

♡♡♡Chapter One♡♡♡

There is a point in life where a woman just gets so fed up after taking so much crap from one guy for so long. He can mess up and you'll go back, again and again but when that time comes... I mean that time where you feel like you've wasted your time, energy, sex drive, money, cosmetics and hairline for a loser to just drop you like a hot half boiled potato. Imagine going through all that for nothing, nothing...

Then payback just gets sweeter, you don't even have to plan anything, just live your life and be happy.

Damn I have been in love and been badly used it ain't funny. I have trusted the son of a wimp, I could say his mother is a bitch but the poor woman hasn't done anything to me but actually the swearing part is directed as his father because all man are the same. Don't blame me for that statement I grew up around woman who labeled man that way, my mother said that everyday. She would tell me how "my so called father", as she referred to him left us when she told him she was pregnant. The mere mention of a pregnancy and the man was gone. I should remember to write to Khumbule ekhaya, I know nothing about him, just the fact that he was married and his surname is Mulaudzi.

I swear to you my mother hated the man with passion and she still does. Whenever she was broke or lonely she would remind me what a low life he was, I hated him through her visions and thoughts about him even though I don't even know how he looks or walks. And that statement of all men being the same followed me as I had to witness the horror that comes with men.

I had dated Thomas who dumped me because I was shy and not outgoing then my recent boyfriend Thabo aka T-Bose followed with his heartless of a heart. You see Thabo was my first real love and he meant the world to me but unfortunately dumped me by SMS. The son of a wimp did not have the courage to tell me straight to my face that he was just using me for the past 3 years and never even considered me a woman fit to be his wife. He broke my heart because my Sun and moon used to rise and set on his dump ass, I hate him even though I still love him. (Once you fall in and out of love that sentence will make sense to you.)

I live alone in a rented backroom at Mam' Girly's, a nosy woman who will gossip about you with her friends and come tell you their response the following day. She doesn't have a job but depends on money from her 3 tenants, me included.

And I work as an estate agent, I earn fairly and can afford a flat or my own house in a suburb somewhere nice but I have this thing of wanting to stay ko Kasi. I love it and there is a vibe there that I know I will miss once I decide to get out.

The week that led to the dumping, when Thabo dumped me I could feel there was something going on and I thought like always the son of a wimp is cheating on me.

I was suppose to go spend the weekend at his house but he decided to cancel on me with an excuse of being busy at work. I knew it was a shitty story, he's never said no to me even when things got hectic at work. Well that's what I thought and that made me trust and love him

even more. Tjo bathong, I love(d) this man with all my heart and was looking forward to being with him until he changed his mind. I plan every thing around him and if he says I can't come what does he expect me to do the entire weekend?

Friday, I took the rejection like a lady. I called him to check up on him, no answer. Saturday I couldn't take it anymore, I took my already packed bag and headed to Tembisa. It was still early and according to my calculations and dates keeping as a police detective he is suppose to be off but on standby. When I got there the gate was locked, I called him on his phone and he didn't pick up. I have been asking for keys to the gate and house, he's always said he doesn't have spare keys. This thing of me being locked outside has reached it's expiry date, we've been dating for 3 years ao!

I just had to get his attention and the only way was to throw stones on the roof of his house.

Yep, he did come out!

Wearing his jeans, barefoot looking like someone who just got out of bed. He came rushing to the gate.

About time.

"What do you want?" He hissed at me.

"Open the gate."

I said to him not even seeing it necessary for him to ask an obvious question. I am his girlfriend and I ought to be here without him being suspicious or acting creepy.

"I can't, I have to go to work."

"What do you mean you can't?"

"I have to go to work."

"So?"

"Baby, please just go. I will call you tomorrow."

I am here already, why can't he just open the gate? It's not like he's never left me alone in his house before.

Something is going on and I will not leave until I find out what he is hiding. He knows I won't go. I am not stubborn, I just smelled a rat and it needed to be found.

The door opened behind him and a woman came out, she was wrapped in a towel. My towel, infact the one we usually use after a round of sex. Purple in colour.

I heard him murmur something between clenched teeth, I couldn't hear what he was saying because I was focused on this beautiful woman. I have to admit and swallow the jealousy lump on my throat, she looks 10x or even more better than me.

Putting 2 and 2 together would have been a waste of my time, 4 was already the number given.

The girl was shorter than me but then who isn't because I am the tallest even in my flat shoes. My ever low self esteem took a bad and terrible knock, I have never considered myself beautiful or even compared myself to those kind of girls. I just knew that being tall and dark just limited my chances of getting those kinds of compliments. The kinds of compliments I get are the likes of "You are beautiful inside" and the famous "Black is beautiful", I have lived with that and have accepted it. I knew I don't stand a chance against yellow-bones. Especially the one behind him.

"Babe, what is going on?" I think I sort of heard her asking Thabo that. My blood started racing. Why is this woman calling my man baby? I am the one that has to be on the other side of the fence demanding answers.

"It's nothing, go back into the house." That was Thabo's response and I got to understand that he just called me "nothing" while I am standing here demanding answers.

"Naledi please leave right now." He turned to me.

"Who is she Thabo?" I asked in disbelief and already knowing the answer.

She came closer to look at Thabo and to hear his answer to me. And oh my Lord the woman's beauty just oozes through her, it was heart stopping and I believe she just woke up meaning she doesn't have to put much effort to look that good. She had a weave that hang over shoulders, with 2 sets of beautiful small eyes, a sharp nose and a round mouth.

Thabo looked at me and went,

"She is my future wife."

I heard and heard correctly, no need for a repeat. Simple as that, if I never had a heart attack that day then I am as strong as steel. I steadied myself on my shaky legs that were threatening to make the earth beneath me move, my whole body going numb only to come back with pain in my chest. My mouth went dry and made swallowing painful. I am sure he is joking.

"What about me?" I can't believe I asked him that but I had to know. Maybe meaning something to him will give me some courage to fight for him. 3 years is not child's play.

"I have never promised you anything and you know that so I don't have to explain anything to you." He broke my heart even more and he didn't

seem to care. I knew then that it was over for us. Hard to accept but the truth was right in my face.

I turned away as I forced my wobbly long legs to walk and hold steady, every step was hard. It was painful but I made it to the taxi rank. And when I got into a taxi back to Pretoria I sat next to an older woman who asked if I was okay. I looked at her and found myself laughing at my stupidity, there signs were always there, he never loved me. I knew it all along but because he sweet talked me into believing that he did, I relaxed and let him sweep me off my feet as my love for him grew deeper and deeper everyday.

I told the woman some soapy story about life she laughed with me all the way to Pretoria.

I didn't waste time shopping or doing God knows what in town, I went straight to Sosha to my empty and cold room. Empty meaning I had nothing special to look forward to.

Upon my arrival I realised the pain Thabo had caused me was unbearable, too much to handle. I threw my bags on the floor, got on the bed and went Victoria falls on my pillow. My only comfort and salvation, the only thing that will be keeping me company throughout the cold season of winter. Damn Thabo for disrupting my life this way, the damn son of a wimp! I hate, hate him so much!

I was in bed the whole day, sleeping and crying, at some point I even deleted his number and email adress from my phone. I know them by heart and it will take time for me to forget them. I just wanted to get rid of his presence. Actually everything that was his was gone, the clothes

he left got inside a waste plastic bags and placed in a corner where I will never see them even if I dared myself to look. I don't know what I am going to do with them, I'll have to come up with a plan for them.

The entire weekend I was a mess of tears, unkept hair and bad breath. I didn't even see the reason to bath, my reason to look good has dumped me and was moving on with a yellowbone. God, that got me crying all over again. I got dumped even after all the effort.

I hate my mom for having an affair with a dark man, she could have chosen a yellow-bone, she is a yellowbone herself mos.

Anyway Thabo isn't light skinned, I even used to refer to him as my dark stallion. He was handsome, tall and oh so heavenly beautiful. Gosh, I cry again!

Monday morning I got ready for work. I have a car by the way, an almost dead but road worthy Atios. I am not ready to buy myself a good car yet, I only bought this one because of my job. I have to drive kilometres to go meet clients so they can view houses like I have to do today except today it's a a plot that has a mansion build next to a mountain. It's a gorgeous family mansion and I also love it. The mansion has 5 bedrooms with 3 bathrooms, the master bedroom has it's own bathroom with big windows that has the perfect view of the greener side of the plot, a living room to host a whole lot of soccer fans, a spacious kitchen. I could go on and on about the rooms and the interior designs of the house, I am that passionate about my job. It gets me excited that for a few minutes I forgot that I got dumped. Anyway I didn't get dumped, I just got told I am not the one and never was.

You see people drive their cars from point A to B but mine I don't drive but push, there is always something wrong with it and there is always a sound coming from somewhere. I'm just glad it takes me to wherever I have to go.

After attempting to check for the water and oil I get on the road, in my blue very tight skinny jeans, white t-shirt that hang to my upper body and high heels I get my car in the road.

The plot that I am driving to used to belong to a widow who decided to pack her bags and go after her husband's funeral. It's still fully furnished and the man who wants to buy it is some hot shot property developer. I don't know much about him and I am not interested. My job is to make money and move on to the next house.

Due to my car problems I have to drive an hour early to my 9am appointment.

I get there 30 minutes before 9am and sit on the porch thinking, about Thabo. All the emotions coming back as I look at the plot, I had hopes that one day we were going to own a property like this one. Have our children run around while we sat and watched them.

A tear dropped and I wiped it off.

Sometimes you'd think you know someone until you realise you have to start all over again. The 3 years we've been together this man has never given me reasons to make me think I was his sidechick and I have never suspected anything. He treated me well by being nice to me and invited me to his house. I got to accept that he was stingy and I had to clean after him, I loved him like that.

I saw a black Q7 coming in from the long drive way, I got up and went to stand next to my car where I know my client will park. I know that it's a man and from the looks of things he's looking for a family home. Probably a man in his late 50s married to tannie Anna-Marie and ready to enjoy their old age before their children whisk them off to an old age home. I don't understand why people take their parents there, I wouldn't do that to my mom, never.

To my surprise a white young man, maybe in his early 30s came out of the car. He was very tall and neat, he wore torn jeans and a shirt that was folded up to his elbows. He had black shiny hair and blue eyes that eyed me suspiciously. In my line of work I could say I am completely used to this kind of treatment, especially from white folks. There are nice ones of course.

He came walking straight to me his eyes fixed on mine, not even flinching.

"Good morning, lead the way?" He said with a deep Afrikaans accent.

It would have been nicer if he had introduced himself and shook hands, that's the human thing to do. I led the way, I wanted to put him in his place but had to play nice. I have bills to pay and a mother to support. I felt like he was watching me as I went ahead to open the glass door that led to the living room, anyway where do I expect him to look. Note: people walking behind you are probably looking at you and getting a proper angle of your body, especially your ass.

I wasn't really worried about the man behind me, he is white, that should explain it all.

But I couldn't resist the urge to turn and look behind me, I did only to be met by his sharp not moving gaze. His eyes scared me because he wasn't sorry he was staring.

I quickly turned my head and opened the door, I stood aside for him to get in.

"You first." He nods his head.

Does he enjoy watching my ass? Most black man do but he can't because is white. I don't know why I keep reminding myself about the race thing between us, he's definitely not thinking about it or even looking at my ass. I am just trying to get attention since I have a broken heart to nurse.

I showed him the rest of the house going from room to room putting much effort in trying to impress him as I emphasised about the beauty of the house and all the details. I was putting too much effort because I am passionate about my job and the house was really beautiful. He didn't seem impressed or moved, he followed me and most of the time I even thought he wasn't listening to me. His eyes never left me and I just knew he wasn't interested in buying, I was wasting my time.♡♡♡ Chapter Two ♡♡♡

I drove to the office to face Marian, my boss, she is going to be mad at me thinking I had messed this one and clearly I have. I really had a difficult client, Mr Wessels was really a hard man to please holding a poker face and intimidating me with the sharp gaze of his blue eyes. I tried to act cool and keep up with my fake smile and he offered nothing in return but the cold and blank stares. Marian is a good boss but she always expect us to deliver and it's hard to go around pleasing everyone, especially if you already have two failed relationships like me. I know relationship and work don't mix but in my situation they do, so much bad luck can follow you everywhere. I am really hurting, no matter how hard I try to occupy my thoughts with work I always get back to Thabo and the heartbreak is distracting my focus. I don't understand, I really don't. I love him and I know he loves me too. Just a yellow-bone had to get between us, I am going to have a long life of hate for yellow-bones. One yellowbone dyes them all.

I was so badly hurt that I even considered the bring-back-lost-lover's doctor, showing signs of desperation I know but can you blame me? It's hard for a girl like me to get men to notice and where am I going to get another man? A single eligible bachelor? I don't even have the energy to start another relationship and get to know a new guy.

I'm doomed, for life.

Where do I get those cats and crochets?

I need to start preparing for that spinster lifestyle.

I got to work and parked my smoking car at the parking lot, what is wrong with it? Arg... As long as it moves man! Will visit Ntate Jonas, the mechanic later today or some other time when I get the chance.

Today the atmosphere at work seemed different and pleasing, people looked happy to see me and were in some sort of celebratory mood. I couldn't help but throw myself in too, I needed that. I got to find out later that Mr Uptight, as I find Mr Wessels to be had bought the plot. Actually that is the biggest sale our little company had made ever since it opened, meaning we are getting up there and it's all thanks to me. Still I didn't think Mr Uptight will buy. He seemed uninterested and bored, he didn't buy the plot because of me, surely.

I work for a small company that has been around for 4 years, yes it's not growing that well. I like it here, it's owned by a white woman and the majority of the people working under her are mostly white, and to be honest I don't feel the difference that comes with our races. We are like a small family and I have made some friends.

After celebrating and getting all the good compliments I got back to my desk to check for my next appointment.

I would have loved to share the good news with Thabo right now, I glance at my phone and wish he'd call me and tell me we are okay. My phone hasn't rang since the alarm woke me around 6am. I put it in my bag to avoid staring at it every chance I get and look at the colourful computer screen in front of me. My concentration had shifted, work wasn't helping either. I miss Thabo.

"Naledi, you are crying?" The ever so very speculative friend of mine Paula asked. She has been my friend ever since I started here 2 years back and she is one gorgeous babe. Just like me she is tall with green eyes and a pinkish mouth, I don't have green eyes and a pinkish mouth

though. She wore one of her colourful office suits, pink to match her lips. The girl is beautiful and she knows it. You'll love her confidence and soft attitude towards life.

She stood in front of my desk holding two cups of coffee, one for me, I know. I hate coffee, she knows.

I hadn't realise that I was crying, the pain is really too much to handle. I touched my face and realised my cheeks were burning hot and wet. I sniffed to check my nose and mustard was blooming. Paula quickly placed the two cups of coffee on my desk and got me a Kleenex from her desk next to mine.

I wiped my face and looked at the brown stains of makeup on the soft white paper.

"Are you crying because you are happy?" She asked me.

"No Paula."

"What then?"

"It's Thabo." She knows about him but had never met him. A day wouldn't skip without me mentioning something about him. I was waiting for her one day to complain how tired she was about hearing this and that of Thabo. I had portrait him to be this perfect figure, a man of my dreams and my Prince. Only he turned out to be a frog. Yuck!!!

"Oh, how romantic. Is he happy too about the sale?" She said with a huge smile showing off her beautiful teeth.

Blonde!

"No Paula, he sort of dumped me." I pointed out quickly and angrily because the more I am going to round it up the more confusing it will get for her.

"What the hell? I am so sorry friend. Here drink your coffee, who does he think he is? Son of a bitch!" She gave me my cup of coffee and it's warmness soothed my soul leaving my torn heart to bleed more. Coffee tastes good when I am stressed, apparently. "Do you want to do something after work to get over him?"

"No, I am just going to go home."

"Don't worry friend, you are going to get over him. Did you see how Lufuno looks at you lately?"

The Venda boy from HR? He's hot but not for me and I was forced to see his hotness by Paula. She has a thing for chocolate but she is scared to admit it, you should see how she drools over the poor guy, not just him though, other chocolate guys from the offices upstairs too.

"You mean did you notice how he looks at you?"

She went pink, I love my Blondie!

I laughed at her.

"I am glad you found your sense of humour back. I'll take that thank you." She grabbed the almost half cup of coffee out of my hands and walked to the kitchen swinging her hips as she walked elegantly in her stilettos.

"Work it babe!" I shouted after her and she stuck her little butt out at me.

I laughed some more.

After work Paula and the others wanted to go and have drinks at the nearest bar, I don't want to go. I still have a long way drive to Sosganguve and I just need to get on my bed so it could be morning and morning after until the week comes to an end. Paula wasn't taking any of that, she had told everyone that I have been dumped and they were already feeling sorry for me. I shouldn't have told her anything. Don't trust blondes, I repeat do not trust blondes. I won't even be angry at her, it will be such a waste of time.

The realisation of going back to a room that now feels colder because I have been dumped isn't so appealing anymore. There is so much that reminds me of Thabo there even though he only comes to my place once

in a blue moon. Is there a blue moon? Anyway, I am the one that always have to run after his ass.

I let Paula drag me to a Bar next to our office building.

We were joined by Clara, Lufuno and Benjamin, half of Mariana's team. They all ordered beers while I opted for Diet Coke. I am not on a diet nor watching my weight, sometimes I just want to look cool and fit in. Diet Coke sounds fitting...

"You deserve something better than what you are drinking." Paula said waving her bottle of Castle lite at me.

I sat by myself, feeling sorry for myself and wishing I had never made Thabo a part of my life.

"You know I can't drive drunk." I reminded her.

"Okay, wanna talk about it? I'm all ears."

"There is nothing to talk about, I just have to heal my sore heart and move on."

"Okay then, let's go dance." She pulled me up so quick that I almost spilled my drink.

She was laughing and waving one hand in the air as she pulled me to the centre of the bar where our colleagues were trying to crack some moves. She is such a care free spirited girl and she can't dance, hell no. Her dance moves are hands in the air and swaying her hip from side to side, she can do that all night.

Everyone is forcing me and urging me to dance when they all seem tired of dropping it like it's hot, I am a good dancer but also a bit shy. They boo me as I refuse to entertain them. I know that under the influence I will definitely dance my butt off. No drinking tonight.

I had to leave everyone and go home, I am the only one that has to drive 30km to get to their comfy bed and I can't wait even though I know I won't be able to sleep at least for... okay up until I'm over Thabo... which is...

Paula walked me to my car and gave me a hug plus a few words of advice and three bottles of Castle lite, beer which I don't drink.

"Drink that when things get tough during the night, even if it's a bad dream, okay?" Her breath reeking of alcohol and her legs unable to steady her long frame.

"Yes ma'am." I spoke as I got into my car. She waited for me to start the car. I put in my keys and... Damn... "Paula, I think I am going to need a push."

"Great, I will get the boys and Clara." She stumbled away. She knows Clara won't lift a finger to help me. The girl is her own person in her own universe, she does things her own way and does what she does not to please anyone, one word - selfish.

I heard my phone ringing in the back seat inside my handbag, it must be my mom will call her when I get home.

My four colleagues came out of the bar bumping against each other. Clara came to my door and went,

"Out, I am not pushing." She was drunk but I didn't argue. The parking lot was half empty so any mistake she will bump into her own Mahindra that was the only car parked to my direction.

The four of us pushed, Benjamin and Lufuno doing most of the pushing and in less than five minutes my engine was roaring and blowing heavy smoke at the back. I ran to get in as madam Clara got out.

I need a new car...

No you don't, the poor car can sense your tension.

I drove home after waving to everyone and hooted away. It's not the first time they gave Attie a push, they have complained until they got used to the exercise. I bet tonight Girly will hear my car roaring from a distance, it's that bad.

When I got home I parked and headed straight to my room. I put in my key to unlock my door but the door just went pushing itself in, opening.

Meaning it was never closed or even locked. Did I leave my door like this when I left this morning?

No, I think I locked it. I know I did.

It was dark inside, I sneaked a hand in and switched on the light. It was quite. I went in slowly, head first. My eyes needed to peek.

"What are you doing here?" My voice high pitch as I locked eyes with my suppose to be ex who was sitting on my bed. The smell of fish and chips hit the back of my nostrils, I realised that I was hungry. I haven't had anything to eat all day, was too stressed out to eat and seeing him now just brought some relieve in me. My stomach rumbled to the fresh smell.

"Where have you been? I know you usually knock off at four if you don't have any houses to show.?"

And tell me why I am his sidechick if he knows so much about me?
And...and...wait for it... He has my keys!!!

"Why are you here, aren't you suppose to be rubbing your fresh yellow-bone's thighs? I am talking about your girlfriend by the way."

I threw my bag on the couch and looked at him. I was happy he was here, my heart is healed but I am a woman who wants to play hard to get and feel needed.

"Baby, she is not my girlfriend. You are my girlfriend."

And I have parked a Bentley outside.

I know what I saw and anyone could see what was going on, I know we had spectators watching through the windows and flipped curtains. But no, lies is what he has to feed me to get me back. The truth will set him free I tell you.

I wouldn't take the truth though...

"Who is she then?"

"Tshepo's girlfriend. He asked me if she can sleep over at my house."

I don't know who Tshepo is, won't even ask.

"Ao? If I remember very well you called her baby and she was happy to call you the same."

He laughed at me so hard I had to wipe my nose to check if there was something, he couldn't have been laughing at nothing.

"It was a prank baby and you took it serious." He went on laughing.

The son of a wimp is lying to me again and I can see right through him. A part of me didn't want to stay angry at him, I have spend the whole day stressed out and he was here now. He was probably dropped off by his friends because there is no car outside other than mine and the thought of him travelling that long distance just for me warmed my heart. He does love me and I think just for that I will forgive him.

He was looking at me with his sorry face and I couldn't help but laugh at him. He smiled at me and I went to him. All was forgiven, don't get involved... 3 is a crowd. He got up and welcomed me in his arms that I have missed. He gave me a long kiss, in an instant my clothes were off and he struggled out of his. Pushed me to the bed, the condom, bang-bang, done!

Okay here is sex for me, I don't know what climaxing or squirting is. I have heard and done my research on Google but none of that has ever happened to me. I know Thabo and Thomas ejoyed themselves during sex with me but I really don't get the fuss around it, I feel something but can't quite get to it. Paula had mentioned how great sex is and how horny she gets when she talks about it, none of that happens to me. Thomas was my first, a hit and run sort of first and he was all about himself and it took me 2 years to get over that.

I should probably visit a gaenacologist or something. Maybe there is something wrong with me. The thought scares me.

As soon as he rolled off me and rid of the condom he slept peacefully besides me. I got out of bed and put on my gown.

I watched him sleeping as I made myself something to eat from the takeaways he bought. I seriously love this man with all my heart and I know he is probably playing me, my only consolation is that he is here with me right now. Swallow that Miss Yello-bone!

I eat, bath and join him in bed for another round of bang-bang...♡♡♡Chapter Three♡♡♡

The next day I woke up with the biggest smile on my face as Thabo stretched out his body next to mine. I slept so peacefully the whole night knowing that he was back in my life.

"Morning." He smiled at me as I quickly looked away, I was too shy to stare into his big bright eyes and embarrassed that he found me staring.

At times I think I am lucky to be dating such a hot guy, even when he just woke up he looks angelic.

He tickled me to get my attention and put my focus back to him, I giggled getting away from him. "I have to go."

"I know." He never stays.

It was 7am, I watched him getting ready to leave. I made him breakfast then also got ready for work while he ate. All of a sudden he was too quiet and didn't talk much, even when I started up a conversation he would look like someone who wasn't interested in what I had to say. It got me worried and I was afraid to ask. To top it all his phone kept on ringing and he would end the call without answering. I asked him who it was and his answer would be,

"No one."

To me, "no one" usually means butt out of my business, and frankly I did but again it bothered me. Last night we were fine, just now too and no signs of the weather changing. All of sudden we sprang from summer into winter, cold and icy. This sudden change will surely bother me the whole day, I know he's not a moody person so something is really going on.

When I was done we left together, I dropped him off at a taxi spot and drove to work.

I wanted to call him and ask him if he was really fine but as soon as I got to work Marian send me to show a client a house that was up for rental, I didn't even see Paula or the others. I drove there to meet up with a couple that didn't know what they wanted, they argued about everything and nothing seemed perfect for them. My cheeks burnt from faking a smile for them and trying to pretend I understood them. Their fights were meaningless, they fought over the decor of the house and the little things they should be laughing about. They both liked the house though and I was happy with that.

On my way back to the office my phone beeped. I remembered I had a missed call from my mom last and had promised to call her but the excitement of seeing my Bae flushed all that out of my mind and it might be her again. I parked on the roadside and reached for my bag under the front passenger's seat. It was a message, I opened it and read it,

'I'm sorry to say this but I don't think you and I are going to work.'

Thabo?

No, we fixed things and I forgave him. It must be a mistake. I dialled his number and called him immediately. My hands shaking, he answered. My relieve was short lived though...

"Yes." He sounded cold.

"Thabo?" I said his name through tears. He can't do this to me, he loves me. I know he does!

"Naledi, please stop calling me." He hang up on me.

We had sex, two rounds of sex and I whispered things in my ear. He just used me.

I cried like someone who has just received bad news, well this was bad news. How do you describe what just happened to me? He came all the way from Tembisa to come see me, spend the night with me and then dump me? How cruel is that and what was his achievement in all this? I couldn't stop my tears even if I wanted to, my heart had been shattered into thousands pieces and my tears matches that pain. I had no other way of expressing the pain other than crying.

He shouldn't have come back, he should have left things as they were. I knew we were done but he came back and I accepted him. I even slept with him.

I cried for a good twenty minutes, unable to forgive myself. I knew there was nothing I could do, I had to wipe off my tears and carry on. I have to get to work, I have two more houses to show after lunch and I have to get my act together.

I got my car back on the road, I don't even know how I got to work because my tears kept getting in the way of me seeing the road, blurring my vision.

I got off my car and went straight to the bathroom to fix my swollen eyes and powdered my face. When things were going "okay" between me and Thabo I always thought people who complained about relationships had to get their mind checked. Thought they had some kinds of problems since things seemed so easy for me. Now I totally understand and I take everything I ever said back.

I have to snap out of this and get back to reality. I can't though, what would I do if he comes back again?

Back to my desk.

Guess what? Mr Uptight was in the building, my day couldn't get any more worse and all the ladies were going gaga over him, Clare was in her element as she spoke to him. Isn't he married, I mean the guy just bought a big mansion on a plot, big enough for a family.

Actually Clare and Paula were fighting for the guy's affection... Oh and Marian too. She is married though.

I sat down, tried to make sense of things, like I don't understand why Thabo would dump me. I was with him this morning and we seemed okay or so I thought.

After Mr Wessels left, Clare came to my desk. Paula had to go attend to a client and I so badly wanted to cry on her shoulder, she gets me and Clare just wants...

"Naledi, do you mind if I take Mr Wessels as my client, he's selling his house?"

She has it bad for the guy it's not even funny, and she is asking for my area. At this moment I don't actually care so much about anything, I

gave her the go ahead. Even when I got details of the house I forwarded everything to her.

3pm when I came back from house viewing Clare was on her way out to view the house and Paula wasn't back yet and she won't come back to the office, it's already knock off time. 30 minutes later I also packed up to leave, Marian came to my desk.

She stood opposite me with a red face and anger boiling eyes.

What now?

"What the hell did you do?"

I'm confused, is it the couple I was with or what because as far as I know I am supposedly the SHERO of the company for my biggest sale. What could I have done in such a short space of time?

"Nothing, I think." I was sure of myself.

"What is Clare doing with your client, in your area?"

Goodness! What did she do, I mean Clare, did she mess up?

"I didn't think there would be a problem, Clare asked."

"I don't care what time it is, you go fix this mess with Wessels, he is a potential client. You can't just switch things without talking to me, he specifically asked for you."

God, it's almost 4pm and I want to go home and weep, I have to mourn the loss of my relationship. The only one I have ever had.

I couldn't speak for myself, Clare must have done something to upset Mr Wessels.

I packed up and headed to the car. I didn't have to ask what is it that I have to fix, Marian will eat me alive if I wasted anymore time. At first Wessels seemed uninterested in buying, didn't even talk much and shown little interest in everything I said how he's making such demands? What is wrong with the man bathong?

I pushed my smoky Attie who kept on missing gears and getting me into trouble with other drivers on the road to the house that's just about 20 minutes from the office but rush hour and Attie made it 40 minutes and it looked like Attie was about to give up on me. She was in some level or mood, wonder what she smoked since she was blowing out black smoke.

Please girl not now, we still have a few kilometres to drive home too, I begged as I parked in front of the open gate.

The house is as beautiful as the one at the plot, this one is smaller but still suits the word beauty. I expected to find Clare still here and since her car wasn't parked outside it meant she was gone.

I went to knock at the door and waited. The house was painted orange with a well kept garden, I looked around trying to see what Wessels' taste and I could see why he bought the other house. They were not that different, just that the other house was build next to a mountain on a plot and this one is surrounded by other houses. The yard was bigger too but enough to accommodate a few trees.

He came to open the door barefoot, wearing blue training shorts and a white t-shirt. Not bad looking, I see now why everyone was gushing all over him today.

He let me inside the house ushering me in with his hand, it's smelled of coffee. I walked into a house decorated in white, everything inside looked even whiter. I could see myself walking from room to room selling perfect ideas about the house to a client. Singing praise of how clean the previous owner was.

"I am not happy about what happened today, I gave Mariana specific instructions as to why I want to work with you." He spoke making me jump, I was caught up in the beauty of the house. I'm all about my job. He looked at me leading me to the kitchen.

He never greets!

"I'm sorry..." I started but he put his hands up by cautioning me to stop.

"Save it." He snapped.

"Sorry."

"You are doing it again."

"Sorry."

"For what exactly?"

"For saying sorry when you don't want me to say sorry and for sending my colleague here." I nervously answered him hoping English doesn't fail me. It ain't my mother tongue you know.

He looked away, turning his back at me and I think he was laughing at me, knocking my self confidence flat to the ground. Why am I acting like this? When I am at work with clients I am in my element. And this guy is a client too.

It's Thabo, I swear it's him.

Wessels showed me to a chair and I sat.

His phone rang,

"Sorry, I have to take this. You can check the outside of the house, it's a private call."

Oh, I got up and went to view the beautiful garden outside, he had different colours of roses and flowers planted in a beautiful rows. I didnt know their names. I am only familiar with Roses becuse of Valentine, no Thabo has never bought them for me. They are being sold everywhere on lovers day, so it's easy to know about them. I walked away from the flowers and into a row of Lemon trees, about six. I don't like lemons but they looked fresh and inviting, I went in to pick one shaking the tree as I pulled and suddenly I heard buzzing from the tree. In an instant I got stung twice on my face, on one cheek, I closed my eyes and creamed stumbling back. I fell on my butt.

I don't know what stang me but it was so painful.

I felt hands on me as I struggled up. I opened my eyes to find Mr Wessels trying to get me up. I let him feeling embarrassed tears streaming down my cheeks. I know my face probably looks disfigured because of the swollen.

"Are you okay?" He asked me with a worried look in his blue eyes.

Really dude? I was stealing your lemons and your trap got me, what was that anyway?

"I don't know? I wanted some lemons and something got me." I said between tears.

Damn Naledi!

"Okay let's get you inside so I can get a look at that, you probably got stung by bees." He held me by my hand as we walked back inside the house. I don't know why he was doing that but I didn't mind. His hand felt warm against mine, a reassuring warmth that unsettled me.

It seems Thabo has left me with a stream of bad luck, what's next?

Inside the house, he made me sit on a chair in the kitchen under one of the hanging lights. He inspected my face thoroughly and I think he pulled out something, two smaller things.

I had stretched my neck out so he could get access to my cheek without a struggle. I think he was done but his fingers lingered on my face for longer, he was rubbing, running the back of his fingers back and forth. It felt so good, it eased the pain. I don't know how but I touched his hand and it felt hairy. I wasn't removing it, just trying to steady him or myself.

I had my eyes closed but upon opening them I found his two sets of beautiful blue eyes staring into mine. I am shy but at that moment I wasn't shy to stare into those eyes. Something held me.

"We should get some ice on that." He said slowly removing his hands. I let go of his hairy arm.

He went to the fridge and came back with and an ice pack. He gave it to me and I put it on my swollen cheek. "You will be fine by tomorrow, would you like some coffee?"

"No, I should probably leave Mr. Wessels." It was getting late and looking darker outside. I glanced through the window. I put the ice pack down on the kitchen counter, I know the swelling had gone down. I don't get swollen that long.

"Of course. Come, I will walk you." He extended a hand to me. I took it thinking is to help me off the kitchen chair but he held it until to my car, he went around my car with me. I pulled my hand out of his, I have to open my car door with both my hands, it jams sometimes.

I got in and rolled the window down.

"See you tomorrow Meneer Wessels."

"Tomorrow Naledi."

He stood besides my car watching me as I fumbled with the keys and finally got it. I should get a press to start car if Attie is going to embarrass me like this in front of clients.

I put on my seatbelt, the only thing that's proper in here and started my car. I turned the keys in then a loud bang send us both jumping with

Wessels jumping backward in the tar road. Thank God there were no cars.

He came running back to my door and struggled to open my door and when he managed he shouted,

"Come out!"

"No, it's okay." I said to him and I tried to turn in the key again but the car was dead. Nothing was happening.

"Come out or I will drag you out of there." He promised and I believed him. I got out.

"I have to get home." I pleaded with him.

"I know but not in this, it's dead. Let's go inside, will get someone to check it out for you just now."

I followed him inside, he got his phone and called someone. He was speaking in Afrikaans but I understood that he was arranging for my car to be fix. This is going to get me broke, I was saving money for a weave. I was getting tired of combing my afro, the growth is even making it hard to comb.

I am going home late tonight, just like last night. Hope Thabo isn't waiting for me again. I want my keys back from him, my plates and bed covers, actually I want everything that I ever bought him. I bought those things thinking I was cleaning up my man and only to clean for some yello-bone. The thought of another woman sleeping in the bed that I regarded as our safe haven really made my heart bleed more.

Wessels finished with the phone call and looked at me. I quickly looked away, his eyes were somehow intoxicating and making me feel like I could stare in them forever, they offered some kind of comfort. He looked at me like he cares...

Okay, I am probably seeing things that are not there. There are tons of white women out there that Wessels will melt for and I don't stand a chance against them. As to why I am sitting in this man's kitchen and analyzing him is a mystery, he is white and I am not just black but dark. Next to him I will look like a shadow. He will blend well with Thabo's yellow-bone if he decides to dip himself in chocolate.

Arg, her again?

"Would you like something to eat?" He asked me his lips looking dry.

I am hungry and I eat like a pig when alone but I will not show my bad table manners to this man who looks perfect and probably eats like a model. "I will order pizza if you are hungry, I gave my helper some time off until I move."

"No, In fine." I lied. Stomach do not make it obvious, I said to myself trying to get my stomach into nots so it won't rumble.

"Sorry, are you on a diet? We can get something healthy?" He offered looking sorry.

I know my body looks like I gym everyday and leave off healthy shakes but no I eat whatever I want and at any time of the day and remain the same. It drives most woman at the office crazy, even my mom used to complain, she thinks I ruined her sexy body. She did gain weight after me but I think her curves and butt are still in place.

"No, I'm really fine." I lied again and faking a smile.

His phone rang and he jumped up as he got it from the kitchen counter. He spoke again in Afrikaans.

"The mechanic is here, I will go see him outside."

"Okay, I'll come with you." I said getting up from the chair.

"Stay!" He hissed at me and like a naughty puppy I sat back down shyly. What is wrong with him?

I gave him my car keys. He walked outside leaving me in his white kitchen.

I looked at the clock on the wall and it was 7:30pm. How long will it take to get my car fixed, I need to be out of here and eat. I feel a bit caged since I found myself unable to move or even breath. I find Wessels really nerving with his uptightness.

He came back after an hour. I got up and took my handbag.

"Sit back down. Your car has been towed, they will fix it over night. You'll sleep here." He said, no he commanded.

My eyes widened at him, I got scared and shocked. I can't sleep in his house, I'd rather catch a taxi and get home late than sleep here.

"What, you don't trust me?" He looked at me trying to hide a smile.

I opened my mouth and closed it. You can laugh Wessels, I don't know you and I don't know how to act around you.

"What's your answer?"

"I'll get a taxi home." I finally found my voice.

"Do you know what time it is? If something happens to you out there it will be on me and I don't want that happening, not if I can offer you a safe place."

Is it that really safe around you? Can I trust you?

He had made up his mind.

"I only have one furnished bedroom in the house, my bedroom." He said and looked at me for a comment. What does he want me to say? Let's share a room?

Although, I don't think I would mind, I do need some strong arms around me. What a day it has been?

"I'll take the couch." He said and went to boil water. He took out the bread and made a sandwich and coffee. He put them on a tray and pushed it to me. I didn't ask I ate and was very grateful for the meal. I hate coffee though!

After that he showed me the bedroom with its own spacious bathroom, I was grateful for that. He got some blankets and a pillow before he left.

I took a long bath in the bathroom enjoying the designs in the wall, it was mostly white too.

Thank you Lord I always carry a fully loaded toiletry bag. I used my own toiletries even though Wessels had provided some of his own. I

took my underwear, washed it and opened the window to let it dry overnight as I hanged it on the bars of the window.

I got into his bed that smelled more like him, I have smelled the man already and used to his scent. I loved the smell as I snuggled up to his pillow, hugging it to my nose and breathing in his scent. I slept naked, I think I trust him.

I struggled to fall asleep, the room was huge and made it uncomfortable for me to sleep. I tossed and turned and when I finally fell asleep I think it was around 3am.

The next morning I woke up to find myself in an unfamiliar place, with the bed facing a different direction. Am I at Thabo's house?

No, he dumped me!

Then where am I?

I rubbed my eyes and stretched my body only to knock the bedside lamp. I screamed in horror as it shattered to the floor. I sat up on the bed and looked at the mess.

Wessels!

The door flipped open and Wessels stood there watching me, I looked at him scared to explain myself. His eyes were growing huge as though his eyeballs will pop out. Why is he looking at me like that?

Oh holy... I am naked and my breast are popping out at him. I quickly pulled up the bed covers and not knowing what to do with himself he went to the bathroom.

No, my panties.

He quickly came back out and I pulled the bed covers over my face.

Earth open up and swallow me!!!♡♡♡Chapter Four♡♡♡

I plugged up so much courage to finally get out of the bedroom. I was a struggle though. How am I going to face Wessels after what just happened? What do I even say to him when I see him? This is not my year ka Modimo! I took a few good looks at myself in the mirror, my black skirt and matching top were a bit creased even though I had hanged them last night. Wearing yesterday's clothes is weighing on me but somehow I feel much better than I thought I would. Even my face looked better, I had slept well snuggling up to Wessels pillow, smelling his intoxicating scent but I wasn't going there when I mentioned my face. This is not all because of Wessels, I woke up a different person because I woke up in a place unfamiliar to my problems.

My cheeks were flat from yesterday's stings. But my clothes concerned me. Suddenly my low self esteem kicked in. He saw my breast and I don't like them, he saw how dark I am all over my body, he saw my messes up face and hair. If only I could run out of here and never come back.

I took my bag and made sure not to leave anything behind as I walked out the bedroom to face him.

I walked into the kitchen fully dressed, my panties on too. Keep that in mind. Wessels was drinking coffee and reading a newspaper. I pulled a chair and sat down, silently as not to disturb him or be the first to speak. What would I say anyway? "Good morning, did you see my panties on your window?" Pathetic me!

He pushed a cup of coffee and a plate with bacon, eggs, baked beans and 2 slices of brown bread towards me. I didn't even say good morning, it wasn't necessary. His eyes were focused on the newspaper, I think he was avoiding eye contact with me. I can't wait to get out of here since I didn't want to be the first one to talk.

I pulled the food closer and started eating. I was so embarrassed but nothing has ever stopped me from eating and besides I took the food as a distraction, if I had nothing to do I would feel bad about what he saw this morning. I know I am the last person he'll find attractive in the world at this moment, and the sight of my dark breast had surely disgusted him.

I ate while glancing up at him every now and then and his eyes never left the newspaper. Since I got here he hasn't turned a page, I am not sure if he is staring or reading. Anyway he was holding those huge business newspapers, I'm sure there was some interesting things in there.

I ate all my food and took my plates to the sink, I came back for his and he placed his newspaper down as my hand brushed against his arm trying to reach for the plate under the newspaper.

"Sorry." I murmured.

"She can speak. Glad." I winced like he'd just stabbed me somewhere in my heart paining me. I pulled my hand away.

He got up finally, looking at me, he folded the paper and placed in on the kitchen counter then went out.

I should have greeted him when I came in!

I washed the dishes, my phone rang. I wiped my hands on my skirt and went to get it from my phone. It was Paula, I was so glad she called me.

"Friend, are you coming in today? Missed you yesterday." She said sounding happy.

I felt a sudden sting in my heart as I wanted to vent all to her, tell her everything about Thabo and Wessels walking in on me and seeing my bare breast. She will understand everything, she always does even though she gets confused sometimes.

"Paula?" I softly said her name.

"Naledi, are you okay?" She sounded worried. Her good mood gone because I have to share my worst news.

"No, friend. It's Thabo again. How could he do this to me after three years of being together, men are horrible creatures." Including Wessels. I couldn't hold the tears and it was not because of Thabo, it's because of Wessels. Something about him just make me wants to cry, I expected him to apologise for this morning but no he wanted me to greet him through my embarrassment.

"Thought you broke up..." I heard a clinging sound of keys on the kitchen counter. I turned around ending my call with Paula and found Wessels, he had thrown my car keys across the kitchen counter.

The look he gave me made think he heard every thing I said on the phone, he was giving me a sympathetic look. I don't want that, not from him because he walked in while I was on a private conversation.

I quickly turned around to have my back against him and wiped my tears with the hem of my blouse. I could still feel his eyes on me, I heard his footsteps and he was walking towards me. He stood behind me as his warm breath hit the back of my neck, he put his hands on my waist and turned me around. My heart skipped a bit then went out of control, my stomach was in knots and my whole body yearned for something unexplainable.

I stared down at his black tight shirt that hung to every strong muscle on his body, he placed his hand on my chin and slowly lifted my head up. I let me eyes stay down.

"Look up at me." He ordered. I lifted my eyes to be met by blue soft eyes. My eyes were still wet from the crying and I think I got a bit hypnotized by his beautiful ocean blue eyes, my vision blurred and I closed my eyes to swallow back the tears.

I felt something soft brushing against my lips, when I opened my eyes Wessels had opened his lips and was slowly kissing me with his eyes closed. I quickly closed mine and tried to relax, I didn't do anything, didn't even kiss him back.

He withdrew and we both opened our eyes.

"Respond." He slowly said bringing his lips back to mine again.

I parted my lips and let his tongue find mine, intertwining. His hands moved to my spine and he pressed me against him. My phone rang in my hand and I just let it go. It fell on the floor and the loud sound it made startled us both making us stop the kissing instantly, he looked on the floor to my scattered cellphone.

Stupid me!

He bend down to pick it up and I just stood not believing the kiss just happened. It felt really good, even Thabo never made it feel this good, it has stirred something deep in me and I wanted more of his kiss. He put it together but it was beyond repair, the screen was smashed.

I can't buy a new phone now when I have to pay for Attie too. I am saving for a weave also!

"You are going to need a new phone." He waved my broken cellphone at me. No need for that Wessels, I know already. I was still shy from the kiss but he looked cool and fine, like nothing happened. "At least your car is fixed now."

"Thank you, although I have a little problem." I pointed out. Hope he understand. He went to my keys and held them waiting for me to talk. "Can you talk to the mechanic for me, I can only pay him month end." I looked at my fingers as I twisted them waiting for his response.

"Don't worry about that, you don't have to pay anyone."

"What? Why?" I jumped in. He can't get my car fixed and expect me not to pay. He doesn't owe me anything, he let me sleep over last night and kissed me so good... I have to pay him back, not for the kiss though.

"I believe you have to get to work." He waved my car keys at me.

If only I knew how much it had cost to get Attie fixed I will know how much to pay him but I surely will give him something month end. I didn't want to argue and besides this man intimidates me somehow, especially now. Things are going to be very awkward after that kiss.

It was time for me to go, I got my keys from him and took my handbag. He walked me out walking behind me. I felt like his eyes were on my

butt and curves. Instead of that irritating me it got me thinking about the kiss, what does the kiss mean for us now? Will he ever kiss me again or kiss me goodbye now when I leave?

I am really over thinking this.

I got to my car and opened the door, no struggle. My car even looked clean, inside and out.

I got into my old car that felt brand new, whoever fixed my car knew what they were doing. They even did all this in one night!

I rolled my window down to say goodbye to Wessels, he bend down to my window. My heart stopped as I thought about the kiss and he is going to kiss me again...

But...

"Don't tell anyone about the... kiss and I hope we never find ourselves in that kind of situation again." Oh, so it was a mistake? It felt good to me though and I could have sworn he liked it too.

I didn't say anything to him, I was hurt. Surely there is something wrong with me, men sleep with me then dump me, kiss me then tell to forget about it. Where do I cleanse?

I drove to work and walked straight to my desk. Marian and Claire were out and Paula was on the phone on her desk.

I threw my handbag across the desk and it flew over to the other side. I have nothing special in there, my cellphone is in pieces so is my heart. Paula finished with her phone call and looked at me with puzzled eyes, her eyes even wider.

"Doll, are you okay?" She asked me.

I didn't want to talk about Wessels, besides him being out of my league he was a total jerk and I don't even want his name mentioned. I hate him so much for kissing me so good and telling me what he told me. Am I that ugly? I don't want him to want me but the kiss had to mean something to him too.

"I am fine just having a shitty morning." I answered her.

"Well, you are wearing yesterday's clothes. Mind explaining that?"

Shit Paula, why do you have to be so observant? It's not like I spend the whole day with her to remember what I was wearing yesterday. And my clothes still looked clean and smells like... like... Wessels' house. I should have gone home but the problems was time, I didn't have time to go there and come back here.

"It's nothing Paula." I wish I could talk to her but I am ashamed that I slept at Wessels' house and kissed him, he kissed me but I did not return the pleasure. I don't care what he said about not disclosing what happened, I am terrible when it comes to relationships and I didn't want to hear anymore advice coming from Paula.

"The jerkass again?" She is never going to give up.

"No another jerkass!" I angrily said to her. Damn I should put a lid on my mouth.

"You had a one night stand?" She asked me her blue eyes wider at me. I was even scared they were going to pop out.

I don't have the energy to explain, will leave her with that piece of information. She knows I am not that kind of girl, she is my friend and she will dig the truth out of me. At least nothing leads to Wessels.

Her cellphone rang and she answered.

"Duty call girlfriend." She said after her phone call. She took her handbag and went to Marian's office. I went through my emails and my messages from reception, checked my work cellphone. I got pretty busy while Paula went out.

By lunchtime Wessels came to the office looking oh so handsome and fresh in his navy blue suit and pants, black shirt and tie. And I was in the same clothes he saw me in yesterday and this morning too. Why do I

think Wessels is handsome? I have never looked at him that way until he... I rubbed my lips as he passed by walking to Marian's office, his eyes burning into mine. I realised what I was doing and quickly looked at my computer, retrieving my hand from my lips.

He didn't go inside Marian's office, he stood outside and she came out. They spoke and laughed together, Claire joined them, the receptionist too. Everyone was eating out of the palm of his hand as they hang on to his every word, laughing and flipping their hairs. I watched them as I pretended to be browsing on my computer only to be looking over it with my fingers doing nothing on the keyboard. His eyes were also glaring my way every now and then.

There was a delivery guy. The receptionist, Lora ran to him and signed for the delivery. She walked to me holding a small thing wrapped in a brown paperbag. I believe it was my delivery, she gave it to me and then turned to be entertained by Wessels. I opened the package, it was a brand new cellphone with a hand written note attached to it.

'Your replacement. I'm sorry about this morning. I understand what you are going through and will keep my distance if that's what you.'

Is this to confuse me or make me angry?

He bought me a cellphone, Sumsang Galaxy Note while he is here entertaining my colleagues, how does he do that? Kiss me and go on to

pretend like nothing happened? I'm sure he doesn't want me and that hurts.

He was watching me, I was pissed. I put the cellphone on my desk and did some real work. He should see that I am mad at him and cellphone won't fix me. I had a mind of throwing it in the bin to show him how pissed off I am at him.

They all disappeared into Marian's office and I had a moment to examine the beautiful piece of technology. No one has ever bought something like this, Wessels was charming my panties off. I loved it, so much that I wanted to use it immediately. But I couldn't accept it, I am the one that broke my cellphone and this one looks expensive. Besides I still owe him for my car.

After an hour or so he came out of Marian's office and walked straight to me. I panicked since I have been watching Marian's office door like a good watchman.

I didn't know if I should hide under my desk.

Look busy on the computer.

Run...???

"You having problems with the new phone?" He asked me leaning over my desk. He's talking to me when he said we should never...

"It's fine, I just don't want it. I will get myself a new one month end." I said to him trying to sound confident. My voice though, it wasn't

something I was used to. This guy intimidates me so much, he is so good looking with his blue eyes staring right at me and that pinkish mouth that had touched mine earlier. God, I don't want him...

I am not even looking at those beautiful features of his...

I need to swallow...

I took it and handed it over to him.

"Please use it, I want to call you later." He said and turned away, he didn't go back to Marian's office, he left.

He has my personal phone number!

Surely he can use the office phone if he wants to call me, we have nothing to discuss other than work. He made it clear this morning that he doesn't want anything to do with me. All he wants to do is confuse me, sending me mixed signals. One minute he's hot and the next he's cold. He's really hot thought, don't know where the cold comes in. Why the hell am I gushing over a white man? He's not my type and I am definitely not his. I don't have long soft straight hair and a small ass. I have one that is not the same size as my waist and coarse hair, I should get that weave.

After work I drove straight to my room, one small little room that feels big and cold in this summer. Being lonely sucks, you'll get winter season during a summer and everything changes. The bed becomes bigger, your appetite climbs Kilimanjaro and you think men who are out of your league wants you.

Though I think I am over Thabo, I really didn't think that much about him today. It's like he never dumped me and trampled over my heart or should I go, Thabo who?

I think I have more than I think I have for Wessels.

I took a bath and got tired from trying to fix the t.v. antenna that wasn't co-operating. I went to my bag and checked my new phone, I have heard about over the top technology phones and this one was definitely over the top. I put my old sim card in and switched in on.

The phone was da-bom, it made my old phone sound like a broken speaker of a headset.

I browsed through the phone and uploaded apps I don't think I will ever use, my old phone was Android clever mara I never got this far with it.

I was so excited I think I just wanted to call everybody I know to let them know I have upgraded a phone and ask them if my voice sounded better on the new one.

I really don't want to accept the phone but maybe I should pay him for it, wonder how much it costs.

Will pay him anyway.

I called my mom,

"Did you check what time it is Naledi?" My mom asked sounding sleepy over the phone.

I moved my phone from my ear to check the time, 7:30. Gees is there a time difference between Limpopo and Gauteng now? Or I set my timer wrong?

"Ma, I miss you ao?" Trying to cheer her up a bit.

"Sorry just had a long day, I miss you too but don't come home." She said the last part quicker than Buster Rhymes can bust a rhyme, out of nowhere.

"But I want to see you, please." I do need my mom, I am lonely here and she is probably lonely too or she has a new man. At 42 my mom still thinks is legal for her to date, I know it's no crime but to me it is. She is too old and it's embarrassing to wake up to find some new Papa walking shirtless in our house, she never even listens when I try talking to her. She has dated and I think I have seen enough man walk in and out of her life it's even starting to make me think I am headed there too. I don't want to be like my mom and I don't want to go home if she has a new man.

"I miss you too. I will tell you when to come home. Okay?"

"Fine mama." I said and hang up.

I want to talk her but it's hard to bring up anything, she never listens to me and never wants to talk about relationships with me. I want to talk about Thabo and Wessels but not with her.

My new phone rang, I jumped up. I wasn't expecting any calls and was still trying to figure out my mom.

I answered.

"Hey, can you talk?"

Shit!!!

Wessels.♡♡♡Chapter Five♡♡♡

"What do you want? I... I mean what can I do for you?" My tongue was in some kind of twist as I tried to find the right question. This guy has an effect on me even over the phone, I pray I never see him again.

"I want to see you?"

What the hell for?

