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### **[Author's note**

**This is an old book of mine that was on Wattpad before, so do expect some spelling and grammar mistakes when you read but I promise they will not steal from the essence of the story. They are just minor but could be much because it's not edited, I just took it as it is.**

**I hope you enjoy it!!]**

Three hours and she will be boarding a plane to South Africa from Harare, Zimbabwe for good.

Nerves were kicking, this was a fresh start for Dayo Luka the caramel skinned beauty, as she goes to join her brother in the south of Africa, the only person she has for family since their mother abandoned them from birth and were raised by their grandmother who sadly passed away three years ago.

Dayo was a qualified medical doctor, a surgeon and has worked in Harare for three years now, but she longed for her brother and with the economic state of Zimbabwe, she thought South Africa was not at all a bad option; however Zimbabwe will always have her heart.

With her ticket in her hand she was determined and looking forward to her new life in South Africa. There was nothing important for her in Zimbabwe that she could stay for, she was not married, she had no children of her own and she had no relatives that actually cared, just her best friend who also had a family of her own and her life to live, Dayo would just be in an inconvenience; or so she thought.

Over two hours later her flight landed in OR Tambo international airport in Gauteng, South Africa. This was not her first time visiting the country but she was still nervous about being alone and having to hustle for her way to her brother's place in the heart of the city, Johannesburg the busiest city and also very dangerous.

But she was a big girl who also walked around with pepper sprays she was almost safe. She got in the cab she ordered and made it in one piece to the run down place her brother lived at. She was going to look for her own place as soon as possible, there was no way a lady like herself would be caught staying at such a place.

The cab driver was generous enough to walk her inside the building in that way she was safe from the streets and he would have a peace of mind knowing she reached her destination in peace.

"Hi I am looking for Patrick Luka's flat, he said it is unit 405..." she greeted the security guard at the reception. With how the place was, you'd never think there was an actually security guy guarding the place.

The man clad in a black security uniform put his can of soda on the side and gave the lady a register to fill out her details and to also provide her identity document for safety.

Dayo filled in the register, laughing inwardly at how serious the situation was but the flat was a far cry from being decent. Alas she did as requested and was showed to the elevators to where she should go.

Dragging her bags to the elevator she pressed four and rode up. The elevators were dirty, seemed like someone peed in the corner of it, totally unhygienic she wondered if she will be able to sleep at night at such a place.

She regretted not booking into a hotel, it wasn't that she did not have money; she just thought it would make sense to stay with her brother while she settles into her new job and find her own nest.

She has not seen her brother in two years, which was way too long, with her demanding job and his demanding job, she decided enough, was enough she was moving down south with him.

Reaching his flat, she was surprised that the door opened easily, it was unlocked. At that time of the night she would have locked and barricaded the damn flat.

"Pat?" she called out to him but nothing. Walking in she dropped her bags by the door, walked further in and heard a groan coming from the living room. The place was not at all bad; the furniture looked almost new, it was just dirty. A fest for cockroaches and other creatures.

Walking to the living room she found Pat on the couch another man pressing an already blood soaked towel to his abdomen.

"Oh my God! Pat!" Dayo rushed to the side of her brother totally ignoring the other man in the room. "What happened?" she asked while removing the towel.

"He was stabbed a couple of hours ago." The man answered. He knew who Dayo was but he was sure Dayo did not know him or even knew exactly who her brother was.

"A couple of hours ago and you didn't think to take him to the freaking hospital?" Dayo was seething with anger. The sight of

her brother in pain disturbed her. He was a sweaty mess and seeming to be running out of breath.

Dayo rushed to the kitchen to retrieve her cell-phone from her purse to call for help. "I wouldn't do that if I were you." The strange man stood tall in front of Dayo and she had a good look at him. Chiselled jaw, straight nose

plump lips, thick brows, coffee complexion, clean and braided dreadlocks he was a very handsome man with gorgeous almond shaped brown eyes.

"And why the hell not? He is dying in case you don't have eyes and can't see that." Dayo was about to speak on the phone when the dark and handsome man snatched her phone from her ear, cutting the call.

"If you take him to the hospital he will end up in cuffs and you won't ever see your brother again." The man deadpanned.

Dayo was confused, angry and worried. None of that made sense. "I called in a favour from a doctor friend of mine, he should be here soon."

Dayo almost forgot that she was a medical doctor with her own equipment always with her. "I don't like this." She went to the kitchen, poured water in a bowl and took a clean towel from the cupboard. She rushed back to Patrick and removed the

blood soaked towel. "Just hold on brother, I am here." She opened her medical bag and set to work.

This was not how she imagined her first night in a new country, her first night with her brother after so long would go.

She stitched her brother up, inwardly disapproving of performing such a medical task in an unsterilized place. "Can you help me put him in his room?" Dayo asked the man and he agreed, he was amazed at what she did. Patrick was a lucky man as his contact was taking too long. The guy didn't even like helping them some times. Who would want to help out gangsters that needed medical help almost every day anyway?

Dayo cleaned up the mess created and threw away the towel that was blood soaked along with her gloves.

Pouring a glass of cold water she leaned against the fridge, her mind racing wild. Why would her brother be jailed? What has he done? Who stabbed him? Was he a thief maybe? Was he involved in a robbery?

"Dayo..." the man called out to her, snapping her out of her trance. "All settled, I have to go."

"You know my name which means you know my brother well... what happened to him?" she asked, her voice so low.

"He will tell you when he wakes up. He is in good hands, hell you did a better job than the regular guy."

"The regular guy, so this thing is regular?" Dayo couldn't believe her ears. "Please mister you need tell me... tell me what is going on!"

"Imari... that's my name and look I don't know much but he called me here." Clearly Imari was not prepared to say anything. He looked at Dayo the sad look in her eyes, the worry dancing in them, he wanted to say something but he just couldn't.

Just as Dayo was about to speak the door opened and a man walked in, dressed in a long black coat. He looked powerful, two more guy were behind him, his bodyguards.

