



NO MORE SECRETS

KELVIN JASI

NO MORE SECRETS

KELVIN JASI

# No More Secrets

KELVIN JASI

**Copyright © 2020 Kelvin Jasi**

**All Rights Reserved**

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

**NO MORE SECRETS**

This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, and places are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

**ISBN:** 9781005774516

**Publisher:** Smashwords, Inc

# **DEDICATION**

Couples, lovers, those in relationships and who want to  
be in a relationship.



# CONTENTS

## Acknowledgments

- 1 Chapter 1
- 2 Chapter 2
- 3 Chapter 3
- 4 Chapter 4
- 5 Chapter 5
- 6 Chapter 6
- 7 Chapter 7
- 8 Chapter 8
- 9 More Books From The Author
- 10 About The Author







## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

I would like to extend my gratitude to all my supporters, mentors and readers in particular. You make it possible.

Thank you!



## CHAPTER 1

The pill was clamped tightly between my thumb and forefinger, suspended over the glass of juice as I battled with my conscience. How could this be wrong when he was my husband? Besides, goodness knew it was because I loved him with every atom of my being, I was doing this. This was a good thing, I told myself. If it was such a good thing, why didn't I talk to him about it? Why not tell him everything including what had happened two weeks back when he had been away on his trip? He would understand, wouldn't he? Shaking my head, I answered my own question that he couldn't handle it, he couldn't handle the truth. Chris was so possessive and telling him would only do more harm. It

would be better this way.

Steven, my close friend who was a pharmacist had assured me that the pill was to get him so excited and would perform for longer than he usually did which was something I was in dire need for.

Toe curling, mind numbing pleasure, a feeling so sweet I had not known existed until a few days ago when I had been rudely violated against my will... or had it been against my will? Could I say it had been against my will when I had been pretty much into it.

The incident had kept running through my mind like a video tape on loop but the annoying part was my skin still prickled with goose flesh when I thought about it. When I thought about the stranger who had expertly manipulated my body and led me to so much pleasure. I wondered who he could be, did he stay in the neighborhood and if I'd been chosen randomly or did he know me personally? I suspected the latter because the way he had touched, fondled, kissed my skin so tenderly and in such a gentle but demanding way... he

definitely knew me and might have thought about having me to himself for a while before making his move.

At first I had resisted, I had just wanted to lie still until he was done but truth be told when his fingers and lips had began its slow but deliberate ministrations upon my body, I had willingly surrendered and given myself up to him. I doubt there were many red blooded females who could have resisted giving in when tortured with such sweet pleasure.

Now, how could I tell Chris, my husband and the man who I deeply was in love with, that I had been sweetly ravaged by a stranger and had loved every moment of it? It would destroy him, absolutely kill him to know I preferred a stranger's touch to his. It wasn't even fair to him if to keep replaying it in my mind and I needed to get rid of the thoughts in my head quickly before he became suspicious.

With a resigned sigh I let the pill drop into the drink,

stirring it softly with a spoon and watching it dissolve. This was for the best, I reaffirmed.

“What if after the pill, he still didn't perform as well as I need?” I wondered briefly but that was a risk I had to take.

Chris wasn't an awful lover; he was a tall and attractive virile young man who I was attracted to but the problem was sex with him ended too soon and he never took the time to tease my body into arousal. I had never minded before, not until I had erupted with sheer pleasure beneath the stranger's touch.

Picking up the tray and turning around, I decided it was time to do this when I saw Chris standing in the doorway, shirtless with a curious expression on his features.

“Jesus”, I exclaimed in shock as the glass rattled on the tray, it was a marvel that I didn't drop it. My mind raced as I wondered if he had seen me drop the pill.

“You scared me, Chris. How long have you been standing there?”

“A while”, his baritone voice boomed as his gaze held suspicion.

“Long enough to see you drop something in my drink, what was that pill, Barbra?”

“What? I didn't...” I began but he cut me off.

“I saw you clearly so don't even think about lying”, he said stepping into the room, still staring at me with such distrust and suspicion. I quivered stepping back reflexively but my back only bumped into the kitchen cabinet, my heart beat increased slightly in tempo. There was no where to run and I had to face this head on. Damn it! *What had I done? How could I explain this?* I set the tray back on the counter hoping to buy some time knowing fully well I was in deep shit here and my next words might bury me deeper into it.

“I put an aspirin in it because I heard you complain...” I began but he didn't let me finish. Holding up his hand to stop my badly concocted lie, my voice trailed off.