I want to see him too, I know what I said. Don't read too much into things a lonely woman says. It's tough out there and it's not easy, I am used to having a boyfriend. This sudden boyfriendless thing is new to me ever since I started dating, oh yes I was a late bloomer. Got my first kiss at 19 from Thomas who stole everything from me thereafter.

To be honest this Wessels guy scares me but there is this thing in me that believes he can be trusted. I get so excited when I see him and ever since the kiss... I day dream about him, he makes me weak at the knees and get me wet in hard-to-reach-private-places.

"Okay, come to the office tomorrow." I said trying to sound all business like even though I could feel it in my bones, this had nothing to do with business. His voice said it too.

"Now." He simply said.

It's almost 8pm, it's a school day tomorrow and I can't afford to be out until 10pm, sometimes I have trouble waking up in the mornings. "I will come over if that will solve anything." He suggested as I was trying to unwrap my head around his now.

No, no, no, no mlungu is coming to visit me in Kasi? This is no place for a white man. Especially when my nosy landlady is home and hosting her nosy friends. Besides I live in a room that is my everything. I am not worried or embarrassed, Wessels is probably not used to this kind of settings. I would also preferred it if he didn't know that much about me.

"No, it's fine I will come over to your house." I found myself just giving in to this guy, I don't even know why I want to see him.

He didn't think it was a good idea for me to drive all alone in the night but it was that or I was going to get into bed and sleep. He was sounding more and more desperate to see me, building up my excitement of wanting to see him too. At the end it was agreed that I will drive at this time of the night to a man who told me to forget about a simple kiss. I shouldn't be seeing him after the way he spoke to me. Even when I am fighting myself something is telling me to go and this something can't be good shem.

I got up from the bed and changed into my blue skinny jeans and a white tight vest and threw on a light red jacket. I don't know why he wants to see me but I always trust my high heels, I can run and fight with them plus they put me to an advantage, he is very tall and I want to match up to him.

I tried getting my complicated afro into some stand still updo but it wouldn't comply, I let it hang and go wherever it wants to. Anyway I don't know why I am bothering myself with it, I never know what to do with it. I took some clothes and toiletries, not forgetting clean underwear. Maybe I will sleep over like the last time, I didn't take a bigger bag to make it obvious. It was my usual handbag that I use outside of work.

I ate bread for supper earlier so I am good to go. Anyway I am too excited to drink or eat anything at the moment.

I drove to Wessels house and thank God my car felt brand new. I am clueless about cars so I wouldn't know what is it that they did to my Attie or what was wrong with her.

The road was a bit clear with less cars and sometimes none at all.

As soon as I parked my car in front of his gate, the gate opened and I drove in. Is he looking at me through the window? I thought as I fixed my jeans and jacket getting out of the car, he was waiting for me at the door. Wearing blue jeans and a white Polo shirt, he looked so... oh I should stop drooling or I am going to get hurt and besides I am into dark skinned man like Thabo, you know... my dark stallion.

"Hi." He said with a smile flashing me his white teeth.

"Hi." Yourself handsome, only if I was that confident I would say that. I returned the smile. We were smiling stupidly at each other like nothing happened in the morning. I guess we are happy to see each other.

He let me in, I passed him, brushing against him a bit and dear Lord Wessels smells good, heavenly. I almost stopped to let the smell linger to the back of my nostril for longer.

The house smelled of rice and something like beef. I loved it, no smell of coffee tonight. It looked a bit empty, guess he had started moving.

"Are you cooking?" I asked him as he let me to the kitchen.

"Yes, are you hungry?"

"Yes." It came out hoarse because I was lying. Trust me my small waist can carry anything from sugar to your worst cholesterol meal and it won't change or get disfigured, my grandmother's good genes. At times I eat too much that I feel bad for myself.

I followed him to the kitchen.

"Okay, sit." He pulled a chair for me and I sat down. "You look good." He said smiling as he served the food in plates.

I wanted to say you look good enough to eat yourself but I was too scared to say anything, not even a thank you. He looked at me and I dragged my eyes away from him not sure what to do with myself. Gosh, why did I come here if I am going to act like a shy teenage girl. It's like I am showing my lack of experience with men. I should have cheated on that son of a wimp Thabo to see what it's like dating other people but I loved him and that was totally not me.

"Let's get you comfortable." He spoke as he wiped his hands on his jeans. He could see right through me? He came to me and I shifted uncomfortably on the chair. He was standing next to me and I failed to bring my eyes to his. "Get up." He instructed me and I did as I was told.

He took off my jacket still standing in front of me, slowly like he wanted to hear me say stop. I didn't. His hands brushed down my arms as they went down with the jacket, they were warm and sent some vibrations through my body. My whole body yearned to be grabbed hard by those strong fingers and let him do as he pleases with me. I have never in my life felt like this, what is Wessels doing to me? If he was black I would think ke moloi, only black magic can do this.

I found myself staring deep into his eyes without no shame, how I ended up staring at him is a mystery. I licked my dry lips that were moisturised a few minutes ago. His blue eyes changed into something, unreadable something, it was like he was reacting to what I just did with my lips. He came closer to me as he got the jacket completely off me.

My heart stopped working but I was alive, still breathing. The kitchen was quite except for the sound of the fridge.

He placed his hands on my shoulders and massaged them slowly but so damn nice. I found myself breathing heavily like I had just been outside running. His warm hands moved to my neck, his fingers brushing by as he went to cup both my cheeks and brought my face up to his. He kissed me slowly, slowly, slowly then increased the pace. His lips forcefully patting mine making me taste him, he tasted of nothing but sweet something, I responded to the kiss. Our tongues met, intertwined and everything changed.

He let go and I got to catch my breath but why did he stop? I wanted to scream NO as my whole body wanted and wanted. He's definitely very skilled and I want those skills on me, he wants me and it's the same with me. We can skip supper, I had bread already and...and...and... mind please shut up and let me use other things to think. Other things are also

screaming for him, touch some more Wessels. We want more, we want more!

My jacket was on a chair where my bag was. He said he wanted to get me comfortable only to get me restless, how do I look at him in the eye and sit still after this mind-blowing-thunderous kiss he gave me? He went back to the food and gave me my plate, the food looked delicious and yummy but I didn't want them anymore.

He has given me a lot to occupy my mind with and food doesn't do it for me anymore.

"Can I use your bathroom?" I asked.

"You know where to find it." Of course I know his house, it's my job to know it.

I felt his eyes on my behind as I walked out the kitchen to the bathroom. I just don't like being looked at, especially there because there are times where I feel my butt is the only thing that's attracting men the most on my body. I have other things too that should be considered, like my working brain.

I couldn't get to the toilet faster enough, not that I was pressed but I needed some privacy.

I peed all the tea from the office and when I wiped I was so wet I thought I was having my periods but there was no blood, I felt some kind of sensation that made me want to touch again.

I knew what was going on, no man has ever gotten me this far.

I am horny!

I quickly fixed my clothes, washed my hands and went back to the kitchen. He was quietly eating his food, I joined him and ate mine. Not that going to the toilet helped much, at least I was calmer now and my appetite was back.

Well, he can cook. I like my rice with tomato sauce and mayonnaise on the side, I don't know why but I have always had my rice like that and sometimes with a bit of salad. You know the seven colours kinda thing... He had salt and pepper on the kitchen counter and I didn't want to be a lousy guest so I ate my not so Sunday kos meal in silence. I am so uncomfortable around this guy I had to make sure the clicking sound of my cutlery to the plate wasn't loud. I felt like whatever I do I was just embarrassing myself nje. To pass the awkward silence I took my phone out and started checking Facebook while I ate. He cleared his throat and when I looked at him he had a disapproving look on face.

Okay, I put my phone on the kitchen counter like a good little girl and finished eating.

"Would you like a drink? I have coffee, all my wine had been packed away." He asked me taking our plates to the sink.

Coffee won't get me to relax, I want something to get the nerves in check and I heard wine gets people horny...

"I'll have a glass of water, thanks."

"There is dessert if you want some."

"No, I'll have a glass of water, thanks." I realised I was repeating my sentence and felt a bit stupid for doing that.

"Are you on a diet?"

Really? I just ate a meal worth calories for days and by the way I had four slices of bread before I came here, he had to ask diet?

I am offended.

I glanced at my hips while sitting down to check if I am that "fat".

He laughed at me.

"Sorry, there is nothing wrong with you. You are... Gosh I am making a fool of myself here." He smiled running a hand through his soft hair.

I could do that for you, I thought to myself as I watched the muscles on his arm. I can only imagine those hands on me...

His phone rang distracting me and bringing me back to the now. I snapped out of it and watched him walking gracefully out the kitchen speaking Afrikaans on his phone.

I got up from my chair and went to wash the dishes.

I don't know how long his phone call took but rinsing the last item in the sink I felt his hands on my thighs, I stilled. The rush of excitement of those strong hands send feelings of wanting through me, I leaned back against him. His hands travelled to my upper body, this is it...

Please take me now Wessels, I am begging with all my body and soul. Will deal with the "What have I done later".

His lips touched my neck, leaving traces of butterfly kisses. I relaxed and let the feeling take over my whole body.

Suddenly he went cold on me and pulled away. Embarrassed and turned on I turned around to look at him.

"We should stop this now." He said taking further stepd away from me, avoiding anymore contact.

Amen, witchcraft!

The pain of rejections hit me like a needle through hard skin. I rushed passed him, took my handbag and jacket and grabbed my phone. This brought back tears caused by Thabo. My mom was right, all men are the

same. Black, white, blue no difference! He called me here, for what exactly?

"Wait, you can't go." He grabbed me by my arm and turned me around to face him, he got to me faster than I had walked away from him. My tears betrayed me and it rained on my face, I looked down at his shoes wishing to step on him with the heel of my shoe to give him a taste of what he's just inflicted on me.

He held my chin and made me look up at him. "You are crying." He touched my wet cheek to wipe off a tear but I slapped his hand away. "Please don't go, not like this."

"Why did you call me here?" I asked him unable to take my eyes away from him. He was seeing me vulnerable and I hated myself for letting him do this to me.

"I wanted to see you."

"Good, you did. Now let me go." I wiped my tears with the back of my hand then slapped away his other hand from my chin.

See what you have done to me Wessels? You call me here, cook for me and then kiss me...then leave me confused and wanting more.

"It's late you can't be driving in this time of the night alone."

"I don't want to be here, with you. I don't know what you want from me and you don't know either. So I am going to leave and please don't stop me."

"This is new to me and..." He stopped himself and looked at me like he felt sorry for me. I don't want pity, I want him.

Why doesn't he take me in his arms and embrace me, tell me what he needs to tell me and make this pain go away.

I let myself be fooled by him, I drove all the way here for what?

For rejection?

"Don't call me again and from now on you are no longer my client." I said and turned to the door.

I went to my car and got in. When I got to the gate I hooted for him and the gate opened.

I drove back to my little room in more pain than before, double pain from Wessels and Thabo.

Tears blurred my vision but I managed to drive all the way, I finally got my car to Soshanguve.

As soon as I unlocked the door I went to my bed and cried, my only comfort... my pillow...♡♡♡Chapter Six♡♡♡

The next day I woke up with a headache and a messed up face from all the crying and not sleeping well. I stared myself in the mirror that was glued to the wall and felt sorry for myself. I had to pity myself, I had no one since everyone is taking advantage of my kindness and shyness. I have never been brave to speak up for myself. People do as they please with my feelings and I sit back, hurt and wounded. I am not that strong. I have to search the internet for talkback classes if something like that even exist. Maybe it will preoccupy my time and teach me a few words to talk back to a few people I know.

I got my phone to check for the time and I had like 10 missed calls from Wessels and a few messages.

'Let me know when you get home.'

'Are you home yet? Why aren't you answering my calls?'

'I don't know how to do this. I know you are angry but I need to know that you are fine.'

Dude!

He doesn't care so he better not act like he does. He let me go just like that, he should have fought harder if he cares. The pain of last night pinched through my heart like no other pain could compare.

I got ready for work. I don't have issues with going to work, I always look forward to it but today my ego was so knocked up I don't think I was looking forward to selling houses, smiling to clients and fabricating details of houses wasn't so appealing today.

I so wish I could sleep all day and wake up to a men free world, wouldn't that be nice? That's one species I won't miss, trust me.

Everything I did was nothing but a drag, I had even lost my appetite for food which was unusual. Even my ex Thabo never made me feel this way. It would have been better if I was stressing about Thabo, he has been in my life much longer than Wessels.

A few kisses from him and already I am a wreck, broken hearted like an adolescent. It hurts so much though.

I think I have fallen hard for him!!!

I drove to work not minding the packed traffic from the Mighty Mabopane highway. I was on my way to my first client of the day.

Again I was meeting up with a client who was as difficult as trying to please Wessels, the client found fault with everything and I was running out of smiles and patience but I went on pretending. At least all that anguish paid off at the end. My second client wasn't that hard to please, they just wanted a house close to their children's school. My third client cancelled and I had no choice but to go the office. It was early to be going home and I could go but I wasn't ready to face my depression yet. Being cooped up with a pillow is getting tiring, really tiring.

This morning I didn't want to come to work, now I don't want to go home.

I parked my car and got my handbag from the back seat. I had been so well not thinking about Wessels but suddenly my car reminded me of him, he had it fixed. I am driving an almost brand new Attie because of him.

My phone was ringing, I took it out of my handbag and stared at it for a few seconds. It was Thabo, I must admit that I was a bit excited to hear from him. I answered.

I think I said hello five times before I could realise that there was no one on the phone. I could hear sounds, people were talking even though I couldn't make out what they were saying. I hang up and quickly called him back, it rang until it went to voicemail. I called again three times and he didn't answer. I didn't understand though.

I was about to put my phone back into my bag when a message came through, it was from him.

'I would REALLY appreciate it if you'd stop calling me. Let it go, we are done.'

My heart sank. Why do I do this to myself? I thought I had moved on from him and only to be excited to see his call, his name appearing on my phone's screen made me think he was coming back to me. I will never learn, surely.

I deleted his number from my phone and I think this time it's for good.

I arrived at the office to find Paula excitedly waiting for me, I didn't understand her excitement until my eyes fell on my desk. A bunch of red roses... I mean a huge bunch of roses occupied my desk. My heart was still sore from Thabo's ruthless attack of words and the roses did nothing to cheer me up. Paula thought I had a secret admirer and I thought the roses must have been accidentally delivered to my desk. Secret admirer when men dump and hurt me left, right and centre? Not possible. I need serious cleansing, anyone going to Durban please bring me 5 litre of pure sea water, it's ought to help me.

'Read the card.' Paula pushed. I grabbed the flowers, my long fingers wouldn't wrap around as I tried to look for the damn card. I found it, it was hand written.

I'm sorry.

H.A. Wessels'

Me too.

I didn't even want to think much about the good gesture of the flowers. I was mad at Thabo and Wessels did hurt me last night.

I tore the card into pieces, threw it in the bin and in followed the roses. They fit in perfectly. I looked down at them and when I raised my head Wessels was coming in passing reception, his eyes looked at me in horror as he stopped to look at what I have done.

Tears stung deep in my eyes and I ran to the bathroom unable to hold myself, Paula followed behind me.

I closed the bathroom door and leaned against it crying.

"Naledi, please open." Paula softly begged outside the door, concern in her voice. She doesn't understand and I can't make her.

I jump from one man to another, I brought this on myself.

I can't even wait for the day Wessels wraps business with us.

I sat down on the floor with my back still against the door and cried for a good five minutes, I think, while Paula continued begging outside the door. She is the best friend I ever had bu...

When I finally opened she pulled me in her arms and the tears went crazier, flowing like a river.

"Are those roses from that pig, Thabo?" She asked me still holding me, my response was my sniffs and sobs. She did a good job as she went on reminding me what a dog Thabo was and at the end she generalised with all men.

I finally wiped off my tears and laughed at everything she was saying. She laughed with me as she realised I was better now.

I wish I could tell her about Wessels but there was really nothing to tell and besides I didn't want to stress myself going over the details of being turned down. Already I feel like a loser and sympathy from Paula will make things worse, I know how she can be. She'll try her best to comfort me only to make me feel like hiding and never coming out.

When we got back there was no sign of Wessels, Mariana asked to see me in her office and I had expected to find him there but she was alone. She wanted to know how far I was on the sale of Wessels' house, I told her I had a few clients lined up for tomorrow and one for this evening. I know he won't be home but I wish I could drop him and let someone take over. Things between us have taken a speedy awkward turn and I don't think I can recover from that or just forgive him, not even the roses could sooth my sore heart.

Marian and I worked on a few things that needed addressing, I was due for leave in a couple of weeks. I wanted to go home but Mommy dearest doesn't want me there and I really don't want to spend my leave days here doing nothing. I should check with some of my friends to see if we could plan a getaway of some sorts.

Paula and I went out for lunch, late lunch around 3:30pm. Again she wanted us to go out for drinks after work. I carefully declined, I don't have anything to do after work but I don't want to go out either. I promised to go out with them on Friday and she seemed happy with that.

When we got back to the office Mariana told me that my client was on his way to view Wessels' house. There goes my day of peace and less heartache. I was not looking forward to going there and wished my client would just cancel. It's past knock off time and my plan was to pack up and head to see my other friend, just a little catch up. At least I haven't called her yet.

I packed up and left the others preparing for their night out. I called my client to make sure they have the right address and he was already there waiting.

I haven't heard from Wessels after I threw his roses into the bin. I don't even know how I will act the next time I see.

A lot was going on in my mind on my way to Wessels' house. The situation stressed me so much that I even considered leaving my job, anything just not to see Wessels ever again.

As I drove in I realised that Wessels was also home. His car was parked outside the garage, he was surely inside the house. He shouldn't be here, I know Marian told him I was coming.

My client had also parked inside next to Wessels' car.

I parked my car, being the smallest behind Wessels car and got out, I did that on purpose, to block him if he thinks of leaving. He should have left as soon as my client arrived.

A tall dark man that almost reminded me of Thabo got out of the car parked next to Wessels' and came to greet me.

He introduced himself as Tshepo Mabala in a voice that matches his looks, smooth and low, I already knew his name but had to be polite anyway and shake up hands. I saw Wessels coming out of the house, he went to sit outside at the braai place with a book and a cup. He wanted to give the impression of not minding us but but I wasn't fooled.

Tshepo and I walked inside and I showed him the clean but almost empty house. When we walked into the master bedroom I could smell Wessels and his scent reminded me of how it felt snuggling to his pillow. I felt hurt but I missed him, he's just outside and that makes it hard for me to concentrate.

Mr Mabala wasn't difficult client. He looked impressed with everything and showed so much interest as I laid out the details of the house. After I was done I walked him to his car, he is married and was wearing his ring that he touched every now and then. He doesn't have to worry about any unwanted attention from me, I have my eyes set on a certain white man.

All the time I was into my best business mode and after shaking his hands I started to relax as Mr. Mabala started asking personal questions, I didn't mind him asking as I hate being awkward with clients. I answered him and it turns out he's also from Limpopo. We chatted briefly as we laughed and he touched me occasionally, innocent touches.

He was very funny, made me laugh a lot and by the time he left my stomach was in pain.

I watched him drive off with his black Range Rover. I was glad everything went well and I finally have to leave even though I felt like something was missing. I went to my car. Wessels was ignoring me, even after his attempt of an apology to me. I don't know what I want and not sure how I should handle this. Now that I am here I wanted to talk to him, to hear him say he is sorry.

"Naledi!" I heard him call my name behind me. My heart skipped a bit as my ears heard the sound of my name coming out of his mouth. I stopped before I turned around to look at him.

He was wearing gym clothes that lined out his muscular body showing off the right muscles. For the first few seconds my concentration shifted my emotions from anger to lust. I was seeing this hot man in a different way and the way he made me feel was very new to me. I stood still, he took a few steps towards me but stopped three steps to getting to me. "Would you mind coming in with me?"

Oh please so he could humiliate me again?

"Please." He begged his blue eyes staring at me.

I want to go inside, I want to be with him and... I don't care what we do as long as I am with him.

I walked to the direction of the door and he followed behind. When I got back inside I waited for him, he came in closing the door. He motioned me to the t.v. room, I followed him. There was a carpet on the floor and cushions all over the round carpet. That was the only things in the room. He went to sit down on top of the cushions.

"Please join me." He said with a soft inviting voice.

"Why?" That's all I could manage. I wanted to just jump into the cushion and pillow fight him for last night but playing hard to get seemed to be the only thing holding me back. Ego restoration tactics.

"Because I want to touch you." He said. I also want that and he looked so inviting. I felt like something was pushing me to go to him. He extended his hand as an invitation, he looked glorious among the cushions I just found myself extending my hand to meet his.

I stepped on some of the pillows almost losing my balance, I tried to walk on top of them but tripped and found myself laughing in the strong arms of Wessels as he caught me. He laughed with me as he helped me sit up next to him. I sat so close to him our shoulders were touching. I was a bit uncomfortable with that but I didn't move, I didn't know how he felt about me being so close to me. After last night I expect him to snap out of this mood anytime soon.

We sat in silence for a while, it was a beautiful silence that I think we both enjoyed. I could feel his stern eyes on me, I shyly turned my head

to look at him to find him staring at me with a flirtatious smile. I found my lips curving to match his smile. His eyes slowly moved to mine and once locked together he slowly moved his head, never unlocking eyes. His lips brushed slowly over mine, eyes still locked. When he parted my lips with his tongue I closed my eyes to welcome the delicious feeling he provided. We kissed slowly not touching, my hands were throbbing to go through his soft hair, I held back.

"You smell so good, good enough to eat." He spoke between our lips, his words sending vibration from my lips throughout my body.

He slowly moved his index fingers on both sides of my arm up to my shoulders. I moaned involuntarily.

It felt like he was pushing me back on the pillows and his lips were breaking away from me with each little push. I put my hands on his chest to support myself, he slowly removed them holding them to the sides.

He pulled away and looked at me with a smirk on his face that send shivers down my spine. He unbuttoned my shirt, one button at a time, his fingers occasionally brushing against my skin as he went up to the last button. He opened my shirt and slowly took it off me, his eyes on my two sets of cup C size covered breast.

I am that woman who always gets her bra size wrong and I think cup C wasn't the one as my left breast had a nipple popping out already.

I covered my breast with my arm, I made it look like I was brushing my neck with my hand.

He smiled, okay he laughed as he removed my hand. He's not seeing my breasts for the first time but this is one of those imperfect moments I wouldn't want him to see. He didn't mind as he ran a finger over the vulnerable nipple, the sensation made me cry out in excitement. It felt like he had touched every sensitive body part on me. My nipples hardened under his touch, I closed my eyes and threw my head back. I felt his lips on my nipple and that just made me cry out louder as I held his head with both my hands. He went from one breast to the other, driving me wild and just letting me loose myself.

One hand went to my back unbuckle my bra, he got it off me and my breast were now fully exposed to him. His lips were more pinkish and his eyes were wild filled with lust. He took my sensitive breasts in his hands like he was weighing them. His hands then moved to my waist down to my skirt, he unzipped it. Without a word from him I got on my knees and he pushed my skirt down. He pushed me slowly to lie on my back on the cushions, then he pulled the skirt off me. He stared down at me while I laid there with just my panty and shoes, I would have covered myself but his eyes told me something that turned me on. The way he looked at me didn't make me feel self conscious about my body like I always do.

He kissed me from my belly going south to my lips, his fingers went north tracing over the little kisses he planted coming to my lips. His hand got between my thighs, I parted my legs and he ran a finger up and down my panties making me yearn for more.

I was in a little world of our own, driven by our own pleasure when he suddenly stopped everything. I opened my eyes and found him staring down at me resting his head on his hand besides me.

"You stopped?" I found myself asking.

"Yes." He answered. I suddenly became aware of my nakedness. He was fully clothed, that wasn't fair.

I wanted more of his touch but was too ashamed to ask why he stopped. He waited for me to ask, I couldn't.

"You were doing it on purpose weren't you?" He asked confusing me. I don't know what he was talking about, maybe he thought I was faking it when he touched me. I looked at him and shot him a questioning look. "Where you flirting with him on purpose? To make jealous?"

"Who?" I asked and it didn't take me a minute to guess who.

Tshepo!

He was smiling as he brought his lips back to mine, he kissed me slowly as if giving me time to think about his question. I didn't want him to stop what he was doing to me and besides I wasn't even thinking of him when I was talking to Tshepo. Okay, I am lying but I wasn't really making him jealous.

His lips moved to my cheeks then to my ear.

"You smell so good." I moaned as he brought his fingers back to their rightful place. He flipped my panties to the side then ran a finger up and down the outside part. "Don't you ever make me jealous again, do you hear me?" He was increasing the pace then quickly slipped in a finger to find me wet and wanting, he took it out and went up to my clit.

"Do you hear me!" He shouted this time pushing in two fingers deep in me.

"Yes." I screamed as my whole body responded to him. He liked that as he increased the pace once more.

I could not believe the pleasure he was giving me with just his fingers. My fingers dug into deep into the cushions, I tried to hold on to something as I lost myself. He encouraged me,

"Let go Naledi."

The sound of my name coming from his lips sends me back and forth to a place I never knew existed. I did let go. My body convulsed and threatened to swallow his fingers as this beautiful feeling spread all over me.♡♡♡Chapter Seven♡♡♡

I was breathless as I regained my control and came back to bit by bit, I mean as I recovered from the mother of all Tsunamis that just erupted in my body. This man just gave me my first orgasm with his skillful fingers. Oh, I do not not how to praise this creature of a man.

Still naked and Wessels was by my side looking at me with a huge grin on his face. Bloody ego maniac, that's for sure! He clearly knows how to use his hands and not afraid to pat himself on the back. I could do that for him and thank him for what he had just done for me but I have things running in my mind.

I wanted to cover myself from top to bottom, I had bared myself to him but I didn't have the guts to move, besides I don't even know where my clothes are. Worst part I know I look bad, my hair feels lose and a hopeless mess. I haven't even shaved some other parts in ages. I am hairy everywhere!

Should I even be worried about my body right now? He's been in places no one else has ever dared to reach. Made me know which part of my body is the most sensitive.

Anyway I don't know how to react in this kind of situations. I have never been here. My two exes took charge of everything in the past but not like this.

"Where are my clothes?" I asked trying to look for them still lying down on my back, only my head moved. Maybe when I am fully clothes I will know what do.

"Shhhhh..." Wessels placed a finger on my lips, the finger crossed over my mouth to my nose. I could smell my juices on his fingers. I have never smelled myself before or even touched myself for pleasure, now he knows more than I do about my body. I need to be out of here...

I got up, kicked the cushions for my clothes and Wessels got up too, looking at me with his wicked smile. I stared at him and thought "Oh hell no". He had them in his hands, he waved my cotton panties in the air. Embarrassing me. Those are very comfortable but not so sexy, I should go shopping for something sexier. I have the likes of Wessels to impress.

And on that note I will need Paula's help, she is very experienced with this things. But I need the ones I own now!

"Come, you should eat." He said offering me his hand.

I took one of the cushions and covered my breast as I sat back down. I was showing him that I won't get up without my clothes. He laughed throwing his head back.

He walked out and left me naked, of course he took my clothes with him.

When he came back he was holding a red robe, he handed it to me.

"That should do."

"What happened to my clothes?" I still had my hands wrapped around the cushion.

"Taken care of, now get up and put this on."

"You get out first." I was serious, I have like a hundred and something issues with my body. The fact that I am dark, way darker than him makes me want to hide my body even more.

"What? I have seen you naked before, just now even." He was right, he just made me come. He saw me screaming and trembling under his skillful hands but that doesn't help me forget my imperfections.

Without a warning he got me up on my feet by just lifting me with his hands, he quickly got the pillow from me and tossed it to the floor. I had no time to react in any way as he threw the robe over me to my back standing in front of me. He helped me put it on, quick. As he was suppose to close it he stood still. His hands on my sides holding the robe apart and his eyes roamed at a quick pace all over the front of my body. I was aware of him but instead of feeling the usual embarrassment of being naked and feeling exposed something in his eyes gave me feelings I never knew existed. Just like I let him pleasure me earlier I let him satisfy his eyes. I loved the burning hotness his eyes had, his face showed hunger that no amount of food could satisfy. His eyes only turned me on again. I loved what he did to me earlier and I want more, I know he can offer me that. I am yet to discover what he can do with his other body parts.

I felt myself wanting to be closer to him and let me feel his body against mine. I was having thoughts I never knew I could have for any other

man. I never saw Wessels as someone I could get that close to or attracted to, to me he was just another guy, another white guy.

He quickly closed the robe and fastened it, looking embarrassed for staring. He shouldn't be! I felt what he felt too.

He left the room and I followed him, my heels making the loudest clicking sound on the tiled floor. He went to the kitchen and straight to dishing up. Tonight he had cooked Basmati rice and beef stir fry.

I watched him going around the kitchen, setting the food in front of me and another plate for himself. I was fascinated by the way he moves, how he handles everything. I was discovering more things that I loved about him. He caught me watching him several times and everytime he looked up at me my lips would be dry and I would run my tongue over it and stick my lips together. It's something I did unknowingly and it seemed to have an effect on him.

He sat down and we ate in awkward silence with stolen glances.

"You didn't wash your hands." I pointed at him. He smiled looking at his food, he dropped his spoon and picked a piece of meat with his fingers.

"You taste good." He teased licking his fingers, that kind of stirred deep down in me and he made chewing so fashionable and sexy. I bit my lower lip trying to calm my raging hormones.

I swallowed, something smooth was suppose to go down my throat but because of what I was seeing I forgot I was eating and the food choked me. I coughed so hard, Wessels got off his chair and poured me a glass of water. By the time he gave me the glass the coughing had stopped but I took the water anyway and drank it hoping it will go down with the embarrassment.

"Are you okay?" He asked wrapping his hand over mine on the glass. His hand was warm and those fingers were...

He took the glass from me and put it down next to me. He stood for a few seconds as if waiting for me to cough again.

He went back to eating in silence, our eyes meeting again.

After eating I took the dishes to the sink.

"I'll take care of that, you can go to bed. You are sleeping over right?" He was standing besides me but creating a safe space between us. That didn't sit well with me. He was a bit distant now and I was getting worried, I felt like something had changed.

I thought after everything maybe we were going to take things up a notch. You know, add more.

"My bag is in my car and I need my toiletries to take a shower first."

"I'll go get your bag for you, give me your keys." He extended a hand to me. My keys, I don't know where they are. Probably between the cushions where he... where we were...

He thought the same too and he smiled as he turned back to go look for them.

When he came back with my bag I was done with the dishes. He didn't say anything, just gave me my bag and showed me to his bedroom that I know.

I took off the robe and hit the shower, after the shower I found a clean white folded t-shirt on the bed. I believed it was for me, I put it on and got into bed with the lights still on. All the pillows smelled of Wessels, I snuggled up to one and closed my eyes.

The next thing I felt him getting on top of the bed. I didn't know we were going to share a bed, but where did I expect him to sleep because there is only one bed in the house now. Besides, us, in one bed could great fireworks. And I wanted him close to me to close the distance I felt earlier.

I laid still, waiting for his next move. I had my back against him, he got so close to me that my whole body got excited all over again. I remembered the way he had touched me, the skills he used and how experienced he is.

"Hey." He said turning me over to face him. He smelled so good like he just got out of the shower, a smell of mixed fruits. I studied his beautiful

face as he looked down at me, his blue eyes were so bright and gorgeous. He looked young with his smooth skin and red lips. He looked yummy and I got to see him half naked as he wore only pyjama pants, this guy is sexy as hell. I know I looked a mess from being half asleep...

"You look so beautiful." He said rubbing his thumb on my cheek.

I felt like he was softening me because that's what he thinks he needed to do.

Has he seen the ladies I work with, Clara, Paula, Marian? They are white and would match up with him very well, they don't have big booties and dark skin with coarse hair. They are his type of ladies. "What are you thinking?"

It's like he read my mind.

"Nothing." I quickly replied.

"Okay, let me give you something to think about." His eyes looked into mine, growing bigger as he brought his face to mine.

He kissed me slowly letting his arms cover me and pull me closer to him.

I felt him, his hard body pressing against me and his dick poking me on my stomach. He wasn't afraid to make me feel him against me.

He deepened the kiss while I let my hands stay on my side, my fingers twitching to wonder all over his warm body.

"Touch me." He breathlessly spoke his lips moving over mine.

I froze!

We looked at each other for a few seconds, he waited for me to touch him but I was too scared. I didn't even know where I would guide my hand to.

He kissed me on my forehead and with a bright smile said,

"Good night."

Whoa!!!

Why???

He turned and faced up.

Touch me, kiss me, please. Do I plead or get on top of him.

What will happen if I touch him now? Put my hand on his hairy chest and run it down to...

How do I even satisfy a man? I've let Thabo lead everytime we had sex, I let him do everything while I laid beneath him. I am terrible with this things, and I know I want to touch this man. I want to feel his skin with my hands and touch his hairy legs, arms and chest, kiss his neck.

My eyes were wide open as I watched him fall asleep, all sorts of things I could do to him invading my mind. Tonight his scent wasn't from the pillow that I hugged the other night, he was here, next to me.

Finally I fell asleep.

I woke up in the middle of the night tangled to Wessels, his breathing so soft beating against my cheek. The lights were off but I could see him. My legs were between his, his left arm was under my head and the other over me to my butt. He offered me some kind of peace and comfort.

I slept again with a smile on my face.

When I woke up again I was alone in bed tangled with the sheets. I had slept so well considering I was dumped by the love of my life. After Thabo's message I didn't know how I was going to face each day of my life without him, like I said I had planned life around him. I saw myself married to him and living happily ever after.

I turned trying to get myself off the sheets and Wessels was sitting by the window on a chair looking at me. He had a pen and a note pad in his hand, he wore torn jeans and was barefoot, his shiny black hair a little messy.

I was wearing his t-shirt but somehow I felt a little exposed. I pulled the covers up to my neck. Since they were a mess they left my legs exposed. His eyes looked at my legs and he smiled.

"Morning." I said trying to distract him.

"Go take a shower, I'll get breakfast ready." He got up and headed for the door. Is this a habit of his, not greeting?

The clock on his bedside table said 6:35. If I don't get up and leave I will be late since I have to go back to my place and change clothes. I got the sheets off me and ran to the shower, took a quick one and when I came out my clothes were placed neatly on the messy bed. I wore them and walked out. Although I am not sure about going to work in yesterday's clothes I have no choice.

He was in the kitchen making breakfast, I smelled eggs and bacon. He was still shirtless and his body from behind just showed strength, I wanted to touch him and run my fingers down his spine.

"Hey, I'm sorry but I have to go." He turned around to look at me.

"Stay for breakfast." He was asking even though it came out more like a command.

"I am going to be late."

"I'll call your office and let them know you have a client here." That's not how things are done, clients call the office for appointments and we get our messages from reception. Sometimes we get calls from our work cellphones, him calling would just get people to start acting suspicious.

"I'm sorry, I really have to go."

He wiped his hands on his jeans and walked towards me. He stood in front of me and looked down at me, lifting my chin up he kissed me. Slowly...

When he released me I found myself limping on my toes for more. He didn't disappoint he kissed me again.

"I'll love it if you'd stayed a while longer." He held my face in his hands.

I'd love that too, I could be with him the whole day and watch him going around the kitchen making me food.

"I can't."

"Please..."

"No!" It just came out.

"Okay." He raised both his hands in the air.

He went back to the stove, I felt like letting him down disappointed him.
I don't want to do that.

I walked to him and stood beside him.

"Look Wessels..." I started but he jumped in with...

"Whoaaa, you call me Wessels?"

"Are you not Wessels?" I am sure his business card says that.

He laughed at me while I looked at him in horror. Did I just spend a night with a man I don't know? He touched me and woke feelings I didn't know my body could get. I called him Wessels the other night.

"I am Mr Wessels but aren't we suppose to be on first name bases now?"

Are we? What are we even doing? Dating? Or...

I walked back to where I was standing earlier and placed my handbag on top of the kitchen counter.

"Can I ask you something?" I asked for permission. I am intimidated by this man but I have to know.

"Yes." He came closer and stood across me. I swallowed hard to prepare myself.

"What are we to each other? I mean we... you... you know..." I fumbled to find the right words to what he did to me last night.

He went quiet, like he was searching for the right words.

"I don't think we should put labels on this, it's too early and we are just getting to know each other."

Labels?

"You want to hurt me, you are just like them. Everyone of them that hurt me, man are all the same." I should have known that colour or race doesn't change the male species. Nothing makes him different from Thomas or Thabo.

I grabbed my bag and headed for the door. He ran after me and pulled me back by my hand. He held me close to his chest.

"Don't walk away from me." He whispered to me looking into my eyes. His eyes held mine with compassion but I wasn't sure if it was the type that I needed. I know the feeling of being hurt and played with, I don't want to feel like that. I can tell I am already drawn to Wessels.

"I'm sorry." I pulled myself out of his hold on me and walked to my car, he followed me not saying a word.

When I drove away he was looking at me and I had to look away to avoid the pain I saw in his eyes.

I drove back to the office in tears. I don't want to stop seeing him, I want him. One night with him has made me want to see where this would take us.

Lately I've made a habit of coming to the office in tears. I fixed myself in the car, applied a bit of makeup before walking to the coffee shop on the first floor. I ordered myself breakfast. When I was done I went back to my car and tried to call my mom, I called three times and she didn't pick up. She is never there when I need her.

I walked up the stairs to the office, Paula was at her desk flirting and blushing at Lufuno, when she saw me she tried to act like nothing was going on.

"Morning you two." Only Lufuno replied and at that same time he walked away. "What's going on?"

She looked up at me with a smile. I thought something had happened to her or she was mad at me when she didn't greet me back but no my girl is excited about something. And... Could it be...

"Am I missing something here?"

"He asked me out!" The big eyes popped out and the smile grew even bigger.

"Who?"

"Him?" Her excitement grew.

"Who is him girl?"

And then Lufuno just happened to pass by.

Him?

We let him disappear as he went into his office before we jumped at each other. Giggling and touching hands.

"Oh girl, I am so happy for you."

She just knows how to lighten up my day!

"Me too, can't wait to have sex with him!"

I laughed at her, she can't be serious. Sex should be the last thing on her mind.

"You don't know the 90 days rule?"

"I don't live by rules girlfriend, ask my mother." She laughed at me.
"Okay fine, we've been dating for a while now."

OMG what???

"Since when?"

"Delivery for Miss Naledi" Karen, the receptionist girl came to us shouting. Paula and I looked at her, she had a purple envelope in her hand.

She handed it to me and stood beside me, waiting for me to open it. I tucked it under my arm and looked at Paula.

"Since?" I asked Paula, trying to get back to where we were before Karen interrupted us.

They both gave me looks that told me straight away to open the envelope.

I know it's probably from Wessels and he wrote his name somewhere inside, if I open it in front of Karen and Paula I'll be the gossip of the office. Imagine me in a saga involving Wessels.

I can handle Paula but not Karen.

"We are waiting." Karen said flipping her long brown hair.

"And we have to get back to work and by the way are you wearing yesterday's clothes?" Paula pointed out even though my clothes looked clean.

To get her mind of my clothes I opened the envelope to find a card with two hearts joined together on the cover. I opened the hand written card,

'I just know I want you, I want to be with you, hear your voice and touch you.

Just stop thinking too much about this and be my girl.'

Would that be enough for me? What does being his girl even mean?

I held the card to my chest and got lost in trying to get the meaning behind the word "Girl"...

Paula grabbed it from me and read it out loud.

It doesn't have anything other than the message on it. No initials and surname this time

The girls looked at me for answers.

"Secret admirer." I said.

Marian came out of her office and everyone rushed to their working station with Paula throwing the card at me. Marian looked like someone who was leaving the building, maybe she had a business meeting outside the office. She stood at reception giving Karen some orders. And once she was inside the lift I got my phone and typed Wessels a message,

'Failing to understand the content of your message, care to elaborate the term "GIRL" for me please.'

I pressed send and he replied right away,

'Simple term, young female.'

I found myself laughing out loud. Paula looked at me,

"Sorry Facebook." I pointed at my phone with one hand while it was in the other hand.

"I wonder who your secret admirer could be..." While she was thinking about that I send Wessels another message,

'Stop being smart with me I am not joking.'

He doesn't waste time,

'Let me pick you up tonight and I will explain.'

I am definitely up for that. He's offering to pick me up but my car...♡♡♡Chapter Eight♡♡♡

'I'll pick you up at 7, your place.'

That one message got me thinking that doing this whole thing was a bad idea. The idea of going out on a date and being picked up sounds ideal and romantic, something new that I would like to experience. If Wessels was any guy, I mean any black guy I would have invited him over the

other night but the truth is he is not any other guy and not black either. I don't want him to come to my place, he cannot!

I have to think and come up with a plan, fast. I don't even know how long I have to keep on making excuses but for as long as he doesn't set foot in my back room or even worse ko Kasi then we will be fine.

'But you don't know where I stay.'

'You can send me directions'

'No, I will go home and change then you can get me in town later.'

After what seemed like an hour his reply was,

'K.'

Then a while later.

'Bring an overnight back.'

Goodness that "K" got me worried for a few minutes and still I know he is not happy. He wants to know more about me. He knows my body and where I work, I know his address, surely he wants my address now.

I can't move because of him, he might not be here to stay and why should I change my life because of him? A man I hardly know.

My phone rang, thought it was Wessels but no it was my mother.

"Mama?"

"My babygirl, how are you?" She is in a better mood today. She clearly is going to make demands.

"I'm okay Mama and wena?"

"I'm good, so you remember I told you I am going to need money for my stokvel?" When it comes to money she never wastes time. She could have just said send me that money, I always have to give her money for something and every month I have to make sure to put enough money aside for her constant demands. I'm always out of budget because of her. Right now as we speak I have like R3000 put aside just for her.

"Yes Mama, will send it later today."

"Okay, do you remember how much you have to send?"

Here we go...

"One thousand five hundred rands?" That's like her monthly allowance from me but her plans are always bigger than mine.

"Eish, my baby you see that won't be enough. I have to pay MaKagiso, last week she paid for me at the ladies society and then my sister wants us to get matching outfits for a wedding of a distant cousin of ours and we have to buy presents too. If only I had an income I wouldn't bother you my child."

"How much do you want Mama?" I know where this is going, she always does this to me. Ask money by making me feel bad.

"If I hadn't fallen pregnant at 20 I would have gone to nursing school, that scumbag told me to abort but I kept you. Now look at you..."

"Mama?" I shouted at her making the entire office stop and stare at me. Paula knows my situation with my mom, she gave me a sympathetic look since she already caught my side of the conversation. Paula wasn't sympathizing with me but to warn me to go easy on my mom.

I am angry, I am trying to save money but all I have to do is support my mother.

"Do you have four thousand rands? Even five is fine, things are very expensive this side child."

Lord help me!

She has never asked for so much money before. And I had three thousand rands aside just for her knowing I might spare a few hundred rands after she milked me but she wants more. She wants me to dig deeper into my pockets.

I had no choice but to send her the money as soon as I could, no question just do what mother wants to avoid a speech about opportunities she missed because of me. She makes it sound like I conceived myself to disturb her life.

Some mothers are doing right by their daughters but maybe I am being ungrateful. She paid for my studies, she hustled for money so I can get a better education. I studied Human Resource at TUT only to jump at the first opportunity that came my way. Train for three months as an estate agent, well here I am...

Tshepo came to the office to discuss the sale of Wessels' house. I let Marian call Wessels and tell him the good news while I went out to send

my mother four thousands rands. After that I did a little shopping and washed my hair. I bought a simple black tight fitting dress for tonight, the cheapest I could find.

When I got back to the office Paula had left for home and I had one last client to see before I go get ready for my first date with Wessels. Come to think of it, I've never been on a date before.

By the time I got to my little back room all I wanted to do was sleep, I was so tired. It was 5:30pm.

I warmed up water and called my mother. She didn't pick up and a few minutes later she send a text.

'Got the money.'

I put my phone on charger and took off my clothes. My phone rang, I went to it thinking it was my mother but the letters that spelled Wessels were dancing on my screen. I answered the phone my heart pumping hard and fast.

"Hello."

"Hey you, are you ready?" His voice sounded so relaxed and sweet. Wonder what he is doing right now. I could picture him walking around his house barefoot...

Gosh... I am day dreaming...

"Yes, I'll leave after six and take a taxi to town. Will call you when I am there."

"Okay, what are you doing now?"

I looked at my naked self through the mirror on the wall and thought that I could tell him that I was naked, hear what he had to say.

"I'm going through my wardrobe, looking for something to wear." My black dress glared at me on top of the bed.

"Nice, can't wait to see what you'll be wearing."

I don't know what to say.

"Okay, I have to finish up now." I hang up and quickly put my phone back on charger.

I prayed he doesn't call again.

I am so out of my league

I took a quick bath and tried to fix my face with a little makeup. I am not a pro but the results satisfied me. The dress was a perfect fit, showing the right curves...

Thabo loved my curves, all black men do. I get compliments wherever I go and I know none of them wants me for love. And no white man has ever looked at me that way. I have seen and worked with a whole lot of them and they all treat me the same, an agent selling houses.

Wessels what do you see in me?

Hope he tells me what he meant by "GIRL" and doesn't disappoint me.

The final touch was my Elizabeth Arden's perfume that I bought a million years ago, I bought it for a special day and I hope this will be that special day or night.

Wessels called again before I left and again when I was in a taxi. He was being patient though, his smooth but yet rough voice made me shiver with anticipation.

When he said,

"Take your time, I have the whole year to wait on you."

Made me say a little prayer to God. He is just something else, he sounds like that imaginary boyfriend that we all have. If only men knew what we think about them...

When I got to town I found his Q7 parked at the corner of Thabo Sehume street, exactly where he'd said he'd be.

I walked to his car crossing the road and saw him coming out. He wore a blue and white check shirt rolled up to his elbows and blue jeans. He looked so hot as the shirt was a little tight, hanging to his muscles.

He leaned against the front passenger door and smiled at me. I shyly smiled at him.

"Hi." I greeted him.

He stared at me for a second before he said, "I thought jeans made you look hot but that dress is the one."

I felt my eyes widening and my lips just curving further into a smile. He was melting my heart and turning my legs into jelly. He hasn't touched me yet but already he owned my body.

He opened the door for me and I went in. He closed it while I struggled with my seatbelt. When he came in he found me fumbling with it.

"Naledi." The way he said my name. It sounded like chocolate melting in my mouth. I slowly looked up at him and his face was right next to mine.

In an instant he had my cheek in his hands and was hungrily kissing me, hard and faster. I responded, trying to match up to his rhythm.

He pulled away and still held my face from a distance, "I want to do this the right way but you are making it hard for me. You look good, you smell good, you taste so damn good. Everything about you is flippin' good."

My respond was a moan that came deep from my throat, the sound scared me but...

"And that, I love how you respond to me."

What do I say? I surely have to say something that matches up to how he is talking to me.

I was speechless, all I did was stare at the man with my eyes that felled like balloons being filled with air, expanding and expanding.

He let go off me and I fell back into the seat.

He started the car.

"Seatbelt." He commanded.

This time I did with no struggle at all.

We drove to his new house. I wasn't disappointed that we were not going out to a restaurant or someplace like I thought, I was just glad that I'm going to be with him.

He drove while playing some nice Afrikaans song. I didn't understand the lyrics that he was humming to it and when I looked at him he said...

"Juanita du Plessie."

I guess that was an answer to a question I didn't know I had asked but still didn't answer me. I don't know who that is.

We drove through the long drive way.

Everything looked different from the last time I had showed him the house. The garden looked beautiful and greener, he had planted more plants and cleaned it. More lights that made everything look brighter and just too beautiful.

As soon as I got off the car I found myself wondering around, taking in the added beauty through the many bright light of the house.

When I turned around he was standing there and watching me.

He held a hand out for me and I walked to him. I placed my hand in his, he pulled me to his chest and held me. His arms felt strong and he smelled so good, no perfume or added scent, just pure clean him. He squeezed me and breathed into my hair. My coarse hair that no man has ever dared to touch, had it washed today but I can't let him that close to my hair. I still don't want to be out of this strong arms though.

I think I am in love with Wessels.

"We can't stand here forever." He said but still held me. I dropped my huge bag and wrapped my arms around his waist.

He laughed when I squeezed myself against him. I just had a two second's worth of courage that came out of nowhere and he loved it.

"Come." He finally broke the hug as he picked up my bag. He held me close to him as we walked inside the house.

The house held a beauty that wasn't even there the day I showed it to him. It was more beautiful and not hard to see that his favourite colour is actually white. White couches, white curtains and almost everything white.

I gave myself a tour of the house, he had changed a lot of things. Broke some walls and joined the some of the rooms together. Most of the work wasn't finished yet but I could see where he was going with the plans.

When I was done I found him in the kitchen packing what looked like a picnic buscket.

"Isn't it late for picnic?"

"Pretty much late but I have the perfect spot for us." He took the basket and a blanket. "You can get the chushions if they are not heavy for you."

He was teasing me.

"I can carry that buscket too you know."

"You sure? You won't break a nail?"

I don't even grow nails.

"You think I am weak, don't you?"

"No, I just think I have to treat you like a lady. Carry you even."

I don't blush but I suddenly felt shy, smiling.

He held the blanket and basket in one hand and wrapped the other one around my waist.

We walked outside to the lawn on a spot that was far from the light but we could still see each other and any other closer moving objects. He spoke too much, even mentioned why he decided to move here, already Tshepo had plans for the other house and he explained that he needed to be here to oversee the renovations.

We laid out the blanket then the cushions. He sat down and he made me sit between his legs, I leaned lazily against his chest while we ate hotdogs and drank orange juice. Not my kind of meal for supper but I didn't really want to eat. Being in his arms was good enough.

We relaxed listening to the beautiful sound of nature and cars in the distance. A little later snacking on dried fruits as we watched the lights beneath us in the far distance that looked like an upside down of the earth.

Wessels' house is built on a mountain that overlooks the other plots, making his house look like heaven during the night.

He poured us each a glass of Champaign after popping it over my head and letting some bubbly on my face. He licked it off with his tongue, stealing a few kisses on my lips while I giggled like a little school girl.

"So, are you willing to be my girl?" He lifted his glass and held it up for me to click with mine for a toast.

My first thought to his question was, is he like "shelaring me"? I don't think this situation needed any explanation. We know what is going on between us but if he saw the need...

I clicked his glass anyway, sitting up on my knees and facing him.

"You are suppose to explain what being your girl means." I took a sip, it tasted good.

He put his glass aside and placed his hands on my things.

"It means you let me in your life, let me take care of you and you accept me."

"Like boyfriend and girlfriend? Dating and being exclusive?"

I was hoping for that...

"How about learning more about each other and taking things slow."

"What's the difference of what you are saying and what I am saying?"

"I know you've had it rough when it comes to relationships." The phone call, he heard everything. "I want us to have a private relationship, where no one interferes so we can see where this leads us."

"You want us to be a secret?" I asked him even though I understood him.

"Yes but for our own good, I believe we are both new at this and I don't want to hurt you. You've been hurt enough. I want you to learn more about me, see if I am the man you want to let in your heart."

I am already in love with him. I admitted that to myself earlier.

"There is no rush, okay?"

"Okay." I agreed wishing I could tell him how I feel. But maybe he is right, it took me years to know Thabo after falling in love with him the moment I saw him. He made me think we were in love only to throw that in my face, at least with Wessels I know where we stand even though I want to slap myself for not telling him my expectations. "Now That I have said yes to being your girl then what?" I took another sip of the Champaign then downed the remaining.

He kissed me before pulling me back to his chest, he made me face the beautiful view again.

"What do you say to a relationship with no sex. I will touch you and satisfy you with other parts of my body but not..." He went quite and still. I also didn't know what to say. I want him, he touched me the other night and made me curious. "Trust me it's for our own good. I promised not to hurt you and I won't use sex to make you think I am a good guy."

I raised my empty glass for a refill, he poured my glass and I drank it silently. I think I drank more glasses to build up the courage to ask,

"So, do I get to touch you too."

He laughed.

"No, I don't trust my naked self around you."

I could feel him growing and poking at my spine. The Champaign was making me talk and act all brave.

"But I know you want me to." I turned my head to look up at him.

"Yes." He brought his lips to mine and kissed me. He moved a little and before I knew it he was on top of me, kissing my neck his hands in my hair.

"Take care of me like you promised." I begged him.

I am so horny I'll settle for his fingers...

For tonight...♡♡♡Chapter Nine♡♡♡

Just like the last time I woke up to an empty bed, it didn't surprise me. Wessels is an early riser and I am not a light sleeper.