"Imari, lady I don't know, evening." He greeted them, his eyes dark. He was a fairly handsome man; he just looked dangerous, hell all these men looked dangerous, Imari included.

"JT, gents. Everything is under control. Luka will be fine." Imari answered.

"Who are you and why did you just barge in here? What is going on?" Dayo asked looking between Imari and the scary hot man Imari called JT.

"Did Oscar help Luka? And who is this?" JT fired questions at Imari. He nodded to his guys to enter the apartment and go check up on Patrick.



"No, I helped Pat I'm a doctor and his sister, who are you?" she asked and again she received no answer. JT went to Pat's room leaving Dayo and Imari alone.

"I wish you hadn't said that. I wish you hadn't told them you are a doctor and his sister." Imari spoke up.

"Why? I need answers and I might as well say something so someone can tell me why was Pat stabbed and not taken to the hospital and why are some scary looking guys walking in here like they own the place."

"Dayo, I don't even know where to begin but you fixing your brother up is going to make JT want you on his payroll."

"Be on his... as in work for him? As what?" she asked, nothing at all making sense.

"As a mob doctor."

2

Sleep never came easy for Dayo that night. She tossed and turned until five o'clock in the morning when she decided to check on her brother. He was knocked out, heavily sedated. She was even wondering if it was a good idea to sedate him.

She also couldn't sleep because of the dirty sheets. Her brother was quite the slob, it was irritating. She ended up sleeping on her throw blanket and covering herself with her warm winter gown she brought with. She needed her own place, pronto.

A lot had happened in just a short space of time, the men that came over to check on Patrick; there was something about them that caused her blood to run cold. She wondered what Imari said to her about becoming a mob doctor was true as he never said anything further than that. He just left without a word to anyone.

She had an important meeting to get to in Waterfall at the private hospital she will be working at from now on. But she couldn't leave her brother all by himself, he was still very vulnerable and she wasn't sure what time he would wake up.

After taking a shower, she dressed in a formal black dress paired with black heels looking sharp. Her hair was braided neatly and she had on light make-up.

An hour later she was seated in Doctor Moloji's office, her license on her desk. "You have been licensed to practise medicine in this country. And I am so glad you will be a part of my team. The heart surgery you performed on that Patient in Zimbabwe really put you on my radar. Welcome on board." The pretty looking doctor Moloji congratulated her new employee and colleague to her surgery.

Dayo was excited to the moon, she wouldn't have to stress about money and having no job or license. When Dr.Moloji sought her out, they also applied for her licensing and just as it was finalized, Dayo arrived to the city of gold.

Showing her around and introducing her to the receptionist, other nurses and some few doctors, Dayo was all set and ready for the following day.

Instead of heading back to her brother's flat, she went to the closest coffee shop just right next to the surgery and searched for apartments she could rent. She really needed her own space, not right away as she had to nurse her brother back to health but as soon as he is on his feet, she's gone. She was not going to wait until JT returns and tries to get her to work for him; hell shall freeze over before she commits that kind of crime.

It was later in the afternoon when she went back to the apartment but not without antibiotics and pain killers for her brother.

Once again, there was company in the apartment, the two men she wished to never see again. Her brother was awake, not too weak and not too strong.

"Evening. Pat..." she walked over to her brother who was not shocked to see her; in fact he seemed a little uneasy, his eyes darting from JT and Imari to his sister. With his big eyes, he mimicked a deer caught in headlights. "How are you feeling? I brought you some meds to help you. How do you feel?" she fired all kinds of questions while placing her hand on his forehead to check his temperature.

"Your temperature is not high, that's a good thing. You could have no infection..." she pulled out the brown paper bag not even realizing that the men were now quiet and just looking at her.

"Miss Luka, this is an extraordinary job you did on your brother you saved his life." JT decided to speak up. The man was larger than life; he did not fit in the small apartment. He belonged to a castle with servants licking his shoes. The way he carried himself, how he spoke, how he starred into one's eyes, he demanded power and respect and so did Imari. Imari was

observant, quiet but with his hard look and well-toned and well-built body; he too demanded respect with just that.

"Patrick what happened to you?" Dayo asked, ignoring JT altogether.

"I am still talking to you Miss Luka." JT hissed, not at all liking that the way woman was dismissing him like a nobody, he was JT, the mother fucking king of the city

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a prince in the mafia family, and he was somebody.

"Thank you sir." She rolled her eyes, turning back to Patrick who seemed scared out of his mind.

"She didn't mean to talk to you like that boss, sorry." Patrick spoke his first sentence since Dayo walked in the house. He rather whispered, sounding to still be in pain.

Grabbing Dayo roughly by her arm, JT pulled her to him. "I have been nice to you, roll your pretty eyes at me one more time, I will kill him, got it?" he threatened her, a promising look in his eyes. Dayo gulped and nodded.

Who did she think she was going against a mob boss? Did she think Imari was kidding when he said JT was involved with the mob and would want her to become a mob doctor? How naïve.

"JT let go of her, you're hurting her." Imari spoke up, his eyes zeroed on the tight grip he had on Dayo's arm. If he did not let go any second, that area would turn black and blue.

JT cast his friend an angry look but complied. "Think about what I said Luka, I will be back for my answer. Let's go." He nodded at his right hand man, Imari.

The door closed and Dayo looked at her brother, tears pricking her eyes. "Patrick what is going on? He is your boss? How?" she asked, sitting down on the couching facing him. "I don't even have twenty four hours in this country and I have already stitched a person up and I was man handled."

"You shouldn't be here, why are you here?" he asked, his voice raspy. The man looked like crap.

"I- I shouldn't be here? I haven't seen you in two years and this is what I get? I shouldn't be here?" Dayo was hurt; this was the only person she had to family. Her only brother, her blood.

"Thanks for stitching me up Dayo but this is my world, you don't belong in it, you shouldn't have come here." Patrick told her. His accent was still heavy and thick, sounded like a true Zimbabwean, while Dayo's accent made you wonder exactly where she was from. A few words she did sound Zimbabwean.

