you didn’t see it because you are always busy. I did it because I care about you and the day you and I have a

disagreement, the contract will protect you. I didn't pull any favors for you, if you fail the interview then that's that. I don't mix business with pleasure and I am very strict about that."

She looked at him momentarily before she started jumping. "I am so excited! You know I have never been called for an interview. Oh God!" She hugged him tightly. "Thank you so much."

"You got this. You are smart."

Tears filled her eyes. "I can't believe this. I have an interview."

"This calls for a celebration." He said reaching for her jeans again. She slapped his hands away.

"I want to tell mama."

She sat down dialing her mother's number while her phone beeped because of battery low.

"Mama, I got called for an interview."

"God is great!"

"Mama I can't believe this. I have been praying for a while for a breakthrough and God has finally

answered my prayers.”

“Indeed, let me pray for you right now. Father I want to thank you for your love upon my family, for your blessings and your mercy. I put Anaya in your hands, tomorrow as she goes for her interview help her write the correct answers they need, help her secure the job, be there holding her hand through the interview. In the name of Jesus Christ Amen.”

“Amen. Bye.”

“Bye.”

She put her phone away and sighed. “I hope I get the job.”

“You need to do research on the company. I recharged your phone so you can buy internet and study tonight.”

“You are right.”

He sat beside her and kissed her picking her up from the couch. Anaya kissed him back as he walked to his bedroom where he lay her on the bed getting between her legs.

Anaya stepped out of the taxi taking out her small purse from her mother's vintage handbag.

"My sister they are going to hire you, you look too beautiful for them not to." The driver said as Anaya gave him the money.

"Thank you, I am so scared."

"You have nothing to be scared about. They are going to love you."

"Thanks."

She walked away feeling a little confident in her red high waist flared skirt that reached just above her knees with invented pleats. Her mother had worked overnight sewing it. She fixed her mother's red formal jacket as she approached the glass front doors. They automatically opened and she walked in, her heels echoing on the glossy white tiles. She walked to the reception and smiled.

“Good morning, I am here for an interview. I am Anaya Shato.” She told the receptionist who was busy scribbling something down on a sticky note.

“Good morning Anaya-“ She paused and raised her head. Theodora’s face broke into a big smile. “Oh my! You are here.”

Anaya smiled surprised. “Yah.”

“I wanted to tell you to apply but then I thought maybe you didn’t want work here because of... but I am happy to see you. Everyone who is being interviewed is on the fourth floor. You will find people who are also waiting for their interviews.” Theodora said giving her a visitor badge. “Good luck.”

“Thank you.”

Anaya walked to the elevator and stepped inside with three more people. She took a deep breath trying to calm down, she had done her research so she had nothing to worry about but her heart was still in a marathon. She swallowed hard as she walked inside the waiting a room where almost ten

people were sitting. All seemingly older than her.

Shit! I am going to fail. She thought silently sitting down, she was sure everyone who was sitting there had experience. She had only worked as an internship.

A lady approached them with a smile. "Can I please have the following people follow me." She called out names and six people stood up and followed her. Anaya remained with the remaining four. Minutes later the same lady was back, she motioned they follow her.

As they sat down in what looked like a boardroom, they were handed questionnaires. Anaya took out her pen and started answering the questions which seemed to get harder as they went and all for an assistant accountant position.

"How did it go?" Theodora asked as Anaya walked past her desk a while later.

"I don't know, they said they will call me."

"I am praying for you."

“Thank you, we will talk.”

She walked out and walked down the main road to the bus stop.

THREE MONTHS LATER...

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[7/13, 14:20] The Alpha In Stilettos

#20

Three Months Later...

The bride danced holding her white gown with the rest of the bride maids and groomsmen smiling. Camera's flashed as people took videos and pictures while screaming. Her new husband held her

hand as they did a certain dance move. As the song came to an end, her husband led her to their seats where they sat down.

“Ladies and gentlemen, are we having fun?” The MC asked standing in the middle of the nicely decorated hall. “This day has been beautiful right from the beginning, we now have Mr. and Mrs. Mokwena. Everyone raise your glass and let’s toast to the couple’s journey together which is about to begin, let’s toast to their happiness.”

The crowd raised their glasses staring at the MC. “Cheers to Mr. and Mrs. Mokwena.”

“Cheers!” Everyone responded.

The bride looked at her husband with teary eyes. “This is beautiful.”

“Not more than you.”

He leaned over and kissed her. “I love you Mrs. Mokwena.”

“I love you, Mr. Mokwena.”

“So the bride maids and grooms have asked for a

last dance from the new couple to seal the deal.”

The crowd cheered and the new couple stood up. Their favorite song played as they slowly moved together. The song played softly as everyone watched admiring them. When the song finished, they walked to where the MC was. He handed the bride the mic as she shook like a leaf staring at the big crowd before her eyes.

Taking a deep breath she spoke to the mic. “I just want to thank everyone who decided to join us on this faithful day to celebrate this wonderful day with us.” Her heart pounded as her eyes scanned the hall full of people. Her husband took the mic from her.

“My wife is shy,” he said and the crowd laughed.

“This has been a wonderful day to my wife and I and we can’t thank you enough for joining us so to celebrate. We are extremely grateful to everyone who contributed to make this a wonderful day. We also want to thank our dancers.” He chuckled pointing the bride maids and grooms who were sitting on their own table. “They have made this entire gathering fun and exciting. Thank you.”

They walked back to their seats smiling. Later on, the bride sat in a room full her aunts and other married women being advised accordingly. She carefully listened nodding. Everything still felt surreal to her, she couldn't believe it was happening or that she was actually someone's wife. Her glistening ring brought tears of happiness in her eyes. She couldn't wait to be in her husband's arms as she listened to the never ending advises.

After all the procedures had been followed, she finally walked inside the well made bedroom and sighed with relief. At last, it was over. She undressed and walked to the bathroom where her bath had already been prepared. The water smelled nice. She slowly got inside the warm water and took a slow bath. She took her time relaxing her body in the water. When she finally stepped out, she dried her body then wrapped herself with a fluffy white towel walking out of the bathroom. She found her husband sitting on the bed with his jacket and shirt off.

"Mrs. Mokwena." He said standing up. She blushed, it felt good being addressed like that.

“Hey,” he whispered before kissing her dropping the towel to the floor. He laid her on the bed then kissed her neck gently sucking on it. She moaned as he went down, kissing her chest then her nipples. Her body vibrated as she moaned softly. He went further down till he ran his tongue on her sweetness. He licked her, taking his time and tasting her. He slid in a finger inside her then slowly and gently, tapped her upper plates while still giving her clit attention. She moved her waist feeling her juices drip. He added another finger and she sunk her nails on his shoulder blades feeling the desperate need to cum. She was close, she could feel it.

She whimpered as he pulled out of her and kissed her lips. With unexplainable need, she pulled his pants down with her feet then held him in her hands directing him to her wetness. Slowly and deliciously, he sank deep inside her till he bottomed out.

“Fuck!” He groaned gently easing out then pushing back inside her. He was a slow lover and she loved every second of it. He took her time with her, attending to her every need without hurry. She

moved her waist, meeting his movements. She wrapped her legs around his waist as she felt pleasure travel from her toes up to her center. Together they moved as one, touching and kissing till they fell apart together, draining one another.

Lone looked at the wedding pictures sitting on her couch while scrolling through facebook. The bride looked beautiful in her fit and flared white dress and so did the groom. She carefully looked at the bride maids with a bored expression. She zoomed in the maid of honor and rolled her eyes before scrolling down her facebook timeline. It seemed like almost everyone she knew had just been sharing the wedding pictures. Her phone rang and she answered.

“Lone, hi, it’s Mercy!”

“Hi,” she faked sickness lowering her voice.

“Hey, I heard you are not feeling well.”

“Yes, I had to go to the hospital.”

“Oh ok, I was wondering why you were not at the wedding.”

Lone rolled her eyes. “I am so sad. I wish I was there.”

“Don’t worry. It was fun but we took loads of photos and videos. You won’t feel that much left out. I will send them on WhatsApp now.”

“Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome, and get well soon.”

“Thanks.”

She hung up and put her hand over her stomach while staring at her pregnancy card on the table. A smile spread on her face. She couldn’t wait to make her move.

Theodora walked to a taxi she had flagged holding

her handbag tightly. A car stopped between her and the taxi blocking her.

“Hi, you were at the wedding right?”

She looked at the driver. He was cute and yes she had seen him at the wedding. He had been one of the groomsmen. He was still wearing his suit which looked like God himself had made it for him. She looked at his watch then back at his face.

“Yes.”

“Want a ride?”

“Uhh...” She raised her head to find the taxi she had stopped gone.

“Come, I will drop you off.”

She got in the passenger seat and closed the door as he started driving.

“So what’s your name?”

“Theodora.”

“Theodora, I like your name mainly because it can be divided into two. I can call you Theo or Dora.”

Theodora smiled. "I like Theo more."

"Guess what? I like it too. So... did you enjoy the wedding."

"Yes, it was a beautiful wedding."

"I am sure you loved my dance moves too."

She laughed. "I loved everyone's dance moves."

"Oh please! We all know I was a better dancer than everyone there, by the way, I am Agang."

"Nice to meet you." She said shyly. She had never had a man like him approach her. She secretly looked at him as he drove, he probably just was being nice to her and didn't want anything else. She fixed her spectacles looking out through the window.

"So where do you stay Theo?"

She looked at him. "Tlokweng."

"Ok. I want to get something by that superstore."

"It's ok."

He parked by the parking lot then stepped out of the car. Minutes later, he was back and already driving

off though he had nothing in his hands. She smiled when he finally parked in front of her seven's quarters.

"Thank you so much."

"It's ok. I am now regretting not eating at the wedding, now I am hungry."

"That's what happens when you behave like a cheese boy."

He laughed. "What? Theo I am way older than you to be talking to me like that. What cheeseboy are you talking about?"

"What should I say? You were behaving like the beyonce of destiny's child."

He laughed even more. "Stop offending me."

"Oh, no offense but that's the truth. Don't take it personally."

He looked at her with a charming smile. "I already have, matter of fact, I am angry."

She laughed. "That's not my issue. Bye."

She got off his car and unlocked her house door.

“You can’t just walk away while I am still angry.”

She laughed and got in her house. Seconds later she heard the car door closing before he walked inside her house. He smiled looking at her beautiful bedroom decorated in burgundy and white.

“Wow!”

She rolled her eyes with a smile on her face. “What?”

He sat on her bed looking at her flat screen mounted on the wall. “You have a nice room.”

“Thanks. You should stop inviting yourself in people’s houses.”

He shrugged. “It’s too late now.” He took off his shoes then lay on her bed pushing her small pillows aside.

“Agang you are disrespectful.”

He laughed switching on the TV. “I am not talking to you because I am angry.”

Theodora chuckled then started cooking. After

taking her time making the dish, she gave him a full plate. He immediately dug in and started eating. He gobbled down the food and she poured him a glass of juice.

“Don’t choke.”

She shyly sat beside him. For the first time ever, she was with a man in her house. Her heart pounded as she looked at his sexy toes.

“Thank you, you are not bad cook.”

“Says the cheeseboy.” She took his plate and placed it down as he washed his hands.

“Thank you for feeding this cheeseboy.” He got off the bed.

Theodora shook her head with a smile. “Bye, Agang.”

He took off his jacket. “Who said I want to go yet?”

He pulled her closer and kissed her. She kissed him back unsure of what to do. Agang took off her dress then he looked at her half naked body.

“Have you ever had sex?”

“Twice.”

“Ok.”

He kissed her again and this time taking off her panties. “I know you are lying. You are shaking like a virgin.”

She blushed looking down.

He pulled her chin up. “Don’t worry, I will be gentle.”

Colleen walked inside her house holding a bottle of water. She paused feeling a pain strike her over and over again holding her stomach. She took numerous deep breaths standing against the wall. A while later they had died down, she took off her shoes and walked to the kitchen barefooted. She had been feeling he pains for a while now. Her phone rang from her handbag and she took it out.

“Mom,”

“Colleen, where did you go? I thought you were going to wait for me at the wedding. I told you, you can’t be alone, you are due in two weeks.”

“Mom, I am fine and you were still talking to other ladies, I didn’t want to disturb you.”

“Is Ian there with you?”

Colleen sighed. “Yes. He is. I will be fine.”

“You have to come with me to Mahalapye, I am not leaving without you.”

“But mama didn’t we talk that you will confine me here?”

“No Colleen, we are going to do things properly.”

Tears filled her eyes. “What if Ian cheats?”

“Colleen, a man will cheat if he wants to. You being there won’t stop him from doing so. You have to come home and let me help you. This is your first child, you need all the help and care you may get.”

“I am scared.”

“Colleen, is that man cheating on you?”

“No.”

“Then you have nothing to worry about. You are going to come with me, I am going to help you with

the baby. He will always visit.”

“Ok.”

“Good. How are you feeling?”

“I am fine.”

“Ok.”

She put the phone down taking out a container of ice cream from the fridge. She walked with it to the sitting room while dialing his number. As usual, it rang unanswered. She put the ice cream container down dialing her number this time around.

“Colleen, how can I help you?” She answered.

“Oteng stay away from my husband!”

She laughed. “Sweetie, calm your tits down.”

“I am going to sue you.”

“Go ahead, your husband is going to pay for it.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks. “He is married Oteng! We are having a baby!”

“Put your dog on a leash, your dog is the one sniffing

after me. Do you see me running after him? Put your dog on the leash, if you don't we will do it for you."

Colleen put her hand over her mouth. "Oteng I am pregnant, can't you understand the pain you are causing me?"

"I don't understand anything, you are the one who married him knowing fully that he was mine. And oh, don't lose our daughter. He is leaving you after this and I am going to take care of that child."

"God is going to punish you!"

She laughed. "We will talk till then."

She hung up as Colleen held her phone in her hands crying. The pain came again, this time stronger.

"Ahhh!" She screamed dropping the phone. She felt as if something was slashing her abdomen into small pieces. She knelt on the floor reaching for her phone then called him again. She groaned closing her eyes. His phone was still off.

She tried her brother's number but it wouldn't go through. She lastly called her last hope.

“Colleen, I am on my way to your house, you forgot the food. I hope you don’t mind, your mother insisted I bring it. I am almost there.” She answered.

“I am in... ahhhhh!” She screamed. “The baby is coming Anaya.”

“What? Where are you?”

“I am home. I am going to drive to the clinic.”

“Oh my God! I am coming.”

Colleen dropped the phone standing up then pressed the gate remote. She grabbed the car keys and slowly walked out of the house to the car. Her water broke as she felt the need to push. She pushed herself back to the house taking off her panties then lay down on her fluffy carpet. The pain seemed to be increasing. She opened her legs feeling the need to push. A car drove in as she pushed. Seconds later Anaya was running inside the house.

“Colleen!”

“The baby is coming Anaya!” She said through gritted teeth while pushing.

Anaya knelt before shaking not knowing what to do or where to touch screamed "PUSH!"

Colleen pushed even harder. She felt herself open up.

"I can see the head. Push! Push harder!"

Colleen pushed even harder but started feeling her energy slip.

"Colleen Push!"

She tried again but it was if her soul was fighting to leave her body. "Colleen, listen to me, the baby's head is stuck. I want you to push your head up with your elbows coughing."

"Anaya..."

Anaya slapped her thigh hard. "Do it! You are not going to kill this baby! Raise your head with your elbows. Support yourself with your elbows. Do that and push."

Colleen put your elbows on the floor then raised her head coughing. She pushed as Anaya slapped her thigh again screaming for her to push. She pushed thrice more then the final time felt the baby slid out.

She lay back on the floor feeling exhausted.

“Anaya... the baby...”

Anaya held the pale baby in her hands. She wasn't moving.

Colleen's heart skipped. “Anaya, she is supposed to cry.”

Anaya slapped the baby's back but still nothing happened. Colleen started crying. “No. God No.”

Anaya slapped the baby even harder then held her by one leg turning her upside down, head down. She slapped the baby's back hard then she gasped and cried weakly.

Anaya gave the baby to Colleen shaking as tears wet her cheeks. “She is fine.” She whispered.

“I am going to call an ambulance but first, where is the baby's bag?”

“Go down the hall, first room to your left.”

She stood up and quickly rushed while Colleen held her crying baby in her hands. Anaya came back with the bag then handed Colleen a small blanket. “Cover

her.” She said already calling an ambulance.

Anaya watched Colleen with her baby lying on the hospital bed with her parents and brother around her. The doctor wrote something on the card then looked at Anaya with a smile.

“If I didn’t know better I would say you are a midwife.”

She sighed. “I did what I had to do.”

“You saved my granddaughter and I will forever be grateful.” Mma Mokwena said taking Anaya’s hands into hers. “You have done us a huge favor we can never repay.”

“She is a blessing indeed.” The doctor said then smiled at Anaya one last time before walking out.

Colleen smiled. “You are more than a blessing. You are an angel. I felt so weak I thought my baby was going to die but...” She looked at her mother. “Mama Anaya slapped my thighs hard telling me to raise my

head supporting my body with my elbows while pushing. The baby just slid out. Thinking the nightmare is over, the baby wasn't moving. I thought she was dead. Anaya did a thing, holding the baby upside down and slapping her. She started crying."

Mma Mokwena laughed. "She should have slapped those thighs even harder."

"The truth is Anaya is our angel." Mokwena smiled. "And also our future Mrs. Mokwena. When did you say you are going to marry her Boikanyo?"

Miguel pulled Anaya in his arms kissing her cheek. "Soon."

"I love you already. I am ready to welcome my daughter-law."

"Me too. My sister in-law, I have called her Angel because of the Angel who saved her life."

Anaya smiled as Mma Mokwena took her from Miguel. "We are going to get you food from the car. Let me have a moment with this beautiful soul."

They walked out heading to the parking lot. "You

know in all the years I have lived, I wouldn't know what to do if I am presented with a woman in labor."

They laughed. "My grandmother once helped this woman. I had visited her for holidays, she was a lovely lady and loved her grandkids. One day this woman was passing by our house screaming. No one was helping her, I remember my grandmother walking towards her and helping her inside the house. I was doing form 4 by then. I watched her help her and in all these years I have always thought the entire experience traumatized me and I have been trying to forget it. I never knew it would come in handy one day."

Mma Mokwena stopped walking and hugged Anaya tightly. "You have made me happy. I can't explain my joy."

They collected the food from Mokwena's car and came back chatting. Angel was already sleeping.

"I am sure everyone here is tired. It's been a long day. Mom, I am going to be fine, you will come back tomorrow. You too papa."

Mma Mokwena hugged her daughter. "Tomorrow, if they discharge you we are going."

"Yes. Miguel, thanks for coming."

"Don't get it twisted, I came for my niece."

Colleen laughed rolling her eyes. "And thank you Angel's Godmother."

Anaya smiled. "You are always welcome."

"Everyone can now go. Angel and I are safe here."

They walked out as Mokwena and his wife led the way.

Miguel escorted her to where she had parked his Range Rover as his parents walked to the car they had come with.

"You are going to drive yourself home, papa lost his spectacles and he can't drive."

"Ok."

He hugged her tightly. "Thank you for what you did for Colleen. It just made me love you more."

"I did what anyone in my position could have done.

No need to thank me.”

He kissed her forehead. “There is, I love you.”

He took the car keys from her and unlocked the car before opening the door for her. “I will take the car on Monday, tomorrow my mother is surely going to drag me to church.”

“It’s ok.” She leaned over and kissed him. “You were pretty amazing today. I didn’t know you could dance.”

He gave her a cocky smile. “As the best man I had to show off my capabilities.”

She laughed then got in the car and drove away in the night.

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Let's keep liking and commenting. Our next insert will come at 22:30.

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#21

Theodora poured cold water inside the dish with hot water then dipped in her hand to check the temperature. She added some bath salts before undressing and sitting inside the water. She sighed feeling the water soothe her. Her phone rang and she reached for it on the edge of the bed.

“Naya,”

“Hey, you just left yesterday, I was going to drop you off.”

“You were busy and hey, the food was amazing. Naya Shato Caters is the best, that’s all I can say.”

“I am so happy, yesterday was a success.”

“I am sure even the bride will acknowledge that.”

“I doubt, you know she secretly hates me.”

“She should know you are not going anywhere.”

“I was actually surprised that her best friend wasn’t

there.”

“You know how some friends are.”

“Tell me about it but I am satisfied. I could have done her make-up including her bride maids but of course she refused that one completely.”

“At least you were on the food.”

“Yeah, I am so exhausted. Where are you?”

“I am at home.”

“I am coming over, I am bored.”

“Ok. I have to tell you something.”

“What is it?”

“I met this guy from the wedding yesterday, he is cute and all. You know I have never had a hot man approach me, I didn’t know how to act. He offered to drop me off at home. He came and charmed me.”

“Theodora, don’t tell me you slept with him.”

“I did but now I feel like he tore me. He did things to me Anaya. He went on and on and on not giving me a break. And he has a big dick. I told him to stop but

that seemed to turn him on."She teary said.

"I am coming. Where is he now?"

"When I woke up, he was gone and can you believe he actually left a P200 note?"

"Don't cry. I am coming."

"Ok."

She hung up rubbing her tears.

The new couple walked inside SSK airport dragging their bags.

"Baby where did you say we are going?"

Kenneth chuckled looking at her. "Rachel, I never told you anything. Stop trying to act smart."

"You don't understand, I am so curious to know. Where are we going?"

He led his wife to where they checked in before walking to their terminal. "We are going to

Mauritius.”

Rachel excitedly looked at him. “Wait- are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“I can’t wait to get there, I have always wanted to go to any place with a beach.”

“You are going to love it.”

Rachel took out her phone and called Lone.

“Rachel.”

“Hey, how are you feeling?”

“I will be fine, how was the wedding?”

“It was amazing but of course not that much because you were not there.”

“I am sorry friend. I really wish I came.”

“I am going to Mauritius.”

“Wow! Have fun. Oh God! I have to go, I feel like vomiting.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

She hung up and looked at Kenneth with a smile. "So what was her reason for not coming?"

"She is not feeling well."

Kenneth nodded and kissed her. "How are you Mrs. Mokwena?"

"I am fine Mr. Mokwena."

They kissed while some people stared.

Anaya drove inside the yard to the seven's quarters then jumped out of the car walking towards Theodora's door. She knocked softly before walking inside.

"Hey, wow! You look like you didn't sleep at all."

Theodora sat up right on her bed. "I didn't."

"Did he use a condom?"

"Yes but I didn't keep count."

“Let me see.”

Theodora took off her panties and pulled up her dress opening her legs. Anaya looked at her reddish vagina.

“Theo it looks bruised. I think we should go to the hospital and get you checked and also tested. And also get you some emergency pills. Just to be sure. Put on your panties.”

Theodora quickly dressed then walked out with Anaya.

“Nyaa Anaya mma lerago leo! Ng ng. Kana o ja nice life ka kwa, o tsenya weight hela. {No Anaya you ass. No. You are enjoying the nice life, you gaining weight.}”

Anaya laughed pulling down her red t-shirt to cover her bum. “But this is my weight, you know when you are not working how things are.”

“Anaya that trouser looks like it’s about to burst. Your ass is fat, it wasn’t this fat when I first saw you at the hospital that day.”

They got in the car while Anaya continued laughing. She gave a milkshake to Theodora as she took hers and sipped. “What should I do if someone’s son is adamant on spoiling me.”

“If you lose him, I am going to cry, kana malasti a ibile ga ke reke lunch. {This days I don’t buy lunch.}”

Anaya started the car laughing. She reversed out then drove to the hospital. “So who is this guy?”

“He is the guy who was dancing naughtily.”

Anaya frowned trying to recall. “Who?”

“Agang.”

“What?”

“You know him?”

“Yeah... he... is Miguel’s brother.”

“Why do you have that face?”

Anaya glanced at her. “Because there is a road block and we are being stopped.” She pulled the car to the side of the road as the soldier walked to her window. She rolled it down already taking her purse.

“Mam, license please, ”

She handed him her license. He looked at her. “You were over speeding.”

“I was?”

The soldier smiled. “Yes. The speed limit is 40km/hr and you were going at 50km/hr.”

“Really? I didn’t notice.”

“I am charging you.”

“Please, I am a first time offender. Can’t you forgive me?”

He looked at her license and chuckled. “Anaya weh, kea go charger, o robile molao. {Anaya I am charging you, you have broken the law.}”

She put her hands together in a praying manner. “I am begging you, it will never happen again. I have learnt my lesson.”

He looked at her begging face for a while then laughed. “I am letting it slide this one time. But I am going to take your driver’s license number and your number.”

“Ok.”

She gave him her number while he returned her license. “You can go, follow the road laws.”

“I will.”

She started the car and joined the road.

“Hey! I was so scared, soldiers are scary.” Theodora said breathing out.

Anaya laughed. “Me too. Imagine being charged with someone else’s car, do soldiers even charge people though?”

“No, I don’t know, you never really know.”

A while later they walked inside the hospital. Anaya remained in the waiting area while Theodora walked to the gynaecologist’s office. She logged in on facebook and saw Colleen’s baby pictures. She liked the pictures then continued scrolling mindlessly. After a while, she logged out and looked at Agang’s number for a while wondering if she needed to call him or not.

“Hey, I am done, let’s go.”

They stood up and walked out while Anaya put her phone in her pocket.

“What did the doctor say?”

“He said it’s just irritation, nothing is torn.”

“Thank God.”

“I feel so used. But at least I am negative for HIV.”

“Good, now we get you the pill.”

“Yes.”

Anaya unlocked the car and opened the door. “And where do you think you are going in my man’s car?” Lone asked approaching them.

Anaya looked at her and sighed. “How can I help you?”

“Nana, I don’t want to fight with you. Hand me those car keys.”

Anaya laughed. “You are full of jokes. Tsena mo koloing Theodora. {Get in the car Theodora.}”

“Honey, I will mop the ground with your ass, I said give me my man’s car keys, who do you think you

are?”

Anaya got in the car and closed the door locking it. “I am Miguel’s girlfriend, I know it’s hard accepting he doesn’t want you anymore but don’t think I will watch you harass me. Try me and you will see what happens.”

She started the car putting on her seatbelt.

Lone laughed. “Ok, enjoy this whilst it still lasts. Miguel and I are having a baby, he is going to come back to me.”

“You are desperate it’s pathetic.”

She drove off leaving standing Lone right there.

“Wow! So much drama in one day.”

Anaya shook with anger as she drove. “She is trying me.”

“Don’t let her get you worked up. She is one of those bitter ex girlfriends and you know how they are. Did you see her flat tummy? She is not pregnant, she is just making it up.”

“I don’t even know why I am angry, mxm, she is not

even worth my time.”

“You see? She is so bitter. You don’t know what bitterness can do to you.”

They laughed. “She is looking for attention, I am not going to give it to her. It’s Sunday, I will give all my attention to God.”

“That’s the spirit.”

They passed by the pharmacy before Anaya dropped off Theodora back at her house. “I will see you tomorrow at work.”

“Can I have Agang’s number?”

Anaya looked at her. “Yes. Of course. Let me send it right now.”

She took her phone and sent the number to Theodora.

“Thanks. And thank you for today.”

“You are welcome.”

Colleen watched her baby sucking on her breast with her phone on her ear. She listened as Ian's phone rang.

"Colleen."

"I gave birth to our daughter."

"Ok."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Colleen, I am at work, we will talk later."

"Ian I gave birth inside the house. The baby almost died and 'oh' is all you can say to me?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"Come and see your child."

"I will come later."

"Ok, I love you."

She heard him sigh. "I love you too."

"Bring us-" Her phone beeped. He had hung up. She blinked away her tears but she was failing. A tear fell

on her daughter's cheek and she carefully wiped it away.

Colleen quickly rubbed her tears when she heard a knock on her door then put her boob back in her dress. "Come in!"

Agang walked in holding balloons and flowers.
"Hey!"

Colleen smiled. "You are here."

"I am." He handed her the balloons and flowers. "For you and Angel."

"Thank you."

"She is so tiny."

"The doctor said she is big."

Agang shook his head. "She looks like a..."

Colleen eyed him. "Don't insult my baby."

"I won't. She is beautiful like her mother."

"Thanks."

"I heard what happened."

Colleen took a deep breath in then exhaled.

“Yesterday was just drama.”

“At least Anaya was there.”

“Yes. And to think I kind of disliked her.” She shook her head. “And for complete no reason. She has been nice to me ever since the day she first met me. I feel so guilty.”

“Why did you dislike her? Anaya is lovely.”

“I just thought she was one of those girls. I told Miguel three months ago and he just looked at me sadly, he never introduced me to her.”

“You know how Miguel is. Till he loses it of cause. But you have no reason to hate Naya.”

“I know. I also know that you still want her.”

Agang frowned. “No I don’t.”

“Yes you do. I saw how you were looking at her yesterday.”

“I don’t. She is my brothers girlfriend.”

“I hope so, anyways I am hearing Kenny went to

Mauritius.”

“He did.”

“That’s-“

“Knock knock...” Anaya stood by the door.

“Hey, come on in.” Colleen waved her in.

They both watched Anaya as she walked in, it wasn’t hard to notice her voluptuous body and small waist. She had her braids tied into a bun exposing her beautiful face. She was a natural beauty, even without make-up she still looked wonderful.

“I hope I am not disturbing.”

“No.” Colleen responded with a smile. “Is that for me?”

Anaya gave her the fruit yoghurt. “Yes.”

“Hey Anaya,”

Anaya looked at Agang. “Hi. I was driving by and thought to see you.”

“Thank you. Unfortunately your Angel is sleeping.”

Anaya looked at the baby who was sleeping on Colleen's chest. "She is so cute."

"I know."

"I will leave you guys now."

"Thank you for coming by."

"It's ok."

Anaya walked out while Colleen opened her yoghurt.

"Look, I have to go."

"Ok. Thanks, for the flowers and balloons."

"You are welcome, stay safe." He walked out.

"Anaya! Wait!" Agang called from behind Anaya as she got in the car at the parking lot.

"Hi,"

"Hey, you looked beautiful yesterday."

“Thanks. You too.”

He nodded not sure of what to say. “And the food was delicious.”

“I am glad you liked it.”

He looked at her soft hands with short nails holding the steering. “Do you want to go out for late lunch? As friends.”

“Agang last night you slept with my friend.”

He frowned. “Who?”

“Theodora, if you are not serious I would appreciate it if you stayed away from her.”

“Why?” He looked into her brown eyes. “Why should I?”

Her pinkish lips were calling for him, she parted them slightly then ran her tongue on her lower lip. He leaned over, closing the distance between them while inhaling her sweet scent.

“Tell me why Anaya.”

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Goodnight...

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#22

Anaya looked at Agang then sighed sadly.

“Agang, Theodora is my friend, matter of fact, she is my only friend. I know she may come off naïve but I will not let you use her because you think I am jealous. I am not jealous, matter of fact I would be happy if you were actually serious. Please move, I want to go.”

“I never said you are jealous.”

“Good, because it would have been really sad and disappointing if you thought so.”

He stepped back and she closed the door. She started the car and drove off. Her phone rang as she

drove headed back home.

“Miguel,”

“Hey, where are you? Come pick me up from church.”

She laughed. “You are still at church?”

“Yes, it doesn’t end. The pastor is still preaching. I am tired.”

“No, you need God. Stay there and get prayed for.”

“Babe please, come and get me. Nna mma ke lapile ibile ke tswere ke tlala. {I am tired and hungry.}”

“Send me the location, I am coming.”

“Bring me food.”

She hung up taking a different direction.

Almost thirty minutes later, she parked by the side of the road just after the church gate and watched Miguel walk towards the car in chino pants, a white turtleneck and a brown jacket. He walked to the passenger seat and jumped in.

“Church boy.” Anaya teased handing him his food.

“Eish, I was about to die.”

She smiled then started driving. “I have been wondering around a lot today.”

He took out a drumstick and took a bite. “What were you doing?”

“I had to take Theodora to the hospital and from there drop her off at her house. I went to see Angel and Colleen too.”

Her phone rang and he took it and answered putting on loud speaker.

“Anaya you know you owe me right?”

Miguel’s face changed as Anaya frowned. “Who is this?”

“It’s Bame. We met earlier when you were breaking the law. I should have charged you.”

“Are police officers allowed to take people’s numbers or you just use your title to hit on women?” Miguel asked clearly pissed.

“Is this Anaya’s phone?”

“Yes, what do you want?”

“I want Anaya, why are you answering her phone?”

“I will fuck you up, you call my wife’s phone and think you can talk nonsense.”

“She is not your wife and even if she was, that wouldn’t stop me. Give the owner her phone, I don’t want to talk to you. I want Anaya.”

“You must probably think because you are a police officer you are untouchable, I will make you regret this, you like testing people but I am not people, I will make you an example.” He clicked his tongue hanging up. Anaya shook with fear with her eyes focused on the road. Miguel put his food down and sat silently making Anaya wonder what he was thinking. This was the first time something like that happened and she couldn’t stop thinking of what he was going to do to her. A while later, she was driving inside his gate.

“Park the car inside the garage.”

Anaya looked at him briefly then drove inside the open garage. He stepped out and closed the garage

gate as she climbed out of the car.

“I met him at a road block and he said I was over speeding. He was going to charge me but I begged him not to then he took my license number and phone number.”

“Was he traffic cop?”

“A soldier.”

Miguel looked at her for a while. “He is not a traffic cop, he is not even a police officer, how was he going to charge you?”

“I was scared. I will block his number.”

“Anaya?”

She looked at him her heart pounding.

“Babe?”

“Miguel...” She responded shaking.

“I love you, I don’t want to go to jail.” He walked to the door unlocking it.

Anaya quickly blocked the Bame’s number and walked inside the house. He wasn’t in the sitting

room. She walked to his bedroom where she could hear the shower running then stripped and joined him wrapping her arms around his waist.

“Are you mad?”

He turned and looked at her cupping her face. “I am annoyed.”

“I am sorry.”

He leaned over and kissed her pushing her against the wall.

“He better hope we don’t ever meet.” He menacingly whispered nibbling her lips. “Because if we do, he is going to regret it.”

Anaya stood on her toes and kissed him, wrapping her hands around his neck. He picked her up and aimed at her entrance before pushing in.

The following day in the morning, Lone walked inside

Mokwena Logistics with confidence heading to the receptionist.

“Hi, I am here to see Mr. Mokwena, it’s very important.”

“You don’t have an appointment?”

“Yes but it is important.”

“He is busy and don’t think you can do what you did last time, I will call security for you.” The receptionist warned.

Lone took out her phone stepping away from the reception then dialed Miguel’s number. It rang for a while before it was answered.

“Lone what do you want?” His voice was cold and harsh.

“I have something important I have to tell you. I am at the reception.”

“Tell me now.”

“Miguel, it’s fine if you don’t want to know about your child.” She hung then started walking away but as she reached the doors, the receptionist called her

back.

“You can go through.”

Lone walked back and smiled. “Be very careful, you are treading on thin ice.”

She walked to the elevator and got in foing over her words. She stepped out seconds later and his PA motioned she goes through. Lone walked inside his office and found him sitting on his chair. She closed the door behind her taking out a small envelope from her handbag and walked towards him.

“Surprise.”

She put it on his desk and watched him open it. He read the paper then looked at her.

“Lone did you purposely fall pregnant?”

“What?”

“You heard me, don’t think I am a fool.” He stood up.

“Did you plan this?”

“I didn’t plan this and if you didn’t want a baby you could have used protection.”

“So you are admitting that you did it on purpose?”

“Miguel I am pregnant with your son, the baby is already here.”

He looked at her flat stomach then laughed. “I never knew you could be this conniving.”

“Miguel I love you. After all the years I have invested myself into you, you just decided to toss me like a used condom. You have hurt me before but I forgave you. I loved you even after you hurt me Miguel and because of only one mistake you just pretended as if I was nothing to you. Yes! I did it purposely because I love you. I love you with all my heart and I am not going to lose you to some young girl.”

Miguel looked at her speechlessly.

“I struggled with you Miguel, you had nothing. I loved you. Today you walk around with Anaya like I don't even exist. Do you realize how much that hurts me. Had this girl met you when the only thing you knew how to drive was a wheelbarrow do you think she would stick around? You didn't even have boxer shorts. I picked you, washed you and clothed you.

Everything because I love you. Today you are rich you decide you don't need this bank administrator. This stupid girl who loved you when you were at your lowest. Miguel if you don't want my child tell me now so that I can leave. I am done begging you. It's either me and this child or Anaya."

Anaya walked inside her office and sat down. She looked at her phone, Miguel hadn't called yet or even texted as usual. She sighed putting her phone down.

"Naya, hey," her colleague knocked on her door walking in.

"Hi."

"Look, there is a meeting in thirty minutes with the bosses and the big boss. He is coming here."

"What's the agenda?"

"I don't know too. I was just informed right this morning."

“Ok.”

“Mr. B won't be in, he is on sick leave so I have been told to tell you that you will filling for him till he's back.”

“Ok, thank you for alerting me.”

She walked out as Anaya switched on her computer. She looked into the company books checking if everything was in order.

Thirty minutes later she was walking with her other colleagues inside the conference room. Once everyone sat, Miguel strode in and sat down looking at them. He wasn't the Miguel who was breathing on her neck last night, this was the business man Miguel, focused and in control.

“Good morning, firstly I would like to apologize for the sudden meeting but I am happy everyone is here. The reason you are all here is that I want to know the progress of the hotel. We are going to start with the numbers.” He looked around. “Where is Mr. Bernards?”

“He is on sick leave, Ms. Shato has taken over his

office till he is back.”

“She can start.”

Anaya shook with fear but kept a poker face on standing up. She walked in front of everyone and took a deep breath in before summarizing the company’s books of numbers. She was grateful to have Mr. Bernards as her supervisor. She answered all the questions with confidence before taking her seat while someone else took over. Over two hours later, they were walking out of the conference room. Anaya walked to her office and sat down as her phone rang.

“Can we meet up for lunch?” Miguel asked as soon as she picked.

“Yes.”

“Come to my office.”

“Ok. Are you ok? You sound a bit off.”

“Yah, I am fine.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Ian walked inside Oteng's house while she stood in the middle of the house clearly not happy.

"Babe, what's wrong?"

"I thought you said you were divorcing her."

"I am but right now she is still-"

"She is still what? Your wife? I should have known that you were using me all along Ian. I just can't believe I chose to fall for it."

"Babe, that's not true. I love you so much."

"Then divorce her."

"I am, it's just we married-"

"Sign over your things to me if you got married in community of property. I will keep them while you divorce her then sign them back when you are finally single."

“No, we are not married in community of property, it’s just that her brother can make my life a living hell.”

“Make a plan Ian because I can’t carry on like this.”

He kissed her. “I will do it. Don’t worry. I never loved Colleen.”

“Go and divorce her. You know she called me the other day harassing me.”

“She did what?”

“She harassed me. I am tired of this.”

“Ottie, I will sort it out my love, I promise.”

“Ok.”

He kissed her untying her robe exposing her thin body. His phone rang and she reached for it. They both looked at the caller ID.

“Hello?” She answered his phone while he kissed her nipples.

“Oteng, let me talk to my husband.”

“Sweetie, we are busy. Take care of our daughter

ok?"

"Oteng God is going to punish you. My tears will not go silently. You will remember this day. Let me talk to my husband, I need money."

Oteng laughed. "Sorry sweetie, you are not going to get a cent from my man, and he is never going to come back to you. Ciao!"

She hung then went down on her knees taking out Ian's dick and put it all in her mouth without gagging.

Colleen held the bed feeling sharp pain on her chest. She slowly slid to the ground failing to breathe. Her eyes watered as she gasped for air. It felt as if the pain was blocking her oxygen.

"Hi, can you hear me?" She heard a voice yet it sounded so far away.

"Hey, relax. Just focus on breathing ok, calm down. Breathe, you got this. You are going to be fine, you

have nothing to worry about. Relax and breathe.”

Colleen held the lady’s hand following instructions till she could finally breathe properly. The lady helped her up.

“Are you ok?”

“Yes, I thought I was...”

She smiled. “Don’t worry. It’s nothing. Sit.”

Colleen looked at her baby who was lying on the court beside her bed then sat on the bed. “Thank you.”

“Don’t worry, it’s fine.”

She looked at her white court then at her badge.

“Thank you very much Dr. Rams.”

“Don’t sweat it. What’s your name?”

“Colleen.”

“Colleen you are beautiful and so is your baby, what’s her name?”

“Angel.”

“Indeed she does look like an Angel. Just like her mother. New mom?” Dr. Rams asked looking at the balloons. Colleen nodded.

“Yes.”

“Congratulations. Why are you crying? Are those tears of joy, Colleen?”

She tried to speak but rather tears fell.

“Cry if you feel the need to. I always wonder what people mean when they say crying makes you weak. Crying helps you deal with your emotions. Of course nothing with the situation you are currently going through will change but your emotions will calm down.”

Colleen’s lips trembled as she began to cry. She sobbed with her hand over her mouth.

“It’s painful.”

“It’s never not painful.” Dr. Rams hugged her.

“I keep praying that he would snap out of it but...”
She shook her head.

“Situations change us but don’t let them reduce you.

I always say that the situations that hurt us are the lessons that will make us different in the future.”

“He is cheating, with his ex.”

Dr. Rams gave her a card with her contact details.

“Yesterday may have been a bad day, today is worse but no matter how bad it may seem, life will always go on and tomorrow might be better. Give me a call, I would sit and chat but duty calls. Say hi to Angel for me.”

“Thank you.”

The doctor turned and smiled. “You are welcome Colleen.”

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Keep on liking and commenting, your feedback keeps me going. Goodnight...

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#23

The receptionist at Mokwena Logistics laughed with her two co-workers eating. Anaya walked in and they all stared at her as she approached them.

“Good afternoon, I am here to see Mr. Mokwena.”

The receptionist smiled. “Let me call his PA.” She took the phone and called Rebaone.

“Yes?”

“There is a lady here to see Mr. Mokwena.”

“Who is it?”

The receptionist looked at Anaya. “What’s your name?”

“Anaya Shato.”

“She says she is Anaya.”

Rebaone clicked her tongue making the receptionist laugh. “Let her in.”

“Ok.”

She put the phone down. "You can go, the last floor."

"Thank you."

Anaya turned and walked towards the lift.

"This girl is glowing, money is treating her well." The receptionist said to her coworkers.

"I heard she is a hard worker at the hotel and doesn't even get favors because she is dating the boss himself." A coworker responded.

"She does look like a hard worker and she is too pretty. I love her body." Another coworker chipped in.

"Rebaone said she wasn't beautiful, I told you she wanted the boss and now she is bitter."

They laughed and continued chatting while eating.

Anaya walked inside Miguel's office while he spoke on the phone. He glanced up leaning back on his chair, looking in charge. She sat down putting her

handbag on her lap while he wrapped up his call.

“You look beautiful.”

She blushed. “Thanks.”

“I have something I have to tell you, I only found out today.”

Her heart started racing. “What is it?”

“Lone came by.”

All blood drained from her face as she waited for him to continue.

“She... she is pregnant.”

Anaya remained still, it felt as if she had just been slapped across the face. He rubbed his hands in a nervous manner then stood up walking round his table till he was right in front of her.

“I just wanted to tell you this first.”

“How far is she? When we met you told me you had broken up four months back so according to logic she is somewhere between seven months or so.”

“She is three months pregnant. I slept with her three

months ago but that was before us.”

She looked in his eyes. “Why didn’t you bother telling me that you were still fucking her when e met?”

“Babe, this doesn’t change anything.”

Anaya stood up. “Is that what you think?”

“I love you.”

“I can’t believe you decided to tell me this here so I would go looking heartbroken and have your workers gossip about me.”

“We can go together.”

“I am hurt Boikanyo, give me some space but thank you for your honesty.”

He grabbed her hand. “I love you and I know it’s painful but I swear I didn’t sleep with Lone while I was with you. I didn’t plan this. Can we please deal with it together as a couple. We will go and see Lone today together. You are part of my life and it’s only fair I include you in such matters.”

“I met Lone yesterday, that woman is full of drama Boikanyo and I told you from the very beginning that

I already have enough going on for me. Soon enough my mother will be starting her radiation treatment and now I have to deal with your baby mama.”

“We will deal with everything together.” He pulled her in for a kiss. “I promise you. Anaya kana kea go rata, o mosadi wame. {Anaya I love you, you are my woman.}”

“I have to go back to work. I have a lot to do.”

“I will drop you off.”

“I am fine. Bye.”

She walked out and smiled at Rebaone. She got in the lift and let it whisk her back to the ground floor where she stepped out heading towards the exit. She flagged a taxi which was dropping off someone and hurried towards it.

“C-SKY hotel?”

“Get in.”

She got at the back and closed the door. Her phone rang the driver started driving.

“Hello?”

“Hi,” a male voice responded.

“Who is this?”

“Where is your boyfriend?”

She recognized the voice immediately. “Bame, you heard my boyfriend yesterday.”

He laughed. “So? You are not married to him and as far as I am concerned, he doesn’t own you.”

“I respect-“

“You are just scared of him. Look, where are you?”

“I am at work.”

“I want us to go out, you never know, maybe I am your husband and that guy is just blocking us.”

“Bame you should stop. I know you are a soldier but-“

“But nothing. Your boyfriend can’t do anything to me, I am not your regular soldier, he wouldn’t want to mess with me.”

“I heard soldiers kill people.”

He laughed. "Who lied to you? Don't listen to rumors, they will lead you astray."

She chuckled. "I also heard you are liars."

"Anaya do I sound like a liar?" He asked softly.

"I don't know."

"You are beautiful, no wonder your boyfriend was angry. No one would want to lose such a rare diamond and some of us feel we can take care of it way better, it's a fair game. Let's do dinner tonight."

"I am busy bye." She hung up and put her phone in her handbag with a smile.

Theodora called his number with a pounding heart. She was shaking.

"Yah?" He answered.

"Hi, it's Theodora."

“Beautiful, hi,”

She tried hard not to blush. “So you just left?”

“I left in a hurry, I didn’t want to wake you up. My sister had given birth.”

“And the money, was it supposed to pay me for my services?”

“Come on, no. I saw that you had cooked your last meat so to feed me. That was to replace that.”

“Kana Agang o maaka. {Agang you are a liar.}”

“Babe you are over thinking this. How about we do dinner at my place today?”

She smiled. “The doctor said I have an irritation.”

He laughed. “Are you still sore?”

“Just a bit.”

“I will fix that for you ok? Daddy will make you feel better.”

She blushed. “Ok.”

“Where do you work?”

“C-SKY hotel.”

“Ok, I will pick you up after work. How is that?”

“It’s ok.”

“Should I bring you anything?”

She fixed her spectacles. “A chocolate.”

“You got it. See you.”

She hung up smiling. She couldn’t have imagined her first real relationship with a man like Agang. He looked naughty and impulsive, totally the opposite of his brother. Theodora giggled alone then laughed feeling crazy. The phone rang and she answered.

“C-SKY hotel good afternoon, how can we help you today?”

She attended to a client cheerfully thinking about later on.

Colleen watched as her mother packed her bags holding the baby who was sucking on her breast. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of Oteng's words. She couldn't understand where she had went wrong, had she fallen pregnant too soon?

"Colleen, what is wrong? You are crying while I am here. I am your mother, tell me what's going on."

Colleen looked at her mother trying really hard to hold it in but tears still fell nonetheless.

"Where is Ian? Ever since I came I haven't seen him."

"He is at work."

"You are lying. Since when do you lie Colleen? Your brother's told us that he is cheating but I thought I would wait till you came to me but it seems like you are not going to come out in the open."

She covered her face crying. Mma Mokwena stood up and took the sleeping baby from Colleen. She lay her in her bed then took her daughter's hand leading her to the sitting room.

"I know you are hurting but if this man loved you

enough he wouldn't be doing this. I am not telling you to leave your husband but right now, he won't listen to you and there is nothing you can do about it. You and I are going to go and when you come back in three months, you will decide what you want to do but I think you going back to work should be the first step. Today look at yourself, you don't even have money to buy your child a simple diaper. We learn from our mistakes and I am sure you are going to learn from yours. I want you to stop crying, children sense such things."

She wiped away her tears. "I love him."

"I know. Come and take a bath. Your father will be here any minute."

She took a bath and put on her track pants and hoodie. She looked at her wedding picture frame, she could almost remember that day, the way she way she had been so happy. She closed her eyes looking away. Her father drove in and stepped out.

"Let's go."

He took their bags and put them in the car. Colleen

sat at the backseat holding her baby while her mother took the front seat. Her father drove out of her yard as she stared out through the window and sighed as the car drove away leaving her house behind.

Theodora smiled getting in Agang's car. He kissed her handing her a box of Ferrero Rocher.

"Thank you."

"Your spectacles make you sexier."

"People used to tease me for wearing spectacles."

"They were jealous of you."

She laughed looking at her chocolate, she had never eaten Ferrero Rocher before and now she couldn't wait to taste it. She opened the box of 24 and took out the wrapped chocolate unwrapping it. She took a bite and sighed closing her eyes as the chocolate dissolved on her tongue.

“They need to hire you to do their adverts.”

Theodora opened her eyes and looked Agang. “Don’t say that, I have never eaten it. It’s delicious.”

“So where do you know Anaya from?”

“From high school. Form four and form five we were in the same class.”

“Really?”

“Yes but we were not friends. Anaya was friendly with everyone though she didn’t have a friend. I always wanted to be her friend but I never got the courage. After that, we just went to different universities, I never saw her till recently.”

His phone rang and he answered. “Yah?”

She watched him as he listened to whoever that had called him.

“Ok.” He hung up and caught her staring.

“What?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. So you work with your brother?”

He shook his head. "No."

She continued eating her chocolate as he drove. A while later he was parking his car in front of a bachelor pad.

"This is me."

Theodora smiled. "It's nice."

"Come on in."

She stepped out of the car and followed him to the door. He tried unlocking but it seemed as if the door was already unlocked. He frowned opening it.

"Did someone break in?"

He shook his head as they walked in his clean house. Theodora looked at the child who was busy drawing something on a book. He looked up and his face lit up.

"Daddy!"

Theodora watched as Agang picked up the child.

"Hey, where is mommy?"

"Right here." A lady stood by the kitchen door

holding a wooden spoon in only hot pants and a spaghetti top. She flipped her long lace front weave behind.

“Didn’t I tell you to leave my house Mbali?”

“I am not going anywhere Agang.” She walked towards Theodora. “You better leave my man alone, you can see we are a family. I am not your regular girl and you don’t know me. You wouldn’t to try me little girl. Get out.”

Theodora looked at Agang who sighed shaking his head. She waited for him to say something.

“What are you waiting for? If you are waiting for him to say something he won’t. This is my house, I am his woman.”

“You are full of nonsense. Theodora take, go home, we will talk.” He handed her the car keys. She began to walk out but Mbali grabbed her from behind then snatched the keys from her hands.

“With what car? I will beat you so hard if I catch you with my man again. Who do you think you are?”

“Let go of me!”

Mbali slapped her across the face. “Let me see you with my man, I will do worse than that.”

“I am going to report you for assault. They are going to deport you back to wherever you come from.”

“Let me see you try.”

Theodora looked at Agang who was walking away then walked out of his house. Tears blurred her sight as she walked out of the gate.

Anaya looked at Miguel as he drove to Lone’s house.

“Does she know you are coming?”

“Yes. I texted her.”

“Ok.”

She looked out through the window as Miguel glanced at her. She knew he wanted to say

something but didn't know how. She didn't make things easy for him by keeping quiet but she didn't have anything to say. He parked in front of a gate a while later and Anaya looked at the big house. She hadn't pictured Lone staying in such a big house. The gate opened and Miguel drove in and parked behind her car.

They climbed out of the car and walked to her door where Miguel rang the door bell. Lone opened the door in white lingerie.

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#24

Lone frowned and closed the door.

"Wow!" Anaya muttered.

A minute later she opened the door in a dress. “I didn’t know you were coming with her.”

“I don’t need to tell you I am coming with my girlfriend. Are we going to talk or what?”

She moved from the door and they walked in. Anaya looked at her fancy furniture sitting down in the lounge.

“Anaya will be part of this journey.”

“I didn’t make this child with Anaya.”

“Yes but Anaya and I are good as one so you better accept it.”

“What exactly are you doing here Miguel?”

“To set the boundaries.”

Lone laughed. “I didn’t know you had boundaries when it came to your son.”

“Till he is born then there will be boundaries.”

“Couldn’t you have said it through the phone or was she too insecure that she had to be there?”

“I am going to talk to my lawyer, I will be giving you

money monthly so that you take care of yourself and the baby.”

“What else?”

Miguel looked at Anaya who shrugged. “She is right, I didn’t make this baby with her so anything concerning the child till he is born can be discussed between you two. As long as Lone respects the fact that you have moved on then I have no issue.”

Miguel’s phone rang and he took it out staring at the screen. “I have to take this,” he stood up and walked outside.

“I am going to get him back hun, just wait and watch.”

“You are so desperate it’s sad. Now I can see that you falling pregnant was your plan, you probably emotionally blackmailed him into sleeping with you so that you can get pregnant thinking the minute he sees you are pregnant, he will jump back to you.”

“It’s going to happen because I am carrying his heir.”

“He will love his son but forget it with you. He

doesn't want you anymore, I don't expect you to get that because you seem demented, I am not going to fight with you Lone. You probably expected me to be fighting you but I will not do that because you are not worth it."

Miguel walked back in and Anaya stood up. "I know that pregnant women have cravings, the money Miguel will give you through his lawyer will take care of it, we would appreciate if you don't make unnecessary calls at odd hours and if it has nothing to do with the baby, don't at all call. I believe that's it, is there anything else you want to add on baby?"

Miguel put his arm around Anaya. "No, that's it."

"Well I believe this meeting was fruitful, stay healthy." Anaya said with a smile then walked out with Miguel behind her.

They got in the car and drove off.

"I am glad we are doing this together."

Anaya looked at him. "I just hope you respect me enough to respect our relationship."

He rubbed her thigh. "I love you. The way you talked to Lone was a turn on."

She laughed pushing his hand away. "You are crazy."

"I am stressed, Ian is still cheating on Colleen."

"Did she say that?"

"No but babe I can read between the lines. What kind of a husband is unavailable to see his own child? Colleen already went to Mahalapye and this bastard doesn't even know how his child looks like."

"I feel at this stage there is really nothing you can do but be there for your sister. Whatever decision she will make, you will have to be a big a brother that you are and support her. You can't tell her to leave him if she doesn't want to or beat up Ian too. I know you want to but just wait for whatever decision Colleen will make after three months and take it from there."

"I knew he was a piece of shit the first time I saw him."

"I am sure she sees it now. I really want to meet him."

“There is nothing special about him, he is just short shit. When I knock you up, I wouldn’t want you to go stay with your mother for three months.”

Anaya laughed. “I wouldn’t want that too but it’s tradition we can’t avoid.”

Miguel drove to his house where he parked by the gate.

“I am going on a trip tomorrow to South Africa.”

“When are you coming back?”

“After three days. I will leave you with the car.”

“Ok.”

He leaned over kissing her putting his hand under her skirt. “I am on my period.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. Sorry.”

“Are you in pain.”

“I drank painkillers.”

He sighed then baby kissed her. “It’s going to be the

longest five days.”

She laughed. “You will be fine.”

He got off while Anaya moved to the driver’s seat. Miguel kissed her one last time before she drove away. He couldn’t shake off the feeling he had been feeling ever since the soldier called her yesterday. Opening his gate, he walked in and unlocked the door walking inside his house. He walked to the kitchen where he took a bottle of beer and sat in front of his big TV dialing Pule’s number.

“BK!”

“I feel like Anaya is going to cheat on me.”

“I told you not to date that girl, with her history she can do anything.”

“I want to buy her a car.”

“What? Mister ema pele. Kana ke gore o buiswa ke stress hela. {Wait a bit, it’s stress making you talk like this.}”

“Anaya is not materialistic, she doesn’t even ask for money.”

“She won’t because then it will be easy for you to see that she is a gold digger.”

“Anaya is not a gold digger. It’s just that with Lone’s nonsense going on, she may feel it’s too much for her.”

“Lone needs to be disciplined, I may not like Anaya that much but Lone needs to respect her. She is just your girlfriend but still, she needs to respect her.”

“I don’t want to use physical force on her, I might kill her. She annoys me so much and the fact that she planned this whole pregnancy angers me to the fullest. She keeps talking about how she made me as if she gave me money to start my business.”

“She talks like that because you are lenient on her.”

“I am just happy that Anaya knows and she took it well. There is some soldier who called her, that guy was rude and full of himself. They met at a roadblock and he took her number there.”

“That’s the problem with beautiful girls, they will stress you. Anaya is just too beautiful and at the other hand she has that body. I am not lusting after

your girl but you know what I am talking about, how many people turn to look at her when she walks by? That girl will kill you with stress.”

Miguel rubbed his face with frustration. “Pule I am stressed and you are not making it better. Now I am thinking maybe I should let someone go for the trip.”

“That trip needs you, you know that.”

“If Anaya cheats on me I will kill her then kill myself. I love her so much.”

“BK, don’t talk like that, nothing will happen.”

“My head is banging, I am going to sleep.”

Pule laughed. “Who knew I would see this day? Did you think they were talking rubbish when they said go for the partner who loves you more?”

“Mxm, o bua masepa yaanong. {you are talking nonsense right now.} Sharp!”

He hung up then gulped down his beer looking at his phone. His screen saver was Anaya sleeping.

He went to his contacts and clicked on a certain number.

“Hello, it’s Miguel Mokwena, I want to purchase a car.”

Anaya parked the car in front of her house and stepped out with her handbag. She looked at how the house was being extended and smiled. She could already picture just how it was going to be after the builders were finished. She walked inside the house and took off her shoes.

“Hey Anaya,” Lethabo said though looking at the TV mounted to the wall. That had been the first thing she bought when she first got paid at C-SKY hotel.

“Hi guys. Where is mama?”

“Sewing.” Ayana responded sitting on the bed flipping through a drum magazine.

“I hope you guys have done your home works and have read.”

“Yes. I got 90% on my test Anaya.”

“Good job Lethabo.”

She walked to the next room where her mother was sewing.

“Mama you should rest, tomorrow we are going to the hospital.”

“I am almost done. My client will be collecting this tomorrow. Miguel borrowed your car again?”

“Yes.”

Her mother paused staring at her. “I now see that this boy is actually not bad, he loves you.”

“I love him too but his ex girlfriend is pregnant.”

“How long has she been pregnant?”

“He claims he found out today and she is three months pregnant. That woman is full of drama. He says it happened before we got in a relationship and I understand that but this entire situation just bores me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t want stress. I am already stressed about

you.”

“Anaya, don’t make the mistake of losing a man that loves you so only you regret in the future. This woman, she is non of your business. You shouldn’t focus on her, she is expecting you to cause havoc so that there can be havoc between you and Miguel. If Miguel respects your relationship then you have nothing to worry about.”

She sighed. “Ok. I am tired. I am going to eat and sleep.”

“Ok, I will be there just now.”

Back in the bedroom, she took off her shoes as her phone rang.

“Yours is stubbornness or what?”

He laughed. “Anaya stop making me run in circles.”

“No one said you should. Stop calling me Bame.”

“Look, we have dinner tomorrow then if you still don’t want me, I will back off.”

“You like attention, I am hanging up.”

“If you wanted to hang up then you would have done so without informing me. I will send you the location and time.”

“I am not going to coming.”

“You are lying. You are going to come because you want to.”

He hung up before she could say anything else.

Colleen dialed Ian’s number for the 20th time but it was still off. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at her innocent baby sleeping peacefully next to her. The thought of Oteng raising her daughter made her cry even more. She put her hand over her chest feeling excruciating pain she had never thought she could feel. There was no way she would let another woman raise her daughter while she was still alive. She scrolled through her wedding pictures as tears dropped on the skin.

“God it’s too painfull.” She cried.

She looked at the pillow for a moment then at Angel who was still sleeping. Her thought swirled in her head as she looked at the pillow. Suddenly, she felt unexplainable hatred towards her daughter. If it wasn’t for her maybe she would still have her husband. Now she regretted getting pregnant, had she not gotten pregnant then Oteng would not have taken her husband from her.

She slowly reached for the pillow and held it in her hands staring at the baby. The door swung open and her mother walked in.

“I brought you food, is she ok?”

Colleen put the pillow down and smiled. “Yes, I thought maybe I can put the pillow on her side in case she rolls.”

“Ok, I just spoke to Boikanyo, he will send money so that we can buy the coat bed and other things.”

“Ok.”

Mma Mokwena handed her the plate and

immediately the baby started crying. She took her in her arms while Colleen pretended not to hear anything eating.

“I think she is hungry, feed her.”

“I think she should start drinking formula.”

“Colleen, she is just two days old. she needs breast milk not formula. Feed her.”

Mma Mokwena handed her the baby. Colleen took out her breast and gave it to Angel who immediately started suckling. She looked at her with so much anger she wanted to yank her and throw her against the wall.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#25

Theodora walked inside the hotel with her head

down. She sat down on the front desk fixing her glasses while her head ached. She looked at her watch with a sigh, she was right on time.

“Good morning.” A voice said making her raise her head. It was a delivery guy.

“Morning, how can I help you?”

“I am here to deliver these to Ms. Anaya.”

Theodora looked at the big bouquet of roses which were tied by a red ribbon with P200 notes wrapped around each rose. Two workers walked past them then stopped. “Such a big bouquet!” One of them commented.

“The only thing I am seeing choma is the money. That’s a lot. Whoever these flowers are for is lucky, when are we going to meet men who can do this? Theodora, are they yours?”

Theodora shook her head still staring at the flowers. More workers were gathering around them looking at the flowers with their phones out taking pictures and videos. Theodora could swear the money could reach up to a couple of thousands.

Anaya walked in while Theodora still ogled at the flowers wearing her navy blue suit.

“Umh Naya, you have that,” she pointed at the huge bouquet of flowers.

“Oh?” Anaya walked over putting and looked at the flowers wrapped with money.

She curiously smiled taking them from the delivery guy. “Who are they from?”

“Mr. Mokwena.”

Anaya’s smile brightened. “Is this money?”

The delivery guy laughed. “Yes and it’s a lot. I counted.”

“Some people are so lucky! That’s what you get when you date the rightful people.” Someone said.

“Thank you.” Anaya said to the delivery guy then turned to Theodora. “Hey Theo.”

“You are so lucky shame. Some of us hare kopa airtime motho wa complaina. {Some of us when we ask for airtime he complains.} It will even seem as if we love money too much.”A colleague added as

everyone looked at Anaya.

She giggled. "I feel like a girl in a romantic movie."

"I know, look at that smile!"

She laughed. "Theodora stop making me shy. See you later."

She walked away with the flowers while everyone stared at her.

"Now I see why girls don't want us the poor guys." The manager commented passing by.

Theodora looked at him and laughed. "It will be fine one day."

The phone rang while people dispersed. "C-SKY hotel good morning, how can we help you?"

"Did you block me?"

She looked around, no one was close by. "You do realize that you are calling the company's phone right?"

"I want to talk to you."

"Agang, please stay away from me, you let your

girlfriend harass me yesterday. I don't want anything to do with you."

"I will come pick you up today after work."

"Go to your girlfriend and stay away from me or else I will report her for assault."

"You will find me in the parking lot. Don't keep me waiting."

Theodora looked at the cordless phone after he hung up her heart thudding. Her coworker settled beside her as she put the phone back on its cradle.

"Hey, I am so late, my son got sick and I had to get him to the hospital. I hope no one saw that I was not here."

Theodora shook her head sorting files. "No."

"Thank God! God knows how much I need this job."

Theodora looked at her, she had gotten hired the previous month. "Tsohle, I have been meaning to talk to you. People are gossiping about you, I know you are still new but you need to look the part. We work at the front desk and welcome our customers, we

should look inviting.”

“I know but I barely have time to get my hair done.”

“Beauty takes time and money. You need to do your hair or do a ladies cut if you are so busy. Do your nails. My friend, Anaya, she does nails but only during the weekend if she is not busy, she also does eyebrow shaping and tinting. She can make you look nice though it’s costly.”

“You mean the accountant lady?”

“Yes, that’s Anaya.”

“Is it true that she is dating the owner of this hotel?”

Theodora paused for a bit. “You should stop listening to gossip. The same people that share gossip with you are the very same people who gossip about you when you turn your back. Just focus on your makeover and you will be fine.”

Theodora looked at the time as she walked out of the hotel after her shift ended. Her eyes fell on his

car and she wondered if she could go back inside and ask for a ride from Anaya or maybe just deal with Agang once and for all. She took a deep breath then walked towards his car with confidence. He stepped out and looked at her. He fixed his cap opening the passenger door for her.

“I am not going anywhere with you. I told you, I am done with you.”

“Theodora ke kopa o tsene mo koloing. {Can you please get in the car.}”

She folded her arms. “So that what? You take me to your house where your baby mama and child are? You watched her slap me, you even walked away. I am not that desperate for you.”

“She is gone, I promise.”

Theodora shook her head. “I don’t trust you. After yesterday you seem like the type of man who love it when girls fight for him. You are not as mature as I thought you would be. I might not have that much experience but I certainly don’t want you because you are weak and you are a liar.”

She walked off to the bus stop leaving him standing there.

Later in the evening Lone watched a facebook video, she stared at Anaya holding a bunch of flowers with money rolled on each rose and looked at the comments reading the first few, everyone was envying her. She went back to the video wondering why Miguel never did that for her.

She boiled with anger as Anaya smiled. The video continued playing while she rubbed her stomach. Tears burned her eyes before she called Rachel using Whatsapp call.

“Hey! You won’t believe a few hours ago I was lying on a launcher sipping cocktail.” Rachel said laughing.

“That’s really nice.”

“I know and hubby is taking me to this beautiful place for dinner, I love Mauritius!”

“I told Miguel about the baby.”

“What did he say?”

“He was angry at first but then he came to my house with his little girlfriend. I hate that girl so much, she wanders around with his car acting like she is the boss. I swear, she didn’t get that job fair and square.”

“I don’t know but I think you are right. Does she even have a degree?”

“I doubt. I am not going to lose Miguel to this gold digging hoe.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I will see but after I am done with her, she will regret setting her eyes on Miguel. She thinks I am here to play games.”

“Look, just hold that thought till I come back. We need to carefully plan this.”

“When are you coming back?”

“During the weekend. Kenny has to go back to work, we want to start our own business.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

She hung up trying to ignore the pain in her heart but remembering all the memories she shared with Miguel made tears burn her eyes. Anaya didn't deserve Miguel, she never went through any struggle with him but was just enjoying the end result fruits. A tear rolled down her cheek and she quickly wiped it off. She deserved to be the one receiving the flowers not Anaya. Another tear rolled down her cheek and she dabbed it carefully not to ruin her makeup.

She stood up and paced around the house then finally dialed Miguel's number but it wouldn't go through, for a moment she let herself break down crying. The pain in her heart was too much. Moments later she was dialing a number.

"Hello?"

"Hi, is this Dr. Lover?"

"Yes, how can I help you?"

"I want something that can make my boyfriend come to me, I saw your post on facebook."

"Come to my house and I will prepare something for

you.”

“Right now?”

“Yes.”

“Ok. Where do you stay?”

Lone drove through the small gate and parked in front of the unfinished house. She looked around starting to believe she had driven for over an hour for a scam. A knock on her window startled her. She looked at the man holding a phone then rolled down her window just a bit.

“I am Dr. Lover.”

She reluctantly stepped out of her car and looked at the mid forties man. He looked nothing like she had imagined. He held a little bottle of red substance.

“You put this in his food. Even in his drink.” Now she was definitely sure he was foreign.

“Then this,”

He held out a bottle full of water and stones at the bottom. "This, you pour it in your bath, you call out his name as you bath then declare whatever you want to happen."

He handed them to her then took out two bottles tied together. One red and the other colorless. "You will put your picture in this colorless one then his in this red one and throw in a river or ocean and let it be washed over. Once you have done all that, he will come back to you."

Lone put the things in her car. "Are you sure it will work?"

"If you doubt it then it might not work, you need to believe that it will work and it will. He will be yours. I can't do a proper consultation because it's late at night, I just did you a favor right now. And if the food or drink you put the love potion is not eaten by him it will not work."

"Ok. How much is all that?"

"P3000. But right now you can pay P2500 and when the job is done you pay the remaining balance."

Ewallet it.”

Lone looked at him for a while before finally taking her phone and sending him the money. She watched him disappear into the darkness then got in her car and drove off.

Anaya lay on the couch she had bought and turned into her bed watching a action movie on Miguel’s laptop while eating Simba chips. Her phone rang from beside her and she carefully took it answering.

“Hello?”

“So you ignored my calls?”

She looked at the laptop. “Bame, I said stop calling me.”

“I am not going to stop until we meet.”

“What do you want from me? I am in a relationship.”

“I never said anything about your relationship.”

“Then stop calling.”

“Anaya weh?”

“What?”

“Anaya?”

“Bame, please stop.”

“I am waiting at the Naps restaurant. I am giving you thirty minutes to arrive, if you don’t then I am going to track you down. Remember, thirty minutes.” He hung up.

Anaya put down her phone and tried continuing with her movie but she just couldn’t help to wonder what he wanted. He was so persistent and charming in a way. She called Theodora closing the laptop and getting up. She unlocked the door and the burglar bar stepping outside.

“Hi,”

“Theodora that soldier guy has been calling. He called in front of Miguel the other day, he was upset. I blocked him then he called with another number.”

“You man the cute scary one that looks like Columbus Short?”

“Yes. Now he says if I don’t meet him he is going to track me down.”

“What?”

“This guy can do it. I don’t want to see him pulling up in front of my house, he will never leave me alone if he knows where I stay. And he doesn’t give up.”

“What are you going to do now?”

“I am thinking I meet him, warn him sternly while recording the entire thing so that if he persists, I can report him. I will go to soldiers camp if the police can’t help me.”

“What if he tries to hurt you?”

“He is in a public space.”

“Don’t you think you need to tell Miguel so that he sorts it out?”

“He went for his trip.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea but if you think it will work then maybe do it.”

“It’s not a good idea but I have no choice.”

“Ok, tell me when you return home.”

Anaya walked back inside the house and found her mother awake. “You are awake, it was Theodora, she is not feeling well. I think I should go and take her to the hospital.”

“She is still not feeling well?”

“Yes. I think she needs serious help.”

“It’s ok, you can go but please be careful.”

“I will.” She put her black bondage dress and pumps.

“I will be back, bye.”

She walked out with her phone and car keys.

Anaya parked at the restaurant’s parking lot and climbed out of the car. Her heart pounded as she locked the car and steadily walked towards the entrance.

“So you came?” A voice said from behind her and

she jumped startled.

“Sorry, come.” Bame took her hand and led her to an empty table. He wasn’t in his uniform and she had to agree with Theodora, he did remind her of Columbus shot.

“You are very beautiful, do you know that?”

“What do you want?”

He chuckled. “And to think this soft voice is the one always threatening me. Do you know you threatening is a crime, I am even scared for my life right now.”

“Bame you are not being funny right now.”

“I wasn’t being funny, maybe you are a terrorist because God knows your beauty terrifies me.”

She rolled her eyes as he laughed.

“Don’t you want to order anything?” He asked as a waiter approached them.

“I am fine, I want you to say your piece so that I go home.”

“I will order for us then. Two glasses of your best

wines please.”

“Yes Sir.”

The waiter walked away leaving Anaya feeling anxious. “Can you please stop calling me. I have a boyfriend.”

“So what? We are not talking about your boyfriend.”

“Ok, I don’t want you.”

“I never said I wanted you but now that you have mentioned it, yes I want you Anaya and I am going to get you. I hope that boy you are running around with has enough tissues because he is going to cry and probably kill himself.” He said arrogantly then flashed a cute smile. “Now that’s out the way, we can discuss other things.”

The waiter came back with their drinks and put them in front of them. Anaya stood up as the waiter walked away. “I don’t know what games you are playing but I love my man and you are going to stop harassing me or else I will report you to your supervisors.”

She walked out almost running and unlocked the car from a distance.

“Anaya you are denying the invertible.” He grabbed her hand and pushed her against the car kissing her. Anaya froze as he kissed her hard that her body spasmed on it’s own.

“Anaya!” A voice called and she quickly pushed Bame off looking at Pule. Her body shook with fear and confusion.

“Pule...”

“What are you doing? Not even 24 hours since BK left and you are already cheating?”

“It’s not what it looks like, I can explain.”

“I knew you were going to do this. Out here whoring with his car. You are so disrespectful, I knew you would do this to him the moment he told me your profession.”

“Don’t talk to her like that.” Bame chipped in standing between Pule and Anaya.

“And who the fuck are you?”

“Someone you don’t want to cross.”

Pule laughed. “You must be the soldier guy. You are so full of yourself. I don’t have to talk to you because I have no business with you. I can’t believe this and to think Miguel really loves you. I told him not to go for prostitutes because this is how they behave. You are a lose panty and only using him as your ladder.”

Bame angrily punched Pule on the face who punched him back. “You think because you are a soldier you can do anything you want, wa nyela tle mona! Wena Anaya you will explain to Miguel.” He walked away wiping his bleeding nose.

Anaya put her hands over her mouth. “Oh my God!”

Bame turned and looked at her. “Hey, don’t cry.”

She stepped back. “Goodnight and don’t ever call me!”

She got in the car and sped off.

Late morning, Colleen lay on the bed scrolling through her phone watching YouTube prank videos while laughing. Mma Mokwena burst in her room and looked at Colleen.

“Colleen don’t you hear the baby crying?”

She put the phone down. “I don’t know why she is crying.”

“That doesn’t mean you just ignore her.” Mma Mokwena took the crying baby and checked her diapers.

“Didn’t I tell you to change her diaper a while ago?”

“I didn’t hear you.”

“Can’t you just think for yourself? When last did you feed her?” She asked already changing the diaper.

Colleen took her phone and resumed watching but her mother snatched the phone away.

“I am not going to give you this phone back. Feed this child, what’s going on with you?” She asked angrily.

“I am tired too.”

“A child is tiring, you should know this. Your mother in-law is coming to see her in a few days.”

“Why can’t she go and see her cheating son?”

“Colleen I know you are hurting but this is not the way to go on about it.”

She took out her breast and gave to the baby. She stopped crying immediately. Colleen took a deep breath.

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, I will talk to her when she comes, Miguel sent the money. Your father is going to escort me to the shops to buy everything right now in the morning before it starts getting too hot. I will be back.”

“Ok.”

“Angel looks like you when you were young.”

Colleen forced a laugh. “I know.”

“I am going.”

Her mother handed her the phone back. “Don’t ignore her hoping she will keep quiet on her own.”

She is a baby and sometimes she just wants your attention.”

“Ok.”

“Good.”

Colleen watched her walk out then waited for a bit till she heard the car driving off. She looked at Angel for a while then put back her boob in the bra while the baby searched for the breast with her mouth. She started crying a second later. Colleen stood up holding her as she cried hysterically.

“Shut up!” Colleen screamed slapping her.

Angel cried even more while Colleen walked with her to the bathroom. She laid her on the floor then walked out closing the door behind.

Anaya walked to the hotel’s restaurant with Theodora during lunch hour. They sat down looking at the menus.

“What happened exactly?”

Anaya sighed. “I went to see Bame, I get there, I tell him to keep his distance and stop calling. He is arrogant so I leave the restaurant and go to the car. He grabs me and kisses me. I didn’t kiss him back, I just froze and then comes Pule, Miguel’s friend. He gets in it with Bame and calls me names. I am sure he has already told Miguel. He hasn’t called.”

“You shouldn’t have went to the restaurant, do you think Miguel will understand?”

She shrugged. “I really don’t know.”

“Just call him and tell him the truth before Pule does and if he has done it already, explain yourself.”

“I will after work, he will be in South Africa for two more days.”

“Yes but tell him today.”

“I will. I never asked, did you ever talk to Agang?”

“Yes, he took me to his house where his girlfriend was. Anaya that girl slapped me and you know what he did? He walked away carrying their son.”

“His girlfriend?”

“Yes, her name is Mbali.”

“That’s his ex as far as I am concerned.”

“Seems like not anymore. That woman is vile. I will not be part of that, I am not that desperate.”

“Wow! That child is not even his.”

“He is not?”

“No. Apparently he found her pregnant. Months back the baby mama went back to the baby daddy and that’s how they broke up.”

“I am so glad I walked away with my dignity still intact.”

“You will find someone better.”

Anaya’s phone rang as as waiter approached them.

“Hello?”

“I am on my way back, I better find you home when I arrive.” Miguel said then dropped the call leaving Anaya’s intestines twisting painfully.

Colleen jumped hearing the car outside followed by the doors opening and closing. She switched off the TV and walked to the bathroom where Angel was lying. She picked her up then sighed, it had been hours since she left her there. She was sleeping. Colleen walked with her back to her room and lay her with her on the mattress just as her mother walked in her room.

“She is sleeping?”

“Yes.”

Mma Mokwena reached to fix her properly then frowned. “Why is she...?” She touched her little forehead. “Her temperature is too high. What happened?”

“Nothing, I fed her then played with her. She was awake for a while before she finally slept.”

“We should give her paracetamol.”

“Ok.”

Mma Mokwena picked her up and walked out with her while Colleen remained behind trying to hide her bored expression. She took her phone calling Ian. His number was still not getting through. Tears filled her eyes, she knew he was with her.

Her mother walked back inside the room. “Colleen, what happened to the child?”

Colleen looked at her mother then the baby who was still lying unconscious in her arms. Her heart skipped.

“What’s wrong?”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#26

“She seems too weak. Try feeding her. She looks drained.”

Colleen looked at her mother. “But I fed her just before she slept.”

“Feed her again.”

Mma Mokwena handed her the baby. Colleen took out her breast and gave it to the baby who looked too exhausted. She put her nipple in her mouth as her mother watched.

“You see? I told you. She must have slept hungry.”

Angel sucked on the nipple with her eyes closed while Mma Mokwena sat on the bed and watched with a smile.

“When I had Boikanyo, I was also scared to feed him. But after a while I realized that there was nothing to be scared about. You breastfeeding your child helps you bond with her. It forms the mother-daughter love.”

“Ok.”

“Do you have Anaya’s number? I forgot to ask for it before I left Gaborone.”

“Yes why?”

“She is a very good girl.”

Colleen raised an eyebrow. “She is but you don’t need to have her number.”

“I like her and when Boikanyo finally marries her, I want us to already have a good relationship.”

“What if he doesn’t marry her? Did you know that Agang also wanted her at first but she chose Miguel because he is richer?”

“What?”

“I know that Anaya was there to help me but I don’t think you should raise your hopes on her. Kenneth said Boikanyo said she was once a prostitute, she used to sleep with men for money.”

“I don’t believe this.”

“Ask him, Anaya is a chancer. All she wants is the greener pastures.”

“I can’t believe that I was even thinking of... Looks deceive.”

“But I am not saying hate her, maybe she has really changed.”

“No, a jezebel will always be a jezebel. She wants his money only, that’s why she drives his car. Let me go and talk to your father about this.”

“Please don’t tell them that it’s me who told you.”

“I won’t. Feed her. I will bring you your food.”

“Ok.”

Anaya pulled up by the gate trying to calm down. She went through what she would say again as she pressed the spare gate remote then the gate opened. She drove in and parked. Once out of the car, she stepped out walking towards the door. Her palms sweated while fear ran down her spine. God knew what Pule had said but she planned to tell Miguel the whole truth. She opened the door and walked in. The house was silent she wondered if he was around.

“How can I help you?”

Anaya looked at the girl coming from the bedrooms.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Eve.”

“You are the cleaner?”

“Yes, my mother couldn’t come so she sent me.”

“Are you done?” Anaya asked looking at her short pants.

“Yes.”

“Then you can leave.”

Anaya watched her take her bag from the couch and walk out. She knew he hadn’t arrived yet but he was definitely about to.

She sat down on the couch staring at the clock watch on the wall. Taking a deep breath she closed her eyes falling asleep.

“Anaya!”

She slowly opened her eyes confused then blinked a couple of times. Miguel was here. She looked at him in his casual clothes then at his face. He didn’t show any emotion, she couldn’t read him.

“Hey, you are here.”

“Anaya are you cheating on me?”

“No I-“

“If you lie to me I am going to slap you hard.” His eyes now burnt with anger. She rubbed her hands together.

“He wouldn’t stop calling me, with a different number. I thought I would meet him and tell him to stop.”

“In the evening? You went to meet another man in the evening?”

“I know I shouldn’t have, I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“I think you knew exactly what you were thinking. What happened after that?”

“I realized what I was doing was wrong and walked out. He followed after me and kissed me. I didn’t kiss him back, I swear.”

“And neither did you push him away.”

“I am sorry.”

“What are you sorry about?”

“Babe please.”

He rubbed his face and looked at her with pain he couldn't hide. Guilty smothered her as tears surfaced in her eyes.

“Anaya what am I not giving you?”

“I am sorry.”

“Anaya weh?”

“Rra?”

“I haven't beaten you that's why you behave like this, koore Anaya wa ntlwaela. {You are fucking with me.}”

“I am sorry.”

“I said what am I not giving you? ”

Tears rolled down her cheeks. “I am sorry I went to see him at night, I am sorry I let him kiss me. I am just scared.”

“Scared of what?”

“Miguel what’s going to happen to me? I know a child brings parents together, you and Lone were together for five years and we have only been together for three months. I am scared because I feel I am going to lose either way back to your ex girlfriend. And maybe I doubted that but last night made it so clear. You are going around telling your friends that I am prostitute, a lose panty. Why on earth would you want a lose panty as your girlfriend?”

He chuckled. “So you are really turning this around?”

“No but you should have been honest with yourself. You know you don’t want a prostitute for a girlfriend, why string me along when all you do is shame me with your friends over beer?”

“You know that’s not true.”

“Then where did Pule get that Miguel?”

“I told him before you and I started dating, if I didn’t want you then trust me, I wouldn’t be here with you. I will talk to Pule. Anaya I am not going to go round in circles with you and go to jail for nonsense. It’s

either you are with me or you are not. If you can't be faithful then get out of my house right now and never come back. If you remain and think you can always get away with it I will stab you 100 times to death then burn you and turn myself in to the police. I am not going to lose anything, my family will take care of business but as for you, your mother will die and your siblings will turn into orphans. Who knows where and who they will end up with, they will probably get molested and abused."

Anaya shivered with fear as she looked in his cold eyes. He looked like a deadly killer and something in her gut told her he was being serious.

"So right now choose what you want, I certainly do not want to catch a murder case, I have a child on the way and that child needs me. The door is open, you can take the car and I will send someone to collect it tomorrow at C-SKY. Anaya if you don't walk out that door and think you can do such nonsense, I will bury your ashes myself." He stood up and walked away leaving her sitting on the couch. Her heart pounded as she stood up and walked to the

door locking the door before making her way to his bedroom.

She could hear him in the shower as she sat on the bed and looked at her reflection on the huge mirror he had in his bedroom. Minutes later he came out with a towel around his waist. He lotioned then took off the towel and got in bed.

“Are you just going to sit there?”

She looked at him and took off her shoes. “I will take a quick shower.”

“Come here.”

She nodded and took off her top and skirt before crawling beside him. He kissed her unclipping her bra and taking it off. He squeezed her breast kissing her harder.

“Miguel I am on my period.” She whispered pulling back.

“And?”

She shook her head and kissed him. She could tell he was angry and was prepared to make him feel

better. He pushed her down getting between her legs.

Miguel walked in his office the following day and looked at Reba's empty desk. He sat down picking his office phone.

"Meme, where is Rebaone?"

"Morning sir, she called in sick."

"What do you mean she called in sick?"

"She said she is not feeling well."

"Where is my schedule? I told her I want to do a conference video call with the people in SA, it should be starting in ten minutes."

"She didn't tell me anyone anything."

"What was her previous excuse again? She is not serious, give her her termination letter. And get me a new PA. And get those people on the line."

“Yes sir.”

He put the phone down connecting the office line to the Bluetooth ear device. He opened his laptop and quickly replied to his emails before Meme walked in.

“I just called the people in SA and you will be connected in just a few minutes. An order came in for you. Coffee and a muffin. From Anaya Shato.”

She walked round his table and placed the muffin carefully beside his laptop together with the coffee.

“It’s hot.”

“Thanks.”

He took a sip of the coffee before handing her a file.

“Give this to Masaka, I approve.”

He held out the file for her and as she took it, she mistakenly tipped his coffee and it spilt on his hand as he pushed his laptop away.

“I am so sorry.”

“Fuck!” He stood up stepping away from the mess.

“I am so sorry, are you ok, that was really hot.”

He looked at his burning hand already becoming reddish.

“You should take that to the doctor.”

“It’s nothing.”

“The coffee was really hot, you are going to get a blister. Please go and get it treated.”

“Shit! Ok, postpone the conference call.”

“Yes sir.”

He stood up and walked out with his car keys.

Anaya sat on her desk with her phone on her ear as Miguel’s phone rang unanswered. She tried again but it still rang unanswered. She wasn’t sure if he just happened to be busy or just didn’t want to talk to her. She put the phone down and picked a pen trying to keep busy. She looked at the time, she was more than sure he had by now received her piece offering.

A soft knock on her door made her raise her head.

“Come in,”

The door opened and Stacy walked in.

“Hey Anaya.”

Anaya looked at her pregnant tummy wondering why people were getting pregnant. She looked at Stacy’s face, she looked much older than the last time she had seen her. Matter of fact, for a pregnant woman, she looked thin.

“Stacy, what are you doing here?”

“I heard you got a real job.”

“I did, so?”

“I just wanted to apologize for what happened the last time.”

“You mean when you sold me to three men?”

“I am sorry Anaya. I wasn’t thinking.”

“I got myself into that mess and I got myself out. By the way, congratulations.”

“I need your help.”

“What do you want from me Stacy?”

“I need money for an abortion.”

“What? Do you see how big your tummy is?”

“Yes but I can still do it.”

“You are insane, Stacy there is a child in your womb growing and you talk about killing?”

“I heard it’s not human yet.”

“Which education level did you reach for you to be this dumb? There is a child in there.”

“I am desperate Anaya. I went back home and I can’t continue staying there. The man who was taking care of me stopped because I am pregnant. I haven’t paid my rent in three months and I crushed my car.”

“Well I am sorry you wasted your time. I am not going to be part of your evil ways. Go kill your own baby alone and don’t make me part of it.”

“Anaya please...”

“Get out. And never come back.”

Miguel watched the doctor clean his wound his face twisted into a grimace.

“Can’t you be gentle? I never knew nurses can be this evil.”

She laughed. “I am being gentle, it’s not my fault you are a cry baby. How did you even get burnt?”

“Hot coffee.”

“Next time be careful Miguel, you see how painful a burn wound is?”

“I will be very careful.”

“I am going to bandage this to avoid infection then give you some painkillers and anti-biotics.”

“Ok.”

She applied a dressing of gauze and handed him the painkillers and anti-biotics.

“Avoid using that hand for now, let it rest. At least it’s not your right hand.”

“What are you trying to say doctor?”

She paused dotting something on his medical card

and looked at him laughing. "I don't know what you are thinking but I am saying at least you will write with your right hand, answer calls and eat."

"I heard doctors love teasing patients."

She grinned staring at him. "I am sorry. You are going to be fine in a few weeks."

"Thank you." He stood up. "What's your name?"

"Why? Wanna report me?" She asked giggling.

"No, I want to know who to thank."

"Marang. But to you I am Doctor Setso."

"Thank you Marang for taking the time from your busy schedule and treat me."

"It's my job, Miguel. Take care."

He walked out of her office headed to his car. He touched his pockets getting inside, he had left his phone. He sped back to the office and found Rebaone by her desk. Something was going on with her. He summoned her to his office as he sat down taking his phone on his desk. Five missed calls from Anaya.

“Mr. Mokwena,”

He looked up. “Sit.”

She sat down, she had lost weight. He wondered what was going on with her, he hadn't realized that's how bad she looked. This was not the girl he had met a year ago, vibrant, ambitious and active.

“You are a hard worker, with you I know I can never go wrong but the last two months your work has been questionable. I was going to fire you but you have come far. I am not a therapist but I know something is wrong.”

She wiped a tear that had fallen. “I am sorry.”

“Don't be. Do you need a leave? I will still pay you. Maybe you can seek medical care, the company always handles the costs. I want the girl I met a year ago, will I see her in two months?”

“Yes sir,”

“Good. Your leave start in two days, get me a replacement.”

“Yes sir.”

His phone rang while she walked out.

“Yes?”

“Good morning Mr. Mokwena, how soon do you want the car delivered?”

He paused thoughtfully for a second. “As soon as possible.”

“Ok. Thank you.”

He intently stared at Anaya on his screen for a while and like she knew he was thinking about, she called.

“Babe, I have been calling.”

“I burnt my hand I had to go to the hospital.”

“How bad is it?”

“Not that bad, I had a blister but I am good now.”

“Ok, I thought you didn’t want to talk to me.”

“What happened is water under the bridge, I am partly at fault, I know what’s going on with Lone is hard on you too. I love you and Lone is in the past. You don’t have to worry about her.”

“I trust you. Anyways I saw a government tender, they need a catering company that will be cooking for people who will be working on some government project starting in a month’s time, I forgot the name. I am going to apply. I know I am a small business with only five workers but if I get it I will hire more workers. I am going to try to jiggle Naya Caters and my job. I need them both.”

“Go and apply, you will manage though you need a proper plan on how things will run.”

“Yes, I have already started working on it. I can’t quit my job.”

“I will help you plan”

“Thanks, and I will cook dinner for you today.”

He smiled. “Ok. I love you.”

“I love you.”

He put his phone away as Rebaone walked back in his office.

“Your conference call starts in two minutes. Your appointment with Mr. Tafira starts in an hour’s time.”

“Ok, book me a room in Kasane from Friday night till Sunday. And get flowers for Anaya, like the ones she got a day ago. Let it go with this note.” He took a sticky note and quickly wrote something on it. “Write it on a nice card and have it delivered with a cake.”

“Yes sir. Should I list Anaya as your plus one at the Charity event next week on Saturday?”

“Yes.”

“Lone called, she said she needs to speak to you and that it is urgent.”

“Tell her I will call her.”

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This is last night's insert, it doesn't affect our schedule. The morning insert will come a bit late, i apologize in advance.

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#27

Impatiently, Theodora stood by Anaya's door waiting for her to finish up what she was doing.

"Anaya be quick, people will finish my pots."

Anaya laughed. "I am done. Let's go."

She stood up taking her handbag. "How much are those pots again?"

"P120, they are usually P250, I want them so badly."

They walked out of her office bumping into Mrs. Moses, the HR manager. "Anaya I would like to see you in my office immediately after your lunch break."

"Yes." She walked while Anaya stared.

"Do you think I am in trouble?"

"No, I doubt. Let's go."

They approached the reception area where a delivery guy was holding flowers.

"Oh, Good!" He said turning to Anaya. "A delivery for you."

“Thank you.” She took the flowers and a small gift box.

“I wish I can find a man like yours, this guy is fighting now.”

Anaya laughed. “Let me drop these in my office, I will see them later.”

She turned and hurried back to her office where she placed her flowers on her desk. She opened the gift box and smiled staring at the cake salivating then decided to eat it along the way.

“Thank God! I suspected it was a cake.” Theodora said seeing Anaya walk back with the cake.

Anaya laughed. “Theodora!”

“Don’t call my name like that. I also want.”

They both ate the cake walking out.

“So what did he say?”

“He forgave me. I was so scared, he told me if I cheat then he would stab me a 100 times and burn my dead body.”

Theodora flagged down a passing taxi. "I would have peed myself if I were you."

"I was so scared and he was looking at me in a scary way. I really thought he was going to beat me. He fucked me hard last night, it was a sweet painful punishment. After he was done with me, I couldn't feel my pussy, it felt as if it wanted to drop down."

"Now you won't do it again."

"I am going to get a new sim card." Anaya said as they got inside the taxi.

"But he really loves you."

"I love him too."

Anaya took a deep breath feeling a little faint.

"Are you ok?"

"Yea-..." She gasped struggling to breathe.

"Anaya!"

It felt as if something was blocking her throat. Her body began to itch as she fought to breathe.

"Take us to the hospital!"

Anaya closed her eyes feeling as if she was dying.

Theodora paced up and down at the hospital waiting area shaking. Her heart was still racing. She stopped seeing Miguel walk towards her with his jacket unbuttoned.

“What happened?”

“She just started gasping like she was having an asthmatic attack as her face turned red.”

“Where is she now?”

“The doctor is with her.”

“Ummh hi,” a doctor approached them.

“How is she?”

“She just had a nut reaction, she is allergic to nuts. Did she eat anything with nuts or nuts themselves.”

“She ate a cake, we both ate it.”

“Maybe it had nuts. She is stable but we will keep her tonight for observation.”

“Can we see her?”

“Yes but she is sleeping.”

The doctor walked away. Theodora had seen him a couple of times when he came to the hotel and when he came to collect Anaya but she had never spoken to him face to face. Being right next to him made her shiver, there was just something about him that made her blood rush. She couldn't look at him in the eyes as she breathed in his intoxicating cologne.

“You can go and see her, I have to go back to work.”

“I can drop you off, thanks for bringing her here.”

She watched him walk to where Anaya was as she remained standing. Closing her eyes, she chastened her thoughts. She had noticed his zipper, something told her he was the type of man to fuck her hard and good. He was taller than Agang, better looking too. Minutes later, they were walking towards his car.

She sat where Anaya usually sat while he got in on

the driver's seat. He started the car and drove off.

"You are Theodora right?"

"Yes."

"Ok."

She looked at his watch then his clean big hands. She pressed her thighs together as wayward thoughts swirled in her head. She stole a glance at him as he focused on the road, she could tell he was stressed. She wondered what to say to him to make him feel better, something appropriate.

"You don't have to worry that much, she will be fine." She softly said and he nodded.

"Yeah."

"I think it's the cake, that's the only thing she ate today."

"I will ask my PA. I didn't know she was allergic to peanuts."

"These things happen. But she is strong, she wouldn't want you that worried."

“I am glad you were with her.”

She smiled and looked out through the window as he drove. There was something about sitting next to him, breathing in his scent. She wondered how it felt kissing him or how his touch felt like. He parked in front of the hotel while she still was lost in her thoughts.

“Thank you, again.”

She smiled. “It’s ok, thank you.” She got off the car with her handbag and walked towards the entrance sitting beside Tsohle who was eating. Her phone rang from her handbag and she quickly took it out.

“Hello?”

“So now that you are successful you don’t recognize me anymore, after everything I did for you?”

She paused for a second then laughed. “Yaone?”

“Hey lover, I was going through my contacts then I saw your name and I thought wow! Distance can really strain a relationship, to think you and I used to be close. I used to buy you food with my allowance

money.”

“I never knew distance could destroy a relationship till I met you. I tried keeping us alive but you never met me halfway.”

Yaone laughed. “I am at fault, so how are you cuzy?”

“I am fine, how is your mother. I will never forget how your mother hated me. Sometimes I just wonder why aunty disliked me but she had been the one to volunteer to stay with me in Gaborone while I went to school.”

Yaone continued laughing. “I don’t think she liked anyone including her own kids. The only reason she took you in was because of the money your mother sent every month.”

“So what are you doing with life? Are you still in Jwaneng?”

“No, I moved to Debswana in Gaborone.”

Theodora laughed. “Wow!”

“You know me, we should do drinks sometime.”

“I would love that, I stay in Tlokweng.”

“I will visit you one of the days, maybe tomorrow, are you still dump?” She laughed. “You used to be so dumb that’s why they always bullied you at school. I would always find you crying.”

They both laughed. “No, I am now grown.”

“I hope so, look I have to go, send me directions to your house or work place and I will pass by, bye.”

Theodora put her phone down with a smile.

Later in the evening Lone poured the water she had been given inside the bathtub together with the stones. Her heart pounded as she stood there, staring at the water. She got inside the bathtub naked and sat down.

“Miguel come back to me. Leave Anaya and come back to me.” She said over and over again as she bathed. She finally stood up expecting to maybe feel itchiness or something but she was just fine. She

stepped out of the tub and put a towel around her body draining the water. She took the stones and put them back in the bottle before she stood up and walked out to her bedroom.

She dialed Miguel's number sitting on the bed.

"Lone, is the baby ok?"

"I feel a little pain, I am sure it's nothing serious. The doctor said I should get some supplements and I forgot all about it, it was busy at the bank. Can you please get them if you are not busy."

"Send the list and I will drop them off on my way home."

"Ok, thank you."

She smiled and quickly changed before texting him the list and putting a Krusher at the end of it. She waited patiently rubbing her stomach and twenty minutes later, he hooted. She opened the gate putting the small bottle with the red substance in her bra.

"Hey," she said as she opened the door for him. He

looked rather drained and exhausted.

“Is this all?”

She took the plastic and looked at everything.

“Yes, thank you so much.”

“And here is your Krusher.”

She took it with a smile. “Thank you. And I am sorry.”

He sighed. “It’s fine, there is nothing we can do about it now.”

“Yes... aahh!” She screamed rubbing her tummy. She immediately saw panic in his eyes.

“Are you ok?”

“Just the pain. The doctor said it’s normal. I feel dizzy.”

He put his hand around her waist. “You should sit down.”

He helped her to her couch. “I think I need some water.”

She attempted standing up but he pushed her down.

“I will do it.”

He walked to the kitchen and came back with a glass of water. She drank half and put the glass down. “I feel better. It’s normal for the first trimester. You look drained.”

“I am fine. I should go.”

“No. I know you probably hate me but let me pour you juice.” She stood up and walked to the kitchen where she poured him the guava juice adding her special mixture while muttering silent words. She mixed it then walked out of the kitchen.

“Have juice, you will feel better.”

“Lone I am fine.”

“It’s a friendly gesture. But if you feel I am harm you then I will taste it.” She took a sip. “See?”

He took the glass then gulped it all down. “I am going now.”

“Ok.”

He walked out while she beamed. Now what was left were the bottles which were to be thrown in a river.

“Watch out Anaya, I am getting back my man.”

She whispered watching Miguel reversing from her yard into the road then driving off. She turned to the empty glass and took it to the kitchen singing.

The house was so silent Colleen was sure her parents were sleeping. She looked at Angel sleeping, she hated her so much even looking at her angered her. Everything the baby did annoyed her, the way she breathed or cried. She looked at her innocent face as tears filled her eyes. She felt robbed of her happiness and all by a baby. It's like something deep inside her had snapped and she could see things properly. It was hard to look at the person she blamed for her unhappiness everyday and even harder that she had to pretend to care when all she wanted was stomp her until she was dead.

Tears finally cascaded down her cheeks going to her chin. She was in pain and no one was sympathizing

with her. No one cared on how she felt but only cared about the baby. She took a deep breath then looked at the baby one last time before grabbing her pillow.

“1 2 3...”

She put the pillow on the baby’s face and held it there. The baby thrashed but Colleen pressed her down harder till there was no movement at all.

“Colleen!” Mma Mokwena screamed bursting through the door. Colleen quickly threw the pillow down.

“Oh God!” Mma Mokwena took the unconscious baby in her hands. “Oh my God!”

She ran out of and seconds later she heard doors opening and closing then the car starting and driving off. She had never felt so satisfied in her life. Now Angel could feel what she felt too. Colleen was pretty sure that she was dead. She got off the bed and walked to the kitchen. She looked at the gas tank momentarily then reached for it. She opened it then started searching for the matches as she

coughed.

She felt hands grab her as she opened the kitchen drawers. She immediately recognized the neighbor's 20 year old son. "What the fuck are you trying to do?"

"Let me go!" She yelled as he held both her hands with one hand and closing the gas tank with the other. He dragged out of the house through the kitchen door leaving the door open.

"If you are trying to kill yourself why don't you do it somewhere else not in someone's house? And why destroy the house and furniture when you can always stab or burn yourself outside the gate? The street is there, it's government property but I am sure they won't mind. You can go to a bush or somewhere where no one will ask you any questions. I am sure your parents worked hard building this house and buying the furniture inside for you to just come and burn yourself in their house damaging their property."

She looked at him in shock.

"Don't look at me with a shocked expression, answer

me, why can't you kill yourself somewhere else? Why choose to traumatize your parents because I am pretty sure no one wants to stay in a house someone killed themselves in. I certainly won't. You killing yourself is not the issue, the issue is why drag other people in it to? Go and do it outside the gate, do you know what time it is?"

She shook her head.

"It's past midnight. Had you tried to kill yourself and your little baby outside the gate, I would be sleeping but no! You just had to do your bullshit inside someone else's house and now I am awake. Your mother called my mother so that she keeps an eye on you because you just tried to kill an innocent baby. My mother is not here and now I have to babysit and dump and stupid murderer."

Colleen slowly slid to the ground crying. "I hate her!"

"Who cares because I don't give a fuck."

"She ruined everything."

"Tell that to police, your folks called the cops. I wonder what time they are arriving. I could be

smocking right now.” He clicked his tongue.

She heard police sirens then stood up. “Go and turn yourself in please. And tell them you were trying to damage someone’s property. That should get you locked up for a long period of time.” He said then jumped over the wall to the other yard.

“Colleen, come out!” The police yelled from inside the house. She walked in with her hands up surrendering herself.

Agang looked at Anaya’s naked body lying on the bed. She had full firm breast that stood. His eyes went down to her tiny waist then her belly button. He wanted to lick it so bad. Her hips were full and her cookie was shaved. She had sexy toes. He kissed her from her toes, dropping wet kisses up her thighs, inner thighs. He teased her cookie with his tongue as she moaned softly calling out his name. He spread her legs even more and opened her folds.

She was beautiful and pink. He looked at her tiny hole then kissed her clit. She called his name as he licked her slowly dipping his pinky finger inside her.

He took his time, pleasuring her till she released closing her thighs on his head. She tasted sweet and smelt amazing too. She relaxed her legs then kissed her soft lips caressing her body. He released her wanting lips then kissed her neck till he was sucking her nipples. Every single part of her was sweet and he wanted to kiss her everywhere.

“Make love to me Agang,” she whispered in his ear. She didn’t need to tell him twice, he knew he would do anything she wanted him to do. He pulled her o the edge of the bed stepping down then slowly slid in his super tightness. She was too tight and sweet that he felt like exploding right there and then.

“Fuck!” He groaned pushing himself till he was buried deep inside her. He kissed her then started thrusting into her. She moaned rubbing his back. With every thrust she got sweeter and more wet. She cupped her bouncing breast and massaged them as she moaned his name closing her eyes.

“Harder Agang...” She whispered and he changed pace thrusting harder. She squeezed him making him groan. He was close. He moved his waist as if moving to some exotic song making her vibrate. He knew he had her right where he wanted her. Her body started convulsing as she screamed. He moved even faster feeling his dick twitch inside her. A few more thrust he was releasing.

“I love you so much Agang.”

“I love you Naya.” He thrust one more time and sighed.

“Agang who is Naya?”

He snapped and pulled out staring at Mbali who looked angry. She stood up. “Who is Naya Agang?”

He took off the condom walking to the toilet.

“You have a nerve! Calling a whore’s name during our sex.”

He got under the shower trying to rid Anaya from his head. When he stepped out, he found Mbali sitting on the bed.

“Are you going to answer me? Who is Naya? I can’t believe you said another woman’s name while with me. You are such a bitch Agang.”

He looked at her. “Then leave.”

“I am not going anywhere, I love you.”

“I am sleeping.”

He got under covers and closed his eyes. His phone rang and he quickly reached for it while Mbali walked out crying.

“Papa?”

“Your sister tried killing Angel with a pillow. She has just been transferred to Marina, we are coming there.”

“What?”

“The police took her and a psychiatrist and analyzing her. They say she may have been suffering from a lot of stress due to her cheating husband and also post natal depression.”

“Post natal depression?”

“Yes! That.”

“Is Angel going to be ok?”

“I don’t know, the doctor spoke to your mother. I have to go, we will talk.”

“Ok.”

Agang put his phone down and changed before walking out passing Mbali who was sleeping on the couch dialing his brother.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#28

The doctor walked in Anaya’s room and found her already dressed.

“Good morning, how are you feeling?”

“I feel ok. Please tell me you are discharging me, I

have to go to work. I have an important meeting at 10a.m.”

The doctor smiled. “Yes I am discharging you. Did you know you are allergic to nuts?”

“Yes. I think it was the cake, that’s the only thing I ate yesterday.”

“Ok, let me fill in your discharge forms.”

“Thank you.”

She put on her shoes and tied her hair as the doctor filled the forms. A while later she was walking out with her phone on her ear.

“Anaya, Miguel passed by telling us you were in hospital, are you ok?”

“Yes. I am on my way home mama. Can you please iron my navy blue pinafore and white long sleeved shirt.”

“Ok. Some pregnant woman also came to see you yesterday.”

She frowned. “Who did she say she was?”

“Stacy.”

“Ok. I am coming.”

She hung up stopping a combi.

Detective Michaels walked inside the house fixing his gloves. He looked at the scene. A woman and a man both dead. He looked the man hanging from the roof then the woman on the floor lying in a pool of blood.

“Man, Ian Mathabela, age 31, a doctor. Woman, Oteng Solomon, 27 years old and not working.” An officer said as Detective Michaels knelt before the woman.

“What happened?”

“The man must have stabbed her then killed himself, passion killing if you ask me. They probably had a fight because the furniture is out of place, broken glasses.”

Detective Michaels looked at the woman's bruised neck. "Signs of struggle."

"Yes, and we just found out that the man I actually married. But the wife is in Mahalaype."

"When did she go there?"

"We are still checking that but it seems to have been a couple days now."

The detective stood up then looked at the man hanging from the ceiling.

"Did the neighbors hear anything?"

The officer shook his head. "No, time of her death is between 1a.m and 2a.m."

"No, precisely between 0145 hours and 0200 hours."

A lady said approaching them. "Hi, my name is Mariah Johane, from the forenics."

She knelt down before the woman with a camera on her neck. "You might think she was stabbed to death, but no. She was not. She was strangled to death before finally being stabbed. She lost her artificial nail too, must have been a big struggle. We found his

fingerprints on the knife but that's all. There are no finger prints on her neck to prove it was him."

The detective looked at the man again. "His knuckles are bruised. Does it show that she was punched?"

Mariah stood up. "No. But we did record a high count of alcohol in his body."

"I see. I think we have a murder case. Whoever killed them wanted us to think Ian killed his side chick. I want to speak to the hospital staff who were close to him, the neighbors too and his wife. She might have sent someone to kill them, who knows."

The officer nodded walking away.

With other workers, Anaya walked out of the boardroom holding her water bottle.

"Yesterday I was worried. Are you ok?" A coworker asked.

“I am fine, just an allergic reaction.”

“I am glad you are ok, I was actually surprised when I saw Mr. Mokwena dropping off Theodora while she was in the front seat.”

Anaya looked at her. “Oh?”

“Yes. Look, I admire your friendship with Theodora but at the same time there should be a boundary line when it comes to your relationship. My sister today is crying all because of a friend who betrayed her.”

“Thank you for the advise.”

“You are welcome, let me go back to work.”

In her office Anaya massaged her temples then finally called him with a pounding heart.

“I am about to get in a meeting, I will call you back.” He hung up before she could get a word across. She slowly put the phone down and stared at her desk top. She hadn't seen Theodora since morning nor had Theodora even called to check up on her. The thought of her friend with her man made it hard for her to breathe. Closing her eyes, she pulled herself

together. She decided to be optimistic, reminding herself that Theodora was her friend. So far their friendship was running so smoothly Anaya had no reason to suspect anything but an undying thought remained lurking at the back of her head.

Mma Mokwena looked at the baby connected to the machines wondering where she went wrong. Of course she had seen how odd Colleen had been acting but to her it was normal. She had felt that way when she gave birth to Miguel, she had felt scared and disconnected to her child but she had not gone as far as trying to kill her child. She still couldn't rid what she had seen in Colleen's eyes. She had been set to kill the baby, she wondered what could have happened had she not walked in the moment she did.

"Mma Mokwena, I brought you food." Her husband said walking in with a takeaway.

"What did I do wrong Mokwena? I tried my best to

raise these kids.”

He put the food down and hugged her. “Nothing. How they now choose to behave has nothing to do with us. We did our part.”

“Colleen wanted to kill her child. Her own child.”

“God loves this little girl and that’s why he has managed to protect her. She is only a few days old but has so far been through a lot. We should thank God for that.”

“I don’t know anymore. Did you call Boikanyo?”

“Yes. He will come by later on. At least he arranged for the baby to moved in this private hospital. He said it’s good.”

The nurse walked in and smiled at the old couple.

“The doctor is coming to talk to you, how is our little fighter doing?”

She checked the baby as the doctor walked in. She smiled at them then looked at the baby.

“Good afternoon ma, I am Dr. Setso, our Angel is stable at the moment but she might be brain dead.

She was deprived of oxygen for a long time and suffered asphyxia. At the moment-

“Doctor, wait, please explain slowly.” Mkwena cut her off.

She smiled. “Ok, what I am saying couldn’t breathe for a long time and that might have affected her brain. But we won’t know for sure till she is awake and right now it’s hard to tell if she will ever wake up. She also suffered-

“You mean she may die?” Mma Mkwena asked standing up.

“What I am saying is that right now it’s hard to tell if she will wake up, we still have more-

Mma Mkwena put her hand over her chest due to the sharp pain. She gasped then slowly melted to the floor. The doctor rushed to her side and put the stethoscope on her chest listening.

“Nurse!” She called out as the nurse. Mkwena knelt before his wife.

“What’s wrong with her?”

Another doctor burst through followed by male nurses. They picked her up and put her on the stretch bed before rushing off with her. Dr. Setso looked at the old man who couldn't hide his confusion.

“Sir, I am going to ask you to be strong. I am going to do everything in my power to ensure that your wife and grandchild are ok. I promise.”

She rushed out following behind his wife. With shaking hands, he took out his phone and dialed Miguel's number. His phone rang unanswered. With a poor vision, he called Agang who's phone didn't ring at all. Losing hope, he finally called Miguel's office.

“Good afternoon, Mokwena Logistics how can we help you?”

“My child, please let me speak to Boikanyo.”

“Uhh I am sorry but we have no one called Boikanyo here.”

“Miguel...”

“Oh, I am sorry but Mr. Mokwena is in an important meeting at the moment, would you like to leave a message?”

The phone call cut off and he held the battery dead phone in his hands with a sigh.

Ayana walked with her friend from school as they chatted loudly laughing. A car slowly drove past them.

“Lalah, that black car is creeping me out.”

Her friend looked ahead and laughed. “It’s nothing, are you already imagining what mam was saying in class?”

“No but...” She shook her head then frowned as Lalah took out a packet of NikNaks from her school pants. “Nyaa mma Lalah, wa nkuluta mme waja. {No Lalah, you owing me yet you are eating.}”

“Ayana nna mma ke tswere ke tlala, ke tla go duela.

{Ayana I am hungry, I will pay you.}

“You can’t be eating whilst you owe me.”

“Sheh! Ayanaa ausi wagago o jola le batho ba di Range Rover mara wena o busy o batla go duelwa P2.00? {Anaya your sister is dating people who own Range Rover but you are busy asking to be paid P2.00?}”

“Lalah tomorrow if I catch you eating, I am going to take it.”

“Ayana nna mma ke mo humanegi, tswa mo go nna motho wamodimo, ke nkgalechono hela. Ga kena madi mma. {Ayana I am poor, leave me alone, I stink brokenness. I don’t have money.}” Lalah laughed.

“Are you not ashamed asking for P2.00?”

“I am not, same way you were not ashamed when you asked for my money.”

“Girls are tricky shame.”

“No, don’t say girls are tricky whilst you owe me. It’s been weeks and you don’t want to pay me.”

Lalah laughed more then put her arm around Ayana.

“Don’t worry friendooo! I will pay you. Wait and watch.”

“Sometimes you are annoying, can I have?”

Lalah stood still laughing so hard till her ribs hurt.

“This girl! Ayana if I give you then I am going to subtract from the money I owe you. One NikNak cost 10 thebe. Let me count how many I should give you.”

The girls laughed standing. The black car reversed and a man opened his window.

“Hi girls!”

They turned to look at the man as Anaya stepped back. There was something about him she didn’t like.

“How can we help you?” Lalah asked loudly as usual.

“I am asking for directions, I am looking for BBS mall but seems like I am lost.”

“Uhh you go back to where you are coming from and get in the...” Lalah turned to Ayana.

“You go back using the road you came with, you are going to see a road heading, take that road and and turn left. You will pass Choppies then get to a T-

Junction. You turn right and go straight till you reach a robot. You would have arrived.”

“Maybe you girls should escort me, I will bring you back.”

Ayana pulled Lalah. “No, we are going home.”

He stepped out of the car and Ayana started running pulling Lalah with. They ran, feet moving fast while their hearts pounded hard and fast against their chests. They stopped as they reached Lalah’s house which was along way going to Ayana’s house.

“I am sure he is gone, we almost got kidnapped!” Lalah said catching her breath with her hands on her knees.

“He is gone.”

“You can come in for a while.”

Ayana shook her head. “I have to go home, I have home work and I want to watch my Indian show.”

Lalah laughed. “I have forgotten you are Ishita.”

They parted as Lalah walked inside their gate while Ayana walked home. Her heart was still beating fast.

“Mama,”

Her mother stood up. “I have to go and see the motshelo ladies in a few minutes.”

She noticed the shoes Anaya had been wearing the previous day to work. “Is Anaya back from the hospital?”

“Yes, she was released in the morning. She is fine.”

She sighed with relief throwing herself on the bed.

“Ayana get off! See how dusty you are.”

She stood up and attempted to sit on the couch where Anaya’s blanket’s were.

“Anaya will kill you if you sit there.”

“Mama I am so tired.”

“I understand but bath first then sit on the bed.”

“I can’t wait for Anaya to finish the house then I will have my own room.” She mumbled as her mother walked out. She put her bag down taking out her home works and placed them on the bed. Bending, she took off her shoes then followed by her skirt and

shirt. She put her uniform in an empty bucket switching on the radio. Her favorite song played and her hips moved according to beat as she sang along.

She spun to the door opening ready to hear it from her mother but her mouth went dry while her eyes locked with strange man from the black car. She stood still, frozen to her spot as her mind worked overtime to understand what was going on.

“Wow! You are so beautiful.”

She moved back instinctively. An intruder was in their house gaping at her like a lion gaping it's prey.

“Don't run, today we are going to have fun.”

She looked around panicking, she had to get a weapon, something but she found herself unable to move with shock. Shock and realization of what was about to happen. She opened her mouth to scream but nothing came out, tears ran down her cheeks.

“So cute...” He whispered then closed the between them. He grabbed her hand as she finally let out a loud scream. With anger he slapped her hard against the face that she lost balance and fell on the floor.

For a while, her ear lost hearing as she saw stars.

“Make noise again and I will kill you.”

He pulled her up from the floor and threw her on the bed. “If you try anything I will stab you.” He took out a knife and pointed it at her. “Today I will cut your throat.”

She looked at him and screamed even louder standing up. The man pulled her leg then she slipped off the bed hitting her head on the chest of drawer before falling to the ground with a loud thud. The man looked at her body then at the blood dripping on the chest of drawer. He slowly walked over making her lie on her front trying to feel her pulse. His eyes went to her little breast in a bra then her Hannah Montana panties. His dick grew hard in his pants, he looked around unzipping his pants and took out his black dick. He pulled her panties down her legs and opened her legs. His blood rushed with his eyes fixed on her poorly shaved vagina.

Without hesitation, he got between his legs and forced his dick inside her while she lay unconscious

on the floor, blood pooling around her.

Theodora walked towards the black Volvo looking at the number plate. She opened the passenger door with a smile while Yaone laughed.

“Girl hop in, stop looking unsure.”

Theodora laughed and got inside. “You have a nice car.”

Yaone pulled her for a tight hug. “I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too.”

Yaone moved back as tears filled her eyes. “It feels like just yesterday when we used to laugh together.”

“It does. And how you used to sneak out and have me cover your back.”

“You were such a good liar.”

They both laughed. "You taught me that."

"I had to, you were a little backward those days, today look at you, you look good."

Theodora looked at her in her red jumpsuit. "I work as a receptionist. After four years, this is all I am today, a receptionist."

"Don't worry, this is just a phase, I remember working as a waiter this other time but today look."

"You are really going far with life, now I am wondering how much they pay you for you to afford this."

"Don't be fooled, I am still paying the debt. Today I will take you out. There is a restaurant at Game City mall that recently opened."

"Ok."

Yaone started the car and drove off. "How is your mom?"

"She is fine."

"And her husband? I never liked that man, if I were you I would have never accepted a step father."

“I had no choice but they are fine.”

Yaone stopped the car at a traffic light chuckling. “I would have made his life a living hell.”

Theodora laughed looking out through the window then paused staring at Agang in his car besides theirs. Yaone looked too.

“Wow! Who is that fine brother?”

“Agang, he used me and left.”

“That guy?” Yaone pointed.

“Yes. I regret giving my virginity to him. He certainly wasn't worth it now that I look back at it.”

“He looks like a player.” The traffic light changed and Yaone stepped on the accelerator.

“I don't do relationships. I don't want my heart broken, matter of fact, I just don't trust men. I fuck and leave.”

Theodora looked at her. “What?”

“Yes. Hit and run. You thought only men could do it? I do it too. I sleep with whoever I want and leave

after that. I just lose interest in you matter of fact.”

“What happened to that guy you were dating when I was in form five?”

She laughed. “Theodora, I met his brother. His brother was way finer so you know what I did. It was worth it because the sex was always on fire.”

“I like Agang’s brother. I don’t know, I never did but yesterday... I don’t know. I have been trying to pull myself together but I keep thinking about. He is so attractive, mature and in control. Yaone I feel bad for even thinking about him.”

“Why? Cuzy, you didn’t even date this Agang guy. You are doing nothing wrong.”

“He is my friend’s boyfriend.”

Yaone glanced at her. “So? What if he is someone who has to marry you? Will you let friendship be the reason why you are not with the person you really want?”

“I can’t betray Anaya like that but at the same time, I feel he deserves better. Anaya cheat on him while he

buys her flowers wrapped with money, buys her breakfast, he does everything for her.”

“Are you sure you like him or just envy your friend?”

“I like him so much. Last night I couldn’t sleep. I kept thinking about him.”

“Then go for it. Anaya is not your sister so do it. If I were me I would have long smashed. I don’t do friendships for such reasons.”

Theodora laughed. “You are such a character. I like Anaya.”

“So what? You will lose out because of such, trust me.”

She silently looked at Yaone thinking of the PA poster Rebaone had called her about last night.

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Goodnight...

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#29

Miguel walked inside his mother's ward and sighed sadly. He was not used to seeing her like that, his mother was always active. He looked at his father.

"The doctor said she will be fine."

"I am sorry I wasn't available when you called."

"It's ok son. Did you call those people to enquire about your sister?"

"They are taking her to a psychiatrist hospital. She will get help there."

"At least they are not arresting her."

"Yeah, you should go home and rest."

"I can't leave Sethunya here. I know if it were me lying there, she wouldn't leave me. It's a good thing you brought with food."

"Yes, I will go and check on Angel then."

"Ok."

He walked out and went to Angel's ward. Other mother's were with their babies. For a moment he thought of the trauma the little girl must have suffered from. It was hard to imagine how it must have felt being suffocated.

"She will be fine. She is one strong girl."

Miguel spun around and smiled looking at the doctor.

"Marang,"

"Hey, you are the uncle?"

"Yes. She is my niece."

She smiled. "What a great uncle you are."

"It's the least I can do. I just can't believe anyone can hurt their own baby, especially Colleen."

"Most people have never heard of post natal depression, some even think it's something for rich or white people only. This is real and it should be taken seriously. It's not normal to feel disconnected to your baby, the sooner our society realizes that any kind of depression is real, the better. You will be surprised of how many PND cases we record in a

year.”

“You are right.”

“I know and it will be even better if we had organizations that help and assist in such matters. I am sad for this little soul but I am happy your sister is getting help and you have also learnt a thing or two. One day you will be able to teach someone too.”

Miguel smiled. “I can’t wait.”

She laughed. “She is stable, I explained to your parents that she may suffer brain damage. For now it’s hard to tell if she will make it but I believe in God and he is going to save her life. She has a lot ahead of her, God won’t rob her of that.”

“You are beautiful.”

She shook her head with a smile on her face.

“Thanks.”

He walked out with her. “How is my mother?”

“She suffered a mild heart attack but she will be fine. I told your father not to worry that much as his BP is already high. I wouldn’t want to admit the entire

family here.”

“I wouldn’t mind.”

“I am sure your girlfriend would.”

“Is that you trying to find out if I am in a relationship or not?”

She laughed. “No. I am just saying.”

He shrugged. “She cheat, I can’t seem to get over it. I wouldn’t want to end another relationship because of a silly mistake.”

Marang put her pen in her pocket. “What I love about most men is that they know their worth. They never settle for bullshit unlike us ladies. I am not a therapist but what I can tell you is do you want to be stuck with someone you can’t trust?” She turned and started walking away.

“I love her.” He said walking side by side with her.

“But I am not sure if things get hard in the near future, will she stay.”

She looked at him. “I love that you are honest.”

“And I love that you easy to talk to. Is that your real

hair?”

She laughed. “Miguel, no, it’s a weave. My hair is actually short.”

“It looks like your real hair.”

“Yes, it’s the kind of weave.”

They walked inside her office. “So your mom will be fine, tomorrow she will be awake. More tests we did on Angel will come back tomorrow and I will be able to maybe shed some light into some points.”

“Thank you so much.”

“Just doing my job.”

He looked at her for a while. Some strands of her weave were on her beautiful face. He gently took it off her face and stared at her lips as she ran her tongue on them. He leaned over and kissed her softly. She sighed and kissed him back putting her arms around his neck. He pulled and rubbed her lips.

“When does your shift end?”

She rolled her eyes. “Miguel, leave, you have a girlfriend.”

He smirked. "And when does my girlfriend come in all this?"

"I don't want drama."

"My girlfriend is my business. When does your shift end?"

She sat on her chair crossing her legs. "I am done for the day."

"Then let's go."

"I am not going anywhere with you Miguel, I am-"

"Ok fine."

He walked out leaving her inside the office and went back to where his father was.

"I am leaving, I will pass by tomorrow."

"Ok my boy. I just spoke to Agang, he said he is coming."

"Call me if you need anything."

He made his way to the parking lot where he unlocked his car and climbed in. He drove off answering his ringing phone.

“Babe...”

“Miguel...” Anaya cried. His heart skipped as all the muscles in body tensed.

“Babe what’s wrong?”

“Ayana...”

“What’s wrong with her?”

All he could hear was her crying till someone took the phone from her.

“Hello, my name is Botshelo, I am with Anaya and her mother and brother. Her sister was assaulted, uhh is it possible if you come by?”

“Yes, I am on my way.”

“Thank you.”

He stepped on the accelerator overtaking cars. All he could hear was Anaya’s cries and they kept ringing at the back of his head.

Anaya watched her mother weep, the same woman who had scolded her about crying in front of her siblings was crying right in front of her. Her tears had dried, she wanted to cry so bad but looking at Lethabo who looked lost, she held them back. She looked at her mother's red dress, all stained with blood and she wondered how bad the injury was. Her knees shook as she stood by trying to come up with what to say.

Nurse Botshelo walked by and hugged her again, tightly. "She is going to be fine."

"If she doesn't I am going to kill myself." She whispered the words.

"Don't talk like that. Let's pray."

"I don't want to pray. I want to know why God would let something like this happen."

"God has his reasons."

Anaya turned to Nurse Botshelo. "Haven't my family been through so much already?"

She looked at Anaya sadly. "I am sorry nana."

Anaya nodded looking at Lethabo and the kind of future that waited for him if his whole life was filled nothing but misfortunes.

"Uncle Miguel!" He screamed getting up and running to Miguel who was making his way towards them. Nurse Botshelo walked away while Miguel and Lethabo hugged.

"Hey champ!"

"I walked inside the house and Ayana was bleeding naked. There is blood all over the house."

"She will be fine, I promise."

He looked at her before hugging her tightly. "I am sorry baby."

Anaya bit her bottom lip trying to not cry but a sob rather escaped her lips. She cried till her ribs hurt. Her head was banging now and she was shivering. He took off his jacket and put it around her shoulders.

"Everything is going to be fine."

“Everything is falling apart Miguel. Every time I think I am making progress, I take 100 steps back.”

“We will overcome this. I promise.”

A nurse approached them.

“Ayana’s family, the doctor would like to see you.”

Anaya looked at Lethabo wiping away her tears. For the first time ever she didn’t know what to tell him.

“I will stay here with Lethabo, you go with your mom.”

“Ok.”

Theodora lay on her bed thinking of what Yaone had been telling her about. She took her phone and logged in on facebook. She searched for him and scrolled down his timeline. He didn’t post pictures that much, there was only one picture of him in a suit, she saved it in her gallery with a smile. She knew she

was about to put her only friendship on line but Yaone's words rang at the back of her head.

She continued scrolling through facebook till she came across a media release made by the Botswana Police Service. She read through the post with her heart beating fast. She put the phone down shaking. It could be any 15 year old in broadhurst who was raped with head injury though she couldn't shake off the feeling that made chill run down her spine. Anaya had left work in a hurry but that couldn't possibly mean anything. Theodora poured herself a glass of water and drank it all.

She reached for her phone again and called Anaya. Her phone rang unanswered till the call cut. She tried again this time pacing up and down her small room. It rang till the call cut itself.

"Just because Anaya's sister is 15 years old doesn't the young girl raped. Relax Theo."

She lay on the bed clearing her head but she couldn't rid Ayana's face from her head. She had met Anaya's siblings once to know they were funny kids who

never stopped laughing or chatting. Her phone rang and she quickly answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, today was so much fun. I had been wanting to call you for a while but I didn’t know what to say to you especially after what happened with mama before you went for university.”

“Yaone you did nothing wrong and to be honest, I am over that.”

“I don’t know, I still do feel guilty.”

“You don’t have to. Trust me. Hey, I forgot to ask, where is Sisi?”

“She is home with mom, with two fatherless kids.”

Theodora laughed. “You lie! The way your sister was so sure with life you would think she made it.”

“Made it where? The only thing she made are the kids.”

“Wow!”

“I know. She still has an attitude for someone who

doesn't work. I have company, we will talk cuzy."

"Ok!"

Theodora put her phone away and crawled on the bed, she closed her eyes thinking of Mokwena Logistics.

"Thank you for everything today." Anaya told Miguel as they walked inside his house.

"I love you, there is nothing I wouldn't do for you."

"Your house is beautiful. Man if I stayed here, I wouldn't leave." Lethabo admired the house with a smile. "Can we stay for tonight?"

"Yah champ! Tonight you will sleep here. I ordered pizza, so we can eat and then sleep."

"I am not hungry but thank you." He hugged him.

"You can show me my room though. I will tell Ayana when the doctor says she can go home."

“Ok champ.”

Miguel kissed Anaya’s cheek before walking away chatting loudly with Lethabo. Anaya sighed hearing the intercom ring, it was probably the pizza. She too wasn’t hungry. All she wanted to do was put her aching head down and think of a way forward tomorrow. She took off her shoes walking to the door to get the pizza. Opening the door, she took a deep breath looking at Lone.

“I want to speak with Miguel.” She said sharply.

“I will go and call him.”

“This is his house, I will wait for him in the sitting room. I am sure he wouldn’t want to distress his precious cargo.” She said pushing herself inside the house.

Anaya closed the door and joined her in the sitting room. “Can I get you water?”

Lone laughed. “So you can poison me and kill my baby?”

“What? I would never-“

“I know girls like you. You are probably wondering what to do to get rid of me but sweetie, I am here to stay. If I were you, I would leave already. You think you can reap the fruits of my hard labor? Stop lying to yourself. This is my house.”

“Ok. I am not going to argue with you, it won't benefit me in any way.”

Lone smiled as Miguel joined them. He frowned staring at her. “What are you doing here?”

“Miguel I waited for you at the scan today.” She took out scan pictures from her handbag.

“What?”

“I guess you were too busy, it's fine, I thought you would want to see that.”

He took the photographs and looked at him. “Is that my...” He smiled sitting down.

“I brought you this too.” She pressed her phone then something started playing. She gave him the phone as a video of the live scan played, the heart beat much louder.

“That’s our son Miguel.”

“Wow! I can’t believe that I...” He smiled emotionally.

“I don’t know how I forgot, I don’t even remember you telling me but I am sorry. I will talk to your doctor and have him give me all the dates of the appointments.”

“That’s ok. I will give you his number. I am so excited, I can’t wait for him.” Lone said touching his hand.

“Me too.”

Lone moaned rubbing her stomach. “The doctor said all this is normal. The morning sickness and the dizziness. The only problem is I can’t keep anything in. I didn’t even go to work today. I have been feeling very sick.”

Anaya turned and walked to the guest rooms leaving them talking. She got in the first guest room and sighed staring at Lethabo sleeping with his shoes on. She could understand his exhaustion. She took off his shoes before tucking him under the blankets. She closed the door on her way out and got inside the main bedroom where she undressed before

getting under the shower. The water cascaded down her body while she stood still with her hands on the wall.

Minutes later she was walking out with a fluffy towel around her body.

“Are you ok?” Miguel asked sitting on the bed.

She nodded silently.

“You don’t have to feel insecure because of Lone-“

“My sister was raped today by possibly an HIV infected man. The doctors don’t know what else was in his blood, it could have been syphilis or maybe gonorrhoea. She suffered internal bleeding and trauma. She has cuts because he was rough on her. He stole away her innocence. She may never be the same person again. I left my mother in hospital who can’t stop blaming herself for what happened. I have a 10 year old brother who saw his sister lying in a pool of blood and his little mind is still trying to make sense of what is happening. So Miguel, the last thing I am worried about is your baby mama. I have a lot going on to even think about her. I don’t even have

the energy for her.” She wiped her tears as he stood up.

She moved back when he tried touching her. “I am tired, I want to sleep.”

Theodora walked out of Mokwena Logistics building holding her contract letter the following day in the morning. She had gotten the job but was well aware it was temporary job. The pay was good, it made her smile. Miguel had not met her yet, matter of fact he had not been in when she was interviewed. She got a taxi back to the hotel and arrived as Anaya arrived. She didn't look like the Anaya she knew, this Anaya looked drained and tired and late too, Anaya never came to work late.

“Hey!”

She weakly smiled. “Hey Theo.”

They walked inside the hotel together. “How are you?”

What did the doctor say about the allergy?"

"He says I am fine. Thanks."

She continued walking while Theodora settled besides Tsohle.

"A call came in for you."

"Me? Who was it?"

"Yaone. She said you should call her."

"Ok."

She took her phone and immediately called her. "Hey, what did you want?"

"Did you get the job?"

"Yes but now I am not sure if-"

"Leave that attitude behind. I did my research and girl you will be working as the PA to thee Miguel Mokwena. You can't honestly be unsure of your decisions, you getting that job is the best thing that can happen to you. Imagine working to such a man everyday, you should upgrade."

"You are right. I mean, that can do wonders to my

reference.”

“You see? Go and do your thing. Secure the bag.”

Theodora laughed. “Yes, look let’s chat later. I am working.”

“Ok.”

She hung up as Tsohle just stared at her in silence. The hotel phone rang and Tsohle answered.

“Good morning, thank you for calling- yes you do, Mrs. Moses left some file for you here. I will bring it up. You are welcome.”

Tsohle stood up. “I am taking this to Ms. Shato.”

“I will take it.” She took the file from Tsohle then stood up and went with it.

She found Anaya resting her head on the table. “Hey, are you ok? I brought the file.”

She sat upright. “Yeah, thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

Theodora put the file on the table then turned to walk out but for some reason she stood still.

“I got a new job.” She said turning to look at Anaya who raised an eyebrow.

“You did?”

“Yes. It pays better than here but it’s temporary. I will be replacing a PA who is going on a sick leave but she will be back after a while. I will come back here when she comes back.”

“Wow! You spoke to the HR?”

“No, the people there did.”

“Do they have any relation with C-SKY?”

“Yes. I will be at Mokwena Logistics.”

“I see, who will you be working under?”

“Mr. Mokwena.”

“Miguel?”

“Yes.”

She shook her head. “And you see nothing wrong with that?”

“Why would I see anything wrong with that? Mr.

Mokwena is the owner of the business and also your boyfriend who I respect.”

“I don’t feel comfortable with the set up. I heard that the day I got the allergic reaction, Miguel dropped you off, why didn’t you ever tell me that?”

“Anaya, he offered because I was late for work. So you now listen to rumors? I don’t understand you, for sure you know these people gossip about you, can’t you see they are trying to make us fight?”

Anaya sighed leaning back on her chair. “I don’t feel comfortable with you working for Miguel.”

“This is completely work Anaya, God knows I need the money. You are an assistant accountant, you have a high salary, you are building a house. I also need to do things in life and the money I will get at Mokwena Logistics will help. Isn’t friendship about lifting and empowering each other. I look at Miguel as my boss, nothing more.”

She rubbed her face. “I know, I don’t know what I am thinking. I trust you. I am just...” Tears ran down her cheeks. Theodora walked round her table and

hugged her.

“It was Ayana who I saw on the police media release right?”

Anaya sobbed. “I don’t know what I did to God to deserve this. She is too young, why couldn’t it be me at least.”

“I am sorry chomi.”

She rubbed Anaya’s back as she cried. For a moment there, guilt filled her heart. This was Anaya, her friend, her only friend but Yaone’s words filled her mind. She needed the job. She could already see herself owning a small Honda. The thought of being with Miguel sweetened the deal. She wasn’t backing away.

“I am really sorry chomi.”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#30

Two Months Later...

Kenneth stepped out of the shower with a towel around his waist and looked at Rachel who was sitting in front of the mirror putting on her makeup.

“Babe, I know you have a little thing going on between you, Sarena and Mbali. Don’t you think that maybe you should invite Anaya, I haven’t seen you guys with her before. She is going through a lot, some company won’t hurt.”

Rachel put her makeup brush down standing up.

“Anaya is the one who doesn’t want to hang out with us. We started motshelo and we asked her to join but she refused. I can’t force her.” She stood on her toes and kissed him. “And besides, I already have enough friends.”

“Is this because of Lone?”

“No. It’s not about Lone but Anaya doesn’t want

friendship.”

“She does, she doesn’t know how to approach you.”

“Pule doesn’t want Saronah hanging out with Anaya because of her history.”

“Wow! So this is your reason? Even after knowing why she did what she did?”

Rachel shrugged. “Babe are we really going to argue about Anaya?”

“No, I am just surprised, that’s all.”

He opened the closet and dressed up. “I will see you later.” He kissed her cheek and walked out. She rolled her eyes calling Lone.

“Can you believe hubby was talking about me befriending Anaya?”

“What? Even after Anaya stole my man they still want you to be friends with her? They are crazy.”

“I know right?”

“Mxm you know I am so annoyed. That man stole my money. His nonsense didn’t even work. I mean,

two weeks after I threw those bottles in the river, Miguel buys that girl my dream car. That Mercedes GLE Coupe should have been mine!”

“I understand your annoyance but how could you trust those things? They don’t work, those people are scams, now see you gave him P2500 and you can’t even report him to the police.”

“I know, I was just desperate.”

“At least he is present in this pregnancy.”

“He is but I want more than that. I don’t want my daughter to grow up with separated parents.”

“Miguel will come back.”

“I doubt, I can’t wait till I give birth. I am so ugly and dark. I even have acne can you believe it?”

“That is how pregnancy is. Don’t worry. Anyways I have to go, I am meeting Saron and Mbali.”

“Oh? Thank God! This Sunday is boring me, where are you guys meeting? I will drive there.”

“You don’t have to, I will come see you afterwards.”

“No it’s ok, it’s been time since I went out.”

“Oh ok... uhh I will send you the location.”

“Ok.”

Theodora looked at herself on the salon mirror with a smile.

“Thank you.”

Her hairdresser sighed with relief. “I thought you didn’t like it.”

She laughed. “I love it. And the weave is so shiny, I love the curls.”

“I am glad. Come back again next time.”

“Shit! Look at that!” Another hairdresser whispered.

“Oh nkosi’yam!”

Theodora curiously turned her head. Her heart skipped as Agang spoke to a barber holding Mbali’s

son's hand. He looked more attractive than the last time she had seen him. She swallowed hard as every lady drooled over him.

She sat still as he walked out answering his phone leaving his son with the barber.

"That man is the kind of man I want in my life." A customer said making everyone laugh.

"I do too, he is so handsome, he's like those men in Men's magazine, just the way he walks..."

"I am wet. I wouldn't mind even if he has a girlfriend. We will share him. I will take care of his son, love him hard." Another customer commented. They all kept quiet as he walked back in trying so hard not to show that they were looking at him.

Theodora stood up and paid. "See you next time."

"Yes darling!"

She took her bag and walked past Agang who immediately saw her.

"Theodora!"

She smiled as he walked out with her. "Hey Agang."

He looked at her hair then her flared dress. "You look good."

"So do you. I see you are still with Mbali."

"I am sorry about what happened last time. I realized I was wrong, I should have defended you that day."

"Oh no, don't worry about it."

"You look really beautiful."

She blushed. "Thanks."

"Maybe we can go out sometime, as friends of cause."

"Yeah..."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going home."

"Take," he handed her his car keys. "Go and wait for me in the car. I will be right there." He pointed at his golf. She smiled walking away while he dashed back inside the salon. She got in the car and sighed sitting on the front seat. She knew the entire salon had been staring and it gave her great satisfaction.

Minutes later he walked out with the little boy and with matching haircuts. He opened the backseat door for the little boy before he climbed in front.

“You look gorgeous, I regret letting you go.”

“Mxm, you are lying.”

“I am telling you.”

“Daddy, are we going to mommy?”

“No my boy, we are going to get some food.”

“Ok.”

Theodora stared at him as he started his car. “Why are you still with her? This child is not even yours.”

Agang turned to the little boy before he finally looked at her. “He is not mine but I still love him.”

She rolled her eyes. “What’s going to happen the day his father comes back?”

“Are we really talking about this?”

“Forget it. I hope she doesn’t come out of nowhere and harasses me. This time I am going to report her.”

“I know, she won’t. What would you like to eat?”

“Nando’s is fine.”

“Ok.”

Minutes later he parked the car and they all stepped out. He held her hand and the kid with the other and walked in Nando’s where they secured a table at the far end. A waiter came and took their orders.

“I have passed by C-SY hotel a few times and I never saw you.”

“I no longer work there.”

“Where do you work now?”

“Why? So you can come and harass me?”

“No, I wouldn’t do that.” He said with a silly laugh.

“You liar!”

“I can’t get over the fact that I let go of such beauty.”

She rolled her eyes. “You have started Agang.”

“Boy, close your eyes for a second.” He told the kid before leaning over and kissing her. He put his hand

on her bare thigh as they kissed.

“What’s going on here?”

They quickly broke it off and faced Mbali who was breathing fire.

“Hey, what are you doing here?”

She looked at Agang. “What am I doing here? You can’t be serious. Are these the boys?”

“You are making a scene in front of the child.”

She tried getting to Theodora who now looked terrified. Agang grabbed her hand. “Stop it! Stop behaving so ghetto.”

“Agang you are cheating and I caught you! You are going to regret this you bitch!” She screamed throwing her handbag. Theodora dodged and stood up. “Agang, I am going. Control your pitbull.”

She walked out leaving Mbali screaming and hurling insults.

Rachel cringed as Mbali screamed at Agang. She had never seen her behaving like that.

“I didn’t know she was like this, I guess that’s what you get for hanging out with non married people, they don’t have dignity in them. Sarona let’s go. There is another restaurant here.”

They walked to another restaurant and settled.

“I can’t believe that girl is so ghetto.”

Sarona shrugged. “I am not surprised because that is how girls like Mbali behave. With the way she talks, I can tell that’s her character.”

“I should have known.”

“I am hungry, let’s order.”

“My friend is going to join us, I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, it’s ok.”

Rachel pressed her phone while Sarona ordered. A second later, Lone joined them. Rachel frowned looking at how big Lone’s nose was and how dark

she was in complexion not to mention the pimples that made her want to puke. She faked a smile and hugged Lone.

“Hey friend, Sarena meet my friend, Lone and Lone meet Pule’s wife.”

Lone chuckled. “Hey Sarena, how are you, it’s been time.”

Sarena smiled. “Hey, you look great.”

“This is my worst, I look like a zombie edition.”

“You should have seen me when I was pregnant with Mapula. I looked worse.”

The waiter came back with Sarena’s green salad and Rachel’s wine. “You can order Lone.”

“Great, I would like a velvet cake if you have and some chips and burger. Extra large.”

Rachel took a sip of her wine looking at Lone.

“Shouldn’t you watch what you eat?”

“Cravings, I can’t escape them.”

She laughed. “I can see.”

“I heard Ken saying that they are planning a get away trip for all of us. Girl we better make a plan of how you get Miguel back fast. Did Pule say anything Sarona?”

“No, he has not.”

“Look what the cat has dragged!”

They all turned to Anaya who was walking in. Lone laughed. “Why does she look like a sex worker who hasn’t had a break in days.”

“I heard her little sister was raped.”

Lone laughed even harder. “That’s what you get for taking things that are not yours, whoever raped her should have also killed her, I am sure that would have done the trick.”

“Or maybe even raped her herself. She used to think highly of herself, life has humbled her. Apparently she is depressed, I am just waiting for her to kill herself.”

Sarona looked at Rachel and Lone laugh at Anaya to a point where she turned and looked back at them.

“Maybe you shouldn’t make fun of such sensitive issues.”

They both looked at her. “You don’t know what this girl is capable of, she is a prostitute, maybe it was one of her men who raped her little sister or they are both in business and today they cry rape. I hope she dies!”

Sarona slowly put her fork down as Anaya walked out with a takeaway while they laughed at her.

“That fat ass is gone. No wonder Miguel always looks unhappy, I can tell he is losing interest.”

Sarona stood up. “I forgot the nanny is having a half day today, I have to go.”

Rachel smiled. “It’s ok love. We should also decide what we are going to do with that ghetto girl.”

Sarona waved and walked out. She looked around then saw Anaya from a distance. Moving fast, she went after her to the parking lot where Anaya was getting in her car.

“Hey! Anaya!”

She slowly turned and looked at Sarena, the sadness in her eyes was enough to break Sarena's spirit.

"Hi, I am Sarena, Pule's wife."

She nodded silently.

"I wanted to tell you that I understand how you feel."

Anaya looked in her eyes.

"I know how you feel. I know more than how you feel. I know it all because once upon a time, I was in your little sister's position. For three full years that was my life. I lived in it hoping and praying that one day I would never wake up." Tears wet her cheeks and she smiled. "Every time I looked at myself in the mirror, I saw a corpse. A walking dead. I was empty, I didn't have anything to live for."

Anaya's lips trembled as tears filled her eyes.

"The pain I see in your eyes is better than the pain mine that reflected in mine, I was broken. So I don't care what people say but I will always stand with women who have been affected directly or indirectly by rape."

Sarona pulled Anaya out of the car and hugged her tightly. She broke down holding on to Sarona and for the first time in a while, Sarona found herself crying as the pain she had been trying to deal with came back fresh all over again. It felt as if she was back in that room, crying and begging. She could vividly remember the pregnancy and how she had walked away. She had done so and without looking back, not even once. It had seemed easier as she dragged her feet, the weight felt heavier and more heavier. Anyone could say she did not care and perhaps she did not but feeling as if she had no choice, she continued walking and got away with each step. She knew they would announce tomorrow that a baby was found dead in the pit latrine and sure, they would insult and curse and swear but they would never understand. So she had kept walking, the baby's cries getting louder and louder, ringing in her head. She was that girl now, that girl who threw infants away without care but deep down she knew this was the only way for she could never bond and love a child conceived through rape. She could never love such a child who would be the everyday reason

of her pain.

God would understand, he had to understand. He had understood her getting raped, surely he understood why that moment she had walked away. Her mother never asked where the baby was and like that, no one ever spoke about it.

After a while Anaya was quiet. Sarona led her to the passenger seat and opened the door for her.

“I will drive you to your house.”

Sarona closed her door then climbed in the driver’s seat and started the car. She reversed out of the parking space slowly then turned the car to the exit.

“Forgive me, I have never been in such a nice car.”

“It’s ok.” Anaya responded weakly.

Sarona gently put her foot on the accelerator and the car slowly eased forward. With both her hands on the steering wheel, she drove Anaya to her house listening to the low voiced directions Anaya was giving till she was parked in front of the gate of a half finished house.

She drove in through the open gate and parked under the big Morula tree beside the house.

“Great work, are you the one building?”

“Yes.”

“Anaya I know you are going through a lot, trust me, I understand but how is your sister supposed to heal when all she sees is the pain in your eyes?”

“She didn’t deserve it.”

“She didn’t. No girl child does. But healing is very important because if you don’t heal, she won’t too. She will probably sweep it under the carpet and trust me, the emotions will build up and explode in the future.”

“How do I look at her everyday knowing I failed her. She can’t even go to school properly because students gossip her.”

Sarona wiped Anaya’s tear that had run down her cheek. “You look at her with strength, love. That’s what you look at her with. It’s now time to heal. I am sure your entire household is sad, no one ever talks

about what happened.”

“She won’t talk about it.”

“And it’s normal. But that doesn’t mean you watch her die before your eyes.” Sarena took out her phone.

“Take this number and call this lady. She is the one helping me. The journey to healing is a process. It can take months and even years but what matters is that we are actually healing.”

Anaya handed Sarena her phone and she saved the number. “Call her, for you, for your sister, for your little brother and for your mother. You all need therapy, you all need to heal, to forgive yourselves.”

“Thank you.”

“It’s ok. And oh, Pule tells me your friend is Miguel’s PA.”

“Yes.”

“Not that I want to cause chaos in your life or something like that but...” She sighed.

“I know. Theodora wants him. I don’t have the energy to even confront her, or for anything.”

Sarone hugged her. "I understand. I will call my cab guy to come and pick me up. I have to go home."

Miguel sat down with a sigh while Pule shook his head.

"You look like hell."

"How is Anaya?" Ken asked.

"She... I honestly don't know."

"You need to get laid, that's what you need."

Ken laughed looking at Pule. "Does everything have to be about sex?"

"It does. Trust me, it does. A starved man can't think properly."

"I do get what Anaya is going through, I understand but she has totally closed herself up. She is practically pushing me away."

“She is going through a lot.” Ken said sipping his beer.

“I know that but she doesn’t want to get help. When she is with me, she is quiet. She doesn’t say a word or sometimes she just cries. She cries more than Ayana does surprisingly so. We haven’t had sex in two months and at first I understood but hell! We ARE all going through some shit.”

“You need to get laid. I know and understand that you love Anaya but she is not attending to your needs and you seriously need to get laid. The entire world can see that.”

“Maybe what BK can do is talk to Anaya, try getting her to understand.”

“Ken, this guy needs to get laid. Just one night, some serious fucking, come back with a clear head then deal with Anaya.”

From Miguel’s back yard they heard a car drive in.

“I am telling you, get laid.”

“I don’t believe in cheating.”

“You were chowing someone’s woman before you met Rachel.” Pule pointed out.

“I was but now I am not. I love Rachel and I see us getting old together.”

Agang joined them seconds later with a beer already in his hand. He sat on the camp chair.

“I seriously need a break.”

Ken laughed. “What has sis’Mbali done this time around?”

“She fought again.”

“This is the second time this month, she is going to go to jail one of the days.”

“I am still trying to figure out why you are with that girl. Is it because of that boy? His father is going to come and claim him and his whore.” Miguel said looking at him. “She is using you, can’t you see?”

“I don’t want to break his heart.”

“You are not his father.”

“I know that BK but...”

“No buts. Today, she is going to leave your house, I am giving you a chance to kick her out, if she is still there by tomorrow, I will do it for you.”

“Good riddance, I don’t want her poisoning my wife. Can you believe Sarona is talking about getting a job?”

“And what’s wrong with that? I don’t understand you two, Ken when you met Rachel she was working and today she is a housewife. As for you Pule, Sarona has a certificate, she can get a job. Honestly a woman who doesn’t work turns me off. I like an independent woman.”

Agang bumped fists with his brother. “I don’t know your woman P-man but If she is not working, she will suck you dry and a woman who doesn’t work only knows to spend.”

Miguel laughed. “What else can she do if all she does is sleep. She might as well spend money.”

“Sarona doesn’t work but I am telling you, that woman plans better than I do. She knows how to handle our household. My clothes are always clean

and ironed. I always get warm food. The house is always clean.”

“And it’s always exciting. I can go home during lunch to get some.” Kenneth added.

“When I met Anaya, she was not working at a fixed salary job but she used to sell at the school and she had a catering company going on. That on it’ own was a turn on, she is not dependent, she can survive with or without me. She doesn’t even ask for my money and she is smart money wise.”

“You are not married that’s why you say this. Imagine after you marry her then all she does is work, she doesn’t even cook or clean the house. Your food is cooked by the maid, your clothes are washed by the maid, everything the maid does because your own wife is always busy at work.” Pule said looking at Miguel.

“If Anaya can handle her sick mother, two siblings, and an informal small business, she can handle marriage and family. Nothing is more of a turn on than a woman who works and can stand for herself.

Your problem Pule is you are insecure because Sarona is pretty. You don't want her to have her own stand because you are scared and jealous so you rather keep her in your house so that she spends the entire day either keeping the house in order together with the kids or thinking about you only and how you provide for her."

"BK I love my wife and I am not insecure."

"Why are you getting defensive then? I want to see your wife P-man." Agang said laughing.

"You don't talk to me till Brook Lesner is out of your house or is it Roman Reigns? BK listen, a working woman turns you on, she doesn't turn me on.

Working women are full of themselves and are controlling. They think because she gets paid, she doesn't need you, they are too proud. I don't want that in my wife, I love her the way she is and I can take care of my family so really, she doesn't need a job."

"Rachel was working but she was getting paid peanuts. When I suggested she quit her job, she

agreed. There are benefits that comes with her being at home.”

“Like what? Chowing money?” Agang was in stitches. “Ya’ll are fucked up.”

A man approached them with two police officers.

“Gentlemen, I am Detective Michaels. I want Miguel Mokwena and Agang Mokwena.”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stiletto

#31

Miguel stood up. “Is everything ok? I am Miguel and that’s Agang.” He pointed. “What’s going on?”

“Maybe you should come with to the police station. I want to get your statements again.”

This had not been the man who had interrogated them the last time. Miguel was more surprised that the Ian's case was still alive even after two months.

"Yes, of course. We will follow behind you."

The detective nodded and walked away while Agang and Miguel followed behind.

"What do you think this is about?" Agang asked as they drove behind the police car.

"Maybe procedure."

"Do you think they found out that we threatened him?"

Miguel shook his head. "I doubt, we didn't even meet him at his house but at a lodge."

"Do you ever think that maybe someone killed him? The last time we saw him he was more than happy being sucked dry."

"No, I think he killed her after he found out she was playing him. He must have lost it. Either way, there were no fingerprints found except from his."

"You are right."

“Don’t tell them that we met him that morning, they are looking for anything. They are grasping at straws.”

“Yeah. Have you spoken to Colleen’s doctor?”

“Yes. She is doing better, I think they will release her but she is not getting Angel back. But she won’t be going to jail, that’s something.”

He parked at the police station and they both stepped out following the police officer inside.

“Let me talk to you first.” Detective Michaels pointed at Miguel who nodded and followed him to the interrogation room.

“You killed him.” Detective Michaels said sitting opposite Miguel. “Ian was cheating on your young sister. Thing is, you never liked this man from the beginning. You could see he was not good enough for your sister but she loved him so you had no choice but to accept him. He married her then a few months later, your younger brother catches him cheating. He loses it and punches Ian several times out of anger. Both of you love her so much, she is

the one that keeps everyone together. She is the glue between all of you and it hurts that she has a douche of a husband. Of course she doesn't tell you, she knows her brothers and how over protective they are of her. The small brother tells you what happened and you tell him, we will deal with it. You go to the hospital where he works, confront him and punch him. You say, and I quote, 'If you hurt her again, I will finish you off.' That's what you tell him."

Miguel folds his arms looking at the detective.

"But Ian doesn't take you seriously, to him, he is in love with his mistress. She feeds him the lies he wants to hear. And he keeps on hurting your sister. You watch from the backseat because you see just how madly in love your sister is. It angers you that she loves such a man. Three months later, your sister gives birth and Ian is still cheating, only now it's not a secret. Everyone knows but because it's Colleen, she keeps strong, makes excuses for the douche, that angers you even more. Then finally, your sister reaches a breaking point and it's all because of Ian. She has gone crazy all for a man

who doesn't even love her. The small brother finds out first then alerts you. You tell him let's go and have another talk with him. You have a plan but the young brother doesn't know. You are careful about this plan of yours. You meet Ian in a public space, at the lodge, you talk to him nicely in front of some witness, someone to vouch for you. You tell him, if you don't love her anymore then free her. He agrees then you walk away. You pass by the filling station close to your house and strike a conversation with someone. Someone who will remember you."

"Are you describing a movie?"

Detective Michaels laughed briefly. "It get's better. You actually get back home but you leave the house, and this time, without your car and with changed clothes. A disguise. You make a plan and go Ian's house. You know he is there because when you left, you told him to indirectly. You get to your sister's house, break in unnoticed then walk in on his mistress. She is in the kitchen or sitting room but she is alone. She tells you to leave and you grab her neck. But you are very careful because you have

disposable gloves on. She tries fighting you, breaks her nail while at it but you don't let go till she is dead. And that's when Ian walks in. He starts fighting you but because you don't want to take time, you go for his neck. Ian is 5, 6 feet the least, you are a 6, 2. You are tall, muscular and more powerful. He struggles but at the end, he is gone. You take the knife in the kitchen, make him touch it all over then stab his mistress before tying him to the ceiling. Make it look like passion killing and suicide. You create a mess in the house for evidence of a struggle and leave."

Miguel started clapping his hands. "Good one detective. If I did as your impractical story of yours says, why can't you arrest me?"

"With such things, there are always tiny mistakes you make unknowingly. Ian had contusions, Ian didn't die because he tied himself to the ceiling, rather, someone strangled him to death. And the reason why we couldn't find any fingerprints is that you were wearing gloves the entire time."

"I don't have to be here, am I under arrest or what? Do I need to call my lawyer?"

The detective shook his head no. "You are very dangerous, you are like snake, quiet in the grass till you step on it. You are a professional killer. And one day, one day you are going to go to prison and I am going to make sure of it."

Miguel stood up. "I will gladly wait for it. In the mean time, please get justice for my brother in-law and stop chasing after me, I am beginning to think you are gay."

He walked out banging the door behind him.

"He has nothing." Miguel told Agang as he approached him. "I will wait for you in the car."

In the car Miguel took out his phone and called Anaya.

"Hello,"

"Babe, can I pick you up today? I miss you."

"Miguel I can't leave the house, Ayana needs me."

"I know but she will have you tomorrow and besides, it's not like she is alone, your mother is there."

"You don't understand because you have never been

in this situation.”

“Anaya I am also part of your life and I am affected by what happened to your sister but I also need you. What about me?”

“Are you making me choose between my sister and you?”

“No one is asking you to choose, I am saying can't you divide your time? I have needs too.”

“The last thing I am thinking about is sex, jut control yourself Miguel. You can't let sex rule your life like that.”

“Sex doesn't rule my life because I have been celibate for the last two months. Babe please, ok, I will return you today if it's because you can't sleep away from Ayana. I will pick you up now and drop you off tonight.”

“I am busy right now Miguel.”

“You are always making excuses, I am beginning to feel I am alone in this relationship and trust me, I have been so understanding and patient with you.”

“If you don’t want me anymore just say so, you are giving me unnecessary stress.”

“Who said I didn’t want you anymore? You know what? It’s fine. This conversation is proving to be useless.”

He hung up as Agang approached the car.

“That guy is crazy!”

Miguel started the ignition. “He is desperate. He is wasting his time.”

Anaya walked back inside the house holding her phone.

“Are you fighting with him?”

She looked at her mother then Ayana who was sleeping. “He is just being too much.”

“You should find balance.”

“Ayana is my priority at the moment, if he can’t deal with it then we might as well breakup.”

She called the number Sarona had given her.