I slept throughout the night after he put me to sleep with his magic fingers. I don't even remember waking up even if it was just for a second.

I was naked when I got out of bed, Wessels' checked shirt from last night was on a chair next to the window. Thabo never allowed me to

wear his clothes, especially his t-shirts. He had told me once that my large breast ruin them.

I put on Wessels shirt and went to find out what he'll think of me wearing his clothes. It smelled of him and for a moment I wished the smell will rub off me.

I walked barefoot to the kitchen following the smell of bacon. I found him in his trackpants and nothing else busy in the kitchen.

"Good morning." I said. He turned around from the stove and looked at me. I walked closer to him so he could see that I was wearing nothing but his shirt only.

His blue eyes went from my bare legs to my chest. I hadn't buttoned it all the way up and it was a bit of an oversize, I don't think I have mentioned what a giant Wessels is. A beautiful sexy giant.

"Just in time for breakfast." He came to me and gave me a kiss on my lips.

I wanted him to say something about what I was wearing.

"Am I dressed well for breakfast?" I lifted my hands up and made a turn around like a ballerina, knowing very well the shirt would reveal more. Don't even know where I got the courage to pull that statement but yes I was fishing for a compliment.

"Don't tempt me." He spoke pulling me into his body, pressing my body against his.

My breathing became unstable, I didn't know what to do since I was the one that started this. I wasn't provoking him but if this will make him have sex with me then I have to work on my act.

"Go sit." He whispered.

He let me go and I reluctantly went to where he had directed me to go sit. He has so much self control it annoys me.

"Why do you always leave me in bed?" I asked pulling a chair at the breakfast bar.

He went to get busy on the stove with his back against me. His body looked more sexier from behind, the muscles looked like they were contracting as he turned the bacon and moved around.

"I have things to do in the morning, like today I had to do my morning jog." He got a plate and placed it in front of me. Serving me the bacon and eggs.

"The other day I woke up to you sitting by the window." I poked my fork into the bacon.

"My shirt on you... it's... distracting." I don't know if he was avoiding what I said or he just didn't want me to wear his clothes. His voice also sounded so cracky and sexy.

"I'm sorry, it was the only comfortable thing I saw."

"Comfortable?" He raised an eyebrow at me.

"I'll go change." I spoke but did not move.

He came over to me and kissed me. "Stay and eat your breakfast. Help yourself to some bread. Coffee?"

"No rooibos."

I don't think he minds me wearing his clothes and he makes sure to kiss me on every opportunity he gets. I like that.

After breakfast I took a shower to get ready for work. Today I am going to take a taxi to work which it's something I hardly do. Meeting clients outside the office is going to be difficult, what was I thinking leaving my car?

I wore a black skirt and a white blouse with my black highheels and went back to the kitchen to give him some time to get ready too. I washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen.

"Come, I'll drop you off at work." He looked so clean in his navy blue business suit and white shirt after his shower. He smelled good too.

I watched him as he stood still looking at me.

"Thanks." I said sounding lame.

"You are taking your things?" I looked at him confused. "I thought you might leave some of your things here."

"Oh... okay but this is the only bag I brought with me." I held my bag for him to see.

"You don't need it." He took it from me. "I told you, I want you to be my girl. That means making you feel at home."

I was left speechless, does he know that me having my things here means I am marking my territory? He'll never bring another woman in here, I felt victorious watching him taking my bag back to his bedroom.

I even followed him just to make sure he was serious. He threw it on the bed.

"I'll pick you up after work." He walked out the bedroom door and I followed him again, hurrying behind him to match up to his long strides on the passage.

"Wait!" He stopped.

"What do you mean you'll pick me up after work? I am not moving in."

"I want to see you, everyday. I want to be with you. I am picking you up after work, it's either I am taking you home or bringing you here."

"I can decide to myself where I want to go."

"Decide and I will take you."

"I think I'll take a taxi." I started to walk away from him but he grabbed me by my arm and pulled me back.

"Don't do this. We'll talk on our way to work."

"Let go." He looked at his hand around my arm. His hold on me was gentle.

"Please darling."

"I don't want you to make decisions for me."

"Okay, I'm sorry. But tell me what do you want?"

"I want to go to work and take myself home after work."

"Please don't be mad at me." This is a fight, a disagreement that could break us. I just don't want to be controlled. I listened to a man all my dating life and I won't let that happen again because at the end he broke me.

"I'll get my bag." I pulled my arm out of his hand and walked back to his bedroom.

I took my bag and when I walked passed him he was facing the wall and leaning against it. He didn't want to watch me leave and I felt so bad it pained.

I walked out the house and looked back, I wanted him to stop me even though I was mad at him. He didn't, I walked all the way out the gate and even got a taxi to town.

I was so torn that I had to call the office and tell them I can't come to work.

I went straight to my room and let the tears flow. Everytime I come back from him I am in tears. Is this how it feels to love a white man?

I tried to cry myself to sleep with my phone ringing none stop. I ignored it until I couldn't anymore. I had missed calls from Paula and Marian, nothing from Wessels. Not even a message from him. I cried more than before, he's given up on me, on us.

Around 1pm I called my mom.

"Nana?" She answered her voice soothing me. She got what she wanted from me and for a couple of weeks I will be the best daughter ever until that money runs out.

"Mama, can I come home please." I couldn't hold the tears, I cried almost every hour since I got back but my tears never dried out.

"Are you crying? Naledi?"

"Mama, please I just need you." She has to understand, I haven't seen her in six months. I don't just need her but I miss her too.

"Naledi, what's wrong? Is it a man?"

"Ma?"

"Come on, you can't run away from your problems. Work on them my child."

"I need you Mama."

"You can't come home, I've already left for the wedding."

Why doesn't she want me to come home? Hope she didn't sell our home or sold my things in the house. Anyway crying out to her for help won't get me anywhere, she won't help me with anything.

I hang up on her and she didn't even bother calling back.

I called Paula.

"Friend, been trying to call you all day. Are you okay?" Her voice over the phone brought back the tears.

"No... I am not..."

"What do you want me to do? Drive over with cans of beer or... just tell me what to do?"

"I don't know. It hurts Paula, it hurts so bad."

"Okay, come over to my place. You can't be alone now."

You see, even my friend is better than my mom!

We agreed that I will drive to her house after knock off time. Right now she is showing a house in Pretoria West and had to wait for another client.

That's better than being alone and crying none stop.

Just after talking to Paula Wessels started calling me. I wanted him to call me, not because I wanted to speak to him but so I can ignore him. Knowing that he wants to talk was enough to releave my stress.

I ignored his calls until he started to send me messages.

'I guess I messed up and I am asking for another opportunity to fix things.'

'Darling, please let me. Answer my calls or respond to my messages.'

'I am not ordering you to do anything but asking nicely.'

I ignored his messages too, I mean I didn't respond.

I fell asleep after reading that last message and when I woke up three hours later I took a shower. It was a very hot day, a shower cooled me off for a few minutes then I felt like jumping into it again.

I just couldn't wait to be with Paula, being alone is just too depressing. She doesn't even know about Wessels so there won't be a need to talk about him with her. All she knows is that Thabo broke my heart and I am still healing. Which is not true, at the moment I feel like I have been over him a thousands years ago. That confuses me, was I ever in love with him?

My phone beeped.

Wessels.

He's never going to give up.

'I have just learnt you never pitched for work. Are you okay? Please talk to me, I need to know.'

How did he find that out?

I feel really bad for ignoring him, he is a good guy but I am scared. I want the whole of him and he just wants me to be his "GIRL", whatever that means I don't want to take it. I want a relationship, something that I can hold on to. A man that I can call my boyfriend, a man that I will give my heart to. I don't want to give up on love despite what I have been through.

Later on I took a taxi to town and another one to Paula's flat. I am too stressed to drive myself. She's not far from the office. The flat she stays at has all sets of rules, they will not let me in without her identifying me. Even though I have been here more times for them to recognise me. I sometimes feel like some of this people are racist considering they are all white and speak Afrikaans to everyone.

Paula was already waiting for me downstairs, she looked tired. She must have taken some of my workload for today.

She opened for me and gave me a hug.

"You really look bad girl." She said looking at my floral dress and unkept hair. I have an afro that desperately need a salon fix, it's painful and long, she wouldn't understand though. She has long straight blonde hair, she looked a mess too in her short pants and a white shirt. If I remember well this is normally her "I am depressed clothes".

"Are you okay?"

"No, you are not turning this around. This is all about you. Come let's go upstairs." I followed her upstairs to her untidy flat.

This girl!

"Sorry about the mess Miss Clean Freak." She tossed some clothes from a two seater couch to another couch filled with clothes.

"It's okay." I sat down. She went to get a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"How are you now?" She handed me a glass after she filled it. She filled her's and sat down next to me.

"Better."

"What is wrong chomi?"

"You know my story."

"Thabo?"

"Please let's not go back to that. Just tell me what happened to you today."

"You happened, your client wants to sell some property and the guy is such an impossible to work with."

"Who?"

"Wessels, who else. At first he wanted you for the sale when he was told you were sick, he complained to Marian until she decided to send me instead. When I got there he gave me hell, found fault with my presentation and even called me incompetence at some point. How do you work with him?"

I just found myself laughing, that's the same attitude I got from him when I first met him. He bought the house I thought he wasn't interested in after he gave me that impression.

"Are you sure that's all that's bothering you chomi?" I don't think it was everything work.

"No." She finished her glass of wine and poured another one.

"What's wrong then?"

"Lufuno."

"You too broke up?" Relationships are just super hard.

"No." She looked horrified. "I think I am in love with him."

"What?"

"I know, it's too soon but he's so good girl."

"Wait a minute, you guys have been dating for a while and you just fell in love with him now?"

"Yes."

"How is that possible?"

"Chomi, I liked Lufuno and this thing just developed into something."

"You slept with him because you liked him?" I don't understand. I though you date because you love each other, not because you like somebody. To me love begins when you see me naked and Wessels already saw naked, I haven't seen him fully naked though.

"Yes."

"You are confusing me Paula. What's the difference between like and love?" She looked at me like I have suddenly grew horns.

"Naledi, that's why you can't get over this Thabo of yours. Listen, when you are in a relationship you feel love and like, it's not all the same. At first I thought I was just lusting after Lufuno, after having him I wanted more. Love is something you can feel, you act stupid around the person, sometimes you just want them near you and want to be with them all that time. Liking, you can think straight and give up on the person whenever you want to."

"Really?" She is amazing. Only three years older than me but she knows a lot.

"Yes and that's probably the mistake you made with Thabo. You gave your all before you even had a chance to think things through." Maybe she is right, I have a lot to learn. "Promise me you'll take your time the next time you meet someone new."

I have already jumped the gun.

"I promise." I had to say that since her blue big eyes were looking at me and waiting.

One of this days I am going to have to tell her about Wessels.

"Good girl." Her phone vibrated and she reached for it on the coffee table that was filled with papers and books.

She read the messages and smiled.

"Loverboy Lufuno?"

"He wants to see me and I don't want to leave you all alone in here." She looked all apologetic. I could do with a bit of space on my own, I need to think since she had said a lot.

"It's fine, I'll drink some more wine."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"You'll call me if you need me?"

"Don't worry about me, go have fun."

"Okay, a quick shower and a change of clothes it's all I need." I watched her rushing around, going through the pile of clothes as she got ready. Thirty minute later she stood in from of me looking stunning in her mini blue dress showing off her long legs. She looked beautiful with her hair in a messy bun.

"You look beautiful."

"Got to go." She gave me a hug and clicked away with her black stilettos.

Before I knew it I was all alone in all Paula's mess.

She called me.

"Chomi?" I answered.

"I am so sorry girl, I am a bad host. I am not just leaving you alone but leaving you hungry too, can you order something to eat? Pleeeeease." I have forgotten to eat myself, she doesn't even have to blame herself.

"Okay, will do." I replied.

She didn't waste much time on the phone with me, I could hear how anxious she was to get off.

I stared at my phone as her name disappeared from the screen.

I went to my call log to call my mom, just below Paula's name there was Wessels.

Without thinking I called him, I put my phone on my ear and listened to the ringing.

"Finally." He answered. He sounded relieved.

"Hi." I managed to say after I realised I had really called him.

"Please we need to meet."

Again I didn't have to think when I gave him Paula's address.

I put my phone down and waited for him. Getting more and more scared. Why did I call him? I don't even know what to say to him.

Twenty minutes later there was a knock at the door. He didn't have to be identified, they opened for him and he just walked up.

I went to the door and opened, I moved a step back and we just looked at each other not speaking.

He wore the same clothes he wore this morning. He looked hotter than the day I realised he was hot, a bit messy though. Tired or stressed out like I was?

I threw myself at him and felt his strong arms around me. I don't want to fight anymore.

"I was going out of my mind. God, woman you'll be the death of me."
The tightness of his arms around me told me he never wants to let go...♡♡♡Chapter Ten♡♡♡

I have never felt better comfort than being in Wessels' arms, he is piecing together all the missing pieces in my life. I feel like I belong, finally I have a man that adores and respects me.

He tried calling the whole day and even drove to see me at this time of the hour. It means a lot to me.

His strong arms around me offers so much that was unexplainable.

I realised how much I had missed him and how bad I wanted him, he means more to me than I would like to admit. If there are rules to a relationship I overlooked each one of them and jumped to love.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" I was still in his arms and none of us had moved.

"Where?"

"My place or anywhere you want us to go, we can stay here if you want to."

No we can't stay here, being here is also a risk of Paula seeing us. I can't let her find out about Wessels and me like this, I have to tell her from my own mouth. One day...

"We can go to your place." I know how things happens there, everytime I leave I am angry at him and wants nothing to do him. This time it might be different.

"Okay, I like that."

Agreed!

I took my things while he waited at the open door, he was looking at Paula's mess. I even felt embarrassed for her, he is clean, cleaner than me even. That makes me think I have to clean up for Paula sometimes, just to help her out.

When we left the people we met on our way out gave us uncomfortable looks, Wessels held my hand and handbag. We looked like a couple, any other couple expect we are far from normal. People saw that too. I don't even think Wessels noticed, I wanted him to drop my hand but his hold on me wasn't a weak one. The whole thing was making me feel out of character, it made me feel like I didn't belong in his world. Surely I didn't fit but their stares made it worse. Even the security guard who is also white didn't seem to like what he was seeing.

"Goie naand Meneer Wessels." The security guard said opening the gate for us.

"Naand Koppie." Wessels replied to the old man who was missing one front tooth.

We walked to his car that was recklessly parked outside on the sidewalk. This is a white neighbourhood and I think he trust they wouldn't steal from him.

He opened the car door for me.

"So, you and Koppie know each other?" I shouldn't be surprised but Wessels as I know him he has an attitude and a ego bigger than his car, I don't see him playing nice with anybody. Except for me of course. By the way today he was driving a white Ford Ranger.

He closed my door and rounded the car to get in.

He pulled me to him while I fumbled with the seatbelt, I don't know why I always do that. He kissed me, a soft but wet kiss.

"Yes, I know Koppie." He kissed me one last time and settled in his seat.

"How? I mean you come to this place often?"

"Yes darling, I own those flats."

Oh, my bad, he's a property developer which means he goes around buying buildings and developing them. Some he sells and some he rents out. That makes him super rich, that's something I always forget. But maybe that's because he's never mention how fat his bank balance is or what he does with his money like most men I know. But he carries himself like a boss of everybody, now I know why he walked out of there not minding anyone.

I didn't know what to say so I just said the one thing that came to my mind.

"You still have available flats to rent?" Not that I want to move.

"You want to move?" He started the car and got it into the road.

"No, I like where I am, just asking?"

"It would be nice to have you this side, not far from me and you probably won't have a problem with me visiting." He knows I don't want him to come to Soshanguve? I wanted to defend myself but anyway it was true, I don't want him there. Just look at how his people looked at us just now, blacks don't play like that.

And being this close to him doesn't sound bad either, he can come anytime he wants.

"I like my place."

"More than you like spending time with me?" He surely was teasing me?

"That's not fair, you can't compare the two."

"They are linked darling, if you come this side you would have solved a problem.

He is right but I had promised myself never to move from Kasi, rent is reasonable and my people are there. I love it there, more than being with him? No, definitely no!

The idea of staying in my own flat, the same as Paula's was running through my head. I could do with a bit of space for my furniture, with my own bathroom and bedroom separate.

No, I am not going to move, not to that white dominated place anyway.

We got to Wessels new house.

"Wait, I'll open for you." I know he was being a gentleman but somehow this whole door opening almost made me laugh. Have you been in a taxi where the driver has to get off and open the door for everyone because he only knows how to operate it? I'm black and I can't help it!

He did open my door and when I got off he took my bag from me and led me into the house. His house has this certain feel whenever I walk inside, it feels so welcoming with its warmth and I like that. He took my bag to his bedroom and when he came back I was in the kitchen trying to send Paula a message.

"What do you think I should say to Paula?" I asked him and he thought about that for a second,

"You don't have to lie to her but twist the truth a bit."

"I can't think of anything."

"Give me your phone." He laid out his hand in front of me. I hesitated before giving it to him, I have nothing to hide but this in my phone. He typed,

'Gone out with a mystery man from the first floor. Don't wait up.'

He pressed send, he only showed me my phone after he'd send the message.

"No." I screamed laughing.

"Yes, that will make her want to know more."

"You are cruel!"

"And wicked." He laughed.

"She told me you gave her a hard time today."

"She needs to toughen up, she is too soft." He is right, Paula is a sweetheart and I hope Lufuno won't break her heart. She is almost like me.

"Do you think I am soft too?" He looked like he was taking my question into consideration before coming behind me and placing his hands on my shoulders. He massaged me.

"I am not sure, a bit tense maybe."

"That's not what I am asking."

"I know, I just need any reason to touch you." He kissed my neck.

Paula called me. I jumped up the chair almost knocking Wessels with my elbow.

"Chomi?" I answered.

"I don't know anyone from the first floor and I know you never left the my flat." She knows me to well.

"But I did."

"Are you telling the truth."

"Yes girl, as I am talking to you right now he's looking at me like I am some fresh sweet candy." I said that on purpose but it was true, Wessels was undressing me with his eyes. He laughed a silent laugh throwing his head back.

"Be careful then." Paula said and made me promise I would be careful before we hang up. She wasn't convinced but she'll live.

As soon as I put my phone on the kitchen counter Wessels lifted me by butt to his waist, I wrapped my legs around him and he kissed me. His lips were hungry for mine, demanding and forceful. I loved the kiss and he was telling me something, he wanted to have sex with me, he wanted me.

I don't think I want to have sex with Wessels, just not now. Paula was right, about the love and like thing. I might think this is what I want and give it my all only to have regrets later. I want to do this slow, it won't be easy since I know what his hands are capable of but I have to do it. It's a long road from where I come from but a short one for a u-turn.

"Stop." I said trying to pull myself away from him.

"What?" He was breathless.

"I need you to stop so we can talk." I unwrapped my legs around him and he helped me to stand.

"Okay, I am going to need a few minutes." He went to drink water he took from the fridge and leaned against the sink.

"I am so sorry."

He turned around.

"What for?"

"I know you want..." I couldn't finish the sentence. He smiled at me.

"Yes I do because I thought that's what I have to do to keep you but if you don't want to then we won't. I won't force you to do anything you don't like, remember that." He finished his 500ml of water and came to me, he kissed me with his cold but soft lips. "Just know that I will treat you right, okay?"

My heart melted and my panties got wet, my brain was screaming "Give it to him."

"I have pizza will warm it then we'll go eat it while we talk."

It's always fascinating to watch Wessels going around his spacious kitchen, he looks so relaxed as he occasionally smiles at me. He looked like he didn't mind me looking at him, he was even putting up a show for me.

I helped him carry the two plates of pizza while he came behind me with two glasses of orange juice. We went to the t.v. room and sat on the two seater couch.

We ate while watching some reality show about weight loss, disgusting things we saw but we still ate.

We washed the dishes together and went back to the tv room.

He sat down while I laid my head on his lap and looked up at him.

"Can we talk now?" He asked trying to touch my afro. I wouldn't let him, it's not soft like his hair.

"Yes, we can."

"Okay?" He wanted me to start.

"How about you tell me what the H.A in H.A Wessels stands for?"

He laughed.

"Hendrik Andrè Wessels."

"Okay, how old is Andries?"

"Andrè!" He corrected.

"Okay, how old are you?"

"Say my name first."

"Andrew?"

"No."

"Andries?"

"Naledi?"

"Okay, I can't pronounce it." I have never heard of it before and it's difficult.

"Try."

"Can I at least call you..." I forgot the other one.

"Hendrik?"

"Yes, Hendrik sounds better."

"All right, I'm twenty-eight."

"Can you just tell me about yourself?"

"Fine, you know my name and age. I grew up in Brits with my grandparents, went to school there and after matric I went to UNW. I have two sisters, both married, one in Europe and another in Cape Town."

"Nice and your parents?"

"Joburg."

"Work?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"You know that I am a property developer."

"You sell your own property, Hendrik why did you come to our agency?" I sat up on the couch and looked at him. This is suspicious. I never even thought of it, it just can to me now.

"Hey, I wanted a house and I came to your agency. Nothing wrong in that."

"And you sold your house through us?"

"Nothing wrong there."

I don't know, he's not defending what he did and I don't think I'll get anything out of him.

"My turn?"

"You know almost everything about me." I have to know more about him, I feel like he is hiding something but I can see he won't let me.

"Not your family and age."

"I'm from Limpopo and it's just me and my mom."

"I guess we are done." I was still sitting up and he wanted to touch me but I stopped him.

"We move on to us."

"Us?"

"Yes, what are we doing Hendrik?" I know I walked out of here when he couldn't answer me last time and I will do it again if he doesn't answer me again. He's hiding something from me, I am sure of it.

"Come on the last time I tried a hand at that question you walked out on me. I don't want you to, I want you here with me. I asked you to be my girl because I don't want labels on what we have. We also can't go public, just not now."

I am in love with this guy and he just wants me to be his girl. According to what Paula told me it's clear he likes me, not love. Maybe I should give him time.

"I guess you are right about not being exclusive, I didn't like the way people looked at us when we left Paula's flat."

"I'm afraid of that too but I want you to know that I am not embarrassed of you. You are perfect."

He pulled me into his arms and hugged me.

"Just so you know, no sex." And I mean it. If we do it I will get too attached to him. Sex to me means re jola exclusively!

"Until when?" He held me at arms length as if to check how serious I was.

"Well we'll see." The tables have turned, this was his idea now I am in control.

"But we are going to spend more time together?"

"If you behave I don't see anything wrong in that."

His smile was real...♡♡♡Chapter Eleven>>>♡♡♡

The next day I walked into the office feeling the happiest I have ever been in my life. My high heels carrying me even higher, all smiles and greeting everybody. I have a boyfriend and I am excited, a man that surely puts me first and knows how to make me happy. Things are way different from how they were with Thabo. From where I am I can see all Thabo's faults, how unfair he was and his bad approach to our relationship. I loved him so much and believed that's how things are suppose to be. It does scare me how I have moved on from him to Wessels. Sometimes I love that I didn't dwell much on my broken heart and at times I wonder if I have ever loved Thabo at all.

It's a beautiful day and a girl is in love!!!

I shouldn't revisit the past.

Wessels had dropped me across the street making sure no one saw us, well those who saw us surely don't know us but they most definitely saw the kiss. I mean kisses. I can't get enough of his touches and seeing him drive away or waking away from him is hard, I can feel his absence already.

When I sat down at my desk I received my first text from Wessels,

'I miss you already.'

I smiled at my phone and put it away. I miss him too.

"Good morning smiley face." Paula stood next to her desk her blue mini skirt and jacket. Her clothes looked well pressed you wouldn't think she comes from a mess of a flat. I looked up at her.

What do I say to her?

"Hi girlfriend."

"So?" She is never going to let this go.

I pretended to be busy on my computer. I am wasting my time, I know her. The next thing I could smell her perfume close to me.

"Okay, I am seeing someone but I am not ready to share details yet." Her face lit up but was quickly replaced by concern.

"He's from my building?"

"Nope."

"Then why won't you tell me more, I deserve to know you know."

"I know and I will tell you, just not now."

"Don't you think it's too soon?" She talks about soon? She has never waited a week to move on from a man. The look I gave her reminded her of that. "Okay, I won't push but if he breaks your heart I am coming after him. Tell him that."

"You and me."

I changed the subject as I asked about her and Lufuno, she was too excited to tell me about last night.

Paula has dated a lot of guys and none of them had ever made her this happy, her previous relationship never even lasted longer than a month. Well, she is a no nonsense kind of girl. She begs no one and can move on like nothing happened. Hope Lufuno doesn't break her heart too, she's a tough but she has been through the most.

We both went out to show houses to our clients. After my first client I tried to call my mom, her phone rang and she never picked up. As I was typing her a message Wessels called.

"My darling." He sounded like someone who wasn't with me this morning, to even think I spend the night in his arms.

"Hi Hendrik."

"Love the sound of my name out of that pretty mouth of yours."

"You called just to say that?" I really don't know how to do this with Wessels. He is being sweet and all flirty, I have never had this kind of conversation with anyone in my life. I feel overwhelmed by him.

"Of course not but I have to confess, I enjoy talking to you over the phone." He's the one that does most of the talking, I just answer the phone and wait to hear what he'll say next.

I went quite. "I am picking you up after work, right?"

"Yes." I didn't hesitate. I want to be with him, I want to see him and be in his arms. He talks too much, I love that.

"Good, tell me when you are ready."

"You are cooking for me, right?" If I had to cook I wouldn't know what to cook for him. My cooking skills are limited, I go as far as pap and wors are concerned.

"Yes, feeding you is my number one priority."

"Okay bye Hendrik.

"See you later." He didn't hang up and I also just held my phone to my ear. A few seconds passed then he spoke, "Naledi?"

"Hendrik?"

Silence again.

I heard him breathing, breathing the same way he does when he is sleeping next to me and I am curled up in his hairy strong arms.

He started laughing and I did the same.

"Hang up please." He said sounding breathless from laughing.

"Okay bye." I was about to end the call when he shouted,

"Wait!"

"Yes." I felt a bit of anxiety as I waited for him to say what I was hoping he would say.

"Please don't ever say bye to me over the phone, it sounds like I am never seeing you again."

Oh wow!!!

"I will see you later then."

"I can't wait."

I hung up and stared at my phone. I wish I wasn't so scared of him then I will call him again and tell him something, even if it's just to wish him a good day or tell him how I really feel about him. I love Wessels and the thing we are in is killing me, the silent moment at the end of the call is reserved for "I love you". You know, those sweet little words.

My phone rang making me jump, it was my mom.

"Ma?" I answered grateful that she called me. Not because I have been calling her but because I was about to spend the day outside a client's house day dreaming about Wessels.

"Naledi, I just saw your calls."

"Have you been sleeping?" She sounded sleepy.

"Yes."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, there is just nothing to do here. Don't worry."

"How was the wedding?"

"Wedding? Whose wedding?"

"Ma? You said..."

"Ohhh... It was okay. I'm sorry there is so much to do here one forgets."
She really was sleepy and probably still is. She is saying different things that don't go together. "You sound different today Naledi."

"Yes Mama, I am happy."

"You are not pregnant, are you?" I could hear the horror in her voice.

"No mama."

"Good, I don't want you to end up like me. Pregnant and young..." This sounds like a conversation we've had before where she end up blaming me.

I have a job and I don't think being pregnant at 22 is as bad as 20.

"Ma, I get the picture and trust me, a baby is the last thing on my mind right now."

"And remember, I am too young to be a granny." She was too young to be a mom too but she cracked it. She raised me, I am not saying I turned out good but I am okay, we are okay.

"Okay, I have to get back to work." It's always good to chat with my mom when she is in one of her good moods, I could talk the whole day with her but I have work to do. She was also reluctant to let me go, she misses me but she is acting all weird when I mention coming home. I had to hang up while she spoke, I have to work.

I went through my e-mails on my phone in the taxi heading to see my second client. When I walked out with Paula, we made arrangements to have lunch together later.

My client was an old widow who was specific about what she wanted, a two bedroom house near a shopping complex. She made a list of shops she wanted closer to her house and the one I was showing her today the complex closer had few of the shops on her list but the house was an ideal one. She better not make my day hell. I was having a terrible one already, going to meet clients in taxis wasn't my kind of fun. I am used to my car.

I made sure I was there before her, I waited for 30 minutes before she showed up driving a white AMG. She had grey hair but looked sophisticated for her age in her red pants and black shirt. Her nails were done and shining as she walked towards me.

"Morning or is it afternoon?" She flashed me a bright smile. I smiled back at her.

"Just in between, almost lunchtime." Hope she realized that she is late.

The minute we walked into the house she loved it. It's an old house and the previous owners had left the house still in good shape. Even the list of demands she made didn't matter too much to her now.

I parted ways with her feeling happy that I had a happy client.

I went straight to the coffee shop where Paula and I have arrange to meet. I was shown to an empty table, a lot of people were still eating even though it was after I had expected the place to be half empty.

I took out my phone to call Paula, she was running late. Just hope her client isn't giving her problems. My phone rang while I was about to type Paula's name on my many contact list. It was Wessels.

"Hey." I answered.

"Next time give me more energy. I need to know you are happy that I called." I was happy, more than he'll ever know. "So, how is work?"

"I'm out and waiting for Paula to come join me for lunch."

"Too bad I was about to order lunch for you but I am glad you are out to eat." He sounds like someone who thinks I don't eat much. He hasn't seen me in the comfort of my own room or very hungry.

"I don't skip meals." I do skip breakfast but I won't tell him that.

"Good to know. I am about to go out for lunch but whatever I eat won't be my favourite thing to eat."

"Why can't you get your favourite?" He's got the money to get what he wants. I am sure he can order a KFC meal at Wimpy and get exactly get what he wants.

"Well my favourite thing to eat is something you didn't want me to have last night." Oh no, how does he manage to make me feel naked and hot in public? Bedroom talk should be off limits over the phone. So, last night he wanted his head buried between my thighs but I couldn't let him do that. The fingers I can manage but his head, nose, mouth and eyes down there...

A BIG fat NO!

The tea I ordered was brought to my table and the waitress was making it difficult for me to move or even talk to Wessels. Okay, his name is Hendrik. I should get used to that name.

"Uhhmm... I have to call Paula I think she is running late."

"Let me talk to you for a few seconds please."

"Later, okay?"

"Okay." He didn't sound happy and I felt a little bad. I don't know how to do this phone thing. Everything is all so new to me.

I ended the call and poured sugar and milk into my tea. I stirred while calling Paula.

"Chomi." She answered.

"Paula, where are you?"

"Oh, I forgot. Lufuno asked if we could go out for lunch and I didn't get the chance to even call you. Please forgive me." Well she is in love and in a relationship that she can afford to go anywhere with her man. They both don't care what people say, unlike me and Wessels.

"Fine!" I didn't want to tell her how she is making me feel, of course I am jealous. Besides she is having fun and I don't want to be the party pooper.

She deserves to be happy.

After talking to her I quickly drank my hot tea so I can be out of here. I was going back to the office to check for my next appointments.

"Naledi, right?" A male voice said coming towards me. I looked up and there was Tshepo in a black suit, he looked handsome and more taller.

"Tshepo, hi."

"Can I join you?" He already pulled a chair and sat down.

"I was about to go back to the office."

"Please, I just saw you coming in. Let me buy you lunch." I looked at his left hand and realised he was wearing a wedding ring.

He is married and I believe he won't take chances with me since he is not hiding his ring.

"Fine." He called the waiter and we ordered.

My phone vibrated, it was an SMS from Hendrik.

'Is Paula there? If she is not I can order you lunch to be delivered at your office, that's if you haven't ordered yet.'

I looked at Tshepo, he was busy staring at his phone but he wasn't really on it and I knew he was curious about what was going on my phone.

'I have already ordered.'

'Okay, see you later. Will pick you up around four.'

I am going to have to speak to him about this thing of him picking me up. I need my car, for work and to drive myself around.

"Are you done?" Tshepo asked me. I put my phone back in my bag.

"Yes, sorry. I had to reply to that SMS."

"Was it work?"

"No."

"Boyfriend?" I don't like this.

"Yes."

"Oh, thought you were single but anyway a hot girl like you can't be single." The things he was saying to me were making me uncomfortable. He's married and I feel like he can't be asking me such personal questions, questions about my love life.

I know when a man says I am hot he probably means he's lusting after my body.

"A man can only hope hey."

He can't surely be talking about himself.

Hendrik thought I was making him jealous with Tshepo the other day and now I get why he thought that. I didn't see it but that day but Tshepo got way too close to me and even got the wrong idea about me.

"So, you are married?" My question also made him uncomfortable but it was more of a reminder.

He smiled.

"Married but not happy." What does that even mean or what kind of a response is he hoping from me? Sympathy or some sort of comfort?

The waiter brought our food and I just wished I could ask for a doggy bag. Being here with him suddenly felt wrong. I realise his intentions for joining me and I am not interested.

At that moment I received a call from Paula. I got up and answered it away from Tshepo. His eyes never leaving me. Paula wanted to know if I was still at the coffee shop. I told her I was about to leave and will meet her at the office. She didn't sound good.

"Excuse me, I'll take this as takeaways please." I said coming to the table and talking to the waitress that was shamelessly flirting with a man who wore a wedding ring, not even hiding it. "I have to get back to the office." Explaining myself to Tshepo, I hated that.

"Okay, I'll take you."

I don't want this guy anywhere near me, he's married for heaven's sake! He doesn't see anything wrong in sitting and eating lunch as he flirts with women in restaurants. I just even know and can see that this is something he is used to, it's a norm in his everyday life.

"It's fine, I'll take a taxi." I came here by taxi and will leave by one.

"Why are you being like this?" I looked at the waitress who just stood looking at me like I am refusing to take a million offered freely.

I took out my purse and gave the waitress a two hundred rand note, my meal doesn't cost that much but I don't have time for change or the doggy bag. Tshepo can have it for all I care.

"Keep the change." I walked out the coffee shop and went straight to get a taxi. I was pissed off at Tshepo, man like him just disgust me.

When I got to the office I found Paula looking pissed by her desk. I knew something was wrong.

"Chomi, please don't tell Lufuno got you this angry." I placed my bag on the desk and went to her.

"Just what the hell is wrong with this country?"

"What happened?"

"You should have seen the way people look at us, I mean we went out for lunch at a public restaurant where everyone goes but we were treated like some unusual human beings."

This is what is starting to scare me about my relationship with Hendrik, right now we are fine but one day when we decides to be exclusive people are going to treat us differently. People are going to have different views and others won't be scared to tell us their opinions.

"I am so sorry friend. Come here." I pulled her up from her chair and gave her a hug.

"The only thing keeping me sane is the love I have for my man." I broke the hug to look at her and she really meant that. Nothing is going to get in the way of her happiness. That's my blondie, stubborn and sometimes just plain dumb.

Hendrik came in behind Karen. They were heading to Marian's office, Hendrik knows his way around our building and if I remember very well he owns the entire building that holds about 10 or more small companies so there is no need for an escort for him. I got a little pissed off and jealous. Karen should stay at reception.

"Oh God, could my day get any more worse?" Paula said as soon as she saw Hendrik. I couldn't help myself but laugh, that just brightened my mood. Lifted me from jealousy to some heights. If only she knew how

much I loved him. Seeing him makes my heart skip a bit, I have butterflies in my stomach by just seeing him walk by. Just like him I don't mind seeing him every second of my life.

Paula went to her desk and furiously typed on her computer.

As soon as Hendrik disappeared into Marian's office my phone vibrated inside my bag. I knew it was him,

'Care to share the joke?'

'She hates you.'

He didn't respond.

I went back to work while Paula told me about her relationship with Lufuno. I am not jealous but the things she told me made me wish my relationship with Hendrik was a bit different. The way things are between us I don't think we will ever be on a proper date, a date where we'll hold hands and kiss anywhere we want to.

Before I knew it Hendrik came out of Marian's office and walked straight to Paula's desk. We briefly locked eyes and shared a smile even

though deep down all I wanted was a kiss and a hug, smell him and just be held by those strong arms.

"Wat soek jy?" Paula asked looking at Hendrik standing in front of her desk. Her lips trembling with anger. Damn, she hates him for real.

I didn't want to listen in since their argument was in Afrikaans. I would occasionally look up from my computer and watch him smirking at Paula and that seemed to irritate my friend. The more she looked at his face the angrier she became.

Karen came to me holding a box of food, takeaways.

"Delivery for Naledi." She was shouting, making Hendrik and Paula stop their argument and look at me. She placed the box in front of me and quickly snatched the note that was stuck on top of the box. "Allow us to finish our lunch next time." She read it out loud, making me nervous and terrified as hell. I couldn't even look at Hendrik.

"Give me that!" I tried to get it from her but she giggled throwing it at me.

"Finally, you met the secret admire. Who is it?" Karen spoke again, louder.

I caught a glimpse of Hendrik as he exited the building.

I know he is angry and I am in trouble...♡♡♡Chapter Twelve♡♡♡

I hate Tshepo Mabala with every cell in my body, I told him and showed him by walking out that I wasn't interested. He was suppose to take the hint and leave me the hell alone. I am not playing hard to get if that's what he thinks and not even in the least interested in him. Why is he even doing this?

I shouldn't even worry myself about Tshepo, Hendrik is mad at me right now. How will I explain this to him? I didn't even know I had a jealous boyfriend, I don't blame him though since I had my moment when Karen was just walking him to Marian's office.

Now with this little complication what's going to happen after work? Do I go back to my place? That thought is just depressing, I want to be with him. The last thing I want is going back to an emptiness filled backroom. I don't even know if I should call him and explain or not.

The girls didn't understand why my sudden mood change. My only choice was to talk about what happened with Tshepo after Paula dropped me, that made my friend feel bad. I didn't want her to, none of this was her fault but anything to get her and Karen off my back. Hiding my relationship with Hendrik is going to be a challenge since we both can't control out emotions. I mean the jealousy part was hard to miss. None of

the girls noticed that Hendrik walked out of here angry and didn't even say goodbye.

I wanted to do something but was too scared to call him or even run after him. The only thing I could do was send him a message, at least I don't have to hear his angry voice if he has any. Just after Karen and Paula had calmed down and returned to their working stations I typed a message for him.

'I have to explain myself, it's not what you think.' I held my phone in my hands hoping he'd call or text back. When he didn't I got more stressed up and just became a mess. I even had to throw away the food, they were the source of my problems and I had lost my appetite. But still I wasn't going to eat the food anyway.

I have to deal with Tshepo, if he didn't get the message earlier what do I do next?

Exactly four pm I packed everything and tidied my desk. It's clear that I am going back to Soshanguve, I haven't heard from Hendrik since he left and I don't even know what to do.

Paula left with Lufuno and then Karen left just after them. Others were also leaving while I had to finish a few things since I couldn't do much earlier. Okay, I was buying time. I'll give him thirty minutes.

Why is he making this so difficult? I did nothing wrong.

My phone vibrated, it can only be my mom asking for something and that something is always money. I am expecting something from

Wessels not more stress. I took out my phone only too see a pop up message from Hendrik,

'I am running late, give me 15 minutes.'

I read the message a few times almost kissing my phone, feeling the relieve washing over me. I even laughed out loud. Hendrik is one unpredictable man, here I was thinking we were probably over but he manages to stick to our plan even when angry. How do I make things right?

I quickly finished up and waited for fifteen minutes to pass. Before it was even 15 minutes he send another text.

'I'm at our spot.'

We call the place he dropped me off this morning our spot, it's away from the prying eyes of those who know us. With so much excitement I rushed out the office almost pumping into Mariana's husband who was on his way to her office. Thought she'd left, he laughed as he tried to make way for me, making me laugh too. I said goodbye to him and off I went.

Outside I spotted my boyfriend's car and my heart did a dance to its own beat. He had parked on the side of the road, I walked to the front passenger's door and tried to open. I expected it to be locked but it wasn't. I went in.

"Hi." I said knowing too well he doesn't greet. I didn't know what else to say or how to act.

He looked at me blue eyes stinging into mine. I looked away trying to recover from his look, he looked hurt. I heard him breath in heavily before he started the car. I wanted to touch him, say something but my lack of experience and fear took over.

He drove to his house silently, not even playing the radio or any music. Just pure nerve wrecking silence. I hate being given the silent treatment, in order for us to solve our problems we have to talk to each other. I am a little scared to speak first.

At his place, he parked the car in front of the garage and got off. I sat trying to think of how to approach this whole thing, a plan of action. I want my smiling and ever happy Hendrik back. I love it when he laughs at me. I know we were suppose to kiss and hug when I got into the car just like when g dropped me off this morning.

I jumped up when he opened the car door for me, he still acted like the gentleman he always is but he hasn't touched me or said a word to me.

I got off and waited for him to close the door then he walked passed me heading to the house.

"Hendrik please." I can't do this anymore, him being mad at me just hurts.

He stopped and turned to look at me. "I have to explain myself."

He waited.

"I'm sorry, okay?"

"Explain!" He's talking to me but shouting. Okay...

"I don't have a secret admirer, I said that because I didn't know how to explain the card you gave me at work. You saw how nosy my colleagues are."

"And then the food, I didn't send you that."

"Yes you didn't."

"Who did you go out to lunch with? Did you lie to me about your friend so you could meet someone?"

"No."

"Then what the bloody heck is going on?" He was angry and shouting at me.

"I was on my way out the restaurant when Paula cancelled on me then Tshepo Mabala joined me at my table, he asked. He's a client and I didn't want to be rude. But I walked out on him, leaving my food with him."

"Tshepo Mabala? Why did you walk out on him?" His voice was low.

"He was being too forward." Hope that answers him.

He nod his head and walked inside the house. I walked in too and we went to the bedroom as I followed behind him, he changed his suit and wore jeans and a white shirt. Was he still mad at me? What do I do now?

He walked barefoot out the bedroom leaving me behind like I wasn't even there. I went to his closet to look for something to wear. I changed into one of his oversize t-shirts only and went to join him in the kitchen.

He was chopping onions but he stopped for a few seconds to stare at me. I knew he wouldn't be able to help himself.

"Can I help?"

"Sure." He gave me a knife and some green peppers.

We chopped side by sides in silence. I knew we were fine but I didn't like the tension between us. I think he was still mad at me. I have to

bring up the issue of getting my car but I need him in a better place than he is now.

He started with supper once I gave up on asking what to do to help. I have to do something to get my happy Hendrik back, my Wessels. If only I had the courage.

I took a glass and poured myself an already opened bottle of wine from the fridge. I went to sit outside on a chair in the stoep area. I will leave the cooking to him while I am out here pumping some sweet red courage into my body.

I drank the whole glass sip by sip and walked back inside the house feeling naughty. Hendrik was still busy standing next to the sink, his back against me. I went to the sink, making sure I stood right next to him. I washed the glass with my hands while my left elbow brushed against his. I was poking him as I washed the glass and rinse it over and over again.

He didn't move or react. I went back to the fridge and refilled my glass. I knew he felt my presence and he was probably itching to touch me. I sat on one of the kitchen's long chairs behind him, exposing my thighs to him, ready for him to turn around. I don't know what game I was playing but I wanted his attention, the one he usually offers me.

When he finally turned around, which seemed like forever I just loved the look on his face. He wasn't surprised to find me right on display, he got excited right there and then.

He dropped something from the kitchen counter as he tried to move his hand, none of us got to see what it was as he quickly came to me. He took two steps and lifted me off the chair. He kissed me hard on my lips,

taking both my lower and upper lips in his and just fed on them. I wrapped my legs around his waist, locking him against me.

"No, we have to stop." He breathlessly said pulling away. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth for him, even getting my head closer to his. He didn't reject me, he accepted my offer with more energy. "Darling?" He pulled away again. "Please."

"Why? I want you please."

"No you don't, this is the wine talking."

"But I want you to take care of me, now."

"Come on sit down." He tried to put me back on the chair but I wouldn't let go off him. "Come on baby."

I unwrapped my legs and he gently sat me down.

"You don't want me?" Even drunk I felt ashamed and self conscious.

"Look at me." I looked at him pouting my lips. "Go lower." My eyes followed his fingers, he was pointing at the front of his jeans and oh boy...

"Ohhhhh...!!!" I felt my eyes widening.

"I want your patience, let's take our time on this and we both shall enjoy each other, I want you so bad but I am waiting for the right time."

"When is the right time?" Mr Know-it-all.

"When you've emotionally healed darling."

"Fine, you are burning supper."

"You see what you make me do? You distract me." He was smiling at me, he was no longer mad at me. He went to the stove and checked on something that had boiled up and spilled on the stove.

I sat there watching him cook and wash his hands every now and then. He is a real clean freak!

He finished cooking and served us his favourite rice, basmati and chicken stew.

I took my first bite, this was my second meal after the breakfast he made me this morning. After swallowing, the food tasted good but they offered an unwelcome feeling in my tummy. I was suddenly nausea and had to quickly run to the nearest bathroom.

I heard Hendrik cursing behind me, he followed me inside the huge bathroom as I sprayed out the red wine into the toilet. Since I ate like twelve hours ago I ended up gagging and nothing coming out.

Hendrik held a towel to my mouth and helped me sit back on the floor. He flushed the toilet.

"When was the last time you ate?"

"You made me breakfast this morning."

"And you thought drinking on an empty stomach was a good idea?" I just went quite and looked at him. His face was red, he looked so worried like I was on my death bed. Dude it's two glasses.

I laughed at him.

He shook his head but he was smiling. I am a fool, his fool and he loves it. He stood up and filled the bathtub that I was leaning on with water

pouring a whole lot of foam bath . He got me out of his shirt and lifted me into the bathtub.

The water was a bit warm, it's summer and I know I will be sweating in a few minutes.

I will tell you this, the guy gave me a bath. He ran soap all over me, the water wasn't filled to hide my body. It was like he wanted to see where his hands were going.

I got turned on and sleepy at the same time.

Thabo had refused to carry me even when I was drunk, he said I was too heavy but Wessels did everything with so much ease. Gentle, touching me like he was exploring my body. He wrapped me in a towel and carried me to bed.

"I want you so bad but you are not ready and I want to treasure you before I could claim you forever. And when that day comes..." I felt his lips on mine. He kissed me, I think he forgot some dirty business I just did before the bath.

The kiss lasted longer than a minute, I was sleepy but I responded. "I won't let you rest darling."

As he walked away I hugged his pillow and drifted into sleep.

I woke up in the middle of the night and found myself sleeping alone in the same position he left me in. His bedside clock said it was 02:22.

I got out of bed and went to use the toilet since I was pressed.

I washed my hands after I was done and went to his closet to look for another t-shirt since he had put me to bed naked. Thought he'd join me but he never came to bed.

I don't even know where he is or what he is doing. Did I push my luck?

Now that I am sober I feel more embarrassed, trying to seduce him to get his attention was a bad idea.

Most of the lights in the house were off but the ones in his study were on and the door was open. I walked there and he was sitting at his desk wearing glasses going through some papers. I stood at the door and knocked.

His study looked comfortable with the air conditioner on. It looked an office with a beautiful huge brown desk, his black chair matched those of CEO's that I have only seen on tv. There was a beautiful three seater couch with a throw folded neatly on the armrest.

He looked up.

"Miss me?" He always says thing I never know how to give a reply to.

"You never came to bed."

"I have to go through this, I don't think I will even sleep."

"Okay, are we fine?" I don't know why I asked but I wanted to know.

He removed his glasses and rubbed his eyes.

"I guess we are, I just have one thing bothering me though."

"What?"

"I think it's time you let people know you have a boyfriend." He's joking, he's the one that wanted everything to be a secret. "You don't have to tell them my name, just let them know there is someone to kick their butt if they take their chances with you."

I laughed at him and I knew he was serious. He smiled but I could see beyond his shining eyes.

"Now go to bed."

"Not without you."

"Okay, you can take the couch. Will carry you to bed once I am done here." That sound somehow romantic to me. I laid on the couch and covered myself with the throw.

The last thing I heard was Hendrik speaking over the phone and saying this.

"We have to meet as soon as possible and fix this."

Then I drifted into sleep until I woke up to a bright sunlit bedroom. I knew I was alone in bed and thought it was just me in the bedroom too but Hendrik was sitting by his usual chair. I didn't even hear him carry me to bed. He looked at exactly like the side I woke up to the first time I found him sitting there. With a pen in his hand and what looked like a notepad on his lap. It always seems like he had been watching me for hours while I slept.

"Don't you ever wake up late?" I asked him stretching in bed.

"Only on weekends." He didn't move, his eyes were on me and it was uncomfortable. Especially knowing the way I looked, I just woke up hle banna. "You have to go back to sleep, you'll still have an hour to rest."

"What about you?"

"It's tempting to want to join you in bed but I have work to do." He got up and walked over to me. He pulled the covers up to my neck and kissed my nose.

I didn't struggle for sleep.

When I woke up again I heard his voice in the house. He wasn't loud but he clearly wanted to be heard by whoever he was talking to. He's probably on the phone. I got out of bed and walked to the direction of his voice, he was in the kitchen.

I walked in still in his oversize t-shirt and he wasn't alone.

He was with a man I have never met before, a dark good looking man wearing a black suit with a white shirt and tie. He was sitting down but he sure looked tall, there were papers everywhere on top of the kitchen counter. He looked surprised to see me that for a minute I forgot I was in Hendrik's t-shirt.

Hendrik walked to me wearing blue track pants and a white t-shirt, he placed a hand on my back and made me tippy-toe to kiss him.

"Khumalo, meet my girl, Naledi. Darling this is my business partner Mr Patrick Khumalo."

What in the name of the Lord is Hendrik doing? This is not what we agreed on. Our relationship is suppose to be private!

The man just sat there looking at me. I felt like he doesn't like me but who wouldn't hate me, I walked in here almost naked and Hendrik is parading me.

Hendrik's phone rang and I almost clung to him not to leave me with this grey head man.

"Grab a cup of coffee, I'll bring you breakfast in bed."

I hate coffee!!!

And he can't live me with him.

I had no choice but to act like the man didn't bother me. I put on the kettle and checked for teabags.

"Naledi, right?" I turned around to look at Khumalo. He was probably in his early fifties.

"Mr Khumalo." My name is not hard to forget, why should I remind him?

"Tell me, not enough black man in the world? Or are you that desperate?"

That boiling kettle looks tempting to splash.

"I don't think this is any of your business."

"It is, you are too young to be doing this. Does your parents even know? I'm just glad you are not my daughter."

I left the boiling kettle and rushed to the bedroom.

Hendrik was right about us keeping this a secret, now look at what he had done. People who don't know me judge me.♡♡♡Chapter Thirteen♡♡♡>>>

Maybe I should have said something instead of running out like I was guilty. Maybe defending myself would have made me feel better since to most people loving a man and being happy will always be a crime, it doesn't matter the age or race, people will talk.

I don't know where Hendrik went to but I went back to the bedroom and back on the bed.

A few minutes later Hendrik placed a tray of breakfast on the bedside table. He was his usual charming self, he sat on the bed looking at me with his hot blue eyes. I can't seem to stare longer in those eyes, I am always the one to break eye contact.

He had made me a cup of rooibos and two chocolate muffins plus a red single rose to add a touch of romance, such a loving gesture. I was curled up on the bed still reeling from what Khumalo had said to me.

Since I ran out the kitchen I never went out again and I think ten minutes later I heard his car drive off.

"Sit up and eat your breakfast, you have to get ready for work." Hendrik said rearranging the cutlery on the tray.

I did sit up but not for breakfast. A part of me wanted to scold at him.

"Why did you introduce me as your girlfriend?" I asked him right away.

"I knew something was off with you." He got up and got rid of his t-shirt and threw it at the laundry busket.

"I thought we agreed to keep us a secret." I followed him as he went to the closet.

"Would you have loved it if I had introduced you as my maid?" He turned around and I had to stop right in front of him.

Okay, I wouldn't like that but he could have come up with something like.... "You wore my shirt and you so damn fine I wanted to just show you off."

Yes he is right!

"Okay, I see your point, you don't have to take it further than that." Even though he is not taking this as serious as I am.

He wrapped his arms around my waist and looked down at me.

"Look, I am not ashamed of you, of us but I have to protect you. People are going to have things to say about us, some opinions not so nice. We have to prepare ourselves."

"Just like your business partner?" I don't know if it's a good idea to tell him but Khumalo did hurt me. He's too old to be judging me and involving my parents. Does he know what his children gets up to? They could be doing worse than dating a white man.

"He said something?" He sounded shocked and somehow angry, his expression giving him away.