Dayo nodded, her heart heavy, this was definitely not how she pictured their reunion going. She expected her brother to be in

good health first of all, working a decent job secondly and thirdly that the man would actually be glad that she now moved to this side so they could be closer to each other. What a sad revelation she got.

"What did they want anyway? What answers does JT need from you?" she asked, wiping the tears that managed to escape.

"You couldn't wait to show off your skills to the world, now JT wants you to work for him, be his doctor." He revealed, annoyance coating every single word.

"Is he mad? I want nothing to do with him."

"He will kill me after torturing me if you say no. So my little sister you have to decide; You say no I die, you say yes I live."

3

"Doctor Luka, how was your first day? I heard you have you have a surgery already scheduled for tomorrow." The senior doctor also the owner of the surgery doctor Moloji found Dayo in the break room and decided to converse with her and find out how she was doing. The surgery had its days, sometimes too busy other times just not as busy but you will never find it without patients.

The people of waterfall came to the surgery as it also offered GP services.

"Yeah I am helping Doctor Paul with the surgery. A liver transplant, so excited." Dayo loved her job with all it had to offer except when she lost patients to death even after doing she could possibly do to help. It was never easy but they had to soldier on. She has built a reputation for herself, Doctor Paul did not even hesitate to say yes when she asked if she could join in on the procedure.

"That's good, good luck and show them why I hired you in the first place. I have to dash, house call." Doctor Moloji was a bubbly woman, short, chubby with a soothing aura.

Dayo smiled and walked to reception to get her next client.

Her day went smoothly until it was time to go home. She dreaded going back to Patrick's place. Finding the perfect place



for herself was also not coming alone fine, she was stressed out. One part of her life was looking up while the other was a stormy shade. Her brother's life was totally messed up and affected her in a major way. She stands to lose it all before it could even begin.

Swapping her coat for a jacket, she stepped out of the building into the quiet streets, waiting for her cab to take her home. She did not wait for long as the driver approached just a minute later.

As the distance between her work place and Patrick's place shortened, so did her nerves. "Please take me elsewhere. Maybe a nice restaurant that is a little quiet and safe." She told the driver. She was not going to Benrose just yet anyway. That place was not safe to begin with and her brother did not make matters any easier.

"Sure thing miss." Her cab driver who has gotten familiar with her agreed to a detour. He was going to get paid for it in any case. "I know this sweet little place perfect for someone like you." He said.

"What do you mean someone like me?" she asked, curiosity filling her body.

He looked at her from the rear mirror and smiled, eyes reverting back to the road. Her chocolate skin, her bold

posture, her honey coloured striking eyes, her plump lips she kept on licking and the curves that accentuated her body he liked what he saw but he knew he stood no chance with her besides he was a married man.

"Well you're beautiful, you look like somebody that loves quiet spaces so she can think but a little soft music wouldn't be a problem. You look like someone that appreciates small things and all the good things in life. You also look like you have a lot going on... so I have just the perfect spot for you. It's called ***Purple space***, quite the place."

Dayo was too trusting but her gut never failed her, she had nothing to worry about with her cab driver. She was certain she was safe.

Twenty minutes later they arrived outside the building, for a week night, it sure was a little busy. Thanking her driver, she paid and walked in feeling right at home at that very same time.

"Good evening ma'am, table for one?" a sweet waitress walked up to her a smile on her face. She smiled back and nodded, quite sad how they just assumed she was dining alone

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but with no friends and a shit bag of a brother, she didn't feel sad for long. She needed the alone time.

The place was very nice inside, smelled good. It was a jazz club, there was a man singing on the stage at the far left while she occupied a corner on the right. "A glass of red wine please."

The place offered a variety of African food, she was right at home.

She had a lot on her mind. Her brother was expecting an answer from her. Should she continue to work for Dr.Moloi or leave just as she started to go and work for the dangerous and cold hearted JT? Those thoughts were toying with her that she forgot she had a very important and crucial surgery the following day.

Ordering a second glass of wine again, she welcomed a hearty meal of samp, beef stew and butternut. It smelled as good as it tasted.

"This seat taken?" a voice she hoped never to hear rang in her ears. For someone who was fairly new in the city, she sure was popular.

She looked up to find Imari starring down at her, a glass of what looked like whiskey in his hand. "I have a feeling if I say yes, you will still sit down." She replied.

"If you say yes, I was gonna call you a liar then sit down." He smirked and sat down, facing her. "It's pretty late for you to be

out here by yourself doc, aren't you scared of this city?" he asked, his question was filled with curiosity and something else.

She shrugged, not having an answer for him. She wasn't scared of the city; sure she was afraid to get abducted, mugged or killed for her possessions but that night, she wasn't scared of that, she was scared of the decision she had to make before JT disrupts her whole life.

"I went passed Luka's house today, he told me that JT wanted you to work for him, have you made a decision?" he asked.

She chewed her food slowly and drank her wine before she could speak again. Gone was the peace the place provided. "Do you also work for him?" she asked.

"I am his right hand man." He said it like it was the most normal thing. "We work together; he doesn't own me or tell me what to do. I work with him because I want to."

"And what do you do? I know you mentioned '*mob*' but what exactly does that mean?"

Imari sighed and looked around them, they were far from other people but he just couldn't be too sure. "Stuff."

"Just stuff? Really now? Your friend slash whatever he is wants me to come work for him otherwise he is going to kill the only brother I have, the only family I have. At this point I have no choice but to accept so what do you do? Do you go around

killing people?" her tone was hard and accusing, it caused anger to surge through Imari's bones.

"Free advice; go into hiding, go back home. You don't want to work for us. You are pure and innocent; this life is not for sweet people like you. It's dangerous; it's a kill or be killed life. JT is wrong for wanting you to work for us but we have been losing men because we didn't have a doctor to operate on them, you would be a vital part of our team but I don't want you there." He spoke in a hard low voice.

"I can't just go back to Zimbabwe. I have started a life here. I have been coming here for career related things; I have decided that I want to live here. I want a life here; I want to be with my brother."