“Barbra, you know I can spot your lies easily but still you choose to lie? You want me dead, don't you? He

suddenly asked with his voice raised.

I became afraid that the neighbors would hear him. I didn't want anyone else dragged into this mess I had created.

“I... I can explain, it wasn't to kill you, Chris please...” I begged but he was now too riled to listen.

“Explain what? That you poisoned my drink? That you planned to end my life?”

“No, no, I would never. You know I love you, my heart... you know...” I tried but he wasn't listening.

“I don't know anything, I only know what I saw and I saw that you want to kill me, since you put a strange pill into my drink and you are lying about it, The neighbors must hear this, the whole street must hear this!”



## CHAPTER 2

“Ah! Chris, Baby... please I am ready to tell the truth”. I dropped on my knees, this couldn't be happening, my foolishness was going to ruin me.

“My love please, I swear I will tell the truth now.”

He kept quiet, looking down at me as if considering whether to hear me out or not but didn't wait for him to decide because he looked ready to go into the streets screaming bloody murder.

“Baby, it's not poison I swear...it's not.” I began my voice shaking.

“Then what is it?”

“It's...” I stammered thinking a proper way of how would I say this?

“What?” He barked and I jumped.

“It’s Viagra”. I said averting my gaze. I couldn't bring myself to look at him after that.

“What? Why? For what? What are you not telling me Barbra?”

I looked up at him then and seeing the confusion on his face, I knew I had to come totally clean.

“Baby...” I tried to start still on my knees but he cut me off.

“Don’t Baby me, just come out with it. What are you not telling me?” He asked brusquely.

I saw the detachment on him and knew I was fast losing the love of my life. This stupid plan was going to be the end of my marriage. I should have just told him about everything but I had been scared and now here I was about to lose him all the same.

“Are you going to come out with it? Or do I call your your parents and tell them you want to kill me?”

“No, I will talk”, I said hurriedly.

“Okay then, get on with it”, he ordered.

## CHAPTER 3

“I...” I shook my head looking away from him as my voice wavered, “I did something wrong Chris, and it’s not because I don’t love you because I. However, I never planned for it, I never even asked for it. Last week when you traveled, I came... I came back to meet someone in the house...”

“Someone?” He asked frowning again. I nodded

“I have no idea how he got in. He must have used the spare key we keep under the flowerpot. The place was dark but before I could put on the lights he came at me threatening me to be quiet by pointing a knife to my neck. I..., ...I was scared.”

“He put a blindfold across my eyes and gagged my

mouth before leading me to the room and had his way with me.” The tears had begun now as I narrated my story to him and I wiped at them with the sleeves of my shirt, unable to look up at him. I heard his footsteps move closer to me and looked up then.

“Get up”, he said softly helping me to my feet but I refused, shrugging away from his hands choosing to remain on my knees.

“I am not done Chris. Please, let me keep kneeling till I am done. Please. He wouldn't be so sympathetic when I told him the whole truth.

“No Barbra, get up”.

“But I haven't finished. I... at first I had just planned to lie still till he was done, but...”

Feelings of the assailant's fingers and tongue lightly teasing my nips came to mind and the tears flowed freely as I shook with shame and embarrassment at enjoying every touch, every tease until he had brought me to a release I had hungrily craved. I had been betrayed by my body.

“I enjoyed it Chris... I shamelessly enjoyed it, moaning with wanton pleasure as his hands worked magic over me. When he slipped himself into me, I was wet, ready... and... and I urged him on Chris.”

My shoulders shook as the sobs racked through me. I recalled how warm and deep he had filled me up, much like Chris but this was different. I vividly recalled him raising my pelvis and placing one of my leg over his shoulder, he had hit the right spot deep within me and I screamed ‘yes’ with pleasure.

## CHAPTER 4

“I am sorry Chris, I was helpless to stop him and even more helpless not to enjoy it. He never said a word to me but he seemed to know the right buttons to push... I enjoyed it so much that I haven't been able to free myself from the thoughts.” I said pausing to wipe the tears again.

“Barbs baby”, Chris called me by his pet name for me ‘Barbs’ which is a short for my name and I knew he understood, he wasn't angry anymore but still I had to come totally clean. He tried to say something but I cut him off.

“I’m not done, Chris. Please, let me confess and get it all off me. I wanted to tell you when you got back the next day but didn't know how to without upsetting you.”

“Upsetting me? You were the one who was raped”, he reminded.