"Please don't fight with him, everyone has their opinion."

"I am not going to fight with him, but he needs to know his place. No one should disrespect you, not even me."

Okay, he's really angry.

"He was probably surprised that you have a..." I couldn't say it.

"I don't care if you are blue, red, pink you matter to me and everyone should accept that or learn to live with it."

I have always questioned the race thing between us but now I know it doesn't bother this man. I feel like he'll do anything to fight for me.

I jumped at him and gave him a hug, he found my lips and kissed me. Slowly and soft.

His hands went from my face to my breast to my butt, he squeezed and sighed.

I pulled away to look at him, he looked so damn hungry for me. I love his lips after he'd kissed me.

"Get that booty in the bathroom now." He pinched my butt making me almost jump back on my feet but he pulled me back up to his waist.

"What about breakfast?"

"I don't want to see you, you just know how to tempt." He got me on to my feet and slapped my butt so hard. I jumped and even screamed then ran to the bathroom but came back to grab the rose on the breakfast tray.

He laughed when he saw me do that.

After my shower he was still in the bedroom busy typing on his cellphone.

"I'm not taking you to work today, I'll give you one of the cars in the garage." He said not looking up at me.

"I'm running out of clothes, I need to go home to get some." It's a Friday and I won't feel comfortable walking around the house in my work clothes. I need some of my clothes that I usually feel relaxed in when I am just lazing around.

"You can go shopping, I'll have a credit card delivered to your office today."

"Please don't, I have enough clothes."

True! Besides I don't think I should accept money from him.

"But what guarantee do I have that you'll come back?" Such a question from a man with so much confidence in himself.

"None." I was reading him.

"You promise you'll come back?" The look he had on his face was like he was really scared that I would run away with his car.

"I won't run away with your car Hendrik." I said laughing at him.

"It's not about the car, I will go crazy if I don't find you home tonight."

He sounded and looked serious about what he was saying, if only he knew how I felt about him. I would definitely die if I don't even hear from him the whole day. I am getting used to his messages and calls.

All of a sudden my life with him in it feels complete. I don't know what we are doing, if I had moved into his house or visiting but I like our set-up. I wouldn't have it any other way.

He got up from the bed and walked to me, I was wrapped in a small towel. I was so sure my butt cheeks were out there. His eyes grew bigger and darker as he approach me. He wore his usual suits, different colour with a tie that matches his beautiful sexy eyes. Like always, I expected a kiss on my lips but he ran his nose on my neck. I knew he was breathing in the scent of the body wash he had provided for me.

He hasn't touched me with his hands yet but his breathing only had me want to grab on to him and take what he has been denying me.

"Roses smell better on you." His voice, coming out so soft but yet deep made me put my hands on him. I held on to his upper arms, squeezing my fingers into the expensive fabric of his suit trying to get to his skin. "What time do you need to get to the office?"

I looked at his bedtime clock that said it was 07:30 a.m.

I have to be at the office by 8am but today I have a house to show and my appointment is at 09:00. I can always skip going to the office.

I told him about the appointment part, giving him more time to seduce me. I know he won't have sex with me.

He dropped my towel and carried me to the bed. I love the way he handles me, like I am some precious yet fragile important expensive something. He gently placed me on the bed then took of his jacket, tie and shirt. I could see the bulge in the front of his pants and I couldn't help myself but lust after it. He got on top of the bed with both his legs

on my side as he crawled up to me. I put my hands on his chest and ran my fingers in his hairy chest as he leaned in to kiss me.

"You have such soft hands." He spoke over my mouth.

When he kissed me his hands were massaging my breasts, my nipples hardening under his caressing. "I only have fifteen minutes. I have to be quick."

He went back on his knees as he went to feed on my huge breast, one by one. Teasing the nipples as they loved the attention.

His hand moved down so his skilful so his fingers could find my wet opening. He pressed hard on my clit and rolled his thumb.

I screamed a little enjoying the effect. He pushed another finger in and pumped it faster, in and out.

The screaming, the moaning became louder and out of control.

He stopped before I even came making me think his fifteen minutes was up. He wasn't done. He brought his lips back to mine as his whole body fully covered mine.

He positioned his very hard on covered by his underwear and pants right at my wet self. I opened my legs wider, I was yearning for him and willing to give him entry. He started moving making me crazier and just locking me underneath him.

It was good, it felt good but I wanted more of him. I wanted to feel him.

"Please." I begged pushing my body up to try show him what I want.

"All in good times darling."

I knew he won't give it to me so I will just have to make the most of it.

He was moving slow and could feel how hard he was. It felt so good to have something bigger than his finger rubbing against me. I could feel my body tensing up.

"Release baby." He knew what he was doing to me.

Those words are super powerful I had to let go.

"Hmmm... ahhhh... ohhhh...my... God.... God this is so good" I couldn't shut my mouth even if I wanted to. Talking made it even nicer.

"Ohhhh yes." I could feel his eyes on my face as I came. My body convulsing and trembling. "Ohhh shit." I heard him shout as he quickly got off me and went on his knees on the bed. He threw his head back and shouted out my name. I realised that my juices had wet his pants but more liquid was...

He was coming.

I wanted to jump at him and release his... and give him a clean blow job but I just laid on my back and watched him put a hand on himself, inside his pants. There was nothing more he could do, he collapsed on top of me.

Seconds passed as we both recovered.

"Naledi, you are such a bad, bad girl making a grown man wet his pants." He opened his eyes to find me staring at him. I shyly looked away. He laughed at me. I had expected him to be embarrassed. I mean we didn't really have sex but he came. Well I did too. "I have to change and you need to finish up, come." He got up and help me off the bed to pull me in his arms. "Are you okay?"

No, I want you to give me the real thing Hendrik. I want you to throw me on the bed and have mad crazy sex with me.

"Yes."

"Good." He kissed me then pulled me to the bathroom where he cleaned me with a wet cloth. "Now go get dressed."

I left him to do his thing and went to repeat my clothes, they were clean though.

He came out wearing clean boxers and looking like nothing happened. He went to the closet for another suit but still wore the same shirt and tie. His phone rang and he answered.

I was done and ready to leave when he caution me over to come and help him with his tie.

"I am running a little late... Something productive came up... Very productive..." He was talking on the phone. He pulled me to him and kissed me on my lips. A hard wet kiss. "Hmmm... I can do 5pm... Okay." He hang up and wrapped his arms around me and hugged me.

"We are never going to leave."

"Please let's stay in." I looked up at him and he looked down at me with a mischievous smile. I pulled myself out of his arms and took one step away from him towards the door. He slapped my butt. I screamed and turned around running backward to the bed. He chased after him, when he got to me I wrapped my arms around his neck and he threw us on the bed. I landed on top of him both of us laughing. I loved the way he laughed, soft and so melodically beautiful.

I laughed with him while I looked at his clean shaved face.

"Now that is a better sound." He said. I quizzically looked at him. "You laughing."

I got off him and fixed my skirt. I think I could spend the entire day just being silly with him.

"Off you go to work young lady." He showed me to the door and I walked backward to the door looking at him making sure he doesn't touch my butt again. He walked making funny faces at me, I couldn't stop laughing.

When we got to the kitchen we found a woman wearing a maid's blue uniform. He put an arm around my waist and introduced us.

"Mama Alice this is my girlfriend Naledi and darling this is Mama Alice our helper." I shook hands with the friendly Mama Alice as Wessels went to get the car keys from where they were hanging.

"Nice to meet you Mma."

"Same here."

"Okay we are off to work." He grabbed me by the waist as we walked outside into the bright sun.

He opened the garage, there were like six cars parked inside. I knew he had more than two cars but didn't think he collected them. I didn't even know the garage had such space or he extended it.

"Your keys my darling." I realised he was giving me keys to the smallest car in the garage.

"A Mazda 2?" I looked at the red car and back at me.

"Okay, we can exchange cars." He gave me the Q7 keys.

"Are you sure?"

"My girl wants, my girl gets."

"I'll take the Mazda." I grabbed the Mazda keys and walked to it. He walked me to the car and closed my door after I had settled in.

"Have a great day Naledi." He said standing outside my door.

"Bye Mr. Wessels." He frowned as I drove out then I remember what he said about goodbyes. "See you later." He smiled at me but there was a bit of sadness in his face that made want to stop the car and run back

into his arms but I have to go to work and promise myself I will see him later.

The Mazda was a smooth one to drive, I enjoyed it more than Attie but I miss that old little car of mine.

I drove to meet my first clients, a friendly couple that just got married. They wanted a two or three bedroom house, anywhere where they could start a family. They made my morning an even brighter one. Even my second client that I showed the same house to was super nice.

By the time I got back to the office I was all smile, thinking about the things I do with Hendrik and the crazy things he says to me. He's never embarrassed about anything, he laughs everything off and moves on.

Paula was there busy on her cellphone, I was so happy I wanted to share my news but I couldn't.

I greeted her and went to my desk after chatting for a few minutes.

I took out my cellphone for the first time since I left Wessels' house. I had one message from him.

'I can't concentrate at work, what happened this morning still got me hard and wanting.'

I found myself screaming and I don't know why but I guess it was excitement. I felt the same way too.

I raised my head and Paula was standing right next to me.

"What?" I asked her.

"Yea, what?"

"Nothing, it's Facebook."

"You gave him the cookie?" She leaned on my desk so she can stare into my face.

"Cookie?" I was really confused.

"Yes, your pussy dummy." She slapped me on my arm.

"Oh no."

"Then?"

"We made out."

"You came?"

I giggled and she giggled with me.

"Let me show you something."

I went through my phone like I was looking for something when indeed I was deleting Wessels' number from my contact list. I didn't want his name to appear when I showed Paula the message.

She read the message and giggled.

"Reply" she gave my phone back.

"What do I say?"

"Exactly how you felt when you saw the message."

"Do it for me." I handed my phone to her but she pushed my hand back at me.

"Flirt with your man chomi."

I looked at her then at my phone. I also felt the same way Wessels felt but I can't tell him how wet I am and how much I want more of him.

I typed...

'I am happy you feel that way.'

And showed it to Paula.

She burst out laughing.

"Chomi, you better figure this one out because this man clearly is not scared of expressing how he feels."

She went back to her desk and in a minute I was staring at a screenshot of a conversation between her and Lufuno on my computer.

They were telling each other how much they need each other and how they should have sex next time. They were calling things as they were, there was a part I couldn't even believe it was written by Paula. It reads.

'I love how your big dick fits inside my mouth, I like how deeper it can go.'

Oh my God!

I deleted everything immediately. I don't want to be thinking about Lufuno's what-what and imagine them having sex.

Paula was staring at me. I gave her the middle finger and wrote Wessels a message.

'I can't stop thinking about you too.'

Not even a second passed and he called me. Panic hit me and I stared at my phone until it stopped ringing. Paula laughed at me.

He called again, I walked to the bathroom to answer.

"Hey." I answered.

"Where are you?"

"Work."

"Goodness darling I want you, I wanted us to wait but I don't think I can."

Oh my God does that mean we are going to have sex tonight?

Well, after thinking that I froze and went speechless.

"Naledi?" My name from his lips and deep voice got me pressing my thighs together.

"Huh." My voice betrayed me.

"You can feel it too, right?"

"Yes." I felt a little uncomfortable admitting that to him.

"Come straight home after work, okay."

"Okay." I wanted him so bad I couldn't wait. I took a few minutes to gather myself before leaving the bathroom.

I got to my desk and before I even sat down Paula went,

"How's my little freak doing?"

"Shut up!"

She laughed.

"You have to play the freak part chomi, show him you got game too."

I threw an eraser at her, she caught it laughing at me. And threw it back on my desk.

She teased me for about thirty minutes talking about how I should open up more often and not be shy. I just ignored her and pretend like I was working.

Just before Lunchtime Karen came to us holding roses and a takeaway box. The roses where for Paula and the food for me. I was so sure the food came from Tshepo, I was ready to throw them in the bin but they were not.

'I know you skipped breakfast and you are probably not thinking about lunch. Eat, you'll need the energy.'

Karen pulled the small card out of my hand and read it out loud. Paula and Karen clapped hands giggling. Clara came to us to hear what was going on.

"Text him." Paula suggested.

"No."

"Call who?" Clara asked and we all just ignored her.

"Come on." Paula insisted

"No, who send you flowers?" I turned the tables on her.

"Arg, Wessels, he's apologising for being a pig the other day."

I smiled, I know what he is doing. He's provoking her.

"What's going on? Why is he sending you flowers?" Clara asked looking and sounding all jealous.

"If you want them you can have them Clara." She handed them to her.

Clara gladly took the flowers as if they were meant for her all along.

"Let me call him." She turned and went to her desk for her cellphone.

"She is so into him it's even disgusting." Paula said as Karen walked away. She also went to her desk.

I was so angry as Clara spoke on the phone smiling. Jealousy was even making my throat hurt.

I also called Wessels.

He picked up.

"Still thinking about me?" I didn't understand what was going on. I thought Clara was on the phone with my man.

"Ummmmm... I wanted to thank you for lunch and you are right I haven't thought of food."

He laughed. That melodic laughter.

"I know what you've been thinking of."

"You." I said without thinking.

He laughed again.

"Yes."

"Okay, what are you doing now?"

"I'm on my way to a meeting and you just distracted me. Will call you later darling." He said and hang up.

I looked at Clara, she was still on the phone and looked all flirty.

What is she playing at...???♡♡♡Chapter 14♡♡♡

The whole day I was sulking all because Clara was on the phone earlier and the last person she said she's going to call was my man. She's known to always get what she wants, she and Paula had clashed a few times because she couldn't keep her paws to herself around the people Paula date. Now, she is working her way to mine. I have proof though that she wasn't speaking to him but I would really want to be reassured that she

ain't moving into my territory. Being with a man and having his house keys doesn't necessary make you his everything. Someone can come and kick you out, despite all the promises.

Worst part, I think Clara looks more like Wessels' type. I am telling you the girl is a tall brunett with a flat backside and a huge chest, she likes to show off her legs in her glass looking stilletoes and two centimetre skirts. What sane white man wouldn't fall for that? I have seen men worshipping the ground she walks on. I swear to you she intimidates me.

Before dating Wessels I never compared myself to any white woman. Paula and I would go out and she'll attract her people and me mine but now I have a fear of my man being snatched by anyone I have contact with.

I feel like keeping an eye on him even when I am not around him, wish that was possible.

Just after Clara left for her last client of the day I received a message from Wessels.

'Have to work late, see you when I get home. Counting the hours.'

I put my phone in my bag and got back to work. Clara goes out and then Wessels cancels on me. Doesn't two and two add up to something here?

I hate feeling jealous and useless. Especially since I am shy and Clara is not scared of going after what she wants. She could take him from me, men love confident woman.

I remember I had promised Paula I will go out with her tonight but I am not up for it anymore, I just want to go home and sleep. And home I mean my place, right now I feel I am angry at Wessels. Of course he did nothing wrong but because of Clara I just want to give up on him. I've never been keen on competitions.

She does intimidate me, I know I have said it before but I can help it. The fear of him getting a white suitable girl will always be there.

Just before we knocked off Paula cancelled our plans, she and Lufuno were going on a weekend away. She even left before everyone to go and prepare. I'm glad I wasn't the one to cancel on our plans, that's actually becoming a habit to her. Hope Lufuno is not making her neglect me but anyway Paula doesn't take ish from anyone.

Thank God she didn't see that I wasn't driving my car today. How was I going to explain such an upgrade? Even if Attie was insured clearly a replacement for her would be an old motorbike.

I packed up to leave the office yoo.

When I got to the parking lot Clara was there on the phone, smiling and looking flirty again. She saw me and quickly hang up telling whoever she was talking to she'll call them later.

"Naledi?" I was about to passed her but I stopped. "I am trying to do something for Wessels, don't you know what I could do for him? I mean you've spend more time with him than any of us at the office." She's

right I probably know him more than anyone else here and I think he's definitely not a gift guy or someone that loves surprises.

"I don't know him that well Clara. Why do you want to buy him a present?" "Did he agree to go out with her?"

"I just want to do something nice for him. Plus I heard it's his birthday soon."

What?

"Birthday?"

"Yes. Oh my God! I just had an idea!" She excitedly ran to her expensive car leaving me as if we were not in a conversation just now.

I was so angry I got my phone out of my bag to call Wessels. I had a message and a miss call from him.

'Please don't be mad at me, I promise to make it up to you.'

To hell with your promises.

I got into the car and drove to Soshanguve, he wants me to go to his house while he cheats on me with a girl like Clara. Taking her out.

I am far from her league, working the same job doesn't even make us equals, I drive an Atios and she changes cars like she owns a car dealership. Well her dad who is Marian's brother does own the dealership. See, I don't even know where my bloody father Mulaudzi is.

When I got to Sosha I met Girly gossiping with other two ladies I didn't know at the gate. I parked in front of the gate and went in.

"Naledi, you still stay here? Yoh, I was ready to call the police, if I had your mother's number I would have called her. You even bought another car?"

Really? The police and my mother? All three women where standing at the gate with what looked like colour-mine on their faces, they were so braless under their shirts. And I will give them a day or two then they will be confronting each other about who said what about who and kicking each others butts over that. Girly never learns, when I first got here I listened to everything she used to say until I realised that she is a loud mouth for nothing.

"Dumelang." I greeted as I passed between them. I didnt have the energy to answer Girly's questions, she was just being her nosy self like always. I am a rent paying tenant who should come and go as she please.

They greeted me but a few steps away from them I was their topic.

"This children of today, a little freedom away from their parents and they start acting like prostitutes." That was Girly's voice.

"You can see she is just flaunting that big butt otherwise men wouldn't fall for a black-bone."

I almost turned and called them straat-mates but because I was taught by a black woman never to talk back I walked gracefully so to my room.

Just opening the door iyoh the depression of that room was just too much shem, it immediately reminded me of the bad times I have had on the bed, the couch. In fact everything had Thabo on it. For the first time in my life I got to ask myself if I ever loved Thabo.

Ever since I met Wessels Thabo has been non-existence in my life, Its like I have never loved him.

I packed my clothes into a bigger bag, he wants me there and I will move in to show him I won't go anywhere other than where he is. But I am not one to force things and if he wants to move on I will carry my heavily broken heart and move on.

"Knock, knock!" If I didn't know better I would think Girly followed me to my room but I knew the voice, it was my best friend Lerato. She only comes to me when she has money or men trouble. I never have help or answers for her but somehow she never gives up.

"Friend!" I screamed with excitement as I turned around to find her at my doorstep looking like a million dollars. She wore blue skinny jeans with a shiny golden top matching her stilletos as her 20 inch weave hang to her back. I have never seen this girl with anything out of place, hair and makeup on point. Her body, not even a single stretch mark or cellulite present, yet she is a mother of two.

We excitedly exchanged hugs and kisses giggling and screaming. The last time I saw her she was looking for a job, she was down and out.

"OMG girl, it's been like what three months?"

"Yep, and look at you." She even flipped around trying to show me her new look.

"Life has been kind girl."

"You have to tell me everything."

I have to know how she made such a big turn-out in just three months while I have been struggling.

"I'll be happy to share friend. Come I'll take you out for a ladies' night out." She didn't have to say more. I was on my way to the bathroom for a quick shower, when I came back I also changed into blue skinny jeans with a white top. I was tired from work so flat shoes it was. She tried to help with my unruly afro until she wanted me to put on a weave but still the weave wouldn't sit on my full afro.

It took me longer than usual to finish since Lerato wanted to fix this and that on me. I let her, we were having fun.

"Okay, I'm done!" I took one last look at myself in the mirror and I loved what Lerato had done to my face, natural make-up.

"Thank you friend."

"I am a genius. Now let's go, you know that car of yours is not so good." Attie had dropped us a few times.

"Oh I'm driving a Mazda 2 now." I spoke without thinking.

"You bought another car?"

"Ummmm, no, it's a work car."

"Oh, I'll get a new one in two weeks. Probably some German machine."

For real?

"Wow, I can't wait to hear what you've been up to girl."

She laughed as we headed out the door, she was making me more and more curious.

I love Hendrik's car but Lerato was making it look small and cheap. She was making me see this world that she thinks she lives in while she walked in her gold stilettos to get a taxi everyday, she came here by one I know.

I drove us to town as she directed me to a place called Blueroom, I have never heard of it and it was my first time there. When I parked my car I reached for my handbag at the back, it was unzipped and something fell out of it. I just pulled the bag and thought it could be my perfume.

Inside, she got us a corner table and ordered fried chips and drumstick for each one of us, I sat there alone as she quickly went to the bathroom. When she came back we ate and then moved to drinks.

I love two glasses of red wine before I could move on to any drink. Anyway it's either I drink Savanna or Hunter's gold after my wine and tonight I'll drink my Hunters gold.

"So, my friend what are you doing now with your life." I asked Lerato who was glued to her cellphone.

"Well, I am not working."

"But you are getting a German machine next week?"

"Yes and right now I live in a two bedroom flat and I own a credit card."

Maybe the alcohol was making me hear things but let me verify.

"What do you exactly do?"

"I have a boyfriend."

I do too!

"And?"

"All I have to do is be ready, look and smell good for him."

This one is talking nonsense let me not listen to her and drink, plus I have to admit that I am worried. Hendrik hasn't called me yet, he's probably having a good time with Clara. I should just drink up and forget about him for now.

Although she didn't stop talking, I just had to avoid her and continue drinking. In a minute or so I was up on my feet wiggling my butt, I am not hoping for attention that is just who I am. A few guys tried to touch me and I pushed them away, drinking didn't make me forget that Wessels said I should start telling people especially men that I have a boyfriend. I am even going to act the part. Well anyway no one tried their luck with me, most men just wanted to touch and get close to me. I think maybe I was written "Wessels se meisie" on my forehead.

I mean ke di jele today!

A girl could do with a bit of a attention you know. I am doing all this not forgetting that there is a possibility of Clara stealing my man from me.

I sat back down and remembered that Wessels might be calling me while I had my phone somehow on silent. I searched my handbag and even emptied the little that was inside but couldn't find my phone.

Lerato was at another table entertaining some guy who was being inappropriate with her, she didn't mind in fact she looked like she was enjoying herself.

I went to her and told her I can't find my phone and she said I should go look inside the car. I was surely disturbing her, she dismissed me quick I knew I had to leave her alone.

I was drunk, highly intoxicated that walking forward was harder. Especially outside, the fresh air wasn't helping. It took forever for me to get to the dark space where I have parked. I managed to get to the car and opened the driver's door, I went to sit on the seat and search for my phone but I fell in the gear poking me straight on my throat my butt sticking out. It pained like hell! Getting back up was also another mission, I had to push myself backward one knee at a time. Finally I stood up and leaned against the car trying to catch my breath. Why is everything so hard to do?

Maybe if I go inside the car by sitting down that might be better, butt in first not head in.

I turned around and there was this long person looking like thing in front of me. The way my heart just started beating hard and fast I just knew it was him.

"You?" I said and pointed a finger at him.

"You are wasted, come I need to get you home." He pulled me by my arm.

"No. I came here with my friend and... and...and I will leave with her. You can go to hell or to Clara, whatever you choose."

"I will not let you drive like this, I don't even know what you are talking about."

"You think you are smart, huh? You just want me for my ass, every man does that. You are one of them, except you want some black ass!"

"Stop talking that nonsense! You are more than just your ass!" He was getting angry, no boetie I am the angry one.

"Lekgowa le leya nkgafela bathong!" I laughed, not for long.

He lifted and carried me over his shoulder, I screamed and punched him on his back but he just kept on walking away with me. People watched but still minded their own business.

"Hendrik, put me down!"

He never listened to me. He walked until he got to a car and got me into the backseat. He spoke to someone, I don't know what he was saying or who he was talking to but I was grateful to be on something comfortable and safe. The seat at the back made me want to close my eyes and drift into sleep but...

Hendrik got into the front seat and started the car, I sat up in the back seat.

"Where were you?" I asked him.

He got the car into reverse and drove home, his house, I think.

"Home, I have been trying to call you. Where is your phone?"

"Don't lie to me, you were with her!" I started throwing punches at him that he had to stop the car on the side of the road.

"Stop it, what is wrong with you?" He wasn't stopping me, he was just trying to block me.

I got tired and set back, I just cried. Folding my arms across my chest.

He wanted to come to me but I stopped him.

He drove to his house in silence while I cried out loud.

"Oh God, please why do all men cheat on me? I dated another one for three years and he dumped me for someone better. Now, here is another one. Lekgowa Lord! Tjo my Lord, I don't like this at all..."

We got to his place and he opened the door for me. The aim was to walk into the house and straight to his bedroom and lock him out but my drunk state wouldn't still let me go forward, I took one step forward and two back. I was going to fall backward but Wessels caught me and tried to help me walk to the house. The walking side by side was wasting his time so he carried me inside.

"Put me down, I am not going to bed."

He put me down and I walked to the guest bathroom and peed, after peeing I threw up. He was there, kneeling close to me looking helpless. I almost felt sorry for him, I was putting him through some shit and he didn't even care about that.

I got up and got in the shower, I turned the water and he got in with me with our clothes still on. I stood under it. He took my wet clothes off. He even ran the soap all over my body, washing me as I enjoyed his hands all over me. I got turned on, he turned me on more when I looked at him with his wet black hair and clothes, I just wanted to do things to him that I have only fantasized about. I turned off the water and pulled him to me, his body pressed against mine, pinning me to the cold tiled wall. He kissed me, hard on my lips. I wrapped my arms around his neck and held on to dear life as his hands were around my wet waist, squeezing and massaging. I lifted one leg up his thigh taking it higher until it was around his butt.

"Bedroom, now!" He spoke breathless. He carried me to the bedroom and placed me on the bed as I watched him take off his shirt, one button at a time, taking his time.

I realised that something wasn't right in the bedroom. Looking around my things were scattered everywhere, on the floor and on the bed. My clothes even looked ripped.

"What the hell happened here?"

He stopped and just looked at me.

"Hendrik?"

"I came back home and found your colleague in here."

"Clara?"

"Yes?"

"So you were with her?" I knew it!

"She came on her own."

I went to the closet and found a pair of underwear that was still in one piece. I put it on and got a towel to wrap myself in.

"Get out!" I spoke as calmly as I could.

"No, I don't know how she got in. Don't you get it, I am not that kind of a guy. I would never do that to you."

"I said get out!" This time I shouted.

"No!"

I went to him and tried to push him out the door but he was too strong for me, he pushed me back to the bed. When the back of my knees hit the bed I fell on top of the bed and he got on top of me. I was still trying to fight him off. He grabbed both my hands above my head, the towel was off and beneath me. He used his other hand to rip my panties off me. I riggled my body trying to fight him off but he was holding tight on to me. He placed his lips over mine and kissed me harder than before. He was too strong for me, I could feel his strenght through the kiss, he made me respond to him. He let go off my hands and I tried to fight him again. He didn't restrain my hands again, he got off the bed and when I thought he'd given up he grabbed me by my thighs. Spread me apart and went on

his knees on the floor, pulling my privates to his level. He buried his face on my...

Oh.....

That.....

Feels....

I can't explain it.....

"Oh my... Hendrik I hate you..." I cried out.

I gave in as I lost all my strenght to his marvellous torture...♡♡♡Chapter Fifteen>>>♡♡♡

I thought Wessels' fingers did the best magic, I mean better than most things I have been subjected to but his mouth and tongue took things to another level. The minute his tongue touched me I knew I was destined for greater sex. It was warm and it relaxed my entire body, making me forget I was actually trying to pick a fight with him. I held on tight to the pillow supporting my head as he ate me like his favourite creamy dessert. He started of as gentle, his lips doing the trick. He was sharing a

wet passionate kiss with my lips, making me wetter with his own saliva as he pulled and licked. I couldn't even keep up with his mouth service. When his tongue took over, he lapped on my clit like a thirsty animal, sending my body into a total spin of feelings I can only describe as monate. Sex is good in one's language I guess.

I screamed and moved to a rhythm that only him guided me to. He pushed his tongue as far as it would go in me, I wanted more of his magic work as I arched my back up high trying to help him go deeper.

The force he had used to take charge of my body turned me on more. I loved how he tore my panties from me earlier, they were my favourites and the only lace ones I owned but I didn't care.

There were moments were I wanted him to stop so I could breath but his arms around my thighs were very tight and I don't think I really wanted him to stop. The new pleasure that my body was experiencing was just something I never thought existed.

Just when I was about to explode he stopped and looked up at me, I was already trying to figure out why he had stopped when my heavy eyes met his.

His lips were shining with my juices, red like he had lipstick on.

"You don't know how much you mean to me. I will never hurt you." His Afrikaans accent sounded so sexy I never thought a man's voice could make me want to come without being touched.

Anyway talking was just a waste of my energy and just getting me more worked up.

"Please." I begged. I don't know what had gotten into me earlier and at this moment I don't want to hear his speeches I just want to come.

He didn't waste anymore time. He kissed my wet juicy lips down there as he let his lips and tongue pull on my clit, hard. He sucked on me then inserted a finger. The sensation he gave me just drove me into an orgasm that shook me. I found my whole body shivering and my thighs shaking in the air, my toes curling and sweating on my forehead. This man... this man... thiiiiiiiiis maaaaaaaan was making everything on my body react to the feeling his mouth provided.

He didn't even stop, he locked my thighs with his arms and kept on until I went into it again and again. I screamed and even found myself crying. The joy and excitement he gave me left me speechless.

The first time he made me come I was embarrassed as soon as I recovered but tonight I just want more. He is good with his body parts and there is one that he hasn't used yet. I took over from his no sex until you are ready and now I don't know how to tell him I want it, I am ready Wessels.

He came to my side on the bed and rested his head on his arm and looked at me. His eyes has a way of stinging deep into mine. I tried to act like his eyes did nothing to me by looking away.

He laughed his usual soft relaxed laughter.

"Are you ever going to relax around me?" He can tell and he just had to make me feel more uncomfortable.

He just made me come like three or four time, wasn't counting but he expect me to act like it's a normal thing for me to squirt into somebody's mouth and face.

"Darling are you okay?" He smirked at me.

Am I?

Of course not!

But as I always I can't speak up!

He got off the bed and took off his clothes and only the brief that carried the visible bulge in his front remained. He wanted me and he was showing me.

"I am going to take a shower." He walked backward to the bathroom with his hand stroking the insides of his briefs. I just looked on drooling as he disappeared into the bathroom. He closed the door and quickly opened it to peek at me, "I bet you are dying to see something."

Oh yes I am!

He closed the door again.

Gosh, should I follow him or what???

Before I could even decide I heard the key in the bathroom door. He was locking himself in there.

He really wants to make this hard for me.

From all that he did to me tonight, the fighting and everything I was really exhausted, I wanted more sex but I was so tired that the moment I closed my eyes I drifted into sleep.

I woke up wet and very close to Wessels, cuddled up. It's a hot summer night and we were both sweating. I didn't hear him come to bed and worst part it was morning already. Thought he didn't sleep till late but I remember he said he does on weekends.

I carefully untangled myself from him not to wake him up. I went to his usual chair by the window, I opened the curtains and stared at him as I sat down.

He looked so peaceful as he slept, his black hair a mess and his face a little pale. He changed his position and laid on his back. My eyes wondered to his hairy chest that was going up and down as he breathed in and out. He looked marvellous that his body just turns me on.

Then to his briefs, he still had the bulge on and now it was even bigger. Threatening to expose itself from his briefs. I could possibly do a lot of things to him right now.

I realised that he was awake and watching me. I quickly looked away. He did that on purpose.

"Hangover?" I heard him ask . I looked back at him. He lifted his arms and placed them under his head still facing upward. Unable to take my eyes off the front of his briefs I tried to stay focused.

If I can't do this then what does he see when he looks at me every morning I find him awake and staring at me? Does he get pleasure in watching me?

"No, I'm fine." I said hoping my voice sounded as normal as I faked it.

He sat up on the bed and crossed his legs, hiding his hard on with his hands. "Good, do you remember anything from last night?"

I remember everything. Does he want to take me down memory lane of how he handled me?

"Yes." I answered him.

"You said some hurtful things to me." Oh no, please. I was jealous and stupid, I remember even hitting him. "You compared me to your ex. He cheated on you."

Embarrassed and ashamed I just played with my fingers. He's twisting this thing, he should be explaining this whole mess. How did Clara get in here anyway?

He got off the bed and walked to me. He went down on his knees in front of me.

"I am a one woman type of guy, if I get tired of you I will let you know so you can move on but I doubt something like that would ever happen."

"But she was here, she took your flowers from Paula and called you." I sounded childish but it happened and the next things she is in his house.

"It always amazes me how you can speak after I have said a few sentence while you just went quite." She placed his hands on my thigh and slowly and gently massaged me. "I never spoke to her on the phone yesterday, I was in meetings all day. I answered your call on my way to another meeting, anyway I wouldn't ignore your calls, meeting or not."

If he's trying to charm me then he succeeded, you should have seen my stupid unbelievably big smile. He smiled at me too.

"She spoke to my P.A. charmed his stupid ass and he gave her the spare keys he had on him. She came here and I found her in here tearing your things, when I asked her what she was doing in here. She became violent and asked me why I acted like I was single when I had a girlfriend."

Hope she didn't recognise my clothes.

I looked at him and waited to hear how he responded to that.

"Well, I didn't have to explain myself to her. I asked her to leave and she did, after another fight of course."

"I'm sorry I acted the way I did." I know Clara and how stubborn she can be. I remember one of her exes had to call the police on her when she refused to leave his house after she dumped him. Although I want to

believe Wessels I still think he did something to make her think she can come to his house.

"I will make sure she never sets her foot in here again, this is our home too and I want you to feel comfortable." Did he just say my home? Dude I have a backroom in Sosha and I don't even refer to it as my home. Here I am just a visitor and if he tells me to leave I will. Anybody can take my place anytime.

"Hendrik, Clara is beautiful. I wouldn't blame you if you want her." I know I didn't have to buy why not.

He was taken aback by what I just said.

"What about you? What makes you think I chose you above everyone else in the world?"

"I'm dark."

"Like chocolate, your smooth skin and black eyes so perfect I could kiss you the whole day if I can. When I am at work I just can't stop thinking about you, being home with you while you walk around the house in my t-shirts that shows off your long legs and perfect thighs... Baby, you are perfect. So damn beautiful." This guy has a way with words. No man has ever told me that I am beautiful or looks hot or anything. He is saying things to me that makes me feel good about myself. Even if he was lying

to me there was no way I could tell because I saw how his eyes looked when he said all those words. It was like any moment I would could cry.

"It was somehow sexy seeing you jealous, you do throw some mean punches you know?" He winked at me, making me shy. He moved backward still on his knees then lifted my right foot to his mouth. He sucked on my big toe. I closed my eyes and sat back.

This would feel uncomfortable but I enjoyed it, the sensation sends vibrations up between my thighs and I got all excited.

He moved from one toe to the other building me up more.

I curled my toes when he ran his tongue between my foot, I thought that part was ticklish but it was arousing. I held both my hands on the armrest curling my toes.

He went to other foot and did the same, I felt myself unable to control my body.

He planted kisses on my legs. One after the other as he came higher. He did the same on my thighs going higher. He closed my legs and kissed me over my pubic hair, I wanted to open my legs for him since I was craving for him to repeat what he did last night. He surely had other ideas with me, he wouldn't let me open them. He passed the most yearning sensitive part of me and went to my belly button. Kissed it and sticking his tongue into it.

He circled my tummy with his tongue, everything he does to me, I mean the sensation he gives me goes straight between my thighs and I burn me for him.

When he scooped a nipple with his lips I couldn't take it anymore. He kneeled between my legs feeding on my breast. I was out of control, clinging to his head and moaning with pleasure.

He pulled away and looked up at me, his blue eyes darker, almost greyish and his lips fuller and redish. I was hot and wet. He got up and pulled me up.

His lips met mine while his hairy chest rubbed against my breast. He circled a finger on my tummy, then without a warning took it between my thighs. He found me wet, very wet as g just rolled it outside.

He breathed in heavily and moaned between our kiss. He inserted a finger in me, I parted my legs for him. He pushed another one, and went in and out never letting go of my lips. I held on to his upper arms, gripping on to his muscles for support. His other arm around me, holding me.

He fingered me for an eternity as I came over his hand dripping down my thighs to my legs. He never stops even when I come again and again. I just couldn't hold myself anymore that I lost my balance, he held me close to his chest. He stopped and let me rest on him until I felt my heartbeat going back to normal. He carried me to the bed, carefully and nicely placed me on the bed. He repeated the work of his fingers again, this time his lips on my neck and breast. Sucking and pulling on my skin, marking me with his harsh but enjoyable kisses. Every now and then I could feel his hard on poking me, on my stomach, thigh and everywhere he got contact with me except where it's suppose to poke. Except where I want it.

He gave me what he usually gives me and more, I was wet, exhausted and felt good.

He reached a hand on the bedside drawer and came out with a pack of condoms. He took one out and sat on my tummy his briefs looking bigger.

He tore it open and the smell of strawberries hit my nose.

He leaned over me as if to kiss but instead he went to my ear,

"You can always say no." He whispered into my ear.

This is an opportunity I never want to miss.

"Yes." I said so quick before my shyness could arise.

"Are you..." He is wasting time.

"Yes." I said before he could finish.

He got off the bed and dropped his briefs revealing...

I was once told that white men have small...

Anyway there was nothing small about Wessels, his body and that...

I found myself amazed at him and wondering if I will be able to take all that meat in. I have been around but hey it was Thabo and well size didn't matter to me back then.

I watched him roll down the condom, his hands shining from it's lubricant. I had to prepare my body and mind all over again, I was too excited but didn't think it was enough to fit all of him. He got on the bed, on my side and started touching me again. Kissing me and guiding his hand to where is has been for like a thousand times already. I closed my thighs on his hands, indicating that I have had enough of that.

"Greedy cute little Miss." His smile was accompanied by lust. He wanted me too. "Are you sure you are ready."

I have never been ready than how I was. I nod my head yes.

He got on top of me and teased me by just being at the entrance and playing with me. I was hot and horny for him, ready and willing.

I arched my back up high with my legs wide open to swallow him in. He didn't see me coming as he slipped in.

I screamed! The pain accompanied by pleasure just wripped through me like no other feeling. I shook under him as I came right away.

He was right, I am greedy.

He helped me relax as he slowly penetrated me, I could feel his every thrust as he stretched me. He didn't go all the way in. He was being careful with me.

My fingers dug deeper into his back as I came again.

He increased the pace, just between slow and a little fast.

"You feel so good, I can't hold myself. Oh baby..."

He went faster and faster.

It felt painful and still enjoyed it. I even edged him until all I felt was pure him making me feel good...

He screamed as I felt him jerking inside of me and I just exploded too, unable to control my voice.

He stayed on top of me our body fluid mixing as we both were sweating. When he pulled out he was so gentle and more loving. He kissed every single part of my face.

"I wanted to be inside you the moment I saw you."

He rolled off me and got up to take off the condom. He threw it in the bin and joined me again on the bed.

"Do you know how good it felt to be inside you? That was heaven darling!"

He pulled me close to him making me face him.

"I am a lucky man."

No, I am the lucky one!!!♡♡♡Chapter Sixteen♡♡♡

I don't think I have to go through my past and worst sexual experiences, y'all know about it. How bad it was and how selfish my ex was. Life went on and hey that won't stop me from bragging about what I have now. I have heard people talking about morning glories and this was

more than that. I mean he promised that when he finally claims me it would be worth the wait. Well, we didn't wait that long. The chemistry between us wouldn't allow us to prolong this any further, we wanted each other so bad nothing was going to stop us.

After the best round of sex I have ever had, we had one more rounds in the morning around 4am before I slept again like I just swallowed a sedative. My body felt tired and my punani on fire, but I don't think I'll say no if he initiate another one.

I jumped out of his arms as the loud sound of his phone's ringtone shook with the vibration behind him. Since being here I have been used to waking up to the sounds of birds singing in the morning. After our hectic love making the only sound that I have fallen asleep to was his heartbeat as I had been cooped up to his chest. I wondered what time it was since it felt like I had only slept for two minutes.

I knew the sun was already out, the bedroom was brightly lit by the sun and the birds were already whistling.

He yawned and stretched before he got it.

"Ja!" He sounded annoyed as he shouted. I feel sorry for the person on the other line. "Wat...? Hoekom...? Het jy saam met hom gepraat...? Nee, ek kaan nie...! Nee, bel hom... Nou!" He hang up.

"Is everything okay?" I asked but trying to be careful not to get my head bitten off.

"I should have switched my phone off, this is our weekend and we shouldn't have interruptions." He pulled me closer to him and kissed me. Surely he can't expect that, he's a businessman and I am sure he gets calls all day even on Christmas. "I have to make a few calls, go shower so long."

He walked out the bedroom naked and I lazily headed for the bathroom. Looking at myself in the mirror I looked a mess, my hair had no direction. I really woke up next to a man looking this spooky and he didn't even react.

I took a long shower hoping Wessels would come and join me but he never came. I finished and realised we were not going to pick up from where we left off this morning. I knew he was going to take thing to another level.

I might as well get dressed and go make breakfast, I don't even know what to make.

I got into my blue tight shorts and a white almost tight shirt with white sandals. I blow dried my afro and had it in a cute bunny that unbelievably cooperated today.

Just when I was about to walk out Wessels came in, he was wrapped in a towel around his waist. He had used the guest bathroom while I had hoped he was going to join me.

I stared at him knowing exactly what was underneath the towel, those biceps screaming for my attention. My lips instantly got dry. My excitement ran all over my body as the memories of this morning came rushing back into my mind.

He was also staring at me. His hairy chest rising and falling. I licked my dry lips.

He walked to me, faster than I could turn around and he lifted me to his waist as he claimed my lips. I hung to him, I don't want him to let go off me and I know this won't last. He's going to solve whatever problem he had.

"Darling?" He said softly between our lips and I knew he wanted to stop. I clung to him and hoped I won't stop. "God, yes."

It was like I just gave him the go ahead, he walked with me to the bed and we fell on it. Him pumbing on top of me and increasing the speed of the kiss. His towel was lost somewhere, I saw how ready he was as he helped me out of my clothes and I wanted him immediately.

"This has to be quick." He said rolling to the side of the bed to get a condom.

I laid on my back waiting for him and a few seconds he took to get the condom on seemed like forever. I couldn't wait to feel him inside me.

And finally he got back on the bed and I threw my leg over his back trying to show him not to waste anymore time.

"We are going to have to work on you and being patient baby."

Patient wasn't needed and he knew that too. Now, we wanted each other.

He entered me, stretching me as he pushed further. I threw my head back and enjoyed him as he pushed in inch by inch.

"Ohhhhhh yes..." he voice sounded even deeper.

He lifted my one leg up and moved slowly, thrusting in and out. His lips all over mine.

I always thought I was a silent lover when it comes to sex but it seemed I couldn't keep my mouth shut as sound that had no meaning but yet explained the feelings that were released between my leg left my mouth.

Wessels said this was suppose to be quick but he looked in no hurry to finish as he went on praising me on how good I felt.

"Come for me Darling." He said and buried his lips on my neck. Sucking hard, I know he was going to leave a mark.

The sound of his begging voice and the sensations he was planting on my neck saw me being driven over the edge. I cried out loud my body regaining that familiar earthquake he can only provide. I came and that let him to release his own. Jerking inside me until everything went still. Just our heavy breathing and rapid heartbeat to remind us how good we are together.

He held on tight to me as we both calmed down and came back to earth.

"Now I am late." He got off me with a smile. "Get dressed, you my lady are coming with me to the office." He got the condom off him and threw it in a bin next to the bed.

"What do I wear for your office?" I wasn't going to say no to having to watch him work. I am sure I will enjoy it.

"Same clothes," he pointed to my almost creased clothes on the floor. "Girl, those short drives me crazy."

I know, I saw how I looks at me.

He went to the bathroom and quickly came back with a wet face cloth. He came to me and spread my legs out as he cleaned me.

It felt somehow hot to have myself that exposed to him after the sex we just had. He bend down and planted a little kiss right there.

"Now please!" He picked up my clothes and gave them to me. He went to the closet.

My panties were not among the pile he just gave me and I was a bit embarrassed to ask for them. I got into my bra, my t-shirt and then my shorts while on top of the bed. I had to get off to pull my shorts up and that's when I saw my panties in a twist on the floor.

I looked up at Wessels, he was turning with his clothes in his hands and I had no choice but to kick my panties under the bed then bend to fix my sandals. I shouldn't forget them when I get the chance to be alone in here.

He came with his clothes and put them on in front of me while I watched, drooling all over him again. He did everything slow like knew he was torturing me. He put on blue jeans after his briefs, a white t-shirt and flip-flops. He didn't look like he was going to the office and I guess that's because it's a Saturday.

He finished getting dressed and looked at me.

"No, not those eyes again." His comment made me want to run to the mirror and see what he was refering to. My eyes felt fine to me. "Come." He extended his hand for me and I took it. His felt warm and soft against mine.

He smiled at me as he ushered me forward.

From his study he got his laptop and phone. As soon as we got into the car, his phone was on Bluetooth and ringing none stop.

I got bored and got busy on mine.

I checked whatsapp and immediately after setting my data on messages came pouring in. All of them from Lerato.

'Why did you leave without telling me?'

'Who paid for our bills?'

'Hey, are you okay?'

'Can we go out again this weekend?'

Her many messages got me tired and more bored.

But come to think of it, I never asked Wessels how he found me. He called and I never picked up his calls since my phone was in the car. He even paid for our drinks?

I looked at him and saw how angry he looked as he spoke to the male voice in the car speakers. I will get an opportunity to ask him.

We got to his office building, I didn't have to ask I knew he owned the huge building that was written WESSELS PROPERTIES in Bold Capital letters. It was bigger than the one I worked at and more beautiful.

He took me by my hand and we walked inside. The building looked empty except for a few general workers and securities.

We got into the lift and found three women and two men, all white. Wessels still held my hand as he exchanged greeting with them in Afrikaans. He wasn't hiding the fact that were together and romantically so.

The disgusted looks on all their faces made me feel small and dirty. I am in this relationship with Wessels but they made me look guilty, like a criminal. It felt like I was stealing a white man. I tried pulling my hand out of his but he held on tight standing next to me.

They got off the lift at different floors and they couldn't look relieved as they walked out until it was just the two of us.

I tried again to get my hand off his.

"Stop it." He sounded angry. "People will have to get used to seeing us like this. We know what we are doing and we don't have to feel bad. This feels good to us so enjoy it and forget everyone.

Easy for him. He's innocent to all of them. Poor white guy trapped with a black girl.

The lift opened at the last floor above the entire floors and we walked into the most beautiful looking offices space. One huge plant into a pot next to the reception desk, the entire place decorated with grey, white and black. We walked over the pearly white tiles.

There was a beautiful brunett with grey eyes waiting for us, just like Wessels she didn't look dressed for the office. She reminded me of Clara, tall and slim. What if she's Wessels type? I don't know what he likes but the girl is gorgeous.

Thought his P.A. was a guy!

"Where are they?" Wessels asked the girl, not greeting. She pointed to the direction of two gentlemen sitting at a set of four couches.

We walked to them and as we got closer I realised that one of them was an unhappy looking Khumalo.

"Gentlemen." He nod at them and they both stood up, eyes on me.
"Khumalo, you've met my girlfriend and Hugo this is my girlfriend Naledi."

The man had a neutral look on his face as he shook my hand. He looked bigger and taller just like Wessels, could probably be same age as him. I

didn't feel as I felt with how the rest of the world view me next to my boyfriend. In fact Hugo was nicer and made me feel at ease.

Wessels turned to the girl,

"Emily, please take Naledi to my office."

"Yes sir, this way Miss Naledi." I followed Emily who was extremely nice to me. It was like I just walked out of a nightmare and into a sweet dream.

Wessels office was bigger than his study back at his house. It had a huge window that was from the floor up to the ceiling overlooking Union Building. I could see myself selling such a property to a potential client.

I walked around looking at the leather chairs and wooden desk, there were a few artworks on his wall. I went closer to them and realised they had no signatures.

I had forgotten that I was not alone and when I realised that I was a bit embarrassed to find Emily smiling at me.

"I'm sorry, I..." I had no words to explain what seeing Wessels style made me think.

"It's okay, I was just like you the first time I walked in here." She laughed at me. "There is a bathroom too if you want to use one." She

showed me to a door that I didn't even realise it was there. She pressed something on the wall and the wall just split into two, opening to a passage that more painting hung to the wall and to the right it was a beautiful white and golden decorated toilet space and to the left it was the toilet in the same combined colours. I couldn't hide how amazed I was.

I went back into the office and sat down on a brown leather couch, I could smell the leather.

Emily left after giving me the remote for the huge shiny t.v. screen that I could have mistakenly used for a mirror. It hung to the wall.

I put the remote on the coffee table and checked my phone. I had like a tons of Facebook notifications, about 60 friendship request. I accepted the ones I had more than ten mutual friends with and rejected the rest, I don't have time to go through people's profiles.

It took me longer than expected to go through my notifications. It felt like catching up with people I haven't seen in ages.

Emily came back with a tray of four blueberry muffins and rooibos.

She placed them neatly in front of me.

"If you need anything just press seven on the landline and I will be here."

"Okay, thank you." Looking at the delicious looking food in front of me I then remembered I haven't had anything to eat today. I was hungry.

I started eating the minute Emily left the office, I ate like I was at my backroom in Sosha. In less than five minutes I was done and full. A few more minutes after that Emily was here to clear the coffee table.

She was used to this but I don't know how I felt being served and having a white girl clean after me. I am not even the Madam but I felt like I was acting like one.

After she left I sat back on the couch with my feet up and went through Facebook again. I don't know how it happened but I came across Thabo's profile on Facebook. I got too curious and went through his pictures, before I knew it I was looking at pictures of him and that yellowbone of his. They were even engaged to each other on Facebook.

Thabo has never once in his life put a picture of me anywhere, not even as a wallpaper in his phone. This girl must really mean a lot to him.

I felt a bit jealous.

The office door opened and Wessels walked in.

"Done for the day." He said looking better than when he received that morning phone call.

"I've been meaning to ask you something." I got up and walked to him. I stood in front of him.

"Anything for you."

"Last night, how did you know where I was?"

"You just figured that out now?" He didn't seem surprised by my question.

"What do you mean?"

"You were driving my car, all my cars have trackers."

I opened and closed my mouth, I didn't know what to say. I could tell him I don't like that but it's his car.

"I'm going to have to give it back."

"Because of a tracker?"

"It's your car, I can use mine."

"I'll get it removed if that will make you feel better. I want you to drive it, in fact you can have it if you like it."

"I can use mine Hendrik."

He didn't respond. He just stood in front of me and rubbed his thumb over my cheek.

"One more thing." He raised a questioning eyebrow at me. "You paid for our drinks."

"Yes, I did."

"How?"

"Stop asking me questions."

"Why?"

"Because we've got better thing to do."

"Like going back to the house?"

"No?" He ran his lips over the skin on my neck. I loved how he made me feel. He was distracting me though.

"What do you want to do Mr. Wessels?" I was getting anxious. I didn't know what he had in mind but I wanted him to do whatever he wanted with me.

"I want you naked on my desk." He whispered into my ear. I got excited but couldn't move. I want to do everything he wants me to do. "Get on with it girl."

I didn't understand, I just stood and looked up at him. He is asking me to get naked in his office, this isn't a private enough place. He took me by my hand and walked with me behind his desk. He pressed a button and the curtains came closing together. He let go of my hand and went to sit on his chair. He placed his hands above his head and leaned back. He didn't speak as he stared at me with his eyes roaming all over my body, undressing me.

I took off my t-shirt and threw it on the floor. He didn't move, then I touched my bra to unhook it but he...

"Leave that."

I went for my sandals, making the whole process slow. He watched my every move and looked like he enjoyed himself. I on the other hand felt like I didn't know what I was doing but as I went on and looked into his eyes I got turned on. He likes my body and that makes things easier for me.

When I touched my shorts I remembered I had no panties underneath but this whole thing was just so much fun. I took them down.

"What happened to your undies?" He looked at my shorts.

"I don't know." I answered him.

He got up and circled me twice, the third time he stopped behind me and squeezed my butt. Softly, giving my butt cheeks a massage. His hands moved from there to my tummy and up my breast, he gently squeezed through my bra. He pressed himself against me so I could feel his hard on. I wanted him!

I tried to turn so I can face him but he wouldn't let me.

"You need to be patient." He said his fingers hardly touching the tips of my nipples.

I didn't care about being patient and all that. I wanted him to fill me and make me come.