"It's a dangerous world and your idiot of a brother won't be able to protect you from it. Take my advice don't take it, all up to you mama. Eat up and I'll drive you home."

**Please let me know on what you think about this story so far... does it make you want to keep going?**

**What must Dayo do? Go back to Zimbabwe or join the mob?**

**Why is Imari going against his boss?**

**Please share, sprinkle some love all of this!!!**

**#ThePreciousDoctor**

4

"Sergeant Cooper where are we with the Jahzara Timber case? What is the progress? I have not heard anything in two weeks from you." The deputy chief of the Johannesburg police department asked one of the detectives in a meeting he called up in his office.

The police department have been working on a case of nailing JT and have been trying for years. In the recent case, he was wanted for ATM bombing as well as murder of three security guards. Evidence was not enough to build a case, even though the chief knew it was JT and his gang he still could not be sure or make an arrest based on a hunch.

He had tasked his best detectives to find evidence and finally put JT down. He was terrorizing the city enough.

"I... still a dead end sir but I am working on something that might help us." Sergeant Prudence Cooper spoke up. She was dressed in black pants, a black t-shirt and a black Joburg PD jacket.

"I am listening."

"We have tried to nail this guy for as long as forever and he just keeps on slipping through our fingers, he is getting richer by the day with our people's blood and tears it's time we brought out all guns." Prudence was a dedicated employee, she made an

oath to serve the people of South Africa and that was what she was going to do, and to also prove that she didn't have to be a man to bring the biggest criminal such as JT down.

The deputy Chief, Michael Banda urged the slender figured and tall woman in the room to continue. "I go and join his world as an undercover cop." She had a twinkle in her eyes as she spoke, she had thought the idea through and was ready to take it up a few more steps.

"Oh not this again, Cooper I lost a good man who went undercover. Jahzara Timber killed him and I still couldn't nail him for it. He made it look like a robbery gone wrong and paid some addicts money to plead guilty." Banda refused. He was a balding man with a few grey strands that loved his job and took very seriously. "I cannot have another one of my guys put their lives at risk again. No."

Prudence stood up from the chair, the fire in her eyes it was evident she wanted to do this. "I can do it better"! She slammed her fist into the other hand. "Every day I have been thinking about this chief. He has a night club in Braamfontein I can easily get myself a job there as a hostess. I have been watching him, he is always there with some rich men doing God knows what and as always there is arm candy on his companion's arm. I find it strange as how he never entertains

the girls, he is focused and I want to demolish all that. I have done my homework, I want this."

Michael Banda looked at his younger employee, sweat forming on his brows. He was not ready to bury another young one again because of a psychotic mob boss. "Cooper you are still very young with a whole life ahead of you..."

"We risk our lives every second day on this job to protect our beloved country. I will die trying to get justice. That man is the reason why kids are on drugs and doing all the nasty things in life. I want to put an end to that sorry empire of his. He will fall, he must. So I'm begging you sir please give me the green light."

On the other side of Johannesburg, Dayo had just returned from work. She assisted in a successful surgery and was full of smiles. She was also smiling because she finally found a place online and she was going to view it the following day.

She figured if she could leave Patrick's place then everything in her life might just look up.

Like everything in the past days, every time she had good news, every time she saw some light, JT and his goons had to show up and ruin it for her.

Patrick was getting a bit better by each waking day and he was once again paid a visit by his boss. He knew this was the final



visit the man would make, he wanted answers and he wanted them at that moment.

Hands down JT was a very handsome man, caramel skinned, pinkish lips and a body to die for. He clearly worked out and ate healthy food, his skin was amazing but that did not erase the fact that he was someone who would kill to get what he wanted.

"Good to find you both here." JT spoke up; he was with two of his men who Dayo learned they were his bodyguards.

"I have a guy he was shot and he is up in my club

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I cannot let anyone see him and I can't let him out. So you have to come with me there to help." He looked directly into Dayo's eyes as if he could see what was behind them.

"I haven't agreed to help you." Dayo panicked, it was too soon.

"I cannot wait forever for you to make a decision; I want you to work for me." He deadpanned. "Boys..."he nodded towards Patrick's direction and in an instant, the two men tackled Patrick down and tore of the stich on his abdomen.

"Aargh! Fuck! Fuuuuck!"

Dayo was scared shitless; her eyes were about to pop out of their saucers. "Okay! Okay! I will help you, but I have to stich

him before I leave or he will get an infection." She pleaded, looking at her brother who was biting his lips in agony, writhing on the cold floor.

"You wasted enough of my time, Luka will live but my guy won't. Get your stuff doc; you have a night house call."

Arriving to the club in Braamfontein, the smell of perfumes infused with alcohol and hubbly bubbly filled Dayo's nostrils as she followed the tall monster while she was trailed by the two bodyguards. Her eyes darted from one corner to the other. She couldn't focus. What if somebody saw her, but no one from her clinic would come and party at a night club... or so she hoped.

Arriving to JT's private room, she found Imari pressing a towel a man's shoulder. "He was shot on his shoulder?" Dayo could not believe the nerve of JT. To drive all the way to her place, injure her brother for a shoulder gun wound?

"He is losing too much blood, and I thought you were getting someone else." Imari replied, annoyance licking every word. He did not approve of the doctor working with them.

"She is perfect. Doc you may..." JT stepped aside and allowed her to walk towards the man.

"Doing such things in an unsterilized place is not really my cup of coffee. If he gets an infection, don't blame me." Dayo muttered as she wore her gloves.

An hour and half minutes later she was done and ready to go home. "Done. You will be fine." She told the man who simply nodded and welcomed the pain killers she gave him. Those were for rainy days, she was not a freaking mobile clinic.

"I will get someone to take you home, thanks doc... I will pay for your services." JT smirked in her direction.

"I'll take her home, I have to go anyway, call you when I get there." Imari told his boss.

Leaving together Dayo asked to go to the bathroom and Imari took her medical bag and told her he will wait just outside the bathrooms. The club was in a full swing for a Thursday and that was nothing out of the normal, he didn't want to lose her in the throng of club-goers.