“I don’t know if that’s what to call it since my body wanted it, I wanted it... I couldn't get it off my mind for two weeks so I came up with a foolish idea that if you fucked me just as hard I would forget about the incident... no offense to you Chris, you are a good lover but you don’t last long enough for me to reach fulfillment...”

“What? But you are..”

“Baby please, let me finish before you begin... I will give you enough time to tell me what you think about my despicable actions but please let me finish. I asked Steven to help me with something that would boost your performance and...”

“So you went to Steven, but you couldn't talk to me?” He asked his frown returning. I saw he hated the idea that I talked to my friend about this instead of him.



“I didn't tell her I was raped, just that I needed a performance enhancement pill for you.” I tried to explain but it made it worse,

“Jeez, so you carried our sex life to your friend? That's something I'm not comfortable with Barbra.... I don't like being discussed by you and your friend.”

“It wasn't like that Chris, I just needed her professional help.”

“Like hell you did.” He scoffed.

“Wait, I told you I was raped by a stranger and you freak out because I told my friend who is a pharmacist that I needed a pill?”

“A pill because I can't seem to get it up... you should have come to me. Besides what are you saying about my performance when you are the one with excuses every time I try to touch you? It's either you are tired or busy and whenever I manage to get you, I have to hurry it up because you are almost unresponsive and in a hurry to sleep or work.”

Opening my mouth I meant to say something but I

couldn't, he was right. We had been married for almost a year now and I had never known any man before him. I had never given him free rein over my body because I believed there wasn't much to enjoy in it.

I sighed now looking at him and knowing he was right.

“Yeah I should have come to you, I am sorry.”

“You should be sorry! What were you thinking going to Steven? Now she would believe I am one of those men with erectile dysfunction or something.”

I bit my lip as I recalled she had asked me the same thing.

“You probably think I have that, don't you?”

“What? No..” Chris was a virile man and got turned on easily, some times even too easily.

“You get it up, it just doesn't last.”

“It doesn't last?” He asked quietly holding my gaze for a moment before he gestured for me to get up.

“Get up on your feet, Barbra.”

“What?” I tried to ask when he reached down and dragged me up none too gently. Reaching for my shirt,

he tore it open, its buttons scattering about the floor. I became quite scared as I had never seen him this way before but I didn't stop him. I trusted him enough to know he would never hurt me. Unzipping my skirt.

## CHAPTER 5

He let it drop to the floor. I was left in just my lace panties but it didn't last two seconds before he tore it off leaving me naked.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“What do you think, I am showing you I don't need a damn pill to get it up or last long enough”, he said placing hands on my shoulders, so gently now. Caressing my shoulders, his smoldering gaze holding mine as he gently pushed me till my back touched the cabinet. His breathing became quite ragged as he stared down at my lush boobs, peach hued nips perked up invitingly. I had always known how easily my body

affected him, like it held some unspoken power over him.

His hands cupped my heavy boobs as he came closer. His breath fanning my neck as his lips brushed over the curve of my neck. His tongue and teeth gently nibbling my left ear, he whispered, “your body is an overdose of pills in itself.” I shivered, not from being without covering but the tingles his burning kisses behind my ear and down my neck created all the while he gently kneaded my boobs.

“You are so beautiful and you don’t know what you do to me every single day of my life... left to me I would fuck you crazy every chance I get.” He said, his voice gruff and I moaned at the thought of being crazily sexed by him clinging tightly to him as my legs felt like mush because of his sweet torture upon my skin. His kisses led him to my mouth and took my lips with such vigor and gruffness that it registered in my core, the sweet ache below my belly deepening.

As we kissed, his hands ran all over me, kneading my boobs, caressing the curve of my back, my belly, my

inner thighs and even running over my ass. It was like he couldn't touch enough of me, he wanted all of me. I wanted to touch him, I wanted to feel his firm member in my hand, run my hand up and down his hard length but he still had his jeans on.

“Take off your jeans, I want to touch you.” I instructed.

“Not yet”, he murmured against my lips, “I fear if you touched me right now, I just might prove you right and come in your hands.” He said with a smile and I chuckled.

“You’re only allowed to come after I am fully sated, Babe”, I warned.

“Yes ma’am.” He replied taking my lips in his again.

I ran my hands over his taut body as he assaulted my lips, my tongue and my cheek before he stopped. Leaning his forehead on mine, his breath in short gasps, he asked, “are you ready for this ride, Barbs?”