His hands on me was nothing but torture, I could feel already how wet I was.

He spread my legs and inserted a finger.

"I can see myself buried deep in her, giving you those deep slow strokes." I could feel that as he pushed a finger further and pulling it out.

"Hmmmmm... hmmm..." I moaned louder. Please I am ready.

"I love how it feel to be so deep in you while you grip me so tight." He was working me with his finger. "My lips on yours, while I take you home baby. Further home."

I was about to come when he pulled his finger out and really, really came close to my ear to say,

"Get dressed, we have to get home. I don't have condoms here."

What?????????????????♡♡♡Chapter Seventeen♡♡♡

All the way on our drive back to the house he made unnecessary stops, provoking me. He knows to damn well that I was horny and shy. He

took me this far to torture me further. He stopped at the petrol's station to pump all four wheel and buy peanuts with raisins, parked on the side of the road just to go through his phone. I could tell he wanted me to talk but I just crossed my arms over my chest and watched him acting like his sticking out hard on didn't bother him. He hit it under his shirt when he got off the car but made it obvious to me when he got back in.

"Anything else you need before we head back home? I'm sure we can make one last stop before we go home."

I hate him!

"Why don't we go eat somewhere else, take a long drive!" I was angry and tried to snap at him but he was clearly not going to back down.

He leaned over to my seat,

"How does Haartebees sounds? I know a good private place with a good cook?"

"I don't want to go to Haartebees, I don't want to go anywhere. Please just take me home!" I was too frustrated to act calm.

I swear if he won't take me home and fu... I mean make love to me I will jump on him right now.

He went silent for a few seconds sitting back in his seat.

"Okay." With that he got the car into the road.

As soon as he parked the car in front of the garage I was out the door heading to the house. He ran after me and caught me by my arm as I opened the door of the house. I forcefully pulled my arm out of his and went inside the house.

He caught me again and pinned me against the wall, I tried to fight him but as always I'm just too weak.

We were both breathless as he tried to hold my face in place.

"Come on, look at me!" He said forcing the words out.

I loved the strength he was forcing me with, the way his hard body was pressed against mine. I was soaking wet down there and wanted to beg for him to take me.

He finally held my face in place, his eyes looked deep into mine and the need to be filled just grew. His eyes had turned a greyish colour that was sure to let me know he was hot and wanted me.

His fingers dug into the flesh on my face, he kissed me. Slow but with so much need, his tongue going deep into my throat and coming back into a

twist with mine. He let go of me, he rested his arms on the wall on the sides of my head and looked at me.

"Do you know how hot you are when you act like you don't want me?" He smiled at me and I just shyly stared at him.

He stepped away from me and I wasn't going to let him tease me any further. I can't anymore!

I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him back to me.

He kissed me, and lifted me in his arms. He walked with me never letting go of my lips, he sat me on the edge of the dining table and continued indulging on my lips his hands all over my back. His kisses went from my lips to my neck, running his tongue in circles awakening those sensitive spots right there. I held on to his head, supporting myself not to fall on my back. My hands went to his soft shiny hair, I could run my fingers back and forth in his hair, just messing it up and enjoying its softness.

He kissed me through my shirt, making me long for those fluffy kisses over my skin.

I took it off me as he stood back and watched, I tossed it to the floor and waited for him. He put his hands on my breast and massaged them through the lacy fabric of my bra. Weighing them as if they were something he was buying in a supermarket. He released one from my bra and bent over a little to suck hard on it, feeding off my breast as though it was the last resort for a drink. The feeling of my breast in his mouth went straight down between my legs, I was beyond wet and the

knowledge of what that experienced tongue of his can do to me made me just want to throw my body back and let him take me. He went from one breast to the other.

I couldn't hide the fact that I wanted him inside of me, I couldn't say it but he saw the signs my body gave away. He spoke about teaching me patience but I was running out of it. I tried to take it as he wanted but a girl can only take as much.

He helped me off the table and pulled my pants down.

"You naughty girl, wearing your shorts without your panties. You do have a naughty side." He held them out for me so I can see how soaked they were with my juices. He brought them to his nose and breathed heavily.

That was so dirty of him but it turned me on. I found myself matching his breathing rhythm. My scent turned him on as much as his did to me.

He dropped my short and stood between my legs.

He kissed me and I welcomed his lips with my arms around his neck, forcing his lips to stick harder to mine.

I felt his hands on my wet opening, I spread my legs wider for him. He rolled his fingers around.

"Goodness you are fucken wet." I hadn't expected him to say that but I liked it.

I am such a dirty girl and I like it!

When he pushed a finger in I threw my head back with my hands supporting me on the table and moaned louder.

"Oh, you should see how hot you look right now."

I felt hot, for the first time in my life!

He made me feel good about myself, he made me appreciate my body more. I never would have let a man so close to me. You know what? He was helping me discover so much about myself, through him I was accepting myself.

He knows how to work me to the end of the earth and back, his fingers in me, rolling and twisting, finding my g-spot and tickling it making me scratch my nails into the wooden table. I came harder with a scream, letting myself go and resting on the table. Breathing hard, panting and trying grasp for a normal heart rate.

I wasn't aware of what Hendrik was doing but before I knew it he was naked and ready with a condom on.

The condom? He couldn't have left the room to get it, he had it all along.

Mxm!!!

I should be closing my legs right now to punish him for lying to me but who would say no to Monate?

He pulled me to him so my butt was off the table, only my body supported me.

I felt him push himself in and when he was deep he pulled back out with a loud groan. He held on to my legs as he repeated that again and again. And then he started thrusting in and almost out, the top of his head staying inside me. The smell of the strawberry flavoured condoms lingered as the friction went on.

He started to increase the pace, faster and deeper. The table beneath me moving to a rhythm and my breast bouncing.

He let go of my other leg and held hard on one as he continued to rock my inner world. His other hand rubbed on my clit and the sensation was just too much to drive me to another level.

"Come... on... baby, you... can... come... again." He was breathless and said each word between each thrust. I found myself holding to both sides of the oval shaped dining table as my body went into another orgasm that I thought was impossible. I came hard the first time and thought I was done but he made my body surprise me.

I came hard, squirting all over me and him.

He didn't stop, he rocked my body until I felt myself building up again.

"No, no, noooooooooo." I screamed trying to control the emotions that were taking over me.

"Yes, yes, yeeeeeeeeeeeeesssss." He pushed deeper and stood still as I felt him having a little few kicks inside me, his hold on my leg tightening.

He was coming and not leaving me behind.

Our bodies felt as one, no colour boundaries and no judgements. Just us having the best orgasms.

He pulled out slowly and sat on a chair, breathless. He rested his head in his hands on the table.

"Hendrik?" I called out his name. "Are you okay?" I got off the table and stood beside him.

He lifted his head up at me before he stood up.

"I don't know what you are doing to me, when I am with you I just want more of you. Naledi..." His eyes looked watery and I just had to beat him to it and cry first. He's being too sweet.

He smiled when he wiped my tears off my face. "You are beautiful."

He kissed my forehead.

At that beautiful moment my phone rang. It was in the back pocket of my short.

"I have to take that." I hate to break the moment but hey...

I picked up my pants and took out my phone. I had a miss call and it was Tshepo Mabala. At the same time he send a message,

'Haven't heard from you in a while. It's a Saturday how about I take you out? I am sure you must be bored.'

I looked up Wessels and he was watching me waiting to hear something.

"It's my mom, I'll have to call her back."

He just stood looking at me. I know I looked as guilty as he'll but couldn't he just say something.

I picked up my t-shirt and bra and went to the bedroom. The bedroom was now clean, all the mess that Clara had made were gone.

I closed the door and called him back.

"Babe?"

Bloody son of a wimp!

"Why the heck are you calling me?"

"Is it a bad time?"

"Yes, it's a bad time!" I snapped at him. Who does he think he is to even call me?

"Okay, I'm sorry but babes I need to see you. When can I call you?"

Doesn't this guy understand that I don't want to talk to him? I want nothing from him.

"Leave me the hell alone!" I hang up and blocked his number.

I was so angry, I didn't want Wessels to see me this angry so I called my mom to calm myself down.

She picked up.

"Naledi?"

No, she is not in a good mood.

"Ma, are you okay?"

I could hear her breathing.

"No."

I sat on the bed.

"What's wrong?"

"Everything." She was scaring me. My mom never let's anything puts her down, she is strong and has always been strong for herself and me.

"Please talk to me Ma." I went from the bed to the floor.

"Naledi, I am nothing but a burden, to you and everyone else. I don't have a job, I depend on my daughter and handouts from my family."

"But you can ask me for anything."

"Really?" She sounded like she didn't believe me but yet she knows she can. "Aren't you tired of my demands?"

"No mama."

"Well, I have nothing right now. I have not even a single cent to buy bread because I spend it all on some meaningless celebration. Can you afford to give money for grocery right now?" It felt like she wanted to make me feel guilty, she knows I have done more than I could and I am broke right now.

"No mama." All the money I have is tied up right at the moment and it will take days for me to get it. I gave her all I had.

"See, you have a life too."

I felt so bad because I couldn't help my mother. I owe this woman my life, she has fought and struggled for me to get here but here I am letting her down.

She has asked for money before but I have never heard her like this, it was like she was giving up.

I didn't know what else to say to her... I just let my phone slide off me and cried.

The door opened and Wessels walked in. It was too late for me to hide my tears, I couldn't even stop crying.

"Darling." He came rushing to me. He pulled me into his arms while on his knees.

I cried even harder.

"What's wrong? Is everything okay?"

I can't tell him, he can't know how disadvantaged my background is. My mom and I, back home we live in a two bedroom house. Well, that's more like me trying to sound like it's a normal house when in fact it's a four roomed house. Two bedrooms, kitchen and a sitting room.

I have been trying to save money to extend, it's not coming together that I am even considering a loan.

My phone beeped and Wessels picked up.

"Sweetheart, you have a message." I wiped my tears and took the phone from him. The message was open,

'Babygirl, please don't cry. I understand you can't always have money to help me out. Mama will make a plan.'

He saw the message. I looked at him.

"I'm sorry I pressed it by mistake."

Now he knows.

"I need to charge my phone." I got up and went to look for a charger.

"Please..." He grabbed me by waist and pulled me to him. "Talk to me."

"Why? So you can judge me because I am poor, because I cant take care of my mom?"

"Why would I do that?"

"Because... I am here leaving off you but still can't afford to send my mom money."

"Come here." He pulled me into his chest. "Who said you are leaving off me? I know how important family is, let me help you."

"No." I pushed him off me.

"Please, it can be a loan or whatever you want to call it. You can pay anytime and anyway when you have the money."

"Why do you want to help me?"

"When I walked in here and found you crying on the floor... Girl... I was ready to kill whoever got you in that state."

"Thanks but..."

"No buts, I am doing this because I know you'd do the same for me too." He's right but I don't think it's the same.

My ex never gave me money and I got used to borrowing and doing everything for myself.

I need to help my mom but at the end I still don't think accepting money from him is a good idea. I know I expected money from Thabo and even called him stingy when he didn't give me any but Hendrik is white. Do white men becha their girlfriends?

"Hendrik, thanks but I will make a plan."

"Fine." He wasn't fine.

"You are not mad at me, are you?"

"A little disappointed. Just promise me you'll come to me if you need help."

"I promise."

"Good." He planted a soft kiss on my lips. "Lunch?"

"Not now, I want to take a shower."

"Is that an invitation?"

"No."

"Come on." He pout his lips.

I laughed.

"No." I think we both deserve to recover.

"Okay, I'll use the guest bathroom and go get lunch ready."

"Good idea."

I walked to the bathroom and he slapped my bare butt.

I screamed all the way to the bathroom.

I closed the door and went to the mirror, I am dark but I could see the marks he left on my neck. I traced a finger over them and closed my eyes. Remembering everything we did like it was happening now, I could still feel his hands all over me.

I opened my eyes and got into the shower.

I got out of the shower wrapped in a towel and went to my phone. I played Lira's song, the one that always picks me up when I am down. I was happy and nothing is stopping me from playing my song, I even put it on repeat.

And I have a good mind that my mom will be fine too.

I went to the closet humming it, Mama Alice had found a space for my clothes in Wessels' closet.

I wore my yellow and white floral dress, it's a mini dress that I bought a few months ago. When I came back with it I knew I was never going to wear it, don't even know how I packed it. It was very short but I think I have a reason to wear it today.

I looked at myself in the mirror and knew Wessels was going to love it. I got away from the mirror and started singing to my favourite part of the song

♪♪...Believing with all my heart, my mind and all my actions

Believing with all my heart my mind and all my actions

Believing with all my heart my mind and all my actions

Believing with all my heart my mind...♪♪

I felt his hands on my thighs. I stopped and leaned against him, letting him touch me.

"You are turning me on. You in this thigh revealing dress, dancing and singing wakes even the dead." I didn't even know he was in the room when I was singing and trying to dance.

I'm starting to have this urges that makes me want to act out of character. Like now, him sneaking up on me while I was probably singing out of tune and trying to dance made me feel like I could just dance for him. Put up a stripping show for him.

And his hands on me was doing the most for me.

"I have to feed you, I don't want you passing out on me." Ahhhh did he have to talk about food?

"I had a huge breakfast."

"Not enough to last you more hours darling."

I turned around and looked up at him. His expression was exactly what I had expected, he was really turned on.

I put my head on his chest my arms around his neck. He had his around my waist.

"What you do to me you'll never understand."

The same goes for me too. Since I have met him so much has changed and I love the changes he came with.

We went to the kitchen so he can "feed" me. I like how he puts it. It sound so sexy with so much authority.

His phone rang, disturbing us. He answered.

"Wessels... And what's his decision... I don't care loosing him won't be a problem, he needs me more than I do him... That's not important."

He was so caught up in his phone call that I even finished eating and his food was getting cold. I took his fork and rolled some spaghetti on it and lifted it up to his mouth. He opened and I started "feeding" him, his favourite word not mine.

He was enjoying himself, he smiled throughout the phone call and even after he was done I continued.

He finished his food and took the fork away from me.

"Why now all of a sudden I am enjoying spaghetti and mince?" He placed his hand over my thigh.

"It's delicious."

He laughed.

"I think you should rest."

Why would he say that? It's after 1pm and I don't feel tired. I'm wide awake!

I think he saw the shock on my face and he laughed again.

"Come, let me take you to bed." He offered me his hand but I just stared at him. He got off his chair and cleared the dishes to the sink.

This time he forced my hand into his and pulled me to the bedroom. When we got there he lifted me and placed me on the bed.

"Are you joining me?" I asked him suddenly feeling the need to rest.

"No."

"Why?"

"I have work to do. Now sleep." He ordered. I didn't close my eyes. He kissed my forehead and walked out the bedroom without looking back.

I fell asleep after a few minutes of trying to stay up, my eyes were tired and my body was also giving in.

The next thing I woke up to my phone vibrating next to me. I opened my eyes to find the bedroom light on, I was still alone.

I checked my phone.

It was Wessels calling me, I didn't understand. I don't think he left, he must be somewhere in the house but I picked up anyway.

I heard his breathless voice over the phone...

"You've got two minutes to get naked."♡♡♡Chapter Eighteen♡♡♡

The phone went dead in my ear and I knew what he said was an order. An order that turned me on and made me anxious. What has he in mind for us, his phone call had sounded so sexy sparking my curiosity even more. He's in the same house as me, he could have walked in here and told me to get naked but he had to make it so erotic. It was just after 7pm

and my body felt so refreshed, he was right I needed the rest. Without wasting anymore time I got up and unzipped my dress. I let it fall to the floor and stepped out of it like I would do if he was in here with me, my bra and panties followed. I packed them nicely away making sure the room looked as clean as it was when he left me on the bed.

I got back on the bed and laid on my back.

Spread my legs?

Close them?

Dunu-dunu? No, that's too much, I will just lay still on my back and do nothing.

I think I waited for ten to fifteen minutes before the door opened. He was naked and holding an open shoe box, no, a wooden brown box the shape of a shoe box. He put the box on the chair that he usually sits on and watch me when I am sleeping. He walked slowly watching me all over my body and not making eye contact, I could see the lust in those blue eyes that had turned darker and how he was drooling all over me. Seeing him like that and letting him look at me naked was turning me on too. He moved from one side of the bed to the other like a predator sizing its target, not close maybe five or six feet away from me.

I watched his body, my head following his every move. The six pack on him more visible through his hairyness, his long legs moving at a slow pace as every muscles on his thigh tightened harder like a stallion, his hard on poking out and pointing a little upward, thick and a bit rigid. Shaped like a banana.

He walked from one side to the other while I yearned and wondered what he was thinking.

The fifth time he crawled between my legs, spreading them apart. I could feel my juices flowing. He came up to my face.

"Your beauty takes my breath away. One could create a sculpture or draw your body showing off the curves, every single right curve." He was in my face when he said that, his eyes looking deep into mine. He shook his head and I knew he was telling me not to dare close my eyes. "I know you were seeing someone before me but your lack of knowledge when it comes to sex amazes me."

I was with a selfish man, sex was just about him. He came, it mattered, I didn't come it didn't bother him.

"Would you like to explore with me?" He asked searching my eyes for answers and I was a little brave to nod my head yes, his gaze still holding mine. "If anything I do makes you uncomfortable you tell me to stop and I will. Okay?"

"Yes." I replied already curious.

"Naledi, promise me."

"I promise." Can we get on with it already?

He kissed me, a long kiss. His tongue going deep into my throat. When his tongue came all the way out he sucked on my lower lip. The kiss wasn't your normal mba kiss, he was forcefully and hungrily claiming my mouth.

"I might be a little rough tonight but I won't hurt you, remember what I said." He looked down at me breathless and I nod, as a sign of saying I get you boo.

He got off the bed and walked to the box, his hand came out with a blindfold, a scarf and a lubricant. He placed them on the bedside next to his side of the bed. He bend down and ran his thumb over my lips, I opened my mouth and he dipped it in. Letting me suck as he rolled it inside my mouth. He pulled it out.

"Fuck, that looked pretty." I could suck on something harder and stronger, does he know that?

When he took the blindfold I ran my tongue over my lips.

I lifted my head up so he could put it on me, I couldn't see anything but he told me wanted to wrap the wool scarf over the blindfolds too and I let him.

After that all I could hear were his bare footsteps over the tiled floor and nothing else. I moved my head to listen to any sounds but there was nothing. I think he left.

"Hendrik?"

"I am still with you sweetheart. Now hold the pillow with both hands on your sides."

I did as he said, holding on tight.

"Don't move them no matter what happens or I'll be forced to tie them together." He was close to me. I could hear his breath on my cheek.

I heard him walking around again and he opened something with a lid, I heard the sound.

Then something cold and watery was on my stomach, I gasped as it run down to my back and on the bed. I felt his hands on it, on me, spreading it. It must be the lubricant, I could smell it.

He masssged my stomach. Pouring more and spreading it all over me. To my breast, massaging them from the root and stretching them up with his fingers. I moaned because his hands under the lubricant felt so soft. He got on to the bed between my legs, spreading them apart again. More lubricant and massaging me from my thighs to my knees and down my legs. He never touched the middle part.

From his touch on my body I was already dripping wet, wetter than before and I know it showed. Since he wasn't giving me any attention there my hands were itching to touch. I know he said he'll tie them together if I move them, I wasn't scared of being tied up. In fact I wanted that.

I felt his soft lubricated hands under my feet, massaging me and gently pulling on my toes one by one. I couldn't keep still, I moved with every touch.

His massage was pure torture. When he came back between my thighs I arched my butt upward. He gently pressed me down on my stomach.

"Easy does it baby."

He got off the bed and when he came back I was so sure he was going to claim me as he took his place again between my legs but he didn't even touch me, even though I think I heard him put on a condom. Instead I felt something hard and a little cold between my breast. Then it started moving or rather shaking rapidly, a vibrator.

He moved it around my breast and to the tips of my nipples making me move and scream with pleasure reaping through me. I had to grip tightly to the pillow because the only part of my body that needed attention was feeling this whole pleasure. He rolled it to my neck and went to down my stomach then further down, I spread my thighs wide open. He rolled the vibrator around my opening, teasing me so I couldn't take it anymore. I let go off the pillow and dug my fingers deep in me, as far as they

could go. I have satisfied myself before and it wasn't this hectic, I wasn't this aroused. It felt so good to feel movement in there.

"No!" He shouted grabbing my hands and held them above my head as his whole body weight was on top of me.

I felt him positioning himself on my opening. With one push he was all the way in. I screamed as he went all the way out and rammed back in, feeling his power and energy.

He did that over and over again talking to me. My legs stretched out wide dangling in the air.

"No one and nothing else goes in here except me." He rammed in harder his face buried in my afro. While his other hand was above my head holding my hands the other was on my stomach digging into my flesh as he started to go hard and fast on me.

Him beating and pumping hard against me, feeling his balls everytime he went deeper made me loose myself in a crazy way. The only sound was our loud love making, me screaming and him groaning. Unable to control myself I screamed for more beneath him. He went harder on me and deeper, pumping, thrusting and just giving his all.

I came three times before he gave me the usual feeling of him inside me. Through the condom I could feel him spraying more and more deeper into me.

Sweat all over us.

Still buried deep in me he removed the scarf and blindfold. Staring into his beautiful eyes I just found myself crying, tears came out rushing down to my ears.

"Ohhhh baby." He kissed the tears away as his own also made little drops on me.

I love him so much.

He laid on top of me just looking at me then kissed the top of my nose,

"You okay?"

"Yes." I was better than okay. There was nothing uncomfortable about what we did, I loved every minute of it.

He pulled out as he got off me then laid on his back next to me after taking the condom off. He rested on his side to stare at me.

"What?" I asked him. Now that we are done with sex and tired I don't like that anymore. Him looking at me, I know I am a mess.

I took a pillow and hugged it to my body, he grabbed it and tossed it to the floor then pulled me in his arms. That's more like it.

We didn't speak and before I knew it he was asleep. I fell asleep too.

The next morning he was there on his usual chair by the window when I opened my eyes. He wore side pockets shorts only with his usual pen and notepad in hand, his bright eyes on me.

"You slept throughout the whole night, you were really tired." He was teasing me.

"You too."

"I woke up a few times, couldn't find it in my heart to wake you."

"Come back to bed." I want more sex, last night was epic.

"I want you again and again but I know you are sore, I should take it easy with you."

He was right, my legs felt like I have been doing hundreds of squats and my whole body like I have been lifting heavy weights. I wouldn't mind going for another round or two though.

My phone rang and it was my mom. I sat up on the bed.

"Ma?" I saw Wessels' face lit up too.

"My girl."

"How are you today?"

She laughed. "Fine actually, I'm sorry about yesterday. It gets lonely sometimes."

"Let me come home then."

A sound came from where Wessels was sitting, he was standing and his chair had fallen back.

"No Naledi, you can't run to my aid everytime I get lonely." She snapped at me.

I knew I had to end the call and attend to this giant that now was standing next to the bed.

"Mama, I will call you later." I hang up before she could say bye.

"You want to go?"

"Home to my mom."

"Away from me?" He was really worried about me going away.

I sat up on top of the bed.

"I will come back."

He pulled me into his arms and I wrapped my legs around his waist.

"I'm sorry, I freaked out. You can go home anytime you want to." I know he was only saying that to make me feel better. He is scared that I will go and never come back, I saw the horrified look on his face.

"I won't go, I promise." Besides my mom doesn't want me there.

His arms around me tightened.

"Naledi?" The sound of my name from his mouth, voice plus pronunciation was just on another level.

"Hendrik."

He looked at me.

"We need to talk." He looked so serious and scared me.

I released my legs around his waist and stood in front of him.

"About?" Goodness is he dumping me? Had he finally realised how much stress comes with dating a black woman?

"Sit." He showed me to the bed.

I threw myself on the bed.

"Hey, chin up. I just want to know a few details, some things that I know you'd want to know about me too." I sat quietly and blankly stared at

him. "I care about you and I want both of us to be safe. Would you mind if we both go for a medical check up?"

Oh?

I got tested for HIV the same week Thabo dumped me. I have been testing three to four times a year since I started dating him and I never knew Thabo's status. He refused to go get tested with me and believed my results were also his.

I have never been scared but now I don't know.

"When?" I asked him.

"We only have to do this if you are ready, I don't mind waiting."

I don't want to wait, he brought it up and if I don't do this it will bug me.

"I want to do it as soon as possible."

"My love this doesn't mean I don't trust you..."

I interrupted him. "Hendrik, I get you. I'm on the same page with you."

His eyes roamed my face, I was dead serious. I want it now even.

"Okay, I'll call a friend of mine and hear if he can come now." He got up and left.

I sat on the bed and hugged a pillow. I am such an ignorant fool, if Hendrik never brought this up I would have never thought of it. I would have even had taken things as far as having unprotected sex with him. To even think I was ignorant with Thabo too, I knew he cheated on me and what if the last time I tested I was on a window period?

Hendrik came back. He saw the state I was in.

"Come, I'll help you shower." He took my hand and led me to the bathroom. He took off his shorts and got in the shower with me.

Like always he helped me, kissing me as he poked me with his hard on. Sex was the last thing on my mind, he wanted it but I wasn't in the mood. My body reacted to everything he did but I refused to give in.

After the shower I wore black skinny jeans and a black long sleeve jersey. He likes it when I show skin and right now I was denying him access to my body.

I got on top of the bed and curled up to a pillow. I am scared, not of needles or consulting but because there is a possibility that I could be sick. Maybe I should call Thabo and ask him when was the last time he got tested or if he knows his status.

The door opened while I tried to decide.

Wessels came in with a white man and a woman. I sat up on the bed and watched them walk to me. I looked at Hendrik and he offered me a hand to get off the bed, I took it. Standing besides him as his arm was around my waist.

"Naledi, this is Doctor Sam and his wife Ashley. Ashley is a nurse."

They both greeted me and shook hands. For the first time since I met Hendrik I met two white people who are friendly and doesn't give me odd looks.

"Okay, I'll have a word with Naledi while you boys wait outside."

"Can Hendrik stay, please." I said and looked at him. He smiled at me.

The doctor and his wife decided we should have one big counselling session before testing for HIV.

Hendrik and I sat on the bed holding hands while the doctor and his wife used chairs, facing us.

Ashley asked us question, our fears regarding testing and all that. Hendrik didn't say much, I said so much that I even mentioned Thabo. After the counselling Ashley explained about HIV and it's medication, she reassured us but I couldn't let my fears go. It was discussed that we should get tested again after three months.

We got tested and got both our results fifteen minutes later. The relieve I felt when I saw that one line on that HIV test kit was beyond everything. Hendrik hugged and kissed me forgettinh that we had guest with us.

Before we wrap up Ashley wanted to know if I was interested in any form of contraceptives and I told her I was fine with condoms. Besides I have had enough health scares to let Hendrick and I have sex without a condom.

We had lunch with them and it turns out the good old doctor has been friends with Hendrick the day my boyfriend walked into his surgery with a snake bite.

"He was such a brave young man when everybody was scared for him."

I looked at Wessels who looked a little embarrassed. I smiled at him letting him know I love hearing about his childhood and would love to hear more from him too.

The doctor and his wife spoke a lot, they were both older than Hendrik but they all seemed fond of each other. I realised the manner in which Hendrik spoke to them and I realised his attitude towards me had changed. He was still showing me some love by occasionally touching me and kissing me but there was that lack of fire, I mean he was a bit cold. I know him and I am already used to the way he expresses his feeling for me.

I'm sure he played the part of being the loving boyfriend just to impress our guest.

When they left we walked them outside where they had parked their black AMG.

We waved them goodbye as they drove the long drive way to the gate. When I turned around Hendrik was walking back to the house.

"Hendrik!" I called after him trying to catch up to his long strides.

He didn't stop, he walked all the way into the house. He went to the kitchen and started washing the dishes.

"Hendrik?"

"I thought the two of us were supposed to talk about contraceptives?"
He's acting up because of a decision that has nothing to do with him?
How childish is that?

"But it's my body so I can make the decision."

"So, to help with what I think?"

"Hendrik, I really don't understand. How does any of that concern you?"

I was standing next to him at the sink. He threw the dish cloth into the water.

"If that is what you think, fine!" He left the house banging the door on his way out.

I furiously finished washing the dishes and putting them away. He is stupid, this is stupid. Our first fight is about contraception, seriously?

When I walked to the bedroom I saw him through the dining room window. He was sitting by the pool, his feet in the water.

Maybe I should go to him and talk to him, I don't know what I am going to say but I want to resolve this. Maybe talk about something else that doesn't involve contraceptives.

I went to the bedroom and got out of my jeans and jersey, actually I took everything off. I wrapped myself in a shawl, a black and white floral shawl that I stole from my mom a long time ago. I put on sandals and went to the kitchen for a bottle of red wine and two glasses plus a corkscrew. He was still sitting there looking distressed and out of place.

He looked at me as I walked to him, his eyes were warm and not angry.

"I come in peace." I held a glass to him and he smiled as he took it from me.

I sat next to him and he pulled me closer.

I gave him the corkscrew and bottle of wine.

"I know some things are uncomfortable to talk about but we have to be open with each other." He spoke as he opened the wine.

I thought we were not going to have this conversation, he knows it's uncomfortable but why bring it up then?

I was just here to find out if we can forget that we just fought.

"I have never been in a relationship where we have to talk so freely about contraceptives."

He held the bottle looking at me.

"Are you still comparing me to your ex?"

Am I?

He went on when I didn't answer.

"We are both responsible for our sexual activities, if anything goes wrong we don't have to blame each other, it will be on us."

I guess he's right. I came into this relationship with tendencies from my past. Thabo never discussed anything with me, the only important thing to him was to ask me if I had cooked or ironed his clothes. Our conversation was mainly about things that didn't matter.

"I'm sorry I should have asked you first about contraceptives."

"Darling I am not saying ask me. I want us to talk and make the final decisions together."

He poured me a glass.

I took the glass to my mouth...

"Hey, easy on that. You know you and alcohol don't go well together."

I took a small sip, smiling.

"Look, if we can't talk to each other about our sex life then we are going to have a boring relationship. I want you tell me everything, I want to know everything." He took a sip and looked at the water inside the pool. "I love having sex with you and I want you to tell me how you want it, how deep should I go. Tell me when you are horny." He turned his head and blue eyes met mine.

"Tell me what I am doing wrong and right." He added.

I drank more wine, our eyes still locked together.

"Naledi, Star. My Star. My Ster."

"Who told you the meaning of my name?" I was impressed and loved the way he used my name. My Star.

"Sweetheart, I'm from Brits, ke itse Setswana. I even understood you when you called me 'lekgowa'"

I could not believe it I just burst into laughter.

He threw himself in the pool splashing a bit of water at me. He came between my legs.

"If it was up to me you'd walk around the plot naked so I can spank that ass anytime I want to."

He lifted the part of the shawl that covered my thighs and took a peek.

"Star, you need a shave." I closed my legs together, I hate him for this. I got tired of shaving a long time ago. "Hey, I enjoy being in there, it's warm and hairy."

I refused to open my legs, he looked at me with blue eyes and acted like he would cry. I don't know why but I don't mind Hendrik saying the things he was saying to me and I was anything but embarrassed.

"Let me kiss."

My legs flew open.

He shared a quick kiss with my lips between my thighs, leaving me wanting more. Then he closed the shawl and sat next to me again.

"Wanna taste?" He brought his lips to mine and I kissed him trying to taste my juices, there was nothing but wine there.

When he pulled away he said,

"Tell me, tell me about him. What did he do to you?"

Thabo...

I knew mentioning Thabo during our counselling session was just attracting trouble my way...♡♡♡Chapter Nineteen♡♡♡

Wessels talks too much and wants to know everything too, asking a whole lot of questions that I didn't and couldn't even answer. He wasn't

satisfied with the bits I told him about Thabo. I can't believe he wants to know about my ex, I won't even ask about his.

All I said was,

"We've dated for three after my one night stand with another guy named Thomas, I found out I wasn't his Mrs right and never was. He met someone and dumped me."

I refused to answer all the questions he had for me even after I told no questions. The lesser he knows about Thabo the better, if he was someone else I would tell him how he had treated me, how he betrayed me. With the little I told him he was already feeling sorry for me and I didn't like that. I have moved on, with him and not even looking back, Thabo was a lesson that I learned the hard way.

The whole time at the pool Wessels treated me like I was someone he surely didn't want to loose but he was just pitying me. I don't pity myself because I have met him. He's better than you know who.

I only had half a glass of wine because he didn't want me drunk, he wants me to be aware of the things he does to me.

He carried me inside the house and massaged my entire body on the bed and thereafter made pure sweet love to me. He was gentle and so much of a super gentleman. He puts my needs before his. But I know he felt bad for what I went through, he was trying to show me he won't do that to me.

I am in love with Wessels and I don't want to believe that he'll ever hurt me, he cares about me.

That night after supper he took me to bed and put me to sleep, he said he needed to work for a few hours in his study. His cellphone has been ringing none stop and he looked a bit stressed out. Begging him to get into bed with me was out of the question.

Like always I snuggled up to his pillow and breathed in his scent. I fell asleep but missed him in bed, I found myself searching his side of the bed. And I would wake up with this heavy feeling on my chest whenever his side felt empty. I felt like something was wrong between us. Being alone in bed made me feel the distance between us, it felt like a separation and at times I could feel his presence in my sleep and when I opened my eyes he wasn't there.

The next time I did that I searched for him and I felt him next to me on the bed. I stretched out my hand to his side of the bed, it was empty but I felt him touch me on my bare behind. I turned around to find him on his knees by the bedside. He ran his fingers on my cheek. I was happy he was here and that I could touch him, feel him and smell him, I placed my hand over his.

"Please, come to bed." I had this longing of being in his arms and feeling the heat of his body against mine.

"Yes baby." He kissed me on my cheek and then got up. I watched him taking off his clothes and then joining me in bed butt naked. He pulled me closer to him and wrapped his arms around me.

I fell asleep, peacefully with beautiful dreams.

I woke up Monday morning feeling fresh, he was already up. Well, I didn't expect him to be in bed with me. I yawned and stretched listening to the beautiful sound of nature from outside. I am getting used to this comfy and peaceful mornings as opposed to the loud sound of taxis hooting for passengers the whole day in Soshanguve. That life feels boring now.

He walked in with a cup of rooibos. This guy really wants to make sure I drink and eat. He does that even when he is not around. I sat up on the bed.

"There she is looking delicious with her chocolate skin all out for me."

I hadn't notice that the sheets weren't covering me when I sat up or maybe I don't care anymore and just getting used to being naked in front of him.

He was already in his suits and looking ready for work. There is something about the way he carries himself when he is in his suits. He walks around looking different from Wessels with torn jeans and shirtless. He's sexy either way but suits just gives him power and

transforms him into this business mogul I wouldn't dream of talking to. Sometimes being with him feels like a dream.

He handed me the cup.

And I gladly took it.

"I forgot to ask you about Khumalo, how did you deal with him?" I took a sip as he sat next to me on the bed being careful not make me spill the hot beverage.

"I'm trying to buy him out of our deal but he's refusing."

"Just because he judged me? Come on Hendrik."

"If it was me acting like he did towards a multiracial couple wouldn't I be labelled as racist?" I saw the anger on his face as he asked me. I think he is right but still he doesn't have proof, it will be my word against Khumalo's. One other thing he can't be putting too much energy into this, it happened but that doesn't mean he should be taking it as far as wanting to buy someone out of a deal.

"Either way you are going to end up on the wrong side. Just let it go. I just don't want you to fight with him. It's my fight."

"Excuse me, anybody touches you, touches me too." The manner and passion in the way Hendrik speaks scares me, he looked angry like he would fight, I mean have a physical fight with Khumalo over me. I should probably start watching what I say to him.

"I came in here to check on you during the night, what I saw almost broke my heart. Your hand was searching for me and the disappointment I heard in your sighs..." He looked at me like someone had just slapped him across the face. How did I get so lucky in such a short space of time?

"I didn't know you were watching." I sipped on my rooibos feeling a bit embarrassed.

"I watch you sleep everytime I get the chance, I love how you cuddle up to my pillow and I get jealous because you don't get that close to me."

I laughed at him, he has noticed that I am shy and I think he loves it. I want to be more than that to him. I want to be a little adventurous and not be scared to touch him. I want to be able to touch whenever I can, there are times when I just want to touch him for no reason at all.

After my cup of rooibos I got out of bed and went to take a shower, when I came back Hendrik had left the bedroom and had made the bed too. I thought white men were sloppy, what is Hendrik made of if he's so different?

My clothes were packed nicely in a separate closet in the bedroom. I took out my black tight fit skirt and a brown loose top with slim sleeves. I enjoy getting dressed in Hendrik's bedroom. He has this huge mirror that helps me see all the angles of my body.

I tucked in the top to show off my flat tummy and curves, the skirt covered my knees. I put on my black high pump heels. Redid my hair into my famous bun and a little of makeup then I was ready to go.

With my handbag and the confidence Wessels instilled in me I walked to him in the kitchen. He was already seated at the breakfast bar and eating his breakfast. It smelled delicious and he looked so fine trying to act all normal.

He looked up at me his fork halfway to his mouth. I sat down next to him.

He dropped it.

"I lost my appetite for food and gained it somewhere else." He said and I looked at the food he had placed for me on the kitchen counter, avoiding his eyes.

"You don't want to talk to me?" He put his hands over mine.

"Sorry, I am hungry." We locked eyes and he got up. He took that one step closer to me and helped me up.

He kissed me on my lips, his hands running down the silkness of my top to my butt. He squeezed my butt cheeks together with his strong hands. He was pushing me against his hard on.

"I have to go." He spoke over my lips. I held on to his arms. I have to go too but he had woken what was sleeping. He did that on purpose, he thinks I am trying to play hard to get and he is doing the same. "I am going to come home late tonight, be here when I come back. Please."

He was surely trying to tell me not to repeat the events of Friday and I wasn't even going to do that again.

He walked me to the car, when I got in he slapped my butt. I jumped out almost hitting the roof of the car. He gets pleasure in doing that and so do I, he catches me off guard all the time.

He drove behind me until at the gate. He went left and I went right, hooting at each other and staring through the review mirror smiling.

We are crazy!

Work used to be my favourite place away from my depressing room but now I have a new place that I love and can't wait for knock off time.

Walking through the office door I remembered Clara, what am I going to say to her? Can I act like I don't know what she did. And she was there looking good in her blue skinny jeans and white shirt. She was busy on her computer her long blue nails bouncing up and down as she pressed on the keyboard.

"Morning Clara." I greeted her.

"Hi." She didn't even look at me.

"How did it go on Friday?" I know how it went.

She stopped typing.

"He's seeing someone."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You'll find someone."

"I don't want anyone but him. I will fight for him. For all I know he could be dating some nasty Bimbo. I'm beautiful and I will make him see that." She looked and sounded determined, that worried me.

"What exactly happened on Friday?"

"Why are asking me so many questions?" She got up and walked up to me. "Are you enjoying seeing me like this?" She stood tall next to me in her highheels almost at my level. Remember I am the tallest.

"I was only trying to understand but I am sorry if I stepped on your toes."

I went to sit at my desk and she went back to hers. Clara, whenever she is going through something she snaps at everybody only to come back later to apologise.

"Naledi." She stood in front of my desk, didn't even see her coming. I looked up at her. "I'm sorry."

Told ya...

"It's okay, we all have our bad days."

"I dumped my ex thinking Wessels would like me straight away. He's so stubborn but I like a challenge." She was serious and I felt a bit terrified. Why is she making me feel like this?

"What's your plan?"

"It's his birthday tomorrow," My God... Tomorrow? "And I want to plan something big for him."

I have to plan something bigger for my boyfriend. A birthday party is out of the question, I don't know his friends or family, don't even have access to his phone.

I have to do something for him, it can be the two of us only.

"I have an idea." I think that is what I heard Clara say as she walked to her desk.

My head was spinning and buzzing with all sorts of ideas, only if Clara won't spoil things for me.

Where the heck is Paula anyway?

I got my phone to call her but I already had a message from her.

'I have taken two days off from work, Lufuno and I are in Durban. Don't call me, will call you.'

Lucky babe! Go Blondie!

I didn't even reply as another message came through on my phone.

'I wonder what I would find out if I dig deeper into my shy Ster.'

I looked around the office and saw Clara packing her bag, she was already on her way to her first client or going to prepare for my boyfriend's birthday.

If she wants to fight for Hendrik I will have to fight to keep him.

I typed and send,

'You'll find out that my reason for snuggling up to your pillow when you are not in bed with me is to breath in your scent, it's intoxicating to me.'

Gosh, I did it!

I waited for him to reply as my heart was pumping like crazy. I didn't even see Clara leave, I looked up and she was gone.

My phone beeped.

'😞😞😞😞I did that the night you walked out on me. I was miserable without you. Don't you ever walk out on me.'

'What are you willing to do to insure that you keep me where you want me?'

Shit, he called!

I threw my phone inside my bag and went to get posters for house sales.

When I came back Tshepo was at my desk talking to Karen, they were actually flirting. I wouldn't blame Karen, Tshepo is a very handsome man but I am not into him.

"Mr Mabala." I said both jumping.

"Hey." His eyes went from my legs up to my curves. I hated that.

"Is there anything I can do for you."

Karen walked back to the front desk.

"How about lunch? So I can make up for last time." He licked his lips, a trick I think has worked before for him.

"You don't have anything to make up for. My boyfriend won't like me going out with other men."

"I am married and I am willing to put my marriage on the line for you. What's a relationship with only promises to it?"

"At least I won't be sharing him with anyone." I got pissed off at him.

"Are you sure?"

"Please leave." I showed him to the door.

"Fine, we can do this some other time when you've cooled down and realised there is no such thing as a non-cheating-man." He adjusted his suit and walked to Karen. He got something out of the pocket of his pants and handed it to her.

It must have been a business card with his contact details.

I shook my head watching Karen examining it with so much concentration.

I am not sure if Tshepo had noticed by now that I have blocked him or he's just being ignorant. I know he must have tried to call me.

Just before Lunch Lerato called me,

"Rato?"

"Naledi, girl you owe me lunch and an explanation."

"Okay fine." I don't have time to argue with her. I gave her the details of where we should meet. A takeaway shop called JJ's not far from where I work, she didn't know it but she said she'll find it.

I drove out putting up posters in my area and had a call from an office about a client. It was the widow lady wanting to buy the house I showed her. After seeing her I referred her to Benjamin, our finance guy.

Lunchtime Lerato called to say she was already at the shop waiting for me. I took my bag and headed out.

I really miss Paula, I have no one to talk to at the office and she is not here to give me a hard time either.

I checked my phone in the car for any messages from her.

There was Wessels miss call and a message from him,

'Lunch.'

Oh no.

I'm on my way out with a friend.'

He didn't reply and I didn't try calling him back.

When I got there Lerato had already ordered for both of us and was waiting for our orders. Just like the last time she looked expensive in her 20 inch weave and strapless white dress. White wedges and long earrings. Her complexion looked even lighter from the last time I saw her, she was beautiful as she sat by herself in the benches going through her phone attracting attention from every male that walked by.

"Rato." I stood next to her and she stood up to give me a hug.

"Hey girl."

I felt a bit underdressed.

"You look good." I said smelling her expensive perfume.

"You should see my car." She excitedly waved keys of a Mercedes Benz at me.

She couldn't wait to show me the car and was already feeling like going back to work. As soon as we got our takeaways she hurried outside with me following behind.

When we got outside I got to see her black A class hatchback that I had parked next to. I have to say I was a bit jealous, I mean my friend doesn't even have a matric certificate or any other qualifications and a few months back she was struggling to buy herself a loaf of bread. Now I have the varsity qualifications, saving money and unable to buy myself a German car.

I congratulate her with a fake smile.

We both drove to the nearest Park to eat our lunch. She had said she wanted an explanation from me but all she did was talk about herself and her boyfriend. The things he's doing for her and places he is taking her.

"You should meet him." She said taking a sip of her orange juice and licking her red lipstick around the straw.

"Sure, when?"

She told me she'll arrange it and get back to me. I don't think I want meet the guy.

Being with her and listening to her talk I felt like I haven't achieved anything compared to her. All she did was love a rich older guy and get taken care of while I worked my butt off.

I was so relieved when her "boyfriend" probably "Blesser" called.

We said our goodbyes and both drove away.

I got back to the office, did some work and took a walk to give keys to a new tenant at a flat just next to the office. Driving everyday can make you miss the little changes around you. Walking I got to see a lot that when coming back I saw a dance studio and stopped to read the little information on the window.

They provided all dancing styles and routines as part of a fitness program. I wasn't interested but I was curious so I went in. I was welcomed by a lady who wore a crop gym top and leggings. She was tall and slim.

"Good afternoon and welcome to The New Age dance studio, I am Adelaide." Her face looked older than her fit body.

She offered to show me around and I agreed.

She explained what they were about as we walked around and saw people dancing. The more I saw the more I wanted to join.

After the tour she showed me some moves and asked me to try them. I did in my skirt that prevented me from moving but she clapped hands and said that I was a natural.

I signed a contract and joined right there and then.

On my way to the office I bought leggings, sports bra, sneakers and a crop top.

I was excited and couldn't wait. I know I don't have money but I could see myself enjoying this.

After work I went into the studio for the 16:30 Zumba session.

Adelaide was there to walk me through my class. Most women who have been there for weeks still couldn't master the moves so I didn't feel like the only new girl. Some of the moves were hard but others were easy. It was an hour session with 30 seconds breaks of water between each set.

I took a shower before leaving. On my way out I saw Adelaide talking to Marian, my boss. I was surprised to see her here so I went to them.

"Marian?"

"Naledi?" We both laughed I think she was embarrassed, a bit.

"You two know each other?" Adelaide asked us.

"Yes, Mariana is my boss."

"And please don't go around telling people you saw me here, I am a hopeless dancer and Adelaide is trying to help me with kinky moves for the bedroom." Mariana laughed as she whispered that. I was shocked to hear Mariana saying such things, I have always respected her as my boss and never saw her beyond that. She is a nice boss and all that but... "He says I am boring, I am trying to spice things up."

Suddenly I had an idea in my head. If Mariana who looks like a boss lady does this kind of things then...

"Adelaide I think I need help too."

"I am always here."

"But it's short notice, it's my boyfriend's birthday tomorrow and I want to surprise him."

"Boyfriend?" Marian raised both eyebrows at me. I don't think she knows anything about my love life. She's never seen me with a man before.

"Come, you won't have a problem. You are a natural."

Adelaide pulled me away while I said goodbye to Marian. She stood there looking at me like she wanted to ask me more question.

Thank God for Adelaide who took me to a room that had about four poles. I knew what they are for.

"How about this?"

"Pole dancing?" Is Hendrik into this kind of things?

"Yes, look everyman like a freaky woman. Just don't overdo it."

"Does this mean I have to buy new outfit?"

"Don't worry about that, I will get you something and you'll pay me later."

"But I'll need more, makeup, hair..."

"Naledi, you don't want to look like someone he doesn't know. You look like a simple girl and I am sure whatever you are going to wear will be enough. Now get on a pole and hold it like this."

I followed her and did all the moves she showed me.

"Even when you don't know what you are doing act like you do, you could add any move you want." She said this climbing up the pole like it was a normal thing.

I did my thing just around the pole, holding on to it as I moved my body and Adelaide loved it, I found myself enjoying pole dancing.

After another hour session Adelaide and I sat down on the floor planning on how I should pull this whole thing off. There won't won't a pole at the house but she said I can improvise.

I know I can do it just not sure if this is something Hendrik would like.

I got my things and left before Adelaide made me so more, it was late and I was tired. I need to get to the house before Hendrik, not sure what time he'll be home though. My phone rang in my handbag. It was him.

"Hendrik?" I answered walking as fast as I could to the car.

"You are not home?"

"Are you home?"

"No but thought you'd be home by now." Hendrik and his car tracker, I don't think I like this.

"I'm on my way there."

"Where were you?"

"Its a surprise Hendrik, bye." I hang up and got inside the car.

He didn't call again or text until I got to the house. I parked the car and rushed inside the house. Mama Alice had cooked, thank God! I would never know what to cook for Hendrik, especially with my terrible cooking skills.

I was tired and 30 minutes of watching tv and relaxing a bit won't hurt anyone. I went to the t.v. room and switched it on.

I needed a proper shower to help me relax but later, I had one mos at the dance studio.

Before I knew it Hendrik's car was pulling in. I didn't know what to do with myself. Should I run to the bathroom or sit here on the couch like I was waiting for him?

Gosh, what should I do?

I heard him open the door.

"Honey, I'm home!"

Forget that I am tired...

Forget the sweat...

You should have seen me. I jumped up the couch and ran to him.

He had a laptop bag and some files. He let them go and opened his arms for me.

I jumped at him, wrapped my arms around his neck and legs around his waist.

We kissed, hungrily like it's been ages since we've seen each other.

"Yes, this how I want to be welcome home."

...♡♡♡Chapter Twenty♡♡♡

"Happy birthday Mr Wessels." I was holding a chocolate cup cake and a cup of coffee. Mind you I don't know how he takes his coffee but I made it with warm milk and two sachets of sweetener. Even if he it's not his usual bevearage I know he'll drink it because it's made by me.

And I was naked as I wished him a first happy bithday of his day. We both sleep naked lately, it's such a norm in this house I bet the two of us we'll cook naked one day.

"Ohhhh, you woke up before me?" He stretched as he sat up on the bed the covers falling off his six pack.

I had to wake up earlier than him to grab him a muffin and boil water for his coffee. I took less the five minutes but I was afraid he'll wake up and come looking for him.

"Yes, I had to impress you."

"Nice." He took the coffee from me and took a sip. "I prefer an organic cake not this sugary things." he placed the cup on the bedside table as he pointed at the muffin.

"Where do I get that?" An organic cake, what are the ingredients anyway?

"You don't buy it darling, you just have to open your legs for me."

"Oh my God!" I took the pillow and hit him with it. That is so naughty of him.

He laughed rolling on the bed

He caught me by my waist and threw me on my back. We were both laughing as he pinned me to the bed.

"Happy birthday to me, I'm officially twenty-eight." He said his eyes darkening as he looked at me. "This is about to be the best birthday ever."

"This is not what I had in mind Hendrik, I want you to eat your muffin and drink your coffee." I brought them in here with love. I found about his birthday just yesterday and I had such little time to prepare.

"You mean you don't like it when I do this..." he kissed me on my neck, sticking his tongue out and running it over my skin. I swallowed a moan trying to remain still, it felt so damn good. "And this..." his tongue went to my chest. He then planted small wet kisses. "Or this..." he scooped a nipple inside his mouth and sucked on it.

"Ahhhh...hmmmm..." I couldn't keep quite anymore. His touches were intoxicating and needed a response.

"I know baby." He continues planting small wet kisses on my body. "I love kissing you, you taste of nothing but sweetness. Your nipples get hard but yet your breasts are so soft. Kissing you feels like taking my mouth on a journey of something so velvety and consists of a certain deliciousness."

He was running his hands all over my body as he said all those things.

"And then I love being inside you, the way you hold on tight to me as I go in and out."

I had my eyes closed as I imagined him inside me.

He got off the bed and I quickly opened my eyes. He went to get a condom. Like always I watched him rolling it down himself.

When he got on the bed I opened my legs for him, he crawled between them.

"How does it feel to know I'm inches away from entering you?"

I couldn't anticipate the feeling of being filled and just knowing he was going to give it to me made want to meet him halfway. The feeling of want just overtook me.

He pushed in slowly.

"Ohhhh baby..." he cried out.

"HMMMM..." I joined him.

"It's my birthday." He said and surprised me by holding my hands and stretching them on both sides as he went faster.

The pleasure was more than he'd given me before, it felt like he had stretched my legs and not my arms.

I came and I was about to scream but he covered my mouth with his. He wanted to hold us both down but it seemed a difficult thing to do when he came.

"Shhhhhhhh...ahhhhhh..."

He rolled off me.

I wanted to get up but he held me down and pulled me to him. I looked at his bedside clock and it was 5:55. An hour of sleep won't be a problem.

I dozed off.

"Sleepy head." I heard Hendrik's voice and his hands on me. It can't be seven already, I'll probably wake up at 8:30 if it's 7.

"No."

"It's 9am." He whispered in my ear and I jumped up. He laughed and on the clock it was 7:10.

"I hate you." I threw a pillow at him

He caught it laughing at me.

He looked ready for work, standing in front of me looking like a James Bond.

I smiled.

"And then?"

"Wouldn't you love to read my mind?" I found myself teasing him.