Dayo was just about to wash her hands when a woman walked up to her, a small smile on her face. "Hey... nice braids." The lady washed her hands as well.

"Thank you." Dayo replied.

"Do I detect an accent? I'm sorry, I saw you walking in with the owner of the club and I'm assuming you close with him, I need a job." The lady continued.

"I... no I am not really close with him, I don't know if I can help you, sorry." She offered an apologetic smile.

The lady nodded a curious look in her eyes. "It's cool; I'm Prudence by the way. If we ever meet again holler at your girl. I was just trying out my luck..."

Dayo nodded without another word and dashed out of the bathroom. "What happened?" Imari was always alert and always gauged body language. Nothing went past by him and Dayo did look a bit freaked out by something, he wanted to know what it was.

"Just take me home please." She said. She found the bathroom conversation to be weird. Somebody was watching her.

That was not good at all.

5

The weekend came by swiftly and Dayo had a break from work. It was her weekend off and she was not on call, there was enough doctors working this weekend and enough of them on call to assist. She was new to the clinic so her employers are not yet ready to bury her with long working hours, they were still warming her up and she appreciated that.

She had personal things to sort out such as her own place to stay and well finding a way to deal with the JT situation. Since the incident at the club she did not receive any calls from JT nor Imari on the cell phone Imari gave her for safety purposes and she was relieved. Being a doctor was not an easy job to a point where she'd jump from the clinic where she worked full time to work for JT as a side job. She needed to rest her body and mind on a regular to avoid mistakes.

"Did you find a place yet?" Patrick asked, snapping her out of the trance she was in.

She sighed and rolled her eyes, "Yes I am viewing it today and I probably should get going as I don't want to be late. I know you want me out of here but I also want me out of here too." She put the bowl she was eating cereal with in the kitchen sink.

"Pat tell me here why did you choose crime? Out of all things you could have done with your life why become some drug

dealer's lackey?" she asked, not fully comprehending her brother's life choices.

"Don't judge me okay? It's my life I'll do the fuck I want with it."  
He snapped.

"I used to visit you and you told me that you were working at some hotel, that was decent and your life was not at risk. You could have been promoted because I know you, you are smart and you are a hustler."

"I am not destined to be a cleaner Dayo. I was a cleaner at that hotel but because I wanted a better life for myself I left. I wanted money I wanted to live good."

"You call this..." she waved her hand signalling the almost rundown apartment he lived in. "better life?" she asked, finding his statement amusing and ridiculous. "And do you call that gun wound on your abdomen also a better life?"

"Don't fucking judge me, you were spoiled from a little age and still spoiled even now. You know nothing about struggle and having to fend for yourself. I had to grow up at a little age because our parents left us. I had to stop being a child and be a father to you, do you know how unfair that is? So when you were old enough to take care of yourself and grandma was there with you I wanted out. I wanted a life for me and I have it. Aye too bad it comes with gunshot wounds but yeah it's

better... I have money don't even think this is all me, I have a lot of money. Now you need to sort out your fucking apartment problems because you staying here causes problems for me."

Dayo was stunned, she had no words. Her only brother that she loved the most on earth was such an angry person that thinks the crime life is the only way to live. And also he thought of her as a burden.

"Fine." Just as she picked up her bag her cell phone rang, Imari's name flashed on the screen and her heart sank. Here goes her free Saturday.

"Hello?"

"Hey doc, got a minute?" Imari was ever polite. Sure he was a hard man, hard to read and always wore a scowl on his face but he had respect, he respected people and people respected him back.

"The last time I checked when either you or JT calls me I must drop whatever I am doing and attend to you, so here I am attending." She rolled her eyes; luckily Imari was on the other side of the phone and couldn't see it.

"Mhm sarcasm cute, okay we have something going down today in Pretoria we are going to have casualties guaranteed so your services are requested. Someone will pick you up at six

o'clock to take you to the warehouse where you will wait for us." He instructed his voice was velvety smooth.

"Noted, I have to go I need to get my own place to stay." She cut the call without waiting for a reply. She was already fed up for the day. And what is that something that was going to go down today? Her life was really in danger in a country where she didn't know anyone.

Thank God for Uber and taxify Dayo was able to get around the city easily being that she was not south African and is only learning the many places now. She arrived to Midrand where she might start staying and was not at all impressed with the building. It was not rundown; there was just not enough security around.

She has experienced a lot since moving in the country and security is vital.

"Thank you for showing me around but I won't be taking a lease. I need to feel safe in the place I'll be living in." she told the caretaker who was showing her around. The place was suggested to her by the receptionist at work, clearly she has not been here before to know that it is not a safe place at all.

Looking at the time on her watch it had gone fifteen minutes after two and she decided to go grab lunch. Again with the use



of the internet she searched for nice eating spots in Midrand and hailed a cab to the place.

Ordering her lunch, she kept herself busy on her cell-phone searching for apartments. There should be something she was able to afford that offered the best security there should be.

"This seat taken?" she looked up to see a fair looking man just about her height. He had a fair complexion and very pink lips.

"No." she found herself answering. She was bored and could do with a bit of company before she headed home. She was new in the country it wouldn't hurt to make new friends.

"My name is Martin I saw you walk in and I thought wow I must talk to this lady." Martin smiled at Dayo and she returned the smile. The man had manners and smelled good.

He ordered himself another glass of beer while she still sipped on her orange juice waiting for her food. They fell into a conversation one that bored Dayo out of her mind. She was giggling and laughing at nothing, wishing for all of it to be over. Martin was having the time of his life and she wanted to bolt out of there. He was talking about himself and his interests, everything was all about him.

"So I was telling my friends we need to get out of here you know, visit other countries." He was now talking about him and his rich friends visiting other countries since Dayo mentioned

how she was from Zimbabwe. "What kind of food do you guys eat out there?" he asked.

Before Dayo could respond, her cell phone rang it was JT now. She wondered what he wanted, it was only a few minutes before four in the afternoon, and she still had time.

"Hello?"