“Hello?” A female voice answered.

“Hi, you are speaking to Anaya Shato, a friend of mine gave me your number saying you are a therapist.”

“Yes I am, if I may ask, what is the name of your friend.”

“Sarona.”

“Oh... I see, how can I help you?”

“I have a similar case, where can I book an appointment?”

“Call my office tomorrow and book a session. I will send you the number.”

“Ok. Thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

Later that day Marang walked inside Miguel's house with him behind. She looked at the empty cans of beer then at him.

"I didn't picture you as someone who drinks this much."

He laughed. "I don't, I left my friends here during the day and they had a party."

She smiled. "Really now?"

"Yes, I don't lie. I will sort it out."

He walked to the kitchen where he came back with a black plastic and started throwing the mess inside.

"I will help."

She put her bag down then started picking up the empty cans. Minutes later, they were done.

"You called me saying you will cook for me but you have an empty fridge." She said holding the doors of the fridge. "Do you ever do shopping?"

She looked at his guilty face. "No but because I am always busy."

"You are just lazy. Maybe we should do shopping first or just order something."

"Let's shop. I am tired of eating takeaways."

"Ok."

They walked out to his car and drove to the nearby mall. He pushed the trolley around while she put the items they needed inside. Soon, they were at the till paying. They walked out and only to meet Lone who was standing besides his car.

"Oh, another one?"

"Lone what do you want? Is everything ok with the baby?"

Marang looked at her big stomach then at her face which displayed nothing but attitude.

"Yes, I am just surprised you have a new girlfriend. I really thought Anaya would last." Lone looked at Marang. "He will replace you soon enough, don't be so sure."

They watched her walk away.

“I am sorry about that.”

They put the grocery in the boot then got in the car.

“Why didn’t you tell me about her?”

“I was going to and either way, remember you don’t want me.”

Marang laughed. “You are crazy, so that’s your baby?”

“Yes, months ago before Anaya, we broke up and she emotionally blackmailed me into sleeping with her. I should have used a condom but thought she would take the emergency pill. She didn’t because her plan was getting pregnant.”

“She did it purposely so that you take her back. I know how that goes. She is confident that you will, might not be now but she is sure once the baby is here you will have a change of heart.”

Miguel looked at her. “I guess but I am over her.”

He drove back home where they unpacked everything. He watched her as she started cooking.

“For someone who wanted to cook for me, you standing too far.”

He grabbed a can of beer in the fridge. “I don’t know how to cook.”

She laughed. “Ok, then help me out.”

“Please don’t send me around, I am lazy.”

They both laughed. “I will wait for you in the sitting room. I am not feeling well.”

“No wonder you eat junk food, you are too lazy to cook. Where does it hurt? I am a doctor so I can help you.”

He chuckled. ‘This is serious sickness, you can’t handle it. Family things”

She rolled her eyes. “Liar. You can go, it’s fine.”

“Thank you.” He walked over and kissed her cheek before going to the sitting room.

Marang took out her phone and called her friend.

“Hey Marang,”

“Leila, remember that guy I told you about?”

“The business one?”

“Yes. He called me today and I didn’t refuse like the last time.”

“Wow! And?”

“And I am at his house. This guy is everything I have ever wanted in a man.”

“But didn’t you say he has a girlfriend?”

“He does but I think they are having problems. He is making jokes but I can see he is stressed. I don’t want to be his rebound then next thing I know, he is back to her.”

“I know people think that us white people don’t understand these things but trust me, we do. I would advise you to wait till he is single but chances are that, he won’t ever leave. Men also behave like us sometimes, he will stay hoping whatever problems he has with his girl get fixed. I know this will sound somehow but strike while the iron is still hot if you really like him.”

“You think?”

“Yes. We all want good guys and some are married or taken so if you find one and another woman is not treating him right knowing you can treat him better, go for it. You know the saying, someone else’s stones is another person’s diamond.”

“He is perfect Layla, I have been praying for such a man or a while now. I swear if he gives me a chance I will treat him right.”

“Yes but be careful with your heart.”

“I know, she might waltz back in his life if she chooses. I am just going to love him, if it doesn’t work out then I will accept it and move on. Not all of us are destined for happy endings. Let me cook, greet Ryan for me.”

“Ok love, see you at work.”

She put her phone away and focused on cooking. A while later, she had dished up and was taking the plates to the sitting room.

“At last, I was about to die.”

She sat next to him as they ate watching some forensic show he had been watching.

“How is your mother and niece?”

“They are fine. My mom is actually more than fine, I guess she has found a new meaning in life because of Angel.”

“Well Angel is blessed to have a grandmother like her. Your mother is really going to heaven.”

“I know. She is amazing.”

“So you are the only kids in your family?”

He nodded. “Yes. You? You look like you are the only child.”

Marang laughed eating. “Why do you say so?”

“Behavior.”

“You right. I am the only child my mother and father have. It’s boring being the only child, I always envy those with siblings.”

“You should.”

They laughed. When they finished eating Miguel

offered to wash the dishes while she watched TV. He came back minutes later holding two mugs of coffee.

“Thank you.” She reached for the mug and took it from him.

“You are welcome.”

She took a sip but the hotness made her spit it out almost immediately and spill on herself in the process.

“Ahh!”

She quickly put the mug down and stood up.

“Take it off!”

She quickly took off her shirt and fanned her chest.

“It wasn’t that hot. I will be fine.”

Miguel silently watched her then started laughing.

“Stop laughing at me. I am scared of hot things. I usually add water in my coffee or tea.”

“Why didn’t you ask me to add water.”

She sat down. “I don’t want to look childish. My

mother hates that I put water in my tea.”

“You shouldn’t pretend to be someone you are not to impress anyone.”

She looked at him then at her bra. “I will put this on.”

“Let me wash it for you, it’s stained.”

“No, it’s ok. I can do it, where is the bathroom.”

“Down the hall.”

“Ok.”

Marang stood up and walked with her white shirt. She closed the bathroom door and looked at herself on the mirror. She rubbed her lips together fixing her straight weave then reached for the bathing soap and rubbed it on the stain as a Nigerian song played. She washed the stain off and rinsed before walking out.

“I thought you had drowned in the sink.”

She walked to the kitchen and put her wet shirt on the kitchen stool to dry. When she walked back, she bumped into Miguel by the kitchen entrance. He kissed her and she kissed him back holding his

waist. He picked her up and she wrapped her legs around his waist. Marang held on to him as he walked to the bedroom where he lay her down.

He unclipped her bra and took it off. With his big hands, he cupped breast squeezing. Marang looked in his hungry eyes and kissed him pulling his face down to his. She pushed him off her then sat on his tummy.

“Relax, let me take care of you. First let’s take off the barrier.”

He helped her take off his t-shirt before lying on the bed flat on his back. She unbuttoned his jeans then unzipped them. His bulge made her heart skip but bravely she pulled his jeans down together with his briefs. She took them all off before taking off her jeans and sitting on him. Slowly, she grasped his hard dick in her hands, he was big but she was determined to satisfy him. She rubbed him slowly and watched the pre-cum surface. Leaning over, she leaked the head making him groan. Opening her mouth wide, she took him in her mouth letting him hit the back of her throat.

“Fuck!”

With one hand still rubbing the base of his veined dick, she massaged his balls with the other. She bobbed her head faster while he groaned, taking him deeper in her throat. Running out of breath, she pulled away then closed her warm mouth on his balls and sucked them.

“Shit! What the... shit babe! Wait!”

She knew he was close. She put his dick back in her mouth sucking him like a lollipop while he lost control.

“Babe please... fuck!” He begged but she was relentless. She knew a man like him needed nothing but the best. Tears filled her eyes as her stomach turned.

“Shit! Marang I am going to cum, please wait...” He begged.

She took him out of her mouth and sank down on him, taking all of him like a big girl ignoring the sharp pain in her abdomen. It had been two full years since the last time she had had sex.

“Shit babe!”

She slowly eased him out till the tip was left then sank again looking at his face. She rode him hard, clamping her body on his. He held her waist and fucked her from beneath squeezing her ass.

Suddenly, he rolled them then started fucking her uncontrollably. Marang tightened her muscles around him with each thrust making him groan like an injured animal. He pulled out then dragged her out of bed to the bathroom where she held the sink while he pushed himself in.

“Fuck! Why are you so tight?”

He put his hands on her waist and pounded into her. She closed her eyes standing on her toes and thrusting her ass at him feeling the pleasure sip in from her toes.

“Look at yourself as I take you.”

He opened her eyes and looked at her reflection on the mirror. He hit something deep in her that made her freeze all together opening her mouth. He hit it again and she cried out. Staring in his eyes, she saw

nothing but lust as he fucked her hard and deep. He put his hand on her neck choking while he drilled her.

“Feel that baby?”

Marang moaned loudly feeling her knees weaken. With each thrust he took her straight to heaven where she started cumming hard, her body convulsing. He quickened his speed pulling her weave and filled her up while her pussy hugged him tightly. They both looked at the mirror panting while he pumped his cum inside her. Slowly he pulled out of her kissing her neck.

She held on to the sink watching fill the tub on the mirror.

“Come.”

She tried walking but her legs felt jelly that she almost fell but he held her. He helped her to the bed where he placed her on her knees and hands at the edge and pushed her chest down. He rubbed his dick then pushed inside her tight pussy while moaned grabbing the duvet. Her toes curled as Miguel

pushed his dick to the hilt, feeling every corner of her. Holding her waist, he pounded into her hard and deep, not giving her any single break. She closed her eyes tightly as the insane pleasure took over as he fucked her harder without interruption. Her pussy walls tightened closing him in as she the pleasure worsened. Her pussy spasmed coating him with her cum as he fucked her with so much intense till he filled her up. He pulled out his dick leaving her dripping with his semen.

“Come...”

He picked her and led her to the bathroom where they sat while the water filled the tub slowly.

“When was the last time you had sex?”

He asked sitting behind her. She rested her head on his wide chest.

“Two years ago. With my ex.”

“What happened with him?”

She sighed relaxing as he put his arms around her.

“He got married.”

“While with you?”

“Yes. We had been together for a year. We were fine, I thought we were anyways. Then he tells me he has to visit his mother in Gumare. He goes and next thing I see his wedding pictures on facebook. I called to confront him and his wife answered the phone and threatened to sue me. I was hurt, I cried, begged then hated him and his family praying for karma to hit him. His life actually changed for the better and he turned out to be very successful, for a year I was bitter, waiting for an apology but where? He already has two kids with his wife and life keeps favoring them. So I finally just let it go, I had lost weight. I was depressed. But here I am...”

“That was sad.”

Marang laughed. “It was but now I don’t feel anything when I see him and his family at Nando’s or just anywhere. I moved on. That year I spent mopping around, I wasted my time and now I am focused on my future.”

“And that is?”

“I have dreams. I just finished paying the loan I took when I bought my house. I have my car, a car that I bought myself. Every time I get inside it, I feel proud. I renovated my parent’s house. Now what’s next is opening my own clinic.”

“I love that.”

“I do too.”

“What about marriage?”

“I stopped trying to work around getting married at a certain clock, I always thought by 25 I would be married with my own child and today I am 29 years old with no child, no marriage, not even a serious relationship that looks promising. I want to get married but I want it to happen on God’s time. After all, God’s time is the best time. After I get married, I will have my first child.”

She closed the water. “What about you? Marriage?”

“I want to settle down.” He said with that voice that made her blush. “But I want to do it with someone who is also ready to. Someone who is done with games.”

She looked at him then kissed him. “My fingers are beginning to prune.”

He smiled. “Let me wash us first.”

Minutes later Marang walked back inside his bedroom and sat down with a towel around her body while he brushed his teeth. She knew he was still confused about his current relationship but that wasn't going to stop her. This was a God sent man and she wasn't going to let him slip from her hands.

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The Alpha In Stilettos

#32

Theodora walked inside Mokwena Logistics in the morning with her head held high in as short mini formal skirt. She got inside the lift with other workers. Reaching her work station, she wiped her desk before sitting down putting her coffee down.

Her phone rang while she switched on her PC.

“Hello?”

“Hey, can we talk?”

She rolled her eyes. “Agang I am at work, unlike your pitbul, some of us actually work for a living.”

“I am sorry about yesterday, can I make it up to you?”

“No, who knows what that big bodied girl will do to me. I value my life.”

“I broke up with her.”

“Good for you.”

“Can we now talk about us?”

She heard the elevator doors opening. “I have to go, bye.”

Miguel walked in seconds later while she put her phone away.

“Good morning Sir,”

“Morning.”

He got in his office while her heart pounded. A minute later, he called her. She stood up and fixed her blazer before she walked inside his office. Miguel raised his eyes from his laptop and looked at her.

“Send a memo to everyone about the end of year evaluation for tomorrow. Then on Friday I want us to discuss what we will do this year to mark our ending. Send that also to C-SKY. Call Wame, I want to discuss that workshop. I also want to see Mr. Bernards from C-SKY after lunch sharp. Send an email to C-SKY manager, their end of evaluation is a day after tomorrow.”

“Yes sir.”

She turned and walked out. Back at her desk, she called Wame’s office before she began typing the memo.

Marang attended to a patient with a nurse by her side. A minute later she walked heading to her office, she was done with her morning rounds. Along way, she met Layla.

“Morning sweetie, I am so glad I bumped into you. I wanted to call last night but I didn’t want to disturb.”

They walked inside her office and sat down while Marang smiled.

“You are glowing.”

“Last night was amazing, I can’t deny that Layla, this morning was even more wonderful but I can’t really ignore the fact that he has a girlfriend. That’s all I have been thinking since he dropped me home this morning, his girlfriend. I don’t even know her but already, I am scared.”

“Maybe you should just ask where you stand with him. It’s better knowing than playing guess.”

“I know but I don’t want to seem pushy.”

“There is nothing wrong with wanting to know where you stand.”

“Yes but Layla, it has just been a day. I think I should give it a week or so, that’s if he calls me then I will ask.”

“You really got it bad don’t you?”

They laughed. “He is amazing. I was so sure that he was going to fuck me the whole night but we were just talking. It wasn’t awkward, it felt like we have known each other for years. He understands me.”

“He is the one.”

Marang laughed. “Yeah, but I may not be his one. I don’t want to have high hopes.”

“That’s a smart move but don’t hold off too far.”

“I am just scared.”

“And it’s ok to be scared. Just give it a fair chance. Not all successful relationships start off with a dreamy note. Now enough about that, Ryan and I have decided to adopt.”

“Oh my God! I am happy for you.”

“I am so excited. I know it’s a thrill having your own child and I have always wanted that but after our last

test, we realized it's not going to happen. Adoption is the last option and I am excited already."

"You should be. I wish a lot of people can realize that adoption is also an option. It's a long process but it works."

"Me too." She stood up. "I have to, I have a surgery in twenty minutes."

"Ok mommy to be."

Layla laughed and walked out leaving Marang smiling alone.

Lone walked inside the empty rest room and got inside the toilet. A minute later she walked out and washed her hands staring at herself on the mirror. She hated how she looked, even makeup didn't better the situation. She just had to be ugly on top of the fatness.

"Hi," Courtney said stepping out of a toilet and

washing her hands besides her sink.

Lone looked at her then took out her face powder from her handbag.

“I am sorry Lone for what happened. I am sorry for betraying you, I was just envious of you. I know I shouldn’t have been and I am sorry. The last two months I reflected on my actions and I realized I was never a good friend to you. I hope one day we can be friends again, you were one of my true friends here at work and I miss you.”

Lone looked at her. “I am glad you realize it. I long forgave you.”

Courtney smiled. “Thank you.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean you and I are friends.”

“I totally understand. Anyways congratulations on your pregnancy.”

“Thank you.”

They fixed their faces and walked out to their work stations. Lone took out her lemon and strawberry water and took a sip while Courtney approached her

with a milkshake.

“A piece offering, I realized you drink milkshakes like crazy these days.”

Lone laughed. “The cravings are a mess.”

“I can see, you make being pregnant so easy.”

“It’s not, trust me.” She took the milkshake. “Thank you.”

“It’s ok. That’s the least I can do. Anyways we were planning to throw you a baby shower before you go for your maternity leave.”

“I would love that. You can go ahead and plan it.”

“Ok.”

Courtney walked away while Lone drank the milkshake.

Anaya walked inside Mokwena Logistics to the

reception.

“Afternoon, I am here to see Mr. Mokwena from C-SKY hotel. Anaya Shato for Mr. Bernards.”

“A moment,” The receptionist took the phone and called while Anaya sighed.

“Ok, you can go right in.”

“Thank you.”

She walked to the stairs and climbed up till she was in his floor. She walked towards his PA’s empty desk wondering if she should just walk right into his office or not. A second later she was walking towards his door. She knocked opening the door and stepped right in. Theodora was bended over his book shelf on her right and Anaya could almost swear if Theodora reached for the last shelf, she would see her panties. She turned her attention to Miguel who was looking at her then back at Theodora while her heart pounded.

“Oh, Anaya.” Theodora stood up right staring at her with a smile. Anaya frowned, she looked different. This was not the Theodora she knew, this one didn’t

have spectacles on and she even wore short skirts to work.

“Hi, Theodora.”

“Ummh I will give you space, Mr. Mokwena I will order the book in, I can’t seem to find it.”

“Ok.”

She walked out swaying her hips from side to side. Anaya looked at Miguel boiling with anger.

“So you let your employees dress up like that or is it only for you?”

“I can’t control what they wear.”

“But that is just inappropriate. It’s either she wants you or she’s already had you.”

“I am not sleeping with your friend Anaya.”

“Then why are so comfortable with her dressing like that?”

“I don’t want your friend hence I have no reason to feel uncomfortable.”

“Wow!”

“What do you want me to say? I am not sleeping with your friend.”

“I don’t believe you. Did you see how she was trying so bad to show you her ass?”

“Babe come on...”

“No, did you see that or is it only me who’s seeing things that are not there?”

He stood up and walked towards her while she fought the tears away.

“I am not sleeping with Theodora, I swear.”

“The fact that she wants you and you just don’t care is hurting me. Is it because I am not sleeping with you? I am sorry that the last thing I am thinking about is sex because I am thinking about my raped sister and my mother who is having her radiation treatment. A lot is going on for me and instead of standing by my side like I would if you were in my position you have completely turned away from me. You accuse me of pushing you away yet you can see I am in the mud and I am suffocating. And now you entertain someone I used to call my friend.”

She stepped back and unzipped her dress letting it pool to her feet.

“If it’s sex you so bad want, take it.”

He looked at her for a while staring at her body before pulling her in his arms kissing her so good Anaya felt her clit throb. He pulled away and locked the door before leading her to the couch where he pulled out her panties and took off her bra. He kissed her neck till he was sucking her nipples. She threw her head back moaning while rubbing his head.

He stepped back taking off his belt.

“Knee on the couch.”

Anaya took off her heels then knelt on the couch with a pounding heart. Miguel pulled her panties to the side and rubbed his dick on her entrance before pushing inside her. She tried raising her head but he held her down.

“If you move I will fuck your ass.”

Anaya closed her eyes as he pushed stretching her even further. She felt as if he was tearing her and

knew even if he was, he wouldn't stop till he was done with her. She bit her lower lip with her chest down while started thrusting into her slowly. The gentle tapping had her relaxing, she moaned softly. She closed her eyes as he increased his speed and depth while her toes curled as he sent her straight into ecstasy. Her muscles stiffened as she exploded. Miguel pounded into her and filled her up. He pulled out while her pussy contacted. She got off the couch and took out some wipers from her handbag. She handed him one and wiped herself.

“Can to you come over tonight?”

She put on her panties and picked up her dress from the floor. “I can't. I am sorry. Today it's Ayana's first session with the therapist and I have to be there with her.”

He sighed. “Ok.”

She put on her dress as he fixed himself and sat on his chair. She took a deep breath and sat opposite him slipping back into business mode.

Theodora frowned staring at the door while listening to Yaone.

“She looked at me in a certain way, I wonder if she’s telling him to fire me.”

“That man is a man of principles, I am sure he wouldn’t just fire you because his girlfriend said he should. And besides, there is a contract. He just can’t fire you for no reason.”

“I know but you know that was a two months contract, his old PA is coming back and if she doesn’t come back, he might not renew mine.”

“Then make a move already, you are wasting time. Make a move, get him.”

“You are right, it’s just that he is scary and he doesn’t play at work.”

“You have to be smart Theodora. Men like him are hard to find. Make a move.”

“I will, mxm you won’t believe what happened

yesterday, I bumped into Agang and stupid me let him take me out with his girlfriend's son. After we ordered, his pitbul came out of no where getting all violent and crazy."

"What?"

"I just left... I have to go, she's coming out, bye."

She hung up and put her phone down as Anaya approached her.

"Hey Naya..."

"I know you want Miguel Theodora. I can't lie, I am hurt. I really thought we were friends but I guess I was wrong. These days snakes don't hiss, they say choma. Good luck on winning my man over and don't worry, Tsohle has kept your receptionist post warm. And try using something for your black knees, you are embarrassing yourself."

She walked inside the elevator while Theodora glared at her. Anaya waved as the elevator doors closed. Miguel opened his door looking at Theodora.

"Come here."

She stood up looking at her knees, she had lost her confidence. She pulled her short skirt down a bit before walking inside his office.

“Your contract is coming to an end this week, Rebaone will be coming back and so, your contract will not be getting renewed.”

Her heart sank as she tangled her fingers together.

“That’s all. And one more thing, try dressing appropriately.”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#33

Light rain droplets hit the window hit the pan and cascaded down, the clouds held a dark fog making it darker than the usual. The weather was gloomy and so was the atmosphere. Anaya’s eyes were fixed on

the door as she fought dashing out of the office and not turning back. She slowly turned to Ayana who was just sitting silently, she looked like a statue and Anaya wondered what was going on in her head. She desperately wanted to help her sister in any way possible but she didn't even know where to start.

Dr. Rams office was the opposite of what she had expected, it was not too big but it was warm. The lights were a bit dim, it was a comfortable office. There was a desk then from the desk on the left was the couch they sat on with colorful cushions, opposite it was a chair. Anaya looked at the chair wondering if that's where the doctor sat as she received people secrets and problems.

Just as Anaya's eyes fell on the doctor's qualifications framed on the wall, Dr. Rams walked in with apologies for keeping them late. Anaya's speech flew out as she looked at her round face with a warm and welcoming smile.

"Anaya Shato." She said stretching her hand. "Dr. Rams, it's nice meeting you."

“Likewise.”

She looked at Ayana. “You must be Ayana, hi.”

Ayana gave her a nod.

“Ok.” She sat down on the chair. She did not have striking kind of beauty, her beauty was that which just suit. She wore a business suit with perfectly manicured nails and heels. Definitely not what Anaya had had in mind. She couldn’t be sure of her age, her beauty was the kind that never told to the eye. She had a note pad and pen in her hands together with a recorder.

“You record the sessions?” The question flew out of Anaya’s mouth before she could think.

“Yes but so I can go through them later on. I do respect client-doctor confidentiality. No need to get uncomfortable. What we say here remains here.” Dr. Rams looked at both of them. “I can sense depression and distraught from both of you. I would like to help you if you can let me.” The care and love that reflected in her eyes made Anaya comfortable.

The doctor looked at Ayana who was still silent and

didn't look like she would talk any minute.

"Ayana, what a beautiful name, unique. Do you love your name Ayana because I do."

She shrugged in response.

"That's ok. It means you are between. My name is Olerato, can we be friends? I would like to be your friend."

Ayana kept her eyes on the floor.

"Do you have friends Ayana?"

She nodded.

"Oh! Great. What's the name of your friend. I don't have much friends, expect from my sister. She is crazy but I still love her. What's the name of your friend?"

"Lalah."

Anaya's heart skipped, she was talking, she barely talked.

"Lalah, is that a nickname? They call me Ole most of the time but my sister, she calls me Her Dynamite. Is

Lalah what everyone calls her? Is that her name?"

"Lynn."

"Wow! I was thinking maybe Laone, how did Lynn make Lalah?"

"We are teasing her." She whispered tiredly.

"Oh! I see. Is Lalah your only friend?"

She shook her head.

"Ok. Who else is your friend?"

"Lethabo and Naya."

"Lethabo and Naya, your brother and sister?"

She nodded.

"Ok. I think we have made a great start. We are going to do something. But first, Naya, maybe you can wait outside for a moment."

Anaya stood up. "Ok, I will be outside if you need me Ayana."

She walked out and closed the door on her way out. Her phone rang as she sat on the waiting area.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Anaya it’s Sarona. How are you today?”

“I took Ayana to the doctor.”

“Oh? That’s wonderful. I am happy you did.”

“Me too.”

“Anyways, I heard that you own a catering company.”

“Yeah but right now business is down.”

“Maybe it’s because your main focus is not the company at the moment. I have a certificate in Cullinary Arts. You can hire me and we can work together. I am a very good cook, I have work experience and a good reference too. If you want to do a tasting, I am more than ok to showcase my talent to you anytime. You don’t have to pay me that much, you can even put me on probation if you want. All I am asking for is a job. I know this is unprofessional but I am desperate.”

Anaya smiled. “It’s ok, I recently let go of all my workers. Right now all I have is a name.”

“We can be partners. Of cause you are the boss but I

mean...”

“You are talking too fast.” She chuckled. “I think us being partners can work. We can meet and talk.”

“That’s ok with me, when?”

“How about maybe during the weekend?”

“Or tomorrow. I can come over after you knock off.”

“Ok, that’s still fine.”

“Ok, thank you, and I hope it goes well today.”

“Me too.”

She hung up then called Miguel but his phone was off. With a sigh she sat quietly wondering what was happening inside the office.

Marang incautiously danced to Diamond Platnum and Rick Ross singing along while stirring her pot. The song blasted throughout the whole house while

a sweet aroma filled her entire house. She closed her pot and took out a plate.

Feeling eyes on her, she turned and smiled looking at Miguel then walked to the sitting room where she reduced the volume on her subwoofers.

“You should learn to knock.”

“The door was not locked.”

She grinned. “Hi.”

“Hey, you look beautiful in those shorts.”

She looked at her exposed thighs then back at him.

“Calm your eyes down.”

“Last night we didn’t use protection, are you on any method of contraption?”

She shook her head. “No, I have not been having sex, I never saw the use but I am going to get an emergency pill. I was busy today so I couldn’t but I did call my friend at a pharmacy, she is going to pass by giving them to me but we can go get them right now if you want to make sure.”

“Yeah, I will bring you back.”

“That’s ok with me. Let me go put on some pants.”

She walked away and came back a minute later in sweatpants.

“Let’s go.”

“Were you done cooking?”

“Yes, I was already dishing.”

They walked out and she locked her doors before jumping inside the car. He drove out of her gate and straight to the mall. They both stepped out and walked inside. Marang smiled at her friend.

“Neo, hey.”

Neo looked at her then at Miguel with a blush.

“You are here for...”

“Yes.”

“Ok.”

She took the little box from the shelf beneath her and handed it to Marang.

“Thanks, I will send the money through orange

money.”

“It’s ok.”

They walked out back to his car.

“I will drink at home.”

Miguel smiled. “Yeah. You are really pretty.”

She smiled as he leaned over to kiss her.

“What’s going on here?”

He pulled away and Marang looked at the woman who stood before them looking defeated.

“Babe...”

“Miguel, who is this?”

“I can explain.”

“What do you mean? Who is this?” Tears spilled from her eyes. “Who are you?”

“I am sorry.”

“Don’t tell me you are sorry. Who are you?”

Marang looked at her sadly. She clearly had not imagined it going down like this.

“I am sorry I kissed him, I don’t know what I am thinking.”

“Anaya, babe I can explain.”

“Who is she?” She screamed.

“She was Angel’s doctor. We only just kissed.”

Her eyes burnt with anger. “So you have been sleeping with her all this while?”

“I have never slept with her.”

“You are lying. I don’t believe you. You are such a whore and I hate you! Fuck you!”

“Babe...”

“Don’t ever call me! I hate you!” She hit his chest with her fist. Marang stepped back as Anaya got violent and got inside the car locking the doors.

“Anaya let’s go.” Marang watched as a girl approached them and pulled Anaya away as she cried. She got in a car besides the Range Rover and drove away. She quickly unlocked the doors as he approached. He climbed inside and rested his head on the steering. Soon he started the car and drove

back to her house.

“Thanks.” Marang said getting off the car as soon as he parked in front of her house. He drove off leaving her standing there.

Anaya cried on her mother’s chest. She let herself break down in front of everyone.

“I am sorry my baby.”

She put her hand over her mouth to silence her cries. Her mother wiped away her tears with her jacket.

“Anaya I will never make you cry.” Lethabo said rubbing her back.

“I know, that’s why I love you.”

“I will leave you some of my food.”

A slight chuckle from Ayana made them turn at the same time to her as she sat on the couch. “You finished all your food.”

Lethabo laughed. "I was just saying it."

Anaya smiled. "There is always tomorrow."

"Yes, I will leave you some tomorrow."

Her phone rang and she walked out answering.

"What do you want?"

He flashed the lights at the gate. She hung up and walked over getting inside.

"What do you want?"

"I am sorry."

"You are sorry you got caught?"

"I love you, I was just lonely. Anaya you have been going through a lot lately and I get that. I understand that but you have completely threw me on the side. We don't spend time together anymore."

"You want me to leave my family in a time of need and have sex with you?"

"It's not about sex trust me, I also need you. I want to hold you. I always have to beg and not that you will say yes. It honestly feels as if I am in a relationship

alone.”

“Did you sleep with her?”

“No.”

“Why are you lying Boikanyo? I know you had sex with her. Did you at least use a condom?”

“Naya...”

“Did you?”

“No.”

“Wow! Are you not scared of diseases? What if she get’s pregnant or maybe you just love having kids all over?”

“I bought her the emergency pill. I am sorry.”

“I don’t think I can do this anymore.”

“I get that I have hurt you but can’t you at least accept your little responsibility in all this? Anaya I have been starved for two months, I have needs.”

“You cheat on me yet you still want to turn this on me, you don’t respect this relationship that’s why you sleep around not even using a condom. What do

you want me to do Boikanyo? You sleep with her raw then you come back to me and sleep with me with the same dirty dick putting my health at risk.”

“I know I was wrong, tomorrow we will go and test. I love you so much and I made a mistake. I love you babe.”

“I will go by myself, I need some space.”

She got out of the car and walked back to the house and locked the burglar bar and door.

Lone sighed touching her stomach. The uncomfortable feeling pain like was back. She sighed getting up and walking to the kitchen were she poured herself a glass of water and drank all of it. Rubbing her stomach, she walked to the sitting room getting her phone. She dialed his number and waited as it rang.

“Hello?”

“So you married my friend to spite me?”

“Lone what do you want?”

“Kenneth you are so pathetic.”

“I am not doing this with you.”

“It’s funny how you married Rachel after I turned down your proposal. I know you love me.”

“I am over you and please, lose my number. I am with my wife or would you like to talk to her?”

She clicked her tongue. “I want nothing to do with you either. I feel sorry for Rachel, I wonder why you married her. You always have agendas when marrying.”

“You sound bitter and lonely, I actually feel sorry for you. Your plan didn’t work, you thought you would get him back, it’s a shame I really did love you.”

“I am going to get back with Miguel and don’t think you are smart, I will tell Miguel what you were doing behind his back and watch you lose your source of income.”

“Unfortunately for you, my wife and I are going to

launch our business in a while, I don't need Miguel but go ahead, go ahead and tell him, Miguel is going to forget you ever existed, he will forgive me because we are related but you won't even have a friend by your side. Rachel won't even want to see you."

"Fuck you!"

She hung up then rubbed her stomach worriedly. She wasn't sure she was supposed to be feeling like this. Going on google, she searched if feeling pain during pregnancy was normal. The results made her heart skip, panicking she called Miguel.

"Lone,"

"I am in pain, since yesterday."

"What?"

"I thought it was nothing but maybe I am about to miscarry. Come and get me."

"I am coming."

She walked over to her bedroom and changed into a dress. She sat in front of the mirror and started

applying her makeup finishing it off with a red lipstick. She stood up hearing the hooter and paced to the sitting room where she opened the gate for him.

She stepped out of the house and locked as he stepped out of his car.

“Why didn’t you tell me this yesterday?”

“I didn’t think it was serious.”

He opened the door for her and she climbed in. Soon he was driving out and speeding to the hospital.

“Can you drive carefully?”

“Don’t talk nonsense, if anything happens to my child you are going to regret it.” He clicked his tongue overtaking other cars. Lone held on to her seatbelt feeling his bad mood. Minutes later they were stepping out and walking inside GPH.

“We need to see a doctor, she is in pain.” Miguel told the reception who was smiling at him. Lone rolled her eyes feeling disgusted. She held herself fighting not to tell the receptionist where to get off.

“BK?” A man approached them in a white coat. Miguel bumped fist with him as they laughed.

“Fat Albert! I don’t believe this.”

The man laughed. “Don’t call me that, you will scare people.”

“You were so fat, what happened to you?”

Lone looked at the muscular man failing to believe he was once fat. She couldn’t even imagine him fat as Fat Albert. He was just too cute and sexy, she couldn’t deny him that.

“After I went to Cuba, I decided it wasn’t health so I lost all of it. It’s good seeing you man.”

“I know.” Miguel turned to Lone. “That is Lone, she is carrying my child. We need to see a gynecologist.”

“Say she is your baby mama! Hi, I am Vincent and I am this moron’s friend. You are beautiful.”

Lone looked at his handsome face and blushed looking down.

“Mister get us a gynecologist.”

Vincent turned to Miguel laughing. “BK eketle. {Relax.}” He turned back to Lone with a cute charming smile. “I will get you help.” He called a nurse passing by and instructed her to escort Lone to a gynecologist.

“Don’t worry BK, she will be fine. Where is Ken? Ya’ll were the baddest back in the day.”

Lone walked away as they laughed.

Colleen walked inside her parent’s yard and went straight to the door. She paused knocking hearing Angel crying. Her heart skipped with joy as she listened carefully. With shaking hands, she knocked and waited. Seconds later, the door opened and she faced her father who looked shocked. He stared at her for a while and Colleen stood still not knowing how to act or what to say.

“Papa...”

“Colleen.”

He engulfed her in his arms hugging her tightly. She held on to him as her tears wet his shirt.

“I am so happy to see you Colleen.”

“I missed you.”

“Mokwena, who is that?”

Colleen let go of her father and looked at her mother’s who’s facial expression quickly changed.

“What are you doing in my house? What do you want? You are here to finish her off? Get out.”

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The Alpha In Stilettos

#34

Colleen looked at her mother as tears filled her eyes.

“Mama...”

“Don’t! You tried killing this innocent baby.”

“Mma Mokwena, can’t we talk about this like adults?”

“No Mokwena, this woman tried killing her daughter. She smothered her with a pillow, who knows what she may do this time around!”

“Mama I was sick.”

“I am not going to let you near my grandchild, forget about that one.” She walked back inside the house leaving Colleen standing with her father.

“Come in, she is just angry.”

Colleen nodded and walked inside the house, it still looked the same. She looked at the baby’s bottle on the coffee table then at the small blanket on the couch. She could still remember that faithful day and she couldn’t understand what had gotten into her.

“There must be food in the kitchen.”

She looked at her father with a forced smile. “I am not hungry, just tired.”

Before he could respond, she heard her mother

calling him. Colleen quietly walked to her room and sat on the bed calling Maggie.

“Colleen, hi.”

“Hey, I have been discharged.”

“Thank God! Where are you?”

“Mahalapye, I tried calling Lebo but she didn’t pick up the phone.”

“Mxm, don’t worry about her. How are you doing?”

“I am fine.”

“Look friend I have to go, we will talk ok?”

“Ummh ok.”

“Ciao!”

She hung up before Colleen could respond. She heard Angel cry, her heart skipped wanting to take her daughter in her arms. Putting her hands on her face, she burst into uncontrollable tears.

Agang slowly opened his eyes and stretched. He paused feeling a body beside him. He looked carefully at her face and sighed, they never looked the same without makeup. He shook her.

“Wake up!”

She slowly opened her eyes and smiled. “Morning babe...”

“Hey, I have to go to work.” He said jumping off bed. “Should I call you a cab?”

“No, I will sort that out. I will clean your house.”

He looked at her. “Uhh my sister is coming in today babe and she will be here in a few minutes.”

She smiled even more. “Not a very mature way to meet your sister but it’s ok. I will start cleaning now. You can go take a bath, I will iron your clothes.”

Agang chuckled in disbelief. “Babe, I think I should just drop you off. I will take a shower while you dress.”

She climbed down the bed letting the sheet fall to

her feet. He looked at her thick curvy body being reminded what attracted him to her.

“Pearl, you are one sexy thang but I think you should dress. I am already late for work.” He quickly walked to the bathroom. A few minutes later he was walking back in, she was already dressed and sitting on the bed.

“So you only wanted to use me Agang? I wonder how your boss would feel with you fucking the customers.”

He smiled throwing the towel on his waist down.

“Are you serious babe? Go ahead if it makes you feel better.” He walked towards her and put his hand around her neck and softly squeezed. “I would squeeze your soul out with my dick inside you.”

Her fearful eyes made him release her then baby kiss her. “Let me dress.”

He quickly dressed up and walked out with her. He sped to her house where he dropped her off then drove to his work place. He glanced at his watch increasing the speed, he had a meeting with the

authorities. A car came out of nowhere going in front of his. He stepped on the breaks but still hit it from behind. He stopped and got out of the car slamming the door. He looked back where the car had turned from then at the damage to his car. It wasn't that much but pissed, he walked to the drivers door and opened the door. The lady stepped out shaking like a leaf.

"You hit me."

Agang frowned angrily. "Are you crazy? Didn't you see that give way sign or are you blind? Where did you get your license?"

She looked behind. "I didn't see you."

"How are you supposed to see me when you didn't even wait when you were supposed to? How stupid are you? See what you have done?"

Cars had slowed down causing traffic.

"I am sorry."

"Women are annoying!" He carefully looked at the damage on both cars, it wasn't that much. "How are

you going to fix my car? Do you even have a license?"

She slowly shook her head. "I am sorry."

Agang laughed. "Now I see because if you had one you wouldn't be doing such foolishness."

"I am sorry."

Agang looked at her about to open his mouth but rather closed it. He was now looking at her carefully. She had an oval beautiful face, his eyes skipped. Her beauty was startling, he wondered how she looked when she smiled. His eyes slowly went down to her, she was petite with rightful hips and ass that were exposed by the body hugging dress she wore. For a moment there, he forgot what had just happened.

"I won't call the police on you but we will have to talk of a way forward."

"Thank you."

She looked at her car with tears in her eyes. A tear soon ran down her cheek but she quickly wiped it away.

“Why are you crying? I am sure you can fix that.”

“My husband is going to be upset.”

His eyes fell on her ring then he looked at her beautiful face. “I am sure he will understand, if he can understand you driving without a license, he will definitely understand you getting in an accident.”

She shook her head. “He doesn’t know.”

He sighed thinking twice about his decision. “Look, follow me, I am a mechanic, I will be able to work out something.”

“Really?”

“Yes or are you going somewhere?”

“I... yes but it can wait.”

“What’s your name?”

“Sarona.”

He nodded getting in his car then reversed before driving with her behind him.

Lone stepped out of her car talking on the phone.

“So you are actually serious? You are not going back to work?”

“No. My husband and I are going to start a little something.”

“What little something?”

“A business.”

“Rachel but you know that will be his business not yours right? The day you divorce, you will not have any share of that divorce.”

“Lone we are building something for our family and it needs us both.”

“I know. What I am saying is that when he leaves you, you won't have any share in that business. I really don't understand women who quit their jobs immediately after getting married. Right now you are talking about a business, a business he is going to start with his own money. He won't even put your

name in that business and you will work like a slave with the mentality of 'we are building a legacy for our children'. Why can't you build your own empire and let your kids also inherit something that is from you. The day he leaves you, you will be left up and dry I tell you my friend."

"Lone can you stop saying my husband will leave me because he won't. My husband and I are building a legacy for our kids but of course you will not understand this. I wondered what they meant when they said unmarried women will never understand marriage, now I see it. You sound so bitter right now."

"Bitter? Me? Because I am not married?"

"Yes! You thought by now you would have won Miguel back but he is not coming back to you. You need to accept that and move on with your life. Stick to your business and stay out of marriage issues."

"I am not bitter about anything, I am trying to make you see how foolish you sound."

"Foolish? The only thing foolish here is you. Waiting

for a man that will never come back to you. I heard Miguel telling Ken that you bore him to death. I don't even get why you are always on his face with your ugly face. You look like Shrek but only this one with big disgusting pimples and a nose big as my fist."

Lone hung up feeling dizzy. She tried to pretend as Rachel's words did not hurt her but it was hard. Tears surfaced and she turned going back to her car where she let it all out. Minutes later, she took out her compact mirror and fixed her makeup before confidently walking inside the bank. She walked to her chair and sat down while Courtney approached her holding a milkshake.

"Hey!" She handed her the milkshake. "You look beautiful."

Lone smiled. "Thanks."

"No serious, you make pregnancy look amazing. I got you that, I just remembered you on my way here."

"You didn't have to but thank you."

"It's ok, I will see you."

Courtney walked away as Lone took the drink in her hands.

“Hey!” A colleague said sitting besides her. Lone fought not to roll her eyes, God knows she never liked this woman since her first day at the bank.

“Hi.” Lone responded looking away already wanting to drink the milkshake.

“Wait!” She snatched the milkshake from her.

“What do you think you are doing?”

“I am sorry but I can’t let you drink this.”

Lone looked at her in confusion. “Why?”

“I saw Courtney put something inside this milkshake.”

“Huh?”

“Yes. I swear.”

Lone looked at the milkshake. “Now I see why she has been nice all over a sudden.”

“I am sorry-“

“Shit!” She touched her stomach. “Yesterday she gave me milkshake again, what if...?”

“I don’t know.”

Lone stood up grabbing her things including the milkshake and walked out of the bank.

Sarona took out her phone to check the time, it was almost lunchtime.

“How far are you?”

“I am almost done.” Agang responded looking at her. She frowned. “I have an interview.”

He chuckled. “You should have thought of that before you decided to drive with no license.”

“I said I am sorry.”

He stepped away from the car and stood in front of her. “I am done.”

She smiled with relief. "Thank God."

"Don't get too excited, you owe me."

"How much do you want? I don't have much money."

"Kiss me."

"What? I am married."

"Then pay me the bill of getting my car fixed and also the bill of me fixing your car."

"How much is it?"

"P6000."

"What?"

"Yes."

"That's a lot of money."

"I am actually making it cheap for you. Pay me or else from here, I am going to the police. Your husband will come and get you from there."

"I am married."

"I know, I didn't say sleep with me. I wasted my time fixing your car all this hours, if my boss comes in

right now I am going to lose my job Sarona.”

“Look, I appreciate-“

He kissed her interrupting her speech. Her lips were soft as he had thought, he put his hands on her waist French kissing her. She kissed him back making Agang groan as he felt her hard nipples against her chest. She pulled away.

“That’s enough. Can I now go?”

He smiled then snatched her phone from her hands.

“What are you doing?”

He swiped the screen and paged himself before handing the phone back.

“You should go or else you will be late for your interview.”

She glared at him before getting inside her car and driving off leaving him with a silly smile.

Anaya walked inside the restaurant at Airport Junction. Sarona raised her hand signaling her.

“Hey,” Anaya said sitting opposite her.

“Hi.”

“I have a meeting in an hour.”

Sarona slid her CV to Anaya who opened it and paged through.

“This is good. Naya Shato Caters have not been in business though there is a government tender I saw in the newspaper. This will be the second tender I am applying for, if we get it then our partnership will take off immediately but if not, I don’t know what will happen.”

“We will make it work.”

Anaya smiled. “I like your spirit.”

“So, partners?”

Anaya stretched her hand and shook Sarona’s. “Yes. I will draw up a partnership deed.”

“Ok. Now that business is out of the way, how did it

go yesterday?”

“It went well, she chuckled yesterday.”

“I am happy to hear that. Olerato is really good.”

“She is.”

“Not that I am being nosy and if I am I am sorry, but Pule told me that you and Miguel are having problems.”

Anaya sighed. “Miguel cheat on me.”

“I am sorry, so what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know, what I know is that right now I don’t have the energy to be dealing with his nonsense.”

“I do get where you are coming from but don’t you think you are being too harsh? I mean, Miguel has been patient with you, he has been supportive and loving. You haven’t been giving him attention, imagine if the roles were exchanged, of cause you would sympathize with him but how would you take it if he was shutting you off?”

“But can you blame me?”

“No, no one can. Anaya, he understands what you are going through but trust me, when you push him away like that, he is bound to cheat trust me. And you may say you don’t care now but I tell you, as you go on you will regret it.”

“I am hurt Sarona.”

“I know but he just didn’t cheat because he wanted to, he was sexually starved.”

“He doesn’t even use a condom.”

“A man is a child, you teach him how to behave and how he treats you, Miguel is handsome, everyone can see that. He is successful, he is rich, every woman wants that trust me. They are going to throw themselves at him, don’t let them take him from you. Forgive him and work through your issues.”

Anaya sighed. “I love him so much, it really hurts and you should have seen that woman.”

“Forget about that woman, Miguel is your man. That man loves you, if he didn’t then he wouldn’t have bought you that car.”

Anaya smiled. "I love my car so much, when he bought it I was just feeling down but when I woke that night, I cried tears of joy."

"You see? Don't lose that to some woman out there."

"I won't. You are right, I have abandoning him."

They laughed. "Now you are getting my point."

"He has been begging me for a while and I don't even want to think about how I have been pulling the victim card too much. I am taking charge of my life. Today when he gets home, he will find me there. I can imagine how Lone has been feeling, she is over the moon celebrating."

Sarona cracked up. "That woman just rubs me the wrong way, now imagine if Rachel is there and Mbali. It was a disaster."

"I know, Lone is just her own case."

"She is bitter and she drags Rachel into it. Now enough about those two, your hair mma! Nooo, you are worse."

Anaya laughed. "I have been depressed. I will go do

something about it, tomorrow when I walk into that evaluation meeting, they won't recognize me."

"That's what I want to hear."

"I have to go, we will talk. "

"Ok."

Anaya stood up and walked out with her handbag. She unlocked her car from a distance.

"This is a pleasant coincidence."

She turned and looked at Bame. "Hi."

"So you rejected me before I can prove myself to you?"

"Nna ke a jola rra. {I am in a relationship.}"

He laughed walking beside her. "You are still beautiful. I am going away for a while."

She approached her car and opened the door. "Good luck."

"O maaka, koteng ware modimo keng a sa swe hela teng ko. {You are lying, you are probably wishing I die there.}"

Anaya laughed. “You are crazy. I said good luck, tseo a ketse gore o di tsa kae. {I don’t know where you are getting that from.}”

“Bo Moghele ba tricky kana. {Girls are tricky.}”

Anaya laughed even more. “Bame leave me alone.”

“When I come back after 6 months, I better find you single, we also want chances, you can’t be with one person for more than one year. That’s being selfish. Le rona re batla go jola le wena mma! {We also want to date you.}”

“I have to go, I am late.” She said giggling.

He kissed her cheek and walked off. “Bye!”

She sighed shaking her head before getting inside her car and heading to work.

Lone sat in the boss’s office while Courtney cried.

“I would never try to hurt her baby, I was just trying to

be friendly after what happened.”

“Courtney, Lone here has evidence that you put something in her milkshake, here is the doctor’s report. You put pills inside here to hurt her baby.”

“She is trying to frame me.”

Lone looked at Courtney in stun. “I have a witness, someone who saw you do it.”

“If you didn’t do it then we will check the CCVTV and check everything, how is that Courtney?”

She cried even more. “I would never hurt an innocent baby, I didn’t know that those pills where going to hurt her baby.”

“So you did do what she’s accusing you of doing it?”

Lone kept her eyes on Courtney.

“I am sorry.”

“Thank God you didn’t poison yesterday’s milkshake, who knows what would have happened.”

“I am sorry Lone. My wife is pregnant and I wouldn’t want anything happening to our baby or anyone’s

child. Courtney I am releasing you with immediate effect. Lone, you can take this day off, I am sorry for all the distress.”

Lone stood up with a smile and walked out of the office. She went back to her desk and took her handbag and water before walking out of the bank. She slowly took down the stairs.

“You must be happy right?”

Lone turned with a smile and looked at Courtney who was boiling with anger.

“Good luck on finding a job.”

Courtney walked towards her. “You gave me a scar on my face all because a man didn’t want you anymore.”

Lone laughed looking at her teeth printed on Courtney’s cheek. “But you look good.”

“You bitch!”

Courtney angrily shoved Lone who tripped falling and rolled down the remaining stairs. People who were watching screamed coming closer while

Courtney stood still, frozen to her spot shaking as she stared at Lone who was bleeding.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#35

“What happened?” A lady asked crouching before Lone who had fainted.

“I saw that woman pushing her.” A man pointed at Courtney who was still standing in shock.

“We should take her to the hospital, she is bleeding.”

Courtney watched as a passing ambulance stopped. It was like a movie before her eyes. A second later, she saw some lady talking to a police officer pointing at her.

The police officer walked towards her.

“Dumelang, what happened?”

“I didn’t mean to.”

“You will explain that at the station, let’s go.”

Sarona walked inside her house and found the nanny playing with her kids.

“Mam,”

“Hi Try.”

“You are back, I made you food.” She said standing up and walking to the kitchen.

“Oh, thank you.”

She sat on the couch picking her son and putting him on her lap. She kissed his chubby cheeks smiling.

“Junior mommy is back!”

Her daughter stood up and sat besides her.

“Mommy?”

She looked at her. “Yes?”

“I want to watch Moana.”

Sarona sighed. “No, it’s time to sleep.”

“But I am old, Junior is small, he can sleep not me.”

“Mapula, no.”

“I am three years old. I want to watch Moana.”

“No!”

“I want to go to school tomorrow. I am not sick anymore. I miss my friends.”

“You are on holiday Mapula, you will go in January .”

Sarona’s phone rang and she put Junior down and walked out answering the phone.

“Hello?”

“I want to see you, let’s have dinner.”

“Agang I am married woman!” She said closing her bedroom door.

“I know, or you want to bring your husband along? I

said I want to take you for dinner.”

“I can’t.”

“Sarona?”

“Agang, can you stop this?”

“No, I am yet to start. I want to see you.”

“Well you can’t.”

“Where do you stay?”

She sat on the bed. “Why are you doing this?”

“Because I like you. So? Where do you stay?”

“Phase 4.”

“Where in Phase 4?”

“Behind Lethabile. Agang, I am married and I love my husband. We have kids, please stop trying to destroy that. I am begging you. I don’t like you already because you keep on pestering me, next thing I know you will be calling me in my husband’s presence. Stop it, respect my marriage.”

“Sarona weh? I am not trying to destroy anything. I

respect marriage, my parents have been married for years. I just want to see you, that's all."

"I am busy."

He laughed, he had this laugh that made her smile, she couldn't even understand why.

"So, when can we meet? I would prefer tonight."

"I can't, he will be back from work."

"Don't you have friends to visit?"

"No."

"Where is he right now?"

"Work."

"Good, I am coming."

"I am with the kids and nanny. " She whispered.

"I don't know why you are whispering but I am still coming."

"What about work?"

"I am coming."

He hung up and Sarona bit her lower lip thinking

about the kiss. She put her finger on her lips and laughed. Somehow she felt excited. She stripped and changed into a short dress.

Almost twenty minutes later, her phone rang.

“Hello?”

“I am Letlhabile, where do you stay?”

“Let me send the directions.”

“Ok, don’t delay.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and quickly sent him the directions walking back to the sitting room.

“They are sleeping, let me get your food.”

“Don’t worry Tryphena, I will manage, today you can knock off early.”

“Oh? Thank you mam.”

“No, you thank you. You are good with the kids.”

“They are lovely kids. See you tomorrow.”

Tryphena walked out after pressing the gate’s

remote while Sarena looked around the house, her heart was now pounding. It wasn't just the fact that she knew Agang probably wanted to fuck her but the fact that she was bringing him to her marital house. Her phone rang in her hands.

"I have arrived. I am parking two houses from yours under this big tree."

"Agang I don't think this is a good idea."

"Babe, I am coming. Relax."

He hung up and she stepped out of the house walking to the open gate. She saw him walk towards her wearing black sunglasses. He took them off walking inside the yard and the naughtiness she saw in his eyes made her squirm.

"I like that dress."

She silently led the way inside the house then pressed the gate remote while he threw his sunglasses on the couch.

"Nice house."

"I am still married." She said standing against the

wall.

He chuckled. "I know. I respect that."

He closed the distance between them then held her waist pulling her closer. "So you have nothing to be worried about."

He kissed her hard her body vibrated at the effect. He pulled her short dress to her waist and slid his hand in her panties touching her cookie. The moment he felt her wetness, he gave her a cocky smile.

"Stop fighting this babe. You know you want it." He put her hand inside his pants and she sucked in air in her lungs. He was big, bigger than her husband. He stepped back.

Sarona watched him take off his leather jacket and casually threw it on the couch while she indiscreetly checked him out, he had the perfect body, tall and calm.

"Like what you see?" He asked with a lazy smile.

She blushed taking her eyes off him.

“Don’t be shy to look. It’s all yours.”

Agang tilted her chin and stared into her eyes. “I am going to fuck you so hard that I am all you are going to see in your dreams.”

He took off her dress then bra and thong revealing her naked body.

“Fuck!” He groaned.

She could feel herself fall weak, he gently grazed his thumb on her nipples making her put her legs together. He cupped her breasts and squeezed them making her moan while planting wet kisses on her chest then finally closing his lips on her nipple sucking her hard. She was now dripping. He dropped to his knees and gently ran his tongue on her throbbing clit making her moan. No one had done that to her. She threw her head back as he began torturing her with his tongue. He put one leg on his shoulders and went in for the kill with his tongue. Her body began vibrating as she looked at the ceiling.

“Look at me.” He told her with his tongue still on her. Sarona looked down and feeling his tongue inside

her and like a violent volcano, she blew into smaller pieces while her body shuddered. Agang got up and kissed her, making her taste herself on him. She held on to him as her legs trembled.

He turned her making her touch the wall.

“Agang, let’s take it to the bedroom.”

“No babe, I respect your marriage, I am not about to make you scream inside your bedroom.”

She could hear the condom tearing while bit her lower lip wanting to stop him however her body fought against the idea with want. She felt his dick on her entrance before he shoved himself inside her sliding all the way inside. She screamed and he quickly put his hand over her mouth.

“Shhh babe, where are the kids?”

“Sleeping.”

“Good. Let’s keep it down.”

He bit by bit pulled out as she felt every inch then plunged inside her again. She stood on her toes as he gripped her waist continuing pounding deep

inside her. She moaned not able to control it anymore. He increased the speed of the thrust and she closed her legs feeling the pleasure. It was too sweet she wanted to keep it deep inside her.

“Do you feel that baby?”

She closed her eyes as she climbed her peak.

“Answer me, do you feel that?” He growled.

“Yes! Oh yes!”

“That’s it.”

She had never had a dick in her that felt so good, she loved every moment.

“Fuck! What a pussy! Why are you so sweet?”

Her knees shook as he smacked her ass hard.

“Why are you so sweet?”

“Ah ah ah...” She moaned reaching her climax. He rode her climax as he released. Finally he stopped then pulled out leaving her empty.

“I think I am going to love this.” He whispered in her ear.

They paused as the gate opened. Sarona panicked.

“Fuck! My husband is here.”

He walked towards the window taking off the condom and slightly pulled the curtains.

“Shit!”

“What? You need to leave.”

He turned to her. “Your husband is my brother’s friend making him also my friend.”

“What? Miguel?”

“Yes. Fuck!”

Meanwhile Pule stepped out of his car and walked towards the door. He opened the door remembering the flowers in the car already going back. He took the flowers and walked back stepping inside the house. He knew she was probably in the bedroom reading a novel or something. With a smile, he

walked towards the bedroom and found her coming from the bathroom.

“Hey babe,” She said with a smile he loved so much.

“Hey, I brought you flowers.”

“Thanks.” She took the flowers kissing him. “You are early today.”

“Yeah, I had meeting outside the office, I didn’t see a reason to go back. Anyways I was thinking that this time for the December holidays, we go to Zanzibar. Without the kids, just us.”

“I would love that. And I am sure your mother would love to babysit.”

“Then it’s all set. I love you.”

“I love you too. Let me give you late lunch.”

“Ok.”

She walked out leaving him taking off his tie. Pule remembered something then followed after her but getting to the sitting room, his eyes fell on black sunglasses. He took them and carefully scanned them.

“Sarena, who’s sunglasses are this?”

She walked inside the sitting room holding his plate.

“Oh? They are mine. I went out today and liked them. Take your food.”

He put them down sitting down. “Thanks.”

“You are welcome.”

Lone looked at the doctor.

“Is my baby ok?”

He slowly shook his head. “I am sorry, the baby couldn’t make it.”

Tears filled her eyes as she shook her head. “No.”

“I am sorry miss.”

He walked out left Lone crying loudly. The pain cut deep inside her heart. She had felt her kick. She stepped down the bed crying. Miguel walked in a

second later and hugged her.

“Our baby is gone Miguel...”

He held her tightly letting her cry on him.

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Don't forget to like and comment. Goodnight.

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#36

Miguel walked out of the hospital and sat in his car.

“Fuck!” He groaned putting his hands over his face. He couldn't understand why the pain felt so physical. He took out his phone from his pocket and dialed Anaya's number.

“Hello,”

“Hey...”

“Miguel I am at the therapist’s office, can we talk later?”

“Ok.”

He hung then called Marang.

“Miguel...”

“Hey, I never apologized for what happened the last time.”

“It’s ok, no worries. I took the pills so... yah.”

“Thanks.”

“Hey, are you ok?”

“Yeah, just tired.”

“You are lying, you sound down. You can tell me. What’s wrong?”

“Lone lost the baby.”

“What? How?”

“She was having an argument with her friend, the friend lost it and pushed her down the stairs.”

“I am sorry. How is she?”

“Crying.”

“I am so sorry, I can’t begin to imagine what she is going through.”

“I wasn’t that thrilled with the news the first time she told me but...” He closed his eyes. “It fucken hurts.”

“I am sorry, I know you were probably beginning to get excited.”

“Yah, a few weeks ago I bought this little things.”

“Miguel, where are you right now?”

“At the hospital.”

“Ok, do you want me to come over or something?”

“I am coming there.”

“Ok, I will cook.”

He hung up and drove to her house. Half an hour later, he was getting off his car and walking inside her house. He was welcomed by some Diamond Platnumz jams and delicious aroma. She walked out of the kitchen and smiled. She wasn’t that curvaceous, she had a slim petite figure and a

flawless. He loved her beautiful innocent face.

Silently she walked towards him and hugged him. She smelt sweet, he loved her fragrance that he put his arms around her pulling her more in his arms. For a while they stood still hugging firmly. He finally let her go and smiled.

“It smells delicious.”

She moved her weave from her face. “I am done, I will dish up.”

“Ok.”

She walked to the kitchen while he followed behind her staring at her butt cheeks which were exposed by her shorts. She bended over the oven checking whatever she had cooked when Miguel walked behind her. Following his dirty thoughts he pulled her shorts and panties to her ankles while she closed the oven but remaining bent for him. Miguel unzipped his pants and took out his hard dick. He parted her ass and plunged himself inside her and fucked her with quick deep strokes while she moaned and whimpered. Minutes later he was filling

her pussy up and watched his dick as he pulled out. With satisfaction, he pulled her shorts back in position and walked out fixing his pants. He sat in front of her TV changing the channel to a sports channel.

Marang walked in with his plate of food and a dish of water. He stared in her eyes washing his hands while she blushed looking down.

“Marang weh?”

“Rra?”

“Look at me.” He commanded.

She raised her hand and looked in his eyes.

“O ntshabang? {Why are you scared of me?}”

“I am not scared of you.”

“Yaanong keng o sa ntebe mo matlong? {Then why don't you look in my eyes?}”

She smiled handing him a dish towel. “Dry your hands.”

He took the dish towel and dried his hands before

giving it back and taking his food with a smile. There was something he liked about the respect she gave him, treating him like a king. He watched her walking away before he took his first bite.

She came back with her plate and sat beside him.

“Do you have a crush on Diamond Platnumz or what?”

She laughed. “Don’t tease me. I like his music, he is good.”

He looked at her as she ate staring down at her plate.

“What is it?”

She looked at him. “I didn’t think you would ever call.”

“Why?”

“I thought...” She shrugged. “You went back to her.”

He silently continued eating wondering what to tell her. She didn’t deserve how he was treating her but he still couldn’t help it. As soon as he finished eating, she took their plates to the kitchen and came back with the dish of clean water. He washed his hands

and dried them and she took the dish back then came back with a glass of water.

“I love this.” He said taking the glass water.

“What?”

He drank his water and gave her the glass back.

“Being treated like a King.”

She laughed putting the glass down. “King? Le rata dilo tle bo Miguel! {You like things.}”

“I like this treatment.”

“Take off your jacket and tie. Are you not uncomfortable?”

“As you wish.”

He took off his tie and jacket then she leaned over and unbuttoned the first three buttons of his shirt.

“Did you know I give one of the best massages?” He whispered holding her waist.

“You do? Because I think I have muscle pain.” She whispered.

“Yeah, should I show you?”

“Yes.”

He stood then picked her up throwing her over his shoulder and walked towards her bedroom as she giggled.

Anaya walked inside Miguel’s house holding her handbag and went to the bedroom where she sat on the bed dialing his number for the fifth time. His phone still rang unanswered. Not wanting to spoil the surprise, she put away her phone avoiding texting him then walked back to the kitchen. She frowned opening the fridge full of food. She opened the fitted kitchen unit, it was packed with food. Miguel never bought grocery, he would rather survive on takeaways than buy grocery.

There was no doubt in her mind that the lady he had cheat on her with had bought the grocery, there was no other explanation. She walked back to the bedroom and took her phone dialing a number.

“Anaya, hey!”

“Sarona, is Miguel there with Pule?”

“No. What’s wrong?”

“He is not yet home.”

“Maybe he is held up at work.”

Anaya closed her eyes.

“Hey, don’t over think it.”

“There is grocery in the house, Miguel never buys grocery.”

“Maybe it was the maid. He was probably tired of takeaways and decided to just have her buy. You are stressing over nothing.”

“I am just scared, what if he is with her?”

“He is not. Just relax. Don’t let this spoil your mood.”

“You are right. Ok, thanks.”

“Bye love.”

Anaya hung up and walked back to the kitchen. She started cooking immediately, obviously he was

already on his way home and the grocery saved her from getting food from a restaurant. Two hours later, she set the table perfectly then lighted up candles before taking a bottle of wine and putting it in the middle. She switched off the lights and hurried to the bedroom where she took a quick shower before taking out her lingerie from her handbag. She put it on looking at herself on the mirror knowing he was going to lose his mind as soon as he saw her. She sat down in front of the mirror and touched lightly on her face admiring her new curly weave and the perfectly styled edges.

Looking at the time she sighed, it was almost half nine. Anaya wondered what was holding him but chastened herself to be patient. She went back to the sitting room and sat down. An hour later, she tried calling him pouring herself the wine. His phone still rang unanswered then decided to call Agang.

“Naya,”

“Hey, has Miguel arrived there yet?”

“What? No, what’s going on?”

“Oh, he wanted to give you something, I was just getting worried.”

“No, he hasn’t.”

“Ok, bye.”

“Anaya wait.”

“Yah?”

“How are you?”

“I am fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I am fine. I have to go.”

She hung up taking a sip of her wine.

The following morning Marang woke up in Miguel’s arms. She looked at him, he looked innocent in his sleep. She slowly got off bed and put on her clothes before walking to the kitchen. She started making

him a quick breakfast.

“Hey,”

She turned and looked at him already dressed.

“Sit, I am done.”

He sat on the kitchen stool while she dished for him and put the plate before him. She poured him coffee and put it beside the plate.

“Eat or you will be late.”

“Thanks.”

“You are welcome.”

She walked out leaving him eating. In her bedroom, with quick swiftly undressed and walked out to the bathroom. She took a shower and when she finally walked back in her bedroom, she found him sitting on the bed. He looked at her dripping wet naked body and she smiled.

“You are not getting any, go to work.”

“After work then?”

Marang rolled her eyes. “Go!”

“Ok, after work then.” He stood up and kissed her backing her against the wall. “Or maybe now.”

“No! Go to work.”

He laughed then baby kissed her and walked out.

Marang sighed hearing the main door opening then closing. She reached for her phone on the headboard and called Layla.

“Marang, hey.”

“Hey, he came back.”

“He did?”

“Yes. But he is still with her. I feel so guilty right now. He spent the night.”

“What is he saying?”

“Nothing.”

“Then you should just ask him, take your chances.”

“I am scared.”

“I know but you should ask. Being a side chick is not something you want to do for the rest of your life.”

“I know. I even know how being cheated on feels like. I am going to send him a message.”

“Do that, see you at work.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and looked at her phone before she began typing.

Anaya woke up with a start hearing the car driving in. She looked at the time standing up. She had slept on the couch and thankfully, her neck was not painful.

He walked in a second later and paused, staring at her. Clearly he hadn't expected to see her.

“Babe...”

“Hi.”

He walked further into the house and looked at the set up before meeting her eyes.

“I am sorry, I slept at the office.”

“I called.”

“My phone was on silent.”

She walked towards him and hugged him inhaling in the female scent. Slowly she moved back, tears filling her eyes.

“You were with her?”

“No.”

“I can smell her on you Miguel!”

He closed his eyes. “Anaya...”

She shook her head as tears ran down her cheeks.

“Did you use a condom?”

“Babe...”

“Did you use a condom Miguel?”

“No.”

She put her hand over her chest as her heart broke.

“Miguel...”

“I am sorry.”

“What if she gets pregnant? Or what if she is sick?
Can’t you just use protection?”

His phone rang from his pocket.

“Is that the phone that is supposed to be on silent or
where you just ignoring me?”

“It was on silent.”

“Give it to me.”

He looked at her before he took it out and handed it
over to her. She called at the caller ID then answered
Agang’s call putting it on loudspeaker.

“BK, Anaya called yesterday, where were you?”

“Can I call you back? I am in the middle of something
important.”

“Ok, mom called, Colleen is at home.”

“I will call you back.”

Anaya hung up then unlocked his phone as a
message reported in. She clicked on it and read
silently fighting breaking down in a loud sob.

“Marang wants to know what’s happening between

you because last night left her confused. She says you forgot your watch and tie but she will keep them safe for you.”

“Babe, it’s nothing, I love you. It’s just sex.”

“Ok, I will tell her that.”

She called Marang and put the phone on her ear.

“Hey, don’t worry. Your belongings are safe.” She said softly.

“Hi Marang, you are speaking to Anaya, Miguel’s girlfriend. I appreciate that you have been taking care of him since I have been unavailable but it’s enough now. I am here and I will take care of his needs from today onwards. Hopefully we won’t have this conversation again.”

“Of cause. I am sorry Anaya.”

“It’s ok. Do yourself a favor and delete his number. I will personally collect his belongings from your house.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and immediately blocked and deleted

her number.

“Now that Marang is out of the picture, we are good. Go and bath. Did you eat?”

He looked at her and slowly nodded.

“Ok, go and bath, you are already late.”

“Yes.”

He walked away leaving her standing. Slowly she sat down and sobbed silently as her heart throbbed painfully.

Her phone rang from beside her.

“Hey, did he come?”

“No Sarona, he was with her.”

“Did he confess?”

“Yes, my heart hurts Sarona.”

“I am sorry love. What will you do now?”

“I don’t know. I love Miguel, and it’s my fault.”

“Miguel loves you and such things in a relationship. I don’t think you should throw in the towel as yet. She

is probably hoping you leave him so that she can take over.”

“I don’t know. He didn’t use a condom, again.”

“Drag him to the clinic and test, then buy that girl a morning after. You can’t afford another Lone.”

“You are right. I need to bath then go home to change. We will talk.”

“Ok, and sit him down and talk. He should be scared to cheat on you.”

“This is the last time I forgiving cheating. Next I know I will be HIV positive.”

“Ok love.”

She hung up standing then walked to the bedroom. He was already dressing for work.

“On lunch time we are going to test for HIV. Where does Marang stay?”

“Babe, I am never going to see her again.”

“Good because this is the last time I am forgiving you, if you think this is some sort of a joke, try it, I

will leave you. You are not the only man in Botswana. Where does she stay?"

"Block 9."

"Work?"

"Anaya, can you let it go. I am not going back to her, I promise."

"I want to know where she works or else, I might as well walk out of this relationship. I also want her house address."

Marang finished attending to her patient then walk out. On the door she bumped into a nurse.

"Dr. Setse, there is visitor here to see you, she says it's important. She is at the reception."

"Ok."

She walked towards the lift which took her to the ground level. Her heart skipped as her eyes fell on

Anaya who was dressed smartly in her formal wear. She had never seen someone who looked so good and sexy that she felt intimidated.

“Anaya.”

“Marang.” She took out a small box and handed it to her. “I hope you don’t mind taking that.”

“Of cause not.”

“Good. I hope this is the last time we meet under such circumstances.”

She turned and walked out leaving her there.

“Wow! Who was that?”

She turned to Layla. “Anaya.”

“What did she want?”

“To give me this?” She showed her the emergency pills.

“Wow! She is so beautiful, is she even real?”

“She is.”

“Ok, now I know he is not going to leave her.”

“I know.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, I can’t even begin to compare to that.”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#37

Lone walked from the bathroom and lay on the bed looking up at the ceiling. Amantle walked in and she sighed.

“If you are here to gloat then please leave.”

“Lone, I am not here for that. I know you and I have our differences but you are sister and that can never change.”

Lone looked at her as tears fell from her eyes.

“Shh come here...”

Amantle hugged her tightly and together they cried. After a while they were quiet.

“I want us to put whatever we are fighting about behind and move on with life. Life is short to always be fighting.”

“What happened to you?”

Amantle laughed. “Life happened and I realized you are the only one I can turn to. Blood is thicker than water.”

“What happened?”

“I lost my job.”

“When?”

“A week before I came back. I have been surviving on my savings trying to find another job but it’s dry.”

“Wow!”

“I know and I have been ashamed to ask for help. You know life has a way of humbling you that you will be left dry. I had to sell my car.”

“I am sorry. Who knew this day would come.”

They both laughed.

“No one. I am sorry for how I treated you.”

“I am sorry too.”

“Can we start over?”

Lone smiled emotionally. “Yes.”

“Anyways, how are you feeling?”

“I am numb. I still can’t believe my baby is gone.”

“I am really sorry.”

“I hope Courtney rots in jail.”

“She will. She is evil. Where is Rachel?”

“She doesn’t want to associate with me because I am not married and I don’t understand married people issues.”

“What? I have always despised people who think marriage is some kind of achievement because trust me, it’s not.”

“I told her to go back to work because she has turned herself into a housewife and she told me to

stay out of married people's issues."

"She is crazy. She will understand such things when that man leaves her."

"I know. Like she has totally stopped living her life and all for a man. I will never do that."

"I know. Is it ok if I move in with you for a short while?"

"Yes. It's ok."

The doctor walked in. "I think we will be discharging you today."

"Thank God."

Amantle looked at Lone. "Hey, let me have the house keys so that I can start shifting."

"Ok."

Lone handed her the house keys and she walked out staring at the doctor.

"Who was that?"

"My sister."

“Still remember me?”

Lone blushed. “Yes. Vince.”

“Good. I am sorry about your baby.”

She nodded. “Thanks.”

“After you go home, can we go out for dinner? Let’s say on Friday?”

“But you are friends with Miguel.”

“So what? As far as I am concerned, you are single and so am I. Are we on for Friday?”

“Yes.”

“Awesome.” He handed her his phone. “Save your number.”

Lone took the phone and saved her number.

“Vince, what are you doing to my patient?” Lone’s doctor said walking in.

“I am saying hi, here in GPH we greet our patients.” He said laughing taking back his phone.

“Get out Vince, you are disturbing my patient.”

“I am going. Don’t forget to discharge her.” He winked at Lone before finally walking out.

“Don’t mind that moron, how are you feeling today?”

“Better.”

“That’s good. I am discharging you.”

“Thank you.”

Miguel spoke on the earpiece as he drove to C-SKY.

“She didn’t even shout Ken, this worries me.”

“If she catches you again, she is going to leave you. Or she is planning to.”

“I am not going to even try. I am done.”

“Good, don’t listen to P-man, you will lose a good woman chasing stones.”

“I feel guilty, she had done a set up to surprise me and I ruined it all.”

“And you know once she doesn’t trust you, it will be easy for her to leave you.”

“You make me remember that soldier.”

“Yah, vultures will always be there especially on girls like Anaya. She looks like a celebrity from overseas, she will leave and you will cry.”

“I think what we need is a vacation.”

“You are right about that. Look, I have something I want to discuss with you when you come back.”

“Ok, I will see you.”

“Sharp!”

Ken hung up as Miguel parked his car at C-SKY. He stepped out of the car and walked inside.

“Welcome Mr. Mokwena.”

He gave her a slight nod acknowledging her presence before he proceeded to the elevator. He walked inside the conference room and sat down unbuttoning his jacket. The door opened and Anaya walked in with a male colleague. She looked different and more beautiful. He noticed her new

hairdo wondering why he hadn't noticed in the morning or did she get it today. The male colleague pulled out a chair for her and she smiled sitting down while his heart twisted painfully.

"Right! I believe everyone is here, we can proceed." He said still looking at her. She stared back then looked away. He sighed and carried on with the meeting slipping into seriousness. An hour later, he wrapped up the meeting and everyone walked out almost immediately. He chatted with the manager as they both walked out.

"Good job, I like how everything is running smoothly here."

"Thank you Mr. Mokwena."

"Good-bye."

They parted ways and Miguel walked to Anaya's office. He walked in and she raised her head from a file she was paging through.

"Hey..."

She looked at him silently and Miguel wondered

what she was thinking.

“How can I help you?”

“Colleen was released.”

“That’s good.”

“I am going to Mahalapye this weekend. Can you please come with me?”

“Yes, it’s ok.”

“Thank you.”

“Yah.”

The tension he was feeling was threatening to break him into small pieces.

“Anaya I am really sorry.”

“It’s ok.”

He walked round her table. “Babe...”

“Miguel, I am at work. I don’t want people thinking I am taking advantage of the fact that I am dating you so that I don’t do my work. Mr. Bernards will be reporting for work tomorrow and I have to have

everything in order. He is strict.”

“Ok, I love you.”

“Yah, me too.” She said shifting her attention back to her work. Miguel walked out feeling worse than how he had felt before entering her office.

Colleen walked out of her room to the sitting room where the baby was crying. She could hear her mother in the kitchen probably collecting her bottle. She slowly picked her daughter up and held her in her arms.

“Shhh Angie.”

She put her on her chest gently rubbing her back. Soon Angel was quiet sucking her thumb.

“Please put that child down.”

Colleen turned and looked at her mother. “Mama...”

“Colleen, put that child down.”

Tears filled her eyes. "Mama please."

Her mother walked over and took the baby from her.

"I don't want to see you anywhere near this child."

She walked to her bedroom.

Colleen slowly sat down and cried. She couldn't really blame her mother and at the same time, she wished her mother could be more understanding. She wasn't herself back then. She stood up and walked back to her bedroom taking her phone and called Maggie but it didn't go through. She finally decided to call Anaya.

"Hello?"

"Hi, who is this?"

"It's Colleen."

"Oh! Hey, Miguel tells me you are home now."

"Yes, they let me go."

"I am happy for you. I am sure you must be happy to see Angel now. I did my research on PND and I realized a lot of us are ignorant. Post Natal Depression is real."

“I know. I am fine now.”

“Good.”

“Mama won’t let me near her.”

“I am sorry, she is probably just scared.”

“I know, and I can’t blame her.”

“You need to prove to her that you are fine now.”

“My own friends don’t want me anymore.”

“Then they were never your friends to begin with.”

“I feel like everyone just... they have certain attitude towards me.”

“I don’t. Don’t mind people. How are you coping?”

“I don’t know really, I still can’t believe Ian is gone. You know he was never a violent person. I don’t believe he killed her or even himself. He had a lot to live for.”

“I know it’s hard to believe but it happened. I am just glad it wasn’t you he hurt.”

“How is Miguel? I haven’t talked to him yet.” She said

with a smile.

“He is fine. We are coming over during the weekend.”

“I can’t wait to see you.”

“Me too. Look, I have to go. I want to finish up what I am doing then go home.”

“Ok, bye.”

“Bye.”

Anaya hung up and a cloud of guilty weighed Colleen’s shoulders. She knew her mother probably hated Anaya because of what she had told her, now all she wished was to change the hands of time and take it all back.

Sarona finished up plaiting Mapula’s hair. She smiled at her hard work, she loved playing on her daughter’s head.

“Mapula baby? Mommy is done.”

When Mapula remained still, she sighed picking her up. She lay her down in her room and peaked in Junior's room. He was still sleeping. She loved afternoons because that's when the house was most quiet. She walked to her bedroom and lay on her bed taking the novel she was still reading. Her phone rang beside her.

"Agang..."

"Babe, I am on my way for some lunch."

"Agang, we can't do this, what will happen if Pule finds out?"

"He won't. Trust me."

"Agang, I don't want to lose my family."

"And you won't. You have to trust me. Babe?"

"Agang..."

"I want you to trust me. If we are careful, no one will find out. Just relax. Either way, I didn't know you were his wife and now it's too late, the damage has already been done."

She sighed. "Do you have a girlfriend?"

“No, I am coming there for a quickie. Put on a sexy nightdress. It better be short.”

She blushed. “Ok.”

“No panties on.”

“Ok. Be quick while the kids are still sleeping.”

“I am on my way.”

She put the phone down and got off the bed. In her closet, she took out her lace nightdress that Pule had bought her a week ago. She undressed then put it on with no panties. Minutes later, her phone vibrated and she walked back to the sitting room where she opened the gate for him. In seconds, he was walking in. The way he looked at her made her wet.

“Hey baby...”

He closed the gap between them and kissed her before picking her up and taking her to the kitchen. He placed her on the kitchen counters already putting his hand between her legs.

Theodora packed her things as soon as Miguel left for the day. This was her last day at Mokwena Logistics and as each second passed, she felt more and more depressed. She comforted herself by the fact that she still had her job at C-SKY. Taking her handbag, she walked out.

“Hey girl!” A colleague said walking beside her.

“Hey, how are you?”

“I am good. I am going to miss you around here.”

Theodora smiled. “I will miss you too.”

“Oh, my boyfriend is here. Bye!”

“Bye.”

Theodora continued walking thinking of Agang from the first day she had met him. It had always been a disaster from the first day and she was glad what happened the last time had happened.

Her phone rang as she joined the main road walking

along the road to the bus stop.

“Hello?”

“Theo, did your contact get renewed?” Her mother asked.

“No, the old Personal Assistant is back. Today was my last day but at least I still have my receptionist job.”

“I saw an opening of a job that needs your qualifications in a newspaper.”

“Really?”

“Yes, at Diamond Events. You should apply. The pay is good.”

“Ok, I will apply tomorrow.”

“They said you can apply on their email. I wrote everything down.”

“Ok, you can send it.”

“I will do it now. I am praying for you my girl.”

“Thank you mama. I have been saving money, I think soon I will buy a small car.”

“That’s my girl. We serve a living God. Things will work out for you, I promise.”

“I receive.”

“Bye Theo.”

She hung and put her hand over her forehead blocking the sun. A white Toyota Fortuner stopped beside her.

“Hi, can I give you a lift?”

Theodora turned and looked at man in the car. She opened her mouth to turn him down but he smiled and she immediately kept quiet. He was a real catch.

“I am going over that bus stop.”

“So? Let me drop you by that stop.”

“I am fine thanks.”

“I will not ask you out, I promise. Get in. My name is Christian.”

He had a chocolate complexion and a panty dropping smile.

She walked round to his door and got in.

“So where are you going?”

Theodora shyly smiled. He had a deep raspy voice that made her clit vibrate. She felt embarrassed, this was a total stranger, she didn't even know him.

“By the bus stop.”

“Where do you stay?”

She shook her head making him laugh a deep lethargic kind of laugh.

“Do I scare you? I thought after telling you my name you would feel comfortable.”

“I don't.”

“Ok, I won't push. So where can I drop you off.”

They had already passed the bus stop.

“After the robot.”

“Ok, so I am still waiting for your name.”

“Theodora.”

He drove through the green traffic light and stopped on the bus stop. “Well, nice meeting you Theodora.”

She got off the car. "Thank you."

She watched the car drive off feeling stupid for not telling just where she stays. A tiny voice at the back of her head reminded her of Agang as a combie stopped for her. She walked towards it and put on her earphones listening to her favorite songs.

As soon as she got home, she took a long shower before changing into her pajamas and getting under covers watching TV. Her phone rang.

"Yaone,"

"Hey love, there is a small business party, where are you, I need company."

"I am home in my warm blankets."

"Still crying for the job?"

"No."

"Liar. This will cheer you up though it will be very boring. Get ready I am coming."

Theodora pulled the duvet over her head for a few seconds and screamed. She got off bed and opened her wardrobe. She was sure everyone was going to

be wearing elegant clothes. She took out her black evening gown with a vent that start at her mid thigh with some black stilettos. She put them on then brushed her weave before slowly doing her makeup. Yaone arrived as she sprayed the setting spray on her face.

“Hey!”

Theodora grabbed her purse and smiled. “Am I ok?”

“You look beautiful. Let’s go.”

Yaone walked out leading Theodora to her car.

“I am late.”

She muttered already reversing. She got in the road then sped off while Theodora put on her sit belt. A while later, Yaone parked the car and stepped out of the car with Theodora. Together they walked inside the venue. An usher greeted them giving them each a glass of champagne.

“Wow!”

Yaone smiled as Theodora looked at the elegance of the party.

“Stay with me and you will see the world.”

Theodora took a sip of the champagne looking around. Her eyes stopped on him, she knew him, his smile. He was talking to other men in chic suits.

“Oh that? That is Christian Mwanza. He is from Zambia and oh is he good looking!”

“He stays here?”

“Yes. He works here. Mr. Big shot.”

He turned and their eyes met. Theodora quickly looked away and turned giving him her back.

“Oh shit! He is coming here. Do I look ok? I have been dying for this moment ever since he started working here.”

“Yeah.”

Theodora quietly drank her champagne.

“So you refuse a free lift only to come to a party I am?” He whispered from behind Theodora. His breath hit her neck making her nipples harden. She closed her eyes as he moved closer.

“We meet again, Theodora.”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#38

Theodora summoned all her confidence and turned with a smile. She inhaled his cologne smiling.

“Hi.”

“Hi, I am not going to run around, I am happy to see you here Theodora.”

She smiled. “You are a smooth talker.”

He laughed. “Is that a compliment?”

Yaone cleared her throat making Theodora turn to her.

“Mr. Mwanza,” she said with a smile.

“Hi, I have seen you around.”

“Yes, we have passed each other more than many times.”

He smiled. “Had I known you had such a beautiful friend, I would have talked to you.” He turned to Theodora. “Wanna go to the rooftop?”

“Um yeah.”

He took her glass of wine and handed it to a usher who was passing then took her hand into hers leading her to the elevator. Theodora turned to look at Yaone who was just staring at them. They got in the lift and the doors closed while he turned to her.

“So... where do you stay?”

“Tlokweng.”

“I stay in Tlokweng too.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I could have dropped you.”

“Where in Tlokweng do you stay?”

“Tlokweng Village.”

The elevator doors opened and they stepped out. He

led her to a door and opening it, they emerged on top of the roof.

“Wow!”

“You can see almost everything from up here.”

“Yes. This is beautiful.”

“So, who is Theodora?”

Theodora sighed putting her arms around herself. Christian took off his jacket and put it over her shoulders.

“Theodora is a daughter of single mother Masedi Mathare, she is just a receptionist at C-SKY hotel and 25 years old.”

“Are you single? This should have been the first question to ask.”

Theodora laughed. “Why?”

“So I don’t get my hopes up for no reason.”

“Yes. I am single. What about you? Foreigners usually have wives back at home.”

“No, I don’t. I don’t have a wife or a child. It’s just

me.”

“Ok. I believe you.”

“Good, now that’s out of the way. Do you have a passport?”

“No. I have never been outside the fence of Botswana.”

“That should be fixed. Anyways, I have a friend getting married during the weekend, can you be my date?”

“Where?”

“In Kasane, will you come with? We will be flying.”

She smiled sliding her fingers in the pockets of his jacket.

“Ok.”

“Good. The wedding is on Saturday but you and I will leave Friday evening and come back Sunday evening.”

“Ok.”

“I like you Theodora, and we are going to use that

time to know each other better. And I am going to kiss you right now.”

He clearly was asking her but telling her. She could tell he was a man who liked being in control. She loved how he didn't run around the bush but just went straight to the point. Pulling her by her waist, he moved down to her and kissed her. She stood frozen wondering what he was doing to her mouth because she hadn't experienced such before. He let her go seconds later leaving her wanting.

“I think I am going to love doing that.”

Theodora looked at him with a smile. “You don't have an accent.”

He chuckled. “No I don't. Mama ke Motswana hela wa ko Ghanzi. {My mother is a Motswana from Ghanzi.}”

“Your father is the one who is foreign?”

“Yes. I stayed here full time growing up but was always went to Zambia every school holiday at the village.”

“Your father must be strict.”

“He is. Do you still want to stay?”

She looked around and nodded. “No, I have to go to work tomorrow.”

He took her hand and led her back inside. As they joined the crowd, Theodora’s eyes rummaged around searching for Yaone who was not anywhere to be found.

Outside they got in the Fortuner and he immediately drove to her house where he dropped her in front of the gate.

“Thank you for dropping me off.”

“You are welcome, I will pick you up on Friday.” He said leaning over and kissing her chin. Theodora stepped out of the car and pushed the gate open. Christian only drove away when she closed the gate. With a high school girl smile she walked to her room where Yaone was standing in front of her car.

“I have been waiting for you.”

Theodora looked at Yaone. “Hey, you left early.”

“Yes. Can we talk?”

“Of course.”

Yaone stood up. “Do you want Christian?”

“He is nice.”

“Please stay away from Christian because I like him.”

Theodora paused. “What?”

“Stay away Christian because I like him.”

“Yaone I like him too. I met him earlier on.”

“Can’t you do this one thing for me, please I am begging you. Call him and tell him to stay away from you.”

“I don’t have his number.”

“Stop lying Theodora. I love him, can’t you understand that?”

Theodora looked into her tearful eyes sadly.

“I am sorry. I don’t have his number.”

Yaone snatched Theodora’s purse. “You think I am

joking, Theodora you are going to delete his number. I have known Christian for over two months now, I don't care if you have met earlier on."

Yaone took out Theodora's phone from the purse and tried unlocking it.

"Give me my phone Yaone."

"No!"

Theodora tried grabbing her phone but Yaone pushed her.

"Yaone, give me my phone."

"Delete his number, why are you such a whore? But what can I say? Like mother like daughter."

Theodora angrily slapped Yaone hard across the face. "Next time you insult my mother, I will do more than just slap you."

"Try it. Try it and see."

Theodora tried slapping her again but Yaone held her hand and slapped her. "Theodora don't try me, I said, delete his number."

“Let go of me. He doesn’t even want you.”

“You must think I am Anaya, today I am going to show you I am not. I said delete his number.”

Yaone pushed Theodora hard that she lost balance falling and sprained her ankle. She got on top of Theodora and slapped her again.

“What is the password?”

“Themma Yaone wa mpoloya. {Yaone you are hurting me.}”

“Monyana, password ke mang? {Girl, what is the password?}”

“I swear I don’t have his number.”

Yaone slapped her again then got off her. “You don’t know who I am I see.”

She threw Theodora’s phone against on the pavement hard that the battery and phone cover came off as the screen cracked. She got in her car and drove off leaving Theodora struggling to stand while her nose bled. She picked her phone from the ground together with battery and phone cover and

walked inside the house holding the bridge of her nose.

A while later the bleeding had stopped, she washed her face before cleaning her blood on the pavement outside. Her head ached that it felt as if it was cracking into two halves. She still couldn't believe Yaone had beat her and worse for a man who wasn't even hers. Getting back inside the house, she sat on her bed putting back the battery in her overly cracked Samsung, she wondered if it was going to function properly. She switched it on then swiped the screen a couple of times before it unlocked. She patiently typed a message.

Theodora: I am going to report you for breaking my phone and beating me up then tell Christian. You are going to sleep in a cell for the weekend.*

She put her phone down then laid her aching head on the pillow closing her eyes. Her phone rang a second later and she answered.

“What do you want Yaone? I am going to report you tomorrow morning. I am going to wait for my face to

swell then report you. From there I will tell Christian and he will report you for harassing his girlfriend. You are going to lose your little job trust me.”

“I am sorry. Theodora I just want you to stay away from him. Please, I am begging you. I love him.” She begged tearfully. “I know I should have not harassed you, I am sorry.”

Theodora sadly kept quiet.

“Please, just stay away from him. I love him. He is the one I have been telling you about.”

A tear ran down her cheek. “I like him too.”

“I know but please, can’t you just do this one thing for me, please. I will buy you a new phone tomorrow.”

“Ok.”

“Will you stay away from him?”

She kept quiet for a couple of seconds. “Yes.”

“Thank you so much.”

“Bring my phone tomorrow on lunch time.”

“Ok.”

Sarona watched her husband dress in the morning while she sat on the bed.

“Pule,”

He looked at her fixing his tie.

“I looked for a job.”

He frowned looking at her. “You what?”

“I looked for a job.”

“Where?”

“At Naya Caters.”

“Why am I finding about this now?”

She stood up. “Pule I am tired of staying at home. I want to work like other women too.”

“Am I not taking care of you?”

“You are but-“

“But what? I can take care of my family. There is no need for you to work because I can afford my wife.”

“I know but I want to work. I want to do other things for myself too.”

“I am not doing this with you.” He grabbed his jacket.

“Pule, I didn’t go to school for me to sit doing nothing the entire day.”

“You take care of our family Sarena while I work for us.”

“Pule...”

“You will work when I am dead! Till then this is the last time we are discussing this. I don’t need any help taking care of my wife.”

He kissed her.

“I will see you later.”

He walked out while Sarena sat on the bed holding her tears. Her phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Is he gone?”

She broke down into a loud sob.

“Babe? What’s wrong?”

“He won’t let me work.”

“Shhh, I am coming, where are the kids?”

“Still sleeping.”

“Ok, I am coming, stop crying. Ok?”

“Ok.”

He hung up and she rubbed her tears. She patiently waited and when she finally let him in, he was holding three roses.

“Take,”

She took them and sniffed them.

“They are fresh, where did you steal them?”

“I jumped the wall and stole them from my neighbor.”

The way he said it made her smile.

“Thanks.”

He leaned over and kissed her. "I like your smile."

Sarona blushed. "Come."

She led him to the guest room where they sat on the bed while she told him what Pule had said.

"I feel like only a weak and insecure man will deny his wife from working. I mean, I personally prefer an independent woman. When I saw you, that smart dress and heels turned me on."

"I don't know what I should do. Anaya said I should drop by her office today and pick up the partnership deed."

"Anaya?"

"Yes. She said we can be business partners in her catering company."

"That was nice of her."

"I know. I just want to work and do things for myself."

"Then do it."

"Pule will-"

“Babe, do it. When you die, you will die alone and you will leave nothing behind. If you want to do it, do it now. Pule will be mad but he will get over it. Remember, you are not doing this for Pule but for yourself. If he can’t support you then he is a douche of a husband.”

“I am scared.”

“You have nothing to be scared about. Remember, this is for Sarona not Pule. It’s for you babe.”

She smiled. “I am going to be a business woman.”

“That’s my girl. I have to go now.”

She looked at his pants and squeezed her legs. She had been hoping for a little something but now he was leaving. She wanted him so bad especially after the half job Pule had done when she woke up. His phone rang and she watched him take it out of his pocket then slide it back. She burned with curiosity wanting to know who he was ignoring, was it his girlfriend?

He kissed her hard then opened the door.

“Agang, wait.”

He turned to her. He was only fucking her, she knew that but her jealousy didn't understand that.

“I know you and I are just having sex but I want to know if you are seeing someone.”

He closed the door looking at her. “And why would I do that?”

“For my own safety.”

“If you are worried about diseases, relax. Condom is my middle name.”

She knew that, he even carried one around.

“So you do have a girlfriend?”

He smiled then kissed her opening her robe exposing her nakedness. He pushed her on the bed unzipping her pants while she opened her legs wide.

Anaya smiled as she walked around the house with the landlord.

“I really like it.”

The landlord smiled. “I am glad, I have just renovated it with the intention to stay in it but I got transferred to Moleps and I will be staying in the company’s house.”

“I love it. I will be here with my Mother and two siblings.”

“It’s ok, since you have already sent the money, I brought you this.” The landlord handed her the house keys.

“Thank you Mrs. Molefe.”

“No you thank you Anaya.”

They both walked out while Anaya locked behind her. Mrs. Molefe got in her car and drove off while Anaya got in her car with her phone on her ear.

“Hello?” A female voice answered erasing Anaya’s smile immediately.

She paused then checked the Caller ID before

putting the phone back on her ear.

“Who am I speaking to?” Anaya asked calmly.

“Rebaone, Mr. Mokwena’s PA, he is currently in a meeting, you can leave a message.”

“Since when do you answer your bosses phone calls?”

“I am sorry mam but I am very busy, if you have nothing to say I will hang up.”

She said then hung up. Anaya laughed looking at her phone in surprise. She put her phone between her legs starting the engine then drove out. Her phone rang a minute later.

“Hey, I was in a meeting.”

“Your PA now answers your calls?”

“She does it most of the time when I am busy.”

“Tell her to never answer my calls.”

He laughed. “Babe, it’s harmless.”

“I don’t want her answering my calls Miguel.”

“Ok. Anything else?”

She rolled her eyes. “No. I found a house. I am on my way to broadhurst now.”

“Where did you find the house?”

“Phase two. It’s a three bed room house.”

“When do you want to move?”

“Today, now. I called Furnitures and they will deliver late today.”

“I will arrange for a truck. Anything else you need from me?”

“I don’t want AIDS, today was the last time going to the clinic to test all because you can’t seem to hold yourself, apart from that, no, there is nothing I want from you.”

He sighed. “Can we go out for dinner, tonight.”

“Okay.”

“I will pick you up from the new house, send me the address.”

“Sharp.”

“I love you too.”

“Mhmm.”

Rachel looked at her phone feeling the urge to call Lone. Their last conversation made her cringe, she knew she shouldn't have talked to her only friend like that but at the same time felt it was time she told her. Her negativity got too much that Rachel couldn't deal with it anymore. She looked at her phone one more time before picking it up and dialing Lone's number.

“Rachel.”

“Hey, I heard what happened. I am really sorry.”

“It's ok.”

Rachel kept quiet not knowing what to say anymore.

“Rachel I am sorry about what I said, it's only that I want you to be careful.”

“I know, I am sorry too, for what I said.”

“Now that we are over that, can you come by? I am home and you wouldn’t believe who is staying with me.”

“Who?”

“Amantle.”

“What?”

“She lost her job. I was as surprised.”

“Wonders shall never end.”

They laughed. “I know.”

“I am on my way right now.”

“Ok.”

Rachel hung then called her husband.

“Ken, I am going to visit Lone. I think I will be there the entire day.”

“I have something to tell you.”

“What?”

He sighed. “I slept with Lone, way before I met you.”

“What?”

“We were sleeping together for a while then we broke up. I didn’t even know you were friends with her.”

“Then why didn’t you tell me?”

“I found out after a while too and when I did, I panicked. We were getting married.”

“After that?”

“I didn’t think it mattered after that.”

“So she was cheating on your cousin with you?”

“Yes, sort of. They were not together.”

“I can’t believe you kept this away from me. I thought we were transparent with each other. Maybe we made a mistake.”

“Rachel... don’t say that.”

Tears surfaced while her voice broke. “What do you want me to say? I can’t believe this.”

“I love you so much.”

Rachel hung up. She put on her shoes then grabbed her car keys and walked to her car. With her heart pounding and her phone ringing, she sped to Lone's house. Arriving, she pressed her hooter then the gate opened. She drove and immediately got off heading to the door. Lone opened the door with a smile as Rachel approached. Looking at her, Rachel felt anger escalating recalling How Lone had been so negative.

"So you slept with my husband, Lone?"

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The Alpha In Stilettos

#39

"It happened long time ago Rachel."

Rachel chuckled. "And you didn't feel it was necessary for me to know?"

"I didn't want to ruin things for you."

“You are a witch Lone! And here I thought we were friends.”

“We are, I didn’t want to ruin things for you and either way, Kenneth and I were a mistake.”

“You cheat on Miguel with his cousin, you are a whore!”

“Rachel I am sorry.”

“Mxm, why am I even bothered? Kenneth is my husband, let me catch you anywhere near him, I will sue you. Never call me again! Now I don’t blame Miguel for not wanting you back. Now that your little dirt is gone, he will never look at you again, forget him taking you back.”

She turned back to her car and drove off.

Theodora knocked on Anaya’s door just after lunch.

“Come in.”

She took a deep breath and walked in. Anaya looked up from the computer and stared at her.

“This came in for you.” She put the package on Anaya’s table.

“Thanks.”

Theodora nodded not looking in her eyes.

“What happened to your face?”

“I had a fight with Yaone.”

Anaya frowned. “You aunt’s second born daughter?”

“Yes...” She sighed remorsefully. “Anaya I am sorry.”

“It’s ok.”

Theodora nodded and walked out. She was more than ashamed of the fact that she had wanted to sleep with her friend’s man. Now that she thought of it, even if Miguel had to cheat, it wouldn’t be with a girl her status. She went back to the front desk and sat next to Tsohle.

Two workers walked past them laughing, Theodora was now sure they were laughing at her. She had

noticed the stares when she walked in the morning.

“Why are people laughing? Is it because they think I was fired or what?”

“Are you on the whatsapp group they created?”

Theodora looked at Tsohle in confusion. “No.”

“They are saying that you wanted Mr. Mokwena and that’s why he fired you.”

“What? That’s stupid.”

“I know. That’s why I left the group. It’s funny how grown up people can be behaving like this”

“Thanks for telling me.”

“No biggie, I mean, you working for Mr. Mokwena will do wonders for your reference.”

“I know, it was a good experience.”

She started sorting out some files trying not to get bothered, it was a silly matter after all. She just hoped she would get the new job she had applied for.

“Hello,”

Theodora looked up and Yaone smiled. "I brought you this." She put the Samsung plastic in front of her.

Theodora opened it and took out the box. It wasn't her phone but a even better and expensive one.

"Tsohle cover for me, I will be back in a second."

"Ok."

She stood up and walked out to Yaone's car where they both stepped inside.

"This is not my phone."

"I know, I am really sorry for what happened yesterday. It was very childish of me."

"It's ok."

"You and I are relatives, we shouldn't fight over petty issues."

"Yes."

"And thank you for agreeing to keep your distance."

"I have to back to work." Theodora opened the door.

"Of cause, I will call you so that maybe you can come

over to my house during the weekend.”

‘Ok.”

Theodora stepped out and quickly walked back inside the hotel and sat down.

“This is a really nice phone.” Tsohle said admirably.

“Yes it is. How do you set a restraining order against someone?”

“Just go to the police, I am sure they will tell you the procedure. Why?”

Theodora took out her sim card and put it in the new phone before switching it on and blocking Yaone.

“I want someone to stay far away from me.”

Anaya submitted her resume at the bank email address.

“Lord please let me get called for an interview. This

my tenth time applying.”

She closed the tab then shut down the computer standing up. She stole a glance at her watch and quickly packed her things. Miguel was going to come at seven. She walked out and made her way to the parking lot.

“Hey,”

Anaya turned to a man, she had seen him around to know he worked in the hotel but didn't know his name.

“Hi.”

“I'm Alan, you dropped this.” He handed her a business card.

Anaya carefully looked at it and rolled her eyes, looking up, he was already getting in his car. She threw his business card on the ground and unlocked her car. Getting in, she started the ignition and sped to the new house.

Minutes later she parked her car in front of the house and excitedly walked inside.

“Anaya! I have my own room.” Lethabo screamed as soon as she walked in.

“Yeah, do you like it?”

“I love it. I have my own bed!”

Anaya smiled looking at the full sitting room. She had finally bought the furniture she had been saving for. She quickly walked to the kitchen and sighed looking at the double door dispensary fridge, the microwave and four plate stove.

“Thank you my girl.” Her mother said joining her in the kitchen.

“Mama I did it.”

“Yes you did.”

“Does Ayana like it?”

“Yes, she does. I will be sleeping with her. You need your own privacy.”

“I will sleep with her, I don’t mind.”

Her mother shook her head. “No, you are too old to be sharing rooms. And you will be using the main

bedroom, no negotiations.”

“Ok.”

Anaya walked out of the kitchen to another room and found Ayana sitting on the bed.

“Hey, how do you like the house?”

Ayana smiled. “I like it. Lalah said she is going to visit.”

Anaya sat beside her. “She can visit if she likes. I was thinking that I transfer you. You know, to another school. A private school. Next year in January you will go to a new school. Would you like that?”

Ayana shrugged. “Isn’t it expensive?”

“Yes it is but I can afford it. I think a new environment will be good for you and Lethabo.”

“You can transfer me, but not to a private school. I know this house is expensive and you are still building back home too and on top of that, you have mama’s hospital bills to pay. You will be left with nothing if you transfer me to a private school, either

way, I like government schools.”

“I also want to go to a government school.” Lethabo chipped in walking inside. “I want to go to Masa Primary school because Oarabile is transferring there.”

“Ok, then it’s sorted. There is a school next to Legae Academy. A junior school. I will look for placement there Ayana.”

“Ok.”

Anaya walked out to her room and sighed. It felt like a dream having her own room with an ensuite. She looked at her bags on the floor and pushed them in the closet. She would hire someone to organize everything tomorrow. Anaya looked at the time then bathed before taking out the dress and shoes Miguel had bought her. She put on the long green off the shoulders silky dress with a vent that started above her mid thigh with green sandals that boosted her height. Sitting in front of the mirror, she fixed her baby hairs and make-up perfecting her look.

Lethabo burst in as she put on her earrings.

“Uncle Miguel is here and he brought me this!”

Anaya looked at the big toy and smiled.

“That’s nice.”

“You look beautiful.”

Anaya stood up. “Thanks my boy.”

She grabbed her purse and walked out. In the sitting room, Miguel was laughing with her mother. He turned to her and his mouth dropped open. Anaya smiled and twirled as he stood up.

“Mama, see you later.”

“Ok Naya. Take care.”

Miguel took her hand and led her outside to his car.

“You look more than beautiful.”

He opened the door for her.

“Thanks.”

She got in the car and fixed her dress before he closed her door. She watched him walk round to her door and climbed inside. He started the car and

reversed then drove off.

“This is a beautiful house.”

“It is. The kids love it.”

“You are amazing, did you know that?”

She looked at him and smiled. “No.”

“You are.”

“Thank you.”

He drove to a restaurant and parked by the parking lot before leading her inside.

“It is empty...”

Anaya whispered as they walked in. A waiter met them half way.

“Good evening Mr. And Mrs. Mkwena, right this way please,”

They walked behind the waiter to the private lounge where roses had decorated the entire floor. A table was set in the middle of the room with a bottle of wine in the middle of the table. The waiter walked away leaving them alone.

“Wow!”

“Come,”

He led her to the table where he pulled out the chair for her.

“Thank you.”

She sat down feeling like a movie star. She had only seen this in movies. Miguel sat opposite her.

“I prepared all this for you.”

“I love it.”

Two waiters came back with their food and put it before them. Anaya looked at the sushi for a minute while Miguel poured them the white wine.

“Boikanyo you want me to eat raw fish?”

“I want you to try it.”

Anaya shook her head. “You want me to eat raw fish?”

He smiled. “Babe, just relax and try it.”

She looked at the chopsticks then at the sushi again.

“Nyaa rra. {No.}”

“Babe...”

“Heeela monna ke wena, wareng ne rra? {What are you saying?}”

He started laughing hard.

“Don’t laugh. You want me to eat uncooked fish?”

“Try it, I promise you, you will love it. That was my first reaction when I first came across it, but after I tasted-“

“I am not going to taste this. This is uncooked!”

He laughed even more hitting the table. “Babe you are rural.”

“I would rather be rural than eat this.”

“Ok, try one then if you don’t like it, we get something else.”

“Miguel I have work tomorrow, what if I have a running stomach?”

“You will get a sick leave.” He got the chop sticks and one sushi bringing it to her mouth.

“Trust me.”

She swallowed hard and slowly opened her mouth. He put it inside the mouth and slowly, Anaya chewed. She swallowed then took a huge sip of her wine.

“And?”

“It’s for white people.”

Miguel laughed. “Babe, there are going to be times when you will have to escort me to some events, what if they serve sushi?”

“You tell them my girlfriend doesn’t like it. Please get us proper food.”

“Ok.” He said trying not to laugh.

Collin walked inside her parents bedroom, they were both outside talking to the neighbors. She walked to Angel’s coat bed and slowly took her sleeping daughter in her arms. She smiled as she inhaled her

soft scent.

She walked out of their room and straight outside through the front door and got in her father's unlocked car with the keys in her hands then put the key in the ignition locking the doors.

Bame scrolled through her timeline with a smile. She was really beautiful. He clicked on a certain picture and saved it in his phone.

"Who is this?"

His younger brother snatched the phone from him.

"Shit! Who is this?"

"Anaya. Why don't you ever knock in people's houses?"

"Ohhh Anaya! Wow! She is really beautiful and out of your league too."

"I want her."

“She is too beautiful, girls like her are stressful. She looks young too. She will kill you with stress this one Bame.”

“She just needs to be tamed Skara. If I get her, I am going to marry her with immediate effect.”

“She is obviously not single.”

“I know. I am going to take her away from whoever it is. I don’t care.”

“You are still going for 6 months. There is no way you can escape that one. And nothing guarantees you will come back exactly after 6 months.”

“This is stressing me out.”

“You will be fine. Do you know her boyfriend?”

“No, I don’t care about him.”

Skara gave back the phone and looked at the TV.

“The game is starting while you are still stressing over Anaya.”

Bame put his phone down and took a sip of his beer with Anaya looming over his thoughts. He could just

fuck her, leave her pregnant then when he comes back he would get his girl. His subconscious reminded him that she had a boyfriend but with the way he was burning for her he feared he would do just anything to get her, maybe even eliminate the boyfriend. All it needed was careful planning.

Anaya smiled as Miguel led her out of the restaurant.

“I loved the food.”

Miguel’s phone rang. He took it out and answered.

“Hello? What? Did you try looking for her? No, don’t call them yet. Just look for her.” He hung up while Anaya stared.

“What is it?”

“Collin disappeared with the baby.”

“What?”

“I am calling her. Apparently she is not answering

their calls.”

He pressed his phone for a few seconds then called her putting the phone on loudspeaker. She answered after a while.

“Boikanyo.”

“Where are you?”

“I am outside, in the car.”

“Mama is looking for Angel.”

“I know, I just wanted a few minutes with her. She won’t let me touch my own daughter yet she knows I wasn’t well. The doctor said I am fine. I just want my daughter.”

“I know but you have to give it time Colleen.”

“I just want my child BK! I can’t touch her or go anywhere near her. I can’t even see her. Mama won’t let me!”

“I will talk to mama, but for now, go inside the house. They are worried.”

“Ok.”

“I will call after a few minutes.”

“Ok.”

He hung up while Anaya sighed.

“Why won’t they let her get close to her daughter?”

“They are probably just scared.”

“But she is fine now.”

“When Colleen attempted to kill Angel she looked just fine.”

“That is in the past Miguel. She was sick. If the doctors say she is fine then she is fine.”

“We just have to be careful.”

“This is too much. Imagine coming out and finding your husband dead and your own family won’t even have faith in you.”

“Babe, my parents are doing what’s best for Angel and Colleen.”

“Ok. Can we go, my feet hurt.”

They got in the car and he immediately drove off

heading to her house. A while later, he parked by the gate and kissed her.

“I will come pick you up tomorrow after I knock off. I already asked your mother and she said yes.”

Anaya smile. “Ok, I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She got off the car and opened the gate while he drove away.

Miguel parked his car in his garage staring at his phone then finally reversed and drove to her house. Half an hour later, he parked his car in front of her gate and got out of the car. He opened the gate and walked inside the yard. Softly, he knocked on her door. He waited for a minute or two before she finally opened the door.

“Miguel...”

“Hey, can we talk.”

She slowly nodded. “Yeah, you can come in.”

She opened the door further for him. Miguel walked in trying hard not to notice the oversized shirt she was wearing that exposed her legs.

“I am-“

“No. I am the sorry one. I should have stayed away. I hope I didn’t cause conflicts between you and Anaya.”

“No, Anaya and I are fine. I should be the one apologizing.”

Marang smiled. “I don’t forgive you.”

Miguel laughed. “What do you want?”

“Come and sit down.”

They walked to her lounge and sat down.

“I want a child.” She said looking in his eyes.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#40

“What?”

She laughed. “Look at your face! I am joking. I need you to treat Anaya right. She is beautiful and if you don’t treat her right, girls like her will leave. They won’t even hesitate and you will live to regret it for the rest of your life. You are a big shot but she will leave if you don’t treat her right.”

He smiled. “I know. I am going to propose on her birthday.”

“When?”

“27 December.”

“Good. She is a good woman. She came to my work place and was civil with me. I was so shamed wondering how could I ever think I can compare to

that.”

“You are beautiful.”

Marang laughed. “I am nothing beside Anaya. But I hope you heard me. When you face issues, don’t cheat, solve them together.”

“You are right.” He chuckled. “Who knew you would ever be a counselor?”

Marang stood up. “Leave my house and stop teasing me.”

“Thanks.” He said standing up.

“You are welcome. Let me give you this friendly hug. A good bye hug.”

Miguel pulled her petite body in his arms and they held each other for a while. He slowly let go then she stood on her toes and kissed him. She sneaked her hand inside his pants and gently massaged him. She slowly went down on her knees and took his dick out. Perplexed of what to say or do, Miguel stood frozen to his spot as Marang put him in her mouth. Slowly she sucked him, taking him more in her mouth till he

tapping her throat. Miguel groaned closing his eyes grabbing her weave then started fucking her mouth, fast and deep. Seconds later, he pulled her up and tore the shirt making the buttons scatter all over her floor. His breath caught as he realized she had no panties on. She turned and bended touching her toes with her legs together exposing her pussy. Miguel closed his eyes for a second, it wouldn't hurt fucking her for the last time. Marang stood up and walked to the kitchen and like a lost puppy, Miguel followed behind her. She hopped on the kitchen counters and put her sores on the edge of the kitchen counters with her legs widely spread. Slowly she rubbed her pussy moaning. He for a second thought of Anaya but looking at Marang's pussy, his dick grew even more excited.

Miguel walked over and pushed his way inside her.

“Holy fuck!”

He looked in her eyes and pounded into her with deep unforgiving thrust. She bit her lower lip clamping her pussy lips on him. Miguel groaned as her pussy became more and more sweet. He

increased his speed as Marang began shaking screaming his name while her eyes turned. His phone rang from his pocket while his body began tensing. The thought of Anaya calling had him slowing down and taking it out. Marang stopped making sounds as he answered.

“Babe?”

“Hey, are you home already?”

“Yes. I am home.”

“ I am coming over. I have a surprise for you.”

“Ok, I will be waiting.”

“Are you ok? You are panting.”

“Yeah, I was washing the car.”

“Alright, I am on my way.”

“I love you.”

“I love you more.”

She hung up and Miguel put his phone down and fucked Marang for a couple seconds before he filled her up while she softly moaned

“Wow!”

Miguel quickly stepped back hearing Anaya’s voice from behind him. He turned and looked at her while she shook her head.

“Miguel, go and wait for me in the car.”

He put his dick back in his pants and walked out.

Anaya shook with anger as she stared Marang getting off her kitchen counters with Miguel’s semen running down her thighs.

“How many times should I tell you to stay away from my man?”

Marang calmly sighed. “Anaya, your man came here on his own. I didn’t call him neither did I force him to sleep with me. He did all that on his own.”

Anaya chuckled. “You are a whore!”

“Instead of fighting, I think we should get along for

the sake of our man. A man like him needs nothing but the best.”

Anaya walked towards her and slapped her hard. “I told you to stay away from my man! How many times should I say it?”

Marang tried to slap Anaya back but Anaya held her hand and slapped her even harder.

“Today! I am going to beat you so hard next time you see him, he will not even turn.”

Marang stepped back. “Look, we are all grown ups here and-“

“And I am going to beat you.”

Marang tried to run but she slipped and fell. Anaya sat on her naked body and punched hard on her face.

“Stay.!” She punched her again. “Away!” Marang blocked her face as Anaya tried to punch her again then pulled her hair hard that Anaya screamed.

“Anaya stop it!”

Anaya held Marang’s head and repeatedly banged her head on the floor.

“Anaya stop!”

“Let my hair go.”

“Ok! Stop!”

Marang quickly let go and Anaya got off her.

“Miguel is not yours and we are not going to share anything.”

She grabbed Marang’s weave then started pulling. Marang cried getting up.

“Anaya please... you will go to jail for this.”

“Jail? Miguel will get me out!”

Anaya continued dragging Marang to the bathroom where she found a tub full of water. Without hesitation she put Marang who seemed weak now inside the water while she kicked trying to fight. Seconds later, she pulled her out.

“Let me catch you with my man again! I will slit your throat. Bitch!”

Anaya pushed her down and walked out of the bathroom leaving Marang on the floor. When she got

outside Miguel quickly stepped out of the car.

“Babe...”

“Get back inside. Let’s go.”

He looked at the house then at her.

“Ok.”

At Miguel’s house, Anaya sat on the bed staring at him.

“I am sorry.”

Tears filled her eyes. “If I ask you why will you answer me?”

He silently looked at her.

“Are you allergic to condoms?”

“No.”

“Then why won’t you use one? Are you trying to give me AIDS?”

“I am sorry.”

Anaya stood up.

“I can’t do this anymore. Miguel why do you keep doing this? I thought we were fixing things.”

“I am sorry. I love you.”

Anaya broke down crying. She felt as if a knife was being twisted right into her chest deeper and deeper. Miguel pulled her in his arms where she inhaled her scent.

“What do you want me to do Miguel? What is it that you want? You are stinking her.”

He stepped back and took off his t-shirt.

“I am sorry.”

He kissed her tears away then finally kissed her wet lips. He took off her pajamas laying her on the bed followed by her panties. She cried even more as he parted her legs and sunk into her. Her cries slowly turned into soft whimpers as he made slow love to her.

Theodora walked inside C-SKY in the morning feeling confident. She sat down and put her handbag down.

“Hey, you look nice.”

She smiled at Tsohle. “Thanks.”

She set her table then switched on her desk top. The phone rang and she answered it while Tsohle printed something.

“C-SKY hotel, good morning, how can we be at your service?”

“Good morning.”

Theodora’s heart skipped. “Christian?”

“Hey, so I realized I never asked for your number. Are we still on for today?”

“Yes.”

“Great! Last night I couldn’t sleep wondering if maybe you changed your mind. I already told people

I am bringing a date.”

Theodora laughed. “Well now you don’t have to worry much.”

“Yes. I can come pick you up from work or just meet you at your house, which do you prefer the most?”

“You can come and pick me up.”

“What should I bring you?”

Theodora smiled. “Anything is fine.”

“Ok, see you later.”

“See you.”

She put the phone down smiling. She hoped by now Yaone had received the restraining order.

“Hey Theodora, has Anaya already come in?”

Theodora looked at Same.

“No, I doubt. Tsohle, is Naya in?”

“No.”

“When she comes, tell her I want to see her. She owns a catering company right?”

“Yes. I will tell her.”

Same walked away and Theodora answered another call.

Anaya walked to the kitchen holding the morning after pill with her phone on her ear.

“Did you understand the deed?”

“Yes I did.”

“Good. What’s left is our signatures.”

“I know, I already signed.”

“Good.”

“How is you and Miguel?”

“Miguel slept with Marang, again! I am so heart broken, I even called in sick. I have puffy eyes from all the crying.”

“When did he sleep with her?”

“Yesterday. Then he got on top of me after that.”

“I am sorry Anaya.”

“I just want to leave him. I can’t be with a person who can’t be faithful to me.”

“If you leave then Marang will replace you. Men cheat Anaya but not because they love you less. She is probably taking advantage of the fact that he is nice to her. How will you handle marriage if you can’t even handle a relationship. You will leave him today then he starts acting right with the next woman. You need to toughen up, God knows what I have been through with Pule but there is no way I will leave my husband because he cheat.”

“Sarona Miguel doesn’t even use a condom.”

“You need to sit him down. Relationship are not walks in the park. It’s not a bed of roses, there are also thorns. Miguel loves you and with a man like Miguel you have to be ready for anything.”

“I feel like if I stay I am going to lose yourself. People are going to make fun of me.”

“If you live by what people say then you will never accomplish anything in life. You shouldn’t care about people and focus on what makes you happy. Miguel is your man and he will do whatever you want him to do. Now that Lone is not part of the picture, you have control on him. Train him.”

“What do you mean Lone is not part of the picture?”

“I mean her miscarriage. There is nothing connecting Miguel to her.”

Anaya frowned. “Lone had a miscarriage?”

“Yes, Miguel didn’t tell you?”

“No. Look, can I call you back? There is an incoming call.”

“Ok.”

Anaya hung up and answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Hello, this is FNBB, am I speaking to Ms. Anaya Shato?”

Anaya’s heart skipped. “Yes mam, you are.”

“You have been called for an interview on Wednesday ten o’clock sharp.”

“I will be there, thank you.”

“Have a good day.”

Anaya put her phone down with her hand on her mouth. She couldn’t believe it, they had never called her back before. Not even once. She looked at the pill in her hand for a while then closed her eyes before she threw it in the sink and walked out.

SIX MONTHS LATER...

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#41

Six Months Later...

Colleen stood by the salon entrance calling for customers.

“Colleen!”

She turned to the voice and smiled as Maggie approached her. “Maggie, hey!”

“I didn’t know you work in a salon.”

“I do, don’t you want to do to do your nails?”

“I would love to.”

They both walked back inside the salon and sat on her table.

“How are you? You know I lost my phone and all the numbers.”

Colleen smiled. “I am fine.”

“Why are you working here while you have brothers who make loads of money.”

“It’s their money, not mine. Either way, in order to

have my daughter back, I have to prove I can stand on my own two feet.”

“But you have a degree.”

“Jobs are rare to find. What kind of nails do you want?”

Maggie laughed. “It’s funny almost a year ago it was your brother’s girlfriend doing this and now it’s you.”

“She is the one who inspired me. What kind of nails do you want?”

“Anything you recommend. So, is your brother still with that girl?”

“Yes.”

“Wow! She really scored herself. Are they married?”

“No.”

“Men like Miguel wouldn’t marry so soon. Is she still working at C-SKY? We all know she got that job by sleeping with your brother.”

Colleen blocked her voice as she went on and on while she worked on her nails. An hour and half later,

she was done.

“Look, let’s exchange numbers. Maybe we can hang out like the old times.”

“Ok.”

They exchanged numbers then she walked out. Colleen sighed with relief while her phone rang.

“Naya...”

“Hey, are you still coming?”

“Yes, I am packing my things. I saw Maggie today.”

“Maggie?”

“Yes, that fake friend of mine. Those girls liked me when life was going well for me.”

Anaya laughed. “I know but you don’t need them. Soon enough you will have enough money to start your own business.”

“Yes. Anyways I am on my way.”

“Ok, bye love.”

Colleen put her phone away and packed her things.

She walked out and made her way to the taxis.

Anaya stood in the kitchen fixing salads with Sarona.

“I like how you tinted your hair.”

Sarona smiled. “I did it on my own.”

“You look beautiful, you always do. I thought you would be miserable since Pule transferred to Kasane but for the last 6 months, you have proved me wrong.”

She laughed. “I can’t be mopping floors sulking, I have to keep moving.”

“That’s the spirit. If I were you, I would be crying.”

“Miguel wouldn’t leave, he is obsessed with you. Anyways, how is the wedding preparations coming along?”

“We are on track and either way, we still have time. Five months is a lot of time.”

“But do you think two months after giving birth you would have already gotten rid of the baby fat?”

“I am going to work harder than Beyonce. I can't be looking fat on my wedding day.”

“You are right about that.”

They heard laughing outside and Sarona peaked through the kitchen window.

“Agang brought that bimbo of his.”

“I don't get why you don't like Osi. She is nice.”

Sarona rolled her eyes. “She thinks she is all that while she is an old woman. We are done, let's go with the salads.”

They carried the casseroles outside where the men were braaing.

Osi hugged Anaya.

“Hey!”

Anaya smiled. “Hey, you made it!”

“I did. After I had to convince Agang for a long time. Anyways congratulations. Take...” She handed Anaya

a box.

“I have never heard of a baby shower like this but I love it. I will put this inside.”

“Ok.”

Anaya walked back inside the house to the bedroom and put the box where all other gifts were. When she got back outside, Kenneth and Rachel had arrived. Soon the gazebo was filled with laughter. Anaya sat with Miguel who was rubbing her stomach while kissing her neck.

“Ladies and gentleman, today is also my lady’s birthday.” Agang said kissing Osi’s forehead.

“How old is she? 35?” Sarona asked sipping her wine.

“No, I am not 35, I am 33.”

“Wow! You are really old. How does it feel dating a man younger than you?”

Osi raised an eyebrow. “It feels ok, do you have a problem with it?”

“No, not at all. Sugar mamas are a thing these days I guess.”

“Pule can you control your wife?” Agang said pissed.

“Babe, can you drop it.”

“I am sorry!”

Anaya silently sipped on her juice.

“Hey!” Colleen walked inside the gazebo with a huge smile. She hugged Anaya.

“My gift is coming. Just wait for it.”

“I will. You look beautiful.”

“Thanks. I am so hungry.”

She walked where the food was and dished for herself. A minute later, Vince walked in.

“Gents!”

“Fat Albert!” Pule screamed and they all laughed.

“This is the reason why I am still single, who’s fat Albert?”

Sarona whispered something to Pule before standing up and walking towards the house. Vince handed Anaya a voucher.

“I didn’t know what to buy but I am sure this is the best gift you have received so far.”

Anaya laughed. “Thank you.”

“Babe I am coming.” Miguel whispered standing up.

Miguel walked inside the house and entered room by room searching till he got to the locked bathroom door.

He knocked.

“Agang!”

“Yeah?”

“Come out. I want to talk to you.”

“Give me a minute.”

“Agang come out now!” He hanged on the door.

Agang unlocked the door then stepped out.

“What’s up?”

“Tell Sarona to come out!”

“What?”

“I know she is inside because you are fucking her. Tell her to come out.”

“Can you just calm down? She is not here.”

Miguel pushed Agang from the door and stepped in. Sarona was behind the door crying.

“So you are cheating on your husband with Agang?”

“I am sorry.”

Miguel angrily walked out then punched Agang hard that he fell.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“Let me explain.”

Miguel pulled him up then punched him again.

“Are there not enough women out there?”

“Gents!”

Pule rushed and got between them. Agang was already bleeding.

“What’s going on?”

“Yeah, BK, what’s up?” Kenneth asked pulling him back.

“You are terrifying the ladies BK, we can hear you all the way outside, can’t you deal with this later.” Vince said joining the scene.

Agang looked at Miguel who was still seething with anger. A phone rang from the bathroom.

“Who is inside?” Vince asked curiously looking at Agang. “Are you cheating on Osi?”

Pule let Agang go then walked inside the bathroom with Vince behind.

“Sarona?”

Miguel rubbed his face while Sarona began sobbing loudly.

Pule walked out with his wife. “What’s going on here?”

Kenneth looked at Sarona then at Agang.

“Sarona what’s going on?”

Sarona cried even more.

Pule looked at Agang undone pants then at Sarona. He didn't need anyone telling him anything, it was quite obvious. Pule launched himself at Agang and punched him.

"You are fucking my wife?"

"He raped me!" Sarona screamed.

Pule attempted to punch Agang again but Miguel held him back.

"Stop! It's enough."

"Your brother is fucking my wife, how long has this been going on?"

Miguel stood in front of his brother. "You should ask your wife that. No one raped her."

"So you are protecting this little piece of shit?"

"Violence won't solve anything."

Sarona got back inside the bathroom locking the door.

"Did she just say she was raped? Women!" Vince

chuckled with disbelief.

Pule banged on the door. "Sarona open up!"

"I am sorry."

"Come out!"

"Pule let's go."

Kenneth pulled Pule from the door.

"I am not going anywhere without my wife. Sarona babe, come out. If he raped you then I believe you. From here we are going to the police. I forgive you. Let's go home."

"I am scared."

"I love you, let's go home. I forgive you. Let's go."

She slowly opened the door. Pule took her hand and led her out while she cried.

"He is going to hurt her."

They all tuned to Agang.

"That's his wife! Even if he does, it's non of your business." Miguel said walking away.

Meanwhile Colleen walked inside the house.

“What is going on?” She asked Miguel who was walking out.

“Nothing, are you ok?”

“BK I am not a child. Where is Agang?”

“Inside.”

“Pule left with his wife and Osi left too, what’s going on?”

“He was sleeping with Sarona, where is Anaya?”

“Eating.”

She walked further inside the house to where Kenneth was with Vince.

“Where is Agang?”

They pointed inside the bathroom. She walked in closing the door behind her and watched her brother

washing off blood.

“Are you ok?”

“Yeah. I am good.” He took off his t-shirt and wiped his face.

“Did BK beat you?”

He smiled. “No.”

They both laughed. “It’s been time since he put his hands on you.”

“I am good. He is just angry but we will be fine.”

“I hate it when you fight.”

“We are not fighting. I am fine but I am going now.”

She walked over and hugged him. “Stay safe and away from that woman.”

“Ok sis.”

“I am serious. Pule can sue you.”

“I know, I will stay away. Bye.”

“Bye. I will clean up.”

“Cool.”

He walked out while Colleen cleaned the sink he had messed. She finally walked out and went to the kitchen where she poured herself a glass of juice.

“Hey,”

She turned to Vince who was smiling at her.

“Hi.”

“Can I please have what you are drinking.”

She smiled. “It’s just juice.”

“Yeah I know.”

She smiled and poured him in a glass. “There.”

“Thanks.” He took the glass and sipped.

“When I look at you I find it hard to believe you are the same girl who used to run after your brothers.”

Colleen laughed. “Who else can I run after?”

“They really spoiled you.”

“I can’t believe you lost all that weight. You used to be so fat. I remember the time I had visited BK with mom at UB then he sent you to pick us up, I was so

shocked. You used to walk in a funny way.”

Vince laughed. “I know. But once I went to Cuba I realized it wasn’t healthy.”

“I am glad. You used to have dreadlocks those days.”

“I had to cut all that off. And grow up.”

“Indeed. You look really good.”

“You have really grown beautiful.”

Colleen laughed. “What did you expect, that ten year old you were used to?”

“No. I guess I never expected you to blossom into this beautiful flower.”

“Thank you.”

“Your brother will probably cut off my neck for this but... can we go out tonight or tomorrow.”

Colleen smiled. “Yeah.”

“Thank God! I thought you were going to reject me. Women don’t understand how painful a no is.”

“We do.”

They exchanged numbers then she walked out holding her glass.

“Hey, I am tired. I am leaving.” She told Anaya.

“So soon?”

“I am sorry but I have to rest. We will talk.”

“I can drop you off.” Miguel offered.

“Rachel and I are already leaving. We can drop her off along way.”

Kenneth stood up with Rachel and they all walked towards his car. Colleen got in the back as Vince stepped out. She smiled while Kenneth drove out. He dropped Rachel at the mall first then proceeded with Colleen.

“Jump in front.”

“No, I am good here.”

Kenneth smiled. “Colleen, come sit here.”

She laughed as she jumped to the passenger seat.

“How is business going?”

She shrugged. “Not as good as I want it to go. Now I see I made a blander getting married without anything of mine. Ian’s family took everything. The only thing I had was the car which I sold. Now I want to save up for business.”

“That’s good. Starting your own business is truly the way to go.”

“I know. Your company is doing well.”

He smiled. “I know and I can’t believe it.”

“You should.”

“It’s a dream come true.”

“I am proud of you.”

“Thanks sis.”

He parked in front of her house then handed her some notes of money.

“Buy some meat.”

She smiled. “Thanks, I won’t say no to money.”

Kenneth laughed. “You wouldn’t with the way you love money.”

She stepped out of the car then he drove off. She walked inside the gate but frowned looking at the old lady who stayed next door lying in the middle of the yard. She quickly walked out of the yard to her neighbor’s yard.

“Mme?” She shook her gently and the old woman slowly opened her eyes.

“Ngwanake, nthuse. {My child, help me.}”

“Ehh nkuku. {Yes granny.}”

She helped her up then walked with her inside her house. She held her breath as she smelt feces inside the house.

“Kea lebogo ngwanake. {Thank you my child.}”

“Its ok.”

“God will bless you.”

She walked out but stopped at the gate. The human in her had her going back to the stinking house.

“Mme, let me clean the house for you. Have you eaten?”

“No my child, I was looking for my glasses. I can’t see properly without them.”

“Ok. I will clean and cook for you then search for your glasses.”

“Thank you my child.”

Colleen took a deep breath then started cleaning. She could smell urine all over the house and suspected that the old woman sometimes spoiled herself.

She bravely cleaned every corner of the house till she came across the shit she had been smelling all along. She closed her eyes holding her breath and cleaned the mess up. An hour later, she sighed entering the fresh smelling house then took out the old woman’s clothes. With little washing powder she had, Colleen washed all her clothes and hung them on the line. At last she cooked the old woman soft porridge.

“Mme, I have made you soft porridge.”

“Thank my child. May God continue blessing you.”

She gave her the plate then walked out searching for her glasses. She spotted them feet from the door and picked them up. A Ford WildTrak drove in as she wiped the glasses with her dress. It parked under the tree beside the house. Colleen walked back inside the house.

“Mme, here are your glasses. I cleaned them.” She said helping her put them on. The old woman held her hand.

“I am forever indebted to you.”

“If you need me, I am right next door. The room at the back. My name is Colleen.”

“Thank you my child.”

A man walked inside as Colleen stood up. He took off his cap.

“Mama...”

“Tshepo, my son is that you?”

“Mama...” He knelt on the floor and hugged his mother tightly. Colleen silently walked out and went

back to her house.

She threw her bag on the bed and took off her shoes. Feeling beyond exhausted, she put her feet on the bed lying her head on the pillow and closed her eyes. As soon as she started to slip away, a knock disturbed her. Colleen lay silently hoping the person would go away but the knock persisted.

She got off the bed and opened the door. Tshepo smiled at her exposing that dimple he had.

“Hi, I just wanted to say thank you for helping my mother.”

“It’s ok. Anyone could have done the same for her.”

“No. Not everyone. Thank you very much. How can I thank you?”

“You don’t have to do anything. You are welcome. Maybe you should find her a helper if you can’t stay with her. She needs assistance.”

“I had left her with my ex wife in my house.”

Colleen frowned. “That unfinished house is your house?”

“No. In Partial. We are going through a divorce so she kicked her out. I am finding out today, I work in Maun.”

“I am sorry.”

He shook his head. “Thank you. By the way, I am Tshepo.”

“Colleen. I have seen a small girl with her, is she your daughter?”

“Yes. But her mother abandoned her immediately after giving birth to her. That’s when I met...” He shook his head.

“She kicked your mother and daughter out?”

“Yeah.”

“The court gave her the house?”

“No yet.”

Colleen smiled. “Well good luck.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to pay you or something? I will do anything.”

“No. Take it as a gift from God. Nice meeting you

Tshepo.”

“Daddy!” A small kid screamed running towards them.

Tshepo turned and picked her up in her dirty state.

“Angel!”

“Daddy I missed you. Are we going to my real mommy? Mommy said she is not my mommy.”

“I missed you too Angel.”

“What did you bring me? Nkuku lost her glasses, are you going to buy her new ones.”

“Yes. I will buy her new ones.”

The little girl looked at Colleen with a smile reviewing her two missing front teeth.

“Hi Angel,”

“Hi,” she responded shyly.

“I have a daughter, her name is also Angel.”

“Really, my name is Peo Angel Obakeng.”

“Those are really beautiful names. My name is

Colleen.”

“Let’s go home, we are taking granny to the hospital.” Tshepo looked at her. “Thanks Colleen.”

“She can stay with me while I do her hair. It looks... a mess.”

“Ok.” He put her down then crouched before her.

“Angel, I am leaving you with Aunty Colleen and she will do your hair.”

“Ok. I like her, she is beautiful.”

“Good girl.” He stood up and turned to Colleen. “How about I take your number in case I delay.”

“Ok.”

She walked back inside her house and handed him her phone. He saved his number before giving her back the phone and walked away. Colleen took Peo’s hand and led her inside the house looking at his number, he had paged himself.

“Ok Angel, we are going to bath first then wash your hair, blow dry and finally plait. Would you like that?”

“Yes.”

Collin laughed looking at her smile. “What happened to your teeth?”

She giggled. “I fell.”

Colleen laughed harder. “You fell? Next time be careful. You wouldn’t want to lose all your teeth. People will laugh at you.”

“I know.”

“Good. Let’s bath!”

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Next Insert at 22:30hrs...

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#42

Later that afternoon Miguel handed Anaya her fruit salad.

“Babe do you think Sarona is going to be ok?”

“Yeah... Pule wouldn't do anything that will ruin things for him at work.”

“I still can't believe Sarona has been sleeping with Agang.”

“I suspected it but I just had faith in him.”

“Now that I am thinking about it, for the last five months Sarona has really been happy, I am 100% convinced it's because of Agang. Poor Osi.”

“Enough about that, I want to show you something. Let's go.”

“Ok.”

They walked out and went to his car. Miguel drove to Mmokolodi and parked in front of a huge empty plot. Anaya put her empty plate on the dash board while Miguel opened her door. He helped her out and led her inside the plot.

“I bought this for us.”

Anaya looked at the huge plot. “Wow!”

“I am going to start building our house here.”

She smiled. “That’s a good move.”

“I know.” He kissed her putting his hand over her stomach. The baby immediately kicked.

“Babe, did you feel that?”

Anaya laughed. “Of cause I did. I think he is excited.”

“So am I.”

“Can we go now? My feet are swollen.”

“Yeah, let’s go.”

He led her back to the car and helped her inside. He walked round to his door and jumped in. Anaya’s phone rang as Miguel started driving.

“Sarona...”

“Come help me! He wants to kill me.”

“Ok, where are you right now?”

“Inside the bathroom, he is wants to break the door.”

“We are coming.”

Anaya hung up and looked at Miguel. “Sarona and

Pule are fighting.”

“What?”

“We should go to their house.”

He sped to phase 4 using shortcuts. In a short while, he was packed in front of the house. Anaya put her hand over her mouth as she watched the house on fire.

“Miguel...”

“Shit! Stay here.”

He stepped out and rushed inside the burning house while Anaya’s heart pounded. People soon started to come in numbers. She got off the car rubbing her stomach as tears filled her eyes. Her child’s father was inside that house, she couldn’t even begin to imagine life without him. Moments later, she saw Sarona coming out of the house coughing and behind her was Miguel and Pule. Sarona rushed towards Anaya and hugged her.

“Hey, what happened?”

Sarona started crying. Agang pulled up, parking his

car behind Miguel's. He stepped out and hurried towards Sarona.

"Hey, are you ok?"

"She is fine. Agang I don't think you should be here."

He looked at Anaya then his brother who was approaching.

"I just want to make sure she is ok."

"She is fine."

"Maybe you should come with me."

Sarona looked at him wiping away her tears.

"Sarona Pule is going to leave you."

"I am going with Agang."

"Sarona!" Pule called as Sarona walked away with Agang. They got in the car and sped off.

Pule faced Miguel. "Can you tell your brother to stay away from my wife, we are a family. We have kids."

"I will talk to him. Agang is going far now. I just hope she doesn't report you for trying to kill her. You know

that promotion can do wonders for you.”

Pule covered his face with his hands. “I can’t believe she is doing this to us. After everything we have been through.”

“I am going to talk to Agang. Was the house insured?”

“Yes.”

“At least.”

Miguel’s phone rang and he frowned answering.

“Hello? What?” He looked at Anaya who was staring at him. “Look, I will call you back.” He hung up and put his phone in his pocket.

“I am going to take Anaya home, go to a lodge or something. Don’t go after her, look at the bigger picture. Anything you will do think of your kids. They still need you. I will talk to Agang.”

“Ok.”

Miguel opened the door for Anaya while she fought to not ask him who was on the phone. She got inside then he closed her door and climbed in the driver’s

side and drove off.

“Who called?”

Miguel looked at her. “Oh, that was my father. He said he can’t find some cows. I will call him back.”

“Ok.”

He drove her to his house then helped her out.

“I am going to help Pule clear out his mess.”

“Ok.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

He kissed her and walked out. Soon she heard the car driving off. She took her phone and called Sarona.

“Anaya...”

“What do you think you are doing?”

“I love Agang.”

“You have a family. How long have you been sleeping with him?”

“Anaya...”

“How long?”

“Six months and more.”

“Wow! I can’t believe this. What about your kids?”

“Pule is there. He will take care of them. I am filing for divorce. After that, Agang and I are moving to Tanzania.”

Anaya laughed in disbelief. “So you are just going to leave everything behind?”

“Pule won’t stop bothering us.”

“What about our company?”

“I am sorry Anaya.”

“I can’t believe you.”

“I love Agang and he loves me. I am going with him.”

“I really can’t believe you.”

“I have to go.”

“I hope you know what you are doing.”

Anaya hung up shaking her head.

Miguel drove inside her gate and parked his car behind hers then climbed out. He walked to the door and knocked. She opened after a while and he immediately looked at her big belly.

“I am six months pregnant.”

He ran out of words to say as she innocently looked at him.

“I am sorry.”

“Marang why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to ruin your relationship.”

“I can’t believe this. Anaya is also pregnant.”

“What are you going to do? My uncles want to know who did this.”

“Anaya is going to be hurt.” He rubbed his face, he knew she would probably leave for good this time around. He looked back at Marang as she tearfully looked at him.

“I am so sorry.” Tears cascaded down her cheeks. “I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“Don’t cry. I will make a plan.”

“Ok.”

He slightly smiled. “You are chubby.”

She laughed wiping away her tears. “I eat a lot.”

“What is the baby’s gender?”

“It’s a boy.”

“Two boys! Wow!”

“Anaya is also carrying a boy?”

“Yes.”

She smiled. “I guess you are lucky.”

“I guess. Are you still working?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“Ok, I am going to start sending you money for the baby. How much do you need?”

“I think P4000 will be enough. I do check ups twice a month and also purchase the supplements I need.”

“It’s ok. I will send it. Is that all?”

“We will talk about everything else. For now just go and digest this. I know it’s a shock to you. I hope Anaya doesn’t attack me.”

“She won’t. Don’t worry about her.”

“Ok. I am eating, should I dish for you?”

“No, I am good. Can I touch?”

She smiled. “Yes, you can.”

He touched her stomach and gently rubbed it.

“Daddy is here my boy.”

“I was so scared, I thought you were going to deny it or something.”

“I would never abandon my own blood.”

He kissed her stomach and stepped back.

“I will call you.”

“Ok.”

He looked at her chubby face one last time before walking back to his car and driving off.

Colleen finished plaiting Peo as she lay on her thighs sleeping. She picked her up and put her on the bed covering her with a fleece. A knock on the door had her looking at sleeping Peo then she opened the door, Tshepo smiled.

“Hey, we managed to come back quickly.”

“How is your mother?”

“She is fine, the doctor said I should buy her some adult diapers.”

“Ok, well your little Angel is sleeping.”

“Thank you so much.”

“So what are you going to do now?”

“I am taking them to my friend’s house, he is not here. We will stay there for a while waiting for the divorce to be finalized.”

“Ok. You can come in and get her.”

She moved from the door and let him walk in her little sanctuary. He looked at Peo with a smile.

“Wow! You are really good, are you a hairdresser?”

“No, I try.”

“She looks beautiful.”

He attempted picking her up but she opened her eyes. “Daddy!”

“Hey Angel.”

“Aunt Colleen plaited me nicely.”

“You look really beautiful. Say bye to Aunt Colleen, we are going.”

“Can she come with us?”

“I don’t know, ask her.”

Collen laughed. “I can hear you Tshepo.”

He smiled. “Aunty Colleen, can you come with us?”

“Aunty Colleen has to do grown up things.”

“It’s only for a while, we are going out for pizza.”

“Ok, you will return me right?”

“Yes.”

“Ok. Let me put on my shoes.”

“We will wait for you outside.”

“Ok.”

They walked out while she took her handbag and searched for her powder. She powdered her face and put on her shoes before she walked out to his car where he found his mother and Peo already at the backseat.

She took the front seat then he drove away while Don't let go by En Vogue played. With a sigh, Colleen leaned back on her seat and looked out through the window. Minutes later he was parking at RiverWalk Mall. They all got off and walked towards Debonairs while Peo conversed loudly with her grandmother.

“Mama go and sit, Colleen and I will order.”

“Ok my son.”

Colleen sighed as they walked to the till and waited in a queue.

“So where is your daughter?”

“After I gave birth to her, I don’t know what happened but I just started resenting her. My husband was cheating by then, I felt somehow she was responsible for it and tried hurting her. I got diagnosed with Post Natal Depression. They took me away to seek help and I got it. When I came back my mother refused to give me back my daughter. I don’t blame her, she said she will only give her back once I am back on my feet. I do go to Mahalapye to see her every month.”

Colleen wiped away a wayward tear that had ran down her cheek.

“I understand if you don’t want me anywhere near Peo anymore.”

“No, I think that’s what I suffered from when Peo was born. I hated her because I believed she was the cause of her mother’s disappearance. My mother actually raised her while I stayed far away and never bothered with her. Till she was two years old so trust me, I get you. So where is your husband now?”

“He killed his mistress then hung himself the day

after I tried hurting my daughter.”

“Wow!”

“I know. Now I don’t think I ever want to get married again.”

“Not every man is like that.”

“I don’t know. He hurt me so much that I don’t think I will ever be the same Colleen ever again. I had given my all to him and he destroyed me to ashes. I remember calling his mistress and asking her to stay away from my husband and she would say whatever she would want to say. I feel God should have let her live so that maybe one day after she got married someone would do her the same.”

“I am really sorry for what you went through.”

She shook her head. “It’s ok, like my father always say, it’s all life.”

“I just don’t understand how someone treats a beautiful girl like you like that.”

Colleen laughed. “You will be surprised.”

The queue moved and Tshepo ordered a large triple

decker. He received his order number and they sat on an empty desk nearby.

“So you are the only child your mother has?”

Tshepo shook his head. “No. We are five, I am the fifth one. The last born.”

“Where are your other siblings then?”

“We don’t share the same fathers. My mother had three kids in her first marriage, the first born is in SA and he doesn’t care. Then the second born, she married some rich Nigerian and has since left for Nigeria years ago. I see her on facebook sometimes. The third one is in jail for murder. She divorced her first husband because he was abusive, then got re-married and had my late sister and I.”

“When did your sister pass on?”

“Years ago, I was somewhere between six and seven. She was hit by a car.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, I have dealt with it.”

Their order number got called, Tshepo stood up and

got the pizza before they walked to the table where his mother was. They ate the pizza listening to Peo talking. A while later, he dropped Peo and his mother at his friend's house.

"Daddy, can Aunty Colleen be my mom?"

"Yeah Angel, she can be your mom."

Colleen smiled looking at Tshepo who gave her the innocent look.

"I love you mom." Peo hugged Colleen.

"I love you too Peo."

"Will you visit us in our new house?"

"Yeah, I will."

"Pinky promise?"

Colleen sighed. "Pinky promise."

She walked off with a smile and got inside the house.

"Let's go. I will drop you off."

They got in the car and he started driving.

"So where do you work?"

“At a salon. I do nails. But I do have a degree.”

“You can’t find a job?”

“Yeah.”

“Give your CV and I will help you look. I come across a lot of business owners.”

“Oh, I would appreciate that more than anything else.”

Minutes later he parked in front of her gate.

“Thank you, for everything.”

Colleen smiled. “You are more than welcome.”

They hugged briefly. Tshepo looked at her lips and swallowed while Colleen ran her tongue on her lips. Tshepo briefly closed his eyes then leaned over and baby kissed her.

“I will call you.”

“Ok.” She whispered then jumped out of the car. She waved at him as he drove away. A car immediately parked where Tshepo had parked his car. Vince stepped out and Colleen sighed with relief.

“I was about to run.”

He laughed. “I find it hard to imagine that.”

“I don’t remember telling you where I stay.”

“I tricked your brother into telling me a few days ago. Who was that?”

“Who?”

“The guy who dropped you off.”

Colleen smiled. “Why?”

Vince got closer to her. “I want to know my competition.”

“Miguel will beat you so hard.”

“Trust me, I am ready for him.”

He leaned over and kissed her pulling her closer by her waist. She kissed him back wrapping her arms around him. She felt him growing hard and pulled back.

“I don’t want anything serious.”

Vince looked in her eyes and nodded. “Okay.”

She took his hand and led him towards her house.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#43

A knock on the door woke Theodora up. She grabbed her phone from the dressing table and looked at the time. It was just after five. She got up wondering it could be on an early Sunday morning and made her way to the door. She opened the main door and looked at the woman who stood by the door with two kids. She smiled at Theodora.

“Hi, how can I help you?”

“Hi, I am Melody. I am Christian’s cousin.”

Theodora smiled. “Oh, come in please.” She opened the door wider. Melody walked in with her daughter and the other child on her back dragging her big

suitcase.

“Where are you coming from?”

“Zambia. I hope I didn’t disturb your sleep.”

“It’s ok. You must be exhausted, please come this way.”

She led them to a guest room.

“Ok, you can rest here. Are you hungry, can I make you breakfast?”

“No, it’s ok. Thank you.”

“Ok. I will leave you to rest”

“Thank you.”

Theodora walked out and went back to her bedroom. She took her phone and called Christian.

“Hey Sunshine.”

“Babe, your cousin is here.”

“My cousin?”

“Yes, Melody. You should have told me she was coming, I could have picked her up from the rank.”

“Uhh I forgot. Where is she?”

“She is in the guest room. I am going to run her a bath, when are you coming back?”

“The workshop is ending today. I will be there in the evening. What did she say?”

“Nothing. I think she is tired. She is with her kids.”

“Ok. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She hung up and walked to the bathroom where she filled the tub with water before she went back to the guest room. Melody was still sitting on the bed.

“Hi, I ran you a bath.”

“Thank you.”

“I have never met any of Christian’s relatives.”

Melody smiled. “You are beautiful, how long have you been seeing Christian?”

“Six months now.”

“When did you move in?”

Theodora smiled. "Three months ago."

"Ok, thank you for running me a bath."

"I will make you something to eat, I know Zambia is far, you must be hungry."

Theodora walked out and went to the kitchen where she started making breakfast.

Rachel sat on top of the toilet seat staring at the pregnancy test. There was one line. She closed her eyes fighting her tears.

"Babe, are you ok?" Kenneth knocked.

"Yeah, I am fine. Give me a minute."

She stood up then threw the pregnancy test inside the washing basket. She flushed and walked out.

"Hey, are you ok?"

She looked at him. "Yes. Today I want to catch the

mass prayer at church.”

“Oh, ok.”

She stood on her toes and kissed him.

“I am ovulating.”

“Babe didn’t we agree that we will have a child when the time is right?”

She stepped back tearfully. “It’s been months Ken, nothing is happening. The doctor said I have a good chance of falling pregnant when I am ovulating.”

“The doctor also said some couples take time and we have to be patient.”

Tears filled her eyes as she looked at her husband. He didn’t seem to understand how badly she wanted a child. She nodded then walked to the closet and chose their church clothes. She took a deep breath with her hands on her face. Tears ran down her cheeks uncontrollably and she silently cried. She was beginning to think something was wrong with her, there had to be something wrong.

She cried for a while then finally wiped away her

tears before she stepped out of the closet.

“I am going to bath.”

He was back in the blankets.

“Ok, I will sleep for five minutes.”

“Ok.”

At the church, Rachel walked in with her husband. The church was already half full. They sat in the middle joining in the prayer while the church choir sang softly from the stage. Tears flew down her cheeks as she silently prayed pouring her heart to God. All she wanted was a child. A while later, the entire church was full and the church choir had taken over. She sang along to the songs. Rachel watched as Kenneth clapped his hands moving his body from side to side.

When she first told him about the church she didn't think he would agree but now three months into the

church he was warming up to it.

They both listened carefully when the pastor started preaching. As soon as the sermon was finished, the choir took over again singing Imbewu by Zaza Mokhethi. Everyone danced along to how the choir was dancing while the pastor walked roll by roll praying for everyone. When they finally walked out, it was just after lunch.

“Tomorrow it’s women’s night. I am coming. We will be with pastor’s wife.”

“Anything that makes you happy.”

They got inside the car and Kenneth drove them back home

“I have to go and see Pule.”

“Ok. I will prepare lunch.”

He kissed her cheek and walked out. She walked to the kitchen and prepared lunch. Two hours later, she was sitting in front of the TV watching some gospel channel. She touched the screen when the pastor on the TV began praying.

Lone sat in her sitting room laughing with Amantle.

“You should see her at work, she thinks she is all that.”

“Just ignore her.”

“I still can’t believe Miguel got her pregnant as soon as I lost our baby.”

“I have this friend I know. She sells abortion pills.”

Lone looked at Amantle. “I don’t want to lose my job.”

“How will you lose your job if you are careful?”

“No. I don’t to end up like Courtney. How is the job hunting going?”

“You know how it is but I will keep applying.” She stood up. “I am going to drink water.”

She walked to the kitchen while Lone relaxed

watching TV. Amantle's phone beeped and Lone curiously looked over it. She moved closer and took the phone. Her heart pounded as she swiped the phone's screen and opened her WhatsApp. She opened the unsaved number's message and frowned reading through. Hearing footsteps she quickly switched the phone off and moved back to where she was sitting. Amantle came walked in holding two glasses of juice. She handed one to Lone and drank the other herself.

"Thanks."

Lone looked at her juice then stood up. "I will drink this in my bedroom."

"But you were still watching."

"No, I have phone calls to make."

"Oh, ok."

She walked to her bedroom then got in her private bathroom and spilled the juice while her heart pounded. She walked back to her bedroom and held her phone. She swallowed her pride and dialed her number. Her phone rang for a while before she

answered.

“Lone,”

“Rachel, how are you?”

“I am fine.”

They both kept quiet not sure of what to say.

“I am sorry for not telling you that I knew Kenneth, I should have told you.”

Rachel sighed. “Yes you should have but I forgive you. I am sorry about all the things I said. I just felt betrayed.”

“I don’t blame you. I too would be angry.”

The awkward silence crept in again. Rachel laughed.

“The last time things were like this was that time when we were doing our fourth year, my crush wanted you and I was so bitter and angry.”

Lone laughed. “You didn’t even want to see me.”

“I was so angry.”

They laughed.

"I miss you." Rachel whispered.

"I miss you too."

"Ken and I have been trying for a baby but nothing is happening."

"Did you see a doctor?"

"Yes and nothing is wrong ."

"Some people just take time to conceive."

"I know but this is breaking me."

"Just let it happen on it's own."

"Yeah. How is Amantle?"

"I went through her phone and I found messages from this unsaved number talking about if the pills are supposed to kill and how long it would take. Next thing she comes trying to give me juice."

"Hey! Is she trying to kill you?"

"She is. She probably wants my things."

"Is she still in your house?"

"Yes. I don't even know what to say to her."

“I am coming there, God will understand. I am going to kick her out.”

“Come because right now I am beyond shocked.”

“Just wait, I am coming.”

Rachel hung up while Lone sighed. After everything she had been doing for Amantle, it was heart breaking to find out that she was trying to kill her. Now that Lone thought about it, she had been acting strangely for the last couple days. Rachel messaged her a while later informing that she was at the gate. She stood up and walked to the sitting room, Amantle looked at her.

“Hey, are you ok?”

“Yes.”

Lone pressed the gate’s remote and waited for a minute before Rachel walked in. Amantle looked at Rachel surprised.

“Uhu! We don’t knock?”

“Bitch please! Pack your bags and get the fuck out.”

“Who do you think you are talking to?”

“Who else in this house is a visitor? I said get out.”

Amantle looked at Lone.

“You are letting this girl talk to me like that?”

“Who are you trying to kill with the pills? You put them in my juice?”

“What?” Amantle asked panicking.

“I know you are trying to poison me. I am going to report you to the police.”

“In the mean time, pack your bags, take road and make dust.” Rachel said walking further inside the house.

Amantle looked at Lone. “Lone I would never hurt you. You are my sister.”

“I really thought I was but now I see you haven’t changed one bit. If you thought I was going to die so that you can take over my things, you are wrong. Get out before I call the police on you.”

“You will remember this day Lone! I promise you. You are cursing yourself.”

“Bitch get the fuck out! I knew you were planning something.” Rachel got in front of Amantle. “But you failed!”

Amantle clicked her tongue walking towards the bedrooms. She came back minutes later with her bags.

“I will come back for my property.”

“Don’t worry, we will send it wherever you are. Bitch!”

They watched her as she walked out.

“I can’t believe that bitch tried killing you.”

“I am still shocked.”

Anaya finished typing her business plan then took out her phone and dialed a number.

“Hey, I just finished with the business idea.”

Donald laughed. “See? I told you.”

“I know. I think starting a farm will be the best thing I have ever done.”

“It is, but we start at the lowest level. Chickens are big in the market especially if you keep both broilers and layers. After a couple of months if business is good, you will have a big poultry then you can start ploughing. Get into state farming. A lot of black people don't do it, mostly it's white people.”

“I hope it works out. I am moving my family back to Broadhurst so I will be saving more money. I am putting almost all my savings into this.”

“Good thing your mother has a plot, how big is it?”

“It's big, it was my grandmother's. When she passed on, she had already put it in my mother's name to avoid conflicts between her other siblings from the other house.”

“Where is it?”

“Serowe.”

“Good. I am sure that will save you a lot of stress.”

“Yes. I hope it all works out.”

“It will. Don’t worry.”

She heard a car driving in.

“Look, I have to go. Thank you.”

“What are friends for?”

“Bye work mate.”

“Mxm at least friend zone me.”

Anaya laughed hanging up. She put her phone away as Miguel walked in.

“Hey baby, how did it go?”

“Agang is stubborn. He won’t listen to me.”

“What about Sarona?”

“She didn’t even come out. Pule said she is filing for divorce. She is going to regret this.”

“She is quitting the company too. I have to find someone who will manage it.”

He sat beside her. “Business has it’s own ups and downs.”

“I know but I will never partner in business, I have

learnt a big lesson. I am going to change the company's name."

He looked at her laptop. "You want to start a poultry?"

"Yes. I have a good feeling about it."

"I am fully behind you. I love how you think."

"Thanks, I made lunch."

She stood up.

"Naya, I have something to tell you."

She looked at his nervous face then frowned.

"What's wrong?"

"Marang called me yesterday."

She folded her arms. "What did she want?"

"She is pregnant."

"She is what?"

"She is pregnant."

"So she didn't get a morning after?"

“Yeah. I drove to her house to see for myself.”

Anaya put her hands on her waist. “Without telling me?”

“I just wanted to make sure before I told you.”

“You see now? What you get for not using a condom. She probably did all this on purpose.”

“I am sorry.”

Anaya sighed blinking away her tears. “Miguel see what you did?”

“Babe I am sorry.”

She walked to the kitchen and covered her face crying. Miguel hugged her from behind.

“You and I are going to get married babe, we will deal with it together.”

“I can’t believe this is happening. Miguel you see how you keep on breaking my heart.”

“I love you.”

“You don’t. If you did you would have used a condom. I feel stupid right now, I know you are going to sleep

with her now that there something connecting you to her. I don't even understand why I a marrying you because I don't think you love me enough."

"I love you, I know my actions continue hurting you but I am past cheating."

"You.... God why do I still love you?"

She calmed down and wiped away her tears.

"Let's go to her house."