I got out of the bed.

"Well, I know you are thinking of me."

"Please..." I rolled my eyes at him.

I walked to the bathroom and before I knew it he had slapped my butt.

How the hell does he do that, I mean he manages to do that all the time.

I screamed and closed the door behind me.

When I came out of the shower he was standing in the bedroom busy on his phone.

I got dressed while he was still talking in Afrikaans.

Today I chose to wear a grey skirt with a black and white body suit. As I was trying to button the body suit when he came behind me and held my hands, he was still on the phone but managed to button it for me while standing behind me. I wrapped my arms around his neck and leaned against him. The body suit clinging to me like a swim suit, he ran one hand from my breast to flip the body suit and underwear to the side and rolled a finger down there. I moaned and he smiled. The reaction he wanted just left me involuntarily.

I turned around and kissed him on his lips. He wanted to respond to the caller but my lips were all over his.

"Mhhhhh...mhhhhh..." That's all he could manage. He laughed in my mouth trying to get my lips off his.

I let go then finished getting dressed. I put on my high heels, fixed my hair and added a little makeup.

I walked out the bedroom and waved him goodbye knowing too well he didn't want me to leave the bedroom.

"Hey..." I heard him shout out as I closed the bedroom door.

I quickly walked back to the kitchen to find Mama Alice busy with breakfast.

"Dumelang Mama." I greeted her taking a seat at the breakfast bar.

"Morning. Is Mr Wessels joining you for breakfast?" She wasn't giving me the smile she gave me the last time.

"I think so, he's still busy on his cellphone." She turned around to get the toast.

"Mama is everything okay?" I asked her. I don't want us to hate each other under any other reasons she might have, as long as I am here we need to get along for Hendrik's sake.

"I'm glad you asked." She faced me. "Naledi, you are a black girl and I am sure you were raised very well. Mr Wessels is a very clean man and so I don't appreciate picking up panties of a grown woman under the bed. I am a domestic worker but that doesn't mean my job has to be that dirty."

I felt like she just slapped me across my face. Even I am not that dirty, it was a mistake and it will never happen again. I forgot those panties. I can imagine how she must have felt when picking after me.

"I'm really sorry Mama Alice."

At that same time Wessels walked in and kissed me hard on my lips.

"Naughty girl." He whispered.

"Mr Wessels what would you like to eat?" Alice asked Wessels with a smile.

"Whatever she is having." He pointed a finger at me.

Alice looked at me, not wanting to ask.

I wanted to say I will grab something at work but she has already made a lot of food.

"I'll have scrambled eggs, beans, bacon and a slice of toast. I'll get my own cup of rooibos." I got up.

"Sit, Alice does everything around here. She doesn't mind cleaning after us." Wessels' eyes were on mine and so wished to see Alice's face right now. I don't want to sound victorious but it seems like she and I are going to have problems whenever Wessels is out of ear shot.

She served us our breakfast, mine was a little messy with the beans all over my eggs and bacon. I didn't say anything, I ate and drank my watery rooibos.

Everytime Wessels tried to speak to me she would say something just to interrupt me. I acted like I didn't see anything wrong even though she was making me angry.

Before we left Wessels asked me what I wanted to eat for supper. He wanted Alice to cook for us, already the woman thinks I am acting like her boss and now Wessels wants me to give her instructions, no thanks.

"It's okay, I'll get us something to eat. Mama Alice can take the rest of the afternoon off."

"Nice, you've got something planned for us later?"

"Just be home by 6pm."

"Okay and Mama Alice the lady of the house has spoken."

"Mr Wessels, can I bake you a cake?" This woman just heard I've got plans for him and she wants to compete with me. Signs of boloi, witchcraft, that I can tell.

"Yes but I am sure Naledi will take care of thing." He didn't want to disappoint the old woman. "Come darling."

He put a hand on the small of my back as we walked out.

Outside he did as always and walked me to my car, his car by the way. He gave me a kiss before I got in and drove off. He didn't drive behind me today, I saw him going back into the house. Maybe he forgot something.

At the office I found everyone running around under the stern command of Clara. There were decoration at the office and catering people were everywhere. There was a big sign on the wall written,

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANDRÈ!!!

I thought we only did this for office members only. I wonder what Clara's excuse is, Wessels being the owner of the building or a big client? and Mariana agreed to this madness too.

I saw her coming out of her office and walking towards me. I sat quietly at my desk and went through my computer.

"Naledi?" I looked up at Mariana who had this bright big smile on her face. She is really happy about the party.

"Morning Mariana." I greeted her.

"I am here to remind you that this is your last week here, are you ready for your leave?"

Oh that! It has somehow slipped my mind I haven't even mentioned it to Wessels.

I usually spend my leave days at home with my mom but this year thing seems different. She doesn't want me home and I have a new man who would probably die if I leave him for two weeks. I also don't want to leave him behind, two weeks is long. I'll miss him terribly and I can't take him home with me either, my mom would flip if I bring a man home, a white man nugal. Besides my mom and I don't have that kind of relationship where I can bring men home and introduce them to her. She knew I had a boyfriend because her sister told her. My aunt saw me with Thabo and ran to tell my mother. When I got home instead of my mom and I talking about it we had a fight, she accused me of sleeping with boys and wanting a baby.

She didn't speak to me for a week and my so called aunt had to come and intervene. Telling my mom she'll take me to the clinic and get me on contraceptives. I went to the clinic but I never took any contraceptives.

I queued on the long family planning queue for three hours then went back home. Peggy never asked anything till this day.

If I am going on leave and not going home should I cancel?

My leave starts on Friday into then I still time.

"Uhm, I haven't forgotten." Mariana knows how I always make a fuss about going home every December. I am from Limpopo, December holidays are meant to be celebrated at home for us.

"Naledi you need the rest girl, you had a good year." She was right.

"Okay." I agreed.

"Good, Clara is throwing Wessels a birthday party since he owns the building and all. All the people in the building are invited. Everyone can leave early today if you don't have any clients." She walked away.

I finished what I was doing and went to help Clara. She looked so excited in her lovely pink dress and white wedges. Her make-up is always on point and she has styled her long hair to one side.

She told me what to do and I got on with it, blowing balloons with Benjamin and setting up chairs. That is what she thinks I am good for.

By the time everything was done the office looked like a wedding venue. The plastic chairs draped in white and purple ribbons around them on tables that had purple table cloths, gold cutleries and white plates.

Hope purple is not Wessels' favourite colour because I hate it already.

But the setting was... nice...

Clara disappeared leaving the rest of us to arrange the flowers since they came late and finish up everything. The rest of the morning since she left we waited for her, Mariana calling her and not getting any answers.

The people from other offices came and Benjamin and I had to play waiters. The catering company she hired did a great job, their cooking was perfect.

By one p.m. we were told to gather around and switch off the lights and close the blinds, making the office look a little darker.

We waited for the lift's sounds and a few steps before we all shouted,

"Surprise!!!"

The lights went on and Wessels stood there besides Clara, his arm around her waist. Laughing and looking all excited. In his grey suit and Clara in pink dress they looked good together, a perfect picture couple that made my heart sank.

Jealous felt like bile on my throat, I know what those arms feel like around the waist.

Everyone cheered them on and started singing "happy birthday" to him.

They both went to sit at a table reserved for two while I had to stand since the decorated tables were mainly for executives members of all the companies in the building.

I had my phone in my pocket, I took it out and typed Wessels a message.

'Looking cosy I see.'

I watched him and found him looking at me, he knew I was sending him a message. He put a hand inside his jacket and came out with his phone.

He replied,

'The only cosy place I know is besides my girl.'

He thinks I am a fool.

'But you are not besides me right now.'

Clara was busy talking as the MC of the party and also Wessels' date. That's not multitasking it's attention seeking.

'But I will be spending the rest of my birthday with my girl.'

'That doesn't mean anything.'

'I will prove you wrong.'

I held my phone in my hand and didn't reply. His eyes on me even when I tried to look away.

The party went on as people got up and wished him a happy birthday. The whole thing went on for an hour as people spoke about how rich and young Wessels was. Okay, they didn't exactly say it out loud but they might have well did. After the speeches we were offered a chance to mingle and dance.

I went and joined some guys from the offices upstairs, they were making jokes and being silly. We laughed as we drank the fruit punch and enjoyed the finger foods. There was no alcohol to get me high, I mean help pick up some courage.

One of the guys, Mpho asked me to dance with him, since Wessels was dancing with all the girls but mostly with Clara I agreed. The guy was taller than me and I had to look up at him and laugh at his silly jokes. He was a hopeless dancer who just held me and moved from side to side, he stepped on my toes a few times and we laughed it off.

"Excuse me, may I?" Wessels came between us, already pulling me out off Mpho's arms. Mpho let go off of me without a fight, probably thinking the white man is crazy.

He put his arms around my waist and we dance to a slow Afrikaans song.

The music and his hands on me made me feel like I belong in his arms and he is mine. No one suspected anything, I was just dancing with the birthday boy just like all the girl.

I looked into those blue eyes and saw sadness.

"Making me jealous?" He asked me.

"No, having fun."

"At my expense?"

"It hurts?"

"Yes."

"Then I was hurting too when you walked in here with her."

He stared at me for a few seconds.

"I want to kiss you." He said his eyes changing to his 'I want you colour'. My heart started pumping fast. I don't want him to, not here with so many people.

"Andrè." Clara was next to us and trying to come between us but Wessels wouldn't let her. I tried to move but he wouldn't let me either.

"Not now Clara." His eyes still on me.

"I want to introduce you to my dad, he would like to talk business with you."

"Tell him to make an appointment with my P.A."

I managed to take a peek at Clara and saw how red her face was. She looked pissed as hell, she was holding hands with a man who was probably her father. I almost smiled at Wessels.

Luckily the music stopped and Clara had an opportunity to whisk him away from me. I saw them talking to the other man and her colour had returned.

"If Wessels wasn't white I'd say he has a thing for you but anyway he's charming will all the ladies." Karen whispered in my ear.

"Nah, he's not my type." I lied to her.

"Yes, I saw how Mpho was dancing with you. You two look good together." Really now? I looked at her and we laughed. We were being nothing but girlish. But no Mpho is not my type but Wessels is.

Mpho joined us again, he stood next to me and made his wacky jokes again. Karen and I laughed. He wasn't that bad but way to funny.

I received a message.

'Get him away from you.'

I replied,

'You are still with her.'

I looked at him and saw him walking towards us but luckily someone pulled him and started chatting with him while his eyes were on me. I am not making him jealous or flirting with Mpho on purpose but it seems to get him angry, I must admit I like that.

Karen and I moved but Mpho followed us.

"Ladies and gentlemen." Clara said tapping a fork on her glass. Everyone went quite and looked at her. "Andrè darling, come join me." She said and he went to her. He stood next to her looking at me.

"Well since we can't have alcohol at the office we are taking this party on the roof later tonight around seven. Be warned the roof will be on fire!

People clapped with excitement.

"Thank you guys for a wonderful birthday, you all made my day and Clara thank you so much." She blushed. "Unfortunately I can't join you later tonight, my girl and I are have a little celebration of our own later in the evening."

People thought he was talking about Clara but I think she and I knew better.

Well I better go get ready!

I went to Mariana's office and got my handbag. I was so excited I couldn't wait for tonight, just the two of us.

I said goodbye to Mariana and left as Clara and Wessels were cutting the cake

When I got outside I received a message from him.

'Where are you going?'

'It's a surprise, be home by six.'

I got into the car and took out my gym bag and went to the dance studio to meet with Adelaide to add the final touches of my routine. She was there and waiting for me.

Before we started she showed me my outfit, I laughed when I saw the red pieces she held out for me. Well, there wasn't just one but hey...

Okay details of that later.

We got down to it and went over the easy routine.

"Remember you don't really need to know what you are doing, the idea is to look sexy and enjoy yourself."

"What if he doesn't like it?"

"Then you stop. Why are you stressing yourself, you are doing this for your boyfriend girl."

She is talking like it's going to be easy. Wessels looks like a hard man to please, in fact he is the kind of man that wants to be in control of everything. He has never asked me to do anything in the bedroom or at the house, he cooks for me and even tells me what to do. "Sleep Naledi" "Eat Naledi" and then she wants me to surprise such a hardcore human being.

When I left the studio I wasn't sure anymore if this was the right thing. I don't have the courage to do this. Should I drink wine, maybe?

I went and picked up the food and cake Adelaide ordered for me. She had gone out of her way to help me and if this works out I am going to owe her for a long time.

When I got to the house I went upstairs and found the perfect room. There wasn't much in the room so I had to go to the store room and find a few things, I had two hours to prepare before he comes home.

I found a round table, a chair like couch to set the table and cushions on the floor. I set the table with a single scented candle and then laid the sixteen cushions on the floor.

The room was big and needed more things but the way it was looked perfect to me.

I found a boom box speaker and a camera in Wessels storeroom, checked if everything was working then set up the camera in a corner on a hanger where I knew it will capture the whole room. I want to see myself later.

I also had to go to his garden and steal his roses for the table and scattered some on the floor.

The scent of the roses and candle mixed together added some erotic mixture of smells.

I said a little prayer before going downstairs to get ready. I might be a sinner but God should protect me and not let this be a failure.

I took a quick shower and washed my hair, blow dried it before getting into my outfit.

Okay here is the outfit, it's a matching bra and panty, lacy and red. It had stockings that has straps that hang to the panty, then there is another red maid's dress that I had to put on top. It's very small, shows of a bit of my butt cheeks and doesn't cover up the straps that connects the stocking with the panty. Adelaide is very naughty.

I liked it when I looked at myself in the mirror. I had a red thin scarf around my hair just to hold it back a bit and put on red high heels.

I heard his car. I grabbed a pocket of condoms and quickly ran upstairs to put on the lighter on the single candle on the cake.

I threw the condoms on the cushions that I had nicely laid out on the floor.

When I walked downstairs he was coming through the door. He looked up at me and stood still. I walked down slowly not sure if he liked what he was gawking at or not.

I reached the last step of the stairs and stood in front of him, a few feet away.

"Happy birthday." He still was quite. "If you'd follow me please."

I turned around and walked up the stairs again. I looked back and he was still standing there, speechless...

He doesn't like this...♡♡♡Chapter 21♡♡♡

My heart just sank and my low self esteem kicked in, I went to all this trouble to please him and if he doesn't like anything then I am doomed. This was my opportunity to come out as the shy girl, to prove to him that I can be in charge and a little freaky.

With eggs on my face I took two steps down the stairs and saw his eyes, he had that look. The one he has when he wants me, his eyes darker and face red.

I'll take my chances and not ruin this. I walked back up my head turned back and eyes on him and he followed me. I trusted my gut and walked with a straight face.

I could feel his eyes on my butt and I remember the first day I met him, it felt different from the first time. Then I thought he was a pervert and now I feel like doing more with my butt.

I led him to the room and held the door open for him.

"Welcome Mr Wessels, may I take your jacket?" He took it off and gave it to me. I put it around the chair and he sat down. "Let's get you settled in." I loosened his tie, taking it off him and putting it around my neck and unbuttoned the top buttons of his shirt. He smelled fresh, I knew he must have taken a shower at work or gym.

I gave him his plate of food and watched him take a few bites and dropped his fork and knife. He wasn't full, he didn't have an appetite for food. He wanted me and was curious too.

I pushed the birthday cake at him.

"Happy birthday."

He blew on the candle then looked at me. I am a little unsure of myself please don't judge my doing of things. I am scared as hell, afraid to mess this and I knew he could see right through me.

I pushed the table to the side and walked to the boombox speaker on the floor, I bend down knowing he had a full view of my underwear and butt. I pressed on the boom box speaker and on my phone to connect via Bluetooth.

In a minute of nervously fumbling and him just sitting there and staring at me I managed to play my song. Beyonce's Video Phone.

When I turned around he was still sitting down and looking at me. The music started and I leaned against the wall in front of him. I went down, dropping slowly and opened my legs to give him a few seconds of a little view of the front of my panties. I went back up my hands going from my thighs up to my breast massaging all the way. He moved in his chair but did not get up.

I turned around and joined the rhythm, to the beat of the music and started twerking my butt for him. I can moved my butt and I did so effortlessly, shaking and twerking.

He pinned me against the wall, pressing hard on me. I didnt see him coming and no, this wasn't part of the plan. It's quick and I am in charge.

"Hendrik." I also wanted him but not now, we've just started.

"I can't, I want to touch you."

"Go back!"

"Please baby."

"No!"

He slowly got away from me and went to sit down. I turned around and looked at him. Hands on his lap, looking ready to pounce on me again.

I went to him. His actions were only giving me confidence.

"Remember when you threatened to tie me?" I looked at his eyes, they were bright not dark.

"Do it." He urged me.

I got his tie from around my neck and walked behind him. I held his hands together and tied them as secure as I could.

I stood behind him and ran my hands from his shoulders to his stomach. I unbuttoned his shirt and ran my fingers in his chest hair, he moaned moving.

"A certain lover once taught me patience, it's only good that I pass on that good knowledge." I unfastened his belt and pulled his pants zipper down. He was hard, very hard.

"This won't last forever and once I lay my hands on you... I'll show you who is the real boss. You'll know the different colours of a flame, you'll understand is not only red. I swear baby..."

I laughed walking around him and sat on his lap, moving my butt.

I got up as soon as I felt his lips on my neck.

When the music on repeat started again for the third time I started dancing to it again. Right in front of him, wiggling my butt in his face, twerking harder. I unbuttoned the little red maid's dress, one button at a time his eyes following my fingers while I moved from side to side. When I was done with the last one I let it off me and it fell to the ground, revealing the sexy look I had hidden inside. His expression, his eyes and hard on spoke for him.

Started again with the music, dancing for him, touching my body till to the end of the music.

I got my breast out of my bra, not taking my bra off and sat on his lap. I held his head and rubbed it against them.

"They are so soft." He said. I stopped and stood up.

I parted his legs and dropped between them. I ran my hand inside his pants, on top of his briefs. I could feel how hard and wet he was, my own body reacting to his erection.

I pulled his pants down, along with his briefs. It was a bit of a struggle since he was sitting down and tied from the back. His magnificent hairy legs on my sides and his hard on right in front of me. I looked at it like it was for the first time seeing it. This hard, strong thing has been inside of me and will be inside me tonight and tomorrow, the day after tomorrow.

I touched it and it jerked. I looked up at him and he was staring down at me. I wrapped my whole hand around it and moved it up and down, he breathed in deeply throwing his head back.

I surprised him and covered it with my mouth, trying to push the thickness and it's length all the way.

He arched his back up screaming, "Ahhhhh, Oh my Here asseblief."

I couldn't do it but I forced myself, getting a different reaction everytime I push down my throat. When I started to get the hang of things I played with him like a lollipop in my mouth. Sucking hard on him my head going up and down. Getting tired I would use my hands and then swallow him again. He took forever to let go and when he did,

"Ahhhhhhh baby, ek kom. Ek kom, ek kom, ek kom, ek kom... ek... Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck..." he shot his whole load in my mouth almost choking me. I have never tasted come, it wasn't bad, salty and sour like but I couldn't swallow any of it. I let him slip out of my mouth and coughed the rest of it out and spat in my dress.

I looked at him, his eyes closed while he breathed in heavily. He opened them slowly looking down at me.

"Damn it, you are on fire!"

I got up from the floor and bend down to kiss him. I felt bad that I couldn't swallow like I heard most people say, I have never done this before.

I touched him on his member and immediately he responded.

"You want to finish me off?" He complained.

"You want to stop?"

"Sweetheart I have more energy and strength than you can handle."

Oh really, let's see about that.

I went to the cushions and got a condom. I wanted him so bad I couldn't wait any longer. When i came back he wasn't that hard but a few strokes with my hand and my tongue did the trick.

I rolled the condom down with shaky hands, I couldn't wait any longer.

I removed the straps and then my panties followed. I was left with my bra that wasn't actually supporting my my breast since they were sticking out, my stocking too plus the shoes. I spread my legs and sat on his lap lowering myself down on him. It was a bit painful but felt good at the same time as I struggled.

"Darling untie me so I can support you with my hands." I ignored him and did things my way. I tried several times until I could feel myself relaxing then started moving, not up and down but back and forth. "Ohhhhhhhh, that feels good. That... that... that is heaven."

It was heaven indeed.

I went on and on until I felt myself coming, I stilled holding on to him.

"Yes baby!" He shouted and I knew he was watching me. I collapsed on his chest. "Untie me quick, I have to come."

This time I gave in, I was worn out and couldn't continue. I didn't even get up to do it, I just untied him still on his lap.

I rested my head on his chest, I think I needed a bed.

"Tired already, it's still my birthday." He held my cheeks with his hands and looked at me. He was still hard inside me. "Don't worry, I'll help you stay awake."

He held me by my waist and lifted me a little so my legs weren't touching the floor. He pushed himself a little forward then started pumping in and out, harder and faster beneath me.

Before I knew it I was wide awake and screaming.

He went deeper than before at a very quick pace I didn't even know where or what to hold on to. His hands on my waist were holding very tight.

He came and I came again with him. This time around I was really tired, couldn't even lift myself off him.

He carried me to the cushions and laid me comfortably on top of them.

"You are not leaving me." I said with my half closed eyes.

"Never." He kissed me on my lips. "You were perfect tonight."

"I made you come in Afrikaans." I smiled and forced my eyes to open so I can look at him.

"That should never happen, I don't want you to see that side of me when I am... Hey, sleep." He commanded me.

"You were saying something." I yawned. He was explaining why I doesn't want to come in Afrikaans.

"You heard wrong. Now sweetheart."

And yes I closed my eyes and slept peacefully next to him, in his hairy arms.

When I opened my eyes again he was next to me, wide eyed and watching me.

"What do you see when you look at me sleeping?" I moved out of his arms so I can have a good look at his face.

"You are beautiful, you've got a smooth skin, you sleep like an angel."
He looked sad when he spoke to me.

"Hendrik, are you okay? You didn't like your birthday surprise?"

"What?" His face lit up. "This is my best birthday ever."

"But you were quite at first."

"But you were nervous and I didn't want to say something that might scare you."

I was tired after the sex we had but I remember he said something and never finished it off.

"You said something..." I said trying to bring it up.

"No." He turned over and got on top of me. "It's still my birthday."

"Can we talk?"

"And ruin my birthday?" He kissed me on my neck. "We are still in the birthday room and we are both naked, except you are still wearing your bra and stockings." He parted my legs.

"Hendrik?"

He got off me.

"Why are you doing this? I said something that I don't want to talk about, I shouldn't have."

He was angry.

"Why? Are you hiding that from me?"

"Naledi, drop it."

"But..."

"Stop pushing, will you?" He snapped at me.

I don't understand, what's the difference with him talking to me in Afrikaans and speaking to other people? He has used it in front of me on the phone more times than I can even remember.

He got up and went to the cake. He cut a slice and came with it to me.

"We never got to eat the cake?" He brought the cake to my mouth. I slapped his hand away and got up.

"I think the party is over."

He came to me.

"Please don't do this."

"Do what Hendrik?"

He put the cake on the table and held my hands in his.

"You have to understand that I come from a different world than yours, I am trying to adjust here."

'Oh I'm black and things are different from being white, right?' Two naked people about to have an argument.

He came to me knowing too well that I am black and now.

"That's not what I am saying. Please I hate seeing you like this."

"Let me go Hendrik?"

"Go?" His eyes turned bright blue in an instant.

"You are holding my hands."

"No, not until I know you are not mad at me."

"I can't Hendrik because you don't want to talk to me."

"Sweetheart, I have lived longer than you did. I have experienced things and seen things that I'd rather forget."

"Were you abused as a child?" What is he saying?

"No, no but I have been through shit that I don't want to revisit." I would love to know about that shit, he knows about mine and he supported me. I want to do the same for him.

"Promise me you'll tell me one day."

The smile he gave me suggested I should know better. I don't want to be mad at him, my whole life would be ruined if I do that. He is my happiness provider, my lover, my everything.

"One day can always be postponed."

"Oh?" I pushed myself at him and he let go of my hands to grab me by my waist.

"Yes, there is no date for that." He stared into my eyes. "You make me happy."

Same here, I never knew happiness like this exist.

"Let's go to bed."

"Yes." But I didn't move, instead I leaned against him and smiled.

"Ster, what are you planning?"

"Nothing." I got out of his arms and went behind him, walking slowly then took the cake. When he turned around to look at me I threw it in his face.

"Happy Birthday." Before he could react I ran out and went down the stairs with him running behind me.

He caught me downstairs lifting me in his arms and swang me around. I laughed with him.

"Now, how do I get rid of this sugar on my face?"

"Like this?" I licked the cake and cream on top of his nose.

"Go on..."

I kissed his lips and he put me down, kissing me too. Getting cake and cream on my face and hair. Tasting everything, him and the cake. He drove me crazy.

We kissed taking the long walk to the bedroom where we dropped on the floor. He was on top on me kissing me, he turned over and brought me on top. I didn't want to be on top, I had no choice since he was too strong to me to turn him over.

"Go get on the bed and close your eyes." I did exactly what he said, lying on my back.

I heard him walking around, switching on to something. A light? No the lights were on, probably the aircon since I heard a sound like air being blown out but still the room's temperature didn't change.

I heard a condom wrapper and smelled strawberries .

He got on the bed and helped me out of my bra, never forgetting to tell me not to open my eyes. I never opened them even when the urge to do so was getting to me, I wanted to see him as he sucked hard and quick on my nipples. My hands were all over him though, he didn't say anything about that.

I felt him slowly positioning himself on top of me and entered me slowly. He buried his head in my afro as he whispered this to me,

"Sweetheart open your eyes and keep them open."

I did and it wasn't hard to miss what he wanted me to see. It was high above the ceiling. A huge mirror showing mostly his backside as he

moved on top of me. At first I saw the difference of our skin colour, me dark under his white skin. I didn't like it.

"Don't think about anything else, I want you to watch me making love to you and watch yourself come." Did he just read my mind or he was anyway going to say that?

His words always soothes me and I listened to him.

Watching his backside move as he thrust in and almost out slowly was amazing. I could see the strenght in his body, the way his butt moved, the way his upper body responded to each thrust. It was like watching us on some porn movie. When he increases the pace, the mirror showed everything. My legs dangling up in the air as he held them apart.

His eyes were wide open and staring into me.

When I came I wrapped my legs and arms around him staring up, watching myself just let go. I had to close my eyes to take it all in, he didn't stop. He went faster than ever helping himself to my cookie, he screamed.

Watching him was blissful.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh." He held still but pushing in deeper as he screamed before he collapsed fully on top of me. "You are the most deliscious thing I have ever tasted. Me and my dick can't get enough of you."

I wanted to say something to him, tell him how I enjoy sex with him but my lips stayed glued together.

After calming down he got off me and I felt him pulling out. He got rid of the condom on his way to close the mirror part.

He took the stockings and the shoes off me.

"Thank you." He said laying on his side staring at me.

"For your birthday surprise?"

"Not really, I loved it but none of this wouldn't be possible if you were not in my life Naledi. I am having too much sex and I seem to always have the strenght for it whenever I am with you."

"Are you getting tired of me?"

"Shut up or I'll fuck you again."

"Hey?" I loved the way he just spoke to me, so much.

I yawned.

"Sleep."

"You too."

"I am the boss here babygirl."

"Oh really, a few hours ago I was."

"Ja," he pursed his lips. "Sometimes you just have to give people the impression that they are in control even when you are indeed still the boss."

"Really? I won't close my eyes then." I crossed my arms over my naked breast. I wasn't going to win this, I was sleepy already.

He just smiled at me and put his head over my arms, his fingers making circles on my stomach.

It didn't take long for me to close my heavy eyes and fall asleep. In my sleepy state I was fully aware of him as he moved his head from my chest, he kissed me on my lips turning to his side. I followed him wrapping an arm around him making sure he wasn't going to leave me alone in bed. He put his hands over my arm and that's the last I remember.

When I opened my eyes in the morning he was still in bed with me, I had all the bed covers to my side and he was naked facing up.

I can touch him and wake him up but he looked so peaceful, he always wakes up before me and today he needs the sleep.

I looked at the bedside clock, it was 6:30.

Oh no, Alice is going to be here any minute and she is going to go crazy with the mess up stairs.

I quickly got out of bed and put on his t-shirt.

I ran to get a mop, bucket of soapy water and a broom. The room upstairs was a total mess, cake on the floor and we've stepped over it. And a condom was just on the floor, that is disgusting.

I started with the cushions, taking them back to their rightful place and coming back up for the chair and table.

"What's going on?" Wessels was behind me.

"Hey? You are up?"

"What are you doing Naledi?"

"I'm cleaning our mess."

"Why, Alice gets paid to clean and I have never heard her complain."

She has complained to me, once and it was enough. I don't want to be in her bad books anymore and I don't want to get into that with him. I understand that she has been here for years and I don't want to come between them. Wessels seems to be happy with her work.

"But we can't leave things like condoms lying around." I pointed at it on the floor.

"What the hell is that?" I thought he was talking about the condom I was referring to but when I looked at him his eyes were at the camera in the corner. "You filmed everything from last night?"

"It's for your birthday, thought you saw the camera."

"No because I would have removed it."

"Why?"

"Are you going to ask me why? Do you know what could happen if this thing gets leaked out there?"

"It's for you, I trust you." Why is he making a big deal out of this? If the video gets leaked I would know it's him.

"That's not the point." He went to get the camera. "I don't even want to see it. Delete it!" He gave me the camera and walked out the door. He came back, "Stop cleaning."

For the rest of the morning he avoided me, locked himself in his study. I got ready for work and finished.

I checked the camera and realised that it had recorded an hour and thirty minutes of last night. Everything that I wanted him to see was in there.

I went to his study and the door was wide open. I walked in and realised he wasn't inside. I took a pen and paper.

'I am sorry if this upsets you but I was only trying to do something nice for you. Watch it and decide what you want to do with it.'

I put the camera on top of the piece of paper on his desk and left.

I went to work and didn't hear from him. I know I pushed my luck with the video but couldn't he at least call me, I am used to his calls and messages.

I even left early to avoid Mama Alice. I was the earliest at the office and the cleaners were still busy.

I went to wait outside, pacing in the parking lot until I found myself calling him. When it started ringing my heart started beating faster, I don't even know what I am going to say to him.

"Naledi?" I heard Clara's voice behind me and turned around to find her coming out of her car, wearing a simple white dress with white high heels. This girl is beautiful and I wonder if Wessels had noticed too.

"What the he'll was wrong with you yesterday?" She stood in front on me her red lips thinner.

"What did I do?"

"I wanted to talk to Andrè but you wouldn't let go off him, white man's arms too comfortable for you?"

This girl! I know she thinks that I am not a threat to her when it comes to Wessels but she still wants to confront me.

"Come on Clara, you know I would never date a white man. Not even a guy who is so self centred like Wessels, the man is arrogant and you know it." She looked like she was considering that. I think I believe that too.

"You are probably right but I still want him."

"Really, I'm sure you can do better than him. There are probably man out there queueing to get your attention."

"I am beautiful but I think someone like him will complete me."

Girl will you please forget about my boyfriend for a bit, he is mine.

I listened to her talking and trying to come up with plans of getting him.
Getting me pissed off.

While talking to her I looked at my phone to distract myself from listening to her, she was getting me angry.

My phone had called Wessels and he was still on the line.

Did he hear what I said about him...???

I put my phone on my ear...

"Hello?" I listened and...

"Coffee shop across the street, now!"

I am not going...♡♡♡Chapter Twenty two♡♡♡

Jealousy got the better of me, making Hendrik look like the bad guy in front of Clara was a bad idea.

He should know I said those things just to get Clara to stop fantasizing about being Mrs Wessels, he knows how crazy she can be. I hope he heard her too. The girl is on some mission to unknowingly make my life a living hell. And I am willing to do anything to fight her off him. Now I made him angry because he heard things he wasn't suppose to hear, and I know he won't do anything to me but I am not in his good books right now. There is a video that push him away this morning then now...

I hang up...

"Are you okay?" Clara asked me, she wasn't concerned about me, that much I know. I must have looked like hell for her to be looking at me like there was something wrong.

"I'm fine, I have to go." I said to her and quickly headed to the car. I have a client in two hours and I need to get away from here. I knew

Clara must be asking herself what was going on but knowing her she won't dwell on my issues far too long.

I avoided his calls while he was busy calling.

I drove to the house and walked in after parking the car. The owners have already moved out of the four bedroom house. It's an old house with bigger bedrooms a spacious kitchen and dining room. When I unlocked the door Wessels parked his car next to mine. I didn't even hear him drive in and I left the gate open. Did he follow me or track me?

I waited for him at the door and watched him as he walked up the stairs to me. He didn't look angry, just as handsome as always.

He came straight to me and stood in front of me looking down at me.

"Go ahead open the door." He said.

"Hendrik..."

"Naledi, I am here to do what I want and trust me I don't mind doing it right here." He looked determined and meant everyword. I believed him. We are outside a house in a very quite neighbourhood and I know there must be some nosy somebody watching.

"This is not the right place."

"You said I should watch the video, what do you think was going to happen?"

What happened?

I looked down at him, at his pants and damn...

"But this is my job, we can't..."

"You said I am self centred and arrogant, you were right and you think I care about anything else other than being inside you right now?"

He heard everything. Did he really have to embarrass me by bringing it up? That's beside the point though, I realise everyday that everytime he speaks to me about sex my body reacts to his words. I like the tone he uses, the harshness of his voice.

I turned around and unlocked the door, pushing it inside and going in before we start attracting an audience.

He came in behind me and closed the door. The house was empty, no furniture, not even curtains but at least it was better than being outside.

"Take off your clothes." He ordered me. I was about to protest but the look he gave me told me I had no say.

Anyway playing hard to get was just a waste of time since I knew I wanted him.

I did as he said, taking my shirt off then my skirt. He watched me, arms crossed over his chest. I felt like somehow he was trying to punish me.

I stood in front to him half naked.

"So, you were running away from me?" I couldn't have answered him even if I had an answer as he covered my mouth with his. Kissing me with his hands digging into my flesh, he was rough and I didn't mind.

He squeezed my butt cheeks together, kissing me harder. He went easy on me when he flipped my panties to the side and pushed a finger in, he added another one. Going in and out, faster!

I moaned louder as he stopped kissing me and put all his focus on satisfying me. His other hand balanced me from the back, my legs were getting weaker and I had rested all my weight on him. I was about to come when he stopped...

I could have kicked him for doing that. I was already there and a few strokes would have been it.

He stood back and unzipped his pants...

"Come on baby." I knew what he wanted me to do. I went down on my knees in front of him. His huge flesh in my face. First I used my hand then mouth, trying to twist his size in my mouth around my tongue.

"Ohhhhh yes... hmmm... " he moaned, encouraging me to keep on trying my level best. I went on...

"Stop." He said when I was so sure he was going to come in my mouth.

He pulled me up and took off his pants. He went on his knees between my legs and put his tongue to some good use. I stretched my legs out for him, I also felt the need to do that so he could access every itching part that needed to be scratched. I held on to his moving head, my legs were about to give up on me. I could feel my body building up. He stopped again, I can't do this anymore, I don't want to play this game.

He licked his lips getting up and looked at me with a smile.

"Please Hendrik." I begged him breathlessly holding on to him by his suit. He was so close to me, his body so warm through his shirt and suit. I could feel him already in me.

He hugged me tight to him and didn't say anything. My body was relaxing but I was aching for him.

"Come." He wanted me to go down on him again, I did. He got even harder as I sucked him deeper into my throat. "Ohhhhh baby... that is so good." But again it didn't last longer.

He stopped me.

"Hendrik?" I gave him a questioning look.

He smiled and took out a condom from his pants pocket. He rolled down the condom on him, he was quick and sweating...

I got rid of my panties and bra.

"Come get your meat." He lifted me and let me wrap my legs around his waist.

I was wet, very wet that he just slipped in with one strong thrust and started going faster. It was so flippin good and so hot... Having loud sex in a house with no windows and empty sounded like something I would have never done. I could get into trouble for this but that's the thrill.

I think I was almost there when I felt him stiffen inside me. He was coming and I wasn't even there, almost close though...

He pulled out and put me down to stand and look at him. I watched as his come oozed inside the condom. I watched in horror. When I looked up at his face he was smiling.

Son of a...

"That's how self centred and arrogant I am." He took off the condom. "And this will teach you, when I say jump you don't ask anything, you jump." He tied a knot on the condom and put it in his pocket.

"And the video... you don't know what you've done. You looked hot last night."

He put on his pants. I was on fire, burning down there. Half satisfied and angry.

"So you are going to leave me like this?"

"This was your punishment." He's really leaving me like this.

"I hope the condom breaks in your pocket." I didn't know what else to say but I wish it to remind him of what he is soon to me.

He laughed at me a high pitched laughter that echoed like our sex noises earlier throughout the empty house.

"I am sure you can hold yourself together until I get home later tonight. Wait up, I might be late though."

I was angry at him, I just stood there naked.

"Hey, get dressed. I am not going to leave you here naked."

I will not do everything he wants, I have been doing that since he got here but that got me where? He gets satisfied and I don't get anything in return. I gave him a show last night but I get punishments. Punishments after everything that I have done?

He picked up my panties.

"Let me help you." He came to me.

"Don't touch me." I slapped his hand that held my panties.

"I love that fire in you but it's the one that got you into trouble in the first place."

I grabbed my panties from him and got dressed.

When he left he wanted to kiss me but I'd had enough of his games. I don't want him to touch me anymore or even look at him. He left looking happy and very satisfied.

I had to clean myself up, using one of the bathrooms in the house. I tried touching myself but it wasn't the same as him touching me, I wanted him. He knows my body better than I do, he's satisfied me so good.

I went to the car and waited for my client going through my phone. Hendrik send me a message.

'By now you are suppose to have cooled down but the urge won't go.'

He wants to torture me, two can play this game. If that video got him hot imagine what a picture could do to him. I took a picture of my face and made sure it's perfect, nothing naughty about it. I send it to him with the caption,

'Does this look cooled down to you?'

I don't know what I was trying to achieve but anything to get back at him.

'Baby, you look hot, very, very hot that my pants are moving. But I see she hasn't learnt her lesson.'

'And what do you want to do about that?'

He called me and I answered.

"I see what you are trying to do." He was laughing.

Mxm.

"My client is here, bye." I hang up and he send a message right away.

'Told you never to say goodbye to me.'

Right now, I don't care.

I put my phone in my bag and waited for my client.

To cut a long story short I had a long morning. Work didn't even push time for me, I was swamped but still my mind would go back to Wessels and his... I imagined him between my legs with his fingers, digging deep, his head while his mouth drove me wild and him, the whole of him threatening to rip me apart. It wasn't easy, my concentration was not here. I drank water and constantly went to the toilet, nothing helped. He left an itch on me that only him can scratch away. If he was black I would say he bewitched me.

Around lunchtime I received a delivery from him. At least Karen wasn't at reception to announce my delivery. The delivery guy walked in after he found the reception empty. I signed and took the package to my desk.

As always he had to feed me, he had bought me fish, green salad and garlic bread. I don't like garlic.

He had written a note.

'Thinking of my girl and her needs.'

Needs? He's still torturing me. But it made me smile even though I was still mad at him.

"Hi Naledi." I looked up to the voice that was talking to me and it was Hugo, looking handsome in his grey pants and white shirt.

I never thought I'd see him again or remember him when I see him, I don't have that good of a memory.

"Hugo." I said proud of myself for getting the pronunciation right.

"Yes, she remembered." He laughed and I joined him.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for a house, a small house for a bachelor."

Him, single? No ways. Guys like him and Wessels can't be single for too long, I mean apart from their good looks they are tall, I think me and most girls are into those kind of men. But anyway Wessels was single when I met him.

I didn't want him to know what I was thinking, I felt some awkwardness between us. The guy is nice and nicer than most white people that I have met, I am talking about the ones that know about my relationship with Wessels and make me feel like I am doing something wrong. I guess I am not used to people like him.

"I have a few houses that I could show you." I said turning my computer to let him see some of the houses on sale. I let him watch and browse alone.

Clara came in walking to her desk but slowed down to take a look at Hugo. The look she had on her face was almost, just almost the one she has when she looks at Hendrik. Why doesn't she take Hugo and leave my man alone? Suddenly I had a wicked idea.

"Clara?" I called out to her and she came to me her eyes on Hugo, who was still on the computer. "Clara this is Hugo and Hugo please meet my colleague. I think she'll be the best person you can buy a house from.

Hugo looked at Clara as she played with a her hair, looking all shy and blushing. The expression Hugo had on his face made me think he saw right through me. I don't care if he knows that I am trying to set him up. He told me he is a bachelor mos and here is a beautiful girl.

"We can go over to my desk." She pointed to her desk, four feets away from mine. Hugo nodded and followed her.

They walked to her desk and I stopped looking at them. I ate my salad and fish going through my emails.

'How are you feeling now?' A message from Wessels.

'Never been better.' I was lying, I was still as horny as hell and needed him so much.

'I like how you lie.'

'Who said I am lying?'

He called.

"I want you so bad, I can't even concentrate at work the way I am so hard." His voice was low like he was trying to keep it down. Hearing him saying that started everything all over again. I could see that hard on so ready for me.

"I hate you."

He ignored me.

"I am in my office, remember the last time we were both in here. Imagine you on my desk and me about to claim you baby." I listened, doing what he wanted me to do, imagining him standing in front of me while I had my legs wide open for him.

God, I can't let him do this to me. This is exactly what he wants, to get me horny throughout the whole day.

"I have to go."

"You are spoiling the fun."

"This is not fun!" I hang up when he started laughing at me.

I have to get back at him for this. He can't always get away with punishing me, I am sure I can do something to make him pay.

My phone rang, I thought it was him again but it Paula's name on my screen.

"Hey Choma." I answered with so much energy trying to forget Wessels.

"Hey, how is Pretoria?"

"Boring as hell and how's you and Lufuno?"

"Fucking every hour." That's Paula for you, the girl has no secret. How she managed to hide her relationship with Lufuno is still a mystery to me.

"OMG, TMI for my young ears." Hugo passed by with Clara and waved at me. I waved back.

"What did I miss over there?"

"Wessels' birthday party."

"That pig!" She screamed in my ear.

"Yeah, that pig!" Screaming back at her but actually screaming for release from this prison Wessels had me locked into.

We didn't talk for long, she said she and Lufuno had some shenanigans to take care of. I didn't ask as I knew the answer was going to be a straight forward and real one. We said out goodbyes and hang up.

I had two more clients to see after that and a meeting with Marian, I needed an advance on my salary. I have to go on leave and I am broke as hell. She didn't promise anything but by knock off time there was Ten thousand Rands in my bank account. I felt a little relieved but stressed about paying it back. Already my finances are a mess because of my mom and her demands but at least I get to save a few cents every month on the side.

One of the good days I am going to build her a huge house, one that will make her proud.

I went to the dance studio and found Adelaide busy with a class, I was a few minutes late. I changed and joined them. My body was a little stiff from the previous days' routines but within minutes I forgot about the pain and WESSELS!

Adelaide's classes are enjoyable, she makes sure everyone is on the same routine and perfecting the move or at least trying to. I guess I was better than most.

By the time we wrapped up I was sweaty and forgot a little about him until Adelaide asked how last night went.

I didn't hide anything, I told her everything. I could tell she liked hearing my story and the success in it, she was proud of herself.

I went on and on until we both lost track of time. The older woman talked too much about sex and knew a lot. I left the studio around 7.

NOTHING FROM HIM!!!

Hope he doesn't carry out his punishment and prolong it further because I came back late.

Traffic was a nightmare, cars were moving so slow because of an accident in Van der Hoff road.

Since moving in with Wessels... Wow, this sounds weird. I have moved in with a man, just like that...

Anyway since moving in with him I haven't thought about my life when I used to live alone and now I do miss it, a little. I need that life back. Look at me now angry at the slow traffic because I have to get home to Wessels. I never worried about anyone back then.

But I have to admit that it's a nice feeling to have to rush home to a man, someone that I know has something planned for us. I smiled as I stopped at an orange light only to be startled by the taxi behind me. I looked at the review mirror and smiled. I should be angry but nah....

When I got home, to Wessels' house his car was parked outside. He's home and he got here before me.

I wonder what he is doing right now.

I was still in my gym clothes and needed a proper shower before I could do anything but I have to see him first. The house was warm and filled with the aroma of chicken in some nice smelling spices.

I knew where to find him, always in the kitchen, in his apron, jeans and barefoot. I like him like this.

He was facing me and for some reason we just found ourselves smiling at each other. It was good to finally see him after the whole day of torture.

I should be angry but how could I be when he looks this fine.

"Sorry, I'm late. Was at the dance studio."

"I know." He said turning to pour something into the chicken.

How? Oh his bloody car tracker!

And he never asked me how or why did I join the gym even after he saw me wearing this clothes.

"I need to clean up before supper." I was about to leave the kitchen when he stopped me.

"Wait." I did. He dried his hands with the kitchen cloth and walked to me. "I missed you today." He put his hands on my cheeks and kissed me. A slow kiss that I thought was just going to last for a few seconds but he increased the pace, his hands went to my body and I tip-toed up to him.

"Can, I join you in the shower?"

"I would love that but I'm on my periods." Of course it's a lie. I want to beat him at his own game.

"What? You were fine this morning." He said that like I just hurt myself.

"It happened just after you left."

"Left me see." He was about to stick his hand into my tight gym leggings but I slapped it away.

"Sies Hendrik."

"I hate this!" He looked really stressed out.

"I'll go take that shower." I left him standing there like he was going to come up with a plan on how to stop the blood.

"How many days?" He shouted after me.

"Five to seven." I shouted back and I think I heard him curse.

I got to the bedroom and unpacked my bag. I had a message on my phone from Lerato.

'Breakfast, lunch or dinner? Please pick one, my treat. I want you to meet HIM.'

Damn you Lerato! Why is she so persistent on me meeting her boyfriend? We never did this boyfriend meeting before. She knew Thabo and she was used to him but I never made it a formal thing, maybe that's because we all come from the same village.

I didn't reply, I'll just have to get back to her early morning.

I took a long nice and warm shower. When I was done I went for Wessels' t-shirt, a plain white one.

I walked back to the kitchen and he was almost done. I helped him set the table in the diningroom and carried the food there.

We sat next to each other, his t-shirt not covering much.

"You want to torture me now?" He asked looking at my thighs.

"I had a long day because of you today."

"What about the five to seven days that's coming?"

"It could be eight."

He looked away and dug his fork into his food.

"What are you planning to do with your leave days?"

"I don't know but I really want to go home Hendrik."

"For the whole two weeks?" The frustration in his voice matched his face.

"No, maybe one week with you then the other at home."

"I don't want you to go, I don't care even if it's just for a day. I'll go crazy without you."

"A few days apart will do both of us some good."

"What good? Do we need that?" Hendrik was really taking this very hard.

"Okay, fine, I won't go." Besides my mom doesn't want me home.

"Promise?" His eyes lit up with excitement like a little boy.

"I promise."

He dropped his fork and kissed me. A quick kiss before he went back to his food.

"Can we do lunch together tomorrow?" I am not sure what that means but if it means us being out together in public then no, I can't handle the way people stare at us.

"If we do lunch then I'll have to go out for dinner."

"Why?"

"A friend has invited me out." He stared at me blankly then I added that it's a female friend.

"Oh."

"Yes."

"We can go out for lunch and invite her over, Mama Alice will cook." That means Lerato will meet him and that would be a matter of time before my mom found out.

"No, Hendrik."

He got up and took the dishes to the kitchen, I followed him.

"Hendrik, please don't be mad at me. I promise you'll meet her."

"When?"

"I have to tell her about us first." I looked into those blue eyes and saw him relaxing. "Come, let's go to bed." I took his hand and walked backward to the bedroom.

"I'm going to sleep next to you with a hard on?"

"Yes." I laughed at him.

We got to the bedroom and he took his jeans off while I sat on top off the bed and watched him. He was very hard, he stroked himself in front of me.

"I have saved this for you the whole day." He closed his eyes and continued.

I could picture it inside me as he use it the best way he knows how, that feeling that I have longed Fox the whole day of being filled. I got off the bed and walked to him, he opened his eyes when he felt me next to him. I went down on my knees and started licking him.

"Yeeeeees... hmmmmmm... that is so good... ohhhhhhhh..." I did my level best. Sucking, licking, pushing it all the way deep into my throat. I could feel my juices getting out of control.

"Stop sweetheart." He pulled me up. "I'll jerk off in the bathroom."

"Why?"

"I would love nothing but to be inside you right now but we can't."

Bloody beast! He knows that I am lying and he's turned it all on me. Now, he wants me to beg.

"I know you know that I am lying."

"So?"

"So please, I want you."

"Beg me."

"How?"

He just looked at me. I knew what he wanted me to say. Do you think I have the courage? *Zero courage shem!*

"Hendrik." I stroked him with my hand and he crossed his arms across his chest.

"Yes darling."

"Please..."

"Go on sweetheart." He closed his eyes.

"Hendrik, please do me." He opened one eye and shook his head. "I want you."

"You are getting there."

"That's my best."

"Not good enough to get some dick."

"Fuck Hendrik." He was frustrating me.

"That's the spirit babygirl."

What?

To hell with it.

"Hendrik please fuck me." He opened his eyes. With a smile he lifted me and threw me on the bed.

He went for the condoms!!!♡♡♡Chapter Twenty three♡♡♡

I felt and smelled him as he kissed me on my cheek, waking me after a short night. I covered my face with a pillow and rolled to his side of the bed. I don't think I can take anymore sex, we've had about three or four

rounds of sex and I don't want anymore. I could do with more hours of sleep if he could just let me.

"Time for work." He said trying to grab the pillow from me but .

"Tell Mariana I am not coming in."

"That sounds like a good idea, I will join you." I removed the pillow off my face and looked at him with heavy eyes. He was from his morning jogs wearing his blue track pants and matching top.

"No, I think I'll go to work." I would love to spend the whole day with him but not today.

"Am I that bad?" He sat next to me on the bed.

"Well, I think I have had enough to last me days."

"Is that you trying to tell me no more sex?" I wouldn't dare.

I smiled and got out of bed. I was naked walking around the bedroom getting my clothes ready for work. He didn't say anything, he just

watched me. I enjoy being watched by him, he loves a body that I am yet to understand why but anyway he makes me feel good about myself.

When I went into the bathroom I had expected him to follow me but he didn't and when I came out he was nowhere in the bedroom.

Today I wore blue skinny jeans and a pink t-shirt with the agency logo. I opted for a simple look not because I wanted to but I realised most of my clothes were dirty. Mama Alice in on strike, she had picked out Wessels clothes and left mine in the laundry buscket. Yes, I went through it since I couldn't find my clothes and there they were.

I have to come back early today to do my own laundry or else I will have to go back to Sosha for more clothes.

Wessels was still in the guest shower when I got to the kitchen and Mama Alice was there, busy with breakfast.

"Dumelang Mama." I greeted her and pulled a chair. I don't want to ask her about her not doing my laundry or the way she acts around me. I respect her and I will do whatever needs to be done, I have been doing my own laundry since I was 12 and I don't have a problem continuing.

She didn't even greet me back.

I answered a few emails on my phone and got up to make myself a cup of rooibos. The silence in the kitchen was only disturbed by the sounds

she made while cooking and moving around. She doesn't just think I am a sloppy human but the woman hates me too.

Wessels came in busy on the phone, he kissed me on my lips smelling fresh and looking all yummy in his black suit. I didn't respond to the kiss, he is doing it in front of Mama Alice and somehow that just feels disrespectful. He finished with his phone call and Mama Alice served us breakfast.

"So, you are going out for lunch with your friend?" He was sitting down next to me.

"Oh, I forgot to tell her." I took my phone out of my bag and send her a message.

'I'll be available for lunch.'

She replied immediately.

'Okay, let's meet at the Milk and Honey Restaurant.'

I looked at the message. That's like the most expensive restaurant I have tried to avoid all my life. A breakfast meal with bird eggs could cost you R300, they serve unusual meals and the experience is awesome but I don't think I want to go since I can't afford.

"Everything okay?" Wessels asked taking a bite of his slice of bread. Thank God Mama Alice left the kitchen, it was awkward with her in her. I just gave him my phone. "Nice." He gave it back.

"That's the most expensive restaurant I'm yet to visit. I don't have that kind of money to spend."

"I could give you some or my credit card." Oh no I wasn't trying to hint or anything. I don't think I feel comfortable with him giving me money. No man has ever given me money before. He's white, white man expect their woman to be independent, at least that's what I think.