"Where are you? You aren't at Luka's place and the guy who's supposed to take you to the warehouse is there." The man was seething with anger and she didn't understand what it was that she did wrong.

"I was told to be ready by six, I am not at home but at six I will be." She coolly replied much to his annoyance.

"Where the fuck are you young Luka? I will come there and get you myself."

Dayo sighed she did not want to be anywhere near the man, he was cold and ruthless however handsome he was, he was still a cold person and it scared and bothered her. She didn't trust him and she feared him. She knew what he was capable of.

She gave him the exact location of where she was, turned out it was not far from his place.

"Is someone joining you?" Martin asked after hearing the one sided phone call conversation. He was jealous that someone

was coming and that will shift Dayo's attention from him. He actually liked her. She was beautiful and he'd like to date her.

"yeah." She curtly replied, her lunch threatening to go up. She wasn't ready for the night, she was not ready for the car ride with JT hell she wasn't ready for anything. She hated her life at that moment. Why did she have to be a doctor?!

JT arrived and walked in the restaurant Dayo instantly spotting him standing at the entrance looking like he owned the place. He saw her and walked towards her, heads turning in the restaurants milking him in. The man looked like he should be on a cover of a magazine, dressed in black jeans, black shirt and a long black coat. When he arrived at her table his scent blew her mind, he smelled great.

"Afternoon." He greeted while starring daggers at Martin. "We are running late."

"You didn't tell me you have a man in your life." Martin spoke up looking between Dayo and the strange man that looked like he was about to snatch his throat.

"Oh she didn't say? And here I was thinking my woman is loyal and devoted to me." JT snarled, selling the idea that they were together.

"I... uhh ready to leave, sorry Martin you didn't ask." Dayo picked up her bag, she was about to deny being JT's girlfriend

but the look in his eyes told her he was not the one to be messed with and also Martin was boring she had no interests in him.

"I haven't paid the bill..." Dayo stopped just by the door causing JT to halt in his steps too.

"How much is it?" he asked and she reached for her bag "Just a hundred and fifty I guess." She pulled out her purse seeing the lady that served her.

JT put his hand over her purse "I got it." He pulled out three hundred rand of notes from his wallet and gave it to the girl and nodded his head to the side motioning for Dayo to walk out with him.

"Do we need to stop at your place?" he asked as the car roared to life. He and Imari drove sleek cars; these two had money for sure.

"Well I guess then I will have to put my healing hands on your injured people and all will be well." She sarcastically answered.

JT looked at her as they stopped at a red light just next to the restaurant they just exited. "Careful there young Luka, might fuck the sarcasm out of you."

That shut her up real quick. She did not see that one coming. Did she expect him to threaten to kill her? Sure absolutely but to fuck? Never.

## 6

"Where are you going?" Dayo asked her brother when she walked in the house to find him getting ready loading bullets into three different guns.

The dark complexioned man with dark brown eyes looked up at his sister and kept quiet. He owed no one an explanation and certainly not his judgemental goody two shoes of a sister.

"Fine don't tell me anything, if your wound comes out undone, don't even ask for my help. You are clearly enjoying this." She walked into her room to retrieve her medical bag. She was running out of supply she needed to refill and the only way to do that was to take things from the clinic she worked at.

"And where are you going?" Patrick asked; words laced with sarcasm. He knew where she was going, he was just enjoying that for a change his sister was now a part of the bad guys. He didn't want her anywhere near the life he lived but seeing how much of a great help she was, he was glad. They have lost many people in this life because of no medical assistance, now they had an inside doctor with far better experience.

Grabbing her coat as it got a little chilly outside, Dayo walked out of the apartment and into JT's car that has been waiting for her. "Took you long enough." JT commented, the man's voice

was hard a little raspy. If he was not a mob boss, Dayo would have admitted to him being sexy and handsome as hell.

"I had things to do." She replied back biting her tongue from saying anything further. She had a loose mouth that one day would get her in trouble especially with the man who was concentrating on the road seeming miles away in thought.

"Starring is rude." He told her and she quickly averted her eyes after being caught. She had millions of things on her mind, she was wondering how come such a dangerous man was still in society and not in jail. How was he this chilled and being carefree like he was not a murderer. It boggled her mind.

"Where are we going anyway I need to rest, on Monday I have surgery scheduled."

"It's Saturday you will sleep in tomorrow and recharge doc, promise." JT replied and the pair fell into a comfortable silence however Dayo's nerves were running short. It was very dark, she was in a country where she only knew one person and driving to some warehouse with a self-claimed criminal, was this the new life she fantasised about before leaving Zimbabwe? Definitely not.

Forty five minutes later JT pulled up at some old abandoned house just on the outskirts of Pretoria. The lights were on inside the house but outside it was very dark. Dayo stayed in the car

until JT came around and opened the passenger door, confusion dancing in his orbs. "We have arrived; you need to get out of the car doc." He told her his eyes searching her face for something.

"Who is in there?" she asked her heart beating different. "Are you staying?"

JT let out a soft chuckle and shook his head. "Some of my guys are going to wait here with you and trust me they will protect you by all means or I'll kill them one by one. Now come on I still have to drive for an hour." He stepped aside and let her step out.

The lady was beautiful he thought. Her skin was without a blemish without a pimple just smooth and damn if she was no gifted with the behind and curves, the jeans she wore did not help anyhow, he liked what he saw.

"When will you be back?" she asked her voice so low he had to strain his ear to be able to hear her.

"I don't fucking know, might come back might not." He walked ahead of her.

"What? And leave me here?" she was shocked at his words. What a jerk she thought to herself angrily.

"What I meant is I might not even be alive to come back here. We want some territory I want my boys to sell drugs in that

area so the silly little drug dealers there are refusing me a deal so I am going to take it by force. So I might be killed or I might not." JT's words were coloured with playfulness but he was not kidding, it was a kill or be killed world that he lived in and he knew at any time at any day, he might just be killed.

"Listen I need your ears your eyes on the ground

I need to know I can depend on you to make it out of there alive with information that could help the family. We are going there to show those motherfuckers that we stand by our word and we aren't people they should fuck with." Imari was addressing a large number of men in the rundown house in the middle of nowhere.