"Ok. Anything you want."

Miguel parked by Marang's gate and Anaya frowned looking at the car parked in front of her garage.

"Is that hers?"

"Yes."

"She has a car like mine?"

"She probably bought it recently. That's not the car

she was using.”

They got off and walked inside. Miguel knocked while Anaya looked at Marang’s car annoyed. Marang opened the door a second later and smiled at Miguel. Her smile disappeared as she looked Anaya who was looking at her stomach.

“Oh, hi.”

“Can we talk?”

She looked at Miguel. “Yeah sure. Come in.”

They walked in. Anaya looked at her nice property sitting down, it was not bad.

“I am not here to fight you. You can relax.” Anaya said putting her handbag down staring at Marang’s uneasy face.

“Ok.”

“Good, you can relax. Miguel and I are practically married.”

“And I respect that.”

“Of cause you should. Since I am his wife, whatever

you may need, you talk to me. I will handle it.”

She looked at Miguel who held Anaya’s hand silently then back at Anaya.

“Ok.”

“How much do you need monthly?”

Marang cleared her throat. “Miguel and I agreed on P4000. It will cover for everything including my hospital check ups, buying the baby’s preparation, my supplements and food.”

Anaya raised her eyebrow. “P4000? That’s a lot of money. How much will you need once the baby is born?”

“I don’t know but more.”

Anaya laughed. “You must be smoking. We are going to give you P1500. It’s enough. There is nothing special about your pregnancy. We will increase it to P2500 once the baby is born. I am sure you get paid at the hospital. Do you have a medical aid?”

“Yes but-“

“But nothing. Your medical aid will cover your check

ups. You will buy food with the remaining money.” Anaya stood up. “My husband is not an ATM, and please, don’t call him because if you do, you wouldn’t want to cross me. Let’s go babe.”

“Miguel?” Marang questioned.

“He has nothing to say or do you?”

Miguel shook his head. “No, if we are done let’s go.”

They walked out and went to his car.

“Why on earth would you agree to that ridiculous amount?”

“She had said that’s what she needed.” Miguel said driving out of her yard.

“That’s crazy. She will go to a government hospital if she can’t afford a private hospital. I am sure she bought that car on purpose to copy me. I want a new car.”

Miguel looked at her with a smile. “Why? Because she bought a car like yours?”

“Yes. And starting from today I will carry your bank cards and I will personally give her that money.”

“Babe come on...”

“No Miguel. I am going to carry the cards. You are not to be trusted.”

“Ok, whatever that makes you happy.”

“A Mercedes G63 AMG will make me happy.”

He smiled. “I love you, your wish is my command.”

“I am annoyed. Your cheating got us here, you have me looking like a fool for even staying after every load of crap you have put me through.”

“What can I do to make you feel better?”

She smiled rolling her eyes. “I want some hot wings, I am craving them.”

He stopped by the traffic light and leaned over kissing her.

“I am still annoyed.”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#44

Anaya sat in front of the mirror fixing her makeup, she fixed her lipstick before she stood up loving the fact that she wasn't that much thick, going to the gym proved to be working though she did get tired too quickly. She smiled looking at the mirror in her white formal dress that hugged her bell and figure with her red bottoms. Stealing a glance at her watch, she picked her handbag and laptop back walking out.

Her phone rang as soon as she got in the car.

"Hello?"

"Good morning mam,"

"Hi Bontle,"

"Uhh Sarena has not arrived and she has the keys, we are all outside as we speak."

"Let me call her and I will get back at you."

"Yes mam."

Anaya started the ignition and reversed out then dialed Sarena's number.

"Hi Anaya,"

"Look, I get that you want to quit but I didn't know you wanted to do it as soon as possible. My workers are standing outside all because you are not there with the keys."

"Oh God! I forgot. I will go now."

"Good, give Bontle the keys together with your resignation later. I will get them from her later."

"Ok."

She hung then called Bontle back.

"Look, I am really sorry. It won't happen again. She is coming with the keys."

"Ok mam."

"Call me once she arrives."

"Yes."

She put her phone away as a police officer waved her to stop. She briefly closed her eyes.

“Shit!”

Anaya stopped the car by the side of the road and rolled down her window while the police officer approached her.

“Good morning, you are driving past the speed limit and also using your phone while driving.”

She looked at him, “I apologize, please forgive me.”

“I am not God who forgives, step out, I am writing you a ticket. And can I please see your license.”

She looked at the police officer with pleading eyes that he laughed.

“Just get off the car, that look won’t work with me. Come with your license.”

He walked back to the police car which was parked behind her. Anaya stepped out with her license and walked towards him.

“I am charging you. Let me see your license.”

She handed it over and watched as he wrote her a ticket.

“There we go, I am sure next time you will follow the road laws.”

“I will.”

He handed her the ticket and her before she walked back to her car and drove off. At the bank, she stepped in and passed Lone by her desk ignoring her completely. She settled in her office and took out her laptop sitting on her chair.

“Hey!” Donald walked in holding two coffees in his hands and a chicken wrap.

“One for you and one for me.”

Anaya smiled at her work mate as he put the chicken wrap and coffee in front of her. “Thanks.”

“You are welcome. You look beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

“That guy is really lucky to have you.”

“I know right?”

They both laughed. Donald looked at his watch.

“I have to go but I set up a meeting between you and

this friend of mine. He's a farmer and he is more than happy to give you pointers."

"Thank you so much."

"So is lunch ok?"

"Yeah."

"Ok, I have to get to work, have a good day."

"You too."

He walked out with a smile leaving Anaya eating.

Miguel shook hands with a business associate.

"Pleasure doing business with you Mokwena."

He smiled. "Likewise."

The man walked out as Miguel resumed his seat. Rebaone walked in seconds later.

'Sir, there is a woman here to see you, her name is Marang Setso."

“Let her in.”

“Ok.”

She walked out as Marang walked in her flared dress. She smiled closing the door.

“Hi.”

“Hey, is everything ok?”

“No. Can we talk?”

“Yeah.”

She sat down putting her handbag on his glass desk then calmly looked at him.

“Miguel P1500 is not enough. I could be discussing this with Anaya but she won't reason with me. I know I am working but I have other projects I am doing. Please understand where I am coming from.”

He looked at her for a while leaning back on his chair.

“She is not going to understand where I am standing from because she is not happy. I am begging you please.”

“I hurt Anaya and that's why she is behaving like this.

But I get you. I was going to give you the money you requested initially but I am already walking on thin ice. I will make a plan, she has all my cards, I will speak to my brother. Anaya will calm down. She is hurting right now, maybe after a while we will discuss this but for now don't provoke her."

Marang smiled. "Thank you."

"You have grown thick."

Marang laughed. "It's your child. I have to get to work."

He stood up and walked towards her.

"I wish you had told me sooner."

Marang smiled standing. "I am sorry. I was scared."

"I promise you, I will always support my son."

"My next check up is tomorrow. You can come with if you want."

"I will, what time?"

"At two."

"Bokamoso?"

“Yes.”

“I will be there.”

“Thank you.”

She smiled. “I really want to hug you but I feel it’s inappropriate.”

“It is.” He said then hugged her briefly. “Thank you for not aborting him.”

“I wouldn’t have dreamt about it.”

He let her go.

“Bye.”

She walked out leaving him sighing.

Theodora walked inside her office talking to the phone.

“You should treat his relatives with respect my girl but I am still against the issue of you staying with

that man whilst he hasn't married you."

"Mama I don't want to put pressure on him. Either way, we just met."

"Yes you do not want to put pressure on her but do you think he will marry you if you are already a wife to him?"

"I am not a wife to him."

"You are. You cook for him, you wash for him, iron for him, clean for him. All the things a wife should be doing, you are doing them."

"I stay for free in his house."

"It's not like you can't afford staying on your own. I thought you said the new job pays well? You shouldn't behave like this. Nothing will motivate him to marry you if you already have made yourself his wife. You should move out to your own house."

"I hear you."

"No you don't because if you did, we wouldn't be having this conversation. I have been telling you this for months now. I am trying to help you, Theodora

since you got yourself that job, what have you achieved so far? You don't even have your own car or anything in your name. Have you looked at your age mates. You buy makeup so that you look like Miss Botswana yet you don't have anything of yours in your name."

"Mama I have to go."

"It's ok. I hope you do something to change the direction of your life. You don't want to end up like me."

"Bye."

She hung up and put her phone aside. She smiled looking at the flowers that had just been delivered to her and smiled smelling them while reading the note. Her phone rang as she put the flowers down.

"Babe, I love the flowers."

"I knew you would. I am arriving in the evening."

"Ok, I will pick you up from the airport."

"Ok, I love you."

"I love you too."

Colleen finished up with a client.

“Do you like them?”

“I do, thanks.”

Her client paid her before she walked out.

“Your day looking good right?” A hairdresser said smiling at her.

“Yes, you can say so. If it keeps like this, this will be one of my best days.”

“Today it’s a busy day. End of month is always dripping with cash.”

She laughed. “I know.”

Her phone rang and she sighed looking at the caller ID.

“Vince,”

“Hey, where do you work?”

“At Rail park Mall in a salon.”

“Don’t you have a degree?”

“I do but jobs are hard to find.”

“How about you hand me your CV. I know a couple of people.”

“That would be great.”

“You shouldn’t working in a salon. You are smarter than that. You should quit.”

Colleen laughed. “How will I eat if I quit?”

“I will take care of you.”

“Boy please!”

“I am serious. I know what you said last night but I want something serious, that’s why I didn’t sleep with you last night.”

“If you are looking for serious things then I am not the girl you should be eyeing.”

“I love you and I am not giving up. I am coming at Rail Park to collect you. You are quitting.”

“Vince, I just can’t quit my job, matter of fact, it’s my hustle because I am renting this table in the salon.”

“How much do you make in a month?”

“It depends.”

“Ok. I am sending you some money.”

He hung up while Colleen rolled her eyes. A few minutes later, a message reported from +13622

She put her hand over her mouth looking at the amount then her phone rang.

“I am coming to pick you up, is that enough?”

“Yes.”

She laughed hanging up. Another call came in almost immediately.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Tshupo, I hope I am not disturbing anything.”

“You are not.”

“Are you free for lunch? Maybe we could go out.”

“I would love to but only as friends. Nna rra ha ke battle go jola. {I don't want to date.}”

He laughed. “I never said anything about that. I just want to say thank you for what you did.”

“I already said it's fine but if you really want to thank me, you can send money.”

“Finally! I really felt guilty for not even giving you anything after all that you did.”

“Send the money. I will wait.”

He laughed. “You are such a character. I am sending, but we are still going out for lunch.”

“It's ok, don't expect anything from me though. I am warning you.”

“I won't.”

She waited a few minutes waiting for the message. When it finally reported in her phone, she quickly opened the ewallet message.

A huge monkey smile pasted itself on her face as she looked at the amount.

“Tsitsi, I am knocking off early today, I have an emergency.”

The hairdresser looked at her with a smile. “Ok love.”

Colleen quickly packed her things and walked out of the salon. Minutes later, she was getting in Vince’s car.

“You quit?”

She smiled. “I am not quitting my job Vince. I just rewarded myself with a day off.”

He started the car and drove from Rail Park.

“You should move, Bontleng is not safe.”

She looked at him. “I know but that’s the place I can afford.”

“I will rent you a house. A better house, where do you want to stay?”

“Are you being serious right now?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, I think block 10 is fine.”

“Let me make a phone call.”

Colleen watched him as he spoke on the phone with a smile. As far as she was concerned, she wasn't doing anything wrong.

“Ok, there is a house in Block 10, a two bedroom. Is it ok?”

“How much is the rent?”

“We will see there. The landlord is going to meet us there.”

He drove to Block 10 and in minutes, he parked in front of the gate. Colleen smiled looking at the house from outside. It was beautiful.

“Let's go.”

They stepped out of the car and walked inside. Vince greeted the landlord while Colleen just smiled, she couldn't seem to be able to control her excitement.

“Come inside and see.”

They walked inside the house and she immediately fell in love with the house.

“I love it.”

“Ok, we will take it. I want to pay five months rent.”

“That’s ok with me.”

Vince sorted things with the landlord while Colleen moved from room to room with her phone on her ear.

“Hey,”

“Are you busy?”

Anaya laughed. “No, everything ok?”

“There is this man.” She whispered. “He says he loves me but I don’t.”

Anaya cracked up. “Why are you whispering?”

“Because he’s here, listen, he is renting a house for me and he gave me money earlier. I explained to him that I didn’t want anything serious but he doesn’t care.”

“And your question is that?”

“Is it wrong to let him spend money on me?”

“What do you think?”

“I think if God tries to help you in difficult situations, he will bring anyone to do it and one shouldn’t refuse God’s help.”

They both laughed.

“If he offered to pay the rent maybe you should go for it and save all your money for the business but you need to be careful. Sometimes these things have a way of ending in the worst manner. When you finally find the man you love, leaving this one will be a bit tricky.”

“I don’t think I will ever fall in love, not after what happened with Ian.”

“You are still young. You have a long way to go and you shouldn’t paint all men with the same brush.”

“I don’t know about that but I am over love.”

“I have to go. Remember, save for your business.”

“Ok bye.”

She walked out of the house and stood with Vince as he shook hands with the landlord who gave him the keys.

“There. Have a nice stay here.”

He walked away while Colleen smiled.

“So, when can I move in?”

“Today. I have a friend with a lorry. He will help you move.”

“Thank you so much.” She hugged him.

“You are most welcome.”

Her phone rang and she let him go taking it out.

“Hello?”

“Hey, still up for lunch?”

“No, I am moving I can't. I am sorry.”

“Where are you moving to?”

“To Block 10.”

“Oh, maybe I can help you settle?”

“I will get back at you.”

“Ok, Bye.”

“Bye.”

She put her phone away. "A client."

Theodora drove inside the yard and parked. Christian stepped out talking on the phone then took the plastic bags of grocery from the back seat before heading inside the house.

She took her handbag and climbed out of the car following behind him inside the house. She was met by a sweet aroma at the entrance. She walked to the kitchen where Christian was talking to Melody in a foreign language. She took a step back trying to figure out what they were talking about. Christian turned and their eyes met.

"Is everything ok?"

"Yeah babe, it's been so long since I met her. We are just catching up."

Theodora smiled. "I get you."

"I am going to take a shower."

“I will be there in a minute.”

He walked away.

“Thank you, for cooking. It smells amazing.”

Melody smiled. “It’s ok, just doing my duty.”

“Ok, I am going to freshen up, it has been a long day at work.”

Theodora followed Christian to the bedroom where he was undressing.

“So where is her husband?” She asked taking off her shoes.

“He is back in Zambia.”

“Oh, how long will she be here? I don’t want her to feel uncomfortable here.”

“For a few days, she has to go back.”

“But she just came.” She took off her dress.

“Yeah babe but she has a husband to go back to.”

“Is she going to see your father?”

“No, she just wanted to visit me, you know, it’s been

time. We used to be close.”

“Ok.”

He walked towards her and kissed her.

“I missed you.”

“I missed you too.”

He kissed her pulling out her panties.

Half an hour later, they both walked out and went to the dining room. Melody had already dished for everybody and her kids were already eating. The older one stood up as soon as his eyes fell on Christian.

“Daddy!”

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stiletto

#45

Theodora looked at Christian as the boy ran into his arms.

“Hey boy!”

“I missed you.”

“I missed you too my boy.”

Theodora looked at Melody who was smiling, it was as if she was missing something but just didn't know what. Christian sat down with Theodora next to him. They started eating though Theodora's attention was focused on Melody. The table was silent and Theodora's heart pounded hard against her chest. Immediately after dinner, Melody took the plates to the kitchen.

“You cooked, I will do the dishes.”

“Oh no, don't. It's ok. I will do it.”

Theodora walked out leaving her by the sink. Christian was now sitting with Melody's kids. The small one on his lap.

“I am not feeling well, I am going to lay down for a while.”

Christian looked at her. "Ok."

She nodded and walked away. In the bedroom she tried to shake off the weird feeling that was startling her. She took her phone and scrolled through her contacts, it dawned to her that she really had no one to call. She hadn't spoken with Yaone ever since she filed the restraining order and her relationship with Anaya had just died. She went on WhatsApp and viewed her contact's statuses. Yaone's came first, it was a picture of herself at the beach. The next status was Anaya's, it was her house in Broadhurst. Her mother's words rang in her head as she sighed. She didn't have nothing to her name. Not even a small car yet her age mates had serious things going in their lives.

She quickly checked her bank balance then smiled searching for cars she can afford. She looked at the price of a Golf 5 with a smile but then thought of Anaya's house. Maybe a car would wait while she built a house first.

Colleen looked around her house filled with property she had bought. Her house was full. She walked to her bedroom and opened her wardrobe. All her new expensive clothes had decorated the entire wardrobe. She sighed happily. Her phone rang as she closed the wardrobe doors.

“Hello?”

“Hey, since we had to cancel lunch, how about dinner?”

She smiled. “Dinner is fine.”

“Ok, I am coming, where in block 10 do you stay?”

“Near Airport Junction.”

“Ok, I will call when I am at Airport Junction Mall.”

She put her phone away when he hung and walked back to the sitting room. She switched on the huge TV mounted on the wall and sat down. Minutes later Tshepo called again. She directed him from the mall to her house and in few minutes he had arrived.

“You brought pizza?”

“Yeah, I thought you might be hungry. After all the moving, you must be exhausted.”

“Trust me, I am.”

They sat down in front of the TV eating.

“This is a nice house.”

“It is.”

“No disrespect but you said you worked at a salon, isn’t it a little expensive?”

“It is, I am not paying the rent. My brother is. I think my mother will give me my daughter back soon.”

She smiled. “I really miss her.”

“You will get her back. I gave a couple of people your CV, I am sure something will come up and you will be able to pay your own rent.”

“I can’t wait.”

A movie started to play and they leaned back watching while eating.

Anaya sat with her mother eating while her siblings watched TV with Lalah who had come for a sleep over.

“She slept with Miguel knowing that he had a girlfriend. I know she got pregnant on purpose thinking that he will come to her then she has the audacity to demand P4000 as if she is carrying Obama’s son.”

“You are just bitter. Miguel can afford that P4000, why not just give it to her?”

“Mama I will not be controlled by a baby mama, Miguel is my husband. What does she need P4000 for? She is a doctor and doctors get paid good money.”

“Anaya my child, sometimes in life you have to choose your battles carefully. You don’t want to lose your husband because of petty issues.”

“Mama, P4000 is a lot of money. If she wants P4000

then she should take it from her pay. My husband is not her ATM. If she thought I was going to bow down to her commands, she is wrong.”

Her mother sighed. “Ok, how are you?”

“I am fine. I am opening a poultry. I want to use your farm.”

“It’s ok, I long put it in your name when I was sick.”

“Thank you. I think if it goes well, it will be a huge success.”

“I believe in you. You are destined for greater things. Did you see the tender in the newspaper for a catering company?”

“I did, I applied just before I knocked off. I know they have been rejecting me all along but now I have faith. The company is a little big now. I am sure they will consider me.”

“I will pray for you.”

Anaya smiled. “I have so many dreams. I want to fulfill all of them and make Ayana believe that she can be a nurse because she believes in herself. I

want Lethabo to believe he can be a pilot after seeing me being what I have always wanted to become. I want to be their role model.”

Her mother held her hand. “You are already their role model. Today I am cancer free all because of you. Anaya I am so proud of you. How is work?”

“Work is fine. I am working hard, maybe I will be promoted.”

“That’s good, you are a hard worker, they will promote you.”

Her phone rang and she quickly picked.

“Hey babe,”

“Hey, where are you?”

“I am at phase 2 but I am on my way.”

“Ok, I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She hung up then stood up.

“I have to go. Miguel is home. I have spoken with the movers to move back to broadhurst, they will be

here in the morning.”

“Ok, remember, choose your battles.”

“Yes but that woman is still not getting P4000.”

She walked to the sitting room and hugged Lethabo.

“I am going now. I will see you during the weekend.”

“Ok, will Uncle Miguel come too?”

“Yes Lethabo, he will. Keep doing well at school, I love your results.” She turned to Ayana. “Yours too.”

“I am passing too.” Lalah said making Anaya laugh.

“Yes, you too Lynn. I will get you guys something. Bye.”

She walked out with Ayana behind her. She got in her car and looked at her sister.

“Is everything ok?”

“Yes, I am asking for P100.”

“For what?”

“I want to buy a new phone cover.”

“Really?”

She sighed. "My phone screen cracked and it's embarrassing to walk around with. It's also old, maybe you should get me a new phone."

"Ayana that phone is not old. I bought it last year."

"It's a Samsung J3, my classmates use really nice phones. A girl at school uses an iPhone 11."

"First of all, there is nothing wrong with that J3, a lot of people can't even afford it. Appreciate what you have and learn to be content with it. You are not that girl at school who uses an iPhone, you are Ayana and at Ayana's house, her sister can only afford what she gets. I don't even use an iPhone 11."

"It's not fair."

"Life is not fair Ayana."

"Yes because if it was, I would have never gotten rapped."

Anaya sighed looking at her. "Yes. If life was fair then we all could be where we want to be with life. We could all be happy. People who are starving out there would be eating everyday. If life was fair, a

child that is getting raped everyday would not be getting raped. What happened was traumatic but we all got affected. I love you so much and I work hard for you. But it's fine if you want an iPhone because a girl at school wants an iPhone. I will buy it and forget about a business I want to start something that will ensure your future, something that will ensure Lethabo's future.."

Ayana looked down as tears ran down her cheeks. "I am sorry."

"It's ok, come here."

They hugged for a while.

"Let's make a deal, I will get you that Iphone 11 you want if you give me all A's on your form 3 results. Deal?"

Ayana excitedly looked at her sister. "Really?"

"Yes."

"Ok, deal!"

They shook hands.

"Also, if I give you 48 points for my form 5 then you

should get me a Macbook.”

“Deal!”

Ayana jumped excitedly.

“Yes!”

“Ok, I am going now.”

“What about the P100?”

Anaya laughed. “If you pass your end of month test then I will fix your phone’s screen.”

“Ok.”

Anaya started the car.

“Naya?”

She looked at her younger sister.

“Yes?”

“I love you.”

“I love you more. I will see you.”

Ayana waved as she drove out. She looked at the time and increased the speed driving home. She stopped by Airport Junction mall and got in a

restaurant where she bought her spicy meal. She handed the cashier money and waited for the change. Another worker in the restaurant stood beside her and Anaya immediately recognized her.

“Stacy?”

Stacy turned and looked at Anaya.

“Oh, hey!”

Anaya carefully took her in, she didn’t look as bad as she looked when she came to her office pregnant.

“How are you?”

“I am fine. You look wow! Congrats.”

“Thank you, where is your baby?”

“I left her with my mother.”

“Oh? Ok.”

Anaya got her takeaway and walked out. When she arrived home she found Miguel with his laptop in the sitting room.

“Hey, I brought food.”

“Oh, I already ate.”

Anaya paused. “You ate? Where?”

Miguel looked at her. “My lunch, I didn’t get time to eat it at work.”

She relaxed. “Ok. Then I will eat on your behalf.”

He laughed. “It’s ok.”

Anaya walked to the kitchen while he answered his ringing phone. She dished for herself and walked back to the sitting room.

“Where are you going?”

He was putting on his shoes. “It’s Pule, he is drunk. I need to make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid.”

“Ok.”

He kissed her cheek and walked out.

Colleen opened her eyes hearing a car drive in

outside. She looked at Tshepo who was sleeping then slowly raised her head from his chest. She looked at the clock on the wall, it was just after ten. She wondered when they had slept, the last thing she remembered was that after playing monopoly, they started watching some Netflix series.

She got up hearing a door opening and closing then rushed to the door and looked. She opened the curtain slightly and her heart skipped as she looked at Vince's car.

"Hey..."

Tshepo woke up. Colleen stood still not knowing what to do.

"Is everything ok?"

"No, my brother is here. I know I am grown woman but I don't want him to think I have already started bringing men to the house."

Tshepo smiled. "He's overprotective?"

"He is more than that."

Vince tried opening the door while Colleen's heart

pounded even more. It was just too early to be caught.

“Open up, I will talk to him.”

“What?”

“Colleen!” Vince called from outside knocking.

“Just open up. I will deal with it.”

She unlocked the door with a smile.

“Hey, I am sorry, I was in the kitchen.”

He walked inside and faced Tshepo.

“Who are you?”

Tshepo stretched his hand. “I am Colleen’s friend, you must be her brother.”

Vince looked at his hand then at Colleen.

“Who is this?”

“He is a friend.”

“Colleen, tell this nigga to get the fuck out before I lose it.”

She looked at Tshepo. “Please go.”

“You are not her brother are you?”

“No, I am her boyfriend, get the fuck out!”

Tshepo looked at Colleen. “If you don’t want me to go, I will not go.”

Vince shook his head angrily. “Don’t try me. I said get out.”

“I am not going anywhere unless she wants me to go.”

Colleen looked at the two men in her house, tall and muscular as her little heart threatened to leap out from her chest.

Vince took a step closer and punched Tshepo who returned the punch. Vince swung his fist at Tshepo’s stomach. Tshepo speared Vince and together they fell on her new glass table and it shattered into tiny pieces. She screamed trying to get them to stop but it was like an action movie, no one was hearing her.

They stood up and now heading towards her TV. She rushed over trying to get between them. She yelped as she got pushed by Vince’s big body. She slipped

and fell right into the glasses on the floor.

They both stopped as she screamed in pain and looked at her.

“Colleen!”

They knelt before her.

“Are you ok?” Vince asked helping her up. He looked at the few tiny pieces of glass sticking from her skin.

“We need to get that out.”

“Or maybe just take her to the doctor.”

“Nigga I am doctor, just get the fuck out of here.”

“I am not going anywhere.”

“Tshepo, it’s fine. You cut your hand, go home. I am sorry.”

“You don’t have to be scared of him.”

“I am warning you for the last time.” Vince threatened and Tshepo completely ignored him.

“Do you really want me to leave?”

Colleen blinked her tears away. “I am sorry.”

He nodded then stood up glaring at Vince. Seconds later he walked out. Vince took his first aid and plucked out the pieces of glass.

“Drink this painkiller.”

Colleen drank the pills.

“Are you seeing that guy?”

She looked at him angrily. “He is a friend, I thought I told you. See how you destroyed my table?”

“He doesn’t look like he’s just a friend.”

“Well he is, I am beginning to think I made a mistake moving in here. I am sure my house is still empty, I am going to go back if this is how it’s going to be.”

Vince sighed. “I am sorry, I just don’t like him. I will replace the table.”

“It doesn’t matter, my head is aching. I am going to sleep.”

Vince tilted her chin. “Babe I said I am sorry. Forgive me, you can’t really blame me.”

“I am not seeing him. I am just trying to be nice, his

mother was my neighbor and I helped the old woman because she stayed alone with his daughter while blind. He is just trying to thank me. I wouldn't sleep with a strange man in your house but I am sorry. Tomorrow I am going back to my house."

"I am sorry, I guess I should have listened. This is your house, the lease is in your name. I love you, I guess I am just insecure. I am sorry ok?"

She smiled. "It's ok. You have no reason to feel insecure."

He leaned over and kissed her.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stiletto

#46

Theodora turned to Christian later that night as soon as he joined her in bed.

“Why do her kids call you Daddy?”

He smiled pulling her closer. “They call their uncles daddy, I think it’s what their mother taught them so they can be able to respect their elders.”

She sighed in relief. “That’s smart.”

“Yeah.” He kissed her. “I love you.”

“I love you too. I want o start building myself a house.”

“Where?”

“In Francistown, I will rent it out.”

“That’s good but I want us to get married.”

Theodora smiled. “You do?”

“Yeah, I love you and I know I want you as my wife.”

“I can’t believe this.” Tears filled her eyes.

“So we will build that house together after we get married.”

“Thank you so much.”

She hugged him as tears wet her cheeks. She could

already see herself as Mrs. Mwanza.

Anaya looked at the time and sighed. It was almost eleven and he was still not home neither was he answering his phone. She took her phone about to call him again when she heard the gate opening. She waited for a while then he finally walked in.

“Hey, I had to get Pule from a club then take him home. This thing with Sarona is messing with him. He was served today.”

She followed him to the bedroom where he took off his t-shirt and got in the shower.

“Why weren’t you answering my calls?”

“I was doing something.”

Anaya shook her head picking his t-shirt from the floor. He snatched it from her.

“What are you doing?”

“I should be asking you, you left here hours ago, where were you Miguel?”

“I told you, I am not doing this with you.”

“Give me that T-shirt.”

“You are acting insecure right now, it’s not funny.”

“It’s not supposed to be funny. Where are you coming from?”

“I already told you. You want us to fight right?”

“I want to know where you are coming from. Matter of fact, how about I just call Pule, you were with him so he has nothing to hide.”

She walked to the bed and picked her phone. She thoughtfully looked Miguel’s phone then took it.

“Anaya, what are you doing?”

She ignored him and unlocked the phone but he snatched it before she could do anything.

“Where you with her?”

“I wasn’t with anyone. What’s wrong with you? Where is this coming from? I have been transparent

with you on everything.”

Tears filled her eyes. “Then let me see your phone, you have nothing to hide right?”

“This is stupid, I am going out.”

He walked out with the t-shirt and his phone.

“Miguel!” She screamed following after him.

“Anaya I need some space, I can’t deal with you when you are like this.”

“Like what? Are you sleeping with Marang? That girl clearly doesn’t know me.”

“You will stay away from her, she is carrying my child and trust me, you don’t want to make me choose.”

He walked out and got in his car then drove off.

She held her breath trying to pull herself together but she soon broke down crying. A while later, she walked out of the house with her car keys and drove out. Her heart pounded as she drove in Marang’s street, she slowed down passing her house. He wasn’t there. She shook her head and drove back home. His car was back, she parked behind him and

stepped out of the car.

“Where did you go?”

She looked at his worried face.

“Out for some air. I am going to sleep.”

“Babe... I am not seeing Marang. I went to the club, took Pule home and chilled with him for a while.”

“Then why did you refuse with your phone and t-shirt?”

“Because I want you to trust me when I tell you something. The problem is that you don’t trust me.”

“Can you blame me?” Her lips trembled as she looked at him. “Boikanyo can you blame me? I am trying but you made me this person. How do you expect me to believe what you say when your story doesn’t make sense?”

“I love you so much, I am not cheating. We are past that stage, we are practically married Anaya.”

“I am going to sleep. I have a long day tomorrow.”
She walked to the bedroom and lay on the bed as tears fell to the pillow.

Pule looked at the divorce papers early in the morning wondering what had happened. He still couldn't understand it. He stood up and walked out with his car keys.

At Agang's house, Pule parked in front of the gate. He had promised himself he wouldn't come but the pain on his chest was too much. He briefly knocked on the door, a minute later Agang opened the door shirtless.

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to my wife."

"She doesn't want to talk to you."

Pule pushed Agang hard and got inside the house. He went straight to the bed room where he found her lying nude on the bed. She quickly covered herself.

"What are you doing here Pule?"

“So you are filing for divorce? What about our kids?”

“I don’t love you anymore Pule.”

“We are a family, what do you mean? What don’t I do for you Sarona? I love you.”

“I don’t. Please leave.”

“You heard her, get out.”

Pule looked at Agang then at his wife. “Babe please. Let’s go home. We will fix this. We will see a counselor.”

“I don’t want you anymore Pule. Leave.”

“Babe please... come on, we will fix this.”

“I don’t want to fight with you, leave my house.”

He looked at Agang fighting to hit him hard then turned and walked out. He got in his car and drove off as tears filled his eyes blurring his view. He wondered what Agang did for her that he couldn’t possibly do.

He parked by the side of the road and dialed Miguel.

“P-man!”

“BK can you please talk to your brother. Sarona and I have a family. We have kids. I love her.”

“Agang is stubborn, he won’t listen but I have spoken to the old man, he is coming. Maybe then he will listen.”

Pule closed his eyes trying to swallow the pain on her throat.

“P-man, are you good?”

“Yeah.” His voice was faint.

“Ok, let the kids remain with your mother as we try to sort this out.”

“Yeah.”

Miguel hung up and Pule rubbed his eyes before starting his car. A school girl in a uniform passed his car. His eyes fell on her school skirt which covered her hips. He slowly drove beside her.

“Hi,”

She looked at him and quickened her pace. She was beautiful, beautiful and innocent. He looked at her long hair which was held in a ponytail and drove

beside her.

“Hi, can I give you a lift?”

She crossed the road almost running. He took a good look at her and cursed recognizing her. He parked the car on the side of the road and crossed the road.

“Ayana, it’s Pule. Miguel’s friend. Remember me?”

She slowly turned while he smiled.

“Don’t be scared, I am harmless. We have met a couple of times.”

She recognized him at last and sighed in relief.

“I am sorry, I thought you were...”

“It’s ok, I like what you did, running from strangers is a good thing. Come, I will drop you off.”

“No, I am fine.”

“Let me call your sister if you don’t feel comfortable, I will not hurt you.”

She looked at him for a while before they finally walked back to his car. She put her seatbelt as he

started the car.

“So where do you school?”

“Moselewapula JSS.”

“Form 3?”

“Yes.”

“Wow! So how is school? When I was your age, I really didn’t care. I actually started really studying in my form 5.”

“I want to pass so that I can do sciences when I reach form 4 I do sciences. I want to be a nurse.”

“That’s nice. I like it.”

She smiled as he stopped by her school gate.

“It was nice seeing you Ayana.”

“Thank you for the lift.”

He watched her step out and walk inside the school. Pule shook his head as he looked at her hips.

“She’s a child, stop it!” He whispered to himself before he drove off.

Theodora walked out of the bedroom already dressed for work and found Christian already eating. He stood up pushing his plate away then kissed her cheek.

“I have to go, I love you.”

She smiled. “I love you too.”

He walked out while she walked to the kitchen where Melody was.

“Melody, you don’t have to work so hard, there is a cleaning lady who comes here thrice a week.”

“No, it’s ok, I will do it.”

Theodora smiled. She was probably used to always working. With the way Melody dressed, Theodora guessed her husband was probably not financially stable because she dressed like an old woman. The doek in her head made it all worse.

“You know what, during the weekend we will go to the salon. We will do our nails and hair. Christian said you are going back in a few days, I am going to make you look nice. Also get you some new clothes.”

Melody looked down on herself. “But I am fine.”

“No hun, you are going to look super fine. You are beautiful but now with how you dress, I can’t even tell your age.”

“This is how a wife should dress.”

“No, you are a modern wife Mel, you need to dress the part. When I am done with you, you will be looking fantastic. Let me go to work. Bye.”

She walked out with a smile while ideas of how to do Melody’s makeover swam in her head.

Sarona sat on the bed staring at Agang who was getting dressed for work.

“What about my kids?”

He looked at her. “He will take care of the kids, we are not taking them with when we move. Maybe after a couple years.”

She sighed. “I don’t want my kids getting abused by a step mother.”

“Pule won’t let his kids get abused. Look, Sarena it’s either we are doing this or not. The whole world is against us, it’s us against the world. Are you ready for this because you know you can always go back to your husband. I won’t stop you.”

“What are you saying, I love you.”

“Good, we can’t take the kids right now. We will take them after we settle. When we get there, you will get a job and work a couple of years then we will take the kids.”

She smiled. “Ok.”

He leaned over and kissed her.

“That’s the smile I want to see. Don’t stress, I am with you aren’t I?”

“You are. I love you so much.”

“I love you more babe, now let me go to work. I will call you.” He gave her his card. “Go and do some shopping.”

“Thanks.”

He walked out and a minute later she heard him driving away. She immediately got off the bed and went to the bathroom where she took a quick bath. Stepping out, she put on a jean and t-shirt, she hadn't brought any clothes with. She wasn't going to go back to the house but just get a new wardrobe. She called a cab and ten minutes later, the cab was parked in front of the gate.

She stepped out of the house locking behind her and walked over to the cab which dropped her at Game City Mall. She went from shop to shop purchasing clothes till she bumped into Colleen in Foschini.

“Hey!”

Sarona smiled. “Hey, aren't you supposed to be at work?”

“I am, you?”

“I quit.”

Colleen raised a brow. “Weren’t you working with Naya?”

“I was.”

“I don’t believe you love Agang, it must be the excitement of something new. Pule loves you, God knows what I would have done for a faithful man. Don’t lose a good man for sex, you will regret it. He is your husband.”

“Colleen I appreciate your advice but it is not needed.”

Colleen laughed. “Suit yourself. Soon my brother will get tired of you and he will move on to better things.”

“That’s where you are wrong. Agang loves me and I love him too.”

“Ok, let’s see how far you get.”

Colleen walked out leaving Sarena rolling her eyes. She wasn’t going to listen to people who were against her relationship. Her phone rang as she

walked around the store.

“Hello?”

“Sarona what am I hearing? You are leaving your husband?” Her uncle roared.

She sighed. “So he ran to you?”

“That man I is your husband, don’t embarrass me.”

She laughed. “Embarrass you? You don’t have any right in my life. Where were you when your brother’s wife got me raped by her husband?”

“Sarona my child, you are making a grave mistake.”

“You made a grave mistake calling me, mind your own business old man.”

She hung up and immediately blocked him.

Anaya took off her shoes around lunch and flexed her toes. Her feet were swollen. She slowly ate her

strawberries while staring at her laptop screen. A knock erupted on her door.

“Come in!”

A delivery man walked in.

“Afternoon, Anaya Shato?”

“Yes.”

“Mam please sign here.”

She signed then he handed her a box.

“Thank you.”

He smiled and walked out leaving Anaya opening the box. Inside the box, there were two more boxes. She opened the first box and grinned looking at the small piece of chocolate cake. She knew he was bribing her into forgiving him for last night. She reached for the fork inside the box and took a bite letting the cake melt in her mouth. She slowly ate savoring the chocolate taste. Once done, she opened the other box and took out car keys with a frown. She shook the big box which had the small boxes and note fell. She took it and read out loud.

“I love you.”

She looked at the car keys as a smile started at the corner of her lips. She put on her shoes and walked out of the office headed outside. She saw it first before she could see anything else. The black G-Wagon with red ribbons. People were staring at the car. She pressed the keys and it beeped. Slowly she put her hand over her mouth. When she had said it she hadn't been sure he would get the car for her. A colleague smiled looking at her as she walked over to the car.

“Where do you get such man who buy cars! Some of our boyfriend won't even get us airtime.”

People gathered with their phones out as she opened the door, red balloons fell out of the car. She stepped back tears running down her cheeks.

Marang watched the Facebook video silently waiting

for Miguel to show up in the doctor's office. The video stopped as Anaya got inside the car while her colleagues cheered her on. She scrolled down to the comments. Some were funny, they were calling her a president, some were negative and some just positive. She turned when the door opened. The doctor walked in.

"He's still not here?"

"Uhh..."

"Sorry I am late." Miguel said walking in. Marang smiled and put her phone away.

"Let's start. I have another patient after this."

Marang lay flat on the small bed pulling her top to her breast. The doctor put the cold gel on her belly and and moved a piece of object on her stomach while they all stared at the screen.

"Here are the legs... the hands... the face. Can you see that? He's a big boy."

"Yeah..."

Miguel looked at the screen with a smile as the

doctor moved the object on and about for a while. When he was done, he gave Marang a wiper to clean herself and printed a pictograph for Miguel. A while later, they were walking out.

“Thank you for coming.”

“I wouldn’t have missed it.”

They got to the parking lot. “Nice car you bought her.”

Miguel smiled. “Thanks. It still doesn’t amount to the love I have for her. This time I am doing everything right, And yeah, I am only going to increase that money a bit. I don’t want anything to ruin my relationship, I hope you understand. Bye.”

She looked down briefly.

“Bye.”

He got in his car and drove off while she stood there trying to swallow her jealousy and pain.

TWO MONTHS LATER...

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#47

Two Months Later...

Ayana sat in her room which was decorated in blue and white. She looked at her revision books listening to Rachel Platten fight song. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of that faithful day. She had not felt anything but had just woken up in the hospital. Her sister's tears told her what happened, her innocence was gone. Someone had robbed her innocence. She closed her eyes as tears rolled down her cheeks, Olerato had said it was ok to cry, she said crying was another way of healing. She was back at the house where it had all happened but it didn't look the same anymore. She wiped away her tears and quickly put on her sister's favorite song and sang along to Carrie

Underwood's lyrics revising.

She knew that one day, one day when she was older she would make that man pay. Her phone vibrated and she ignored it, she still had ten minutes left of reading. She never compromised her reading time, all she could think of was the iPhone 11. Ten minutes later, she closed her books then packed them in the book shelf Anaya had built for her. She stood up and walked out calling Lalah back.

"Moghel, I am at the gate, open up for me."

"Ok."

"Matter of fact, just come and get me from the gate."

Ayana laughed hanging up. She walked to the sitting room and grabbed the gate remote walking outside. She walked towards the gate already pressing the remote and Lalah walked in with a smile.

"I love coming here, your house friend is beautiful, I can't get enough. I love the lawn, the flowers and this pavement."

They laughed and walked inside the house as the gate closed. Lalah sat on the couch switching on the huge plasma mounted on the wall.

“Ke rata Anaya waitse. {I love Anaya.} I wish your sister was my sister.”

“Anaya is strict, you wouldn’t survive.”

“I would, I would behave myself. Kana ga ke dumele gore Gontle o ne a tsena class le Anaya. {I don’t believe Gontle was in the same class with Anaya.}”

“Why?”

“She is at home, sitting doing nothing expect popping babies with different men while her age mates build nice phakalane houses with the tallest walls I have ever seen and electrical gates. Anaya stays in Phakalane with her fiancé, she drives a Mercedes GLE and G-Wagon. She works at the bank and wears smartly. She takes care of herself. Sometimes I wish Gontle wasn’t my sister, motho yole ke disappointment hela. {That person is a disappointment.}”

“People differ Lalah.”

Lalah shook her head. “I want to be different like Anaya. Your sister owns a catering company, I told Gontle that she should apply for a job there maybe Anaya will consider her because they know each other but she said she would never work for Anaya because Anaya thinks highly for herself. Kare yes, Anaya thinks highly of herself because she is a person of high status gape o jola le batho ba serious hela. {Plus she dates serious people.} She may not be that rich but she achieves her goals.”

Ayana laughed. “You are right about that. She opened a poultry two weeks ago, I have a feeling it’s going to turn into something big.”

“You see? Your sister is goals. Anywho, how is bae?”

“Heela ware mang? [Who?]”

“Bae! Nyaa monna yole o montle . {That man is hot.}”

“Monna yole o motona hela, ebile o nyetswe. {That man is old and he is married.}”

“I know, I am joking. Has he called?”

“Calling for what Lalah, stop scaring me with your

talk. Pule is Uncle Miguel's friend, he is way old. You are 16 years old."

"I know but can't we admire hela?"

"No, we can't."

"Mxm, wa bora wena, mama o kae? {You are boring, where is mom?}"

"She opened an office at BBS mall, she is there sewing."

Lalah changed the channel and stood up dancing to Forever by Sithelo. She dragged Ayana up and together they danced singing along. Two hours later, Lalah left as Ayana started to cook. Lethabo was back from the streets where he was playing. Her phone rang as she put her lasagna in the oven.

She reached for it in her pocket and answered.

"Hello?"

"Hey, are you using the apps I downloaded for you so that you can read?"

She smiled. "Yes, they are very helpful."

“Good, I am sure they will be much help for your mock exams.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“No, you don’t have to thank me. We all want you to pass. In three years, you will be at university, that’s the main goal.”

“I know but still thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

There was silence then he laughed making her blush shyly.

“I will call you, bye.”

“Bye.”

A child cried in the back ground.

“I have to go. I still haven’t found a full time maid.”

“If you were not working far I would help with babysitting and make some money.”

He laughed with his deep sexy voice that she loved so much.

“You love money Ayana.”

“It’s in my blood.”

“Well I think your wish may come to pass, I am going to be transferred back to Gaborone if I get the promotion.”

“I am sure you will get it.”

Ayana paused hearing the door opening.

“I have to go, mama is here.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

“Sharp.”

She quickly hung up and put her phone back in her pocket. An innocent smile pasted itself on her lips as her mother walked in the kitchen holding some plastics of grocery.

“Ayana.”

“How was your day?”

“Tiring, where is Lethabo?”

“He is bathing.”

“How long has he been there? He is a fish that one, as soon as he gets in the bathtub.”

They both laughed.

“I am going to lie down for a while. I am so tired.”

“Ok.”

Her mother walked away while she smiled with relief. God knew what would happen if anyone found out.

Lone walked in a restaurant at Molapo crossing Mall to collect her order that she had made over an hour ago. Her eyes fell on Colleen who was sitting with Vince eating. She could easily see something was going on, Vince had slept with her a week after she left the hospital the time she had a miscarriage and never called her ever again. Lone looked away approaching the teller. She got her order and walked out without glancing at them. With relief she walked out and straight to the parking lot. She unlocked her

car and climbed in immediately starting the engine. She frowned when it wouldn't start then tried again.

"No..." She muttered as she continued trying but it wouldn't start. She stepped out and opened the bonnet. She looked at everything in confusion not sure of where to touch.

"What's wrong with the car?"

She turned to a man who was now standing beside her.

"It won't start."

"Can I look at it?"

She nodded and stepped away. He touched a few things.

"Go and try starting the car?"

She got inside her car and turned the key. The engine immediately came to life and she smiled.

"Thank you so much."

He laughed and closed the bonnet.

“You should take it for servicing.”

“I will, thank you so much.”

“By the way, I am Tshepo.”

She smiled. “Lone.”

“Lone, tomorrow take the car for servicing.”

She laughed. “I will.”

“I want your number so that tomorrow I call to confirm you have taken it for servicing.”

She gave him her number before she drove away.

Arriving at her house she freshened up and sat in front of the TV watching her favorite soap eating.

She looked at the big house that made her feel extra lonely then sighed. She knew if she were to rent it out, it would bring her money. She was going to get a new car, maybe a Land Rover Discovery Sport. She would get a loan and purchase it. She could already see herself in the car at work, maybe then Anaya wouldn't feel so big.

She looked at her ringing phone and answered.

“Hey, there is a Friday service at church, come with

me. Kenneth is still in Goodhope and I don't want to go alone. I don't want to feel left out while people sit with their partners and friends."

"Ok, you can come pick me up."

Rachel laughed. "I am already on my way."

Lone changed into a dress and some pumps.

Minutes later, Rachel drove in. She walked out with her handbag and got in the car.

"Hey, thank you for agreeing to come with me."

"It's ok."

A gospel song played as Rachel drove to the church. Lone closed her eyes while Rachel sang along.

"I love this song so much, matter of fact, I just love Tasha Cobbs."

"What's left is for you to be a pastor."

Rachel laughed. "Kenneth loves church this days. I am not going to church because I want something from God anymore."

"Why are you going?"

“I am going because I love church and I am beginning to fall in love with God. The problem with most of us is that we go to church only when we need something from God, and when things don't happen when we want them to happen, we stop going or when what we want happens we stop praying. Sometimes you just got to praise God, are things going well for you or not.”

Lone laughed. “Yes wena Mamfundisi!”

Rachel hit her arm playfully then parked the car. They could hear the praise and worship from outside.

“I am so excited, the founder of the church who is based in UK is here with his wife. His wife will be preaching. Let's go.”

They stepped out and walked inside the building where they were greeted by ushers by the door. They settled in the middle seats and joined everyone in singing. Lone looked at the choir singing like the Joyous Celebration choir. Rachel screamed with other people when they started singing another song.

“I love this song!” Rachel said on top of the noise.

The entire church was singing and dancing. A while later, they sat down as the female pastor started preaching. A few minutes into the sermon Lone yawned.

The pastor continued to preach while she tried to fight off her sleep. She looked around to find everyone listening then looked at the pastor for a few minutes trying to concentrate but she started to doze. Catching herself, she took out her phone and discreetly went on social media.

Over an hour later, the pastor got off the stage and the choir took over. Everyone stood up and sang happily while they moved around socializing. A lady approached them with a warm smile.

“Sister Rachel, how are you? Where is brother Kenneth?”

Rachel smiled. “Sister Malebogo, I am good yourself? Kenneth is in Goodhope with work.”

“Oh, I see, I am blessed. You brought a friend?”

“Yes, this is my friend, Lone. Lone, this is Sister Malebogo.”

Lone smiled as the lady hugged her.

“Welcome sister Lone, I hope to see you again. Stay blessed.”

She walked away and Lone looked at Rachel.

“Who was that?”

“Our pastor’s wife.”

“Oh...”

“Let’s go.”

Anaya packed her bag as Miguel watched her the following morning.

“I am going to miss you.”

“Me too, but you can always come over.”

“It’s not the same.”

Anaya looked at him with a smile. “I know but I have to be with someone at this stage.”

“When are you going for your maternity leave?”

“In two weeks.”

“Why can’t you go at your house in two weeks then?”

“Babe, we discussed this.”

He sighed. “I don’t understand why you have to go now.”

“You will be fine. In three months you and I will be married and we will be together forever.”

“I can’t wait.”

She finished packing then put her bags near the door before joining him in bed. He spooned her kissing her neck.

“I went to see the house today.”

“Oh? And?”

“I think in three months, it will be ready.”

Anaya smiled. “It better. I am so excited.”

“So am I babe.”

His phone rang and he reached for it.

“Hello?”

Anaya listened closely.

“Miguel, my water broke.” Marang said at the other end.

“What?” He sat upright. “Isn’t that supposed to happen in a month?”

“It is, oh my God! My baby.”

“Relax, I am coming.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and jumped off the bed while Anaya struggled to sit.

“How come she is in labor at possibly 35 weeks? Because I know she probably conceived the day I did.”

“I don’t know. I am going to get her.”

“I am coming with.”

“Then let’s go.”

She got off bed and slipped her feet in her flip flops.

In the car, he drove like a mad man to her house.

“Stay here.”

He climbed out and ran inside the house. Seconds later he came out carrying her. He put her in the back seat and immediately got in the car and drove off while she screamed.

“Ohh God! Hurry.”

“Ok.”

He stepped on the accelerator and the car surged forward. Anaya rolled her eyes looking out through the window as Marang screamed.

“Miguel, the baby is coming.”

“I am almost there.”

Anaya watched as he overtook five cars and ran through a red traffic light then turned to the back seat, Marang was taking off her pants doing the breathing exercises. She pushed her legs apart and began pushing. Anaya looked away with a sigh then turned again.

“Marang, open your legs wider and push really hard,

we are almost there.”

Marang groaned as the baby’s head came out. Anaya took off the seatbelt and reached behind in order to catch the baby. Marang pushed twice more and the baby came out with a loud deep cry.

Meanwhile Miguel parked the car at the emergency section calling for help. Marang reached for the baby while Anaya stepped out of the car and opened the passenger door.

“Are you ok?”

“Yeah... I forgot his baby bag.”

“Miguel and I will get it.”

The nurses arrived with a bed making Anaya moved away to give them space. They took Marang and the baby inside, Miguel paced behind them getting inside. With a sigh, Anaya closed the backdoor and got in the drivers seat. She drove to the parking lot and parked before getting inside the hospital.

Minutes later, she reached for the door to the room where Marang was but the giggling she was hearing made her pause. Through the slightly opened door,

she watched them.

“He is so tiny.”

Marang laughed. “He weighed 2.5 kg. He is a premature but he is fine.”

Miguel smiled looking at his son in Marang’s hands.

“Can I hold him?”

“Yeah, sure.”

He took him from her and held him gently. “He is beautiful, I can’t believe I am a dad.”

“You better. What should we name him? I was thinking Miguel Junior.”

Miguel smiled. “Yeah, of cause. I like it. Thank you for this wonderful gift. I can never thank you enough.”

Marang rubbed his shoulder. “No, you thank you. I am a mom because of you.”

He looked at her then kissed his son’s forehead.

“You did well today.”

“I was so scared.”

Anaya walked away as they continued chatting
blinking away her tears.

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Lets comment and like, goodnight...

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#48

Anaya sat in the car with a throbbing heart. She held
her tears refusing to cry and waited for him. More
than thirty minutes later, he climbed inside the car.

“Hey, I have been calling.”

“My phone is at home.”

“I will drop you off before I go and pick up Marang’s
bag.”

“Why did you name her son with the name I wanted
to give mine.”

He looked at her. "I forgot."

"Then go and change it."

"Anaya is that necessary? We will give him another name."

"You just gave the name I had kept for my son away Miguel!"

"They can both have the same name, no big deal."

"What do you mean they can both have the same name?"

"Anaya, can we not do this?"

"No, we are doing this now. Go and change it."

He started the car completely ignoring her and drove her back to his house.

"You see how you are behaving right? Next thing you say I don't trust you."

"Anaya you are looking for a fight and I won't give it to you."

"I don't want to fight. I just want you to change the name. You are making me sound as if I am over

reacting, you just gave the name we were going to give our child to your other child. Why can't you see this from where I am standing?"

"I can. We will name him with my second name."

"I don't want my son to have your second name!"

He parked in front of the house.

"We will talk about this when I come back."

"Miguel, it's either you will change that name or not. Which one is it?"

"We will talk about this when I come back."

She looked at him for a while then got off the car. Tears ran down her cheeks as he drove off. She couldn't understand why he couldn't see things from her point of view. This was the name she was going to give her own son and he had given it to Marang's son as if she didn't matter. She walked inside the house and slid on the floor crying. He wasn't cheating but it felt as if he was. The pain was almost the same. She felt betrayed.

She took her phone and called him.

“Anaya, I am driving. Can we talk when I get back?”

“Please, change that name. You know I wanted to call my son that. I am begging you.”

“Ok, I will see what to do.”

He said then hung up. She wiped away her tears and stood up. She walked to the bedroom and crawled on the bed feeling sleep catching up with her.

Theodora smiled walking inside the kitchen. Melody was as usual, done with cooking.

“Hey morning bird.”

Melody turned with a smile. “Morning, I made food.”

“Thank you.”

She got her plate and began eating.

“I am so glad you didn’t go back. I really needed a friend.”

Melody smiled and continued doing what she was doing. Theodora's phone rang and she answered walking with her plate to the sitting room.

"Mama..."

"We are still waiting."

She looked at the TV, Melody's son was watching cartoons while her daughter crawled on the floor. She got her plate and walked to the bedroom.

"Mama, he said they are coming. Right now he went to SA on business, he will be back in a week's time. We will take it from there."

"Ok, I hope it goes well."

"Me too. I love him."

"I have to go, you will talk to me."

"Ok."

She hung up and sat on her bed eating. A little while later, she heard voices and she was pretty sure it wasn't Melody's kids. She stood up and walked to the kitchen where the noise was. She looked at Melody talking to some woman.

The woman turned to look at her with a look of disgust.

“Is that her?”

“Yes mom.” Melody responded while Theodora stood in confusion.

“Do you know that Christian has a wife?”

The woman asked and immediately Theodora knew who she was. She was Christian’s mother. The question left her speechless. She looked at Melody who’s eyes were full of anger. Anger she hadn’t known existed.

“Ma?”

“I said do you know that Christian is married?”

Theodora’s heart pounded not sure of what to say, not even sure of what she was being asked.

“Melody is Christian’s wife. You think you can just come from nowhere to ruin someone’s home? It’s girls like you who were never taught manners that are parasites to marriages.”

The animosity she saw in the two women’s eyes

scared her. She tried to grasp what they were saying, tried to understand it but she couldn't understand a single word. Christian was married? Melody was his wife. She looked at Melody as she thought of everything that has been happening. Melody cleaned the house, she cooked, she washed the dishes, she washed the clothes, she ironed the clothes. She did everything. Tears surfaced in Theodora's eyes then she slowly shook her head.

"I want you to make whatever that is yours and leave from my son's house. I don't understand, why didn't you say anything Melody? This boy is trying us. I am calling his father."

Theodora slowly walked back to the bedroom as she tried to fight off the fog of confusion that had possessed her. She took her phone and called Christian shaking.

"Babe, I am busy right now."

"Your mother is here Christian. Melody is your wife?"

"Shit!"

"They are kicking me out. Where should I go?" She

asked crying.

“I will deal with this. Lock yourself in the bedroom while I deal with it.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you were married?”

“I don’t love her. I just paid damages for her. She got pregnant, I wasn’t even in a relationship with her.”

“I can’t believe you. I am going. I am not going to stay for this.”

“Babe, please, I will try coming back earlier.”

She hung up and quickly locked the door. Her heart was still pounding, she thoughtfully looked at the car keys on the dressing table but thought of where she would go. Thank God she wasn’t going to work. She ignored the banging on the door and lay on the bed.

Marang looked at her baby while he sucked on her nipple. She smiled looking at his tiny fingers.

“Hey...” Miguel walked in with a food lovers plastic bag and put it aside.

“I brought you food.”

“Thank you.”

“How is he?”

“Junior is fine. They are discharging me this afternoon.”

He smiled looking his son.

“He is fine. My mother is arriving this afternoon from Shakawe. She is going to help me with the baby.”

“My parents are also coming. I am going to pay damages.”

Marang put back her breast in her top while Junior slept.

“Ok.”

“Can we talk?”

“Yah?”

He cleared his throat. “Thing is Anaya wants to name the baby Miguel Junior.”

“I am not changing my son’s name if that’s what you are asking.”

“Marang...”

“No! I am not doing that. Junior is his name.”

“Please.”

Tears surfaced in her eyes as she stared at him. “No Miguel. My son’s name stays, I don’t know what you will tell her but I don’t care. Junior is not changing his name.”

A tear ran down her cheek and she quickly wiped it off.

“Please don’t cry.”

“I am not crying. Junior is his name.”

“Ok. We won’t change it.” He said with a smile. “Why are you crying?”

“I am not crying.”

“I saw tears.”

She smiled embarrassed. “Stop.”

He lifted her chin. "You are a cry baby."

"I am not. I thought you were going to force the matter."

"I wouldn't."

His phone vibrated from his pocket and he took it out.

"My parents are almost home, I have to go."

"Bye."

"Call me when you get discharged, I will come and pick you up."

"Thank you."

He walked out pressing his phone. Marang looked at her son peacefully sleeping as another tear ran down her cheek. Her phone rang and she answered.

"Layla,"

"Hey, I just saw your message. I am so happy for you."

"I am a mom Layla, I can't believe this."

“What’s his name?”

“Miguel Junior.”

“You named him after him?”

“Yes. I love him Layla and I know there can never be anything more than what’s already there between us but I love him.”

“I am sorry sweetie, you will find your man one of the days I promise.”

“I don’t want to end like one of those women who get hung over a man for years.”

“You won’t. Anyways I will come by in the afternoon, I can’t wait to see your little man.”

“I am sending pictures.”

She hung up and took a picture of Junior and send it to Layla before posting it on her facebook account.

Anaya put a tray with juice before Miguel's parents with a respectful smile.

"Thank you my daughter." Mr. Mokwena said with a smile while his wife looked aside silently holding Angel in her hands. Anaya could tell she didn't like her and she couldn't understand why.

"You are welcome, I will call Miguel and ask him how far he is."

"Ok my daughter."

Anaya walked back to the kitchen in her long maternity dress where she had left her phone and called Miguel who's phone rang unanswered. She tried twice more but still, it rang unanswered. He had said he was going to watch a game with Pule and Kenneth. She scrolled through her contacts and paused staring at Pule's number. Not wanting to seem insecure, she put her phone down and walked back to the sitting room as Miguel walked in through the front door.

"Mama," he smiled then took Angel who was sucking her thumb. He sat besides his father greeting him.

“What time is visiting hour? I am anxious to meet the baby.” Mrs. Mokwena said with a smile.

“She is getting discharged, I will take you to her house.”

“Who will be helping her?”

“Her mother is coming.”

“Why did you not say anything about her all along?” His father finally asked.

“She came to me two months ago, I didn’t know.”

“You slept with her without protection, obviously you knew. Let’s talk outside, you have embarrassed.”

He handed his mother Angel and walked out with his father. Anaya walked to the couch and sat beside her.

“Can I hold her?”

Mrs. Mokwena looked at her. “With your prostitute hands?”

Anaya’s heart skipped.

“Don’t act surprised. I know you are with my son for

his money. You are a gold digger! I pity the woman who gave birth to you. No one wants to give birth to a daughter who does nothing but sleep with men for money and jobs. You might have fooled everyone but you will never fool me.”

“|-“

“Don’t talk to me. Leave my son alone. I know you are trapping him with that child, demanding cars you can’t even begin to drive even in your dreams and staying in his house. You disgust me. I am sure your mother planned this with you.”

Anaya took a deep breath and stood up. She walked away leaving Mrs. Mokwena who had began shushing Angel who was crying. She sat on the bed for a while staring at the walls. She couldn’t deny the fact that she was once a prostitute but she knew no one would understand why she had done what she did. She still hated herself for it even though circumstances had forced her. Finally, she stood up and walked to her packed bags. She dragged her suitcase out. Mrs. Mokwena watched her as she walked past her going outside.

Miguel frowned as she put the bag on the pavement. She walked back inside the house and got her suitcase with her work material and laptop. Miguel walked in as she tried walking out.

“What’s going on?”

“I am going home.”

“Now?”

“Yes, I have to go.”

“What’s going on?”

She looked at him. “Nothing.”

“Don’t say nothing, I can see something is going on.”

“Miguel please get out of my way.”

“What did I do? Is this about Marang?”

“No, it’s not. Now, get out of my way.”

“I am not going anywhere till you tell me what’s going on.”

She took a deep breath. “So you told your parents that I was once a prostitute?”

He sighed. "Who said that?"

"Your mother just called me a prostitute and insulted my mother while at it. Who else could have told them if it was not you? Your friends know I am a prostitute and so does your family. What do you want from me if I am a prostitute?"

"Anaya I honestly don't know who told them. The only person I told was Pule and that's it. My friends don't know anything about that."

Tears gushed from her eyes. "I must look stupid to you."

"Babe..."

"No, I must really look stupid to you. You have hurt me Miguel but it's ok. You are not the first man to. My own father did. Go ahead and tell the entire world that I am prostitute but please, while at it, tell them why I did it. Tell them my mother was dying and my siblings were starving to death. I am done with you. I don't want to get married anymore. You keep hurting , its enough."

"Anaya, please don't leave. Let us talk about this."

She tried pushing him off but he wouldn't barge. Finally she stepped back and cried putting her hands on her face. Miguel hugged her.

"I am sorry babe."

"Why?"

"I didn't tell anyone. Don't cry."

She calmed down.

"I have to go home."

"I am not letting you leave like this."

"Miguel please let me go. Take your parents to Marang."

"I said, I am not letting you leave like this."

"You didn't change the name did you?"

He sighed silently.

"And you have been giving Marang money behind my back."

"She really needed it."

"Couldn't you have told me? All this while, you made

me look stupid in front of that woman. What is it about Marang? I can't do this anymore. I can't, I tried and failed. Let me go, go to your precious Marang."

"I will come back when you are calm. I love you." He walked out taking the keys then locked her inside. She rushed to the door and banged on it.

"Miguel! Let me out." She screamed hoping her parents were in the house. If they were then they could easily hear her. She banged the door harder while tears ran down her cheeks. As minutes passed, she suspected that she was all alone moving back from the door. She walked over to the curtain and opened it exposing the sliding glass door protected by the locked burglar bar with a padlock both up and down. Her heart pounded as she walked over to the dressing table drawers. She opened drawer by drawer till she came across them. The keys to the padlocks and the glass door itself. She unlocked the padlock down then looked up at the remaining padlock.

She dragged the dressing table stool to the burglar bar and got on top of it carefully. She unlocked the

padlock then smiled getting off. Her smile quickly disappeared as she stepped on her long dress trying to get down losing balance and falling hard on her back with a loud yelp. She cried in excruciating pain as she felt as if her back had broken into pieces. A second later, she felt contractions as she lay helpless on the floor unable to move.

“God please no...” She whispered crying. She was bleeding, she could feel it.

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[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stilettos

#49

Miguel smiled looking at the rearview mirror staring at his son. Somehow he felt more like a man every time he looked at him. He looked back at the road and parked in front of her gate. Her mother stepped out with Marang at the backseat while he remained

with his father.

“I am proud of you son, having a child is a big achievement. I just hope you are ready for it. What is Anaya’s reaction to all of this?”

“She was hurt but we are good.”

“You shouldn’t make it a habit to hurt the woman you love, one day you will wake up and realize she is gone. It will haunt you forever. You should keep your priorities straight.”

Miguel looked at his mother laughing and smiling with Marang walking inside her house.

“I just wish mama can accept Anaya.”

“You know how your mother is. I personally like that girl for you, she is strong and smart. We all have done things we are not proud of at some point in our lives. According to what you told me, she had no choice and she chose her family in everything she did. She is the best you have ever picked.”

“Can you talk to mama? I am not happy with how she spoke to Anaya.”

“I will, don’t worry.”

“Thank you.”

“I have spoken to your uncles about paying damages to this doctor girl. Everything is set. We need to introduce him to the family. Where is Agang?”

“Tanzania.”

“That boy will kill me! He is still with someone’s wife?”

“Yeah, he won’t listen to anyone.”

“That boy humiliated me. I don’t even know where I went wrong raising him.”

Ayana looked at herself on the mirror wearing a dress and Anaya’s heels. She moved the weave back thrusting her chest out trying to look like an adult. A while later she took off her heels, put on her jeans and a top with her pumps. She removed the wig and

held her hair into a tight bun. She took her phone from the bed and went on WhatsApp and straight to his profile. He was handsome and tall, she closed her eyes briefly trying to shake her thoughts away but his face was all she could see. He had a cute smile that she loved so much and whenever he spoke to her with that deep voice of his, she always melted.

She looked at his picture once again and blushed. She couldn't understand why she felt that way for an older man, he hadn't said anything that could make her think like that or even done anything. He solely behaved like how a father would. She stood up and went back to the mirror.

"Are you reading Ayana?" She imitated him on the mirror. "If you want to be a nurse, you have to read. I like girls who are smart."

She giggled putting her hands on her face. Her door swung open and her mother walked in with a frown.

"Who are you talking to?"

She turned to her mother. "Ma?"

“Who are you talking to? I heard you talking.”

“Oh, I was practicing my presentation.”

Her mother looked at the weave and heels. “Are those Anaya’s?”

“Yes.”

She chuckled. “Don’t break a leg. I am going to a few things from the mall.”

“Ok.”

Her mother walked out and Ayana sighed with relief. Her phone rang and quickly reached for it.

“Hello?”

“Hey, I am in Gaborone, where are you?”

She smiled. “I am at home.”

“Can I see you? Just for a few minutes?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, I will be there in a few minutes, get ready.”

She put her phone away and applied a red lipstick on her lips. Her phone vibrated a few minutes later and

she took it already walking out. Lethabo was God knows where playing and she knew he would be back only later. She pressed the gate remote approaching the gate and walked out to his car as the gate closed. She got in the front seat and he immediately drove off.

“Hey, I brought you this.”

He handed her a Nando’s bag. She took it with a smile.

“Thank you.”

He looked smart and clean as usual, she wondered how she looked in simple jeans and t-shirt now regretting not wearing the dress and stilettos.

“You can drink that.” She looked at the opened can of coke. “I forgot to get you a drink.”

She immediately took the can and took a sip wetting her dry throat. He smelt good it made her heart beat uncontrollably.

He was silent all the way to a house where he parked the car and stepped out before he came to her door

and opened it for her. She got off with her food then he led her inside. She wondered who's house it was because as far as she was concerned, he no longer had a house in Gaborone as he had sold it.

"This is my friend's house. He is currently with his girlfriend for the weekend so I will be staying here."

She sat on the couch shyly. She had never been alone with a man like this.

"Ayana come here."

She slowly followed him to the bedroom.

"Are you shy?" He asked closing the door.

She shook her head no.

"I like you, you are a smart girl." He pulled her closer.

"When is your birthday?"

"It already passed."

"Ok. I am going to kiss you, ok?"

She nodded looking at him. He leaned over and kissed her lips, he had a fresh mint breath. He kissed her slowly while she stood there not sure of what to

do. He stepped back with a small smile.

“You have never kissed anyone before?”

She shook her head no.

“Good. Just relax, I won’t hurt you. Relax.” He whispered against her lips before he kissed her again. He thrust his tongue in her mouth really kissing. With her eyes closed, she kissed him back, slowly as he assaulted her mouth with his experienced tongue. She felt her panties wet while she stood there with her small hands on his chest. He pulled away and took off her top and bra before he cupped her tennis ball sized breast squeezing them gently. Ayana gasped as he picked her up and lay her on the bed. Her heart was beating so fast she thought she was going to have a heart attack. He unbuttoned her jeans pulling them down at the same time together with her panties. He took off her pumps and pulled off the jeans and panties throwing them on the floor.

Ayana put her hand over her chest shyly as he looked at her naked body.

“You are beautiful, don’t be shy.”

He got on top of her and baby kissed her lips then kissed her jaw and down to her neck. Ayana’s nipples hardened as he kissed her neck. He dropped wet kisses down to her chest then her sensitive nipples. He pulled one in his mouth and gently sucked. She whimpered softly pressing her legs together. He put the other nipple in his mouth and did the same as he had done with the first one, something was going happening to her and she loved every minute of it.

He kissed her going further down to her belly then her shaved vagina. He pulled her legs apart exposing her.

“Fuck!” He groaned opening her folds exposing her pink. Ayana’s breath hitched, she wanted to tell him to stop but at the same time she feared he wouldn’t. She sucked in a sharp breath when he ran his tongue on her. He did it again, this time not stopping. Ayana closed her eyes at the insane pleasure, she hadn’t expected that. Her toes curled as he licked and sucked her till she was vibrating moaning. Her body

spasped as she locked his head between her thighs. She finally relaxed then he opened her legs freeing his head. He took off his t-shirt then unzipped his jeans. He pulled her to the edge of the bed.

“Close your eyes.”

She slowly closed her eyes then she felt something rub her sensitive pussy. She knew what it was but kept her eyes closed. She didn't want to disrespect him in any way, she felt the need to satisfy him.

He continued rubbing her while the pleasure she had felt earlier came back, this time even more sweet. She relaxed moving her waist moaning softly. He kissed her still rubbing his dick on her then slowly, he pushed himself in her entrance. She moved her lips frowning at the uncomfortable feeling. He continued trying to push in while she shook with fear, it felt big though she couldn't be sure.

Finally, with one forceful push, he rammed inside her breaking through the barrier. She screamed in pain. Pule opened her legs even more wide and pushed further inside her.

“Oh God wait! Wait! It’s painful.” She said with tears in her eyes.

He slowly eased out then thrust back in again as she groaned trying to relax her body. Someone had said if you relaxed you wouldn’t feel the pain. He continued with the slow strokes as she pulled the sheets. Slowly she started feeling the pleasure she hadn’t felt before, all mixed with the pain. Her toes curled as he tapped something sweet inside her. She opened her legs wider as he continued to tap it now really fucking her with all his dick. Her body tensed as the pleasure multiplied with each thrust. She moved her waist and hips rhythmically. He put his elbows on the bed supporting his weight then pounded into her sending her straight to heaven. She closed her eyes briefly and widely opening them as her body convulsed. She felt as if she was having a seizure of pleasure.

He thrust into her a couple of times before he shot her load deep inside her and froze inside her. He slowly pulled out as Ayana winced. He closed her folds then her legs and sealed it with a baby kiss on

her lips.

Miguel parked his car behind Anaya's G-Wagon at his house. He knew she was probably still mad but hoped she had at least calmed down. He stepped out of the car with the huge bouquet of roses and walked inside the house. It had only been an hour and half since he left. He walked inside the house and went straight to the bedroom. He took out his key and unlocked walking inside. He froze at the door looking at Anaya lying in a pool of blood silently. He dropped the flowers and rushed over to her. She was unconscious, he put his shaking hand on her neck trying to feel her pulse. His heart skipped as he felt nothing then he picked her up and quickly walked to the car. He jumped in the front seat and drove off. All he could think was that he had killed her, had he not locked her inside the bedroom, nothing would happened to her.

At the hospital, the nurses took her in a small bed and rushed with her inside. Now he thought of everything he had been putting her through. She had forgave his cheating though she had been hurt. Instead of showing her the support she needed when she greatly needed it, he had turned to another woman who was more than willing to submit to him. It hadn't been love, that he knew but just how she was with him. He knew how Marang's pregnancy was hurting her yet he chose to go behind her back. He closed his eyes waiting for the doctor who was busy with her. She had begged him last night to change Marang's baby's name and he hadn't done just one thing she badly wanted him to do. He took a deep breath wondering how she must have been feeling , she must have been really hurt.

Vince walked out while Miguel stood up.

"How is she? The baby?"

Vince sighed. "I am sorry man but the baby didn't make it. She had a bad fall, maybe had she been brought earlier the baby would have survived."

He rubbed his face. "And her? How is she?"

"She is stable for now. She sprained her ankle and knee though. We are going to monitor her."

"Can I see her?"

"She is resting but ok."

Vince rubbed his shoulder and walked away. Miguel made his way to where she was, his heart broke as she lay unconscious on the hospital bed looking pale. He held her hand and kissed it.

"I am sorry babe..."

A nurse walked in with a smile, she looked at him.

"It's past visiting hour." She said softly.

He looked at her and sighed. "Can I have a couple more minutes with her?"

She looked at Anaya then at him. "Just a few minutes."

He turned his attention back to Anaya and kissed her forehead.

"I love you."

He watched her in silence for a couple more minutes and finally walked out. He bumped into the nurse.

“Thank you.”

She smiled walking away. “You are welcome.”

He headed to his car taking out his ringing phone.

“Yah?”

“Where are you? The el clasico is playing.” Kenneth shrilled.

“Shit! It totally slipped my mind.”

“How can you forget when Barca and Real Madrid is playing?”

Miguel unlocked his car and climbed in.

“I can’t make it. I will watch the highlights.”

“What? Come on.”

“Anaya lost the baby, I need to be alone.”

“Shit! What happened?”

“Let’s talk later.” He hung up and drove to a liquor store before he finally drove home.

He sat in the sitting room drinking Hennessy from the bottle going to his contacts and pressing Anaya's mother's number.

A car stopped a yard from Ayana's and she quickly jumped off while the car drove off. She walked to the gate pressing the spare gate remote. She walked inside the yard and went straight to the door. She walked in and almost fainted staring at the man she never thought she could see again. Tears filled her eyes while her knees immediately got weak.

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Like and comment. Our next insert follows at 22:30hrs.

[7/13, 16:13] The Alpha In Stiletto

#50

Tears filled Ayana's eyes as she stared at the man. He too looked at her sadly, he looked thin, she could almost not recognize him. He wore oversized clothes, his cheeks bones were all out. He could almost resemble the skeleton chart in her science class that was on the wall.

"Ayana..." His voice cracked.

She looked at him as tears ran down her cheeks. She had only been 8 years old when he left but she could still remember the day. Her parents had fought that day louder than they ever had. She could hear their voices even when Anaya put her hands on her ears. Her father had thrown their bags outside the house while her mother cried.

"Get out!" He had screamed at them and that was the last day she saw him. Today, there he was, staring at her and all she could do was cry silently.

"Ayana my daughter..." He took a step towards her but she stepped back. She didn't want him anywhere

near herself. Lethabo didn't even know him. He had only been two years old when he left.

Her mother walked in as she stared at the man.

"Mogomotsi, you are scaring my kids, I said leave a long time ago!"

He turned back going down on his name.

"My wife, please forgive me."

"Tswa mo ntlung yame! [Get out of my house.]"

He slowly stood up and walked out. Ayana put her hand over her mouth silencing her sobs. There had been times she had wished he came back but those times had long died down.

"Don't cry. Everything will be alright." Her mother wiped away her tears. "I am going to the hospital. I will see you."

"Are you ok?"

"Yes."

She walked out leaving Ayana standing confused.

Just before dawn, Lone started her car and smiled. The small sounds she had been hearing were now gone.

“Thank you.”

The mechanic looked at her. “Just doing what you pay me for but you should bring it for servicing regularly.”

“I will. Ok, bye.”

She closed her door and drove out of the garage as her phone rang. She sighed staring Rachel’s number.

“Hey boo.”

“Lone, are you busy? There is a ladies night out at church.”

“Yeah, I am little busy tonight friend, maybe next time.”

“What are you busy with?”

Lone tried coming up with an excuse. “I am

unplaiting. I have already started.”

“Oh, ok, so are you coming for the Sunday service tomorrow?”

“Nna mma go bua nnete hela, kea otsela. {To be honest, I get sleepy.}”

“I used to be like you the first days, it goes away after a while. Please come tomorrow.”

“Ok.”

“Thanks. Bye, I am already late.”

“Bye.”

Bored Lone hung up. It was boring hanging out with Rachel because all she did was talk about God. Lone was beginning to think maybe she was Jesus’s first cousin with the way she behaved. She had completely changed to someone who wore long skirts and held a bible with everywhere she went.

Theodora's dished for herself in the kitchen then poured herself a glass of juice while Melody stared at her.

"Christian is my husband and he is going to leave you because no man will ever leave his wife for a tramp like you."

Theodora twisted her fork in her spaghetti smiling. "Really? Says the person who has been cleaning after me for the last two months."

"I haven't been cleaning after you. I have been cleaning after my husband."

Theodora put the fork with the spaghetti in her mouth staring at Melody.

"He is going to leave you, trust me on that. He has been using you all this while. We have kids and trust me, that man will never abandon his kids."

Theodora chewed slowly then took a sip of her wine with a smirk.

"That's where you are wrong. You talk all this nonsense because all you know is how to squander

money you don't work for and pop out babies like a baby making machine. I actually pity you, you have been here working like a maid all because you think he is going to leave me? Honey, that's where you are wrong. You will always be a maid, a dirty maid because that's all you know. Don't ever compare yourself to me because hun, I am a diamond and you are a dirty stone. Christian is going to marry me trust me, he is going to give me a white wedding and I am going to wear a ring and be Mrs. Mwanza while you bark because that's all you know."

Melody angrily walked up to her.

"Ah-ah, don't even think about it. I will report you and you will be deported faster than how long you take to spell your name. You thought bringing your Christian's mother would benefit you on mission get rid of her? I am sorry it didn't work out. I am not going anywhere. After Christian and I get married, I will show you who's the boss trust me. But in the meantime, how about you start packing your bags because you are going to Zambia darling. Your little dirty kids are coming too."

She walked away holding her plate and wine leaving Melody shaking with anger. She sat in the lounge switching the channel from Cartoon network to a different channel. She quietly watched Keeping Up With The Kardashians while Melody walked past her going to the bedrooms. A minute later, Theodora heard a car driving in. She stood up and walked to the window where she peaked. Christian was back. He got off the car and waved at his colleague as he reversed out. She sat back on the couch eating, Christian walked in a second later with his bag. He looked at her while she kept her attention to the TV seeming unbothered by his presence.

“Babe,”

She ignored him and continued eating.

He put his bag down and walked towards her.

“Babe are you ok?”

“Tomorrow morning I am leaving.”

He sat beside her. “Let me sort this out.”

“Sort it out on your own, I will not be harassed by

your wife. You made me believe she was your cousin lying to me.”

“I didn’t know how to tell you. I love you.”

“I don’t about that, what I know is that I am leaving.”

“No one is leaving.” He pulled her chin and kissed her.

“I don’t know.”

He stood up and walked towards the bedrooms. Theodora went after him and found him in a heated argument with Melody who was crying. She took a step back as Christian slapped her. The woman in her tensed as Melody received another slap but recalling how Melody had treated her the previous day and walked away. Melody’s cries got even louder and Theodora increased the TV volume sipping her wine.

Anaya watched her mother walk in her room later

that evening as she fought the tears in her eyes.

“Naya...”

“Mama,”

A tear ran down her cheek.

“I just spoke to your doctor, I am sorry my child.”

Another tear rolled down her cheek. Her mother hugged her while she broke down. She still felt as if it was a dream, one that she badly wanted to wake up from.

“It will be fine.” Her mother whispered fighting her own tears. A while later, she was calm and just staring into the ceiling.

“Miguel called me.”

Anaya’s memory was intact, he had locked her in the bedroom to go and play happy family with Marang. She blamed him for the loss of her child.

“I don’t want to get married anymore.”

Her mother frowned. “What?”

“I want to cancel the wedding.”

“Anaya you losing the baby doesn’t mean you don’t have to get married. All this is-“

“I don’t want to get married anymore mama.” She sobbed. “Cancel the wedding.”

“Anaya!”

She turned giving her mother her back.

“I don’t want to get married anymore. Please cancel the wedding.”

“We will talk tomorrow. Goodnight.”

Her mother walked out, she covered her face and cried.

Miguel drank his hangover remedy in the kitchen early in the morning. Mokwena walked in while he threw the cup in the sink.

“Your mother was upset yesterday, you never bothered to come back. Marang’s mother came.”

“I am sorry.”

“What happened?”

Miguel turned to his father. “Anaya lost the baby.”

Mokwena sighed. “I am sorry son.”

“And it was because of me.”

“Miscarriages are no one’s fault.”

“I locked Anaya inside the bedroom yesterday before we left. We had an argument and she wanted to leave. I told her I won’t let her leave angry and that we would talk when I come back. When I did, she was lying in a pool of blood. She fell off the stool trying to unlock the burglar bars in the bedroom.”

Mokwena looked at him silently for a while. Miguel could see he was disappointed, him too was disappointed in himself.

“We need to go meet her mother and plan a funeral if there will be any. She is our daughter in-law, we will do things rightfully. I will go and inform your mother. We also need to go and see Anaya in hospital.”

Miguel nodded while his father walked away. His

phone rang from the kitchen counter.

“Hello?”

“Hey, you never came back yesterday. My mother arrived.”

“I am sorry.”

He heard the baby cry in the background. “It’s ok, are you coming with your mother today?”

“I don’t know. I am busy Marang.”

“Miguel is everything ok?”

“Yeah.”

“I can tell something is off, what’s wrong?”

“Anaya lost the baby.”

“Oh my... what happened?”

“She fell.”

“I am sorry. How is she?”

“She is in hospital. I don’t think I will come today. She needs me.”

“I understand. I am sorry.”

“Thanks.”

He hung up and walked to his bedroom where he freshened and left.

Theodora stood in the kitchen making English breakfast. Melody walked in and looked at her. Theodora turned with a bored expression, Melody’s face was swollen but that didn’t seem to move her.

“What is it now Melody?”

“You must be happy?”

“Who? Me?”

Melody slowly shook her head. “You flaunt because you are pretty but you don’t know Christian. You think you know him but you don’t. You are not the first girl he’s had an affair with and you won’t be the last.”

Theodora laughed. “I am going to be his wife. You

can bet on it.”

A tear ran down Melody’s cheek.

“Why are you doing this? This man has a family. Leave him alone.”

“You must say please and either way,” she turned back to her pot. “Your man is the one running after me. If I were you, I would take the evening bus back home. Your kids have been sitting not going to school. What future awaits them? Or what? You were hoping you will live here?”

Theodora looked at Melody. “That is not going to happen. You are retarded if that’s what you thought. Take your kids and go back home darling.”

“God won’t forgive you for this!”

Theodora laughed. “We will see.”

She dished for Christian then poured him his tea and put everything in a tray.

“You should do something about your face. You look like a butchered animal.”

She walked to the bedroom where Christian was still

sleeping.

“Baby...”

He slowly woke up and looked at her.

“I made you breakfast in bed. Sit.”

Christian smiled. “Thanks.”

She gave the tray sitting beside him. “When is Melody going back? Don’t the kids have to go to school?”

“She is going today. Don’t worry about her.”

“I am still upset. You lied to me.”

“I am sorry, what can I do to make it up to you.”

“You have been saying we will get married for a while now but I am starting to look like a fool. And I can see why you are procrastinating, it’s because you already have a wife.”

“I am going to speak to my father today.’

“I want to get married in two months. I don’t see why we have to wait. I just want to be Mrs. Mwanza.”

He smiled and kissed her. "I will talk to my father."

"Ok, eat."

She grabbed her phone and started searching for the ideal wedding she wanted.

Colleen smiled as her mother handed her Angel in Miguel's house. She had come as soon as she called her.

"Who's car are you driving?"

"A friend's. Wow! She is big."

"I am giving you your daughter but I will be here to help around since I am also helping Marang's mother with the baby."

Colleen looked at her mother. "Marang? The woman who showed up two months ago pregnant?"

"Yes. It's a boy."

“What if it’s not Miguel’s baby?”

“It is, I saw him. He has the birthmark.”

Colleen looked around the house. “Where is Anaya?”

“She lost her baby. I knew that child was not Miguel’s. I don’t like her.”

“Anaya lost the baby?”

“Yes, I don’t like that girl. I don’t even like her family, they look like opportunist.”

“Anaya’s family is not like that.”

“They are, I can see right through them.”

“Mama, Anaya is a hard worker.”

“She is a gold digger and I can see right through her. I don’t want her anywhere near my son.”

Colleen sighed and looked at her daughter.

“So what are you going to do when you go to work?”

“I will hire a nanny.”

“What much do you earn at the salon, I don’t understand why you can’t get a proper job, you have

a degree.”

“I applied but nothing has come up yet. The salon gives me good money.”

“You should apply at Miguel’s company’s, I am sure you will get something.”

“That’s nepotism and either way, I want to work for my own money. I have to go.”

“I will ask Miguel to drop me by later.”

“Ok.”

Colleen reached for her daughter’s bag and walked out. She put Angel in a car seat she had bought for her then jumped in the driver’s seat and drove off. Minutes later she was driving into her yard. She took Angel from the backseat together with her bag and walked inside the house. Vince was sitting in front of the TV watching soccer.

“Hey,”

Vince turned to her. “Hey, I thought you were just going to see her.”

“No, I am taking her.”

“You never told me that.”

“I am sorry but she will be staying with me from now on. Did you know Anaya lost the baby?”

“Yeah.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

He took a sip of his beer. “It slipped my mind.”

“How is she? What did Miguel say?”

“She will be fine.”

Angel woke up and started crying.

“Hold her.” She handed him to Vince then took out her bottle from the bag.

Colleen sat down and took her from Vince, she tried giving her the bottle but she refused crying even harder.

“Why is she crying?”

“I don’t know Vnce, maybe her diaper is wet.”

She put the bottle of milk down and laid her on the couch checking her diaper.

“She is fine.”

“She is loud.”

Colleen stood up and tried shushing her but she was getting even more louder.

“I think it’s because she is not used to me.”

Vince sighed increasing the TV volume. Colleen paced around trying to shush her. She tried of thinking of what to do but all she could remember was the day Angel cried this hard while on the bathroom floor. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at her phone. She knew if she called her mother then it would look like she doesn’t know how to take care of her baby.

“Shhh baby...” She put her on her chest rubbing her back.

“Colleen maybe you should return her. Angel is not used to you. She should get comfortable with you then you finally take her.”

“Vince my mother won’t take care of my child while I am there.”

He stood grabbing his car keys.

“I am going to watch the game with Onkarabile.”

Colleen watched him walk out then looked at her daughter. She picked the bottle again and tried feeding her. She moved her head crying even more.

Anaya closed her eyes with tears running down her cheeks. The pain in her heart couldn't compare to anything. A sob escaped her lips and she broke down crying hysterically. All she wanted was her baby, why did God have to allow hers to die.

“Babe...”

She looked at Miguel who had just walked in. she wiped away her tears staring at him.

“What you doing here? Don't you have to be with Marang and your son?”

“I brought you food.”

“I don’t want food, I want my child, can you give me that?”

He put the food down and looked at her.

“I know you are angry and-“

“You don’t know anything. You locked me inside your bedroom! Had you not locked me inside my baby would have not died.”

He swallowed hard. “I know and I am so sorry babe.”

“Don’t call me babe. I hate you. You killed my baby! Leave.”

“Anaya...”

“I said leave. I never want to see you again. You probably did it on purpose, now I am sure you can go and play happy family with Marang.”

“I am hurting too Naya.”

“Go be with your other child, I am sure Marang is ecstatic. Matter of fact you both must be happy, you both wanted this. Leave me alone. You and I are done.”

“I love you.”

“I don’t. Get out!”

He turned and walked out. She covered her face and cried.

Ayana lay on her bed smiling with her phone. She replied to a message giggling.

“Ayana! Mama is calling you.” Lethabo said walking inside.

“Ok, I am coming.”

She deleted her whatsapp history and walked out. She found her mother with Mr. Mokwena and she respectfully greeted him.

“Anaya just called me, she has been discharged. I will be going with Mr. Mokwena to collect her, clean her room.”

“Yes.”

“Ok.”

They both stood up and walked out. Ayana walked to Anaya’s bedroom and started cleaning. She couldn’t imagine what her sister was going through but knowing it was Anaya she knew she was going to be fine. Anaya could handle anything, her sister was a superwoman. She quickly cleaned then changed the bedding putting on another one. She also changed the curtains then sprayed a bit of her perfume and walked out.

She walked to the kitchen and started cooking early lunch.

“Ayana, so Naya is no longer going to have a baby?”

“Yes, but she will have another one.”

“Is she sad?”

Ayana looked at her little brother. “Yes, she is sad.”

“I don’t want Anaya to be sad.”

She smiled. “I also don’t want Anaya to be sad. When she comes, we will behave.”

“I am not going to Mompati’s house, I will stay in the

house and clean.”

“Good.”

“She is going to stay here with uncle Miguel?”

“No, uncle Miguel will stay at his house.”

“Yesterday I saw you getting in a car, who’s car was it?”

She froze and looked at her brother with her heart pounding.

“Uhh... you did?”

“Yes.”

“It was... it was my friend’s sister’s car.”

“But Lalah doesn’t have a sister with a car.”

“My friend from school.’

“Ok. I am going to watch TV.”

She sighed with relief and continued cooking.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#51

Anaya walked inside the house with her mother and Mr. Mokwena. She was surprised that Mma Mokwena had not bothered to come.

“I want to lie down for a while.”

“Ok.”

She walked to her room but paused passing Ayana’s room. With a sigh, she opened the door walking in. Ayana turned and quickly covered her body with her head.

“What are you doing?”

Anaya walked in closing the door behind her and looked at her nude sister holding a phone.

“Who are you sending those pictures to?”

“I am not sending anything.”

Anaya walked over and snatched the phone from her. She tried unlocking but there was a password.

“What is the password?”

Ayana kept quiet as she fearfully looked at Anaya. Pissed, Anaya slapped her across the face.

“I said who are you sending these pictures to?”

“I am sorry.”

“Ayana weh? Nkarabe. {Answer me.}”

“No one.”

“Ayana, you want me to beat you?”

Tears ran down Ayana’s cheeks. “I am sorry.”

Anaya moved back and tried a password but it refused. She tried again but still, wrong password.

“I am taking this phone from you. Forget iPhone, forget MacBook. I am not going to buy you those things.”

“Anaya I am sorry.”

“I said who are you sending this pictures to? Next

year you are going to a boarding school.”

“I was sending them to my boyfriend.”

“To who?”

Ayana moved back fearfully. “He said if I love him I should send them.”

Anaya chuckled with disbelief. “So you decide to send them?”

“I am sorry.”

“Why?”

“I love him.”

“You sending him nudes means you are cheap. He will never respect you rather he is going to show them to his friends. Everyone will see your naked body. There will be nothing special about you after that. Your naked pictures will be shared in social media groups and next thing, you will be trending. Or I have a better outcome. After you send him nudes, next thing you know, you are having sex, you get pregnant and kiss IHS goodbye. Kiss being a nurse goodbye. You will just turn into a nobody and while

your age mates go far with life, you will be stuck at home with a baby.”

Ayana put her hand over her mouth crying.

“You are grounded. No more phone, no more TV. I am going to put you in Lethabo’s school bus. No more Volleyball.”

“But-“

“But nothing.”

She turned and walked out with the phone. She switched it off getting in her bedroom. She stood against the door for a while trying not to cry but her heart throbbed. She walked back to Ayana’s room and looked at her as she dressed.

“I am trying to make life better for you. I work hard to make sure you have a great future, is this the thanks I get?”

Ayana looked at her. “I am sorry.”

“You are not sorry, you are only sorry you got caught. You have disappointed me so much it’s even painful. I never thought you could do this. Just know if you

get pregnant, I will not support you.”

She walked out and went back to her bedroom wiping her tears. She sat in her bedroom feeling as if the world was closing in on her. Her phone rang and she took it out from her hoodie pocket.

“Donald.”

“Hey, I tried calling you yesterday, how ARE the chickens?”

She took a deep breath. “They are ok, the last badge all sold, right now we have those which will be ready for selling next week. I managed to get 50 more layers making them 120. I have 100 eggs ready for sale.”

“That’s good, for a start you are doing well.”

“The two people I hired are doing wonderful jobs.”

“And the Catering company?”

“The government tender is putting us on the map. Right now we have three events we are going to be doing in the following two weekends.”

“That’s good, but that’s not why I called. There are a

few jobs open. Inside FNB but at the main headquarters in South Africa. You qualify for one of the jobs and it will mean an increase on your salary.”

“In South?”

“Yes. You should think about it.”

Anaya looked at her engagement ring.

“I know you are getting married but I think you should think about it.”

“I lost the baby.”

“What? When?”

“Yesterday.”

“Hey, I am sorry.”

A tear escaped her eye. “It’s ok.”

“Do you want me to come by?”

“No. I am fine.”

‘I coming. Where are you?’

“In Broadhurst.”

“Ok, I am on my way. Friends always show support

to one another.”

“Call me when you have arrived though you don’t have to come.”

“I am coming.”

Donald hung up and Anaya sighed.

Lone sat in the church bored as the pastor preached. He had been preaching for years and she was already hungry. She looked at Rachel who was paging the bible.

Her phone vibrated from her handbag. She took it out discreetly swiped the screen. She opened her message.

Tshepo: Did you take the car to the garage?

She smiled and quickly wrote her reply.

Lone: Yes, it’s fine now.

Tshepo: Why don't I believe you?

Lone: I did.

Tshepo: Ok, fine. I believe you. What are you doing right now?

Lone: I am church but I am already leaving.

Tshepo: Lunch?

Lone: Yeah, where?

Tshepo: Anywhere is fine with me.

Lone: My house, I am sending the directions.

She sent the directions then put her phone back in her handbag looking at Rachel.

"Hey, I have to go." She whispered.

"Where?"

"Home, I am meeting someone."

"Can't you go after the pastor's done?" Rachel whispered back.

"No, I have to go."

She smiled then stood up ignoring the stares she

was getting and walked out. She sighed walking to where she had parked her car looking at the cars which were all over. In her car, she reversed then drove off. She passed by a super market where she bought a few grocery before heading home.

Anaya's phone vibrated and she walked out of her room holding it.

"Where are you going? I have dished for you."

She looked at her mother. "A work friend of mine is here, I am coming."

She walked out as Ayana avoided her eyes. Outside, she sat in Donald's car.

"Hey, how are you feeling?"

She sighed. "It all feels like a dream, one I badly want to wake up from."

"I am sorry."

She covered her face with her hands.

“I am in pain.”

“I know.”

Donald pulled her closer and hugged her for a while.

He slowly let her go and stared in her eyes.

“You are still beautiful.”

Anaya smiled weakly moving back. “Thank you.”

“I brought you something.”

“What?” She curiously asked.

He gave her an envelope. She took it and opened taking out the forms inside.

“Application forms.”

“Thank you.”

“It will be a good opportunity for you.”

“I have a lot to think about, my businesses.”

“You can hire a manager for those.”

“I know but...”

“Take your time and think about it.”

“Ok. Thank you.”

“You are welcome. I brought you a drink.” He handed her an appetizer.

“Thanks.”

He looked at her then his eyes went down to her lips. He leaned over and softly kissed her. They slowly kissed in unison. A second later Anaya moved back. She rubbed her lips.

“I am getting married.”

“I know but are you sure he is the one.”

She swallowed staring at him.

“I love him.”

“Sometimes love alone is not enough.”

“You don’t understand.”

“He doesn’t deserve you. You know it.”

Anaya’s heart skipped when the Range Rover parked in front of them.

“God...”

Donald looked at Miguel step out of the car. Anaya quickly stepped out of the car.

“Who’s that?” Miguel asked getting closer.

“A work mate.”

Miguel opened Donald’s door. “Step out.”

Donald climbed out of his car and stood before Miguel. Anaya’s heart pounded as she looked at Miguel’s big body compared to Donald’s lithe body.

“Who are you?”

“I am Anaya’s work mate, we work together at FNB.”
He responded calmly.

“And you visit your work mates at their homes?”

“No but Anaya is also my friend.”

“Stay away from her and this better be the last time I see you here. Take that as a warning.”

Donald looked at Anaya then climbed back into his car and drove off.

Miguel closed the gap between himself and Anaya.

“Babe what’s going on?”

“He came to give me this work documents.” She raised the envelope.

“And he couldn’t do it tomorrow?”

“He was trying to be nice.”

“He wants you.”

“He is a friend.”

“I don’t like him. He wants to be more than friends and I don’t like it.”

“Same way Marang wants more than to be your baby mama?”

He sighed. “Anaya I love you.”

Tears filled her eyes.

“I need some space.”

“Babe can we please fix things.”

She shook her head. “I need some space. Some space to mourn my son. Time to figure out my future.

I am not sure of my future with you.”

He cupped her face. “I love you.”

“You can keep the cars.”

“I bought those for you.”

She shrugged. “I know but keep them. I think I will be fine.”

“Is this about my mother?”

“It’s about a lot of things.”

She turned and walked back inside the gate leaving him standing there.

Lone opened the door for Tshupo with a smile.

“I thought you got lost.”

He laughed. “No, I had to go and pick my daughter from the lady who does her hair and drop her home.”

She opened the door wider for him. He walked in

with her behind.

“You have a daughter?”

“Yes, she is 5.”

“And her mother?”

“She’s late.”

“I am sorry to hear that.”

“It’s ok, I am over it.”

“I am still cooking.”

“Let me help you.”

“Ok.”

They both walked to the kitchen where they started cooking together. A while later they sat in front of the TV eating.

“Where is your wife?” Lone asked staring at his wedding band mark.

“We are divorced.”

“When did you divorce her?”

“It was finalized two months ago.”

“Why did you divorce?”

“She just changed, she wasn’t the woman I met and I thought maybe it was just a phase. We were both staying in Maun because I stay there. She said she wanted to stay in Gabs and so I let her move with my mother and daughter. Our communication died. When I visited, she was just cold. I tried everything but nothing was working till she filed for divorce. I didn’t fight her because she sent me a long message saying she didn’t love me anymore. I respected her and when I visited two months back, I find that she had kicked my sick mother out of the house together with my daughter.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, I am now working from here. What about you? Where is he?”

Lone sighed. “I met him when he had nothing. I struggled with him, I loved him. So much that I knew I would do anything for him. I thought he would marry me once he made it but he didn’t. Five years down the line, I get pregnant and panic. I tell a friend

of mine and make her see my fears. I didn't want to become a baby mama and at the same time, I didn't want to disappoint him with getting pregnant because we had never discussed it. I aborted the baby and he found out. He just lost interest. I thought we would work out things but he moved on. He loves his new girlfriend."

"I am sorry, are you over him?"

"Obviously he will always have a special place in my heart but I am over him."

"So you want to get married?"

She laughed. "Yes but not now and at the same time not too late. Maybe in two years time."

"Right now I also don't want to get married. I feel marriage kills the spark between a couple, once one gets married, they stop doing things they have been doing before."

"I thought I was the only one who thought so."

"I don't want to end up like that again. So you are a church girl?"

Lone laughed. “No. My friend forces me, I always fall asleep.”

He laughed with her. “You are going to hell.”

“Heela, kare ha moruti a simolla go ruta hela, boroko bareng mo go nna! {When the pastor starts preaching, I get sleepy.}”

“I don’t remember the last day I went to church.”

“My friend is into church, she forces me to go. Today I walked out while the pastor was preaching. You should have seen how people were looking at me.”

He chuckled. “I can imagine. When I was going up, I was a church person. My mother never missed a service but one day she just stopped going. I guess that was the last day I went to church.”

They finished eating and washed the dishes still chatting. A while later they sat in front of the TV watching a comedy laughing.

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Don't forget to like and comment.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#52

A Few Weeks Later...

Miguel leaned back on his chair staring at his phone. He looked at her number for a while before he tapped it. He listened as her phone rang, his heart racing. He hadn't spoken to her since the small funeral they had for their son.

"Hello?"

"Hey, how are you?"

"I am fine."

"Can we have dinner together."

"Dinner is fine. I want to talk to you about something."

He smiled with hope. "Where do you want me to pick you from?"

“At home. I am already on my way home.”

“Ok, I love you.”

“I love you.”

She hung up leaving him with a smile, he had expected her to resist his offer. Miguel stood up and packed his things before he walked out of his office. His phone rang as soon as he stepped inside his car.

“Ken,”

“Can I watch the game at your house today?”

Miguel chuckled. “No, Anaya is coming over for dinner.”

“She finally came around?”

“I am hoping so.”

“I can’t deal with Rachel these days.”

“She’s still in the church thing?”

“She’s always carrying some water saying it’s holy water. That shit is beginning to freak me out. O kare dilo tsa boloi hela. {It’s like witchcraft things.}”

“Amme o ja sengwe tota?{Are you getting some?}”

“We barely have sex because she always have some church thing going on.”

Miguel laughed. “You should tell her.”

“She won’t listen, nna ke lapile. {I am tired.}”

“Vince is probably at his house. Mo cheke. {Check on him.}”

“Sure.”

Miguel passed by a shopping mall where he bought a few things and drove to Anaya’s house. He parked by the gate and stepped out with shopping plastics. He pressed the intercom and seconds later, he was walking towards the door.

“Uncle Miguel!” Lethabo screamed running towards him.

“Champ!”

“You never visit this days.”

“I have been busy at work, but I brought you your favorite pizza.” He handed him the shopping plastics.

“Thank you.”

Anaya’s mother soon walked out holding her bible. He respectfully greeted her.

“How are you my son?”

“I am fine ma, yourself?”

“I am good, Anaya is inside, I am going to church.”

“I can drop you off.”

“Oh no, it’s just around the corner.”

“Ok.”

Anaya came out in a flared dress and pumps. She had lost the baby fat so quick or maybe just gotten more sexy, he wasn’t sure.

“Hey,”

“Hi.”

“Let’s go.”

She walked in front of him giving him a chance to look at her round butt while her hips moved from side to side.

They got in the car and he immediately drove off. He stole glances at her, it was like she had gotten more beautiful in the weeks he had not seen her. He looked back at the road with a smile on his face and when he glanced at her again, she blushed looking out through the window. Miguel stopped the car at the red traffic and really looked at her.

“What’s up?”

She shyly looked at him. “Nothing.”

“Ke a go rata wautlwa nana? {I love you.}”

He reached for a mugnum at the backseat and gave it to her. She looked at him and smiled, she had that twinkle in her eyes, the twinkle that always got to him.

“Thanks.”

She opened it and started eating as he drove to his house. Anaya walked behind him inside his house and he noticed her looking at her huge picture frame on the wall. She had been laughing at something completely unaware that someone was taking a picture.

“I am going to change and cook for you.”

She smiled sitting on the couch and switching on the TV. He quickly went to his bedroom and freshened up before he went back to the kitchen in sweatpants and a t-shirt. He prepared noodles and twenty minutes later, he served her bowl of noodles with juice.

“Bon appetit.”

“Is this what you have been eating?”

He sat beside her. “It’s what I can cook.”

She tasted the noodles and smiled eating even more.

“Not bad.”

“I am expect when it comes to noodles. I survived on those when I was still at UB. I didn’t stay on campus, I rented a room with Ken and Vince. Most of the time we didn’t have electricity, I would soak them in cold water and eat them cold.”

They laughed.

“I am serious. It was rough back then, we stayed in Tlokweng and later moved because Vince claimed

he saw a ghost in the room in the middle of the night after the landlord had threatened us the previous day because we were late on rent.”

Anaya laughed even harder.

“You are making that up.”

“I am not, Vince didn’t sleep that night. He even started praying while listening to gospel songs. We had to move in with Ken’s girlfriend.”

“Where was your girlfriend?”

“O ne a dumpile. {She had dumped me.} I was broke back then, she said she didn’t want a broke boyfriend and left me.”

“Why don’t I believe you?”

He laughed. “Heela mma! Monyana ole o ne a dumpile,{That girl had dumped me,} she did it in front of my friends are ene o batla banna ba ba serious.{saying she wants serious men.} Kana ebile nako yateng kene ke mo reketsi curdburry ka madi ame abo helo. {I had bought her a curdburry with my last money”

She smiled. "You must have been hurt."

"I was ebile kena le stress gore. {I was stressed.}"

He took Anaya's empty plate and held her hands.

"I love you."

She looked into his eyes, hers sparkling with tears. She looked down as a tear ran down her cheek. He pulled her chin up and brushed away the tear before leaning over kissing her. Gently he laid her on the couch pulling out her panties while her dress rode to her waist. He unzipped his pants and dropped his dick on her breathing heavily. Getting between her legs he rubbed the tip of his dick on her clit then finally pushed himself inside her.

"Fuuck!" He groaned while she moaned softly wrapping her legs around his waist.

Theodora closed her eyes listening to her mother on the phone while she sat in the bedroom the

following morning.

“Why did you not say anything about his wife?”

“I didn’t think it mattered. “

“Theodora I don’t even know what is going on with you this days. This man already has a family.”

“He just paid her bride price only.”

“She is his wife. No one in that family approves of this marriage, nna mma I can’t keep this money because I feel as if I have sold you off to the wolves.”

“Mama, I love Christian and we are going to have a white wedding.”

“Theodora I don’t trust this man. What if he doesn’t marry you? Maybe he is a polygamist, will you manage?”

“Mama please, Christian makes me happy. Please be happy for me.”

“I am but... I am worried.”

“I will be fine. We are not going to have a big

wedding at the moment.”

“Whatever makes you happy.”

Theodora hung up and sighed. She massaged her temples, Christian’s parents didn’t approve, she had overheard him on the phone with his father who seemed like a very strict man. The negotiations had been led by Christian’s uncles though all with hesitance. Now her bride price had been paid, she didn’t feel as excited as she had been before, all she could think about was just how Christian’s parents were against the relationship.

Her phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Cousie!”

“Yaone, what do you want?”

“I heard Christian paid your bride price.”

“Yes, how can I help you?”

“Help me?” She laughed. “Darling I don’t need any help. I feel sorry for you, I am so glad I dodged that bullet. Imagine, being a second wife?”

“Is that all?”

“Yes, life will show you. You thought you were smart, wait until Christian shows you who he really is.”

“You know what, I don’t have time for this.”

Yaone laughed. “I hope he takes you with to Zambia and leaves you there in the farm.”

“Keep hoping.” She hung and almost threw her phone angrily against the wall.

Marang tried Miguel’s phone again the following morning looking at her son as she sucked on her breast. It rang unanswered yet again.

“Who are you calling?” Her mother asked handing her a bowl of soft porridge.

“Junior’s father. I am worried. He hasn’t been picking up my calls.”

“Maybe he is still sleeping. Stop bothering that man

Marang, he has a wife, weren't you the one that told me they are getting married in a few weeks? If I were you I would behave properly with that girl."

"Anaya is full of herself, if she won't take care of Miguel then I will."

Her mother clapped. "Let us see where you end up. If he wanted you then he would be marrying you not her. There are women out there who don't like sharing their men with another woman or even his child. He will abandon Junior to make her happy and forget about maintenance. You will get P500 and she won't even care."

"Miguel would never abandon his son."

"For your sake, I hope so. Give me the baby and eat."

She sat properly as her mother walked out with Junior then called him again.

"Hi."

She smiled. "Hey, I was worried. I have been calling."

"Is Junior ok?"

"No, I want to start giving him formula."

“Are your breast not producing enough milk?”

“They are but I want her to get used to formula.”

“That child is too young for formula.”

“Rragwe Junior, I don’t want him to struggle when I go back to work.”

“Marang, you will pump milk when you go back to work. I don’t want my child drinking formula when you produce enough milk for him.”

She sighed. “Ok.”

“Was that all?”

“Yes.”

He hung and she looked at her phone, she hadn’t expected the conversation to go that way.

Anaya looked at Miguel as he parked in front of her house.

“She wants to stop breastfeeding?”

“Yes.”

“I want to see him.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“I will pick you up from the bank.”

“Ok.” She stepped out of the car and pressed the intercom. The gate opened and she walked inside as Miguel drove off.

“Did you fix things like I told you to?” Her mother asked as soon as she walked inside the house.

“Yes.”

Anaya went to her room and prepared for work. Her phone rang as she put on her heels.

“Hello?”

“Hey, did you tell him?”

She sighed fixing her lipstick.

“No, not yet.”

“Why?”

“Donald, I just can’t do that. We are getting married.”

“So you went back to him?”

“I love him, I can’t help that. If love had a manual then I would have long found the chapter on how to walk away. I would have long changed the way I feel. I love him and it hurts that I do when all he does is fuck up.”

“You deserve better. You lost your child because of him, he gave your baby’s name to his other woman. What else? When is he going to stop tearing you down? I used to think you were better than all this, I really did. But of course, you never fail to surprise me. I pity you, you settle for less yet you know you can always have the best.”

“We are already married.”

“You can always leave, it’s pointless to stick with someone who will never respect you or put you first. You will always fight the other woman.”

“You don’t understand.”

“You lost your baby because of him. He cheat on you.”

“I am partly at fault, had I not shut him-“

“There you go, defending him for cheating on you. Come on Naya, you are better than this. You don’t need him.”

A tear ran down her cheek. “He is... I love him.”

He sighed. “Some marriages survive long distance, going to South Africa will be the best thing to happen to you.”

“I am not going to get in a long distance marriage.”

“Is he really worth it?”

“We will talk when I get to work, I have an incoming call.”

She hung up and picked her handbag and laptop back walking out. Ayana and Lethabo were sitting having their breakfast.

“Which exam are you writing today?”

Ayana put her spoon down. “English composition.”

“I hope you are ready.”

“I am.”

“Good. Good luck.”

She smiled at Lethabo and walked out to her a taxi. He was already parked outside.

“Morning.” She said getting inside.

“Morning Naya.”

She sat silently till the taxi dropped her off at the bank. She got off and confidently walked inside. No one stared at her anymore like they did the first week after she lost the baby. She walked to her office and sat down. She took out her laptop and checked her emails while Donald walked in.

“Coffee?”

“Thanks.”

She frowned staring at an email then smiled.

“What is it?”

“Remember the school I told you about? The one that was looking for a chicken supplier? They just

responded and I am in! NAYA CHICKENS.”

“Wow!”

“I know. I didn’t think I would get it.”

“Soon you will be selling to supermarkets.”

“I can’t wait. I smell money.”

She took the coffee and sipped.

“I feel I should stick with you because you are going to be super rich.”

She laughed rolling her eyes. “I wish.”

“You should believe in yourself. See how far you have made it?”

“Thank you, for all your support.”

He smiled. “Let’s go to SA together. Leave. Start anew.”

She looked in his eyes. “You know I can’t.”

“Yes you can. How long did you stay without a job Anaya? How long did you suffer? And now you stand a chance of getting an even better job position. You

will be working at the headquarters in South Africa. Think about it.”

He walked out. She took the letter she had received a few days ago and read through it. A smile started from the corner of her lips but there was just a lot she couldn't leave behind.

The rest of her day went smoothly. She stepped out of the bank with her bags. She immediately spotted the Range Rover. She walked towards it while he stepped out opening the door for her.

He kissed her as soon as she approached him.

“You look beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

She got inside the car while he closed the door. She turned to the window as Miguel walked round the car and locked eyes with Lone. She hadn't seen much of her lately. Lone got in the Land Rover Discovery that was beside Miguel's Range Rover and drove away.

At Marang's house, Anays stood beside Miguel as he knocked on the door. Seconds later, the mother opened the door and smiled at them.

"Son,"

Miguel smiled with Marang's mother exchanging pleasantries. She let them inside the house and sat on the couch while she went to collect her daughter. Minutes later Marang walked holding her son in a dress with pink lipstick, she handed him to Miguel while Anaya wondered when she found the time to put on her makeup and even put on a lace front.

"He is sleeping."

Miguel smiled staring at him then looked at Anaya.

"You want to hold her?"

"No!" Marang barked. "He doesn't like strangers."

"He is sleeping. I just want to see him."

"I don't want strangers touching my child."

Anaya looked at Miguel who gave back the baby to

Marang.

“Go and put him down, I want to talk to you.”

Anaya watched as Marang walked away feeling her anger return. She too could be holding her son this moment. She took a deep breath wanting to just leave already, Marang was full of it that Anaya considered convincing Miguel to let them raise the little boy.

Marang came back and sat opposite them.

“I don’t like that attitude of yours. Anaya is my wife and when Junior visits, Anaya and I will take care of him. She is not a stranger but my wife.”

“My child is not going to visit you. If Anaya wants a child so bad, let her have her own. Anaya hates me, who knows what she might do to my child. Close the door on your way out.” She stood up and walked back to her room.

Anaya rubbed her eyes and stood up fixing her blazer.

“Let’s go.”

Miguel stood up anger flashing in his eyes.

“Leave her alone. It’s fine.”

They walked back to his car while Anaya tried hard not to cry. She wasn’t going to let Marang make her cry. Not ever. This was the last time.

“I don’t like the fact that you give her more power but I guess she behaves like that because neither do you respect our relationship. I will not be looked down upon by your mistress or be disrespected by her. This better be the last time she talks to me like that, put your fat road runner in her place. I don’t want to fight with you because honestly it’s not worth my energy.” She said calmly.

“It won’t happen again.”

“For your sake I hope not because I am not scared of walking out on our wedding day. I have nothing to lose.”

He looked at her and kissed her cheek. “I want to show you something.”

They got in the car and Miguel drove headed a

different direction. Anaya's phone rang from her handbag.

"Colleen,"

"Hey, when are we going to start practicing the dance moves for the wedding?"

"I don't have a lot of bride maids, I just didn't think it was necessary."

"How many are we?"

"Three, with Ayana."

"No, be serious, don't you have friends?"

"I don't do friends anymore."

Colleen laughed. "I get you but we can't possibly be three. Where are your cousins?"

"I didn't want a big wedding."

"Nyaa mma, call your cousins and work colleagues, I am sure there is one person you are in good books with. And you know how our cousins will be waiting to be there at the wedding."

Anaya sighed. "I will talk to some colleagues who

like me. They are only two and two more cousins, and maybe my mother's friend's daughter."

"And me. Meaning we are now nine. The Mokwena's are a huge family, so naturally it's going to be a big wedding. What about Rachel? Is she part of the team?"

"I never asked because I don't want drama."

"I get you, we will get Kenneth someone."

"Ok, thank you."

"It's ok, I hope your wedding planner knows what she's doing."

"She does."

"Now the outfits."

"The three people who I was sure of already have outfits."

"Ok, send me the pictures and everyone's number. The bride maids, I will create a group. I think everyone should buy her own dress."

"I will send them but after I ask them."

“I will ask them, you just send the numbers.”

“Ok. Thank you.”

“That’s what sisters are for. Is your dress ready?”

“Yes, I am seeing it on Saturday.”

“Ok, I am going to talk to Kenneth about their suits.”

“That would be helpful.”

“I can’t believe in a few weeks you will be getting married. I feel so excited.”

“We will talk.”

“Send the numbers.”

She hung up and sent all the numbers to Colleen on whatsapp.

“She is about to hijack all the planning.”

“She is helping me, I am so busy at work, I need all the assistance I can get.”

Miguel parked in front of their plot in Mmokolodi. The house was taking shape and it was huge.

“Is it a double storey?”

“Yes.”

Anaya smiled as they stepped out of the car.

“I love it.”

Miguel looked at her.

“I love you.”

Anaya looked back at the house, this was the house she was going to live in once she got married. She was going to be Mrs. Mokwena, she looked at Miguel wanting to tell him about the job but his smile had her keeping quiet, rather she hugged him tightly.

Kenneth typed on his computer focused on what he was doing. His PA waked in holding her handbag obviously ready to leave.

“Sir, I am going now.”

“Ok Gorata, see you tomorrow.”

Gorata walked out but stopped as she walked out of the offices. He worked late these days and came in early. She could see he was exhausted which made her wonder what was the problem. She had seen his wife once and that was months ago. She looked ok, maybe she was cheating. She walked to the nearby restaurant and bought a takeaway with a soft drink before heading back to the offices. She walked in and he was still typing. He raised his head and looked at her.

“You forgot something?”

“Yes.” She placed the takeaway and soft drink before him.

“You need to eat, you were out during lunch, I doubt you ate.”

Kenneth smiled. “You don’t have to bother yourself.”

“I am not bothering myself, I am just doing my job, you work harder than anyone and I have to make sure you are eating properly while at it.”

“Thank you.”

He started eating while she stared at him. He was cute, she barely saw him talk too much expect when it came to business, there he was ruthless. She loved it when he was talking to important people, he never got intimidated and it turned her on.

“You can go.”

“No, I want to make sure you finish the food, you can’t work on an empty stomach.”

He laughed. “Ok.”

He finished eating while she took off her high heels.

“I am going to leave till you do, what can I do to help?”

“I am not going to give you raise if that’s your plan.”

They both laughed.

“No, I don’t want a raise, I just want to help.”

“Ok.”

He gave her a few thing to do and together they worked silently. Gorata stole glances at him, obviously his wife wasn’t taking care of him. It was

hard these days to find such a man. A while later, they were done.

She stood behind him and started massaging his shoulders.

“You are tense, you should relax.”

Kenneth sighed.

“Thanks.”

Gorata continued massaging him, squashing the knots on his shoulders. She moved back a while later.

“I think you are good now. You should rest.”

“Thank you.”

She picked her handbag putting on her shoes and walked out with some files which she put on her desk. She wanted to go back in his office and boldly kiss him but knowing the kind of man he was, she knew he would probably reject her and even fire her. God knows how much she needed her job, with a sigh she walked headed to the bus stop.

Kenneth looked at the time calling Rachel.

“Hey babe, I am getting inside the church, we will talk later.”

“Church again?”

“Yes, I can’t miss today.”

“Do you ever miss any service?”

“Don’t be like this.”

“I feel like you are more focused on church than you are at home. We were supposed to be running our company together but you are always at church.”

“Kenneth, it’s not my fault that you don’t like church, I do.”

“My issue is not you liking church, my issue is that you can’t seem to make time for me. You are never at home, you are always at church. We can’t have a normal conversation without you putting church into it.”

“So I should stop going to church?”

“And you are yet again missing the point.”

“I don’t get your point, you want me to quit church?”

“I want you to make time for me. When was the last time we just had a relaxed evening? When was the last time we had sex?”

“Ken can we talk later, I am entering the church.”

He angrily hung up and walked out of his office. In his car he drove headed home but stopped at a bar stop where Gorata was standing.

“Jump in, I will drop you off.”

She smiled and got in. Her skirt rode exposing her thighs and he quickly looked away trying to unsee what he had just seen. He was her employee and he had to maintain a certain level of professionalism. A while later Kenneth stopped the car in front of a house.

“I stay here, thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

She opened the door but then closed it and kissed him. Her bold move took him aback but he was quick to respond before she could stop. His hand went to her exposed thighs and further inside her skirt.

“There is a lodge.” She whispered against his lips.

He started the car and drove to a lodge where they both got off and checked in. As soon as they got in, they kissed roughly, clothes dropping on the floor.

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[7/13, 16:15]The Alpha In Stilettos

#53

People gathered in Miguel’s yard dancing to Sho Madjo’s song following the choreographer’s instructions. For minutes they did the routine, repeating when they messed up and trying again. A while later they took a short break while Kenneth

remained dancing alone in a funny manner.

“Stop embarrassing yourself.” Vince shouted drinking his water making everyone laugh.

“I dance way better than any of you.”

“Way better than who? You know you are the worst.” Pule teased.

Miguel walked inside the house dialing her number but it still rang unanswered.

“Hey, where is Naya?”

He turned to look at his sister.

“She is probably on her way.”

Colleen headed to the kitchen.

“Is Agang going to come?”

“Yes. He is my best man.”

She smiled. “I was worried. I thought he wasn’t.”

“Who is Angel with?”

“Her nanny. I had to find someone who look after her while I go to work. I have an interview tomorrow.”

Miguel smiled. "At least you will be able to pay your own rent."

She rolled her eyes. "Call her again. People are tired."

"Ok."

She walked out as he tried her number again and sighed when she didn't answer. Outside they stood in line, Anaya's cousins and work mates with his own crew. He danced with one of her cousins who's name he had forgotten. About thirty minutes later, they were done and all his cousins left.

"I have to go to work." Vince grabbing his phone.

"Thanks for coming."

"I wouldn't miss this for the world. Your wedding has been long awaited for. We will talk."

"Vince, can you drop me along way?" Colleen asked walking towards him.

"Yeah sure."

They walked to his car and left while Pule drove behind them.

Ken approached him holding his phone. "I have to go too, maybe Rachel is back from church."

"You should barn the whole church thing."

"That would make me look like a heathen."

"Then be a heathen and get your woman back. It's things like this that push to cheating."

"She says she loves God."

"She doesn't need to go to church to love God. Let her pray at home. You need to put your foot down."

"I will, see you."

Kenneth's phone rang from his hands and Miguel caught a glimpse of the caller ID.

"Gorata? Your PA?"

"It probably has to do with work."

Miguel shook his head. "You shouldn't fuck your workers, that's the worse thing to do. It will turn sour. I regretted fucking Rebaone the time she started working as my PA because she had an attitude."

"Rebaone? That tall thin girl?"

“Yeah...”

“She is not even pretty, what did you see in her?”

They both laughed. “Stop fucking your PA’s. It’s wrong.”

Kenneth laughed getting in his car. One of Anaya’s cousins walked over and looked at Kenneth in his car..

“Hi, tlherra wena ke kopa lift. {I am please asking for a lift.}”

“Yeah sure.”

Miguel shook his head at Kenneth as she got in.

“Don’t do that.”

“I am not doing anything. Sure.”

He drove off while Miguel chuckled in disbelief.

Another car with Anaya’s work mates soon drove out with two more of her cousins. He knew she wasn’t close with them but just circumstances pushing her to inviting them.

Back inside the house he found the cousin he had

been dancing with talking to the phone. She hung up as soon as she saw him.

“Hi, I am sorry but I was supposed to go with Anaya.”

“You are the one staying at her house?”

“Yes, she is not picking.”

“What’s your name again?”

“Neo.”

“I will drop you off.”

She smiled. “Thank you.”

Miguel walked to his bedroom and took his car keys. As he walked out, Neo walked in.

“What are you doing?”

She smiled and took off her dress remaining nude. She squeezed her breast licking her lips. She slid one hand between her legs and gently rubbed herself moaning.

“Anaya is not here.”

The door opened and Anaya walked in with a smile

holding a box. Her smile slowly disappeared as she looked at her naked cousin who now looked terrified.

“What’s going on here?”

“She is coming onto me.”

Neo quickly shook her head crying. “Naya...”

Anaya slapped Neo hard across the face.

“Koore o ntlwaetswa keng? What do you think you are doing?”

“He said if I sleep with him he will pay me.”

Anaya slapped Neo again then kicked her hard that she fell.

“So you think you can get it on with my man?” She grabbed Neo with her head and banged her countless times on the floor. Miguel pulled her off while she breathed hard. Neo ran off naked as Anaya tearfully stared at Miguel.

“Are you now sleeping with my relatives?”

“Babe come on, she came onto me.”

“And you let her! You were watching her.”

“I was only shocked.”

“Fuck you! You think I will believe that? I can't believe this!”

“Anaya..-“

“Don't you dare Anaya me! Miguel you must think you are special but you are not. I don't need you. I can still make it without you. You think because I let your cheating slide in the past I am desperate for you? I am not and will never be. Fuck you! Busy taking all sorts of STD's from whores in the streets.”

“I am not sleeping with your cousin.”

Tears burned her eyes as she fumed.

“Fuck you! Busy spreading you weak sex around, you are not even nice. I am leaving your sorry ass, let's see who you will marry because it's not me. I will not be stuck with a street whore who can't control himself yet can't dish out good sex. If it wasn't for the fact that you have money, nobody would want you, you think you can bitch around all because you are now rich yet you can't even do it with people who are worth it. You are an embarrassment to the entire

nation.”

“Anaya stop talking to me like that. I am warning you.”

“Or what?” She screamed.

“Anaya...” He warned.

“Fuck you! Piece of shit!”

Miguel slapped her across the face.

“Say that to me again, I will beat you so hard if you talk me like that. For the last time, I didn’t sleep with your cousin.”

She rubbed her cheek silently crying.

“I hate you. You are a dog!”

He smiled and grabbed her hair pulling her closer to him.

“I am going to fuck that attitude out of you, clearly we need to do some fixing here.”

He kissed her hard putting his hand inside her dress and touched her flash.

“Where are your panties?”

“I want to go.”

“You will, after I am done with you. Anaya you are my wife and I have every right to every part of your body.”

He rubbed her clits kissing her. All of a sudden he let her go and ripped her dress. She gasped looking at him. He cupped her breast before he turned her around. Anaya yelped as he twisted her nipples. He went down on his knees spreading her legs apart burying his head between her legs. She moaned closing her eyes while holding his head. He ate till she started vibrating moaning loudly. He drank in all her juices and got up unzipping his pants. Anaya held on to him as he picked her up and placed her on the corner of the bed, her legs on his shoulders. Slowly he slid in till he was fully buried deep inside her while she grunted.

Anaya frowned as he started pushing in and out of her staring in her eyes. He watched himself as he thrust inside her and out, stretching her. The

sweetness had him going even deeper inside her tapping her gently. She moaned softly enjoying the gentle tapping. He picked her waist up and changed his pace, fucking her hard. He loved the merciful look on her face that he went even harder and deeper.

He pulled out then pulled her off the bed.

“Touch your toes.”

She slowly reached for her toes as he pushed her legs apart with his knee. He smirked his hard heavy dick on her butt and rammed inside her forcefully that she screamed. She quickly tried standing but Miguel spanked her hard.

“I said touch your toes, if you don’t I am going to fuck you ass.”

She fearfully touched her toes then he began pounding into her mercilessly. She bravely stood still but not able to ignore the pain anymore she took a step getting away from him.

“Where are you going? You talk shit to me yet you can’t handle the results of your actions? Come here.”

He followed her fucking her even harder, destroying her little pussy. He finally pulled out then picked her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist holding him tightly. Slowly he pushed into her burying his entire dick inside her. Anaya closed her eyes trying to get used to his dick.

“Look at me as I discipline you. You think I am your age mate, I am your husband Anaya. I fuck up and yes I hurt you, I am not anywhere close to perfect. But I love you.”

He drilled her as she sunk her nails into his back moaning right into his ear while her boobs bounced. She closed her eyes feeling pleasure radiate throughout her body. Miguel walked over to the bed still fucking her then pulled out and placed her on the bed in a kneeling position. He pushed her chest down slicing through her folds unapologetically fucked her. Anaya grabbed the sheets, her muscles contacting. She exploded while her body shook violently as if she was having a seizure. Miguel fucked her even harder, riding her wave of orgasm then filled her up. They both panted loudly breathing

hard.

Miguel pulled out and watched Anaya's pussy contract while his semen leaked. She lay on her stomach and closed her eyes in exhaustion lazily opening them a second later. He looked at her hair fanning her face then tucked it behind her ear lying beside her.

"I love you."

She blushed burying her face on his chest.

"I am hungry."

He got up from the bed and put on his sweatpants before picking her up and helping her put on his t-shirt.

"Where were you?"

"I had to go to the catering company. We had clushing clients so I divided the staff and had to join the other group. I couldn't answer the phone."

He looked at the box she had been holding and picked it up.

"What is this?"

“I bought it for you.”

He opened the box and took out the Gucci sneakers she had bought.

“I ordered them online.”

He smiled. “No one has ever bought me anything.”

Anaya grinned. “I did.”

“Thanks.”

Colleen walked inside the house with a smile. The nanny was feeding Angel.

“I am back!”

Angel turned to her mother and smiled. She no longer cried anymore, she was getting used to Colleen. Colleen picked her up as she raised her hands.

“Hey baby...”

“She is refusing to eat.”

“It’s ok, I will take it from here. You can go home.”

“Ok.”

She stood up and took her back. Vince walked in as Colleen began feeding her daughter.

“Why did you let the nanny go? I wanted us to go out.”

“Naledi has to go, I can’t keep her here. We will take Angel with.”

“Colleen we can’t, it’s just for us two. I think it will be best if your mother stayed with her for a while.”

“Vince why do I feel like you don’t like my daughter? Because if you don’t, I will gladly take my daughter and leave.”

“I never said that.”

“Angel is not going anywhere, she is my daughter and I am going to stay with her. If you don’t feel like the setup is working for you, tell me.”

She continued feeding her baby already bored. She

had lost interest in him and now she wondered if ever she had been interested in him in the first place. Vince walked to the bedroom to change and left for work. Colleen silently fed her daughter who was falling asleep and cleaned her up before laying her in her coat.

She walked out of the bedroom with her phone in her hands then called him.

“Hello?”

She smiled. “Hey Tshepo, how are you?”

“Who’s this?”

“It’s Colleen.”

“Oh hey, I am good yourself?”

“I am fine, how is Angel?”

“She is fine.”

“Can we meet?”

“I can’t, my girlfriend is coming over.”

“Your girlfriend?”

“Yes.”

Colleen took a deep breath and swallowed a lump on her throat.

“Oh..”

“Yeah, it was good talking to you.”

“Ok, bye.”

She hung up tears filling her eyes then dialed Anaya.

“Hey!”

“Anaya I lost a good man. I don’t even know what I was thinking.”

“Slow down, what happened?”

“I chose the wrong man Anaya. He doesn’t want my child, he says I should take her back to my mother. I can’t believe I didn’t choose Tshepo. He was a good man.”

“There is no need for crying, it’s already done.”

“I am going for an interview tomorrow, if I get the job I am going to move out immediately.”

“That’s a start, I didn’t know you were staying with him.”

“No I am not but it’s his house. Vince rented it for me because he didn’t like where I stayed.”

“Wait- Vince?”

“Shit!”

Anaya laughed. “You better make sure your brother doesn’t find out or else someone is going to die.”

“I know, I just want to leave him.”

“Good luck.”

“Tshepo has a girlfriend already.”

“You should move on.”

“I know, where were you?”

“I had to go to the catering company and help out.”

“Sometimes I forget you own a catering company. You inspire me.”

“Your problem is that you are lazy, if you were not lazy you would have long started something small

for yourself.”

“Not everyone has business skills in them.”

“You are just lazy. I have to go, we will talk.”

Colleen hung up thinking about what Anaya had said but the thought of starting a business that will turn into a success seemed too far fetched that she shook her head and walked to the kitchen where she started cooking.

Ayana stepped inside the car holding the box of her new phone with a smile. It was big and beautiful and expensive. She could already see herself taking pictures with it.

“You should make sure your sister doesn’t see it.”

She looked at him. “She won’t, after the wedding she will be moving so she won’t see it.”

“Good.”

He started the car and drove off heading to his friend’s house they usually went to. His phone rang, they both looked at the caller ID before he hung

switching off the phone.

“Who is that?”

“No one.”

“Then why did you hang up Pule?”

Pule looked at her. “Is that jealousy I am sensing?”

“Who is Yaone?”

“I said no one.”

“Are you cheating on me?”

“Ayana stop annoying me.”

“You are cheating.”

Pule parked the car in front of the lodge.

“That was my colleague.”

“Then why did you answer her call?”

“Because I didn’t think it was necessary.”

She threw him the phone and stepped out of the car.

“I don’t want to do this anymore, I am done.”

“Ayana!”

Ayana walked towards the road angrily. Pule grabbed her arm.

“Stop!”

“Let go of me or I will scream rape.”

Pule sighed. “I am sorry, it’s a girl I met coming here. I gave her a lift.”

“And your number?”

“I was trying to be nice.” He wiped a tear that had run down her cheek with his thumb. “I am sorry, forgive me.”

She sulked staring at the ground. Pule pulled up her chin.

“I am sorry babe, it will never happen again. I promise.”

She smiled. “Ok.”

Pule took her hand and led her inside the house.

TWO WEEKS LATER...

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#54

Two Weeks Later...

Anaya sat in front of the mirror as the make up artist finished with her makeup.

“We are done.”

Anaya looked at her reflection, simple yet flawless. She smiled.

“Thank you.”

“Just doing my job.”

Her mother walked in with the wedding planner.

“My baby...”

Anaya smiled looking at her mother through the mirror trying to blink away her tears.

“Mama...”

“You look beautiful my baby.”

“We should get going. It’s about to start.” Tsitsi said with a smile. “This is the best wedding I have ever planned.

“It is. Naya I am happy for you.”

Ayana walked in her beautiful dress. She didn’t look 16.

“Wow!”

They all laughed staring at her. She looked at Anaya and smiled.

“You look beautiful, uncle Miguel is going to faint.”

“He is. My daughter is beautiful.”

“Ok, we should get going.”

“Can I have a moment?”

They all looked at Anaya before they walked out. She was about to walk down the aisle and still had doubts. Her phone vibrated and she took it already swiping the screen. She opened the whatsapp

message and clicked on the video. Her heart skipped as the video started playing.

Anaya's and Miguel's relatives filled the chairs at the event garden chatting with one another. Mokwena and his wife walked to their seats. Soon everyone was seated, Miguel walked in with his team dressed smartly. All the ladies stared as they stood at the front.

"If BK wasn't my cousin I swear I would have fucked him." One of the Mokwena relative said to her sister and they laughed.

"I have always had a crush on him but never got the chance to get close to him."

"I heard the girl he's marrying is hot."

"She is, Thabo showed me her picture."

They continued talking laughing while admiring the men. Yaone walked in with a friend and they sat at

the empty seats.

“Wow! All this people are here just for the wedding?” She asked her friend looking at the crowd sitted.

“Yes, the Mokwena’s are a big family.”

“And to think my other cousin thought she would get Miguel, it’s a shame.”

They both laughed. “Have you seen that man’s wife to be? That girl is beautiful.”

“I know. I don’t even know what she was thinking.”

“I feel special being here, I feel like a top class person.”

Yaone laughed then turned as Theodora walked to a sit infront of them and sat down.

“Cousie!”

Theodora turned and looked at Yaone with a frown.

“Yaone.”

“How are you?”

Theodora smiled. "I am good." She turned her attention back to the front taking out her phone bored by Yaone's presence. She looked at the time, it was almost starting. She looked at the fancy decorations and sighed. It was an expensive wedding and only filled with fancy people. Everyone looked on point, she tucked her weave behind her ear looking at the elegantly dressed people. Her eyes fell on Miguel, she sucked her breath, he was even more attractive and she could tell every female was looking at him probably envying Anaya.

Agang stood beside his brother staring at the crowd. He sighed checking the time.

"She is probably doing her makeup." Agang whispered to Miguel and they laughed.

"Knowing her, she probably did it herself."

"I can't believe you are getting married, it's hard to believe."

"You should learn from the best."

Meanwhile Kenneth looked into the crowd searching for his wife. She was probably still at home or maybe

at church, he couldn't be sure anymore. A second later, Rachel walked in in a beautiful red dress that hugged her curves. Kenneth admired her as she smiled wearing her red lipstick. It made her even more beautiful, he remembered the first day he met her, she had been wearing the same red lipstick. They locked eyes and she smiled at him. Behind her was Lone. He watched them chatting as they sat down.

"You think she will cause trouble?" Vince asked Miguel.

"No."

Marang scrolled through facebook and came across a facebook friend who had posted a picture of herself at the wedding already. She clicked on the picture and looked at the huge crowd. She could tell from the deco that it cost an arm and a leg. Tears filled her eyes but she couldn't understand why she

was crying. He had never been hers to begin with. She put her phone down looking at her son. At least she had her son with, she smiled and kissed his forehead.

“Mama loves you ok? She loves you. You and I are going to be happy.”

She kissed him again.

Anaya’s heart pounded as she re-watched the sex tape again. Tears fell down on her cheeks as she thought of the embarrassing Miguel would be put through. Someone had sent her the video of her getting raped, it was also on facebook and it was circulating. She wondered how many people at the wedding had seen it so far. Her entire body shook with fear while her heart pounded hard against her chest. She knew it was Stacy.

She slowly sat down and cried, he was going to

leave her, she was sure of it and maybe at the altar. Just thinking of it weakened her completely. The knock on her door was getting more and more louder.

Miguel looked at the time and sighed. She was already twenty minutes late and people were beginning to talk. Agang leaned over to Miguel putting his phone in his pocket.

“There is a problem.”

“What is it?”

“There is a video circulating around, apparently it’s Anaya.”

“What?”

“A sex tape.”

Miguel looked at the crowd.

“I want to see it.”

“It’s blurry, I can’t even make out a single face in that video.”

Miguel put his hand over his chest.

“I want to see it.”

Agang sighed and took out his phone. He unlocked the screen and handed his brother the phone. Miguel played the video and narrowed his eyes trying to make out the faces.

“I disabled sound.”

Miguel focused on the video for a while.

“She is resisting?”

“Yes, it’s a gangbang. I heard mama saying Anaya was a prostitute, is that true?”

Miguel handed Agang his phone and walked away as people turned to look to him. Kenneth and Agang followed behind him.

He walked to the parking lot and jumped in his car.

“Where are you going?”

“She won’t come because she is scared.”

“Scared of what? What is going on?” Kenneth asked confused.

“Anaya’s sex tape is going around.”

Miguel glared at Agang who immediately kept quiet.

“It’s not her, do you see her face there? Go back and keep order of things. I am coming.”

He started the car as Kenneth jumped in.

“I am coming with.”

He reversed from the parking lot and drove off.

Anaya opened the door.

“Anaya!” Her mother said as soon as she saw her. She had taken off the dress.

“Naya what is going on?”

Anaya looked at her sister as tears ran down her cheeks.

“I have to go.”

“Anaya! I will slap you right now, people are waiting, why do you want to embarrass me like this?”

“I am sorry mama.”

“What is going on?”

Anaya looked at Tsitsi who looked perplexed.

“I am going.”

“Anaya if you go, consider yourself disowned. Do you realize the damage you are causing? That family is waiting for us. My God...” Her mother put her hand over her chest. “Do you want to kill me? Get back and put on your dress.”

Anaya shook her head. “I am sorry. Tsitsi borrow me your car.”

“Anaya what are you doing? Everyone is waiting. You can’t leave, what about uncle Miguel?”

“I have to go Ayana.”

She took the car keys from Tsitsi and rushed to her car. She drove off heading home. A part of her

wanted to call him but at the same time, she didn't want to know what he would think of her. Tears burned her eyes as she drove. It felt as if she was in a movie and she was the girl about to be killed. Her phone vibrated from her pocket like it had been doing for a while. She ignored it driving inside the gate in Broadhurst.

The relatives who had stayed behind looked at her as she stepped out of the car.

“Anaya, what are you doing here?”

She ignored them and rushed inside the house. She took out her huge suitcase and threw her work clothes inside and shoes. She closed the bag once it was full and grabbed her traveling documents and work documents before walking out. She put everything inside the boot and drove out of the yard leaving dust in the air.

Miguel parked the car in front of lodge they had booked and got off. He met Ayana by the door door who was crying.

“What’s going on?”

“Naya left.”

“Left to where?”

She shrugged still crying. He walked inside the lodge and went to the room where they had been preparing in. Her gown was on the bed.

“Mr. Mokwena,” the wedding planner walked towards him.

“Where did she go?”

“She just left. Is it about the video circulating?”

He ignored her and walked out answering his ringing phone.

“Papa,”

“What’s going on?”

“Anaya is missing.”

“Where did she go?”

“I don’t know, I am looking for her.”

“What sort of games is this girl playing?”

“I am going to find her.”

He hung and approached the car where Kenneth was talking on the phone.

“Any luck?”

“No.”

They got in the car and Miguel tried her number again. This time she answered.

“Babe, where are you?”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, come back, let’s talk about this.”

“I am sorry.”

“Where are you?”

“They are going to shame you.”

“I don’t care, I love you.”

“I am going. I am at the airport.”

“Anaya.”

“I love you.”

She hung up before he could say another word. He put away the phone and stepped on the accelerator headed to the airport. Minutes later he parked his car and stepped out unbuttoning his jacket. He looked around walking to check point.

“Hi, are there any flights which just flew out?”

“Yes, one left minutes ago to South Africa, another one is leaving in ten minutes to Namibia.”

“Can you please check a certain passenger on the list.”

“I am sorry, I can't do that. It's confidential information.”

“I am begging you.”

“I am sorry. I want to help you but I can't.”

Miguel stepped away dialing Anaya again but this time her phone didn't go through. He walked out and

sat on the pavement and laughed in disbelief.

“Hi, are you ok?”

He looked up to a woman who was smiling at him.

“You looked lost in there, we don’t want you committing suicide so are you ok?”

He smiled and shook his head. “My fiancé just left and it’s our wedding today.”

“Wow! I didn’t expect that, where did she go?”

“I don’t know, between SA and Namibia.”

She sat on the pavement beside her and sighed.

“What happened?”

“It’s a long story.”

“I am sorry for what you are going through. By the way, I am Refilwe.”

“Miguel.”

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The Alpha In Stilettos

#55

Miguel walked inside the house late in the evening, Colleen immediately stood up and hugged him.

“Hey, we were worried.”

“I am fine.”

Mrs. Mokwena stood up and introspected him.

“Where is that girl? I am hearing there is a video going around.”

“It’s not her. I am tired, I am going to bed.”

“We are going to talk to her family tomorrow, what happened today was the worst embarrassment.”

Mokwena said standing up.

“I am going to bed.”

Miguel walked to his bedroom and sat on the bed with his face in his hands.

“Did you talk to her?”

Miguel looked at Agang walking in.

“Yes.”

“What’s her excuse, I am sure if it wasn’t her then she wouldn’t have a reason to hide.”

“Agang one more word against Anaya and I will punch hard you will fly back to Tanzania.”

“What are you going to do now?”

“I will find her. I just need to rest right now.”

“Ok.”

Agang walked out as Miguel took out his phone. He checked her last seen on whatsapp and it had been in the morning. Somehow he could understand what she might have been going through, the humiliation and embarrassment. She might have felt as if she didn’t have a choice. He viewed her profile picture, it was picture of both of them. Tears filled his eyes as he tried to think of what he could have done to avoid her fleeing.

“Shit!” He granted a tear fell.

His phone rang and he quickly answered.

“Hello?”

“Have you found her?” Vince asked.

“No.”

“Whoever posted that video wanted what happened to happen.”

“I can’t think of anyone who would want to hurt Anaya.”

“That video showed rape and it has been taken down facebook.”

Miguel sighed. “I need to find her.”

“There is this dude I know, he is a private investigator.”

“Give me his number. She either went to Namibia or SA.”

“Or she didn’t leave at all, she has two companies that need her and her job too. From what you told me I don’t think she skipped the country. She is probably hididng somewhere and if she actually skipped the country, she is going to come back.”

“You are right but I need to know where she is. I don’t want her to act stupid.”

“I will send his number just now.”

“Ok.”

Anaya’s mother put her phone down shaking her head.

“What has this child done? How am I going to face the world?”

“Those people are going to demand their money back, I hope you didn’t squander it.” Her sister responded.

Anaya’s mother dialed her daughter’s number again but it still said the number was unavailable. She couldn’t sleep not knowing where her daughter was.

“Mama, you should come and lie down for a while.”

Ayana helped her mother out of the sitting room

where the other relatives were and led her to her bedroom.

“Ayana, where did your sister go?”

Ayana sadly watched her mother weep. She wanted to tell her she had seen Anaya’s job letter, she had been transferred to SA but at the same time she didn’t know if telling was the right decision. Surely if Anaya wanted people to know she would have told them.

“Mama, sleep. Anaya will be back.”

“God what have I done to deserve this?”

Ayana blinked away her tears as her mother cried. Now she wondered why Anaya had left, was it because of the video on facebook but then at the same time, that video was blurry, she too couldn’t tell who was in the picture. She helped her mother to bed and walked out closing the door behind her. She unlocked her bedroom door and walked in, Lethabo was still awake.

“Why are you hiding the food in my room?”

“Because some people steal food.”

She took off her shoes and sat on the bed staring at her phone.

“Is Anaya going to come back?”

“Yes Lethabo.”

“They said she ran away.”

‘She is coming back.’

“I miss her already.”

“She will be back. You need to sleep.”

Her phone rang and she jumped answering.

“Hello?”

“Act normal and walk away if you are surrounded by people.”

She cleared her throat and walked out going to the bathroom where she locked herself inside.

“Naya, mama is crying, where are you?”

“I have to go away for a while.”

Tears filled Ayana’s eyes.

“What will we do?”

“You have mama, you will be fine.”

Tears rolled down her cheeks.

“But we need you.”

“Ayana I know and I will be there but not close to you.”

She closed her mouth sobbing. Hearing her voice triggered everything.

“Please come back.”

“I will, but not now. I am working so I will keep providing for you.”

“What about your businesses?”

“I am on top of everything. I don’t want you crying. You are now the big girl and you have to keep an eye on Lethabo. Am I clear?”

She nodded.

“I can’t see you.”

“I hear you.”

“Good. If you do things that you shouldn’t be doing, you will be ruining your own future. I don’t know what will happen to you but you will probably end up like Gontle, Lalah’s sister. I want you to focus on school, go to high school and pass then go and study nursing.”

“Ok.”

“Good. Don’t tell anyone about this call am I clear?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I love you all so much and I know I am not always the best sister, I sometimes make bad decisions but it’s because most of the time I don’t have a choice. I love you all and everything I do, I do it for you. I don’t want you making bad decisions in life because you don’t have a choice. I want you to live a normal happy life and I will do everything in my power to make sure that happens.”

“I love you too.”

“Ok, bye. Delete this number. I will call again.”

“Are you ok?”

“Yes, I am fine. Bye.”

Ayana put her phone down and sighed with relief before walking out of the bathroom.

Lone walked inside her house talking on the phone.

“I can’t believe she didn’t show up.”

“Apparently she is missing.”

Lone laughed. “That’s Miguel’s karma after the way he treated me. And also Anaya’s, she lost that baby of hers. They thought they could be happy on top of my tears.”

“I actually feel sorry for Anaya.”

“I don’t Rachel, I didn’t know she was a prostitute. With the way she used to act, one would swear she was innocent.”

“We don’t know that for sure.”

“It is. If it wasn’t true she should have showed up for her own wedding. Now I doubt that baby was Miguel’s. She must have been whoring around then said the baby was his.”

“I don’t know about that.”

“I know, she is a liar. He was fooled by her beautiful face. I always knew she was a snake. Now he is going to come back to me.”

“What about Tshupo?”

“Rachel you can’t expect me to let go of my man. This is God giving us another chance.”

“I think you should let go of that thought.”

“Why should I? He is going to come back on his own.”

“I have to go, tomorrow I am going to church.”

“Ok love, bye.”

She hung up and walked inside her sitting room with a smile. She couldn’t stop thinking about having her man back, God knew she missed his bad ass. She put her bag down as someone knocked on her door.

It was beyond late, she wondered who it walking towards the door and opening it.

“Tshepo!”

He smiled. “Your gate was open, you should make sure you close it at all times.”

“I forgot.”

She let him inside the house and sighed trying to come up with what to say. She couldn’t really say they were dating or where they?

“I brought us food and also downloaded your series.”

“Tshepo I don’t think I can do this anymore- whatever it is.”

He stopped smiling.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, my ex and I are going to fix things. I don’t want to string you along.”

He sighed. “I guess I should be glad that you are honest.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok. Thanks.”

He walked out after putting the food and USB stick down. Lone sadly watched him walk out but she knew Miguel hated sharing or feeling as if he was sharing so she had to get her act right.

Sarona stood in the middle of the house staring at nothing the following day in the morning. She was all alone in a foreign country, she felt more lonely than before. Her mind wondered off to her kids, she had left them all alone. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of Junior and Mapula. They were too young to be raised by another woman. She didn’t want her kids growing up not remembering her. She took her phone and dialed Pule’s number with the little airtime she had.

His phone rang for a while unanswered then a female answered at last.

“Hello?”

Sarona paused and checked if it was the right number.

“Hello?”

“Hi, can I speak to Pule.”

“Who’s this?” The female responded with attitude.

“His wife, if you know what’s good for you, you are going to give my husband back his phone because I will sue you.”

She heard Pule in the background.

“Hello?”

“So you already have a bitch?”

“What do you want Sarona? Tanzania too boring for you?”

“I want to stay with the kids.”

“You are crazy, you are not taking my kids, forget that one.”

“Pule, they need me!”

“They don’t need you, I will raise my kids alone. I don’t need you. Stay with Agang and make your own there.”

“Pule you are not being fair right now.”

“Unfair? Are you seriously going to talk about unfairness? What’s unfair is you leaving your own kids for dick. What’s unfair is you breaking a perfect family and now my kids have to grow up with separated parents. Do you realize how unfair that is?”

“So just because I don’t love you anymore I should suffer? You are pathetic Pule.”

“You are still not getting the kids. Take me to court if you want to, I know you are unemployed. And either way, the court won’t grant you full custody so go ahead and try it.”

“I can’t believe this.”

“Life is not fair.”

He hung and she sighed tearfully. All she could think of were her kids.

Stacy's neighbor walked inside her yard holding an empty bowl late in the morning. She passed Stacy's Run X which was damaged proceeding to the door where she knocked on the door. She could hear music playing inside. She knocked again.

"Stacy! It's Mmagwe T, I am asking for a cup of sugar."

There was silence. She called again even louder but the silence had her turning. She looked at the door again as something pushed her to try the door knob. She looked around and tried opening the door, it opened and she was immediately met by Stacy hanging from the ceiling.

She screamed running out.

Later on, the police asked the neighbor a few questions then walked inside the house looking at the scene.

“She killed herself.” An officer said picking up her letter from the floor then began reading it loud.

“Mama I am sorry for doing this, I am tired of this life. Please take care of my daughter. I love you.”

Another officer looked at the chair on the floor.

“It was probably because of a man.”

“This days that’s all they do, kill themselves faking depression. There is nothing like depression, they do this to themselves. How do you get in a relationship with a person who will do nothing but hurt you?” The officers shook their heads. They looked around the house and found nothing at all. The neighbor who had witnessed her was still crying. A crowd had already gathered around the house. The team from the forensics walked in with a detective and got inside the house.

Miguel walked out of his bedroom talking to the phone while holding some clothes.

“I will find her, trust me.”

“Ok, thanks.”

“Sure.”

He put his phone away and walked to his backyard where he threw the clothes on the ground and poured petrol over them before lightening them up. He walked back inside the house and sat in front of the TV.

Colleen had went back to her house and her parents were at Anaya’s house. He had spoken to his father on how to handle the situation, the last thing he wanted was to scare her off. The intercom rang and he pressed gate’s remote. Seconds later, Pule and Vince walked in holding six packs of beer.

“You need it.” Vince said sitting down

His phone rang and he took it out already opening a

can of beer.

“Yah?”

“Hi, it’s Refilwe, I just wanted to make sure you are still alive.”

“I am fine, thanks.”

“I didn’t sleep last night thinking maybe you killed yourself. Thank God!”

Miguel laughed. “I am good.”

“Ok, bye.”

She hung as both Pule and Vince stared at him.

“Already replaced Anaya?”

“No!”

Colleen stared at her phone for a while then finally called him while her heart pounded.

“Colleen?”

“Hey, can we talk?”

“Yeah?”

She sighed. “I know you didn’t have a shift last night but chose to fill in for your colleague, Vince are you avoiding me?”

“No why would I?”

“I don’t know. You have been distant lately.”

“Colleen I feel like I can’t voice out how I feel without you making it about you. You don’t even consider my feelings so I have decided to give you a break. We need a break plus thinking of Miguel makes me tired. I don’t want to fight.”

“Is this because of my daughter?”

“No, look I am at work and-“

“If you want to break up with me say so, I am not going to force you to stick with me. I hate this run around.”

“We need a break from each other.”

Colleen sat down her bed.

“Ok fine.”

“Bye.”

“Do you want me to move out of your house?”

“No, you can stay till your lease ends. If you want to move out it’s your choice but I am not going to pay rent anymore.”

“I can’t believe I agreed to moving from my one room that I could afford.”

“I am sorry.”

“Whatever.”

She hung up and threw her phone down feeling down. She hadn’t gotten the job and it was beginning to frustrate her. She looked Angel peacefully sleeping and remembered Peo. What a bubbly child.

She took her phone and called Tshupo.

“Hi, it’s Colleen in case you forgot. Can I please speak to Peo for a few seconds if it’s ok.”

“Yeah. And yes, I do remember you.”

He waited for a couple of seconds.

“Hello?”

“Hey Peo, it’s me, aunty Colleen.”

“Momma?”

“Uhh I-“

“I missed you or you don’t want to be my mommy anymore?”

Colleen sighed sadly. “I do, if your dad allows you, you can come over to see my Angel here in my house.”

“Really? Is she big?”

“No, she is just a baby.”

“I like babies.”

“I am sure. I just wanted to say hi, how is granny?”

“Daddy took her to the farm with a nurse.”

“Oh, ok.”

“You should visit me, Daddy and aunty Bonno.”

“Aunty Bonno?”

“Yes, she takes care of me and daddy.”

Colleen exhaled. "Ok, well, we will talk again.'

"Ok, I love you."

Colleen froze overwhelmed then finally forced the words out of her mouth.

"I love you too."

Colleen hung up wondering what kind of person was Bonno, she couldn't help but laugh at herself, she was feeling jealous it annoyed her. A message reported in her phone.

Tshepo: Bonno is the nanny. Thank you for calling.

She read the message and for some reason sighed with relief.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#56

Four Months Later...

The ringing phone woke Miguel. He slowly got up and answered.

“Hello?”

“Mr. Mokwena, you have a meeting with the shareholders in twenty minutes.”

“Shit!” He jumped off the bed looking at the time, he had overslept, again.

“I am coming, if I don’t arrive on time, stall them. I am on my way.”

“Yes sir.”

He threw his phone on the bed and rushed to the bathroom. He took a shower before changing into his suit and walking out. His phone rang as soon as he got in his car.

“Hello?”

“Where are you? I just passed by your office, I wanted to see you.”

He started the engine then reversed out of the gate

before driving off headed to work.

“I am running late.”

“What’s going on with you?”

“Ken can we talk later, I am driving.”

“Ok, we need to talk. You can’t carry on like this.”

Miguel hung and put his phone down. He stepped on the breaks as he almost drove through a red traffic light and that too, almost hitting a person who was crossing the road.

“Shit! Get yourself together Miguel!” He mumbled to himself rolling down the window to look at the person.

“I am sorry.”

He gave him a thumbs up and crossed. Minutes later, he was pulling up at work and he was late. Quickly he got off his car and walked inside the building passing by the reception.

“Morning,” He greeted and she responded with a smile.

He stepped inside and the elevator and it whisked him to his floor.

“Good morning sir,” Rebaone greeted while he walked in his office.

“Are the shareholders ready?”

“Yes.”

He reached for a file and headed out with Rebaone behind him.

Marang walked inside her office with her coat on. She smiled looking at her son’s picture frame and sat down. Layla walked in a second later.

“Hey girl,”

“Hey. You are back?”

Layla smiled. “I loved that vacation. We really needed it.”

“You are glowing too.”

“I am so excited. We are getting the baby.”

“Ohhh, that’s great. I am happy for you Layla.”

“I am more than excited.”

“You deserve this.”

“I know, how is Junior?”

“He is fine. I miss him already.”

“Has he come yet?”

Marang sighed and shook her head. “No, I am worried about him. This whole Anaya thing is stressing him out. He has lost weight.”

“I think you should move on with your life.”

“I have.”

“No you have not. You love him I can see it but you need to move on. You can’t be on the sidelines forever. I feel sorry for whoever is going to date him at this time because she will only be a rebound. When Anaya comes back from wherever she is hiding from, he will jump back to her.”

Marang sighed. “I know but God knows I just want to raise my child with my baby daddy. I want us to be a

family.”

“I know hun, most baby mamas want that but it doesn’t mean that’s what will happen.”

“I know.”

Layla smiled. “I will see you later.”

She walked out as Marang took out her phone. She looked at his number for a while then finally called him. She held her breath as it rang.

“Mr. Mokwena’s phone hello?” His PA answered.

“Hi, can I speak to Miguel, it’s Marang.”

“He is in a meeting, you can call after an hour or two.”