"No, I think she has everything covered." I do think her boyfriend will pay, just want to be on the safe side of things and carry my own money. Well, I have 10k in my bank account, I shouldn't worry much.

"Ster, I don't really mind giving you money. I want to take care of you, I told you that when I asked you to be my girl and you agreed. That means I have to give you money and see to your every need." He doesn't know how much I need the money, there is so much that needs to be done by me. A simple hand out from him would solve all my problems. No, I can't be thinking like this. Our relationship is not based on money.

I was touched by his words. I got up and kissed him on his cheek, smudging him with red lipgloss.

I laughed and wiped it off with my hand. "You want your friend's boyfriend to pay but you won't let me?"

"I have to get to work." I'm not going to get into it with him, it's still early.

"You didn't finish your breakfast."

"I am full already."

It looked untouched, I wanted to be out of here before I ask him for money.

He also got up and took his things. I walked out the kitchen to lead the way to the garage.

"Wait." I stopped and turned to look at him. He came to me and kissed me, making me walk out the house backward as he pushed me towards the door that let outside. I bumped into a few things on the way. Mama Alice is going to go crazy and all we did was laugh and continue kissing.

Outside he planted a few quick kisses on my lips making me laugh at the way he did it.

He held me by my waist to the car.

"Tonight we are going out for dinner."

"Out? You and me?" Why doesn't that make me happy? I would love a date with him but the outside world ain't ready for us.

"Yes, you are going to wear something nice and expensive."

"I don't have something nice and expensive."

"Don't worry about that, just come back home as you are."

I think I should get that weave too. I'll ask Lerato where she gets hers.

When we got to the garage we kissed again. If I didn't know better I'd think he doesn't want to let me go today.

"My lips are dry."

"Let me moisten them."

I laughed.

"No, they need lipgloss, you kissed my lipstick off." He licked his lips.

"I can't wait for your leave, just to come home and find you ready."

"That's nice. What are you going to do to me?"

"I'll think of something."

"Okay. I trust you." I got the car keys out of my bag.

"You don't want to change cars?" I looked at him and then at the X5 parked next to his Q7. I would love to drive to work in an SUV, the looks I will get from anyone in that office building... Anyway I like this car.

"Does all your cars have trackers?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm happy with the Mazda." What difference does it make if I drive a different car, as long as it belongs to him he'll know my whereabouts.

He helped me in slapping my butt in the air. I laughed and sat comfortably on the sit. He bend down to kiss me.

"Take care of yourself for me." He closed my door and went to his car. I drove out and waited for him to drive behind me. I always park my car next to his outside the garage but always find it inside in the morning. I guess my boyfriend is a magician.

Today he drove the same direction as me for 10 minutes and when he changed routes he hooted at me and I hooted back. Silly us!

I got to the office, Clara was already there busy on her phone. I wanted to know how yesterday went. I went to my desk and switched on my computer.

The whole time I think Clara was avoiding me, she wouldn't even look at me. She made it look like she was busy, if not on her cellphone then on her computer. Did Hugo tell her something about me and Wessels?

Around ten in the morning my office desk phone that hardly ever rings rang. I picked up,

"You forgot your phone at home."

OMG!!!

It was Wessels and he didn't sound too pleased.

"I haven't noticed."

"Been calling you until Alice called me and told me it's at the house on the kitchen counter."

"I'm sorry, I'll go get it after lunch."

"Okay, I miss you and I want to send you messages."

"You can use my email address." I never gave him my email address but I know he has it. He confirmed that by not asking for it when he hang up, two minutes later my computer have me more proof.

'I didn't want you to go to work this morning.'

His first email.

'I realised.'

'Being in bed with you is all I want, even if it's just to cuddle.'

Eish, this guy!

'I get you.'

'Naledi, I can't get enough of you.'

Why am I sending him boring replies? Can't I just come up with something a little kinky?

'I feel the same too.'

No, delete, delete, delete...

I put myself in a crazy setting, a place with just me and him.

'I like feeling your warm and hairy body against mine, feeling your breath on my neck and your strong arms around me.'

'Oh yes, I'm throbbing hard. You don't know how your soft your body drives me wild.'

'And I am getting wild just for you.'

'I love that.'

'Yes but we have to get back to work.'

'Too bad.'

'See you later Wessels.'

I didn't wait for him to respond, I checked my work email for a few messages and deleted the unimportant ones.

I had a delivery, Karen brought it for me and since the office looked awfully quite with Clara in one of her many moods she didn't have to make an announcement but she wanted to know what was in the small envelope. I didn't want to open it in front of her since I knew it was from

Wessels. I tossed it in my bag and continued browsing on my computer. She said something unpleasant and walked back to her desk. I had to laugh at her nosyness.

I saw Hugo coming in, he came straight to me. Karen turned around as she walked to her desk to look at him. Men never bother with her and she never gives up!

I had expected Hugo to go to Clara but I realised he didn't even look her way.

"Morning Naledi." He greeted me with a warm smile.

"Morning Hugo." I responded.

"Do you still have houses I could look into?" I looked at him surprised then at Clara. She wasn't looking at us but she knew he was here. What happened? Thought I got rid of her.

"Uhm, you can take a look at this." I turned my computer for him to see. I quickly went to Clara.

"He is your client." I whispered to her. And the guy I wanted her to have so she could leave mine alone.

"Nope." She sounded untouched.

"But you left with him yesterday, to show houses."

"Yes, we left together. Had sex and that was it, there was no connection at all. So deal with him." She took her coffee mug and went to the kitchen.

I went back to my desk surprised and defeated. My plan didn't work.

"Found anything you like?" I asked him. He pointed to a four bedroom house.

"Can we go view this one, I think I like it."

"Sure. I just need to make a phone call." He agreed and went outside to wait for me.

I called Wessels on his cellphone, it rang unanswered. I called his office landline and Emily picked up.

"Hi Emily, it's Naledi. Is Mr Wessels at the office?"

"Yes but in a meeting."

"Okay, please tell him I'll be out of the office and I'll call him when I get my phone back."

"Yes Ma'am." The girl makes me feel awkward.

I hang up and went outside to Hugo. He looked patient as he leaned against his car.

"I'll drive my car and you follow." I said passing him. He gave a thumb's up and got into his car.

We drove twenty kilometres to the house that is more like Wessels', in a plot too.

I showed the rooms and he seemed to love everything about it. If he buys this house it would be my second biggest sale in one year. Meaning It'll be a great year next year.

It took a while because he wanted to know so much about the house, the previous owners and how long they've lived her. Luckily I met the old couple that owned the place, they bought their the plot in the eighties and build the house where they raised their three girls and now they just bought a small town house after their last born was the last to get

married here this year. He loved the story and thought he could raise a family here too. He decided right and then that he'll buy the house.

"So, how are you and Wessels?" He asked me as we walked back to our cars.

"We are fine." I didn't like his question. I am suppose to be professional around clients, besides he's Wessels' friend.

"Hey, relax, it's just a friendly chat." He saw how uncomfortable I became.

"Okay."

"You two seems serious. He had a fiance when he was twenty-four, did he tell you about her?"

Why is he telling me this?

"No, what happened to her?"

"Oh, thought you knew. Why don't you ask him?"

"But you brought it up."

"I didn't know you had secrets in your relationship."

"Hugo, what are you trying to say?"

"Since you don't know this one secret it clearly shows you don't know the man at all. Talk to him." He went to his car. "I have to meet with my bank manager. See you around."

He drove off leaving me with so many unanswered questions. I don't think Wessels is hiding anything from me, he's never brought it up and I won't ask him either. I am fine not knowing he almost got married but he loved someone before, that I can't get over.

It was lunchtime, I drove straight to the Honey and Milk restaurant. I don't have a phone to call Lerato, hope she hasn't changed her mind.

When I got there I spotted her car and I knew she was already waiting for me. Immediately when I saw her I felt underdressed, she wore white skinny jeans, a shiny golden top with a matching neck piece and white high heels sandals, her weave in a ponytail and her fake eyelashes making her eyes look smaller.

"Oh goodness, I thought you were never coming. Been trying to call you." She gave me a hug.

"I'm sorry, forgot my phone at home. I should have called you with the landline at work. You look gorgeous girl." We sat down.

"Well, this girl has a fat bank balance and a man to take care of." She smiled at me her teeth looking whiter.

"And where is this man?"

"There he is?" She pointed at the door where a tall, dark man walked in. I knew him.

He walked to us with two other man wearing suits of different colours. They walked like BEE type of guys. The arrogance and attitude already annoyed me.

"Naledi!" The man said to me as he scooped a handful of Lerato's weave and kissed her.

"Mr Khumalo." I said sounding displeased. I hate this bloody judgemental guy. I wonder who is worse between me and him, him as a blesser or me in a multiracial relationship.

I didn't even like the way he spoke with Lerato, I've just found out about their relationship and I can tell I already hate their situation. The way he speaks to Lerato and touches her in public it's just disrespectful and disgusting.

One of the man pulled a chair and sat next to me. He looked much older than Khumalo.

The waitress came to give us the menu and asked us if we needed anything to drink. I wanted nothing, just lost my appetite. Lerato begged me with her eyes to order and I just asked for a glass of water.

Khumalo and Lerato started whispering into each others ears and acting like I wasn't there, boring me already. The other man left the table and the one sitting next to me started talking to me.

"So, what is a beautiful girl like you doing for a living?" He started annoying the he'll out of me already.

"An estate agent." I answered bluntly.

"Oh, you sell houses?"

I think that's what I said.

"Yes."

"A girl like you doesn't have to work, all she needs is a rich man like me to take care of. Baby, I can take you places you've only seen on Top Billing."

"You know what I can't do this." I said out loud so Lerato and Khumalo can hear me too. I am not going to sit here entertaining old men.

I got up and when I turned to walk away I saw Khumalo getting up from his chair. Before I could even get to the door he grabbed me by my arm. We were in a public place and I didn't want to act like a brat. I still needed to compose myself.

"Young lady, you are not going to embarrass me here. You need a wealthy man to take care of you and buy you beautiful things. Did you take a good look at yourself in the mirror today? You are in need of some good make-up, good hair and clothes to show off your body. That man will take care of you if you allow him." He was whispering like he didn't want the people on the table next to us to hear what he was saying.

"I have a boyfriend and I am perfectly fine with myself."

"You mean that white racist boy? He's only trying to prove to the world that he is not racist by being with you." I will not let him say things like

that about a man I know cares about me. Wessels is not trying to prove anything to anyone else but me.

"I will not be hear and entertain bo Malome. Let go off my arm right now!" He realised that people were looking at us. He loosened his grip and with a fake smile said,

"Trust me you need someone to take care of you. Let's get back to the table and I will formally introduce you to Joe, he is a good man with good intentions."

"Tell Lerato I'll call her." I walked away forcing him to let go off my arm. He did and I walked to my car, I was so angry that I ignored the voice calling my name behind me.

I thought it was Lerato but when I turned to open my car door I saw my aunt in her nursing uniform.

Oh Gosh, hope she didn't see me with Khumalo. She always assumes the worst of me.

"MmaMogolo Grace." I went to her humbling myself like a good respectful niece.

"Wow, you eat here too?" She said looking at me up and down. Damn Mama Alice for not doing my laundry!

"Oh no, I was invited by a friend."

"You don't have to explain anything to me. Your mother is back home struggling Naledi and you are dining in expensive restaurants?" She is here too and it's her sister.

"I do send her money sometimes." I believe I am a good daughter.

"Naledi that's not the point. Your mother is pregnant and she gets sick sometimes that I have to leave my work and run to her aid."

My heart stopped, did she just say my mother is Pregnant?♡♡♡Chapter
Twenty-four♡♡♡

My mother is forty-two years old, too old for pregnancies and boyfriends. Single woman her age are not suppose to do none of the above. I am angry and terrified and worst part she didn't tell me anything about the pregnancy, we speak on the phone almost everyday. Is this why she didn't want me to come home?

I didn't tell my aunt that I didn't know about the pregnancy, I just walked away from her and went to my car. She wasn't done talking to me, I heard her saying something's behind me but I just kept on walking.

My aunt is my mother's older sister but I know the woman has never loved nor treated my mom fairly. You might think I know nothing about siblings rivalry since I am an only child but the truth is I had cousins and I experienced a bit of it. And what happened between my mom and her sisters were just pure jealousy, we had nothing at home and I saw how they treated us. The kind of handouts we got from them were things they were suppose to throw away.

I remember my aunt gave us meat one day when I was still in high school because we had nothing. The meat was out of date and I would never forget the smell that filled the whole house even when my mom tried to spice it up, we ate the meat with pap and that night the visit to the outside toilet made me brave the dark night. But today my mother chose them all, she told them about the pregnancy and left me out. Me, the daughter that support her financially.

I got into the car and drove to the office, I passed Karen at the front desk. I think she spoke to me but I don't remember or even heard what she said since I wasn't listening. I went straight to Mariana's office, she was busy on the phone when I just threw myself in and sat on a chair across hers. I just started crying, who do I tell that my mother is pregnant? I feel embarrassed to admit it to myself, I don't want to believe it.

Mariana put the phone down and came around the table to me.

"Naledi, what happened?" She sat on the other chair and held me to her chest. Why can't my mother be this compassionate? She should have thought about me when she got pregnant, imagine having a little sister or brother at my age.

"Can I take the rest of the days left before my leave, I have to go." I was staining her blue blouse with my tears.

"Why? What happened?"

"I just need to. Please... I wish I could tell you but I can't."

"Oh Naledi, you know you can trust me. I won't judge you."

"I'm sorry I can't, I just want to go."

"Where to?"

I got up and she did too.

"Can I go?"

"Yes, take the rest of the remaining days but sit down so we could talk."

"Thank you." I walked to the door and looked back at her. She had tears in her eyes but I had to leave.

I walked passed Karen again this time I was quicker than before...

"Naledi... your phone..." I think I heard her say that, I am not sure but I didn't stop. In fact I ran into the street and stopped a taxi to town.

I am going home and leaving Wessels' car behind, I don't think I can drive myself in the state that I am in. I'm agitated and too angry, I'm scared I'll make mistakes on the road.

When I got to town I went to an ATM and withdrew two thousand rands from the money Mariana gave me and took another taxi to Bosman station to get a plus/minus three hours taxi to Polokwane. I had nothing but my handbag and no change of clothes, I knew I looked a mess from crying and being stressed out. I spoke to no one in the taxi and stared out the window the anxiety of getting home getting to me. I have always been excited about going home but today I have mixed emotions. I am angry, scared and all other emotions I can't explain.

I didn't tell Wessels were I am going!

No one knows where I am and if anything happens to me they might never find me. Maybe that's how I want things to be, because at this moment I don't care about anything or anyone else. I want to be selfish because my mom broke our relationship and she was selfish too. We never shared much but there are some things you don't hide. Was I going to make take care of her and the baby unknowingly?

She has nothing but I looked up to her, in my eyes she is strong and that makes her my hero.

I might have seen a few men come and go in our lives but I never saw this one coming... pregnancy?

The taxi arrived in Polokwane and I took another one home. I usually buy things when I get to Polokwane but I did none of that today, I felt like that would be wasting time.

The taxi took about twenty minutes to get full. I had no phone or even a wrist watch to check time so I estimated.

The drive there was also exhausting, the driver had to drop people off on the way. Things home are different from where I come from in Pretoria, taxi drivers here are friendly and knows almost everybody. When they asked me who I am and I mentioned my mother's name a conversation about her started, everyone knows my mother is pregnant. They praised her for raising me well and waiting for such a long time for me to grow up so she could have another baby. They didn't know how angry I was, where they see good I see nothing but bad. Don't they know the woman they are talking about is in her forties and has a daughter my age? Girls my age have children of their own, now imagine if I was pregnant too. Pregnant with my mother at the same time...

I was the last person to be dropped off and the driver send greeting and well wishes to my mom.

I walked home, the only old and unpainted house in our street with a fence while others had beautiful walls around. I grew up here and I loved it, I still do and the idea of building my mom a house seems to be a once upon a time thing. I want to punish her too.

The yard was clean, it has always been clean inside and out.

I opened the noise making gate that's always been there, my mother used to say,

"I should buy oil and pour to stop the noise." But I guess she is still on it.

I walked to the front door of the four roomed house. I still have my keys that are now attached to my room and Wessels house but the door was wide open. I always liked to surprise my mom when I come home, open the gate slowly to avoid the noise it made, leaving my car outside and walking in to find her drinking tea in the kitchen. She would be so excited and we would sit up all night talking...

When I walked in I saw the old clock that's always been there above the white Defy fridge, it said 17:30 and my mom wasn't in the kitchen. Everything in the house was still the same, except for some new Tupperware containers holding macaroni and spaghetti on the kitchen unit.

I walked to the t.v. room, the t.v. was on and she was there, sleeping on the three seater couch.

She looked bigger than the last time I was here with her tummy leading the way. She hasn't changed much, she was still my mom and I had missed her.

I sat on the one seater couch, the one she used to sit on while I lazily laid on the three seater watching Generations. Not the new one, the old Generations.

I think I sat there for more than thirty minutes without her moving, she was breathing, more like snoring.

She finally opened her eyes.

"Naledi." She smiled at me sitting up and taking a cushion. She tried to cover her stomach, she still doesn't want me to know.

"When were you going to tell me?" I asked her tears running down my tired face. I have cried a lot and it's not even enough. The woman that raised me would have warned me not to talk to her like that but all she did was look away, ashamed. "Is this why you didn't want me to come home?"

"I didn't want to stress you nana, you are a grown up woman." She said looking all sorry.

"Mama, you did stress me. You made demands and made sure that..."
My voice cut off when I remember the calls where she cried and told me that she was struggling.

"I am so sorry Naledi."

"Is that all you can say Mama, you can't even look at me and tell me."

She placed a hand on her big tummy.

I remember when I was still a little girl when we had something nice to eat she would say,

"It's just you and me."

Now things are not like that anymore, in a few months time she'll be focusing on someone else and I'll be history and her ATM.

"Naledi, I am sorry for not telling you. You are here now, I'm pregnant and you are going to have a brother." She spoke like her telling me now will make me feel better.

And it's a boy!

"I hate you Mama! I hate you for not telling me and for everything. Everything!" I stood up and threw my hands everywhere. I don't want this baby in our life.

"You don't mean that. You are just angry..."

"No, I'm leaving and I'm never coming back!" I ran to the door.

"Naledi! Please nana." She followed me.

"Stay here with your son and I hope you tell her who her father is." For someone in her situation she moved fast and before I knew it she has slapped. It was so painful that I cried.

"That's it," I held my cheek where she just slapped me. "we are done. Don't ever call me.

"I'm sorry, please let's talk. You can't leave now. It's late and already dark outside."

I didn't care. I walked out slamming the door and running into the street. I meant it and believed that I hated her, she is ruining my life.

I stopped the first taxi I saw. I was lucky it was heading to town.

When I got to town I took another one back to Pretoria, it was actually the last taxi and needed just one passenger.

I don't know what time I got to Pretoria but the town was so dark even with the lights on. There were people around, walking by and others queuing for taxis. I had to squeeze myself between all those many people and when I finally got to where I am suppose to get a taxi to Wessels' house there were no taxis, not even a single one.

I had to go back and squeeze my way through everyone again so I can get taxis to Soshanguve. I had no other choice but to go there, wish I had my cellphone so I can Wessels. How I miss him... I wonder what he is thinking right now.

There was a queue for Soshanguve taxis and I had to stand on it and wait my turn. There were people selling some fruits for less than they are worth, looking at them I realised I haven't had anything to eat all day since breakfast this morning. Worst part I was tired and the queuing was making things worse.

I reached for my purse in my handbag, I didn't have much in it but I couldn't seem to feel my purse inside. There were keys, Wessels envelope and a diary. My purse was gone! Everything in it gone, the money, my driver's licence, my credit cards and bank card.

I have been robbed.

I searched my bag over and over again but it was clear. My zip was undone but I didn't think anything of it.

What am I going to do?

I braved the taxi drivers but they didn't have time for me. They were busy ushering people into taxis and ignored me.

With tears in my eyes I left the taxi rank and walked back into the street, going to Van der Walt. I was hoping to bump into someone who'll help me or just let me use their phone. If I wasn't going to get any help I was sure going to the police station, sleep there in a jail cell or ask to use their phone.

Oh God, Hendrik where are you when I need you?

I walked up to Church street and just ended up standing next to Woolworths and cried. There was a man and a girl making out, kissing and the girl giggling. I didn't judge them, I wasn't even better than them. They could leave here and go home while I experienced life in the street. I even envied them.

"Hey, are you okay?" The girl asked me. She looked descent in her red jumpsuit, in fact she was beautiful. The man stopped touching her and looked at me.

This was my chance for help. I won't lie and say I am okay when I am not.

"I've been robbed, someone took my purse." I spoke with tears running over the old dry ones.

"Askies, do you need money to get home?" The guy asked me.

"Can I use your cellphone to call my boyfriend? He'll come and get me."

"My battery died and his is a dead lepopotane."

"Do you stay far from here, we can take you. We are waiting for my wife to leave the house so we can have it to ourself."

Again, I will not judge them.

"Just outside Hercules." I said hopping they won't think it's far.

"Okay, let's go." They both said.

I don't know this people and I want to trust them.

I followed them to an Audi A4 parked next to the robot. I got in in the back seat.

As soon as we were out of Marabastad I gave them directions as they playfully touched each other and laughed.

This people who don't know me and are probably having an affair were really helping me. I don't know how much money I have at home but I am going to give it all to them so they can book into a hotel.

Just hope they stop cheating....

They make a great couple though.

When we got to Wessels' gate the guy asked me if I was at the right place. He was looking at the huge steel gate.

I told him yes and proved it by pressing a remote to the and the gate opened. He drove in quietly, they were not playful anymore. I was so relieved to see the lights off the house appearing as we drove closer to the house. Wessels' car and the Mazda were both parked outside the garage.

I asked them to come inside because I had to pay them for their kindness but I didn't tell them about the payment, they guy refused and said they have to go. I thanked them for helping me and off they drove.

I had to wait outside to open the gate for them.

Then I went to face Wessels, seeing the Mazda here... Hope he is not mad at me. I opened the door and the familiar feeling of being inside the house just came back to me and I longed for him. It's been a heck of a day and night without him, without hearing his voice.

I took off my shoes and stood in the hallway.

"Hendrik." I heard a sound like something fell and broke after I had called out his name. I was terrified of being here, I just left like that because I left without saying anything to him and never even tried to call him. In less than a second he was there standing in front of me, few steps away from me in his torn black jeans, barefoot and shirtless. He looked like the man I knew, the one I had longed for and still do. All I wanted was to touch him. I ran and threw myself at him and he gave me a hug, a very tight one. "I'm so sorry."

He didn't say anything, he just held on to me showing he also felt the same way I did. He smelled of whiskey, he was drunk.

It took forever for us to let go and when I finally had a good look at him he had bruises on his face. His cheek was red, under his left eye too.

"What happened to you?" I tried to touch him but he caught my hand and instead kissed me, on my lips and face as if to make sure I was really here.

"I missed you." He said his warm breath of whiskey hitting my face. I missed him too.

"I'm sorry, what I did today was stupid."

"I was so worried. I made everybody run around looking for you. You left your car, your phone and didn't even use the credit card I gave you. I went crazy not knowing where you were and I thought you left me and didn't want me to find you."

The way he spoke just made me want to cry but he mentioned Credit card.

"Credit card? What credit card?"

"You never received a small envelope?"

Oh, I did and I never opened it.

"I did."

"Naledi, why did you leave? What happened, is it me?" It's like it just hit him, like he's realising what I had done.

How could he think that?

"No, never, you'll never drive me that far." I held his face and looked at the pain in his eyes, the pain I have cost him. I didn't think of anyone else when I left, I was selfish. "I'm sorry Hendrik."

We just stared at each other for a long time. I am where I am suppose to be, back with him. It didn't feel awkward to stare into the blue eyes.

"I had a long day and I want to take a bath." I finally broke the silence.

He carried me to the bathroom in the master bedroom, I held on tight to him as he tried to walk straight but couldn't. My legs clashed a few times with the wall but I never complained.

I took off my clothes while he filled the bathtub with water.

He helped me inside and took off his jeans. I waited for him to get in so I can sit between his legs and rest my head on his chest. I have never seen him drunk and tonight there was no hiding it. We sat in silence as he ran soap on me.

"Tell me what happened?"

My eyes swelled up as I felt the tears. I told him that I went home to my mom, I told him about the fight we had and how I will never forgive her, I told him about my purse and the couple that helped me. He listened not interrupting me, I could feel the rate of his heart and breathing change with every story I told.

"You are home, with me. I don't know what would have happened if something bad had happened to you. I wasn't going to give up looking for you." I can't compare this man to the man Hugo and Khumalo are trying to make him out to be. He cares about me, there is no doubt there. "When you left Mariana called me."

"Why would she call you?" I asked him and he ignored me.

"The first thing I did was trace your car, I had your phone delivered to your office and you left it there too." I was sorry I put him through all that. "Naledi, you don't understand how bad I want to protect you, you were not suppose to get robbed or go all the way home angry and all alone. You don't know how angry that makes me. I will have to find your purse."

"No, it's fine. I am back."

He went quite and continued giving me a bath. I was getting sleepy, his hands on me made feel at home. In my sleepy state he helped me out the bathtub after he'd dried himself, dried me with a towel and carried me to bed. He placed me on the bed and applied lotion on my body. I managed to force my eyes open and looked at him.

"Hendrik?" I touched his face.

"I got into a fight." He said his eyes and hands on my breast.

"With who?"

"Hugo. He told me you left because of what he told you."

"Is it true, where you engaged?"

"Yes." He covered me with a throw before joining me on the bed.

"Where is she?"

"This is as far as I'll get into the conversation with you."

"Hendrik, please I want to know." It's not a secret anymore and he might as well tell me everything.

He went quiet and stared up at the ceiling. He was done with this but I wasn't.

"Hendrik! Talk to me."

"No."

"Why not? You wanted to know about my ex and I told you."

"You are tired just sleep."

"I am tired but we can't share a bed if you don't want to talk to me." I got up and took the throw and a pillow. "Here, get out."

"No one is leaving the bedroom."

"Fine, I'll leave then." I walked to the door, he caught me before I touched the door knob.

"Don't walk away from me, please it hurts. "

I am hurting too, he is my boyfriend but he won't talk to me.

He grabbed the pillow and throw from me throwing them on the floor he pulled me in his arms.

"I was engaged, four years ago and it didn't work out."

"Why? Was it you or her?" I can't possibly think of a woman who would want to dump Wessels. I don't even know the kind of man he is when it comes to relationships but he is too damn good to be left alone. Did the woman have sex with this man?

"One day I'll be able to tell you the story, let me take you to bed now. Come." He extended his hand to me as he walked to the bed.

I followed him and put my hand in his, I held my head up for him and he kissed my lips.

He made sure I was comfortable in bed before he joined me and cuddled up to me.

I fell asleep. I was too tired.

I had a few days off from work meaning from this remaining few days of the week and the two coming next weeks I won't have nothing to do. Since now I know why my mom didn't want me to come home I want to go home but I am still mad at her. I don't understand why she wouldn't tell me about the pregnancy. I am angry about that too but I feel like she is too old to be pregnant.

In the morning Hendrik walked in the bedroom with a cup of rooibos. He was still in his boxers.

I sat up and took the cup from him.

"Hendrik can we go away."

"Like travel to some place?"

"Yes." I want to go somewhere where I can clear my head and maybe forget about my mom, for a while.

He sat on the bed and rubbed my thigh.

"Darling, I was thinking that maybe you would like to go back home and talk to your mom." I gave him back the cup of rooibos and got up from the bed. "I actually don't see anything wrong..."

The look I gave him made him shut his mouth.

"You don't know my mother, she is 42 Hendrik! Who gets knocked up at forty-two?"

"Talk to her baby or call her."

I stood naked at the window.

"It's always been the two of us, just me and her."

He put the cup on the bedside table and came to me. He wrapped his arms around me.

"But now you have me and she needs to have company too baby, you didn't think your mother waited for you all the time. She probably had company."

So he's trying to tell me that my mom has been having sex and I should be okay with that?

"Who's side are you on?"

"Our side and that is to see you happy. I can see that this thing with your mom is making you unhappy."

He's right and come to think of it my reasons for being mad sounds ridiculous.

"Fine, I'll talk to my mom but first let's go away please. I'll call her and apologise."

"Okay, do you have a passport?"

"No. Can we travel around the country for now?"

"I like that but first I need to take care of business."

"No, first you have to take care of me."

"Oh yes."

He scooped me in his arms and spun me around...♡♡♡Chapter 25♡♡♡

I came out of the shower a little refreshed and looking forward to our road trip. I have never been on a road trip before or even done anything adventurous in my life so I am solemnly relying on Hendrik for this. I don't know where we are going but I am sure he will make some good plans for us, so far he's never disappointed me.

He wanted to make a few calls and move some meetings before we leave, I know it might take a while since I have just sprang this on him and he didn't even say no. In the meantime I'll have to keep myself busy.

I opened the closet and there was nothing to wear, I mean my side of the closet was literally empty with a few shirt hanging. Mama Alice still doesn't want to do my laundry I see. I don't mind her I can do this for myself, although I'm still tired and I don't think it's from yesterday's ups and downs of making two trips to and from Limpopo... When Hendrik decides to have his way with me he always goes all out. I looked at the messy bed and smiled, that will give the woman something to think about. But thinking of my nights with Hendrik... I always love how he makes me come, it's always different and so good.

I put on one of Hendrik's shirts, tied my hair back and took the laundry basket to the laundry room to load my dirty clothes into the washing machine. I have two working hands and besides I have never relied on anyone to do my washing.

I went to the kitchen and found Hendrik drinking tea and going through his phone, Mama Alice was there and so was a pretty girl working next to her. The girl was tall and very slim, light skinned with long relaxed hair. She was too beautiful to watch.

I sat down next to Hendrik and greeted everyone, I don't even know if they greeted back since Hendrik had this huge warm smile on his face as he looked at me. He put his phone down.

"Everything okay?" He asked me his hand on my thigh. The bruises on his face were still there but he still looked good and too yummy to pull back to the bedroom.

"Yes, can't wait for our road trip." I replied.

"We'll leave in the evening, I have a few things to work on. Did you call your mom?"

"No, Hendrik can we please not talk about her now."

"Mr Wessels here is your breakfast." The girl pushed her way between us with a tray of breakfast making me move back.

"Thank you Karabo." Wessels said, I couldn't see his face, the girl's little frame was so in my face blocking my view. "Uhhh babe," Wessels got up. "this is Karabo, she is Mama Alice's daughter."

I smiled not because I was glad to meet her but I knew what Mama Alice was doing, her daughter is here to get on my nerves if you know what I mean. I was going to respect this woman but now I don't think I want to play nice with her anymore.

"Nice to meet you Karabo." I said forcing her to turn and look at me. She was wearing a nice short floral red and white dress, it showed her long lean legs and I know my man gets weak at seeing my long legs. I guess I will have to find out if that fetish is outstretched or not.

She didn't say anything to me she just looked at me and went to her mother who was standing and looking at us at the sink. I looked at her walking away and realised that Wessels was sitting down and watching me.

"Mama Alice I have some clothes in the washing machine can you take care of them for me." I know I didn't say please and I probably did that on purpose since I wasn't asking.

"Oh ja, please make sure it's done before three. We have a road trip." He spoke smiling at me and I could have kissed him, he just reminded the woman that I am the one in his life and her little tricks ain't gonna work.

The woman's face when she walked out the kitchen proved her hate for me.

I moved my chair closer to Wessels and shared his breakfast with him, he liked that as he started feeding me with his fork. Karabo was still in the kitchen and I could feel her eyes on us, she was behind us and the girl had no shame just staring at us.

There was a knock at the, Hendrik went to check while I finished the last food in the plate. Mama Alice came back still not looking happy, I don't care about her issues, I have my own. I cleared the breakfast bar and put the plate into the sink. When I turned around Paula was leaning against the wall looking at me. Hendrik came in looking guilty. He stood next to me just looking at me.

"Paula?" I said surprised looking from Hendrik to her. Mama Alice and Karabo also looked on.

"He didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?" I didn't even know she was back.

Paula pulled a chair and sat down. She looked at Hendrik with folded arms and blue eyes bigger. She was tanned, the sun had done a number on her but she still looked gorgeous in her pinkish dress. I also looked at Hendrik.

"I had to know if she knew where you were last night." Hendrik said.

"That's not it, tell her how you did it." Paula spoke with the same attitude she always gives Hendrik. She still hates him.

"I'll be in the study." He gave me a kiss and quickly left the kitchen.

Paula laughed and leaned over,

"Hendrik is your boyfriend and you hid it from me!"

I leaned over too.

"You hid Lufuno from me."

"I never knew you fucked white."

"Paula?" I sat down. She laughed. "Are you going to tell me what he did?"

"God, this man of yours. I came back last night to find him banging my door, it's his building but it's still my apartment."

"He didn't tell me."

"He also got into a fight with his friend, it took a whole lot of people to get them apart. Girl your man is a wrestler..."

There we go.

"Thought you hated him."

"I still do, the cheek and arrogance he showed last night..." she stopped and looked at me like an idea has just popped into her head. "Anyway what the hell did you do to Peggy?"

"Please let's not go there." I don't want to talk about my mom.

Mama Alice interrupted us.

"Ma'am would you like something to drink?" The way she spoke to Paula you'd swear Paula was Hendrik's girlfriend. She showed respect and humbled herself.

"No, I'm okay." Paula spoke with a smile and quickly got back to me.
"Naledi, the woman can't stop crying."

Mama Alice went back to the sink.

"I can't, I'm mad at her."

"She told me."

"She called you?"

"No, I called her last night because your boyfriend made me call everyone we know. He was so mean."

"What did she say?"

"At first she didn't know where you were and she was stressed then a few hours later when we were about to drive to Soshanguve she called and told me you just left. She was in tears."

I just looked at her trying to figure out how my mother must be right now. She is heavily pregnant and stressed, that can't be good. I want to talk to her like Hendrik suggested but I am angry at her. She should have told me about the pregnancy, I wonder when she was going to tell me. When she gave birth? It hurts so bad to think of it all.

"Did you talk to her?" Paula asked me.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'd like to know that too." Hendrik appeared from the hallway. I looked at him, thought we were not going to talk about this again.

"You too are not going to gang up on me, I will do this in my own time." I said and got up.

"Okay, I won't push but think about it okay." He came behind me and gave me a hug.

"When do we leave?" I want to see myself far away from here.

"Leave?" Paula shouted looking shocked.

"Oh yes we are going on a road trip." I answered her.

"Without talking to your mom? You can't go having fun when you haven't fixed things with your mom Naledi, you can't."

"I will just not now."

"No, Naledi call her."

"Darling please call your mom, Paula is right."

"Hendrik?"

"Your cellphone is in my study, come we will both give you some privacy."

I followed him to his study very annoyed that they would make a decision for me, they don't understand how I am feeling about my mom's pregnancy.

He opened the door and let me in first, on a chair next to the window there was a dress. Black long dress in my size and black high heels on the floor next to the chair. I turned around and looked at him.

"We had a dinner date last night." He said with a neutral face.

"Hendrik..." I wanted to talk, apologies but he pulled me in his arms and kissed me. I feel so bad.

"Your phone is on my desk." And then he left.

I went to his desk for my phone. It was off, I switched it on and waited. I had messages from Lerato.

'I am so disappointed in you today for behaving like that. We are both grown ups and you could have handled the situation better.'

'Naledi, Joe is willing to give you a second chance. Give me date and time, please don't mess this up again.'

I didn't read all her other messages, they are not worth my time. Even if I didn't have a boyfriend I wouldn't even think of dating an older man, especially one like Joe. Sies man!

I had a few others from Paula, she had called a few times and had complained about my whereabouts then there was one from my mom's.

'This is why I never told you about the pregnancy, I knew you were not going to take the news well. I admit though that I was wrong and I want to apologise. I didn't know how to tell you, I tried so many times that I thought the only way to hold on to you was to keep you at a distance but keep contact. Nana, I am happy. I am more than happy but the most happiest time of my life was when I held you in my arms for the first time. I was scared because I had nothing, your father wasn't in our lives and I was all alone. Now, I have a man that loves me and wants to be in the baby's life....'

The message was cut off at the end, it's a long message that got me feeling bad. Abandoning her now is a very bad idea. And I hate to admit that both Paula and Hendrik are right.

I called her and waited as it rang.

"Naledi?" She answered her voice so low.

"Mama?"

"We have to talk."

"Yes."

"First of all I am sorry."

"I know mama but I need time to think about this, I don't know how I feel about the pregnancy. I am going away, I need to think." I was being honest with her, the whole thing has brought me nothing but shame. It's hard for me to accept this, she is too old for this. She doesn't even have a job and the way things have been carrying on I will have to take care of them both.

She was silent for a few seconds and I didn't want to speak first after all I have said.

"I understand but don't take too long, I need you."

I hang up before I melted and forgave her on the spot.

I sat on Hendrik's chair and looked up at the ceiling picturing the way I found my mom on the couch, pregnancy doesn't even suit her.

"Can I come in?" Hendrik stood at the door brightening my mood.

I smiled at him and he took that as a sign. He walked to me returning my smile. I stood up and let him give me a hug.

"Are you okay darling?"

"In your arms I am."

"Are you ready for your tour?"

"A tour?" I thought we were taking road trips.

"Yes."

"Of?"

"You'll see."

"Hendrik?" I dropped my arms on my sides.

"It's a surprise."

"I hate surprises." It's a lie.

"Not this one."

"You are not going to tell me neh?"

"Right."

"What time are we leaving then?"

"I need to finish up some work so in the meantime you can go shopping with your credit card and put my money to some good use."

At that same time Karabo walked in with a bucket of water and a mop. She wants to clean my man's office while we are in here. She doesn't even care that she walked in here while Hendrik was holding me and rubbing my butt with his hands.

"So you are going to the office?" I asked him.

"Nope, I'll work here."

"I want you to go to the office."

He raised an eyebrow at me.

"At least there you won't be alone, you have Emily to make you coffee, copies and a team to help you." I'm trusting a white girl over a black girl, but at least I know Emily doesn't have secret agendas.

"Okay, you are right." He kissed me on my forehead then I pulled his lips to mine, making the kiss very passionate as I held on to his big head.

Karabo sneezed, a fake one making us stop. Hendrik smiled at me.

"I have to go." He said.

"Me too." I said.

I waited for him as he packed his papers and files.

"You don't want to take a different car today?" He asked me his eyes only on me.

"I'll drive with Paula." I forgot she was here. Besides, his car has a tracker and I don't like him following my every move. Well the credit card doesn't do much justice either but it's better than him knowing my every move.

He didn't look too happy about that but didn't say anything.

"How did it go with your mom?"

"Okay I guess."

"You don't want to talk about it?"

"Yes, please."

He came over to me and brushed his lips on my cheek all the way to my ear.

"I can't wait to fuck you during the tour." He whispered in my ear. Shy me just laughed.

I love Hendrik with all my heart and I wonder if he feels the same too , I want him to know how I feel but I'm scared he'll reject me.

I looked up at him as he smiled down at me, I smiled back my eyes filling with tears. I have never been this happy.

I made sure he left before we did, I don't want Karabo and her mother getting funny ideas.

I also got ready, changed into a simple blue dress that dried before all the other clothes. When I walked back into the kitchen Paula was on the phone, by the looks of things it must have been Lufuno. Her smile was huge and her head was tipped to the side as she played with her hair. I sat down and leaned over the kitchen counter to look at her straight into her eyes. She laughed and said,

"Babe, can we talk later?... Can't wait... Love you too." She hang up.

"I have never seen you this happy? What is Lufuno giving you?"

"Shut up! I bet you and Hendrik had maverlous sex while I sat here by myself, waiting."

"Sies Paula!"

She laughed, "Don't be shy, he's your boyfriend."

"But you hate him."

"True, he has an ego for days."

"Don't you want to spend his money?" I waved the credit card at her.

"And see his worth?" I think he's worth more than this little card but I won't say that to Paula.

"Come!"

Paula recently had to change cars, she used to drive the newest yellow beetle but now she drives an Audi A3, a red hatchback. She said Lufuno complained about the car being too small for him and just like that she got rid of it.

Our first stop we filled up the petrol and then hit the shops.

I found myself unable to resist buying my little sister some cute outfits, Paula had a lot to say about that. I am warming up to the idea of having a sibling.

I did shopping of my own, buying swimming costumes as well as mini dresses, high heels, hats and underwear, sexy of everything. I even ended up chopping off my afro for a haircut, got a weave. Paula also picked a few things but she mostly paid for her stuff.

Our last stop was at a spa where we did our nails and massages.

We spoke a lot, laughed as Paula told me about her funny moments with her boyfriend and how Hendrik was when I went AWOL. At times I felt bad for worrying him like that but I am back and we are fine.

Lufuno called Paula and invited her out for dinner, she wanted to have a double date with us but we already have plans for the night. And that meant Hendrik had to come and pick me up. Lufuno got there first since he was near the spa.

Paula and Lufuno helped me with my bags to the car in the spa's parking lot where Hendrik had been waiting patiently. Paula and I said our teary goodbyes like we were never going to see each other again while Hendrik and Lufuno watched.

I got into the car after Hendrik opened my door for me. Driving back to the house with my boyfriend felt a little awkward, Hendrik was too quiet. We are suppose to be happy that we are going away but things were far from that.

"Hendrik, are we okay?" I asked him looking at him. He didn't look at me.

"Why do you asked?" His face fixed on the road.

"Is it about the credit card? Did I mess it?"

"That's just money, I don't care about it. Besides your little shopping would never scratch my bank balance even if you go higher." Son of a ...
He is angry!

"Then what is it Hendrik?" I shouted at him. As far as I know I've done nothing wrong. We've cleared the air concerning my disappearance, everything is suppose to be fine.

He just drove without a word to me.

"Hendrik!" As soon as I said that the car came to a sudden halt in the middle of the road. "What the hell?" I shouted.

"Why did you cut your hair?" His grey eyes burning deep into mine.

This is about my hair?

"You don't like it short?" I was surprised. I never thought he cared about my hair, it's not straight and shiny, it's coarse and painful when dry.

"No." He sounded wounded.

"I'm sorry."

A car hooted behind us making us both jump. Hendrik looked away when he smiled, he drove us to the house in silence.

I regret cutting my hair, if only I had known that he loves it...

He never told me or showed me...

He drove the car into the garage. I watched him as he parked in nicely and stopped the engine. He breathed in heavily as he took off his seatbelt. I took off mine too and jumped to his seat on top of him before he could open his door.

"What are you doing?" He asked his eyes looking wild and wanting.

"I want to apologise."

"In here?"

"Why not?" He held me by my waist and I kissed him. He kissed me back, hard and pulling on my lips.

"You smell so damn fine." He spoke between our lips.

In a minute I lost my dress, shoes, underwear and his seat went back.

We kissed so hard the kiss made me hot, his hands on my naked body pressing me down to his hard body was getting me wet. He was still fully clothed.

"Baby, I don't have condoms in here." I heard him but I ignored him.

I undid his belt and released his hard on. I went up and down his shaft with my hand, stroking him as I watched his face. His mouth wide open and his eyes closed. I bend to lick the tip with my wet tongue, he moaned. I slipped him in my mouth and he made a sound that tickled between my legs. I sucked him hard and deep, my hands on his balls, squeezing and my new nails scratching a bit.

"That's it darling.... yeeeeeeesssss.... oh yes...."

I sucked him longer and I could feel he was holding back.

I wanted him to come, I wanted him to know how sorry I was for cutting my hair, for stressing him.

I don't know what happened but I jumped on him and found him inside of me. No condom, just flesh to flesh and it felt so freakin good.

His eyes wide open and staring up at me, I rode him. Hard and fast.

"Shit Naledi!" He screamed holding on to my butt cheeks as twerked on him.

"Baby, I need to pull out." But he was still holding on to me.

He shot his load deep inside me, I felt it and it drove me to my own. I shook on top of him and he held me in his arms as I held on to him.

We were wet everywhere, his face was wet so was mine.

I laid on top of him until he slipped out of me and some of our liquid following.

"Naledi, are you okay?"

"I don't know." I'm scared.

I think he knew, he held on to me tight.

"Oh God baby, what did we do?"

We will be fine... I have had unprotected sex before with Thabo and I never fell pregnant. I won't fall pregnant, I can't fall pregnant.

"Hendrik, I'm sorry." It felt good to feel him inside of me. I want him again like that but the guilt is too much.

"No, baby. You have nothing to be sorry about. Come let's go clean up."

He helped me off him and out the car, he fixed his pants and carried me inside the house while I was naked. We went through the door from the garage. He carried me straight to the bathroom, we showered together as he kissed and hugged me everytime he looked at my face.

He was scared too.

He dried me with a towel facing the mirror. Looking at each other's faces. He smiled at me and he just lifted the bit of weight off my shoulders. He wrapped the towel around me and hugged me from behind.

"You are beautiful, even with the short hair."

"I fucked up Hendrik."

"I love it." He ran a finger on the bold side.

"No, I mean the sex."

"No darling, it was good. It felt so good to be inside you like that. You enjoyed it right?" His broad smile in the mirror made me smile too.

"I'm scared Hendrik."

"Me too but we are both here."

We heard the doorbell.

"I didn't close the gate. Who could it be at this time?" He grabbed his pants on the floor and put them on.

He turned me around and kissed me before he left.

I stood there thinking... Unprotected sex never scared me like this. What I did could ruin a whole lot of things. My life, my relationship with Hendrik, my mom...

I'm 22 and my 42 year old mom is pregnant. Imagine both of us pregnant at the same time.

"Darling." I heard Hendrik calling me.

I got rid of the towel and grabbed his shirt that was on the floor. After putting it on I rushed to him...

He was standing next to the door where the bell had rang and right there next to him was Clara with a bottle of wine.

"Told you I wasn't home alone." Hendrik said and next thing the bottle of wine splashed it's red liquid on the white pearly tiles.♡♡♡Chapter Twenty-six♡♡♡

Shock, fear, anger and all expressions that spell out trouble were written all over Clara's face, I have just scored myself an enemy. Clara would never forgive me for this, I did nothing wrong but in her eyes I'm number one enemy. She will hate me forever and surely make my life a living hell.

I was also shocked, this was unexpected. I didn't know Hendrik was calling me here to humiliate Clara, my colleague.

I had everything the girl wanted, I stood in front of her wearing Hendrik's oversized shirt looking the girlfriend part so well to a man she wanted.

"I'll clean that up." Hendrik said but did not move. I had my eyes on Clara and she was also looking at me, I understood what was going on with her at the moment. I had told her to stop chasing after Hendrik, I had made her sleep with Hugo.

In an instant she stepped over the wine and pieces of glasses in her white high heel boot, her white coat revealing a white thigh giving proof that she was wearing nothing underneath, before she could get to me Hendrik got between us and held her back.

"I think you should leave Clara!" He was done being nice to her.

"Hoekom André? Hoekom?" She cried in his arms as Hendrik held her. I don't know if it was from stopping her from attacking me or comforting

her, the way he held her was different to how he looked at her. He was angry but Clara's eyes were so soft looking into his.

"Asseblief Clara, kry jou ry." His voice was too soft.

"André, ek is lief vir jou. Kan ons praat, ek smiek."

Hendrik didn't respond, he helped her to the door and closed it behind them.

I stood there still shaking from shock and fear of being attacked by my colleague. Clara never liked me, she just tolerated me and now I don't know what's going to happen.

I took Hendrik forever to come back inside the house, I heard a car drive away and a few minutes later the door opened. I was still standing where they left me.

"She is gone." He said with a cheek smile. That annoyed me!

"Do you know what you've just done Hendrik?" His smile disappeared.

"Look..."

I interrupted him, "She is my colleague! Do you get that?"

"So what? Sooner or later people were going to find out about us."

"But not like this Hendrik."

"I don't care how people find out, let them see us holding hands and walking in the street, let them see us fucking in my car, I don't care!" He was standing right in front of me, talking and breathing down at me.

"She is going to destroy me Hendrik." My voice was begging, I want him too see my point.

"I won't let her." There we go again, this guy thinks he controls the sun and the universe. What is he going to do to an angry woman that wants him? She won't let me be until she gets what she wants. HIM!!!

"Hendrik this is serious, my boss is Clara's aunt!"

He rolled his big grey eyes at me, "Damn it Naledi!" He's not taking this serious, his eyes are not focused.

I want him to look at this my way, put himself in my shoes, I have to face Clara the next time I come back from leave. I'm not scared of her but she is not going to be so damn nice to me.

Hendrik was making me so angry.

I raised my hand up to slap him but he caught it.

"We can't waste this type of energy on meaningless things." He grabbed my other hand too and stretched them both to my side while I tried to waste my energy fighting him.

He pushed me against the wall and kissed me, I was mad at him but I found myself responding but still fighting. "You look hot fighting me." He held my arms up my head with one hand and used the other to hold me by my cheek steady so he could kiss my lips so hard that when he stopped they were painful.

I tried to move but he had my back against the wall and his whole body pressing against mine. Between him and the wall I had nowhere to run to.

He looked at me with a smile on his face.

"I am going to fuck you raw, come deep inside you and we will take care of things tomorrow." The way his voice sounded, the way his lips moved I think I wet myself. "Do you want that? Darling?" His lips were moving against the sensitive skin on my neck as he spoke.

He let go of my arms and I still wanted to play hard to get by pushing him off me. He took a few stumbling steps back laughing. I ran to the direction of the bedroom but he caught me just after two steps by my waist and lifted me up kicking and fighting.

He put me down and had me against the wall again, pinning me with me facing the wall.

"It's either you don't want me or you just like it this way, running around while I chase you. Which is it honey?" He moved his hips from side to side and I could feel his hard on.

I breathed in, deeply. I so want him.

Before I knew it he had his hands between my legs and his fingers touching my moist opening. "So you do want me? Huh?" My every single part seemed to be very sensitive to the touch of his fingers. He touched me like he was just checking for that hot spot I have whereas his touches were torture. I found myself moving with his fingers and moaning shamelessly.

He turned me around and kissed me, this time I willingly offered my lips to him. He carried me to the bedroom and put me gently on the bed, he unbuttoned all the buttons of the shirt and helped me out of it. I watched him with anticipation as he got off the bed and took off his clothes. My body reacted to everything he was doing, the way he unbuttoned his own shirt and how he dragged his pants down.

When he came back on the bed he started kissing me from my toes going up my legs and between my thighs, as always he knows which spot to kiss more and how to even do it. I stretched them out inviting him further but he wouldn't go up. He was teasing me and enjoying himself.

When I was about to give up and close my legs on him and held my thighs apart and buried his head there. He ate me like his hunger depended on it.

When I came I almost choked him with my legs, the way I closed them together.

I was so tired and I know he also wanted to release himself, he promised unprotected sex.

"I think we have to pack." He said resting beside me on the bed and pulling me on to his chest.

"Now?" I asked him.

He laughed. "Yes, to give you a few minutes of a bit of regaining energy."

He slept while I packed my new clothes and clean ones that Mama Alice had washed and nicely folded in the closet. I had used two of his biggest luggage and small one for my shoes, my bag for toiletries and underwear.

"So many bags? Hope you are not planning on not coming back." I looked at him as he laid on his back and his arms above his head, smiling at me. He looked like some model who was waiting for the camera to snap away.

"What if that's my plan?"

His smile disappeared and his eyes got darker. He wasn't angry, I knew that look and I knew what he wanted.

"Come here, I have to make sure that never happens."

I ran to the bed and threw myself on his side. I looked at him and he also just looked at me. It felt good to look into each other's eyes without doing anything.

His turned to his side and ran his hand over my naked body.

"I want you." He whispered in his deep Afrikaans accent.

"I am here." I replied.

"Forever?"

"And ever."

He pulled my head to his and kissed my lips. Hard, pushing his tongue deep so I can suck on it.

"You are still wet." He spoke after he had touched me between my legs. "We have to go but I need to take one for the road."

Even after he had made me come I still wanted to feel him inside me. I can never get enough of Hendrik.

He didn't waste anymore time as he entered me, he got on top of me and pushed himself halfway in. He spread my legs out, I came before he even started. Just his length in me was enough, when t started thrusting slowly, in and halfway out. I came again and he started going faster and harder. I came, again and again.

I was so tired and he seemed to regain energy after every climax I got.

And my body was getting more and more tired.