Not waiting for an answer, he placed his hands on my hips lifting me to sit on the cabinet, pulling me to the very edge, opening my thighs wide apart so that my

p—y was in his full view. With a ragged groan, he bent and and went to work. His hands massaged my inner thighs while his lips slowly left a trail of more burning kisses that seemed to be leading to my crotch. I shivered with anticipation as I felt his breath on my skin, impatiently needing him to get to ‘my place’.

“Oh! Chris”, I moaned as a wave of unfamiliar sensations hit me. He was there now, at my womanly place his tongue bringing me so much pleasure. I ran a hand through his hair, urging him as his tongue created spirals of pleasure in me. I had never been a screamer but if he went on like this, the neighbors would definitely know his name by morning.

His tongue teased, flicked, tweaked the sensitive bud and all I could do was be helpless to my body. Oh, I suddenly realized I had been missing so much pleasure all this time.

I would be sexually adventurous with my husband from now on, I vowed.

## CHAPTER 6

“Hmm, hmm”, he groaned softly obviously enjoying the taste of me. My other hand found its way to my boobs and I gently kneaded them enjoying the intense sensations my body was going through.

“Oh Chris, what are you doing to me?” Something was happening to my body, it felt familiar, it felt good, it felt like pleasure was building upon pleasure as Chris kept stroking my c——s with his tongue as if sensing the growing tension in my body, he became more insistent. He lapped me up even more urgently. Throwing my head back, I moaned kneading my boobs even harder almost roughly



“Chris, oh baby. I think it’s coming.”

The tension in my body was heightening and I feared I was almost at the top of it all, it was so intense.

“Give into it”, Chris instructed gently as he suddenly grabbed my hips tightly in his hands, licking me the last few steps to my c—x. My body broke and I was taken over by spasmodic contractions, I couldn't help myself and so I gave into it as Chris had suggested, it was a wonderful feeling and all I could do was moan as I felt the involuntary contractions within me letting loose. My boobs jiggled as my body jerked. The pleasure took over me and all I did was let out embarrassing ‘ohs’ in between jerks. I wasn't sure how long it took for me to ride the waves of passion but when I opened my eyes, it was to see Chris staring at me intently.

Thinking it was over, I smiled, running a hand over the side of his face, “that was a wow, Chris. I never knew it could feel so good, it was inexplicable.”

He smiled. “That was just the appetizer Barbs, now is the time for our main course”, he said pulling me down from the cabinet and turning me over so my back

was to him. He wasted no time. Unbuckling his belt, he let his pants and boxer briefs drop and I caught a glimpse of his rigid member, stretched and ready to prod my inner chamber. Just the thought sent sears of pleasure across my belly. Still standing, he spaced out my legs a bit as one of his hands felt for my opening, his fingers found my sensitive nub again and he briefly rubbed against it and I couldn't help another moan.

“You like that a lot, don't you?” He asked and I nodded. “Then this will be a lot better.” I felt his hard member nestled at my moist opening before he took me suddenly, shoving his thick member deep into me in one straight push. Aided by my gushing wetness, he rammed straight into my core releasing a groaning gasp from the both of us.

“Ah, Chris”, I cried at the sudden pleasure but he didn't pause or wait for me to catch my breath. I leaned forward slightly holding on to the edge of the cabinet for support, both of his hands on my hips as he led them in a simultaneous rhythm with his, every t—t meeting my core and sending spurts of bursting pleasure through me. With every t—t he made, in and

out, new bursts sputtered within me. My boobs graced the top of the cabinet, his movements sped up as his need was driving him to fuck me harder and deeper but I wanted more.

“Oh do me harder, babe.” He chuckled light before asking, huskily, “can you take it babe? Can you?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Holding my hips even more tighter and leaning me forward some more, he rammed into me so hard, I screamed from the pain or pleasure, it was unsure which but the sensual ripples that tore through me were simply exquisite.

“You are so deep babe, so deep you take all of me, so deep and so sweet.” He groaned roughly as his thrusts came faster and even more insistent.

“Oh, yes!” I exclaimed loving it and pushing my ass back into him, urging him to go even deeper.

“Yes babe! Oh Yes!”

“You are so fucking sweet Barbs, I swear it, but don't you ever think I would ever need any pill to fuck you senseless!”

“I won't”, I whispered the promise as my core was

knotted in so much sensation that I didn't trust myself to speak, anytime from now, Chris' assault on me was going to tip me over the edge. As if he felt it too, he said quickly as he thrust deep into me.

“No! don't give in yet. Hold it back Barbs, I'm not...”