“Ok, thank you.”

She hung and rubbed her eyes.

Colleen walked out of the building holding her letter

with a huge monkey smile. She couldn't believe she had finally gotten a job after a year of looking. The pay wasn't much but it was enough for her. Her phone rang as she stopped a Run X taxi and got inside.

"hey,"

"Did you get it?" Tshepo asked.

"Yes! I want to scream right now. I really thought they were not going to call me back."

"I am proud of you."

"You know the first person I wanted to call was Anaya, I know what she would say. Kana Naya o rata madi, {Naya loves money} she will say, 'congrats Colleen but remember, save.'"

They both laughed. "She is smart. I don't know her but she is smart from what you tell me."

"She is. I miss her, she was my only friend."

"I am also your friend."

She laughed. "Of course."

“Peo and I can come over after I knock and celebrate with you.”

“I would love that. Angie probably misses her.”

“Ok, we will be there.”

“Bye.”

She hung and smiled. Finally, she had a job. Minutes later, she stopped the taxi by a bus stop, paid and stepped out. She took off her heels and put on flip flops. The distance to her house wasn't long but this were her favorite heels, she had stolen them from Anaya one time. A car stopped by her side.

“Hi,”

She looked at the driver.

“Hello.”

“Can I give you a lift?”

“No thank you.”

“A beautiful girl like you shouldn't be walking.”

“I have a man and two kids, I don't need a lift from you.”

“Ok, by the way, I am Karabo.”

She looked at the drivers face carefully, he was handsome. She hadn't expected that. Her eyes went to his expensive watch. A rolex. He was definitely a man with taste.

“Nice meeting you.”

“You won't tell me your name?”

“No.”

He smiled. “Ok, I hope we meet again.”

He drove off while Colleen walked inside the gate. She waved at her landlord who was watering her flowers and went to the seven's quarters. She opened the door and walked in, she couldn't seem to rid Karabo's face. He was definitely a charmer and a player. She could see it from that sly smile that looked permanent on his face.

“Did you get it?” Naledi asked quietly as Angel slept.

“Yes, I am starting tomorrow.”

“I am so happy for you. Some of us are still looking.”

“I know the struggle. I am not going to the salon so you can knock off.”

“Ok, thank you.”

Colleen took out a P20 note in her purse and handed it to her.

“Transport.”

Naledi smiled. “Thank you.”

Colleen watched her put on her shoes and grab her handbag before she walked out. She changed and lay on the bed scrolling through facebook. She checked Anaya’s account but it still wasn’t there, she had probably deactivated it. Colleen tried thinking of how Anaya must have felt and sighed sadly. She knew she would have done the same had she been in Anaya’s shoes or maybe even done worse. Her phone rang and she answered.

“Mama,”

“Colleen, how is Angie?”

“Angie is fine, how are you?”

“I am fine, just lonely.”

“I will visit in some time.”

“How is your brother? He doesn’t call me these days.”

“He is fine.”

“I feel bad for everything I said to that bright girl. If I knew the entire story I wouldn’t have called her names. Had I accepted her maybe she wouldn’t have felt the reason to run away. She probably thought we were going to embarrass her on her wedding day.”

“It’s all in the past, I hope she comes back.”

“I hope so too, I know Miguel doesn’t love me as much anymore.”

“Mama that’s not true.”

“It is because he talks to his father but he doesn’t talk to me.”

“He is going through a lot since the PI didn’t find Naya, he will come around.”

“I hope so, I have to go.”

“Ok, bye.”

Karabo drove inside his brother's yard and parked beside his car and stepped out.

"Bame!" He shouted walking inside the house. He paused looking at the handbag and passport on the couch and laughed sitting down. He changed the channel and started watching sports channel.

"When will you learn to knock and wait for the door to be opened for you?" Bame asked sitting beside him.

"When you start locking your door. Who's bag is this?"

"Non of your business. What do you want?"

"Is it Anaya? She didn't get married but just disappeared, no one knows where she went, even her fiance."

Bame stood up and walked to the door and opened it.

“No. You need to leave.”

Karabo suspiciously looked at the handbag then at the passage leading to his brother’s door. He picked up the passport but Bame snatched it from him.

“Leave!”

“Who is it?”

“Skara leave. I will call you.”

Karabo slowly stood up and looked at the passage once again in curiosity.

“Ok, but tell me, is it Anaya?”

“No, now leave.”

Karabo walked out and looked back at the house as Bame closed the door. He walked to the car and drove off.

Bame’s companion walked out of the bedroom in a

towel seconds later.

“Is he gone?”

“Yes, I am sorry.”

She looked at her passport and grabbed it. “Did he open it?”

“No, babe, you have to relax.”

“Bame how do I relax when...” She sighed and sat down.

“I have to go.”

“You are not going anywhere.”

He pulled her up and kissed her undoing the towel and letting it fall to her feet.

“I am going to fuck you senselessly.”

“I don’t like this, you should lock the door.”

“I am sorry.”

She sighed. “I should go, what if he comes back?”

“You are not going anywhere.” He picked her up and led her to the bedroom where he laid her on the bed

getting between her legs while kissing her.

Theodora walked inside her office carrying her lunch and sat down. Her phone rang as she started eating and she picked.

“Hello?”

“Emmanuel have been sent back home because their school fees still hasn't been paid.”

“Melody, you should learn to greet me.”

“I am sorry but Emmanuel needs to go to school.”

“Your problem is that you don't work, maybe if you were working you would help with your son's school fees.”

“I work but the money I make is not enough. I have to pay rent and buy food. I want to talk to Christian.”

“You are not going to talk to my husband. Call your mother in-law since she loves you so much or rather,

your father in-law.”

“Theodora please,”

“Is there anything else, I am at work, working for money that I will use to help around my household with.”

“Esther is not feeling well, I need money to take her to the hospital.”

Theodora sighed. “I will send something but you have to understand that we don’t have money at the moment. We are building at my mother’s house. But for the kids, I will send money though you have to respect me.”

“Thank you so much. Thank you.”

“It’s ok, bye.”

She hung up and put her feet on the door calling her mother.

“Theo,”

“Mama, how far is the house.”

“I am so happy, this boys are almost done, they are

already painting. Thank you my child.”

“It’s ok.”

“How is your husband?”

“He is fine. I have to go, I was just checking up on you.”

“Ok, bye.”

She hung up and continued eating. A colleague walked inside her office holding her lunch.

“Where did you get those shoes?”

“Oh? I bought them at Woolworths.”

“I sell the same, from Tanzania. I have a lady who supplies me from there. How much did you buy them?”

Theodora put her feet down.

“P650.”

“I sell them at P200.”

Theodora smiled. “Really?”

“Yes.”

“I have to see your stock, God knows I need more shoes.”

“You can come over by my house today.”

“Ok.”

Theodora thoughtfully looked at her colleague, a small business on the side wouldn't hurt. She innocently gave her colleague a smile as she thought of the idea with a smile. She needed something she could fall on since she still wasn't sure if her contract was getting renewed or not. Christian was not to be trusted, she still couldn't get over how he had beaten Melody or how he didn't send her money all because she told him not to. He was the type to do it to her if they ever broke up and the fact that they were married out of community of property had long turned her off. A while later her colleague walked out as she dialed him.

“Hey babe,”

“Christian, are you going to come and pick me up?”

“Yes.”

She sighed. "I honestly need my own car."

"We will get you one soon."

"You have been saying that for a while, anyways, it's ok, bye."

"I promise you, I am going to get it for you. I love you."

"I love you too."

She hung up with a smile already seeing herself in a brand new car.

Miguel walked inside a restaurant talking on the phone with Agang after work hours.

"I think you should stop making the entire Anaya issue your priority. She will come back if she wants to, if she doesn't want to then you will move on."

"I just feel like she is out there and needs my help or something."

“You honestly think she would abandon her siblings and mother? They know where she is and of course they won’t tell you. You need to move on.”

“I hear you. How is Sarona?”

Agang laughed. “Is that a genuine question?”

“Yes.”

“She is fine, she recently started a small business.”

“You are going to get bored with her, I know you and she is going to regret it.”

Agang laughed. “I love her, can you believe in me.”

“No, because I know you and I know what you are going to do. She is going to cry because of you.”

“We are expecting.”

“What?”

“Yes, I am going to be a father. I am going to marry her.”

“I will buy you a sweet if you do.”

Agang laughed even harder. “Wait and watch.”

“Look, I will talk to you. Bye.”

He hung and ordered. A minute later, he got his takeaway and walked out only to bump into some lady by the door. She looked up and frowned.

“Hi.”

He smiled. “Are you stalking me?”

She laughed. “Oh please!”

“I swear you are.”

“Miguel, get over yourself. Wow, you have a lost weight. Ke ene Anaya? {It’s Anaya?}”

“Tswa mo go nna Refilwe. {Leave me alone.}”

She laughed. “Stress sa bolaa! Botsa nna. {Stress kills. Ask me.}”

“Wena?”

She smiled. “I almost died because of stress. You are so thin it’s scary.”

“Do you have a car? I can give you a lift.”

Refilwe smiled. “No thanks.”

“I will be saving you money. Let’s go. We will share my food.”

“I work here.”

He looked back at the restaurant. “Then why didn’t I see you?”

“I went out. Bye!” She walked inside laughing while he smiled. He walked to his car and drove to his house but only to come back. He got off the car with his food then went back to the restaurant where he sat on an empty table. He looked at the counter and saw her serving a customer. Their eyes met and he waved smiling.

Colleen opened the door to Tshepo and and Peo smiling. Peo immediately ran inside the house going to Angel who was on her walker.

“Hey.”

Tshepo smiled. “Mrs. Employed.”

She laughed. "You are looking at the one and only."

She opened the door wider letting him walk in. They watched Peo as she played with Angel while they sat on the bed.

"I have already cooked."

"Thank God, I am so hungry."

She smiled standing up and walked over to her pots.

"Mama, Angie can talk!"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Colleen laughed at Peo's question. "I was waiting for you to see for yourself."

"She is so heavy." Peo whispered trying to pick Angel up who was giggling.

"Princess, just play with her, don't pick her up."

"But I want her to sit on my lap."

Colleen dished and gave Peo her plate.

"How about you make her sit on your lap after you

eat?”

“Ok.” She took her plate and sat down on the carpet eating.

A knock erupted at the door as Colleen handed Tshepo his plate.

“I will see who’s that.”

She walked to the door and opened.

“Hey,”

Colleen looked at Vince. “What do you want?”

“Can we talk?”

“No! I am busy.”

“I am sorry for showing up unannounced.”

Tshepo stood behind Colleen holding her by her waist.

“Everything ok?”

Vince looked at Tshepo then at Colleen.

“Wow!”

“Vince, you should leave.”

“Are you dating him?”

“Yes she is in a relationship with me, do you have a problem with that?”

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#57

Vince looked at Tshepo.

“No, and I am not talking to you.”

“Vince can you stop it? You are disturbing my peace please.”

“I just want to talk to you, in private.”

“We have nothing to talk about. Please leave me alone.”

“Colleen I made a mistake, the idea of staying with a baby scared me but now I am realizing I made a

mistake. I am sorry, can we please work things out.”

“I can’t, I am sorry. I would appreciate it if you don’t ever come back here.”

Vince looked at her one last time then walked away. Colleen turned to Tshepo.

“I am soory about that.”

“It’s ok.”

She smiled. “I didn’t know we were in a relationship.”

Tshepo leaned over and kissed her.

“Now you do.”

Colleen blushed.

“I want something serious. If you know you are not going to be serious, tell me now because I don’t want my daughter hurt at the end of the day.”

Colleen stood on her toes and kissed him.

“You can trust me. I love Peo and Angie loves you.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

They smiled walking inside the house where they found Peo handing Angie her drumstick.

“P, she’s only a baby. She doesn’t eat meat.”

Angie sucked the meat then licked her lips.

“Leave them, she won’t swallow it.”

Tshepo shrugged laughing. “Ok.”

Vince drove his car as jealous burned him. He couldn’t believe she had went back to him and that she was already playing happy families. He took out his phone and called Miguel as he stopped the car by the red traffic light.

“Mr?”

“BK, do you know that your sister is dating some funny looking guy? I don’t trust him.”

“I don’t know who she dates. She does her best not to let me see her boyfriends.”

“You should seriously talk to her, I don’t trust that guy.”

“I will but she won’t listen to me.”

The traffic light changed to green and he drove.

“I don’t think you understand me, that guy looks shady. There is something off about him. Your sister is my sister and I am genuinely worried. Especially for Angie, he looks suspicious.”

“Ok, I will talk to her, you sound beyond worried.”

Vince forced a laugh. “Of cause I am, she is bright, she deserves a good guy not another Ian.”

“Thanks for telling me.”

“Cool.”

He hung up just as a police car wailed behind him. He stopped the car on the side of the road and got out.

“Morena,”

The cop approached him. “You were speeding and that too, talking on the phone. I am charging you.

This is not your mother's road."

Vince smiled. "I am sorry, can we work out something."

The cop looked at him. "I don't work like that."

"I know but you also need a drink after this long day."
He took out P200 and handed it to the cop who took it.

"Next time I won't spare you, be warned."

"Yes Sir!"

He got in his car and drove off.

Miguel looked at the time then at the empty restaurant. Refilwe had disappeared somewhere and he couldn't see her anymore. He stood up about to leave when she came out already changed.

"You are still here?"

“Yes, I was waiting for you.”

She laughed. “Oh please!”

“I am telling you. Let’s go.”

They both walked out and went to the parking lot.

“You don’t have to drop me off.”

“I want to.”

He opened the door for her and she stepped in. With a smile he walked round to his door and jumped in starting the car.

“I thought you worked at the airport.”

She smiled while he reversed and drove off.

“I do, this is a part time thing I do when I am not flying.”

“You are an air hostess?”

She smiled. “Yes. How did you know?”

“You have that welcoming smile.”

Refilwe laughed. “It’s part of my job. I was filling in for a friend actually, she has an upset stomach and

asked her boss if it was ok for me to fill in for her.”

“You are a great friend.”

“I try.”

“So how does it feel being an air hostess?”

“I honestly love my job. It makes me happy. Plus the benefits I get, I just love them.”

He laughed. “I get the feeling you do.”

“I do and I am not ashamed. I guess you can say I am in love with my job, I get to meet new people every day.”

“I can’t wait to travel with you.”

“I am flying out tomorrow, jump in.”

They both laughed.

“I might just.”

“So what do you do for a living?”

“I run my own company. Mokwena Logistics.”

“I have seen your trucks around before.”

“Yeah.”

“That’s impressive.”

“I try.”

Miguel drove to his house and parked the car in the garage.

“Miguel, you need to drop me off at home, I am flying out tomorrow morning.”

“Trust me, I will drop you off. Did you eat?”

“No.”

“Then come in, I have last night’s leftovers.”

She laughed and climbed out of the car. They got inside the house and he smiled. The cleaning lady had cleaned.

“Nice house you got.”

“Thanks.”

Miguel walked to the kitchen and opened the fridge. She had also cooked. He smiled taking out the food.

“You cook?”

He turned to Refilwe.

“Ask no questions and hear no lies.”

She laughed. “Ok.”

“You can warm the food while I go and change.”

“Ok.”

Miguel walked to the bedroom and changed into sweappants and a t-shirt. He locked his closet then went to the sitting room and switched on the radio connecting his phone to it using the Bluetooth. He played Mr. Eazi’s songs and the subwoofer started playing, the bass setting the mood.

Refilwe joined him in the sitting room.

“I love Mr. Eazi.”

Miguel smiled. “I recently downloaded his songs.”

“You were left behind truly.”

He took a bite from her plate. She smiled sitting down.

“I expected to find your house a mess honestly.”

“I have a cleaning lady who comes in.”

“Tell her that I love her food.”

He smiled. “I will.”

“Have you found her?”

“No, I am going to let it go.”

“Are you sure?”

He sighed. “Yes, it’s draining me.”

“I get you, you look real thin.”

They laughed.

“I know. I think I have grown to accept that she is not going to come back.”

Refilwe smiled. “I am really sorry for what happened.”

“It’s ok. We are all not lucky.”

Refilwe put her plate down. “I am really sorry.”

Miguel leaned over and kissed her. She slowly responded putting her hand on his chest. He pushed her on the couch pulling down her jeans. He threw them on the floor and put his hand inside her panties

flicking her clit. He kissed her capturing her soft moans as she moved her waist. He removed his hand from her panties and helped her take off her top and bra. Miguel breathed hard staring at her breast, he squeezed her boobs pinching the nipples.

Miguel kissed her again and took out dick pulling her panties to the side. He impaled in her as she cried out.

“God wait!”

He looked at her breathing hard while she tearfully stared back.

“Condom...”

He pounded into her as she tried to speak. Her muscles tightened around him.

“Fuck!”

“Oh God! He is big.”

He picked her up and led her to the kitchen counters. He held her legs as she sat on the counters and fucked her hard while she begged for mercy. Her tears seemed to be turning him on and the look of

pain she had on was just a cherry on top. He thrust his entire dick inside her and watched her stomach lifting.

“He’s killing me...”

He pulled out and rubbed her clit. Refilwe moaned softly relaxing. When she started vibrating, he rammed inside her. She cried out and closing her eyes coming hard.

Miguel drove into her over and over as she moaned screamed squatting. His dick slipped in and out of her as he reached. He pulled out last minute splashing his cum on her stomach.

“Fuuuck!”

He pulled out as Refilwe closed her eyes. He looked at her for a moment realizing she had blacked out then picked her up and led her to the bedroom. He carefully looked at her face, she was dark in complexion and beautiful in her own way. Her afro was thick and black. Slowly he stretched her coarse hair which was oily. He had never seen natural hair so long. With a smile he lay besides her. Anaya

crossed his mind but he tried not to compare them.
This were two different woman.

The next morning Refilwe got woken up with her alarm. She slowly opened her eyes feeling arms around her then frowned. She looked beside her and looked at the handsome man who was holding her in his arms. He was too handsome for her and yet she was here, lying right next to him. She closed her eyes remembering last night, she had cum before but not like that. He had shook her entire world that she didn't even remember what had happened because last thing she remembered was being on that kitchen counter coming.

She opened her eyes and looked at him tracing her finger on his face. For a while she wondered what he saw in her. He slowly opened his eyes and looked at her with that lazy look. Her clit throbbed as he put his hand between her legs.

“So you fainted on me?”

Refilwe blushed.

“I wasn’t done with you last night.”

“I have to go.”

“What time is your plane leaving?”

“At eight.”

He grabbed his phone and looked at the time.

“Good, we still have three hours to go.”

He got on top of her kissing her. He pushed her legs wide apart and slowly pushed into her warmth.

Colleen looked at herself in her formal skirt and shirt tucked in. Her make up was on point.

“You look beautiful.”

Colleen turned and looked at Naledi who was sitting on the bed staring at her.

“Thank you. I have to go. I don’t want to be late for my first day.”

She kissed Angel who was still sleeping and walked out of the house. She looked at the time walking down the road to the bus stop.

“Hi,”

She looked at the car which was driving slowly beside her and sighed. It was the handsome man. From just looking at him she could smell trouble.

“Hi.”

“Can I give you a lift? Remember me? I am Karabo.”

“No I am fine, thanks.”

“Come on, in those heels you shouldn’t be walking.”

She looked at his sly smile then his cute face. “I am fine.”

“Look, how about I pay you for letting me give you a free lift.”

She looked at him then laughed when he did.

“See? Good deal. Get in please.”

She sighed then walked round his car and got in.

“Hi stranger, where are you headed?”

“Work.”

He chuckled. “Ok, can I please drop off something by my brother’s house? A few minutes away.”

“It’s ok.”

He drove to his brother’s house and parked inside the gate. He stepped out and took a box from the boot before knocking on his brother’s door. Seconds later the door was opened and he was walking in. Colleen took out her phone and checked her whatsapp messages, she viewed Tshepo’s status and it was a picture of last night as she played with the kids.

“I am back!”

Colleen looked at him and put her phone away as he started the car.

“Why are you smiling like that?”

He chuckled. “Am I?”

He eased the car out of his brother's gate and drove off.

"Yes, like you just won lottery."

He flashed a cute smile at her. "I am just happy for my brother, that's all."

"Ok."

She looked at his face suspiciously then looked ahead directing him to her work place. A while later he parked the car near the entrance.

"Thank you."

"You are welcome, what's your name?"

She got off the car and shrugged. "Find out."

She modeled her way to the entrance leaving him in his car staring.

Refilwe walked inside the airport bravely with a smile

on. Her coworker caught up with her and smiled.

“Hey,”

“Hey,”

“I can’t believe I am flying out. My boyfriend’s baby mama is at home.”

“What is she doing there?”

“She said she doesn’t have anywhere to go.”

Refilwe frowned. “Is she one of those bitter baby mamas?”

“Yes. I feel like he’s going to sleep with her.”

“You can’t control what he does especially if he hasn’t married you.”

“I know Fifi and it stresses me.”

Refilwe’s phone rang and she took a step back answering.

“Hey,”

“Fifi thank you for yesterday.”

“It’s ok, how are you feeling?”

“Better. I am no longer running to the toilet.”

“Thank God!”

“Yeah, but what happened yesterday? I thought you were going to pass by my house.”

Refilwe looked at her wrist watch and sighed.

“I met a guy Diane.”

“You did?”

“Yes. It was for the second time and God! Seeing him made the entire thing worse Diane, now I can't stop thinking about him.”

“You should get your man!”

Refilwe laughed. “I wish but I have a feeling he is still stuck on his ex girlfriend.”

“Where is she?”

“I don't know. No one really knows.”

“Then he must be heart broken.”

“He is.”

“That's your chance. I feel like it's hard meeting good

guys this days, most of them are usually married or gay.”

“He is perfect but he can fuck. I feel as if my pussy is going to fall out.”

Diane laughed. “What do you mean?”

“That man knows what he does, he will fuck you so hard you will faint and he has a big dick. I feel like I cracked a little bit. He looked me in the eye with that look that says ‘I am going to fuck you so hard you will hate dick’ then he fucked my pussy.”

Diane laughed even harder. “Stop it, you are turning me on.”

“He is domineering. This man grabbed my neck and strangled me while fucking me. I never knew I could experience such pleasure, I am in love.”

“I want to see him.”

“I don’t have his pictures and I don’t know if he is going to call or not.”

“He will, I am praying he does.”

“Anyways, I have to go, bye. I will see you tomorrow.”

She hung up and walked back to her colleague.

Lone sat by her desk waiting for the next customer in line. She looked around the bank with a sigh. It had been years here, years of her life being in the same place. For the first time ever, she felt out of place in the bank. She wasn't sure why her mood was down. She had been waiting for Miguel to make a move but it seemed he had moved on. She had seen him in the morning with a lady in his car and they were kissing.

"I am sorry for whatever you are going through."

She looked up embarrassed. The customer was already sitting.

He laughed. "You will be fine."

She smiled politely. "Good morning and welcome to FNB, how can I help you?"

He looked in her eyes making her shy.

“Today is my day. I can feel it.”

“Why?”

“Meeting a beautiful woman is a blessing on it’s own.”

She laughed. “How can I help you?”

“Ok, back to business.”

She helped him with what he had come for a ten minutes later, they were done.

“Thank you, you were so efficient.”

She laughed rolling her eyes. “Sir, please move, I have customers waiting.”

“I can imagine you calling me Sir while I fuck you hard.”

Lone frowned embarrassed. “Please leave.”

He smiled. “Scared you? Sorry, by the way, you can call me Bame.”

“Go away!”

He laughed. “Not till I get you number.”

He was huge and handsome, he reminded her of Columbus Shot somehow, the fact that he was a soldier turned her off. She wondered how many woman he fucked per month and she would probably be one of them.

“Next customer please!” She called out and he smiled standing.

“I am going to get you, Lone.”

“Go!”

He walked out with a smile.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#58

Anaya's mother stepped out of the G-Wagon holding

her handbag during lunch hour. She walked inside the newly opened restaurant staring at the silver bold letters at the front written Naya Catering And Restaurant. Bontle approached her with a smile.

“Good morning mam,”

“How are you? I see it’s full.”

“This location was best, there is no much competition, we are the only ones.”

“I see. I came to look around.”

She smiled at the customers and they walked to the kitchen which was spotless while the chefs worked. Bontle led her to her office written Manager and they sat down.

“I still can’t believe I am a manager.”

Anaya’s mother smiled. “Anaya said she trusts you.”

“I am going to work extra hard. I already emailed the books to the email you gave me.” Bontle handed over the accounting books. “I know it’s only been a month since we opened but I am going to push myself harder.”

Anaya's mother looked at the books carefully paging one by one. A while later she handed them back to Bontle with a satisfied smile.

"I love how you are determined. You will go far."

"Thank you."

Anaya's mother stood up and walked out. She got in the car as her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Gloria, can we please talk my wife."

"I am not your wife. You left me with the kids with nothing and went to Mozambique, I had to make ways for my kids and I. Today you come back with nothing and you think you can come back to Gloria because she is a fool? You are crazy. I forgive you for the pain you caused my kids and I but that is all. Stay away from my kids."

"Anaya is my child too, you can't be eating her money alone."

"Then talk to her."

Gloria hung up and sighed. She could still

remember how he had left her for her friend. The pain still felt fresh when she thought about it. She blinked away her tears and started the car putting on her seatbelt. She carefully and slowly reversed from her parking space then drove into road headed home. Almost thirty minutes later, she parked the car under the tree beside the other Mercedes. She took out her phone and dialed a foreign number stepping out of the car.

“Mama?”

“Anaya, I am from the restaurant. Everything is in order.”

“I saw the email Bontle sent me. I just spoke to Thuso and bought the calfs.”

“Ok, I will arrange to buy the feeds.”

“I have sent you the money. Can you please go to the farm tomorrow and check the progress. The cabbages and tomatoes are almost ready for harvest.”

“Ok, so the supermarket agreed to buy from you?”

“Yes. We will be supplying a couple of supermarkets. I am sure in a while, we will have more. We just have to be patient.”

“What about the school? Did it renew the chicken contract?”

“Yes and I signed two more schools for the chickens that’s why I want to hire more workers. I am just worried that without constant supervision, some workers may steal.”

“Don’t worry. I will take care of it.”

“But what about your work? I don’t want you to quit what you love doing.”

“I will employ two people to help me out while I run the farm. I know how this things run.”

“I am so happy to have you. I am going to use the entire farm because I want to plough more things.”

“Ok. I think that’s a good idea.”

“How is Lethabo and Ayana?”

“They are fine, Ayana is happy.”

“I am glad she went St. Joseph, it’s a good school.”

“It is.”

“Ok mama, I will call you.”

“Ayana when are you going to talk to Miguel? That man paid your bride price. You can’t behave like this.”

“Mama, I am embarrassment. I am not going to come back and have people talk about me. The humiliation will kill me.”

“Then talk to him. Running away is not the option.”

“I will come back. Just not now.”

Anaya hung up before Gloria could say anything.

Anaya put her phone down and sighed staring down at the Joburg streets from her office. Donald walked inside her office a second later.

“Hey, I brought us lunch.”

She smiled. “Thank you. I was so hungry.”

“These days you eat a lot! You are thick too.”

Anaya briefly smiled fixing her blazer. “It’s the new diet I am on.”

Donald peaked at her budget and grinned. “You are always on budget.”

“I have to.”

“Anaya, no one would believe you are a financial accountant at FNB headquarters. You live in a simple one bedroomed apartment with no car. When will you enjoy the money you make?”

“I am going to sell the GLE Coupe and buy a small car and the save the rest of the money .”

Donald slowly shook his head. “You need to loosen up.”

“I will. But after I am no longer working for anyone but myself.”

Donald smiled. “You are sexy and independent. It’s a

major turn on.”

“I am. Anyways, thank you for the lunch.”

“You are welcome.”

“There is a lady I saw. She was checking you out. I think you should give her a chance.”

Donald smiled briefly. “I will.”

“You really should, plus she is pretty.”

“Yeah...”

He smiled and walked out. Anaya looked at her budget then back at her laptop where the company’s she wanted to buy shares in where listed. She closed the tab and opened a new one researching about OsWorld, a recent brand in SA which sold food, beverages, kitchen products and personal skin products. It didn’t have much attention, in the past year that it had opened, it wasn’t making much money because of competition. She thought of buying it as a franchise. If she could have it then she would have a lot of market considering the fact that there was nothing like that in Botswana. She knew

she would get investors if she played her cards right, all she needed was someone who could connect her to the people she needed and money.

Miguel parked by the gate and stepped out of the car. He walked inside the yard heading to Colleen's seven's quarters where a black shiny WildTrack was parked. Gently he knocked on the door.

Miguel stepped back when a man opened the door.

"How can I help?"

"Call my sister."

Colleen opened the door wider stepping out of the house holding a wooden spoon. She smiled.

"BK."

"I thought we could go out and celebrate your job."

Miguel looked at Tshepo. "Who's this?"

"Uh Tshepo meet my brother Boikanyo, BK this is

Tshepo.”

Angel cried inside the house and Colleen quickly walked back inside the house.

“What do you do for a living?”

“I am a lawyer.”

“Colleen is my only sister, hurt her and I will gladly escort you to defend the devil in hell.”

Tshepo smiled. “Understood.”

“Is this yours?”

Tshepo looked at his car. “Yeah.”

“Nice wheels.” Miguel complimented already walking away. His phone rang as soon as he got in his car.

“Hello?”

“Please put on your seatbelt, the plane is about to take off. Switch off your mobile phones and put them away.”

Miguel laughed listening to Refilwe. “You looked sexy in your uniform in the morning.”

“Thank you.”

“I wish you were here.” He said with a smile genuinely realizing he missed her.

“Well, what if I tell you I can be there?”

“Don’t play with me like that.”

“I am serious.”

“Where are you?”

“At the airport. It seems like I got my flights mixed up.”

“I am coming to pick you up.”

She giggled. “Ok.”

Miguel smiled on his own as he drove to the airport. Minutes later she was walking towards his car while he watched her. She got in the car with a smile that always brightened her entire face.

“Hey,”

“You are beautiful.”

Refilwe smiled. “That is the first thing I tell myself

every morning.”

“What do you want to eat? We can pass by a restaurant and-“

“I will cook.”

“Ok.”

He leaned over and tilted her chin kissing her. He pulled away as early morning memories swam in his head. She looked at him with a smile.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

He started the car and drove to his house while she increased the volume on his car radio. Mr. Eazi’s supernova played as wind shook her big afro while she relaxed. There was something about her that made him smile. She turned and looked at him.

“What?”

“Can’t I stare a beautiful woman?”

She giggled. “You are losing it.”

A while later he was driving inside his gate while a

car pulled up behind him. He drove inside the garage and stepped out. He walked round to Refilwe's side and opened her door. She stepped and he immediately took her hand leading her to Kenneth's car.

Vince and Kenneth stepped out of the car and looked at Refilwe.

"Gents, meet my woman, Refilwe, babe this is Kenneth and Vince."

Refilwe smiled. "Nice meeting you."

"Likewise." Kenneth responded while Vince just waved.

"I will go and start cooking."

They all watched her as she walked inside the house.

"You already replaced Naya?"

Miguel looked at Kenneth. "Anaya is not here."

"You love Anaya, you are going to hurt this girl."

"Refilwe is here and Anaya is not Ken, stop being uptight. Congrats BK, she's beautiful."

“Thanks Vince. Ken Anaya is not here, my life can’t stop just because she is not here.”

“What if she comes back? You know she is going to.”

“That’s a given if and I like Refilwe.”

“Someone is going to get hurt, you know it, we all know it.”

Vince looked at Kenneth. “You need to calm down. You are still fucking your PA.”

Miguel looked at Kenneth in shock. “I thought you said it was over?”

“We are not talking about me.”

Vince laughed. “We are now, Rachel is going to burn you when she finds out. Ken, we should leave, BK has company.”

Miguel walked inside his house as Kenneth drove off. He checked for Refilwe in the kitchen but she wasn’t there. He walked to his bedroom where he had the shower on. Quickly he undressed and joined her.

He kissed her neck standing behind her and closed

the water lifting her butt. He curved his back and pushed through inside her while she softly moaned.

Marang fixed her red lipstick and put on her heels. She was a lady on a mission and nothing was going to stop her.

“I am going but I may not come back tonight.” She kissed Junior’s forehead and looked at his nanny.

“Call me if there is an emergency.”

“Yes mam.”

She walked out and got into her car. A smile broke on her face as her favorite song played while she drove. She sang along to the lyrics nodding her head. Her heart pounded when she parked her car in front of his gate. She couldn’t see his car but the lights were on. She took out her compact mirror and looked at her reflection.

“You can do this. Go get your man, he is yours.”

Marang stepped out of her car with confidence and walked through the open gate. Music could be heard from outside and she wondered what he was doing all alone. With a sigh, she knocked on the door fixing her cleavage. Her dress was short and she knew that was going to do the trick. He probably hadn't had sex since Anaya left.

She smiled as the door opened but her smile quickly dissolved as a woman looked at her with a frown.

"Hi,"

Marang swallowed looking at her wearing his shirt that reached just below her mid thighs. She was taller than her that Marang felt intimidated though she was wearing heels.

"Hello, is Miguel in?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"I am his son's mother."

"Miguel!" She called still staring at her. Seconds later he stood behind her putting his hands on her waist while kissing her neck.

“This lady is here to see you.”

Miguel raised his head and looked at Marang with a frown.

“Is everything ok?”

Marang wet her dry throat. “Yes, can we talk? In private?”

“You can say it in front of Refilwe.”

Marang looked at Refilwe again then back at Miguel.
“Please.”

He sighed and kissed Refilwe on her cheek.

“I will be back just now.”

“It’s ok.”

She walked back inside the house.

“You have already moved on?”

“Why won’t I?”

“It’s just too early. You should leave her before you break her heart.”

“Marang what do you want?”

Tears filled her eyes. "Why are you with her?"

"Because I can, why?"

A tear ran down her cheek. "You don't love her, tell her to leave."

Miguel smiled. "Are you jealous?"

"I am not jealous!"

"Then what's the problem?"

She closed her eyes. "Miguel I just want my son to have a stable home. Please tell her to leave, I am begging you."

Miguel closed the door and closed the gap between himself and Marang.

"Don't cry."

"Why can't you just tell her to leave. You grew up with both parents. Junior deserves the same."

"I like her."

"I love you. Think about our child please. We can be a family."

Miguel rubbed his face.

“Marang you are putting me in a difficult position.”

“We are a family. I love you. I can take care of you. Our son needs his parents together. Don’t deny him that. Kids who grow up with separated parents don’t get to enjoy the full love of their parents.”

He looked at her for a while. “I don’t want to hurt you. You deserve better.”

“I want you. I love you Miguel, I do and there is nothing I can do about that. I tried but I can’t anymore. Please tell her to leave.” She knelt down crying. “I love you, give us a chance please...”

Miguel looked at her with guilt then helped her up. “It’s late right now, I just can’t kick her out.”

“Then drop her off at her house.”

“Can I call you tomorrow.”

“I am not going anywhere till she leaves!”

Refilwe held her phone to her ear in the kitchen.

“I didn’t even know he had a baby mama Diane.”

“What did you expect, of cause he has a child.”

“I love him.”

“Then don’t leave. I am sure this baby mama is taking advantage of the fact that his ex fiancé is not here. He wasn’t with her for a reason. Fight for your man.”

“I don’t know what to do.”

“If you leave him, where else will you get a man like him? You can’t always leave, you will regret this in years to come when you can’t find a man like him. You are beautiful, there is no need to get stressed.”

“What if he chooses her?”

“He will only choose her if you walk out. There is no Mr. Perfect out there. If you want a perfect man go and buy flour and baking powder. Bake him. You will leave then next thing he marries her. Stick with him, he is a broken man, fix him and he will love you.”

“I hear you.”

“Good. Now, go and get your man.”

Refilwe laughed.

“Yes mam!”

Miguel looked at Marang.

“I don’t know what you want me to do.”

“Tell her to leave.”

Refilwe walked out.

“Are you done?”

Miguel looked at her then back at Marang who was staring at him waiting.

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The Alpha In Stilettos

#59

Refilwe calmly looked at Miguel.

“Marang was just leaving.”

He walked past her and got inside the house. Refilwe
looked at Marang carefully and smiled calmly.

“Please leave, I want to close the gate.”

Marang shrunk her eyes, anger flaring in them. “You
don’t know me.”

“I don’t need to. You are just a baby mama and there
is nothing special about that, trust me. Save yourself
the embarrassment.”

“Who do you think you are?”

“I am the woman in his life. Good night.”

Refilwe walked inside the house closing the door behind her. Miguel was already watching TV seeming unbothered.

“You didn’t tell me you have a child, not that I have a problem with it but it would have been nice if you told me... unless this is just sex.”

Miguel smiled. “I am sorry, I should have told you.”

“Are you and her fixing things?”

He stood up and held her waist. “If I was then you wouldn’t be here.”

“I don’t want a situation where I find myself in a love triangle because I have a tendency of loving hard.”

Miguel leaned over and kissed her.

“You have nothing to worry about.”

“Ok. I will start cooking.”

He kissed one last time before she walked off and started cooking in the kitchen.

Marang sat in her car crying. Her heart was breaking, she couldn't understand why she loved him this much. She started her car and drove off as tears blurred her eyes. The pain she was feeling was too much, she wiped away her tears trying to drive properly. When she finally parked in front of her house she broke down crying. She couldn't understand what he saw in her, she wasn't that beautiful, matter of fact, she wasn't beautiful at all, just dark in complexion. Her phone rang and she took a deep breath picking.

"Hello?"

"I have been calling, how are you?"

Her father's voice brought tears in her eyes. "I am fine."

"How is Junior? Your mother and I will come there in some time, to see you and the baby."

"I would love that."

"I sold a couple of cows so that you can buy a plot

for Junior.”

“Papa, you shouldn’t have done that, I have been saving.”

“It will not be enough. You are growing Marang and you need to start planning for your kids. What will happen today if something happens to you?”

She kept quiet as tears dropped.

“I did this because I love you.”

“I love you too papa.

“Your mother wants to talk to you.”

“Ok.”

She waited for a few seconds then heard her mother.

“Marang?”

“Mama..”

“How is Junior?”

“He is fine. How are you?”

“I am fine. You father didn’t tell you that your cow has a calf. I am going to bring you milk when we

come there.”

“I would love that.”

“How is the nanny? I don’t trust these Gaborone girls.”

“She is fine.”

“Ok, bye.”

“Bye.”

Marang hung up and got off her car. She walked inside the house, it was quiet. She suspected the nanny was already sleeping. She passed by her son’s room checking on him before heading to her bedroom. The more she thought of Refilwe, the more her heart throbbed. She undressed and dragged her body to bed fighting her tears while trying to block her thoughts.

Ayana slowly tiptoed from her bedroom. She went to

the back door and unlocked it. A sound froze her, she stilled for a couple of seconds then finally opened the door and walked out. She walked to the gate and unlocked the small gate. Pule flashed his lights as soon as she got out making her rush over in her short pajama shorts. she climbed inside while her heart raced.

“And?”

Ayana looked at him then gave him the pregnancy test. “What am I going to do?”

“We will abort.”

She put her hands over her face crying.

“Babe come on.”

“I can’t believe this.”

“We will deal with this.”

“Pule what if something happens to me?”

“Do you realize what will happen if you don’t have an abortion?”

“Yes!” She screamed crying. “I realize what’s at stack.

My future is on the line. I can't believe I..."

"Ayana I love you."

She looked at him angrily. "I don't love you anymore."

She stepped out of his car and rushed back inside the gate. Slowly she closed the small gate and locked it. Inside the house, she locked the back door and walked back to her room.

"Where are you coming from?"

She looked at her mother coming out of her room shaking. She put her legs together trying to hold her pee.

"The kitchen. I was thirsty."

"Ok, go and sleep. You have school tomorrow."

She quickly walked inside her room and closed the door with relief. Her phone vibrated from the bed and she took it.

P: I will bring abortion pills tomorrow morning.

She quickly deleted his message and lay on the bed as tears gushed out. She couldn't imagine how

Anaya would be disappointed. She put a pillow over her face crying.

Theodora vomited in the toilet kneeling. She stood up and washed her mouth over the sink as Christian stood behind her.

“Are you ok babe?”

She wiped her mouth looking at her reflection on the mirror.

“Yes. I have to go, I have a morning meeting.”

“Has your contract been renewed?”

“Not yet, I am meeting my boss so he will tell me.”

She walked towards him and kissed his cheek.

“You are working from home today?”

“Yes. Melody called me.”

Theodora picked her handbag and the Fortuner’s

keys. "She should be patient, I told her I will send the money."

"Ok, I love you."

"I love you too."

She walked out going to the car and drove off glancing at the time. She stopped by the red traffic light rubbing her lips together then looked beside her. Anaya's G-Wagon made her heart skip but when she looked inside she realized it was Anaya's mother driving. She smiled imagining it was her own mother driving, it would serve her great joy. The traffic light changed and the G-Wagon sped off.

Theodora stepped on the accelerator continuing her journey. Minutes later she parked in the parking lot and stepped out of the car. With her handbag in her hands, she made her way inside the building.

"Morning," She said to the receptionist who smiled.

"You are pregnant. I can see it."

Theodora laughed and ignored her. She dropped by her office before she finally went to her boss's office.

“Good morning Mr. Medupi.”

He smiled staring at her.

“How are you Theodora.”

“I am fine Sir, you?”

“I am fine.”

He handed her an envelope.

“Your contract is coming to an end this month.”

Her heart pounded as she opened the envelop and took out the letter. She slowly read it and smiled.

“You are renewing my contract?”

He smiled. “And also promoting you. For the past year you have proved to be a very hard worker and I don’t want to lose you as a worker.”

Tears filled her eyes. “I can’t believe this.”

“You have to. Your new office is waiting.”

“Thank you so much.”

“Good. Don’t make me regret it.”

“I promise you, I will work extra hard.”

“That’s what I want.”

She stood up and walked out to her office where she found Kamo waiting.

“And?”

“I have been promoted.”

Kamo smiled. “Thank God! I was so worried thinking I have lost my only friend.”

“I didn’t sleep last night.” Theodora said sitting. “I was so scared, you know how difficult it is to find a job. I don’t want to be a housewife.”

“Me too, I don’t have a man but when I finally get him, he needs to understand that I love my job.”

“I brought the shoes so you can see them since you couldn’t come over that day.”

“Ok, come and collect me during lunch time.”

“Ok, bye.”

Kamo walked out while Theodora re-read her letter with a smile.

Rachel took a deep breath looking at her clothes. She couldn't find anything sexy expect from the long skirts and dresses she wore. Now she understood why Kenneth never looked at her that much. She had turned into a granny all because she couldn't balance between church and herself.

She took out the better looking dress she had and a pair of pumps then walked out of the house. She got in the small Vits Ken had bought for her two months ago and drove to the mall where she walked from store to store shopping. She had given away all her nice clothes. She passed by a salon and did her hair before heading back home hours later. After changing into a sexy number, she shook her booty playfully in front of the mirror. With a matching handbag, she walked out of the house. She had missed this part of her, she guessed it all came with staying at home doing nothing and that was about to change.

She started the car and drove headed to the company with a huge smile, she would hit him with a big surprise. A while later she parked her car and climbed out headed inside the building.

“Hi,” She said to the receptionist with a bright smile.

“Good morning, how can I help?”

“I am here to see my husband, the boss.”

“Oh, welcome Mrs. Mokwena. He is in.”

“Thank you.”

She walked towards Kenneth’s office. She smiled walking inside but her smile slowly dissolved as her heart pounded hard and fast staring at them.

Gorata stood up as Kenneth quickly put his dick in his pants. It was like a movie slowly playing before her eyes and she couldn’t even react. She looked at Gorata as she fixed her dress.

“You are sleeping with...”

She took a step forward feeling weak.

“You are sleeping with my husband.”

“Babe, I can explain.”

Tears filled her eyes as she looked at Kenneth.

“Explain what? I am going to sue you, you think you can just sleep with a married man? Wait until your face in The Voice.”

“I am so sorry Mrs. Mokwena.”

“I am still suing you and you are fired. Get out!”

Gorata quickly walked out as Rachel fumed.

“Can we talk?”

“I am going to sue her. I can not believe this.”

“I am sorry, you have been focused on church a lot.”

“So you found another woman?”

“I am sorry.”

Tears ran down her cheeks. “Is she better than me?”

“Babe...”

“Is she? Next thing she will be pregnant.”

“I have used protection all the time.”

“You want me to quit church Kenneth? Is that what you want?”

“No.” He held her hands. “I am sorry.”

She nodded then wiped away her tears.

“It’s fine. I forgive you.”

“Babe...”

“I forgive you. Let me go, get back to work.”

He looked in her eyes as she stared at him blankly.

“I forgive you. Let me go.”

“Just like that?”

“Yes. Just like that.”

She turned and walked out passing Gorata who was shaking by her desk. Her lips trembled as she got in her car. She looked back at the building holding her tears then drove away. Minutes later, she was walking inside the empty church. The guards had let her in. She knelt at the front and cried.

“Lord please help me fight this battle, give me the strength I need to deal with this. I put my marriage in

your hands for I am failing. If this is meant to be, then let it be. Give me the heart to forgive and forget. Have mercy on me, remember me when you remember others. In the name of Jesus I pray, Amen.”

She stood up and sat on the front roll with tears in her eyes. She could still see Gorata on her knees and she wondered if ever her marriage was going to survive it, if ever she was going to survive it.

Hours later Rachel walked inside her house. She could smell something delicious by the door as she went further inside the house.

“Hey!” Ken greeted her with a smile. “I cooked your favorite.”

“I am not hungry. Good night.”

She walked to the bedroom where she showered and crawled on the bed. She looked at the wall and

closed her eyes as her head ached.

“Babe, can we talk?”

She pretended to be sleeping when he shook her.

“Can we talk?”

She tried thinking of her parents, she had had a good relationship with her father. She had been daddy’s little girl till one day they were both just gone. They collided with a drunkard, five people died that day and two of them were her parents and the other her younger brother. She had only been 17 then it was over.

Tears fell to the pillow as she thought of what or how her parents would comfort her. She had trusted him, trusted her heart with him and he had broken it. She cried silently till she dissolved into meaningless sleep.

Ayana closed her eyes feeling the excruciating pain.

She had taken the pills, she had drank one and the other she had inserted in her vagina. Her heart throbbed with guilty, she was committing a murder. She was killing a baby.

Her phone rang and she took it looking at his number. She waited till the phone stopped ringing then blocked and deleted his number. The pain slashed again and she stood up. Blood ran down her thighs through her pajama shorts. She took her phone and dialed Lalah.

“I am watching generations Ayana, what do you want?”

“I am dying.” She said groaning.

“What?”

“Come, I am bleeding.”

“Ayana what are you saying.”

“Come... God!” She cried putting her hand over her mouth. “Please.”

“I am coming.”

Ayana slid to the floor with blood trailing down.

Almost ten minutes, there was a knock on the door followed by the door knob moving.

“Ayana, it’s me, open!”

She slowly stood up and opened the door for Lalah who walked in looking at the blood. Lalah locked the door.

“What’s going on?”

Ayana lay on the floor again groaning.

“Abortion.”

“What?”

“Oh I am dying.”

“You are having sex.”

An urge to push overwhelmed her and she took off her shorts and pushed while Lalah stared in horror. Ayana pushed again then felt something come out through her vagina. She sighed exhaustedly laying back down.

“It’s a small...” Lalah trailed off looking at Ayana who was blinking slowly her eyes closing.

“The... it’s dead. You need to bath then we will clean the room and throw away the thing.”

Lalah grabbed Ayana’s shorts and picked the tiny baby. Her heart pounded as she covered the dead baby with tiny limbs. She threw it under the bed and walked out of the bedroom checking the coast.

Ayana’s mother and brother were watching TV in the sitting room. She ducked back inside Ayana’s room and helped her up.

“You have to bath.”

They slowly walked to the bathroom. Lalah left Ayana sitting in the tub as water filled it and rushed back to her bedroom where she took off the bloody sheets on the bed. With quick movements, she wiped the blood on the floor with the sheets and walked out with them. Ayana sat in the tub with her eyes closed.

“Ayana, don’t sleep. Bath, we need to throw away the... that thing. Bury it.”

Lalah put the sheets down as Ayana opened her eyes.

“Lalah I am dying.”

“Tsek! Shut up!” Lalah bathed Ayana as she weakly sat in the tub with the water which had turned red.

“Who are you sleeping with?”

“Pule.”

Lalah paused. “Shame on you! You said I should stop admiring him because he was old so that you can have him all to yourself. Koore o moloji monyana ke wena! {You are a witch.}”

She helped Ayana up and wrapped a clean towel around her wet body.

“Go to your room and put on a pad. I will clean your mess.”

Ayana walked out as Lalah cleaned the tub. She threw the bloody sheets in the washing machine and turned it on before walking out.

In Ayana’s room, she found her already dressed in pajama pants and shirt. She reached under the bed and took the shorts bundled up.

“We are going to burn this thing.”

Ayana slowly nodded. Using the back door, they walked out to the back of the house.

“I killed a baby.”

Lalah looked at her friend sadly.

“Go back inside the house, I am coming.”

“We have to burry my baby.”

“I will do it alone, go back inside the house. We will talk tomorrow.”

Ayana put her hands over her mouth crying.

“Shhh! Why are you crying? You want people to hear? Did anyone force you to abort? O seka wa batla go ntena Ayana! {Don't annoy me.} I said go back inside the house, re tla bua kamoso. O ntsenya stress ebile tloko yame ya opa. {We will talk tomorrow. You are stressing me, my head is even aching.}”

Ayana turned and walked back inside the house leaving her friend at the back of her house.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#60

Christian watched as Theodora prepared for work.

“What do you mean you got a promotion?”

“I did. I was so scared yesterday.”

Christian sighed and sat on the bed.

“Babe I can afford you. You don’t need to work.”

Theodora put on her mascara stretching her eyelashes then stood up.

“I know but I need to work. I love working.”

“But you are pregnant, don’t you think you should be resting?”

“I will take my maternity leave when I am due.” She kissed his cheek. “Bye!”

She grabbed her handbag and walked out of the house. Her cab was already waiting outside the gate.

she got in answering her ringing phone.

“Hello?”

“Good morning, I am still waiting.”

“I am sending today.”

“Please, Emmanuel is still not going to school.”

“I am sending today.”

“Ok.”

She hung up rolling her eyes. She didn't understand how Melody could just be sitting doing nothing expecting to be fed. Now she understood why they said some in-laws just don't care. It was funny how Christian's mother had supported Melody when she wanted to kick her out now but now she couldn't even pay her grand kid's school fees.

A while later she stepped out of the cab and walked inside the building. She went to her new office and sat down with a smile. It damn felt good!

Ayana looked at herself on the mirror. She knew she had to get over what happened last night and move on with life. She was going to be a nurse and was going to forget Pule ever happened. She put on her school blazer as Carrie Underwood- The champion played. A smile started at the corner of her lips while the lyrics of the song moved her.

Walking out of her room, she went to the kitchen and sat down eating the soft porridge her mother had dished for her while she opened her whatsapp messages on her iPhone.

Lethabo joined her a second later and sat beside her eating.

“I also want a phone.” He grumbled.

“Naya said she will buy one after you pass your grade 7.”

“I want one like yours.”

Ayana laughed. “You only get this one after your form 3.”

Their mother joined them dressed. Ayana smiled staring at her mother in her favorite suit.

“Where are you going?”

“To work, can’t I look good?”

Ayana chuckled. “You look really beautiful.”

“Thank you, do fast, your school bus is almost here.”

“I want to start taking a combi to school.”

Her mother looked at her. “Why?”

“I am too old for a school bus.”

“I like the school bus because it takes you to school on time and also brings you back on time.”

“I don’t like the school bus, can you please take me off it.”

“I will think about it.”

Ayana stood up and took her plate to the sink as her school bus hooted.

“Ayana you are bleeding.” Lethabo pointed at her bloody school skirt.

She quickly turned and saw a big stain.

“I will change.”

She rushed back to her bedroom and quickly changed into another skirt and panties. Her mother walked in as she picked her stained skirt from the floor.

“What’s happening?”

Anaya panicked looking at her mother.

“Ma?”

“What’s happening? Why are you bleeding this much?”

“It’s my first day.”

“Ok, leave that. You will wash it when you come back from school.”

She switched off her phone and put it in her wardrobe before walking out.

Marang walked inside Layla's office talking with Layla in front.

"She has an attitude, I don't think I will ever trust her with my child."

"Marang you don't have to. She is just a girlfriend right?"

"Yes and she is so sure of herself."

"Well, that's how some girls are."

"I still can't believe Miguel chose that ugly tall girl."

Layla sat down. "Are you jealous?"

"Why would I be? I am just saying a man of his status shouldn't be seen with such a girl."

"You sound bitter right now. I told you, you shouldn't have high hopes when it comes to that man."

She sighed. "I just..."

"You just thought you were finally going to be a family?"

“What’s wrong with that? I mean, Junior deserves as much.”

“You love him.”

Marang shook her head tearfully. “Am I wrong to?”

“No, but you shouldn’t have so much hope, you need to move on with your life at some point.”

“I just can’t believe he is sleeping with that dark girl. She is not even that pretty.”

“A man loves who he loves.”

“He is probably going to toss her to the side when he meets better meat.”

“That’s his choice. Don’t give him the satisfaction of knowing he has a hold on you.”

“Yeah, anyways we will talk later.”

Marang walked out of Layla’s offices and back to hers. She took out her phone and called Miguel.

“Marang?”

“I can’t believe you. Out of everything woman you can get in the world, you went and chose her.”

He sighed. "Is Junior ok?"

"He is fine. I can't believe you. What exactly do you see in her? You disappointed me in your choice."

"Are we done?"

"My child is never going to come to your house as long as that charcoal girl is there."

"Can you stop insulting her? She has a name. You beginning to annoy me."

"For a man your status, you have definitely went far below your level. I pity you, if this is what a heart break can do to you, you definitely need help."

"Don't ever call me if it has nothing to do with the baby."

"Whatever. I don't even want you, not after you slept with that charcoal girl. Sies!" She hung trying to control her anger. A nurse paged her and she stood up and walked out.

Kenneth rubbed his forehead staring at his wedding picture frame. Rachel still hadn't said anything and it bothered him. Rather she had woken up early morning and dressed in a sexy dress before leaving. She looked sexy and now he wondered where she had gone to. Gorata walked in his office and he looked at her bored.

"What do you want?"

"Ken, I am scared."

"Can you leave my office, didn't you hear my wife yesterday?"

"Your wife? Where was your wife when you were fucking me?"

"You knew I was a married man. Get out of my office."

Gorata wiped away her tears. "She is going to sue me."

"That's not my issue."

Gorata put her hand over her mouth and walked out.

Kenneth took his phone and looked at Rachel's pictures. She was beautiful and God he was scared to lose her. He scrolled through the contacts and called the pastor at church.

Refilwe walked inside her house late in the afternoon and sighed looking at the dirty house. She opened the windows and started cleaning.

"Hey Fifi,"

She turned and looked at her sister. "What's going on in my house?"

"I was going to clean."

She boiled with anger staring at Oshadi.

"My house is a mess Oshadi!"

"I was going to clean."

"I am tired of this. My house looks like a pigsty and I can't deal with it anymore. Go back to Aunty

because I can't deal with this anymore. I have tried to be patient with you, I have, I took you back to school so that you can fail again. Which 21 years old would fail BGCSE? I have been wasting my money on you yet a little responsibility of keeping my house, the house you stay is just too hard for you."

"So you are abandoning me too?"

"No one is abandoning you. The world doesn't owe you anything. You have an attitude for someone who wants to be taken care of. No wonder mama and papa disowned you, it's this rotten behavior!"

"I am your family."

Refilwe looked at Oshadi's pink hair and sighed.
"Mma, ke lekele, go padile. {I have tried and failed.}
Pack your bags, you are catching the next bus to Shakawe."

Oshadi walked to her bedroom banging the door behind her. Refilwe quietly cleaned her house and when she was done, she picked her phone and called.

"Fifi..."

“Mama, I have tried. Your daughter is hard to deal with. Now I understand. People like her make step parents look bad. I am sure everyone thinks you don’t want to take care of her. They just don’t know her.”

“I am sorry she is giving you a hard time. I really don’t know where I went wrong with Oshadi. She always reminds me that I am not her mother. I took both of you in when my sister died and have loved you equally.”

“I am sending her back to Aunty. I can’t deal with her anymore.”

“Ok, how are you my girl?”

“I am fine.”

“I always get worried when you are flying. My heart doesn’t relax.”

Rachel laughed. “Don’t worry that much. How is your blood pressure?”

“It’s ok. You shouldn’t worry about me.”

“I do because I love you.”

“I love you too child.”

She hung up and walked to Oshadi’s room.

“Let’s go.”

A minute later, she walked out with her bag.

“I can’t believe you are doing this to me.”

“I hope when you get there, you re-evaluate your life. You are not getting any younger. Your age mates are in universities pushing while you tint your hair to all sorts of colors and walk around in the facebook streets all day doing nothing of value. It’s a shame really, I hope you wake up and smell the coffee before it’s too late. Let’s go.”

Lone looked at Rachel in complete surprise.

“I never thought Kenneth would be the type to cheat.”

“And with some thin girl too.”

“I am sorry friend but what are you going to do?”

“She expects me to leave my husband but that is not going to happen. I love my husband and I am not going to leave him. I am suing her, she thinks the ring on Kenneth’s finger is for jokes.”

“Are you ready to have your business all over social media?”

“Yes. If that’s what it will take then yes. That girl thinks marriage is a joke, I am going to fix her. I want P150k.

Lone laughed. “You are about to make money.”

“She is going to pay that next time she sees a married man, she will run.”

Rachel’s phone rang and she took it out.

“Hello,”

“Hey, where are you?”

“I am hanging out with Lone but I am on my way.”

“Ok, I love you.”

“Bye.”

She hung up and sighed.

“I have to go, I like this small house.”

“I don’t, I was used to the big one but now I have a loan to pay.”

“For how long will you pay it?”

“Four years.”

“What? I understand your car is nice but was it necessary?”

Lone sighed. “No. I bought it because Anaya was driving a G-Wagon. I was hurt, Miguel never spoiled me when we were together then Anaya came and got two expensive cars.”

“So you were competing?”

“Yes, I regret it but now there is nothing I can do.”

“Don’t you think you have worked at the bank for long enough?”

“I am already looking for another job. I have been working at the same position for years.”

“I agree. Anyways, let me get going.”

“Bye!”

Rachel walked out and drove to her house. She stepped inside the house and closed the door.

“I cooked.”

She looked at Kenneth.

“Ok.”

He led her to the dining table where their plates were.

“Babe I know I have hurt you and no amount of excuse can justify what I did. I love you so much, I don’t want to lose you. I talked to the pastor and he said we should come for counseling.”

She sat down and started eating.

“Ok.”

He slowly sat down and watched her as she ate probably waiting for her to lash or something but that never came. Immediately after she finished eating, she went to the bedroom, took a shower and slept.

Refilwe laughed holding her phone.

“You are crazy, my thighs hurt and so does my pussy. I need a break.”

“Ok, I will just come over and watch TV with you. I won’t touch you.”

“You are lying.”

“Ok, maybe I will touch but I won’t have sex with you.”

Refilwe giggled. “Ok.”

She paused as a car drove in.

“Hold on.”

She walked to the window and slightly opened the curtains. A chuckle left her lips.

“So you are here?”

“Yes.”

She resumed her sit putting her phone down and

waited. Miguel walked in seconds later in his casual clothes.

“Hey,”

Refilwe smiled. “I am watching my favorite show.”

Miguel sat besides her on the couch pulling her closer.

“I will watch with you.”

She looked at his lips and sighed. She was falling faster than normal, it scared her.

“I am scared.”

“Of what?”

“Of being with you.”

Miguel smiled. “You have nothing to be worried about.”

She kissed him. “I believe you.”

The following Saturday morning Lone applied for a few jobs she qualified for online while she ate her early breakfast. A knock on the door pushed up on her feet. She opened the door and frowned.

“What are you doing here?”

Bame smiled. He looked even more sexier in his uniform. He was huge and sexy, he probably went to the gym everyday. He was one of those men you wouldn't mind being fucked by.

“Lone, hi.”

She opened to say something but he pushed her inside her house and closed the door.

“You look even more beautiful.”

“What are you doing here?”

He looked at her then chuckled. She took a deep breath chastening herself. She had to relax, of cause he was hot but she had to relax.

“I am here to fuck you and leave you dripping with my cum then come by later and fuck you again leaving my child inside you.”

Her heart pounded, he was pretty serious. He put his hand on her neck slightly choking her. "I am going to fuck you so hard because you are now mine. Am I clear babe?"

Shaking like a leaf she nodded.

"Good."

He leaned over and kissed her. Lone's clit throbbed as he kissed her real good with his hand still on her neck. She knew she was in shit and there was no way she was going to escape it. Bame let her go and unbuttoned the buttons of her shirt before taking it off her. He looked at her red bra then pushed the bra cups down staring at her nipples.

He let go of the bra and turned her around. He unzipped her skirt and pulled it down on her feet. She had on a red thong that matched her bra. He smirked her ass before hugging her from behind sliding his hand inside her panties while kissing her neck.

Lone moaned helplessly, she had no where to escape to. He continued with the torture till she

closed her eyes tightly due to the stimulation.

Bame pushed her towards the wall then pulled down her thong and unclipped her bra. She shook hearing him unzipping his pants.

“Don’t push me when I enjoy what’s mine, am I clear?”

She quickly nodded.

“Good. I don’t want to fuck you holding a gun.”

Lone’s heart skipped hearing the word gun. She took a silent prayer but she stopped midway as Bame pushed his dick inside her. She held her breath as he stretched her beyond measure. It was long since the last time she had a man pounding inside her. She tried moving as he filled every space inside her but Bame put his big hand around her waist keeping her in place while pushing his huge dick inside her.

She closed her eyes when he began fucking her. She closed her eyes tightly as his mass destruction weapon destroyed her little pussy. She moaned with every forceful thrust. Minutes later, he pulled out turning her then picked her up. She looked in his

eyes as he sunk her down on his hard dick and fucked her uncontrollably as her hair waved from side to side. With the sounds he was making, she knew he was enjoying himself.

Her nails dug into his back as he fucked her good. The pain was gone and the more he pushed his dick inside her, the more she felt the pleasure. It burned her core. He pulled out just before she exploded and put her on her couch. He held one leg sinking deep inside her.

“Ohhh...”

He looked in her right into his eyes and pounded her hard with his other hand chocking her. Her body twisted as she rolled her eyes to the back feeling every thrust. She roared cumming while her eyes turned. Bame let her neck go and gave her one last thrust freezing inside her while he shot his load inside her. He finally pulled out and fixed himself.

“See you later.”

She panted as he walked out leaving her lying there.

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Don't forget to like

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#61

Anaya's mother answered her ringing phone staring at the computer Anaya had insisted she buy.

"I don't know how to use this thing Naya."

"Call the shop so they can send someone to help you out. Did you go to the farm?"

"Yes, I didn't know you ploughed that much."

"I had to, I am going to sign a deal with another supermarket that just called me."

"It's beautiful, I am not surprised supermarkets are calling. I sent you the pictures. It's like white people's

farms.”

“I know, if I keep up I should be able to fulfill the plans I have for the future.”

“I am so proud of you.”

“Thank you. I have to go.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and sighed staring at the computer in confusion. A while later she was walking out of the house. She got in the G-Wagon pressing the gate’s remote. Even though Anaya hadn’t bought the car, she still loved it. She started the engine and drove out but stopped as another car stopped in front of hers. A man probably in his late fifties stepped out and looked at her.

“Dumelang,”

“Dumelang.”

“Ne ke kopa go botsa, ke latlegile. {Can I please ask, I am lost.}”

“You can ask.”

“I am going to Phakalane, I heard there is a road this side that goes there.”

“Yes.”

She slowly directed him to the road he had to join.

“Thank you so much, I am Morgan Seitshero.”

“You are welcome, I am Gloria Shato.”

Morgan frowned. “Are you the owner of Naya Shato Farm?”

Gloria smiled. “No, it’s my daughter’s.”

“Not son?”

Gloria laughed proudly. “No, daughter. I don’t have a son.”

“Why am I finding it hard to believe you?”

“You should. I have a very bright child. She is going to be a millionaire.”

“I actually wanted to buy chickens. Does she run the farm?”

“No, I do. She is in South Africa.”

“I will take your number and call you. I want 100 live chickens, some cabbages, tomatoes and green peppers. Does she have Onions?”

“She has everything.”

They exchanged numbers and Gloria drove off.

Refilwe made breakfast and dished for Miguel. He walked in the kitchen as she hummed to a song that was playing. He stared at her for a while then she finally turned and looked at him with a smile.

“I made breakfast.”

“I love weekend.”

Refilwe laughed. “Sit.”

His phone rang and he answered staring at her.

“Hello?”

“Where are you? We are at your house.”

“I am coming.”

“Hurry!”

He put his phone in his pocket staring at her.

“My parents are at my house. I have to go.”

She smiled. “It’s ok.”

He reached for his plate and kissed her before walking out eating. He put the plate on the passenger sit and drove off. Seconds later he drove inside his gate while his parent’s car that was parked beside the road pulled up behind his. He finished eating and stepped out going to the door.

“Where were you?” Mma Mokwena asked and he smiled.

“I was at a friend’s house.”

Mma Mokwena looked at him for a while before walking inside the house shaking his head.

“You know you are still married to Anaya right?”

Miguel looked at his father closing the door. “I know.”

“Do you want us to cancel? We can if you want.”

“No.”

Mokwena looked at him. “Where is she?”

“I don’t know. She needs some space and I am going to give it to her. She will come back, she is my wife and I will wait for her.”

“Ok. Where were you?”

He smiled. “At a friend’s house.”

“You shouldn’t go around hurting girls if you know you still want Anaya.”

“Papa I am not hurting anyone.”

“I am going to talk to that Shato family again. We need to have an understanding.”

“Don’t bother them. I love her and I don’t want her to think I am harassing her family.”

His father sighed. “Ok. If you say so.”

They stood outside and chatted even more.

Kenneth walked inside the pastor's office with his wife. The pastor's wife was also there. They both sat down exchanging greetings with the pastor.

"My wife and I usually get such cases and we always try to do our best to help."

Kenneth sighed looking at the pastor. "Thank you for agreeing to see us."

"What is the problem?"

Rachel looked at Kenneth.

"I cheated on my wife. With my PA."

"Why?" The pastor's wife asked.

"For the last few minutes I have been feeling abandoned. It all started when we started trying for a baby. Our sex turned into an obligation to make a baby, a mission. After that, that's when we started coming to church. At first it was because we were seeking help but as time went on, I guess we both found happiness in the church. Rachel has since

shifted her entire attention on church. She is forever at church, she attends every single thing at church. She doesn't have time for us."

They all looked at Rachel.

"The church makes me happy. It gives me the peace I need. Ever since I lost my parents, I have never felt such peace. Kenneth should have sat me down and explained how he really felt about church with me like this because how he approached it in the past made me feel as if he wanted me to quit church, that's why I was defensive. I didn't expect him to cheat on me or even hurt me. I know this affair has been going on for a while which makes me believe that if he really wanted us to fix things he would have done so, he found happiness in his side dish."

"Ok, I think maybe we should separate now that the problem is out. You both have issues, issues you need to tackle on your own then we finally deal with the main issue. Rachel and I are going to go to my office and we will talk." The pastor's wife stood up and took Rachel's hand leading her to her office.

Rachel sat down in the small office with pastor's wife.

"Rachel right? My name is Tshireletso. I know you are used to calling me Mrs. Mogapi." She smiled.

"I want to tell you a little story, after that then I want you to think carefully of your future."

Kenneth sat with the pastor telling him about Gorata.

"I don't love her, it was just sex. But I have hurt her. She is not saying anything but I can see the pain in her eyes every time she looks at me. She says she forgives me but I know she is hurting and I hate it because I am the one behind the pain."

"You are here because you want to fix things. That's a start. Marriage is not a joke, when you got married you knew the commitment you were getting yourself into. It's all about a lot of thing. With marriage comes trust, loyalty, compassion, forgiveness, and

love. I have learnt that hurting the person you love is not going to help you in any way. When you cheat, you destroy something in your partner. You may fix things but trust me, things will never get back to normal. There will always be doubt, mistrust and a lot. She is going to look at you and she will remember how you hurt her. The memory will never leave her, she would have turned into something else. Something she wasn't when you first met her."

Kenneth sighed. "I know."

"Back then before I was a pastor, I used to cheat. I was young like you and I had freedom. I slept with my wife's sister, till today they don't speak all because of me. I cheat on her with different people and she always forgave me because she didn't want the community to look at her as a divorcee. One day she just woke up and said she was leaving. She packed her bags and our children's things and left. You never realize what you have till you lose it. She had forgiven me for a lot and she just couldn't anymore. It took me a while to realize that saying sorry didn't mean anything. When I went after her, I

knew what I wanted. I wanted our love though I knew it already had cracks and that it will never be the same again. We chose to fight for our love, for our family and our children. It took a lot, there was a lot of pain and anger and we had to deal with that. But the damage had already been done. Cheating is a draw back because a couple who deal with cheating will always fight over different girls every time. Now that I look back I realize, I could have done a lot with my family when I chose to cheat. We would be far with life right now.”

Lone sat on her bed thinking about Bame. She could still feel him pounding deep inside her without care. She put her legs together, he looked sexy in that uniform. She softly bit her lower lip with a small smile. He was definitely worth it, she knew solders could never be trusted so even if all he wanted to do was use her, she didn't care that much. She had

missed the feeling of dick inside her and he had satiated her enough.

She took out her phone to call Rachel but she wasn't ready for the judgment so she put her phone down laying back recalling earlier in the morning. A knock on her door made her leap out of bed. She rushed to the door and opened.

"What do you want Amantle?"

Amantle smiled. "I got a job."

"So what?"

"You thought you were better than me but as usual, I am on top. I am going to Germany."

Lone sighed. "Ok, you want me to ululate?"

"You might as well."

"I can't believe you, even after all this years you still believe I am in a competition with you. I am not, live your own life and let me live mine. Congratulations on your job, now leave my house."

Amantle turned and looked at Lone's Discovery.

"You bought that with a loan?"

“My loan. Please leave.”

As they stood there, a car drove inside the yard and parked behind the Discovery. They both watched as Bame stepped out of his car holding a plastic bag. The uniform was off, he was now in his simple clothes but it still turned her on. Amantle smiled as he approached.

“Hey,” he kissed her with his tongue making her wet her panties. He pulled away and walked inside the house completely ignoring Amantle’s presence.

“Save trip to Germany. Bye!”

Lone walked back in her house and closed the door. Bame looked at her short hot pants then her spaghetti top.

“If you dress like that, I will fuck you. That is one temptation I am not going to resist.”

God! That voice of his turned her on. She wanted him all night before he could go back to his whores.

“Should I change?”

He looked at her bare thighs as she stared at his

dick print. She wanted him right then and there.

“Undress.”

She quickly took off her pants and panties then her top remaining nude.

“Come here.”

He took out his big black dick and rubbed it looking at her. Lone ran her tongue on her lips approaching him. He pulled her closer and picked her one leg and began rubbing his dick on her. Lone moaned softly grinding against him. Without warning, he pushed his way inside her pussy while she gasped.

“Condom?”

He looked right into her eyes. “I am putting my child right there. Where does your mother stay?”

“Mahalapye.”

“I am going to speak to my uncles, I want to marry you.”

Lone looked in his eyes trying to focus on his words with his dick plunged deep inside her.

“Are we clear?”

She quickly nodded.

“Good.”

Bame eased out and thrust in again as she yelled.

Marang walked inside Game store pushing a trolley. She did her shopping with her earphones plugged in. She walked over to the pampers sections and picked a certain brand throwing it in the trolley. Her eyes fell on the man who was holding two different brands with confusion.

“Take that one, I use them too, they are good.” She pointed at the other brand he wasn’t holding taking off her earphones.

He smiled looking at her. “Thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

She walked to the till and stood in the queue

pressing her phone. She moved with the queue and paid before walking out carrying the plastic bags.

“Can I help you? You helped me earlier on, now it’s my turn.”

Marang sighed as he took the plastic bags from him. She looked at his black lips.

“You smoke?”

He smiled as they walked to the parking lot. “No, not anymore.”

“Good, smoking kills.”

Marang unlocked her car from a distance.

“I know, that’s why I quit.”

They approached her and she opened the boot. He packed her groceries and sighed with a smile.

“My name is Bernard.”

“Marang, thank you Bernard, you better go with those pampers.”

“Yeah. Bye!”

He turned and walked away while she got in her car.

“Wait, can I have your number, incase I need help with the pampers next time.”

Marang laughed. “Really now?”

“Yes, please.”

He handed her his phone and she quickly punched her number before giving the phone back and driving off. At her house, she unpacked the groceries and finally took her son from the nanny.

“His temperature is high.”

“Yes but I gave him paracetamol.”

Marang sighed. “It’s ok, see you tomorrow.”

“Ok.”

Marang watched her walk out then looked at her son worriedly. She picked his car seat and walked out with him then strapped him at the backseat on his car seat. She took out her phone already driving headed to the hospital.

“Marang what do you want?”

“Junior is not feeling well. I am on my way to GPH.”

“Ok, I will meet you there.”

She hung and drove even faster. Arriving, she walked in with her son so to get attended. A while later, she was walking out of the doctor’s office holding his prescription card.

“Is he ok?” Miguel asked taking him from her.

“Yes, it’s nothing serious, what took you so long?”

Marang looked behind him where Refilwe was standing.

“You just had to bring her didn’t you?”

“I am not doing this with you today. Don’t even try it.”

“Why did you bring her?”

“Marang you are beginning to annoy me.”

“So is this how it’s going to be? You always bringing your girlfriends to my son?”

Marang’s phone rang and she answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Bernard. Just checking if you gave me the right number.”

She smiled. “I don’t lie.”

“I like that, anyways, can I take you out for dinner tomorrow? By the way, the pampers were for my sister’s child. I am single.”

She looked at Miguel and took a few steps back turning.

“Oh?”

“Yes. But I do have a son.”

“I have a daughter.”

“Perfect. So tomorrow?”

She laughed. “Let me think about it.”

“That’s so ancient Marang.”

“I will think about it.”

She hung up and walked back to Miguel.

“Who was that?”

“Give me my son. Your charcoal girlfriend is waiting.

I wonder where you got her from." Marang took Junior.

"Who was that?"

"Not your business." She looked at Refilwe who was staring at them. "Your ugly girlfriend is waiting."

"Marang, you are not taking my son to some negro to play happy families."

"So I should remain single for the rest of my life?"

"I didn't say that, I want to stay with Junior."

"You are crazy. It's either you dump that charcoal girl of yours and let us be a family or I move on. We both move on.

Miguel angrily stared at her as she walked away.

Miguel drove Refilwe to her house and parked by the gate.

“I will call you.”

“I am flying out tomorrow.”

“When are you coming back?”

“Tuesday morning.”

“Ok. Call me when you leave tomorrow.”

She nodded and stepped out of the car and walked to her house while he remained in the car. He took out his phone and called his father.

“Is it ok if I stay with Junior?”

“Why? He is fine with his mother.”

“Kana Papa Marang wa jola. {Marang is dating.} I don't want cases where my child gets abused.”

“But you are also dating.”

“I feel he is more safe with me.”

“You are just jealous that there is someone who wants her and she will stop running after you.”

“That's not the case. I am not jealous.”

“Yes you are and I am sure she won't introduce her

boyfriend to her son because of the same reasons she doesn't feel comfortable in giving you and your girlfriend her child."

"If I go to court, will they give me Junior's full custody?"

"Don't be stupid, no they won't. Leave Junior with his mother, if he gets abused we will take it from there. I don't understand why you won't settle with Marang, she is one woman your mother seems to love."

They both laughed.

"How was the journey?"

"It was fine, we have just arrived. It was good seeing Angel."

"Ok, I will call you."

"Are you sure you don't want us talking to the Shato family?"

"No, just leave it. She is going to come back, I know she will."

"Ok. I hope so. You can't stop living your life because of her."

“I won’t.”

He hung up and got out of the car. He walked towards Refilwe’s door and knocked. She opened the door after a while in her towel.

“Can I spend the night?”

She smiled opening the door wider.

FIVE YEARS LATER

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Let' comment and like, your feedback motivates me.
Goodnight.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#62

Five Years Later...

Refilwe stepped out of her car pushing her weave back. She walked inside the restaurant and went over to where Diane was seated.

“Every time I see you I feel like I am not doing anything with my life. You are glowing and getting married.”

Refilwe laughed sitting down. “I still can’t believe it too.”

“Better do. You are getting married in two days. I am so excited for you, my dress is amazing.”

“I am excited too, sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and pinch myself. It feels like a dream.”

“Mma, you got a really good man. Where is his baby mama?”

“Marang? She is there. She hates me, her bitterness can kill. You should see how angry she gets when she drops off Junior, it’s like she wants to kill me or something.”

They both laughed. “I like how you deal with her.”

“I work with rules, it’s either you take or you don’t. I

am Miguel's wife."

"Mrs. Mokwena! Yes moghel!"

"So what are you going to do with work since your internship ended"

"I applied at OsWorld and I will be going for my interview. Fifi I am so excited, last night I was doing a research on this industry, I want to nail the interview."

"I am sure you will. I heard it's a big company."

"It is, it's so big."

A waiter walked over their table and took their orders.

"Where is Quincy?"

"He is with his grandmother, Miguel's mother took him last week."

"I still don't understand why you are having a small wedding."

Refilwe sighed. "After what happened the last time, the family is not taking risks. Do you know how much money Miguel lost? It was a lot so this time

he's playing it safe. I don't blame him, I actually understand."

Refilwe's phone rang and she picked.

"Hey!"

"Hi, did you get the flowers you wanted?" Rachel asked.

"No, not yet."

"I have a friend who can organize them for you."

"I would appreciate that, thank you."

"You are welcome."

She hung as the waiter brought their orders.

"Who was that?"

"Rachel, she said she has a friend who can organize the flowers."

"That's good, at least you don't have to stress about that anymore."

"Yeah, now my only worry is the dress. It's not yet ready."

“It will be ready.”

They ate chatting about Refilwe’s wedding details. After they were done Refilwe settled the bill and they walked out.

“I am meeting up with someone, we will talk ok?”
Diane said hugging Refilwe.

“Ok, bye!”

Refilwe turned and walked to the car. A fancy car parked besides hers as she unlocked her car and a beautiful woman with long heels stepped out. Refilwe sighed admirably as the woman closed the door and opened the back door for a small girl who had long hair like hers held in a ponytail+.

“Mommy, are we going to see granny?”The small girl asked as she walked inside the mall with her mother who looked more like a beauty queen.

“Yes.”

Refilwe sighed and got in her car.

Vince spoke on the phone as he walked inside a jewellery store.

“I don’t know, is he ready for this?”

“He says he is but I know if ever Anaya comes back, he is going to go back.” Kenneth responded while Vince looked at the different watches.

“I know, I pity Refilwe, she genuinely loves him.”

“I like Anaya for Miguel.”

Vince laughed. “Anaya is not here. Everyone should get over her.”

“Look, let’s just plan the party.”

“Ok, I will tell Pule.”

“Sure.”

Vince put his phone away and pointed at a watch.

“I would like that one.”

The shop assistant served and minutes later he was walking out of the store with a new watch on his

wrist. He passed by a clothing store then paused and took steps back looking inside the shop. His heart skipped as he looked at her, he was more than sure it was her. He walked inside the store and right towards her.

“I knew it was you!”

She turned startled. They looked at each other for a few seconds before she finally smiled. His heart beat abnormally as he looked at her beautiful face. She looked far much beautiful and sexy.

“Vince...”

“Mommy?” A small girl grabbed her hand. Vince looked at them putting 1 and 1 together. He didn’t need anyone telling him, it was pretty much easy to see.

“You have a child.”

“Uhh it was nice seeing you, I have to go.”

“Wait! I am sorry, am I scaring you? I am sorry.”

“No, we really have to go.” She spoke softly.

“I can’t believe I am seeing you. After all this long

and you look hot.”

She chuckled. “Ok bye.”

“What’s her name?”

“Tell him your name sweetie.”

“My name is Ivy Leigh-Anne Shato.”

Vince put his hands over his mouth. “Wow! Nice name.”

“Nice seeing you.”

She walked out with her daughter. Vince quickly took out his phone and called Miguel.

“BK guess who’s back!”

“Who?”

“Anaya.”

There was silence.

“BK, can you hear me. Anaya is back and she has a child.”

“Where did you see her?”

“Airport Junction. She looks really hot. Her beauty

has multiplied.”

“Are you sure it’s her?”

“There is only one Anaya Shato. Her daughter’s name is Ivy Shato. She looks like you, anyone can see.”

“Anaya wa ntlwaela.”

“Mr! Don’t harass her.”

Miguel clicked his tongue and hung up.

Anaya drove through the gate and parked besides the G-Wagon with a smile. She stepped out of the car with Ivy.

“Mommy, when are we going back home?”

“We are going to go to mommy’s house here and stay there.”

“But I want Rose.”

“You will make new friends.”

They walked inside the house.

“SURPRISE!” Her family screamed as she laughed.

“What is this?”

“Welcome home!” Ayana hugged her while Lethabo picked up Ivy.

“Mama...”

They hugged for a while then they finally walked to the sitting room and sat down.

“When I finish my form 5, I want to come work at OsWorld while waiting for my results. The industry is trending on facebook and I am dying to tell them that my sister owns the franchise.” Lethabo said with a deep manly voice.

“Don’t tell them yet, everyone will know on Monday when we launch. The media will be there.”

“You are a millionaire, people at IHS respect me because I have a rich sister who owns a huge farm. I am that girl who’s studying to be a nurse and has a rich sister too.”

Anaya laughed. "Finish at IHS and also be a millionaire."

"I am happy you are back for good." Gloria said staring at her daughter emotionally.

"I am too."

"I am only happy you bought the Audi RS7."

"Goodness Lethabo! What about me or you niece?"

"You were going to come back either way." He said kissing Ivy's cheek.

"How is form 4?"

"The teachers still remember Ayana, I often get compared." He said rolling his eyes. "Every time they talk about how Ayana had 5 A*'s. I told my maths teacher that my older sister had 8 A*'s."

Ayana laughed rolling her eyes. "You are jealous."

Lethabo stood up. "I am going to check up on Jim."

"Vee, come baby." Ayana called her and she smiled walking towards her.

"Mommy said we are going to stay here."

“I am going to Serowe, I want to see how things are.”

Gloria stood up. “You can go tomorrow.”

“I will come back tomorrow.”

She stood up and walked to her old room, it still looked the same.

“Uncle Miguel is getting married.” Ayana said walking inside the bedroom and closing the door.

Anaya sighed and took off her heels.

“I know.”

“Why can’t you fix things?”

“Ayana it’s not as easy as you put it to be. Either way, he has moved on.”

“But his family never cancelled anything with our family. Practically you are still his wife.”

Anaya put on her sneakers.

“It doesn’t matter, he is going to marry her and make her his legal wife. How is school?”

“School is fine. Soon I will be going for my

attachment at Marina.”

“I am proud of you.”

Ayana smiled. “I am proud to have a sister like you.”

Anaya grabbed an overnight bag and threw in a few clothes.

“I have to go, we will talk when I arrive. Where is-“

The door opened and Lalah walked in. she screamed and hugged Anaya.

“Bathong Lalah!”

“I am so happy to see you, you look beautiful.”

Anaya laughed. “So do you, my nurses!”

Lalah laughed. “I am so happy you are back, for good. Thank you for hiring Gontle at your restaurant.”

“It’s ok, you look beautiful. You both. I will see you.”

She walked out as they giggled then came back.

“Get out of my room, you guys steal.”

They laughed walking out then Anaya locked her door.

She walked to her car while her mother followed behind her.

“Is your house finished?”

“Yes, I am going to pass by there then leave.”

“Ok, you have come so far. I am proud of you.”

She smiled. “All because of your support. I will call when I arrive.”

She got in her car and drove off. Her phone rang and she sighed.

“Hello?”

“Hey, how is it going?”

“Donald I am scared. I bumped into Miguel’s friend and I am sure he already called him.”

“Look, if you explain it to him I am sure he will understand.”

“How will I explain hiding a child for five years. He is going to kill me.”

“Maybe you should talk to him, make the first move.”

“Right now he is probably too angry so I am going to wait till tomorrow.”

“Good luck.”

“Ke tsogile gore. {I am so scared.}”

“Don’t be. On the brighter side, how do you feel? You are a big person right now.”

“I am worried. This franchise should bring me money because I put a lot of money into it.”

“Don’t worry. It’s going to be a success. Most of the things the country imports will now be bought from you. I can’t believe you are this big while I am still working at FNB. I used to advise you because I wanted you to like me more but now I see I should have used those ideas for myself.”

Anaya laughed. “Sorry. It’s not too late though.”

“I guess. My partner and I will be visiting in a couple of weeks.”

“Martin?”

“Yes.”

“How is your family going to take it?”

“I don’t know but whatever they say won’t change the fact that I am gay.”

“Call me when you come.”

“I will.”

Christian looked at his retrenchment letter. He couldn’t believe he had just lost his job. He took out his phone to call his wife.

“Hey,”

“Hey, what time will you be home?”

“I am working late, is everything ok?”

He looked at the letter and sighed. “Yeah.”

“How did the hearing go?”

“We will talk when you get home.”

“Ok. Bye.”

“I love-“ she hung up. He sighed and walked to the kitchen wondering what was going to happen to him now. He took out his phone and called his father.

“Christian, what do you want?”

“I lost my job.”

“I told you what you were doing was going to end you.”

“I don’t even know what I am going to do. I was still paying the mortgage for the house.”

“Theodora is working, I am sure she will help you.”

“I don’t want my wife doing things I should be doing as a man of the house.”

“That is your problem, you are too prideful. That girl is going to leave you because she loves the life you give her more than you. The house you live in, the car she drives and the clothes she wears. She is not wife material and you are finally going to see it.”

“I know you don’t like Theodora but there is no need for you to say all that. When I met her she was working, she has always been working unlike Melody.

Theodora can take care of our family but I just don't want her to do it because it will make me feel less than a man."

"Ok then, now look for a job." His father said and hung up.

Christian looked at his contacts wondering who to call. He didn't have any friend, Theodora didn't like them anymore. He looked at the fridge then called her again. This time her phone rang unanswered. He put his phone away and started cooking his wife's favorite meal.

Colleen shook hands with a satisfied customer then he walked out as she sat down Her phone rang and she quickly answered looking at a blueprint that was before her.

"Hello?"

"Good afternoon, we are calling from Peo's school.

We tried calling her father but his phone is not going through.”

“I am her mother, is everything ok?”

“Uhh... there is a woman here, she claims to be Peo’s mother and-“

“What?”

“Yes, maybe you should come down here.”

“Ok, don’t give her my child.”

“Ok.”

Colleen stood up calling someone before she walked out rushing to her car. She tried Tshupo’s number but it wouldn’t go through. Minutes later she was parking at Peo’s school. She got off and hurried inside to the administration.

“Good afternoon, I am looking for-“

“Ms. Mokwena?”

She turned to the principal.

“Yes.”

“Please, right this way.”

They both walked to the office where Colleen found some lady sitting.

“This woman says her name is Thato Modisane, she says she is Peo’s legal mother.”

Colleen looked at her frowning. “Excuse me, who are you.”

Thata stood up. “I am Peo’s mother. I gave birth to her.”

Colleen laughed. “Wow! So what are you doing here?”

“I have parental rights on Peo.”

“Where have you been for the last five years? You abandoned this child.”

“That doesn’t matter, what matters is that I am back and I am here to take my baby. Tshepo will come over.”

“You are crazy if you think I am going to let you take my daughter away.”

She laughed. "Oh hunny you are crazy if you thought you could live happily ever after with Tshepo. That man is mine and so is our child. I don't want to bring the police into this. Let me take my child in peace."

Colleen took out her phone and tried Tshepo's number.

"Oh sweetie, he is in court, don't disturb my man. Principal, please don't waste my time. School is out, I want my daughter."

The principal looked at Colleen defeated.

"Ok."

Thato walked out as Colleen followed behind her.

"Tshepo is going to deal with you."

Thato turned to Colleen. "Oh yes he will. My pussy is ready to be dealt with."

Colleen swallowed hard then she saw her two babies sitting together laughing. Her heart broke at the thought of being far from Peo. That was her happiness.

"Mom!"

Peo screamed looking at Colleen then took Angel's hand and ran towards her. She hugged them tightly.

"Hey guys."

"Peo?"

Peo looked at Thato with a frown then grabbed Colleen's hand.

"Peo, come to mommy baby."

"You are not my mom!"

"Mommy, are we going home?"

Collen looked at Angel and nodded. "Yes baby." She looked at Thato. "You are not taking my child."

"I will call the police."

"You can't take her without the permission of her father."

"Yes I can, I don't want to report you for child abducting."

Thato picked up Peo who immediately started crying and walked away with her.

“Mama!” Peo screamed crying. Tears filled Colleen’s eyes as Peo cried even louder. She tried calling Tshepo again but still the phone wasn’t going through.

“Mom...” Angel pulled her crying. “Mom let’s get Peo.”

“Stop crying. We are going to get her.”

The principle exhaled. “I am sorry this is happening but the father is a lwyer, I am sure he will sort it out.”

“Yeah. Thank you for calling me.”

“You are welcome.”

Colleen took Angel’s hand and led her to the car still trying to call Tshepo.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stiletto

#63

Lone watched as the nail technician massaged cuticle oil on her nails while her diamond ring shone.

“This is beautiful, I love my nails.”

The nail technician smiled. “I like your ring, it’s so beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

Lone took out money from her purse and gave the nail technician then walked out dialing a number.

“Lone, I have got you a client.”

“Really?”

“Yes, she wants flowers for her wedding. It’s Refilwe.”

“Ok, give her my number.”

“I will send hers. I heard Anaya is back.”

“You lie!”

“She is back and she has a child.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. I just heard from hubby. Miguel called him and he is angry.”

“Waaii, he is not angry, he is happy. He loves her.”

Rachel laughed. “He loves Refilwe, either way they have a child.”

“You don’t know Miguel. Anaya makes him go crazy. Imagine he bought her two cars in a short period of time.”

“Refilwe is cool when you get to know her.”

“Nna wa ntena. {She annoys me.}”

Rachel laughed even louder. “Stop being jealous.”

“I am not jealous, I love my husband.”

“Ok, he is still not back.”

“I wish someone warned me about solders. I miss my man.”

“He will be back.”

“Kana it’s things like this which push us to cheat.”

“Lone don’t even think about it. He will kill you. I am

sacred of your man. And don't forget you have a child to think about."

"I am not going to cheat, I am just saying."

"Me too. I am headed home."

"OsWorld called me for an interview."

"I am still wondering who owns it."

"I don't know, I am crossing my fingers."

"They will hire you. I have to get back to work."

"Bye."

Lone got in her car and put on her sunglasses on. The driver of the red Jeep Cherokee besides her car rolled down his window.

"Hey,"

She looked at him. "Hello."

He smiled, he was handsome, she had to give him that.

"You are beautiful."

Lone smiled. "Thank you."

“Whoever married you is lucky.”

“Thank you.”

He started his car and drove off leaving her blushing. She closed her eyes reprimanding herself. She was married for crying out loud.

Ayana sat on the outdoor garden chairs with Lalah drinking wine.

“Gontle has AIDS.” Lalah blurted.

“What?”

“Yes, probably got it from one of her baby daddies. I don’t have a problem with people who have AIDS, my problem starts when one won’t go and test so to get pills.”

“She is refusing?”

“Wa gana hela monyana, ebile wa ntena. {She is refusing, she annoys me.}”

“Why don’t you force her to the clinic, she is probably just scared. It’s ok to be scared.”

“She is not the last person on earth to get AIDS. Kana Ayana if you are not careful you will get AIDS. I don’t understand why she has to behave like this. She is busy drinking smelly things. If she dies, her kids are going to burdens.”

“You need to talk to her.”

“I have tried, I will not beg her to test, if she dies, her kids will go to their baby daddies where they will probably be raped and whatever. I don’t care. Gontle is just a disappointment.”

Lalah’s phone vibrated and she stopped talking taking it out. She read the message and stood up.

“Let’s go.”

“Where?”

Lalah dragged her inside the house and dumped the glasses of wine in the sink.

“You want free late lunch right?”

Ayana rolled her eyes. “Who’s child are you chowing

this time around?”

“This other guy, I met him yesterday. He is hot.”

“Ok.”

They dressed up and left leaving Lethabo watching football with Ivy.

“Anaya’s child is really cute.”

“So cute, I love her so much. You should have seen her when she was a baby.”

“So tell me, what is Anaya going to do about Miguel?”

“I don’t know. If he get’s married I am going to be really hurt.”

They walked past Lalah’s house and walked towards the taxi which was parked a house away. Lalah got in the front seat while Ayana settled at the back. she looked at the taxi driver, he wasn’t bad but there was nothing to write back home about. He was plain she couldn’t label him.

“Uhh this is my friend, Anaya, Anaya this is the guy, Brighton.”

Ayana smiled. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise."

Ayana could tell Brighton hadn't expected Lalah to bring company, she looked at Lalah then at the quiet taxi driver. He didn't know her friend well, Lalah was probably going to chow all his money then block him.

A while later he parked in front of Hungry Lion and they got off. Brighton handed Lalah P100 and she stared at it for a while.

"Is this for my lunch? What about Ayana's?"

"Oh no, it's ok. We will share that one."

"But I don't want to share."

"That is the only money I have."

Lalah rolled her eyes then pulled Ayana inside Hungry Lion as Brighton drove off.

"Mxm."

"Lalah mma!"

"What? I am going to block him. I can't date a stingy man."

Ayana slowly shook her head not amused by the behavior.

“I am not hungry, let’s get inside the mall.”

“I can’t believe he brought us to Rail Park mall, imagine walking inside there bumping into all the people I schooled with. Mxm, I wonder why I can’t ever attract serious man.”

“Let’s go, you are making noise.”

“I am blocking him, what am I supposed to do with P100?”

“Keep it.”

They walked inside the mall and window shopped for a while before they finally went to the combis.

“I want to get in that shop.”

“I will wait for you here.”

Ayana stood by the combis as Lalah walked to a chinese shop. Ayana took out her phone and browsed through instagram. Her heart skipped when someone snatched her phone. She looked up and the thief was running away while she screamed. No

one bothered running after him and he disappeared between the cars and combis.

“He stole your phone?” A combi driver asked her.

“Yeah I...-“

“Is this your phone?”

She looked up to some man holding up her phone.

“Yes. Where-“

He pointed at the thief as the police dragged him.

“You caught him? But no one ran after him.”

“I hit him with my car.”

“Thank you so much.” She held her phone shaking. Tears filled her eyes, she still couldn’t believe what had just happened.

“Relax, it’s ok now.”

Tears ran down her cheeks. He wiped them off and smiled.

“I think I should drop you off at your house.”

“No, it’s ok. I am taking a combi.”

“You are shaken, I will drop you off.”

“Are you ok Ayana? I heard someone tried stealing your phone.” Lalah held her hand. “Are you ok?”

“Yes. Just...”

Lalah sighed with relief. “I am sorry friend. Will you be fine? I have to meet up Ricardo, he is inside the mall.”

“I thought you broke up.”

“He said he wants to talk, will you be fine? I can ask him to drop us off at your house.”

“No I am fine. You can go.”

Lalah hugged her then left. Ayana looked at the man.

“Thank you.”

“It’s ok. I will drop you off, come.”

He took her hand and led her to his car where he opened the door for her. She hesitantly got in while he held the door open. He closed the door and jumped in.

“Where do you stay Ayana?”

“Broadhurst.”

“Ok.”

He started his car and drove off.

“By the way I am Karabo.”

“Ayana.”

“You can take that drink, I had bought it for myself.”

“Thank you.”

She took the can of coke and opened it.

“But tell me, who holds their phone at station? Kana o tswa masimo mma? {Or you are from the farms?}”

She looked at him and laughed. “No.”

“Keng ke sa go dumele? Because everyone knows that station e tletse magodu. O ka tswa o le bari nyana. {Why don't I believe you? Because everyone knows that station is full of thugs. You must be dump.}”

She laughed. “I don't know what came over me, I never use my phone at station.”

“Ebile o tsamaya ka iPhone, {You use an iPhone,} he was going to sell it with sick money while you bought it for thousands.”

“Eish wena rra, I am so happy you got it back. My sister bought it for me two years ago and I have been taking care of it like an egg. You should see me when I am at school.”

“When do you school?”

“IHS at Serowe.”

“You are a nurse.”

She smiled. “I am almost there.”

“Wow!”

She smiled sipping on her drink. A while later he parked in front of her house.

“Nna mma I like you but not for anything more than the fact that you are a nurse.”

She laughed rolling her eyes. “Gatweng nare?”

He took her phone and paged himself. “It was nice meeting you Nurse Ayana.”

“Bye.”

She stepped out with her drink and pressed the intercom as he drove away.

Anaya walked with the herdman around the farm just before dawn. She looked over at the cabbages then the potatoes.

“How many bags can come out of the potatoes?”

“More than 10K.”

“How many heads of cabbages are there?”

“10K.”

“Ok, I will look at everything properly tomorrow before I leave.”

“Yes mam.”

Anaya turned and walk back to the farm house she had built. It wasn't anything big, just a single one

bedroomed. Her mother had suggested it, she got inside the sighed staring at the furniture. She took her phone out but the network was low. Undressing, she took a warm shower glad that the farm had electricity.

A while later she had changed into her pajamas lying on the bed wondering why she had left her laptop. A knock woke her up hours later, she figured it was one of the workers but so late?

“So you thought of running away?”

Her heart skipped as she stared at Miguel and God did he look attractive with his fresh cut. S he looked at his lips and swallowed. He put his hands in his pocket staring in her eyes while her heart thudded.

“Miguel...”

“You just love running don’t you?”

She blinked a couple of times. “Hi.”

“Is Ivy mine?”

She stared at him for a while. “I am sorry.”

“Is she?”

He was calm and it scared her. God knows what he was going to do to her in this farm, no one would hear her. Tears filled her eyes.

“Yes.”

“Why didn’t you tell me? I get that maybe you didn’t want to marry me but to deny me my child?”

“I am sorry.”

He pushed her inside the house and closed the door behind him. His eyes told her something, she took a step back as a shiver ran down her spine.

“Koore Anaya o ntlwaetswa keng?”

Refilwe tried his phone again pacing around the house.

“This is a free announcement from Mascom, the subscriber you have dialed is not available, please-“

She hung up sighing tearfully, she couldn’t help

getting worried. This was unlike him.

She sat down in the middle of the night trying hard not to think about it but something in her gut twisted. She finally called Rachel.

“Hello?” Rachel answered sleepy.

“Hi, I am sorry to wake you up in the middle of the night but Miguel is not yet home and I am really worried.”

“Wait, let me wake Ken.”

Rachel took a deep breath as Rachel spoke to her husband.

“Uhh Refilwe it’s Kenneth, Miguel had to go to an emergency trip in SA, he thought he would come back but I guess he will come tomorrow.”

“Oh, thank you. I was so worried.”

“It’s ok, good night.”

She hung up and lay on the bed relieved.

Rachel looked at her husband.

“Is he?”

“Yes. Let’s sleep.”

“Why are you lying, we all know he is with Anaya.”

“We don’t know that.”

“I know it.”

Kenneth looked at her. “Babe can we let it go, what Miguel does is non of our business.”

“I won’t tell her, is he with her?”

Ken sighed. “I don’t know babe. I don’t know where he is.”

“He is getting married, I am sure he can’t stop all that just for Anaya.”

“I don’t know, let’s sleep.”

Rachel looked at him for a while and sighed thinking of Refilwe, she didn’t know the storm that was coming for her but it was going to hit hard.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#64

Anaya looked around the house then at the bedroom door calculating how she would run there without being caught.

“So you are going to keep quiet? Ke tla go bula molomo ka mpama kana. {I will make you talk with a slap.}”

“I am sorry.”

“So five years all gone, five years I could have bonded with my daughter, Anaya do you realize what draw back you have caused?”

She looked at him then made a run for it but he grabbed her hand making her slip to the floor.

“Where are you going?”

“Miguel I said I am sorry. Leave me alone.”

He picked her up and stared in her eyes.

“Why?”

“I am sorry. I was scared and either way, you were busy whoring.”

Her cheek burned hot as she received a hot slap.

“Say that again.”

She shook her head crying.

“We could be somewhere with life today but you chose to fuck that up! We could have been married. Then you run off with my child. Is she even mine?”

“Yes, she is yours.”

He took a step back as she cried. She frowned when her phone rang, was the network back now? Miguel walked to the bedroom and took the phone.

“Who the fuck is Donald?”

“He is a friend.”

He answered putting on loud speaker.

“Hey, I have been trying to call, I forgot to ask earlier on, how’s my baby?”

Anaya froze as Miguel glared at her.

“Naya? Are you there?”

Miguel hung up and threw the phone down.

“Who is he?”

“He is a friend.”

He walked towards her.

“Anaya ke tla go betsa. [I will beat you.]”

“I swear, he is a friend.”

“You want me to believe you weren’t sleeping with anyone when you were wherever you were?”

“I swear, I have never slept with him. He is gay.”

Miguel slapped her so hard she saw stars as her ear rang, she staggered feeling dizzy.

“Why are you lying to me?”

“Miguel please...”

He grabbed her neck and began strangling her as

she tried fighting him. Her heart pounded while her airway completely blocked, tears ran down her cheeks. He let her go leaving her coughing and gasping.

“Who is he?”

She cried going on her knees. “He is a friend. Leave me alone, you are hurting me. I am going to report you.”

“I am not going to ask you again.”

“Miguel please.”

He dragged her to the bedroom with her hair and threw her on the bed. He roughly took off her pajama shorts together with her panties and forced his finger inside her. She frowned holding his hand.

Miguel slapped her that she immediately let him go with tears flowing. She was about to be raped, again.

“Please don’t do this. I am begging you.”

“Touch me again.”

He pulled out his dick pulling her to the corner of the bed by her leg and forcefully pushed his dick inside

her pussy. Anaya screamed feeling as if he was tearing her pussy. She pushed him back only for him to respond by grabbing her neck again, this time fucking her at the same time. His hands were tight on her neck, she felt as if she was dying, she couldn't breathe or even move. She stopped struggling then he let go. She gasped for air while he tore her pussy without mercy.

"Miguel stop!"

He pulled out then pulled her up pushing two fingers inside her. Tears fell from her eyes as she hopelessly stared at him seething in pain and discomfort.

"Koore wa ntlwaela Anaya, all I ever did was love you. I did everything for you and you just embarrassed me like that. Do you know how much you cost me?"

"Miguel please, let's talk. Please stop."

He turned her around pushing her chest to bed completely exposing her swollen pussy. He pushed through her pussy lips thrusting deep inside her while her pussy grabbed him tightly. Anaya cried, it

felt as if he was poking her cervix. With each thrust came the pain and all she could do was cry in hope that her tears would touch him. He fucked her even harder while she cried louder, maybe someone would hear her.

Minutes later, he pulled out. She rushed to the window screaming.

“Help me! Help me! He is killing me.”

Miguel grabbed her hair.

“Scream again and see what happens to you.”

She looked in his eyes searching for the man she had fallen in love with. He wasn't there. He dragged her to the bathroom where she held the sink staring at him through the mirror.

“You take your eyes off that mirror it will be your own funeral.”

He stretched his way in till she felt her intestines lifting. He fucked her groaning enjoying every second while squeezing her breasts hard and painfully. She moaned as pleasure kicked in, she

wasn't sure what was happening to her body but with every rough thrust, she tensed with pleasure and closed her eyes tightly closing her legs while standing on her toes cumming.

Miguel pulled out and rubbed his dick on her asscrack. She tensed.

"Miguel..."

He pinched her nipples having her yelping in pain. He dipped his dick inside her wet pussy then held her ass cheeks apart pushing in her ass roughly. Anaya tried pushing him off but he wouldn't budge.

"What do you think you are doing?"

"It's painful. Stop!"

He fucked her ass ignoring her cries and pleading. He had turned into a complete monster.

"Oh God please... God help me. Mama he is killing me." She cried, the pain was too much and he just wouldn't stop.

He finally pulled out and pushed to the floor while her asscrack burned hot.

“Suck your dirt off.”

“Miguel please...”

He slapped her. “I said suck off your dirt.”

She slowly opened her mouth then he thrust his dick inside her tasting bit of her shit that had coated itself on his dick. Her stomach turned and she pushed him back vomiting all over the floor. Miguel pulled her up with her hair and led her back to the bedroom where he pushed her on the floor again and pushed his dick in her mouth tapping her throat. She bit him and he pulled out giving her one of the hottest slaps, her ear blocked as one eye lost vision.

“If you bite me I will kill you and burry you in this farm, no one will ever find you. You think you can just do all that you did and get away with it?”

He pushed his dick in her mouth again.

“Suck this dick.”

She slowly bobbed her head taking his dick in and out of her mouth. He held her hair and fucked her mouth not giving her time to breathe. She closed her

eyes feeling light headed while he groaned going even faster and deeper. She felt the first shot at the back on her throat. He filled her mouth and pulled out.

“Swallow it.”

She slowly swallowed and melted to the floor blacking out.

Theodora walked inside her house and took off her heels. She looked around then walked to her bedroom.

“Where are you coming from?”

She looked at Christian calmly. “I had to sleep at work, I have a big project I am working on.”

“I tried calling you.”

“My phone was off.”

“Is this how a married woman is supposed to behave?”

You have a daughter whom barely sees you because you are forever busy.”

“What do you want me to do? I have projects that need me, I can’t lose my job.”

“Maybe if you paid attention to this family you wouldn’t need me to tell you what you should do.”

“I am exhausted, I have a trip tomorrow.”

“Are you serious right now? When last did you see our kids? The nanny can’t always be doing everything.”

“I am busy Christian, once this project is done everything will go back to normal.”

“Can’t you just compromise Theodora, when last did we even have sex?”

She looked at him feeling guilty then hugged him.

“I am sorry, if I mess up this project then my job is over.”

He put his arms around her. “I know but can you please put a little effort here at home?”

“Ok, I will tell my boss I can’t go for the trip, tomorrow we will take the kids out.”

He smiled and kissed her. She pushed him to the bed and took off her dress. Getting on top of her, she took out his dick pulling her panties to the side and let him sink inside her.

“Wow! You are so wet.”

She bounced on him as he groaned squeezing her butt. She stared at his face as it uglified and moved even more faster. He grabbed her waist and thrust from the bottom. She moaned softly beginning to enjoy herself. She rubbed her clit as her walls began squeezing him. He pumped into her one last time and filled her up while she spasmed whimpering.

“Fuck! I love you.”

She smiled and got off him while his semen dripped.

“Me too. I am going to take a bath, I have to go to work.”

Miguel stared at Anaya as she slept. He looked at her face trying to figure out what she had been thinking that day. He tried to look at it her way but five years was just a long time, he had long stopped hoping she would come. Guilty struck on him as he looked at her swollen face and bruised neck. Slowly she opened her eyes, she still remained the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. He looked at her reddish left eye wondering if he had taken it too far.

“Where were you?”

She blinked a couple of times as tears filled her eyes.

“Joburg.”

“Nice wheels.”

“Thanks.”

He sighed and got off the bed rubbing his face. “Why did you leave that day? We could have worked it out together.”

She slowly got off bed. “I am sorry. I was just scared and embarrassed. I couldn't face the world nor you. I

did what I thought was best at that moment. I am sorry for keeping Ivy away, I am sorry for all I put you through. I am sorry.” She covered her face crying. His heart throbbed as he stared at her, fuck Anaya! We could have sorted it out together babe.

He shook his head staring at her. “I would have never let you down. Anaya I... I love you. I don’t think you understand how much I love you. I love more than anything in this world.” He paused as pain choked him. “I would have done anything. I know I wasn’t perfect then but I was working on it. I wish you trusted me back then. I had your back. Why didn’t you wait for me?”

“I am sorry.”

“We could have been far with life today, do you realize that?”

She put her hands over her face crying.

“Ke gore Anaya you see what you did?”

“I am sorry.”

Miguel sat on the bed with his hands on his face. “I

am sorry about last night. You probably think you deserve it but no woman does. I was just too angry. I am sorry.”

She looked at him crying silently. He had messed up and he wondered what she thought of him. Did she hate him now? He hurt her last night, fuck Miguel if only you can take back the hands of time!

“I am sorry, I shouldn’t have...” He sighed as a tear escaped, he quickly wiped it off. “I am sorry.”

“Can we fix things, tell me what to do, I will do it.”

“I am getting married.”

“I love you.”

“Anaya don’t do this. I am getting married tomorrow. You just can’t come back and think things will just happen. I can’t keep moving in one circle with you. A lot has happened.”

“You love her?”

“She is my wife.”

“I am still your wife too.”

He laughed amused. "I am surprised you remember that."

She smiled slightly. "How can I forget that."

"You look beautiful."

"I doubt I do right now."

He leaned over and kissed her. She kissed back hugging him. Of course he was getting married but this was her man. He had been her man first. She loved how he softly caressed her body unlike he has done the previous night. Her body was still aching and her pussy throbbed painfully not to mention her ass. She suspected there was real damage done down there. She moved back.

"I will run us a bath."

She walked to the bathroom slowly and filled the tub with water. She felt stupid for even thinking about having him back after all she had trained herself for. I mean, it was stupid to get back with him, she had to focus on business and her daughter but seeing him here, hearing him tell her he still loved her, that gentle kiss, that back rub, it brought it all back that

she wondered how other woman did it. She had promised herself she wouldn't fall for the trap but here she was, bruised and in pain but still in love with him. If only love had a manual... Back in the bedroom Miguel got his phone.

"There is no network here?"

She nodded. "Yes, who do you want to call?"

"I have appointments."

She swallowed a lump on her throat. God! He wants to go back to her. "You want to leave?"

"This entire journey was unplanned Anaya."

"You want to call her isn't it?"

"She is my wife."

Shit formed at the tip of her tongue and she opened her mouth. "Then get out and go to her! What do you think? I am going to beg you? If you don't want me get the fuck out and never come back. You must think so highly of yourself if you think I am going to be in some kind of competition with your wife, I am not. Last night was the last night you ever slept with

me. You are a coward you piece of shit.” She angrily spilled burning with rage.

“Anaya stop it.”

“What? You are going to hit me and rape me? You are weak, a man who hits a woman is weak but what can I say, that’s all you are good at. You can’t handle me either way, go to whoever you are married to, nyla. Get out of my property.”

“Anaya...” He warned. She knew that voice, that look but still...

“Get out you spineless cow! Nyes my nywife, she is probably ugly. I don’t need to see her to make sure.”

He sighed and put his phone down.

“Fine, let’s bath before the water turns cold.”

He took her hand and led her to the bathroom where they sat in the warm water silently. She rested her head on his chest breathing softly. Ok Anaya, learn to keep that mouth shut. Don’t ruin this. Of cause he moved on, take it like a lady, remember what we practiced, if he moved on then we let him be, her

subconscious reminded her.

“Who told you I was here?”

“Lethabo.”

She raised her head and looked at him.

“Are you still going to marry her?”

“She is a good woman, we have a child and she is pregnant. She loves me.”

“Do you love her?”

“Yes.”

“You are lying.”

“I love her, we have been together for years, of course I love her.”

“What about us?”

“Anaya you can't talk about us, you left not the other way round. You are behaving as a victim whilst I am the victim. A lot has happened while you were in South Africa. I am not going to leave the woman who picked me up when you left me, dusted me and fixed me. She has invested a lot into this relationship,

I am not just going to drop her all because you have finally decided to come back. I love her, it might not be as much as I love you I admit but I love her, I am marrying her tomorrow.”

Anaya wiped away her tears, it felt as if he was stabbing her right in the center of her heart. Over and over again.

“Miguel...”

“Please don’t make her life a living hell, I will side with her because she is my wife. I will talk to my lawyer and Refilwe about Ivy then we will take it from there.”

“Why would you discuss my daughter with her?”

“Because she is my wife and when Ivy comes over Refilwe is the one who will take care of her.”

“It will take time for her to visit because she is still not used to you.”

“Who’s fault is that?”

“I don’t know why you are insisting on marrying her because you are going to leave her. I am going to get

you back and I will do everything in my power to do so, don't give her too many kids, I also want one more."

Miguel looked at her as she got off the tub.

"I am going to see my farm, you can go and continue lying to her."

Colleen folded her arms staring at Tshepo that morning while they stood in their bedroom.

"I called you the entire day!"

"Babe, you knew I was coming back today."

"Still!"

"Colleen I drove here early in the morning coming to you, I am sorry I couldn't answer you calls because I was stuck in court dealing with a serious case that I have to win."

"Thato took Peo."

“What?”

“She said she has parental rights to her.”

“That’s nonsense. I will call her.”

Colleen raised an eyebrow. “I didn’t know you talked.”

He turned to her. “We don’t. But now I will have to because she took my child.”

“Why does she have parental rights to Peo.”

“She doesn’t. She signed them to me.”

Colleen shook her head. “She was crying, Tshepo I just want my daughter.”

“I will get her, I promise.”

“I didn’t sleep last night.” She sat down. “Just go and get her.”

“I will.”

Colleen looked at him. “I want to get married.”

Tshepo frowned. “What?”

“I want us to get married. It’s been long overdue.”

“Colleen, we spoke about this.”

“That was ages ago. I think we are mature now.”

“I am not ready for marriage especially after what happened with my ex wife.”

“But I am not your ex.”

“Colleen I just need space.”

“Space for what?”

“I don’t want to marry you because you have pressurized me. I don’t want to get married now, I don’t think I can handle another divorce and I don’t want to put Peo or Angel through that.”

“I was also married, but it’s been five years. People are getting married and-“

“You want to get married so to please people?”

“No, of cause not. I want to get married because I love you.”

“Well I a not ready. Look babe, let’s wait a couple of years then get married. Maybe now we can try for a baby. Angel is old now.”

“I don’t want a child without marriage.”

“Are you being serious right now?”

“Yes. Tshepo I am not going to be that woman that pop out babies without a ring on her finger. I attend your family events and work hard yet I don’t have a ring on my finger.”

“A ring don’t mean anything. If it did then we wouldn’t have a lot of divorce cases.”

“I want to get married.”

Tshepo walked to the bathroom leaving her there with tears filling her eyes. She took a deep breath and stood up grabbing her handbag then walked out. The drive to work seemed longer. Her phone rang as she stepped inside her office.

“Mama?”

“What time are you coming?”

She sighed. “After work.”

“Will you be coming with Boikanyo and Refilwe?”

“No. Where is the wedding being held again?”

“In my backyard garden. I am so glad Refilwe agreed to this.”

“Mama even if she didn’t want to, there was no way she could say no to your advances.”

“Miguel should be marrying Junior’s mother, that woman is fit to become his wife.”

Colleen rolled her eyes. “He doesn’t want her.”

“He is confused.”

“Mama, I am driving. We will talk.”

She hung up and put her phone between her thighs. Her phone rang and she answered annoyed.

“Hello?”

“Hey!”

She paused. “ Anaya?”

“How are you?”

Colleen laughed. “Oh my God! I can’t believe this, you are back?”

“Yeah, where are you?”

“I am on my way to work, I can’t believe this. I missed you. A lot has happened, ebile Miguel wa nyala. {Miguel is getting married.}”

“I missed you too.”

“You should come for the wedding, honestly I am in the mood for some drama.”

Anaya laughed. “Stop it!”

“I am serious.”

“I don’t want that kind of publicity.”

“I want to see you.”

“Today I am busy and even Monday, how about Tuesday?”

“Sunday, the day after tomorrow. I am coming back tomorrow immediately after the wedding.”

“Ok, that’s cool with me.”

“You should come for the wedding.”

“Colleen.”

“Please, for me, come. I will be so bored. Please.”

Anaya laughed. "Ok, I will bring your niece with."

"This gets even more exciting."

"Bye!"

Anaya hung up as Colleen smiled.

Sarona looked at her plane ticket smiling late in the afternoon.

"I can't believe we are going back."

Agang smiled. "We are. Miguel says Anaya is back."

"I knew she was going to come back."

"Me too."

"What is he going to do now?"

"He is still getting married. Apparently they have a daughter whom she kept hidden all this years."

"She must have been scared. I can't wait to see my kids, do you think Mapula still remembers me?"

“I don’t know but if she doesn’t, we will remind her.”

“Daddy!” Aaron screamed running inside the house.

“I will finish packing.”

She stood up leaving Agang talking with his son. She packed their bags then finally sat down going through her phone. On facebook she checked Pule’s account, his timeline was full with their children’s photos, she scrolled through searching for a female but couldn’t find one. Down on his timeline, their wedding pictures were still there. She smiled for a second then sighed. Agang walked in the bedroom as she put her phone away.

“The cab is here, let’s go.”

Agang picked their bags and walked out while she followed with the rest.

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Next insert at 22:30.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stiletto

#65

Miguel looked at the time standing in his room in his parent's house. Agang walked in closing the door behind him.

"I thought you wouldn't make it."

He laughed. "I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Miguel fixed his suit taking out his phone.

"Why do you look disappointed?"

"No, it's nothing. We should get going."

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"I love Refilwe."

"Who are you lying to? Don't say I didn't tell you when you divorce."

"I love Refilwe."

"What about Anaya?"

"Anaya and I will raise our daughter together but that

doesn't mean we should be together."

"Keep lying to yourself and maybe you will actually believe it. We all know you still love Anaya."

"Let's go, we don't want to be late at the church."
Mokwena shouted opening the door.

"Papa maybe you should ask Boikanyo if he really wants to do this. Anaya is back."

Their father paused and stepped inside the room.
"Anaya is back?"

"Yes, gatwe o ne a ile South Africa. {Apparently she had went to South Africa.}"

"This girl embarrassed our family, I hope you are not thinking of going back to her because I will never accept her."

"Papa yaanong wareng, kana Boikanyo o rata Anaya.{ What are you saying, Boikanyo loves Anaya.}"

"After everything she did you love her? She embarrassed you, she embarrassed the Mokwena's. You lost a lot of money because of that girl. I don't

want to hear anything about her.”

Mokwena walked out as Miguel rubbed his face.

“I still think this is a bad move you are making.”

“I love Refilwe, let’s go.”

They followed after their father.

Ayana walked out of the gate in her short floral dress holding an umbrella. Her phone rang as she began walking to the bus stop.

“Hello?”

“Can I see you?”

Ayana smiled. “I am busy Karabo.”

“What are you busy with?”

“I am helping my sister with something.”

“After you are done then.”

“I will be busy.”

He laughed then hung up. Ayana held her phone staring at the screen when a car pulled up beside her.

“Get in!”

She closed her umbrella and stared at Karabo.

“Ayana get in.”

She looked around then climbed inside. He drove off while she put on her seatbelt.

“What did you say you are busy with again?”

She smiled embarrassed.

“I caught you.”

“I am going to get my hair done. I am going back to school in a week’s time.”

“I will take you there, but can I pass by somewhere first. I have my small brother who is also doing nursing there. He is my step brother, he stays with his mother.”

She frowned. “What’s his name?”

“Thabang Tiragalo.”

“I don’t know him.”

“You wouldn’t, he is the most quiet person. I brought you food in the backseat.”

She looked at him then reached for the juice and Nando’s paperbag with a smile.

The make-up artist finished Refilwe’s makeup then re-applied lip gloss on her lips.

“Ok, you are good to go.”

Diane walked in her dress.

“Everyone is sited, let’s go.”

“We are done.” The makeup artist responded packing her things.

Refilwe stood up and Diane fixed her gown.

“You look beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

“I can’t wait for the real party, Miguel’s brother is here. He is so hot.”

“He has a girlfriend.”

“So what? He is still in the market.”

They walked out of the church room to where her father was waiting. He may have not been her biological father but with the way he loved her, one could never tell.

“Fifi...” He smiled taking off his stylish hat.

“Papa..”

“You look beautiful. That boy is lucky to have you.”

Refilwe emotionally looked at her father fighting her tears. He blinked a couple of times then put his hat back on.

“My little girl has grown, are you ready to become a married woman?”

She smiled. “More than ready.”

“Let it be done as you wish my child.”

Her father linked their arms together and slowly walked inside the church down the red carpet with her while a slow song played. Miguel looked at her as she got closer and closer with each step. They arrived and Refilwe's father shared a quick handshake with Miguel before walking to his sit.

Miguel held her hands, she looked in his eyes and smiled. She couldn't believe it. she was marrying this perfect man, this man who showed her consistent love. This man who always made sure she was smiling. She was more than in love with him and knowing he was now going to be hers and hers alone gave her satisfaction.

"Beloved, we are gathered here to witness this beautiful union between Miguel Mokwena and Refilwe Ngwato. Everything that has God in it always prospers so we will start with a prayer. Let's bow our heads and pray."

Everyone bowed their heads while the pastor prayed. A minute later they raised their hands saying Amen. The church door opened and everyone turned. Hush

mumbling erupted as a beautiful woman wearing the most beautiful and elegant dress she'd ever seen walked in holding a small girl's hand. It took her a second to recall where she had seen her, at the mall. Refilwe looked at Miguel as his eyes remained on the woman till she sat down in the crowd with her daughter.

"Ok, let's continue."

The pastor carried on with his little speech till it was time for them to take their vows.

Miguel looked at the crowd then back at Refilwe.

"The first time I saw you, I knew I had found the one, the one I would love for the rest of my life. In you I found peace, I found love. You found when I was at my lowest and fixed me, showed me what love is and I will forever love you, and be on your side and cheer you on when you need me to. I vow to love you through happiness and hardships. To be faithful and uplift you. I vow to be the best husband to you and father to our son. I love you."

"Refilwe?"

She smiled tearfully. "I didn't think I would be here the first time I met you. You have in the past years brought a smile to my face. You have made sure I am happy at all times, you have given me a son and for that I will forever be grateful for that. I love you and words can't even begin to explain just how deep my love runs for you."

The pastor smiled. "With the power in me, I pronounce you as husband and wife, you may kiss the bride."

People cheered as Miguel lifted her veil and kissed her. She shyly kissed him back while her heart pounded with happiness. Finally, she was Mrs. Mkwena.

The Chevrolet Colorado ZR2 Bison surged forward while Anaya slept. Karabo glanced at her pretty innocent face and sighed fighting off his guilt. He glanced at the time calculating if he would make it

back on time or not. Ayana slowly opened her eyes looking ahead. She had dozed off, she looked around trying to figure out where she was.

“Hey...”

She looked at Karabo. “Where are we? Where are you going?”

“Jwaneng. I have something I need to sort out.”

“Jwaneng? But I told you I wanted to do my hair. What do you do for a living?”

Karabo smiled. “Relax Ayana, I am not into anything illegal. I just have to see someone for a couple of minutes and we leave. You snore.”

She frowned. “You are lying.”

“I am telling you, ebile ke ne ke tsogile ke ipotsa gore amme ke ene tota. {I was scared wondering if it was really you.}”

“You are lying, I don’t snore.”

Karabo laughed. “I am telling you, you snore. I already feel sorry for whoever is going to marry you.”

She smiled trying not to laugh. "I don't snore."

"I should have recorded you."

She looked out through the window with a smile that slowly disappeared. She was in Jwaneng with a man she didn't even know, what if something happened to her? She looked at him again but he innocently smiled at her.

She blushed looking away. There was something about him, something she couldn't figure out just yet. He drove for a while then finally parked in front of a certain lodge.

"I am coming, I will be gone for just a few minutes."

"Ok."

He grabbed a back pack from the backseat and walked inside the lodge. She looked around his car wondering what he did for a living, he definitely had a high paying job if he could afford this kind of car. Her phone rang startling her.

"Hello?"

"Hey babe."

“Modiegi, what do you want?”

“Can we talk about us.”

“We broke up.”

“I want to fix things, I am sorry for how I behaved at school.”

“You cheat on me.”

“I know and I am sorry. Ayana honestly I was sexually frustrated. We have been together for two full years yet you don’t want me to touch you. You are not even a virgin.”

“I want to get married first.”

“Babe come on, be realistic.”

“I am saving myself for my future husband.”

Modiegi sighed. “Ok. Fine, I will wait if that’s what it will take. I really love you, next year we will get married.”

“Modiegi I don’t think I still want to be with you especially after what you did.”

“I am sorry, can we please work out things. I really

love you.”

“Let’s talk later.”

“Ok, I love you.”

She saw Karabo walking back to the car.

“Bye.”

She hung and put her phone away as he jumped in.

“Done?”

“Almost, one last thing then we leave.”

Ayana’s phone rang and she looked at the screen while Karabo started the car. Her heart skipped then she answered.

“Hello,”

“Babe, you still stay in Broadhurst? I can catch a bus to come and see you.”

“Look I am busy. Bye.”

She hung up feeling Karabo’s eyes on her. He drove away silently and she wondered if she had to explain herself or something. She secretly looked at him, he

was handsome, she could sense some type of bad vibe around him but couldn't ask him. She fearfully watched as he drove in a gravel going away from the town.

"Karabo, where are we going?"

"You will see."

Ayana looked forward while Karabo slowed down. He stopped in front of a house and drove inside the gate. Ayana looked at the time, she still had to go back home. Karabo walked to her door and opened it.

"Let's go."

"What are we doing here?"

He freed her from the seatbelt and helped her down.

"Come."

They walked towards the door and he unlocked before they walked inside. She looked around the

house as they walked further inside.

“Who’s house is this?”

“Mine.” He smiled. “Why are you scared?”

“I am not scared.”

He chuckled. “You are. I would never hurt you. I want to do something here, I will be in the other room. You can wait for me, there is no TV, you can play with your phone.”

He walked outside and came back with his backpack.

“What do you want to do?”

“Something, it’s not witchcraft, you can relax.”

“Do you do illegal things?”

He smiled cutely and kissed her cheek. “Relax.”

She watched him walk further inside the house disappearing in the passage.

Miguel smiled greeting all the guest that came to their table. His eyes moved around as he looked for her, he wasn't sure if she came for the celebration. He had seen his daughter, she was his, there was no need to make sure.

"Babe, are you ok?"

He turned to his newly wedded wife. "Yeah."

She smiled. "Today is the best day of my life."

Their in-laws approached them and they exchanged greetings. As soon as they walked away he stood up. "I am coming."

He walked inside the crowd smiling then grabbed Colleen and pulled her inside the house.

"Where is Naya?"

She rolled her eyes. "She left."

"What's up with the attitude?"

"You said all that to embarrass her, so she left."

"Where did she go?"

"She said she was going to drive back to Gabs, do

you know OsWorld?”

“Yeah.”

“You know it’s opening in Gabs right?”

“Yah.”

“Anaya owns the franchise. She is making a lot of money, now it really doesn’t matter that you got married. She will just find a rich business man and move on.”

“Don’t try to annoy me. I want her number.”

“Let me send it.”

She took out her phone as Kenneth joined them.

“Your uncle is looking for you outside.”

Colleen laughed. “This is the most boring wedding I have ever seen.”

Kenneth looked at Miguel. “Where is Anaya?”

“I don’t know. Did you send?”

“Yes, but don’t tell her you got that number from me.”

Miguel walked back outside and the celebrations continued till later in the evening when his uncles took him so to advise him. He tried listening but all he could think was what Colleen had said, she was now rich and would probably find a rich man who would take care of her. The entire idea sickened him, he knew most of those rich men loved a woman in control, an independent woman. She was going to run a big brand that already had employed a lot of local workers before it even started operating. He thought of her farm, she had come so far. He remembered when she still used to sell fat cakes and sweets under the sun. She had worked hard to the top.

He wondered where they would be had she not left that faithful day. They could have been happy but she left.

“Did you get all that?” An uncle asked and he nodded.

“Good, don’t embarrass our family.”

They continued for a little while before he went to where his new bride was. He found her sitting on the

bed lotioning with a towel around her body. She was getting more chubby, she looked at him with a smile.

“Hey,”

Miguel took off his jacket and pulled her up kissing her.

“Babe... wait. Miguel I don’t feel comfortable having sex while everyone is outside.”

“Come on babe...”

“Can’t you just wait?”

He looked in her eyes and smiled. “Yeah, I want to talk with Agang about something, I am coming.”

He walked out leaving her alone.

Lone picked her daughter who had fallen asleep playing and laid her on her bed. She sighed walking back to the sitting room. Her husband was on a trip and he was going to be gone for months. She

missed him, they said she would get used to his absence but it was hard. She missed how he would laugh with them or how he would just fuck her as she cooked. Matter of fact, she was sexually starved.

Tears filled her eyes as she thought of when he would be back, all she wanted was to have her husband by her side. She took her phone to distract herself and opened the wedding pictures Rachel had sent her. She looked at Miguel wondering why he looked sad or something. She then zoomed on his bride's face looking for any flaw. She didn't find one, the make-up sure covered everything though she was not the prettiest person out there.

She answered her ringing phone.

"Why is Miguel looking sad?"

Rachel laughed. "Mma! Anaya came with her daughter."

"Really?"

"Yes, I thought she would cause drama but no, she was just relaxed. That girl looks rich and beautiful, Refilwe doesn't even come close ebile kana Anaya

ke yellow bone. {Anaya is a yellow bone.}"

"He probably still wants her, I swear to you, that girl fed him."

"Waai, he wasn't fed anything. Anaya is hot, you can't deny that. The wedding was boring, it lacked excitement or that feeling to show it's a wedding."

Lone laughed. "What are you saying?"

"Everything was just cold. People were genuinely bored, even the groom himself. There was no dancing or anything like that. Even the bride wateng, ahh. The entire wedding was just boring."

"Batla ikgolega bo Boikanyo."

The women laughed.

"I want to go home now, I don't want this boring thing anymore. Agang is here, I wonder where he left Saronu."

"He is back?"

"Yes, I can smell drama."

Lone laughed. "Keep on updating me, I am bored

here at home. I miss my man.”

“You will be fine.”

“I just want some fucking.”

“Lone if you cheat Bame will fry you, he is a soldier.”

“I know, let’s talk later.”

“Ok.”

A knock on the door made her put her phone down and walked to the door. She opened it and frowned staring at the man she had met earlier on.

“What a coincidence.”

Anaya sat in the hotel room typing on her laptop as Ivy played games on her phone.

“Hello?” Ivy said softly putting the phone on her ear. Anaya turned to her.

“What are you doing Vee? Bring mommy’s phone.”

Ivy handed her mother the phone resting her head on her lap.

“Hello?”

“Hi, where are you?”

She sighed. “Miguel, what do you want? Shouldn’t you be celebrating?”

“Can we talk?”

“I don’t talk to married men. We will discuss Vee after I talk to my lawyer, matter of fact, let him be the one to talk to you.”

“Anaya please. I just want to talk to you.”

“I am at Majestic hotel.”

“I am on my way. What can I bring you?”

She clicked her tongue and hung up.

“Mommy? Are we going back home to granny?”

“Tomorrow babe, today we will sleep here.”

“I like Granny, Letabo and Ayana.”

“Say Lethabo.”

“Le-thabo.”

“Good, they are our family.”

“Like uncle Donald?”

“Yes. You wanna take selfies?”

“Yes, but I want a lipstick.”

She walked to her mother’s handbag and opened it taking out Anaya’s lip balm. She slowly applied it to her lips before she paused with her mother taking countless selfies and videos.

“I like this one.” Ivy said clicking through the photos.

“Ivy, remember what I told you about daddy?”

“Yes, that he is at work but he will come.”

“Yes, he-“

Her phone rang.

“I have arrived.”

“I am coming.”

She hung up and stood up.

“But Daddy is back now.”

“Oh.” She grabbed her mother’s phone opening the camera.

“Ivy, I am coming.”

“Ok.”

Anaya quickly walked out and straight to the reception where Miguel was holding a teddy bear and chocolate.

“Come.”

She led him back to her room. Ivy looked at Miguel in confusion when they walked inside the room.

“Ivy, this is daddy.” Anaya said picking her up.

Her daughter looked at Miguel then hid her face on Anaya’s shoulder.

“Sweetie, this is daddy, don’t you want to talk to him. He is nice, he brought you a teddy bear.”

Anaya put her down and watched as Miguel knelt before her.

“Wow! Is that your real hair?”

“Yes, mommy curled it.”

“I like it, you look like a princess.”

Ivy smiled. “Thank you.”

“I brought you this.” He handed her a teddy bear. “Do you like it?”

“Yes, thank you.” Ivy turned to her mother. “Mommy, should I take it.”

“Yes, you can take what daddy buys you.”

“He is my real dad?”

Anaya laughed. “Yes sweetie. You can hug him.”

“Ok.”

Ivy moved closer and hugged Miguel. She let go seconds later and picked the phone.

“Mommy let’s me take selfies, you want one?”

Anaya watched them chat and take selfies while she smiled.

“Mommy! Come!”

Anaya walked closer and joined in the selfies.

Minutes later, Miguel stood with Anaya watching Ivy

play games.

“She is beautiful.”

“Congratulations.”

He looked at her. “Thanks.”

“I am glad it all happened before my eyes. I m sorry for hurting you, it took me today to realize that. It probably messed with your self-esteem because today you married an ugly woman probably because you think beautiful women are full of stress.”

“Refilwe is not ugly.”

“Continue lying to yourself, dark skinned women are beautiful but your wife is ugly and being dark skinned makes it all worse. I wonder how your son looks like.”

“You just hate her.”

Anaya laughed flipping her long hair back. “Hate her? For what? Because you chose her? I don’t, I don’t hate on ugly people. She has a big nose, is it because she is pregnant or what? Those rolls on her neck are not even funny, she was sweating making

her makeup look funny. Anywho, that's not my business."

Miguel looked at her for a while then laughed. "You sound bitter."

She laughed. "Ok. I am bitter. So what?"

"She is beautiful, in her own way."

Anaya shrugged. "And that's ok. I am truly sorry for everything. I hope one day you find it in your heart to forgive me. I know we can't be together now, that ship sank today."

"I heard you own OsWorld."

"Colleen and her big mouth. But yes. I am taking up space."

Miguel looked at her and smiled. "I am proud of you."

"Yeah so don't be bitter when I finally move on with my life."

She stood on her toes and kissing him. "You could spend time with her but you are married now. Go home and be a better man.."

She moved to the door and opened it.. “You will see her after you have spoken to your wife.”

“Anaya don’t do that.”

“Do what? I am letting you go, those vows you made to her just made me realize something, so bye.”

They both looked at Ivy who was now sleeping.

“Ok.”

“I have to go back so...”

Miguel walked out and she immediately closed the door. Her phone rang.

“Hey!”

“And?”

“I drank the pill and He got married.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok Donald. Of cause he moved on. He couldn’t stop living all because of me. Time we do the same right?”

“Right. And there is nothing wrong with still loving

him. A lot of people are still in love with people they know they shouldn't love, it's all part of life. Love doesn't have a manual. If it had, we all could be experts."

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Goodnight.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#66

Refilwe looked at the time and sighed tearfully. She got off the bed and walked outside where a few relatives were. She bumped into Colleen.

"Hi, have you seen Miguel?"

Colleen smiled. "He is not here?"

"No."

"Don't worry, he will be back. Just be a good wife

and wait for your husband.”

Refilwe sighed. “Why don’t you like me? I mean, just be honest with me, why do you hate me?”

“Oh please hun, I don’t hate you.”

“Then what’s your problem with me?”

“I have no issue with you, get over yourself.”

Refilwe turned back to her room and sat on the bed dialing Diane.

“Friend!”

“Diane Miguel is gone.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know. It’s been hours and he’s still not back.”

“I heard the beautiful woman who came is his ex.”

“Anaya?”

“Yes.”

Refilwe closed her eyes. “And her daughter?”

“Is his.”

“Where did you get that?”

“I heard Kenneth and Agang talking.”

Tears burned her eyes. “You think he’s with her?”

“I never said that, you need to calm down, he is coming.”

“My heart is breaking, did you see her? She is beautiful and rich too.”

“Look, she may be beautiful and rich but you are the wife.”

“If that girl is Miguel’s then she will forever be part of our lives.”

“Trust your husband Fifi.”

“I wish I wasn’t pregnant.”

“Don’t say that, Miguel loves you. You heard his vows right? That man is yours.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

“Ok.”

She put her phone down sitting on the bed fighting

her tears.

Ayana looked at Karabo as he drove back to Gaborone, it was late and her phone was off. She knew her mother was already looking for her, what was she going to say when she got home? What excuse could she possibly use? She took a deep breath. Almost an hour later, he parked a yard before theirs in Broadhursts.

“I am sorry about today, I didn’t think I would take that much long.”

“It’s fine.”

She tried opening her door but it was locked. Turning back to him, he pulled her in for a kiss. She kissed him back with a soft whimper. He moved back and leaned over to her door opening it.

“I will take you to the salon tomorrow.”

“It’s fine, I will do it some other time.”

“O ngadile? Sorry tlhamma. {Are you angry? I am

sorry.}”

“What do you do for a living?”

“I own a pawn shop.”

“Is that all?”

He gave her a soft kiss. “That’s all you need to know for now. I will call when I arrive tomorrow.”

She looked at his smile, he probably never took anything seriously.

“Bye.”

She got off his car and walked to the gate and pressed the intercom. Seconds later, she was walking inside the house. Her mother was sitting on the couch, Ayana took a deep breath.

“Good evening mama, I was-“

“I don’t like how when you are with Lalah you don’t bother communicating, I was worried.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s fine. Lock up.”

Her mother stood up and walked away while she threw herself on the couch with a sigh of relief. A minute later she stood up, locked the doors and went to her room. She connected her phone to the charger and called Lalah.

“So you don’t alert me when you go God knows where? Your mother called and here I was wondering what she’s talking about, where were you?”

“I went out with the man who saved my phone.”

Lalah laughed. “You lie!”

“I am telling you, I was on my way to the salon in the morning when he just pulled over and said get in. Ka gore rona bo Aya re rata dilo ebe ke tsena mo koloing. {Because I like things I got in the car.} He then said I have to do something then he will drop me off at the salon, guy had even bought me food. Then next thing, we are in Jwaneng. I swear, he is a criminal. He was behaving in a shady way. We get to this other nice house in a secluded place and he says I want to do something, just relax. Then he disappears somewhere and take ages there. I am

upset but he gives nice kisses.”

Lalah laughed. “Ba-nya-na! {Girls!}

“I am tired, I just want to sleep. He bought me food on our way back, I am so full. Ke jele ke ngadile. {I ate upset.}”

“I like him already.”

“Modiegi called.”

“Mxm, what did he want?”

“He says he wants us to fix things.”

“Tell that boring ugly nigga to go to hell, we have a new bae.”

“I suspect he is naughty.”

“I like him for you, at least he feeds you.”

“Anyways thanks for covering up for me, I was so scared.”

“Next time alert me before you disappear.”

Lone lay on her bed restless, all she could think about was Marcus. It was a pure coincidence that he had showed up at her house because he had been looking for her neighbor but now she couldn't stop thinking about him and his voice. He just had a certain effect on her. She took her phone and opened one of her explicit videos. She put her hand between her legs and rubbed herself watching the video. She sank in two fingers and tapped her upper walls moaning. She closed her eyes as her body stiffened then she began shaking reaching her peak. She sighed closing her eyes, now all she wanted was a dick inside her.

The door bell rang and she froze then quickly stood up, maybe Bame was back. She quickly got off the bed and rushed to the door and opened.

“Hey, I couldn't sleep.”

She looked at Marcus. “What are you doing here? My husband is a solder and he will kill us both.”

“He doesn't have to find out.”

She looked at him then unlocked the burglar bar letting him in. He closed the door behind him.

“Where is your car?”

“Down the street.”

“|-“

Marcus pulled her closer and kissed her. Lone kissed him back wanting more, damn this was bad but her body felt it was right. He led her to the couch and lay her down taking off her gown. He looked at her naked body with nothing but lust.

“You are beautiful.”

Lone opened her legs wanting him to do it already. Marcus quickly took out his dick and Lone licked her lips as she looked at his cassava. He took out a condom and put it on before getting on top of her thrusting into her. She flinched at the pain as he started moving.

“Wait!” She tried pushing him but he kept jabbing his dick inside her.

“Fuck! You are so sweet!”

He groaned moving faster and Lone tried to relax but the pain was just too much. Marcus cursed in her ear cumming then stopped moving.

Lone pushed him off in disgust and anger. How could a man with such a dick not know how to fuck?

“It’s been time.”

Lone looked at him as he took off the condom.

“I usually don’t take this-“

“It’s ok, I have to go to bed before my daughter wakes ups.”

“Ok.”

He quickly walked out with his condom and she locked the door annoyed and irritated. Now she regretted it, she still couldn’t understand what had happened.

Refilwe woke up from her sleep feeling Miguel’s

arms around her.

“Where were you?”

“Sorry, I had to meet up a business associate. I couldn’t let him leave without seeing him, he is flying out. I am sorry.”

She sighed. “I heard Anaya was at the wedding.”

“Don’t worry about her, she is in the past. Let’s focus on our family.”

“And her daughter?”

“Who told you about that?”

“Is she yours?”

“Yes, Anaya says she is mine.”

“And what if she is not?”

“Babe I don’t know anything for sure now, I don’t want us to discuss Anaya.”

“Ok, but we will need to discuss about it.”

Miguel kissed her. “We will. I am tired lets sleep.”

She looked at him as he closed his eyes, she now

wanted him but he was already asleep.

Colleen drove inside the yard just after one in the morning. Angel was already asleep. She parked the car and got off, she knocked on the door and went back picking Angel from the back seat. She pressed her lips together carrying heavy Angel to the door. The door opened after a few seconds and Tshepo quickly took Angel from her.

“Hey, I thought you were coming back tomorrow.”

“No, I couldn’t stay there.”

They walked inside the house and she locked behind her as he took their daughter to her bedroom.

Colleen walked to the bedroom where Tshepo’s phone was ringing. She took it from the bed and looked at the caller ID. With a pounding heart, she answered the call.

“Tshepo, where are you?”

Tshepo walked in and froze staring at Colleen holding his phone to her ear.

“Tshepo is at home with his family.”

“Hela tlamma give the owner of that phone his phone.”

“Thato this should be the last time you call my man in the middle of the night.”

Thato laughed. “Your man? Darling Tshepo is mine. Tell him to call me.” She hung up and Colleen stared at the phone shaking. She could almost remember what she had went through with Oteng. Tears filled her eyes as she put Tshepo’s phone down.

“Tshepo don’t you just think it’s fair for you to dump me if you want your ex? I love you but I won’t force you to be with me.”

“Babe what are you saying?”

“You are breaking my heart Tshepo, if you don’t want me anymore just say so.”

“Colleen what are you on about? What did she say?”

Colleen wiped away her tears and went to the

bathroom. It felt as if history was repeating itself. The pain was too much, she closed her eyes silently crying.

“Babe...” Tshepo put his hands on her waist.

“I don’t want her.”

“Just tell me if you don’t want me anymore.”

“Colleen... I don’t want Thato I called her discussing Peo, she said she wants to play a role in Peo’s life that’s why she is calling.”

Tshepo wiped away her tears and kissed her.

“Babe, I love you. I wouldn’t cheat on you, especially not with Thato after everything she did. She abandoned me and our daughter.”

He hugged her tightly. “I love you. Tomorrow we will go and see her together.”

“I don’t want to go through that pain again.”

“Trust me, you won’t.” He kissed her. “You have to trust me.”

“Ok.”

“How was the wedding?”

Colleen stepped back wiping her tears. “Boring.”

“Are you saying that because you don’t like her?”

“No, it was genuinely boring.”

“Your brother chose her, maybe you should try getting along with her.”

“I will try.” She took off her dress and stepped under the shower.

Lone walked in Rachel’s house the following day late afternoon and found her baking in the kitchen.

“What’s that for?”

“There is this organization that supports orphans, the church is donating to them so I thought why not bake.”

Lone put her bag down. “I can help.”

“Take the muffin tray from the oven.”

“Ok.”

Lone took it and handed it to Rachel with a sigh.

“I cheat on Bame last night and I have never felt more angry in my life.”

“What?” Rachel looked at her. “Are you joking?”

“No. I met this guy earlier during the day yesterday then he came over my house, it was still coincidence but he then came back at night. I was horny and I let him, this nigga took a minute and he came. Mma ke boregile mo go maswe ebile ke tenegile hela. Motho o ne a kunyapa hela a dira nonsense. {I am so bored, matter of fact I am angry. He was doing nonsense.} He had a good dick but he didn’t even know how to use it, I swear they should give lessons to these people because nyaa bathong. O mpolaya are this never happens.”

Rachel tried to keep a serious face but the way her friend was explaining made her burst into laughter. She hit the table laughing hard.

“Mxm don’t laugh, I was in pain the whole time.”

“Imagine cheating then you get served with poor performance, it should teach you a lesson.”

“I hope I never bump into him, when I saw his dick I was like today is the day, he didn’t even take two minutes at least. He was moving his tense body, I didn’t even enjoy myself. I don’t understand how someone like that walks around with such disappointment packed in his pants.”

Rachel put her hand on her aching ribs laughing.

“Stop, you will kill me.”

“And the guy is cute too, I am never cheating again. Imagine had Bame caught me and I would die for bad sex. Men with big dicks but don’t know how to use them should be arrested.”

“Just don’t cheat on Bame. He loves you.”

“This distance is messing with me, I miss him so much Rachel I want to cry. I blame him for this, had he been here then I wouldn’t have cheated.”

“He will be back. Don’t play such games, Bame is not

the type you do that to.”

“I hope I get the job tomorrow, staying at home makes me sick.”

“But you have been home for years now.”

“I know and I miss my busy life.”

“Ware guy o ne a irang?{What was that guy doing?}”
Rachel asked laughing

“Mxm, don’t get me started.”

Kenneth walked in the kitchen taking off his t-shirt. Lone looked at his chest then down at his sweatpants, she could see the dick print. She put her legs together looking away before Rachel could catch her.

“What’s wrong with your t-shirt.”

“It’s dirty, hi Lone.”

Lone gave him a brief smile and looked away while Rachel walked away with her husband. She took bottled water from the fridge and gulped it down.

What’s wrong with you Rachel! For crying out loud he

is your friend's husband! She inwardly reprimanded herself. Rachel came back a minute later.

"Hey, can I use your bathroom?"

"Yeah."

Lone walked out and locked herself in the bathroom taking deep breaths then finally pulled down her dress and down her g-string peeing. She took a tissue and wiped herself before standing up. The door burst open and Kenneth walked in.

"Shit! Sorry."

She quickly pulled her g-string up while he walked out closing the door. She fixed her dress and washed her shaking hands. A second later, she walked out and went to the kitchen. Rachel was not there, Lone took her handbag heading to the door.

"Hey..."

Lone turned to Kenneth. "Yes?"

"Rachel went next door, she will be back just now."

She looked at him then at his ring, had she agreed that time he would have married her and all this

could have been hers. She wondered how life would be.

“I have to go, tell her I will call her.”

“Why are you running?”

“I have a daughter who needs me at home.”

Kenneth walked closer to her and sighed. “Are you ok? If it’s about-“

“I am fine.”

Kenneth looked at her lips then swallowed. Her heart was pounding, suddenly he was so close to her. He pulled her chin up and softly kissed her. She kissed back putting her hand on his chest. Kenneth pulled her closer and kissed her real good that she moaned softly. Slowly she slipped his hand inside his sweatpants and rubbed his dick which instantly grew hard. She stopped kissing him and went down on her knees taking him in her mouth. She sucked him while massaging his balls. Kenneth groaned as she kept on going for a few minutes till he finally shot his load in his mouth. Lone froze as foot seps approached followed by the door knob moving.

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To those who are new, please don't be shy to comment and like but do refrain from attacking or mocking the author or the author's way of writing if the story isn't going the way you want it to. if you feel the story is not for you, you can kindly leave and maybe come back when we start a new book. I post twice a day, morning at 10:30 and evening at 22:30. In case you want a bonus whatsapp +267 75447725 to sponsor one. Good morning

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#67

Lone quickly got up and wiped her mouth while Kenneth walked way, a second later Rachel walked in looking down on her phone. Lone fixed herself and smiled waiting for Rachel to raise her head.

“Hey, I had to see my neighbor.” Rachel put her

phone in her jean pocket.

“It’s ok, I have to go, we will talk.”

Rachel smiled. “Ok, say hi to Lesedi.”

Lone walked to her car and sighed wondering what she had just done. What was happening to her.

Anaya parked her car on her designated parking lot the following morning, in bold letters a sign pointing to that space read CEO, you just had to love that title. She looked at her watch and stepped out of her car as her phone rang.

“Hey.” She answered locking her car walking away in her power suit. Her heels echoed while her ass vibrated with each step she took in the slacks.

“Are you there already?”

She smiled. “I just arrived, I am nervous and excited.”

“You have no reason to be nervous, you know you

got this.”

“Donald, I can’t believe I am here. This is like a dream.”

Donald laughed. “It damn is not. I think you can do this, matter of fact, I know you can do this.”

“Thank you for believing in me, tonight happenings is the real deal, right now I am going to introduce myself, it’s a procedure. Tomorrow the real work starts. I just hope tonight goes well.”

“It will. Did you talk to Miguel about Ivy? I forgot to ask yesterday.”

“I did, he took it well.”

“He did?”

“No, he slapped me a couple of times. And forced himself into me.”

“He what?”

“But it’s ok, I feel like I deserved it, I know what you are thinking but... I think we will co-parent peacefully now that he got his closure or whatever. I am meeting him and his wife to discuss my child during

lunch.”

“Are you ready to face them?”

“Yes.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. Why won't I be? His wife can't even begin to compare to me, that gives me satisfaction.”

He cracked up. “You are too much.”

“Mxm you should have heard his vows, it was as if he was attacking me. I am glad he said it in front of me, now I know were I fall.”

“Don't worry about him, you are beautiful, you will get someone else. Matter of fact I can't wait for you to meet someone else. Maybe tonight.

“Stop it, I want to focus on business for now.”

“And get out there. I am so over Miguel.”

“I am annoyed still. Look, I am getting in, this will only take an hour or so. It's nothing big, it's just the shareholders and media and the work staff. Later on, it's getting down. Bye.”

“Bye.”

She hung up approaching the sliding doors and walked. She smiled at the receptionist.

“Good morning and welcome to OsWorld, how can I help you?”

“I am going to the boardroom.”

“Third floor, second door to your right, are you a shareholder?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, go right up.”

Anaya walked to the lift more confidently. This was it. In the third floor, she went right straight to the boardroom and walked in. Everyone turned to look at her as she settled down at the head of the long table full of more than twenty people. They all looked at her, some with shock and some with smiles. Damn yes! You didn't expect this did you? She smiled.

“Good morning and welcome to OsWorld, I am Anaya Shato, the owner of this franchise.”

Sarona typed her business idea sitting on the bed. She re-read what she had written then saved the document. A while later she took her phone and called Pule.

“Hello?”

She took a deep breath. “Hey, it’s me.”

He was silent for a while. “Sarona?”

“Yes, I was thinking maybe we can talk about the kids.”

“And what makes you think you and I can talk about the kids? The kids that you abandoned? Are you serious?”

“Pule, I know you are angry and you have every right to be but I want to step in.”

“You are not going anywhere near my kids Sarona. You never even bothered to communicate with them or even see them.”

“I called but you denied me talking to them.”

“Maybe if you never left them to begin with we wouldn’t be here today. Don’t call me again.” He hung up.

Sarona sighed tearfully calling him back. “Pule please...”

“You are beginning to annoy me.”

“I just want to see them.”

“They don’t know you.”

“Pule...”

“Do you understand what you put them through? You take things lightly.”

“I just want to see them. Please.”

“Don’t call me.”

She put her phone down as he hung up. She wondered if Mapula would at least remember her. Tears blurred her vision, maybe she should have not left her kids behind. She scrolled through her contacts wondering who she would call, she paused

on Miguel's number. Maybe she could ask him to talk to Pule for her but he probably hated her. She continued scrolling for a while then realized she didn't have anyone to call expect Anaya but with the way she had left, she wondered if Anaya still hated her.

Sarona got up and put on her shoes then walked out of the house with her handbag.

Theodora picked her phone that was ringing and angrily answered.

"What?"

"Babe, can we please talk."

"No Christian, how could you not tell me you lost your job?"

"I was going to tell you, we were having a wonderful weekend and I didn't want to ruin it."

“I can’t believe this, how could you lose your job?”

“I will find another one.”

“Where? Do you know how hard it is to find a job?”

“I will make a plan.”

“I can’t believe this, what about the house?”

“I will sort it all out.”

She hung up and almost threw her phone against the wall. Michelle walked in as Theodora covered her face with her hands.

“What’s wrong love?”

She took off her hands off her face and looked at Michelle.

“Christian lost his job, and he didn’t tell me till I saw the letter this morning.”

“What?”

“I can’t believe this. We have mortgage we are still paying and he decides to just lose his job.”

“And a man who does not work is annoying. He will

be clingy and controlling. They often even turn into abusers because of frustration of having a woman take care of him.”

“I cannot believe this, I actually wanted another car.”

“I agree, your car is old.”

“I can’t deal with a jobless man honestly, his wife also depends on me now together with his other two kids.”

“That is not your responsibility. Your focus should be on your son and leave the rest.”

“I am going to take him to my mother. She will stay with him while I try to find a solution to this. He says he will find another job as if he doesn’t see just how scarce jobs are. I am so turned off right now.”

“Don’t be too angry, don’t they get packages?”

Theodora smiled slowly. “I think they do, maybe we can use that to pay off the mortgage and get me a new car.”

“Yes girl!”

Michelle stood up. “Let’s talk later. Is Osi still selling

second hand clothes?”

“Yes, I long stopped buying those. I can’t be wearing something which has been used before.”

Michelle laughed and walked out while Theodora planned for Christian’s package. Her phone rang a second later and she smiled answering.

“Yes?”

“Babe, come now. I miss you.”

She giggled. “I am working.”

“Just come, for a few minutes.”

“Ok.”

She got up and walked out of her office with a smile.

Bame walked inside his house talking to the phone.

“Why would you take her there?”

“I thought it would be a few minutes thing but I was

there the entire day, now she is mad, she is not answering my calls.”

“What’s so special about her Skara?”

“Everything, she has the body, the face and she is studying to be a nurse.”

“You probably scared her. You need to be careful about your actions sometimes.”

“I know, I regret it, so you are back.”

“Yes, I am planning to surprise Lone.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

“Don’t harass that girl.”

Karabo laughed. “I am not going to.”

“Good.”

He hung up and threw the shopping bags he was carrying on the bed. His eyes fell on Lone’s bras which were on the bed, she usually took time preparing and always left her things lying around. He smiled sniffing her bra, he couldn’t wait for her to come back. He took a quick shower and changed

into his casual clothes. Walking out of his bedroom, he heard a voice in the other room. He walked towards the room and stepped inside. His eyes fell on a woman sitting on the bed applying lotion naked. She looked up and panicked grabbing a towel on the floor. She wrapped it around herself.

“Mr. uhh... Mr...” She stammered.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Constance, I am the helper.”

“When did you start?”

“A while ago.”

“Where is my wife?”

“She went to an interview.”

Bame walked out taking out his phone and dialing her number.

“Hey babe,”

“Hey, where are you?”

“I went for a job interview.”

“When did you apply?”

“Two weeks ago, I am tired of staying at home.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this?”

“I was going to tell you, when are you coming home?
I miss you.”

He sighed getting in his car.

“I don’t know. Babe I don’t get why you feel you need
to work, isn’t your garden doing well?”

“Bame, this is why I didn’t tell you. It is a backyard
gardern and it is doing well but I am tired of staying
at home. It get’s boring when I am all alone.”

He rubbed his face. “We will talk about this, how is
Lesedi?”

“She is fine. We miss you, I miss you.”

“I will be back in no time.”

“But you just said you don’t know when you are
coming back.”

“I know but soon. I love you and I miss you guys
too.”

“I swear it’s like you love the trips.”

He laughed. “Come on babe.”

“No, don’t laugh. You are barely there and we are forever lonely.”

“I promise you, I will be back faster than you think.”

“Will you talk to your superiors?”

“Yes.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too, I have to go.”