"Hendrik, please come." I begged him. He was on top of me and my legs spread out, tired and shaking in the air. Everytime he had to come he'd stop for a few seconds, hold back and start stroking all over again.

"Come again, baby." He spoke while increasing the strokes.

"No, I can't." Even my voice sounded tired.

"Oh baby, please."

I tried to fight but my body just betrayed me. No matter how tired I how felt he knew how to drive me crazy. I came harder than before, screaming and begging him to come. This time he came, I felt all his hot semen shooting deep inside. He gave me a feeling I never felt before, a feeling that shook my entire body all over again.

He didn't give me a chance to rest, after the tedious session we took a quick shower and immediately hit the road. He didn't pack anything, I asked him why but he said he doesn't want to ruin the surprise.

It didn't even take 30 minutes on the road but I was already asleep and when I woke up he was still driving. I didn't even know where we were. I looked around and all I saw were trees and grass on the side of the road.

"Where are we?" I asked stretching myself and yawning.

"Almost there."

"You are not kidnapping me, are you?"

He laughed. "That would be nice, imagine what I would do to you."

"Hendrik?"

"You don't trust me now?"

He knows I trust him and the way I am so excited I don't even care where we are, I just want to be all alone with him. I looked around and realised there were lights appearing from what looked like the top of a mountain or maybe it was a hill. I sat up and looked around. We went through a gate and I could see the lights were from a house as we drove near.

"Hendrik, this place is beautiful. Where are we?" It was night but I could see the rows and rows of trees that looked like they were lined up nicely on the side of the road as he drove on a brick paved road. We were going up the mountain driving through to what looked like a huge park. After the long rows of trees there was this beautiful garden with all sorts of flowers and a lawn.

He parked the car in front of a beautiful huge house painted in yellow, the house was a double storey with lots of lights shining out to the garden.

I could sell this house to anyone who can afford it and it would be my biggest sale after the one he bought. This could be a hotel.

"My older sister got married here." He answered me as he opened the car door for me. I didn't even see him getting out the car.

He walked me inside the house, I felt so under dressed with my blue jeans and white top plus flipflops. It would have been a great entrance if I had worn that shiny long dress and high heels he had bought for our date.

He held my hand as he unlocked the door with the other. The door that opened like a magical door pushed itself in without making any noise. I stepped into a world I have only seen on t.v. Top billing to be precise.

My God, the tile that looked yellowish-golden shown from the floor matching the furniture and paintings on the wall. I think I walked into what looked like the corridor of the house. There was a shiny golden piano, a yellow couch with cushions of the same colour. Like, I cannot explain the beauty I was looking at. The corridor alone was bigger than the master bedroom of the house in Pretoria. He let me walk around, I touched the piano and feeling the soft fabric of the couch.

When I looked at him he came to me smiling.

"Welcome to what I would like to call my own Kingdom where I am King."

"This is your house?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes, my first property that I bought at the age of 23. It was an empty land when I bought it. Took me 5 years to get it to this."

He bought this at the age of 23, I am 22 and I don't even have a piece of land to claim as mine. I should be claiming this one the day the land is brought back to us.

"Where did you get the money to buy such huge land?"

"I bought it bit by bit, started at the age of 19. I love painting and I sold my first painting at 15 for R2000 to a friend of my grandfather's, by the age of 19 I had enough to move away to my own place."

"All this are yours?" I was referring to the paintings on the wall. All four of them hang nicely on the wall, the one that I liked the most was of the sun going down.

"Yes, sweetheart." He hugged me from behind and we looked at the pictures. "You are the first person to come here since this whole place has been finished. Come let me show you around."

He took me by my arm and walked me around the house, he proudly showed me all the rooms that were as equally as beautiful. The house has six bedroom and eight bathrooms, two kitchens and three dining rooms. And every room has huge bathroom with it's unique furniture but same yellowish-golden colours. There were other unnecessary rooms, like the bar and mini cinema.

The last room we went to was the bedroom, the master bedroom were we would be sleeping. The big bed with white linen looked bigger for the two of us. He showed me the closet were I could put my things.

By the way my bags are still in the car. There was a table with food next to the bed, I was hungry I couldn't wait anymore I just went to the table. He followed me and pulled my chair.

On the dishes it was pap, morogo, chicken, cabbage and gravy.

I looked at him.

"Ke rata morogo." He said sounding like a proper lekgowa. I laughed.

I served everything into my plate and damn the food was fine. I watched him eating with his hand, taking a piece of the pap and mixing it with morogo then roll it in his hands.

"What's funny?" I looked up at his happy looking face, I hadn't realised that I was still laughing at him.

"Nothing." I said watching him toss the food in his mouth.

He also laughed as he continued eating. We ate for a minute in silence.

"Can we talk?" He said, I wasn't sure what this was about but he had this serious look on to face.

"About?"

"We had unprotected sex, twice. Are you worried?"

"A little scared but you said we will take care of it."

"I know but I think it's time we considered another form of contraceptives."

"What do you mean?" We've been using condoms all along, isn't that enough?

"Sweetheart, I have tasted you, meat to meat and I want you like that everyday. We could get Dr..."

"No...!!!" I interrupted him even getting up. I don't want to use anything other than a condom. I have never used anything with Thabo and I won't start now. What if I really can't have children and I go around injecting myself with all this things that could probably harm my 1% of conceiving. "I don't want to use anything!"

"Calm down." He also got up.

"No, you can't tell me what to do."

"That's not what I am doing, we both have to decide."

"Decide for me?"

"Naledi." He said my name in that voice of his.

"Please no."

"I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do, I get that it's your body but at the end everything that happens will be our responsibility."

"Can you give me another room?" I don't want to talk about this anymore.

"You can't run away from this."

"Please Hendrik." He doesn't understand and he will never understand, I'm scared. I want to have children but things don't look too good for me.

"I will clear this, you can sleep here."

"Thanks." I said and went to the bathroom. I sat on the toilet seat crying my eyes out.

Hendrik wants to talk about everything, I'm not used to that. In my past relationship things just happened on their own, we never set down to discuss condoms and contraceptives. Some things are unnecessary to talk about.

"Darling I have your things in the room." He spoke outside the door. I think he waited for me to speak because after a while he said, "Naledi?" He said my name and I still didn't respond. "Good night sweetheart."

After a few minutes I walked out and found the room empty, I took my clothes off and got into bed. He left me and I didn't want him to, we came here to be together and he had to complicate everything. I was so stressed I couldn't even fall asleep but eventually after some time I did.

In the morning I woke up to a bright room as the curtains were opened, the windows showing a beautiful view of the garden and the many trees of the mountain. On the bedside table there was a glass of water and a box of escapelle.

He got me morning after pill?

I threw the box on the floor and called Paula.

"Hey chomi." Paula answered sounding sleepy.

"Wake up Paula!" I shouted

"I am awake, what's wrong?" She sounded a bit annoyed with me.

"He bought me Escapelle." I said quicker.

"Condom burst?"

"No."

"Oh my God!"

"Please don't judge."

"Oh?"

"Paula, what if I can't have children and I am taking this pills and he wants me to be on contraceptives."

"He told you that or he asked?"

"He was suggesting."

"Well, if you have started having unprotected sex I guess that's the way to go."

"Paula, you don't understand."

"Make me then."

"God Paula."

"Talk, girl."

I told her about my fears, the reason why I think taking contraceptives is a bad idea.

"Forget Thabo, I don't like Hendrik but I think the guy wanted you both to talk. Sit him down and tell him your fears." She went on telling me not to try and compare my ex with my current and I should learn to sit down and tell to Hendrik. Paula never give advice, even if she does it's always terrible but today she was making a bit of sense.

After talking to her I went to the closet and pulled a long white silk gown, I put it on and went to the window. Hendrik was by the garden talking to a man wearing blue overalls. I am really scared, what if I take the pills and I really can't have children or don't take them and get pregnant?

I picked the box and went outside, I got lost a bit in the house but as soon as I was downstairs I knew my way outside.

Hendrik was wearing black jeans and was shirtless, he had shaved the hair on his chest and beards. I approached them, he was facing me and looking at me. The man he was with turned his head to see what had caught Hendrik's attention.

The man was shorter than Hendrik and very dark, probably older than him too.

He greeted me first in my home language, I greeted him back and passed him to stand beside Hendrik who pulled me closer to him with an arm around my waist.

"Boss Peter, this is my girlfriend Naledi and honey this is the man responsible for taking care of my kingdom."

We shook hands, the man didn't look too happy. I could tell he disapproved, I don't know if it's because of me or Hendrik but it had to do with our relationship.

He left us and went to join some men on a tractor.

Hendrik pulled me into a hug.

"I missed you." He said as he squeezed me.

"Can we talk?"

"Sure." He showed me to a wooden bench under a tree. My heart was racing as I sat down and looked at him sitting next to me.

I handed him the box of escapelle.

"You are not taking it?"

"Do you want me to?" I asked him and he took his time to say something.

"This is not about what I want, Naledi I want to protect you, okay? If you don't want children now I have to respect that."

"Hendrik...???" I said his name and he looked at me. "What if I can't have children? I mean my ex and I had unprotected sex and never used any contraceptives." I know this could turn any guy off and he might never want to see me again.

He smiled at me. "I don't know how you came to the conclusion that you can't have children but if that's the case then you need to see a doctor."

"Hendrik, you don't understand. I'm scared. I want to be a mother too you know."

"I don't know but what I know is that you are just scaring yourself, working yourself up with something you are not sure of."

He is right but I think I have every right to worry, I always reflect to how things happened between Thabo and me.

"Hendrik, do you want children?"

"Yes, but not now."

"So, I should take the pills?"

He went still, his grey eyes on mine.

"Sweetheart, do what feels right for you. No matter what I will be here."
He gave me back the box and went back into the house.

A few minutes later I followed him inside the house, he was in the kitchen downstairs talking to a girl probably his age. She looked nice in her blue maid's uniform as she prepared breakfast. Actually the girl was beautiful, shorter than me and curvier with a small waist. Her perfect body displayed itself in the uniform she worn. She was lighter than me.

"Morning." I greeted the girl and she greeted me back with a smile.

"Carol here had prepared a feast for us, she has cooked food for 10 people." Hendrik said smiling at me. I stood beside him.

"I have to impress your guest André." Carol replied cheerful.

Hendrik is her boss and she is referring to him by his name. I watched as the two chatted like old buddies other than employer and employee.

Hendrik's phone rang, he left us to answer it.

"Naledi, that's your name right?" Carol asked still holding her beautiful smile.

"Yes."

"You know André has never brought a girl here, you must mean so much to him." So she knows so much about him.

"How long have you been working here." I ignored the comment that should have sparked my interest.

"Just under a year."

"Oh?" So she knows too little about Hendrik to make such a comment.

"Would you like some coffee? There are fresh muffins, toast, croissants and a whole lot of food." Can I trust her? Where I come from two women who supposedly works for Hendrik hates me.

"Well, you did go all out."

"Well, my boss said he had a very important guest and I have to impress." She was still smiling and looking all harmless.

"Can I ask you something Carol?"

"Yes." He eyes grew bigger as she shown interest.

"How old are you?"

She laughed. "You are probably wondering why I am a maid at my age." I looked at her puzzled even though that was the angle of my question.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you."

"It's okay, I'm 30 and studying part time." She looked way too young though.

"Oh, that's wonderful." I actually had a lot of questions for her but I couldn't just attack the poor girl, after all she was being nice.

I sat down and watched her as she served the food inside the two plates at the breakfast bar. She was neat and very respectful unlike Mama Alice and her daughter. Hendrik joined me and I had the best time.

Carol didn't have a problem with me ordering her around, she understood that she was here to work.

Later on I understood the connection she had with Hendrik, the way they spoke to each other is that they grew up together at Hendrik's grandparents farm in Brits. They shared stories of how they stole the eggs and sold them to other farm workers to make extra cash to go buy their own farm one day but Hendrik's uncle stole the money and bought himself beer. I was actually seeing Hendrik in a different light, he looked happier talking about his childhood.

After the heavy breakfast I took the morning after pill, Hendrik looked at me and didn't say anything. I left him at the breakfast bar and went to take a bath. I felt a bit dizzy so I stayed longer in the water until Hendrik came to check on me.

"Are you okay?" He asked with his hands in his pockets.

"Ja, I'm just a bit dizzy that's all."

"Come, let me help you out." He stretched out his hand for me. I took his hand and he took a towel to dry me.

He carried me to bed.

"I think you should rest, I heard dizziness is one of the side effects of morning after pill and the water didn't help much."

"Please don't leave me."

"I won't."

He pulled me in his arms and cuddled with me on the bed.

"Hendrik, when are we going to have real fun?" This was the purpose of the trip.

He laughed. "Rest baby."♡♡♡Chapter Twenty Seven♡♡♡

I opened my eyes to find Hendrik looking at me, his face in my face on the bed. He was fully clothes and smelled fresh, smiling at me as if looking at a messy me was the best thing to ever watch.

"You look fresh." I said with a hand over my mouth.

He removed my hand and kissed me, I didn't even have time to react.

"Now, you have to get ready before I take you again."

"Ready for?"

"For fun." He had this mischievous smile on his face that got me curious.

I kicked the bed covers off me and ran to the bathroom. I don't know what we are going to do but I just want to do something that I have never done before, anything that would make me feel alive and happy.

He came into the bathroom and sat on the toilet seat while I took a very quick shower. This guy enjoys watching me, I don't even mind as his eyes follow me. Didn't even bother closing the shower door. It's kind of sexy to know he is attracted to me.

I came out drying myself with a white towel.

"So, what have you planned for us?" I asked him and he just smiled looking at me. "Hendrik?"

"I just want to forget everything and put you on that bed." The way he stood up and walked to come stand next to me made me realise that I would also love to go back to bed with him.

"Hendrik?"

"I know I promised to give you fun and that's what I am going to do, I won't be able to hold myself for long especially with the view you just gave me." He took the towel from me and ran a finger between my breast. "You are so beautiful, sometimes I cannot even believe that you are mine." Is he serious? Like the man is hot and every woman wants him, beautiful woman that I know I don't stand a chance against. I should be the one thanking my lucky stars, Hendrik is everything that I ever wanted in a man. No man has ever made me feel the way he makes me feel, loved and needed. The way he looks at me...

"I think I'm the lucky one." I said looking into the blue eyes that had warm and love.

"No, I'm the luckiest man alive."

"I guess we are both lucky."

He closed his eyes and brought his lips to mine, he kissed me his hands on my back, stroking and pressing me against him. He wants me and I

want him back. Everything about him makes me want to see myself getting hot and heavy with him. This is surely not normal.

He carried me out the bathroom to the bedroom and put me on the bed. We had sex in the night but it can never be enough.

"You are beautiful." He stood taking off his clothes. I watched in great anticipation as he unfastened his belt. "So beautiful I want to be inside you forever and always." Those words just seduced me. I put my hands above my head and spread my legs. He bit his lower lip and looked between my legs. If Hendrik is turned on so much by my body why did the two men in my life let me go so easily? I know I am not beautiful, just the right curves and butt size. Is he attracted to that? Even though I know he wants me for who I am I can't stop myself from doubting his intentions with me.

His body and eyes gave me my answers, the way he responds to me says it all.

He got between my legs and ran a lone finger between my crack.

"My sweet delicious Naledi." He smiled at me.

I was ready for him.

"I could admire your body all day but we have to go so I have to be quick." He put a finger in my already moist self. "Gosh, you never disappoint."

He took a condom on the bedside drawer and put it on. He rolled it down slowly licking his lips.

He got on all fours and looked down at me before he kissed me.

"This has to be quick." He lowered his body on me and entered me slowly looking into my eyes. I felt him as he stretched me pushing every inch of himself in me. "You always feel so good."

He lost himself in me as he took my breath away. Moving endlessly to the side, deeper, almost out and all the way back in. I screamed as he provided more and more, giving me all his strength. His power meeting mine, exchanging love, our heads spinning and our hearts joining one rhythm.

I came and came again when he begged me. He also came pinning me under him and burying me into the mattress of the bed.

He rolled off me and faced up. "I could do that again and again and forever."

In my mind I was like "let's do it again, let's stay in bed and never leave". But that can't happen.

He turned to the side to look at me, "Please get dressed before I get tempted again."

I did as he said even though I had the same mind as him. I went to the bathroom first to clean myself and when I came back he was getting dressed.

"I think you need to wear sneakers, running shoes or something comfortable, we are going to walk a distance."

"In this heat?"

"I'll provide you with a hat honey."

I don't think I am going to enjoy this. How does he expect me to use my legs after he was just buried between them? I put on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. In one of the many closets he took out a pair of brown hi-tech running shoes that I will never be seen dead in. I looked at him.

"Come on, I'll still think you are sexy in them." He was laughing at me.

I grabbed them from him and put them on, they looked heavy but they were very comfortable. I actually liked them.

"I'm ready." I said and he let the way out the house after he gave me a hat.

We walked further up at the mountain on a gravel road and joined a small path. The walk was difficult but I seemed to enjoy it, he made fun of me when I couldn't climb some rock or ran to him if something scared me in the grass. I laughed so hard and chased him. I have never seen him this playful and naughty. I sure liked this side of him, a young carefree looking Hendrik.

We got to what looked like an old garage or more like a factory since the building was huge, even the door sounded old as he opened it. I peeked in behind him. I will tell you the truth I am a big fan of vintage cars and the kind that Hendrik had were my kind. I don't know car names and I tried to listen as Hendrik spoke to me about the cars. He stood next to a blue one and said.

"This is a 1967 Ford Mustang, bought it from a car dealer in Cape town. Still in good condition, can take you places baby." He moved to the next car which was red with two thick lines in the middle, he called it a 1973 Chevrolet Camaro. "It's equipped with a speed manual transmission."

That was unnecessary!

He moved from car to car, there were about four cars. And the other two he said it's a 1972 Ferrari Daytona and the other a 1985 Ferrari Daytona Spider Replica, both cars were black.

He was enthusiastic when talking about the cars, they were like his pride and joy. This guy has achieved so much, he has big beautiful houses and a big company but he lights more as he talks about the cars.

"Can I drive one?" I didn't care which one.

"I want you to drive the Spider Replica and then I want you naked, parked under a tree in the bush on top of it." Good thing I bought and even wore new underwear. Lacy red thong and bra! "But first I need to get you hydrated and more excited, come." He pulled me by my arm to go and open another door that led to another garage, in there there were all sorts of bikes I have never seen. Some looked ugly and others fancy. I walked around looking at each one of them. He watched me looking all proud.

"Ever been on a bike before?" He asked me.

"No."

He went to what looked like a cupboard and brought out a bag. "Let's get you all geared up then." I went to see what he was talking about. The

bag had a helmet and things like protective gears for elbows and knees.
"We will take the quad bikes."

He said bikes!!!

Does that mean I have to be on one too? Alone?

I think he saw the fear on my face because he laughed at me.

"I'll teach you, it won't be hard."

The confidence he had in himself made me doubt myself, I was a total flop when I started with my driver's license. It took me months before I could be a better driver and now he wants me to learn this quad bike thing in a day? He must be joking.

He put all the protective gears on me, even the helmet. He looked at me and didn't say anything, I know I looked ridiculous.

He told me to go wait outside for him while he got two quad bikes out.

I wasn't sure about riding one but he was so gentle with me as he showed me how everything works. He explained everything to me step by step, I was too nervous to listen and take proper notes.

When he told me I will have to try it on my own I embraced myself for a fall.

"Sweetheart, I don't want you to break anything on your body. I still need you." He was joking as he flashed his brightest Colgate smile at me. I nervously smiled back. "Remember where the breaks are, that's very important, okay?" I nod my head and he showed all the other important things too.

He got on with me and controlled the quad bike behind me. I saw how he did everything and when he gave me a chance to show him I was already a pro.

I rode for a distance at a slow pace and came back to where he was standing.

"Okay, now you are going to follow me. We are going to ride further up the mountain."

He got on his bike and I followed behind him. He rode looking behind at me every now and then. He didn't have his helmet on and it looked like he needed it more than me, the way he constantly looked back at me I was scared for him.

I think I got hold of the quad bike, I didn't feel scared anymore so I increased the speed. Before he knew it I was passing him, laughing at him.

I don't know what he said since I couldn't hear him over the noise but I think he was warning me to be careful. He caught up with me and we ended up riding side by side, smiling at each other until we got further up the mountain.

"What the hell are you doing?" He shouted at me when we parked side by side. And I thought he was happy I could race him. "One mistake, could get you thrown off and killed." His face was so red and his eyes popping out. A few minutes ago he was smiling at me and now he's angry? Honey better make up your mind.

I was breathless as I took off the helmet, happiness mixed with excitement got me this hyper. I went to him and jumped at him wrapping my legs around his waist, I kissed him. Before he could respond I pulled away.

"Thank you!" I said and he smiled at me.

"I'll deal later with you in a proper way."

I unwrapped my legs and went back to my bike, I put on my helmet.

"Race you down." He wanted to stop me but I ignored him and rode down. He caught up with me and even passed me, I couldn't race at the speed he was going. I have confidence in myself but not that much. He let us back to the garage and parked his bike inside.

"So, you have a death wish?" We still there?

He looked pissed as I parked the bike next to his.

"I just want to have fun Hendrik, loosen up." I stood next to him and the blue eyes twinkled down at me.

I love him. Can I tell him that?

"Just don't scare me please."

"I promise. Now, what's next?"

He went through his pocket and came out with keys to the Spider Replica, he waved them at me.

I have never in my life drove an old car, especially one like this. I know Attie is old and probably grumpy but she is a recent model just bought her to next to nothing from an old white man who probably was desperate for the money.

He took me by my arm and led me to the black old car that shone so much it looked brand new. I even envied the car, the black leather seat were so comfortable even the steering wheel was covered in leather.

It wasn't that hard to drive the car, I thought because it was old I would have to understand it first. It was different from the modern ones but it was so easy and I loved the roaring engine. Although the car is old there are a few new things that Hendrik had done to it, he did explain as we drove along but I wasn't interested. Was just to excited to be driving this car that I didn't know the name existed.

I followed a dusty road that he directed me through which looked dangerous to drive on, I wasn't scared just had to be careful not to drive into a tree or down the montain.

I don't know if Hendrik trusts my driving or not but he gave too much orders.

"Keep it at 60km, the road here can be tricky."

"Easy, easy baby."

Sometimes I just did what I wanted and he would look so angry and I'll laught at him. I have been driving for years without him and I can still do it, don't need a coach.

I parked next to a tree that he directed me to, I don't know the name of the tree but it was very green with small leaves, thorny and had little yellow flowers. And under it there was a picnic setting on a huge blue

blanket. On top of it there were bowls filled with different kind of fruits, well mostly strawberries and sliced pineapples, apple and mangoes. Other bowls had sweets and biscuits, there were drinks too.

He went to sit down on the blanket and invited me to come and sit on his lap. I did as he instructed.

"I am so mad at you but I can't ignore the fact that I want you all to myself, like this, just the two of us." His blue eyes burned into mine. This man has a way with words.

"So, you just want me for yourself. No plans?"

He smiled. He pulled the picnic busket closer and got out a small camera. He took a few shots of me while I tried to fight him for it. I got up and tried to run, he chased me still taking pictures. I stopped, folding my arms across my chest pouting at him. He didn't stop until he got to me and stood in front of me.

"Be still, shhhhh." He cautioned me his eyes looking all sexy. He kissed me, slowly and I think he took pictures of us kissing.

I took the camera from him and took pictures of us laughing and making funny faces.

We went back to the picnic blanket where I sat down and he took pictures of me smiling, hiding my face and eating.

"I like you like this, happy and looking young." He said sitting next to me.

"I will get old and change."

"You mean have grey hair, loose a tooth or two and wrinkle?"

"Oh God, I have to get there?"

"Yes, but I bet you'll still be hot." He nibbled on my neck and kissed me down to my chest. "Even in this heat you still smell good."

I held him by his head, his breathing and wet lips were turning me on.

"Let me make love to you. Huh? Under this cool shade of the tree in the blazing hot sun Naledi. Let me fill you up and give it to you baby, rough, deep and wet." He got me out of my t-shirt. "Don't worry, it's just us and nature here."

I wasn't worried, we were in the deep forest of the mountain where no one would see us. That's besides the point, the deal is I don't care where we are as long as we do what we want at any time.

I looked at his fingers that were rubbing my hard nipples over the lace of my bra. The sensation made me close my eyes and throw my head back. I want to take everything in, he's good with his hands, body and... all the other parts his body.

"Hmmmmmm...." I moaned. I was losing control of my body, it was up to him to do as he please and for me to receive.

He ran his wet tongue between my breast while his hands were softly massaging my breast. I laid on my back on the picnic blanket. He released my breast from my bra and sucked on each nipple, slowly but harder making me feel the work of his tongue. As soon as he moved from on breast to another the effect left my neglected nipple wanting.

He went to my stomach and planted more wet kisses moving down to my jeans, he slowly undid my buttons and zip. He pulled himself up to my face and kissed me his hand going into my panties. He did everything slowly, like he had all the time in the world. He rolled his fingers over my clit, massaging it and getting me more worked up.

He finally got my jeans, panties, bra and everything off me. I looked at him looking down at me as he kneeled between my thighs, he ran his hands from my breast, passed my stomach to rest his hands between my things.

"You are so beautiful." I wonder when he'll ever stop saying that.

He got up and carried me in his arms, the way he carried me made me feel special and so loved. He walked to the car and placed me on the bonnet, he held my knees apart and immediately buried his head between my thighs. I didn't know what to do with myself, scream or cry. It felt so good to have his lips and tongue rolling, sucking and pulling under the hot sun. I didn't even know what to hold on to as I came, although, I think I broke a wiper or something.

As if feeding on me wasn't enough he put on a condom and entered me with his jeans on his knees. The strength he used to thrust in and out was so powerful my whole body felt it. He didn't go slow but fast and penetrated deeper, mixing pain and pleasure for me. The idea of knowing how we looked on top of his car, both lost in the intimacy of our love making made me feel more adventurous. With him in my life I can do anything.

The way he makes love to me, the way moves inside of me gives me so much satisfaction I can't handle. I came hard my body shaking and he stilled with me until my legs, body and breathing relaxed. He kissed me and slowly started penetrating, increased the pace as his own body convulsed on top of mine. He jerked several times on top of me unable to control what he was feeling.

He stayed on top of me his breathing getting back to normal. When he slipped out he got off me and removed the condom, discarding it in the grass. He pulled his jeans up and fixed them.

"Come here." He helped me off the car and kissed me both of us standing up. "I want you again." He whispered through our lips.

Damn, can I do that again?

He kissed me hard on my lips and his hands pressing me on my back against him. I knew he wasn't kidding, he was hard. I haven't recovered from the shock wave he send me into but I knew he could bring me back. He carried me back to the blanket, I sat down.

"Relax honey." He made me lie on my back as he got up and took off his sneakers and jeans. His member just rose to attention in front of me. I couldn't help myself, I got on to my knees and pushed him into my mouth. "No baby, sssssssssshhhhhhhhhhit!

He liked it and it was good!!!

I sucked him deep in my throat, gagging but not stopping. I had to force all him inside me. The way he moaned, the words he spoke gave me more power to continue. I went on and on, he begged me to stop but I wouldn't let go even when my jaw and cheeks were burning.

When he came he pushed me off him and I fell back with a whole lot of his cream landing on my face and body. His eyes were open and looking down at me. I smiled up at him.

"You don't know how hot you look right now and trust me I still want more of you." His eyes told me he meant every word. He kneeled down and got a condom from his jeans.

He put it on and then rubbed the almost dry come into my skin even the one on my face. He moisturised me with all of it.

"I can smell myself on you and it drives me crazy. Oh Naledi.... Ledi... Baby.... Spread your legs for me."

I did as he said and laid on my back.

He entered me slowly looking into my eyes, making me feel every inch of him.

We made love so many times under the thorny tree, the flowers and leaves falling on top of us while birds sang around us and sounds of a tractor or loud engine can be heard in the distance. Taking breaks to eat and fool around. We laughed as he told me stories about his varsity days as a naughty boy. I laughed till I cried and he kissed the tears away.

Before we knew it the sun was going down. We packed up the picnic buscket and sat on top of the car bonnet watching the sun set. If it wasn't for the mosquitoes we would have slept there.

Hendrik drove the car back to the house. I needed a proper bath and a bed to rest, I don't think I'll be able to eat supper tonight.

When we got to the house we found Boss Peter waiting for Hendrik. He was drinking tea with Carol in the kitchen chatting but when we stepped in the man looked serious.

"Go take a bath I will be with you just now." Hendrik said to me giving me a kiss on the cheek. I felt like something was wrong but I didn't ask.

I went to the bathroom and filled the bathtub with water. I thought Hendrik was joining me but he never came to the bathroom. I put lotion on my body and went to look for him after putting on one of his shirts.

He was in his study, I think busy on the phone. I heard his voice and pushed the door inside. He wore different clothes and his hair was wet.

I expected him to smile when he saw me but he didn't, in fact his face didn't even lit up. He spoke briefly on the phone and put it down.

"Hendrik, is everything okay?" Something has changed between us.

"Yes."

"Please don't lie to me, something is going on."

"But it has nothing to do with us." He came to me and stood next to me.

"There is a lot going on and I need to fix that, I have to drive back to Pretoria and leave you here. Carol will look after you."

"Hendrik..."

"I'll be back before you even know it." He kissed me on my forehead.

"You smell so good."

He's hiding something from me and I don't like this one bit.

He went back to his office and packed some papers into files.

"When are you leaving?"

"Tonight..." He paused to look at me. "Now."

I don't want him to go, he promised me a good time and already he's leaving me and rushing to solve some crisis. He won't even tell me what is going on.

His phone rang several times and he ignored it.

What is he hiding? What if he is cheating on me? I have never doubted Hendrik before but now...

I walked him to his car and watched him drive off.

I went back to his study to see if I could find something, anything. His desk was clean and most of the desk drawers were locked. The ones that were not locked were empty. I searched and even looked under the desk, there was nothing.

I went to the bin, and yes I went through his trash. There were a few shredded papers and one wrapped into a ball, I unfolded the paper and read it.

I had banking details of someone by the name of Linkie Viljoen. It seems Hendrik had recently deposited R25 000 into her bank account.

"Naledi?" Carol stood at the door. I fisted the paper inside my hand.

"Uhhmmmmmm... Carol."

"Would you like something to eat?"

"No, I'll go to sleep." I walked towards her.

"Okay." She agreed and made way for me.

I stopped when I was suppose to pass her.

"Carol do you know Linkie Viljoen?" I had to ask.

"Yes, she..." she paused and looked away.

"Carol?"

"I am sorry..."

"Please tell me Carol."

"She is Hendrik's ex."

The fiance!

I actually ran to the bedroom and locked the door. Carol came knocking but I ignored her.

He's gone to her!

He still loves her!

He gave her money!

I sat on the floor and cried. I have never thought I could suspect Hendrik of cheating on me, it never even crossed my mind. Anyway a guy like him wouldn't stay loyal to someone like me. Who am I to think that?

My heart broke into pieces, worse than how Thabo made me feel.

I stood up and threw the paper across the room. I threw myself on the bed.

I cried myself to sleep, had bad dreams about Hendrik throwing me out and marrying a beautiful brunnet while Clara laughed at me. I would wake up to find myself alone in the huge bedroom. I fell asleep but it was the worst night of my life.

The next thing I opened my eyes Hendrik was standing next to me on the bed. He still wore the same clothes he worn when he left last night. He had the creased piece of paper in his hand.

I looked up at him.

"Carol told me, Linkie means nothing to me." He said as he sat down on the bed.

But yet he sends her money?

I moved far away from him, at the far end of the bed.

"Hendrik, I don't want to get hurt. Please don't lie to me." I couldn't hold my tears.

"Please don't cry." He crawled on the bed over to me. He held me in his arms. "I want you to smile, be happy like you were yesterday honey. Please don't be sad."

I want the truth not his sweet words.

...♡♡♡Chapte Twenty Nine♡♡♡

"Hendrik, I want answers." I pushed him away from me to make him realise I wasn't going to let this go. He let go of me as I moved away from him. He can hide a lot of things but not a recent relationship and sending money to an ex, I think he owes me answers there. I'm not being unreasonable but knowing that he has contact with her doesn't just make me angry but unsettles me too. I don't know what they do together or how things are between them at the moment. "When you ran to Pretoria last night were you going to her?"

He sat there on the bed looking at me like he had no answers.

I folded my arms and looked at him too. He better starts talking before I throw tantrums, I can if I want to get my way.

"I haven't seen Linkie since we broke off the engagement, we used to speak on the phone..."

What the hell? So, their only contact is through the phone? You know what, all of that doesn't bother me. What I want to know is this...

"Do you still love her?" I asked the only question that could determine the making or breakdown of our relationship. I have given Hendrik my all and if he breaks me...

"No. I don't and me and her talking has nothing to do with feelings."

"But you gave her money."

"Yes, but I didn't just give it to her."

"What, you loaned it to her?" That could even tie them up forever.

"When I proposed to her I gave her my grandmother's ring and I never took it from her so a few days back she called to tell me she wants to sell the ring. I offered to buy it from her."

Why not just take it back?

"For R25 000?"

"Yes, the ring could cost more than that. It's a black natural diamond 4.6 carat pear shaped, it was custom made for my grandmother."

He must have loved her so much to give her such an expensive ring, especially one that belonged to his grandmother. Such love cannot be forgotten that easily.

"You loved her, so much."

"Yes. But that's in the past. Please baby, don't think too much about this. It's you now, you are in my life." I believe him but...

"I need some air." I got off the bed and went to the bathroom. He followed me.

I brushed my teeth and got into the shower. All he did was stare at me as if waiting for me to loose it, I was tempted to.

"Naledi, you are not leaving me, are you?" I avoided looking at him, I can't bare seeing him hurt. I opened the water and turned my back against him. I leaned against the wall and cried.

I don't want to compete with some white girl over Hendrik. I don't stand a chance against anyone anyway.

He touched me, he was in the shower with me and still fully clothed.

"I should have told you about her. Naledi, I should have told you everything. I am sorry." He held on tight to me. I am not mad at him, I am disappointed for letting my gut down and for trusting too much.

"Hendrik?"

"Honey."

"I won't leave you." I can't, I don't want to.

"I'm so relieved to hear you say that."

"But just give me a minute or two on my own."

"Okay." But he didn't let go off me. I didn't want him to. He turned me around to face him, one look into those blue eyes and I melted. The water still splashing all over us like rain pouring hard. He was wet and getting more wetter with his hair looking straight and flat, his clothes and shoes too. He kissed me, a slow kiss.

"Hendrik leave." I was on a path to fantasy land.

"Yes." He kissed me one last time and stepped out of the shower. He took off his wet clothes and left them on the floor walking out naked.

I stayed in the bathroom until my body felt dry, I need to figure things out. I don't want to be with a man who is still in love with his ex or has

some kind of unfinished business that needs to be settled. I don't trust the idea of exes being friends either, I'm enemy with my ex, that's for sure.

I don't want to leave Hendrik but what if he's cheating on me or worse I am the side chick I won't stick around then. All this thoughts are making me doubt Hendrik more and more. I doubt he's cheating but my mind has already been filled with the idea.

I put lotion on my body and stared at myself in the mirror. I looked at the scared girl that stared back at me.

What if I just give him the benefit of the doubt? I mean what more could he be hiding from me?

I went to the bedroom and opened the closet, I walked in not sure what I was looking for. Looking at my expensive clothes that I bought with Hendrik's credit card made me laugh at myself. I once dated a man that never saw the need to provide for me and I used to call myself an independent woman, pride myself that I do everything for myself. Now what do I call this? What am I now?

I should enjoy this while it last and probably make the best of it.

I saw a red two piece swim suit that I bought even though I can't swim, what a waste! I put it on only to play dress up but as soon as I saw myself in the mirror I felt like showing off, show him what he'll be missing if he dumps me and choose her. I put on flip-flops and grabbed a towel.

I walked to the swimming pool hoping Hendrik would see me and maybe talk to me. I wonder where he is. I looked around for him but there was no one around.

I don't know what I'm going to do when I get there. The swimming pool is most definitely a no go area.

I went for a lounge chair next to the swimming pool and sat on it. It was a beautiful sunny day, hot and perfect for something nice and romantic.

I closed my eyes and leaned back sprawling my body just to relax, breathing in, taking in the fresh smell of nature.

I think I was falling asleep and probably about to dream when I heard someone calling my name, it felt like it was from a distance but when I opened my eyes Carol was standing next to me with a tray of food.

"Sorry to wake you, breakfast?" She sat the tray down.

I even forgot I had to eat the way I had so much on my mind.

"I don't think I want anything to eat right now Carol." I stretched my body.

"Naledi, what's wrong? You know he has been watching you from the window of his study. Did you two fight?" Was he? I was even afraid to look at that direction.

For some reason I felt like I could trust Carol, I know she could be loyal to Hendrik but at the moment I want to talk to someone who knows him.

"I don't know what's going on Carol but please tell me about Linkie."

"Try and eat, please it will make him stress less about you." She sat on the chair opposite mine. My cellphone was amongst the many food in the tray.

She was telling me to eat in exchange for her talking. I took a glass of juice and a toasted slice of bread from the tray. At first I just held them until I realised she really wants me to eat before she could talk. I took a bite and ended up eating the whole slice and picked at the fruit salad. She seemed satisfied.

"What's troubling you about Linkie?" She asked me, today she wore blue skinny jeans and a white golf shirt, it's a simple look but she rocked it anyway.

"Anything important."

"Where do I start?" She asked.

"Was Hendrik in love with her?"

She looked up at the house before she answered me. "As far as I know Hendrik and Linkie's engagement was an arranged one. His grandfather was friends with Linkie's parents. I don't know much about it but I remember seeing Linkie at the farm in Brits and the next thing their engagement was announced."

"Do you know what happened between them, what led to their breakup?"

She shook her head. "But to answer your question about Hendrik being in love with Linkie the answer is no he didn't love her ."

He said he did.

"How do you know that?"

She went quite and smiled at me. "To be honest with you that's easy to see now. Naledi, Hendrik never allowed girls to touch his things when we were growing up, not even me his friend. It was like the guy hated women. Looking at you now I can see that he's in love with you. He brought you here where he hardly come and you were with him in his precious vintage car yesterday, that should mean something."

I don't know that. I don't even know him that well.

"Hendrik and I were close, we were like sister and brother, nothing more but I think his grandfather brought Linkie to break us apart. He thought we were more than friends and that scared him."

Why would Carol say that? Does she have feelings for Hendrik?

I looked at her, she is beautiful.

My phone rang!

It was Hendrik!

I answered. "Hey."

"What is Carol telling you? I asked her to bring you breakfast not sit and gossip."

"What makes you think we are gossiping?" I asked him smiling at Carol. She laughed throwing her hands in the air and got up. She waved at me walking back to the house.

"Can I come outside to you?" Hedrick's voice said in my ear sounding a little shaky.

I looked at the house and saw him by the big window of the dining room.

"Please." I couldn't hide my excitement. He hang up and disappeared from the window just after I said that.

He didn't take long to come out of the house, I couldn't take my eyes off him as he walked on the green lawn towards me. He had a camera in his hand. He shyly smiled at me for staring and still I couldn't look away. His body and the way he walked just took my attention and focus. I have seen that body hard at work and now it looked more relaxed.

He sat on the lounge chair that I was sitting on, we just stared at each other foolishly smiling. It seems all was forgotten and we were back to our old selves.

"You look good." He took a few snap shots of me. I didn't stop him, I even posed for him knowing I had something on that is probably driving him nuts. He took a lot of pictures, he stood up and went on shooting.

"You are such a natural." He complimented.

"I can't wait for my turn to take pictures of you."

"Hell no!" He laughed as he sat down.

"You can't say no, I'm still mad at you." I pouted.

"Fine." He gave me the camera and I took pictures of him sitting down . He refused to pose so I had to take them while he spoke or did something with his hands.

After I was done I gave him back the camera.

"Let's take a walk." He suggested.

"In this?" I pointed at my choice of clothing.

"I wouldn't mind but since we are not alone here let me call Carol." He took out his phone from his jean pocket and called her.

A few minutes later she handed me a white see through cardigan. It still showed skin but Hendrik aproved. We took a walk leaving our cellphones behind.

We walked towards the many flowers in his big garden, he told me a few names of the flowers and their origin. He sounded like a teacher with

passion for his job and I thought his passion was cars. He picked some flower and tried to stick them behind my ear but they would just fall.

"See why you should have kept the hair?" He held my face in his hands and made me look up at him.

He looked so innocent like someone who wasn't suppose to get married four years ago.

"You said you loved her and you lied."

He knew Carol told me.

"Would you have thought I wasn't human enough if I told you I was going to get married to someone I didn't love?"

"You never loved her?"

"Yes."

"Where you ever in love with anyone else?" Does he love me.

"I don't know." His eyes pinched through mine. He showed nothing on his face, no emotions.

I wanted to know how he felt about me, at least tell me what he thinks of me, of us.

It's not too early for that since so much has happened between us, we are close, very close that I think we are connected and involved with everything.

"I want to go back."

"Why don't you ask me what you want to ask me Naledi?" He knows I want to know if he has feelings for me.

"I said I want to go back to the house."

"Naledi." He held me by my waist and pulled me closer to him.

"Hendrik?" I said his name so soft I didn't think he heard me.

"Honey."

"Are you capable of loving someone?" At least me.

Instead of an answer he kissed me, passionately and hard. I knew I wasn't going to get an answer, this kiss was somehow his answer and I didn't understand. I wanted him to spell it out for me so I can know. He kisses me every day and treats me like a queen but that doesn't mean he loves me. I could mean something else to him.

He pulled away and smiled at me.

"Can you swim?"

"No." I think he knows.

"Oh, I wanted to throw you into the pool."

"Oh, too bad then."

"Race you there." He ran back to the pool side laughing as he did so. I tried to run even though I knew I wouldn't out run him, he was fast.

When we got to the pool he stood next to it and waited for me. I ran to him and pushed him inside, he took me with him. My head never went

under the water, he made sure of it as he held me up high. He brought me down so my feet touched the surface of the pool. The water was almost up to my shoulders and he still held me inside.

"I want to make love to you in the pool at night. I don't know what it's like to have sex in the water and I want it to happen with you." I want that too even though there is this bit of doubt in the back of my mind. The Linkie story doesn't have much sense. Hendrik is telling me things by bits, not the full story.

We got out of the pool and he wrapped me with a towel. We stayed in the hot sun for a few minutes and then went back into the house.

He went into his study after Boss Peter had called him. Something is not right, this is our vacation, he promised me a tour but things are not going as planned. I went to watch tv. I did that the whole morning until Hendrik joined me for lunch then he went back again.

I wanted to complain, I felt all alone and bored.

Around four pm he came and joined me.

"Sorry about that, now I am all yours." He sat with me on the three seater couch.

"Hendrik, what's going on?"

"Nothing, just work." He was quick to answer. I had a feeling he was lying to me. I know he has a big empire to run, I'm sure he has people he can trust to run things for a few days without disturbing him. "Come on, you don't look too happy. What's wrong? What did I do?" He pulled me in his arms.

"I just feel neglected."

"I understand honey and I am sorry, okay? I had to take care of a few things but I promise I won't leave you again."

I just rested my head on his chest.

"What do you want to do? Wanna have sex?"

What the hell...??? What happened to being romantic.

I laughed at him and he laughed too, he's a fool.

"Can we do something else?"

"Oh, you are tired of me and my dick now?" He looked really disappointed. I love having sex with him but I think we should do other things to connect too. We are still going to have sex all throughout the night.

"Nope, let's continue our fun."

"Sex if fun."

"Stop it."

"I can't help myself." He was joking but I knew he was telling the truth.

"Just hold me." We sat comfortably on the couch with my head on his chest. We watched Half and Half, it's old, I know but I can watch it over and over again. It's funny but Hendrik and I made it more funnier by making fun of it. We laughed and giggled at everything until we got tired of it. We went to take a bath before supper, Hendrik joined me in the bathtub.

"Are you okay?" He asked throwing water at my face as we faced each other.

"I'm fine. I just wish we could stay here forever."

"Really? We could do that. You know I could move my office closer and manage everything from here." He looked excited, I loved the idea but...

"What about my job?"

"Baby, you don't need it. Besides I can creat something for you here."

"Seriously Hendrik?" How could he talk like that? There is no reason for him to belittle my profession, he met me there and I make big sales for that company.

"Come on, you know I can take care of you."

"Hendrik?"

"Tell me, what is it that you think I cannot do for you?"

"My job is important to me."

"Is it about the money or job?"

What the hell is wrong with this guy?

"Hendrik I want to have a job."

"A job as in something to preoccupy your time with or...?"

"I promise you if you don't stop I will kill you." I think he is making fun of me.

"Am I doing something wrong here?"

"Yes."

"What exactly?"

"You want me to leave my job."

"That's a bad thing?" I gave him a look that said it all. I don't want to be that kind of a woman, what would happen to me when we break up? I don't want to be like my mom and end up relying on people for hands out. "Okay then." He shrugged his shoulders as if he was giving up. I think the topic is closed and he should never brings it up.

After our bath we went back to watching the tv. It was all quite for some time, I was watching tv and everytime I glanced at him he was staring in the far distance as if someone lost in his own thoughts.

"Are we okay?" He was the one to ask me.

"I don't know, are we?" Right back at him.

"I want us to be."

"Me too." He hugged me very tight.

"This right here feels good, you and me alone in our own little haven." I hugged him back.

Boss Peter came in budging in unannounced making me jump out of Hendrik's arms. The man really had issues with me.

"Boss Peter!" Hendrik said looking all surprised. He surely didn't expect anyone to come into the house.

"You have a visitor." We both stood up. Unexpected! We followed him to the door.

I hurried behind them Hendrik mumbling some things to Boss Peter. I thought no one knew about us being here.

There was a very tall and beautiful brunette wearing black high heels and a red dress. The girl was slim as the dress hugged her sexy frame, she was even taller than me as she waited next to the door. She looked a little lost her blue eyes wondering around the house.

"Wat soek jy hier?" Hendrik's hard tone of voice roared throughout the house. I immediately knew there was something wrong, could this be Linkie?

"Hey Doppio!!!" She excitedly said walking to meet us.

What the hell did she just call him?

"Wat soek jy hier?" He asked again.

"I'm sorry, I came to see you and..." The girl walked towards me and Hendrik blocked her by standing in front of her. She moved back, her eyes on him. "She is beautiful, why are you hiding her?" She smiled, flashing bright white teeth.

"Naledi, could you please leave us?" He spoke to me and I didn't move. Why should I?

"No. Who is she?" I asked my heart scared for the answer. I want to be here.

"Please love go to the study, I will come and explain everything."

"Who is she? Please tell me." I fought back tears.

"Doppio tell her." She girl urged him smiling.

"You shut up!!!" The girl jumped back at Hendrik's harsh voice and immediately lost her pretty smile. She was scared of him. "Boss Peter, take Naledi to my study and please lock the door."

"Hendrik?" Why would he say that? Why? He's hiding something, he still loves her.

"Now, Peter!" Hendrik commanded and the man was seriously going to carry me to the study. I can't let that happen in front of her, I turned and walked myself to the study with Peter following behind me.

The man did lock me inside the study. I was furious and couldn't believe that Hendrik would act like that. But anyway what did I expect? His ex shows up and I expect him to treat me like I am number one. Of course he'd choose her, she is beautiful and they were once engaged. She even calls him D-something.

I had nothing to do other than cry, cry for loving him too much and too soon. I didn't take the time to know him and fully understand him, now he broke my heart. I never saw this one coming. What is it that he wants to talk to her without me?

I went to his desk and used his phone, I called my Mom. The only number I know by heart... Okay... Hendrik's and Thabo's.

"Hello." She answered.

"Mama, I need you. Please..." my voice trailed off as I cried. I really need her. I never spoke to my mom about important things in my life, all we were ever good at is gossip.

"Where are you?" I could tell the fear in her voice. I know she realised I wasn't in Pretoria because of the landline.

"Mama, can I come home?"

"Naledi, I'm in Pretoria. You can come to me I'll send you the address."

"Thank you."

"Baby, please what's going on?"

"Send me the address Mama." I hang up, putting the phone back. It rang several times and I just ignored it.

I sat down on the couch and waited. It seems the wait was going to be for a while. I couldn't hear anything from outside so all I had to do was cry myself dry.

By the time Hendrik walked in I had made up my mind. He looked exhausted and I wanted to run to him so I could feel those strong arms around me but he might not be mine anymore.

"Can we talk?" He closed the door and walked towards me.

"Hendrik, I want to go." I stood up. I am not going to wait for him to tell me the bad news.

"Go where?" He looked confused and a bit terrified.

"Away from you. I want to take a break from this, us." I pointed at him and then at me.

"What? Why? Naledi, let me explain."

"Hendrik, I don't want to hear it."

"You can't leave me."

I walked to the door and opened it. I turned to look at him.

"I'll get someone to drive you back." My heart just sank, he's also giving up on me. He was going to break my heart.

I went to the bedroom tears streaming down my face. I went in and packed everything, not sure if I should leave things that I bought with his money. But I guess the new woman or should I say his old flame might want a clean closet.

There was someone to carry my bags for me. I changed clothes and wore blue jeans, blue top and a black leather jacket.

I couldn't believe I was leaving but I had to act like I was okay even though deep down I knew I didn't want to. I love Hendrik.

When I walked out the bedroom holding my handbag. I passed his study, the door was still open. I was tempted to peek and say goodbye but I couldn't get myself to say it.

"Naledi!" He called me getting out of his study and I stopped. I didn't turn around as he spoke behind me. "I also think we need a break, I have a few things that..." I hit him on the face with my bag, turning around so fast and left him holding his face.

How could he? I am hurting, I want him to stop me from walking out of our relationship but he had to prove that he doesn't care.

I knew Linkie was still inside the house because a car I never saw was parked outside, well the girl drives a huge BMW X5. She has money, they both have money and are a match. I got into the back seat of Hendrik's Q7 before I run back into the house and beg him not to let me go. The driver drove off as I said goodbye to the beautiful place I shared with Hendrik and the memories that I will take with me. I was so heartbroken I couldn't even stop crying.

I didn't want to go back to my room in Soshanguve nor to Hendrik's house. We were done and the last thing I wanted was to associate myself with him. I'll see how to get the rest of my things from his house.

God, this heavy feeling in my heart is painful, more painful than when Thabo dumped me. How will I ever forget Wessels?

My mom had send me some address in Orchards, not far from Sosha. I gave the address to the driver who was very quite, the guy only looked at me through the review mirror and never asked why I was crying and hitting the back of his seat every now and then. He's doing his job and part of it is reporting everything to Hendrik.

I closed my eyes and thought about my mom, don't even want to ask what she is doing in Pretoria. Let alone be at a place close to where I stay, I just want to be with her and let her hold me. Even though I put my focus back to my mom I still couldn't stop thinking about Hendrik.

I love him.

I want him.

When we got to the address my Mom gave me I was tired from crying and from the trip, my driver took my bags inside and said goodbye to me. He was not a bad guy just a guy who has a badass Hendrik as a boss.

I hate Hendrik now but I love him more.

My mom stood at the door waiting for me, she looked bigger with her tummy leading the way. I ran to her and threw myself at her making sure not to throw myself hard at her. She hugged me and I just started crying all over again.

"Oh nana, let's go inside."

I went inside the house with her, we went to sit together on a brown leather couch. The house looked brand new but was fully furnished and smelled of leather. I didn't have time to view the rest of the house or ask about its owner, I was heartbroken.

I cried with my head on my mother's lap, there were a few times when I think I felt the baby kicking.

My own little sister, I had given up on the idea of having siblings. It was a once upon a time dream that I grew out of.

I fell asleep without talking to my mom and when I woke up it was a new day.

I was on the couch covered in a throw.

No Hendrik and...

"Ma?" I called out as memories of where I was came back to me.

She came, walking like every step was hard for her.

"Would you like something to eat?" She asked me looking all big. I felt terrible for being here with her, I have nothing but stress to offer her. In her condition she doesn't need that.

"No mama." I just want you.

"Naledi, what's wrong?" She sat down on a couch across the one I was sitting. "Is it a man?" She asked.

"Yes." Are we really going to talk about my love life?

"What did he do?"

"I don't know mama." I shrugged my shoulders. "He's holding back and I am afraid of getting hurt."

My mom just looked at me as tears streamed down my face. Crying for the hundredths time. Wiping them was no use.

"You are hurt, Naledi." She said fighting back her own.

"So much mama."

She didn't know what to do for me...