He didn't get to finish his sentence as my body suddenly reached its limit and came crashing instantly setting off his own release. My insides began contracting of their own volition against his member giving him no other choice but to lose whatever control he'd held on to. He jerked to the tune of his release holding tightly on to my hips while I held on to the edge of the cabinet as if for dear life. We clung to the precipice of our desires as it raked through our bodies in a tumultuous wave of insurmountable sensations.

“Oh darling...”, Chris managed gruffly while kissing my sweaty back lightly as he jerked against my ass.

“You're just awesome”, I smiled, floating on a very pleasant post orgasm haze. I had never orgasm once, not to talk of twice in a row.

“If you asked me, I would say you were the awesome

one.” While I had been the quite foolish one. If I’d known I could have just told him everything, told him I was looking to get fucked stupid and also known that he would have granted my wish without complaints, I would have done it long ago. But then it was quite odd, he hadn’t even bothered about the rape and violation I had gone through in stranger’s hands. He hadn’t said a thing about it.

“I’m quite surprised you’re not freaking out about the rape though, you didn’t care to know if he wore protection or not... you didn’t care to know what I did after it.

“Even if he didn’t want to talk about it, I had to.

## CHAPTER 7

He pulled out of me and I got up, still backing him I spoke, “I had to go to the hospital for a checkup and tests since no protection was used. I think you should know, that’s the reason I also held off from sex with you all this while, to be sure I contacted nothing.”

I couldn't face him, he must feel I had been tainted by some other person, he probably didn't want to think about it and that was why he was avoiding talking about it.

“It’s alright Barbs”, he said and I turned. “I guess the tests came back okay, right?”

“Yeah, but...” I frowned searching his face which he kept averted at me.

“You are taking this too well. Aren’t you supposed to ask more questions? Threaten to go to the police...?”

Barbs”, he finally snapped turning to look at me

“Did he hurt you that night?”

“No, but it was a rape all the same”, I said with a shrug.

“Which you enjoyed, right?” He sneered.

“Chris!” I gasped “What’s that supposed to mean?” He sighed coming closer to me, then he took my hand in his and said, “I am sincerely sorry about that but can we let this drop? I really don’t care about it, if you can move on from it, so can I.”

“Wait, something wasn’t right with this scenario; what man whose wife was fucked by another man would take things this well and then it hit me. I narrowed my eyes, it couldn’t be.

“Fuck, it was you wasn’t it?” I accused taking my hand from his. He didn’t say anything, he just stared at me and I had my answer.

“Chris, what sick joke were you playing with me?”

Was it a fetish of some kind or what?" I flipped, suddenly angry at him and very confused.

"Threatening me in our home? With a weapon?" He shook his head then.

"No baby I can explain. Please, reduce your voice, we don't want the neighbors listening, do we?"

"I don't care about the freaking neighbors!" I spat with such venom that my boobs jiggled.

"You raped your own wife, me, and you sure as hell better have an awesome explanation or else the neighbors would be the least of your worries."

With a sigh, he reached out to me, grabbed my arm and pulled me to himself, wrapping his hands about me tightly while I buried my face on his smooth chest. I went willingly, I was powerless to stop him even though it all confused me but I trusted him. I knew him, there was an explanation but what made me mad was he hadn't come clean about it since.

"I love you so much Barbra. I love you so much that I also did something stupid."



Pulling back from him a little, I raised my head to look up at him now needing to see him as he spoke. He couldn't lie to me while I looked him in the eyes.

“For a while now I have been worried about us. Our sexual relationship has been quite drab and you wouldn't relax or let me touch you for too long. I swear I hadn't planned to do it to you but I got back from my trip a day early to surprise you, I turned off the lights and accosted you as you stepped in. It wasn't a knife but just a plastic spatula from the kitchen but you were so scared that you didn't even look. The wicked thought came to me, the wicked thought that if I could get you to be still for once, I could possibly fulfill the pent up sexual desires that have been running through my mind since we got married. It was a stupid thing to do, blindfolding and gagging you. I was grateful that you responded well to my touch but at the end when you began crying and I saw the look on your face, I couldn't bring myself to tell you it had been me all along. It was a stupid thing to do and I had only kept it up thinking you were urging me on because you probably figured it

was me but when I saw the tears, I realised you thought you had been taken advantage of.”

He sighed again before going on, “I believed you would hate me if you knew it was me who did that to you, so I left for the night and returned early the next day while you were still in bed. I saw how resigned you were and I had wanted to say something but I hadn’t known how to begin.”