“Ok.”

He hung up with a smile, if she only knew. He started the car and drove off.

Marang discharged a patient then walked out of the room going back to her office. She was done with her rounds. In her office, she sat down while she got

paged.

“Yes?”

“Dr. Setso, Dr. Khan needs you right now at the theater room.”

“Ok, I am coming.”

She got up and rushed out. Getting to the theater she found Dr. Khan with a badly injured patient.

“He was involved in a car accident. His legs are damaged beyond repair.”

Marang put on gloves and assessed his legs.

“Yeah, we need to amputate them.”

“That was what I was thinking.”

She moved to his face and gasped, she couldn't believe it.

“Are you ok?”

Marang looked at Dr. Khan and nodded. “Yeah, I am fine.”

Hours later Marang she walked inside her office drained. She wondered if she had to be the one to call his family or not. They were going to be broken, she was sure of it. She closed her eyes tightly.

“Marang, lunch?”

She looked at Layla who looked more than chubby.

“Wow! You are gaining.”

Layla laughed. “I don’t even know what’s going on with me. I have funny appetite.”

“Maybe you are pregnant.”

“No.” She sat down then smiled. “But we are going to have a baby, through surrogacy.”

“Oh my! I am happy for you.”

“I am so excited.”

“You ought to be.”

“How is Junior?”

“He is fine. Just misses his dad.”

“Did he get married?”

“Yes.”

“How are you taking it?”

“I long got over it, I actually like Refilwe, she takes good care of my son. When my son is with her, I know I have nothing to worry about.”

“I like that.”

“I know, a man I once loved is here.”

“Who?”

“This other creature who got married behind my back, we had to amputate his legs. I actually feel bad for him and his family.”

“Maybe that’s his karma, leave that to Dr. Khan, I am sure he will have his family alerted.”

“Ok, anyways I am going out on a date today.”

“With who?” Layla asked curiously.

“This man, I will tell you about it tomorrow.”

Layla laughed. "I like that smile on your face."

"I am excited about this one, he is really good looking."

"Well, all the best."

They started eating still chatting. Marang's phone rang disturbing them.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's Refilwe, I got your message. You can drop him off. Miguel misses him too."

"Ok, thank you."

"You are welcome. Uhh can I ask you something?"

"Ok."

"What was Anaya like?"

Marang frowned. "Anaya?"

"Yes. She is back."

"Anaya is back?"

"Yes. And she has a child with Miguel."

"She is full of herself. You shouldn't let her get to you."

She is insecure and violent and thinks she can do as she pleases. She will probably try using the child to her own advantage, with Anaya you have to have a stand. That woman thinks she can just push over anyone.”

“Thank you, I will keep that in mind.”

“Ok, bye.”

Layla looked at Marang curiously. “What’s happening?”

“Anaya is back.”

“Wow!”

“I hope Refilwe is strong because if she is not, she is going to cry.”

“You think Miguel still loves Anaya?”

“I don’t know, for Refilwe’s sake I hope not because if he does, she is going to lose him slowly but surely.”

Sarona smiled at Pule's PA.

"Hi, I want to see your boss."

"You are?"

"Sarona Motsei."

His PA looked at her for a while. "You are a relative?"

Sarona smiled. "Yes, is he in?"

"Yes, you can go right in, Mr. Motsei is in."

She walked to the door and stepped in. Pule raised his head and looked at her.

"What do you want here?"

"Can we please talk?"

"Sarona, I don't want to kill you, you are beginning to get on my nerves."

"I just want us to talk. I know I messed up our family and you will probably never forgive me for it but I just want us to talk about the kids."

"We don't get to talk about the kids. I have full

custody of the kids and I have proved to the court that you are not a fit mother so forget about it, my wife and I will take care of our kids. Stay away from us, I am warning you.”

Sarona frowned. “You are married?”

“Yes, any problem?”

The door opened and she turned. A woman walked in dressed smartly.

“Babe, this is Sarona, and Sarona this is my wife, Mrs. Pule Motsei. The mother of all my kids. This is the woman my kids call mama, the only mother they know. Don’t make this harder than it already is.”

Sarona’s eyes teared up, her kids called another woman mama. She tried to hold it in but tears ran down her cheek.

“I just want to have a relationship with my kids.”

“Babe, can I talk to her? Alone.”

Pule nodded then walked out of his office.

“I don’t know you, I don’t wish to, the only thing I want from you is to respect my family. You

abandoned your kids and ran off with a man. I found them broken and picked them up, built them. I pity you, you think this is some sort of game but tell you what? I will teach you that it's not. Mapula and Jay are my kids and my kids only, go near them and I will have you thrown in jail. Go near my husband and I will step on you, I am sure we have an understanding. And yes, this should be the last time you call or come to my husband's offices, I will not tolerate that. Now turn and leave."

"Look, I know that you have been taking care of my kids and I appreciate that but I just want a relationship with them. I messed up, I know and I want to fix that."

"Hunny, leave, you are embarrassing yourself."

"You can't stop me from seeing my kids."

"Oh wait and watch, I knew you were going to do this and I have been waiting for this moment. I am Yaone and I am going to show you that only Jesus can walk on top of water. You think this is a joke. You left him to be a whore and think you can come back and pick

up from where you left of? You must be smoking.”

“I am going to fight you with everything I have.”

“I will be waiting.”

Sarona walked out as her heart sank.

Anaya walked inside the restaurant still in her suit. She looked around and spotted him then walked over. They both turned to her as she sat down, her expensive perfume engulfing them. She looked at her watch and smiled at Miguel and his wife.

“I am sorry I am late, I was stuck in a meeting.”

“You can order.”

She smiled at Miguel, she loved how he was in uncomfortable. “Oh no, I am in a hurry, I am having a busy day.”

“Ok, we are here to discuss your daughter with my husband. I have a way I do things and also rules I

thought we would put that down before we do anything else.”

“Rules?” Anaya smiled amused. “Lets hear them.”

“You can communicate with me about Ivy, I am also like a mother to her so it’s best you talk to me about her needs and wants. I don’t expect you to be calling my husband unnecessarily unless you couldn’t get hold of me.”

Anaya looked at Miguel who was avoiding eye contact then shifted her attention back to his wife

“First of all, I didn’t make a baby with you hence I have nothing to say to you, I don’t talk to you but rather to the man who fucked me and left his baby inside me. Secondly, I don’t need permission to call the father of my child.”

“I knew you would react like this, what you don’t understand Anaya is that I am Miguel’s wife, what I say goes. Ivy is his daughter making her mine too. In my household, things happen according to how I want them to, you are not going to call my husband when I am there because I am the one who will take

care of Ivy when she visits. I will wash her clothes, cook for her and clean after her. I see you think you can just say whatever you like but you don't know me."

Anaya pursed her lips looking at Refilwe.

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Following insert at 22:30.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#68

Anaya looked at Miguel.

"You agree to this?"

"Fifi is right, I think she should be the one you communicate with because she is the one who's going to be doing the most for Ivy."

"I am not discussing anything with her."

“Anaya Refilwe is my wife, you have been missing for years, I am not going to bow to you all because you decided to come back.”

“Who cares if she is your wife? I am not discussing Ivy with a complete stranger, I don’t even know her.”

“You will know me as time goes. I think we done or what baby?”

“Yeah.”

They stood up and walked out while Anaya burned with anger. She couldn’t believe Miguel had let Refilwe talk to her like that. She took a moment gathering herself together before she finally walked out of the restaurant.

Theodora looked at the two lines and sighed. She reached for her phone sitting in her office and dialed a number still staring at the pregnancy test.

“Hello?”

“Hi, I need some abortion pills, I got your number from facebook.”

“When do you want them?”

“Today if possible.”

“P800.”

“I will give you the cash when you give me the pills.”

“Where are you?”

“Gaborone.”

“Ok, let’s meet at main mall in front of Nandos. Say at five?”

“I will be there.”

She hung up with a smile then threw the pregnancy test in her handbag.

“Hey,” Osi said walking in.

“Hey Nono, how are you?”

“I am good, wanna go out for lunch?”

“Nope, I am staying in today, I have a lot to do.”

“Ok, see you around.”

Osi walked out as Theodora's phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Theo, how are you?"

"I am fine mama."

"Are you pregnant?"

"Huh?"

"Are you pregnant? I heard an awful dream and you were pregnant bleeding."

"Mama, I am not pregnant."

"Maybe you are about to be, you need to pray and put your marriage and family in God's hands."

"I will."

"Good, how is your husband and Loago?"

"They are fine."

"Ok, I will call again. Bye."

"Bye."

Theodora hung up, she was going to get rid of the baby, at the moment she didn't need a baby. She

dialed Christian.

“Babe...”

“Hey, I am sorry for what I said. I was just frustrated.”

“It’s ok, I understand you. I don’t want you to worry because I promise you, I will get another job. You don’t have to worry about anything. I love you.”

“I love you too, did you receive your package though?”

“Yes, it will sustain us till I find a job.”

“Thank God. I have to go.”

“Theo...”

“Mhmm?”

“I love you so much I would do anything for you. I know a lot of people are expecting us to break up but we are going to prove them wrong. I believe in our love, I know I hurt a lot of people by being with you but I will continue to stand by you no matter what because I love you.”

Theodora sighed tearfully. "I love you too."

"Ok, we will talk. Bye."

"Bye."

Anaya walked inside Miguel's office ignoring his PA's pleas. He shook hands with a man looking at her.

"We will talk."

The man walked out and gave her a smile walking out.

"What are you doing here?"

"What happened?"

He leaned back on his chair looking at her. "With what?"

"You expect me to discuss my child with that ugly woman?"

“Never ever talk address my wife like that.” He stood up. “You wasted your chance, you and I are no longer together. I am married and I love my wife. You are going to respect her and do what she says so that we co-parent our daughter peacefully. I see I allowed you to harass Refilwe but it stops today. Have some dignity and behave like a woman. You look pathetic right now.”

She blinked as tears filled her eyes.

“This should be the last time you come to my office if it has nothing to do with Ivy. I will send you Fifi’s number.”

“Miguel...”

“Don’t embarrass yourself. I don’t want you. You need to respect yourself Anaya, I am not going to leave my wife for you. I will never leave her for you. When I vowed to love her I meant every word.”

“Are you saying all this intentionally to hurt me? Because if so, it’s working.”

“I am telling you the truth. I have a company to run, you are wasting my time.”

A tear ran down her cheek and she quickly wiped it off.

“Ok, I am sorry.”

She turned and walked out. In her car she closed her eyes fighting not to cry. Her phone rang and she picked.

“Mma Ivy has been crying non stop, she says she wants her mother. Ebile kana wa gowa hela o eme kontle. {She is screaming standing outside.}”

Anaya laughed. “I have a meeting I have to attend to then I will come home before going for the party, she will keep quiet.”

“I tried every trick in the book, nyaa monyana are ene o batla mama. {She wants her mother.} I can't even think about the launch.”

“She get's like that sometimes, I will try to come immediately after I wrap up the meeting. Tomorrow she will be going to school.”

“Ok, we are just going to watch movies.”

“I will call.”

She hung up and started her car.

Ayana walked outside to Ivy who was still screaming.

“Vee, I just spoke to mommy, she said she is coming.”

Ivy turned to her hushing her screams. “She is coming?”

“Yes but you have to stop crying. We will watch your favorite movie while we wait for mommy.”

“Ok.”

Ayana smiled at the cuteness displayed, she looked like a mini Anaya. It actually amazed Ayana how Ivy would look so much more like her mother than her father but she could still see Miguel’s ears on her.

They walked back inside the house and sat down watching a cartoon. Ayana’s phone rang and she sighed looking at the caller ID, she was avoiding him.

“Hello?”

“Hey, so you are ignoring my calls?”

Ayana rolled her eyes. “It means I don’t want to talk to you.”

“Why are you angry with me?”

“I am not angry with you, just leave me alone.”

“Can I see you? Just for a few minutes.”

“I am busy Karabo.”

“Just for a few minutes, I am coming there.”

She sighed. “Ok, suit yourself.”

“Ke go tlele eng? [What should I bring you?”

“Nothing.”

“O maaka, o rata dijo, o batla ke go tlele eng? [You are lying, you like food, what should I bring you?”

She chuckled. “Tswa mo go nna Karabo ija. {Leave me alone.}”

“Ok, I will just buy.”

He hung up, Ayana looked at Ivy who had fallen

asleep then picked her up leading her to the bedroom. Minutes later her phone vibrated and she got it walking outside in her pajamas and flip flops. She got in his car and folded her arms.

“What do you want from me?”

He looked at her and chuckled. “That attitude doesn’t suit you.”

She sighed. “Karabo what do you want? I have a child inside there who needs my attention.”

“Who?”

“My niece.”

He reached for the backseat and gave her red roses. She smelt them, they were fresh.

“I wanted to say I am sorry, I shouldn’t have taken you with to Jwaneng and taken the entire day there.”

“What do you do for a living?”

“If I tell you it then makes you my girlfriend because I won’t share that with you if you are not my girlfriend.”

He looked at her waiting.

“I don’t want anything to do with you.”

Karabo smiled. “Why?”

“Because you do are a criminal.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“You are shady, please don’t call me again.” She got out of the car and walked inside the gate.

Lone drove home with a smile, she couldn’t believe she now had a job. A good job for that matter. Now she couldn’t wait for the party tonight where the owner would be reviewed. She parked minutes later and stepped out. Inside the house she found Constance cooking.

“Hi Constance, where is Lesedi?”

“She is playing with Yarona next door.”

“Ok.”

Her heart skipped as she looked at the shopping bags on top of the bed. She slowly took out the clothes, heels and new M. A. C makeup set. A smile broke on her face as she took out the lingerie. She took her phone and called him.

“Mrs. Bame David,”

Lone blushed. “You are home?”

“No.”

“Stop playing like this.”

Her bedroom door opened and he walked in. Lone dropped the phone and hugged him tightly.

“I missed you so much.”

“Me too.” He kissed her unzipping her dress.

“I got the job.”

Bame paused. “You did?”

“Yes. They hired me right there and then. Tomorrow I am starting, the company will officially start operating.”

“I am proud of you.”

He kissed her again this time peeling her dress down then popped her bra. He slid his hand inside her panties feeling her moist. Lone moaned softly while he rubbed her clit, with the way he was breathing she knew he was about to fuck her hard.

He turned her making her touch the bed. He unzipped his pants and took out his hard mass destruction holding her waist and rammed inside her with a groan. Lone moaned feeling his dick deep inside her, fuck she missed this. With his hands tightly on her waist, he fucked her while she moaned standing on her toes. He grabbed her weave making her arch her back raising her head.

Her pussy greased his dick as he went even faster. He pulled out then lay on the bed pulling her on top of him. Lone held his dick and went down on it. She held her breath till he was fully inside her. Putting her hands on his chest she started moving. He held her waist a while later and thrust from beneath, hard and fast till she spasmed. He thrust into her a few more times and finally shot his load inside her.

Lone collapsed on top of him panting while his dick softened inside her.

“Why didn’t tell me you are hired a maid?” He asked a while later. She got off him dripping.

“I didn’t think it was important.”

“I don’t feel comfortable having two women inside the house.”

“I need her help, especially now that I will be going to work.”

“And she’s too young, how old is she?”

“18 years old, she is old enough and either way, Lesedi already bonded with her.”

“I don’t like having two women inside the house or have a maid do things I would want you to do.”

“Bame what are you saying? She will be helping with Lesedi.”

“But it looks like she is a full time maid, I don’t want that.”

She sighed. “Ok, she will knock off when I come

back.”

“And I also don’t understand how you say she helps with Lesedi, it’s almost four and Lesedi is still not home.”

“I will talk to her.”

Bame got up and kissed her. “I just want us to be careful, that’s all babe. You never know who mistreats kids these days.”

She smiled. “It’s ok, I understand. Wanna join me for a quick shower?”

Her phone rang Bame reached for it on the bed.

“Why is Kenneth calling you?”

Lone’s heart skipped as she looked at her screen.

“I- I think it’s Rachel, she probably wants to know about my job interview.”

He gave her the phone and she answered while he kissed her neck softly.

“Hello?”

“Hey, how are you?”

“I am fine, you can tell Rachel that I got the job. Lesedi’s father came so tell her I will talk to her tomorrow.”

Kenneth paused for a second. “It’s ok, matter of fact she had asked me to ask you how it went. I will tell her. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Lone hung up and calmly smiled.

“I respect your friendship with Rachel but I still don’t like the fact that her husband is your ex.”

Lone put her phone down and pulled Bame to the bathroom.

“I get you but you have nothing to be worried about.”

“I know, I just don’t like him.”

She smiled and kissed him silencing him standing on her toes. He picked her slim body and led her under the shower while she giggled.

Marang parked her car beside Refilwe's at Miguel's house. She stepped out as Junior jumped off.

"Mommy, I am staying here tonight?"

She smiled. "Yes, Daddy said he misses you."

"I miss him too."

She got his back and walked to the door. Seconds after knocking, Refilwe opened the door.

"Hey Jay!"

"Aunty, is Daddy home?"

Refilwe smiled. "No, but he's about to come back, soon he will be here."

"I can't wait. Quincy?"

"He is inside."

"Yes!"

He hugged his mother and rushed inside the house while Marang handed Refilwe his bag.

"I will pick him up tomorrow."

“It’s ok.”

“Wow! You are glowing, is that baby number 2?”

Refilwe blushed. “Yes.”

“You go girl. Congratulations.”

“Thank you.”

“How did the Anaya issue go?”

“You were right, she’s definitely full of herself but I am ready for her.”

“That’s it. Anyways, see you.”

She turned and walked to her car then drove off as her date called.

Gloria got in an unfamiliar car and looked at the man with a smile.

“You look beautiful.”

She smiled. “Thank you, I thought you were still at

the farm.”

“I had to come back and see you. There is something important I want to tell you.” The man took her hand and kissed it.

“I want to get married. This whole sneaking thing is not working for me anymore. I am growing old and I need a wife by my side, not a girlfriend. We are too old to be playing such games my love.”

Gloria swallowed. “What will my kids think?”

“Your kids are grown, they will understand. I don’t want to die alone, I need you by my side. I want to marry you, I have already spoken to the necessary people.”

Gloria smiled. “I can’t believe this, I never thought I would get married again.”

“Your luck has come.”

“I love you.”

The man smiled and baby kissed her on her lips. “I love you too.”

Late in the evening, the huge conference hall in the fifth floor was filled with people, all in elegant dresses and suits. Camera's flashed as people mingled around, important influential people mixed with the new workers of OsWorld. Downstairs at the foyer was the red carpet, the media and reporters snapped pictures trying to get the best pictures for tomorrow's covers. Lone smiled as she paused for a few pictures with another lady she had realized had gotten a job too. They walked towards the elevator chatting in their beautiful evening gowns.

"Wow!" Lone murmured as the elevator doors closed.

"You can say that again, by the way I am Diane."

"Lone."

Outside a black S63 Mercedes parked by the entrance and a certain MP stepped out with his wife. They both held hands and walked inside the glass and metal building, stopping for a few pictures before an usher accompanied them to the elevator.

A lot more people arrived, it was like the Grammy's or Oscars in America. The way the venue had been decorated made it feel like they were about to enter Oscar awards in America.

Back in the conference hall people slowly settled on the tables set for them, the investors and shareholders and the investors together with some of the parliament members. A camera rolled giving live broadcast on the Osworld website which had over 45K watchers and more people still tuning in. Everyone was filled with curiosity, their eyes moved around trying to guess who the owner could be.

The MC took over in an beautiful dress and smiled, the huge TV's at the corner which were also broadcasting showed her full beautiful face as she smiled.

“What a huge turn out. I can feel the excitement from everyone. The media which was in earlier on was cautioned not to expose the person of the moment who made it all possible, who have employed over a thousand people, the person who is going to lift the country up because we were saving her for this big

huge moment. Working OsWorld I am Kelly!”

Everyone clapped holding up their glasses of wine.

“We are live on our website, live on all of our social media pages, we are proud to introduce OsWorld. I would like to first observe protocol. We have our ministers here and some members of the parliament together with the shareholders of OsWorld. Ladies and gentlemen please let’s give them the acknowledgement they need.”

Everyone clapped as the camera’s flashed.

“From there we would like to thank all the media houses here today, to thank all the reporters here and to all those who have sponsored this launch, together with all radio stations here, bloggers and online magazines. We greatly appreciate you. Saving the best for the last, we have a very important person in our midst, Ladies and gentlemen I would like for you to stand and clap hands for our one and only First Lady who is also here for this wonderful inspiring event.”

The first lady waved sitting with a smile as the

camera's captured the moment while people stood up to clap.

"She is the only person who has sat privately with the person who owns OsWorld and drank tea." The First Lady smiled as people laughed.

"I had an opportunity to bump into her and I tried my luck saying just whisper to me and you know what she told me, she said wait till you meet this person, you will be amazed just like I was. O ganne ka data mme hela {She refused with the data but} I am still thankful she didn't tell me because I am also dying with curiosity. So now we hired a few artist to entertain us, our own favorite local artists and a two from SA!"

Kelly moved from the stage as an artist took over with people cheering.

Meanwhile at the backstage, the make-up artist touched slightly on Anaya's face, she had on the simple evening makeup, her hair was held in a Beyonce style, a small ponytail and the rest falling on her back, the extensions made it extra long. She

wore a white long sleeves high slip formal evening dress with a tail, it hugged her figure so well as if it was a glove. A couple of camera's which had been allowed at the backstage continued snapping pictures.

"I am so nervous."

Gloria smiled. "You have no reason to be, you have taken the world with a storm. This moment takes me back to the time you graduated."

Ayana laughed. "I will never forget that day, mama you ran from the terrace to the stage screaming "Ke ngwanake" {"that's my daughter"} I am sure everyone remembers you."

"I remember it because that day Anaya made me proud and today here I am, about to scream down this conference hall because I am proud mother."

"I am also proud to have a sister like you."

She looked at both of them and sighed regaining her confidence.

As artists finished performing, Kelly took the stage

and now in a different dress.

“WOW! That’s all I can say, that was amazing. Now I know most of you think OsWorld is a franchise bought from the main brunch in SA, but no. To clear that, OsWorld was sold and now it’s a franchise owned in Botswana and the owner says one day it will compete with big brands like Uniliver. Isn’t that just amazing? So now going to the main reason we are here. Our ushers are going to prepare the red ribbon while our person get’s ready.”

The ushers quickly put a red ribbon across the stage then everyone waited in complete silence staring at the stage.

“And ladies and gentlemen, welcoming the owner of OsWorld! She owns a huge farm in Serowe which supplies a lot of big shops and schools, also a restaurant and catering company! Let’s welcome her with a round of applause!”

The red curtain pulled back and Anaya smiled with a mic in her hands. She walked in the middle of the stage as the background changed colors being

controlled by the computers. Cameras flashed uncontrollably as mayhem started.

“Good evening, I am Anaya Shato and I introduce.... OsWorld!”

Fireworks exploded at the background till the word OsWorld formed. Some people clapped in total shock, some in delight and some just happy to be employed. The First lady raised her glass of wine at Anaya giving her a thumbs up, Anaya smiled staring at everyone, her face on the TV's at the corners.

Lone stared at her in shock, her mouth wide open with disbelief.

“Wow! Ok...” Diane whispered with a smile. “Gosh you got to love her.”

“I would like to welcome all OsWorld workers, shareholders, investors, supporters and many more.” An usher walked towards Anaya and handed her scissor. With a smile she walked over to the ribbon as her mother, sister, the shareholders and investors including the first lady and members of the parliament joined her on stage. Ayana and Gloria

held Anaya's shoulders and the line behind them held their shoulders too till everyone had their hands stretched holding a shoulder in front.

Tears filled Anaya's eyes as she held the scissor with one hand and the mic with the other. "In Three... two... one." She cut the red ribbon and everyone clapped.

"Thank you. I wouldn't have done this without everyone's support. I look forward to this journey with all of you."

She hugged a few people then disappeared at the back stage with her mother and sister while everyone went back to their seats.

"She is our own Beyonce!" Kelly said taking over the stage now in a suit. "Our own black African woman kinda Bill Gates. So we are going to have a few speeches from our important people, don't worry, the Boss Lady is still around. Uhm... what to say! It's a blast. There is going to be an after party but she may or may not be here anymore, gatwe lona ba OsWorld le seka la tla late kamoso, ka boikokobetso,

HR! {OsWorld workers don't come late tomorrow,
yours faithfully, HR!"

Everyone laughed and the celebration went on as Lone stood up and walked away.

Later on Anaya moved in the crowd talking to people here and there, she couldn't seem to find the right moment to slip and go home, she could feel exhaustion catching up with her. A man in a suit approached her as she spoke to a business man with a flabby tummy who was trying to sell her a deal that didn't make sense putting his hand on her waist.

"Hey, there is someone important waiting for you downstairs."

Anaya looked at him and frowned. She looked at the man with a flabby tummy and smiled apologetically and walked with the strange man. He walked with her inside the elevator and the doors closed as she sighed.

"Who is waiting for me?"

"Your car, mom and sister. You look like you are

about to fall asleep right there and then.”

Anaya smiled. “Thank you so much. Is the media gone?”

“They are all upstairs.”

The elevator doors opened and he walked with her to her Audi that was parked by the entrance.

“Thank you so much.”

He smiled. “I did it for your mother who already likes me, I will make a great son in-law. Don’t disappoint her.”

Anaya laughed. “Thanks.”

“I am Lefa.”

Anaya smiled opening the backdoor. “Anaya.”

The following morning Miguel parked at the school parking lot and smiled at his son.

“Jay, we are here!”

Junior opened the door and climbed out of the car together with his father.

“I will see you later right?”

“Yes.”

They fist bumped before he ran off to other students walking towards the classes. Looking up, his eyes fell on Anaya who was walking from the administration in bondage dress and blazer with her killer heels. He looked at her exposed figure, she was insanely beautiful it. Her hips swayed from side to side while her hair was held in a ponytail. She unlocked her car from afar stealing a glance at her watch. Their eyes met as she got in her car, this was the girl who used to sell fat cooks for a living. She was now something big, she owned her world.

She closed her car door starting her car and drove off while he watched.

FIVE MONTHS LATER...

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#69

Five Months Later...

Rachel walked inside the church with a smile.

“Hey, we are about to start.” She looked at the pastor’s wife and smiled.

“I am so nervous.”

“Don’t worry, you will get used to being a pastor.”

They walked to the pulpit as everyone clapped.

“Good evening and welcome to our Tuesday service, today we have our new pastor, Pastor Rachel Mokwena.” The pastor’s wife introduced.

Rachel smiled and stood in front of everyone. “Good

Evening, do you feel blessed to be here?"

"Yes!"

"No, I can't here you. I said do you feel blessed to be here?"

"Yes!"

She smiled. "Do you feel blessed to be here? Over there at the back do you feel blessed to be here? To be in the house of the lord?"

"Yes!" The crowd screamed.

"I will start this service with a prayer. Let's pray."

She properly held the mic. "Father we thank you for this day, we thank you for your love upon us, we thank you for your mercy, your blessing and your unending kindness. We are here today, may whatever that will leave my lips be from you, give me the strength to be able to stand in front of this crowd and lead them in the way you want me to lead them. Let the holy spirit lead us today and let the hearts of the people here be open to the message I am about to give them, in the mighty name of Jesus Christ we

pray, Amen.”

“Amen!”

She smiled catching Kenneth sit at the front beside her seat. Her confidence even rode high, there was just something about having her husband there supporting her.

Refilwe dished for Quincy and Junior and placed the plates on dining table. She walked to their room where they were playing.

“Guys, it’s time for eating.”

“Is daddy coming?”

Refilwe smiled looking at Junior. “Yes Jay. Daddy is coming, come and eat.”

They walked to the dining table while Refilwe took out her phone. She dialed his number and listened to it ring.

“Hey,”

“Where are you?”

“I am with a business associate, he asked we discuss something during dinner.”

“But Miguel why didn’t you tell me?”

“I am sorry babe, I just happen to be so busy this days.”

“Next time tell me, what time will you be home.”

“In two hours maximum.”

“Ok, I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She hung up and sighed rubbing her big belly. Her instincts made her question him but knowing that he was running a big business made her calm down. Things were probably hectic. She joined the boys and ate listening to their school stories. A while later, she bathed them then tucked them in bed.

“Good night guys.”

“Good night Aunt.”

“Good night mom.”

She walked out taking out her phone then went to her bedroom calling her friend.

“Fifi...”

“Hey, do you think it’s ok for Marang to be telling her son to call me Aunt, I mean am I asking for too much?”

“I don’t know, you should present that to Miguel. Some woman don’t want their kids calling another woman mom.”

“I guess.”

“It’s the hormones, don’t worry too much.”

“I am carrying a girl.”

“Wow!”

“I am so excited.”

“You should be. I wish I were you.”

“How is work?”

“It’s great. Anaya is a cool boss I tell you, that

woman inspires me. You should see her in meetings, she is so focused. It's first time I see a woman who can do what men can do too. The way she dresses will make you question yourself, kana she has that body like the likes of Busi Samuels, I am even thinking of starting going to the gym."

Refilwe rolled her eyes bored. "I know she is pretty, no need to tell me."

"I am sorry my love, it's just that I feel like I wasted my time, Anaya is 30 but look where she is with life."

"I have to go, we will talk."

"Fifi I am sorry, I am not trying to bore you, I am just saying she inspires me. Maybe we should start a small business together since you are longer working. I am sure Miguel can finance you, I already have money saved. I spoke to this other lady, she wants to start a boutique, it's a good idea, I was even thinking of partnering with her but we can start our own."

"Miguel is here, bye." She hung up and clicked her tongue.

She looked at the time, it was three hours already since their phone call. She moved to the sitting room and started watching a movie. Two hours later the movie finished, she called him again but this time he didn't pick. She started typing a message.

Refilwe: Do you think it's fair for you to stay out this late? I am worried about you, the kids are sleeping without seeing you again. Can you please answer your phone.

She sent the message but he didn't reply.

Refilwe: Miguel it's almost twelve and you are still not home, I am worried about you, are you ok? What do you want me to think when you behave like this? Or do you think it's ok for a married man to be staying out late till this time?

Her heart pounded as the time moved while he still didn't show up.

She called him but his phone was now off. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of calling her mother in-law.

Refilwe: Miguel please come home, I am panicking.

Where are you, are you ok?

She looked at her phone then finally called Kenneth.

“Hello?”

“Hi, it’s Fifi, Miguel is not yet home, do you have any idea of where he is?”

“No, I don’t. Let me try calling him.”

“His phone is off.”

“Oh, sorry but I don’t know. I will ask around.”

“Ok, thanks.”

“Don’t worry, Miguel loves you. It must be work, he is addicted to work.”

“Yeah, bye.”

She hung as tears gushed out. Her heart skipped as she heard the gate opening followed by a car driving in. She stood up and waited for him. Seconds later he walked in.

“Hey...”

“Where are you coming from?”

“Didn’t I tell you?”

“Miguel I am not stupid, where are you coming from. It’s past mid night, which business associate will discuss business till this time?”

“Babe come on.”

He walked to the bedroom while he followed after him.

“Miguel, where are you coming from?”

“Refilwe can you stop it?”

“Are you cheating on me?”

“No, how can you even ask that?”

“Then where are you coming from?”

She picked his jacket and sniffed it.

“Why is your jacket smelling a feminine perfume?”

“Babe, after dinner he wanted to go to a casino so I took him to C-SKY, I lost track of time.”

Tears wet her cheeks. “Are you cheating on me Miguel? This jacket smells of a feminine expensive

perfume.”

“I probably rubbed against someone with a woman. We were in a casino.”

Refilwe covered her face crying. Miguel hugged her.

“Babe, I am not cheating, I swear.”

He kissed her and she secretly put her hand inside his pants and rubbed his dick.

“I am tired tonight. I had a long day.”

“But I miss you, when last did we have sex?”

“We will do it tomorrow.”

“You have been saying that for months now. I have needs.”

“Refilwe, come on.”

“I just want to have sex.” She looked at his zipper imagining that big dick squeezing through her walls.

“We will do it in the morning.”

She covered her face crying then walked out of the bedroom going to the sitting room. Minutes later he

walked inside the sitting room.

“Ok, come let’s have sex.”

She stood up sniffing and walked towards him. Miguel took her hand and led her back to the bedroom where he kissed her passionately laying her on the bed with her seven months belly. He pulled up her dress then took her panties and rubbed her clit taking out his dick.

She opened her legs wider in anticipation. He pushed his dick inside her and stroked her with half his dick. She moaned closing her eyes wishing he would just fuck her. She wanted to be fucked out of her mind, she wanted to have that domineering character out of him but knowing he would possibly stop all together, she kept quiet.

Ayana scrolled through her phone whilst eating her breakfast. She opened Karabo’s Whatsapp status

and shrunk her eyes staring at his so called girlfriend. Her complexion was the only thing that made her better. She zoomed in her big forehead then face, he probably just saw her big ass.

“Stress kills.” Lalah said snatching the phone from her.

“That girl is ugly.”

“She may be ugly but you are bitter. Ke gore le rata go rapelwa mo Ayana. {You love being worshipped.} It’s not even cute, this guy is too old to be playing games with you, you behaved childishly, you probably turned him off.”

“What did you want me to do?”

“You could have behaved like a woman. You will regret this when he finally marries her and you turn into a bitter person.”

“I was just scared.”

“Scared pf what? Had he wanted to hurt you he would have done it when you were alone with him in Jwaneng. Ke gore bomatla bagago ba ntena. [Your

stupidity annoys me.}”

“I doubt he even loved me.”

“When did he say he loved you, he wanted to get to know you and what did you do? You blew the bird away.”

Ayana tearfully looked at Lalah. “What should I do now?”

“I don’t know, if I were you I would have long gone to get my man. You are so slow, this guy is handsome and you just had to ruin it.”

“I will leave now. Then come back tomorrow but if Anaya finds out...”

“How will she find out? Even if she does, have your story together.”

“Ok. Let me change.”

“When you get there be serious.”

“I am going to get him.”

Anaya dropped off Ivy at school.

“Mommy, is Smuffy bear going to pick me up?”

“No hun, the cab will. You will see Smuffy bear at home.”

“Ok.” Ivy kissed her mother then got off the car and slowly walked towards her class flipping her hair back. Anaya’s phone rang as she drove away.

“You should see your child, she is busy flipping hair like she is in movies.”

He laughed. “Leave my fabulous princess alone.”

“This child is going to be trouble.”

“Did you register her for the beauty pageant?”

“Do you think it’s a good idea?”

“Why not? Let her be.”

“Ok, I will talk to her teacher.”

“Good, how is work?”

“Donald I am loving my space.”

He laughed. "You should. That launch must have given you a lot of business."

"It did. We are moving at a steady pace, I love it."

"And you know who?"

Anaya laughed. "Who?"

"The man."

"He is still married if that's what you are asking."

"How are you with the wife?"

"Donald my child won't go to his house, I am not going to change my mind. I don't trust her for the fact that she hates me for completely no reason."

"She does have a reason,"

"If I wanted Miguel, really wanted him I would have him."

"That's why she hates you."

"I don't want to talk about that woman honestly."

"I won't be surprised if you are busy sneaking around with him, when it comes to him I don't know friend

but....”

“What?”

“You don’t think properly. I am sure he fed you.”

Anaya laughed stopping by the red traffic light. “You are crazy.”

“I am telling you. I actually feel like you are sneaking with him because if not him, it’s Lefa, the MP’s son. If you are back with Miguel I am going to fight you, not after everything he did to you, the embarrassment and abuse that I still don’t understand why you normalized it. Even all my advises. I will punch you.”

“I am not!” The traffic light changed and she drove off.

“So who are you sleeping with? You are hiding something from me. I just don’t expect you to go back to Miguel because either way, he is married. I am sure after what happened to your parent’s marriage you wouldn’t be the reason another woman cries.”

Anaya sighed. "Donald please, how is Martin?"

"He is sweet, I don't understand how I actually never explored my real self when I was still young."

"That you are what? Gay or bi?"

"I am not bisexual, I am gay."

"Society?"

"I guess. Look, I will call you later, say hi to my fabulous daughter. I love you."

"Ok boo. I love you too."

"So really you won't tell me who mysterious man is? I mean even Ivy knows and I don't? Now she has like two father's, Anaya just tell me. I am dying here. Is it Lefa? I like Lefa though he's built like Miguel, I am starting to think that's your type."

Anaya laughed. "I will tell you, it's not what you think though."

"Ok."

She put her phone away and parked her car at OsWorld. She stepped out of the car and walked

towards the entrance in her white suit.

“Morning Tshepiso and Tina.” She greeted the receptionists.

“Morning Ms. Shato.”

She walked away as her stilettos made noise and got inside the lift. Her eyes fell on Lone.

“Ms. Shato.” Lone acknowledged and Anaya smiled. She definitely never thought she would have Lone working for her. The lift opened on the next floor and Lone walked out.

“I like your shoes.” Anaya complimented as the elevator doors closed. The lift whisked her up to her floor and she stepped out.

“Morning Ms. Shato,”

Her PA stood up and walked with her inside the office.

“Kelly, morning.”

“You have a package, I signed it for you.”

“Ok.”

Anaya looked up as Kelly placed a huge bouquet of flowers on her desk with money rolls.

“That’s mine?”

“Yes. But there is no card.”

Anaya smiled knowingly. “It’s ok, thanks.”

Kelly walked out as Anaya smiled looking at the flowers.

Theodora slowly peed feeling the burning sensation. It was getting too much now, and the smell too. She wiped herself clean and walked out from her office and straight to her boss’s office. Softly, she knocked on the door then walked inside.

Her boss looked at her with a smile.

“Hey,”

“I saac, I have a burning sensation, what’s going on? I think we should go and test.”

“Theodora we tested three months back.”

“I know but I think we should test again. Something is wrong with me.”

“But besides you and my wife, there is no one I sleep with.”

“Well, maybe it’s your wife because it’s definately not me. You yourself said she was hanging around the garden boy too much.”

Isaac stood up thinking. “Yesterday I found his jacket in the house, she said he forgot it.”

Theodora closed her eyes. “I can’t believe you are doing this to me.”

“Babe come on...”

“No Isaac! What if I have AIDS?”

“I love you, we will deal with it together.”

“You long said you will buy me a house and a car but you are stalling. I am tired of this, maybe we should just break up.”

“I will sign over my house and car to you.”

“Good, let’s go and test now. I am going to take my bag, let’s meet at the clinic.”

She walked out and went back to her office where she grabbed her handbag and walked out. She passed by the reception where they whispered staring at her and laughed, she plainly ignored them.

Minutes later she was at the clinic, she waited by the entrance and saw his car park besides hers.

Walking over to her, he took her hand and together they walked in.

Ten minutes later, Theodora’s heart pounded as she sat in the office being cancelled while waiting for the results. She couldn’t stop thinking about Christian, what if she had given him the virus, would he forgive her?

“Ok, your results are back.”

They both looked at the nurse.

‘Theodora what will you do if you are negative?’

She looked at Isaac. “I will find a way to deal with it.”

“What about you Isaac?”

“I will find a way to accept it and move on with life.”

“Ok.”

The nurse opened the lids to each other results and Theodora’s stared at hers as tears filled her eyes.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#70

Theodora’s tears dropped to her hand as she stared at her results.

“Theodora, What does it say?”

“Positive.”

“Isaac?”

He sighed. “Positive.”

“Having HID/AIDS is not the end of the world, a lot of people survive because they take their medicine on

time and eat healthy food. They live healthy lives.”

They both listened as the nurse counseled them. A while later, Theodora got in her car.

“Babe, can we talk?”

“I can’t believe you gave me AIDS and possibly STD’s.”

“Theodora you know I would never do that to you purposely.”

She closed her door and drove off leaving him standing there. She thought of Christian, he wasn’t going to forgive her. Tears wet her cheeks as she drove, how was she even going to begin telling him?

She drove to a private clinic to get tested for STD’S.

Hours later, Ayana stepped out of the private lift she had taken at Bus Rank. She took her phone out and called him.

“Hello?”

“Hi, I am at bus rank.”

“Who’s this?”

“Karabo, come and pick me up, I am at bus rank near the FNB ATM. I am giving you ten minutes.” She hung up and put her phone back in her handbag.

“Wa kae ausi? {Where are you going sister?}” A bus conductor asked and she shook her head signaling she wasn’t going anywhere. Minutes later she saw the Red Chevrolet park besides her. She walked round the car and jumped in.

Karabo drove away silently as she tried to get the words she had practiced out of her mouth. His phone rang and he immediately answered.

“Babe... I am coming. I love you.”

Ayana looked at him. “Who was that?”

“My girlfriend, where do you want me to drop you off? At your house?”

“No! I want to talk to you, who was that?”

“Ayana that was my girlfriend, you and I have nothing to talk about.”

“We have a lot to talk about.”

“I want to pick up my girlfriend, I will drop you off at your house after that.” He parked his car in front of hungry Lion and got off the car.

She took out her phone and called Lalah.

“Moghel, have you arrived?”

“He is so cold Lalah, he is even talking about his girlfriend.”

“What did you expect? That he will just accept you with open arms?”

“I don’t know but it feels like I am forcing myself on him.”

“Heela Ayana, monna o ke wagago, tseo tsa bo girlfriend gase di issue tsa gago. Tswa mo go ene o iketle hela. {Ayana that man is yours, him having a girlfriend is not your issue, just relax.}”

“Ok, I will update you.”

“Don’t be a push over. Stand your ground, he should see that you are serious.”

“Ok.”

“Good, if you don’t get him, don’t bother coming back.”

Ayana laughed. “You are crazy.”

“It’s not being crazy, you are just annoying.”

“He’s coming.”

She hung up and put her phone away as he climbed in his car holding with a plastic with some sweet snacks and a chocolate milkshake on the other hand. His phone rang again.

“I got your food, I am coming... did you drink the pain killers?... ok, I will be there just now... I love you too.”

He put his phone down and started the car. Ayana laughed with disbelief.

“Heela tlherra lesa go akela ngwana o mongwe!
{Stop lying to her.}”

“Ayana you said you didn’t want me, I moved on. I

am over you, I don't even know what you want right now."

"I know what I said, I was just being childish but now I want you. I love you."

He clicked his tongue and continued driving.

"You are not going to give that girl anything, what you bought is mine."

She grabbed the milkshake and started drinking. He plainly ignored her as she drank the milkshake till there was nothing left. Minutes later he was parked in front of a house. A girl stepped out of the house and walked towards the car.

Karabo reached for the plastic of snacks but Ayana snatched it.

"I told you, you are not giving her anything."

"Ayana I am not playing with you."

"I am not playing with you too. You are not giving that girl anything."

The girl opened the passenger door and looked at Ayana who was relaxed at the front seat.

“What’s going on KB? Who’s this?”

“She’s a friend. Ayana can you move to the back.”

Ayana laughed and relaxed on the sit seeming not bothered.

“Ayana!”

“This man is mine, you better walk while you still have your pride and dignity intact.”

The girl laughed.

“O bua le mang? {Who are you talking to?}”

“Who else can I be talking to if not you?”

“Karabo, tell this whore to step out.”

“Ayana, can you stop this?”

“I said, no.”

“Kante ne rra go iragala eng? [What’s going on?]”

“Tshepang nothing is going on, Anaya can you move?”

Tshepang dragged Anaya out of the car. “I said get out of my mans car.”

“What are you trying to do?”

Tshepang slapped Ayana across the face. “You don’t want to try me.”

Ayana bit her lip angrily then punched Tshepang that she lost balance and fell.

“Next time you put your hands on me, I will kill you.”

Karabo got out of the car and rushed to Tshepang’s side.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“She hit me first.”

“I don’t want you Ayana!”

“Mxm you are playing with me.”

Ayana got in the drivers seat, started the car and drove off.

Bame walked inside his house typing on his phone.

“Good afternoon Sir.”

He looked up at Constance who was wearing the shortest dress of all time. She was thick, he couldn't help but notice her short hot pants and tank top which exposed her side boobs. His eyes went to her pretty innocent face.

“Hi.”

“Should I serve you lunch? I had cooked.”

“Yeah.”

She turned and walked to the kitchen, he could almost see her round ass. He sat in the sitting room and a minute later, she came back with his food.

“Thanks.”

“It's ok.”

He started eating. “What are you going to study?”

She smiled. “Law.”

“That's wise but don't you think law is crowded?”

“I have a dream of starting my own law firm.”

“I see. How many points did you get again?”

“42.”

He tried getting his mind off those thighs but she was sitting there and they were all exposed. A while she stood up and walked away leaving him relieved. He put his empty plate in the sink and walked to the bathroom. When he came out, he bumped into her in the passage in a towel dripping wet.

“Uhh I am going.”

She smiled naughtily then took off the towel exposing the body he hadn't been able to get rid of in the last months. She closed the gap between them then stood on her toes softly kissing him. Bame put his hands on her bare back then slid them to her ass. She bravely put her hand inside his pants and stroked his hard dick.

“I want you to fuck me hard.” She whispered.

Ayana eyes filled with tears while she drove, her cheek was still hot from the slap she had received. Her phone began ringing and she slowed down answering.

“Babe, where are you?”

“I am going, don’t call me babe. You watched your girlfriend assault me.”

“Come on Ayana...”

“I am done with you. I am going back to school.”

She heard him sigh. “Where did you leave the car?”

“I am taking it with. I wasted my time and money coming here, missed lessons so I am taking your car with. I will drop it off at the police station at Serowe.”

“Babe, where are you now?”

“I am gone.”

“Ayana, you still don’t have a license. Be serious? Do you want to get arrested?”

“Karabo leave me alone. And for your own information, I do have a license.”

“Where are you?”

“Break up with her.”

She stopped the car by a bus stop.

“She doesn’t want me anymore so I am single.”

“Break up with her.”

“Ok. Where are you?”

“Phakalane turn off.”

“Ok, I am coming.”

She took the plastic and opened it taking out the magnum. She slowly ate it while eyeing the other snacks he had bought. A knock on her window startled her. She raised her head and looked at him then unlocked the door. He smiled opening the door.

“I am sorry.”

“I am not talking to you, I want to go back.”

“O batla go ntena. [You want to annoy me.]”

“You have a girlfriend and I am not going to be fighting for you in the streets. I am going back.”

“Go to the other side.”

She jumped off the other side then he got in and started his car. He made a u-turn going to the other lane and started driving back. She ate her magnum taking off her pumps then put her feet on the dashboard. Minutes later he parked his car in front of a house.

“Let’s go.”

They stepped out together and walked towards the door which he unlocked. She walked in first and looked around, not bad. Karabo closed the door and took off his t-shirt.

“Why are you not at work?”

“Advantages of being your own boss.”

He put his arms around her and kissed her.

“When are you going back?”

She smiled. “Tomorrow.”

“Good, you behave like that because you are not getting dick.”

Her phone rang from her handbag and she took it out.

“Naya,”

“Ayana where are you?”

She swallowed. “I am at school.”

“No, I mean, are you busy today?”

“No, why?”

“Can you pass by the farm and check the herdmen for me then the farm itself. I have a feeling they are not doing their work properly.”

“Ok, I will go.”

“Thanks.”

She sighed with relief putting her phone down.

“Who was that?”

“My sister, Anaya.”

“Anaya? Can I see her?”

“What? You know her?” Ayana took her phone and gave him her phone, her screensaver was Anaya.

“That’s her.”

“Yeah. You know her?”

“No, I just... the name is familiar.” He kissed her.

Bame pulled out and took off the condom. He sighed with relief and walked out of her room, guilty catching up with him. He walked inside his bedroom and took out his ringing phone.

“Can you believe I am actually in a relationship with Anaya’s sister?”

Bame frowned. “What?”

“Yeah... there is Anaya and Ayana.”

“I hope you don’t play her. You need to grow up, you are 31.”

“I am going to marry her when she finishes with school. This one is the one.”

“Where is Tshepiso?”

“Tshepang, we broke up. Wait, weren't you sleeping with Anaya that time I came to your house and found a handbag?”

“How many times should I say no.”

“Why am I finding it hard to believe you?”

“That's your own issue. Shit! I slept with the maid.”

“Isn't she underage?”

“She is 18.”

“How was she?”

“I feel guilty, Lone doesn't deserve this.”

“Are you serious? What about that girl you slept with the other time? Why didn't you feel guilty? You were still cheating on Lone.”

“That's different. I disrespected Lone this time around and worse doing it in her house.”

“I hope not on her bed because I am telling you, that lil whore will start acting up.”

“I don’t want her here anymore.”

Karabo laughed. “Tell Lone but better have a good reason.”

“I will talk to you later, and treat that girl right.”

He hung up and sighed. He could almost feel the pain his wife was going to go through if she ever found out.

He changed and walked out.

“Bame...”

He turned to Constance. “Since when do you address me with my name?”

She slowly stopped smiling and cleared her throat. “Sorry.”

“That was just sex, stay in your lane.”

“I am sorry.”

He turned and walked out dialing Lone’s number.

“Hey babe...”

“Hey...”

“I am bringing you lunch, how is work?”

“Work s fine and I would love some lunch, thank you.”

“I love you.”

She giggled. “I love you too.”

Miguel smiled as Refilwe walked inside his office.

“I brought you lunch.”

“Thanks, I haven’t eaten yet.”

She walked further in and placed the lunch on his table.

“I was thinking that maybe we need a vacation, you have been working so hard the past months.”

“I know but I can’t, I am going to UK on Friday, on business.”

“We can come with, I promise you, we won’t disturb.”

He smiled. "I would love that."

"Ok, now I am excited."

She chuckled. "I am excited too, I think some fresh air will do us good."

"You are right."

He took his food and began eating. His PA knocked and walked inside.

"Sir, there is a package for you."

"Oh?"

She handed him a box of CLIVE CHRISTIAN perfume.

"You bought that?"

He looked at her and smiled. "Yeah."

His phone rang and he answered while she stared.

"Hello... yes I got it... I will be there." She watched him laugh. "Ok, bye."

He hung up.

"It's Vince, he wants us to meet for drinks." He stood up and walked round to her. "I am sorry for yesterday,

I know I have been so busy with work lately and have not been paying attention to you. I am sorry, I think going to UK is going to help us. I love you and our unborn baby girl. You are my world.”

Refilwe tearfully smiled. “Sometimes I feel like you don’t want to be with me Miguel, you barely touch me these days.”

“I am sorry, it’s just that babe I feel like I am pocking the baby.”

She paused then laughed. “What?”

“I swear. I always feel like I am poking the baby.”

“I didn’t realize that’s how you felt .”

He kissed her. “You think I don’t miss fully fucking that pussy?”

She blushed. “I thought maybe I am unattractive, I am really fat this days.”

“I love you and you will always be attractive.”

“I love you too.”

“I have to go and prepare lunch for the boys.”

“Ok.”

They kissed before she walked out thinking of getting some sexy night dress for the trip.

Constance held her phone talking in her bedroom.

“Men like him are rare to find, he will spoil you, just behave yourself, matter of fact, pretend it never happened.”

She sighed listening to her cousin. “He is just cold.”

“Of cause, he ought to be cold, just relax. Some men are like that, at the end of the day he will surely come back.”

“I am scared of his wife.”

“He will take out your family out of poverty.”

She closed her eyes. “I don’t want to lose my job, I feel like he’s going to have me fired. He was turned off, I can’t believe I had sex with a married man, he

should have seen the things he did to me.”

“I am sorry but you have no choice. He is a soldier, he buys his wife nice things, imagine what he will buy you.”

“I just can’t wait for varsity, I know I will do a lot with that P1600.”

“Well when is that going to be? It will be months from now. Your mother needs you, since your uncle lost his legs, you have been suffering, has his wife visited there even once?”

“She left him and took everything.”

“You see? Your brother is out there getting drunk so just be patient and lure this man.”

“Ok Gauta, bye.”

Constance hung up and sighed sadly. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of the situation back at home. This was not what she wanted to be. She thought for a while then finally called her mother.

“Connie,”

“Mama, you said I have sisters.”

“Yes, your father had another woman and I didn’t know. I had your brother and you and that’s when I found out he had another. His wife was crazy so I just decided to leave him alone. His name is Richard Setso, I know we are struggling at the moment but things are looking up at the farm so you shouldn’t think about him. Soon you will go to university and get a degree then work. You will be able to look after me.”

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The Alpha In Stilettos

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Anaya walked inside her house later that day. Ivy was lying on the white fluffy carpet staring at the iPad solving sums on the kid’s learning app.

“Look what I drew mommy...” Anaya took the piece of paper with a poor drawing.

“That’s nice sweetie, is this you?”

“Yes.”

Her mother came from the kitchen and Anaya smiled surprised.

“Mama...”

“I sent your nanny home early.”

“It’s ok, is everything ok?”

“Yes, Ivy was telling me about her father but what surprises me is that she says her father is always here yet Miguel is married.”

Anaya sighed. “She doesn’t mean Miguel.”

“Who does she mean then?”

“My boyfriend.”

“Your boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

“I want to see him.”

“Mama we are taking things slow at the meantime.”

“What’s so important about him?”

“He is loves me, that’s what special about him.”

“When did you meet him?”

“I met him a while ago.”

“But I think it will be good if I meet him, just so to know the kind of person he is.”

“I will tell him.”

“I almost had a heart attack thinking you were sneaking with a married man.”

She laughed. “Miguel loves his wife, I don’t think I love him anymore, to me he is just Ivy’s father.”

“I wanted to talk to you about something.”

They sat down.

“What is it?”

“I have a good friend, he is a very good man.”

Anaya uncomfortably stared at her mother. “Ok.”

“Yes, we have been together for five years now and he wants to settle.”

Anaya cleared her throat. “You want to get married?”

“Yes, I love him. But after Lethabo finishes with school.”

“Where does he stay?”

“He is from Kanye.”

“So you will be moving in with him at Kanye?”

“Yes, that’s why I am saying we will get married after Lethabo finishes with school because he needs supervision.”

“You have given up a lot for us, if you found yourself an old man who makes you happy then I say go for it. I will stay with Lethabo.”

“I don’t want to burden you.”

“Lethabo is my brother not a burden. I will take in Lethabo.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

Her mother smiled. “Thank you.”

She stood up and walked to the G-Wagon then drove off while Anaya sighed. She couldn’t explain her

emotions.

“Is Smuffy Bear still coming?”

She looked at Ivy. “Yes, he is. I am going to change.”

An hour later a familiar car parked inside Ayana’s garage. Ivy jumped up and down in her apron in the kitchen cooking with her mother.

“Mommy, it’s Smuffy bear.”

“Go and meet him halfway.”

She ran off while Anaya took out her home made pizza from the oven.

“Mommy, look what smuffy bear bought me!”

Anaya turned to Ivy in the man’s arms holding a glittering tiara.

“Wow baby, that’s beautiful.”

Ivy kissed the man and got off going to her room.

“Hey...”

He hugged her kissing her neck. “Hey, I missed you.”

His phone rang and she moved back staring.

“Hey... yes... me too. Ok,bye.”

He put his phone in his pocket. “I have to leave early today.”

Anaya took off the apron and took out plates.

“Naya...”

“Are you going to eat?”

“Babe...”

She turned to him. “How long will I do this? You are putting my daughter through a lot.”

“I love you, no doubt about that but you know I just can’t leave.”

“I don’t like this hiding!”

“I hate it too, you know that.”

“So how long will this go on for?”

“It will soon be over.” He kissed her. “I love you.”

“I want to go to Maldives islands.”

“Why?”

“I changed my mind, either way I think we have had

enough of Europe, last time we went to Paris. They loved it but I think they will love the Island even more, I once took Ivy to the Hawaaian island and trust me, she had a blast.”

“Ok. Whatever you want”

She dished for them and handed him his plate.

“Vee!”

Anaya’s mouth dropped open as Ivy walked back wearing a dress and her mother’s heels with make-up on.

“What?”

“I look like a princess mommy...”

Anaya tried to hold it in but she burst out laughing looking at Ivy’s face, she looked more like a zombie than a human being the least.

The man lifted Ivy up. “Isn’t she too young to be putting on make-up? She even has red lipstick.”

Anaya laughed even more till her ribs hurt. “Oh my God!”

He walked to the bathroom carrying her as someone knocked on the door. Anaya calmed down and opened the door.

“Hi, I wanted to talk to you.”

Her heart pounded while she looked at Refilwe.

“About?”

“Can I come in? I am not here to fight. It’s about Ivy.”

Anaya swallowed and opened the door wider. She walked in and Anaya followed after her.

“I just wanted to say don’t you think you are punishing your daughter by refusing her to visit her father? She can’t even bond with her brother’s because of this.”

“Ivy will visit but now she is still not used to Miguel that much, maybe after a while.”

“If she visits then she can get used to him. I don’t know what’s your problem with me but I don’t think it’s fair for Ivy or Miguel.”

Refilwe’s eyes fell on the jacket that was on the couch.

“Who’s jacket is this?”

Anaya took the jacket. “I have company.”

“That is the same jacket Miguel was wearing today.”

“So? Your husband is not the only man who owns such a jacket.”

Refilwe closed her eyes then opened them. “Anaya what is my husband’s jacket doing here?”

“I don’t know what else you want from me.”

Ivy walked back in with now a clean face.

“Mommy, smuffy bear said I don’t need make-up.”

“Sweetie, go and play in your room, let me talk to Aunt.”

“No, Ivy, where is smuffy bear?”

“Refilwe stop harassing my daughter, it’s not my fault you don’ trust your husband. This jacket belongs to my friend, my daughter calls him that pet name, I don’t need to explain that to you.”

“Anaya that jacket belongs to my husband!”

“Ivy, go and play.”

She turned and ran back to where she had come from.

“Tell Miguel to come out.”

“Miguel is not here.”

Refilwe sat down folding her arms. “I am not going anywhere, I know he is here.”

“Babe...”

Anaya turned to the foyer and sighed.

“Hey,”

Refilwe looked at the man and frowned. “Oh... I didn’t know you...”

“Hi Refilwe.”

Refilwe looked at Anaya then at the man.

“Vince... I didn’t know you and Anaya were... does Miguel know?”

“It’s non of his business.”

Vince walked over and kissed Anaya. “But you can

go and tell him if you wish, that won't stop me."

"She says Miguel also owns a jacket like this."

"Because we bought them together on the same day."

"Oh... I am sorry. I have to get going."

She walked out closing the door behind her.

Theodora covered his face crying sitting in her car. She still couldn't believe it, she was HIV positive and also had STD's. She wiped away her tears taking a deep breath then stepped out of her car. She made her way inside her house and smiled staring at Loago singing with his father while dancing around. A tear ran down her cheek, he was probably going to leave her and go back to Melody. The thought alone killed her.

Christian turned and locked eyes with his wife.

“Mama! We are dancing.”

Loago pulled her mother’s hand and she joined in singing with them. They moved around the house laughing and singing.

“You guys are horrible singers.”

Christian picked up his son laughing. “You don’t sound any better yourself.”

“I am going to change then start on dinner.”

“No, today I am taking you guys out, I know things have been hard for you, of cause the package has been helping around but you are working so hard to keep our lifestyle going. But today look...” He picked up an envelope from the table and handed it to her.

She curiously opened it and took out the letter. Tears filled her eyes as she read it.

“You got a job.”

“Yes, I have been applying.”

Theodora covered her mouth and cried. Christian put his son down and hugged his wife.

“We are going to be fine.”

“I am sorry.”

“Don’t apologize, you did nothing. I am going to buy you the car you wanted.”

She stepped back. “I don’t deserve you.”

“I am the one who doesn’t deserve you, everyone thought you were going to leave me but you stayed. Go and change, I am taking our family out today.”

Theodora walked to the bedroom and looked at her ring, now all she wanted was to turn back the hands of time and take different wise decisions than the ones she had taken. She thought of the baby she had aborted and broke down crying.

Ayana finished cooking and dished up her delicious food. She put the plates on the coffee table in the sitting room. Someone knocked on the door and she looked at the bedrooms where Karabo was doing

something on his laptop, she made up her mind and walked to the door opening it. She looked at the man as her heart skipped, she could still remember his face, smell his scent. Sometimes she dreamt of it, her throat clogged as tears filled her eyes.

He looked in her eyes, now alert. He remembered her, Ayana could see in his eyes that he did.

“Babe who is it?”

Karabo opened the door wider and smiled.

“Malome... {Uncle.}”

Ayana looked at Karabo then back at the man.

“Babe this is my uncle and malome this is Ayana. She will be the next Mrs. David.”

They walked inside the house while Ayana walked to the kitchen. Her heart was pounding, she never thought she could meet him again and seeing him fueled the anger she had been holding deep inside her heart. She dished one more plate and looked at it for a while. Maybe she could poison him to death. She opened the cardboards till she came across rat

poison, it wouldn't kill him, he would probably get help but... she put a bit then mixed the food together.

She walked with the plate to the sitting room where they were chatting. He secretly eyed her as she sat down. Finally she couldn't do it anymore, she stood up silently and walked to Karabo's bedroom. She took off his t-shirt and shorts as he walked in.

"What's going on? Are you ok?"

"I just remembered, I have an exam tomorrow early in the morning."

"What? I thought you said-"

"I forgot. I have to go."

She picked her jeans but he snatched them. "You are not going anywhere."

"Karabo stop it."

"I said you are not going anywhere. You are not going to play mind games with me."

"I don't want you anymore."

"Stay that one more time and I will impregnate you,

and trust me, I will do it, there is nothing stopping me.”

He looked the door and slid the key in his pocket.

“It’s either you talk or I make you talk, I see you are full of jokes.”

She covered her face and broke down, she couldn’t believe she was in love with a man who’s uncle had stolen her innocence from her. Karabo hugged her tightly.

“Babe what’s going on?”

She shook her head trying to hold it together but she was just breaking apart.

“It hurts...” She cried. “Oh God...”

She put her hand over her chest, she was suffocating. The room had suddenly become too small for her, the walls were closing in on her and she was desperately trying to keep aloft.

“Babe...”

She closed her eyes as a sharp pain slashed through her chest, it was as if her soul was fighting it’s way

out of her body. Slowly she melted in his arms falling into a dark hole.

Theodora smiled as Christian drove home while Loago played video games at the backseat with a huge grin. Minutes later Christian parked inside their yard and they all stepped out of the car. Inside the house, Christian sat with his son watching sports while she went to the bedroom. She took off her heels then her phone rang.

“What do you want?”

“I am sorry about what’s happening.”

“My family is going to fall apart.”

“I am sorry, my wife and I have decided to work on our relationship.”

“I don’t give a fuck! I don’t want you too.”

“Good, and she doesn’t want you working at the

company.”

“You can’t just fire me without an appropriate reason.”

“I will find a reason, you are the reason my marriage has fallen apart and if I remove you from the equation my wife and I will be able to move forward.”

Tears filled her eyes. “You can’t fire me, I need my job.”

“I just have. I am going to delete and block your number, do the same too.” Isaac hung up and Theodora laughed with disbelief.

“Theo, are you ok?”

She turned and looked at him.

“I have something I have to tell you.”

He stood in front of her. “What? It sounds important.”

“It is.”

“What is it?”

“I... I am HIV positive.”

He looked at her without any expression.

“I tested today.”

“Are you serious?” His voice was flat.

Theodora nodded as a tear ran down her cheek. “I am sorry.”

“I don’t cheat, where did you get it from? Are you cheating?”

“I am sorry.”

Christian moved back shaking his head. “You are cheating?”

“It was a mistake and it shouldn’t have happened at all.”

He rubbed his face as tears filled his eyes.

“Babe come on...”

“I am sorry, please forgive me.”

A tear fell and he turned. “Why?”

“I just wanted to keep my job.”

“So you cheat with your boss?”

“I am sorry.”

More tears fell from his eyes. “Theodora...”

“I am sorry.”

He walked out of the bedroom while she sat on the bed crying. Christian walked back inside the room a second later holding a kitchen knife. She quickly stood up.

“I give you my all, I do everything for you. I abandoned my kids for you, left the other woman for you, went against my family for you.”

She put her hands together. “I am sorry, we can work this out babe.”

“Is that why you have been distant? All the working late shit, it was a lie wasn't it? Is Loago even mine?”

“Loago is yours, I swear.”

“How long has this affair been going on?”

“Christian please...”

“How long?” He shouted.

“Six months.”

Christian raised the knife walking towards her.

Anaya lay on the couch watching a Netflix comedy show while eating her popcorn. She laughed staring at the screen then her phone rang. She lazily reached for it and answered.

“Hello?”

“Anaya help me! He is killing me! Help me!”

Theodora screamed then the call cut off. She fell off the couch panicking, her mind worked over time as she ran outside with her car keys. She got in her car dialing her nanny while pressing the gate remote.

“Hello...”

“Tatenda, can you please go to my house, I have an emergency and I just left. Vee is alone sleeping.”

“Yes, I will go now.”

“Thank you.”

She drove off headed to Theodora's house, she had called her a couple months back just checking up on her when Theodora had invited her to her house for lunch. Half an hour later, she parked the car in front of Theodora's gate and stepped out. There were two police cars and an ambulance. Anaya ran to a police officer.

"Hi, my friend was inside there, is she ok?"

The police officer looked at her. "Who is your friend?"

"Theodora, the female who stays here."

"Oh, she has been rushed to Princess Marina Hospital with stab wounds."

"How bad is it?"

The police officer sighed. "It's bad my sister, her husband did a party on her, he slashed her across the face with a knife."

"What about him?"

"He hung himself, they have taken him to the hospital, both are in critical conditions."

“There is a child.”

“Oh, the neighbor who called the police has him. I am sure you can take him.”

“I will come back for him, right now let me go to the hospital.”

“Ok my sister.”

Anaya got in her car and drove headed to the hospital with a pounding heart. She was feeling anxious, like something bad was going to happen. At Princess Marina she sat in the waiting area waiting for the doctor. She took out her phone and thought of calling her man but remembering that she had vowed to herself that she wouldn't, she put her phone down and sighed waiting. Over an hour later the doctor finally came out of the theater room. Anaya quickly stood up.

“Theodora Mwanza's close family?”

“Yes, how is she?”

The doctor sadly looked at Anaya as she shook with fear and anticipation.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#72

“Theodora suffered a severe stab wound, she was bleeding internally but we have managed to stop the bleeding but she remains in a critical condition. We are going to observe her through the night, she is in coma.”

Anaya sighed with relief. “Thank God! What about her husband.”

“He is fine.”

“Thank you so much.”

“It’s ok, just doing my job.”

“Can I see her?”

“Yes, she has been moved to a ward.”

Minutes later Anaya was looking at Theodora who was lay unconscious. The bandage on her face made tears fill her eyes, she wondered what had happened for it to get to this. She held Theodora's hand and sighed.

Theodora's neighbor looked at Loago was crying for his parents. She didn't know what to do with him just yet. Her husband walked in and paused staring at Loago.

"What is going on?"

"There was a fight next door, this is their son."

"What is he doing here?"

"I took him when the police came, he was just crying. The husband stabbed the wife and hung himself."

"And what does that have to do with us Maraledi?"

"Tebogo I couldn't just leave him."

“What do you mean you couldn’t just leave him? Is he your child?”

Maraledi shook her head. “Can you stop it, you are scaring the boy.”

Loago cried even harder annoying Tebogo that he walked over and gave him a resounding slap that threw him straight to the ground with a loud thud while peeing on himself.

“Tebogo!”

Loago screamed as Maraledi put her hand over her mouth.

“Tebogo, what are you doing?”

She rushed over to him and picked him up.

“Both of you, get out!”

Maraledi tearfully looked at her husband and quickly walked out knowing what he was capable of. She stood by the road holding Loago’s hand.

“Loago, I am sorry, stop crying.”

“Ma-ma...” He sobbed.

She closed her eyes not sure of what to do next expect taking him to the police station. A car parked in front of them and she held Loago's hand stepping back. A lady stepped out.

"Hi, my name is Anaya, I am Theodora's friend, I came to collect her son."

"Thank God!"

"Thank you for taking care of him."

"It's ok."

Anaya took Loago's hand and led him to the car while Maraledi walked back inside the house..

"Loago, stop crying..."

"Mama..."

"Ok, I will take you to mama. Only if you stop crying."

The little boy put his hand over his mouth trying to hold his sob. Anaya sadly smiled.

"Good, now get in."

She opened the back door for him and he climbed in. She noticed his wet pants then closed the door and

got in the front seat. She drove to her house and in minutes, she parked and helped Loago out. They walked inside the house and found Tatenda watching TV.

“Hey, thank you for coming.”

Tatenda smiled. “It’s ok.”

“I will pay you for overtime.” She turned and looked at Loago who now had hiccups. Her heart skipped as she looked at the hand print of her face.

“Loago, who slapped you.”

“The man...”

“What man? Daddy?”

He shook his head. “Juju’s dad.”

Anaya put her hand over her waist.

“Tatenda can you please bath him.”

“Yes.”

Tatenda took his hand and led him to the bathrooms. Anaya knew it was the neighbor’s husband and thought of reporting him but she didn’t want to be

involved in such dramas. He probably beat his wife too.

Rachel sat on the toilet seat staring at the pregnancy test while her heart pounded. She looked at the one line then the faint line that slowly appeared. She tried standing but her knees weakened as tears dropped.

“Oh God... I am pregnant...” She supported herself with the walls and walked out of the bathroom to the bedroom where Kenneth was sleeping.

“Ken...”

She shook him. “Ken wake up.”

“Rachel what is it?”

“I am pregnant. I am pregnant Ken.”

He opened his eyes and looked at her as she handed him the pregnancy test stick. He switched on his side lamp and stared at the two lines.

“Babe... are you for real?”

She nodded crying. “I am pregnant Ken.”

He jumped off bed then switched the main light and stared at the two lines again.

“Shit! We are really pregnant.”

“Yes...”

He pulled her in his arms while she cried tears of joy.

“My mom is going to be overjoyed.”

Rachel silently cried, what she had been praying for was finally happening. God had answered her prayers.

The following morning Refilwe fixed coffee for Miguel as the boys ate their breakfast chatting loudly.

Miguel walked in seconds later in his sexy suit and

fist bumped his sons. Refilwe looked at his broad chest then his shoulders. The way he walked turned her on, it wasn't just a walk but a walk that demanded attention. He flashed a smile at Quincy who fist bumped with him, fuck it was that smile of his that always weakened her. She was in love with this man, he was her husband but also her crush. She felt more than lucky having him as hers. He turned to her but she quickly looked away blushing. He hugged her from behind. "Hey..."

"Hey... I made you coffee."

She turned and handed it to him.

"Thanks."

"Yesterday I went to see Anaya concerning Ivy, I wanted to make her understand that I wouldn't hurt Ivy in any way. It will be good if she came with to UK, it would give you time to really bond with her."

"I don't want to fight Anaya, I see Ivy during some weekends, it's better than nothing."

"Yeah, anyways I found Vince there, Ivy calls him

some funny name .”

Miguel looked at her. “What?”

“They are in a relationship.”

Miguel put his coffee down. “What do you mean?”

“I saw them together, he even kissed her.”

“Anaya likes undermining me.”

“Look, let’s deal with her when we come back. There is nothing wrong with her moving on.”

“With my friend?”

“Of course not but you can’t control who she decides to move on with. Unless she is doing it to get back at you for a reason unknown. Talk to Vince, he is a good guy so at least you don’t have to worry about anyone molesting your daughter.”

“I can’t believe this.”

“I know it probably hurts that Ivy might call another man Daddy but if ever Anaya has to get married to Vince, I see nothing wrong with it. We should approach this matter with care, if Vince is in for the

long run then it will be wise if you and him are in good books with each other.”

Miguel kissed her cheek. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

He bid the boys good bye and walked out. She took her phone and called her friend.

“Diane you won’t believe, Anaya is sleeping with Miguel’s friend. I am pretty sure she thinks by doing that Miguel will come back to her.”

“Whatever the case might be, it shouldn’t bother you.”

“I am not bothered. Ivy even calls him smuffy bear.”

“Wow! Ok, I didn’t expect that. So what is Miguel going to do?”

“I don’t know but I want us to deal with the issue when we come back from the UK.”

“You are going to UK?”

“Yes, I am so excited. I haven’t flown out in a while.”

Diane laughed. “I don’t know how a plane looks like

with my own eyes.”

“Don’t worry, one day is one day.”

“I know and I just can’t wait. So did you speak to him about the business idea?”

“I forgot, I will tell him tonight.”

“Ok, don’t forget, Sarona already found a place to open the boutique.”

“Sarona?”

“Yes, the lady I was telling you about, I am meeting her for lunch today.”

“Oh ok.”

“Please please don’t forget. I think this will work out, I have a really good feeling about it.”

“Ok, bye.”

“Bye.”

She hung up as the school bus hooted outside.

“Guys, let’s go, grab your bags.”

Colleen parked her car by the filling station talking on the phone then switched off the engine.

“I just want to get married Naya, I feel I have been waiting for too long and Tshepo just doesn’t want to do it.”

“I know love but I think you should sit him down and explain how you really feel.”

“I have explained to him for the last five months, he says he sees nothing wrong with our arrangement.”

“Does he even see you two married in the future?”

“I don’t think so. His excuse is that his ex wife treated him bad and he doesn’t want to go through that again. I get his point, I really do, Ian put me through a lot but you don’t see me holding back.”

“I am sorry love, what do you plan to do now?”

“I don’t know.” She stepped out of the car as the fuel attendant approached her.

“P300 petrol. Swiping.”

She looked at her tires listening to Anaya.

“I really don’t know the best way to advise you but the arrangement of cohabiting is off, you are practically raising his daughter, matter of fact, you are behaving as his wife, doing everything for him. Some man generally take time to marry and some do it there and there, you never really know. Maybe the first thing you should do is move out, and start your own thing. Colleen how long do you intend to work for someone else? It’s been five years and you are still working in the same office. Start a side hustle, Tshepo opened a law firm. Start something small, it will grow.”

“Not everyone is good at opening businesses.”

“How will you know if you never tried.”

Colleen got back in her car as the fuel attendant gave her the swiping machine. She pushed her card in and put her PIN.

“I am scared of failure.”

“We all learn from our failures.”

The fuel attendant smiled and gave back the card.

“Anaya your business never fails.”

“Do you know how many times I applied for a tender with my catering company and got rejected? But I never gave up. If I tell you I was a Finance accountant manager but lived in a simple bachelor pad would you believe me? Sometimes you have to make sacrifices and take risks.”

She sighed starting her car. “I hear you.”

“How is Angel?”

“She is fine, she is lonely, you should bring Ivy to visit again.”

“I will, look I have to go, we will talk.”

“Ok.”

She put away her phone and eased the car to the shop entrance and stepped out rushing inside. She picked some Clorets then paid and walked out. She found two cars parked behind her as her car blocked others creating traffic.

“Sorry...” She shouted and jumped in her car already driving off. She joined the road and drove to the traffic light which changed to red then stopped. A car stopped besides hers and the driver rolled down his window.

“Hi, excuse me!”

Colleen turned and looked at the man, her heart skipped as she looked at the white man who looked like Chris Evans. His American accent made her nervously smile.

“Hi.”

“Uhh I am lost.”

Colleen smiled. “There is a bus stop after the robo-traffic light. Let’s stop there.”

“Ok.”

As soon as the traffic light turned green, she drove to the bus stop and he parked behind her. While he stepped out of his car walking towards hers, Colleen brushed her English.

“Hi, I am sorry but I am very lost.”

“Where are you headed?”

“Kale view.”

“Ohh ok.” She stepped out of her car and directed him trying to make things as simple as she could.

“Are you sure you will get there?”

“I certainly hope so.”

She looked at his handsome face. “Maybe you should take my number, just in case then you can all me.”

“That will be really helpful, thank you so much.”

“It’s ok. You are not from here are you?”

“No, I am actually visiting my brother, he just had his second baby. I want to surprise him that’s why I didn’t tell him I was coming.”

She chuckled. “I see, but is it your first time here?”

“No, it’s actually my fourth time that’s why I thought I could get there without any help.”

They both laughed. “It’s ok, you can still surprise him.” She took out her business card.

“You can call me on this number. By the way, I am Colleen.”

He smiled and she sucked a sharp breath fighting not to ask him if by chance he was related to her celebrity crush.

“Bryan Henderson. Thank you so much Colleen.”

“You are welcome.”

She got back in her car and immediately drove off trying to get herself together.

Ayana slowly opened her eyes and looked around the hospital room, her eyes fell on Karabo who gave her a sweet smile.

“Hey...”

She blinked a couple of times. “How long have I been here?”

“Two days.”

Her eyes popped out. "What?"

Karabo smiled. "Just last night."

"Thank God."

"The doctor said you just had a severe panic attack but you are ok."

She looked at him remembering his uncle. "I have to go."

She got off the bed and started searching for her clothes.

"Can you wait... relax. I spoke to your loud friend."

"Karabo I have to go."

"Ayana, I will drop you off."

Tears filled her eyes. "No. no... stay away from me."

Karabo grabbed her. "I am not playing games with you, you are getting on my last nerves with your childish behavior."

"Your uncle raped me!" She screamed pushing him off.

Karabo frowned confused. "What?"

"He raped me, I was only a child. Stay away from me, you and the rest of your family, stay away from me! If you touch me again I will call the police."

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#73

A Day Later...

Refilwe turned every thing upside down searching for her passport Saturday morning. Her heart pounded as she looked through the closet.

"Babe have you found it yet?"

She looked at Miguel and shook her head. "It stays with my travelling documents, I don't know where it is."

“It’s been time since the last time you used it, maybe you just misplaced it.”

She sighed tearfully. “I can’t find it.”

“Did you check under the bed?”

“I did, there is nothing. I even checked the boys room. There is nothing.”

“In the study?”

She walked out headed to the study then started looking through. Minutes later she sat down as tears ran down her cheeks. Miguel walked in.

“Our plane leaves in thirty minutes.”

She covered her face breaking down.

“Hey, don’t cry...”

He hugged her. “We can cancel.”

“But this is a business trip, you have to go, the boys are excited.”

“Will you be fine?”

She wiped away her tears and forced a smile. “Yes, I

will thoroughly look for it.”

“I love you, are you sure you will be fine?”

“Yes. I will be fine.”

He kissed her. “I am sorry, I will make a plan for us, when I come back I will organize our own private trip. We never went for our honeymoon. We will go then. You can choose any place of your choice.”

“I will. You guys should get going. Won’t they bother you though?”

“No, we will be fine. I took them with last time.”

“Ok. I will sign an affidavit.”

Minutes later, she stood by the door as Miguel packed their bags in the boot. She looked at his sexy back trying not to cry, she had planned a lot for them. She could already feel the loneliness creep in.

The boys jumped in the car as Miguel walked towards her and gave her a brief kiss.

“I will call you once we land.”

“Ok. I love you.”

“Love you too.”

He turned and got in the car then drove off. She walked back inside the house putting her hand over her mouth crying. She had been looking forward to this trip so much that the pain she was feeling was too much. Her phone rang and she answered sobbing.

“Fifi, why are you crying?”

“Diane I can’t find my passport.”

“What?”

“I can’t find it and Miguel is gone. God why does this hurt so much...”

“Don’t cry love, I am on my way there. I will help you look.”

“The plane leaves in a thirty minutes.”

“I am coming, look in the kitchen cardboards, I have a habit of putting my things there.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and looked in the kitchen cardboards

but there was nothing. She looked under the couches again and got up finding nothing. Minutes later Diane walked inside the house.

“Haven’t found it?”

“Yes, I swear it was with my other traveling documents.”

“Did you check under the mattress?”

They both walked to her bedroom and lifted her heavy mattress, not finding anything they went to the boy’s room and lifted each mattress.

“Oh God! There!” Refilwe reached for it under Junior’s mattress.

“See? Now let’s go to the airport.”

Refilwe looked at the time. “The boarding time ends in a few minutes.”

“Let’s go.”

Diane grabbed Refilwe’s bag while Refilwe took her handbag and they both walked out locking behind them.

They got in the car and immediately Diane sped off while Fifi dialed Miguel's number.

"It's off, drive faster."

Diane stepped even more on the accelerator. Minutes later they rushed inside the airport, Refilwe's eyes fell at the screens. The boarding gate for her plane were already closed. Tears filled her eyes.

"The boarding gate is already closed."

"Can't we beg them or something?"

Fifi shook her head. "No, once the boarding gate is closed, there is nothing you can do."

"You can get another plane right?"

She nodded then rushed to the information desk.

"Good morning, when is the next flight to SA?"

The lady smiled. "At nine in the evening."

Diane pulled her friend in her arms while she cried.

"Fifi, don't cry. Look, I am sure Miguel would have long arrived with the kids, he will call and arrange for

your flight tickets. I am sure he will be delighted to find that you found your passport. Let's go back home, no need to cry."

"Ok."

Refilwe wiped away her tears and together they walked out of the airport.

Colleen set up breakfast with a smile. Everything looked perfect. She looked down at her dress, she looked beautiful, her heart pounded as she thought of what she was about to do. Angel and Peo joined her now in similar dresses as hers.

"Mommy, should we do it now?"

"Yes, go and wake him up."

They both ran off while she walked to the speakers and played Ed Sheeran- thinking out loud. She smiled when Tshepo walked in with a confused expression.

“What’s going on? Where are you guys going?”

Colleen closed her eyes and went down on her knees taking out the ring.

“It’s not everyday this happens and today I really don’t care if this makes me look desperate. I love you, the last five years have been the best years of my life, you are the center of my life and I can’t imagine my life without you, I know you have been hurt before, I just want you to let me in, let me love you. I am Colleen and you have never been married to me, I want us to take a leap of faith, will you do me the honor of making me Mrs. Obakeng?”

Tshepo looked at the kids who were waiting in anticipation for his response then finally smiled, Peo was even holding a phone taking a video.

“I feel embarrassed right now, I have been holding back. This was supposed to be me proposing not you.”

Colleen stared at him while her heart pounded, she hadn’t really thought of what she was going to do if he said no. She swallowed a lump on her throat

trying not to worry about that- for now.

“I will marry you.” He finally responded and she sighed getting up.

“God you scared me.”

He kissed her taking the ring from her then put it on her finger. “I love you.”

The girls cheered as they kissed.

“Ok, I made breakfast. Come let’s eat.”

They walked to the table and settled.

“Every thing looks delish!” Peo said dishing for herself.

“Will you finish that?”

Colleen laughed. “Let her be. Eat baby.”

“Mommy, can I also have everything?”

“Yes Angie.”

The family ate happily chatting. After dinner, Tshepo cleared everything up while Colleen answered her ringing phone walking to the bedroom.

“Hello?”

“Hey, It’s Bryan.”

“Oh hi, did you manage?”

“Yes thank you. Uhh my brother is having a small party, I was thinking maybe we can go together.”

“Oh I can’t, my fiancé and I will be busy today.”

“You are engaged?”

“Just got engaged.”

“Congratulations in order then.”

“Thank you, I hope you enjoy your time here.”

“I will, bye.”

He hung up and she sighed looking at the ring. She snapped a few pictures and updated her status on WhatsApp then updated her profile picture on facebook.

Her phone rang immediately.

“Hello?”

“Hey, congratulations!”

“Thanks Maggie.”

“We should do lunch some time, rekindle our friendship.”

“I guess, I will tell you when I am free.”

“Ok, bye.”

She hung and opened her WhatsApp messages.

Kesa: Tsena wena moghel! Yaanong re emetse lenyalo. I can't wait to see you on Monday at work {You go girl, now we are waiting for the wedding.}

Colleen: Thanks love...

Resego: Cousi I am so happy for you, finally you get to wear that blue german dress.”

Colleen: I can't wait for that moment.

Refilwe: Congratulations, you are going to be a beautiful bride.

Colleen: Thank you.

She replied more messages smiling.

Marang sat in front of her TV with her ice cream tub watching The River episodes she had recorded during the week. Her phone rang and she answered staring at the TV.

“Hello?”

“Hey, so Ryan thought we could do a little celebration for Neil.”

“But he only a few weeks old.”

“I know but Ryna’s brother is here and he has to go back.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Can you come over. The little part really sucks when we are just four,”

Marang smiled. “Ok. I am coming.”

“Thanks, you can bring Jay along.”

“He went with his father to UK.”

“Oh yes, ok, I will wait for you.”

“Should I bring anything?”

“No, just yourself.”

“Ok.”

She got up and went to her bedroom where she changed into a jean and t-shirt then went out. A while later she parked her car behind Layla’s and stepped out.

“Hey! Thank God you are here.”

Marang smiled and hugged her.

“Thanks for inviting me.”

“Come...”

Layla led her to the backyard where her husband and brother were together with their six years old adopted Reese.

“Babe look who’s here.”

Ryan turned and smiled at Marang. “Hey, so glad you could make it.” He hugged her.

“Well, couldn’t miss this huge party for the world!”

They both laughed. “This is our friend and Layla’s workmate, Marang and Marang, that’s Bryan, my younger brother.”

Marang shifted her eyes to Bryan and sucked in a breath. Fuck! Did he have to look like Chris Evans? Get it together Marang, act normal. She smiled.

“Nice meeting you.”

He shook her hand and she gasped at the spark. She blinked a couple of times and stepped back with her hand.

“Likewise.” His voice was warm.

“Aunty!”

Marang turned to Reese and picked her up moving her curly hair from her face.

“Hey love...”

“The baby is huge! He likes crying- a lot. He is too loud.”

Marang chuckled. “Because he is a baby, babies cry

all the time.”

“He doesn’t like playing.”

“Soon enough he will love playing.”

“Really? Ivy said babies don’t play.”

“Who is Ivy?”

“My best friend.”

“Don’t let her get on the Ivy issue, she will never stop.” Layla whispered and she laughed.

“Ok, well tell Ivy I said hi.”

“I will.”

Marang put her down and received a glass of wine from Layla.

“Thanks. Why does he look like Chris Evans?”

Layla laughed. “I really don’t know. He is a good guy and he loves kids.”

“Does he have one?”

“No, not at the moment. He just started a software company, he is really smart you know.”

“No need to sell him out to me, I am ready sold.”

She turned to him and caught him staring, embarrassed she looked away.

“Is he single?”

“Yes, his last relationship was two years ago with some ghetto whore.”

“So he stays in the US full time?”

“Yes. There are jobs there too.”

Marang laughed. “You are amazing, oh God, he is coming over, do I look ok?”

Layla kissed her cheek. “You look wonderful love.”

She walked off as Bryan approached her.

“How does it feel being a doctor? I have always wondered.”

She smiled. “It has it’s days I guess. Sometimes it feels amazing, when you save a life you get this feeling, this joy, I can’t even explain it, then when tragedy happens, it’s depressing but I have learnt not to blame myself. My mentor always told me if you

did your best then you shouldn't feel much guilty, it was probably beyond your control."

"Wow! That's deep."

"I know. Saving people is my passion, what's yours?"

He smiled. "Painting."

"You are an artist?"

"It's a part time thing but yes."

Marang's phone rang and she took it out.

"Mama?"

"Marang, your father..."

Marang's heart skipped.

"What happened to him?"

"He is gone."

"Mama..."

Her mother broke down as Marang held the phone, emotionless. She couldn't make out a single thing anymore, the words repeated themselves in her head as he entire body shivered.

Theodora's eyes filled with tears as she stared at her mother who was weeping.

"Mama I am fine."

"This man almost killed you."

"I did that to him."

"He wanted to kill you."

"Mama, please, where is Loago?"

"A nurse said she would wait with him, he is not allowed in here."

"Is he ok?"

"Anaya is the one who bought me a ticket yesterday so that I can come here. She was taking care of him."

"Thank God."

Two police officers walked in and her mother stood

up. "Good afternoon, we are here to ask you a few questions."

"Mama, you can wait outside, let me talk to them."

"Ok."

She walked out as Theodora faced the police.

"How are you feeling?"

"I am fine."

"Ok, what happened?"

"I think my husband and I were attacked."

The two police officers looked at her. "What?"

"I think we were attacked."

One of the police officer chuckled. "Is he threatening you?"

"What?"

"Is he? If so, you don't have to be scared. We are here to protect you."

"Where is he?"

"In police custody, he won't talk but your statement

alone will send him straight to jail.”

“I think we were attacked.”

“Look mam...”

“We had just gotten back from celebrating my husband’s job and we just relaxed, that’s all I remember, the rest is blurry but I think we were attacked.”

“So they hung him to the roof?”

“He was hung on the roof? Is he ok?”

“You are not making sense, do you realize that we can actually arrest you for misleading information and withholding crucial information for the investigation.”

Theodora sighed and looked at them. “Look, I don’t remember what happened, everything is still blurry but my husband would never hurt me. We love each other and we are very much happy.”

“What if he actually kills you after this? I know he stabbed you.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about, I already

told you all I know.”

“Have you seen yourself?”

She looked at the police officer as tears dropped. “I love him, he is my life, he would never hurt me, I am telling you, I think we were attacked. I don’t remember anything.”

The police jotted down her statement and walked out. She reached for her phone and called a lawyer.

“Hello?”

“Hi, am I speaking to Tshupo Obakeng?”

“Yes, who’s this?”

“My name is Theodora Mwanza, my husband has been arrested and we need a lawyer.”

“Ok, we can set up an appointment for Monday.”

“He can’t sleep there for another night.”

“It’s weekend, they are not going to release him. We can meet tomorrow and discuss the case but I do charge consultation fee.”

“It’s ok, I will pay.”

“Ok, how about tomorrow at 9 a.m?”

“Fine with me.”

“Ok, we will talk Mrs. Mwanza.”

Later that evening Refilwe sighed sitting on the bed , she was still waiting for his call, she had already spoken to the traveling agent, she was going to leave tomorrow morning. She could just picture his happiness, thinking about it she blushed alone.

Her phone rang and she jumped answering.

“Hello?”

“Fifi, come and open the gate, I am already waiting.”

She frowned. “Mama?”

“Yes, come and open.”

She walked to the sitting room and opened the gate. seconds later her mother walked in with her bag.

“Fifi...”

They hugged for a moment then walked to the couches.

“Mama, is everything ok?”

“I came to look after you. I spoke to your husband a week ago and he had already arranged transport for me. You are 8 months pregnant, you shouldn’t be alone. Where are the kids?”

“They travelled with their father, I am also going tomorrow.”

“You are eight months, this is a crucial stage, you can’t afford to be travelling at the moment.”

“Mama...”

“Show me to my room, I am tired, I was dealing with your sister’s pregnancy. She is pregnant, again and yet to another fatherless baby.”

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#74

Anaya slowly opened her eyes and sighed listening to the waves. Slowly she got off bed and walked to the balcony opening the slide doors. She looked at the endless turquoise blue water from the pavilion built in water. It was so peaceful and serene. She walked back to her phone which was connected to the WiFi and snapped a few pictures of the sky blue water. Minutes later she walked out of the shower and changed into her blue bikini and snapped a few mirror selfies. She put on her dress and sandals then walked out to the built wooded path which went to the shore. She looked at the bicycle and grabbed a note which was on the carrier. With a smile she read it then laughed. Ok, she wasn't about to take that risk, she had never loved bicycles from that one single time she fell in her childhood. She remembered just how she had bled crying in pain then looked at the bicycle one last time. She walked back to the pavilion and took off the dress. A knock

on the door made her smile.

She opened the door.

“Your breakfast Ms Anaya.”

She let the staff walk in with her breakfast, she sighed, what a breakfast.

“Thank you so much.”

“Enjoy the food.”

“Certainly.”

She closed the door and took a muffin before taking a picture. She uploaded a couple of pictures on her whatsapp status then received a whatsapp call from Colleen.

“Hey...”

“Where are you?”

Anaya laughed. “I am surrounded with blue waters.”

“I wish I were you.”

“Keep wishing darling, maybe next time you will find yourself in the Maldives Islands.”

“I proposed.”

“What?”

“Yeah, I proposed.”

“Are you being serious right now?”

“Yeah. He said yes.”

“I am so happy for you. I really am. Sometimes you just have to do it yourself.”

Colleen laughed. “I know what you mean. I was so scared.”

“Well now we wait for the wedding.”

“I am going to leave the rest up to him.”

“I am proud of you.”

“I am proud of myself too.”

She heard the door opening.

“Hey, I have to go.”

“Miguel travelled with the kids surprisingly.”

Anaya frowned. “Oh.”

“Yeah, to UK. He called me before he left. Are you sure he didn’t get lost and mistakenly went with you to Maldives. You know I am all for you.”

“No! Nothing like that. I am with Ivy and my new man.”

“Oh, you moved on?”

“Yeah, your brother is married. I had to accept that.”

“Is it serious?”

“I am happy.”

“I won’t lie, I am a disappointed but at the same time, I am happy for you. I just hope whoever it is is not taking advantage of you.”

“No, I love him. I have to go, we will talk.”

“Ok.”

Anaya hung up feeling hands hugging her from behind. She smiled knowingly.

“Who was that?”

“A friend.”

“Who?”

She laughed. “My ex’s sister.”

“You have started.”

She laughed even more. “I am being honest.”

He was silent for a while kissing her neck.

“You love it?”

She turned and smiled. “I more than love it. It’s beautiful. Thank you.”

He pulled her in for a kiss. “I love you. I am sorry.”

She looked in his eyes, he was conflicted. “I am scared too. I wonder what he will do when he finds out.”

He kissed her forehead. “I will handle it. I am scared for what I am willing to do for our love.”

“So am I.”

“I managed to get us some time alone, I am glad there is play area for kids.”

He picked her up while she wrapped her legs around

his waist and kissed her heading to the bathroom. He put her down sliding his hand under her nightdress and touched her shaved smooth pussy. He cursed feeling her warmth. He rubbed her clit kissing her as she moaned softly sliding her hand inside his sweatpants and slowly stroked him. He paused and took off her nightdress then turned her, she touched the sink sticking out her butt. He took out his dick and pushed through her pussy lips sinking deep inside her. Anaya closed her eyes feeling his dick everywhere, she stood still taking like a big girl. He gently tapped her while she moaned looking at the mirror.

He grabbed her hair making her look up at the ceiling then started really fucking her with that flexible waist of his. Anaya could feel every deep stroke as he drilled her, she wasn't going to move, she couldn't knowing what would happen if she pushed him back just a bit so she can breathe. Slowly she closed her eyes feeling the pleasure.

He pulled out his dick and turned her around picking her up. He looked in her eyes as he filled her up

again while she whimpered softly.

“Fuck I love you woman!” He grunted in her ear then pounded into her. Anaya dug her nails on his bare back as he tapped the sweet spot deep inside her. She moaned even louder as she began cumming. Miguel fucked her for several minutes then finally released inside her filling her up with his thick load.

Ayana lay on the bed holding her book reading. Lalah walked with fresh chips and fat cakes.

“Mafresh le magwinya a Mma J a monati, ebile gompiano kerekile amansi. {Mma J’s fresh chips and fat cakes are delicious, today I even bought a lot.}”

Ayana looked at her with a faint smile. “I am not hungry, you can put mine in the microwave.”

Lalah grabbed the book. “I am sure your brain is tired. You have been reading non stop.”

“I don’t want to fail.”

“I know but you need to eat.”

“I am not hungry.”

Lalah sighed. “What happened to you was tragic, I can’t say I understand what you went through but you can’t go on like this. We need to report this man.”

“I just want to put it behind me.”

“What if he rapes another girl? He is a rapist and he won’t stop. He deserves to have his dick cut. If you report him then you are not only getting justice for yourself but for other girls too.”

Ayana sighed tearfully. “It hurts.”

“I know and I am here for you. Put on your shoes, we are reporting him.”

Ayana dressed up and walked out with Lalah. Together they walked to the police station.

“I just saw Anaya’s status, where is she?”

“She went to Maldives with...” she paused and looked at Lalah who was looking at her with her mouth wide open.

“What?”

“With Ivy.”

“I heard you.”

“But I didn’t say anything.”

“I know what you were about to say, why didn’t you tell me they got back together?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I am not going to tell anyone, you know I am all for that relationship, but when did they get back together?”

“Anaya is not back with Miguel if that’s what you are thinking.”

Lalah took out her phone and opened all Anaya’s status.

“Wow!”

“She has a new boyfriend, stop talking nonsense.”

Minutes later they arrived at the police station.

Karabo drove inside her yard talking on the phone.

“Are you sure she stays here?”

“Yes, she stays there with her friend.”

“Ok thanks, I will ewallet you the money.”

“Sure.”

He hung and stepped out of the car.

“Ok, Ayana I swear I didn’t know, I love you and I would never hurt you. As for my uncle, he is going to get what he deserves and I will make sure of it... fuck! Sounds lame Karabo.” He rubbed his face.

“Ayana, I love you. I didn’t know that you were once violated or that it was my uncle who did it. I love you so much I would never.... Great Karabo! You talking to yourself now. Just great!”

He looked at the door then walked towards it and knocked. Something told him there was no one. He knocked again and waited for a while then sighed

and got back in his car. He would wait even if it meant waiting for the whole day.

Karabo took out his phone and started playing Asphalt Streetstorm to pass time by. Over an hour later he heard chatting, he put away his phone and stepped out of the car. He looked at his girl, she was beautiful especially with that cornroll, her a dress that hugged her figure. She looked at him with innocence that always weakened him.

Her friend looked at her then him.

“Will you be ok?”

Ayana nodded then the friend walked to the door which she unlocked and stepped in the one bedroomed apartment.

“What are you doing here?”

He looked at her and sighed. “I swear I didn’t know, had I know I wouldn’t have brought him to my house.”

She shrugged.

“Babe come on, don’t be like this. Ayana I love you, I

understand your reaction and he is going to pay for what he did to you. Can you not punish me for what he did?"

She folded her arms. "I am not punishing you, go back to your girlfriend."

He smiled. "Are we still on that?"

She rolled her eyes, her attitude was just a turn on and he fought to keep his dick in line when all he wanted was to fuck her.

"I drove all the way here for you, please don't tell me it was all for nothing."

She looked down silently and he put his hands on her waist pulling her closer.

"Babe..."

He raised her chin and looked in her eyes filled with tears. Her tears weakened him completely, the pain in her eyes was visible, he could almost feel it. He hugged her tightly, he wished there was something he could do to make her feel better than what he had already done. Once she was quiet he pulled her in

the car and started the engine.

She sniffed wiping her face. "Where are we going?"

"For a drive."

He reversed out of the yard and drove away.

"Where are you coming from?"

She looked at him. "Police station. I reported him."

"That's good. Can I get you Ice Cream?"

She smiled a bit. "Yes."

He parked the car by a hawker and stepped out.

Minutes later he stepped back in the car with her cone.

"You should have bought the one in a cup, I hate this one, it melts too fast."

"Then lick it."

She blushed taking her ice cream.

"O shy yaanong? {You are shy now?}"

"No." She licked her ice cream and his dirty mind imagined that tongue on his dick with those soft

hands on him. Fuck Karabo! Control it.

Karabo's phone rang and he answered.

"Yah?"

"Did you find her?"

"Yes."

"Take it easy with her."

"Ok."

"Ele gore o teng ho? [Is she there?]"

"Yes."

Bame laughed. "Why didn't you say anything? Anyways we will talk later, one more thing, your uncle was found dead. With his privates missing. It seems as if he was tortured so much that he died."

"Oh..."

"I hope you cleaned that car, I don't want stories."

"We will talk."

He put his phone down and flashed Ayana an innocent smile. A while later he parked under a big

tree and looked at her.

“I don’t want to play this rat and mouse game anymore. It’s either you are with me or not, if you are then no more running around in circles or that funny shit. It stops today. If you are not let me know so I can give up.”

Ayana looked at him and sighed. “Are you a criminal?”

“Depends on your definition of criminal. But I am not going to discuss that with you unless you are my girlfriend.”

“Don’t you think I need to know what I am getting myself into?”

“You will know once you are in it.”

“I am scared, you seem to be in shady business.”

“What if I am?”

“I didn’t say anything, I only want to know.”

He chuckled at her childishness wondering if it was worth it. He could groom her but was it really worth it? His phone rang again and he picked.

“Babe can we talk?”

“I will call you later.”

“Karabo please don’t hurt me, I love you. What am I doing wrong?”

He sighed. “I will call you.”

“I love you and I am not going anywhere. We will share you if that’s the case, I am not going anywhere.”

“We will talk.”

He hung and looked at Ayana giving up, this was just too draining now.

“Who were you talking to?”

“You are not my woman so you can’t be asking me such questions. I am dropping you at your house, I have to go back?”

“Why are you so impatient?”

“Because I am sick and tired of this games. I am too grown for that shit.”

She leaned over and snatched the car keys from the

ignition then got out of the car and threw them away. He looked at her in disbelief getting out of the car.

“What are you doing?”

“You want to go back to your whore?”

“Anaya o ska batla go ntena! {Don't annoy me.}”

“You are not going anywhere and I am not going to let you control me around. I will ask questions because I can and you will answer me!”

He chuckled looking at her then grabbed her arm and pushed her against the car with her back on her then pushed up her dress while taking out a condom from his back pocket. He took out his dick, slid the condom on and pushed her legs apart with his leg pulling her panties aside and rammed deep inside her. She screamed and he immediately put his hand over her mouth.

“You are making noise.”

He eased out and pushed inside her again as her little tight pussy hugged him tightly. He groaned in her ear enjoying her warmth and the tightness. This

had to be the best pussy ever. He pulled out and bended her exposing that enclosed fat pussy. He pointed his dick at her entrance and squeezed in, stretching her till he was buried deep in her.

“Oh God... Karabo... it hurts...”

He ignored her then began with slow strokes watching her pussy take all his dick. Ayana tried straightening her back but he pushed her down enjoying the view.

“Karabo, let’s take a break... I am tired.”

Her cute voice was a major turn on and the fact that she was scared of his dick. He was going to give it to her good that when he was done with her, she would be begging for it. With deliberate slowness, he blessed her with gentle strokes that she started moaning in pleasure relaxing. Her juices greased his dick then he increased the speed. She closed her legs squeezing him in then he held her waist and really panel beat that pussy while she moaned.

Ayana closed her eyes feeling the pleasure, she pushed against him. Her knees weakened as her

body began vibrating.

“Awwwww shiit...”

She meowed as her body spasmed. He rode her wave then pulled out and opened the back door.

“Get in and lie down.”

She weakly stepped inside his car and lay on the seat breathing hard. Karabo grabbed her legs till only her upper body was lying on the seat while her ass was in the air. He put her legs on either of his shoulder then pressed his dick inside her stretching her again as she moaned softly. He completely filled her and began giving her unapologetic relentless thrust. He felt beyond good, tears filled her eyes as he moved his waist. Her skin itched with pleasure, she squeezed her breast as pleasure took over.

Karabo looked at her as her eyes turned to the back while her body convulsed as if she was possessed. Her pussy walls clamped him that he gave her a couple of thrust more before giving the final thrust and froze deep inside her filling her up with his cum grunting like a wounded bull. He tapped her weakly

then pulled out and took off the condom. He wiped himself on her thigh then closed her legs looking at her.

“Babe...”

Ayana remained still with her eyes close, Karabo knew she had blacked out then gently put the rest of her body inside the car and closed the door.

He packed his dick in his pants and walked nearby searching for the shininess of his car keys. Minutes later he picked them up feet from the car and walked back. for a while after he jumped inside the car, he stared at that face and sighed. Now he was more attached to her than the beginning.

Sarona parked her car in front of Pule’s gate and stepped out rubbing her lips together. She pressed the intercom then the gate opened. Walking inside she fixed her sun hat and knocked on the door.

Seconds later, Yaone opened the door.

“Hi, can I have my kids.”

“So you think just because you won at court-“

Sarona shushed her raising her hand. “Don’t start, go get my kids.”

Yaone smiled. “You don’t deserve this kids especially after how you left them all for dick. But I will always be there when you leave yet again.”

“I am back and for good. Mrs. Motsei, go and get my kids. Thank you.”

Yaone turned and walk back inside the house, she came back with Mapula and Junior.

“Mama!” Mapula screamed and jumped in her arms.

Sarona laughed hugging her. “Guess who’s spending the weekend with mama?”

“I missed you.”

“I missed you too. Come Junior.”

Junior hugged his mother.

“Do I get to play with Aaron?”

“Yes Juniorr, he misses you all. Let’s go to the car.”

They ran over to her car parked by the gate then she took the bags from Yaone.

“See, nothing can ever replace a mother’s love, not even you. But I appreciate how you take care of my kids. Maybe it’s time you have your own. Bye!”

She turned back to her car and drove off.

“Mommy, is uncle Agang and Aaron at home?”

Junior asked

Sarona smiled. “Yes.”

“I can’t wait to play video games with him.”

The kids continued chatting as she smiled. Agang had hired a lawyer for her to fight for 50/50 custody and she had won. She looked at the rear-view mirror feeling emptonal, her kids were her life and she was willing to make up for the lost time. Her phone rang and she answered driving inside the gate, she parked and the kids jumped out immediately.

“Hello?”

“What makes you think you can talk to my wife like that?”

“Pule I am not fighting with you, I don't recall saying anything to your wife.”

“That woman took care-“

“Blah blah blah! I said thank you, what more do you want from me?”

He sighed. “You don't even see anything wrong with what you did. You destroyed our family, you destroyed us yet you think you can say whatever you want.”

Sarona calmed down. “Pule how many times must I apologize, I am sorry I hurt you, I am sorry I left and destroyed our family, I am sorry I hurt our kids, I am sorry I left you. Please forgive me...”

“Sometimes I try to understand why. Was it the sex? Wasn't I satisfying you or was I not spoiling you enough? Was it work?”

“It wasn't you,” she sighed. “I am sorry you have to question yourself. You are an amazing sex partner

and you spoiled me enough. Eventually you were going to let me work, I am sorry I acted like a mad teenager and put you and the kids through a lot.”

“Or maybe you just never loved me? When I met you, you were broken, I fixed you, maybe you felt compelled to be with me.”

“No, that’s not true. I loved you because you were you. I fell in love with you not because you helped me but because you were special. You made me happy.”

“Yaone has a Polycystic Ovarian Syndrome, we can’t have kids at all so please avoid that topic. Mapula and Junior are hers too, she raised them and she did a wonderful job. Don’t make her feel small because you pushed them out. In the last years I got to learn that you don’t need to push out a baby to be a mother. The kids love her, please don’t instigate them against her.”

“I am sorry, I didn’t, I am so sorry and you are right, they are hers too. She did more than a wonderful job, I appreciate it, words can’t begin to explain and trust

me, I won't do anything to ruin their relationship."

Agang walked outside the house then she smiled opening the door.

"I have to go, bye."

"Bye."

She grabbed the bags and handed them to Agang.

"Who were you talking to?"

She kissed him. "The lady I want to start the business with."

"Ok."

They walked inside the house while she deleted the call.

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Next insert at 23:30.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#75

Ivy submerged her head under water for a couple of seconds and surfaced laughing.

“That was only for four seconds.” Junior said laughing with her.

“Mommy I want to do too.”

Anaya looked at Quinsy as they swam in the sea right next to their pavilion.

“That’s not nice, I know something even more nicer.” She took him from Miguel and threw him in the air catching him. He laughed loud.

“Wow! He is so heavy!”

Miguel took him from her and threw him even higher in the air making him laugh even more.

“Your mom can’t carry you.”

Anaya hit his shoulder playfully then swam back to the villa in the water and took the stairs out of the water. She fixed her bikini bottom grabbing a towel by the lounge on the deck and wiped herself dry. She picked her glass of red wine and took a sip lying

on the lounge enjoying the sun.

Minutes later they joined her, the kids taking their juices and gulping them all down.

“We should ride the bicycles again.”

Anaya looked at Junior. “Yes baby but now mommy is tired.”

“How about you guys play games inside then we will go later?”

Ivy smiled. “I choose a game first!”

“No, you chose a game yesterday.”

They walked inside while Quinsy trailed behind them. Miguel lay beside Anaya pulling her on top of him.

“You were right, this is exactly what we needed.”

She smiled. “I know. Did you get the deal? I forgot to ask.”

“Yes. The Nigerian man means business.”

“I am happy for you.”

“I am doing all this for us. So what did your ex’s

sister want?"

Anaya looked at him and laughed. "Sarcasm is only for me, doesn't suit you. But anyways... what I discuss with my ex's sister is not your business. I will never forget how you spoke to me that time."

Miguel kissed her. "I was angry."

"What do you think he will do when he finds out?" She asked seriously.

Miguel looked at her. "Call the entire family on me but don't worry. I told you, I can't handle my father. He is my father and who best can handle him if not for me?"

Anaya looked in his eyes, God she still loved this man the same way she did ages ago. He was now more sexy than before, the fact that he was now closer to forty made him all sexy. She put her head on his wide chest and sighed happily. If time was reversed, she knew she would choose him all over again. He put his big hand on her back kissing her forehead.

Ivy walked back holding Anaya's phone with Junior

and Quinsy.

“Let’s take selfies mommy.”

Anaya smiled as Quinsy sat on her lap then they all smiled as Ivy took countless selfies coaching everyone on how to pose.

Ayana slowly opened her eyes, she blinked a couple of times and realized she was in her room then locked eyes with Lalah who was holding the remote control in her hands.

“Koore o go jele till o idibala? {So he fucked you till you fainted?}”

Ayana stepped out of the bed feeling her wet panties. She closed her eyes for a moment recalling Karabo and that hardcore fucking he gave her.

“O nkgga morobalo hela. {You are smelling sex.}”

“Leave me alone, he dropped me here?”

“Yes, I thought something had happened to you, that man is rude.”

“And arrogant. I am sure he went back to his whore.”

“Ok, now I think you are overreacting, I mean, he bought food.”

She reached for her phone on the dressing table and called him walking to the bathroom. She pulled her dress up then took off her wet panties and sat on the toilet sit. She jumped as her pee went on her sensitive pussy then slowly peed taking small breaks.

“Ayana, finally awake?”

“Where are you?”

“I am almost in Gabs.”

“Did you use a condom? I am not on contraceptives.”

“So? I will support my child.”

“What are you saying? I can’t afford a child right now, I still have school.”

“Who said if you are pregnant then you won’t go to school?”

“My sister will be disappointed in me.”

“I think a child is what you need to keep your stinking attitude on check. I hate an indecisive woman, if you are with me , I shouldn't question that and if you are not, you shouldn't waste my time either.”

She kept quiet listening.

“So maybe that baby will make you see how serious I am.”

Tears filled her eyes. “I am sorry.”

“Why are you crying?”

“No.” Her voice was barely audible.

“I will send you the money. I am sick of this. Don't ever call me.”

“Why are you being rude to me? I love you.”

He sighed. “Ayana maybe we should-“

“If you want me to keep the child it's fine.”

“Ok, I will call you.”

“Thank you for the food.”

“Sure, anytime.”

She held her phone on her ear and waited.

“I love you.”

She smiled. “I love you too. Why was she calling you earlier on?”

“Who?”

“The woman you were sleeping with.”

“I don’t know.”

“You said would talk to her later.”

“Are we doing this? I will call you back, I am driving.”

“If you hang up, don’t bother calling me again, this time I don’t care, you are not the only man on earth.”

He was silent for a while before he finally laughed. “I wonder how it’s going to be after we get married.”

“I still don’t trust you.”

“I will call you when I get home.”

“Bye.”

She hung up and took a tissue wiping herself before

she walked out.

“I love Karabo but I am not ready for a child.”

“You didn’t use a condom?”

“I don’t know, I was just...”

“You don’t even know that man enough to be having unprotected sex, weren’t you the one who said he was fucking some woman?”

Ayana sighed tearfully sitting on the bed. “What should I do?”

“Don’t even cry Anaya, what’s wrong with you? You want to go to internship with a huge belly? Who’s going to take care of your child because your mother is getting married in a few weeks, Anaya is busy running her company raising her child together with your brother? What’s wrong with you?”

Tears wet her cheeks as she looked at Lalah shouting.

“You are not even scared of diseases. Please freshen up, we are going to get you a morning after. How can you not know if he used a condom or not?”

What are you? 10?"

Refilwe viewed Anaya's status and paused looking at her laying on a launcher wearing blue bikini's.

Refilwe zoomed in the picture and stared at her round figure, she was beautiful and she probably knew it. The next picture came and now she was up on her feet wearing a huge sunhat with her daughter who was in matching bikinis. The next picture opened and this time she paused, Anaya had her leg up obstructing a man's face with a caption of 'I would choose you all over gain'. She zoomed the picture looking at the man's chest. He was wearing a t-shirt but she knew her man and that was him. She took a screenshot of the picture then tapped the screen sliding the next picture on her status. It was a man's hand on her yellow thigh. She took another screenshot then stood up dialing Diane.

"Fifi..."

“Miguel is with Anaya.”

“What?”

“I swear, they are together.”

“How do you know that?”

“She put him on his status, she covered his face but I know my man, I know his hands.”

“Fifi, what if it’s not him, didn’t you say she was seeing his friend?”

“It was a set up. I know where Vince stays, I am going there.”

“Fifi, you are pregnant, you need to calm down. You don’t want anything happening to that child.”

“Diane Anaya is sleeping with my husband! She is there with my kids playing happy families.”

“Even if that’s true don’t you think you should think for your baby? You shouldn’t be stressing.”

“It makes sense. It makes sense Diane, the other day he came smelling her expensive perfume. He received a \$5000 perfume! He has been sleeping

with her.”

“Ok, I think I should come over, where is your mother?”

“Cooking. I am going.”

She hung up and grabbed the car keys walking out then drove off headed to Vince’s house. Her heart pounded as she put every piece of the puzzle together. She parked the car in front of his opened gate then stepped out. He walked out holding a can of beer talking on the phone then paused staring at her. Refilwe approached him with her phone in her hands.

“Look, let me call you back.” He said to the phone and hung up.

“Fifi...”

“So you played along with your friend that day to fool me?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I know you are not Anaya’s boyfriend, Miguel has been sleeping with Anaya all this while.”

“Refilwe I really don’t know what you are talking about.”

“You know what I am talking about. If you are dating Anaya then why are you not with her right now?”

“We broke up.”

Refilwe laughed with disbelief. “Wow! So you are going to keep on lying?”

“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

She looked at him trying to be strong then bit her lower lip but a sob escaped through her lip nonetheless. She covered her face crying, she slid to the ground and sat down crying while Vince stared at her sadly.

“Rifilwe please stop crying, now I feel bad.”

She cried for a while then finally stood up wiping her face clean.

“I am sorry but I think you should just go home and wait for him.”

Refilwe turned and walked back to her car then drove off. All thoughts filled her head as she tried to

come up with a perfect explanation, she knew he was sleeping with her but just had no proof. Minutes later she parked the car in the garage and took her phone. Anaya had removed all the pictures from the status, Refilwe angrily texted her.

Refilwe: Anaya please leave my husband alone, he is married and we have a family. You had him and lost him, I picked him up when he was broken and mended his heart. Why are you putting my family through all this? Ke kope o tswe mo monneng wame. O netse go bulela mona o nywetseng diropi, yaanong ke a ipotsa gore o ruta ngwana wagago eng. Hake battle go lwa le wena, stop it. {Please stay away from my man. You are busy opening your thighs for a married man, now I wonder what you are teaching your child. I don't want to fight with you, stop it.}

She stepped out of the car dialing her father-law.

“Ngwetsi yame... {My daughter-law.}”

“Good evening, how are you?”

“I am fine, how are my grandkids?”

“They are fine, I wanted to talk to you though I don't

know if it's appropriate or not."

"You know you can talk to me about anything. Is everything ok?"

"No, Miguel told me he had a business trip to UK and we were all going to go but my passport went missing. Now I am finding out that he took Mmagwe Ivy with to UK and they are having fun. I suspect that he has been sleeping with her for a while."

"He is back with that evil woman?"

"I need the elders help because Anaya won't leave my family and she is breaking us apart. Miguel has changed, he now comes late at home smelling perfumes, he sees Ivy behind my back."

"You have done the right thing, as soon as he comes back we will discuss this."

"Thank you."

"Goodbye."

Lone walked inside the venue in her evening gown, she smiled staring at Bame who was walking towards her.

“Hey...” He kissed her.

“I am sorry I am late.”

“It’s ok.”

He took her hand and led her to his friends. She smiled greeting them before she walked off to the other wives who were chatting.

“Ladies...”

“Hey girl!” Katie hugged her.

“Hi,” Ame responded with a smile while she held a glass of wine.

“O nonne mma, {You have gained.} Is there a bun in the oven?” Katie commented laughing.

“And here I thought I was the only one noticing, there is a bun in the oven.” Ame backed Katie up making Lone laugh.

“You guys, there is nothing.”

“Nyaa tsala, {No friend,} this time I have to agree with them. You are gaining.”

“Mme kana gase sepe. {It’s nothing.}”

“You can’t say that, I know a pregnant woman when I see one.” Katie pointed out.

“Anyways congratulations Katie on your company. Such an achievement deserves this.”

Katie smiled. “Thanks, Phenyo insisted on this party, he said it’s good for social networking.”

“Tell me ladies, is it fair that Thabiso gives his baby mama more money than what we agreed on because she says the child is diabetic.” Ame complained.

“Phenyo would never try that nonsense with me.”

Lone looked at Ame then sighed feeling out of place, she never fit in to begin with. Her phone vibrated and she took it out.

“Ladies, let me take this call.”

She walked through the small crowd till she was outside answering her phone.

“Hey!”

“I am pregnant.”

Lone paused then screamed. “Really?”

“Yes! I feel like crying, I still can’t believe it.” Rachel sobbed.

“I have been changed, healed, freed, delivered,” Lone sang Rachel’s favorite song.

“I have found joy, peace, grace and favor,” Rachel sang along and together they sang.

“Right now is the moment

Today is the day

I have been changed, I have been changed

I have waited for this moment to come

And I won’t let it pass me by,”

Rachel laughed. “Who knew one day you would be singing this song with the way you hate church.”

“I love church but I hate the super long services.”

“I am so happy, I still can’t believe this.”

“I am happy for you, we should celebrate.”

“Where are you?”

“At a party, one of Bame’s friend’s wife opened her company, there is a small party for her.”

“Ok, then tomorrow during lunch? Kenneth went to Kasane on a trip.”

“Ok, my boss is also not around.”

“Where did she go?”

“I don’t know, she just annoys me. She thinks she’s all that mxm.”

Rachel laughed. “Don’t give her attitude when you work in her company. She will fire you.”

“I know but she still bores me to death.”

Her phone rang.

“There is an incoming call, we will talk.”

“Ok.”

She dropped Rachel's call and picked the incoming call.

"Hello?"

"I am sorry to disturb you but Lesedi is not feeling well, her temperature is high and she vomited the food."

"I am coming."

"Ok, bye."

She hung up and walked back inside the venue going over to her husband.

"Sedi is not feeling well, I have to go."

"Let's go together."

"No, we can't all leave, it will look somehow. I will inform you once I get home, love you."

She turned going out to her car and drove off.

Vince held his phone phone talking while driving to his house.

“I am just saying, if BK wants Anaya which I know he does, then he should leave Refilwe. This woman cried in front of me today and I feel guilty.”

“I know but at the same time I see his point, I mean, Refilwe is pregnant and the last thing he wants is for her to lose that baby. Anaya shouldn't have posted those incriminating pictures, she is a side chick and should behave like one.”

“Pule, Refilwe came to my house crying, I don't think this is how he should be doing it. Imagine if I wasn't seeing someone near Anaya's house when he almost caught.”

He slowed down at the sudden traffic then noticed a parked car which had the bonnet open with a lady starring at the engine with a clueless face talking on the phone.

“Mister, let's talk later.”

“Sure.”

He hung up and stopped his car by the close by bus stop then jumped out of his car. He went back to the lady and smiled standing beside her.

“Is it me or you just don’t know what you are doing?”

She turned to him and smiled nervously as her hair fell on her shoulders. “It just stopped.”

Vince looked at the car then touched a couple of things.

“Try starting it.”

She got inside the car and tried starting it but the engine wouldn’t start.

“Ok, the problem is with your battery, I will jumpstart it for you.”

“Thank you.”

Vince smiled at her.

“I am going to push it to that bus stop where my car, you are causing traffic here. Get in and control it.”

“Ok.”

She went back in her car as Vince pushed back his

sleeves going to the back. With force he started pushing when a man joined her. They both pushed it to the bus stop.

“Thanks!”

“Sure sure!” The man crossed the road and walked away.

Vince walked to his car and turned it so that it now faced the lady’s car. Minutes later, the car was running and he packed his equipment in the boot.

“Thank you so much.”

“You should take it for servicing.”

“It’s not mine actually. It’s my mother’s, she loves this old thing.”

Vince smiled staring at her. “Then be a good girl and have it serviced.”

He got in his car as she stood by his door.

“I am Olerato.”

“Vince.”

She nodded and turned back to the old Navara. By

his mirror, he watched her walk away in that jumpsuit while her ass shook. She paused by her car then walked back.

“I want to call you later.”

He looked in her eyes, she was confident it actually turned him on. She handed him her phone then he saved his number.

“Bye... Vince.”

He chuckled as she laughed walking away.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#76

A Week Later...

Marang silently cried as her father's coffin slowly

went down accompanied by a sad hymn. Her mother was beside her rubbing her shoulder. Reality had now sank in that her dear father was gone and never coming back. She tried to remember the last time she had spoken to her but her brain couldn't come up with anything. Her father's sister started crying louder than everyone else while some relatives just stared at her, she was probably drunk.

Her cousin came by and hugged her.

"Sorry about your dad, he was a good man. Indeed the good ones tend to go first."

"Thank you. He was a good man."

Her cousin hugged her mother too then walked away sniffing. Marang buried her head on her mother's chest trying so hard not to break down but the pain clogged her throat making it hard for her to breathe. Her mother hugged her tightly and together they silently sobbed for the man who loved them unconditionally, the man who was always there standing by their side, that man they could always turn to. Men filled the grave and Marang burst into a

loud cry. Relatives sadly looked at her while her mother squeezed her arm. A while later they all bowed as the pastor prayed then people started dispersing. Marang turned with her mother and frowned staring at Bryan who was dressed in a slim fit suit. He smiled.

“Hey, sorry about your father.” He looked at her mother. “My condolences go over to you too mam.”

“Thank you my son, I will see you at home. Hurry, your father wrote a will, it’s going to be read.”

“Ok.”

Her mother hugged her one last time then walked off. Bryan smiled.

“Is it ok if I hug you?”

She nodded then he pulled her gently into his arms holding her tightly. She inhaled his cologne and sighed relaxing her head on his chest. Seconds later, she moved back feeling eyes on her.

“I have to go home.”

“I can take you.”

“Ok.”

They both walked to Ryan’s car and got in.

“Layla sends her regards. She is sad that she couldn’t support you in this sad times.”

“It’s ok, how is the baby?”

“They ran some tests, she is worried.”

“He will be fine, he has a strong mom.”

Bryan started the car and reversed. “I drove to your house but was told you had already came to the graveyard.”

“Who directed you here?”

“I came with some boy.”

“Thank you for coming, I appreciate it.”

He drove back to her house.

“I can organize you food.”

“Oh no, I ate. But thank you so much for the hospitality.”

She looked at his lips and licked her lower lip then

stepped out of the car.

“Uhh you can wait here for me if you want.”

“Yes, I will wait. I am in no hurry.”

“Ok, let me here what the will says.”

”Ok.”

She walked inside the house and sat beside her mother while other relatives sat on the couches staring at the lawyer.

“Ok, this is the last will written by Richard Setso, in the case that you are hearing this, it means I am no more and so I leave my farm in my wife’s name. Half of everything in the farm goes to my wife for she and I did that together. The remaining half will be shared between my two dear daughters, namely Marang Setso and Constance Kgari. I know I never talked about her but she is there and I believe she will be found to get what rightfully belongs to her. The rest of what is not mentioned goes solely to my wife.”

The lawyer looked at the family putting the will in the envelope.

“That’s all, I will have the processing of ownership going, thank you.” He walked out leaving Marang looking at her mother.

“I have a sister?”

“Your father said the pregnancy wasn’t his.”

“What if it’s not his daughter?”

“Then she will not get anything, the will says daughters. I am sure we can do DNA tests to confirm. I can’t believe Richard did this to you. Half of that farm belongs to you alone, I worked hard so that you can have something in life not for you to share it with some child.”

“It’s ok, if it’s my sister I have no problem with it.”

Her mother shook her head angrily. “Everything is yours and yours alone. My child will not be robbed of her inheritance. I am calling that lawyer.”

Marang sighed and hugged her mother. “I will be back, call me when you need me, I will come back.”

“It’s ok my child, I am fine, at least there is a will, saves me from not dealing with you father’s money

hungry relatives, I am sure they are all boiling with anger.”

Marang kissed her mother’s cheek then walked out of the house to the car where Bryan was. He looked at her.

“How did it go?”

“Everything is in place, I just need to find my long lost sister who I had no idea about.”

“Wanna go for a drive.”

She smiled. “I would love to.”

Miguel sat surrounded by his uncles, aunts and his parents. The tension was enough to kill. His eyes fell on his wife who was sitting beside one of his aunts.

“We are gathered here because your wife is not happy.” The elder uncle started. “You are busy chasing after some woman leaving your wife behind,

taking her overseas while your wife cries, explain to me what sort of behavior is that? Is that why you married her? Is that how a married man is supposed to behave?" He angrily asked.

Miguel looked at him. "I am not cheating on my wife."

"So mmagwe Quinsy is lying? You want to embarrass her in front all this people?" His father shouted.

"Let us give him the chance to explain himself. It doesn't help that we only have mmagwe Quinsy's side of the story. Let us hear the boy." The youngest uncle said looking at Miguel. "Boikanyo, what is going on? We are all here to help."

"I went to UK with the kids, initially I wanted us to go together with my wife but she couldn't find her passport. I asked her if she was ok with us leaving without her and she said yes. I left and coming back she is accusing me of seeing another woman. I am not cheating, I would never do anything that will put her or my unborn child in danger."

“Miguel I saw the pictures, you were with her and I now you spend time at her house, can you stop lying.” Refilwe said crying.

He looked at her tears guilt stricken. “I love you, I don’t know what you saw but I was in UK on business.”

Refilwe covered her face crying and he looked down.

“So you are going to keep denying it? What has that girl done for you? Nothing. She an away on your wedding day leaving you paying a huge sum of money. Mmagwe Quinsy held her hand when you cried for that evil woman, she has given you kids, why do you treat her like this? Is this what I have taught you? You disappoint me!” His father angrily shouted.

“Ebile ke ene monyana wa go sia ka letsatsi la lenyalo? [It’s the girl who ran away on the wedding day?}]” The elder uncle asked.

“Yes! It’s the same woman. You are busy with her saying you have a child with her, a child you never told us about.”

“You have disappointed us Boikanyo, how do you make your wife cry with the same woman who hurt you before? She embarrassed our family in front of the world.” Another uncle said.

“This boy is making us fools! No son of mine will ever marry a Shato woman, I don’t want to see that woman in my house Miguel, if you go ahead and continue sleeping with her then I will disown you. I have no son who will see a Shato woman! That family embarrassed us, they stole our money and let their daughter run off. I don’t want to ever hear anything about her.”

“And we are not going to recognize that child she has. From today onward you no longer see that woman. You are going to treat mmagwe Quinsy right. She is your wife! The mother of your kids. Don’t you feel ashamed stressing her in her condition? Ke gore o irwa ke eng moshanyana ke wena? {What makes you behave like this boy} A man doesn’t behave like this. I never want to come back here because of you.” The elder uncle said angrily.

“Don’t you think we are being too harsh? The child is

innocent in all this.” An aunt said.

“If that child was innocent then Boikanyo could have long told us that he has a child out there.” The elder uncle responded sharply.

“We are all angry at the moment and today we are here to discuss Boikanyo’s marital problems not the child. This is not the way to handle it, we will come back again and discuss a way forward for the child, at the end of the day, that child is a Mokwena, we like it or we don’t.” The younger uncle pointed out and the aunts nodded.

“No! From here we are going to the Shato’s and ask them to keep their dog in a leash.” Mokwena said standing up. “There we will finish this matter once and for all. I don’t trust that evil family. Their daughter was a sex worker! She took advantage of my son, they say she has a sex tape all over internet. She will never be welcome here.”

“Mokwena, I don’t think all that is necessary. Our son has heard.” Mma Mokwena finally interjected.

“No! He is stubborn! I told him not to ever go near

that girl but he still went. We are going to see her family.”

The scolding went for a while while Miguel sat silently, a while later he walked to his car while his aunts spoke to Refilwe. The younger uncle approached him.

“Son, if you really love that woman, fight for her. Everyone is angry right now and I don’t approve of you cheating on your wife, if you no longer love her, divorce her and move on.”

“She is pregnant, I don’t want anything happening to the baby.”

“Then after she gives birth. You can’t string both woman along unless they want a polygamous set up.”

Miguel shook his head.

“See? You can’t keep both of them. You have to make a choice and a plan.”

He walked away as Refilwe approached them. Miguel opened the passenger door for her and she

smiled getting in. He walked round to his door and climbed in. He started the car and drove off.

A while later Refilwe finally looked at him. "Are you angry?"

Miguel sighed trying to control his temper. "No, but just disappointed. I told you I wasn't with Anaya."

"Miguel I saw you on her status."

"And yet you can't even prove it was me. I don't know what I have to do to prove that. You already believe whatever you want to believe, you don't want to listen to my reasoning. I don't even know why we are still doing this because there is no trust."

Refilwe tearfully looked at him. "Miguel I know what I saw."

"No, you are convinced of what you wanted to see, you have been wanting to accuse me of being with Anaya for the longest time and you know it. What just hurts is the fact that you are not ready to listen."

"Why are you making me seem stupid? You hid my passport and called my mother so that she can

come home and keep me from coming. I know all this Miguel. What does Anaya have that I don't have? Is it because she is light in complexion? What am I not giving you?" She covered her face crying. "I just want you to give our marriage a chance, I love you."

"I am not discussing this with you anymore."

She looked at him as her heart broke, was this what they meant when they said marriage wasn't a walk in the park?

Lethabo fixed himself on the mirror then walked out of his sister's house leaving Ivy who was busy on her kid's app lying on the couch while eating an apple.

"Are we going?"

He turned to her, she was now up. "No Vee, I am just going to sit outside. Where is Tatenda?"

"Ironing mommy's clothes, so you are going to sit outside dressed like that?"

“Yes, what’s wrong with it?”

“No, nothing is wrong, just you wanting to see Claudia.”

He rolled his eyes and walked outside. He looked at the tall walls and walked out through the small gate. His heart skipped as his sister’s neighbor’s gate slid open. Seconds later their shiny SUV Nissan reversed, the woman in the car smiled and waved at him. He raised his hand and waved back. She stopped the car and rolled down the window.

“Hi, where are you going? I can give you a lift.”

Shit! Lethabo muttered beneath his breath, now he didn’t want to seem rude to his potential mother-law.

“Uhh I am going to Airport Junction.”

“Great, I will drop you off, hoop in!”

He opened the backdoor.

“No, come join me here.”

He closed the door and went round to the passenger seat then jumped in.

“Good afternoon mam.”

She smiled driving. “Call me Annelise, what’s your name?”

“Uhh my name is Lethabo.”

“Nice name, how old are you?”

“17 years old.”

She laughed putting her hand on his thigh. “Wow! Looks deceive. Who do you stay with?”

“My sister but right now I am just visiting.”

“I see.” She rubbed his thigh giggling. “You are a really handsome boy.”

His heart skipped as she moved her hand further up his thigh. Ok, no need to panic Lethabo, she is old and won’t ever find interest in a child. Either way, she is colored, they behave like white people and white people are just over friendly people.

“So...” She looked at him and giggled. “My husband stays in SA, permanently.”

“Oh, ok.”

“Yes and I... it gets lonely. I just miss a man’s presence in my life.” She moved her hand right to his dick and his raging teenage hormones leaped stirring his dick. He had never had anyone touch his dick, except himself. He froze as she unzipped his jeans and took out his hard dick.

“Wow! Just how old are you?”

He opened his mouth to say something but he couldn’t get a single word out. She slowly stroked his dick with her eyes focused on the road while he breathed heavily. She continued stroking him making him grunt, fuck it! It damn well felt better with her doing it. She parked the car by an empty bus stop then dipped her head taking him in his mouth.

“Fuck!” He groaned feeling her warm mouth. Annalise sucked his dick massaging his balls. He unconsciously grabbed her soft brown hair and thrust from beneath tapping that warmth. He moved even faster then shot his load deep in her mouth. she slowly got up and wiped her mouth still holding his dick.

“You are such a good boy.”

He swallowed hard, what had just happened? He packed his dick in his pants while she wiped her mouth. He had just gotten a blow job from his crush’s mother who looked close to his mother’s age.

Colleen sipped on her juice and sighed staring at Anaya while they sat in her house.

“I just took the matters in my hands and proposed.”

“I can never have that amount of confidence, weren’t you nervous?”

“I was, God I was!”

“I salute you.”

“ Now all I am waiting for him to speak to his uncles.”

Anaya’s phone vibrated and she took it out for a second and read her text then put it back in her bag.

“I have to go. Where is he by the way?”

“He went to see a client.”

“Ok. we will talk.”

They hugged before Anaya walked out and drove off headed to a mall. She parked minutes later and stepped out. Few minutes later she walked back holding a plastic full of Ivy’s snacks but approaching her car, her eyes fell on Kgotlang who was also looking at her.

“Anaya...”

She smiled. “Hi...”

They shared a brief hug and she looked at him, he actually looked good and clean and also had a ring.

“Wow! It’s been ages.”

She laughed. “I know, you look good.”

“So do you.”

She looked at the four children in the 7 seat car.

“All yours?”

He smiled. "Yes."

"Hey baby..." A woman approached them in an white floral flared dress.

Anaya carefully looked at her and smiled. "Gontle!"

"Oh Anaya. Wow! It's been ages. Babe, meet Anaya, my high school classmate."

Anaya sighed remembering just how rude and dumb Gontle was, the center of attraction for all bad reasons. Gontle looked at Anaya glowing and radiant with a shining ring on her finger.

"Meet my family Anaya." Gontle said with a smirk staring at Anaya's bare fingers.

Anaya looked at the kids, the two older ones were hers, the ones she had made after failing her form 5.

"You two know each other?"

Anaya looked at her and smiled. "No, actually no."

"So still not married?"

"Well, you know how life is... all busy and stuff." She took out her business card with the word CEO inked

in bold letters and handed it with a smile.

“Congratulations, do call me sometime.”

Her heels echoed as she walked towards her car and gracefully she climbed in with a smile then drove off leaving them there. She sighed sadly a minute later, it still hurt that the man she loved at the moment was tied down to another woman. She thought of the fighting that was going to happen and goodness, the thought drained her.

Her phone rang and she answered.

“Mama...”

“I just received a phone call.”

Anaya paused at her mother’s tone. “Is everything ok?”

“The Mokwena’s are coming tomorrow to see me, what is going on?”

Her heart skipped. “Ma?”

“Anaya what is going on? Miguel’s father sounded angry.”

“Uhh I don’t know, maybe they want to discuss Ivy.”

“If that’s the case I am calling your uncles.”

“Call papa.”

“What?”

Anaya cleared her throat and spoke loudly. “Call papa.”

“Anaya so you have been communicating with that man behind my back.”

“Mama I understand he abandoned us, he hurt us but he is still my father, I can’t deny him that role if he wants to act up. I also know you kept him from communicating with me when I was in SA. I understand the pain we all went through but he is my father and I love him.”

“I thought I was protecting you, what if he leaves again?”

“Then it’s fine but for now he is here.”

“Is he the one at the farm?”

“No. Just call him.”

“Ok.”

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#77

Olerato paced around in her office staring at his number wondering if she should call him or not, she had not stopped thinking about him for the past week that she was even dreaming about him, it wasn't normal. She sat down and looked at the files on her desk, her eyes inched to her phone. With a sigh, she took her phone and pressed his number. She put the phone on her ear and waited as it rang.

"Yah?"

"Hi,"

"Hi,"

"How are you?"

"I am fine."

“Do you know who you are speaking to?”

“I have a feeling I am about to know.”

She laughed leaning back on her chair. “It’s Olerato.”

“Damn! Took you this long to call.”

Olerato smiled opening a file. “Well main line is that I called.”

“I am happy you did. Took that car for servicing?”

“Yes, it’s now running smoothly, thank you.”

“I regretted not being the one to take your number that day.”

She took a deep breath. “You did? You didn’t seem like you wanted to.”

“I didn’t want to seem somehow.”

“You wouldn’t have, Doctor.”

“Wait, how do you know that?”

“I saw your coat.”

“Incase you are not feeling well, I am your go to guy. Want to go out for dinner.”

“Yeah, of course.”

“I can pick you up.”

“That’s still ok, I will send you the directions.”

“Ok.”

“I have to go, bye.”

He chuckled. “Bye.”

She hung and sighed with her head over her chest. She looked at the time, her next patient was up. She walked to her chair, the one she usually sat with her clients. A soft knock erupted on the door.

“Come in!”

She watched her patient walk in and sit on the couch.

“Dr. Rams.”

“Yaone,”

Olerato’s phone rang and she quickly got up. “Sorry about that, I forgot to switch it off.”

She walked over to her phone and read the text blushing then typed her response and switched it off.

“Sorry about that.”

She resumed her seat.

“I feel like Pule wants his ex wife back.”

“Why do you say so?”

“Ever since she came back he is just distant. We barely get intimate, he is saying he is thinking to move the kids permanently to her house. I feel like no one cares about my feelings, I raised these kids, loved them. I love them but he doesn't consider my feelings. They are also my kids but it's as if he doesn't care anymore. His parents keep on asking when we are going to have kids and I don't know what to say anymore. I just want to have kids.”

Olerato handed her a tissue. “Have you discussed this with him?”

“I tried to but he brushes me off. I heard him talking to her the other day asking what he did wrong for her to leave him.”

“Have you considered other ways to have kids? Ever discussed that?”

“Pule said he won’t adopt if he can make a baby, he said it but didn’t realize how offensive it was to me. I am scared he is going to impregnate someone.”

“What about surrogacy? Have you thought about it?”

“ I have PCOS, I can’t have kids.”

“Sometimes in life there are things far beyond us, things we can’t change, things we can’t manipulate. With those things, all that’s left to do is accept it. The moment you accept it, the moment it stops hurting you. If you can’t change it then why cry? How long will you cry? For the rest of your life?”

Yaone covered her face crying. Olerato sat back and watched silently till she was quiet.

“Your life will turn into nothing but a sad ball, is that what you want? How many times will you cry? Or remain sad. You will never enjoy the good things in life till you take your last breath. Nothing will make you happy. You can’t have kids, you can’t change that, no one can, so I want you to go back home and think of how long you will mourn. How long will you be sad when you can be happy? Happiness is a

choice. And on top of that, go and write all your insecurities, I want to see them.”

Yaone nodded then walked out.

Anaya parked her car and stepped out holding her handbag. She took a deep breath and walked inside the house which was filled with the Mokwena’s and her own uncles and one aunt.

“Dumelang.”

“Sit my daughter,” Her father motioned and she took a sit beside her mother. Now her heart was pounding.

“Do you know them Anaya?”

“Yes.”

She looked down and rubbed her hands together.

“These men say you are having an affair with their married son. Is that true?”

Anaya shook her head. "No."

"O ithaya gore re tshile gone ha go yaka? Re ne re didimetse fa ngwana wa lona tshabile le mang garitse, o re tlhabisitse ditlhong mme ntse ga la ikopa maitswarelo. Yaanong o ttha go tla go senya lelwapa la setlogolo same. {So you think we have to lie? We kept quiet when your daughter ran off with God knows who, she embarrassed our family but never has your family apologized for that. Now she comes back and is determined to ruin my nephew's family.}" Miguel's uncle said angrily.

"Ke gore monyana o gaana maitseo, {This girl has no manners.} You have failed to guide your daughter. We are here to tell you to tell your daughter to stay away from our son. We will never accept her in our family, not after the nonsense she has done. The embarrassment our son went through with this girl will never be erased, she put him through a lot, he had to pay thousands of money and not to even mention how you ran off with the money he had paid for her bride price. This is the last time we come here, so please, take this as a wedding. We don't

want to see your daughter anywhere near our son, now now, not in the future.” The other uncle said.

Anaya looked down as tears filled her eyes while her heart pounded.

“You can’t come here and accuse my daughter of running after your son, if your son respected his family then he would have stayed at home with his wife. If Anaya says she is not seeing him then she’s not. You are not going to come to this house with street attitude to talk nonsense, if this is what you do in your families, keep it there. This is not your mother’s yard, go tie your dog on a leash at your house because it is sniffing in the wrong places. Now, take road and make dust.” Anaya’s father shouted standing. “And if it is the bride price you want, I will personally pay it all back. Get out.”

“This family is full of opportunist so we will never come back here.” The Mokwena’s stood up and walked out.

“I am sorry my child...”

Anaya looked at her father rubbing her tears.

“Don’t even apologize to her Mogomotsi, she knows why this family is here. I asked you and you lied to me Anaya! Why are you seeing this man?”

“Mama-“

“Anaya I will kill you with my bare hands! That man is married, you are not even ashamed lying in front of your elders! Busy playing happy families with a married woman while another woman cry because of you! How do you sleep at night knowing you are the reason another woman cries?”

Anaya silently cried. “I love him.”

“Had you loved him then you wouldn’t have ran off on your wedding day! You humiliated me! You humiliated everyone! You say you love him? You love him now that he has a wife and kids? Huh? But couldn’t love him enough to marry him? People put me on your facebook things taunting me why you rejoiced happily!”

“Gloria, can you calm down?”

“Don’t you dare tell me to calm down, had you not left maybe then she would respect marriage! You ran

off with some woman while married that's why she thinks it's fine to run around with a married man just because she claims to love him. You are just like the woman who made me cry, the woman your father ran off with. There is nothing different about you two because you rejoice when another woman cries. You rejoice when another woman's kids suffer! As long as Ivy is happy and you are happy you don't care."

Tears gushed out of Anaya's eyes as she looked at her mother.

"So I can't be with him because of a mistake I made?"

A resounding slap froze her, her mother had just slapped her. She slowly rubbed her cheek feeling the burning sensation.

"Today you are going to chose between either me, Ayana and Lethabo or that Mokwena boy."

"Gloria, we all understand but she is a child, let us talk to her and try letting her understand."

Gloria looked at her ex-husband's sister and laughed. "Weren't you rejoicing when your brother left me?"

Weren't you rejoicing as I lay on the death bed calling my kids trying to find out how far I was from dying?"

"Gloria!"

"Don't Gloria me! I raised Anaya alone. Anaya, make a choice. If you choose Miguel then never come back here or even call me. I will take Lethabo and he will never come there neither will Ayana. Choose now!"

Anaya slowly went down on her knees.

"I embarrassed you, I wish I can turn back the hands of time but I can't. Mama I love Boikanyo, please try understanding me."

"I am not going to understand anything except the fact that Miguel is married. Are you not ashamed?"

She looked desperately at her father who looked helpless. There was nothing he could say.

"I will stay away from him." She said quietly then took her bag and walked out.

Theodora carefully fixed her bandage and sighed. She was never ever going to look the same, not with a scar across her face. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at the bandages, she had lost her job too, how was she going to raise money for a plastic surgery? She stood up as Christian walked inside the bedroom. He put painkillers on the dressing table and stepped back.

“I brought you painkillers, for your headache.”

She nodded and stood still. For a while they just looked at each other, was it really over?

“Thank you.”

“I also bought you this.” He took out a chocolate and put it beside the pills. “I ordered pizza.”

“I am coming.”

He smiled slightly and walked out. Theodora turned back to the mirror, she picked her spectacles and put them on. The insecurities were back, now

accompanied by a shadow she couldn't seem to escape. She looked at the pills for a second then walked out. She was responsible for everything that was happening. Today her husband was HIV positive all because of her, he had STD's all because of her. Had she not cheated he wouldn't have reacted the way he did. She took a deep breath and walked to the sitting room but paused staring at Melody who was hugging Christian.

She slowly let go and smiled. "I am so happy you are ok."

Melody's eyes fell on Theodora. "So you cheat on him? I thought you said you loved him."

"What are you doing in my house?"

"My husband called me."

Theodora looked at her Melody's flawless face, her makeup was perfectly done, she was even wearing a beautiful dress with heels.

"Christian tell her to get out!"

"Theodora can you calm down, she is here for a day

plus it's late."

"So you are going to watch her talk to me like this?"

"You brought him diseases! I have always known you were going to bring bad news, now I wonder how long you have been cheating on him."

Theodora looked at Christian expecting him to say something but now he was looking at the TV. She slowly turned carefully of her wounds and went back to the bedroom where she sat on the bed. She wouldn't let Melody take away her family.

Christian walked in seconds later and closed the door.

"I am sorry for what I did. I know no amount of apologies will ever make anything right."

"Its ok, you only reacted."

He handed her an envelope.

"I love you but I don't think I can be with you anymore, you have hurt me, I don't think I will ever get over it. You gave me diseases. You rather cheat than support me at my lowest."

Theodora took out the divorce papers and read carefully.

“What are you saying Chris?”

“I can’t do this anymore.”

“So you want to get back with her?”

He sighed and took her hand. “No, I guess she heard what happened and decided to come. That’s not the point. I want a divorce.”

“But I love you, tell me what to do and I will do it.”

She slowly stood up. “Tell me how to fix this and I will. I love you Christian and like any other human being I made a mistake. Please let’s fix this, we can fix this. I am willing to do anything so we can fix this.”

“There is nothing you can do. I am done.”

“I am going to fight for us!”

“I want DNA on Loago.”

“Loago is yours!”

“I just want to be sure. Talk to your lawyer if you

have one, my lawyer would like to get started immediately.”

Rachel walked inside her house exhausted, this days she felt tired most of the time. She put her bags down as her phone rang and took it out.

“Hello?”

“I heard you are pregnant.”

She paused then looked at the caller ID.

“I told you not to call me. It’s over, get that through your thick skull, I am a married woman.”

“If that’s my child then I want him. You are not going to give your infertile husband my child.”

“This is not your child. Stay away from me!”

She quickly hung up then blocked the number. Her heart pounded while fear ran down her spine. Slowly she sat down and put her hands together in a

praying form.

Refilwe ate a watermelon talking to the phone in the morning.

“So he really denied it?”

“Apparently she also denied it but I am not stupid. I know my man from any angle.”

“I don’t know really, do you think it was a good idea involving his family into this, don’t forget his mother doesn’t even like you.”

“What was I supposed to Diane, Miguel was not being himself.”

“Well I hope now things will be different.”

“They are already different, he sent me flowers today after blessing me with the best I have ever had in the morning.”

“Wow!”

“I know, I am so in love.”

“Anyways, did you talk to Miguel about the boutique.”

“God! It slipped my mind.”

“Fifi if you don’t want to do this tell me, Sarona has been waiting for my answer and she doesn’t like delays.”

“I just hate the fact that Sarona is friends with Anaya.”

“What? This is business, what does Anaya have to do with this?”

“I want nothing associating me to that woman.”

“What? So just because... wow! I really can’t believe you right now. You are going to let a lifetime opportunity go for someone who doesn’t even care about you? That woman is successful, she is rich and she can afford herself an expensive things in life! Don’t you want to be like that?”

“No, I don’t want to be like Anaya. Diane don’t you think it’s a little insensitive that you want me to do

business with a woman who is friends with a woman who wants to destroy my marriage.”

“I rest my case.”

“I just hope you understand.”

“Yeah bye.”

Diane hung up and Refilwe sighed.

Colleen smiled looking at the wedding gowns saving her favorite. She came across a certain gown then smiled widely, this was the one, the one she wanted. She saved it then sent it to Anaya. Her phone vibrated with a facebook notification, she tapped on it and waited as facebook opened. Her cousin had mentioned her on a post. She slowly read through the post shaking while tears filled her eyes and dropped down her cheeks.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#78

Re-reading the post with a pounding heart and tears in her eyes, Colleen's phone rang. She answered and smiled tearfully.

"Hey..."

"I love you. I didn't think you were going to post me, I was already thinking maybe I shouldn't have posted."

"I love you, I should have been the one to propose not the other way round."

"I love you too. I have to go, I am entering the court."

"Ok."

She hung up and looked at his facebook post with a picture of both of them laughing at the camera. See, her proposing was something she just thought of

last minute, she didn't even think of what she was going to do had he said no, she didn't fracture that part, she had just gone with her instinct. Now reading his post appreciating her, tears filled her eyes. God! When was the last time she felt such happiness.

Her phone rang again and she quickly answered.

"He doesn't love you, if he did, then he would have proposed on his own."

Colleen laughed. "Thato, what do you want?"

"He is going to leave you."

"Then let him but I am going to enjoy him now."

"You are so desperate it's sad. Who told you woman propose? He doesn't want to get married and you blackmailed him into it."

"Oh hunny you are the desperate one, where did you even get my number? You are so pathertic you need help."

Colleen hung with a smile. She wasn't going to let anyone ruin her day.

Miguel walked inside his house, his father was sitting in the sitting room with his uncles and two aunts.

“Boy!” The eldest uncle said.

Miguel sat down staring at Refilwe.

“We are from the Shato’s, now that that evil woman is out of the picture, you can focus on your marriage.”

Miguel turned to his father and laughed softly. “Yes.”

“Good, the condition your wife is in is very sensitive. You should be loving her instead of running after some woman.” The eldest uncle added.

Miguel looked at his youngest uncle and the reassurance he needed was there.

“Ok. Please excuse me.”

He stood up and walked to his bedroom where he

quickly changed and grabbed his car keys.

“Where are you going?”

He turned to Refilwe. “I have to see someone.”

“Who? Anaya?”

Miguel calmly looked at her. “I am going to be honest with you,” He took her hands into his and smiled. “The first time I met you I was broken. I didn’t know what to think. I had just lost a woman I was seeing my future with. She left me on the alter and you were right there for me. You picked me up at my lowest, I didn’t think I would love you, matter of fact, at first it was only sex and comfort. Then I realized you were amazing, your way of thinking and doing things. You were not like Anaya, with you I learnt everyday. I learnt how to love you, we had our first born and I knew I had to be in for the long run. For my stability and for our kids. You love all my kids and it’s amazing how you didn’t need to try hard for that, it gave me peace. That’s why I married you. Because I loved you, you had already invested a lot in me and our family. Then Anaya came back.”

Refilwe put her hand over her mouth as tears wet her cheeks. She tried to hold it in but rather she broke down sitting on the bed. She cried till his own heart was breaking leaving him conflicted and not knowing what to say. He sat beside her hugging her then kissed her forehead.

“She tried it with me but I knew the woman I was marrying, knew what I was feeling. I went ahead and married you because I love you. I work so hard so that you can keep living this life. But you keep on doubting me. You always suspect me. As much as I understand, I mean your hormones might be all over the place, I feel it’s no use to be with you if you don’t trust me. You are not happy with me, I can see it in your eyes. You are always crying, today my family has banned me from seeing my daughter who also deserves a fair chance with her father. Babe maybe we should just take a break.”

Refilwe stood up and smiled with tears running down her cheeks. The pain he was seeing in her eyes was breaking him yet he didn’t know what to do.

“I love you, what can’t you understand? I love you.”

He kissed her forehead. "Me too."

"I am not losing you to Anaya. I would rather die."

He stood up. "We will talk when I come back. Agang is having a fight with Pule."

He quickly walked out, his father and the uncles were still in his sitting room.

"I am going to collect Agang."

His father stood up. "We are already leaving."

"Ok, safe journey."

Miguel proceeded outside and dialed her number getting in the phone. It had been ringing a while ago but now it was just off.

He reversed then drove off heading North.

Lethabo dished for Ivy and handed her the plate.

"This is not how mommy cooks."

Lethabo sighed. "Ivy, just eat. Mommy is not here."

"Is smuffy bear coming?"

Lethabo looked at Ivy and smiled. "Yes, tomorrow."

"I miss him, I want to go back to the water. It was so nice. I was swimming with Jay and Q. Mommy said we will have another baby. I am going to tell Reese, my friend at school."

Lethabo walked with Ivy back to the sitting room as she continuously talked. She never stopped, he changed the TV channel and sighed watching his favorite TV show. He couldn't help but to think of Annalise. As much as she was good with her mouth, he wasn't experienced with such but he knew with what he felt, she had to be good at it, but with all that he felt abused.

The intercom rang and Lethabo walked outside.

"Hi, my kitchen pipe just burst, can you please help me?"

Lethabo looked at Annalise then looked back at the house. Tatenda was gone and he was left with Ivy

since Anaya wasn't coming home tonight.

"Uhh I am with my sister's daughter..."

Annalise smiled. "You can bring her. I will be waiting, please hurry, there is water everywhere."

Lethabo walked inside the house minutes later with Ivy next to him. His eyes fell on Claudia who was in the lounge, she was beautiful and young, Lethabo could see the resemblance. Now that he was looking at her from a close range, she looked a bit older than him.

"Hi," She whispered waving with a cute smile.

"This way... she can stay with Claudia." Annalise pointed at her daughter. Ivy looked around and Lethabo knew she was about to open her smart mouth.

Lethabo followed after Annalise with a pounding heart. In the kitchen, the pipe hadn't burst but was

leaking uncontrollably. He looked at it then back at Annalise.

“Do you have an elastic band?”

She nodded then opened one of the drawers where she took it out. Lethabo took the roll and cut a bit with a knife before kneeling before the kitchen pipe. He tied the rubber band to the small crack and stood up.

“You should call a plumber and have it fixed but for tonight, it will be fine.”

He turned to look at Annalise, she smiled taking off her dress, Lethabo looked at the kitchen door then back at Annalise.

“I know you want this, have you ever had sex?”

He looked at her, she was slim like those white woman he saw on magazines. She definitely didn't look like an old woman, not looking like that.

“I take it you are a virgin. Come.”

She opened the kitchen back door and walked out. His mouth dropped open as Analise walked outside

naked.

“Relax, my walls are so high, no one will see me. Come.”

He walked with her to the back yard where he pushed his pants down and knelt before her. She opened her mouth and started working on his dick. Lethabo closed his eyes grunting. He grabbed her hair like they did on the porn videos then started fucking her sweet mouth. He looked up at the heavens fucking her mouth hard. His muscles tightened as he felt himself reaching. He gave her one stroke then shot his load in her mouth.

Annalise slowly stood up and pushed him on one of the couches which were on her backyard patio. She got on top of him opening a condom then pushed it down his length. Slowly she sat on him.

“Oh God! He’s worth it.”

She started bouncing on him while he groaned and grunted.

Anaya cleaned the house listening to some old hits. A car sound made her pause, who was it so late at night? Her father wasn't here, she walked over to the window and peaked. Her heart skipped with joy as she stared at his car, she stepped away from the window and waited for him. Seconds later he opened the door and walked in taking off his black cape. He took off his cape and she sucked in her breath, he was a muscular beast and all she could imagine was being under that huge chest. She looked into his soft eyes remaining rooted to the floor.

"So you ran?"

Anaya looked at him and sighed.

"No."

"What do you call what you did?"

"Miguel I just needed some fresh air, your family were at home."

“You knew this would happen the moment we decided we are doing this. But why am I not surprised? You are always running.”

“That’s not fair.”

“What’s not fair is that you say one thing then the next moment you are doing something else. I always have to be chasing after you.”

Anaya’s eyes filled with tears as she looked at his angry face.

“I am trying to fight for us while you run off. I am beginning to feel this relationship is one sided. Maybe we shouldn’t even be doing this because who knows what you will do after I leave my wife? I can’t depend on you to have my back Anaya and that’s the truth.”

Anaya swallowed hard as pain chocked her. She wiped away a tear which had rolled down her cheeks trying to digest his words.

“I know no matter how many times I apologize it will never change anything but I am sorry. I am sorry for leaving you on our wedding day. I will keep

apologizing till you genuinely forgive me, maybe I do deserve you intentionally saying things that will hurt my feelings because nothing will ever compare to the pain I put you through. I love you and I want you all to myself. I am not going to deny that but if you feel like you can't trust me then feel free to work out things with your wife." She took a deep breath as tears fell this uncontrollably. "If you feel I am not the one please tell me, I am not going to put up drama. Your family shamed my mother today and all because of me. I have humiliated her so much I will never forgive myself for it. I love you but I know you being with me will have everyone turning their backs on you. I don't want that for you, I already have put you through so much."

Miguel closed the gap between them and hugged her. Anaya cried on his chest, it was hard pretending his words didn't hurt her, it was even harder pretending he wasn't married. He had his ring on his finger, that wedding band that claimed him as another woman's property. The pain clogged her throat as she sobbed loudly.