Weird enough the house was very clean inside and spotted some nice furniture, couches, chairs around a dining table and it smelled like homemade chakalaka ( a dish made of carrots, baked beans and peppers with some chillies to add the kick).

The dark man turned to look at who just entered the house and his eyes stayed glued on Dayo for a few seconds before turning back to his team. "That market is huge but it is still our turf but someone is selling there and they are not a part of us. So we are taking what is rightfully ours. Let's get going." He dismissed them.



There were about thirteen men who went to the lounge and started packing their guns and loading bullets in some.

"Gabrielle should be here any minute to sit with you, don't try anything stupid doc." JT warned her before going to the lounge and talking with the guys while Imari walked over to her.

"You are a bit early."

"I don't have a choice in anything that involves you or JT. I was out having lunch with an... interesting man whom I thought I could befriend but JT fetched me like I'm his possession, its irritating." Dayo was one to always speak her mind. It did not matter if the two men who have been calling shots in her life were deemed the most dangerous men, she still spoke her mind.

"You will have time to make friends." Imari told her, his jaw clenching as if he was angry at something. The minute Dayo mentioned a man she was trying to befriend his blood boiled and he couldn't explain as to why.

Before Dayo could ask where she should put her medical bag, the main door opened and in walked two girls one dressed in a long fur coat that Dayo fell in love with instantly and the other one in a leather jacket.

"Who is this Gabrielle?" Imari walked to the two ladies, his eyes lighting up with anger. These people were always and forever angry Dayo thought.

"Calm down tiger, this is one of our employees at the club you can trust her." Gabrielle spoke; Gabrielle was light skinned with long black locks. Dayo recognised the lady Gabrielle was with; it was the same girl who wanted a job at the club.

"Oh yeah how do you fucking know if you can trust her?" Imari asked.

"Oh geez you are really worse than my brother you know that? She saved my life from some scum the other day and she's already pushing the *sweets* at the club, that's how I know I can trust her. I could do with a friend that gets this kind of life okay?" Gabrielle answered. She was no lie a beautiful woman but Dayo was confused, could she be JT's sister? Well they shared the same light complexion; their noses were almost the same...

"Gab who the fuck is this?" JT approached the ladies, putting his gun behind his back covering it up with the coat; it was winter after all they needed to keep warm.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes and looked around the house before she could reply her eyes landed on Dayo who was standing awkwardly in the house, sticking out like a sore thumb.

"Enough about me who is that? Seems like I am not the only who brought someone new."

"That's the new doc we have, who the fuck is this?" JT replied so fast.

"This is Prudence Cooper my new friend and she works at the club. She saved my life from that low scum I told you about the other day and I caught her smuggling stuff at the club so I hired her so she can push the *sweets* for us big deal. You can trust her." Gabrielle grabbed the girl named Prudence's hand and walked over to Dayo.

"Hi there doc, I'm Gabrielle; JT's unfortunate sister." She gave a closed mouth smile passing her hand for a shake.

"Dayo... just Dayo." Dayo replied shaking the lady's hand.

"Ahh mysterious are we? I will get to know you." Gabrielle smiled and excused herself leaving the two ladies alone.

"I thought you said you weren't close to JT." Prudence spoke up. The way she looked at Dayo was as if she was trying to read her mind.

Clearing her throat, "I am not close with him. I still stand by what I said, the further I am from him the better." She walked towards to Imari who beckoned for her to come to him. She was glad to escape from the penetrating gaze she got from Prudence.

There was something about the lady she couldn't really put her finger on. But there was more to her than just being a bartender that sells drugs.

Dayo found herself in one of the bedrooms upstairs; she wanted to be away from everyone. Everyone was JT's sister and her friend and the two men who were left to guard them in case someone found out about this house and tried something funny.

Dayo was sick to her stomach; a lot was going on in her mind. She wondered if leaving her home country was a wise idea, if it was a good idea to follow her brother. She thought if he didn't want to return back home then the country he was in must be doing him well, so she wanted that for herself too. She was not afraid of starting over in a new country she just didn't want to do it alone.

Sitting on the bed she sighed and unlocked her cell phone. She had a few Whatsapp messages from Lydia the receptionist at the clinic, she was asking if Dayo liked the apartment she sent her to and another one inviting her to a braai so she can introduce her to some people and welcome her properly in the country.

Dayo ignored the messages, she had no energy to be engaging at the moment however she did smile a little at the thought of Lydia wanting to be her friend and show her around.

Searching through her contact list she stopped when she reached her best friend's name.

"Dayo Luka, you better have a good reason why you haven't called all this time! I have been worried sick musikana akapusa!!" Patience half yelled through the receiver. "You don't do that okay? I tried calling with no success and I was just waiting to hear on the news that you were found dead."

Dayo snickered at the last part; it wouldn't be farfetched considering her current situation that involved drug dealers. "I have no excuse for not calling and I can only offer a meek apology friend. Things have been really hectic here..." Dayo trailed off, she didn't know if whether she should tell Patience what was really going on or just keep it to herself.

"What's wrong Dayo? When you left here you were excited about this. Unlike other people you had a job already waiting for you so what is wrong? Are you lonely? Is it Patrick? Is it the people at work?" Patience threw all kinds of questions at her and Dayo's heart constricted against her ribcage.

A tear rolled down her nose and she furiously wiped it but more came pouring down hot against her delicate cheeks. "No it's not work... it's just here."

"Just there? Dayo are you alright? Why don't you come back if things are that bad? You can come live with me." Patience

loved her friend dearly and was against the idea of her moving to a new country but she knew Dayo needed Patrick with her. The girl was lonely and not even a boyfriend could feel the void. She wanted to feel the love of family, the unconditional love.

"I can't. I will be okay I just needed to call you and let you know I arrived safe and I am staying with Pat until I find my own place." A lump was stuck on her throat and no matter how many times she cleared her throat, it just wouldn't go away.