I suddenly flared up, removing myself from his grip, I yelled. “How could you even leave me there when you knew how upset I was? You just left and let me put myself through hell. You let me almost go out of my mind with worry thinking that I had been raped by a stranger, wondering how I would break the news to you. Are you crazy?”

“Baby, Barbs, I am sorry.” He pleaded. Leaving the kitchen, I walked through the dining room and into the living room, Chris following closely behind me. I needed some space from his hot body to think clearly.

“Barbs, Barbs come back and lets talk please.”

Catching up with me he held my arm and pulled me back to him.

“Chris, please give me some space to think.” I managed to say, my resolve beginning to weaken as I stared at his chest.

## CHAPTER 8

“Baby please talk to me, don’t walk.”

“So now you want to talk?” He sighed, “Do you trust me babe?”

“I don’t know, should I?” I asked him back with a shrug.

“Barbra, you know I would never do you harm intentionally. I can’t say the same for you though, you did try to drug me into sleeping with you.”

I closed my eyes, remembering my own foolishness. I shook my head, *who was I to judge him when I wasn't much better myself?*

“We have serious issues, you and I, Chris.” I told him. He nodded in agreement.

“We need to communicate our issues better, no more secrets.”

“No more secrets.” I agreed.

Rape was never a good thing but this had pointed out some issues in our year old marriage. Our gazes held and I vividly recalled the pleasure he had awakened my body. Staring at his broad chest and perfect body only got me aroused and made me want to drag him to do more pleasurable things to me once more. He was staring back at me and I could see the hungry desire in his eyes, but he wouldn't touch me unless I gave him the green light.

“I love you Chris and I do trust you.” I told him meaning every word of it. He was Chris, the man who had swept me off my feet, I knew him and he was no rapist.

“Does this mean you forgive me, my love?” He asked taking my hand and I let him.

“Only if you promise me one thing.” I told him keeping a straight face.

“Anything.” He breathed raising my hand to his lips.

“Promise me an abundance of wanton and sultry pleasure for the rest of our lives.” I told him, my straight face breaking into a smile. He threw back his head with laughter feeling relieved. He had probably thought I was going to demand for his head.

“You can count on it.” He said, pulling me close to him, planting another of his core melting kisses on my lips before swooping me off my feet and into his arms.

“Let’s adjourn to the bedroom where we may proceed on to more wonderful pleasures, shall we?”

~ **THE END** ~

## OTHER BOOKS FROM THE AUTHOR

### English Novels

1. [Sacred Present](#)
2. [Avaritia: Dollar Signs](#)
3. [Linda : How Could You?](#)
4. [That Familiar Noise](#)
5. [Chubby Miriro](#)
6. [Thought Mistake](#)
7. [Her Aurora](#)
8. [Sweet Rule](#)
9. [No More Secrets](#)
10. [After Marriage](#)
11. [Blood Covenant](#)
12. [Dark Secret](#)

13. [Kitchen Wife](#)

... and many more.

### **Shona Novels:**

1. [Masiyiwa](#)

2. [Mwari Havadhakwi](#)

... and others.

### **Zulu Novels**

1. [LINDA: Ungakwenza Kanjani?](#)

### **Spanish Novels**

1. [Avaricia : El Dólar El Letrero \(Spanish Edition\)](#)

### **English Poetry Books:**

1. [Blending Of Souls: Poetry Collection](#)

2. [Believing Dreamer](#)



3. [Poor Trillionaire: Poetry Collection](#)
  4. [Being Human: Poetry Collection: A Campaign For Children & Women's Rights](#)
  5. Thoughts Poetry (South Africa, Anthology)
- ... and many more.**

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kelvin Jasi is a young dynamic man keen interested in writing some kind of fiction and poetry he'd like to read for a very long.

Thank you for supporting an indie author. Anything you can do whether it be writing a review or telling a fellow reader how you enjoyed this will keep the ball rolling.

Please tell me what you think and send me ideas. My email address is [jasikelvin@gmail.com](mailto:jasikelvin@gmail.com) and I'd love to hear what direction you want any sequels to this story or any other story to take!

Sponsoring your author is welcome and greatly appreciated. You can contact the author or bless through PayPal username, [www.paypal.me/jasikelvin](https://www.paypal.me/jasikelvin)

### Connect with me online!

Facebook: [Kelvin Jasi Stories](#)

Amazon: [Kelvin Jasi](#)

Wattpad: [jasikelvin](#)