“I am sorry.”

She put her hand over her mouth trying to silence her sobs, a while later they were both sitting on the couch holding each other while she battled with her hiccups. A knock on the door had her raising her head.

“It must be one of the workers,” she whispered weakly. “I will get it.”

Anaya stood up and staggered feeling a wave of dizziness.

“Are you ok?” Miguel put his hands around her steadying her.

“I am fine. Just tired. I have a headache.”

“I will get the door. Sit.”

She watched him walk to the door while sitting down. Miguel walked back minutes later closing the door behind him.

“Is everything ok?”

“They just killed a snake which killed a goat.”

Anaya put her hand over her chest panicking. “A snake?”

“They killed it.”

“Maybe there are other snakes out there.”

“Babe come on, it’s a farm, obviously there are a few snakes.”

She shook her head. “I don’t want anything happening to anyone.”

Anaya stood up and stared at his ring. “Are you staying?”

Miguel took off his ring and slid it in his pocket. “Yes.”

He kissed her putting his hand inside her pajama top and cupped her breast. Anaya frowned at the sudden pain, her breast felt tender like they usually did when her period came.

“Are you ok?”

“Yes, my breast... they are sensitive, my period is approaching.”

Miguel kissed her again, he slid his hand inside her pajama pants then inside her g-string and touched her pussy. He slid his fingers between her folds rubbing her clit. Anaya held on to his biceps as Miguel kissed her neck weakening her even more. She whimpered softly as he slid his finger inside her tapping her g-spot immediately. He slid in another finger and repeatedly tapped that sweet spot that had her sinking her nails into his biceps rolling her eyes. Her orgasm crushed her making her vibrate with pleasure while moaning with her eyes tightly closed. Miguel slowly pulled out his hands and crouched before her pulling her g-string and pants down. He put her one leg over his shoulders then buried his face between her legs. Anaya grinded her pussy on his mouth, she closed her eyes filling his tongue in her caressing her walls. Her knees weakened as she came on his mouth with soft moans.

Miguel got up and picked her up leading her to the bedroom where he lay her on the bed taking off her pajama top. He gently massaged her swollen

breasts kissing her while rubbing his erection on her. Anaya helped him take off his T-shirt then unzipped his pants and pushed them down with her legs. Miguel's dick fell right on her pussy, she looked in his eyes as he squeezed himself in till he was buried deep inside her. Miguel groaned and slowly made love to her.

Refilwe stared at her wedding picture frame with tears blurring her view. She wondered if she was ruining her own marriage, ever since she started accusing him things were different, they were always fighting. Refilwe knew she wasn't imagining things, she knew he had went to Maldives with her, knew he was sleeping with her. She took her ringing phone answering.

"Hey, look I thought about what you said, I know maybe it's insensitive expecting you to be more than willing to start a business with Saron. How about I

play front role and you be a silent partner? You wont have to associate with her, I will be in the front role. Tomorrow I am meeting Sarena, we are finalizing everything.”

“Diane I told you, I am not going to make myself look like a fool working with Anaya’s friend. My marriage is falling apart because of Anaya and you keep telling me to work with her friend. My kids are going to suffer. My heart is breaking, I don’t even understand him anymore. He has changed.”

Diane was silent for a moment.

“I am sorry.”

Refilwe put her hand over her mouth trying not to cry but a sob escaped her lips either way.

“He is still denying it. Now he just left, he said he went to Collect Agang but I called Agang, he is not there. It feels like I am fighting a losing battle and I feel like I am losing my mind.”

“I am sorry friend.”

“I just wish I can have my Miguel back, that man who

always worked hard to make me smile, the man who held my body like no one did. I love him so much Diane, I even feel as if he fed me because I love him too much. I can't handle losing him, I can't see my life without him. How do I begin to..." She stopped and started crying. The pain felt too raw.

"Fifi you are breaking my heart. Should I come over, where is he?"

"He went to her. I know he is with her, I can feel it. She left him and I was there for him and now she is back he is back with her. She hurt him."

"Didn't the family warn Anaya?"

"She is not going to listen. I am going to teach her a lesson."

"Fifi... just stay there. I am coming."

Refilwe hung up and marched to the kitchen where she grabbed a knife and walked out with the car keys.

Lethabo lay on the couch staring at the TV, he still couldn't believe what had just happened. He had just got fucked by his crush's mother and actually enjoyed it though he felt somehow. He silently wondered if she had molested him but then he didn't refuse her, what did that make it? He grabbed his phone to call his friend but then thought otherwise and put the phone down. His mind swirled with thoughts. He stood up hearing the intercom ring, maybe it was her.

He walked outside with the gate remote.

"Hi Lethabo."

Lethabo frowned at the familiar woman at the gate.

"Hi."

"Uhhh I am Miguel's wife, is your sister here?"

He shook his head, right! He remembered her. The woman uncle Miguel had married.

"Oh?"

"I can pass on a message."

“Uhh Miguel sent me to collect Ivy.”

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#79

Lethabo’s frown deepened. “Vee?”

“Yes, he already spoke to Anaya.”

“Anaya didn’t tell me anything.”

“Oh? Maybe she forgot.”

“Vee is already sleeping and Anaya didn’t tell me anything, I can’t give you Ivy.”

She looked at him for a while then smiled. “No, it’s ok. I will come back some other time. Stay safe.”

He nodded and walked back inside the house.

Taking his phone he tried his sister’s number but it wouldn’t go through, just like he expected. He locked

all the doors then sat in front of the TV trying to get his mind off Annelise.

Olerato took a deep breath looking around her house then finally opened the door in her new casual thin evening maxi dress. She smiled staring at the flowers Vince held in his hands.

“You look beautiful.”

Olerato blushed, the shopping had paid off, including the new hairdo. Vince handed her the flowers while swiftly pulling her in his arms. She inhaled his manly cologne putting her head on his buff chest. Vince firmly hugged her squeezing her a little bit then let go. She staggered back and walked back inside her house, he had a strong effect on her. Olerato took out the flowers in her vase and threw them in the bin replacing them with the sweet smelling red roses.

She walked out locking the door behind her then

Vince took her hand and led her to his car. He opened the door for her and she blushed getting in, none of her ex boyfriends ever opened the door for her. Vince climbed in then drove out.

A song played and she smiled, it was the same song she slept listening to the previous night. She nodded her head at the beat.

"I know you're the one, I know our time will come, I feel it in my heart, I see you in my dreams, I keep you in my prayers..." She unconsciously sang out loud and Vince chuckled as she put her hand over her mouth.

"Don't be shy, you actually have a nice voice."

Olerato laughed. "I used to sing at church."

"Why did you stop?"

"I went to varsity leaving my church behind and now I just lost interest in singing like that, but I do sing in my shower."

They both laughed.

"So you are a doctor?"

“I am a psychologist. A therapist, I have my own office, my little company.”

“Wow! Don’t you stress over some cases of your patients?”

She shrugged. “Sometimes, sometimes not.”

“What if you ever received a patient who confesses to kill someone, will you tell?”

“A part of my job is to keep patient and therapist confidentiality, but some cases in cases of murder I am allowed to report though I have never come across such a case.”

Vince parked the car in front of a French restaurant. He stepped out and opened the door for her. She smiled stepping out and together they walked inside. A waiter met them by the entrance and took them upstairs to their V. I. P table.

“I have never gotten in this restaurant before.”

Vince pulled out a chair for her. “Today will be your first.”

“Thanks.” She sat down looking at the white people

who were on the table besides theirs. The two ladies smiled at her and she smiled back turning back to Vince.

Her phone rang and she took it out.

“Hello?”

“Where are you?”

Her heart skipped.

“Don’t let me find you.”

She quickly hang up and put the phone back in the purse.

“Are you ok?”

She faked a smile. “Yes. I am fine.”

“You look like you have just seen a ghost.”

“Uhh it’s nothing.”

Vince pressed his lips together momentarily. “I am an honest person and I love people who are transparent. We can’t exactly start whatever this is on a lie can we?”

She looked in his serious eyes, her heart pounded even more, God now she was about to lose the man she couldn't stop thinking about. A tear ran down her cheek and she quickly wiped it.

"It's my ex."

"What did he want?"

"He... he used to beat me when we were still together, I broke up with him then he harassed and raped me. I reported him and he has been in jail since then. He just came out."

Vince sighed. "That's what you should have said, I am not the one to judge, I also have history, matter of fact we all have history."

"I am sorry, I just didn't want to ruin this with Morapedi's nonsense."

"You can only ruin it with lies. I have kids, twins but they stay with their mother in Mafikeng where she works."

"How old are they?"

"3. Do you have kids?"

She smiled. "No."

"Ok, anything else you think I should know or you want to know?"

"What happened between you and the mother?"

"She met someone better and left."

"Do you think there is a chance of you ever working it out with her?"

"No, she is married."

Olerato smiled relaxing, no baby mama drama.

"Ok."

"Should we order?"

"Yes."

Meanwhile Agang walked inside the V. I . P section with Sarena.

"This place is beautiful."

Agang led her to their table. "Yeah..."

"Oh, Vince!"

Agang turned to where Sarona was looking then frowned staring at Olerato, it was her and damn! She was beautiful, more beautiful than the last time she saw her. He paused staring as Vince leaned over and kissed her with his hand on her chin.

"Let's join them."

Agang looked at Sarona. "No, we should just-"

"Agang come on, let's go."

She pulled him towards the cosy couple.

"Hey guys..."

Vince raised his head and smiled while Olerato blushed. Agang stared at her, her make-up made her look flawless and the scarlet lipstick she had on made her lips even more sexier. Olerato stopped blushing as they looked at each other.

"Mister!" Vince stood up and shoulder bumped with Agang before sitting down.

“Can we join you guys?”

“Babe no, I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

Vince interjected. “It’s ok, you guys can join. Hi Sarona, this is Olerato, my woman and babe, that’s Agang and Sarona.”

They all sat down exchanging pleasantries, Agang beside Olerato. She briefly looked at him before smiling at Vince. Agang stole glances at Olerato wondering why he never bothered to call her the time he had met her, now he couldn’t understand his jealousy, he never dated the damn woman in the first place.

Olerato stood up and walked towards the restrooms leaving all of them on the table. Agang took out his phone and stood up.

“I will be back.”

He walked towards the restrooms disappearing in the passage that led to the separate bathrooms. He waited for her there, in few minutes she walked out in that dress that loosely hugged her curves.

“Hey...”

She looked at him and smiled. “Hi.”

“You are seeing Vince?”

She raised an eyebrow. “Yes. I mean not yet but almost.”

The answer twisted his heart painfully as pain jabbed on his chest, fuck! He couldn't be that affected. He looked at her face licking his lips.

“I hope that's not a problem.”

He quickly shook his head forcing a smile. “No. I am actually happy for my friend, you are a good person.”

She shyly smiled. “Thanks, see you.”

She walked away with her ass shaking in that dress.

“Fuck! Get your shit together Agang!” He whispered to himself.

Later that evening Vince walked with Olerato to her door. She looked at him with a smile then he leaned over and kissed her. She put her hands on his shoulders as Vince slid his tongue in her mouth. With the way he was breathing, she knew what he wanted and so did she, she missed a man's touch. Still kissing him she searched for the keys in her purse then pulled away and quickly unlocked the door. Vince picked her up as her dress rode to her waist while she put her legs around him kissing him. He walked inside the house closing the door with his foot. She pulled away her lips as he laid her on the couch getting between her legs.

"Ole you are ba-" Vince got off her while Olerato quickly fixed her dress staring at her sister with a face mask on the face and a towel around her body exposing her long smooth legs.

"Oh, I didn't know..." Boitumelo muttered as Olerato got off the couch.

"Uhh Vince this is my sister, Boitumelo and Boi, this is Vince."

Boitumelo smiled and waved. "I am sorry we have to meet like this."

Vince chuckled. "It's ok." He turned to Olerato and kissed her cheek. "I will call you."

"Ok."

He walked out and Boitumelo naughtily giggled. "He is a catch!"

Olerato smiled and sat down. "I know, I think I am in love."

Boitumelo walked over and sat beside her. "I wouldn't blame you, he is really handsome but be careful."

"I know, remember that time a man almost crushed on my car?"

Boitumelo frowned trying to remember. "Which one?"

"The one I took to the clinic."

"Ohhh! Yes."

"They are friends."

“So?”

“No, he asked if I was seeing his friend and I said yes, he seemed hurt yet he had a girlfriend with him.”

“Mxm, don’t even entertain him, I hope you told Vince that you know his friend.”

Olerato shook her head. “No. I was scared.”

Her phone rang and she took it out. Her heart started pounding as she stared at the unsaved number.

“Who is it?”

“Morapedi.”

“What? Give that to me, this man is going far now. If he thinks you are unprotected, he has another thing coming for him.” Boitumelo grabbed the phone and answered putting on loud speaker.

“Hello?”

“Where is she?”

“You call again next time and I will slit your throat, don’t forget you have a daughter, she will get raped the same way you raped my sister and don’t

underestimate me, I am an SSG and I will make sure you go back to jail.” She hung as Olerato smiled.

“Where is Kago? What time did you come?”

“They are at home, Kago is annoying me so I came here for some space.”

“What did you do?”

Boitumelo chuckled with disbelief. “What did I do? I didn’t do anything.”

“Boi...?”

“I didn’t do anything.”

“Kana ole SSG ko ntle kwa eseng kolapeng. {You are an SSG out there not at home.} I feel sorry for Kago, he is so calm but his wife... so he is with the kids?”

Boitumelo shamefully looked at her younger sister. “I called his Aunt names days ago.”

“What?”

“I thought it was some bitch.”

“But Kago doesn’t cheat.”

“I don’t know, I was just being crazy and now his Aunt and mother came home today. I am scared of going.”

They paused at the knock on the door. Boitumelo stood up walked to the door, fearless as usual. Olerato smiled recalling the times her sister had always protected her. How she was always the brave one, the one not scared of risks, it wasn’t a surprise when she decided to be a Special Support Group, it was already in her character. She turned her head as Boitumelo opened the door. Her husband walked in as Boitumelo stood still at the door. Olerato stood up and smiled at Kago.

“Hi,”

“Hey, good to see you. I came to collect my wife.”

“I will bring her bag.”

“No, I can’t go like this.”

“We are going babe, you can bring her bag Ole.”

Kago said then picked Boitumelo and walked with her outside. Olerato made her way to her bedroom where Boitumelo had left her things all over, as usual.

She grabbed her sister's handbag and phone then walked out with them handing them to her over the window.

"Bye."

Boitumelo rolled her eyes rolling up the window. Kago drove out and she walked back inside the house locking behind her.

Theodora woke up with a start, she patted beside her and felt the coldness. With a sigh she climbed out of bed and walked out of the bedroom. Her eyes fell on Melody who was eating breakfast with her husband and Loago.

"Mommy! Look at what Aunty made!"

"So she cooks my food now?" Theodora angrily stared at the set up.

"You can join us." Christian responded calmly.

“I am not joining you, tell this woman to get out of my house!”

“Your house? Since when?”

Theodora laughed staring at Melody. “Hunny Christian and I are married in community of property. We changed our marriage status. So yes, my house.”

“If I were you I would just leave with my dignity still intact looking at the fact that you are no longer beautiful, not with Aids and that scar.”

Theodora’s eyes filled with tears as she looked at Christian. “So you are going to let this woman disrespect me?”

Christian stood up. “I am not arguing with you. Please sign those divorce papaers, I am taking Loago out.”

He picked his son up and walked out with him. Melody stood up tucking her weave behind her ear.

“Christian is my husband and will always be my husband. Your reign has come to an end, I will no

longer suffer because of you. My kids will no longer suffer, now the roles have changed. You are not working, let's see how you will support your son because trust me, his days are limited, the same way you treated me will be the same way I will treat you."

Theodora sighed and looked at Melody with a sly smile. "I see, what you don't realize is that, everything that man owns, half of it is mine. I can be jobless but I will not suffer because you see, unlike you, I have a degree and can always get a job. My best friend owns OsWorld and I am going to work there. Don't blow your own horn, Christian is my husband and as usual, we have our own ups and downs. When we finally fix things, I am going to take those kids from you and they will stay with me, you won't ever receive a cent. Better treat that fake Peruvian right, you might want to sell it in the future when things are hard and rough."

She turned and walked back to her bedroom where she took out her business idea. Theodora remembered when she had drafted it thinking her contract was not going to be renewed. She read

through it thinking of one person who she knew would love to invest.

Lone got off the car leaving it running and rushed inside the house, she had forgotten a file and she was already late for work. Her eyes scanned the sitting room, it wasn't there. She walked to her bedroom but passing the room Constance used with her daughter she paused hearing sounds. Her heart pounded, Bame had left for work early in the morning meaning Constance had brought her boyfriend in her house. She seethed with anger now understanding why Bame hadn't wanted them hiring her full time but because Lone was working late she had insisted.

She held the door knob and pushed the door open walking in. Her heart skipped as she stared at her husband pounding into Constance pussy while she held her toes. Bame turned and panicked looking at

Lone then pulled out while Constance picked her dress from the floor and quickly put it on. Lone charged towards her and punched her.

“In my house!”

“I am sorry.”

Lone punched her again, Bame pulled her back as she grabbed Constance’s braids.

“In my house!”

Bame pulled her harder that she let go of Constance.

“Put me down!”

“Can we talk?”

“Put me down.”

Slowly he put her down, Lone ran over to Constance and grabbed her dress and slapped her her.

“In my house!”

Bame tried to hold her but Lone turned and pushed him with all the strength in her muscles. She turned back to Constance who was trying to dress up then walked over punching her.

“You little slut!”

Lone got hold of her neck and strangled her as her anger completely took over.

“Lone!”

Constance tried pushing her off but Lone wasn't letting go. Constance slowly fell to the floor and Lone went down with her, hands on Constance's throat. Bame pulled her back and she let go leaving Constance gasping.

Lone swallowed hard staring at her husband. She quietly turned and walked out going to her bedroom where she picked her file from the dressing table.

Bame walked inside the bedroom as she turned to walk out. “I am sorry.”

Lone nodded and walked past him. She got in her car and reversed then drove off heading back to work.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#80

Anaya walked inside OsWorld talking on the phone, she smiled at the reception proceeding to the lift.

“So you want to start a business with him?”

“It’s for our kids.”

Donald laughed. “I see, well it’s a big project, one that needs a lot of money.”

“I know, we are going to start in a few months, right now we are still planning.”

“Ok, anyways, guess who’s coming there this coming weekend?”

“Thank God! Gosh I missed you.”

Anaya got off the lift at her floor and walked past her PA’s marble desk entering her own office. She put her bags down and sat down.

“Me too, I am bringing hubby.”

“Well good luck.”

“Thanks, look we will talk.”

“Ok bye.”

She hung as Kelly walked in with her coffee and a black gift box. “Morning.”

Anaya smiled taking her coffee. “You are a life saver, I am so tired. Is that for me?” She pointed at the gift box.

“Yes, as usual. I wish I had a man like yours, I mean he buys you something every week.”

Anaya laughing putting her coffee down and taking the gift box.

“Who says it’s a man?”

“I know it’s a man, even the way you smile every time a gift comes through. Anyways, Theodora called, she said she wants to talk to you.”

“I will call her.”

Kelly walked out as Anaya opened the gift box, she smiled at the diamond necklace then took it out.

“Oh my God Miguel...”

She stood up and walked to her private bathroom and stared at the floor to ceiling mirror putting it on. It felt delicate on her neck. Slowly she caressed it then fixed her black blazer staring at her green pants and black stilettos. With a laugh she twirled and walked out, what a morning!

Constance’s heart pounded as she packed her things shoving them in the bag. She closed the bag and walked out of the house. She bumped into Bame by the entrance and stepped back.

“I have to go.”

“I will send your money.”

“Ok.”

He looked at her terrified face then sighed. “I will drop you off at bus rank.”

She nodded and they both walked to his car. He drove out handing her the phone he had promised her. Tears fell as she looked at it, a brand new iPhone 8s.

“Thank you.” She whispered.

Minutes later he parked at bus rank.

“Thanks.”

She quickly got off his car and walked to the busses written Ramotswa and got in. She sat at mid seat right by the window shoving the new phone in her bag. She couldn't believe she had done for money, she wouldn't have slept with him again if he didn't promise her money. Minutes later the bus started moving, she silently cried, she had ruined a family, she tearfully thought of Lesego, she deserved growing up with both parents. She took out her old phone and looked at Lone's number momentarily, she could call apologizing but what if Lone recorded the call and sued her for home wrecking, she didn't have the money to pay.

A while later she got off the bus and walked headed

to her house. Her phone vibrated and she took it out, he had just ewalleted her money. She sighed, at least she could use the money looking for another job.

Refilwe walked towards OsWorld's entrance, she looked at the tall huge glass building with a sigh, there we go Refilwe. The double doors slid open and she walked in the spacious lobby passing an indoor fountain going straight to the reception where a woman sat with a tag on her breast written **KOKETSO MOWANENG** in bold letters.

"Good morning, I would like to see Ms. Shato."

Koketso smiled politely at her. "Morning, do you have an appointment?"

Theodora smiled back. "No, but please, it's important I see her."

"Let me call her PA." She took the wireless phone

and called. "Kelly, I have..." Koketso looked at her.

"Refilwe Mokwena."

"I have Refilwe Mokwena here, she wants to see Boss lady... ok." Koketso put the phone on its cradle.

"You can go right in. Seventh floor. You will find her PA."

"Thank you."

"I love your hair."

Refilwe smiled. "Thanks."

She walked inside the lift pressing 7 and sighed staring at her reflection at the shiny silver elevator walls as the elevator whisked her up. Seconds later she stepped out and was met by another marble desk. Behind it was a pretty woman, she briefly wondered if part of the job description was looking beautiful.

"Hi, Ms. Shato is waiting, go right in."

"Thank you."

She walked towards the door and walked in, her eyes

going right to Anaya who was sitting on her chair.

“Refilwe.” Anaya calmly acknowledged her.

Refilwe walked further inside the office and put her handbag on the white table.

“I am not here to fight.”

Anaya gestured to the chair. “Sit.”

She sat down and sighed. “I am here to talk to you, to beg you. I know you are denying it but I know Anaya. Quinsy is young and innocent, he told me. I know you and Miguel have history, I have accepted that but please, please let me enjoy my marriage, it hasn’t been a year and I haven’t enjoyed my marriage as yet. Miguel is my husband and my best friend. I have loved this man for the last five years, I have overlooked his flaws, licked his wound, mended his broken heart. I gave him kids all because I love him. I don’t think you understand how much I love him and I swear if I could stop, I would have and walked away. I would have long walked away because every night he is not with me, his mind and soul are with you.” Refilwe covered her face crying. “Please, please let

me enjoy the ring on my finger, let me enjoy my husband, let me enjoy my family. I can never compare to you Anaya, you are beautiful and sexy and independent and rich, I can't ever compare to that so I won't even try. All I am asking for is my husband. I want my husband back. I want my family back."

Anaya stood up and took a tissue which she handed to her.

"Refilwe I don't know what you think but I am not seeing your husband. I know you are convinced it's him and I know all evidence point to him but I am not seeing him. But if it makes you feel better, I am completely going to stay away together with my daughter. I am even thinking of moving because ever since I came back it's been drama. I was seeing Vince but he is not the man I went with to Maldives, I was in Maldives not UK." Anaya grabbed her phone and showed her a picture. "This is him, his name is Donald, I can call him right now, he has no reason to lie."

Refilwe wiped her face. "Ok."

Anaya dialed Donald and put the phone on loud speaker.

“Babe...”

“Hey, so I think I am coming in tonight, come and collect me.”

“Ok, I will. I missed you so much.”

“What about my butterfly? I miss my baby so much.”

“I know, she misses you too. Look I have to go, I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Donald hung up and Anaya looked at Refilwe. “I know you think you saw Miguel but it wasn’t him. It’s all in your head. Your husband long rejected me and I moved on, trust me.”

Refilwe looked in Anaya’s eyes, she couldn’t really tell if she was lying or not but Donald had no reason to lie. She took out her phone and looked at the picture of Anaya in Maldives zooming it in, maybe it wasn’t him but where had he gone last night? He said he slept at the office but...

“Where were you last night?”

“I flew out and came back late in the evening. I went home and took my brother and Ivy to my mother’s house where I slept. Lethabo told me you came by, I won’t be giving you or Miguel my child, I don’t want problems.”

Refilwe looked at Anaya confused, she didn’t even know what to believe anymore. Quinsy had said he didn’t know Anaya whe she had showed him the picture. Junior too. Now he wondered if maybe it was her accusations which were pushing him away making him stay late at work.

“Ok, thanks.”

“It’s ok.”

Refilwe stood up as Anaya stepped back in her green pants and black blazer. She still looked beautiful with no make-up, Refilwe looked away.

“Bye.”

She walked out closing the door behind her. Back at the first floor, Diane stopped her. Refilwe swallowed

hard looking at her friend in her slim fit suit, everyone in this building looked good that she felt out of place.

“Hey...”

“Hi, you were here to see Anaya?”

She nodded. “Yeah.”

“Are you ok?”

“Yes, bye.”

She walked out and sat in her car for a while trying to piece the puzzle together.

Rachel angrily walked to the door and roughly knocked. The senior pastor’s son opened in only his grey sweatpants. He opened the door wider for her and she walked in.

“Can you stop calling me Malvin?! Why are you so convinced that the baby is yours?”

Malvin closed the door and looked at Rachel. "Are you really going to ask me that? You have been with your husband for how many years now? Five if I am not mistaken and you still don't have a child then suddenly you are pregnant after you and I fuck? You must think I am stupid."

"This is not your child, please leave me alone."

"I am not buying that nonsense."

"Malvin please, do you realize my marriage is on the line? Or you just don't care?"

"I am not going to allow another man to raise my child. We both know your man is infertile."

He caressed her face. "We can raise our child together."

Rachel stepped back. "This baby is not yours, don't you dare think you ruin my marriage because if that happens, your dear father will kick you from his company and let's see where you will get a job with that pathetic degree of yours. Ken and I can always fix things with the help of the church but as for you, your righteous step brother will again take that CEO

title from you. Don't forget that."

She walked over to the door but Malvin grabbed her hand. "You are going to regret this."

"Not more than you would."

He glared at her. "I will come for my child, and when I do, not only will you lose your fucking infertile husband, but you will lose your respect too, your reputation. I will make sure of it, trust me."

She pulled her hand away and walked out to her car when she took a moment gathering her thoughts. It really hadn't crossed her mind that Kenneth could be infertile, she worriedly stared at Malvin who was standing by the door smoking a blunt. A moment of weakness had led to this, that one night of passion.

"God please forgive me..."

Yaone smiled at Theodora as they sat in a restaurant during lunch hour.

“I never thought you would call.”

Theodora smiled slightly. “I guess we did let a man come between us.”

“Your husband. I was childish, till today I can’t believe I did all that for a man who didn’t even want me. We didn’t even invite each other to our weddings.”

“I am sorry.”

“I am too.” Yaone rubbed her hands together. “How is your family?”

Theodora looked at Yaone and sighed. “I am getting a divorce.”

“What?”

“I cheat, brought him AIDS and so he wants a divorce. Even brought his Zambian ex to our house.”

“Wow! He did that?” Yaone pointed to the bandage on her face.

“Yes. I don’t even feel beautiful anymore, I can’t even look at myself on the mirror.”

“Christian is your man, I wouldn’t be pushed away by an ex.”

“He lets’ her.”

“So what? Theodora don’t be slow, I am sure if he had been the one to cheat you would be required to forgive him, people cheat all the time, fight for your marriage. That girl should go back to Zambia.”

“She won’t leave.”

“Theodora kare monyana o pagama basi hela gompiano, wa tsamaya. {Theodora I am saying that girl is getting on the bus today, she is going.} Let’s go.”

Yaone stood up and settled the bill before they walked out. They got in their separate cars headed to Theodora’s house. Theodora sighed not seeing Christian’s car.

“He is not here?”

“She is here.”

“Ehe, ebile o tirile Mrs. Mwanza? [She has made herself Mrs. Mwanza?] She is going far.”

They both walked inside the house, Melody was in the sitting room watching TV. She turned and looked at them.

“If you are here to attack me, you will lose him faster than how you were going to lose him initially. So try it, I dare you.”

Yaone laughed. “You are so full of yourself, moghel if I were you I would just leave. I don’t want to fight, I already have issues and I don’t want to take them out on you.”

Melody turned to the TV calmly then Yaone walked towards her and pulled her from the couch forcefully. Yaone raised her hand to slap Melody but she held Yaone’s hand and slapped her hard.

“I don’t want to fight either of you, don’t try me.”

Yaone laughed. “You beat me, exactly what I wanted. Now I am going to report you for assault. I am going to tell them you were trying to kill me after I asked you to leave my friend’s husband alone. I hope you know you can be sued for home wrecking. Theodora let’s go.” She looked at Melody. {Ke tla le mapodisi, o

nkemele hela yalo. {I am coming with the police, just wait for me.} You think you can just climb the Zambian bus crossing borders and come here leaving your kids to ruin someone else's marriage? Think again."

The ladies walked out and drove headed to the police station. They walked inside as Theodora's phone rang.

"Hey,"

"So you ambushed Melody so that she can just react then you take advantage of that?"

"Christian..."

"I wonder what I saw in you."

"I just want her to go, we can always solve this baby."

"I am not solving anything with you. You don't even realize the implications of your actions, you ruined this family. I wonder if I wasn't enough for you because God knows Theodora I loved you. I was ready to do anything for you."

“Christian we can still fix this.”

“Sign those papers. I want nothing to do with you.”

Theodora took a deep breath approaching Yaone who was at the front desk already filing a case.

“Everything ok?”

“Yes.”

Later in the evening, Miguel walked inside his house and paused at the set up in the living room. The lights were dimmed and there were a few rose petals on the floor accompanied by a table in the middle with food. Refilwe stood beside the table in her red dress that stretched with her stomach and afro. He smiled remembering the dress, this was the same dress she had been wearing at the airport the first day he met her, she had sat with him while he tried to figure out what had happened that day. The afro, everything was the same expect now she was

pregnant.

Refilwe smiled at him and guilty washed all over him.

“I still love your smile.”

She blushed. “You do?”

“Yeah. And your hair.”

He walked closer and touched her soft hair.

“You are still beautiful.”

“Today I realized ever since we got married, I haven’t enjoyed my marriage, not even one bit. I have been unhappy. Today I am choosing to believe and trust you. If you say you are not seeing Anaya then you are not. I believe you. I want all this fighting to stop. I want to enjoy my happily ever after in peace. I want to enjoy this pregnancy with my husband on the side. I am choosing to be happy.”

Miguel hugged her kissing her forehead not saying a word. Refilwe held him, she had missed this feeling, the feeling of being safe. In his arms she always felt safe. She smiled, no more Anaya, now she would just focus on her family.

Lone walked inside her house with her laptop bag and handbag. The house was clean, everything was in place. She passed the dining room and paused staring at the dining table, there were casseroles set. She proceeded to the bedroom where Bame was sitting on the bed. She quietly undressed then stepped under the shower. Moments later she stepped out with a towel around her body.

“Babe can we talk?”

She turned to Bame. “What?”

“I am sorry.”

“Sorry for what? For sleeping with the maid in my house or for getting caught?” She asked calmly.

“Babe...”

“I am not good enough for you and it’s ok.”

“Lolo...”

She lotioned her body then took out her evening gown.

“Where are you going? I cooked.”

“Rachel and I are going to celebrate her pregnancy.”

“Where?”

She put on her dress then heels before she touched on her face.

“Lone if you cheat on me...-“

“At church. The ladies at church are throwing her a surprise party.”

“Constance left.”

She shrugged and grabbed her purse. “I am going.”

“Lone I love you. Nothing can justify my actions.”

“Don’t wait up.”

She walked out and peaked in her daughter’s room, she was sleeping with her teddy bears. Lone sighed then gently closed the door and walked out to her car.

Anaya looked at the blue prints carefully while sipping on her wine in her bedroom. Her phone rang and she reached for it.

“Hey,”

“Naya, I was invited to Rachel’s party, she is pregnant and her church members have decided to throw her a little celebratory party. Since I am a relative, they invited me, I don’t even know where they got my number.”

“You know Rachel doesn’t exactly like me.”

“Rachel is a pastor now, she loves everyone. Please let’s go.”

“Ok, I will come and pick you up.”

“Ok, I am ready. And oh, please wear an evening gown. It’s going to be classy thing at the vice senior pastor’s house or something like that.”

“Ok.”

Anaya stood up and walked inside her walk in closet. She put on her long sleeved satin purple dress with a high neck. She looked at the vent that began just below her mid thigh wondering if it was holy enough. Shaking her head dismissively she put on the black pumps which made her a bit taller then ran a lip gloss on her lips. She walked to the sitting room with her purse and car keys.

“I am going out.” She told Lethabo and Ivy. “But I will be back.”

“Where are you going?”

Anaya looked at Lethabo, he now had a deep voice and a beard, he was tall too, he barely looked his age. It was funny how time flew, the authority in his voice made her chuckle.

“I am going to a friend’s party. Lock up.”

“Am I going to stay with you full time after mama get’s married on Friday?”

“Yes.”

“What’s going to happen to our house in broadhurst?”

“I am extending it and putting a swimming pool. I am opening a lodge.”

He grinned. “Can we call it LT Lodge?”

Anaya laughed. “Anaya wants us to call it Aya Lodge, maybe we can go with LeYa Lodge?”

“Mommy what about me?”

“LeYaVe Lodge.” Lethabo suggested and Anaya laughed.

“I like it, ok, see you guys.”

She stepped to her car and drove out headed to Colleen’s house.

Refilwe lay on Miguel’s chest smiling covered with a fluffy fleece. This had to be one of her most happiest days, she couldn’t remember the last time

she was this happy.

“I want to start a boutique with Saron and Diane.”

Miguel kissed her forehead. “Why can’t you start your own business? What happened to your travel and tour agency business idea? Sometimes in business you have to do it alone.”

She sighed thoughtfully. “You think it will work out?”

“You have to believe in your idea. I am sure Bill Gates didn’t know Microsoft will be a big thing when he started it.”

Refilwe’s phone rang and she sat upright reaching for it.

“Hello?”

“Hi, you must be Refilwe, you are speaking to Ruth, we got your number from brother Ken, you are Rachel’s friend right?”

“Yes.”

“Well we are throwing her a little surprise party to celebrate her pregnancy, you should come. It’s only the church ladies and some of her friends.”

“Ok, I am on my way, you can send the directions to the venue.”

“Of cause. Bye.”

Refilwe stood up. “I have to go for Rachel’s party.”

“Oh shit! I forgot to tell you, I am also going out with the boys, Ken is overly excited. I will drop you off.”

“Thanks.”

Anaya parked in front of Colleen’s gate and pressed the hooter. A minute later Colleen walked out with Sarona in their long dresses holding wine glasses and got in the car.

“Hey Naya, I hope you don’t mind, Sarona too has been invited.”

Anaya turned to the back seat and smiled at Sarona.

“Hey, you look good.”

“Thanks.”

“I love your short blond pixie cut.”

“God I was so scared, I thought you hated me.”

Anaya laughed starting the car. “I don’t but you just taught me to never get in business with anyone, expect real business people.”

“Now that is out of the way, Tshepo o duela magadi ka weekend. {Tshepo is paying my bride price during the weekend.}”

Anaya looked at Colleen besides her. “I am so happy for you.”

“Agang is not saying anything about marriage.”

“Maybe he wants to have a double wedding with BK.”

“Double wedding? Miguel is getting married again?”

“No Sarona, when he get’s married to Naya.”

“Marry who? Your brother is happily married, leave me alone.”

“Mama says you and Miguel are having an affair. She says she saw it in BK’s eyes gore ng ng pelo e tsamaile le Anaya. {that his heart is gone with

Anaya.”

“I am not dating your brother.”

“Deny it all you want.”

Colleen directed Anaya to the house and almost twenty minutes later they were parking. They were a lot of cars that Anaya parked two houses from the house.

“Ok, let’s do this.”

They stepped out and walked towards the house chatting. They approached the gate as a car stopped in the middle of the road, Anaya turned and looked at Refilwe stepping out of Miguel’s car in her long one arm black floral dress. She looked away and walked inside the huge yard where they were welcomed with a Lady Zama hit.

“Welcome!” A lady handed them glasses of wine at the entrance of the house.

“Ladies!” The MC said on the mic as the music got cut off. “The lady of the night is almost here so here is what’s going to happen, today no church, no

holiness, today we are having fun! Today we are loosening up, we don't know of those who are going to work tomorrow but today we are having fun. So as soon as our girl comes, we enjoy this to the fullest. Some of us are going through the most, we are stressed, it's rough out there so we are going to loosen up. Tonight I am not sister Malebogo, I am Lebza! Ke tla bona kereke kamoso. {I will see church tomorrow.} So shhhhh! She is here."

They all turned to the door then it opened and Lone walked in with Rachel.

"SURPRISE!" Everyone screamed as Rachel covered her mouth. There were balloons everywhere written 'MUMMY TO BE!'. Anaya sipped on her wine staring at Refilwe who was laughing with some ladies drinking juice.

"Ladies..."

Anaya turned to a familiar face.

"Boss lady." Anaya smiled recognizing her.

"You work at OsWorld?"

“Yes. Diane, I am gate crushing the party and I see my boss, I thought I would say hi.””

Anaya laughed. “Ok, don’t get too drunk.”

They both laughed. “I won’t!”

She walked away as Colleen joined in dancing while singing to the song that was playing with everyone.

“Oh he’s saying he loves me

Saying I should leave my man

Never understand it

I try, I try

To make him see the light

Doesn’t he know how much I love him

Doesn’t he see that he tries...” Colleen sang already joining the other ladies who were dancing with their glasses raised high.

Sarona pulled Anaya in the crowd and they all danced singing.

To be the best man to me

He tries, he tries

I wanted him to have

And I want him to know

Deep inside

This is love

What I feel

6 MONTHS LATER

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#81

Six Months Later...

In her classy lace wedding dress, Colleen danced with a long line of bride maids and besides her, her husband and his long line of groomsmen. Some ladies ululated as they danced to Bujo Mujo- marry me. Camera's continuously flashed as the dancing continued into the big hall fancily decorated. The song died down and another song started playing. People cheered as they danced even more, moving to the beat with Agang and Colleen's work mate at the front dancing better than everyone else. Sarona danced with Ken smiling and laughing as they did the complicated dance moves. The crowd screamed as they turned around dropping doing a vosho. Anaya laughed dancing behind the married couple with Tshepo's friend. Maggy was behind with Tshepo's other cousin and Vince with Olerato then at last Tshepo's friend with Colleen's cousin.

Their last song came up by Amara Brown and Mr. Eazi and they danced a pair each before going to sit down. Each pair danced a little dance they had prepared then sat down. The MC took the mic as

people settled down.

“What a wedding!”

Everyone screamed with joy. Anaya’s phone vibrated and she took it out staring at the screen. She smiled and whispered something to Saron and they both laughed before standing up and walking out in their beautiful turquoise dresses.

The photographers snapped pictures moving around the hall while Colleen giggled with her husband. At the other table, Mma Mokwena sat with her husband and other relatives while they all received their food from the waiters and ushers.

“Isn’t that the girl who left Boikanyo on the wedding day?”

Mma Mokwena turned to Anaya and Saron who were walking out and smiled. “She is the one, mmagwe Ivy, but these things happen. It happened when Miguel was still playful, he wasn’t ready to get married back then. Now looking back I don’t blame her, she was too young too.”

“Where is his wife?”

“I don’t know, gatwe o ile South Africa. [She went to South Africa.]”

“Girls of today!”

“I knew that she wouldn’t last, Miguel was in a hurry to marry her today he is busy sneaking with mmagwe Ivy because he can’t freely be with her.”

One of the younger uncle’s wife leaned over. “If we keep denying them they will run off. As a family we need to sit down and look into the issue.”

“I told rragwe Boikanyo, he doesn’t want to understand. They are holding a grudge on that beautiful woman but won’t look into the fact that Boikanyo also played a role into her leaving. I used to hate her till I recently sat down with her mother and she explained everything to me. Mmagwe Ivy has been through a lot, if you see her today you wouldn’t believe the person she was years ago. That’s why I let Ivy visit me a lot, she is just a child, she shouldn’t be punished just because people have grudges.”

Meanwhile at the other side of the hall sat the kids,

the photographer smiled snapping a picture of Ivy posing like a model. She looked more like her mother when smiling.

“Guys, so food is coming,” One of the workers at Naya Catering said grabbing the kid’s attention.

“I don’t want kids food. I want grown ups food. Mommy said I don’t have to order from the kid’s menu anymore.” Ivy voiced out boldly.

“Ok, I will get you grown up food then.” The worker responded with a smile.

“I don’t want to sit here anymore, the children are making noise and I have a headache already.”

“Uhm how about I give you grown ups food, you eat then you go and eat with the grown ups.”

“I want to go and sit with daddy or Lethabo.”

“You can’t sit with daddy because he is busy and Lethabo is busy too.”

Ivy turned to her brother. “Junior shush it!” She turned back to the worker and smiled sweetly fluttering her lashes. “So, can I go to daddy now?”

Anaya walked towards her car with Sarona.

“I can’t believe we forgot it.”

Anaya unlocked her car and grabbed the gift bag which she handed to Sarona. “Me too, it completely slipped my mind.”

Anaya’s phone rang as Sarona walked away. She got inside her car answering.

“Hello?”

“Hey, where are you?”

“What do you want?”

“For how long will you reject me?”

Anaya laughed rolling her eyes. “Leave me alone.”

“I just flew in, I want to see you.”

“Lefa, I am busy.”

“Where are you, I will come there.”

“I am at a wedding. I can’t just leave.”

“Naya where are you?”

She smiled, there was something about him she couldn’t resist. “At a wedding. Green Gardens.”

“I am coming. I will be there in a few minutes, wait for me outside.”

“Bye.”

She hung up and stepped out of the car with a monkey smile. Moments later a Mercedes AMG GT63s parked besides her Audi and he stepped out in simple jeans, t-shirt and a denim jacket. He turned his Mercedes white flat cap backwards approaching her.

“You look beautiful, as usual.”

She looked at him carefully, he was huge and fucking sexy, she had to give him that and those lips, she shook off her dirty thoughts keeping calm.

“Thanks.”

He pulled her in his arms hugging her. Anaya put her arms around him inhaling in his cologne, he smelt

good. His touch sparked something in her, it charged her.

“I missed you.”

He stepped away as she blushed. “I have to go back in there.”

“I am going with you.”

He took her hand and together they walked back to the hall.

Miguel sat beside Vince who was laughing with Agang.

“Who’s that?”

Miguel raised his head and frowned staring at a man walking with Anaya. She laughed with him as he put his hands on her waist. They both walked to her table still talking and smiling.

Miguel quickly typed a message and sent it then

stared at Anaya who was still talking to the man. Jealousy took over all his senses as he angrily stared at them.

“Anaya is testing me.”

“What do you expect her to do? She is single, you don’t want to leave your wife, what is she supposed to do?”

Miguel turned to Agang. “Do you think it’s all easy?”

“Well, now you lost her.”

Miguel studied them thinking of another man with his woman. The thought alone threatened to explode him. He stood up and walked outside dialing her number. It rang unanswered heightening his anger.

“Hey...” He stopped a waiter who was walking past him then took out a P50 note from his pocket. “Go and call Anaya, you know her?”

The waiter smiled. “My boss, yes.”

“Good, call her, tell her there is an emergency but don’t tell her I am the one calling for her.”

“Ok.”

She took the money and walked inside the hall while Miguel waited anxiously for her. Minutes later she walked out and he immediately grabbed her hand leading her to his car.

“Miguel stop it!”

He pushed her against his car. “What do you think you are doing?”

“Please let me go.”

“Who’s that?”

“He is non of your business.”

He let her go. “Babe please don’t hurt me. Don’t do this.”

“Miguel you won’t leave your wife, she long gave birth, what am I supposed to do? I am tired of begging you, being the side dish.”

“I love you.”

“I am moving on with my life because this arrangement is not working for me. We will talk once you are divorced.”

“Anaya you have to understand why I am holding off.”

“I do, but you also have to understand how I feel Miguel.”

He looked at her beautiful face, he hated it when other men admired her but having another man replace him was worse. The pain was unimaginable.

“I will file for divorce.”

“You have been saying that for ages now. I can’t wait for you anymore.”

She walked off going back to the hall.

“What did she say?”

Miguel looked at Agang failing to hide his pain, it was literally choking him.

“Anaya is your girl, just start with the divorce and take it from there. You are married out of community of property, it should be easy.”

“Fuck!”

He bended on his car fighting his tears but the more

he fought them the more he couldn't even breathe. It was as if something was sitting on his throat.

Later during the day as married woman went to advise the new bride, Sarena sat staring at Agang chatting with a lady. She stood up and walked towards them trying to keep calm.

“Hey,”

They both turned and looked at her. “Agang I am tired. Can we please go.”

The lady looked away while Agang stood up.

“I can't leave now, you can go.”

She looked in his eyes, just the thought of him and that woman hurt her. She couldn't imagine him actually cheating on her. “Can we please go home Agang.”

“Sasa come on...”

“Agang I can see you are flirting with that woman.”

He smiled. “Babe are you being serious right now? Why would I flirt staring at you?”

“I don’t know. You tell me.”

“Sarona I love you, if you are tired,” he took out his car keys and handed them to her. “You can drive home, I love you.” He kissed her as she just stared. “I trust you as much as you trust me, I am not going to cheat on you, I promise, I love you.”

She sighed and looked at the woman worriedly. “Can we please just go home?”

He sighed. “Ok, I am coming.”

With a smile she turned and walked out to the parking lot where she bumped into Refilwe.

“Hey,”

“Hi, you made it.”

Refilwe laughed. “I did, where is Miguel?”

“I don’t know but wherever he is, he is with Vince or Pule.”

“Ok, thanks.”

In Chicago, Marang stood by the window staring at the view twenty floors up with her coffee mug in her hands. Even though she had been there for two months, she couldn't seem to be able to get over the view. The door bell rang and she walked to the door.

“Hi,”

The delivery man smiled. “Mrs. Henderson?”

“Yes.”

“Delivery for you.”

She quickly signed then took her package back inside the apartment. With a smile she opened the box and stared at her new laptop. Her phone rang and she quickly answered.

“Babe...”

“Do you like the laptop?”

“I love it, where did you go?”

“I was finishing off the mural. I am on my way back home.”

“Ok, I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She hung up as a knock erupted on the door. Opening the door, she smiled at her jogging buddy also neighbor.

“Hey, Darcy and I made some extra food for you too.”

Marang took the casserole with a smile. “Thanks Chloe.”

“You are welcome, greet Bryan for me.”

She walked away as Marang closed the door and put the casserole at the kitchen. She looked at her ring and smiled, she still couldn't believe she was married and now worked as a doctor in Chicago, it had to be a dream.

Ayana fixed a patient's sheets and smiled.

"You are going to be fine."

The patient rubbed her tears and sighed. "Thank you. I am sorry I am being a nuisance."

"Oh no, it's my job to make sure you are comfortable. A social worker has been referred for you, she will be here tomorrow morning. Don't hesitate to call when you need someone to attend to you. My shift has ended."

"Thank you."

"You are welcome."

She grabbed her bag and walked out in her white dress.

"Station! Wa tsamaya ausi? E tletse, are tsamaye. {Are you going? It's full, let's go.}" The combi driver shouted. She crossed the road and got inside the combi at the front seat.

“Bathong mma o montle hela, ebile ke tsaba le go leba. {You are so beautiful, I am even scared of looking.}”

Ayana laughed at the driver.

“I am serious, I wish you were the type of nurses we met everyday, I would always come back everyday.”

She smiled as he drove to station. Minutes later, she stepped out and went over to the combis that led her to Karabo’s house where she stood in a queue. Soon it was her turn, she sat at the front roll by the window and took out her earphones listening to a song. She looked at the time then sighed texting Lalah on app.

Ayana: I am going to Karabo’s house, cover for me.

Lalah: Ok, I have just arrived at work. My fav is also here.

Ayana: Leave Dr. Shawn.

Lalah: He likes me too. We like each other.

Ayana: He doesn’t want you.

Lalah: Jealousy out! In the name of Jesus! Fire!

Ayana: His wife is going to mop the floor with your face, don't forget you are all talk no action.

She put her phone away and stopped the combi by a bus stop then paid on her way out. With quick strides, she walked towards Karabo's house then pushed the gate open closing it. She took out her spare keys and unlocked the door walking in locking behind her.

With a smile she walked to his bedroom where she undressed and took a quick shower before putting on his t-shirt which stopped on her mid thighs and headed to the kitchen. She started with dinner, she paused at the knock on the door.

"Uhh hi, my brother..." His voice trailed staring at Ayana.

"Modiegi? What are you doing here?"

The gate opened and the Chevrolet lights bumped on them. Karabo drove in then parked his car and stepped out. Ayana held his breath as he walked towards them and put his hand around her kissing her neck.

“Thabang!”

Modiegi slowly smiled staring at Ayana then his brother making sense of what was happening.

“Babe this is my younger brother Thabang, Thabang this is my woman, Ayana.”

“I know her.”

Ayana held her breath staring at Modiegi.

“You do? Oh yeah! You both school at IHS.”

“Till I transferred here.” Thabang smiled. “Nice meeting you Ayana.”

Anaya stepped out of the car as Lefa parked behind her. He got off his car and walked towards her.

“Where is smart mouth?”

“She went to Mahalapye with her grandmother. I will send someone to collect her tomorrow.”

Lefa leaned over and kissed her, Anaya put her hand over her mouth as she kissed him back as her body shook with want. A car parked behind Lefa's and Anaya stepped back.

"It's Ivy's dad."

Miguel walked towards them angrily. "What's going on here?"

"Miguel what do you want? I am sure everything that Ivy needs is at your house."

He laughed with disbelief. "Anaya don't try me."

"You are not going to tell her what she does or what she doesn't, not when I am here."

Miguel stepped in front of Lefa. "Are you talking to me?"

"Miguel stop it! Can you go back to your family?"

Lefa laughed chilled. "He won't do anything Naya. Let him just try it."

Miguel turned shaking his head then swung his fist at Lefa punching him hard. Anaya put her hand over her mouth as Lefa wiped his lips and charged at Miguel punching him back. Frozen, Anaya watched

as fist flew, she couldn't even open her mouth to scream. Another car parked at the gate and Agang stepped out, Anaya wordlessly pointed at Miguel and Vince. Agang pushed Miguel and got between them.

"It's enough!"

"Anaya tell him to go. Babe please, I am already filing for divorce, please." Miguel begged.

Lefa spat on the ground and took off his jacket.

Miguel took Anaya's hands into his. "I love you, I am not perfect but I love you Anaya. I am going to file for divorce tomorrow, I already spoke to my lawyer. Babe please..."

She looked in his teary eyes, the pain in his eyes made her sigh sadly.

"I can't wait anymore. I have waited for long enough. You are going to say one thing and expect me to understand tomorrow when you tell me it's not that easy. I am tired of this, it's not even productive in any way. I am walking away from this because even though I love you, I know my worth."

"Babe please, don't do this. I love you."

Anaya blinked away her tears. "Please go, Refilwe is waiting."

"You heard her." Lefa took Anaya's hand. "Leave."

"Kante wena ware o mang? {Who are you?} O ska batla go ntena. [Don't annoy me.]" Agang said pushing Lefa.

"I am not going to fight with you today, not in front of her."

"Lefa come, they will leave on their own."

She grabbed his hand and led him inside the house.

"I am sorry about that."

He closed the door and smiled. "It's ok, I want to go back and punch him into tomorrow. Nxla, who the heck does he think he is?"

"I am sorry." She took out mixed veggies from her fridge and handed it to him.

"It's ok. Anaya I need to know if we are doing this, I don't want a case whereby I invest my feelings into this and next thing you are back with him."

She stood on her toes and kissed his lips. "He is in the past, he is never going to leave his wife and I am tired of praying for another woman's downfall."

Lefa put the veggies down and kissed Anaya, his breath was fresh, he tongue kissed her as she put her legs together feeling her clit throb.

"Where is Lethabo and Ayana?"

"Lethabo went to Kanye before the wedding came to an end and Aya is sleeping over at Lalah's house."

"Ok."

He kissed her again unzipping her dress from behind. The dress slid down her body and he unclipped her bra and tongued her nipples. Anaya whimpered in his mouth as her blood rushed, she couldn't wait anymore. Lefa picked her up and she pointed to her bedroom where he laid her on the bed pulling out her panties. He looked at her shaved pussy and cursed beneath his breath.

He kissed her clit as she moaned grabbing her sheets, he slid a finger inside her and stroked her g-spot with his mouth on her clit. Her toes curled as

she grabbed his head moving her waist. Her orgasm crept on her as she moaned squirming with her eyes closed. She vibrated with pleasure as he swirled his tongue on her clit with his fingers tapping that sweet spot. Opening her eyes widely, she screamed then tightly closed them detonating into the unforgiving pleasure.

Lefa stepped back and took off his t-shirt exposing that tattoo on his left breast. Anaya gathered her energy and stepped out of bed then unzipped his jeans pulling them down with his white briefs. His dick sprung out and she swallowed hard.

“God...”

She fearfully stared at his dick then took a step back.

“Kneel.”

She looked at him then slowly got on her knees, he pushed his dick in her mouth and gently fucked her mouth enjoying her warm mouth. He increased his pace, taping her throat.

“Fuck!”

Anaya's eyes teared up and she softly pushed him back.

"Get your hands off me, don't touch me."

She blinked at him then he rubbed his dick on her lips before pushing in her mouth again. She sucked him good massaging his balls.

"Fuck that's it!"

He grabbed her hair closing his eyes. She sucked even harder, swirling her tongue on his dick head while he grunted. He fucked her mouth harder then shot his load deep in her mouth groaning.

He slowly pulled out as Anaya stood up feeling her intestines turn. She ran to her bathroom and threw up in sink. She walked out seconds later wiping her mouth and found him readily waiting for her with a condom on.

"Come here babe..."

She slowly walked towards him then he turned her to the bed and let her touch the bed. He pushed her butt and pushed his dick inside her, inch by inch

stretching her up.

“Fuuuuck!” He groaned in her ear.

“Uhhh oh God!”

“Feel that Naya?”

“Oh yes.. oh oh...”

He pushed himself all the way in then gently eased out and stretched his way back. Slowly the pain she was feeling dissolved into pleasure and she relaxed. Lefa grabbed her waist grinding deep in her enjoying her.

“Anaya I am going to fuck you babe ok?”

She nodded bracing herself. He smashed into her over and over again in a relentless manner, not giving her a break to even breathe. Anaya gasped at the pleasure he kept giving her, driving her straight to heaven while grunting clearly enjoying her.

He pulled out and helped her stand standing behind her.

“Hold your butt cheeks.”

She panted holding her butt then he pushed in burying himself deep inside her pussy. Anaya gasped trying to free her poor pussy but Lefa grabbed her waist and thrust into her, pounding deep inside her like an animal. Anaya closed her eyes feeling the pleasure curl up deep in her, her skin itched with the pleasure as he tapped that sweet sweet spot deep inside her. Her knees shook as each thrust pushed her to the edge. She put her legs together trying to hold it in but the pleasure was too much, she couldn't even understand her own body. Lefa's dick hit every corner, every spot firing her up. She screamed shutting her eyes as she exploded into the pleasure squirting on his dick.

Lefa turned her and kissed her then he picked her up. Anaya wrapped her legs around his waist then Lefa pushed inside her pussy. He fucked her standing in the middle of the room while her hair waved around. Her body tensed at the building up pleasure.

“Oh God...”

Lefa walked to her dressing table where he swept everything on the ground and placed her there with

her legs on his shoulders. He hammered her hard, panel beating her. All her senses flew out as that pleasure that she couldn't handle started building up, charging her. His dick expanded inside her while throbbing.

"Take it baby, there..." He whispered digging deeper into her. Anaya closed her eyes as her body spasmed, taking with the last ounce of energy she had. Lefa froze inside her as she slowly closed her eyes slipping into a forge of darkness.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#82

Miguel sat in his car later that evening thinking of Anaya while staring at her pictures, he closed his eyes as pain blocked his throat, just thinking of another man having her broke his heart. He thought

of how cocky that guy had been, he was probably fucking her. A knock on the window startled him, he looked up at Refilwe then opened the door stepping out.

“Are you ok?”

“Yah.”

He walked inside the house and bumped fist with his sons.

“Daddy Ivy said we are going to uhh... to CapeTown and do... bunji.”

“Bunji jumping Q.” Junior quickly corrected.

Miguel smiled looking at Quinsy. “We will go. I am coming.”

He went to the bedroom where he quickly changed.

“Where are you coming from?”

He looked at Refilwe. “I had to drop off Agang.”

“I called Sarena, Agang left with her. You left me at the wedding.”

“You were still doing something.”

“And you were ignoring my calls Miguel.”

“My phone was on silent.”

“Where you with Anaya?”

Miguel angrily looked at her. “Why are you always accusing me without evidence? You are beginning to annoy me with your accusations. I don’t even know why I am doing this with you. I can’t do this anymore.”

Refilwe looked at him then walked to the bed crying. With guilty weighing heavily on his shoulders, he restrained himself from holding her.

“I am sorry.”

She rubbed her tears and stood up. “It’s ok, I am going to bath.”

Miguel sighed, he didn’t even know how he was going to tell her about the divorce, she was going to be served in a few days.

Theodora smiled looking at herself on the mirror early in the morning, she touched her flawless face not getting enough of it. She reached for her phone and called Yaone.

“Hey, when are you coming back from SA?”

Theodora laughed. “My flight leaves tonight at six.”

“I can’t wait to see you face to face.”

“My scar is gone, it’s like I never had it before. That doctor is so good.”

“I told you. Are you ready for tomorrow?”

Theodora sighed. “I guess it’s time to accept my defeat.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, I messed up, nothing can ever justify that, I gave him HIV.”

“Yah, anyways I have to go, it’s Rachel’s baby shower today.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

Theodora hung and dialed Anaya.

“Anaya Shato, hello?”

“Hi, it’s me. Theodora.”

“Oh, hey.”

“Uhh did you look at my proposal?”

“Yes I did. It’s actually a great idea, maybe you can pass my office on Monday, we can discuss this further.”

“I will, thank you.”

“How did your surgery go?”

“It went well. I look like my old self.”

“I am glad. Now you don’t have to hide yourself.”

Theodora laughed ashamed. “I was tired of looking like a muslim.”

“Now you don’t have to anymore. I am really happy for you. Just come over on Monday morning and we will talk business.”

“Ok, thank you.”

“Don’t thank me yet, wait till the business actually prospers.”

They both laughed. “Ok, bye Naya.”

“Bye.”

Ayana dished for the two brothers sitting in front of the TV, she still hadn’t summoned the confidence to tell Karabo that he knew his brother. It’s not like she had had sex with Modiegi but she feared that maybe Karabo would be turned off by the thought of her with his younger brother.

She took the plates to them and handed them each a plate before going back for their coffees.

“You can take my car.”

She looked at Karabo as he handed her his car keys.

“It’s ok. You don’t have to.”

“Take it, I will come collect it later.”

“Oh ok.”

She caught Modiegi staring at her then quickly grabbed the keys and her bag. “Bye.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

With quick strides she walked out to his car and drove off taking out her phone and calling Lalah.

“God it’ Sunday early in the morning Ayana I am sleeping, what do you want? You are disturbing me.”

“Modiegi is Karabo’s step brother.”

Lalah yawned. “What?”

“Yes.”

“Did you tell him?”

“No, how should I start?”

“So keeping it from him is the best idea you can possibly come up with? What if Modiegi already told him? What if he is just waiting to see if you are honest?”

“Lalah I am scared, I don’t want to lose him.”

“Well now you are about to, trust me.”

Ayana’s eyes fell on the police car ahead of her then quickly dropped her phone grabbing the seatbelt with a pounding heart.

“God!”

She stepped on the breaks realizing she was running a red traffic light but it was too late, she hit the police car from behind with a strong impact that she hit the airbag with force. Slowly, she closed her eyes slipping into unconsciousness.

Agang joined the guys holding his beer in the afternoon.

“Sure!”

He fist bumped with Ken then Vince.

“Where is BK?” Vince asked sipping his own beer.

“He dropped off Refilwe at the airport.”

“Who was that with Anaya yesterday?”

“Ken, that was some MP’s son, rich motherfucker. I told Miguel he is going to lose her and he didn’t listen. Anaya is just not some woman out there, she is a force to be reckoned with.”

Agang sighed. “You are right, and that motherfucker is full of himself. He is cocky.”

“I hope BK doesn’t kill himself.” Ken voiced.

“Or kills him.”

Ken and Vince turned to Agang as he quietly drank his beer.

“What?”

“He will go to jail.” Ken pointed out.

“Not if he plans the perfect murder.”

Vince laughed. “We will cremate him.”

“That’s not such a bad idea. But we will go to jail, banna le bua dilodisele. {You are talking nonsense.}” Ken said laughing. “Rachel said Olerato is nice, when

are you marrying her?"

Vince smiled. "She is perfect but we are not in a rush. Princess is bringing the kids and Ole is going to meet them."

"She finally agreed? I just don't understand that woman, how can she complain about your girlfriends when she is married to some man out there, I wouldn't let Rachel deny me my child if we had to separate."

"I want to marry Sarona, I can see how hard it is for her to face people because they keep taunting her for walking out of her marriage just to be stuck with me unmarried."

"Finally!" Ken clapped.

Agang laughed. "Either way, we are having our second child. I want a proper family."

Vince smiled proudly. "You knocked her up?"

"I don't shoot blanks."

"I was worried for a moment that maybe the problem was with me, if I was my ego was going to be

crushed.”

Vince laughed at Ken. “I was also worried about you.”

They continued chatting as the game started.

Marang checked the vitals of her patient inside the patient’s room. He had been in ICU for a while now, everyone was beginning to lose hope, his family had to make a decision on whether to keep the machines on or not. She looked at him and sighed.

“Hi, it’s me again.” She held his hand and smiled.

“I don’t know about the rest but I still believe you are going to make it. I think your daughter believes too. You are a fighter and you are going to make a difference in this world one day. So please, keep on fighting, you can do this. Keep fighting for your daughter, that little cute girl needs you.”

She paused feeling a squeezed, probably reflex. She

let him go and walked out going to her office.

“Hey! Dr. Henderson,”

Laura by the reception stopped her as she passed by.

“Yeah?”

“This came in for you.”

Marang smiled at the flowers then took them.

“Thanks Laura.”

“You are welcome Dr. Henderson.”

Marang walked to her office inhaling the flowers. She sat down as her phone rang and she giggled answering.

“Babe... I love the flowers. What did I do to deserve them?”

“What flowers?”

She laughed. “The ones I just received.”

“I didn’t send you any flowers.”

Marang paused. “You didn’t?”

“No, maybe they are from a patient.”

She looked at the flowers and sighed. "Ok, I really thought they were from you."

"Well I can get you some fresh ones."

"No, it's ok."

"Anyways we got the deal."

Marang shrieked with excitement. "We did?"

"Yes, now we can go on that trip you have been crying for."

Marang rolled her eyes. "I wasn't crying for anything."

"Yes you were. I love you."

"I love you too."

She hung up then she looked at the flowers for a moment trying to figure out which patient could have possibly given her the flowers but her mind was blank. A moment later she took the flowers and inhaled them as the mystery curled itself around her.

Colleen slowly opened her eyes and sighed with a smile, she hadn't slept last night. She raised her hand admiring her ring, finally she was Mrs. Obakeng. Her phone vibrated and she got off the bed reaching for it, it was just after mid afternoon, she had really slept throughout the day though she still felt exhausted. She opened her messages opening the pictures the photographer had sent her. Quickly she replied to a few messages then put her phone down walking to the sitting room. The house was so silent, all the kids had left with her mother just after the wedding.

A car drove in and she smiled waiting, she couldn't wait to go for her honeymoon, a much needed vacation was exactly what she needed. She wondered what Tshepo had planned, she hoped it was the islands, maybe Bali or even better, Bora Bora. Tshepo walked in and smiled staring at her.

“Hey babe...”

She walked towards him putting her arms around his

neck. "Hey husband."

He kissed her softly and looked right in her eyes. "I love you."

"I love you more, I can't wait for our honeymoon."

"I have to tell you something."

Colleen slowly stopped smiling staring in his serious eyes and stepped back. "What is it?"

"Remember my sister who went to Nigeria?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Her ex husband passed on yesterday and I have to take in her youngest daughter who is doing form 5."

"What?"

"Yes, I don't want her to get abused out there, she needs to focus on school so I will be taking her in."

"And you didn't think maybe we need to discuss this as a couple?"

"Do you have a problem with it?"

"No, I don't. I have a problem with the fact that you

are making decisions without me. I am your wife.”

He smiled. “I am sorry baby. But it was last minute thing.”

“I don’t care, i am your wife and you should have informed me.”

He hugged her kissing her neck. “It will never happen again.”

“Ok. So when is she coming?”

“She is already here.”

The door opened and a girl walked in dragging her bag while chewing a gum. Coleen frowned at her dressing, the leather skirt was too short she could swear if she bended her panties would be out there and that crop top was just too... exposing especially because she wore no bra.

“Babe this is Shantell, Shantell this is my wife, Colleen. Babe Shantell will remain with the kids when we go for the honeymoon.”

Colleen looked at Tshupo then back at Shantell staring at the million piercings on her face.

Anaya rushed inside the hospital and bumped into Lalah.

“Where is she?”

“She is fine, let’s go.”

They both walked to her room where she was away with a collar neck.

“Hey...” Anaya hugged her. “Are you ok?”

“I am fine Naya.”

“What happened?”

“I was talking on the phone then panicked when I saw the police car in front of me.”

“Who’s car were you driving?”

The door opened before Ayana could answer and a man walked in. Anaya’s heart skipped as their eyes met.

“Hello.”

She looked at him then back at Ayana figuring out what was going on.

“I am Karabo,” He stretched his hand at her, Anaya briefly shook it with a tiny smile.

“Hi.” She turned back to her sister. “I am going to talk to your doctor.”

She walked out and closed her eyes for a moment.

“I would never hurt your sister.”

Anaya turned and looked at him. “Skara...”

“Naya, you look good.”

She rolled her eyes putting her hands in her sweatpants.

“My brother would have married you. If given the chance, he still would.”

Anaya laughed. “Karabo I don’t do married mEn and your brother happens to be married. I am going to see my sister’s doctor. Don’t you think my sister is a bit too young for you?”

He smirked. "No, she can handle my dick just right."

Anaya got close to him and looked right into his eyes. "Careful, watch your step. Jail is real, but I am sure you understand this."

She turned and walked away leaving him shaking his head with a smile. Minutes later, Anaya walked out of the doctor's office headed back to Ayana where she found her with Karabo.

"I spoke to your doctor, you are going to be fine, he is releasing you. I am going home to prepare your room, I will come and pick you up."

"I will drop her off."

Anaya looked at Karabo and smiled slightly. "I am sure."

She walked out to the parking lot and drove home. Her phone rang as she parked outside the garage.

"Lefa,"

"How is Ayana?"

She climbed out of her car and walked to the door.

"The doctor says there is nothing wrong though they

are still running some test. Now I am waiting to hear the charges she is facing.”

“Don’t worry about that, I will take care of it.”

She unlocked her door and walked in. “The benefits of being an MP’s son?”

Lefa laughed. “I will take care of it, I am coming over, what do you want for lunch?”

“Anything is fine.”

“Ok, I will be there in an hour or so, I am meeting my father.”

“Ok.”

She hung up as her door opened. Her heart skipped as she looked at Miguel who clearly looked pissed.

“Miguel...”

“So you think all this is a joke?”

She took a step back. “Miguel please let’s not do this.”

“In your eyes I must be a fool.”

She quickly shook her head. "No."

"Had you not run off we wouldn't be here today do you know that?"

He was drunk and God knows what he could do in this state. She bravely stood still.

"Go back to your wife."

"Anaya ke tla go thuba ka mpama. {Anaya I will slap you.}"

"Miguel stop it, you are scarring me."

"Did you sleep with him?"

She quickly shook her head. Miguel grabbed her arm bringing her closer. "Then what's that on your neck, o ita gore ke sematla Anaya? [Do you think I am a fool?]"

"Stop it, you are-"

He slapped her across the face that she saw stars staggering back almost falling.

"Do I look like a fool to you?"

Anaya covered her face crying.

“You are making noise.” He grabbed her hair. “Take off your hands off your face.”

“Miguel please let go, you are hurting me.”

He forcefully took her hands off her face and slapped her again, this time her ear rang as her cheek burnt.

“Miguel you are hurting me.” Anaya cried, she couldn’t even tell how far he would take it, he seemed pissed a hell and drunk too.

“Did you sleep with him?”

She shook her head, sh was sure he was going to beat her up even more if she admitted to it.

“Kana Anaya ke tla go bolaya. {I will kill you.} I am not playing with you, koore o batla go ntlwaela.”

“Miguel you are married, you won’t leave your wife, I am tired of this arrangement.”

“Did you sleep with him.”

“No-“

He slapped her again, this time she fell losing her

hearing for a few seconds while blood gushed from her nose. Miguel dragged her up with her hair.

“Miguel stop... please...”

Her crying didn't seem to move him, not even one bit. He dragged her to the kitchen. “Wash off that dirty from her face. And stop crying, wa ntlodia. {You are making noise.}”

Anaya slowly washed her face then dried it gently with a dish towel.

“Did you?”

She looked at him. “No, I did not. Please stop.”

Miguel covered his face and she looked at him breakind down in front of her. He looked at her for a while.

“I love you. I don't even know how to explain that to you Anaya, I love you.”

Anaya opened her mouth to speak but instead she started crying. Miguel walked over and held her in his arms. “It's been six months Miguel, I can't do this with you anymore. I love you but you are taking my

love for granted. You keep on hurting me, I know you are in a difficult situation but I can't take it anymore." She moved back. "Please leave, I am going to report you to the police for hitting me. I won't let you keep on abusing me like this. I am human too. Leave."

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#83

Lone turned in her afternoon sleep putting her hand on the side of the bed and felt no one. She woke up and sighed, the first days were always hard. It always took time for her and her daughter to adjust to him being gone. Now that she was used to sleeping with him in Sunday afternoons just relaxing in those arms, she had to adjust to his absence.

Slowly she got off bed and stretched, a sound froze her to the ground then she quickly walked out going

to the kitchen where she was met by a smoke. She looked at her daughter coughing standing on the kitchen stool then the burning pot. With quick movements, she grabbed the dish cloth and took the burning pot before rushing with it outside. She threw it on the pavement and walked back inside the house opening all the windows and switching off the stove.

Finally she looked at her daughter failing to even be angry.

“Lesedi what are you doing?”

“I was cooking for you mommy.”

Lone shook her head. “Never touch the stove, you will burn. Go and sit down, I will cook.”

She quickly made quick lunch and dished for her daughter.

“Take,”

Lesedi looked at her. “When is daddy coming back?”

“Soon. He went to save the world.”

“Daddy is a super hero?”

Lone smiled. "Yes, now eat, we are going to the spa."
She walked to her bedroom leaving Lesedi watching Spongebob, her phone rang and she quickly answered.

"Hello?"

"Hey, are we still going? Only thirty minutes left."

Lone sighed disappointed as Rachel spoke. "Yes but I am bringing Sedi."

"There is a children's play ground, bring her."

"Ok."

"Hubby is gone?"

Lone sat on her bed. "Yeah, it's always hard when he is gone. Every time he leaves I just realize how much I love him. That man showers me with so much love that's hard to adjust when he is gone. When he cheat I didn't even know what to do, if felt as if I wasn't destined to be happy but the way he has been behaving, Rachel I just love my man. No one has ever loved me like that."

Rachel laughed. "If every man took you to Dubai

after cheating, I think all women would want their men to cheat.”

“I enjoyed myself, Dubai is a go to place. Anyways how was the wedding?”

“Don’t tell anyone but apparently Anaya is seeing a new man. She even brought him at the wedding.”

“She is?”

“Yes and he is rich and stuff, Miguel is hurt.”

Lone laughed. “There goes his karma, I knew Anaya was going to show him flames, that girl is dangerous.”

“I don’t blame her for moving on, I mean Miguel won’t leave Refilwe so what’s the use?”

“She will probably cry if he left her. Ladies like Anaya don’t play, you should see her at work. That woman deals with serious people, business men, intimidating men and she is not shaken. I don’t like her but I admire her. The way she walks, she demands that respect without uttering a single word, she is strict. She is opening another business and

we are applying, if I get hired there I will be earning a whole new salary.”

“She opened that company with Miguel.”

Lone laughed. “Let’s see how this one plays out.”

“Look, we will talk. I have to go.”

“Ok.”

Lone hung up and immediately received another call.

“Hello?”

“Hi, am speaking to Lone?”

“Yes, who’s this?”

“My name is Boemo, I just found your mother in her house alone, she is dying.”

Ayana ate silently watching her sister in the evening, she was so quiet today that she hadn’t even bothered watching Love and HipHop, her favorite

show. She wondered if maybe it was because of her accident, it had shaken her up too but no, this was unlike Anaya.

Ayana smiled. "Need some sHero saving?"

Anaya turned to look at her. "What?"

"Is everything ok?"

"With what? Are you in pain?"

Ayana chuckled. "What is it? You can tell me." She got closer and held Anaya's hand. "I am here, all for you."

Anaya looked at her for a while and looked away as a tear escaped her eye. She quickly wiped it but Ayana had already seen it.

"I saw that, please tell me. Let me help you."

Anaya sighed squeezing her little sister's hand. "It's ok, I am ok. How are you feeling?"

"I am fine, but you are not. What's wrong, please tell me."

She smiled. "I am fine Aya."

“You are not, you have been quiet, you didn’t even watch your favorite show. Tell me, please, I just want to help you.”

“I just... sometimes I fear I am not who people think people I am, I fear that one day I am going to disappoint you when I don’t live up to this character I have made you believe is me.”

Ayana chuckled as tears filled her eyes. “I don’t know who you think you are but you...” She paused and laughed tearfully. “You are my hero. I look up to you. You made me this woman, before mama got sick, you always made sure I was ok, that Lethabo was ok while mama worked day and night to put food on the table. Things were hard but every day you still smiled, motivated me. You passed at school as if everything was fine at home. You had goals and you always achieved them. Mama got sick and you fully took the role of being a parent. You didn’t have a job but you always had a plan.” Ayana paused as pain chocked her. “You slept with men for money to buy Lethabo and I school uniform. You learnt makeup through youtube and you made a name for

yourself. You started a catering company in the midst of your struggles. You met uncle Miguel, I was still young then to understand but he hurt you. I know he did, you lost your baby but you still managed to go on. They embarrassed you on social media because you were raped but you still rose. Today here you are, owning your own house, your own businesses, you drive that expensive car we always saw on magazines. They ask me who is Anaya Shato and you know what I say, I say she's a top dog... The alpha in stilettos. So I don't care what people may think but you are my Hero, you are an alpha, you have fought a thousand battles and you are still standing, you have cried and you still manage to smile, you have been broken, betrayed, laughed at, rejected but still, you walk with that crown in your head, proudly. You are beautiful, you are true to yourself and yeah, you mess up and make bad decisions just like any other human being out there because you are not perfect but you are confident, intelligent, opinionated, passionate and fierce, you are a pro woman and I believe in you more than anyone."

Anaya hugged her tightly. "I love you, what would I do without you?"

Ayana laughed crying. "You would remain sad that's for sure."

Anaya moved back and wiped away her tears. "You are right, I am an alpha. They underestimate me too much."

"Well, time to show them who you really are."

"Thank you."

"No, you thank you."

"So... Karabo?"

Ayana laughed. "I was waiting for you to ask. I love him but..."

"But what?"

"I just... he is... I don't know but there is just something about him."

"What?"

"Something, he is bad."

Anaya nodded. "Well, the heart will always want what it wants. Just be careful."

"I know." Ayana turned to the TV. "So who's making you cry?"

Anaya laughed lightly. "Don't worry, it's nothing I can't handle."

"Ok. By the way, I like Lefa."

"You do?"

"Yeah, he has that thing."

Anaya laughed. "What thing?"

"That thing, that grrrrr!"

They burst into uncontrollable laughter. "Aya you are crazy."

"I am telling you. Gape o lebega a le naughty nyana. {And he seems naughty.}"

Ayana carefully looked at Anaya laughing, her cheek was swollen and she had a bruise on her wrist. Not wanting to spoil the mood by asking she smiled though she knew who had done that and Christ! She

was beginning to hate him.

A black Maseriti Levante pulled up in front of Mokwena Logistics and Miguel stepped out. He walked inside the building and passed by the reception and got inside the elevator. In his floor, he strode past his PA's desk walking inside his office.

“Good morning Mr. Mokwena, coffee?”

He looked up at her and shook his head. His phone rang and he answered sitting down.

“Hello?”

“Dumela morena, ke bua le Miguel Mokwena? [Am I speaking to Miguel Mokwena?]”

“Yes you are, who's this?”

“This is constable Moatshe at central police station, there is a lady here who came to lodge a complaint because you hit her.”

“Shit!” Miguel muttered.

“Please come here so we can hear your side of the story.”

“Ok, I am on my way.”

“Thank you.”

Miguel dialed Agang immediately.

“Hi,”

“I hit Anaya yesterday, she reported me.”

“What? Why?”

“Anaya can’t just fuck around as if I am not sacrificing a lot for her.”

“Does she have bruises?”

“I don’t know but obviously, she bruises easily.”

“Now I don’t know. Anaya gave you a chance but you just wouldn’t leave Refilwe and now that she is moving on you harass her. You have a lot to lose, the system favors woman. Just go and apologize to her. You have huge deals to sign and you are there starting fires. I don’t even understand why you were

beating her, kana Anaya o single haokake wa mo shapa hela kagore o movile on BK. [Anaya is single, you can't beat her because she has moved on BK.]”

“I just lost it, she knows how much I love her.”

“Go and apologize. That love of yours is starting to get dangerous.”

Miguel walked inside the police station where he was led to an office.

“Miguel?”

“Yes.”

He looked at Anaya who was sitting down then sighed sitting next to her.

“This lady is here to lay a complaint, she says you beat her yesterday.”

Miguel turned to her, she wasn't even looking at him. He wondered if now she hated him, the thought

twisted his heart painfully.

“Babe I am sorry, please forgive me. I just lost it yesterday but that doesn’t give me the right to have laid my hands on you, you are the mother of my child and I love you Anaya. I love you so much, I just wish you understood that.” He faced the constable. “I am also sorry that you have to witness this, I have a daughter too and it would madden me if in the future someone put his hands on her when I don’t even raise my hands on her. I promise it won’t happen again.”

The constable looked at Anaya. “Do you accept his apology?”

“Yes.”

“This shouldn’t happen again, don’t hesitate to come back if he does it again and this time I will not be listening to anything. I will personally lock him up.”

“Thank you constable.” She stood up and walked out. Miguel quickly followed after her outside while she rocked her super long pink stilettos, she had beautiful legs and all he could imagine was those legs

around his waist.

“Naya...”

She pressed her car keys turning then her RS7 beeped flashing lights.

“Can we talk?”

She flipped her long weave back and smiled getting closer to him. His heart skipped as she got closer making him inhale her perfume.

“You underestimate me Miguel but trust me, I know myself and I know how to fight, how to shield my heart, I know what pain is, what struggle is, you continue to doubt me thinking you can break me but sweetheart I am boss. I am the best you have ever had, I am strong and I know what I want. I am a fire you can't put out so don't even try, you will make me chuckle. You should know I don't respond to people who dictate me or try to pull me down so don't mistaken my quietness or calmness for weakness, hunny you can't handle me. I dropped the charges all because of Ivy, next time I will make sure you go to jail where they will fuck your ass.”

Anaya turned back to her car and opened the door. She stepped in her car and closed the door. Starting her engine she slowly drove past him opening her window.

“Yesterday was the last you put your hands on me and also the last day you come to my house unannounced. Stick with your wife, I am way above you Miguel so please, stay in your lane.”

She rolled up her window speeding off.

Lalah walked inside her one room early in the morning and sat down exhaustedly. Her phone rang and she looked at the caller ID.

“Hi,”

“Hey, can you borrow me P500?”

“Gontle I borrowed you P1000 the last time, you never brought it back.”

“I am going to pay it all back.”

“When? It’s been months, your husband is a lawyer for crying out loud!”

“Lalah we are still paying our debts, we rarely have money.”

“No Gontle, your problem is you are not working, Kgothatso does everything, maybe you should look for a job. Your age mates are far with life. Anaya is making millions but she was your classmate.”

“I think I made a mistake calling you, I am not Anaya!”

“Yes you did, next time don’t call me. I don’t have money.”

She hung up and sighed. Her phone rang again and fed up, she answered.

“Gontle, I don’t have money to be borrowing married people with families. You and your husband are beginning to become a problem. I don’t work for your family. If this is how being married is like then trust me, I don’t want to get married. I don’t have

money!”

“Hi,” a deep male voice said.

Lalah paused then laughed. “Sorry, I thought you were someone else.”

Shawn laughed. “It’s ok, you do sound fed off.”

“I am. I am just annoyed.”

“Well I am sorry about that, caught you at the wrong time?”

“No, Dr. Lecha...”

Shawn laughed. “Really now?”

“How can I help you?”

“I was thinking maybe we can go out sometime.”

Lalah smiled but kept her cool. “And your wife, I don’t want to beat people for their men out there.”

“Let me worry about that.”

“I love money Shawn, a man who spoils me. I won’t be a side cheek to a broke man because I know you are just using me, there is no way you are going to

leave your wife so at least let me spend money in case we get caught.”

“You are forward Lalah, what do you want?”

“My side chick allowance, I also want to stay in a better house, a two bedroom apartment.”

“Ok, where are you right now?”

“Send my deposit, after that I will text you my directions.”

“Ok.”

He hung up and Lalah frowned, maybe she shouldn't have said all that but then... he was married and so the money was going to be her reassurance. There was nothing wrong with that. Surely... she smiled standing up and looking at her face on the mirror. Yes, she definitely deserved that money.

Ayana walked inside Karabo's house after unlocking

with her spare keys. She paused staring at Modiegi who was sitting on the couch playing games on the TV.

“Hey, I heard you got in a car crash yesterday, are you ok?”

Ayana looked at him momentarily then nodded.

“Yeah...”

Modiegi smiled. “Look, you and I had long broke up, there is no need for us to be awkward with each other. You are brother’s girlfriend and that’s all you will ever be to me.”

Ayana took a deep breath. “You are right.”

“See, you are my sister in-law, I would never hit on you, trust me. That chapter is long over.”

“Thank you. Maybe we should just tell him.”

Modiegi shook his head. “No, I was never close with them, we just recently got close to each other and I don’t want that ruined. I didn’t even think Karabo would one day let me stay wuth him especially with the way he hates my mother.”

Ayana nodded. "It's ok. I understand. Where did he go?"

"Oh, he went to work. Let me make you coffee."

Modiegi stood up and walked to the kitchen while Ayana sat down. She looked at the Tv confused, Modiegi walked back in minutes later holding a plate of breakfast and coffee.

"Luckily I left some for you here."

"Thanks."

She took the food and began eating.

"Wow! It's good."

Modiegi smiled. "I am a good cook."

"I can see."

"So how is Marina?"

"Marina is fine, a bit tiring. I truly get jealous when I see the student doctors and wonder if maybe I made the rightful decision."

"It's a phase, it happens to everyone. Second guessing yourself, I usually remind myself that being

a nurse was all I have dreamt of. Yeah being a doctor is nice but I love my field.”

Ayana smiled. “I know, I also love my field but just that sometimes...-“

“No buts. Just appreciate being a nurse, it’s your passion.”

She finished eating and put everything down.

“Karabo will be back later, we can watch a movie in the meantime.”

Ayana nodded getting comfortable on the couch, maybe she had been overreacting. She smiled as Modiegi connected a movie and they both relaxed watching. The movie got to a part where they were kissing, Ayana uncomfortably moved her eyes from the TV willing for the part to pass but it got more intense. Ayana raised her eyes to Modiegi and he was staring back at her. Her heart pounded but just thinking about Karabo and how shady he was, she moved back and stood up.

“I will try calling him. Thanks for the breakfast.”

She picked her plate and mug then dropped them in the kitchen before she went to the bedroom where she locked the door and threw herself on the bed.

Anaya walked inside her office and put down her handbag sitting down. Her phone rang and she picked.

“Anaya hello?”

“I have filed for divorce. Refilwe will probably receive the papers in a day or two.”

Anaya leaned back on her chair crossing her legs.

“Miguel I don’t care, I have lost interest. I can’t be seen with a married man. It’s embarrassing.”

“Ayana I love you.”

“Besides the company and Ivy, we have nothing to talk about. Sort out your affairs on your own, I am not your friend.”

She hung up as Kelly walked in.

“Boss lady can you hook me up on the kind of men you date because this is the life.”

Kelly placed a gift box accompanied with roses on the table. Anaya laughed grabbing a note in the flower and opened it. She blushed while Kelly laughed.

“You are my idol!”

“Kelly go! Don’t you have something to do.”

Kelly laughed walking out while Anaya’s phone rang, she blushed and picked.

“Hey...”

“You and smart mouth up for an adventure?”

“Lefa what is this?”

“Something I think we both need. So...?”

She looked at note again and giggled. “I would love to go for some adventure.”

“Good, get ready. Friday we are leaving.”

“Ok loverboy.”

She hung with a huge smile and spun on her chair laughing.

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The Alpha In Stilettos

#84

Theodora walked out of court later that morning and confidently walked to her car.

“Theo...”

She turned and looked at Christian. “Hi.”

“You look beautiful.”

She smiled. “Thanks. How is Melody?”

“I am not with Melody.”

“Oh, well see you around.”

“Can I collect Loago during the weekend?”

“Of cause.”

She opened her car door and stepped in.

“Theodora... are you sad that now we are divorced?”

Theodora sighed. “When you filed for divorce I really thought my life was over. I tried fighting for us but you pushed me away. You hated me and I don’t blame you. Today you are drinking ARV’s all because of me. Now I have accepted that you and I are over and it’s time to move on, you are now free from this bondage.”

“I was just angry but now after I spoke to someone I realized I also contributed to your cheating. If I was taking care of my family then you wouldn’t have felt the need to sleep with your boss just to reserve your job. I am sorry about how I reacted, I love you and today it hurts that I caused you that mch physical pain. You didn’t even have me sent to jail.”

“It’s ok. I am pitching my business idea to an investor so wish me luck.”

“He or she will love it.”

“I hope so. Bye.”

She started the car and smiled at him driving away.

Refilwe got off the taxi and pressed the gate remote. She took out the house keys and unlocked before walking inside her quiet house. She frowned hearing noise at the kitchen then quickly made her way there.

“Who are you?”

The woman doing the dishes turned to her. “I am Onametsi, the helper.”

Refilwe looked at her short dress then at her exposed thighs. “Who hired you?”

“Mr. Mokwena.”

“So you stay here?”

“Yes.”

Refilwe walked to her bedroom calling him.

“Refilwe.”

“So you hired a maid without letting me know?”

“Refilwe what was I supposed to do? You are always busy.”

“Weren’t you the one who wanted me to be independent Miguel?”

“I did and I still do but I didn’t say abandon your kids. You barely spend time with the kids, our baby is with your mother there but she should be with us. I can’t cope alone so I hired Ona to help me.”

Refilwe shook her head. “Wow! But you never complain with Anaya. I am sure if it was her you wouldn’t be complaining.”

“Why do you always compare yourself to Anaya? Anaya is Anaya and you are you.”

“I don’t like her and she is going. I will hire someone else.”

“You are unbelievable. You are not firing her, she is not going anywhere because you didn’t hire her.”

Miguel hung up and Refilwe looked at her phone with disbelief then called Diane.

“Fifi...”

“You won’t believe hired some slut as our maid, I can see through that girl that she wants to sleep with my man, I can see it. She is almost half naked exposing her thighs.”

“What?”

“I am firing her, that man is my husband.”

“But then Fifi can you blame him? I mean, you are not always there for your family. The kids are just too much.”

“I will hire someone else, not this slut.”

“I really don’t know, can’t you just wait for him?”

“I don’t even understand why there is a problem because I am working, he is the one who said I should start a company, now that I have it’s suddenly a problem. I bet if it was Anaya he wouldn’t be complaining.”

Diane sighed. “Here we go, you involving Anaya. That

woman is not even worrying about you yet she is always on your mind.”

“Diane you don’t understand.”

“I don’t have to understand anything Fifi, you are not Anaya, stop competing with her and just be you. Make time for your kids.”

“I have to go, this conversation is proofing to be useless.”

“Ok, have it your way then.”

Diane hung up and Refilwe walked out of her bedroom going to the kitchen where Ona was now packing the dishes.

“Can you please take ypur things and leave, your services are no longer needed.”

Ona turned and looked at her. “You didn’t hire me, Mr. Mokwena is the only one who will fire me.”

“Little girl, I said get out of my house before I mop this ground with your ugly face.”

Ona laughed shaking her head. “Ugly? Have you looked at yourself on the mirror? You look like

charcoal.”

“I have and hunny, just because you are light in complexion doesn’t mean you are pretty. There are many light in complexion people who are ugly and you happen to be one of them. I am beautiful in my dark skin and I know it. Now leave, I don’t want to fight with you neither do I want to call the police and report you for trespassing.”

Ona put the plate down and walked past Refilwe.

“And never come back here. If you do, it will get very ugly you will understand that word more than anyone in the world.”

“Oh I will come back, and I am going to replace you. By the way, your husband is a freak! He is delicious and I am sure I am going to come back for more. Especially the way he fucks whilst chocking you, the way that dick hits every corner, the way he dishes out orgasm like running water... aarrg! What a man.”

Refilwe fumed as he watched her grab her handbag from the couch and walk out. Tears filled her eyes as she slowly became weak. She blinked away her tears,

she wasn't going to allow herself to cry but the pain overwhelmed her and she broke down crying. All her life men had just used her and walked away, finally she had one who just wanted her for who she was. She didn't have to pretend to be someone else with him, she didn't have to put the long weaves or try a different shade of makeup to make her look light in complexion. She had met the one after a long struggle, a lot of pain and tears.

She covered her face crying, why couldn't she just be happy? God knew that's all she wanted. She worked hard to look independent. She did what he liked, where was she lacking? Pain wrapped itself around her like a vine and she cried loudly.

Sarona stepped out of office inside her boutique and smiled at one of her workers.

"Ithuteng..."

“Boss.”

Sarona laughed. “I told you not to call me that.”

“But you are the boss.”

She shook her head with a smile. “I am going for lunch, see you later.”

Out of the boutique, she got in the car and drove off. Minutes later she was walking inside a cosy restaurant. She smiled sitting opposite Anaya.

“Hey...”

“Hey, how is the boutique?”

“It’s doing well, we just started so it’s relatively ok.”

Anaya smiled sadly sipping her drink. “Don’t tell Colleen, I don’t want to put her in a awkward position but Miguel is abusing me.”

“What?”

“I feel... abused.”

“You ought to be! I can’t believe this. Why?”

“He doesn’t want me moving on.”

“This man! I mean he won’t leave you know who, what are you supposed to do? Remain his side chick forever?”

“I am so angry with myself right now. I should have reported him for rape the first time. I reported him for hitting me.”

“He beat you?”

“He slapped me.”

“So what now? He is probably going to pay fine and walk out of it.”

“I forgave him because I know that’s what he was going to do.”

“You shouldn’t have dropped those charges. Matter of fact, next time just report him to the Kgotla, he will receive those strokes and that will fix him.”

Anaya laughed. “You are right about that.”

“So... how is Lefa?”

“Well he wants to take Ms know it all and I on a vacation.”

Sarona guggled. "To where? Look at me getting all excited for you."

They both laughed. "We are going to Victoria falls. I am so excited, I have been wanting to go there for a while now."

"Besides Tanzania, I have never been anywhere."

"Don't worry, the time will come."

"I pray so." She sighed. "I feel like I am getting too old. I want to get married."

"I am not hurry for marriage right now, I have already have my hands full with Ivy, that child is just too much."

"I am pregnant."

Anaya gasped putting her well manicured fingers on her lips. "You lie!"

"I am and Agang is excited. I just don't want to be a baby making machine, imagine being married after four five kids."

"Well, sit him down and-"

“Sorry I am late.” Colleen joined them.

“Girl! The glow! The spark!” Anaya said laughing.

“Your wedding was so beautiful Colleen, I didn’t want it to end.”

Colleen blushed looking at them. “I am so happy.”

“So when are you going for the honeymoon?” Anaya asked.

“Tomorrow. I am leaving my kids with his sister. I feel so uncertain, that girl is trouble I tell you. She is just trouble. She has million piecings and... I feel anxious leaving my kids with her.”

“Just hire a nanny who will take care of them.”
Sarona suggested.

Anaya’s phone rang and she picked up walking away.

“So where are you going for your honeymoon.”

“Tshepo and I thought we can go to walves bay. I just want to skinny dip.”

“Guys I have to go to work, there is an emergency that needs me.” Anaya said taking her handbag. “We

will talk.”

They both watched her walking away as she rocked her pink heels confidently then continued chatting.

Lalah smiled getting into the car as Shawn leaned over to kiss her.

“I have to go somewhere.” He handed her his bank card. “You can draw out money for your house and anything else you may need. PIN is 0987.”

She smiled and took the card. “Thanks.”

“I will drop you off at the mall.”

“That’s ok.”

Shawn drove to the nearby mall then kissed her again sliding his hands inside her body hugging dress to her g-string touching her cookie.

“Fuck! I will be back later.”

“Call me.” She winked then got out of the car while he drove off.

She took out her phone and dialed Anaya while walking in her red bottoms.

“Aya, how are you feeling?”

“I am fine, I really didn’t need this day off.”

Lalah laughed. “Well good for you because girl here has a bank card and she is ready to spend some money.”

“Allowance e tsene? {Is the allowance in?}”

“No darling but Dr. Shawn decided to finally make a move!”

Ayana laughed with disbelief. “You lie!”

“I am not. Come meet me at Masa Square. I am ready for some shopping.”

Ayana cracked up even more. “He is married.”

“That’s not my business.”

“I am coming.”

“Ok, I will start.”

“Don’t spend too much.”

“Oh honey I am going to spend spend spend! This pussy is top class pussy. Hawaaian pussy. Presidential pussy. Don’t play with this pussy.”

“Girl, wait, I am coming. Kana Modiegi o kwano ebele ke boregile. {Modiegi is here, I am even bored.}”

“Just come.”

Olerato finished with her last client just after six then quickly packed her things before walking out. She got in her car then sped home. Her phone rang as she stepped out of the car.

“Hi,”

“Hey, so pizza or Nandos?”

Olerato smiled walking to her door. “Bring them both. I am hungry, I didn’t get to eat during lunch.”

“I knew it, I already bought them, I am almost there. I miss you.”

She unlocked her door and walked in. “I miss you too.”

“You do?”

She switched on the light closing the door, her heart skipped while she dropped her phone.

“Thought you could run away?”

“Morapedi, what are you doing in my house?”

He stood up holding the big kitchen knife. “So you and your bitch sister thought you could send me to jail and I let it go just like that?”

Olerato swallowed hard taking a step back. “You are going to go back to jail if you hurt me.”

“Jail is my second home.”

She tried opening the door to make a run for it but he grabbed her arm and threw her on the floor.

Morapedi grabbed her with her hair so that she stands then slapped her hard across the face.

“You think you are smart huh?”

Tears burned her eyes as she looked at him. “Please let me go. Don’t hurt me.”

Morapedi slapped her again. “Do you realize how much you ruined my life? Now you are Mrs rich, where could I have been? I lost my job because of you and no one will ever hire me again. Olerato you are going to pay for it.”

“Please...”

Morapedi let her go turning then smacked her with a backslap that she fell on the ground. He started kicking her as she curled her body protecting her stomach crying.

Suddenly he stopped as the door opened. Olerato raised her head and looked at Vince who was charging at Morapedi punching him hard that he fell on the ground with a loud thud. She slowly got up as Vince punched him again and again. Morapedi pushed Vince off then stood up picking the knife aiming it at Vince.

Olerato quickly picked her phone from the floor as

Vince struggled for the knife. She called the police shaking like a leaf. With his whole body weight, Vince pushed Morapedi and he slipped falling whilst dropping the knife. Vince sat on his stomach punching him hard while Olerato talked to the police. Seconds later she put her phone down and stared at Morapedi as he bled.

“Babe... it’s enough. You are going to kill him.”

“This... bastard!” He punched him even harder.

“Vince please, stop, I am pregnant. Stop, you will kill him.”

Vince paused letting go of Morapedi’s unconscious body then looked at her. “You are what?”

Later that night, Agang parked his car at a filling station rolling down his window. A fuel attendant approached him and smiled.

“Full tank. Swiping.”

“Sure.”

The fuel attendant attended to his car while he took out his phone checking his messages. Minutes later the fuel attendant handed him the swiping machine, he tapped his password then the fuel attendant gave back the card with the receipt.

“Can you wipe my windshield.” Agang said handing him a P20 note. The fuel attendant took it and started with the windscreen as Agang looked at black Mercedes that had just pulled up next to him. The door opened and pink heels stepped out.

“Fuck!”

Anaya stepped out and talked to the fuel attendant for a few seconds before walking towards the shop in a catwalk style, her hips rocking from side to side while her long curled weave waved. He noticed everyone was staring at her and for a minute there he wondered what would have happened had Anaya chosen him. The fuel attendant stepped from his car after cleaning the windshield and Agang quickly drove to the shop entrance parking there then

stepping out of the car. He walked inside the shop and looked around, she was last in the queue holding a pack of Doritos. He grabbed the closest thing he could get his hands on and queued behind her. Anaya turned, paused then smiled.

Fuck! She was beautiful, maybe too beautiful and she smelt too good. Now that he thought about it, if he were his brother he would have left Refilwe the day Anaya came back.

“Agang...”

“Hey,”

She smiled. “Good seeing you around.”

“Yeah, you look beautiful.”

She opened her mouth to respond but a man approached them, that man she had been with at her house. He kissed her as if staking claim and Agang chuckled. With a woman like Anaya you couldn't stake claim, she could leave at any time.

“What's taking so long?”

Anaya laughed. “Patience.”

He whispered something to her ear and they both laughed softly. The queue moved and Anaya's companion paid then walked with his hand on her waist. Agang put the chocolate he was holding on the counter and paid before walking out finding the Mercedes driving off.

He got in his car and drove home. His phone rang as he parked the car at his house.

"Hello?"

"Hey, I got your number from one of your cousin."

Agang frowned at the female voice. "Who's this?"

"It's Faith, from the wedding. I was thinking aybe we can meet and talk."

Agang smiled. "I am married man Faith."

Faith laughed. "I didn't see the ring."

"Because I don't wear it."

"You are not married, I know, so come, I am at Avani hotel waiting for you. Don't keep me waiting."

"Don't bother waiting. I love my wife."

He stepped out of his car hanging up and walked inside his house where Sarona was cooking in the kitchen.

“Hey...”

He walked over and kissed her cheek handing her the chocolate. “Hey,”

Sarona blushed. “Thanks.”

Now that smile was enough for him, she was enough.

Tears dropped as Rachel stared at the baby clothes Kenneth had bought. A lot was going on in her head, Kenneth was excited, more than just excited. He was about to have his first child only this wasn't his child. She couldn't even figure out what she would do if ever he found out he was infertile. He would probably kill her. She broke into a loud cry.

“God forgive me! I just wanted a baby...”

Everyday the guilt got too much. She took her phone calling him. His phone rang as she waited.

“Babe, guess what I bought?”

Rachel put her hand over her mouth crying silently.

“I bought this baby cot, I think I should start decorating the baby’s room, I mean, he is almost here.”

“I have something to tell you.”

“What is it?”

Rachel’s heart pounded. “This baby...”

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#85

“What’s wrong with the baby?” Kenneth asked panicking.

Rachel burst into a loud sob.

“Rachel what’s wrong?”

She hung up and covered her face crying. The baby moved and she paused crying putting her hand on her stomach. A car drove in outside and she quickly wiped away her tears wondering what she was going to say, definitely telling the truth was no an option, she would lose him, lose her family. She couldn’t take that risk.

Kenneth burged in seconds later and looked at her.

“What’s wrong? Is the baby ok?”

She nodded. “Yeah... I am sorry.”

“Why were you crying?”

She blushed embarrassed. “Nothing.”

Kenneth pulled her in his arms. “You scared me.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, it’s the hormones. I brought you your mashmallows.”

“Ok.”

Rachel took the marshmallows then walked to the kitchen where she grabbed the jar of mayonnaise. She walked back and sat down next to him opening the lid then dipped a marshmallow inside before eating.

Yaone carefully tucked in Junior and walked out his room carefully closing the door. She went over to Mapula's room and smiled watching her sleep then walked over and took the book on her bed closing it. She placed it on the bedside and for a second just watched her, someone had said she looked like her daughter earlier on when she had picked Mapula from school. A smile covered her face, Mapula was not hers by birth but she had raised this little soul. This little soul called her mama and that was enough. She walked out and closed the door then went to the bedroom.

“Finally! What were you still doing?”

Yaone laughed. "I was checking on the kids." She took off her gown and got in bed next to him.

"Babe I have this friend of mine, Anaya's new boyfriend. I honestly met this guy a year ago and we have been cool. Lefa."

Yaone smiled. "Babe I know Lefa and I also heard about Anaya. What's wrong? You are in a dilemma?"

"Yeah, this guy is snatching my best friend's.... girlfriend."

"I don't like getting involved in such matters but Pule Anaya is not Miguel's girlfriend, we all know that. Miguel is married, I am sure Anaya got tired of playing the side chick role. You can't blame her, she gave him a chance to leave his wife and he didn't want because he is a people's pleaser and now he lost her to a better man. It's life, full of intersections. You need Lefa for our NGO. He is also a very good friend, so just be honest with Miguel. I know you have come far with him but you need to do this."

"He is taking Anaya with to Victoria falls and invited us."

Yaone smiled. "We should go."

"You think?"

"Yes." She slowly got on top of him and moved her waist on his package jerking it. "I want to go. Please tell him yes."

Pule laughed. "Ok."

She leaned over kissing her as Pule slid his hand between her legs touching her pussy. He took out his hard dick then pushed inside her warm wetness.

Lone frowned staring at Lesedi's bedding in the morning while she bathed. She knelt and looked under the bed then pulled out the wet sheets and waited. Lesedi walked in seconds later nude dripping wet.

"Sedi what is this?"

Lesedi looked at her mother with a scared face.

“Sedi!”

“I am sorry.”

“Are you wetting the bed? How long have this been happening?”

She shook her head, Lone angrily grabbed her hand then took off her flip flop. “So this is why you always remove the bedding?”

“Sorry.”

Lone shook with anger then started beating her.

“How old are you? Kids your age don’t wet the bed, are you a baby?”

“Sorry mama!” Lesedi crying loudly.

“Are you a baby?”

“Sorry!”

“I will kill you if I catch you wetting the bed! Dress up.”

She walked out and went back to her bedroom where she put on her heels and fixed her makeup. Seconds later she walked out of her bedroom with

her bags and passed by Lesedi's room, she was still dressing while crying. Lone put her bags down then helped her dress.

“Wa ntena monna! Sutla dio tseo, ke tla go betsa Lesedi. O kile wa bona motho hela o motona a rotela mo dikobong? {You are irritating me. Wipe away that nonsense, I will beat you. Have you ever see a grown up person wetting the bed?}”

Lesedi tightly closed her mouth battling not to cry. Lone finished up then held her braids into a bun .

“Let's go and eat. Bring your bag.”

They both walked to the kitchen where Lone dished soft porridge for her daughter and handed her the plate. Lesedi walked to the dining table and ate silently as Lone drank her protein shake then packed both of them lunch. Minutes later they walked out to her car, Lone reversed out. Her neighbor drove out too then waved at Lone rolling down his window.

“Hi,”

Lone smiled. “Hello.”

He closed his window after flashing that cute smile of his and drove off. Lone joined the road headed to Lesedi's school. She stopped at the parking lot near Lesedi's class where Lesedi's teacher usually waited for all her students. The teacher walked over with a smile as Lesedi jumped off.

"Hi,"

Lone smiled. "Ms. B!"

"Hey, how is my angel?"

"She is fine. How is she?"

"She is fine, just a slow learner but once she gets something, she will never forget it that's why she is the best in my class."

"Ok, thank you."

The teacher smiled. "Just doing what I love. See you."

Lone reversed then drove off. She stole a glance at the time and drove even faster, she had a meeting with Anaya and she didn't want to look incompetent, not after she had applied at the new company.

A while later she parked her car and stepped out of her car walking towards the entrance.

“Lolo...” The receptionist greeted her.

“Hey.”

Lone walked to the spiral glass stairs and made her way up to the second floor. She stepped in the office which she shared with two other colleagues.

“Morning.”

“Hey, ready for boss lady?” Kenanawo asked.

“Yeah, let me go.”

She walked out going to Anaya’s office, her heart pounded as she tried to think of what she might have done, Anaya could just fire her if she wanted.

She smiled at Kelly. “Hey...”

“She is waiting, go right in.”

Lone took a deep breath then walked inside Anaya’s office.

“Good morning.”

“Morning, you may sit.”

Lone sat down as Anaya looked at her.

“I do understand you applied for the new company.”

“Yes.”

She handed Lone a letter. Lone knit her eyebrow reading through then looked at Anaya with disbelief.

“Wow!”

“Look, you are a valuable worker and that’s why-“

“You are firing me?”

“I am letting you go so that you can add more on your studies, Lone I did you a huge favor getting you that position you work as, otherwise, you are not qualified for it. You just have a diploma in business administration. I want you to go and further your studies, get an MBA, I will have a job reserved for you when you come back. I am willing to pay for your studies.”

“I can’t believe you.” Lone stood up fuming. “I knew you were going to do this, I just knew it. You are pathetic Anaya, it’s sad really. Mxm.” She turned and

walked out.

Agang sat in his brother's office staring at him.

"You look dead."

Miguel sighed. "I have a headache. Refilwe was crying non stop yesterday."

"Why? Has she received the divorce papers?"

"No, Ona told her we fucked. I have never slept with that girl."

"I can't wait for you to leave her. This woman is emotionally blackmailing you into staying with her."

"No, she loves me. She really does, last night she said she was going to quit being an air hostess so to spend more time with me. I keep hurting this woman yet she has done nothing expect from loving me."

"You can't stay with someone because you pity them, you are losing the woman you love because of this

nonsense. I saw her yesterday, she was with him and..." He sighed. "Anaya is too beautiful and intimidating, she is educated and does not need anything from a man expect dick, he is insecure and will probably try marrying her quickly. If he does, you would have lost her for good."

"Don't you think I know that? Refilwe will receive the divorce papers soon. Maybe even today."

"Good. Your birthday is coming in two weeks. We are doing something big."

Miguel's phone rang, his heart skipped as he stared at the caller ID.

"Hey..."

"Hey, I want to travel with Ivy, I need your letter of consent."

"Where are you going?"

"Vic falls."

"I will pass by later."

"Ok, thanks." She hung up.

“Anaya?”

“Yeah, she wants to travel with Ivy.”

“She probably going with him.”

Miguel looked at his brother for a moment then stood up. “Did Sarena say anything? I know they are best friends.”

“No, she doesn’t discuss Anaya with me, some friendship code they have. She values that friendship more than anything.”

“I am going to talk to her.”

He stood up and walked out as Agang’s phone rang.

“Didn’t I say I say don’t call me?”

Faith chuckled. “Come on, what happened yesterday?”

Agang laughed with disbelief. “Do you have a child?”

“Yes why?”

“Focus on that.”

He hung up annoyed and immediately blocked her

before walking out of his brother's office. His eyes fell on the PA, she was beautiful, probably young too. She blushed catching him staring then looked away. Agang battled with his conscious then walked towards her.

"Hi, you are?"

"Vanessa."

He smiled watching her in discomfort. "You are beautiful."

"Thanks."

He winked and walked away.

Anaya leaned back on her chair staring at her lawyer.

"You are completely safe, that document you both signed ensures your safety. You have nothing to lose."

She sighed. "Kick me next time I try to repeat the

same mistake.”

Tyrese stood up laughing. “You are going to make good money.”

“I hope so.”

Tyrese walked out and Anaya looked at the document before her. She raised her head when the door opened followed by Miguel walking in. Slowly she stood up looking in his eyes, he didn't look happy nor mad.

“Miguel...”

“So you are taking my child to Vic falls with your boyfriend?”

Anaya took a deep breath. “Can we talk about this later?”

Miguel locked her door and slid the keys in his pocket.

“Start talking.”

Anaya's heart leaped as she thought of what he might do.

“Miguel I am working.”

“Anaya you must think I am an idiot.”

She shook her head. “Can’t I take my daughter on a trip?”

“Not with that nigga. You are not going with my daughter, matter of fact I am taking her because I will not let your boyfriend play daddy with my child. The fact that you introduced him to her without my consent pisses me off.”

“You are not taking my daughter Miguel.”

Miguel walked towards her and Anaya cautiously moved back. “If you hit me I am going to make sure you go to jail.”

“You think you are smart, I am going to beat you. Wntlwaela Anaya.”

“Miguel you are going to jail! I promise you.”

Anaya looked at her bathroom door then at him, she could make a run for it. She turned running to the bathroom then tried closing the door but Miguel ran after her blocking the door with his shoe.

“O tlo swaba Anaya!”

“Miguel stop it!”

He pushed the door open then walked in.

“You refuse to let my daughter visit me yet you introduce your boyfriends to my daughter. Ke tla go thuba ka mpama Anaya. {I will slap you.}”

Anaya quickly put her hands on her face shaking.

“Take your hands off her face.”

“You are going to slap me.”

“So you think I can’t slap you with your hands on your face? Take your hands off and look at me.”

She slowly took off her hands and looked at him.

“Miguel please go.”

“Why did you introduce him to my daughter? What is he rapes her?”

“Lefa is not-“

Miguel smacked her that she staggered back holding her cheek crying.

“Miguel stop it. I am going to report you.”

“Your problem is that you think you can get away with anything because you are pretty. I am going to fix you today, you will behave properly.”

He grabbed her weave and slapped her again countless times till her nose bled. He then pushed her to the shower and opened the cold water making her yelp. She tried running out but slipped falling as the cold water hit hard on her body crying.

“Miguel please...”

He closed the tap then pulled her with her wet weave.

“Wash that makeup off, the blood too. Now!”

She nodded holding her sobs as blood dripped on her white jumpsuit then walked to the sink dripping wet and washed off the make-up and blood with the soap. She held her nose for a while trying to stop the bleeding.

“I want you to repeat what you said yesterday. Say it now.”

Anaya put her hand over her mouth crying looking

into his cold eyes.

“I said say what you said yesterday.”

“I am sorry.”

“You think you are all that because of that face and body, I will get you pregnant and see where you will end up.”

She knew he would, he would probably kill her. Same way she suspected he killed Ian. She thought of her family, her siblings, her daughter who still needed her.

“I am sorry.”

“You are going to call him right now and break it off.”

“Miguel you are still married. I can't do this anymore.”

“I filed for divorce, all for you, all because I love you. I am going against my family all for you, call him right now. Let's go.”

Dripping wet, she walked out of the bathroom with him then took her phone by her desk and called him.

“Hey, I am flying back from Kasane later today.”

Anaya looked at Miguel as tears ran down her wet cheeks. “I want us to break up. I can’t do this anymore. It’s over. Don’t call me or go anywhere near my daughter.” She hung up and looked at Miguel.

Miguel pulled her in his arms and she broke down crying.

Lone handed Rachel the letter.

‘She fired me, I knew she was going to do it.’

Rachel read through then put the letter down. “At least she is giving you a package.”

“I don’t care about the package. Anaya is so pathetic it’s ctually sad. I bet she still holds a grudge because of the whole Miguel issue.”

“I don’t think so, I mean you are not the only one who

got fired.”

“I am telling you, I bet she was annoyed when she found out I was working there.”

“So what are you going to do now?”

“I will see. Mxm I am so angry right now. She behaves like this forgetting she was once a prostitute. I am going to fix her.”

“Lone, don’t do that.”

“People deserve to know, ever wondered where she got all that money to start a company? She probably slept her way around. She doesn’t even have a serious degree.”

“She has a degree in accountancy.”

“So? I am going to fix her, she thinks she is all that because now she has money and fucking the MP’s son.”

“Just leave it, I am sure Bame will take care of you.”

“I have to go.” Lone stood up and walked out of Rachel’s house. She got in her car taking out her phone and created a ghost facebook account. She

joined a couple of groups including Youth Of Botswana then wrote a long post attaching Anaya's pictures. She logged out of the account and logged back in her account and went to the post. The likes and comments were piling in.

Later that evening Miguel walked inside his house and fist bumped with his sons who were watching TV before he went to the bedroom. Refilwe walked out of the bathroom with red puffy eyes, he sighed and sat down.

"I might go to jail."

Refilwe put her hand over her mouth crying, Miguel stared at her wanting to comfort her but he remained still.

"I harassed Anaya."

"Why? Why won't you leave her alone. She called me."

“I love her. I don’t want to break your heart anymore, I don’t want you questioning yourself. You are a great woman, you are beautiful and have given me beautiful kids but I can’t string you along anymore pretending.”

“I love you. I can’t live without you.”

“I am sorry but I love her. The more I keep fighting it, the more I love her even more, it’s driving me crazy, I keep hurting her..”

“Miguel please... what can I do? I will do anything.”

He looked at her and sighed sadly while she cried.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stiletto

#86

Tears filled Anaya’s eyes as she sat in her bedroom trying her best not to cry but one wayward tear ran

down her cheek followed by another. She quickly wiped it and looked at the ceiling.

“You are stronger than this.”

She heard her door opening then quickly smiled turning.

“Mommy, I finished all my food, read, can we now take selfies?”

“Yes, of cause.”

“Uncle Lethabo says he went to the tuckshop.”

Anaya reached for her phone and looked at the time.

“Ok. We can only take five selfies.”

Ivy smiled excitedly as Anaya put the camera on, they paused for a couple of pictures.

“Ok, there, now go and watch TV.”

“Mommy is daddy coming today? Why doesn't he visit us anymore?”

“Sweetie daddy has other things to do.”

“He doesn't want us anymore?”

“No, no sweetie but he has his home, he needs to go there to.”

“Quinsy’s mother? Can’t we all stay together?”

Anaya sighed. “Honey, daddy is Quinsy’ mother’s husband. They are married. They live together, like girlfriend and boyfriend. They love each other. So they are a family.”

“We are not daddy’s family?”

“We are but-“

“We are all a big family.” Lefa said walking in. “But daddy can’t stay with us all. See he loved mommy but now he loves Quinsy’s mother just like I love mommy. He will visit you here and you can also go there and be with Quinsy and Junior. You have two mommies, two daddies and two homes, isn’t that exciting.” He picked her up throwing her in the air while she laughed loudly.

“Don’t you want to have toys here and at daddy’s place?”

Ivy giggled. “I do.”

“Great, we can take some selfies to seal the happy night.”

“Mommy, come!”

Ayana smiled as they all took some selfies.

“High five!”

Ivy raised her hand and hit Lefa’s palm. “Yey!”

“Ok, we will play hide and seek today. Go and hide.”

“Ok...” Ivy ran out laughing.

Lefa closed the door and took off his brown leather jacket throwing it on Anaya’s bed and stood in front of her.

“What happened?”

Anaya looked in his eyes and slowly tears filled her eyes.

“Tell me, what’s going on Naya.”

Anaya put her hand over her mouth and cried hysterically, Lefa pulled her in his arms and rubbed her back while she cried. A while later they were both sitting on the bed.

“What’s going on?”

“Miguel came by and harassed me.”

Lefa stood up. “He what?”

“He just...”

“Your cheek... he slapped you?”

“It’s nothing.”

“Anaya it’s either you are with him or not, he beats you and harasses you and you just let it be.”

“I don’t want drama.”

Lefa grabbed his jacket and walked out.

Miguel looked at Refilwe as she faced the other way on the bed in complete silence. He stayed still for a while then his phone rang.

“Hello?”

“I want to talk to you, face to face, can we meet?”

“Who are you?”

“Lefa. Don’t make me come to your house and embarrass you in front of your family.”

“I am coming, send your location.”

He hung up and changed before walking out leaving Refilwe lying silently. Minutes later he parked where Lefa was and immediately got off the car. Lefa walked towards him and punched him hard.

“I am simply going to beat you for putting your hands on my own. You can do it all but not on my woman.”

Lefa punched him again but this time Miguel dodged and punched him back. Soon they were exchanging punches. Lefa punched Miguel in the stomach making him groan soothing his pain for a second then punched him again. Angrily, Miguel speared into Lefa leading both of them right to the ground with a loud thud. Miguel gained strength and punched Lefa putting all his anger into each punch. This was the man fucking his woman, his woman. Anaya was his and if he couldn’t have her then nobody could,

especially not him.

Lefa took out his pocket knife and stabbed Miguel pushing him away then stood up struggling.

“That’s for Anaya. Next time I will make sure you disappear without trace.”

He walked over to his Mercedes and sped off leaving Miguel bleeding with a knife stuck on his chest. Slowly he stood up and got in his car taking his phone.

“Agang... that motherfucker stabbed me.”

“What? Who? Where are you.”

“I am sending the location.”

“Sure, I am on my way.”

He sent the location then closed his eyes leaning back on his seat closing his eyes. The pain was excruciating yet numbing him, slowly everything started turning black till he dissolved into unending darkness.

Marang smiled walking past a nurse talking on the phone. She walked inside her office closing the door.

“I love it here, I am going to talk to Miguel about staying with Junior here.”

Layla giggled. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too. I am beginning to get the hang of everything here, fitting into the life style here. Chicago is completely different from what I was used to.”

“You will love it. How is Bryan?”

“He is fine, we are fine.”

“Is he?”

“Yes. I love him.”

“I am just glad you have moved on past Miguel.”

Marang faked a small laugh. “Yeah, I am thinking of getting a master’s degree in surgery.”

“That’s a good idea.”

“Bryan even said the same.”

“You see, how is Melinda?”

Marang sighed thinking of her mother in-law. “She wants a grandchild, I swear that woman is extra and classy.”

“You will get used to it, at least you can have kids, imagine having her pester you like that yet you can’t have kids.”

“I don’t think she likes me that much.”

“She doesn’t like anyone that much, she is... cold to everyone. Even to her husband yet Jo is a sweet sweet man.”

Marang’s cordless phone beeped and she took it.

“Layla we will talk.”

“Bye love.”

“Dr. Henderman?”

“Mr. Taylor is awake.”

“I am on my way.”

She stood up rushing to his room, he was finally awake.

Anaya paced up and down her room wondering if she had to go to the police and report or what. Her phone rang and she quickly answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, have you been on facebook?”

“No Sarona, why? I am barely on facebook.”

“Someone created a fake a ccount slamming you.”

“What?”

“Yeah. Check on Youth Of Botswana.”

Anaya hung up and logged in on facebook. She searched the group she had joined when she was still in university and gasped reading through the

post.

'She walks around with her head held high, posing as a role model but what people don't know is that Anaya Shato was a prostitute, still is. She slept with rich men then all of a sudden she is rich, owns a huge company worth millions. She even made a sex tape but of course people shouldn't remember that because all of a sudden, she is a rich, a sHero. Who knows but maybe she runs a brothel, I won't be surprised if she does. If she could sleep with a dying old man for money, who knows what else she can do. I feel sad and scared for our young females, they look up to her yet don't have a clue of where she gets all that money. I doubt her sister was raped, Anaya probably had one of her men fuck her then cry rape.'

She passed her pictures attached to the post and went to the comments of the group members.

"Even if she did, which I highly don't believe she did,

what's your issue. O borilwe keng? Saago ke jealous. That woman has changed a lot of lives, a lot of people work for her and can now feed their families. Take the backseat, ugly tart."

"I knew it! Where there is fire, there is smoke. HAAAIYEEEE! Ke mathata."

"Most of this influential women sleep with men to get to the highest level in the hierach, nothing new about that. Ever wondered of those insta slay queens who do nothing but post pictures all day, ever questioned where they get time to work if they are always on insta?"

"Go tla ba busy today!"

"I am here for the comments!"

"They said she was a genuine business woman and I looked away. Shuu! Basadi!"

"Most of you bashing on this woman are women, I guess we are still dealing with pull her down syndrome, when are women going to stand with their fellow women, be a unity? I guess we are still backward minded."

“Such a shame a lot of women go through all this, honestly I blame the community we live in.”

“Soory I am late, I am a member of Comment Reader Association, popcorn anyone?”

“Go eng today, ba mo exposa moghele.”

“You are jealous that’s why it’s a fake account, thing is as black people, we shout to be treated equally, scream and fight for justice yet we can’t even uplift each other. Anaya Shato has changed a lot of lives and wena fake account you must be sad and lonely, koore you can’t handle success of other black people. Nxla la tena kwa!”

“Nyaa maaka!”

“Chasing for clout.”

“Fr.”

“We can all see this is fake, that woman has worked her ass up the ladder, she has sweated for everyone, opened job opportunities, she uplifts me and other women out there. Fake account expose yourself, why are you hiding behind a fake page.”

“Someone remove this person from the group.”

“REPORT THE FAKE ACCOUNT.”

“Le bitter sies!”

“Anaya don’t mind them. Slay in that mula girl! Let them bow down to you. You are my superwoman.”

“So we are going to joke about rape like that? And why include her sister into this. Someone report this post.”

“Ereng jealous mo ngwaneng?”

“What sex tap, anyone send it to me. DM me.”

“She is beautiful, le jealous kwa! Tswang hela mo Anaya.”

“It’s called working hard you uncultured swine, dio shit! O masepa! Your mother.”

“Gatweng naare? Motho o tla le borisa bosigo. Nxla.”

“I always knew she was a fake, so glad the truth is out in the open.”

“If you can’t even treat your fellow woman right, why should men treat you right?”

“Woman slandering each other, a topic they are not ready for.”

Anaya threw her phone down trying to think of who could possibly hate her this much. She took her phone and dialed her number.

“So you decided to go and bash me on social media? Just how low of you.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Refilwe you have gone far, I have been quiet for too long, I have let people walk all over me but it’s enough. You are going to pay for that. I am going to sue you for slandering my character.”

She hung up and called her lawyer fuming.

Lone read through the comments unbothered. She logged into the fake account and deleted the post

then the account. She still had a month at Osworld so she had to keep clean. Her phone rang.

“Rachel...”

“So you posted that?”

“What?”

“You bashed Anaya on facebook, I can’t believe you. How could you stoop so low?”

“I didn’t do anything, what are you talking about?”

“Lone you are toxic, you are inhuman. How could you do that? Anaya is willing to pay your fees, you refused and that’s all right but to do what you did... I can’t believe this. Miguel is going to kill you.”

“I didn’t do anything, how many times should I say it?”

“I don’t think I can continue with friendship, honestly it’s draining. I have my own issues to deal with.”

“Wow!”

“Nyaa mma, waitse hela gore ke wena, itatole mme go bua nnete ke wena Lone. {You know it’s you, deny

it but truth be told it's you.} I hope you feel any better, and I hope Anaya comes up stronger than before. I really do, I am beginning to think your obsessive hatred towards Anaya is not health, not for Anaya. Who knows what you might do, you are still in love with Miguel that's why you hate her. Maybe if you were over Miguel you wouldn't be hating her like that."

"I don't want Miguel."

"Yes you do. I thought I knew you but I don't. I am done with you."

Rachel hung and Lone looked at her phone silently.

Sarona got in bed reading typing on the whatsapp group chat.

Sarona: I can't believe someone would just do that.

Colleen: She deleted the post before I could comment. I am telling you, it's Refilwe.

Sarona: I think so too. Agang says she got served divorce papers.

Colleen: She is bitter.

Sarona's phone rang and she answered.

"Agang..."

"Hey, I am going to come late, I am at the hospital, Miguel was stabbed."

"What?"

"Yeah, don't tell anyone, just don't wait up."

"Is he ok?"

"I don't know, he lost a lot of blood. The doctors are with him."

"Ok, I love you."

"I love you too, don't tell anyone."

"I won't."

She hung then called Anaya.

"Hey, can we talk tomorrow-"

"Miguel was stabbed, don't tell anyone but he is in a

critical condition.”

“What?”

“Yeah.”

Anaya sighed. “Ok, thanks.”

“Are you going to see him?”

“No. Bye.”

Anaya hung up and Sarona sighed.

Mma Mokwena lay awake in bed, she took a deep breath and shook her husband who was already asleep.

“Mokwena, wake up.”

“Elizabeth what is it?”

“Wake up.”

Mokwena opened his eyes and sat up right with his wife.

“What is it?”

“Why are you being too hard on Boikanyo? Can’t you see he is not happy?”

“Is this what you woke me up for?”

“Yes. Miguel loves mmagwe Ivy, why can’t you let him be? We all knew one day she was going to come back and she did, Rachel was a rebound that we knew. Everyone knew that, as his parents we shouldn’t have let him go on with that wedding, we should have sat him down and talked to him. He is going to feel as if he has no one with him on his side, take Anaya and his kids and run.”

Mokwena sighed. “Refilwe is stable. She is...-“

“What? Not too educated, submissive? Not intimidating? Of course she is like that but that is not your son’s type. Maybe yours but not your sons.” She took a deep breath as tears filled her eyes. “We should let Miguel be, if you are not going to stand with him I will. I will stand by all my kids no matter what because I will never forget the labor pains. I don’t know why you don’t understand because you

were once in his position.”

“It was different.”

“How different? You are royal and I am not, I am a commoner.”

Mokwena looked at his wife.

“You made a decision and ran with me. You left your family, your rightful throne just to be with me. No one supported us then so you chose us. I see you in Miguel and he is going to do the same thing, just like Agang did. It’s only a matter of time till that happens and I hope you will be ready for it. Goodnight.”

She lay on the bed giving her back to him and closed her eyes.

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Don't forget to like and comment.

The Alpha In Stiletto

#87

Theodora looked around the one bedroom flat moving from the bedroom to the toilet then the sitting room and kitchen. She smiled then signed the lease agreement, I wasn't something big but she could afford it. She walked out locking behind her then submitted the signed lease agreement before heading to work. Things were looking up, now she was just waiting for Anaya's call. Her phone rang as she walked inside her work building.

"Hello?"

"Theo, how are you?"

"I am fine mama. How are you?"

"I am fine."

"Did you get anything from the divorce settlement?"

"Yes, half of everything. I am so glad we had changed our marriage status, if we didn't then I don't think I would have walked out with that much."

"At least now you have money for your business."

"Yes, I spoke with Anaya so that she can be my

investor but if she doesn't want, I can use what I have."

"That's good, how is Loago?"

"He is fine but right now he is with Christian."

"Ok, I just wanted to make sure you are ok."

"I am fine, I wish I had thought of a business years ago, I wonder where I would be now."

"You are doing just fine, you will get there."

"I hope so, I have to go, I will call you."

She sat down in her office as a colleague walked in.

"Morning."

Theodora smiled. "Hey."

"I brought you the files you wanted yesterday."

"Thanks." She took the files.

"See you later."

She walked out as Theodora scrolled through her phone, she looked at Yaone's status and smiled, it was a picture of her husband their kids. That was

her months ago and she had ruined it all. She had lost her family and now drank ARV's. She replied to Yaone's status with a few heart emojis then put her phone down.

Lalah opened her door and walked inside her room later that morning, she hated night shifts, they drained her. Slowly she undressed remaining in her panties only then lay on her bed. Her phone vibrated, she took it and opened a message from Shawn.

Shawn: Where are you? I want to see you.

Lalah: I am home.

Shawn: On my way.

Lalah quickly got off bed and put water in a jug. She waited for it to boil then poured it in her dish and quickly bathed. Minutes later she heard a car outside then dried herself before putting on her g-string and gown. She walked to the door and opened with a

smile.

“Hey, I was about to...” She paused staring at a woman standing before her.

“So you are the one sleeping with my husband?”

Lalah’s heart skipped as she looked at Shawn’s phone in the woman’s hand. “Hi.”

“Don’t tell me hi, you are sleeping with my husband. I am going to fix you today. You think you can just sleep with married men and get away with it?”

Shawn’s wife pushed Lalah that she fell inside the house. she quickly got up moving back.

“Look, you have got the whole thing wrong.”

Shawn’s wife grabbed Lalah’s arm and slapped her across the face, angrily Lalah pushed her off and walked to where she cooked. She grabbed the jug full of water and splashed it at Shawn’s wife making her jump screaming.

“Your husband is the problem, not me. You stupid and fat that’s why he cheats in the first place. I don’t even know why you are making noise because that

water was cold.”

Shawn’s wife charged at her but Lalah grabbed the pan and hit her hard with it on her head.

“Get out of my house, go and drink herbalife!”

Shawn’s wife put her hand over her head grining in pain. “I am going to sue you.”

“Oh? Go ahead and I will suck your husband’s dick real good and ride him till he burst in my pussy like he did earlier today, after that, he will pay you. I am not going to give you anything. If I were you I would go home and babysit the million kids you have, you better behave because I want, I will take the man from you.”

“What kind of a woman are you?”

Lalah smiled and opened her gown revealing her lace g-string. “The kind of woman that keeps your man happy. Get out of my house.”

Shawn’s wife walked out and Lalah quickly locked the door. Her phone rang and she answered angry.

“Yah?”

“Hey, I was thinking of building mama a one room then use the house as a lodge.”

Lalah chuckled. “Gontle are you listening to yourself?”

“Yes, the lodge will make money.”

“And who is going to spend the money? Who will reap the profits?”

“It’s my idea.”

“You are crazy. That’s not going to happen. That house was built by mama and she is not moving out so that you can use it for your own reasons. Forget it. I am going to extend that house and my kids will visit their grandmother in that house. She is not moving, if you want a lodge, build one yourself.”

“I don’t even understand why you are being difficult, you think you are all that because you are doing nursing?”

“I am all that, I am way better than you. I passed my BGCSE, I am studying, soon enough I will graduate and I will be working. As for you, the only think you

know doing is popping out babies. You will never be like Anaya, she turned her mother's house into a lodge because she is the one who built it in the first place, today it's a double storey and people go there because it's sophisticated. She is building another lodge in Serowe, you can never be Anaya. Stay in your place."

"For how long will you compare me to Anaya Lalah? Anaya slept her way to the top. Ever wondered where she gets all the money?"

"I am beginning to think you are the one of the fake account but let me just tell you, for your own information, Anaya worked hard to be where she is but of cause you can't relate because all you do is work hard opening your legs. This better be the first and last time you talk about mama's house."

"When days are dark, don't even come to my house. Go to Anaya."

"I will gladly do so, Anaya is my sister. The way she takes care of Aya is the same way she takes care of me. She pays my rent back at Serowe, buys me food

when she buys Aya's food, buys me clothes when he buy's Aya's. So don't let that stress you, I will never come to you."

She hung and put her hands over her face.

Colleen lay on the launcher with her sunglasses on enjoying the warm sun while sipping on her drink. Tshepo walked over in his beach shorts shirtless.

"Hey..."

Tshepo took her sunglasses and kissed her.

"Wanna swim?"

"Uh no I-"

Tshepo took the glass of juice from her placing it down then picked her up while she giggled.

"Babe stop..."

He ignored her and walked right into the water with

her. Colleen laughed as he walked further into the water then let her go.

“You are crazy.”

Tshepo smiled then pulled closer kissing her. “I love you.”

“I love you too. I love it here.”

“Wait till we go to the desert.”

“We are going there?”

“Yes.” He whispered seductively putting his hand inside her panties. Colleen laughed swimming away from.

“Stop.”

He swam after her laughing. A while later they got out of the pool and walked over to a group of people playing Volleyball. Girls vs Boys. They quickly joined in and started playing laughing. Colleen hit the ball just like the way she did when she was still at high school. The game continued for a while till the girls won.

They all dispersed, Tshepo put his arm around

Colleen's waist as she walked in her shorts and bikini bra.

"This was fun."

"Want to know what I want to do now?" Tshepo whispered.

"What?"

He whispered something in her ear and they both laughed.

"Ok, but after we check on the kids."

"Babe the kids are fine, there is a nanny. She will call if something is wrong."

Colleen looked at him and sighed. "Ok."

They continued walking while whispering to each other giggling.

Anaya walked inside her premises in a navy blue suit

holding her bags, her ass shook with each step she took while her hips swayed from side to side. She walked inside the elevator and sighed as it whisked her up to her floor.

“Morning, you look wow!”

Anaya smiled. “Thanks Kelly, morning.”

She walked inside her office and sat down. Her phone rang and she took it out from her handbag.

“Hi,”

“Hey, so you don’t call if I don’t?”

“You left last night Lefa, I don’t want to force you into anything.”

She took out her laptop and opened it powering it up.

“You can’t blame me for being upset, he is abusing you.”

“And you think I don’t know that? I reported him to the police.”

“That’s good. I want to tell you something?”

Kelly walked inside the office with Anaya’s coffee

and placed it before her. She handed Anaya a note then walked out.

“I have a meeting in ten minutes, can you call later?”

“Ok,”

Anaya hung up and took a sip of her coffee opening her emails. Kelly walked back in.

“Hey, there is a man here to see you. Agang.”

Anaya paused and looked at her.

“Let him in.”

“Ok.”

Agang walked in seconds later and smiled. “I swear, this has to be the highlight of the day.”

Anaya tried to keep a serious face but she couldn't really be mad at him.

“Hey...”

“You look beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

“Can we talk?”

“Yeah, sit.”

Agang sat down as Anaya smiled. He still had that naughtiness going on. The playful spark that was always in his eyes.

“I am sorry that BK has been harrassing you.”

“Don’t be, I opened a case at the police and this time he is going to receive those strokes at the chief.”

“BK loves you Anaya. He’s always loved you. I don’t blame you for leaving but please understand things from his point of view. If he could, he would have left Refilwe at the alter but there were a lot of things to consider. You left and things changed, a lot happened, a lot that just couldn’t be forgotten. He filed for divorce, Refilwe got served yesterday. All he needs was your patience.”

“Agang... I get all of that and that’s why I decided to subtract myself from that equation. He just had a lot to consider but my heart was breaking. I understood for too long and I still do but I am also human. Miguel has a lot of responsibilities and I get that, without me no one gets hurt because this thing was

not only hurting me but the kids too. We put the kids inside this mess. I don't want to do that anymore. Your brother has hurt me, he beats me for no reason, he forces himself onto me without even using a condom. I am sick and tired of this, if it wasn't for the fact that we have a child together I would have put up a restraining order."

"He had a fight with your boyfriend last night."

Anaya frowned. "What?"

"And he got stabbed."

"Look I don't know what you are trying to do but—"

"I am being serious. Your boyfriend stabbed him last night, he is critical right now, lost a lot of blood."

Anaya swallowed then stood up. "That's not true. Lefa would never do that."

"Call him and ask. I have his phone here, Lefa called him, thank God his phone is set to record all phone calls. I will play the recording." Agang took out the phone and played the recording.

"Hello?"

“I want to talk to you, face to face, can we meet?”

“Who are you?”

“Lefa. Don’t make me come to your house and embarrass you in front of your family.”

“I am coming, send your location.”

Anaya put her hands over her face.

“Oh my God!”

Marang walked inside Mr. Taylor’s room in the morning, he turned and smiled at her. A leggy blonde with big lips stood up and looked at her with a questioning look. Mr. Taylor turned to her with a smile, his eyes roaming on her face.

“You must be Dr. Henderson, I hear you are the good doctor who has been taking care of me.”

He now wore a white t-shirt with sweatpants, the watch he had on didn’t miss her eye either but what

really caught her attention was the weed that was smelling inside the room, so distinct she knew one of them was smoking.

“I am Brianna, Jarule’s PR and PA.”

Marang turned her eyes back to the blonde and smiled. “I see, well pleased to meet you. Are you the one smoking?”

Brianna pursed her lips. “No, Jarule has a prescription.”

“I am sure he can always smoke somewhere else, here we don’t condone smoking. I am sure you didn’t miss that sign outside.”

“Look doc, just tell us when he is getting discharged.”

“No Bri, sorry doc, I definitely didn’t see that sign.”

Marang sighed. “How are you feeling today?”

“I feel better, ready to bounce.”

“I can’t discharge you yet, I am keeping you here for observation. You were coma for pretty long time.”

“Ok look, I get that you are just doing your job but Jarule has things to do and each second he is here, he is losing money.”

“Bianca maybe you can wait outside.” Marang said politely.

“Brianna, and no I can’t. I need to report back to our offices.”

“I don’t want to ban you from seeing my patient, please do wait outside.”

Brianna rolled her eyes then stormed outside.

Marang looked at Jarule.

“As I was saying, I have to keep you here for observation, we have ran some test and as soon as they are back, maybe I can let you go home.”

She walked over and checked a few things.

“You are not going to smoke here, there is that rule for a reason. Welcome back Mr. Taylor.”

She walked and went to her office calling Bryan.

“Hey baby...”

Marang let out a sigh listening to his voice, she sat down.

“Hey...”

“What’s wrong?”

“Remember that patient I told you about?”

“Yeah, the designer guru guy?”

“Yes, he woke up and I don’t think I like him. Not in a bad way but just...”

Bryan laughed. “I know, what did he do? He doesn’t follow doctor’s orders?”

“He... I am irritated but it’s ok. I miss you.”

“We were together in the morning but I miss you too.”

“Not like that. I need you.” She whined.

“Are you still on...”

“No.”

“You are going to find me home.”

Marang laughed. “I am coming home as soon as I

knock off.”

“Babe, I have to go, duty calls.”

“Ok, love you.”

“Love you too.”

He hung up, Marang leaned back on her chair thinking of Brianna, that face looked edited.

Anaya walked inside Miguel’s room and put her hand over her hand over her mouth staring at him. She walked closer then looked at the bandages on his chest. Now looking at him, she wondered just what had went down last night. He was bruised too. The door opened and Refilwe walked in panting.

“What are you doing here?”

“I just came to see him.”

“Well now leave.”

“Refilwe I am not...” She trailed off.

“You are not what? You ruined my marriage.”

“I didn’t ruin anything, he just never loved you!”
Anaya snapped.

“So are you happy right now? You are the reason he is here right now.” Refilwe tearfully spoke as her voice shook.

“You know what, I don’t have time for this.”

“Anaya you need to grow up. You are old! What are you teaching Ivy? That you should around wrecking marriages? That you open legs for married men?”

Anaya seethed with anger. “You are delusional. You are crazy. I don’t have time for this.”

“Your boyfriend attacked my husband.”

“You don’t know what happened.”

“I just don’t knw why you won’t stay away from him.”

Anaya laughed. “First of all, your husband is the one chasing after me not the other way round.”

“You are so cheap. It’s sad.”

“Cheap? If I am cheap why are you talking to me? Refilwe I can take this man with the snap of my fingers. I don’t even have to beg him, he will do as I say. That’s just how much he is a sucker for me. Don’t bite the hand that keeps you happy.”

“Oh that’s why he beats you? You call that love? Him harassing you? You call that love? Really now? Is that your kind of love? You are a low life whoew who takes abuse as love, I pity you.”

“Wow ok! Bye.”

Anaya fixed her blazer and walked out her heels echoing behind her. She unlocked her car and got in, for a moment there she tried to excuse Lefa for his actions but for him to stab Miguel like that! It was extreme. She started her car and drove away headed to his house. She parked in front of the open gate, there was another car parked inside behind his Mercedes.

Taking a deep breath she stepped out of the car and walked to the door where she knocked. Lefa opened the door seconds later and smiled at her.

“Hey, I was going to come over. Come in, I want you to meet someone.”

He opened the door wider and Anaya walked in but paused looking at the MP and his wife sitting in the sitting room.

“Babe meet my parents, mama, papa this is Anaya. My girlfriend.”

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Don't forget to like and comment, our insert follows at 22:30.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#88

Anaya forced a smile staring at his parents who were smiling at her. The mother stood up and walked over to hug her.

“Finally we meet you, I have seen your face a few

times, you own OsWorld?”

“Yes mam.”

“She is beautiful, I love her.”

His father stood up and smiled. “She is beautiful. At least she is not like those other girls you go for.”

“Papa what are you talking about now?”

“Anaya, you are welcome to the Rabogatso family.”

She smiled at the MP, it had gotten so complicated in a matter of seconds.

“I hope you are here for dinner, come, I have just started cooking.”

Lefa’s mother walked with Lefa’s mother to the kitchen.

“I love girls like you, independent and focused.”

Anaya smiled. How could she tell this woman that she just wanted to leave, that her son made her speculate. Who in their right state of mind went around stabbing people?

Lefa walked with his father outside talking.

“So you stabbed him?”

“I just lost it, he keeps harassing her.”

“I told you to control it, sometimes violence is not the option, no woman wants a man who goes around stabbing people, you said they have a child together?”

Lefa nodded.

“Now see what you did, you need to be smart here.” The MP tapped his head. “Than at your hands, now not only are you violent but you want to kill her child’s father. See this picture you give her. He is going to play victim and have her feel sorry for her.”

“I love Anaya.”

“I can see, you need to humble yourself. Women like her are not the kept type, she will always leave if she feels like it, she will keep you on your toes and she will always go to someone even better if you slack.

She is too beautiful and you need to be careful. You are too grown to be chasing after women, you need to be settling. I love that girl, she is focused.”

“I will talk to her, apologise to the guy if I have to.”

“Humble yourself but don’t be weak. I am proud of you, women like her are rare.”

“Anaya is beautiful inside out.”

“Your mother already loves her.”

He smiled. “I hope she doesn’t smother her with love.”

They both laughed.

“How is business going?”

“Things are looking up.”

“That’s what I want to hear. You and your brother should work hard to maintain this level of success and go far. You are doing this for your sons. Did you tell her you have kids?”

Lefa shook his head. “I haven’t found the right time. I recently got her as mine days ago and already things

are falling apart.”

“Nothing will fall apart unless you let it fall apart. Tell her about your kids.”

Olerato looked at her sister who was fuming with anger.

“I can’t believe this. And you didn’t think to tell me because?”

“I am sorry but I was just overwhelmed. At least he is in jail Boitumelo.”

“I am going to make him suffer if he gets out he will never ever look your direction.”

“I think you should just let it go.”

“No, I am going to sort him, he thinks he is smart.”

Olerato smiled. “You are too much...”

“Mxm, wa ntena monna yole. Ke gore o tletse dio

disele. {That man annoys me. He is full of nonsense.}
Anyways I can see the glow.”

She blushed and looked down shyly.

“What?”

“I am pregnant.”

“Wow!”

Olerato giggled. “I just... I can’t believe this.”

“Well I am happy for you, I am going to be an Aunt.
What is he saying?”

“He is as excited and I am meeting his baby mama
today so we can all get familiar with each other.”

“I hope you are ready for it, some baby mamas are
bitter.”

“I am ready but a bit nervous.”

“Don’t be, you got this. Just be clear with what you
want.”

“I just hope she is not a baby mama from hell.”

“Don’t worry, even if she is, don’t let her get to you.”

“I won’t.”

“Good. So when are you telling mama and papa?”

“I am scared.”

“You are 31 years old.”

Olerato laughed. “How is Kago and the kids?”

“You don’t visit anymore.”

“I will, this coming weekend.”

“Bring Vince. I am sure he will get along with Kago.”

“Ok. That will be nice. How did you deal with that other issue of yours?”

Boitumelo laughed. “I apologized, there was nothing I could do then she told me she was once like that, we are actually good.”

“Thank God Kago’s family is soft like him.”

“Thank God! I didn’t even know what to do.”

They continued chatting laughing then finally walked out of her office.

“Saturday right?”

Olerato nodded. "Yes. Most definitely."

"Ok."

She got in her car and drove off while Boitumelo got in hers. Taking a glance at the time she sighed stepping on the accelerator. Vince was going to pick her up from her house in an hour's time. She freshened up and put on her long sleeved lace dress, she made light touches on her face then put on her heels. Her phone vibrated from the dressing table, she sprayed on her perfume and walked out with her phone and handbag. She walked outside locking behind her and climbed inside his car where she was met with a kiss.

"Hey..."

She blushed. "Hi."

"Let's go, how was your day?"

Olerato smiled, he always asked how her day had went.

"Fine, I had a late session with Boi today. She came by."

“How is my baby?”

“Fine daddy.”

“I thought of names.”

Olerato laughed. “I am just two months pregnant, relax.”

“Don’t you want to hear my names?”

“No, hold on to them for a while.”

Minutes later he parked in front of a restaurant and they climbed out. Vince held her waist and they walked inside the restaurant, he led them to the table where his baby mama was and Olerato’s knees weakened as she stared at the woman.

Anaya listened to the MP and his wife talk about their love story as they ate dinner, from time to time she caught Lefa staring at him. She could already sense the love from his parents, the genuine love

they were giving her. They finished eating and she quickly cleared the table.

“I will help Naya in the kitchen.” Lefa stood up and joined her.

“Hey...”

Anaya turned to him then back to the dishwasher machine and continued arranging the plates. When she was done she switched the machine on and stood up.

“I have to go, I have a daughter who needs me.”

Lefa held her waist looking remorseful. “I have to tell you something?”

“Like how you tried killing my child’s father?”

“That was not my intention. Believe me it wasn’t. I just lost it and that’s no excuse. It’s just that, he hurts you physically, I get maybe emotionally it’s complicated but he puts his hands on you. I just don’t... I don’t react well to women beaters and I am not excusing myself, I shouldn’t have stabbed him. All I wanted was to warn him.”

Anaya shook her head. "A man is lying in the hospital Lefa! Do you know that! He is critical. He has kids that need him, he has a family. You almost killed him."

"I know and I am willing and ready to face the consequences of my actions."

"I just can't believe you actually stabbed him."

Lefa sighed. "Anaya I can't begin to express how sorry I am to have stabbed him but that's all I am sorry for. From here I am going to the police, I am turning myself in. I will face the consequences. I am not perfect but I will never lay my hands on you or on any other woman. I can do all of it but you see I am not a woman beater. I was just angry. I am going to pay his hospital expenses and even have him moved to SA if need be. I lost it, I don't want to see you hurting, that's all. I am not trying to rob Ivy of her father. I was wrong and I am going to take responsibility of my actions."

Anaya looked into his eyes, she never had anyone stand up to her like that, not in that manner.

“I hate violence, Miguel won’t let this go. You are both influential people. You... you went too far and I appreciate you defending me like that, I really do but that was extreme. I don’t want a situation where I question you or what you are capable of. Miguel has put me through so much and I have taken most of his shit because I was blinded with the love I had for him and I have promised myself no more. I don’t want history repeating itself.”

“That will never happen. I am not him. Please don’t compare us.”

“Then don’t behave like him. Don’t go around stabbing people. I want a stable life not a violent dramatic one.”

“I am sorry.” He pulled her closer. “It will never happen again, ke utlule. {I heard you.}”

He leaned over and kissed her softly.

“I have to go. Your parents are lovely.”

Lefa smiled. “I love you.”

Anaya looked in his eyes, the sincerity was

surprisingly disarming. She leaned over and kissed his cheek then walked out of the kitchen leaving him alone.

“Thank you so much for the dinner.” She thanked his parents sitting down. “I had a wonderful time.”

“No, you thank you my girl.” His mother said with a wide smile. “I can’t wait to really bond with you.”

“Me too.”

“This time my son chose well.” The MP said with a smile.

Anaya shyly smiled. “I have to go.”

“Of cause.”

She stood up with her handbag and walked out with Lefa behind her. She unlocked her car and opened the door.

“I know you are not happy with me, I am not happy with myself either, I shouldn’t have let my emotions get the better of me.”

“Thank you. You took it far, very far but thank you. For defending me. I have to go.”

She got in her car and drove off.

Refilwe cried on Diane's shoulder.

"Why can't I be happy?"

"You can. If he doesn't want you anymore let him go."

"But I love him."

"I know. I know you do. He doesn't love you anymore, how long will you cry every night crying for a man who doesn't value you?"

"Am I ugly?"

Diane laughed. "Ugly? You have this chocolate skin I envy, you have this body you can only get from an African queen. You actually look like Aja Naomi King, Michaela Pratt in *How To Get Away With Murder*. I don't understand why you think you are ugly, being dark skinned is beautiful and honey that crown in

your head turns head.”

Refilwe looked at Diane. “You don’t understand just how much I love him. I don’t want to be without him.”

Diane sadly sighed. “We will take it one day at a time.”

“I have to go home.”

“I am always here to pick up the pieces. Remember, you are beautiful. You are a queen.”

“Bye.”

Refilwe walked out of Diane’s house and climbed in her car then drove off. A song played and she took a deep breath trying not to lose the control she had. Minutes later she parked the car inside the garage and stepped out. She frowned walking inside her house.

“What are you doing here?”

Ona looked at her. “Junior called me with the house phone.”

“I told you not to ever come to my house!”

Ona raised her hands. "Refilwe your son called me saying he was hungry, that's why I came." She picked her handbag from the couch. "Bye."

"Next time you come here I am going to kill you, I promise you."

Ona shook her head walking out. Refilwe walked to the kid's bedroom and roughly opened the door.

"Junior why did you call Ona?"

Junior stopped coloring his book. "Because I was hungry. I don't know your number and I called mommy but she didn't pick."

"You called Marang?"

"No, my other mom."

Refilwe frowned. "Who is your other mom?"

Junior paused and smiled. "Marang."

"Junior I asked you if you called your mother and you said no, who is your other mommy?"

"Marang."

Refilwe boiled with anger. "Heela Junior, I am going

to beat you! I said who is your other mom?”

“Marang.”

She stepped over and slapped him. “If you don’t tell me the truth you are going to sleep outside today. I said who is your other mommy?”

He shook head crying.

“You think I am joking, I am going to beat you for telling lies.”

She took off her flat pumps and repeatedly beat him while he screamed.

“Bua monna! Ware mmago ke mang?”

“Marang.”

She dropped her shoe then waked to his mini closet and grabbed his belt.

“Junior if you don’t talk, I am going to beat you with this belt.”

He covered his face crying, Refilwe angrily lifted the belt and whipped him as he cried even louder together with Quinsy who was trying to pull her with

her skirt.

She dropped the belt then dragged him outside. "Sit there! Sit down and stop making noise."

She walked back inside the house and pressed the gate remote then walked back outside to where Junior was.

"Go outside. You are going to sit outside the gate till you talk. You don't listen to me and everyone who doesn't listen to me will sit outside."

"I want daddy."

"Your dad is not here. Go!" She shoved him outside the gate and walked back to the hose where she pressed the gate remote closing the gate. Quinsy screamed crying.

"You are making noise."

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Don't forget to like and comment.

7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#89

Olerato quietly stared at Princess wondering just what she was thinking. This had been her patient a while ago.

“So Princess this is my woman, Ole and Ole that is Princess. The mother of my children.”

Princess smiled. “We actually know each other.”

Olerato smiled staring at Princess, when she was still her patient she had been seeing someone who she was pregnant for but not totally sure if the baby was his. Now Olerato she wondered if the kids were really Vince’s.

“You do?”

“Yes, she was my therapist long time ago.”

Vince looked at Olerato who shrugged.

“Yeah, she was my patient. Such a small world.”

“Now I am relieved, if it’s you then I am happy. Ole is the best.”

“Well saves us the stress. After Ole and I get married, I want to stay with the kids.”

“As in full time?”

Vince nodded. “Yeah, I feel like I don’t see them that much and I used to understand your point because I had no one taking care of them but when Ole and I get married, I would have a stable home for the kids.”

Princess sighed. “I don’t want to be far from my kids.”

“I know but I think it’s only fair that I get to live with them to.”

“I think that’s a good idea, you will have them during the holidays and we can have them during the school days.”

Vince’s phone vibrated and they both looked at him.

“I have to take this.”

He stood up and walked away as Olerato turned her attention back to Princess.

“Hi,”

Princess smirked. “I never thought I would see this day. Hi Ole.”

“Are those kids even his?”

“Does he know you are bipolar?”

Olerato pressed her lips together. “I am fine, I have been declared fine.”

“Really now? Did you tell him about what you did or the past is too deep it will drown you?”

“What do you want from me? I did nothing but help you.”

“And I am thankful. You pull a stunt on making him doubt his kids, I will tell him everything. Where is that crazy sister of yours? I hope you are off murdering people and having her cover it up. Like the last time.”

“Ok, where were we?” Vince joined them.

Olerato looked at Vince trying to blink away her tears.

“I think it’s a good suggestion, I am sure the kids woul love to stay with you too. Plus... I trust Ole.”

“Good. We can order.”

A tear ran down Olerato’s cheek and she secretly wiped it off. “I am not feeling well.”

“Oh? What’s wrong Ole?”

She looked at Princess who tucked in her curly hair behind her ear. “Are you alright?”

“Yes, just dizzy.”

Vince quickly stood up and helped her up.

“We should go, since we are all sorted, we will talk tomorrow Princess.”

“Ok, be careful Ole.”

They walked out to his car and got. Olerato climbed in trying to rid the horrible experience but every time she closed her eyes she could see it.

Junior rubbed his tears still in pain then barefooted walked down the street to his friend's house. He stood on his toes and pressed the intercom.

"Who is it?" Someone spoke on the speaker.

"It's Junior." He shouted, seconds later the gate opened and he walked in being met half way by his friend's mother.

"Juju, what's wrong?"

"I want to call mommy."

"What happened to you?"

He shook his head biting his bottom lip.

"Come in."

He walked with her inside the house where his friend was.

"Junior!" Zoe screamed running towards him. "Are you here to play?"

Zoe's mother gasped staring at the marks. "What happened Juju?"

“I want to call mommy, can I please use your phone.”

“Where is your mother? What’s going on?”

“Quinsy’s mother beat me, I want to call mommy.”

Zoe’s father approached them then frowned staring at Junior’s markings.

“What happened Junior.”

“He says Quinsy’s mother beat him, he wants to call his mother.”

“Didn’t Refilwe say his mother was in America?”

“She said that. Juju, mommy is in America.”

“Not Marang, my other mommy. Ivy’s mommy.”

“Ivy is his brother mama.” Zoe said sadly watching sad Junior.

Zoe’s mother nodded then grabbed her phone and handed it to Junior.

“Call her.”

Junior concentrated on the phone and slowly pressed the number and dialed. The phone rang for

a while.

“Anaya Shato hello?”

“Mommy, come and get me.”

“Junior?”

He broke down crying then Zoe’s mother took the phone watching Junior cry.

“Dumealang, my name is Gotshafalo, uhh Junior is here and he is looks bad.”

“What happened?”

“He says Quinsy’s mother beat him.”

“God no...”

“Mma ngwana o di padi padi, ke kope o tle o mo tse. Wa lela kwano. I am Zoe’s mother, his classmate’s mother at school, we stay in the same street. The last house, house number 4567.”

Anaya’s sighed. “I am coming, thank you.”

“He is a smart boy.”

“I know, please don’t let Refilwe take him in case she

comes there.”

“I won’t.”

“Ok, I am on my way, bye.”

“Bye.”

Gotshafalo smiled at Junior. “Your mother is coming. Don’t cry. Did you eat?”

Junior nodded then Zoe led him to the couch where she handed him her book and crayons.

Gotshafalo turned to her husband. “Ke mathata.”

“I wonder what sort of human would beat a child t this stage. Boys are generally naughty but that is no reason to beat a child like that.”

Gotshafalo looked at Junior. “I am just glad there is someone he can always turn to.”

Anaya slowly drove in the street driving pass

Miguel's house then to the last house. She parked by the gate and turned off the engine.

"Mommy Junior is going to stay with us?"

"Yes, for now."

She stepped out of the car and opened the door for Ivy. They walked through the open gate to the door and knocked. Anaya sighed anxiously. A woman opened the door and smiled at Anaya.

"You are Junior's mom?"

"Yes, Anaya."

"I am Gotshafalo, please come."

They both walked inside the house to the sitting room.

"Mommy!" Junior screamed and ran over to Anaya throwing himself in her arms.

"Hey baby..."

He started crying and Anaya's heart broke as she stared at the marks all over his body.

"What happened?"

“Quinsy’s mother beat me because I refused to tell her you are my other mom.”

“You should have told her, I told you there is no reason to lie anymore because lying is wrong.”

“I want to stay with you and Ivy.”

“Ok, that’s ok.”

Anaya looked at Gotshafalo. “I am sorry you had to deal with all this.”

“It’s ok. I am against child abuse, will you report this?”

“I will see what to do, thank you once again. Lethabo, let’s go.”

They walked outside as Zoe walked with them chatting loudly to Junior and Ivy who of course was behaving older than everyone.

“Bye Zoe.” Junior said jumping at the backseat with Ivy. Anaya climbed in her seat and drove away. She thoughtfully passed by Miguel’s house but to avoid drama drove past the gate headed to her house.

Minutes later, she drove inside the spacious garage

and climbed out with the kids.

“Mommy Ivy said we are going to Vic Falls.”

Anaya laughed opening the door and walking inside the house.

“Maybe. I will see.”

“Is daddy coming here?”

Anaya looked at Junior and smiled. “Daddy went on a trip but he will be back. Now I am going to bath you and tuck you in.”

Ayana walked from the kitchen holding her mug of hot chocolate.

“What happened to him?”

Anaya sighed looking at Junior chatting with his sister. “Refilwe is going far but I don’t want to confront her. I am tired of the drama.”

“She is crazy. You should report her.”

“No. It will attract unwanted attention but I am going to keep him with me for a while, till Miguel wakes up.”

Anaya's phone rang and she took it out. Ayana put down her mug and walked away with the kids as Anaya answered her phone.

"Refilwe."

"Bring back my son."

"I am going to report you for child abuse, how can you beat him up like that?"

"How could you ruin my marriage like that? How could you Anaya?"

"Refilwe I am getting sick and tired of that line."

"You couldn't watch him move on so decided to steal him. You left him on the alter!"

"So what if I did? He never loved you!"

"He did. He loved me. The reason you came to the wedding was you hoped he would leave me same way you left him and be with you. When that didn't happen, you called him to wherever you had left to and slept with him on my wedding night because deep down you knew he still loved you. You never stopped from then, Anaya I begged you to stay away

from my husband and you made me look like a fool but I knew. I knew because I am not stupid. I never enjoyed my marriage all because you were always there, you were there everywhere. You dragged the kids into it. What wrong did I do to you? Tell me is it wrong to have loved him when you left him? Was I wrong to nurse him when you left him broken? Anaya was I wrong to love him? Tell me what I did to you to deserve this? You have hurt me beyond measure and you just won't stop."

Anaya rubbed her eyes. "Refilwe...-"

"I love Miguel. I love him so much he is the reason I wake up each and every morning. Of cause I love my kids but I love that man Anaya. He has loved me in the way no man has ever loved me. He loved me with my flaws and insecurities. He has held my hand through my most fears, made love to me and touched my body like a diamond. He makes me laugh, doesn't let me go to bed sad, till you came back."

"I am sorry that you-"

“Don’t be Anaya. Don’t be. I am probably crazy, yeah. I am crazy for loving a man who like you said never loved me. I am crazy for rather choosing to cry for his love every night than just leave. I am carzy. I am crazy.”

Anaya shook her head as tears wet her cheeks. “No you are not.”

“I am. I am crazy for staying. I know I am. Sometimes I look at myself on the mirror and wish I was light like you, you know. I have tried it, doing like you hoping that maybe... just maybe you know he will love me but no. Of cause I am not Anaya.”

“I am sorry.”

“No, don’t be. I just hope in the future.... Ivy doesn’t go through what I am going through. I hope she doesn’t feel what I am feeling. I am staring at my divorce papers. Yes, he filed for divorce, you know what he said Anaya? He said I love her. I don’t want to break her heart anymore. That’s what he said to me, he doesn’t want to hurt you anymore.

“I am truly sorry. Words can’t explain-“

“Of course words can never explain how I feel Anaya. No, words can’t even begin to explain how I feel. So you won! Yes. You won Anaya. You can have him. I am done fighting. I am done hurting. This pain... I am done with it.”

“Can we please meet and talk?”

“No, it’s too late. It’s too late for that. It’s just too late. Please tell Junior I am sorry. Tell him I love him like my own. I didn’t mean for what happened to happen today. I am going to hurt Miguel like he hurt me. I am not fighting but he deserves to hurt. He can’t always get away with it.”

“What are you talking about? Refilwe please let’s talk and clear this out.”

She laughed crying. “I am going to clear it up. Don’t worry.” She hung and Anaya looked at her phone for a moment feeling anxious but then brushed it off. She texted Agang alerting him about Junior.

Refilwe looked at the divorce papers silently crying. Slowly she stood and took the 5 litter bottle of petrol and opened it. She splashed it around the bedroom then walked out dripping it on the floor passing by Quinsy's door. She paused there and opened the door gently. He was already sleeping, she smiled sadly then splashed the petrol all over till there was nothing left. She went back to the sitting and took the other bottle of petrol. She made a trail from the sitting room to the kitchen at the switch box till her bedroom door and Quinsy's door then she threw the box down and took out the matches from her pocket lighting in the sitting room. Fire quickly caught and she hurried to her bedroom. She took a deep breath and sent Miguel a long message then just lay on the bed waiting patiently.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stiletto

#90

Anaya turned awake, she couldn't seem to be able to sleep, taking a deep breath she turned closing her eyes. Seconds later she opened them and looked at the time, it was now 30 minutes since she had spoken to Refilwe and she still couldn't shake off that feeling, that feeling that left her on the edge. She got off bed and put on her flips flops grabbing her car keys.

She drove to Miguel's house practicing what she will say to Refilwe and maybe they would come to an understanding. Her phone rang.

"Hey..."

"Hey, it's Agang. I just got a call from the hospital, the doctor is saying Miguel is suffering from internal bleeding. He is suffering from penetrating trauma."

Anaya sighed. "I will go and see him. Have you called your parents?"

"Yes, they will be coming tomorrow. I don't think we

should tell Colleen.”

“Yeah. I understand.”

“I just wanted to inform you.”

“Thank you.”

She hung up then frowned staring at the fire truck overtaking her. A while later she was driving in Miguel’s street, her heart skipped as she stared at the huge smoke in the air.

“God no...” Her eyes fell on Miguel’s house which was on fire. She parked at the side of the road behind a police car and ran out.

“Mam please step back.”

She looked at the police then at the fire fighters trying to fight the fire.

“No, my son... Quinsy!”

“Mam please...”

Anaya screamed crying. “My son!”

She tried breaking free looking at the house on fire.

“My son... he’s in there. Please let’s get him. He is in

there!”

People watched as Anaya cried trying to run into the burning house sadly. A huge explosion blew in the house and everyone stared with their hearts pounding. Anaya melted to the ground crying. It felt like she was stuck in a nightmare and she just wanted to wake up. Her son was in there... Refilwe. She thought of Refilwe's last words, there was no doubt in her mind that she had killed herself and Quinsy. She closed her eyes seeing his beautiful smile.

“God what have I done?”

“Mam...”

“My son... there are people inside. Please get them.”

The police officer looked at her sadly. Anaya broke down shaking her head. She couldn't imagine life without Quinsy. She was responsible for this.

Agang walking in his house, Sarena got up from the couch.

“Hey, I have been trying to call.”

“Miguel is not doing well.”

“I thought you said he was stable.”

“Because the doctors hadn’t realized he was bleeding internally. He might die.”

“No he won’t. He is strong.”

“I can’t believe that the person who stabbed him is roaming around free.”

“I am sorry babe, I will talk to Anaya.”

“I don’t want to blame her because Miguel loves her but...”

Sarena hugged him. “It’s not Anaya’s fault, you know it’s not.”

“With Anaya there is nothing positive that comes out, babe ever since Miguel met Anaya it’s always scandal after scandal.”

“That’s not fair. Anaya didn’t force Lefa to stab

Miguel.”

“But she once left him.”

“He was cheating and she was going through a lot.”

“Bad luck always follows her around.”

Sarona stepped back. “When your brother hurts her she never says anything but because his karma hits him you blame it on other people. He is not perfect.”

“I am just saying.”

“No, don’t just say. Anaya has been through so much too because of Miguel. He always harrasses her and expects her to be happy about it.”

Agang’s phone vibrated and he took it out.

“It’s Naya.” He picked. “Hey, Hey calm down, what? ... what? I am coming, where are you?.... I am coming.” He hung up panicking.

“What’s going on?”

“Refilwe burnt herself and Quinsy inside the house.”

“What?”

“I have to go.”

He ran out, got in his car and drove off. Sarona stood in shock, she couldn't even move her limbs.

Colleen walked out of the bathroom in red lingerie, Tshepo turned sitting on the chair and looked at her.

“Wow!”

“And?”

“I love it, come here.”

“No, sit.”

Colleen walked to her phone and played a slow sexual song. She walked over to him dancing seductively. Tshepo smiled trying to move but remain tied to the chair. Slowly Colleen knelt then pushed her chest to the floor and twerked.

“Fuck!”

She smiled moving to the beat of the song then stood up and sat on him, rubbing her pussy on his dick whilst kissing his neck softly. Tshepo began breathing heavily, Colleen got off him and bit by bit, took off her lingerie. She stood before him naked and squeezed her breast licking her lips, Tshepo looked as if he was about to die with want.

“Babe...”

“Shhh...”

Colleen moved her hand slowly between her parted legs and rubbed her pussy with one hand while the other continued squeezing her breast. She put her foot on his lap and dipped in two fingers inside her coochie teasingly. Tshepo tearfully looked at her trying to pull the restrain. She had never seen him like this, helpless and she loved it.

“I am going to untie you but if you touch me, forget it all.”

“I won’t touch.”

Colleen untied him then he stood up already undoing his pants.

“Leave that, I will do it. Come here.”

She pushed him to the bed and he lay down staring at her. Colleen unzipped his pants and his dick sprung out. She held it with her hands and slowly stroked it spreading his pre cum. Tshepo groaned closing his eyes. Colleen smiled then opened her mouth and slowly sucked him, taking her time with him. Tshepo bucked his hips off the bed thrusting into her mouth tapping her throat cursing. She massaged his balls bobbing her head up and down his dick staring at him as he lost control. Minutes later he grabbed her hair thrusting uncontrollably into her mouth till he shot his load releasing.

Colleen sat on him holding his semi-hard dick upright then slid down his entire length. She swirled her hips then started moving, riding hard. Tshepo held her waist as his dick regained full erection and thrust from beneath meeting her halfway, their bodies clapped against one another while they moaned. Tshepo rolled them over putting Colleen's leg on his shoulder and thrust into her by force, taking her straight to heaven. She began tensing as

he went on and on till she came all around his dick moaning his name softly. Tshepo thrust into her a few more times then froze, filling her up.

Agang parked his car and stepped out watching his brother's house in total flames. The fire fighter's were trying to control the fire but he could see there was nothing left. With weak knees, he walked over to a police officer who was standing feet from the fire truck.

"Where were the people inside? My brother's wife and his son."

The police officer looked at him. "We are still not sure if there was anyone but if there was, no one has survived."

His knees got so weak that he crouched down. He couldn't get himself to believe what he was seeing.

"Are you ok?" The police officer asked.

Agang slowly got up.

“A lady came here... Anaya, I think in an Audi, I can't see her here. Did you see her?”

“Audi ye ntsu? {The balck Audi?}”

“Yes.”

“Oh, she fainted minutes ago, they rushed her to the local clinic and one of our officers took her car there.”

Agang looked at the house then sighed. “Ok, thank you.”

He walked to his car and drove off. Minutes later he was walking inside the clinic. He went right to the nurse by the reception and asked about Anaya.

“She just arrived, go down the hall, turn left and the second door on your left.”

“Thanks.”

He walked off going to where Anaya was. He swallowed hard as he found her lying on a bed unconscious. Agang walked closer and held her hand. Anaya slowly opened her eyes and looked at

him. Her eyes were puffy and reddish, she definitely had been crying.

“Hey... they told me they brought you here.”

She tried to sit up. “Quinsy and Refilwe...”

“Hey, relax.” He gently pushed her down.

“Are they ok?”

He looked in her eyes. “They still don’t know if there was anyone in the house.”

“She called me. I made her do this. I killed her. I killed Quinsy.”

“You didn’t kill anyone.”

She shook her crying. “I did. If it wasn’t for me she wouldn’t have hurt herself. It was me.”

“Anaya you didn’t do anything, it’s not your fault. She killed herself because she wanted to.”

“She killed herself because she was depressed. she was never happy and it was all because of me.”

Agang pulled her in his arms and hugged her tightly letting her break down. Tears filled his eyes as she

cried, the pain reflecting in her voice choking him. Now that he thought about it, Refilwe probably called her before killing herself together with her son just so Anaya can die of guilt.

“If I hadn’t tried to get Miguel back, none of all this would have happened.”

“You and Miguel love each other, there is nothing wrong with that. Refilwe knew he loved you from the very first day he met her. She knew he had to heal first but chose to be his rebound. She was always a rebound, she got pregnant with Quinsy to ensure he wouldn’t leave her. He thought if maybe she gave him a child then she wouldn’t feel that insecure and she didn’t tell you he came back. Miguel married her out of guilt all because she had loved him for five years and he didn’t want to be the reason she hurts so much. For the first time he decided to put someone first, he sacrificed his happiness for her and Refilwe knew all that.”

“I killed her. Miguel is in hospital because of me, his kids are about to lose a father because of me.”

Agang ran out words of comfort, he wanted to take away her pain, to take off the burden off her shoulders. He rubbed her back trying to compensate her, holding her like that sparked something deep in him, something he hadn't felt in the longest time.

"Miguel is going to be fine, he is stronger than that."

He stepped back. "I am going to call my father and tell him what's going on."

"Please bring me my phone from the car." She handed him the car keys.

"Don't worry, everything is going to be ok."

Anaya slowly nodded. He looked at her one last time then walked out, in his car he covered his face with his hands and laughed with disbelief.

"Fuck Agang! Not again."

Lefa stood leaning against his car talking to his

brother.

“I don’t even know anymore because I feel as if I am in a competition with this guy.”

Lefoko looked at him. “Then why are you still with her?”

“I love her, it’s actually unbelievable just how much I love her. I have been calling her for a while now.”

“This woman is going to hurt you, she is probably going to go back to her ex especially now that you look like the enemy. This guy is lying in a hospital bed all because of you.”

“I wish I can go back in time. I was just angry.”

“The red flags started when she didn’t report him. You should let her go before you truly get hurt.”

Lefa sipped his beer with a sigh. His brother had a point but then at the same time he couldn’t stop loving her.

“”She will make you kill yourself, you have kids.”

“I don’t want to leave because of assumptions, I just want to talk to her. If we go to Victoria falls, it will give

us a chance to talk. The folks love her.”

“Because she has her own money and doesn’t pose as a gold digger.”

“Mama loves her. After what happened mama was freely happy in my house. She even hugged me.”

Lefoko sadly looked at his brother. “You will find someone else, your problem is that you always fall in love too quickly. What if she doesn’t feel the same? What are you going to do?”

“I will cross that bridge when I get there. I can’t expect her to be in love with me already.”

“So don’t be surprised when she decides to end whatever that is between you two. I get that you love Anaya but be ready for anything and take it like a man. You messed up by disadvantaging yourself. Mathata yaanong ke gore Anaya wa teng o montle tata {The problem now is that Anaya is too beautiful} and she knows her worth. Women like her don’t hesitate leaving. She has her own money.”

“But this guy doesn’t love her, if he did then he wouldn’t have hurt her in the first place. My head is

now aching.”

“You need to loosen up, let’s go.”

“Let me call her first.”

Lefa walked feet from his brother dialing her number. His heart slipped as she answered.

“Hey, I have been calling you.”

“She doesn’t want to talk to you.”

Lefa frowned at the male voice. “Who’s this?”

“Do you know that Anaya is married?”

“Nice try boy.”

“Anaya’s bride price was paid. She is a married woman, she is my sister in-law.”

“So you are fighting your brother’s battles?”

“You are going to regret it I promise you, you think you are the only powerful one because of your father but I am going to make you regret ever crossing paths with my brother. Better enjoy life now because I am coming for you. Trust me.” Agang hung up.

“What happened?”

Lefa looked at his brother. “Anaya is married.”

“What?”

“Yeah.”

“And she didn’t think to tell you. Now be glad you didn’t introduce your kids to her.”

“I can’t believe this.”

“Let’s go.”

They jumped inside his car and Lefoko drove to their usual club.

“Where is Lebo?” Lefa asked as they walked towards the club entrance.

“She is pregnant.”

“Again?”

“Nna Lebo wa ntena hela, she told me she had taken her injection and now she tells me she is pregnant. I don’t mind supporting all my kids but now it seems like we have children every year. We have four kids already, she doesn’t even work because of all the

kids. The house is always upside down, no maid last because Lebo is just too much, no one can deal with her. We can't even plan for other things because all the money will be budgeted for the kids. I have loans I am still paying, it's too much."

"If you need financial help you know you can always talk to me."

"I know, ke gore ke amogela 16k {my salary is 16k} and all of it goes to the kids, loans and household. I am not progressing with Lebo, she keeps being a set back, maybe that's what comes with marrying someone who failed high school. I am thinking of moving the kids to government schools."

They entered the club and went to get their drinks.

"Gents!" Kago joined them and they bumped fists.

Lefa laughed. "O kae dragon lady?"

Kago laughed with him. "Don't let her hear you."

"Today I just want to fuck all my stress on a whore."

Lefoko said looking around. Lefa spotted a girl looking at him, if it was any other day he would

definitely hit that but all he had in his head was Anaya.

“Hey...”

Lefa turned to some woman.

“Hi.”

“Can I sit?”

“Yeah.”

She sat beside her and ordered a drink.

“Boitshepo.”

Lefa looked at her again, this time studying her face. She was fine with the over the top makeup, Anaya never put on much makeup. Lefa stop it! Don't expect to see someone with Anaya's characteristics.

“Lefa.”

She smiled. “I guess we are both depressed. I am going through a breakup, you?”

Ok, she was friendly too. “Not exactly.”

She nodded receiving her drink. “Better you than

me.”

Lefa shut off his mind blocking Anaya then ordered another drink, for himself and the lady.

She chuckled. “I already have a drink.”

“You will drink mine after.”

Boitshepo laughed then stopped as a tear ran down her cheek. “Ok, guess cheers to my broken heart.”

“What did he do to you?”

Boitshepo gulped down the rest of her drink then grabbed the one Lefa had bought for her flushing it down his throat too.

“Had a threesome with my sister and best friend.”

“He never loved you.”

She turned looking at him. “We have been together for two years.”

“So? I can be in a relationship with someone and not love her.”

“So what? You pretend and sell her dreams?”

Lefa shrugged and sipped on his drink. "Mostly yes."

"I can't believe this, is that what you do?"

"I am not your boyfriend."

Boitshepo shook her head. "I blame myself, it's not like he doesn't love me, he does but it's just that I wasn't staying here full time. I have been in China and now I am back."

"So you expected him to what? Just wait for you? That's crazy."

Boitshepo grabbed his drink and drank it all at one go.

"You are beautiful, just leave him."

Boitshepo smiled, he was very good looking, there was something about him she couldn't put her finger on but the way he spoke made her clit vibrate.

"I am going."

He stood up settling his bill and walked out.

Boitshepo sat there for a second then stood up and went after him.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#91

Refilwe's mother walked in her bedroom with Rethabile who was sucking her thumb then put her on the bed while holding her bottle of formula. Oshadi walked in holding her own baby.

"Mama I asked for formula and you told me it was finished but here you are, giving milk to Refilwe's baby."

"Because Refilwe bought this milk for her daughter. Her husband is supporting his kids."

"Wow! For how long will you treat Refilwe like she is a president? Is it because she married a rich man?"

"No, because she is a good child. She makes me

proud. Please go with your child, I am trying to feed Rethabile.”

Oshadi looked at her mother for a while then stormed out holding her child. Mma Refilwe held Rethabile in her hands and gave her the bottle. She sucked on it kicking her legs in the air while staring at her grandmother. Minutes later, she was asleep. Mma Refilwe gently put her in the baby cot and closed the top with a net. She walked out of the bedroom and went to the kitchen, she shook her head finding the sink full of dishes. Silently she washed them then took the trash and walked out. She threw the thrash in the bin then frowned hearing a hissing sound. Her heart skipped as she looked at the big black snake curled in side the bin, unable to say a single word, she put her hand over her chest feeling strong pain strike then melted to the ground.

Anaya pressed Lefa’s gate remote and drove in as

the gate opened. She stepped out of the car and walked to the door holding his house keys and unlocked. She frowned as she walked inside his house hearing moans. Slowly she walked to his bedroom where the sounds were coming from then with her fingers, pushed the slightly open door. For a moment there she didn't know how to react, Lefa was fucking her in the middle of the room while she touched her toes. It took her back to the day she had walked in on Miguel fucking Marang. Feeling her presence, Lefa looked at the door then quickly pulled out. Anaya walked out of his house and waited by her car. Minutes later Lefa walked out and looked at her with regret.

"You wore your t-shirt wrong."

He looked at himself then sighed. "It doesn't mean anything."

Anaya nodded. "Ok."

Lefa stared at her unsure of what to say.

"Look, maybe we should just drop whatever that is going on between us."

“Is that why you came here?”

Anaya shook her head. “No. I actually wanted to tell you that I won’t make it to Victoria falls because something just happened and to tell you that I appreciate you defending me even though it resulted in someone being very hurt.”

Lefa rubbed his hands together. “How is he?”

“He is internally bleeding.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, I can’t be with you anymore because what I saw will forver haunt me. I once walked in on Miguel in the same position and till today, I wake up in the middle of night crying because it still haunts me.”

“When were you going to tell me you are married?”

“What?”

“I know your bride price was paid, when were you going to tell me?”

“I didn’t think it was important because Miguel married another woman.”

“But you are still his wife, you never bothered to have that cancelled.”

“Because he had gotten married.”

“So you won’t have that cancelled?”

“I am thinking about it.”

“Wow.”

Anaya sighed. “I am sorry.”

“So am I. You are right, I don’t think I also want to be in a relationship with someone who is indecisive.”

Anaya shook her head. “Ok.” She took his keys and handed them to him. “I believe this is yours.”

She got in her car and drove off. She took a deep breath thinking of Refilwe, what had she done? She parked the car on the side of the road and broke down crying. She took her phone and called her mother.

“Anaya.”

“Mama I killed her.”

“Naya what’s going on? Who did you kill?” Gloria

asked panicking.

“She is dead. I killed her.” Anaya sobbed.

“I am confused, what happened?”

“I killed her, I am embarrassment. I shouldn’t have...”

“Anaya tell me what’s happening.”

“She killed Quinsy too. He was innocent. He didn’t do anything. Mama my heart is in pain.” She sobbed even louder while Gloria tried understanding what her daughter was saying but all she could hear were her cries. Anaya dropped the phone and poured out her heart crying.

Gloria got off bed shaking holding her phone.

“Is she ok?” Morgan asked worriedly, he had heard Anaya as the phone had been on loud speaker.

“I don’t know, she is just crying, I am worried. She has been through so much.” She tried calling Anaya

back but the call was not going through.

“God please protect my daughter, protect my pride.”

“Let’s go.”

Gloria quickly nodded looking at her husband. They both changed and left Kanye headed to Gaborone.

Agang walked inside his house and sat in his living room with his hands on his face.

“Hey, you are back.”

He took his hands off his face and looked at Sarona tying her robe. “Yeah...”

“What happened?”

He rubbed his chin feeling guilty. “She burned herself together with Quinsy. I should have protected her and Q.”

“Babe, there was nothing you could do.”

“I should have protected BK’s family.”

“You did nothing wrong. Refilwe may be dead but she knew all of you will never be happy feeling guilty. Exactly this is what she wanted.”

“I can’t believe this.”

“Where is Naya?”

“At the clinic. She fainted.”

Sarona’s eyes popped. “Is she ok?”

“Yeah, she was crying.”

“I need to go and see her.”

“Babe it’s late and maybe she got discharged.”

“Anaya is my best friend, I am going to see her. Let me change.”

He watched her walk away.

“Fuck Agang!”

He rubbed his face, why were those feelings back again, he could swear he had buried them and now looked at Anaya as his sister in-law. Sarona walked

back in now in a dress and flip flops.

“Let me call her.”

Sarona dialed her number then frowned taking the phone off her ear.

“It’s off. Drop me at her house. You will come back for Aaron.”

“Ok.”

They got in the car and drove off.

Oshadi walked outside talking on the phone.

“I don’t even know why mama treats our kids differently.”

Her friend laughed. “You are still there? Refilwe buys food for her daughter, sends money for her daughter, that’s why.”

“I just hate her and that ugly black thing of hers.”

“I told you, come back F-town. Leave the kids and just come. Your mother won’t have a choice but to take care of your two kids.”

“You are right but I don’t even have money for transport.”

“Girl you are telling me you can’t put your hands on less than P200? You are not serious.”

Oshadi sighed and frowned looking at the bin. She took a step back while her heart pounded, she could swear a person was there.

“There is someone outside.”

“Get back inside the house.” Her friend said then the call cut.

Oshadi stared at the person, he or she wasn’t moving. She looked around then slowly walked to the gate.

“Mama!” She screamed noticing it was her mother. She held her mother’s hand then screamed louder calling for help.

She stood up and ran to her neighbor who had a car.

She banged on the door roughly.

“Rragwe Simon, nthuse! {Help me.}”

The door opened seconds later to an old man with a stick.

“Oshadi...”

“Mama... nthuse! {Help me.}” She pointed at her mother’s body shaking. The old man rushed back inside the house and came back with the key of his car. He started the car and drove to Oshadi’s yard as she ran back kneeling before her unresponsive mother. They both picked her up and placed her in the car.

“Let’s go.”

“Please just take her, I am coming. I have kids.”

“Didi can take care of them. She is old enough.”

“She is only 3, I have two babies, please drop my mother at the hospital. I am coming.”

The old man drove away as Oshadi walked back inside the hose. She couldn’t even bring herself to cry. She took her phone and did multiple call backs

on Refilwe but she didn't call back. She logged in on zero facebook and sent Refilwe a message. Her phone rang.

"Hey, who was it?"

"Friend, it was mama, I have a feeling she is dead. She wasn't moving."

"What happened to her?"

"I don't know. Please recharge my phone."

"Ok, ke go tsenyetsa P5 hela. Lenna mma ga kena madi. {I am putting P5 only. I also don't have money."}

"It's ok."

Sh hung up and seconds later, P5 reported in her phone. She quickly dialed Refilwe's number but it didn't go through. She frowned and took the phone off her ear. She subscribed for whatsapp only with the P3, who knew, Refilwe might have blocked her from calling. She opened her whatsapp messages and scrolled to Refilwe's name. Her last seen had been hours back. Maybe she was flying and that's

why the phone wasn't going through. She scrolled through her numbers and came across Miguel's number. She started typing a text but then figured a call would do. Maybe she could convince him to send money.

Her heart skipped as his phone rang.

"Miguel's phone hello?"

"Hello, ke Oshadi, monnawe Refilwe. {It's Oshadi, Refilwe's younger sister.}"

"Oh, hi. It's Agang, Miguel's brother."

"My mother is dead, I found her outside, I don't know what happened."

"What?"

"Yes. I tried calling Fifi but her phone seems off."

"Uh.. there was an accident here."

"What happened?"

"Your sister killed herself."

Oshadi paused. "What?"

“Yes, together with Quinsy.”

“Ijoo weeeeh!” The call cut due to insufficient funds. Agang quickly called back.

“I am really sorry.”

“Why?”

“My brother served her with divorce then she...”

“Modimo nthuse! Yaanong ke mang o tlo ntlhokomela Rethabile? Lenna kena le merwalo kana. Ga ke bereke. {God help me. So who is going to take care of Rethabile? I have my own burden. I don't work.}”

“I will ewallet you money to buy whatever is necessary for Refilwe. Is your mother really dead?”

“I don't know but she wasn't moving. She must be dead.”

“Where are you?”

“At home, I couldn't leave the kids alone.”

“Thank God. I will ewallet you the money just now the we can wait for the forensics to retrieve your

sister's ash and Quinsy's. I am sure Refilwe had a funeral policy for your mother."

"Ok. Thank you."

"Please take care of Rethabile."

"Ok, mme le tlo gomo tsaya akere? {you are going to tak her right?"

"Yes."

"Thank God.."

Oshadi sat on her bed, if her mother was dead it meant the house was hers, she had once heard her mother talking to Refilwe about her marriage status, she was married out of community of property, it meant everything Refilwe ever owned could be hers. Including that traveling business she had started. Oshadi smiled imagining her new life. P600 reported in her phone and she stared at the message with a huge smile.

Agang parked in front of Anaya's gate, her car wasn't outside. He stepped out and pressed the intercom.

"Yes?" A voice said from the speaker.

"Hi, Ayana?"

"Yes, who's this?"

"Agang."

"Oh, uncle Agang. I will open up."

He stepped back then the gate slid open. He jumped back in the car.

"Is she in?"

"I didn't ask, I spoke to Ayana."

"Ok."

He drove in then they both stepped out of the car. Ayana opened the door and walked out in her pajamas. Agang smiled, it had been long since the last time he saw her and she was maturing like fine wine. She was beautiful, now he could see that beauty ran in the family. With something as simple as a cornrow, she looked beautiful.

“Uncle A!”

He smiled fist bumping with her. “Aya, how’s school?”

“It’s fine, I am, doing my internship.”

“Brilliant.”

She laughed. “Yes! Brilliance runs in the family.”

“Hi Ayana.”

“Aunt Saronna.”

“Bathong ngwana o o nale maitseo. {God this child has manners.}”

“How are you?”

“I am fine, where is your sister?” Saronna asked looking around.

“Oh, she long left but she texted me almost an hour ago, she is on her way.”

“Oh, ok.” Saronna looked back at Agang. “I will wait for her.”

“Ok, call me when she arrives.”

Sarona walked to the door and Ayana turned pulling up her pajama pants. Agang quickly looked away and got back inside his car then drove off. He passed a car parked on the side of the road then slowed down looking back. It was her. He reversed and parked beside her then got off the car.

“Naya.”

He opened her door and looked at her, she was resting her head on the steering wheel, he could almost feel her pain. Now that he thought of it, she had been through so much all her life and couldn't seem to catch a break.

He pulled her out and looked at her wet face and reddish eyes. His heart broke for her then gently he wiped away her tears.

“Hey... you need to stop doing this to yourself. It's not one's fault that Refilwe killed herself and Quinsy in order to get back at Miguel. She sent him a message. I have his phone and I just switched it on after I left you in the clinic. I saw all the messages she sent him till that final message. She knew he loved you,

she knew always knew it and she did this to revenge on him. So don't blame yourself for her selfish actions. Even if you didn't come back, trust me it wasn't going to work out."

Anaya shook her head. "I ruined her marriage. He loved her, he said he did."

"He said it to hurt you. You don't deserve this. You did nothing wrong."

"I loved him. That was wrong. I should have respected his marriage. I was selfish and self centered. I dragged the kids into the big mess, I made them lie. I made Quinsy lie."

Agang hugged her, that feeling he had felt earlier on came back. His heart beat uncontrollably as he hugged her. It felt right having her in his arms, now all he wanted was to see that beautiful smile on her face. He inhaled her scent rubbing her back, he knew he would do anything for this woman because no matter what, he loved her. He stepped back as she calmed down. He took off his t-shirt and handed it to her.

“You can wipe your face and blow your nose.”

“No I..-“

“You look a bit scary right now.”

She took the t-shirt and wiped her neck then face and blew her nose.

“I will replace it.”

“You don’t have to. We are family. You are an amazing person, you make mistakes just like any other person out there. All that makes you human. As humans we all want to be happy and so yeah, you were selfish to be with the man you love. But that’s it, Refilwe knew and she knew one day he was going to leave her. Miguel never wanted kids with her, I am not trying to talk bad about someone who now can’t defend herself but Refilwe killed herself to torment you. Don’t let her rule your life like this. She called you so you would always live with the guilt.”

“Thank you.”

“You are welcome. Sarona is waiting for you.”

She nodded then got back in the car. Agang leaned

over and took his t-shirt.

“I will wash that.”

“Don’t worry. Go home and rest, it has been a long night.”

She closed her door starting her car then drove off.

Oshadi walked out of the house early in the morning. Wame, her mother’s friend’s daughter locked the door behind her. She caught a lift to the clinic, Rragwe Simon had told her mother was still alive but the doctors said she suffered a mild heart attack. Minutes later she walked inside the clinic and spoke to a nurse who directed her to where her mother was. She walked inside her mother’s ward, she was alone inside. Oshadi stared at her mother who was sleeping then looked at the pillow. She could just smother her to death. Oshadi grabbed the pillow then pressed on her mother’s face. Her mother

thrashed but she pressed the pillow harder completely suffocating her.

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Don't forget to leave a like and a comment.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#92

Her mother weakly fought to breathe but Oshadi overpowered her.

“Helang! O irang {Goodness! What are you doing?}” A nurse yelled walking in then pushed Oshadi off.

“Uhh she...”

“Security!” The nurse screaming. “Security!”

Oshadi looked at her mother who was panting then ran off through the emergency exit. Her heart pounded as she ran faster. She stopped a taxi then

jumped at the back telling him where she was going. Minutes later she stepped out of the car and walked inside the yard. She roughly knocked on the door, Wame opened the door holding Rethabile.

“Are you ok?”

“Yes.”

Oshadi walked inside passing her kids and went her mother’s bedroom then took her handbag and counted all the money. She took it all then went to her bedroom where she shoved some of her clothes in her bag and walked out.

“Take,” she handed Wame P100. “Take the kids to the hospital, my mother is there then the remaining money is yours.”

“Thank you. Where are you going?”

“Uhhh I have been called for an interview.”

“Ok.”

Oshadi walked out and went without glancing back.

Anaya sat with her mother and Morgan in the living room.

“I feel guilty.”

Gloria shook her head. “It’s not your fault, you shouldn’t feel guilty. We all make mistakes, you made a mistake by going back to Miguel and sneaking off with him but Refilwe made a choice to kill herself and her son. She did it that by herself. You were not married to her and as much as you were wrong, the only person we can blame is Miguel, he is the one who exchanged vows with her.”

“She was not happy mama, I took away her happiness.”

“There is nothing like that. Her husband is the one who took away her happiness. When your father ran off with that woman, for the longest time I hated her but I realized that she was not obligated to be loyal to me besides us being friends. Mogomotsi was my husband not her, he should have respected our

marriage and he didn't. Now that I look more into it, I realize maybe it's the mentality we as women have, if a man have an affair, you get it on with other woman instead of dealing with the anthill in your house."

"I agree with your mother." Morgan added. "You shouldn't beat yourself too much. The only mistake was being in love with Miguel while he was still married, you should have waited for him to divorce her because to me it seems as if he was still going to divorce her either way. Now as for him being in hospital, that one is not you fault at all, matter of fact, he deserves it. That man who stabbed him should have done worse. I don't respond well to women abusers."

"Why didn't you tell me he was harassing you?"

Anaya sighed looking at her mother. "I thought I could handle it."

"Next time tell us or tell me, I will come all the way from Kanye and put that boy in place." Morgan said. Anaya smiled, he was the best step father ever and

he loved her mother. That's what sealed the deal for her. Lethabo said he loved her him more than he loved his own father.

"Maybe it's because the bride price that was paid was never cancelled. We need to have it cancelled, I have had it with that family. My daughter will not be be their matt."

Ayana walked in the living room with a tray of cups. She put it on the glass table and walked back to the kitchen where she came back with a bowl of suger and a little jug of milk. Lethabo walked in with the jug coffee.

"Nna mama I am fully in support with you." Ayana said sitting beside Anaya. "The bride price should be cancelled."

"How did he even marry the other woman while he had paid bride price here?" Morgan asked confused.

"They never came to cancel anything, I told Anaya about it but she said I should just leave it. That was when she was still in South Africa, when she came back she never said anything. It means the

Mokwena's never bothered with it and let their son marry again somewhere else."

"Cancelling past arrangements is the first thing we need to do."

Anaya's phone rang and she excused herself answering.

"Agang,"

"Hey, are you home?"

"Yes, is Miguel ok?"

"Yeah, they managed to stop the bleeding."

"Thank God!"

"My family would like to meet with your family."

Anaya sighed. "Let me talk to my mom, she is here."

"Ok."

She hung up then walked back to the sitting room.

Mma Mokwena angrily looked at her husband.

"See? See what you supported! Today she killed my

grandson.”

Mokwena looked at his wife who was fuming. “How could I have known she would do that?”

“How could you not? I told you there was something with this girl and you refused to listen to me. I told you Boikanyo didn’t want to marry her, I told you this months before the wedding but you pushed threatening him.”

“I just wanted what was best for him.”

“Had you wanted what was best for him then you should have supported your son. I told you we had to go to the Shato family and talk to them but you refused. Today look!”

“What was I supposed to do? Their daughter ran off.”

“She ran off because of Miguel! He was cheating on her but now I see the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.”

“Mma Mokwena what is that supposed to mean?”

“It means had you guided your son in the rightful

direction we wouldn't be here. Anaya is Miguel's wife, whether you ignore that fact or you don't. We paid bride price for her! Call the rest of the family, we have to claim our daughter in-law."

"They won't listen to us, Miguel was married to another woman, they know that."

"Then we are going to apologize! I told you that Miguel was still in love with Anaya and you refused to listen to me. Today he is harassing her and beating her."

They heard the door closing and stopped talking. Sarona walked in with a smile. "Good morning."

"Morning my dear." Mma Mokwena said with a smile.

"I will make you breakfast."

"Thank you."

*

In the kitchen Sarona took her phone and called Anaya.

“Hey,”

“You won’t believe, your in-laws are here. Mma Mokwena is angry, they want to claim you. I am so happy, finally!”

“I don’t want Miguel anymore. I am just tired, all this is exhausting. Not even a year since I came back and already so much is going on.”

“Come on, now things will go back to normal.”

“I doubt. I just hate the fact that a lot of things tie me to Miguel. Even the business we are going to open, it has both our names on it. I just want to leave this place and just go somewhere for fresh air.”

“You are opening a business?”

“Yes. I am just exhausted. This whole Refiwle issue has worn me out.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok. I am looking into other business ventures I can get into. I was thinking maybe I can start a

telecommunication company or a brewery but I am leaning more on telecommunications.”

“Wow! That needs a lot of money.”

“I know but I have connections so it will make things easier. Either way, you have to spend money to make money.”

“Who will run it since you are already running OsWorld.”

“I will connect them. I will have to open it somewhere not in Gaborone. But have two branches.”

“You are one hell of a lady. Makes me feel small.”

“Don’t. You will get there.”

“Ok bye, let me breakfast.”

“Bye.”

Anaya hung up then Saronā began making breakfast.

Theodora walked inside her office and sat down. She took out her phone and opened her whatsapp, she scrolled through replying some of her messages . She came across Anaya's contact then decided to call her.

"Hi,"

"Hey, it's Theodora."

Anaya laughed. "I know, I have your number."

"Ok, did you have time to look at my proposal?"

"I actually did and it's actually good. Maybe we can meet next week and talk more about it."

"Ok, that's good."

"How are you?"

"I am fine, thanks."

"It's ok, bye."

"Bye."

She hung up with a smile. A soft knock on the door

made her raise her head.

“Come in!”

Her colleague walked in.

“Hey, so the boss is back.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Has your contract been renewed?”

“No.”

“He wants to see you.”

“Ok.”

Theodora stood up and walked to her boss’s office in her four inch heels and navy blue formal suit. She knocked gently on the door then walked inside.

Mr. Modisane looked at her as she walked in.

“Good morning sir,”

“Morning Mrs Mwanza.”

“Ms Loeto.”

Mr Modisane looked at her bare finger then smiled.

“I didn’t know, forgive me.”

“It’s ok.”

“You can sit.”

She took a deep breath and sat down.

“As you know I travel out of country almost every time because of other engagements, I was actually looking into hiring someone who would help me run the company till I saw your portfolio.”

Theodora looked at him silently.

“I think you have what it takes to look after my chair in my absence.”

Theodora smiled surprised. “You want me to run the NGO?”

“Yes, I think you are one determined woman and what better way to empower woman than this.”

“Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome.”

She stood up and shook his hand then turned to the door. A man walked in, she frowned then turned to Mr. Modisane and back at the man.

“Don’t be surprised, I am Lefika, he is my younger brother, Lefatsh, though we are twins”

Confused she nodded then walked out. Her phone rang as soon as she walked inside her office.

“Christian.”

“Hey, I want to take Loago with to Zambia tomorrow.”

“But I already have plans with him. I am going to Francistown to see my mother. I texted you.”

“I know, I really need to go to Zambia with him.”

“No Christian, I am not cancelling my plans for you. Please drop off Loago today.” She hung up.

Lefika sat down opposite his brother.

“Who is that?”

“My future wife.”

Lefika laughed. "What happened to Anaya?"

"She caught me with Botshelo. "

"The girl from the club?"

"Yeah. Either way, I knew it was going to end."

"I long told you. Did you get Boitshelo's number?"

Lefa laughed. "I will send though there is nothing special about her. Just regular pussy."

Lefa's phone rang then he answered.

"Mom..."

"I was actually calling to ask for Anaya's number, you know the last time I forgot. I want to bake on Saturday and maybe we can bond over that."

Lefa sighed. "She won't be around."

"Lefatshe give me her number, I will convince her. She is my daughter in-law, I hope you have money ready to marry her. Women like her don't like wasting time."

Lefa looked at his brother who had his hand stretched.

“Lefika wants talk to you.”

“If he wants to talk to me he will call me. Send Anaya’s number. Bye my boy.” She hung and Lefika whistled shaking his head.

“You should have told her.”

Rachel watched her husband dress rubbing her stomach. Kenneth brushed his hair then grabbed his car keys.

“Call me if you need anything.”

She smiled. “I will, go and check on your cousin.”

Kenneth kissed her cheek then walked out with her phone. She stood up and walked to the kitchen where she grabbed ice cream tub and a packet of simba chips. She changed the channel and watched a reality show dipping the chips in the ice cream eating. Her phone rang and she looked at Lone’s name flashing and answered bored.

“Yes.”

“I saw Courtney.”

“Oh...”

“I can’t believe she was released after what she did to me.”

“She pushed you by mistake, I am sure the court considered that and she has been out for two years now. Please leave her alone, she is not bothering you.”

“Rachel am I missing something? E kare ke go pateletsa botsala yanong {it’s like I am forcing the friendship} and if it’s like that just tell me.”

“I don’t want to be friends with someone who humiliates other woman in public like that. You don’t behave like a woman or even someone’s wife. You behave like a ratchet and I don’t want to be associated with that. I still can’t believe you said all those things about Anaya all because she fired you from her company. You were not even qualified for the office you worked in, you should have appreciated the fact that she wanted to pay your

fees but because you are so bitter you can't even see it. You lost Miguel because you killed his child not because of Anaya!"

"Wow!"

"I don't care anymore. You are bitter because you don't have the last surname you always dreamt to have."

"So you think marrying a Mokwena is an achievement? You are so naïve it's a shame. All those men cheat in that family. Don't think too highly of yourself."

"I will think highly of myself because I have self respect."

"I hope your self respect keeps your husband from cheating. Nxla o itha gore o special Rachel mme o mono hela. {You think you are special} No matter what you may say about me but I know myself and my quality. And I hope things actually work out for you, Kenneth can't have kids I just hope he never finds out. Bye."

Anaya took a bite of her lunch and slowly put her fork down. She couldn't eat, she hadn't been able to eat since morning. It felt as if something was sitting on her throat. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of Quinsy thinking of what he must have went through. Had he cried or maybe he had suffocated to death. A sob escaped her lips and she broke down covering her face. Slowly she got up and walked to her bathroom where she sat on the toilet sit crying. Minutes later she stood up and walked to the mirror. She washed her face then walked out.

"Afternoon," Kelly said walking in as Anaya sat down.

Anaya smiled pushing away her food. "Hey, how did it go? You can have that."

Kelly took the food. "Thaks. Well actually, there are the notes I took. Nigerians are scary but there was a lady and she was nice."

"You can bring in the notes. Nigerians are not bad, it's just we have a mentality that makes us see them

as bad people. They are people who know how to make money and that's why I bought shares into that big company that makes oil, I know I stand to gain a lot."

"You are right, you should have seen how that lady was talking, mme hela kare nyaa rona rena le warona Boss Lady who can also stand men. {I was like we also have our own boss lady who can stand men.}"

Anaya laughed. "You have started Kelly."

"I am not, you are an alpha."

Anaya shook her head. "Yet when it comes to other things I make the worst decisions ever."

"We all do, it's a phase but once you realize going on, you pick up the pieces and move on with life."

Anaya life. "A ba a batla raise Kelly! {She wants a raise.}"

"I deserve it."

They both laughed.

"I know, you have been the best assistant ever. What

do you have again?"

"I have a diploma in Finance."

"Why not just go and do a degree? Did you apply to those who are going to China?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Who would I leave you with?"

Anaya chuckled. "Kelly all my workers who are going to enhance themselves will be getting paid, not as much as they do now but to keep going. Most of you have diplomas so only two years to finish up."

"I am building a house."

"More reason for you to go. I am going to open a new company, most of you will come there soon and I am also thinking of opening another thing."

Tears filled Kelly's eyes. "Boss lady..."

"I am serious, go. I will loan you money to finish your house then when you come back, we work out how you will pay me back."

Kelly covered her mouth as tears fell.

“Don’t cry, you will finish your house but go with the sponsorship. I am sponsoring everyone who has a diploma.”

“You are an Angel.”

Anaya shook her head. “I wish, now stop crying.”

Kelly took a wiper from Anaya’s desk and carefully wiped away her tears.

“Thank you boss lady. And by the way, whatever you are going through, you will come up on top. Being an alpha is being able to pick yourself up every time life knocks you down.”

Anaya smiled as Kelly walked out. Her phone rang from her desk.

“Agang...”

“Hey, Miguel is awake.”

Lone walked out of Shoprite holding a bottle of milk.

“Mrs. David.”

Lone turned and smiled at Bame's supervisor. "Mr. Moremi."

"How are you?"

"I am fine yourself?"

"I am good. Oh, meet my wife," A woman approached in a hot pink formal dress and black heels. She sort of reminded her of Anaya and looked at herself, she was wearing pajamas yet it was in the middle of the day, her hair was inside a head wrap. She smiled embarrassed looking at the elegant woman.

"Babe, that is my junior's wife, remember Bame?"

The woman smiled. "Oh yes! I do, nice meeting you Mrs. Bame."

"Likewise."

The couple walked away as Lone hurried to her car and buried her face in her hands. Such embarrassment was enough to kill, she hadn't even bathed. She drove home and sighed staring at her CV. She still hadn't told Bame that she had lost her

job but he would probably celebrate, Lone took a deep breath thoughtfully. She walked to her bathroom and took a bath, sat in front of the mirror doing her makeup carefully then wore her formal dress. She looked at herself on the mirror, maybe a new hairstyle would do but first, applying for a job. She grabbed her handbag and CV then walked out.

Anaya walked inside Miguel's room, he turned and looked at her as she closed the door. Guilt crept in as she stared at him but a voice reminded her that he was fine now and she had no reason to feel guilt anymore.

"Hey..."

Miguel smiled. "Hi,"

"For someone who almost died don't you think that smile is too wide?"

Miguel laughed softly. "I am happy to see you."

“I am sure.”

“You look beautiful.”

She nodded, Agang hadn't told him, no body had told him yet.

“How do you feel?”

“I am fine.”

“What did the doctor say?”

“That I will be fine.”

Anaya took a deep breath. “I was really worried.”

Miguel smiled. “I hope you didn't stress my daughter.”

“No, she would be here if I told her and would refuse to leave. No one gets away with hurting smuffy bear.”

“She is my little solder. Next time I should just bring her to my fights.”

Anaya smacked his chest smiling. “I would kill you.”

Miguel laughed. “You are already trying to. You and

that boyfriend of yours.”

She rolled your eyes. “He didn’t even stab you that hard.”

“Shee! Ga o swabe. He wanted to kill me.”

Anaya laughed. “You are dramatic.”

“I love hearing you laugh.”

Anaya looked at him.

“Your entire face brightens when you laugh, you actually look more beautiful when you laugh.”

Anaya sighed. “How long did the Doctor say you will take to heal?”

“Naya...”

“I think maybe I should tell Ivy, she is sad.”

“Naya... look at me.”

She looked into his eyes and swallowed.

“I am sorry, for hurting you and harassing you. Honestly I had no right to, you are single and free, I guess it’s just crazy how much I love you and the

fact that I am losing you is driving me nuts. But I am sorry.”

“It’s ok.”

“You know it’s not, I will make it up to you.”

“There is no need. I reported you, I am not dropping the charges.”

“It’s ok, I deserve it. I am going to try to get the divorce process sped up.”

Anaya bit her lower lip fighting her tears. “I don’t want to do this anymore, my heart is so heavy, I am in pain and it’s affecting me, it’s affecting the kids.”

He sat up right and held her hands. “We have come so far... we can’t give up now. I know I made you question us but now you have no reason to. Babe I want us, I want you only. I am going to move out, I am not going to be with any woman who is not you. I am done with this back and forth. I am done with all of it.”

He slowly got off bed. “I have hurt you, you have hurt me. Maybe I deserved you walking out on me at the

alter, I deserved it Anaya. I wasn't man enough then. When you came back I just had a lot of responsibilities, a lot of faces to put a smile on, so it made me look undecided but I have always wanted you. I still want you. I am not the best man out there. I am not going to lie but I love you. I love you with all my being."

Anaya shook her head as a tear fell. "I don't think I can do this, it's not that I don't love you, I do. I love you so much Miguel but this love has caused more pain than joy. I can't carry on knowing loving you has caused scars that will never fade. Maybe we do love each other but we are just not meant to be. With a lot of people fighting against us, with a lot of people hurting because of us, I don't want to do this anymore."

"Naya babe come one... I am ready to go against the world if I have to for us, for you."

She looked at his begging eyes then remembered Refilwe's cries, it was the same tears her mother had shed. The way Refilwe begged her was the same way her mother had begged that woman.

“I wish I can go back in time, Miguel I wouldn’t have made a lot of decisions I made because today not only have I hurt another woman but our kids too.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I have...” Anaya broke down. “I have killed. I can’t anymore, I know you will hate me but that’s ok. That’s still ok, I should just accept that I am not the one for you because with us together, nothing ever goes well.”

“Naya... who have you killed?”

She looked at him crying.

“Refilwe... she... she...” Anaya looked up trying to breathe properly but the pain was suffocating her. She opened her mouth to talk but a sob left her lips. The door opened and Agang walked in holding a plastic of food. He put it down staring at Miguel who had his arms around Anaya who was crying. Her cries pieced deep in his heart, from his brother’s worried face, he could tell she hadn’t told him yet.

Anaya moved back putting her hand over her mouth trying to shut her sobs. She picked her bag and

walked out. Miguel tried following after her but Agang stood in front of him.

“Sit, where are you going?”

“Anaya... what’s going on?”

Agang stred at his brother and sighed. “Refilwe killed herself.”

“What?”

“Yeah, she burned herself inside the house.”

“SHIT!”

He sat on the bed.

“Are you serious?”

“Yeah.”

“Fuck!”

“Quinsy was inside.”

Slowly, Miguel raised his head and looked at Agang.

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Don't forget to leave a like and a comment.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#93

Two Weeks Later...

Refilwe's mother threw a handful of soil in her daughter's grave then moved to her grandson's grave. The sadness on her face brought more tears to Anaya's eyes as she stood within the crowd with a scarf covering her face. She wasn't crying out loud but the pain that reflected in her eyes was enough. Everyone sang sadly, Anaya sang along fighting not to break down. Donald put his arm around her bringing her closer, silently Anaya cried on his shoulder. Minutes later, the graves got filled. Donald pulled Anaya from the crowd and together they walked to the rented car that was parked at the far end.

“I can’t believe she is really gone.”

“She is. As much as I feel sad that she is dead I don’t think you should let it affect you like this. You didn’t pour petrol in her house lit her house. She did that all herself, she killed her son while at it to revenge on Miguel, that too is not your fault. She was sad as fuck, yes, I have said, she was sad and that’s why she did that. Her being sad is not your business.”

Anaya looked back at the crowd. “I want to move.”

“Anaya I am your friend and today I am going to be honest with you, you can’t keep running each time things get hard. You have to face it head on.”

“This place is depressing me.”

“So what? Then deal with that depression head on. For how long will you run?”

Anaya sighed. “I am just tired.”

“Well you can’t be tired, you still have a long way to go. Think for Ivy too. She just settled, and what about Lethabo? What about Ayana? You are a role model to this people and role models my friend don’t

behave like that.”

Anaya looked out the window. “This place has too many sad memories.”

“It does, not for you only, for me and for other people out there. Anaya sometimes running is not the option, trust me. It’s not most of the time because one day you are going to come back and you are going to be required to deal with your demons. Better deal with them now than flee.”

Miguel listened as Refilwe’s uncles spoke with some of the Mokwena relatives who had attended the funeral listened.

“Our daughter passed on, she was married into your family but we do understand that she was married out of community of property. We want Rethabile to stay full time with her grandmother for now as our son here is still grieving. We also want Refilwe’s

properties, maybe it will be able to help her mother to-

“I don’t want anything.” Refilwe’s mother interjected. “Refilwe worked hard for those things for her kids, since she killed the other, one will benefit to those properties and company. I can’t stay with Rethabile, my health is not in the best condition, anything can happen to me and that is the sad truth. Since Oshadi ran off after trying to kill me, I have no one to support me that’s why I am sending her kids back to their father’s houses because I can’t take care of them now. I want all of Refilwe’s property signed over to her daughter because if something happens to me Oshadi may come back and claim them only to misuse them.”

“I have no problem staying with my grandchild, I will stay with her. At the end of the day Refilwe was like my daughter too.” Mma Mokwena said and everyone nodded.

“Son? Do you agree?” Mokwena asked his son and Miguel nodded.

“Ok, then that’s settled.”

They continued discussing a few things then finally both families dispersed. Miguel walked to his car with Agang while Kenneth got in his car with Pule.

“I can’t believe Refilwe killed my son, I still can’t believe it.”

“Now it’s done, there is nothing we can do.”

“I wouldn’t care if she didn’t killed my son and all to revenge me.”

“She is definitely rotting in hell.”

Their younger uncle approached them.

“Boikanyo, Agang, are you ready for tomorrow?”

Miguel sighed. “I don’t know, I haven’t spoken to her since that day at the hospital.”

The younger uncle looked at him. “You hurt her while you were trying not to hurt Refilwe, you hurt her in the process. I just hope now it’s not too late, and if it is, I hope you are ready to accept that.”

“I am not giving up on Anaya this time around, even

if it takes me years, I am not walking away.”

The younger uncle smiled. “That’s my boy.”

He walked away leaving Agang smiling. “We will get her, Anaya is your wife, she may be feeling otherwise right now because of the whole thing with Refilwe but that shouldn’t discourage you.”

“I am not, I know she is going to want to cancel the bride price, I have a feeling she is and as much as that hurts I am going to agree. We will start over again, this time around no more playing.”

Ayana finished with her shift later that day and took out her phone dialing her sister’s number while walking to the bus stop.

“Hey...”

“Naya, where are you? Are you back?”

“Yeah, Donald and I flew back. Are you ok?”

“I am fine, are you?”

“Yes, I am fine. Don’t worry about me.”

“Ok, I am coming. I will get ice cream, Donald is staying right?”

“Yes. Do you have money to buy? I will send.”

Ayana laughed. “Bathong Naya, I said I will buy. Just relax, I want to spoil you.”

“Ok.”

She hung up and stopped got in a combie which dropped her off at station. She walked to Rail Park mall and entered Spa where she picked a tub of ice cream, Anaya’s favorite flavor and walked over to the till. After paying, she walked out. She frowned staring at Karabo who was standing with a heavily pregnant woman. Her heart pounded as she walked towards them.

“What’s going on here?”

Karabo turned and looked at her.

“Hey babe!”

“I said what’s going on?”

She looked at the pregnant woman then back at Karabo breathing heavily. She could feel her anger rising.

“Wait...”

The pregnant woman handed her a mic as a song started playing in the mall. Karabo held the mic singing as people looked.

You are the one I want o

Before my liver starts to fail

You’re the one I need o

Before cassava to start to hail

And if ever leave o

Make water carry me dey go

Far away, far-a-way

So I am looking for a sister

Chioma my lover o

She get the doller

She dey wear designer o

She say give me assurance

Assurance

I give my baby assurance

I give my baby lifetime assurance

She saw a long line of people walking towards her each holding two roses. Ayana put her hand over her mouth in shock, they all gave her the roses till she held a big bunch of fresh roses in her hands. Now a lot of people had gathered around them with their phones out taking videos.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to announce that I love my to be beautiful nurse. I love you babe.

Happy Birthday.” He said on the mic.

She looked at him as tears filled her eyes dropping.

“I love you too.” She whispered. “I love you.”

Karabo hugged her then kissed her. He stepped back staring at the crowd.

“Show time over bagaetsho, may your boyfriends do the same for you. Wame mosadi o happy. {My woman is happy.}”

People laughed dispersing. Karabo took the ice cream container and together they walked to the parking lot.

“I heard the Shato women don’t like small gifts.”

Ayana laughed. “I love this.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I love you, I can’t believe you did that. You are crazy. I will be trending now.”

Anaya looked around the parking lot searching for his car.

“Where did you park?”

“Oh, I came with a different car.”

He took out keys unlocking a red porche Karare. He opened the door and Ayana got in with her flowers.

Karabo handed her the plastic of ice cream then closed the door before walking round to his door. He got in and drove off to his house as Ayana stared at her flowers.

“I have to give Naya her ice cream.”

“Ok, I will drop you off, I want to pick something from my house.”

“Babe you know I still can’t believe Lalah still hasn’t said happy birthday. Anaya called me exactly at 12 and Lethabo and Ivy woke me up with a piece of cake.”

“Maybe she forgot.”

He drove inside his gate then opened his door.

“Come in.”

They both walked to the door then he took out his keys and unlocked. Ayana walked in then gasped moving back as people screamed.

She laughed staring at Lalah who was holding balloons then at Anaya standing with Donald.

“Mama you too?”

Gloria laughed. "I don't want to be left out."

"Mommy said we shouldn't tell you." Ivy said making everyone laugh.

Lethabo held his phone taking a video standing next to Morgan.

Ayana turned back to Karabo. "Thank you, I couldn't have asked for more."

The couple hugged as everyone smiled staring at them.

Theodora walked inside the big empty store. She smiled impressed.

"I love it."

She could already see her internet café running. Her phone vibrated from her back pocket and she took it out.

"Mama..."

“How is the place?”

“It’s beautiful and huge.”

“That’s good, so when are the computers coming?”

Theodora laughed. “Mama I ordered them yesterday, they will be here after seven days.”

“I am praying for you.”

“Thank you.”

“I am glad you are not quitting your job.”

“I am not, Anaya advised me to hold on to it for a while till the internet café is making profits.”

“Anaya should be the kind of friend you keep around you.”

Theodora sighed. “Things will never go back to the way they were. I ruined our friendship. Yes she forgave me but her forgiving me doesn’t mean she will still want us to be friends.”

“What did you do to her?”

“It’s in the past mama, I am happy she is investing in this, I know she usually goes for big things.”

“We thank God!”

“Mama I have to go.”

“Ok, bye.”

Theodora hung up and walked out of the store locking behind her. She took the stairs downstairs to the parking lot. She got in her car and drove off passing by a restaurant. She parked her car and stepped out entering the restaurant. She took out her phone waiting in a queue to order and browsed through facebook. A smile started at the corner of her lips as she came across a video of Ayana receiving flowers then reacted with a heart before commenting.

Theodora: Happy Birthday, you deserve all that and more...

“It’s your turn.” Someone whispered behind her. She raised her eyes and looked at the queue that was gone and turned back embarrassed. She smiled staring at her boss.

“Thank you.”

Lefa smiled at her motioned she walk. She walked

over to order her meal.

“I want the same as her, I am paying for both meals.”
Lefa said standing beside her. The cashier nodded.

“You don’t have to, I can-“

“I know you can but I am choosing to buy for you.
Kante keng? You don’t want free food?”

Theodora laughed. “I do!”

“Good, just relax.”

The cashier handed them their takeaways then Lefa handed her a P200 note and they both walked out.

“Thank you Mr. Modisane.”

“Outside the office I am Lefa.” He unlocked his car besides hers. “What are you doing this weekend?”

Theodora looked at her boss. “Uhm I... nothing really, just lazing around.”

Lefa opened his door. “See you on Monday.”

She nodded then he got in his car and drove off.
Theodora frowned hearing a kid’s laughter, it sure sounded like Loago’s. She turned her head then

stared at Loago who was walking with Christian and some woman. Tears filled her eyes as she stared at the beautiful woman, those were her boys and she had lost them all to the love of money. She wiped away a tear that had fallen, she would treat her next man right. This time around she wouldn't take him for granted. She climbed in her car thinking of a new relationships, it was time to move on now.

Her phone rang as she started her car.

"Hello?"

"Hey Theodora, it's Bonolo, Mr. Modisane's PA. I forgot to tell you, there is a file Mr. Modisane wanted you to go through during the weekend, I forgot it at my desk, I would collect it myself but right now I am far. Please go and collect it today. I have asked one of security guards to open for you, he is starting duty at 6 but if not, Mr. Modisane is there."

"Ok."

"I am really sorry."

"It's ok."

Theodora hung up with a sigh. It was just a few minutes before six. She started her car and drove to work.

Minutes later she stepped out of her car passing Lefa's car and walked inside the building. She looked at her watch, she could make it for her movie. With quick strides, she went up the stairs taking two at a time. She took deep breath arriving at his floor and walked over Bonolo's desk. Anaya sat on the chair panting, maybe it was about time she started exercising, she had been postponing it for a while now, she was now chubby and she needed her active body back.

Her eyes scanned Bonolo's table searching for the files.

"Theodora, come here."

She looked at Lefa's office and quickly stood up.

"I came to collect a file that Bonolo was supposed to give me yesterday."

"I have it, come."

She walked to his door and pushed it open walking in his spacious office. Her heart pounded as she stared at the table which was covered with a cream sparkling cloth with a vase holding flowers then the bottle of wine in the ice cubes and besides that the two glasses of wine.

Lefa closed the shades then lighted up the scented candles around his office. He walked past her and switched off the light.

“Come and sit.”

Theodora looked at him.

“Mr.-“

“Sit. Relax. I know it’s things that happen in the movies but just relax.”

Theodora chuckled. Lefa took her hand and led her to the table then pulled out the chair for her. She sat down looking at the set up, it was more than beautiful. Lefa sat opposite her.

“We are celebrating your promotion.”

“You didn’t have to do all this.”

“I already did and I am more than happy that you are not married. We will celebrate that too.” He said with a smile. Theodora looked into his eyes and sighed.

“Thank you for promoting me but I didn’t know you wanted something in return. I can’t take this job because I am not going down that road again.”

“I don’t want anything from you, I don’t promote my workers in order to fuck them, I run a business here not some joke, I am a man of principles so don’t go around thinking I promoted you for sex, if I want sex I know where to get it and it’s definitely not from my workers.”

“Then why am I here?”

“To celebrate your promotion and that you are divorced. Feel free to leave, no one is forcing you stay. And I won’t fire you for that.”

Theodora looked around his office then back at him.

“Why am I really here?”

“Because I want to have a serious relationship with you.”

“But I am your worker.”

“Unfortunately we don’t choose the people we fall for. But right now I am just Lefa and you are Theodora. Are you leaving or are you staying?”

Theodora swallowed hard and rubbed her hands together. “I am HIV positive.”

Lefa smiled. “I know everything Theodora.”

“In my previous job I slept with my boss just so to keep my job. I don’t want to repeat history.”

Lefa stood up and walked towards her. “Theodora I am not your previous boss who to me is pathetic and a big loser, I am Lefa and you have never dated a Lefa. Just because you have had bad experience at your previous job doesn’t mean that’s what going to happen now. Don’t paint me with that same brush.”

He bended leaning over and kissed her softly. Theodora slowly kissed him back with her hands knitted together on her lap.

Colleen placed casseroles on the dining table then sat down looking at her family.

“Babe you know it’s late but Shantell is still not here.”

Colleen looked at her husband. “I told you her room is smelling weed.”

“Mommy she has weeds in her room?”

Colleen laughed staring at Peo. “No baby... give me your plate.”

She dished for the kids then her husband.

“I still can’t believe Refilwe burned herself babe.”

Tshepo shrugged. “I feel maybe she was depressed. No doubt she loved your brother, loving someone who doesn’t love you hurts, you will try your best to make them see just how much you love them.”

“But she knew there was Anaya.”

“Still, she probably thought she could have a place in his heart. I actually feel sad for her. Had she walked

away she could have moved on and picked the pieces.”

The main door opened and they all waited. Shantell walked past the dining room.

“Hello...”

Colleen looked at her then down at her plate eating.

“Where are you coming from?”

“We had a revision session after school, I stayed for that.”

“Should I call the school to confirm that?”

“Look Tshepo, if you don’t want to stay with me, say so.”

“And where will you go? You are ungrateful, you don’t see how much I have done to stay with you.”

“Who asked you?”

Tshepo stood up angrily. “Who do you think you are talking to?”

Shantell rolled her eyes. “I don’t know but who else am I talking to?”

He took off his belt but Colleen held his hand. “Babe she is high, can’t you see?”

“This girl is ungrateful, I don’t even know why I bothered with her. I am taking her to her father’s relatives. I can’t deal with this nonsense.”

Miguel drove inside C-SKY after hours of driving. He stepped out of the car and walked inside the hotel going straight to the penthouse. He walked inside the house and sighed taking out his phone sitting on the couch. He looked at his wallpaper which was Anaya wondering if it was really too late. He went to his videos and watched the videos they had taken in Maldives.

“Babe, smile,” Anaya said moving the camera to his face. “Guys I am taking this video in Maldives with my man and my kids. Guys come! Guys... Ivy! Jay...” The camera moved as she looked for the kids. Tears filled Miguel’s eyes as he smiled staring at the video

where the kids were pausing. Anaya laughed.

“Guys! It’s not a picture, it’s a video. Where are we?”

“Maldives...” Ivy screamed.

“Mommy is this an island?” Junior asked walking closer to Anaya.

“Island baby... Quinsy come my sweet sweet boy.”
The camera moved again as she picked up Quinsy then smiled at the camera kissing Quinsy’s cheek.

“Quinsy, where are we?”

“Mal...”

Anaya laughed. “Say Maldives baby...”

“Maldives...”

“Good. Now go and eat.”

She put him down and walked with the camera back to him.

“Now I am with my man and I am happy. Miguel I love you.”

He kissed her in the video. “I love you more.”

“No, I love you more.”

Miguel picked her up as the video stopped.

He took a deep breath then walked to his bathroom and took a quick shower before changing. He walked out with his phone.

Anaya replied some emails sitting on the couch trying to get some work done. Her phone rang beside her.

“Hey,”

“Hey, Martin and I are leaving tomorrow, his father got in an accident yesterday.”

“Oh, is he ok?”

“Yes, just broke an arm.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, anyways I will call you.”

“I am happy for you, honestly. You are with the man you love and who loves you too.”

“I am lucky right? I know I hate Miguel but can't you fix things now? I mean he is single now.”

“It's too late, a lot has happened between us. I feel even if we get back together, we won't be happy.”

“I hope you won't be that couple that loves each other but can't be together.”

“Sadly we are.”

Donald sighed. “You don't have to be.”

“You don't understand. I was selfish months back and look today what happened.” Anaya's voice shook as she spoke.

“When will you stop blaming yourself for Refilwe's actions. She is probably rotting in hell.”

“I just can't, I keep seeing her in my dreams, I see Quinsy screaming for my help and I can't get to him.”

“You did nothing wrong.”

“Then why do I feel guilty?”

“You have no reason to. You can’t blame yourself for someone’s actions. Anaya the moment you will realize you did nothing wrong, that’s when you will see that Refilwe is evil.”

“They are haunting me.”

“No one is haunting you, you are just caught up in self blame. Don’t run from Miguel again. That man is yours, we may all hate him because he is a motherfucker but that man is yours.”

The intercom rang and she sighed. “Look, I have to go, call me when you land.”

“Ok.”

She hung and walked outside. She sighed staring at Miguel’s car then pressed the remote. He drove in and parked right in front of her then stepped out of the car.

“Hey...”

Anaya looked at him. “Hi,”

“I love you, I never stopped loving you. I know we have been through so much together, I have hurt you

more anyone has ever hurt you and I don't deserve you. I have put you through so much, have harrassed you. Anaya I don't know what the future has install for me or you but I want you in my future. I love you and I want us to raise our kids together. I don't want to keep chasing you, we are growing old. I want us to build a future together, to make memories. A lot has happened, a lot I can't erase even though I wish I could. Please take my hand and let's start our future together. No more games, no more running around. Just us and our kids... I am tired of this back and forth."

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.br/.

Let's comment and like, your feedback matters to me, we are growing, let's grow too on the comments. Goodnight...

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stiletto

#94

Anaya looked in his eyes and sighed.

“A lot has happened Miguel.”

Miguel took her hands into his. “I know and God knows I deserved getting stabbed, it was a wake up call. And you were right, I was taking advantage of you. But that’s over now, I want my family back.”

Anaya moved back putting her hands behind her.

“You have hurt me a lot, I don’t think I want to be with you anymore. You need help not me, you have put me through so much I can’t seem to forget. You put your hands on me, you abused me. As much as I am sorry Lefa hurt you but I was actually thankful, for the first time I had someone stand up for me. Maybe he took it far but I will forever be thankful for that. I can’t be with a man who don’t respect women. You are abusive and I am not taking the risk.”

“I will go for counseling, matter of fact, we can both go for counseling.”

Anaya shook her head. “I can’t, I am sorry.”

“So this is it?”

“Yes. You need to accept that you and I can never be together.”

Miguel sadly looked at her. “Babe please...”

Anaya shook her head. “I will never keep Ivy from you. But as for you and me, it won’t work.”

Miguel swallowed and cleared his throat. Anaya looked at his eyes hooded with pain he was trying to cover up but miserably failing.

“I want to take the kids on a road trip, Junior is going to stay with Marang when I come back.”

Anaya nodded. “I will never deny you your daughter.”

He turned and walked to his car while Anaya walked inside the house, she found Lethabo standing.

“What?”

“Why can’t you just take him back? He loves you.”

“Lethabo one day you will understand. I am going to sleep.”

“I know I will never let someone who loves me go.”

Anaya turned and looked at him. "Love alone is not enough."

She walked to the bedroom and took her phone. She looked at Lefa's number for a while then called him.

"Hey..."

She cleared her throat. "Hi, can we meet and talk?"

"I am kind of busy right now."

"Look, I just wanted to apologize for what happened. I made you feel bad for defending me yet you were only trying to help me. I don't condone violence but still, you did it for me."

"It's ok."

"Can we meet and talk?"

"Can we talk tomorrow?"

"Of course. That's ok."

He hung up and she sighed.

Lefa put away his phone and stared at Theodora who was still eating. She raised her head and looked at him with a shy smile.

“What?”

He shook his head reaching for his wine. He took a sip then blocked and deleted Anaya’s number.

“You are beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

They finished up eating and left his office going down to the parking lot.

“Thank you for the dinner.”

She didn’t have long hair but she was still beautiful nevertheless.

“But we shouldn’t be doing this, you know that.”

Lefa smiled. “It’s nice being the boss.”

Theodora laughed. “You are abusing your power.”

“I don’t hit on my employees, this is a first.”

“I was actually scared of you, you look strict.”

“Because I am, that’s why I never mix business and pleasure. I don’t want anything that jinx business but I will make an exception.”

Theodora smiled, gosh he was clean and handsome. He was actually better looking than most people she knew and that big body, she couldn’t imagine being under him. He had that scorpion chest, so wide then his zip... now this was a man, a real man.

He opened her door for her. “Get in, I will call you to check in.”

She climbed inside her car then he closed the door for her and stepped back staring. Theodora smiled starting her car and drove off.

Lone switched off her TV later that night and dragged her feet to her bedroom. Her phone rang as soon as she sat down.

“Hello?”

“Hi, are we talking to Lone David?”

“Yes how can I help you?”

“Mam we have your mother in our hospital, she has suffered a stroke.”

Lone sighed. “I can’t come there now.”

“Please come, she needs you. She is not able to talk at the moment. She needs extra care, sadly we can’t keep her here.”

“Ok, I will come. Thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

She hung up then went on facebook where she searched her sister’s name, she hadn’t done so in years because she didn’t care anymore. She scrolled through Amantle’s account not finding anything of recent. She logged off and called her mother’s sister.

“Hello?”

“Aunty, it’s Lone.”

“Oh Lone, how are you? You know I haven’t heard

from you since your wedding.”

Lone rolled her eyes then forced a laugh. “I know. I just got off the phone with the hospital, mama is not feeling well.”

“What?”

“Yes, I would go there but I am traveling with the company I work for at the moment.”

“It’s fine, if she needs assistance, I will gladly help. That’s my only sister.”

“Thank you so much. I will send money.”

“Ok daughter. How is your child?”

“Lesedi is fine.”

“You should bring her some time, let her know her relatives.”

“Of cause. Bye Aunty.”

She quickly hung up and smiled. Good riddance. Lone paused feeling something move in her stomach. Slowly she put her hand on her stomach then the slight movement happened again startling

her. Her heart pounded as she raised her dress looking at that little bump she hadn't noticed, actually now as she carefully looked, it wasn't a small bump. She was pregnant.

Slowly she sat on the bed putting her hands on her face.

Early in the morning Agang turned in his sleep pulling her closer to his waist then lifted her butt cheek and pushed in her. Slowly she woke up and Agang sweetly thrust into her. Anaya put out her butt moving against him wanting more of that sweet sweet pleasure. Agang held her waist as she softly moaned and thrust. She was sweet, tight and warm.

"I love you..." He whispered in her ear enjoying every corner of her. He cupped her full breast and gently massaged them. Anaya slowly slid her hand to her clit and rubbed gently reaching. Her toes curled as he moved even faster.

“Fuck you are so good.” He groaned in her ear. This was the best pussy he’d ever had, she kept squeezing him, sucking him dry with that pussy. Her pussy spasmed while she moaned softly to the pillow, he thrust into her a few more times then shot his load inside her.

“Oh yes Anaya. Fuck I love you.” He whispered giving her one last stroke.

“Who is that?”

Agang snapped out of it and stared at Sarona who was breathing heavily. He cursed beneath his breath praying she hadn’t heard anything.

“Huh?”

“You called a name, I heard you.”

“I didn’t say nobody’s name babe.”

Sarona got off bed and switched on the light.

“Agang, I heard you say a name.”

“What did I say?”

Sarona shook her head tearfully. “You said

someone's name then said I love you."

"I said babe."

Sarona frowned. "I am not stupid, you are cheating on me. I know you are. You have been using what's been happening to cheat freely."

"Wow!"

Sarona walked to the door and locked it then took the keys.

"If at the Mokwena clan you were taught to cheat because you all do, you won't do it on me."

"Sarona I love you, babe you are enough for me."

"No one is leaving this room till you tell me the name of that bitch."

"Sarona you know I have to prepare to go and see the Shato family with the rest of the family."

"Agang ga o ye gope! {You are not going anywhere!} I said what's her name?"

"I am not cheating on you. From the first day I met you, I haven't thought of cheating on you." He got up

from bed and took out something from his drawer.

“This is what I have been thinking about.” He opened the small box and knelt down on one knee before her.

“I have been thinking of how much I love you, I snatched you from another man, when I first met you your beauty almost knocked me off and it was sex till our first sex. I fell in love with you then. I have loved you since then. Sometimes I get scared dreaming one day you will leave me but that’s the day you and I will die because I am not going to let you walk away from me. I work harder each and every day, trying to get our company off the ground all for you. I want you to live the life you have always wanted to live. I want you to drive the car you have always wanted to drive. I want to become the husband you have always dreamt of. I am not perfect and I will mess up, I know I will but I will never cheat on you. I love you. Sarona Motedi, please do me the honor and be my wife. I love you babe and I want that surname changed.”

Sarona put her hand over her mouth as tears ran down her chubby cheeks.

“Yes... oh my God yes...”

Agang took the ring and put it on her finger. They hugged tightly as Sarena sobbed.

Later that morning Pule dressed up while Yaone stood beside him.

“Now I understand why you were so conflicted with the whole Lefa issue.”

Pule looked at her as he brushed his hair.

“You love them like you would love your brothers. I was talking to your mother the other day and she said they took care of you like they took care of their own children.”

Pule smiled. “They did. Babe Miguel is my brother, we have our own ups and downs but he is my brother.”

“Do you think the plan will work?”

Pule sighed and put the brush down.

“I don’t know but it has to. Miguel is going crazy over the issue, he lost a major business deal because he is stressed. He doesn’t think when it comes to Anaya. He sees no one but her when she is around. I guess that’s why I never liked her that much, it’s the power she has over him. Even when they first met, before they started dating, she used to drive him crazy.”

“She is definitely not a push over. I know her from high school. She was form 4 when I was form 5 and they usually picked the student leadership in form 5 but she was made the school head girl just in form 4. She was smart and always in control, she never let the fact that was younger than half the school get to her. I don’t know, but her heart seems to be her weakness.”

Pule walked over and kissed his wife. “Well today I pray it goes according to plan. You look beautiful Mrs Motsei.”

Yaone laughed and twirled in her german print dress,

a shawl over her shoulders and a head wrap.

“Thank you husband.”

They kissed and walked out.

Vince smiled at Olerato rubbing her flat stomach.

“I am so excited.”

Olerato laughed. “So am I.”

“I love you.”

Olerato stopped smiling and held his hands. “I have something to tell you.”

“What?”

“I... years back when I had recently started my profession, I was seeing this other man. He was short tempered and he used to lose it quickly. He would scream hurtful words at me and sometimes go physical. One time he beat me up so badly then

strangled me till I was unconscious. He thought I was dead then we went and threw me in the bush where I was found by an old woman early in the morning freezing. My family was very angry but he convinced me otherwise and I went back. I thought we were in love, I had already imagined a future with him and felt like people didn't understand. I started bottling things up, after that incident the abuse got too much. One day we got into an argument. He slapped me, I got so angry that I grabbed a knife and stabbed him over and over again. I castrated him, that moment I wasn't thinking, I was just... I stopped a while later and realized the entire house was filled with blood. My hands and every where else was just bloody. I called the police and turned myself in. They did a medical examination on me and said I have bipolar. My license was taken from me but I took my pills, attended all my sessions till they actually found out I wasn't bipolar, just reacted. They did say I have a mental problem which can be handled. I attend therapy once a month and I don't drink pills. That's when I met Princess, our relationship got more than professional, I confided in her and told her about my

situations.”

Vince stared in her eyes as she spoke.

“I met my ex a while later then he too did the same but this time, I opened a case. I had him sent to jail. I know I should have long told you this, I am sorry.”

“Why did you tell me now?”

Tears filled her eyes. “Because I want a clean start. I don’t want to live with fear that someone will tell you.”

Tears fell and she covered her face crying. Vince hugged her in his suit.

“Remember that first night I met you?”

She nodded crying.

“I knew then I loved you. Nothing is going to change that. We will deal with whatever it is together.”

“The twins... I think we should do DNA test on them.”

He smiled. “I did. I knew she was cheating with the same guy she married.”

Olerato sighed with relief. "Thank God."

"I love you. Let me get going." He got off bed and fixed his suit.

"Good luck. I hope it goes well."

"It has to or else we are going to keep begging."

He walked out and Olerato sighed happily.

Later that morning Anaya walked out of a store holding a plastic. She smiled as Theodora stood before her with a smile.

"Hey..."

"Hi Naya."

"I like your short hair."

Theodora laughed. "Don't say that, I want to start plaiting."

"That short hair suits you."

“Thanks. Oh I saw our place yesterday. I love it.”

“My contact said you did.”

“Yeah, it’s spacious.”

“I think that’s what we need.”

“Thank you so much for doing this with me. You have no reason to because it’s just a small thing so thank you.”

“There is nothing like a small business. Are you selling sweets or are you selling in a store, business is business.”

“You are so motivating. I can’t believe I ruined my friendship with you, such a fruitful friendship.”

Anaya smiled. “That’s in the past now. You and I come from far.”

“I know, can we go out for lunch sometime if you are not busy?”

“Of cause. I am never busy for my friends.”

Theodora’s phone rang and she took it out, Anaya’s eyes fell on her caller ID. She frowned as Theodora

did a one minute gesture stepping away. Anaya watched her blush talking to the phone. A minute later she came back.

“Wow! Your boyfriend?”

Theodora blushed. “Yeah... well I don’t know as yet but I have good feeling.”

“I am happy for you.”

“He is my boss, makes me feel a bit off but then I remember you.”

Anaya laughed. “What’s his name?”

“Oh, Lefatshe Modisane. I can’t believe I am going out with the MP’s son.”

“Lefa?”

“You know him? Of cause you do.”

Anaya smiled. “I know most people. I usually advise people not to mix business and pleasure. You know, to avoid future conflicts.”

“I know but Lefa is so professional.”

“Well good because for the time being, you need the

job.”

“I know.”

“And be careful of those people, you know how this influential people are.”

“Yeah but Lefa is different.”

“Maybe that’s what he wants you to believe. Just be careful.”

“Thanks, I feel like this is a start for our friendship.”

Anaya smiled, now looking at Theodora’s smile, she felt guilty. Lefa wasn’t like that, he probably deserved Theodora, she was a good woman. When had she become this woman? She smiled and held Theodora’s hand.

“I am joking. Lefa is actually a good man. I have met him a couple of times. He is different but try by all means to keep pleasure outside work.”

“I will, I am taking your word for it.”

“Go for it, be happy. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Anaya walked to her car and climbed in. Her phone rang and she answered the unsaved number.

“Anaya Shato speaking hello?”

“Hey, it’s Gontle. I am from your restaurant from applying, they told me they are not hiring. I know this is wrong at all levels but I am in dire need of a job. I am drowning in debts and I don’t know what I am going to do.”

“What qualification do you have?”

“I have no qualification.”

Anaya sighed. “It’s a bit tricky because I want all my employees with qualifications.”

“I will clean your house, I am down for anything.”

“No, I won’t let you do that. Look, let me try to look into something and come back at you.”

“Thank you so much. Now I regret leaving the restaurant.”

“It’s life. Bye.”

She hung up then called Theodora.

“Naya...”

“Hey, I just got a call from Gontle.”

“Gontle?”

“Yes. Remember her?”

“Yeah, the girl who used to bully me.”

Anaya laughed. “Well, she is looking for a job.”

“I think maybe we might need a cleaner at the internet café. She deserves to clean the floors I walk on.”

“I agree, I will forward her number.”

“Ok, I am going to love this.”

“For sure.”

Anaya hung up with a smile and started her car then drove headed home.

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Don't forget to comment and like.

[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#95

Anaya fixed her head wrap sitting in front of the mirror. Her mother walked in as she stood up in her black heels.

“They are here.”

“I guess it will only take a few minutes right?”

Gloria sat down and looked at her daughter, she was beautiful, she was the definition of a real African woman and maybe that soft submissive side she had was her weakness, but she had a heart of gold. Gloria saw it everyday, she wasn't anything she had seen. Her daughter was a woman who knew what she wanted and always went for it, even if it was a married man. She knew how to take care of a man and maybe that's that Mokwena boy was outside waiting to cry for her.

“Come here, I want to talk to you.”

Anaya sat on her bed with her mother.

“What is it?”

Gloria took Anaya’s hands and looked right in her eyes. “The Mokwena’s are outside, some inside the house. They have filled the entire yard, some are sitting at the gate. They are all here to plead with you. They even brought close friends to help them beg you, to plead with you to forgive them, to forgive their son and reunite. Today I want you to go there and do what you want to do. I want you to do what you really want, don’t do what I want or or what your father wants or what your friends want or what Ivy wants. Do what will make you happy for the rest of your life, do what will make you smile for the rest of your life. Don’t do what you will question in years to come. I want you to do what Anaya wants.”

Anaya looked at her mother and sighed.

“Don’t make decisions to please people or to make people think you are a certain type of person. Do what makes you. What makes Anaya.”

“Thank you.”

“Good.” Gloria smiled and fixed her shawl. “You look

beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

“Come when you are ready, we will start then.”

“Ok.”

Gloria walked out and Anaya stood up and looked at her reflection on the mirror. She smiled knowing maybe she was about to disappoint a lot of people but she was about to make herself happy.

Miguel sat with his uncles inside the house on the floor. His father sat on the couch with his elder uncle. His heart pounded and he turned to look at Agang.

“If she refuses, we will come back again.” Agang whispered with a smile. Anaya’s mother walked back in and sat down. Now it was a game of waiting, her father had said nothing was going to be said without his daughter’s presence. He wondered if she would come out but today he wasn’t going anywhere till

she came. Minutes went by and his heart pounded even more. He paused hearing heels echoing, he looked at the passage and she walked in the living room in a flared german dress, she had smooth legs that always turned him on. His eyes went to her face but she had her head down. She sat beside her mother as he waited for her to raise her head but she kept it down.

“I would like to thank everyone who is here today.” Anaya’s father started. “We received a call weeks back that the Mokwenas wanted to come and talk about the unresolved issues between us. Today we are here for you, Anaya. From our side, we are here to support you in every decision you are going to make today, I myself and your mother are going to support your every decision. Today whatever you decide, we are going to support it. The Mokwena are here to plead with you so you forgive their son.”

Miguel’s elder uncle put his hands together and looked around the house standing up.

“We want to thank you the Shato family for giving us a chance to come and plead our case. Before we

start, we want to firstly apologize for our last meeting together. Words were exchanged and it was completely out of line, we would like to first mend that bridge that we burnt out of anger. We are willing to pay any amount as a token of apology.” The elder uncle slowly went down on his knees. “Re kopa maitshwarelo bagolo, we were out of line and nothing can justify that. We ask for forgiveness.”

The Mokwena’s went down on their knees, even those outside.

“Please forgive us.”

Anaya’s father whispered briefly with his brother.

“We forgive you but such matters take long to mend but we forgive you. We also would like to apologize for what we said in the heat of the moment.”

The Mokwenas sat down but Miguel’s uncle remained standing. “Re a leboga bagolo. Years ago we met, and we talked into merging our families with our son and your daughter. It happened that they had problems and misunderstandings and one decided to run away. We never knew why she ran till

our son explained to us about every problem they were going through. We didn't come back here to cancel the negotiations that had taken place because our son was convinced that your daughter was one day going to come back and they would continue from where they left off. Unfortunately, while he waited, he found someone else. He still convinced us not to come back here to clear things off when we went to the other woman's family because he had hope, and that is the first mistake we made and we would like to once again, apologize. After that our son married the other woman and that's when your daughter came back. As people who love each other, they went behind everyone's back and rekindled their love. Rele bagolo, rene resa itumela gotlelele, we were very upset because the woman who we had went to marry felt disrespected. Our son did express his feelings of wanting to leave her but we blocked him from doing that. Today we are here, we are standing behind him, supporting him because he is hurting. He wants his family back. The other woman is not here anymore and he would like to start on a clean slate with his family. He

wants his wife back. We have hurt you daughter in-law, embarrassed you. We have said all hurtful things to you and today, we come before you to apologize.”

Miguel’s uncle sat down as Anaya’s father stood up.

“We are also at fault, when our daughter ran off we didn’t do anything to ensure that the right thing is done. We would like to apologize for the embarrassment we put your family through and all the costs you suffered cleaning up the mess our daughter did. We would like to apologize for how we never tried to apologize in the past, we were wrong.”

“I think now that we have cleared the air, we can move on with why we are here.” Another uncle from the Mokwena said.

Theodora opened the door for Lefa and smiled staring at him, he smelt so good she wanted to burry

herself in those arms but rather she moved back opening the door wider.

“Hi,”

She blushed at his voice. “Hey.”

He walked inside and she closed the door walking behind him.

“Nice house.”

“Yeah, it’s what I can afford at the moment.”

They sat in her living room.

“You earn more than enough.”

“Yes but I am starting a business on the side.”

“So you are planning to leave the NGO?”

Theodora laughed. “Not now.”

“I like business minded people, what business are you starting?”

“An internet café.”

“How big is it?”

“50 computers.”

“Wow!”

“I know, my investor said that going big is the best way to go.”

“He is right.”

“It’s a she, she is my friend.”

“I think I too would have loved investing.”

Theodora smiled. “I didn’t think anyone would actually want to invest and I thought she was just being Anaya, nice all the time but she actually made me see that I can actually make loads of money. She has an idea for the café.”

“Anaya Shato?”

“Yes, she said she knows you.”

“Yeah, we were just fooling around. It was never a relationship, I hope that didn’t make you think otherwise of us.”

Theodora paused frowning. “You were seeing Anaya?”

“Yeah, briefly though.”

“Wow!”

“Wait- she didn’t tell you?”

Theodora shook her head. “No, she didn’t.”

“Well I don’t blame her, it’s was nothing serious.”

Theodora forced a smile on her face then stood up.

“I will dish for you.”

“Thanks.”

She walked to the kitchen with her phone then called her. Anaya’s phone rang unanswered, Theodora called Yaone fuming.

“Cousie...”

“Can you believe it? Remember Lefa?”

“Your boss that wants you?”

“Yeah, apparently he was seeing Anaya.”

“Wow!”

“And it’s funny because I bumped into Anaya at Spar and she told me Lefa is not to be trusted after that she starts smiling and says she is joking. This

woman is jealous.”

“Ke mathata.”

“Anaya thinks she is the only pretty one because she has money. I can’t believe this, Anaya o rata attention, now I don’t blame whoever trash talked her on facebook.”

“No, maybe she knows him, I don’t think Anaya actually meant it in a bad way.”

“You don’t know Anaya, that girl is a witch. She thinks she can have every man she wants.”

“You are overreacting, don’t forget she invested in your business.”

“I am going to tell her what she deserves to know. This bitch, you should have heard her. She claims to be Ms Goody two shoes though she has an ugly heart. She is jealous I am telling you. Maybe she wants to revenge me for wanting Miguel that time.”

“Eish girl let me hang up, I am in the middle of something.”

“Ok, we will talk.”

Theodora hung up then turned. Her heart skipped as she looked at Lefa wondering just how much he heard.

“She is actually the nicest person, she is kind and passionate. I have never come across a woman who can do what she does, we were together and it ended in peace, she is not jealous of you because she never loved me. Don’t be bitter, you will block your own happiness. Bye.”

He walked out as Theodora put her hands over her face regretfully.

Lalah finished cleaning her mother’s house then sat on the verandah. Gontle walked in through the gate holding a small plastic with her two kids following behind her.

“I didn’t expect to find you here.”

Lalah stood up. “This is my mother’s house.”

Gontle walked inside with her kids and Lalah followed behind her.

“Mama o kae? {Where is mom?}”

“O robetse. {She is sleeping.}”

“Ludo, sit down with your brother, I am coming.”

Gontle walked to her mother’s bedroom with Lalah behind. They both entered the bedroom.

“Mama, I have come.”

Their mother slowly woke up and sat up right.

“Gontle...”

“I will drop off their bags later when Kgotlang comes back from work.”

Lalah frowned. “Your kids are staying here?”

“This has nothing to do with you Lalah.”

“It has everything to do with me because I am the one supporting mama.”

“My kids are going to stay with their grandmother.”

Lalah laughed with disbelief. “You can’t even take

care of your kids in your house, now you want to burden another person? You are playing, that's not going to happen. Mama's BP is high and you bring your kids? Take your kids and leave."

"Lalah I am not here to fight with you."

"No one is fighting, I am telling you, you are going to take your kids and stay with them. Mama is not feeling well."

"Lalah it's fine my child."

"No! Nothing is fine. Gontle's kids are not going to stay here. She is going to dump them here and never support them claiming to have debts."

"Lalah I don't want to fight with you, you are going far."

"Gontle your kids are not going to stay here. Never! Take your kids and go back. You are not doing this to mama. Take your burden and leave."

Gontle angrily pushed Lalah who pushed her back slapping her.

"Don't push me, I am not your friend."

“Wa ntlwaela Lalah, I am going to show you who is older.” Gontle grabbed Lalah’s top and slapped her. Angrily, Lalah bit her lower lip and punched her older sister. Gontle lost balance and fell. Lalah sat on her and punched her repeatedly till her mother pulled her away.

“Ke tla go bolaa! O seka! {I will kill you! Don’t you dare!} You think you can come with your kids here to stress another human being.”

“Lalah it’s enough!”

“Mama kare bana бага Gontle a ba kake ba na ha! {Gontle’s kids won’t stay here.}”

“That’s no reason to fight.”

“She started it, I just finished it.”

Gontle slowly got up and broke down crying. “Lalah what do you want me to do? I can’t take care of them even in my house. Kgotlang are ha kake a tlokomela bana baka ka gore haana madi {Kgotlang said he can’t take care of my kids because he doesn’t have money}. I don’t have a choice, I love my kids and I want to stay with them all, circumstances

nnaka, circumstances are against me. I am begging you Lalah, I know it's not an ideal situation but till I can get a stable job, I need them to stay here. I spoke to Anaya, she said she will find something for me."

Lalah tearfully looked at her sister crying.

"And that is why we are here. We are here to beg your daughter to reconcile with Miguel, we know he wronged her in the past and he is still going to get punished for that. I am glad Anaya didn't drop the charges, I don't condone abuse and never will I. He deserves those strokes from the chief. All we are asking for is for her to reconsider our son and let them raise their kids together."

The older uncle sat down and everyone looked at Anaya.

"I feel Anaya should fix her family, I can see the love

that is there between her and Miguel. Sometimes our kids need guidance and we should have given them that guidance right from the start. As elders we played a major role in why today we are here. Had we sat down this kids and spoke to them maybe all could have been avoided.” Anaya’s father’s elder sister said. “Mme hela kare Anaya ngwanaka, bakanya lapa lagago, marriage is no walk over the park, a lot has happened yes but this is your family. This man loves you, he took all his family and they are here today to show you that this time they will have your support.”

“I don’t think we should be encouraging Anaya to go back, they want her today all because their daughter in-law is dead, what if she wan’t dead?” Gloria’s sister voiced.

“This is a decision Anaya should take alone, Naya, whatever you decide today, I am going to stand with you.” Anaya’s father said firmly.

Slowly Anaya raised her head.

“I feel there is a lot that happened and even if we get

back together things will never be the same. We have hurt each other a lot, we have done things that have pushed us further apart. I want us to cancel whatever agreement that was once there so we both go our separate ways peacefully. We will still parent Ivy together but that will be all. I respect all the people that came today and I apologize that it was all in vain.”

Miguel’s father stood up. “I know we also contributed to all this, I know I did and I won’t deny it. Miguel came to me months back, he said he wanted to divorce Refilwe but I refused. For six months he tried to divorce her, he explained to me what was at stake and that you were losing patience, rather I turned away and refused to listen to him. It’s not that he was indecisive but I blocked him with the rest of the family.”

“Nna o seka wa ntsenya motheng. {Don’t involve me.} I told you all that I would stand by my son.” Miguel’s mother stood up. “I told you that he wanted Mmagwe Ivy but no one listened to me. Anaya ngwanake, ke a go kopa, {Anaya my child, I am

begging you,} please reconsider. Boikanyo loves you. I know that he has hurt you but please forgive him, forgive us. You are my daughter in-law. Please ngwetsi yame.”

Miguel stood up and went before his in-laws on his knees. He looked at Anaya who had her head down. She just wouldn't look at him and that gave him hope, she was probably scared and she had every right to be.

“I know I hurt you. Right from the beginning. I know I never treated you right, disrespected you, hurt you, emotionally and physically. I know I don't deserve you, I know that you are not in my level but I love you so much. It's that love that drives me mad, with you I don't see anyone else babe. Today when I woke up, I told myself I would accept whatever decision you take but I can't. I love you, I want to travel with you, make memories with you, build a family with you. I don't see my future without you. Babe I would do anything, I will, please give me a chance to prove how much I love you. Give me a chance to show you my love. I want us together.” Tears fell down his

cheeks as he looked at her. "I apologize in advance but I am not going anywhere today Anaya. I am going to sit right here or outside, I don't care but I am not leaving without you today. I am not going anywhere because I love you, I have no where to go, you are my home. Babe please... please give us one last chance. Please."

Agang stood up and knelt with his brother who was breaking down. Kenneth also stood up and joined them followed by Vince and Pule. Soon the rest of the Mokwena's knelt before her including Miguel's mother.

Anaya slowly raised her head as tears wet her cheeks.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#96

Anaya looked in his eyes and burst into cries with her hands on her face. It wasn't just that he was begging her to take to take him back, it was just how far he had went, bringing his family. This was a strong man but today he was reduced into a small boy crying for her in front of everyone without shame. Not in a million years could she have imagined this moment.

"Please, consider us."

Everyone waited for her to speak but from their eyes she could tell they were not going to give up. She looked at Colleen who was also kneeling just behind her brother with tears in her eyes. Anaya turned her head to her mother who was looking down, she couldn't tell what she was thinking. She thought of Refilwe, Refilwe's last words. She thought of Quinsy and how he had died. Sometimes she wondered why Refilwe hadn't kicked Quinsy out with Junior that night. Maybe today he would still be alive. She was angry, angry at herself for hurting another woman, angry at Miguel for not taking a stand, angry at Refilwe for killing Quinsy, angry that she didn't think

of life after divorce. Now that she thought of it, she knew Refilwe was bitter and sad and wanted everyone too to be bitter and sad.

Miguel got closer and tilted her chin.

“Please, give us a chance. I love you and I know you love me too. I know we are meant to be. Babe I am not going to stop fighting for us. I am not going to let you again. I am not doing that. I am going to fight for you with every fibre in my being. Maybe they may call it obsession but that’s the kind of love I have for you. You are the only one for me and I am not going to look for anyone else but you.”

Anaya stared at him crying silently. Miguel leaned over and kissed her trembling lips softly and they both tasted each other’s tears. He put his hand on her chin and kissed her even more when she didn’t resist, Anaya gasped in his mouth feeling that electric spark igniting her. She kissed him back slowly, it felt right or more than right. He tongue kissed her in front of everyone and her mind shut everyone off as Miguel took over her sense of being. God! How she missed those lips on her.

Anaya moved her head shyly as Ma Mokwena began ululating. She stopped and smiled singing.

Ko ko ko ko matswale

Ari boyeli morago

Resena makoti

Reri ko ko ko ko matswale

Ari'buyeli morago

Resena makoti"

The entire Mokwenas joined in singing with her.

Ko ko ko ko matswale

Ari'buyeli morago

Resena makoti

Reri ko ko ko ko matswale

Ari'buyeli morago

Resena makoti

Gloria smiled, the mood had changed. It seemed like everyone had been praying she says yes. Anaya looked at her stepfather sited on the far right and he smiled giving her a thumbs up.

Theodora held her phone in her hands looking at his number. She had ruined it, she could feel it. He was never coming back to her again. She sat down and went on whatsapp. She looked at her statuses and opened Yaone's several pictures. The first one was a picture of Miguel and Anaya kissing captioned 'after all the begging and crying, makoti o dumetsi bathong. Happiness overloaded.'

She tapped the screen and the next picture showed of Anaya and Miguel hugging with another caption 'love lives here. Somebody give me a spelling of

mentubi as in this couple is mentubi’.

Theodora sighed regretfully, Anaya had been nothing but good to her even after everything that had happened. She had even invested in her company and it really didn’t matter if she once had been seeing Lefa. Yoane’s status moved to several pictures of Miguel and Anaya till a video started playing. She smiled staring at everyone singing Koko Matswale then replied the status.

Theodora: Once again, I was wrong. I regret saying what I said. Lefa heard me, I blew it with my stupid insecurities.

Yaone: I am glad you acknowledge it when you are wrong. Anaya loves Miguel, I know she had a thing with Lefa but it didn’t mean anything because girl is happy only when she is with her man. They have been through a lot to let some two minutes guy get in between them so don’t worry. Go and get your man.

Theodora: I am scared. He seemed turned off ebile I wish I never said all that I said.

Yaone: Go and explain your issue. Don't just sit, go and beg, Miguel was here crying for Anaya.

Theodora: Cry? As in bowling?

Yaone: Le mamina a ne a tswa, don't play with this thing they call love. Go and fix things.

Theodora: I am calling him.

Yaone: Tell me how it goes.

Theodora took a deep breath and called Lefa. Her heart pounded as his phone rang.

"Theodora..."

"Hey, can you come back?"

She heard him sigh. "Did Anaya do something to you in the past?"

"No. I just let my insecurities get to me. She has never done anything to me."

"Why are you insecure?"

Theodora sighed. "I can never compare to her."

"Why do you say that? Because she is rich? You may

not be as rich as she is but you are a strong woman. You balancing between your job and your business on the side. We all move at different paces, don't be discouraged just because someone is at a different level than you, you should rejoice with her because she is paving a way for a lot of people."

"I know, you are right. Can you please come back."

"Ok."

She smiled putting her hand over her chest.

"Ok, I will wait for you."

"Ok, bye."

She hung up and jumped up and down like a toddler.

Anaya smiled talking to the phone later that day while sitting on her bed.

"I am happy for you friend, if you are happy so am I."

“I never knew Miguel would ever cry for me Donald.”

“If he really loves you then he will cry. Now you are going to stop the self blaming game, R. I. P to the late. Quinsy is watching over you right now. God wouldn't have let what happened happen if it was not meant to teach us something. Life is too short to keep feeling miserable and sad, sometimes happiness is a choice. Don't let it pass you by. You have your family now even though I still don't like Miguel.”

“A lot of people don't but I am going to do what makes me happy.”

“That's my girl. Anyways Martin got a job in Singapore. We are moving there.”

“I am happy for you.”

“So am I. We are planning to get married before we leave.”

“What about your family?”

“They long disowned me, I am not going to change who I am to suit someone else's feelings. I am not

going to compromise anything. Martin is my new family.”

“Good luck.”

“Hey, I have to go, I will call you. He is here and I have a surprise for him.”

“Ok boo.”

Anaya hung up and lay on her bed staring at the ceiling. Ayana walked in and Anaya sat upright. Her phone rang as Ayana sat beside her.

“Hey...”

“I want to show you something. Can I pick you up?”

“Ok, come over.”

“I am at the gate.”

“I am coming.”

She hung up and looked at her sister.

“Hey...”

Ayana took a deep breath looking at her sister. “He really does make you happy.”

“He does.”

“I am happy for you. I am not fully happy with him but because he makes you happy, I will let everything that happened slide.”

Anaya laughed. “Thanks.”

“The house feels so quiet with the kids gone for the holidays. I wanted to beg Miguel’s mother earlier not to take them.”

“You will get used. I am going out.” She put on her flip flops then walked out passing by the sitting room pressing the gate remote. She walked outside in only her shorts and t-shirt , Miguel pushed the door open sited in the car and she stepped in escaping the cold breeze outside. He looked at her and smiled making her blush. He looked away and quietly started the car.

Minutes later Miguel drove inside the huge yard at Mmokolodi. Anaya took a deep breath staring at the huge house, it was like those houses that were usually featured on Top Billing. Miguel stepped out and walked round to her door opening it for her.

“Come.”

She stepped out of the car and he took her hand leading her to the door. He opened it and together they walked in. Anaya stared at the full furnished house then frowned staring at her picture on the wall, the same picture she had seen years ago.

“I never used this house because deep down I knew I would only stay here only with you. I never rented it out.” He took her hand and led her up the stairs. They passed some doors till he opened one at the far end. They both walked in and Anaya smiled, it was the master bedroom. Now this wasn't only a bedroom, it looked more like a presidential suite. She walked over to the sliding doors that led to the balcony and looked at the view, it was beautiful. Down was the huge pool, she could already see Ivy and Junior in that pool. She turned back to him.

“It's beautiful.”

“I love you Mrs. Mokwena.”

He looked at her bare thighs then her lips going to her eyes. Anaya swallowed staring at those sexy lips,

he had lost weight but not in a bad way, he was actually still sexy. Miguel leaned over and kissed her. Anaya put her hands on his chest going down till she rubbed his bulge. He picked her up and led her to the enormous bed where he laid her down getting on top of her. Anaya pulled his T-shirt and he helped her take it off her before kissing her again pulling out her shorts. He slid his hand inside her g-string and touched her wet sweetness.

“Fuck!” He groaned in her ear pushing his finger in her. He looked at her for a while then got off her.

“I can’t. We need to go for counseling first.”

Anaya looked at him and got off bed with a throbbing pussy.

“Miguel, I am happy right now. I have never felt this happy, there is nothing standing between us, we are together and I don’t feel guilty. You are mine and mine only, I am ecstatic. I am so happy, please don’t deny us this. I miss you daddy.”

Miguel looked at her for a while then pulled her in his arms kissing her with urgency she could only

understand. He removed her top and looked her right in the eyes.

“Do you trust me?”

She nodded, Miguel walked to what she suspected to be a closet and walked inside. She waited patiently for him till he came back with a small suitcase. She curiously looked as he placed it on the bed and opened it. Her breath hitched as she stared, Miguel took out the fluffy black handcuffs and went behind her.

“You trust me right Naya?”

She took a deep breath and nodded.

“Say it.” He whispered in her ear and her nipples hardened.

“I trust you.”

“Good.”

He bound her hands on her front then went over to the suitcase and took out the blindfold. She looked at him remembering their first time together and now anticipation rippled down her entire body

making her pant with arousal. Her eyes went down to that bulge and she pulled her legs together unable to control her wild thoughts. Miguel walked over with the blindfold and put it over her eyes blocking her vision. She waited patiently then he kissed her collarbone. He slid his hand in her panties gliding through her wetness.

“Fuck! I am going to fuck you hard tonight Anaya, I am going to fuck you till you can’t feel my dick inside you.”

Anaya moaned softly as he rubbed her with slow movements. He picked her and placed her to the bed with her feet stepping on the bed. He pushed her hands on top of her head.

“If you move them, I will tie them to the bed.” He warned sexily arousing her even more, she was more than ready for him. Anaya yelped feeling his mouth on her, Miguel lapped on her pussy taking his time sucking and licking her. She moved her tied hands to his head pulling him closer. Her senses flew out through the window as her core burned while she writhed beneath. Her toes curled and she let out a

scream coming apart. Miguel slowed down working his tongue steadily. Anaya closed her eyes relaxing while breathing hard.

With her eyes blindfolded, she waited patiently with her eyes closed then she felt him take off the handcuffs. He pulled her upper on the bed and tied her hands to the brass of the headboard.

“You don’t listen baby...”

She felt him kneel before him folded her knees opening legs wider. Miguel sank in, forcing her pussy lips apart with head of his dick and pushed inside her warm wet tightness. Anaya flinched as Miguel pushed his entire length inside her.

“Where are you going? Come and take this dick.” He pulled her closer as she tried to breathe.

Miguel pounded into her with long deep strokes, his hips pumped into her while he groaned enjoying her. Anaya moaned at the bittersweet pleasure that came with each forceful thrust. He moved her thigh wider and fucked her uninterrupted for minutes with that flexible waist jabbing deep into her. Anaya

moaned as the pleasure took over her body, so good her pussy walls began contracting squeezing him. Miguel cursed softly as her pussy sucked him, pulling her deeper into her. Anaya pulled at the restraints as Miguel fucked her harder tapping a sweet sweet spot inside her making her moan loudly. She felt herself reaching the peak and tried to hold it in but like a strong unstoppable volcano, her orgasm crushed her while her body convulsed. It tore her apart as she exploded into tiny pieces. He e e out then untied her hands. He pulled her to the edge of the bed getting off the bed and turned her on her knees and hands pushing her chest down. Miguel smirked her ass with his hard dick then slammed inside her obtaining a scream from Anaya as she pulled the duvets. She could every inch of that hard dick as she buried her face on the bed. Miguel fucked her hard, ramming into her without break. Anaya tried raising her head but he pushed it down going deeper into her stretching her pussy.

Miguel groaned increasing his speed, Anaya moved her waist as pleasure build up slowly, pulling her

over to the edge again. Miguel tapped all her sweet spots while tears filled Anaya's eyes. He knew how to fuck and pleasure a woman so much that cried. This was her man, a man never played with pussy but destroyed it. The pleasure intensified, Anaya tightened her muscles feeling the uncontrollable urge to pee. She silently prayed he cums but he kept going like a beast that he was.

"God wait!... Mi... awwwww..." Anaya whimpered with the pleasure that was getting worse.

"Let go baby..." Miguel commanded as she fell apart letting go. She came in a way she had never done twisting her body like a big snake shedding off its skin. Miguel pulled her hair making her arch her ass staring at the ceiling and drilled her losing control. He gave her one last forceful thrust and shot his thick load inside her. He slowed down then pulled out while his cum dropping down going down her thigh. He pulled Anaya off the bed and she almost fell due to her weak knees. He took off the blindfold and she blinked couple of times.

"I am not yet done with you baby... come here."

He pushed her to the wall and lifted her butt pushing his semi hard dick inside. Anaya took a deep breath knowing he was going to live up to his promise. Miguel put his hand on her throat and started fucking her sending her straight to cloud 9.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#97

Ma Mokwena got in bed beside her husband and took off her spectacles placing them aside.

“They are sleeping?” Mokwena asked.

“Yes, Ivy is just too talkative and talks as if she is grown. She is smart.”

Mokwena laughed. “Earlier on she told me not to call her shushu. She said it’s for babies like Retha not her.”

“I am happy to have my grandkids with me, I wish I can talk Boikanyo into letting me stay with them full time.”

Mokwena shook his head. “Wait till you hear his plans with Anaya. If they are getting married then I think he will want to stay with his kids under one roof, he was even telling me Marang wants her son.”

“Maybe I should just talk to Anaya herself. I will talk to her tomorrow when they pass by taking the kids.”

Mokwena sighed staring at his wife. “Thank you for making me see the light.”

She smiled. “I am glad my son is happy, he wouldn’t stop smiling.”

“Maybe this time it will be different.”

“It will be. I am positive.”

“When are you going to tell them? They deserve to know.”

“Yes but not now.”

“You should take your rightful throne, the kids should know. All this secrecy is too much.”

“I will tell them.”

Ma Mokwena looked at her husband and sighed.

“Ok.”

Mokwena touched her thigh and she smirked his hand smiling. “I am sleeping.”

He laughed then leaned over kissing her moving his hand further up her thigh.

The following morning, Theodora slowly opened her eyes, she looked beside her and stared at Lefa sleeping besides her. She smiled, it had been time since she woke up with a man beside her. Last night he hadn't tried anything, they watched movies till they both fell asleep. Lefa opened his eyes lazily and looked at her.

“Hey...” Her clit throbbed at that deep sexy voice of his, she had hoped last night he would fuck her but he had behaved like a gentleman. She smiled.

“Hey, aren’t you going to work?”

Lefa pulled her in his arms. “I am going to Joburg but will be back later today.”

She nodded. “I have to go to work, I am going to take a shower.”

Lefa held her tightly not letting go. “Wait just for a few seconds.”

“I don’t want to be late.”

“Just a second.” He whispered kissing her neck. Slowly Theodora put her arms around him with a sigh, she was falling faster than she intended and at the back of her mind she wondered what would happen if Anaya came back. Lefa looked at her.

“I want you.”

Theodora frowned staring at him.

“Huh?”

He slowly kissed her getting on top of her. Theodora put her hands on his wide chest going down to his bumpy six pack till she sneaked a hand in his pants. She held his hard dick in her hands and sucked in a

breath biting his lower lip gently. Slowly, she stroked him while he breathed heavily. Lefa thrust into her hand, Theodora tightened her grip moving her hand faster. Lefa groaned in her ear then pulled out her hand and took off her night dress. He hooked his thumb on her panties and pulled them down, he opened her legs getting between them. He took off his t-shirt and pulled down his sweatpants.

Theodora moaned softly feeling the slippery head of his erection rubbing her pussy up and down.

The rubbing continued for a while till they both couldn't take it anymore. Theodora opened her legs wider as Lefa pushed at her entrance. He pushed his dick into her till he was buried deep inside her.

Slowly he began to move, blessing her with the lazy deep strokes that had her whimpering in pleasure.

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Theodora parked by the parking lot and stepped out of her car. She pulled down her green ruffled skirt

walking inside the building and smiled at the receptionist proceeding to the elevator. Her phone rang as the elevator whisked her up to her floor.

“Anaya...”

“Hey, I am seeing your missed call, everything ok?”

“Yes, I called Gontle, I am seeing her later today.”

“Ok, well good luck.”

Theodora laughed. “I will need it.”

“I won’t be in for a week but I will be back on Saturday, in case you try to contact me.”

“Ok. By the way, congratulations.”

“Thanks. Bye.”

Anaya hung up while Theodora walked inside her office. Her contract was on the table. She sat down and went through it, Lefa definitely kept it professional at all times, one would swear he was not the same man who was breathing down her neck pumping into her a while ago. She took the pen and signed the contract with a smile. Her phone rang again.

“Mama...”

“You sound different, what is it?”

Theodora laughed. “Nothing, how are you?”

“I am fine, who is the man?”

Theodora smiled, her mother always knew everything. “It’s still new.”

“Don’t feel ashamed for being in love.”

Theodora laughed. “I am not, it’s just that I am scared.”

“I want to see him. I am taking an evening bus there, I want to see you.”

“You don’t have to.”

“There is something important I need to talk to you about.”

Theodora stopped smiling listening to her mother’s serious voice.

“Everything ok?”

“It’s about your father.”

“I thought you said he was dead.”

“I am coming there. We will talk.” Her mother quickly hung up. Theodora stared at her phone, she had grown up knowing her father was dead, that’s what her mother always told her every time she asked. Theodora’s heart pounded as she thought of why her mother would want to talk about her dead father.

Rachel approached the entrance at Ken Properties and pushed the door walking in.

“Boss Lady!” One of the workers said with a smile.

“Hey, how are you?”

They both approached the stairs and slowly climbed up.

“I am fine, your bump is so big. Can you even breathe?”

Rachel laughed. “Yes.”

“Mr. M should do something about the elevator, you can’t keep walking like this.”

Rachel stopped and caught her breath.

“He is going to be very upset that I came up here.”

The worker laughed. “I too would be upset.”

They continued walking then Rachel headed to Ken’s office as the worker went to hers. She knocked softly on the door after passing his male assistant’s desk. Rachel gently pushed the door open and walked in, Ken stood up and walked towards her.

“What are you doing up here?”

She sat down on the couch and smiled. “I brought you lunch.”

Ken failed to keep a straight face staring at the lunch box. “Babe I don’t want you taking the stairs, what if you slip and fall?”

Rachel smiled. “That didn’t happen.”

He kissed her cheek. “You are not coming up here next time. I don’t want to hear stories.”

“It won’t happen again.”

Ken smiled as a knock erupted on the door. “I am meeting a client.”

“Now?”

“Yeah.”

The door opened and Malvin walked in. Rachel’s heart skipped as she stared at him.

“I guess there is no need for introductions.” Ken said with a smile.

“Pastor Rachel.”

Rachel took a deep breath and smiled. “Hi, Malvin.” She looked at her husband. “I will see you at home.”

“I will help you.”

He helped her stand and together they walked out of the office going down the stairs slowly. He opened the car door for her and she climbed in.

“What business do you have with Malvin?”

“The usual, he is actually a good person maybe in the future we will do projects together.”

Rachel swallowed staring at her husband.

“Oh ok.”

“I love you.”

“I love you more.”

He kissed her then closed the door for her. Rachel watched him walk back to the entrance and she quickly got her phone looking for his number. She closed her eyes realizing she had deleted it. Her phone rang and she answered.

“Hello?”

“I see my child is growing.”

“Malvin stop this.”

“He can’t give you kids and sooner or later he is going to find out. I never knew Christians could be this evil, how on earth do you give another man a child that is not his?”

“Stay away from my family!”

“I am going to come for my child Rachel and trust me on that.”

“Why are you so hell bent on destroying my family?”

“I don’t want to destroy your family, I just want my child Rachel.”

“You are insane! Do you realize what I stand to lose?”

“We can always start all over somewhere where no one knows us. I love you, we can raise our baby together. All you have to do is trust me.”

She hung up and covered her face crying.

Marang finished her rounds and began walking to her office to pack her things.

“Dr. Henderson!” A nurse shouted her name and she frowned turning.

“What’s going on?”

“It’s Mr. Taylor!”

Marang's heart skipped and she ran to his room with the nurse. God! He had slipped into unconsciousness. She looked at the monitor that had started going wild and quickly approached Jarule. He was having a heart attack.

"Get the cardiac- arrest trolley!" She said to the nurse who quickly ran out while she checked his pulse. Seconds later she ushered it in, Marang connected the wires as another doctor joined them. She pressed the shock button and Jarule's body jolted up. She looked at the monitor seeing no difference and pressed the shock button again and immediately started CPR.

"He is coming back!" The nurse shouted and Marang closed her eyes slowly with relief. A few more minutes with him she finally walked out leaving him stable. She bumped into his baby mama and daughter by the door and smiled.

"Is everything ok?"

Marang nodded. "He is fine, hi sweetie..."

His daughter smiled with three front teeth missing.

“Hi doc...”

“You look beautiful.” Marang said to his daughter then looked at the baby mama, she was beautiful that she wondered why Jarule had ever let such a good woman go.

“He is going to be fine, just suffered a heart attack.”

“The brand is stressing him out and they keep putting pressure on him.”

“Maybe you have to talk to him, he has a daughter to think of.”

“I tried but...”

“Try harder, his life is on the line.”

“You are the best doctor I have ever came across.”

Marang smiled. “Thank you.”

“I hope you loved the flowers.”

“You are the one who sent me flowers?”

“Yes, I just wanted to thank you for having hope, we had all lost hope but you held on as if you know him yet you don’t.”

“I was trying to burst my head thinking of who could have sent me those flowers. Thank you, next time don’t forget to put a note.” They both laughed. “But thank you. Just talk to him and hopefully things will change. Bye Cyniah.”

His daughter smiled at her. “Bye doc...”

Marang walked away and passed the other doctor she had worked with.

“Good job Dr. Henderson.”

“Thanks.”

Marang walked to her office and quickly packed her things before heading to the underground parking lot where she got in her new car and drove off. Her phone rang connected to the Bluetooth and she answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Anaya.”

“Hi.”

“Is this the right time to talk?”

“Yes.”

“Miguel tells me you are taking Junior to stay with you.”

“Yes, what if it had been Junior in Quinsy’s position. I am not taking that risk anymore. When I first met Refilwe I never knew she could kill her own child or even abuse my child. She sent Junior out in the middle of the night, what is if he was kidnapped for rituals?”

“I get you, I too would react the same way.”

“I am glad you understand me.”

“Miguel is hurt too, him too never thought Refilwe would go as far as she did. I know you are upset but I want us to talk into shared custody. He stays with you during school days and holidays he comes here. I know I have no right to be negotiating this with you but I just think it’s something that needs to be discussed.”

Marang sighed taking a turn that led to her house. “I get that but for now I don’t think I will be able to compromise, I am still a bit skeptical. My son’s life

was in danger.”

“I get that, thank you for listening.”

Marang hung up and drove in her driveway. She stepped out of the car with her things and walked inside her house.

“Hey, dinner is almost ready!” Bryan and kissed her cheek. “You look hot.”

“I am so exhausted.”

“Long day?”

“You can say that again.”

“I wil run you a bath.”

She nodded grateful then walked with him to the bedroom and sat on the bed taking off her shoes. Her phone vibrated and she took it opening the facebook message.

“Hi, my name is Constance Kgari, my mother’s name is Koziba Kgari, she told me that your father is my father. Is there a way we can meet and do DNA tests?”

Marang clicked on her profile and went through her pictures, the resemblance was uncanny. It's like they were twins.

"Your water is ready."

She looked up. "My sister just contacted me." She handed him the phone.

"Wow!"

"I know, I think I should go there when Junior comes back from the trip with Miguel, I will see her then."

In Mahalapye, Miguel drove inside his parent's yard later in the afternoon and parked behind his father's car. He stepped out as his kids ran towards him already dressed.

"Daddy, are we going to Victoria falls?" Ivy asked and he smiled.

"Yes, hey Junior."

“Is Quinsy coming with us too?”

Miguel sighed. “No Junior, remember what I said?”

“That he went with the angels?”

“No Junior, he is dead! He died and is never going going to come back.”

“Ivy what did I say about talking like that?”

Ivy looked at her mother stepping out of the car.

“But he is dead.”

Anaya looked at Miguel who knelt before her. “You are really smart, both of you. Quinsy is dead yes but the angel’s took him because God was calling for him.”

“Is God going to call for me too?”

“Yes Jay, but not now. In the future. When you are really old.”

Anaya smiled as Ma Mokwena walked out of the house.

“Ngwetsi yame... come on in.”

Anaya walked with her inside the house where Miguel's father was sited on the couch watching a game of soccer. He looked at her and smiled.

"Anaya..."

"Good afternoon." She greeted him respectfully.

"I am done cooking lunch, come, I will dish for you."

Anaya walked with her to the sitting room, Ma Mokwena's attitude had really changed, this was the very same woman who had called her a prostitute in multiple occasions. She looked at her wondering if ever she would forget all that at some point in her life.

"I cooked Miguel's favorite, take out the plates."

Anaya opened the kitchen unit and took out the plates.

"I am glad we are moving on from the past. After this you and Miguel should make it official. I promise you I am going to be the best mother in-law you have ever had. Once upon a time I was you. In love with a man who just wasn't normal. He behaved like a

crazy man but I loved him. We were two different people and no matter how much I told myself I shouldn't do it, my heart always betrayed me. I always went back. His entire family didn't like me, I was no match to their status, I was below them but that didn't stop us. I fell pregnant with Miguel when I was only 16, I was really scared. My parents were going to be disappointed, I had actually disappointed everyone but what was done was done. The Mokwena's wanted me to abort, that's when my mother arranged I move and hide. But in my hiding, I still kept seeing my man. Love made me crazy, if I think of things I did back then, I feel ashamed. A few years after I gave birth to Miguel, I went to see their father where he was working in Gaborone then I found some woman's belongings. I took those things, his clothes and property and set them ablaze."

Anaya stared at her in shock.

"Everything, I burnt and when he came back later that night from work, he was shocked to find me sitted in the empty house, and that was the night

Agang was conceived. Not able to stand the fights anymore, your father in-law suggested we elope and we did. We left with only our clothes, kids and some money. It was hard but I believed in our love. It has been 39 years since I have been with this man, 33 which I have been married to him. A lot of people were against us, sometimes I questioned my decisions and sometimes I would wake up in the middle of the night and cry but now when I look back, I realize I made the right decision because today I am here, happy with where I am with life. I am not perfect, my husband is not perfect. I have cried, I have fought, I have forgiven a lot which I know I shouldn't have, a lot which people told me not to, I looked like a fool out there but today here I am. Happy. I realized I don't owe anyone anything."

"Wow!"

Ma Mokwena laughed. "Don't worry, one day you will also tell your daughter in-law the same thing. Junior is growing."

"39 years is a lot."

“It is. How is business? I know I am old but I actually know a thing or two about business.”

Anaya smiled. “Business is ok, actually greater than I had hoped for.”

“I love just how independent you are.”

“I love being independent. Where is Rethabile?”

“She just slept, she has been crying non stop.”

“Oh, I will see her when we leave.”

They continued chatting and Anaya slowly opened up to her till they were laughing and giggling in the kitchen dishing.

Meanwhile outside, Miguel stood with his father talking.

“I don’t know, I don’t want to push my luck, we have just gotten back together.”

His father nodded. “Ok, but don’t take too much time. You are growing. Agang told me he wants to marry, all your siblings are getting married, you should too. Soon people will be looking at you.”

“I don’t want to rush anything.”

Ivy called her grandfather from inside the house.

“Your daughter is extreme.”

Miguel laughed. “She is smart.”

His phone rang as his father walked inside the house.

“Colleen,”

“Hey, I am trying to call Anaya but she is not picking.”

“I think she left the phone in the car, what did you want?”

“Non of your business. I just hope you don’t hurt her again because this time she won’t look back.”

“I won’t.”

“Good. I am happy for you.”

Miguel smiled. “So am I.”

“Mxm anyway, I have to get going.”

He hung up staring at a woman at the gate.

“BK?”

He frowned walking to the gate then laughed.

“Gaone!”

“Sheh! I was wondering if it’s you. Wow!”

He looked at his old high school classmate and smiled remembering how they had fooled around as kids, she looked different in those heels and body hugging dress.

“Modiri’s girlfriend.”

Gaone laughed. “Don’t say that. I bumped into him years back asking for P2.”

“I always knew he was going to end up as a nobody.”

“Where is Ken? You guys were so naughty back then, remember when you forced Nametso to abort? Waitsee...”

They both laughed loudly. “Don’t say such things loudly. My parents were going to kill me.”

“Babe?” Anaya walked outside and stared at Gaone.

“Food is ready.”

“Gaone, meet my wife, Naya this is Gaone, my high school classmate.”

Anaya looked at Gaone and flashed a small smile.
“Hi, Gaone. Let’s go, the food is getting cold.”

Miguel smiled as Gaone walked away.

“Was she your high school girlfriend?”

Miguel smiled. “No.”

“Oh..” She turned and began walking back to the house.

“Wait, are you upset?”

Anaya turned and looked at him. “I don’t know Miguel, what I know is that this time if you cheat on me, I will find a much more better man and marry him. I am not going to entertain your nonsense.”

“I am sorry, I never dated her, just messed around with her, Ken is the one who slept with her. I last saw her when I was doing form 5. Years ago.”

“Ok, let’s go and eat.”

They walked inside the house to the dining table where everyone was already settling. He watched his mother whisper and laugh with Anaya with a wide smile, it felt good watching them bond, something

he never thought could ever happen.

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Anaya sat in the front seat with Ivy and Junior at the backseat while Miguel drove headed north. “Mommy I know this song!” Ivy yelled as Anaya increased the volume. Junior and Ivy started singing to the lyrics. Anaya smiled and took out her phone taking a video of the road before them singing along.

Cheers to the freakin’ weekend

I drink to that, yeah yeah

Oh let the Jameson sink in

I drink to that, yeah yeah

Don’t let the bastards get ya down

Turn it around with another round

There’s a part at the bar

Everybody putcha glasses up and I drink to

That (yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah)

I drink to that (yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah)

The family sang happily as the Range Rover sped in the A1. Miguel looked at his kids then at Anaya with a smile, she looked at him and blushed and turned away from him as the wind blew her hair.

TWO YEARS LATER...

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#98

Anaya walked out of Naguel Investments's board room holding her handbag and a file on the other

hand, her hips waved from side to side in a short black formal skirt while her 6 inch heels echoed behind her. She briefly looked at her watch passing the reception then raised her head smiling at them and proceeded to the sliding doors.

The receptionist and her colleague stared while her round bottom shook with every step she took.

“This woman!”

The receptionist laughed. “She is on top of her game. Once I got in the elevator with her and she was wearing this beautiful white suit, I felt tiny, her expensive perfume had filled the elevator and I even started thinking I was smelling. Ke ha a smiler are I love your hairstyle, you should have seen me, I wanted to stand on top of a building screaming.”

“She scares me, I prefer Mr. Mokwena than her, she looks strict.”

“Nope, she is actually the nicest people on earth.”

“But how does God bless one person with the beauty, the body, the brains, the money and the man, this is unfair.”

They both laughed as a man approached them.

“Who was that?”

They turned watching Anaya disappearing outside.

“Oh, the boss.”

The man frowned. “She owns this place?”

“Yes, with her fiancé. Miguel Mokwena.”

The man blinked a couple of times then walked out.

“Who’s that?”

“I don’t know but I know he is eyeing way above his league.”

They both laughed and continued chatting.

Lethabo rushed inside his class and made his way to his usual seat, it had no one. He sat down and took out his laptop. His phone vibrated from his pocket and he took it out watching out for his lecturer.

Anna: my love, I transferred 10k into your account, I love you.

He sighed and opened the bank notification.

Lethabo: Thanks, I am in class. Will talk.

He put his phone on silent and put it back in his pocket. His lecturer walked in seconds later, Lethabo sat upright staring at the door, she was late, as usual. Ms Griftins started with the lesson while Lethabo did a count down in his head, a minute later a girl rushed inside the class. Ms Griftins looked at her with disapproval and she gave her the apologetic smile and sat beside Lethabo.

“Give me my money- late again.” He whispered and she looked at him taking out her laptop.

“I overslept.”

Lethabo smiled then stared at Ms Griftins. He loved her lessons the best, she made everything sound so exciting that sometimes he even saw himself flying high in the sky. Two hours later, he walked out with his companion.

“Dude, I got my assignment back and I landed a 75, you?”

Lethabo smiled making her laugh.

“Don’t tell me you scored 100% again?”

“Come on Sino, I told you we should start reading together.”

“My schedule is tight. You know that.”

“Something got to give.”

Sinothile looked at him and smiled. “I am proud of you. One would swear you are not working on the side.”

He shrugged. “I love that smile my sister always gives me when I show her my results, she has that pride in her eyes like ‘yeah, that’s my younger brother’. I want to make her proud.”

Sinothile hooked her arm with his and laughed. “She is super proud. Anyways, I was thinking that maybe today we can go to Sandton City Shopping Center, I want something from that side. Pretty please go with me...” She gave him the puppy begging eyes and

he rolled his eyes.

“You are too much, let’s go because I have to get to work. And oh, I got your movie.”

“We can watch it later tonight, my room?”

Lethabo smiled. “Yeah.”

They both walked out of the aviation school, the Joburg streets were as usual busy but when they talked, they never noticed it.

“Oh, I called a cab.” Sino said as they approached the cab and got in.

“Don’t want to count the money?”

“Dudeeee I hate having to count money and give people change! Last time you refused for us to switch.”

“Yeah, you had to feel the heat.”

“Evil! Gosh and the music... It makes me sick to my stomach.

“You should plug in your earphone... oh I mean my earphones, the ones you stole.”

“Get out of here, they were a gift.”

“Judge Judy wouldn’t think so.”

“Yikes! Evil rude woman!”

Lethabo laughed as they continue chatting. A while later they got out of the cab and walked towards the mall.

“You should return my things before I report them stolen.”

“You gave them to me.”

“You stole.”

“I hate you.”

He tickled her. “You know you love me.”

They got in the mall and went to the store she wanted. She looked at the cameras while he walked behind her.

“I need a new camera for my YouTube videos, I want to shoot a vlog during the weekend. I was thinking of doing the getting what the person in front of me got challenge.”

“Do what you must.”

Sino turned to him and rolled her eyes. “You are not being helpful right now.”

Lethabo smiled staring at her baggy clothes, she still remained beautiful even in those no shape clothes.

“You know I would support anything that has you inside.”

“Cute! Anyways, I am going to get this one.” She took a camera and showed him.

“Good, it’s nice.”

“I know right?! Let’s go.”

She paid for it and they walked out, her phone rang and she took it out.

“Zipho... I am at Sandton... ok... bye.” She put away her phone.

“Your lesbian girlfriend?”

Sino smiled. “Stop it. She is here. She can drop you off.”

“No, I am cool.”

They approached her car at the parking lot and Zipho got out, she had tattoos all over, Lethabo secretly wondered if ever she looked at herself on the mirror, probably not.

“Bye.” Sino said cheerfully as usual then hugged Zipho who was staring at him, he was used to that face that apparently had to scare him but he was never moved.

“Bye...”

With his bag hanging on his shoulder, he walked to the taxi stop while Zipho got in her Golf and drove away with Sino.

Ayana called the next patient sitting on her chair at the hospital. Karabo walked in and locked the door behind him. She smiled.

“What are you doing here?”

“I am not allowed to be examined?”

She laughed. "You are wasting my time, there is a long queue outside."

"I miss you."

"So you drove all the way from Gabs to come here in Maun just for that? I was with you during the weekend."

Karabo unzipped his pants and took out his dick. Ayana stood up in her high heels and white dress, Karabo picked her up and placed her on the hospital bed while they kissed. He pulled her lace panty to the side and slid in his hard dick.

"Ahh..." She moaned softly placing one leg on his shoulder. Karabo held her waist and fucked her while the bed moved. Ayana moaned throwing her head back spasming, Karabo thrust into her a few times and filled her up.

"Fuck! You've got to love this."

He pulled out his dick and stepped back as Ayana got off bed. She opened her handbag and took out a wiper then wiped herself before pulling her panties up.

“You are still on birth control?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean why?”

Karabo sighed and shook his head.

“You drove 8 hours for pussy?”

Karabo packed his dick back in his pants then pulled her for a kiss. “I missed you, either way, I have business here to sort out.”

Ayana looked at him carefully then sighed. “Don’t go to jail.”

Karabo laughed. “You are cute, no one is going to jail.”

“I am serious.”

“So am I. It’s Lone’s birthday next week, Bame is going to throw her a party.”

“Is it me or she is pregnant?”

“I don’t know, why do you say that?”

“She is thick. More than usual.”

“I didn’t notice anything. I bought the land.”

“Where?”

“In Notwane. I think we should start building.”

“I already told you what I want Mr. David.”

Karabo smiled and kissed her again. “I know, I want to pay bride price, I want to enjoy my wife in peace.”

“After Anaya’s wedding.”

“What is she doesn’t want to get married? She doesn’t look like she wants to get married. Babe I don’t understand why our lives have to stop just because of one person. Anaya is busy making money to want to get married.”

“No, she just wants to be sure of everything. Babe you and I are married already, what’s left is involving elders and that’s going to happen soon because Anaya set a date yesterday.”

Karabo gave her a skeptical look. “Ok, when is the wedding?”

“In five months. After that, we can start on us.”

“If she doesn’t get married in five months, I don’t care, I am sending my uncles. I am tired of this sneaking, it’s stupid that I am speaking with my own lawful wedded wife.”

“I am sorry.” She kissed him. “I love you, and you have to go.”

“I love you too.”

She opened the windows as he walked out letting in air in the stuffy room. A second later, a patient walked in. She sat down receiving the patient’s card and continued with her job.

Miguel gave his daughters their plates of food. Ivy stared at her plate with a frown.

“Daddy it’s burnt.”

“It’s not that burnt.”

Rethabile looked at her big sister silently crying.

“It is, it smells.”

“Ivy, go and sit down!”

She angrily walked off, Miguel looked at Rethabile.

“Sweetie why are you crying?”

“I want mommy...”

He sighed. “She is coming don’t cry.”

“Dad! The baby vomited!” Ivy screamed from the leaving room. Miguel picked Retha and walked with her to the sitting room.

“Sit with Ivy, mommy is almost here. Don’t cry.”

Rethabile sat down and covered her face crying. Miguel looked at the baby covered in vomit then heard Anaya’s car outside. He quickly took the baby to the kitchen where he wiped his lips with a dishtowel and took off his wet vest. He walked back inside the living room as Anaya walked in holding a huge box of pizza.

“Hi guys!”

Rethabile got up and ran towards her. Anaya smiled handing Ivy the pizza then placed her handbag down picking Rethabile.

“Why are you crying sweetie?”

Rethabile breathed heavily burying her face on Anaya’s shoulder blade. She looked at Miguel.

“She was crying for you.”

“And why is the baby not wearing a vest or something?”

“He was feeling hot.”

Anaya sighed and stared at his burnt food.

“I don’t even know why I bother with you.” She mumbled then put Rethabile down and took Miller from him. She walked to his room and changed his clothes. Miguel walked in as she kissed his chubby cheek.

“Maybe we should hire a live in helper.”

“That’s not going to happen, we can manage, Dorcas is ok.”

“Babe, she knocks off at five, I don’t think we can manage.”

“This is my household and I say we can manage. We are not hiring a live in maid, maybe if you helped around things would be better.” She walked with her son still in her heels and took him back to the living room. She walked to her bedroom and finally took off her shoes sitting on the bed then massaged her temples.

“How did the meeting go?”

“Ok.” She sighed. “I have a headache.”

“Did you go and see the doctor?”

“I got so busy. I forgot.”

“You should go tomorrow. This is getting serious.”

“It’s just work stress.”

“You have a chronic headache. For a month now.”

“I am fine, I just need my pills.”

Miguel kissed her. “Ok, I will dish up the pizza. I am sorry.”

Anaya smiled. "You should learn how to handle your kids."

Miguel kissed her again this time putting his hand on her thigh.

"Go and dish for the kids. Did you speak to Marang about Jay visiting? The holidays there start today."

"She refused. I am thinking of involving my lawyer, she can't keep him from me."

"I will call her too."

"Ok."

Miguel walked out and Anaya began undressing. Her phone vibrated and she took it out from the handbag.

"Saronas..."

"Hey, I was thinking maybe we throw Colleen a birthday party."

"I am down for anything. I think she will love it."

"Ok, we can meet tomorrow and start planning."

Anaya closed her eyes as the headache got worse. It felt as if something was splitting her head into two

halves.

“I have a strong headache.”

“I read somewhere that you might have a brain tumor or brain cancer.”

“It’s nothing like that, it’s just I have been busy.”

“Anaya it’s been a month now.”

“I am fine. You worry unnecessarily, come by at OsWorld tomorrow.”

“Ok, take care.”

“You too.”

She hung up then took out her pills, she put 8 on her hand then walked to the bathroom where she drank all of them. Slowly she walked back to the bedroom and took off her clothes and crawled on the bed closing her eyes.

Theodora warmed her food in the microwave then took it out a minute later. She poured herself juice and went to her lounge where she placed her food down then called Lefa.

“Hey...”

“Hey, are you coming tonight? I have been waiting for a while.”

“I got help up, my parents are at home.”

“Don’t you think it’s time I met them?”

“My mother is choosy so we ave to be careful. I don’t want her to hate you because once she hates you, she will forever hate you.”

“Ne rra why do I feel like I am forcing this relationship? We don’t talk unless I call you.”

“I am busy, I told you.”

“If you no longer want this relationship, say so. Is there something I am doing wrong?”

Lefa sighed. “No.”

“They what is it?”

“Nothing.”

Theodora took a deep breath hearing a female voice at the back ground.

“Who was that?”

“Who?”

She heard him whisper something she couldn't really make out.

“Who are you with?”

“No one, can you stop suspecting me of stupid things.”

“Lefa I am not stupid, I heard a voice.”

Lefa hung up , Theodora stared at her phone and called him again.

“Hi, this is Lefa's girlfriend, I am back, stop calling my man.”

“Give Lefa his phone.”

“He doesn't want to talk to you. Bye.” She hung, Theodora tried to calm down but her heart ran it's own marathon. She put her shoes, grabbed her car

keys and walked out locking the door behind.

Miguel entered his bedroom holding a glass of fresh orange juice. He put it on the dressing table then looked at Anaya sleeping naked. His dick jerked but knowing she was exhausted had him calming down. She was waking hard, harder than anyone he knew, she deserved a break. He looked at her beautiful face and snapped a few pictures before gently waking her up.

“Naya...”

She remained still then he kissed her. “Babe wake up, at least drink the juice.”

He shook her again but she wouldn’t move. He carefully looked at her and his heart skipped.

“Babe!”

He shook her hard but she just wouldn’t move. His throat dried up while his heart pounded hard and

fast against his chest.

The door opened and Ivy walked in.

“Daddy, come, it has started.”

“Go sweetie, I am coming.”

“Ok.”

Ivy closed the door and Miguel shook Anaya again this time with force.

“Anaya!”

He desperately looked at her waiting for response.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#99

Anaya slowly opened her eyes and looked at him confused but still drowsy.

“What’s wrong?”

Miguel sighed with relief. “I brought you juice. Wake up.”

Anaya sat up right and rubbed her eyes, now he was more than convinced something was wrong, he could see it in her eyes.

“Thanks.”

“I think I should take you to the hospital.”

“For a headache? I am fine Miguel.”

“You are not feeling well. You wouldn’t wake up, you take a lot of pills per day.”

“Miguel can we not do this right now? I am fine. I promise.”

“Can you at least consider my opinion? As your husband at least.”

“Ok, I will go tomorrow.”

“Thank you.”

He handed her the juice and watched her drink.

Theodora parked her car in Lefa's yard then stepped out of the car. She walked over to the door and knocked trying to control her anger. Hearing footsteps she stepped back and waited patiently. Lefa opened the door and frowned staring at her.

"Hey..."

"Who answered your phone?"

"Look, I don't think this is working out."

Theodora laughed with disbelief. "Wow!"

"I am sorry but I don't want to live with fear of contacting AIDS."

"Lefa we only had unprotected sex once and that was at the beginning of our relationship. You took your pep treatment and you are fine. Since then we have never had unprotected sex, so I don't understand what you mean by what you are saying."

“That’s exactly my problem, I want to feel your flesh, I want to cum deep inside of you and I can’t do that.”

“Who is inside?”

“Can you please go?”

Theodora tearfully looked at him. “Who is inside?”

“You know what, I don’t know what you want me to say anymore. I am tired of this.”

“I have been nothing but a good woman to you Lefa, I asked you if you were comfortable with my status and you said yes!”

“That was two years ago.”

Tears fell as she shook her head. “There is someone inside the house, who is it?”

She pushed him out of the way then walked in the house and frowned staring at a woman sitting on the couch in his t-shirt watching TV.

“Who are you?”

The woman looked at Theodora then looked away. Theodora walked towards her.

“I am talking to you, who are you?”

“Don’t come in front of me screaming, I will beat you.”

Theodora shook with anger then pulled her with her hair.

“This is my man’s house! Leave!”

The woman pushed Theodora then punched her making her stagger back. She kicked her in the stomach and moved back.

“I will literally mop the floor with your face, don’t try me. Lefa, take your trash out.”

Theodora looked at Lefa trembling. She could feel the pain right in her stomach.

“Leave.”

Slowly she walked out. She looked at his car then picked a brick and smashed the windows. Lefa ran outside hearing the crushing sound.

“You think you can just use me and get away with it?”

“You are going to sleep in prison, wait and watch.”

Theodora continued smashing his windows. She walked over to his other car but Lefa pulled her and slapped her hard across the face her ear rang.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing?”

“You used me!”

“People get used everyday, there is nothing special about you, maybe there was till I noticed you are not who you portray to be, you are just like any other woman, bitter and jealous. You honestly turned me off and I have been wanting to end this relationship for a while but of cause you were making it hard for me.”

“Fuck you Lefa! O lerete! Why didn't you dump me if you were turned off? You have no backbone you piece of shit! If it wasn't for your father you wouldn't be here. I feel sorry for whatever vagina pushed out trash like you.”

Lefa angrily looked at her.

“What did you say?”

“You heard me! No wonder your own mother doesn’t want you. Who would want you?”

He grabbed her neck and choked her cutting her airway. Theodora tried to break free but he was holding her tightly. Finally he let go pushing her to the ground.

“Piece of shit is your mother. Let me tell you something, you are loose, your pussy doesn’t even grip. You lie there like a frozen chicken, you are not even nice to begin with. Men will always use you because you are boring. You are not interesting, you can’t do anything. Maybe if you were beautiful I would say your beauty makes for it but you are just ugly.”

Theodora’s tears dropped on her cheeks as she looked at him.

“Leave my property, you are going to fix my car, I see you are full of nonsense.”

“If I am going to pay for your car then I am going to report you assault.”

Lefa laughed. “You forget who I am. Get out!”

She slowly got up and walked to her car. she climbed in and drove off trying to hold it in but the pain overwhelmed her. She parked the car beside the road and broke down crying.

The following day Marang ate staring at her laptop late in the morning. Her phone rang and she reached for it rolling her eyes.

“Hello?”

“Hi.”

She sighed and stood up. “Anaya how can I help you?”

“Can you stop doing what you are doing? Why are you denying Miguel from seeing his son?”

“I told you, if he wants to see him, he should come here.”

“We came there last time and you wouldn’t let him

come with us even for a day.”

“I don’t trust Miguel’s girlfriends.”

“Wow! I am not his girlfriend, I am his wife.”

“I don’t care, I don’t trust you around my son. You dragged him in your nonsense, taught him how to lie. I can’t give such a woman my child.”

“What exactly is your problem?”

Marang laughed. “My problem is you.”

“So you would give Miguel his son if he wasn’t with me?”

“Yes, I trust him with our son.”

Anaya chuckled. “And here I thought you were over it. You still want him don’t you? You are married but you still want Miguel.”

“You are crazy.”

“Crazy? I am far from being crazy, you are the crazy one but I am not going to waste my time arguing with a married woman who still is bound to an ex. Miguel and I have tried reasoning with you and you

have refused to reason so we are involving lawyers.”

“Go ahead.”

“You are pathetic, but if you must know, that man is mine. He can never be yours, was never yours and will never be yours. He told me that you wanted him to be with you after I left. He doesn’t love you, never has and never will. I feel sorry for your husband.”

Anaya hung up as Bryan walked in from his morning jog.

“Hey...”

Marang faked a smile as he kissed her cheek. “Hey..”

Bryan reached for his water in the fridge and drank it all.

“Babe yesterday I got a call from Miguel. I don’t know why you insist on denying him Jay but he is a good man.”

Marang raised a brow. “Are you being serious right now?”

“Yeah, he deserves to see his son.”

“I never denied him that.”

“Then let me arrange his flights.”

“If Miguel wants to see him, he will see him here.”

“Don’t you think that’s too much? I don’t even understand your problem with his wife.”

“Anaya is not his wife and I just don’t trust Miguel’s partners. The other one abused my son and killed her own son. Anaya abused me when I was pregnant with Jay, I don’t want my son to be mistreated.”

Bryang sighed. “I get your point but it’s unfair because you are punishing both Jay and Miguel. He was crying last night and either way, Jay said Anaya is a good person.”

“She taught him to lie and keep secrets, what kind of a good person is that? I am going to take a bath. I see you are getting familiar with Anaya.”

“Come on...”

She walked away and Bryan followed behind her. He hugged her from behind.

“Ok, I am sorry.”

“Why won’t you support me?”

“I am sorry. I just thought you would see things at a different point of view.”

“I am not giving Anaya my child and that’s it.”

“You know they may win the case if they take you to court right?”

“We will get a lawyer too and the process will be long because of the distance.”

Bryan slowly kissed her neck.

“Oh, my mom is coming later today.”

Marang turned and looked at him. “What?”

“Yeah...”

“She is going to start about kids.”

“Babe don’t you think it’s time we have our own?”

“But we agreed to have kids in five years.”

“I know but I want my own child.”

“I am not ready for another baby. I still want you all to myself.” She smiled and hugged him.

Bryan laughed. "You are such a baby."

She slowly went down on her knees and took out his dick from his sweatpants. She opened her mouth and put him all in her mouth. Bryan groaned grabbing her hair looking up and the sky while Marang rolled her eyes annoyed sucking his dick. A while later he pulled her up and turned her to touch the bed pulling up her dress exposing her bare ass.

"Fuck! You are so hot!" He smirked her ass then pushed his dick inside. Marang faked a moan tightening her muscles around him. He thrust into her while his dick slipped out of her pussy countless times. She continuously did the kergel exercise faking moans till he growled almost three minutes later and pulled out shooting his load on her ass.

"Fuck you are so good."

She stood up and smiled staring at him.

"So are you."

Anaya looked at her doctor she explained her condition.

“I am suspecting cerebral edema, brain swelling.”

“What if it’s brain tumor?”

Her doctor smiled. “How about we be positive? So the symptoms is only the headache and nausea?”

“Yes, sometimes I feel dizzy or I just feel weak.”

“When exactly did this start?”

“Just after I came back from SA.”

“It’s ok. So I am going to do MRI scan to see if you are swelling or it’s just chronic headache. With the scan I will be able to identify the location of swelling. I am also going to run some blood tests.”

“If I have cerebral edema, what are my treatment options, will I have to cut my hair?”

“Not necessarily, depending on which treatment, sometimes it’s just medication depending on the severity of your situation and the underlying cause,

medication can be given to help reduce swelling and prevent blood clots or Osmetherapy can be done, a technique to draw out water using osmotic agents, if the worst comes to the worst we will do a surgery or ventriculostomy.”

Anaya sighed. “I just hope it’s nothing serious.”

“So do I, I will do the scan now, come.”

Anaya walked out with her doctor.

“Take off any metals you may have ok?”

She nodded then walked inside the changing room. She changed into the hospital gown then walked inside the MRI room, she frowned at the rhythmic sound.

“Lay down. And remain still.” Her doctor said placing headphones over her ears and a head coil over her head.

She nodded and lay down. The bed moved inside the scanner and she took a deep breath laying still. Minutes later she was out. Her doctor smiled at her.

“You did great, I am going to take this to a

radiotherapy to analyze them, now let's go for the blood tests."

Anaya walked out of the hospital minutes later and got in her car. She took a deep breath then started the car and drove off. She glanced at the time and increased the speed. A while later she was walking inside the restaurant Sarona had said they should meet in earlier on in the morning. Olerato smiled as Anaya sat down.

"Hey, how did it go?"

Anaya smiled. "I am fine, just a headache from stress."

Sarona smiled too. "I was so worried."

"So, the party... I have a meeting after this at Mokwena Logistics."

"I was thinking we use C-SKY, it's big and vast."
Olerato said sipping her drink.

"I don't see why not, I will talk to Miguel about that. Miguel gave me a list of her high school friends, I think we should invite them too."

“I agree. I will make a list of the drinks needed.”
Olerato volunteered.

“Great and some snacks too. I think it should be a pool party. I just wanna relax, I have been under lot of pressure lately.”

Olerato chuckled. “Business women are always busy, I understand.”

“It’s not only that, Miguel has a huge deal he is trying to secure it means Naguel Investments is in my hands, I want us to hire a CEO, someone who will run it so that we can both have time for each other.”

Sarona nodded. “Like how someone is running Otehs Telecommunications Service company?”

“Yes.”

Anaya looked up wanting to call a waiter but her eyes fell on Lone who had just walked in. Their eyes met then Lone looked away almost immediately. She was thick, Anaya could tell she was pregnant. She wondered if she should offer her a job because the last time she had heard, she still wasn’t working but knowing just how rude Lone was, Anaya remained

sitting. Lone got her takeaway and walked out of the restaurant.

“Agang told me Marang is still refusing with Jay.”

Anaya looked at Sarona and nodded. “I tried talking to her but she refused to reason, she still wants Miguel.”

“Isn’t she married?”

“She is but the way she behaved last time we went there, she opened the door in a short night dress, she had expected him to come alone, then she said her husband was in Atlanta on some project. You should have seen her, she was disappointed then after that she plainly refused with him. Junior cried and she closed the door on our faces.”

Sarona clapped once. “Women! Wow!”

“I am not going to fight with her over Junior, now I am thinking that if anything happens to Junior in my care, it will be my fault.”

Olerato sighed. “Maybe you shouldn’t fight too much. She will probably do something to her own son just

so to blame you.”

“I have enough things to stress about, I am done with Marang. Miguel will deal with her.”

In class, Lesedi looked at the teacher teaching. She frowned not understanding a single word she was saying, her mother had transferred her last week from her old school and she felt more than lonely. She looked down at her book catching a girl staring at her.

“Ok class! Let’s do this exercise.” The teacher said.

Lesedi took her pencil then started copying the letters on the board slowly and carefully. The teacher walked around the class looking at what the students were writing.

“Lesedi, let me see.”

Lesedi slowly moved her head then the teacher looked at her book with a frown.

“What are you writing?”

She swallowed staring at her angry teacher.

“I am talking to you, what nonsense are you writing? Is that what is written on the board? Can't you copy what you see there heh?” The teacher screamed and the class laughed. Tears filled her eyes while she looked down.

“I am talking to you? You are dumb, I wonder why they bring you here just to waste money. Nxtla!”

Tears fell down her face as the teacher hit her repeatedly in her head while the class laughed even louder. She broke down crying loudly, the teacher had called her dumb, even her mother too. No matter how much she tried doing it properly, she couldn't seem to just do it right.

“You don't even know how to write your own name yet you are standard 2! Stop making noise. Mxm.” The teacher walked away while she tried to keep quiet.

“You are not supposed to call her dumb.” The student who had been looking at her earlier on said

loudly.

“Ivy sit down!”

“I am going to tell mama that you beat us and call us dumb. I am also going to tell her that you slapped Resego yesterday then gave her a sweet so that she keeps quiet. You are going to lose your job and eat dog!”

“Ivy ke tla go betsa! {I will beat you.} Who do you think you are talking to like that? I am not your mother. Sit down!”

“DOOOOOOOGGGG! You are going to eat Dog! I am going to tell!” Ivy screamed even louder. “My mom is going to get you fired! You going to lose your work and you are going to sleep outside with the beggars.!”

The principle walked as Ivy screamed.

“What’s going on here?”

“I have tried to control Ivy but she is out of control.”

“You called Lesedi dumb, you slapped her and hit her head. You slapped Resego and you pinched me.

Mommy said I should tell her if anyone abuses and bullies me. I am going to tell. Matter of fact, call 999!”

The principal looked at Lesedi who was crying then at the teacher who looked down ashamed.

“Ivy, sit down, it’s ok. You have reported to me and I will sort it out I promise. You can sit next to Lesedi.”

“I am still going to tell but ok.”

She took her chair and sat beside Lesedi while the teacher and principal walked out.

“Hi, my name is Ivy Leigh-Anne Mokwena, what’s your names?”

Lesedi smiled staring at the girl with long hair like hers. “Lesedi David.”

“We can be friends if you want.”

Lesedi giggled. “Yes.”

“Ok, we are now BFF’s. We can share our food.”

The two girls smiled chatting.

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[7/13, 16:15] The Alpha In Stilettos

#100

Anaya took out the lasagna from the oven while the girls watched with anticipation. Miller clapped his hands smiling exposing his few milk teeth.

“Mommy is it done now?”

Anaya smiled at Rethabile. “Yes sweetie, it’s done.”

“Mommy at school today, the teacher beat Lesedi because she couldn’t write properly, she called her dumb. She was rude.”

Anaya frowned taking off the oven gloves. “She what?”

“Yes, she also beat Resego and pinched me here.”
Ivy touched underneath her armpit. “She said this is not my father’s school.”

“Is it the new teacher?”

“Yes.”

“I will come to school tomorrow. Don’t worry.”

“I told her that you are going to get fired and that she will eat dog.”

Anaya chuckled. “She will eat what?”

“Dog.”

“Where did you hear that from?”

“From the TV.”

“Never say that, it’s rude. You did well by standing up for her, what’s her name again?”

“Lesedi.”

“Ok, well you did great.”

“Mommy...”

Anaya looked at Rethabile. “Yes sweetie...”

“The baby is eating that...”

Anaya looked up at Miller who was sitting on his high chair licking the soup off a wooden spoon.

“Ok, girls set the table, I will dish just now.”

She heard screaming from the sitting room then took out the plates.

Miguel picked both his daughters and walked with them inside the kitchen where Anaya was dishing. He put the girls down and pinched Miller's cheek playfully.

"Daddy!"

"Yes champ..."

Miller raised his arms then Miguel picked him up throwing him in the air. Miller laughed enjoying while Rethabile watched.

"Daddy I also want."

"Guys did you set up the table?"

The girls looked at her then ran out as Miguel put Miller down and watched him walk behind his sisters. Miguel hugged Anaya from behind kissing her neck then put his hand underneath her dress.

"Stop it, the kids will walk in."

He pulled her dress up pushed her panties aside and pushed inside her.

“Miguel stop it!”

“Shhh...”

He bended her slightly and drilled her staring at the door. Anaya pressed her lips together trying not to moan but Miguel hit the sweet spot inside her, she whimpered softly as he fucked her even harder for a couple more minutes till she closed her eyes tightly grabbing on the kitchen counters coming hard.

Miguel held her waist giving one last stroke and filled her up. The kids walked back in and he turned Anaya to face them still plunged inside her. He kissed her neck while Anaya forced a smile.

“Guys, you can go and sit, I am coming with the food.”

“I want to tell daddy something.”

“Ok, I am coming, let’s go.”

The kids turned and walked out while Miguel slowly pulled out and fixed Anaya’s panties as cum dripped down her thigh.

“Did you go to see the doctor?”

She fixed her skirt and looked at him. "Yes."

"What's wrong?"

"She suspects I have cerebral edema."

Miguel frowned. "When are you getting your results back?"

"Tomorrow I guess."

He held her waist worriedly, Anaya smiled reassurably. "I will be fine."

"I feel like bad luck follows us around."

"You are overreacting. We are fine, this is nothing."
She touched his cheek. "I don't want you to worry.
Did you talk to the lawyer?"

"Yes. He will get the process started on."

"Go and change, I am dishing."

Miguel tucked her hair behind her ear and kissed her. She could tell he was worried and she was too but she was not going to show him that and so she smiled.

"Go and change Miguel, I am dishing. The kids are

hungry.”

He turned and dragged his feet out while she turned back to the lasagna and quickly dished. She walked out with the plates and placed them on the table.

“Ivy, put down that ipad and come and eat. Retha come.”

She walked back to the kitchen and came back with more plates then sat down while Miguel joined them putting Miller on his lap. They joined hands as usual and Miguel smiled at Rethabile.

Rethabile smiled and closed her eyes.

“God protect mommy, daddy, Ivy, Jay, me and Miller. We love you and... and... uhh and... amen.”

“Amen!” The entire family responded then started eating.

Theodora sat in front of the mirror trying to see what

could be wrong with her. She looked too closely, there were no spots, maybe she was just ugly. Tears filled her eyes, she had never had anyone calling her ugly or boring since high school. She covered her face and broke down crying. Her phone vibrated and she took a deep breath.

“Hello?”

“Hey, I am bringing Loago over, I am going to South Africa on business tomorrow early morning.”

“Ok, you can bring him, I am home.”

“Ok.”

She wiped her face clean and a few minutes later she heard a knock. She stood up and walked to the door.

“Mommy!” Loago screamed jumping into his mother’s arms.

“Hey boy...”

“Daddy bought me a new monster truck.”

Christian smiled. “Loago go inside the house, let me talk to mommy.”

“Ok.”

Loago rushed inside his house holding his toy. Christian looked at her swollen face then reddish eyes.

“Are you ok?”

“Yeah, I am fine.”

He sighed. “You were crying, what’s wrong? Your eyes are reddish too.”

Theodora looked at him failing to be strong then broke down crying. Christian pulled her in his arms and held her tightly letting her cry on his chest. She cried till she was breathless, her head was even aching too.

“What is it? Talk to me.”

Theodora looked at him sobbing. “God is punishing me, I can’t seem to be happy, everytime I think things are going well for me, something just happens. God is punishing me for hurting Melody and her kids. I shouldn’t have done that, I was just... evil. I hurt you, I gave you diseases. I am sorry.”

“Hey, I long forgave you. And trust me, you did well by denying Melody my money. Those kids are not mine.”

Theodora paused and looked at him. “What?”

“Yes, they are my siblings because my own father was sleeping with her.”

“I am sorry.”

“It’s ok, at least now I am not obligated to take care of kids that are not mine.”

“Your mother must be devastated.”

“I don’t know, she is the one who liked Melody so much.”

“Wow!”

Christian smiled. “Yeah so don’t feel bad about that. The past is in the past, no need to beat yourself for that.”

“No one wants me because I have AIDS.”

“Who? Lefatshe? He doesn’t deserve you, he is just a spoilt grown ass man who doesn’t have a

backbone.”

Tears filled her eyes. “He said I am ugly and boring.”

“Only a weak man will try to pull you down by breaking your confidence. You are beautiful and sexy, and you are a freak. Freaks are not boring.”

Theodora laughed. “Stop it.”

“I am telling you, you are a freak and you used to keep me up on my toes. Don’t let mama’s boy pull you down. You are one hell of a woman and he was lucky to have you.”

Theodora smiled. “Thank you.”

“You are beautiful. I like this small afro of yours.” He touched her hair.

“Thanks.”

Christian looked at her face then her lips before stepping back with a shy smile.

“I will see you when I come back.”

“Bye, safe trip.”

Christian smiled then turned and walked to his car.

She watched him drive off then sighed, she knew he was going to make her pay for his windows and she was going to. She thoughtfully walked back inside the house thinking of her father and closed the door.

Agang walked in his house staring at his watch, it was just after 11 in the evening. It was so quiet he knew she was sleeping already. He walked inside his son's bedroom and watched Aaron sleeping with Junior. He smiled and put the ball he was holding on their bed then walked out going to his daughter's room and watched Mapula with Renae sleeping. He put one teddy bear on the bed and slid a small gift box beside Mapula and walked out. He slowly opened his bedroom door and looked at Sarona sleeping naked. His dick jerked in his pants, he slowly put his backpack down and undressed staring at her. He got on bed kissing her.

“Hey baby...”

Sarona opened her eyes and stared at her husband.

“Hey!”

He smiled and kissed her getting between her legs.

“I missed you.” She whispered and he smiled rubbing his dick on her wetness. Gently he pushed inside her kissing her.

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The following morning Agang opened his eyes and looked at his wife sitting in front of the mirror carefully putting on her makeup. She stood up in her long sleeved blue bondage dress and brown heels.

“Hey...”

He slowly sat up right staring at her figure hugged tightly by that dress. She walked over and kissed him, he noticed her new hair color and smiled.

“You look beautiful.”

She smiled and twirled for him. “Do I?”

“Yes.”

“Thanks, how did it go in Germany?”

“It went well.”

Sarona smiled. “They loved the idea?”

“Yeah. This is going to open more doors for us.”

“I can’t wait, the kids are happy with their presents, especially Mapula.”

“I would do anything for them.”

“Ok, I am going to work, bye.”

He watched her walk out then grabbed his phone and dialed Miguel.

“You are back?”

“Yeah, I just saw the message papa sent, do you know what this meeting is about?”

“No, I just hope it’s nothing serious. I am already stressed as it is.”

“What’s going on?”

“Anaya’s doctor suspect she has cerebral edema, I

can't help worrying, what if it's a brain tumor? She acts as if she is not scared but I know her and I am scared too. I can't seem to have long term happiness, it's always one thing after the other."

"What if it's just swelling, don't think negatively."

"I have bad luck. I did a lot of bad things and now it's also affecting the woman I love."

"We all do, Anaya will be fine. Don't stress much about it."

"I have been wanting to travel with her, see the world but we have just been busy. When this is over I am taking my family on a vacation."

"It's probably nothing. Don't worry."

"We will talk later."

Agang hung up and sighed, him too was now worried. A knock on the door had him getting off bed. He put on his sweatpants then walked to the door. His neighbour's daughter stared at him in her uniform then staggered back staring at that well defined six pack and V-line that led to his dick which was visible

through the sweatpants.

“Hi... uhh I... mama is asking for assistance with her car.”

“What’s wrong with it?”

“It... uhh it won’t start.”

“Ok, I am coming, what’s your name again?”

“Ipeleng.”

“Ok, I am coming.”

He turned and walked inside the house while Ipeleng went back to her house trying to breathe properly but she couldn’t seem to get rid of that body, the kind of body she had only seen on TV.

“What did he say?” Her mother asked.

“He is coming.”

A minute later Agang walked in then greeted her mother.

“This car won’t start, I don’t know what’s wrong, it’s been making a funny sound for a while now.”

“I will check it.”

He opened the bonnet and touched a few things while Ipeleng admired his back, he was so sexy that she put her legs tightly together. Agang raised his head.

“You can try starting it now.”

Ma Ipeleng got in the car and started it, she smiled as the engine started then stepped out.

“Thank you so much my boy. You have helped me. Rragwe Ipe went to Jwaneng yesterday, today I don’t know what I was going to do.”

Agang smiled. “It’s ok, it needs to get serviced.”

“I will take it today, I have been procrastinating.”

“Ok, bye.”

He walked away with that sexy walk of his and Ipeleng naughtily smiled alone.

“Let’s go.” Her mother said getting back in the car. Ipeleng climbed in wondering what she had to do for him to notice her.

Rachel stopped her car by the day care and got out with her daughter. She walked with her to the class and met her teacher on the door.

“Kayla!”

Rachel smiled and gave the teacher her child. “Hi,”

“Mrs M, how are you?”

“I am fine, her sinuses are up today.”

The teacher looked at Kayla and smiled. “I will take good care of our madam here, this child is so light in complexion.”

Rachel laughed. “She takes after her grandmother.”

“I can see because you are not that light and Mr. M is dark.”

“I know, I always have people asking me if it’s my child, they don’t believe me.”

They both laughed then Rachel kissed Kayla's forehead.

"See you later."

She walked away while the teacher walked in class with Kayla. Her phone rang as soon as she got in her car.

" Sister Malebogo."

"I know Kayla is my grandchild, deny it all you want but I know you slept with my son and that child is his. Women like you disgust me, you stand up raising your hands so high while cheating on your husband."

"Kayla is my husband's daughter, don't try to get me to be disrespectful. Stay in your lane."

"You are going to regret it, trust me. And I am not going to let another man raise my son's child, I hope you are ready for the storm that is about to rise. You are going to lose your respect and everything you worked for all because you couldn't be faithful to your husband."

Malebogo hung up and Rachel drove to work with a

racing heart. She didn't even know what to do, it seemed as her lies were catching up with her. She parked in front of the company taking a deep breath but the more she thought of what would Ken do if he found, the more the solution she had been thinking of presented itself. She shook her head and stepped out of the car, Ken would never believe a stranger over her, he loved Kayla and that was his daughter.

Anaya rubbed her temples sitting in her office, she wondered what she would do if she had brain tumor. She hadn't slept the entire night thinking of it. She reached for her phone to call her doctor but it rang before she could dial.

"Aya..."

"Hey, you know I came across a patient who was raped, she is around 16 and matter of fact, her mother is the one saying she was raped, she says she wanted it, she was sleeping with an older man. I

talked to her social worker and apparently her father is absent and the social worker thinks the reason why this girl is saying she was not raped is because this man have become a father figure to her and he is giving her the love and attention her father never gave her. It was like a light bulb to me, when Pule was sleeping with me, I thought it was love but he was actually taking advantage of me. I thought it was love but it wasn't. He actually made me abort a child and today I sometimes wonder if ever I will have kids in the future.”

Anaya leaned back on her chair and took a deep breath.

“Pule did what?”

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stiletto

#101

Ayana quickly hung up but Anaya called her back. The phone rang for a while then she finally picked.

“Aya what did Pule do to you?”

Ayana kept quiet while Anaya tried to keep calm.

“Ayana ke bua le wena. {I am talking to you.}” She said angrily losing her cool. “What did he do to you? Maybe I should fly there then you can tell me face to face.”

“It’s in the past.”

“It’s not, start from the beginning. Don’t leave out anything.”

Ayana slowly narrated her story to her big sister and finally kept quiet.

“I can’t believe this happened right under my nose. Where did you bury that thing?”

“I don’t know, Lalah buried it.”

“Wow!”

“I am sorry.”

“Maybe if I hadn’t left then-“

“You did nothing wrong. You worked hard for me, for Lethabo. You are nothing but the best. I made a mistake, I was a child.”

“He manipulated you into sleeping with him, you made no mistake, you were a child and you needed protection and he took advantage of you.” Anaya stood up and paced up and down her office. “He is going to regret this.”

“Naya...”

“I have an incoming call, I will you.”

Anaya hung up and answered the call.

“Shato hello?”

“Hi, your results are back.”

“Dr. Bokwe.”

“I told you, call me Seneo. Anyways, your results are back.”

“What is it?”

“It is as I suspected cerebral edema but it’s not that serious, I am going to give you some medicine to

reduce the swelling, if it persists then I will do osmotherapy, I will give you osmotic agents.”

Anaya put her hand over her chest relieved. “Thank God. I didn’t sleep last night.”

“I didn’t too but as you take the medicine I will need you to relax, avoid stress and things like that.”

“Thank you.”

“I have a friend of mine who owns a spa, I know I am going beyond my boundaries but I think you should go there for a massage and some relaxation. It will help. You can come by when you are free and I will explain your treatment and condition in full detail.”

“Thank you.”

“I will send the number for the spa.”

“Ok. Thank you so much.”

Seneo hung up and Anaya sighed with relief, at least it wasn’t a brain tumor

Her door opened and her PA walked inside.

“Boss lady, you have a meeting at Mokwena Logistics.”

Anaya closed her eyes briefly. “I forgot.”

“You still have a few minutes, should I get you a driver?”

“No it’s fine Aratwa, thanks.”

She reached for her handbag and rushed out.

Ayana took a deep breath staring at her phone, she wasn’t sure if she had made the right decision or not but she somehow felt relieved, free of burden. She called Lalah with a wide smile.

“Hey, I told Anaya. I actually didn’t want to tell her but I misdialed thinking I am calling you.”

“How did she take it?”

“She is mad as suspected and I guess disappointed in both me and herself.”

“I was too, he took advantage of you, that was what we call defilement.”

“I know but somehow I never saw it, I really thought he loved me but I was hurting for what had happened. He somehow was my shoulder to cry on and I saw him as my hero.”

“And no one can blame you. I wish we were mature back then, I would have dragged you to the police station and we would have reported him.”

“I know, I never asked, where did you bury it?”

“It doesn’t matter, it’s in the past. I wish I was there with you. I have had enough of Gabs.”

“I want to come there, I feel so insecure with Karabo there, I keep on thinking he is cheating. I tried calling him earlier and something just told me he is with some bitch.”

Lalah laughed. “You are crazy, that man loves you.”

“I love him too that’s why I behave like this. I can’t wait for you to love someone like that.”

Lalah laughed. “Forget it. I don’t think I am going to

get married anytime soon, I know people are happy being married and stuff but honestly in my opinion, marriage is not an achievement.”

“You have started Lalah.”

“Started what? I am being honest. I am so sleepy, I had a night shift, I will talk to you later on when I come back.”

Ayana frowned hearing a distant male voice at the background. “You have company?”

Lalah laughed. “You are crazy.”

“Stop lying to me, I heard a man.”

“My dick appointment is here, it’s just sex.”

Anaya chuckled. “Wow! He sounded like Karabo.”

“It’s not him.” Lalah quickly said.

“I know, I am going crazy I am hearing things.”

“Yeah, I have to go, bye.” Lalah hung up immediately. Ayana laughed and continued looking at a patient’s file she had before her.

Miguel sat with the shareholders waiting for Anaya. He looked at his watch, she was ten minutes late. He took out his phone from his pocket to call her but the door swung open and she walked in. Miguel watched as she walked over and sat between two male shareholders in her red suit. Anaya smiled, her beauty was the gunpowder, always catching the heat.

“Sorry, got caught up.” Her voice was sharp, indicating she was in control.

“It’s ok.” Miguel said then his eyes fell on one shareholder who was staring at his woman who wanting eyes. He took a deep breath.

“For those who don’t know, Anaya is my wife. We can start.”

The meeting went on for a while till Miguel dismissed everyone.

“Mrs Mokwena,” one of the shareholders said to Anaya and she smiled. “I am Thobo. I didn’t know

Miguel was married to such a beautiful woman.”

“Well he is.”

Thobo looked at her bare finger and smirked. “Is he?”

Anaya smiled as Miguel put his hands over her waist staring at Thobo.

“Mokwena,”

“Till next time.” Thobo walked out leaving Anaya alone with Miguel in the conference room.

“Hey, I am sorry I came late, it literally slipped my mind.”

“It’s ok, did the doctor call?”

She smiled. “Yes, it’s cerebral edema but she said she will give me some medicine to ease the swelling, nothing serious.”

Miguel sighed with relief. “I was so worried.”

“I am fine, I told you.”

“You need a break, we both do. I am taking you on a vacation as soon as you get the medication.”

Anaya smiled and put her arms around his neck. "I can't wait. We used to travel so much when we were sneaking."

Miguel kissed her. "The forbidden fruit is always the sweetest."

"Did you know that Pule was sleeping with Ayana after she got raped?"

Miguel frowned. "What?"

Anaya stepped back as tears filled her eyes. "She told me, he even made her abort the time I went to South Africa. I can't believe he was raping my sister, I wish I could report him now."

Miguel stepped back. "I can't believe this. I once found Ayana at his house and she told me he had hired her to babysit..."

"I feel like I failed her. He took advantage of her, what if he is the one who raped her that time? Ayana won't say it's him but what if it is?"

"You didn't fail anyone, we just happen to have sick fuckers out there." Miguel pulled her in his arms and

hugged her tightly.

“I just wish he can get punished for that, I wonder how many girls he did it to or if he is still doing it.”

“He will get what he deserves, I promise.”

Miguel’s phone rang then he took it out stepping back. Anaya looked at him carefully.

“Who is it?”

“Papa.”

He answered sitting down and pulling her on his lap.

“Boikanyo, I want to see you, today.”

“Didn’t you say during the weekend?”

“Weekend is the family meeting, I want to talk to you and Agang before that. Hurry up.”

“Ok. Is everything ok?”

“Just come, don’t leave Agang behind.”

“I won’t.”

Mokwena hung up and Anaya rubbed his chest. “Is everything ok?”

“I don’t know. I have no meeting after lunch, I will pick up Agang and go.”

Lone dished her lunch and sat down taking a piece of meat from her plate. She looked at the clock on the wall and sighed, she still had to go to Lesedi’s school and talk to the principle. Her phone rang and she reached for it beside her.

“Babe,”

“Hey, I am coming back today, I have something to tell you.”

Lone smiled. “I can’t wait. I have something to tell you too.”

“Ok, how is Ame?”

“He is fine.”

“Ok, I will be there in a while, call the nanny, I want us to go out.”

“Ok. I love you.”

“I love you too, just be ready by six.”

“Ok.”

Bame hung up and Lone smiled, she couldn't wait to tell him the good news. She was sure he was going to be delighted. She quickly ate then walked to her son's room where the nanny was feeding him.

“Hi, I will be back, I am going to collect Lesedi.”

“Ok mam.”

Lone walked out with her car keys, she got behind the wheel then sped off to the school.

“Mrs. David.” The principle said as Lone walked inside her office.

“Principle, how are you?”

“I am fine.”

“Oh, congratulations.”

Lone smiled putting her hand over her belly. “Thank you.”

“Sit down.”

Lone sat down wondering what was going on.

“We had an incident yesterday, I am not sure if Lesedi told you anything.”

“No, she didn’t tell me anything, what happened?”

“Their teacher was abusing them. We only found out yesterday and she was immediately fired.”

“Abusing them?”

“Yes, apparently she beat Lesedi because she wasn’t writing properly.”

Lone laughed. “That’s not abuse, Lesedi is just dumb, anyone is bound to lose their patience with her. She can’t read or write like other kids, she can’t even write her own name. She is stupid.”

A woman walked in and sat beside Lone. “Uhh Mrs. David this is Ms Williams. Their new teacher.”

Lone smiled at the colored woman. “Hi.”

“Nice to meet you Sedi’s mom.”

“I was just explaining to Mrs. David here why we

fired Lesedi's other teacher."

"I don't think you should have fired her. she was just doing her job, Lesedi won't learn. I have tried mme ke sematla hela ebile ke ihlobogile, {but she is stupid, I have given up,} what seven year old doesn't know how to write her own name?"

"She is not stupid, she suffers from dyslexia, a learning disorder that involves difficult reading due to problems identifying speech sounds and learning how they relate to letters and words." Ms Williams said. "She does have normal intelligence and normal vision. She just needs a little help and support. I am here for that, I am their new teacher. I have come across such cases before and I know how to handle such."

"I don't think anyone can handle Lesedi, yes maybe she might have a disorder but generally she is dumb."

"She also needs emotional support, to motivate her and encourage her."

Lone shrugged. "I don't know, I will try."

“Thank you.”

Ms Williams looked at the principle. “I think I am done, you can and collect her Mrs David.”

“Ok.”

Ms Williams walked out as Lone stood up.

“Thank you principal.”

“You are welcome.”

She walked out and followed Ms Williams. She frowned staring at Lesedi talking with Ivy. Lesedi raised her eyes and stared at her mother then hugged Ivy and ran to her mother.

“Who is that?”

“My friend, Ivy.”

“When did you start being friends with her?”

They got in the car.

“Yesterday.”

“You are not going to talk to her anymore, she is not your friend anymore.”

“But she-“

“I said she is no longer your friend. You are not going to talk to her anymore.”

Lesedi kept quiet as tears filled her eyes and cried silently.

Marang walked inside the hospital for her shift. She smiled at her co-workers and went to her office. She sat down as Bridgette walked inside her office, a nurse she had befriended.

“Hey...”

“Marang, hi. How is Jay?”

“He is fine.” Marang sighed. She was close to Bridgette but wondered if she could trust her.

“What’s wrong? You seem stressed.”

“Do you think it’s wrong to still... my ex wants Jay but I am scared. His late wife abused Jay when he was

there and now he is seeing the woman who hates me. I just feel..."

"Like you can't trust them with Jay?" Bridgette asked sitting down.

"Yes. Am I wrong for feeling this way? I know Miguel loves his son so much, that's his heir but I just don't want anything happening to him. Anaya hates me, what if she does anything to him so that only her kids benefit from their father's money."

"No, you are not wrong, I applaud you for staying with him. A lot of kids get abused staying with their fathers. You are doing great. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

Marang smiled. "Thank you."

"You are always welcome, let me go, my shift is over."

"Ok bye."

Bridgette walked out, Anaya took her phone and opened her whatsapp to respond to a few messages.

Constance: Hey, I got the internship.

Marang: That's great. Papa would be proud of you.

Constance: Yeah, mama is excited. I am going to start saving for a house.

Marang: I will assist if you want.

Constance: Thanks sis.

Marang sighed with guilty then called her mother.

"Marang."

"Mama, did you talk to the lawyer? Constance should get her fair share of inheritance."

"That child is not getting anything, not after what her mother put me through. She was the reason for my unhappiness, she wanted to destroy my family, her daughter won't get anything."

"Constance is studying to be a lawyer, she is going to stand for herself and you are going to lose. Please just talk to the lawyer."

"If she is going to take me to court let her, I don't care. She is not getting a dime of my husband's money."

Yaone opened the door and looked at Saron at her house later that day. She smiled staring at Mapula and Junior.

“Hi mom,” Mapula said hugging her and walking inside the house.

“Mom, I brought the game, I will show you how to play.”

Yaone smiled. “Ok Junior, get in.”

Both kids walked in then Yaone looked at Saron.

“Hi,”

Yaone smiled. “Hi. Thanks for bringing them.”

“It’s ok. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Yaone walked inside her house as Saron drove off.

“Did you talk to dad?”

Yaone looked at her elder daughter. "Sweetie, I think getting you a phone is extreme, you are still young, a phone needs someone who is mature enough."

"But I am almost 11 years!"

"I know, wait till you are 13 then I will get you a phone."

Pule walked in and smiled.

"Daddy I want a phone!"

Pule frowned. "You what?"

"I want a phone."

"How old are you?"

"10."

"Exactly, ten year olds don't have phones but they read their books."

Mapula angrily marched to her room.

"Maybe we should get her a small one."

"Yaone, she is only a baby. Phones will open doors for other things, she is a girl child."

Yaone sighed. "I know I just..."

"Just ignore her, she will be fine. We love her and as parents who love their daughter, we will do what is good for her."

The door swung open and they both turned to look. Miguel charged towards Pule and punched him hard. Yaone moved back putting her hand over her mouth.

"You were raping Ayana?"

"Shit!" Pule moved back with a pounding heart staring at Miguel breathing heavily.

"You were raping an underage child?"

Miguel grabbed him and punched him again, this time around blood spat from Pule's nose as he lost balance and fell over the glass table breaking it into tiny pieces. Yaone tried to pull Miguel off her husband but he roughly pushed her that she fell on her butt.

"Daddy!" Mapula screamed while Pule tried to fight off Miguel who wasn't stopping. He pushed Miguel off him then stood up but Miguel punched him in the

stomach.

“That’s for violating a child and makng her abort.
You are sick!”

Junior started crying staring.

“Go to your rooms! Let’s go!” Yaone pushed. The
kids cried walking to the rooms. Yaone took her
phone and with shaky hands and called Anaya.

“Yaone...”

“Hey, uhh he’s killing him. Miguel is killing him,
please come.”

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stilettos

#102

Anaya drove in and parked behind Miguel’s car. She
stepped out in and rushed inside the house where

Miguel was buttering his friend. Yaone was standing at the far corner crying.

“Miguel it’s enough! Stop it!” She screamed then pulled him off. “Stop!”

Miguel looked at Pule then moved back. “Imagine if that had to happen to Mapula? How would you feel if one day an older man had to take advantage of your child like that and even worse, makes her abort?”

Anaya looked at Pule in disgust. “Let’s go.”

They walked out and Anaya stared at him raging.

“Let’s go home and have you cleaned up.”

Anaya got in her car and drove off with Miguel behind her. Minutes later she was walking inside her house.

“Anaya...”

“Hi Tatenda, where is Miller?”

“Sleeping, he just slept now. You are back early.”

“I have an issue.”

Miguel walked in seconds later with a stained white

shirt.

“Hi Tatenda.”

“Mr. Mokwena.”

They walked to the bedroom where Miguel took off the shirt.

“I know Pule sleeping with Aya is angering, I was going to try to get Ayana to open a case but babe... I feel like there is something more to it.”

“It’s nothing.”

“Miguel talk to me.”

Miguel sighed. “When Colleen went to UB, she was raped, the first month by her lecturer.”

“What?”

“She never talks about it because she believes she was in love with this old man and that he forced himself on her because she had done something she shouldn’t have done. He just took advantage of the situation and...”

“I didn’t know.”

“Because no one ever talks about it.”

Anaya sighed. “Thank you for standing up for Yana. You have good brother-law vibes.”

Miguel smiled at her. “We need to protect girl children.”

“I know. Maybe in the future we can open up an NGO to help them.”

“My lawyer said we will actually get Jay sooner than we expected, they have offices in the US so it will make things more easier.”

“Thank God. I don’t want to talk to her anymore because she wants to start unnesesary fights with me. I don’t have energy for it.”

“I want you to come with to Mahalapye.”

“Didn’t your father say-“

“I want to go with you.”

“What about the kids?”

“Tatenda will remain with them, we are coming back immediately after papa tells us whatever that he

wants to tell us.”

Anaya looked at him and smiled. “Ok, let me talk to her.”

Anaya walked out and went to Tatenda.

“Hey, can you please watch the kids tonight, Miguel and I are going to Mahalapye but we are coming back. I will double your salary for this month.”

Tatenda smiled. “You know you don’t have to, you already pay me like someone who works in the office. I will look after them, don’t worry.”

“Thank you so much, I don’t know what I am going to do the day you leave me.”

Tatenda laughed. “Don’t worry.”

Anaya walked back to her bedroom, he was already undressing.

“She agreed. We are riding with Agang?”

“No, he will drive himself.”

Anaya’s phone rang from the bed.

“Donald.”

“Hey, so guess who are expecting?”

Anaya smiled walking to the bathroom. “You are going to have a baby?”

“Yes, she is pregnant.”

“So you used that girl?”

“Yeah, she is expensive but sensible. In months time, Martin and I will have our own child.”

“I am happy for you.”

“My mom wants to visit me.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I already bought her the plane tickets, I feel everything is finally coming together. Of cause my father is still homophobic but now I have hope that one day he will come along.”

“I know, so do I.”

“I can’t wait to see you, your wedding is going to be a blast.”

“I am excited. I have never felt this excited. We are still going for counseling, next week we are going to

get a marriage counselor. This time around I just want things to be perfect.”

“It will be if you don’t become the runaway bride.”

Anaya rolled her eyes. “Mxm, wa swaba.”

“I am telling you.”

“This time around I won’t run, calm down.”

“Good. I have to do something, we will talk.”

“Bye.”

Lethabo lay on his adjustable couch that he had adjusted into a bed with Sino watching a movie from his TV that was mounted on the wall. The small sitting room was dark and Sino snuck closer to him munching on popcorns. A scary scene played as the villain in the movie slashed the victim with a butcher knife throwing the head down. Sino paused carefully watching while blood sprayed in the air. The movie

got more scary while Sino paid more attention, she was sucker for horror.

Lethabo smiled smelling her hair which smelt of a flowery fragrance. When he had first met her, he wouldn't have known she was lesbian, matter of fact, he still didn't believe she was lesbian, probably just exploring. He didn't know how to tell her how he truly felt and he suspected even if he did, she would probably laugh it off. He sighed, for now he had to stick on being friends till he had something solid to present to her.

The movie came to an end then she sighed sitting upright. "This one wasn't that scary."

Lethabo laughed. "That was the scariest, we can watch The Forest."

"Is it scary?"

"It's ok."

He took his laptop which was connected to the TV and clicked on the movie. Sino bundled up close laying her head on his chest as the movie started. Lethabo took a deep breath trying to control his dick,

she had soft skin, he wondered how it felt touching her. He sometimes had a vivid image of how it would feel but of course, he had to control it. He turned to the movie and his heart skipped as it got more scarier. He wasn't a fan of scary movies so usually he stared at her the entire time. His phone vibrated beside him, he took it and looked at the caller ID.

"Hey, it's Ayana, let me take it, continue watching."

"Ok."

He got off bed and walked outside his studio answering.

"Annalise."

"Hey, I have something to tell you."

"Ok, what is it?"

"I am pregnant."

Lethabo's heart skipped. "What?"

"Yeah, we are going to have a baby."

"How? Didn't you reach menopause?"

Annalise laughed. "I thought I did but I guess 47 year

olds can still have kids.”

“What are you going to do now?”

“We are going to raise him together. I am going to tell Claudia.”

“And say what? You were impregnated by someone one year younger than you?”

“She has no choice but to accept it. You can fly here and we can tell her together. Lethabo I am so excited, I can’t believe I am going to be a mommy to a small child.”

“Annalise what will I tell my family? How do you think they will take it? It’s not an everyday that... wow!” He sighed closing her eyes.

“Are you upset?”

“Yes! Shit I am! You told me you were... why did you lie saying you reached menopause?”

“I am sorry love, I also don’t know how it happened. I am sorry.”

Lethabo rubbed his face frustrated. “Shit!”

“I am sorry, I guess next time I will stop assuming. I am excited about this baby though, I really thought I wouldn’t have more kids.”

“Annalise why are you taking this lightly? Do you realize how fucked up the situation is? I am just a child, I can’t raise another child.”

“I am here aren’t I? We will do it together. Stop worrying, I get your point, I am going to move there, maybe avoid Claudia for a while and everyone else.”

“Fuck!”

“Or I can move to the house in CapeTown. I will be closer to you.”

“I can’t believe you are actually telling me you are keeping the baby, I don’t know what’s more fucked up between you thinking I can actually be a father or you thinking it’s normal to be pregnant at your age. I am coming there during the weekend, we are going to get rid of it.”

“Lethabo-“

“Are you questioning me?”

She kept quiet.

“I am coming there, you are going to get rid of that. It’s either that and you and I are over. You choose what you want but know if you keep it, it’s not mine.”

Annalise broke down crying, Sino peeked outside and Lethabo hung up and looked at her innocently.

“Hey, everything ok?”

“Yeah, just Ayana being Ayana.”

Sino smiled then pulled her inside the studio. “Come And watch.”

“Scared?”

She laughed as they got back on the adjustable couch pulling a fleece over them. She lay on his chest again.

“No, you are comfortable to lie on.”

“Oh wow!”

Sino chuckled focusing on the TV. Lethabo took out his phone then texted Annalise.

Lethabo: I better find you ready on Saturday. You are

not going to keep that, don't play games with me.

Lone walked inside a restaurant with her husband. They sat on an empty table and she smiled looking around. She loved the place, it looked new and fancy. Her eyes fell on Bame and she smiled even wider, he looked more handsome and in control.

"This place is beautiful."

"Yeah, let's order drinks."

"Ok."

Bame raised his hand to a waiter and he came over. Lone ordered juice while Bame ordered wine. The waiter walked away and came back a minute later with their drinks. Bame nervously looked at her.

"Are you ok? What is it?"

"I want to tell you something. I want you to keep in mind that I love you so much. I am not perfect but I

love you, every time I go for a trip I keep thinking of you and our kids.”

Lone smiled. “We always think of you too, always. It’s hard when you leave, sometimes I wish you didn’t have to go away. I wish you can always stay with us.”

“I do too baby but I can’t avoid it.” He took her hands into his. “Long before I met you, I was seeing some woman. She got pregnant and that’s when I found out she was cheating. She gave birth and we had DNA tests done which proved that the baby wasn’t mine.”

Lone tensed staring at him and her smiled slowly disappeared.

“When I met you, it had been four years since we had broken up. She recently contacted me telling me that the child is mine and she didn’t understand how the DNA had said she wasn’t. We did it again and the child is mine.”

“Wow!”

“Yes, a 12 year old girl.”

“When did you do the DNA tests?”

“2 years ago.”

“So you have been supporting her behind my back?”

“I was scared to tell you. I love you.”

“You...” Lone covered her face briefly failing in disbelief of what she was hearing.

“She is here, with her mother.”

Lone took off her hands from her face and watched a beautiful woman approach them. Bame pulled two chairs to their table and the woman and girl sat down.

“Kaone, this is my wife, babe that is Kaone and that is Leano, her daughter.”

Lone looked at the child as anger built in her, she looked at Kaone and got more angrier. He was probably sleeping with her, how on earth would a man support his child behind his wife’s back and not sleep with the baby mama?

“How are we sure that she didn’t mess with the results just to claim that her daughter is yours? This

child doesn't even look like you."

Kaone smiled. "Because she looks like her mother but if you look carefully, she has her father's ears."

"Of cause she does. How can she not have her father's ears? I know girls like you, what do you really want? Heela mma, go give this child to her real father because you are wasting your time. You must think I am a fool, my husband is not going to support this child, why are the results different now when donkey years ago you were cheating and they said he wasn't the father?"

"Lone weh!"

Lone turned to Bame boiling. "Is this what you brought me here for? To humiliate and embarrass me? Is that it?"

"Can you calm down and act like a grown up?" He looked at Leano. "Sweetie go to where the kids are."

Leano stood up and walked away.

"Bame I won't have your wife insult me."

Lone laughed. "Insult? Girl I will do more than that if

you think you can just parade here and talk about a child.”

“Lone stop it! It’s enough! Leano is my child and just like I love Lesedi, I love her.”

“Well then forget me.” Lone stood up. “I am going.”

She walked away rubbing her tears. Outside she stopped a cab.

“Special!” The drover said as she approached it.

“Yes.”

“Let’s go.”

She got in the cab then the driver drove off. She tried to hold it in but she broke down crying with her hands on her face.

“Eish sistera,” the driver said scratching his beard unsure of what to say to her. He usually had the drunk customers but today, he had one crying and from her cries he knew it had to be a man’s tears. He switched on the radio hoping that maybe the music would sooth her.

Miguel drove headed to Mahalapye with Anaya beside him. He looked at her as she turned staring back with a smile. It was that smile of hers that usually drove him crazy and her laughter too. He rubbed her thigh and turned back to the road increasing the speed. Miguel connected his phone to the car through the Bluetooth. Dolly Parton, you're the one played and Anaya chuckled.

"I love this song, I used to sing it when I was still in high school."

Miguel laughed. "I want to hear you sing."

"I am a bad singer."

"I will be the judge of that."

Anaya rolled her eyes and started singing, she had wrote the lyrics in her book of lyrics in form four.

I found out the hard way

And I'm never gonna break your heart

I know, too late

And I don't want to break your heart

Guess I had to go away just to find

What I left behind

You're the only one

You're the only one

Take me back

To where we started from

And let's make it now

Like we made it then

This ol' heart ain't gonna break your heart again

Miguel smiled and sang with her. Anaya smiled even wider then started singling with Celine dion, this time more genuinely. She wasn't a good singer, just not that bad.

Agang overtook them flashing his lights once then

sped off. Anaya smiled humming to the lyrics and looked outside.

Ayana walked out of Debonnairs holding a box of debonnairs pizza. She unlocked Karabo's Porsche and stepped inside placing the pizza on the passenger seat. She started the car then her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hi, thank God. It's Tatenda, the nanny."

"Oh his Tatenda, is everything ok?"

"I have been trying to call Anaya but her phone seems off."

"Oh, what's wong? Is everything ok?"

"No, Miller has been crying for a while now, his temperature is high. I wanted to ask if it was ok to give him paracetamol."

“Yeah, just give him that. If his temperature doesn’t go down, call me again. Do you have a license?”

“Yes, she did leave the car.”

“Ok, I will call after an hour to check on him.”

“Ok, thank you.”

“Bye.”

Anaya hung up then frowned staring at a person walking out of the store. Her heart skipped as she stared at Refilwe, her throat dried while her heart pounded uncontrollably.

Tatenda watched Miller fall asleep after she gave him the paracetamol. She touched his forehead and sighed with relief, he wasn’t that burning anymore. Slowly she walked out and gently closed his door. She walked to the kitchen where she had left her phone then texted Ayana. Her heart skipped as she heard sound outside. Slowly she turned listening

carefully but then heard the wind outside. With a sigh she switched off the kitchen light and walked out going to sitting room where she switched off the light too. A plate fell in the kitchen shattering to the floor with a loud noise. The hairs at the back of her neck stood still, paralyzed with fear. Slowly she made her way slowly to the kitchen but as soon as she walked in, a chill ran down her spine as a creepy feeling engulfed her, bumps formed on her skin. She looked at the kitchen units seeing a human-like shadow then screamed loud peeing on herself.

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stiletto

#103

Tatenda turned attempting to run with her stiff legs then slipped on her pee. Lights began flicking on and off as all windows opened. The wind made the

curtains fly, slowly got up and ran to Miller's bedroom, grabbed him from his coat and went to the girls room where she closed the door locking it. Her heart pounded while she breathed heavily with Miller sleeping quietly on her chest. She slowly walked to the girls bed and sat down while the lights still flicked on and off, at least the window was closed. A baby started crying from inside the house, Tatenda froze as the baby cried even louder, now she was sure she wasn't imagining it. Her heart raced so fast it could almost leap out from her chest. She opened her mouth and started to pray holding Miller tightly. Something crawled on her leg, her heart pounded harder than before then she slowly melted to the floor as Miller fell from her hands landing on the fluffy carpet.

Ayana rushed inside her house locking behind her. She put the pizza down shaking then reached for her

phone.

“Lalah I saw Refilwe!”

“Ayana you do realize I am at work right?”

“I saw her!”

“Nice one.”

Ayana shook her head. “No, no. I saw her. I swear it was her but she had a hoodie on but it was her. Lynn I saw her.”

“What?”

“I saw her and she was walking.”

“Wasn’t she confirmed dead?”

“She was. They said she was dead.”

“Then what...”

“I know I sound crazy but I saw her with my own eyes. She was walking. God...”

“Maybe it’s your mind playing ricks on you. It doesn’t mean you are crazy. You are stressed and a lot is just going on in your head.”

“Should I come there?”

“Yes, during the weekend.”

Ayana sat on her couch. “She was there. I saw her... God help me...”

“Either way she has no reason to haunt anyone. She killed herself and her child. She is burning in hell right now. Maybe you just saw someone who looks like her. Doesn’t she have a sister?”

“She does.”

“See? She has a sister and you probably saw her sister. Dead people don’t wake from the dead and there is nothing like a ghost. Relax, you are just panicking over nothing. Don’t tell this to Naya, she will start getting worried.”

“I won’t. You are right, it’s probably her sister.”

“I have to go, I hate night shifts.”

Ayana laughed then hung up. She laughed alone now seeing how crazy she must have sound. Refilwe was dead and Lalah was right, the dead never came back to life.

Miguel drove inside his parent's gate and parked his car behind Agang's. Anaya took her phone but frowned.

"My phone is off, I never charged it. I want to check in on Tatenda."

Miguel took his phone from his pocket and handed it to her. she dialed Tatenda's number then listened as it rang.

"She is not answering."

"They are fine. Let's go."

Anaya reluctantly gave his phone back and stepped out of the car. They both walked to door and knocked. Anaya smiled when Ma Mokwena opened the door.

"Bo ngwanaka, tsenang. {My kids, come in.}"

They walked inside the house then Ma Mokwena

pulled her in for a hug.

“How are you?”

Anaya smiled. “I am fine ma, how are you?”

“I am lonely, I can’t wait for the holidays.”

They both laughed walking to the sitting room where Agang was sitting with Mokwena.

“Dumelang,” Anaya greeted.

“How are you my girl?”

“I am fine thank you.”

“You can sit.”

She sat down beside Miguel as Ma Mokwena sat beside her husband. Miguel studied his father’s face trying to understand him but he couldn’t read him.

“Thank you for coming here, there I something I have to tell you all.”

The main door swung open and Colleen walked in with Tshepo. She smiled at walked over to Anaya then hugged her before sitting on a couch with her husband. They all looked Mokwena.

“If you still remember, we didn’t always stay here. We moved here when Boikanyo went for his form 1. When I met your mother, we were still young and we fell in love but it was forbidden love. I wasn’t supposed to love someone like her because we were two different people of different statuses. We are royalty, you know that right?”

Miguel nodded while Anaya stared with shock.

“But the throne is not in our house.” Agang pointed out.

Mokwena nodded. “Yes. So as I was saying, I was in love with my wife and she fell pregnant. Back then we didn’t know anything about condoms and things like that, my family found out and they banned her from seeing me after ordering she gets rid of the pregnancy. Her mother planned a get away for her and she ran away but I followed them and saw where she was so I would always go and see her. I had a lot of responsibilities and I couldn’t just choose her, if I did the family would disown me, my father told me this straight to my face. There was a woman who I had to marry but I didn’t love her. She

was an ordinary girl but because of some relation to her father, they said she was the one for me. I left home and went to Gaborone where I started working trying to save money for my family. The plan was I work hard then take your mother and live with her. And I did, she fell pregnant with Agang and that's when I took her we moved far away from Mahalapye. We came back years later and my father was dead by then and so was my mother. My father was the chief, I was supposed to sit on the throne immediately after his death because I was the first born and they couldn't give the throne to my sister, your Aunt, the throne went to the closest house, to uncle Tero's house, your elder uncle due to my absence. Now the throne has to go to the it's rightful person, who is me. But after me, it goes to Miguel. From Miguel, it goes to Junior. From Junior, to his heir and so forth."

Everybody stared in silence.

Agang chuckled. "You mean to tell me that you are the chief?"

Mokwena nodded. "Yes."

“Wow!”

“I just thought you should know because during the weekend the family will be discussing this.”

“Why did you not tell us this long before?”

Mokwena looked at his older son and sighed. “I never thought I would ever sit on my throne.”

“Even if that’s what you thought, don’t you think it would have been a good thing to just tell us. Not that I want the throne if ever something happens to you, but don’t you think we deserved to know?”

“Boikanyo what do you mean? After your father it’s you.”

Miguel shook his head. “No, I am not going to sit here and rule people. I already have responsibilities.”

“Leave him Elizabeth, he is still shocked.”

“I can’t believe this.” Colleen said after a long while.

“That’s all I wanted to say. Boikanyo we will discuss this some day in the future but know you can’t run away from your rights. Good night.” Mokwena stood up and walked to his bedroom.

“Boikanyo I know all this is shock to you, to all of you but he didn’t even know how to tell you, the family wants the rightful person on the throne and it’s your father. From him it goes to Boikanyo, you might refuse it now but you are the rightful heir.”

“I have a life and have no interest in the chieftaincy, Agang will take the sit. I am going. Naya let’s go.”

Anaya slowly stood up and looked at his mother.

“Bye my daughter. I know it’s a shock but it’s the truth and it’s not going anywhere.”

Anaya nodded then walked after Miguel and got in the car. Miguel started the car and drove off.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were royalty?” Anaya softly asked.

“Because I never thought it was important. I mean, it’s not in our house, I didn’t think it mattered.” He shook his head with disbelief, he was still finding it hard to wrap his mind on the news. Anaya put her hand on her lap.

“We will deal with it together.”

He briefly looked at sighed driving back home.

Tatenda slowly opened her eyes and frowned at her aching head. She slowly sat upright feeling wet then got up. Her heart skipped as she looked Miller sleeping on the carpet. Her memory came back and creepy feeling engulfed her again. The light was on now. She listened carefully not hearing any sound then. She took a deep breath then unlocked the door singing a church song. Her legs felt so heavy that she couldn't even move properly. A car drove in and she knew they were back. She walked back into the room and picked Miller from the carpet and went to him to his room where she lay him on his cot and walked out leaving the lights on.

“Hey!”

Tatenda screamed startled. Anaya smiled.

“Hey, sorry...”

They both turned to Miller who remained sleeping.

“I am sorry, are you ok?”

Tatenda walked out of the room then looked at her boss wondering if she should tell her or not. Mr. Mokwena walked in and passed them completely ignoring them. By now Tatenda knew she was scared of him, she could never look him in the eye. There was an aura around him that always pushed her to the edge when he was around.

“Are you good? You look like you have just seen a ghost.”

“Yes, I am fine. I have to go home.”

“But it’s late, just sleep.”

Tatenda shook her head. “I really have to go.”

Anaya sighed. “Ok, I will drop you off.”

She felt her wet jeans then shook her jeans. “I will call my boyfriend. He will come and pick me up.”

“If you say so, I hope they didn’t give you problems.”

Tatenda shook her head looking around, she could

swear she had heard a baby cry. A cat meowed outside and she jumped with fear making Anaya laugh.

“Hey relax, it’s neighbours cat.”

Tatenda wet her dry throat shaking with fear.

“Are you sure you are ok? I hope you were not watching a scary movie.”

Tatenda faked a laugh as Anaya smile. “This why I don’t like scary things, anyway, you can call your boyfriend and if he can’t come, I will drop you off.”

“Ok.”

Tatenda watched Anaya walk away then she went to the kitchen where her phone was. She took it and quickly sent her boyfriend a message before grabbing the paper towel and wiping her urine from the floor.

Kenneth smiled at his daughter who was lying on the bed sleeping in the morning. He kissed her forehead and walked out of his bedroom. Rachel handed him his cup of coffee while he sat down looking at his breakfast.

“Thanks babe...”

Rachel kissed his cheek then walked out of the dining room. Kenneth’s phone rang as he ate.

“P-man.”

“Have you spoken to BK?”

“No, what’s up?”

“I want to talk to him but I want someone between us.”

“What’s going on?”

“I did something long time ago when Sarona left me. I was stressed but that’s not an excuse. I just want to assure him that it happened once and since then it has never happened again.”

“What did you do?”

“I was sleeping with Ayana.”

“Who? Anaya?”

“No, Ayana.”

“Ayana? Anaya’s younger sister?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“When she was 16.”

“You fucked up son of a bitch!”

“I know but-“

“What do you mean you were sleeping with her?”

“We got close and I guess we comforted each other in the wrong way.”

“Comforted? You raped her you pedophile!”

“I know but I would have never done it if I was in my rightful state of thinking.”

“I can’t believe this, you raped her! For how long were you sleeping with her.”

“For just a couple of months.”

“You sick fucker! Didn’t it occur to you that she was just a child, a child who had been violated and was still dealing with it? You took advantage of her situation.”

“I know and I apologized.”

“You violated her! She needed your protection not you sleeping with her. She probably thought you loved when you were just using her. What if the same happens to Mapula? Or what if you do it to another girl.”

“I swear, it was only with her.”

“You deserve to rot in hell. You disgust me. How do you even cum fucking a child? Do you realized the long term trauma she will probably face?”

“I know it’s fucked up and I am not justifying my actions. I would go and turn myself to the police but I have kids, they need me.”

“No, they don’t need a rapist of a father.”

Kenneth hung and shook his head in disbelief. He got up as Rachel walked in with his daughter. Renae

smiled at her father.

“Daddy...”

“Hey sweetie.”

He took her in his arms and kissed her. They didn't lie when they said the love between father and a daughter was the strongest, he couldn't handle it when his daughter cried. His mother said he spoilt her but how could he not? This was his pride, his heart. He had even tattooed her date of birth on his breast just to cherish her.

“Are you ok? Who was raping who?”

“Pule was sleeping with Ayana when she was 16.”

“What?”

“I can't believe it either.”

“Wow! Are our kids safe out there.”

“I would kill anyone who would look at my daughter like that.”

Kenneth kissed his daughter one last time then gave her to Rachel.

“I have to.” He kissed her. “See you at work.”

Rachel smiled watching him walk away. Tears filled Renae’s eyes as she watched her father walk out, soon she burst into tears. She always cried for her father every morning. Rachel shushed her walking with her to the bathroom.

Kenneth drove to work and parked the car by his designated parking space then stepped out. He walked inside the building to his office. Someone knocked then he looked up.

“Come in!”

Kenneth stared at sister Malebogo walk inside his office.

“I am sorry for coming here unannounced.”

Kenneth looked at her confused, he wasn’t the pastor, his wife was. “Uhh is everything ok?”

“No.” She sat down. “I have something I think you should know.”

Kenneth looked at her leaning back on his chair.

“Shoot!”

“Your wife had an affair with my son and fell pregnant. Renae is my granddaughter.”

Kenneth laughed. “What?”

“Yes, your wife was sleeping with Malvin, my son and she got pregnant. Renae is not your child, she is Malvin’s daughter and we want her.”

“So you came all the way from your house to tell me that nonsense?”

“It’s not nonsense, you can do DNA tests.”

“Renae is my daughter and never come to my office to tell me that nonsense again, next time I won’t be so calm. Don’t you dare fuck with me, you don’t know me. Nxla!”

Malebogo stood up. “You are denial.”

“Renae is my daughter, if I ever catch you calling my daughter your grandchild you will regret it. Get out.”

Malebogo walked out as Ken remained sitting, it wasn’t the first time someone suggested Renae wasn’t his, even his parents had doubts, she was too light in complexion and he himself wasn’t light,

Rachel was that much light too. He took his phone and dialed her.

“Hey...”

“Malebogo was here.”

“She was? You know I told her I wanted to step down as the pastor and she took it badly. She called me names, I think she hates me or she always did, I don’t know. What did she say?”

“That you slept with Malvin.”

“What?”

“Yeah.”

“I hope you don’t believe that nonsense, I would never hurt you, I love you.”

“She said Renae is not mine.”

“And what do you say?”

“I want to know what she is talking about Rachel.”

“Wow! You are questioning me? Kenneth I thought you knew me but to accuse me of cheating wow! Why are you still with me if you don’t trust me? You

believe a stranger's word against mine. I am bringing Renae, I want you to go and run DNA tests, from there, I am filing for divorce because I can't stay married to someone who doesn't trust me. Bye."

He looked at his phone and cursed beneath his breath then called her again.

"What do you want Kenneth?"

"I am sorry, I guess--"

"With everyone saying she is not yours you believe it? It's fine. I am bringing her, maybe it will make you feel better after the DNA tests prove she is yours. I can't stand it anymore, you are not dependable, I can never rely on you to have my back because you side with strangers than me."

"Babe..."

"No, this marriage won't survive because you don't trust me. I am bringing Renae."

"Don't, I am sorry babe. it won't happen again."

"I don't now Ken."

"I promise, I am sorry."

She sighed. "It's ok."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

Lone finished dressing and patted her long weave. She grabbed her handbag then copies of her CV on the dressing table as Bame stood in front of her.

"Can we talk?"

"I have nothing to say to you, you humiliated me in front of her yesterday and you have been supporting her child behind my back. You don't respect me and I am not going to waste my time talking to you because either way, you will do what you want to do."

"Lone I am sorry, I was scared to tell you."

"Did you sleep with her in the last two years?"

"What?"

“You heard me.”

“I haven’t slept with her for years now, babe I am tired of this secrecy. I just want to support my child in peace.”

“I am not going to be dealing with baby mama drama, you have showed to lack transparency when I thought we were really getting somewhere. You went behind my back and maybe it’s because I contribute nothing to this house because you always have me popping babies from left to right while my peers are doing big things with their lives, you are like a set back in my life, I haven’t done anything since I met you than deal with your cheating and lies. I thought I would be somewhere by now in life and I have nothing to show than kids. I know you are probably sleeping with Kaone, I know you are but deny it all you want. I am done talking to you, go and support your child in peace but you should know I am done with you. Bye.”

She walked away in her four inch heels. She felt as if she was going to fall, it had been long since the last time she wore heels.

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Bame sat on his bed frustrated, he took his phone and called his brother.

“Lone is not happy.”

“How is she supposed to be happy? I told you, you should have told her right from the beginning.”

“I don’t think she is ever going to accept Leano.”

“She will but not now. You should have been honest right from the start, what if she leaves you?”

“I can’t lose my wife, I love her. she said I am like a setback in her life.”

“She is just angry and she has every right to be. O dirile dilo desele hela. {What you did was foolish.} Woman love honesty, trust me. If she forgives you, it will take time for her to trust you again.”

“I really can’t believe I am a set back in her life. She said she thought she would be somewhere today but

she has nothing to show than kids.”

“What happened to her flower business? I thought you said you were going to give her money to start it.”

“I was but then we had Ame and she was nursing. I will give her the money to start it.”

“You should, this days they don’t care if she has a ring on her finger or not, they will take her.”

“Sharp, let me talk to Kaone.”

He hung up and called Kaone.

“Hey, how is she taking it?”

“I am going to talk to my wife, after we talk she is the one you are going to be talking to concerning Leano for transparency.”

“Bame I made this child with you, if you don’t want to support her say so, I won’t force you.”

“Did I say I don’t want to support my daughter?”

“What are you saying then?”

“You will be talking to my wife.”

“Wow! You know what? Go to hell.”

“O tla swaba Kaone, who you think you are talking to like that?”

“Your wife hates my child!”

“She will warm up to her, don’t call me. I will call you.”

“I am blocking you, Leano deserves so much better.”
Kaone hung up. Bame tried calling her back but her number didn’t go through.

TWO WEEKS LATER...

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stilettos

#104

Two Weeks Later...

Theodora walked at C-SKY hotel huge entertainment area outside where over 100 people were, some sitting and some standing. She smiled at the blue lights that had everything lighted then walked over to the bar where she got a bottle of Savanna. She smiled staring at everyone in swimming clothing.

“Hey!” She turned with a smile and stared at Yaone who was wearing a jean short and bikini bra exposing her body.

“Hey! What a huge turn up.”

“Most of them are gate crushers.”

Theodora smiled, her speech was slurred, she was already drunk. “Where is hubby?”

“Not here. Not welcome.”

Theodora frowned. “What happened?”

“Long story, I am so glad you came.”

“Where is the party girl?”

“Not yet here.”

“It’s a surprise party?”

“No, she knows there is a party but she doesn’t know with this much people.”

Theodora looked around. “It’s beautiful.”

“I know right? I am coming, I am going to the rest room.”

“Ok.”

Yaone walked away while Theodora walked over to an empty chair and sat down in her short flared dress.

“Always a pleasure seeing you.”

Theodora turned and smiled staring at Agang.

“Agang weh tswa mo go nna! {Leave me alone.}”

“I am just greeting, you look beautiful.”

“Thanks, nice event.”

“Thanks.” He looked at her bare finger. “Divorced?”

“Yep!”

“What a fool.”

She rolled her eyes drinking her beer. “Where is your wife? I heard you are married to your brother’s friends’ wife.”

“Stop listening to lies wena.”

“O kae Mbali? {Where is Mbali?}”

Agang laughed. “Who’s that?”

“Your bulldog girlfriend.”

“I don’t know who you are talking about.”

“Mxm... I have never been to such a party. It’s so classy in a different way.”

“You came here alone?”

“No, with Yaone.”

“Oh... let me get you a drink, you can’t be drinking that.”

Theodora smiled as he walked away in only shorts.

Meanwhile Miguel walked at the outdoor area with Ken and looked at the crowd.

“I thought they were supposed to be just 30 people.”

Ken laughed. “30? Remember when you used to gate crush people’s parties?”

“Don’t remind me of that, the time we got kicked out.”

They laughed walking further into the crowd to where Vince was sipping on his wine.

“You started before us?”

Vince laughed. “You are late, there is a lot of meat here today.”

“Don’t cheat, she will leave you.”

“Monna BK who said I am going to cheat? Are we not allowed to admire now?”

They all laughed then three girls walked past them. They looked at them, especially the thick one. The ladies sat feet from them sipping on their drinks. One turned to them then shyly looked away.

Miguel looked away. "Banna I am not part of this today!"

Ken laughed. "Who is? I don't cheat."

Vince stood up cracking. "O kae Gorata? {Where is Gorata?}"

"Mxm, I am a changed man."

Miguel looked around and paused staring at Agang chatting with Theodora.

Ken looked at Theodora. "Who is that?"

"Anaya's friend or something."

Vince whistled. "What a beauty!"

Theodora turned and looked at them before saying something to Agang who turned and looked at them. He said something then walked towards them.

"What are you doing with Theodora?"

Agang looked at his big brother and smiled. "What? I am just saying hi."

Vince looked at Theodora then at Agang. "That didn't look like just saying hi."

“I was just saying hi, where is Colleen?”

Miguel shook his head staring at Agang. “Don’t ruin a good thing for two minutes fun. Trust me, you will regret it.”

Rachel arrived and sighed staring at the flood of people, she knew over half of them were gate crushers. She looked around searching for a familiar face but she didn’t know anyone. Ken hugged her from behind kissing her neck.

“Hey...”

Rachel turned and looked at him with a bare chest.

“Hey...”

“Babe it’s a pool party.”

Rachel looked down on her long dress and sighed.

“People will see my flabby tummy.”

“You don’t have a flabby tummy and no one expects

you to have a flat tummy, you are a mother.”

Rachel looked around and sighed. “I don’t feel comfortable, I don’t know why this stomach won’t go away. I have tried everything.”

“It will go away on it’s own.” He leaned over to kiss her but Rachel moved her head smiling shyly. “Stop, people are staring.”

“I am going to kiss you, you are my wife.”

Rachel pushed him then walked away staring for any familiar face. Her eyes fell on Yaone but knowing their husbands were not on talking terms had her looking elsewhere. It was at this moments that she missed Lone, she walked over to the bar and got wine then looked for an empty chair and sat down taking out her phone. She logged on facebook and went to Lone’s account. She scrolled down her family pictures with a smile. At last she swallowed her pride and texted her on facebook.

Rachel: Hey, I know we are not talking but I miss you. Can I have your whatsapp number and maybe we can talk, I am at a party and I am recalling the times

we attended parties together, reply fast.

She smiled then sent the message. This was the first step, she could already picture how their reunion was going to be. They usually fought but they never had fights which dragged for two years, she just hoped things would go back to how they were once.

Rachel looked around sipping on her wine, her heart skipped as she stared at Malvin with some girl. Her knees weakened, what was he doing here?

Lefa and Lefika arrived at the scene and smiled at the music.

“Not bad.”

Lefa smiled. “This party is rich.”

Lefika looked around. “You know it!”

The brothers walked to the bar, got their drinks and

nodded listening to Burna Boy. Lefa frowned staring at Theodora who was laughing with some man, damn she looked beautiful. She stood up in a short see through dress.

“Is that...?”

“Yah.”

“Wow! Can I have her?”

Lefa looked at his brother and barked. “No!”

“Relax, is it me or she toned down her weight?”

“She drinks herbalife.”

“Those things actually work? I want to get them for Lebo.”

“Yeah.”

“She is beautiful, I admire you wanting to raise your kids with their mother but this was a gem!”

‘Don’t you think I know that? She probably hates me.’

“Why?”

“I was rude to her, I just wanted her to leave.”

“Women never forget.”

She walked past them unaware.

Lefa looked at her. “I am coming.”

“Don’t harass the poor girl, you made your choice, stick with it.”

“I just want to apologize for last time.”

Lefa walked following after Theodora.

Ayana laughed as Lalah danced to a song while she took a video.

“I looove this song!”

“People are staring.”

“Let them stare. DJ oketsa volume! {DJ turn up the volume.}”

The DJ gave them a thumbs up and turned up the volume as Yemi Alade blasted the speakers.

Everyone joined in dancing. Ayana’s phone vibrated

from her pocket then she looked over at Lalah who was having fun. She moved back and went to the restrooms where she took out her phone.

“Babe...”

“I am struggling to find parking, I will be there in a few minutes.

“Ok.”

She hung up then walked out of the restrooms. Lalah’s phone vibrated as a message got in. Ayana looked over at Lalah then at the phone and unlocked it. She tapped on the number saved as ‘Lover B’ then opened the message.

B: I am outside, come now, by the parking lot.

Ayana tapped on the name to see the number but Lalah snatched the phone from her.

“What are you doing?”

Ayana smiled. “Who is lover B?”

Lalah laughed. “Mind your own business.”

“Please tell me, I am so curious, he said he is waiting

at the parking lot, who is it?”

“I will tell you, relax.”

“Lynn when did you start keeping things from me?”

“I will tell you, go and dance.”

Lalah walked off, Lalah looked at her then went after her with curiosity burning her. Lalah had never been so secretive, this was a first.

Theodora walked out of the toilets rubbing her reddish eyes. She frowned at Lefatshe who was waiting by the entrance.

“Hey...”

“What do you want?”

“Can we talk?”

“Stay away from me.”

“I am not going to press charges.”

“I don’t care, even if you did I would have fixed it.”

“Look I am sorry for what happened.”

Theodora nodded. “It’s ok. Bye.”

She attempted walking away but Lefa grabbed her hand. “Wait...”

“What is it Lefa? I still have AIDS. I am still boring, still ugly. Nothing new, let go of me.”

“I am sorry I said that but you were involving my family into our fights.”

“Whatever, let go of my hand.”

He let her go then she walked away trying to control her breathing. Back at the party, her eyes fell on Miguel and Agang talking with their friends, tears filled her eyes as she thought of the fact that she had slept with her own brother.

The DJ cut the music and took the mic. “I just got a call and apparently the lady of the moment is almost here. So this is how we are gonna roll, she comes in and we all sing for her. No screaming, we don’t want to kill her on her day. We good?”

“Yes!” The crowd screamed.

Theodora watched as Colleen walked in with her husband, she paused staring at the crowd then every one started singing for her little sister. She wiped away her tears singing. After they were done she hugged her brothers.

“Thank you all!”

“Ok, now time for the party!” The DJ turned on the music playing some Nigerian hit songs. “Sing along!”

People sang along with their drinks up as Theodora turned and left.

Ayana looked around the parking lot, she stared inside the cars searching for her friend.

“Hey!”

Her heart skipped as she turned. “God you scared me.”

“You look sexy.”

Karabo hugged her holding her tightly, she sighed inhaling his manly scent.

“Where did you park?”

“Oh, I made a deal with the security guy.” Karabo whispered.

Ayana moved back having goose bumps to that deep lazy voice of his. Karabo smiled his contagious and she couldn't help but smile back. God he was shady and suspicious but nevertheless her hunk. He shrunk his eyes looking at her.

“What?”

Ayana smiled blushing then shook her head.

“Nothing.”

He leaned over and kissed her squeezing her ass in those hot pants. He started breathing heavily then pulled her in between the cars.

“Karabo...”

“Shhh...”

He pulled down her shorts and unzipped his jeans. Ayana's heart pounded as she looked around, Karabo raised her leg and pulled her panties to the side then pointed his dick at her entrance and pushed in. Ayana leaped to her toe as Karabo pushed his hard dick inside her, it felt as if he was tearing her.

"Wait... God!"

Karabo pushed her against his car and gave her the slow strokes with half his dick. Ayana sighed relaxing feeling the pleasure. Her pussy greased his dick then inch by inch pushed his dick inside her with each thrust. Karabo picked her up letting her wrap her legs around his waist then increased his speed, fucking her hard and fast.

Miguel searched around the crowd looking for Anaya, she hadn't arrived yet. His eyes fell on Vince who was sitting with Olerato, Agang had Sarona on his

lap and Ken was now sitting with his wife. He looked over at Colleen who was talking to her former senior school classmates then took out his phone and called her walking to the parking lot.

“Hey...”

He sighed hearing her voice. “Where are you?”

“I have arrived, I am parking.”

“Did they show you your parking space?”

“Yeah.”

“I am coming there.”

Miguel hung up and walked to where Anaya was. He frowned hearing sexual sounds, he paused then proceeded walking, once upon time it was him in his early twenties fucking women in parking lots. He approached the V.I.P parking and smiled staring at Anaya walking over. She had a yellow bikini bra then a wrapper tied loosely just below waist that he could see her yellow bikini panties. Her bouncy hair bounced with each step she took.

He put his hands around her waist kissing her.

“I am sorry, Tatenda is still not around, I was looking for someone who could look after the kids.”

“Did you find her?”

“I had to call our helper.”

“Ok, let’s go.”

He held her waist and walked back to the party.

“Hey Naya...”

Anaya hugged Colleen. “I am sorry I am late.”

“It’s ok.”

The Dj put another hit song and everyone stood up dancing. Miguel turned and looked at Lefa, Agang stared too.

“Relax, you don’t want to cause a scene.”

“He probably gate crushed. You know how this people are.”

“I don’t want him here.”

Miguel walked over and stood before the two brothers.

“What are you doing here?”

Lefa smirked. “What? Can’t handle my presence?”

Miguel laughed. “I don’t have to handle your presence because you are leaving, I am watching you and o tlo swaba, thinking you can stab me and get away with it, better watch it because you are going to regret it, go.”

“Maybe it’s not the fact that I stabbed you that annoys you but rather the fact that I fucked Anaya.”

Miguel chuckled then turned giving Lefa his back. He stared at Anaya laughing with Vince and Saron then swung his fist punching Lefa who landed on the ground. He looked at his brother.

“Take this little piece of shit and get the fuck out!”

Miguel walked away innocently as Ken and Agang stared at him. He put his hand around Anaya pulling her close hugging her from behind then kissed her neck rubbing his dick on her ass.

“Are you good?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

He continued rubbing his hard dick on her ass while talking to Ken. Anaya's blood rushed as she looked at everyone around them as Miguel continued talking innocently while rubbing his dick on her butt.

Lalah stared at her phone for a while then texted him.

Lalah: Should I leave or what?

She waited for a little while staring at her phone hoping for his response, she looked around the crowd and smiled at Ayana who was walking towards her.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing-"

Her phone rang and she quickly answered.

"Go to the parking lot and meet me by my car."

"Ok."

He hung and she smiled putting her phone back in her pocket.

“Look, I have to go.”

“Ok, I am going to be bored, Karabo left.”

Lalah smiled. “Go to Anaya.”

“I think I wil just stay for a little while then leave.”

“Ok, bye.”

They hugged then Lalah walked off. Ayana went towards her sister who was surrounded by her friends.

“Hey Aya...” Sarona greeted then she smiled.

“Hello, Naya I am going.”

“Are you going home?”

“No, I am going with Lalah.”

“Ok, I will call you tomorrow.”

“Ok.”

She smiled at Miguel then walked away.

“So you claim my husband raped you?”

Anaya turned approaching the Porsche and looked at Yaone.

“Please stay away from me.”

“You know it’s funny how you never said anything back then but say it now. Did you tell your sister that Pule used to buy you expensive gifts?”

Ayana unlocked the car. “I am not talking to you.”

“You are cheap Ayana, you want to destroy his life and my question is for what? Are you that sad with your life? You wanted it! You wanted Pule, he didn’t force you into anything. Did you tell your sister that Pule gave you 30k two years ago to just apologize for what happened? Did you? You are a snake and you are so bitter I actually feel sorry for you. You go around screaming Pule was raping you when in actual fact you voluntary opened your legs to him.”

“I am not doing this with you.”

Anaya got in the car then started it and drove off leaving Yaone standing right there. She breathed out angrily then drove headed to Lalah’s house. Ayana drove in and parked in front of Lalah’s room but

behind an unfamiliar car. Slowly, she stepped out and walked past the car staring at the curtain move. She knocked on the door listening closer to the muffled voices inside the room.

“Lalah!”

She listened carefully to footsteps then more muffled sounds.

“Lalah!”

Lalah opened the door with a towel around her body.

“Hey...”

“Who is inside?”

Lalah shook her head. “Can I talk to you tomorrow?”

“Who’s car is that?”

“Ayana please talk tomorrow.”

Ayana pushed Lalah from the door then walked inside the room. Her heart skipped as she stared at the man, with shock she took a step back.

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stilettos

#105

“Ayana can you go!” Lalah pushed her out of the house.

“Is that...?”

“Can you go?”

Ayana looked at Lalah with a look of shock. “Are you... that’s...”

“Leave!”

Lalah opened the car door for Ayana and pushed her in. “I will talk to you tomorrow.”

Lalah closed the door and watched Ayana drive off then walked back inside the house.

“Who was that?”

She looked at the man and smiled. “My friend.”

“Are you sure she won’t say anything?”

“Yeah, she won’t.”

The man smiled then kissed her unwrapping her towel.

Anaya stirred in her sleep feeling Miguel’s dick right on her butt. She slowly opened her eyes then slowly got his hand off her. Miguel pulled her closer still in his sleep and parted her ass cheeks sliding in there till he was buried deep inside her wet sweetness. Anaya moaned softly as he thrust into her lazily. She stuck her butt enjoying every thrust and how he was breathing right on her neck. Enjoying her soft moans, Miguel pulled her closer and squeezed her breast and drilled her. Anaya buried on the pillow feeling herself reach, her orgasm slowly approached lazily curling itself around her. She spasmed whimpering, Miguel held her waist and moved even faster till he froze deep in her and shot his load inside her. He

lazily moved his waist till his dick stopped spewing his cum then finally stopped kissing her neck.

“Hey...” He whispered with a deep sexy voice right in her ear.

Anaya blushed feeling him pull out leaving a trail of his semen then switched on the head lamp.

“Wanna take a shower with me?”

Anaya shook her head and turned to him.

“I have to go and see Seneo, I am undergoing an MRI again.”

Miguel pulled her closer. “I will come with you.”

“Don’t you have a meeting in the morning.”

“My family comes first. What’s happening with Tatenda?” Miguel touched her chin then Anaya sighed.

“I don’t know but she is behaving weirdly and you know how much I trust her with the kids. She told me she was going to Zim but Sarena said she saw her. She wants to quit maybe, I don’t know, I am soo worried. She is reliable and...” Miguel leaned over

and interrupted her with a kiss, Anaya blushed.

“Continue, what do you want me to do?”

Anaya smiled briefly losing concentration then finally continued. “I am going to beg her later today, maybe she wants more money.”

Miguel kissed her again and this time Anaya laughed shyly.

“Stop it, I am going to bath then start preparing.”

“Let’s go.”

He got off bed and picked her up.

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“Mommy, I want to talk to Junior, you promised we would talk to him.”

Anaya looked at Ivy. “I know, daddy will call him today after school then we will all talk to him.”

“Pinky promise?”

Anaya smiled. "Yes, now finish up eating."

She looked at Rethabile and fixed her two huge buns.

"Honey, no touching the hair at school ok?"

"It wasn't me. It was Shawn. He pulled my hair like this..." Rethabile pulled her hair.

"Did you tell teacher?"

"No."

"Ok, next time you tell him not to touch your hair then tell the teacher, right?"

Rethabile nodded and smiled.

"That's my girl."

"Mommy, a boy in our class was rude to Lesedi, I told him to never talk to her like that. He is so annoying."

Anaya smiled. "You and Lesedi are best friends?"

Ivy quickly jumped off her chair and took out a poor drawing from her bag. "I drew this for her."

"That's nice."

“I want to buy her flowers like the ones daddy buy for you.”

Miguel walked in putting on his tie then kissed Ivy’s forehead. “Kids don’t receive big flowers.”

“I am not a kid.”

“Yes you are. Hey baby...” He kissed Rethabile’s cheek and she laughed putting her hands over her face. Anaya admired him secretly as he fixed the tie and took his cup of coffee sitting with his daughters. He always took his time with his kids and gosh, there is nothing more sexier than a man who love his kids and give them undivided attention no matter how busy his schedule can be.

“I am going to put on my shoes.”

She walked to the bedroom where she put on a bit of make-up then fixed her curly bun. Her phone rang as she slipped her feet inside her heels.

“Theodora,”

“Hey, can we meet for lunch, there is something I want to talk to you about.”

“Sounds serious, everything ok?”

“Can we meet?”

“Of cause. I will come by the internet café.”

“Thank you.”

“I didn’t see you yesterday.”

“I came but left earlier.”

“Oh, ok.”

“Bye.”

Anaya hung up and frowned looking at a file on Miguel’s table. She grabbed it but a paper fell, she picked it up opening the file to put it back when another paper in the file caught her attention. She looked at the door then read through while her heart pounded. Miguel opened the door and walked in as Anaya quickly put back the paper and closed the file.

“You had forgotten this.”

“Oh, let’s go.”

He took it from her then put on his jacket and walked out. Anaya followed behind with her mind fixed on

what she had just read.

“Are you ok?”

“Mhmm?”

“Are you sure?”

Anaya smiled. “Yeah.”

They walked inside Miller’s room and looked at him while he lay asleep. Miguel pulled him up with his leg, Miller gasped waking up startled then started crying panicking.

“Miguel kante o ira eng?{what are you doing?} stop it.”

“Ng ng babe, this boy is strong. He is a Mokwena.”

Miller cried even more trying to grasp to something, Miguel laughed then held him properly putting him on his chest.

“I am lying, he is weak.”

Anaya watched him shush his son till he was quiet.

“What were you crying for?”

Anaya rolled her eyes then took Miller in her arms but he quickly slid down and walked out.

“You are scaring my son.”

“Mxm.”

She walked out while Miguel followed behind her laughing.

Theodora drove to Loago’s school trying to think of how she was going to break the news to Anaya. She too still couldn’t believe it, her mother had just dropped the news like bombshell on her. Tears filled her eyes while she thought of how she had slept with her own brother, she didn’t know if ever she would forgive her mother for lying to her and because of that having to have slept with her brother unknowingly.

“Mommy!”

Theodora took a deep breath and looked at her son.

“What is it Loago?”

“Why do I have to sit in the backseat?”

“Because that’s where children sit.”

“But daddy makes me sit in the front sit.”

“Daddy shouldn’t be doing that, I will talk to him.”

“No! I like sitting there. I hate it here. I want to see the road.”

“See the road from there.”

“Mommy, are we going to stay with daddy?”

“No, daddy has a girlfriend.”

“Aunt Stella?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t like her.”

Theodora fixed the mirror and carefully looked at her son. “Why?”

“She makes me wash my plate. And also she makes me sweep the house and makes me fix my room.”

“But there is nothing wrong with that.”

“The teacher said it is abuse.”

Theodora sighed. “Loago, you need to wash your plate. I am going to stop washing your plate.”

“But I get tired.”

“Yes, but you still have to do it.”

Theodora drove inside his school gate and parked by the parking lot.

“Ok, bye. I will come and collect you later.”

“I also don’t like Aunt Stella because Daddy is going to marry her. He gave her a ring.”

Theodora swallowed hard.

“He did?”

“Yes.”

She slowly nodded and took a deep breath. “Ok, you can go.”

Loago kissed his mother’s cheek then jumped off with his bag and small cooler box. She drove away and drove to internet café trying so hard not to call him. Finally she reached for her phone and called

him driving with one hand.

“Theo...”

“Hey, congratulations.”

“Oh, thanks. I was going to tell you. I want Lethabo to be part of the grooms maid.”

“You are having a big wedding.”

“Yeah, this time I just want to do things right and have a big wedding-“ He paused for a second as Theodora remained quiet. “I mean, Stella wants a big wedding.”

“You don’t have to sugar coat anything with me. Why did you never give me a big wedding.”

“You are the one who wanted a small wedding.”

“That’s not true, you said we should have a small wedding as everyone was against us being together.” Her voice shook as she spoke.

Christian sighed. “Ok, I am sorry I never gave you a big wedding.”

“Did you ever love me?”

“Theodora please don’t do this.”

“I want to know. Did you?”

“ Yes. I did.”

“I cheat and infected you, yes but why couldn’t you forgive me if you loved me? I didn’t cheat because I didn’t love you, I was doing it for us, you contract was coming to an end and I was scared that you were not going to get re-hired. We had debts. Why couldn’t you understand things from where I was standing and gave us a chance to work on our marriage?”

“Theodora you can’t expect me to forgive you for infecting me.”

Theodora slowly nodded while tears wet her cheeks ruining her makeup. “No, I didn’t expect you to, I expected you to give us a chance to fix our marriage. You never had faith in our marriage because like your father and the rest of your family you thought I was after your money and that’s why you never gave us a chance to fix things, you never fully loved me that why it was so easy for you to leave me and

that's ok. I am not surprised you never really loved me though, a lot of people said they did when they didn't. I wish you nothing but happiness between you and Stella. I am happy with the fact that she doesn't mistreat Lethabo, she is actually making him a responsible young man. I appreciate her."

"Theodora..."

"Bye."

She hung up and wiped her tears with the back of her hand still driving.

Sarona walked inside her boutique during lunch with her assistant while the each held their lunch, they walked inside her office and sat down eating.

"Bathong Naya Restaurant is thee best. It's like I am eating food from those fancy hotels."

Sarona laughed. "My girl has the best chefs there."

“No wonder that restaurant never runs out of customers. It’s always fully packed.”

“I know.” They continued eating till they were done, the assistant took the takeaway empties and walked out while Sarona’s phone rang.

“Hey,”

“Lunch? I am so bored at work.”

Sarona laughed. “I already ate.”

Colleen chuckled. “I want to get out of the office.”

“Waaii, I ate.”

“I don’t like Sunday parties, today I woke up ke setse ke le mo mooding wa party, ke utlwa Tshepo are heela, tsuga, wa go na lata ko tirong. {I woke up still in the mood for a party, then I heard Tshepo saying I should wake up or else I will be late for work.}”

“C-SKY was fully booked on Saturday, sorry motho’nyana wa modimo.”

“I enjoyed myself, thanks.”

“It’s ok love.”

“I am going to come by your boutique, you still have that beadwork right?”

“Yes, I am thinking of opening a African boutique in Kasane or Maun, I feel like white people like this things.”

“They do.”

“I am excited about this idea.”

“It’s a great idea, let me call Ole, maybe she hasn’t eaten.”

“Ok.”

Sarona put her phone down then stared at her phone for a while before picking it up and calling him.

“Sarona...” He answered with a small voice.

“Hey, where are you?”

“Home, the kids are fine.”

“I know, you sound down. I know you would never rape anyone and I know that I pushed you into sleeping with her. I am sorry.”

Pule sighed. “It’s ok.”

“No, it’s not. I know everyone has turned their back on you, at least you have Yaone but still...” She took a deep breath. “I am sorry.”

“Yaone is not talking to me. She can’t believe she is married to a rapist of a husband.”

“I am sorry, can I come over?”

“You don’t have to.”

“I am coming.”

She hung up then stood up, grabbed her handbag and car keys then walked out. Minutes later, she drove inside the gate and stepped out of the car. She opened the unlocked door and walked inside his house, this was the first time she actually walked in and it wasn’t bad, it was actually beautiful. Pule walked inside his sitting room in his pajama pants clearly looking like someone who had been sleeping.

“Have you bathed?”

“I am not going anywhere.”

“You need to get to work, just because you are the boss doesn’t mean you have to slack, remember,

you are working for your kids. Go and take a bath, I will make you food.”

“Why are you doing this?”

She turned to him putting her handbag down.

“Because you are Mapula and Junior’s father.

Because you made a mistake just like any human being could have done. You are not perfect, Miguel is not perfect, he once raped Anaya and he used to beat her, no one is. Go and bath.”

Sarona walked inside the kitchen then started making him breakfast, 20 minutes later she dished for him. Pule walked inside the kitchen in a suit but with no jacket. She smiled, he smelt good too.

“See, you look more like a human being. Sit.”

Pule sat on the kitchen stool and received his food. He smiled staring at his plate.

“Still have not changed I see.”

Sarona laughed. “Just eat.”

“I truly missed this. Why did you open a boutique instead of a restaurant instead?”

“Clothes bring in more money.”

Pule smiled and started as Saronna washed the dishes she had just used. He finished up eating and washed his plate and cup while She dried the dishes.

Pule looked at her after they were done and smiled.

“Thank you, for having my back.”

“I will always have your back, daddy baby.”

“Why does that sound sexy?”

Saronna laughed. “Sexy? You are losing it.”

Pule looked at her then at her lips. Slowly he leaned over and kissed her. Saronna put her hand on his chest as Pule kissed her. Slowly she pushed him back and smiled moving back.

“She will come around, she loves you.”

She took her handbag and gave him a P200 note.

“Go and fix that beard and hairstyle. Bye.”

She walked out while he stared at her with a smile.

Man why did that feel good?

Marang walked inside her office holding a package that had come for her. She put her bag down and sat down tearing the envelope. She took the papers inside and read through. Angry, she took her phone and dialed Miguel's number but it rang unanswered. She stared at her phone for a moment then received a text.

Miguel: I tried talking to you but you didn't want to listen, I have nothing to discuss with you, my lawyer will keep you updated, get one too if you want.

She stared at the message for a while then tried calling him again but this time the call didn't even go through then she texted him.

Marang: Forget it, if you think you are going to get my son, you are mistaken. You are not going to give my son to Anaya, think again if you think I am just going to let you take my son without a fight. Anaya won't get my son, not my own son. Motho o ka nyela mo ngwaneng waka. Nxla!

She sent the text but it didn't deliver. She copied it then sent on whatsapp. Miguel read it then left it on blue tick.

Marang: I can see you are reading my messages, Anaya is not getting my son, trust me.

She watched him blue tick ity again then finally called him.

“Marang I am at work, you are disturbing me. I don't want to block you.”

“You are not taking my son so that you can play happy families with that woman. That's not going to happen.”

“What do you want from me Marang?”

“I am not giving you my son so that you can give him to Anaya.”

“I am not discussing anything with you, my lawyer will talk to you or even your lawyer.”

Tears filled her eyes. “Miguel you are not getting my son so that you can raise him with Anaya.”

“So it's ok for you to raise him with your white

husband?”

“I don’t love him!”

“Marang stop this.”

“I don’t, I love you Miguel. I tried to stop and I thought I did but the feelings are back. I want you, I don’t want anyone else but you and I can’t accept you with another woman, I can’t stand it, it breaks my heart. Sex doesn’t feel the same, I crave for your touch, for your dominance, for your dick inside me. I want you, I love you. I need you. I don’t think I can be happy with someone who is not you.”

“I love Anaya, stop embarrassing yourself.”

“I don’t care if I am embarrassing myself or not, I love you and you only. I won’t give you my son so you play happy families with my son, the one thing that reminds me of you, the one thing that defines me and you.”

“You sound delusional right now, you sound crazy.”

“I don’t care how I sound. I love you.”

“I am not doing this with you, you are going to bring

my son and trust me, he is going to stay full time with me.” Miguel hung up.

“Wow!”

Marang quickly turned then looked at Bryan holding flowers. She looked in his eyes, he had heard it all. He shook his head sadly and walked out with his flowers. Marang closed her eyes regretfully.

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stilettos

#106

At Tatenda’s house, Anaya knocked on the door staring at her boyfriend’s car. She took a breath waiting then knocked again. The door opened and Tatenda’s boyfriend stepped out.

“Hi, I am looking for Tatenda, I have been trying to call her.”

The boyfriend smiled. "You can come in."

"Thank you."

They both walked inside the house and he gestured she sits on the couch.

"I will go and call her."

Anaya sat down and sighed looking at her watch. Minutes later, the boyfriend walked out with Tatenda.

"Anaya..."

"Hey, I have been calling, your number is not getting through."

Tatenda sat down and looked at Anaya. "I can't work at your house anymore."

Anaya took a deep breath. "Why?"

Tatenda looked at her boyfriend then back at Anaya. "Your house is haunted."

Anaya frowned confused. "What?"

"The last time I was there, things were happening. I saw a shadow, there was something inside and a baby was crying too. The lights were flicking on and

off.”

Anaya chuckled. “What?”

“I saw it with my own eyes, the house is haunted. There was something in the house, all windows opened then... I can't work at your house anymore. I am scared.”

“I don't understand, what do you mean there was something in the house?”

“Yes, I saw it. I can't come back there, I am sorry. You don't have to pay me for this month, it's ok.”

Anaya nodded then stood up. “It's ok, you should have told me this so that I stop running after you. But that's fine, I will give you your full salary plus what I had promised you. You were so good with my kids, they are going to miss you but I will handle it. Take care.”

She walked out and got in her car shaking her head in disbelief, it wasn't just the fact that Tatenda had actually told her something so unbelievable but actually the sincerity in her eyes. She started her car and drove off. Anaya stopped the car by the red

traffic light then her phone rang.

“Anaya Shato, hello?”

“You are speaking to Oshadi, Refilwe’s sister.”

Anaya closed her eyes angrily. “What do you want from me?”

“I want my sister’s company, you and Miguel can’t benefit from her company. I also want her car.”

Anaya laughed driving off. “Your sister’s company? You must be crazy. That company is in her daughter’s name. You can’t get it and never will you.”

“So you are out there using my sister’s daughter to benefit from her company? I see.”

“You are insane.”

“I want my sister’s child and her company together with her car.”

“Let me tell you something, don’t you dare try to mess with me, you don’t know me, you think I don’t know you tried to kill your mother or that you broke into my house and scared my kids, let me tell you something, you are going to be very haunted when I

am done with you.”

“I didn’t come to your house.”

“Oh? Who did you send then? You are going to wish you had died with your sister.”

Anaya hung up parking at Theo Internet Café. She stepped out car with her phone on her ear.

“Ms Shato,”

Anaya smiled. “I would like to report a crime detective, her mother long reported her for attempting to kill her but she ran and no one could find her. Now she is back and harassing me.”

“Ok, that’s a real case I guess.”

“It is but her mother opened a case in Maun.”

“That’s still fine, I will contact the police station there.”

“Thank you.”

Kenneth sat in his office looking at his daughter's pictures, he zoomed in on her face, she was beautiful and looked mostly like Rachel. He tried to look for any features he had that were on her but there was none. Now as he looked at her everyday he actually began to wonder of just what if she wasn't his. A knock on his door had him putting his phone down. He looked at the door as Malvin walked in.

"I am sorry for just coming in."

Kenneth pointed to the chair and Malvin sat down. "My mother told me what happened. I don't know why on earth she would think I would ever sleep with someone's wife or even think I would make a married woman pregnant. I don't want any of this lies to cause rifts in your marriage, I don't even know your wife to that level expect the fact that she is a pastor."

Kenneth carefully looked at him. Malvin smiled.

"That's all I wanted to say and the fact that you are invited to my wedding, I am getting married."

“Congratulations.” Kenneth said still sited. Malvin nodded and walked out. Malvin was light in complexion, just like Renae. He stood up and walked out dialing the pre-school.

Rachel climbed inside her car from the restaurant, she smiled knowing Kenneth would love his lunch. Her phone rang as she reversed.

“Hello?”

“Mrs. Mokwena, Mr. Mokwena is on his way to collect Renae from the school, I tried asking him about-“

“He is coming there?”

“Yes.”

Rachel’s heart skipped as she hung up, she quickly dialed Malvin.

“Hey, I think he believed me.”

Rachel shook her head shaking. “No, he is going to collect her.”

“Maybe he-“

“No! He is going to run the tests. God no...”

“I told you to come with me, we can still elope. He is going to kill you.”

“No, he loves his daughter, he loves her. He won’t hurt me.”

“After you played him for a fool? Think again.”

Rachel hung up sweating wondering what she should do, it was too late to go to the school now, he was probably almost there. She put her hands together crying silently.

“God please...”

Anaya listened quietly as Theodora finished talking. She wiped her tears with the back of her head as

Anaya stared sadly.

“Maybe that’s why things never go well for me, because I slept with my brother.”

“That’s not true, you didn’t know. It’s your mother’s fault. It’s Mokwena’s fault. I won’t sugar coat it. Now about things going wrong in your life, that’s your doing, sometimes it’s the choices we make that lands us in certain situations. We can’t always play blame game, you cheat and ruined your own family, that was all you. But here you are, running this beautiful place. Here you are, still standing. Sometimes it’s not about what you have but what you have fought and won. I am sad that the decisions made by our parents land us as kids in mud but it’s already happened and what’s left is moving on.”

Theodora sighed. “Do you think they will accept you?”

Anaya smiled. “Of cause, why not. Family will always be family. Come what may.”

“I wish I was you, always ready to stand up and dust

myself.”

“Sometimes if you keep lying there waiting for someone to dust you, you will remain lying there. Don’t be that person. I am not perfect, I have my own share of fuck ups.” They both laughed. “But knowing that I can look back and say ‘yah neh, you fucked up right there Naya’ is what keeps me going. I know you are angry right now and God, you have every right to be but don’t let that anger consume you.”

“Thank you.”

Anaya looked around her office and smiled. “This is beautiful.”

“Mxm, Loago wrote on those walls a week ago, I had to get them painted again.”

“How is he?”

“He is fine, his father is getting married. I am sad and bitter, I found myself looking at her pictures a few minutes before you came trying to look for flaws.”

Anaya cracked up laughing. “Hey, it’s normal, I did

that when Miguel married Refilwe. I used to call her ugly because of bitterness.”

“I wouldn’t mind some loving behind everyone’s back.”

Anaya stood up. “Honestly, the forbidden fruit is always the sweetest but not more sweeter than having it all to yourself. I am sad that Refilwe killed herself but I love my man and I am glad she did what she did.”

The two ladies walked out passing customers who were sitting in front of computers till they were in the coffee café where customers sat and chilled. Outside, Anaya unlocked her car and opened the door looking at Theodora.

“Don’t feel bad for being bitter but don’t do it in public or let people know that you are bitter, do it behind closed doors.”

“Mxm, kana o tswana le Kerry Washington a lela a botse molomo. {She looks like Kerry Washington crying with her mouth wide open.}”

Anaya laughed and got in her car. “You are going to

hell, bye. I will call you.”

Theodora smiled and watched Anaya driving off in Miguel’s car.

Pule smiled staring at nothing, his mind was still replaying that kiss. He actually found himself missing her. He took his phone thinking of calling her but then he put his phone away, no, calling her would raise questions. He knew that kiss shouldn’t have happened to begin with but then it felt right.

“Mr. M, a lady is here to see you for the PA post.”
Amber said peaking inside his office.

“Let her in.”

“And please consider hiring her, I can’t keep on playing assistance, I have my own work that needs my attention.”

Pule laughed. “Ok.”

She walked out and seconds later a colored lady walked in. She smiled nervously and walked further inside his office.

“Good afternoon. My name is Sontaga Eugene Montsho.”

Pule smiled. “I wasn’t expecting your name, kante ase gore o le makgoa? Makgoa le bone ke bo Sontaga {Aren’t you white? White people are also called Sonataga?}?”

She laughed as her long curled hair fell on her shoulders.

“You can call me Eugene.”

“I like that better, anyways, sit.”

She sat down and handed him her qualifications. He paged through her CV and finally looked at her.

“A whole engineer degree holder is sitting in my office looking to be an assistant.”

Eugene smiled. “Circumstances push us to applying for anything and everything, sometimes you got to forget you have a degree and do what you can.”

“Wow!”

Eugene sighed. “I have been looking for a job of my qualifications for 7 years and I am still here. I have worked anywhere, in Chinese shops, in Indians shops, at choppies. Today if I fail, I am going to become a soldier. You can put me on probation, I am good with that.”

Pule looked at the beautiful woman before him and sighed sadly, he knew she wasn't the only one.

“You are hired, I know where you are coming from. Do you have a child?”

“Yes, standard 1.”

“Wow!”

She smiled. “Thank you, I am sure today he is not going to sleep. He actually prayed for me last night. I can't believe I have a job.”

“You do, Amber will show you around and-“

Yaone walked in the office and Pule paused staring at her. She looked at Eugene then at Pule.

“You like them young huh?”

“Eugene you can go.”

Eugene stood up and took her bag walking out.

“You are fired! You are not going to work for my husband. When you walk out of this office, make sure you see yourself outside the building.”

Pule looked at Yaone. “So you are going to embarrass me in front of my workers?”

“Are you sleeping with her?”

“Yaone she just came in for an interview, what’s wrong with you?”

“What’s wrong with me is that my husband sleeps with teenagers. He is a pedophile.”

Pule shook his head. “Can you stand with me? I know I am wrong but right now I need your support more than anything.”

“I am not going to support you, what will people say?”

“So our marriage is led by what will people say? I never cared about people when I married you knowing full well you can’t have kids.”

“I am getting transferred.”

Pule chuckled. “Yaone, are you being serious right now? All for something that happened in the past?”

“I need some space Pule.”

“What about the kids?”

“They will stay with their mother. I just need some space to breathe, all this is suffocating me.”

Pule looked at her disappointed. “Ok. It’s ok, do what you want.”

Yaone walked out as Pule rubbed his head with frustration.

Agang drove in his yard later that day and stepped out of the car. He walked towards the door and unlocked it getting inside.

“Daddy!” Aaron rushed to his dad and they fist bumped.

“Hey! Where is mama?”

“Not here.”

The nanny stood before him with her bag.

“I am going. Zoe just slept.”

“Ok, thank you.”

She walked as Aaron ran outside to play, Agang walked to his bedroom and changed before walking to the sitting room, he walked towards the door hearing a knock.

“Oh... hi!”

“Mr. Mokwena, I-“

“No, call me Agang, what’s your name again? Ithuteng?”

“No, Ipeleng. I was wondering if you can help me with physics if you are not busy, mama said she will pay you.”

“No, you don’t have to pay me, I can always help you for free.”

She smiled. “We can start tomorrow, is that fine with

you?”

“Yes. That will be fine.”

She smiled nervous. “Uh, can I use your bathroom?”

Agang moved from the door. “Yeah, go down the hall, the first door on your right.”

“Thank you.”

She walked away and came back a minute later with a smile on her face.

“Thank you.”

Detective Kenule looked at the file she had in front of her for more than 20 minutes with a straight face. She stood up and went over to her board and connected one last dot. An officer walked in as she looked at her board.

“Still thinking the house burning was planned?”

“Yes but this time around, not by the other woman. She doesn’t know.”

“So someone else did it? Maybe she does have enemies.”

“No. I want to see those reports from the forensics again. The detective reached for the documents and went through them.

“See! This is not correct. This report says something totally different from what happened. The fire was too much. Everything burned. The forensics couldn’t have found anything. Thing is that, even if they did, they can’t be sure it was the deceased and her son. The house burnt straight to the ground, what was found was believed to have been the deceased and her son, just an assumption because of everything that pointed she was inside the house. But no one is really sure she was.”

The officer looked at her confused.

“No one tested any of this, the report was filed by an officer who surprisingly quit just after the fire happened. It says there were tests done to verify

that indeed it was the victim but thing is, nothing was ever done by the forensics as this case was closed immediately after two days of the incident.”

“What are you trying to say? That you think she is not dead?”

“No, I know she is not. She is somewhere watching from the sidelines. The fire got too much, her son started crying and she panicked, took her son and ran through the back door.”

The detective looked at her board and shook her head.

“Nice one Refilwe... nice one. Question is... where are you?”

Detective Kenule made a question mark on the board.

Theodora stopped her car by the red traffic light with her windows rolled down, she took her phone and

unlocked it while a driver in the car besides hers rolled down his window looking at her.

“Put that phone away, I will arrest you!”

Theodora looked up and stared at the driver, she smiled staring at him in a suit while driving a BX.

“Sorry!”

He smiled his Colgate smile. “I am still going to charge you. What’s your name?”

“Theodora.”

“Theodora, Motheo is going to arrest you.” The traffic light changed then Theodora slowly eased her car driving forward.

“I want your number.”

She smiled then gave it to him before closing her window driving off with a smile.

Sarona walked inside her house exhausted and smiled staring at Agang concentrated on the football game. She walked over and kissed his cheek

standing in front of him.

“Babe wait...” He pushed her aside gently keeping his eyes on the TV.

She turned to the TV watching the game for a few seconds in confusion. A player scored and she looked over at Agang.

“Did you score baby?”

Agang looked at her and smiled. “No, we are losing.”

“Sorry. I am going to take a bath and start preparing food, where is Aaron?”

“Playing with the baby.”

“Please don’t tell me you locked them inside the room.”

Agang looked at her and laughed. “I did that only once.”

She shook her head and walked to her bedroom. Humming, she undressed then made her way to the bathroom. She paused staring at a used condom on the floor with some panties. Her heart pounded as she stared at the condom and panty for a minute

and finally walked out. She started searching the bedroom, she wasn't sure of what exactly she was looking for but there was something. Agang walked in and frowned.

"What's going on?"

Sarona marched to the bathroom angrily and came back with a used condom.

"You tell me what's going on."

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stiletto

#107

Agang looked at Sarona fuming then at the condom.

"Babe are you serious right now?"

"Do I look like I am joking?"

"Even if I was cheating, why on earth would I leave a

condom where you can see it? How stupid is that?"

Sarona looked at the condom then at him as tears filled her eyes. "Agang..."

"Babe, I swear, I am not cheating neither am I bringing whores inside our house. I love you and I have proved that over and over again. I am not going to ruin our family for some whore."

Agang carefully looked at the condom and laughed. "Our neighbors daughter did come though, she said she needs help with physics. She asked to use the bathroom and I guess that's where she planted this."

Sarona breathed heavily. "Why should I believe you?"

"Because I vowed to be faithful and honest to you. Because I respect our marriage and our house. Because I respect my kids too to be bringing whores in their presence."

Sarona carefully looked in his eyes and sighed. "Ok, I am coming."

She went back to the bathroom where she came with the panties and walked out going to her

neighbors house. She walked through the open gate and knocked on the door.

“Sarena...” Her neighbor said with a smile. “You know your husband helped me when my car was having problems.”

“And I am starting to regret it. Your daughter came to my house earlier on and disposed this in my bedroom so that my husband and I can fight.” She held up the condom and panties.

Her neighbor frowned staring at the panty. “That’s Ipeleng’s panty.”

Sarena sighed with relief. “Please warn your daughter, I don’t want to see her feet in my yard, if she wants help with her school she should go to a tutor. I don’t want to talk a lot, please talk to your daughter. When it comes to my man, I will go loco, she shouldn’t try me.” She put the condom and panties down then walked away.

“And?” Agang said as soon as she walked back inside the house.

She smiled embarrassed. “What did you want me to

think?”

“You could have trusted me.”

“I am sorry.” She mumbled walking past him. She arranged her bedroom then her phone vibrated from the bed. She reached for it and answered unbuttoning her blouse.

“Hello?”

“Sarona, ke mmago. {It’s your mother.}”

Sarona froze with a pounding heart.

“Sarona, o teng ngwanaka? Sarona kare ke mmago. {Are you there my child? Sarona I said it’s your mother.}”

“Mama...”

“Ehe, I have been meaning to call, but I didn’t know if I should or not after everything that happened. I am dying and I know I can’t die till I talk to you. I am sorry I never believed you or that I never took any action to protect you. I should have stood with you when you needed me. I know forgiving me...” She coughed. “I know forgiving me will probably never

happen but one day please please find it in your heart to forgive me, it will set you free from all the pain you carry. I wasn't the best parent to you but I know you are the best parent to your kids. That's all I wanted to say."

Sarona cried silently, not once had she ever dreamt hearing this words from her mother, matter of fact, she had just canceled out her mother and carried on with her life as if she was dead.

"You ruined my life."

"Ke kopa maitswarelo ngwanake, ke dirile poso. {I am sorry my child, I made a mistake.}"

Sarona chuckled crying. "You knew what was happening to me, you heard me cry night after night."

"Ke kopa maitswarelo. {I am asking for forgiveness.}"

"Why?"

"I was scared, scared of being a failure and scared that if I said anything then you and I would end in the

streets. But I shouldn't have done that. I should I have went in the streets rather than sacrificing you. Sarena I am sorry I should have been a better parent to you."

The call cut and Sarena covered her face crying, the pain felt fresh, she wondered about the child she had thrown in the pit latrine, had that child made it? And she did, where was she? Sometimes she wondered what she would do if the clock had to be reversed. She stood up and walked to the bathroom where she took off her clothes and stood under the shower crying as the water washed down her tears.

Colleen rubbed her hands together staring at the pregnancy test. She stood up looking away and paced around her bedroom before peaking at the pregnancy test again. A smile slowly began at the corner of her lips as she stared at the two deep red lines. She reached for her phone and called her

husband.

“Babe, I am about to meet the client.”

“I am pregnant.”

“What?”

“I am pregnant.”

“Really?” The excitement from his voice wasn’t hard to miss.

“Yes, I just checked. I am pregnant.”

“Yes!!

Colleen laughed.

“Babe we are going to have a child!”

“I know, I am carrying the baby.”

“I am coming there tomorrow.”

Colleen smiled. “I will wait.”

“Thank you.”

“You are always welcome.”

“I love you, I will call you later? How are you feeling?”

Do you feel sick? I can arrange to come back tonight.”

“Tshepo I am fine, just pregnant, not sick.”

“Are you sure? Do you want me to come back?”

“No, finish there then come.”

“Ok, I love you so much, you have made me the happiest man on earth.”

“I love you more.”

“Ok, bye.”

She hung up and sighed with pure happiness. She rubbed her flat stomach with a smile, she just knew this time it was going to be different. She had a loving man by her side, a man prepared to do anything for her. He loved her, he loved her daughter as his own. She rubbed her tears then stood up and walked to the girl’s room where they were playing a puzzle lying on their bed.

“Hey guys...”

“We are about to finish mommy.” Peo said concentrating on the game. Colleen smiled looking

at the sisterly bond they had.

“We are going to have a baby!”

Peo and Angel quickly turned to her. “We are?”

“Yeah, we are!”

They jumped off the bed looking at her flat stomach. Angel touched her belly.

“The baby is inside here?”

Colleen nodded smiling. “Yes, the baby is inside here.”

“When are we going to get him?”

“After a long while Peo, we are going to wait for him to grow in here then we will take the bay.”

The girls touched her stomach chatting between themselves.

“We will call him Thabiso or Thabile. We have twins in my class, they are Thabiso and Thabile.” Peo said with a smile.

“Can we call her Penelope mommy?”

Colleen sat on the bed watching her girls trying to find the rightful name for their sibling.

Anaya lay on the couch with the girls watching their favorite series. They all smiled as their favorite couple kissed.

“Mommy, do you think she is going to die?”

Anaya looked at Ivy. “I don’t know but I doubt.”

Rethabile snuggled closer and yawned watching.

The trio watched for a while more then the episode ended. Ivy sighed.

“Mommy, can we get more episodes?”

“This season is finished, we have to wait for the other season to be released.”

“She is going to be shot then she dies.”

Anaya laughed. “She won’t be shot, she is smart.”

“That evil man is going to do something bad to her.”

Anaya looked at Rethabile who was already sleeping. She carefully stood up with her and walked with her to bed bedroom where she lay her on the bed and tucked her in. Ivy walked in yawning.

“Mommy, are we ever going to see Jay? He said his mom is refusing.”

Anaya held her hands and smiled. “Yes, daddy is doing everything so that he comes.”

“Will he stay with us forever?”

“Yes but sometimes he will go and see his mom.”

Ivy smiled and hugged her. “I love you mommy.”

“I love you more sweetie, get in bed.”

She crawled on the bed and got under the blankets.

“Lesedi’s mom doesn’t want me being friends with Lesedi but Lesedi and I said we won’t tell her that we are friends.”

“Why doesn’t Lesedi’s mom want you being friends with her?”

Ivy shrugged. "I don't know. Lesedi doesn't know."

Anaya kissed her forehead. "Ok, well don't be caught. Maybe one day Lesedi's mom will see that you and Lesedi are really good friends."

Anaya kissed Rethabile then walked out closing the door behind her. She walked to Miller's room and found Miguel holding his son to the chest lying on the couch. Anaya slowly picked Miller up and put him in his cot then shook Miguel.

"Babe, wake up."

Miguel opened his eyes then smiled staring at Anaya.

"Let's go and sleep." She whispered.

They both walked out and went to their bedroom.

"I spoke to Marang today."

"What did she say?"

"She is still refusing but that's not an issue, soon he will be here with us. She said she loved me."

"I know she does."

Miguel raised a brow. "You do?"

“Yes, I just feel sorry for her. I hope she doesn’t ruin the good thing she has with that man over you because trust me, this time I am not going anywhere. I love you, somehow I am grateful for everything that happened, now we know it all and have learned the biggest lesson of all time.”

Miguel picked her up then she wrapped her legs around him giggling.

“I love you Mrs. Mokwena.”

“I love you, Mr. Mokwena.”

She kissed him as he gently lay her on the bed getting on top of her.

“I saw your will.” She whispered against her lips. “I didn’t mean to read it but... I know writing a will is the smartest thing to do, we don’t know what tomorrow will bring but... I don’t want anything happening to you.”

Miguel smiled and whispered to her. “I know you read it and nothing is going to happen to me but just in case, you and our kids won’t suffer.”

Anaya blushed. "You are great father."

He pushed her legs apart. "I know right?"

Anaya laughed burying her face on his shoulder.

Miguel kissed her holding her hands above her head.

"I want to try something... you trust me right?"

She looked in his eyes and nodded.

"Yes, completely."

"Good. It's going to be a little different but you will love it."

Anaya nodded while her body reacted to his voice.

He took her night dress and panties off then pushed both her legs to her shoulders exposing her

completely. Anaya breathed heavily as he buried his face there muffing her. She moaned unable to move

as Miguel ate her, sucking and licking till she was vibrating. Her eyes rolled to the back while she came around his face.

"Hold your legs, if you let them go, I going to tie you like that."

Anaya held her legs on her shoulders then Miguel

put his mouth back on her sensitive clit pushing a finger inside her. She whimpered as he started again, driving her to the edge till she was shaking and sweating. Anaya tightened her muscles to hold it in but her body was not in her control anymore. Tears surfaced as she came again. Miguel pushed his pants down and his dick sprung out landing on her pussy hitting her clit. Anaya held her legs not wanting to let go. Miguel rubbed his dick on her pussy and looked at her.

“You trust me right?”

She nodded ready for anything.

Rachel sat on the bed waiting for Kenneth with a pounding heart. He still was not yet back with Renae. She wondered what the verdict was, was he going to leave her or kill her. She put her hands together in a praying manner and closed her eyes.

“Father I am a sinner, I have wronged you and people who I love. I am backed up in a corner and I don’t know what to do or who to turn to but I leave it all in your hands. Take control of the situation, protect my daughter and I. We have no one but you. “ Tears filled her eyes and dropped to her cheeks. “Please keep my daughter safe wherever she is, keep my husband safe. I love him so much, I have wronged him and he didn’t deserve it, please give him the strength to deal with the storm coming his way. If I am not meant to be with him, please bless him with a good woman. Amen.”

She stood up and broke down crying. He wasn’t going to forgive her, that she knew. Her phone rang and she jumped answering.

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Lone.”

“Hey...”

“Are you ok?”

“I think he found out. I am scared.”

“Kenneth?”

“Yes.”

“He is not violent so he will probably let you go.”

“I love him, I don’t want to lose him, he is my only family.”

“No, he is not. You have your daughter now too. You will never be alone.”

“He is going to divorce me.”

Rachel heard the main door opening then closing.

“He is here.”

“Call me and tell me how it went.”

She hung up and waited. Kenneth walked in seconds later with his daughter. Her hair was done and she was holding balloons.

“Mama!” She screamed, Rachel walked towards her and took her in her arms hugging her tightly. She looked at Kenneth wondering what he was thinking.

“Malvin came to my office earlier on.”

Rachel swallowed hard holding her daughter tightly.

“And he said he doesn’t even know you that much to have slept with you. Matter of fact, he even invited us to his wedding and apologized for his mother’s doings. It’s been bothering me how everyone can see that this child looks nothing like me. At first I didn’t want to see what they were seeing but I actually started seeing it. She is too light.”

Tears ran down Rachel’s cheeks like an open tap.

“She looks nothing like me. I ran DNA tests today, matter of fact, I asked Vince to make sure I receive my results today.” He held out the envelope for her and she hesitantly took it and sat down on the bed with Renei opening it. She slowly read and broke down into a loud sob crying. Renae looked at her mother as she cried.

“Mama...”

Rachel put her down and covered her face with her hands crying. Kenneth stared at her disappointed in himself and hugged her.

“I am sorry babe. I should have trusted you.”

Rachel cried harder wetting his chest while Renae watched tearfully.

“I promise, no more doubting you.”

Rachel nodded failing to control her sobs, she couldn't believe it, Renae was his. She silently thanked God.

Yaone went through her wedding pictures sitting in her car, it had been seven years and Pule still did all the things he did when they first met. He had accepted that she couldn't give him kids and never pressured her on it. He let her raise his kids as if she had given birth to them and his kids loved her as if she were their mother. Yaone picked her phone and called her Aunt.

“Yaya...”

Yaone smiled. “Aunty,”

“What's wrong? I know you only call when something

is wrong.”

Tears filled her eyes. “I need your input.”

“What is it? Talk to me.”

“Pule did something long ago, something so horrible. People found out days back and they have shunned him. I am embarrassed too, and I don’t know what to do. People are going to say I am staying with a man who-“

“Hold it right there, people? So you do things to please people?”

“I don’t want to seem as if I support what he did.”

“When you married that man, you vowed to always love him, through thick and thin. Didn’t you?”

“I did but-“

“No buts my girl. Or did you say that to please people? Did you marry him to please people?”

Yaone shook her head. “No.”

“Exactly, you said all that because you loved him. Let me tell you something, that mentality of what will

people think is the reason most people are unhappy. People will always talk, either you are doing bad or good, people will always have something to say. They will always have something to talk about. If you live for people you will never be happy. You have also turned his back on him because you are trying to please people who don't even pay your rent or contribute anything to your life. Tomorrow when you are miserable and alone, those people won't be there comforting you but they will be talking. As usual. Today Theodora is not speaking to me, I did something back then because I was afraid of what people would say and today my only daughter is not on speaking terms with me and they are not there. It's been two years now and I haven't seen her, don't live that life. Years to come, you will regret it. A man love a woman with a stand, a woman who would stand with him, a dependable woman and when you prove otherwise, he will leave and find someone with those features."

Yaone wiped away her tears. "There is this girl... she is beautiful and she was at his office."

“See? Yes, he may have done something horrible, I am not going to ask you to tell me because sometimes marriage affairs are not meant for everyone, stand with him because you are his wife. He is the head, you are the neck. You need each other.”

“Thank you.”

“It’s ok my girl, how is your mother?”

“Mama is still mama.”

“And your sister?”

“She is fine, she got a job at the safari.”

“That’s good.”

“I will talk to Theodora if you want.”

“No my baby, it’s ok. She will come around, she has every right to behave that way. I caused a lot of damage in her life by what I did. She is hurt and broken. She will come around.”

“Thank you.”

“Bye.”

Yaone hung up and stepped out of the car. She got in her house and was immediately met by a mouth watering aroma. She could hear her kid's voices from the door as they laughed. With slow strides, she made her way to the kitchen where he found Mapula cooking with his father while Junior cut tomatoes.

"Mommy we are cooking."

Pule briefly looked at her then back at his pot stirring.

"Yeah, we are."

"That's nice Mapula."

She looked at Pule who was ignoring her then smiled putting her handbag down. "I will help." She pulled back her sleeves then got the chopping board from Junior. The family cooked together then an hour later, Yaone dished as Pule and the kids cleaned up.

"Guys, you can go and set up the table." She said finishing up. They both walked out then she looked at him.

"I am sorry."

Pule looked at her for a while then hugged her kissing her forehead. "I knew you would come around."

She held him tighter. "They are angry right now but I am sure they will come around. If they don't then you will have me."

Pule smiled staring at her. "I love you."

"I love you too."

They walked out with the plates and sat down eating as a family.

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stiletto

#108

Marang stared at Bryan as he worked on a painting, she didn't even know where to start or what to even say.

“Can we talk?”

Bryan raised his head and looked at her.

“What do you want? I have spoken to my lawyer.”

“I am sorry for what you heard.”

“The truth?”

“No, I just said it because I don’t want him to take my son.”

“You said you don’t love me and that you love him. I am not stupid Marang, all this... it’s not working if you are not happy. I love you but if you don’t feel the same then I am going to have to find someone who loves me as much as I love them. I really thought by now we would be at a comfortable stage but I guess with you still wanting your ex who clearly doesn’t want you we will never get to that stage.”

“I don’t want Miguel. He feels big when I say things like that and that’s why I said it. I just want to keep my son, I don’t want him, matter of fact, I never loved him to begin with. it was just wild sex and that’s all.”

Bryan chuckled with disbelief. “I actually can’t

believe this.”

“Believe it. I love you, why on earth would I still want someone I last slept with over ages ago? It’s just that as a mother, I am bound to do anything for my child. He sent me this...” She gave him the envelope.

“I just want to be able to keep my son.”

“So you tell him you love him then he will just let it go?”

“Yeah.”

“You must think I am a fool.”

“Well, if you want to leave me, it’s ok Bryan. I mean, this is our first fight and you are already talking divorce. It’s not that I cheat on you which I could because I am sexually starved.”

“What?”

“Yes, so go ahead and leave me. I am not going to beg you. You barely make me cum, I never cum with you, I have to pretend and I have been pretending for two years now. You don’t do four play, you don’t take your time knowing my body and what it needs. You

only do what benefits you. There is nothing wrong with a small dick but you should know how to use it. With you it's like I am having sex with a kid. And when I am beginning to enjoy myself, you cum. I don't know what makes you think I am satisfied because I am never satisfied. I have been masturbating for a long time to get to that place I have to reach because you just can't take me there. It's annoying so leave if you want. I am done with this conversation. I will take care of my son and I."

Marang walked out of his painting room as her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hi, it's Mia."

"Oh hey! How are you?"

"I am fine, it's Cyniah party on weekend and I thought I could invite the good doctor who saved her father twice."

Marang smiled. "I will try to come."

"You should, Jarule will be so happy to see you."

“You got back together?”

“We got married.”

“That’s great. Just keep him out of trouble.”

“I will, thank you so much.”

“I was just doing my job.”

“You did more than your job, we will forever be grateful.”

“Thanks.”

“Bye.”

Marang hung up and walked in her son’s room. Jay turned to look at her looking up from his book.

“I want to talk to daddy, you said I would speak to him yesterday.”

“Daddy is busy Jay.”

“He is not busy, I know him. Why do you hate him so much?”

“Jay...”

“You hate him! You hate Ivy’s mom, you hate

everyone. I don't like you!"

"Junior weh! Ke tla go betsa. {I will beat you.}"

"I don't care! I wish you were not my mother!"

"What did you just say?"

Tears flooded Lethabo's face as he spoke to her. "I wish you were not my mother. I wish Anaya was my mother. She loves everyone, she doesn't stop me from talking to daddy, she loves me. I hate you because you hate me and that's why you won't let me speak to my father."

Marang took a step back staring at him crying.

"Lethabo, I am your mother. You only have one mom and that's me."

"No! You are not my mother anymore. I want to go back, I don't want to stay here with you anymore because you are evil."

"Junior..."

"I hate you!" He screamed crying. "I hate you! You are a bad person like Quinsy's mother!"

She got more weak as he screamed then turned and

walked out. She sat in her bedroom on the bed and covered her face crying silently. Her own son hated her, he loved another woman. The door opened and Bryan walked in. He sat beside her and pulled her in his arms.

“He is just being a child, you should let him be with his father. When I was his age, my parents had separated and my mother took in me and Ryan. She would refuse for us to go and see him, sometimes he would come and we would wave at him through the window because my mother would be refusing. Don’t be that parent because till today, I still despise my mother for doing that to us. She was using us for her own personal fights. Let him go to his father.”

She looked at him and nodded.

“I am sorry that you are sexually unsatisfied, I have always known I had a problem but when you didn’t say anything I thought I was fine, I thought you were happy with our sex life. I love you and I know what sexual frustration can do to someone. I am glad you never thought of cheating on me, I am going to get help, for us. And you are right, I can’t be screaming

divorce in our first fight. I love you.”

“Me too.”

Lone and Rachel sat on the garden chairs at Lone’s backyard staring at her beautiful sweet smelling colored garden late in the morning.

“Wow! This is beautiful.”

“I know, I really worked hard to achieve this.”

“You should open a flower shop.”

“I am going to, I am just looking for funding to start gardening on a bigger area.”

“You can talk to Anaya, you know she loves investing.”

“I know she does and she will probably love the idea because she loves money but I don’t like her. I never did.”

Rachel looked at her and laughed. "Wow!"

"I know, she is not a bad person, she is nice and kind and fierce but I still don't like her. Nothing personal. I will forever dislike her. Her daughter is friends with Lesedi, at first I really wanted that friendship to end but now I am just going to let it be, this days Lesedi is passionate about her school work because of Ivy."

"She is still slow?"

"Yeah but it's because she has dyslexia. I really thought she was just stupid till her teacher sent me an email explaining her condition last night. I guess it's a thing so I have to start giving her more attention."

"We have a worker who has dyslexia, she is our graphic designer. I can talk to her so that you guys can talk, she is slow but very smart."

"You can do that. You must be happy."

Rachel sighed with a smile. "I truly believed that maybe he was infertile, I was so scared."

"He must be happy too, now nothing anyone will say

will make him think otherwise.”

“I know. No more cheating.”

“Bame has a child out there.”

“He cheat?”

“No. She is 12. He said when he found out she was pregnant, he found out she was cheating. After the baby was born, DNA tests were ran and they proved she wasn’t his child. Now this woman showed up ten years later claiming the child is his. Bame has been supporting her behind my back.”

“Why didn’t he tell you when he found out?”

“Can you believe he says he was scared?”

“That was wrong, he wasn’t transparent but what if he truly was just scared? Your reaction to the whole matter now is what he was scared of.”

“What if she is not his? I mean who on earth surfaces after ten years of saying the child is yours now when back then the child wasn’t his?”

“He wronged you but this woman was probably praying Bame was still single and she is

disappointed he is married. Now she is probably smiling knowing you are fighting. Sometimes marriage is about forgiveness.”

“What if he was sleeping with her?”

“He is still your man. Now that he let you in what’s going on, handle it like a woman of class. Don’t enter screaming contests with her, take it like a lady.”

Lone’s phone vibrated from beside her and she took it.

+13622 FNB P10 000 has been paid into your savings pocket...295263 @ cellphone banking. Ref.Bame.

Her phone immediately rang and she answered.

“Hi...”

“That is for buying the seeds and the flowers. I have secured a land for the garden, I will come and collect you so that you can come and see.”

Lone smiled. “Thank you.”

“I love you, I will talk to you later.”

He hung up then Lone looked at Rachel.

“I guess we are moving forward.”

“See, now you should accept that child, she is yours too.”

Lone sighed thoughtfully.

Theodora stepped out of her car in a halter cut out bodycon dress and white sneakers. She locked her car walking inside the internet café. She stopped the reception and smiled.

“Hey...”

“Hi, a package came for you early in the morning.”

“Mine?”

“Yes.”

The receptionist handed her a single rose with a note.

“Thanks.”

Theodora made her way to her office and opened the note.

‘I am still going to have you charged. Maybe over dinner? Motheo.’

She smiled and sat down, her phone rang and she answered.

“Hi,”

Theodora smiled even more. “Where did you get my number?”

“I have my ways. So, dinner?”

“Who are you?”

“Just a rural boy from Molepolole.”

“What do you work as?”

Motheo laughed. “I am just a driver.”

“Who do you drive?”

“Someone high in the government hierarchy, dinner?”

“I have a child, a boy.”

“So do I. a girl. Complete family don’t you think?”

Theodora laughed. “Nope, I am sick.”

“So? You take your meds accordingly right?”

“Yes. My viral load is low.”

“Perfect. Dinner?”

She smiled smelling the rose. “Ok.”

“Ok, so we can go out or just stay indoors, whatever you want, I am done for it.”

“I want to go for a long drive.”

“I am also down for that too. What time can I come and pick you up?”

“Five-ish.”

“Ok, I will be there.”

“Bye.”

She hung with a huge grin then quickly texted Christian before putting her phone away.

Ayana sipped on her drink during her lunch break then took out her phone and called Lalah.

“Aya...”

“What is going on?”

Lalah laughed. “With what?”

“That old sexy man, gosh he is a dzaddy, where did you meet him?”

“Somewhere somewhere, he is so hot, and that grey hair... Jesus!”

“No wonder you have been keeping him a secret.”

“He is a catch, he lost his wife five years ago. I can’t believe I am actually saying this but God brought this man for me.”

“How old is?”

“62.”

“He looks 45 only with the grey hair.”

“His game is that of a twenty five year old. Ayana that man can fuck. He will fuck you throughout the night, till you feel as if your pussy is falling to the ground. I never knew I could squirt till I met him.”

“I love him already, he looks like your type.”

“He is. He is relocating to France and yours truly is going. I will be living in Paris. Bonjour, comment vas-tu?”

“Friendooooo!”

“I don’t play. His daughter hates me but she likes it or not, I am going to be her step mother.”

“I am happy for you.”

“I am too, he is going to buy me a car. My favorite car.”

“This old man is the one.”

They laughed.

“He is, he still wants to keep our relationship lowkey as he secures a certain deal first.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell a single soul.”

“Thanks.”

Ayana frowned staring at Refilwe passing her. She put her drink down putting her phone in her pocket and ran after her. She grabbed her elbow turning her then laughed.

“Wow! The resemblance is truly uncanny.”

Oshadi stared at her confused. “Excuse me?”

“You are Refilwe’s sister aren’t you?”

Oshadi tried running but Ayana grabbed her. “Where do you think you are running to?”

“Who are you?”

“Anaya’s sister.”

Fear reflected in her eyes. “Look, I am sorry about what happened inside her house but I told them not to then they did. It was my friend who came up with the idea to scare Anaya so that she can give me my sister’s company.”

Ayana laughed. “So you had people break into my

sister's house?"

"It wasn't me."

"If you mess with my sister or come anywhere near her kids, that includes Rethabile, I will have you killed and thrown in a ditch where no one will ever find you. Try me and you will see, I will go down any dirty road for my sister."

"I am sorry."

"Tell your friend she should be careful."

Oshadi ran off as Ayana shook her head and took her phone from her pocket then dialed Anaya.

"Aya, I am getting in a important meeting."

"I bumped into Refilwe's sister, she broke into your house."

"I know, she is going to jail. Can you believe she even made Tatenda believe the house is haunted."

Ayana laughed. "I saw her a while ago and I thought Refilwe was alive."

"She is dead that one. Don't worry about Oshadi, I

spoke to her parents in the morning and I think Rethabile's grandmother went to the police. Oshadi is going to jail, busy demanding Refilwe's hard earned business."

"Who is running the business?"

"Miguel has someone running it. It's for Rethabile, every cent her mother had will go to her."

"That's good."

"I have to go, and yes... I heard you are married, Mrs. David."

Ayana laughed nervously. "You were taking long."

"I am sorry, in five months time, I would be married, you can have yours then."

"Thank you."

"Bye."

Anaya hung up as Ayana walked back to her drink. She took it and walked back inside the hospital from the outdoor sipping.

At Naguel Investments, Anaya walked inside the boardroom in a royal blue custom made suit and killer heels then smiled briefly at the room full of men, she sat down and looked at them.

“Good afternoon gentlemen, we can start.”

“We were supposed to meet with Mr. Mokwena.” A man said and Anaya looked at him with her hands on the table.

“Did he send you to stand in for him? We needed him specifically.”

“No, you are meeting with me, Ms Shato. This is my company and you will only meet with me. Now can we get back at the matter in hand, perhaps if you are not comfortable, take road and make dust quietly, do not disturb me. I hate disturbance.”

“Do you even know what you are doing? No offense, but we need someone who-“

“You need a man? Because he is more

understanding?” She asked calmly with a straight face. “You are so backward I don’t know what you are doing here. I run this business and a lot more, I can buy your entire life, that’s just how important I am. I am a woman yes but I know and understand more than you understand and know. You are here, in my bulding, sitting on my chair drinking my water, that should tell you a lot. And maybe next time you would like to buy a real rolex not that fake thing on your hand.”

The man swallowed and looked down embarrassed.

“Anything else? The door is open.”

No one said anything.

“Right! Back to business.”

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The meeting ended and the men walked out expect one who walked up to her and shook her hand.

“I think I am going to love doing business with you.

You are focused, I like that.”

Anaya smiled. “Thank you.”

“And I like how you put that asshole in place. You are a role model to a lot, keep it up.”

He walked out as Anaya packed her things and made her to the parking lot and drove to OsWorld.

She found Kelly waiting for her then laughed.

“Kelly...”

“Aratwa drives the company car?”

They both walked inside her office laughing.

“Yeah, she doesn’t like the driver.”

“I never drove a car.”

“O batla eng Kelly? {What do you want Kelly?}”

They both sat down as Kelly handed her an envelope with a cheque. Anaya took out the cheque and frowned.

“What is this?”

“I managed to save what you borrowed me.”

“I don’t want it back.”

“No, I want to give it back. You helped me when I needed help and I am repaying you.”

“It’s ok, how is work?”

“Work is fine, I think my boss is going to promote me.”

“Good luck.”

“Yeah.” Kelly leaned back on the chair putting her legs on Anaya’s table. “It’s good being friends with your boss’s boss’s boss. The big boss.”

Anaya laughed. “Stop it! Put your feet down. Let’s go, last time you stole my stapler.”

Kelly laughed. “Anaya you had four staplers on your table.”

“Ng ng, let’s go. You are a small time thief.”

The cordless phone rang and Anaya answered.

“Yes?”

“Boss lady, please come down here.”

“Everything ok?”

“Yes.”

“I am coming.”

She pulled Kelly up from her sit and together they walked insisde the elevator.

“I won’t leave you alone so you can steal.”

“Anaya I am not a thief.”

“I don’t trust you.”

The elevator doors slid open and they stepped out laughing. Anaya walked over to the reception.

“What is it?”

“Ms Shato?”

Anaya turned to a delivery man holding a huge bouquet of roses, each wrapped with money. She laughed as some money fell. Workers stopped taking their phones out taking videos.

“He never gets tired.”

Anaya laughed even more. “Nope, he doesn’t, is this

even still a thing.”

“Money is always a thing.” The delivery guy said smiling. Anaya took the fresh smelling flowers smiling as more workers stopped staring while recording.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the world, a woman walked inside her house escaping the cold outside. She took a deep breath taking off her coat and walked to the sitting room where her son was with the nanny.

“Oh, Ms Givens, you are back.”

The woman smiled staring at her son. “Yes, thank you for looking after him. I told you, call me Samantha.”

“Ok Samantha, bye Quinton.”

Quinton smiled waving. The nanny walked out as Ms Givens smiled staring at her son’s drawing, he was

actually talented.

“Mommy, when are we going back home?”

“This is our new home sweetie.”

“What about daddy and our other family?”

“You will see Daddy when you are older, right now we have to stay here, remember, if we go to daddy, something bad will happen.”

“I don’t want anything bad happening to him.”

“I also don’t. We will stay here.”

“Ok.”

Her son turned back to his drawing as Ms Givens walked to her bedroom where she took her phone and called a certain contact.

“Hey...”

“Hi, thank you. I received the pictures.”

“It’s ok, we have been friends for ages. I would do anything for you, now I am glad you have a fresh start.”

“Me too, bye.”

“Be careful. This time around I won’t be there to pull you out of a burning house.”

She laughed. “I will be very careful, thanks.”

She hung up then sighed sitting down opening the pictures her friend had sent her. she looked at her daughter while tears blurred her eyes. If only she could take back the hands of time, she would have reacted differently, she would have just left and started anew without needing to hide. She looked at her daughter in the arms of another woman while pain slashed her heart. She put the phone down and covered her face crying.

FIVE MONTHS LATER...

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stilettos

#109

Gloria rubbed her lips together as the make-up artist finished up with her make-up.

“Wow!”

Gloria smiled standing up in her white long sleeved white body hugging dress and white heels. She twirled as Ayana took pictures.

“Dimamzo!”

“I look beautiful.”

“You do, you look like Sindi Dlathu with that swag!”

Gloria laughed. “Thank you my love, I can’t wait for this. This time if your sister runs, I am going to beat her.”

“She won’t.”

The make-up artist took a few pictures for her social media pages then walked out as Ayana smiled at her mother.

“You look really beautiful.”

“So do you my baby.”

“Let’s take a mirror selfie.”

They both walked towards the mirror and smiled as Ayana clicked pictures. She smiled with her leg out. Her gold dress made the picture even more brighter.

A light knock on the door had them giggling and moving from the mirror.

“It’s almost time, let’s go.” Morgan said outside from the door. The ladies grabbed their purses and walked. Morgan led them to the Mercedes which was parked outside and opened the door for them. They slid in at the backseat then he took the front seat and drove off.

Colleen fixed the kid’s hair and smiled taking out her phone.

“Ok, guys, we are going to take a picture then we go.”

“Is mommy there?” Rethabile asked in her beautiful dress. Colleen smiled, she was so beautiful that she too couldn’t think Refilwe had birthed her.

“Yes sweetie, mommy is there. Now, let’s hold hands and smile.”

Ivy held her sister’s hand then beside her was Peo and Angel together with Saronas’s kids. She took a couple of pictures as the Hummer limo parked in front of them. The driver got out and opened the door for the kids. They climbed in and Colleen took the front seat holding her purse while going through the photos. Her phone rang as the driver drove off.

“Hello?”

“Hi, how far are you?”

“We are on our way Saronas.”

“Ok, people have begun arriving.”

“We will be there shortly. Who is with her?”

“Donald.”

“Ok. Bye.”

She hung up and took a deep breath, this was it. She could feel the excitement drum in her ears. She looked over at the kids who had wide smiles on their faces and silently prayed for everything to go according to plan.

Theodora held her afro into a bun which she fluffed it making it bigger. She carefully fixed her baby hairs then ran her lipstick on her lips again one last time. Standing from her stool, she took a deep breath and smiled in her beautiful event gown. She had bought it specifically for the wedding. Her phone rang and she took it with a smile.

“Hey...”

“I am outside.”

“I am coming.”

She hung up looking at the mirror one last time

before walking out. She smiled staring at Motheo in his car, he stepped out wearing a suit without a tie, the first three buttons of his shirt unbuttoned. He took off his sunglasses and opened the door for her.

“You look more than beautiful.”

Theodora blushed staring in his eyes. Gosh... he was everything she had ever needed in a man. She touched his chest and kissed him.

“Thank you.”

She stepped inside the car then he closed the door for her. Motheo walked round to his door and stepped inside then reversed. He stole glances at her making her blush looking away, she felt like a teenager, blushing. He brought up the brightness in her.

“I love you.” He told her and she smiled.

“I love you too.”

Her phone rang and she answered.

“Christian.”

“Hi, are you coming for the wedding?”

“Unfortunately no, it’s Anaya’s wedding today but good luck.”

“Oh...”

“Yes, bye.”

She hung up and put her phone away smiling at Motheo.

Yaone fixed Pule’s suit and smiled.

“I love you.”

He smiled. “I love you too, you look beautiful.”

She twirled for him in her beautiful dress.

“Thank you. Do you think they will accept seeing you there?”

“BK personally invited me. He is disappointed in me but that doesn’t mean we stop being friends. We have come from far babe, nothing can break us

apart.”

“Ok... I am so ready for this wedding.”

“My boy must be excited!”

“He should be, I just hope she doesn’t flee this time around.”

“Me too.”

They walked out to their car and drove headed to the wedding.

Marang sighed as her plane touched down at SSK international airport. It ran on the runway till it finally stopped. She looked over at Jay who was sleeping then shook him lightly.

“Jay, we have arrived.”

“Dad!” He screamed waking up, a few people looked then he smiled embarrassed.

“Are we going to see daddy now?”

“Yes, we are.”

They got out of the airport, received their bag then walked towards Layla’s car. She stepped out and hugged Marang tightly.

“Oh my... I am so happy to see you.”

Marang smiled. “So am I.”

“Mommy, we are going to be late.”

Layla looked at Jay and smiled. “Hey Jay.”

“Hi.”

“Ok, let’s go, we definitely don’t want Jay to be late.”

They got in the car then Layla drove from the airport.

“How are you?”

Marang looked at her. “I am fine.”

Layla looked at Jay on the mirror and he was looking outside.

“Talk to me, what’s wrong?”

“She is going to take my son and make him hate me

more. He already hates me.”

Layla sighed. “You were restricting him from seeing his father. You chose to reflect as the bad parent in front of him.”

“I just wanted him close to me. She is going to take him, same way she took Refilwe’s daughter.”

A tear ran down Marang’s cheek as Layala sadly looked at her.

“I just wanted to stay with him, to protect him. She has everything and now my son on top of it all.”

“She has Miguel?”

Marang took a deep breath blinking her tears away. Layla parked the car in her yard minutes later as Marang put on the local sim card.

“Miguel was never yours Marang. Aren’t you happy?”

“I am, I am just saying my son will look at her as a good mother and me as the bad parent.”

“Miguel is a good father, he won’t let that happen.”

Marang nodded then opened her door. “Jay, come,

we need to bath, change then we go.”

“Can’t we just go like this?”

“No, we have to bath and look nice.”

They walked inside the house with Layla behind them.

At the botanical gardens, gold and white chairs were arranged facing the arch overflowing with white and red flowers. Behind the arch were tall green trees that gave the set up a more serene feeling. People slowly filled the chairs, Miguel’s cousins sat smiling at everything.

“I hope she doesn’t run.” One cousin said and two more cousins laughed.

“She can do it, that’s the problem with this women who are rich.”

Another cousin rolled her eyes. “There nothing

wrong with women who are rich, the only problem is people like you who are jealous of successful people.”

The other cousins kept quiet not knowing what to say.

Meanwhile, Mokwena and Ma Mokwena walked towards the front chairs with smiles in their elegant clothes.

“This is beautiful.”

Mokwena smiled. “It is.”

They both smiled staring at everything.

“This time it’s going to be different, I can feel it.”

Mokwena looked at his wife. “Yeah, with a wife by his side, I can die peacefully. I know he will do the rightful thing.”

“You know your son, you better start training Agang because he is not going to rule people.”

Mokwana sighed. “I hope one day he comes to his senses.”

“He won’t, he is like you, stubborn and not ready to listen.”

Mokwena looked at his wife and laughed. “I am not stubborn.”

“If you say so.”

Theodora walked with Motheo to where Pule and Yaone were already sited.

“Hey...” Theodora said hugging her.

“Hey, you look beautiful.”

“So do you.”

They sat down as the men greeted each other. Theodora looked at the four poles which were around the chairs to the arch draped with garlands.

“This is beautiful. More beautiful than the first wedding.”

Yaone nodded. “I know. She used an excellent wedding planner.”

A while later, Gloria smiled walking towards her seat with her husband. She smiled at Mokwena and Ma

Mokwena before sitting with Morgan. She smiled as the photographer took pictures, she could feel everyone's excitement and she was too but deep in her heart she had fear that she couldn't explain. What if's swam in her head and she found herself praying that God makes the day a success.

Miguel fixed his suit staring at his reflection on the mirror. Agang stood beside him and rubbed his shoulder.

"Ready?"

Miguel exhaled. "I am scared, what if she doesn't show up."

Agang looked at her older brother, him too was scared as fuck, if she didn't show up this time around, who knew what was going to happen but then, he had seen their love.

"Anaya is not going to walk away from her family,

from the love of her life. She loves you.”

“She loved me when she left.”

“This time it’s different. She is coming, she loves you enough to marry you. You have been through so much, it’s now time to be happy. There is no need to worry.”

Miguel looked at his brother.

“Let’s pray.”

Agang frowned. “What?”

“Let’s pray.”

“I don’t know how to pray.”

“I will pray.”

The two brothers held hands as Miguel shook.

“Please God, let this day bear fruitful fruits. See Anaya and I through this and join us forever. Lift off the fear I have and let me enjoy my wedding. Don’t let Anaya leave, I love her. Amen.”

“Amen.” Agang responded.

“Everything is going to be fine. She is coming.”

“I hope so.”

“Let’s go, we don’t want to be late.”

They walked out and climbed inside the car in their tuxedo’s. Agang took the drivers seat and drove off headed to the venue.

Marang took a deep breath and smiled satisfied with her look. Layla walked inside the guest room and smiled looking at her.

“You look beautiful, you are also attending the wedding?”

“No. Just dropping off Jay.”

“In that dress?”

“Why not?”

“No, it’s just that you look beautiful, too beautiful.”

“Oh, I am going out with Constance.”

“Ok, well you can take my car with.”

“Don’t worry, I rented a car.”

“You know you didn’t have to right?”

“I know but I don’t want to inconvenience you.”

“Mom, can we go?”

Marang looked at Jay in his tuxedo, he looked so much like his father especially with the haircut, those ears and lips and that smile. She smiled, he was true copy of his father.

“Ok, I am also done.”

“Bye!”

Junior smiled at Layla then he walked out with his mother to the rented Range Rover which was parked outside. She got inside the car while Jay jumped at the back then she drove off. She took her phone and dialed his number. It rang for a while before getting answered.

“Yeah?” a male voice answered and she frowned.

“Can I speak to Miguel?”

“Who is this?”

“Marang.”

“Oh, hi Marang, you are speaking to Agang.”

“I was beginning to think I dialed the wrong number.”

“Oh, I have his phone.”

“Uhh I am on my way with Jay.”

“Great! Wow I didn’t think you were really going to bring him.”

“Well, he is here.”

“I will speak to Colleen, she will meet you by the parking lot.”

“Ok, uhhhmm can I speak to Miguel?”

“I am sorry but he is not close by.”

“It’s ok. I am almost there.”

“Perfect!”

“Bye.”

She hung and continued driving. As she drove towards the botanical garden entrance, she saw a big posture of Anaya and Miguel's wedding invitation card. She rolled her eyes turned at the entrance which was draped with garlands. She drove to the arrows which pointed at the parking lot and sighed looking at the flood of cars which were parked. Parking the rental car, she stepped out with Junior and grabbed her handbag.

"Oh! Hi Jay!" Colleen said walking towards them. Jay ran in her arms and she laughed hugging him.

"I missed you too. You look handsome."

"Where is Daddy, Ivy, Retha and mommy?"

"Well they are already sitted waiting for mommy."

"I want to see them."

"Ok."

Colleen looked at Marang.

"Thank you for bringing him."

Marang nodded staring at her in a gold dress with a vent that exposed her leg.

“To avoid drama, I think maybe you should just leave.”

“Colleen I will always be a part of their lives, I am not here to cause drama. Relax.” She walked off headed to where the ceremony was taking place. With a smile she looked around then sat at the middle chairs with her legs crossed.

Miguel took a deep breath then walked to the arch with his brother joining the reverend who smiled at them. Ken joined them with smiles.

Mokwena gave his sons a thumbs up, now everyone was watching in silence and anticipation. Miguel rubbed his hands together staring the crowd then where Anaya was supposed to come from while his heart pounded. Agang looked around too, he couldn't see his wife and he wondered where she was. His eyes fell on Theodora who was sitting with her male friend then briefly closed his eyes. He still

couldn't believe that was his sister, each night he couldn't stop thinking of how he had fucked her that faithful night. He had slept with his sister and today he couldn't even face her. Like him, she was a Mokwena. He looked away as she turned to them, he wondered how their relationship would be if he hadn't slept with her. They would probably be close, she was that one sibling he totally would click with.

"What happened happened, we can't change it. You can't avoid her forever." Miguel whispered.

"I can't face her. Not after what I did."

"You didn't know but now you do, it's your duty to protect her. She is your sister and she is not going anywhere."

Agang looked at her again and caught her staring. She smiled and waved at them. Miguel waved back while Agang smiled.

"See? Don't shut her off from building a bond between all of us because of what happened in the past."

"I will try."

“Good.”

Miguel looked at his watch, the wedding time had clocked and now all he could do was pray she shows up.

Minutes passed while everyone waited, Gloria stole a glance at her watch. She was already ten minutes late.

“Relax, she is coming.” Morgan whispered.

“Let me call her father.”

Gloria took out her phone then called Mogomotsi.

“Gloria...”

“Where are you? I hope you are not driving at a snail pace, you are late.”

“I am waiting for her downstairs.”

‘She hasn’t showed up?’

“Yes, I knocked on her door but there is no response.”

Gloria closed her eyes putting her hand over her chest. “God no... Naya no.”

She hung up and called Anaya but her phone just rang unanswered. She raised her head and caught her son-in-law staring at her, she looked down then quickly texted Anaya.

“Sweetheart, relax, trust her, she is coming.”

Gloria looked at Morgan fearfully, one could never know with Anaya.

Theodora’s heart pounded as she looked at the time, twenty minutes were gone and there was no sign of Anaya.

“God Anaya please...” She whispered beneath her breath, she looked up and looked at her brothers. Miguel rubbed his hands looking scared, Theodora took her phone then dialed her number but it rang unanswered, her heart pounded even more, where was she?

Marang looked around and smiled, now she was sure Anaya wasn’t coming. Just like she never showed up for the first time. Bravo Anaya, bravo! Miguel looked as if he was about to die up there, she knew tonight she would make her move. She

wouldn't wait for another Refilwe to beat her. This time around she was prepared.

Ayana's heart pounded as she stood with Sarona waiting for Anaya.

"Still not answering?" She asked Sarona who had her phone on her ear.

"Yes, I don't know what's going on, I spoke to her earlier on."

Ayana nodded unable to hold her tears. "I am scared."

Sarona hugged her tightly. "I am too, but she will come. She will, no need to worry."

Ayana broke into tears, her heart broke as she cried, she couldn't even begin to imagine the embarrassment everyone would endure.

The reverend looked at his watch, thirty minutes were already gone and the bride had not yet arrived. He stared at the young man who looked at the verge and silently prayed. He couldn't imagine anyone being left at the alter and he wasn't going to ask

anything, he would wait too as long as everyone waited.

Ma Mokwena looked around.

“What if something happened to her?”

Mokwena looked at his wife worried. “I just hope nothing happened. Miguel has been looking forward to this day for the longest time.”

Ma Mokwena looked at Gloria as she stood up and walked away.

“I hope she is going to take her, this girl will kill my son.”

Everyone waited desperately as the minutes passed but the more they waited, the more they lost hope that she would come.

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[7/14, 08:12] The Alpha In Stilettos

#110

Miguel rubbed his face, people had begun to talk. The reverend looked at him and smiled.

“Don’t worry, God is in control.”

Miguel looked at the reverend, his faith being restored. If he reverend said she would come then she would. Vince walked to the front from where he was sited and stood with them. Ayana walked on the white carpet holding her bouquet and stood on the other side with Sarena behind her. Their faces didn’t review anything and Miguel sighed. Lethabo walked to sit beside his mother and sat down with some girl. Miguel sighed, he would wait for her, patience Miguel, patience. This is why I love you by Major started playing as everyone turned looking but there was no one. Gloria walked back and resumed her sit. Seconds later Anaya emerged with her arm linked with her father’s while she held her bouquet. People stood up with smiles on their faces while relief washed all over their faces. Marang stood up hurt and disappointed then looked at her, she was beautiful in a neutral make-up. Her dress mermaid

dress accentuated her full figure and tiny waist, the overskirt gave the dress a more elegant dress, Marang frowned staring at the longest lace trail she had ever seen and it flowed perfectly on the green grass. The photographer took pictures as Anaya walked towards Miguel who was looking at her with disbelief. Her back was bare exposing more of that slim waist. Agang patted Miguel's shoulder with a smile. They approached Miguel then her father handed her over.

"I give you my flower so that you can keep it fresh, alive and mostly beautiful."

Miguel nodded as Anaya held his shaking hands after handing her bouquet to Ayana behind her. Miguel looked at her tearfully, she had never been more beautiful than that moment. Tears ran down his cheek as he crouched on the ground with his hands on her face. Anaya tried blinking away her tears but they ran down her cheeks.

"Babe... get up."

Slowly Miguel stood up and looked at her.

“You are here... you came.”

“I did. I am sorry I am late.”

He pulled her in his arms and hugged her tightly. “I love you. I love you so much, you scared the shit out of me.”

Anaya giggled. “I am sorry.”

He slowly let go and looked at her.

“You look beautiful.”

She blushed. “Thanks.”

Donald walked towards them then whispered something to the reverend before walking off.

“Beloved, we are gathered here today to witness this most beautiful union I have ever seen. The love between them is the one no man can break. It’s too strong. We are going to start late because our bride here had a wardrobe malfunction and they were working hard to have it fixed. But now she is here, beautiful as ever.”

Anaya smiled as everyone laughed.

“Yes, she is here and ready to be tied to this young men here. This beautiful souls are ready to be united to be one. So if there is anyone here, who is against this union, please speak or forever stay silent.”

Everyone looked around and those who knew Marang looked at her. A minute passed as no one said anything. The reverend smiled.

“Excellent! Now we continue. Today I am looking at love that I have never came across, I love my wife but this exceeds that kind of love.” People laughed while the pastor smiled. “I am telling you. A lot of us love each other but not like this. Not this kind of love at least. This one is out of this world. I am excited about their union.” The reverend quoted a couple of verses from the bible then finally got to the vows.

“Our lovely beautiful couple prepared their own vows and they would like to say them. Anaya, you can go first.”

Anaya looked at Miguel and smiled.

“I am sorry I am late. My dress, it tore just as I was done. My designer had to fix it. All that time I was

watching her try to fix it, I kept asking her to do it faster. I was shaking thinking God! This is the day you have made, why is this happening. I was scared too and a few minutes before she was done, I told her if you don't fix it in the next seconds, I am wearing whatever is in my wardrobe and I am going. I love you so I didn't care if I was in jeans or whatever, I knew I had to be here, with you. I love you so much, every time I wake up I am thankful to God that I have you. I don't want to be anywhere where you are not there. I want us to hold hands and grow old. I want us to tell our grandkids of our love one day. I love you so much Miguel, I vow to hold your hand through happiness and sorrow, I vow to be honest and faithful, to love you even in the worst times and till death do us part."

Tears wet her cheeks and Miguel gently wiped them away. The reverend looked at him and nodded.

"Today I wasn't going to go anywhere till you came." Everyone laughed. "I believe mine was love at first sight but only that I was in denial. From the very first day I held you, something deep in me ignited,

something I had never felt before, something foreign. You woke something in me, I never knew I could actually love this hard till I met you. I think you were tailored for me, every time I look at you, I think of how lucky I am. You are a force to be reckoned with. I have always known you were going to come back to me and here we are, we have come across a lot of challenges but here we are, our love still strong as ever. I solemnly promise to be faithful and transparent in our marriage, to love you through thin and thick, to hold your hand and stand with you through our sadness and happiness. I solemnly promise to never divorce you, matter of fact, I don't believe with us there is divorce so there will never be divorce talk in our household." Anaya smiled. "Yeah, and I make a solemn promise to always keep that smile on your face. I love you baby, I love you so much."

The reverend smiled. "Beautiful! With the power invested in me, I pronounce you as husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

Everyone clapped as they kissed.

Marang quietly got up and walked away feeling eyes on her. Her knees shook with each and every step that she took that she lastly took off the heels and walked barefooted to the parking lot where she got in her rental car and drove away.

Later that day just at dusk, everyone sat at the reception in the beautifully decorated hall at the botanical gardens on tables draped with sparkling table cloths with red roses in the middle held trumpet long vases. Everyone's glass was filled with wine except those who didn't drink alcohol. The speeches were long over and everyone was eating the delicious food served.

Ma Mokwena smiled eating with fork and knife chatting with her husband.

"This is delicious."

Mokwena nodded. "It is." He looked over at his son

sited on a table with his wife smiling. He had never seen him that happy, the joy in his eyes shone so brightly that Mokwena hoped the marriage would last.

“You see? This should have long happened had you listened to me.”

Mokwena sighed, he was never going to hear the last of it.

Gloria smiled eating sitting on a table with Anaya’s in-laws. She smiled with Mogomotsi.

“Thank you for bringing her, why didn’t you tell me there was a wardrobe malfunction?”

Mogomotsi looked over at his daughter and smiled. “She begged me to say anything.”

“Yes, that’s just like Anaya.”

She turned Morgan with a smile only he received. “Thank you, for coming.”

“I wouldn’t miss my daughters wedding. Masha really wanted to come but she couldn’t find a baby sitter. I am sure her and Naya will make good

sisters.”

“They will, Anaya clicks with everyone.”

Mogomotsi’s companion smiled staring at the fancy things, she looked at the fork and knife that was before her wondering how people ate with them. Mogomotsi smiled.

“Take a spoon mogatsaka, I too didn’t know how to use those things till Anaya taught me.”

His companion took the spoon and started eating the delicious food while sipping on the sweet tasting wine.

Pule smiled staring at his friend smiling, now that was what he called pure happiness. Miguel turned and they locked eyes, he said something to Anaya then gestured he comes to their their table with Yaone. Yaone smiled as they walked towards them, it always felt good to talk to the couple of the moment.

“Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Mokwena.” Yaone said with a smile.

Anaya smiled. "Thank you, and thank you for coming."

"Boy!" Pule fist bumped with Miguel. "Finally, you join us in the married ship."

Miguel laughed. "Where can I put my bags?"

They laughed harder.

"Anywhere. This is the best thing you have ever done in your entire life, marriage life is the best life."

"I can already feel it."

"Naya, thank you for making my boy happy, we almost died earlier on waiting."

Anaya smiled. "Thank God you are still alive."

"Thank God! Congratulations once again."

"Thanks for coming."

Pule hugged Miguel. "You know I am always there, come rain come thunder."

They parted as Pule and his wife walked back to their table.

Agang smiled staring at Sarena in the gold dress.
“You look beautiful.”

She smiled eating. “Thanks.”

“I don’t regret taking you from him, I would do it again if I could.”

“I don’t regret anything with you. I love you.”

“Are you ready? We are about to dance.”

“I am going to show you today.”

Agang laughed as she demonstrated what she would be doing sitting.

“Are we going now?” Olerato asked.

“Yeah... as soon as people finish eating.” Vince responded.

Kenneth kissed Rachel who seemed nervous. “What if I mess up.”

“We are not aiming to be perfect but to have fun. I love you.”

Rachel smiled. “I love you too.”

She looked over at Vince then looked away, he knew. She quickly looked away then back at her husband with a smile.

Lethabo approached his sister at her table and smiled. "Congratulations!"

Anaya smiled as he hugged her.

"You look tall."

Lethabo smiled then fist bumped with Miguel.

"Champ!"

"Uhh Naya, Uncle BK, this is my friend, Sino," He pointed at the girl standing besides him making her smile shyly.

"I have heard so much about you Anaya, pleasure meeting you."

"Good things I hope."

"Only the best, congratulations to you Mr. and Mrs. Mkwena."

"Thank you, Sino."

Miguel winked at Lethabo while Anaya smiled with

Sino. They both walked away and Sino smiled.

“Your sister is cool, I think she thinks I am your girlfriend though.”

They sat down then Lethabo looked at her then kissed her.

“And there is nothing with that.”

Sino looked at him for a while then laughed. “Ok.”

Ayana sat on a table full of Miguel’s cousins then looked at Karabo with a smile.

“Is this what you want?”

She smiled and shook her head. “No, I want something small and private.”

Karabo kissed her cheek sliding his hand between her legs through her vent and touched her panties. Ayana laughed and slapped his hand.

“Stop! I think I might get transferred to Marina.”

“At last.”

“I am excited.”

Ayana looked around then smiled staring at Lalah who was sitting with her dzaddy. A couple of people were staring at them but knowing Lalah, she wouldn't care less.

A while later as everyone finished, the DJ changed the song while Anaya lined up with her bride maids and besides her Miguel and his grooms men. They all danced as people screamed taking videos. Anaya laughed dancing having fun, she had long taken off the overskirt and trail. The kids joined in dancing what they had practiced. Jay smiled staring at his family dancing, feeling left out he joined in doing his own routine adding spice to scene. After the routine Anaya walked back to her chair exhausted. Miguel kissed her cheek then pushed her on her chair to the middle of the hall, he took off his jacket remaining with his shirt and cross belts.

“What are you doing?”

He snapped the belts and she laughed putting her hands on her face. Trey Songz foreigners busted the speakers as the lights deemed. She looked around and he was surrounded by his grooms men. She put

her hand over her mouth as he danced seductively. Camera's flashed as the ladies screamed. Slowly he removed the cross belts then started unbuttoning his shirt dancing like a pornstar.

"Oh my word!"

He exposed that muscled chest and Anaya looked around seeing all the ladies staring at her man taking pictures and videos. She stood up then started buttoning him up while everyone laughed.

"Stand on the chair."

She looked at him then at the chair.

"No... Miguel my parents..."

"Get on the chair."

She laughed as he helped her on the chair making sure she wouldn't step on her gown. He slowly put his head under her dress then reached for her gutter. He took it off her then came out from underneath her dress as the elders looked away. Some single men stood up then crowded behind Miguel. Anaya laughed shaking her head as he threw it over. A

guest caught it then waved it around while everyone cheered. The lights brightened then Agang and Ken took two chairs and made Anaya and Miguel sitting with their backs on each other. The MC took the mic and laughed.

“There is a little game we want our newly wed to play. Anaya and Miguel take off your shoes and exchange one. Anaya’s shoe on the right and Miguel’s on the left.”

Anaya and Miguel took off their shoes and exchanged one.

“Ok, if the answer is Anaya, we raise Anaya’s shoe and if it’s Miguel, raise Miguel’s.” The MC laughed. “This is going to be very interesting. Who spends most of the time on social media?”

Miguel raised Anaya’s shoes while Anaya laughed and raised hers.

“Who spends the most money?”

Anaya raised Miguel’s while Miguel raised Anaya’s as the crowd laughed.

“Who’s the better kisser?”

Anaya raised her shoe at the same time as Miguel raised hers.

“Who has a better sense of style?”

Anaya raise her shoe and Miguel raised his. People giggled laughing.

“Who is the most loudest?”

Anaya quickly raised Miguel’s, Miguel laughed and raised his own. The crowd clapped.

“Who’s the first to apologize when wrong?”

Anaya rolled her eyes laughing and raised Miguel’s while Miguel proudly raised his.

“Who is the most organized?”

Miguel raised Anaya’s heel while Anaya raised hers with a shrug. The game continued for a while entertaining the guest. A while later, Miguel took a mic and stood with his wife in front of everyone. Colleen walked over with the kids then handed Miller to Miguel. Jay stood beside his father while Ivy stood beside her father and Rethabile in front of

them. Miguel handed the mic to Anaya and she smiled staring at everyone.

“This day couldn’t have went better without any of you. My family and I would like to thank all of you for being here to celebrate our love with us.” She looked at Miguel. “Nothing makes me more happy than to address this man as my husband, he is my friend, my man and my everything. I love him, today, tomorrow and always.” She looked back at their guest while Miguel admired her. She could take a stand in a room full of people, she could stand on her own, she was always in control. He smiled a she spoke making sure everyone felt her presence.

“We appreciate everyone’s support and we hope you had a blast because I did, my family did and so did my husband.”

The family smiled standing like The Carters as the photographer snapped photos.

Marang sat in the hotel fighting not to cry. A knock made her snap out of it, she stood up and opened the door, Constance smiled staring at her big sister.

“Hey...”

They hugged tightly then they finally walked inside the hotel.

“You look beautiful.”

Constance laughed. “You are the one who look good.”

“I am going to talk to mama, you should get what your father left behind for you.”

“Thank you. I am happy to have you as a sister.”

Marang smiled. “You are?”

“Yes. You are the best.”

“Well, I was thinking you can come and visit me in the states for a while. I know your mom will be left with no one but I think it will be good for you.”

Constance looked at her. “What?”

“Yes, if you want. I am not forcing you.”

Constance jumped in her sister's arms and hugged her tightly. "I would love to. I would love to honestly."

"Great! We just have to fix your visa."

"Thank you, I have never flown before."

"You will now, I spoke to the lawyer, he will get the process of getting you your inheritance started but I am going to talk to my mom."

"I know, thank you."

At the wedding, Tatenda walked to the newly wedded couple while they got ready to leave and smiled.

"Congratulations."

Anaya smiled. "It's the haunted girl."

Tatenda laughed embarrassed. "Anaya why do you keep bringing that up? Let the past remain in the past."

“I am happy you haven’t fled yet.”

Tatenda hugged Anaya then smiled with Mr. Mokwena with a pounding heart. He was smiling today, he didn’t look much scarier.

“Your wedding was beautiful. Thank you for inviting me.”

“You are family.”

She smiled and walked away as Miguel took his wife’s hand and together they walked to their car. He opened the door for her and she slid in, the kids were going to sleep at C-SKY with their grandparents. Miguel jumped in the drivers seat then drove off headed to their house. Anaya admired her ring with a silly smile, she was still finding it hard to believe. She opened the window and smiled. Minutes later, they were walking inside the house. Miguel picked her up and led her to the main bedroom where he lay her on the bed.

“I heard marriage sex is the best, Mrs. Mokwena.”

Anaya laughed as he leaned over and kissed her unzipping her dress.

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*****THE END*****