The door to the bedroom opened and Imari who seemed to be in a hurry stopped in his tracks when his eyes met with Dayo's glossy ones. She wiped the tears off and bid her friend farewell.

"What's wrong?" Imari asked her, his voice full of concern.

"Nothing is everyone back?" she asked standing up from the bed. Imari walked in the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

"Mama what's up? Why are you crying?" he asked standing behind her as she looked at her reflection on the mirror, trying to erase any trace of not being fine.

The way he was talking to her caused her to feel funny inside. His voice was stern and very nice; it was like an earful of melted caramel. "Everything is wrong Imari. I am in a life I don't want. A life I didn't even imagine being in. I am scared." She confided in him. She didn't understand what it was about the man that

made her feel so easy and comfortable around him. He was a criminal but she felt safe in his presence.

Imari wasn't everywhere like JT. He was the kind of guy to lurk in corners and strike only when necessary. He was reserved and kept to himself. He didn't go around threatening people but he was equally dangerous as JT.

"Look I didn't want this for you but JT wanted you and you are good at what you do. I can help ease some things off you but right now I need you to be okay, we have two casualties, bullet to the abdomen and one bullet to the thigh well three bullets to thigh." He told her and Dayo's eyes enlarged. She turned around coming face to chest with Imari and she almost fell on her butt had it not been his hands catching her in time.

"I'm sorry, let's go. We need to treat the one with the bullet to the abdomen any wasted chance we will lose him." Dayo was a doctor alright; she loved her job and always wanted to save lives. For that moment she forgot she was helping a drug dealer a criminal someone who most definitely went to start a fight on purpose just so they could sell drugs and other legal things at that place.

A few hours later she had stitched up the guys and the one who took a bullet to the abdomen was not doing so good. "He just has to take it easy, take painkillers and eat enough for strength.



You can call me if he is not showing signs of getting better on Monday and then I will have to check him out. But for now I just did what I can." Dayo stated as she deposited the bloody gloves into a trash bag that she came with.

"You are good at what you do doc, he has to get better that's the only reason I hired you. So you can't come here and say you did what you could." JT objected, his eyes fixated on the guys.

"Then how's about you built a hospital then JT so you can provide proper health care to your employees." Dayo retorted back. She was not doing too good emotionally and treating patients in such environment - unsterilized environment was also not helping matters. She did not feel any pride in herself instead she was ashamed. More so because she was helping out criminals.

"Watch your fucking mouth." Just as JT took a step forward towards her, Imari got in between them, stopping JT from attacking the poor girl. He was irrational and Imari knew that; the man wouldn't bat an eyelash before slapping a woman he has done it once too many times.

JT looked at Imari and shook his head and walked away without a word.

"Great job Dayo you really are gifted." Gabrielle commented with a pack of fries in her hand, all along her newest friend

Prudence was quiet and just observing. "You keep saving lives and hope to see you at the club more often." She continued.

"Imari what was the outcome? Can we start selling in Soweto?" Gabrielle asked.

"We will talk just not now Gabby." He looked at Dayo who was still shaken but seemed a lot better than when he arrived. "I will come to the house later tomorrow and fill you in." Imari grabbed Dayo's medical bag and walked out of the house with her in tow.

They stopped next to a black escalade and Imari opened the back door for her and for a moment she felt like a very important person. "Rest in there I will turn the heat up. I will wake you up when we arrive." The way he addressed her with so much care, she wondered if he truly was the hard man she met her first night in South Africa. The man did not even look like a drug dealer, just another businessman that enjoyed his money.

Enjoying the plush seats and the heat provided in the car and seeing it was already past midnight; Dayo succumbed to a light sleep.

Arriving to Imari's place he parked the car in the garage and went to open the door for Dayo and she was snoring lightly. She seemed to be in peace the man couldn't bring himself to

wake her up, but he had to. "Mama wake up we are here." He shook her lightly causing her eyes to flutter open.

"Just few more minutes please." She mumbled, closing her eyes again. Imari sighed and saw he wasn't going to win this one so he did anything a large man like himself could do; he picked her up bridal style.

"You smell good." Dayo nuzzled her nose in the crook of his neck causing shocks to bolt through his body. He stiffened at the action and had to breathe in and out as not drop her on her feet and pus her against the wall.

Dropping her off in the guest bedroom in his house Imari was set to leave when Dayo sat upright on the bed, taking her surrounding in. "Where are we?"

"My house, you are in the guest room... sleep well." Imari replied. Dayo was a beautiful chocolate skinned lady. Her eyes held purity in them, they were warm and he didn't want to change anything about her. He didn't want her to harden and become a monster like the rest of them. She was precious.

"Okay." with sleep fogging her mind, Dayo took off the coat she was wearing followed by the shirt and bra then the jeans; she didn't feel comfortable sleeping in jeans.

Imari returned back to the room with a thick winter blanket only to be met by Dayo's almost nakedness. She was only left in

her black panties that hugged her nice buttocks so well Imari was gobsmacked.

"Oh my God!" she jumped under covers so fast Imari thought he imagined the whole thing. He threw the blanket on the bed and walked out.

He went to his room and leaned against the door. "Not again Imari not fucking again." He whispered harshly to himself.

8

The following morning Dayo rolled to the side of the bed to get her phone on the bedside table but she was met with nothing, opening her eyes in panic she realized she was not in her bedroom at Patrick's place. Thoughts raced through her mind causing a mild panic till she remembered Imari; she was at Imari's place and in just her underwear.

Waking up she put her clothes on and made the bed and went to look for the bathroom to relieve herself and also ask for a mouthwash in case they don't have a spare toothbrush. This is why she never liked unplanned sleepovers, she had no toiletries on her or a change of clothes she was disgusted with herself.

"Morning, I was just about to wake you up." She met Imari just as she closed the door to the bedroom she slept in. Imari's walls were painted a nice shade of grey, it was lovely. The floor was made of dark hard wood that felt great against her feet.

"Hi can I use the bathroom please?" she asked politely avoiding eye contact.

The man was showered and already dressed for the day in black jeans that hugged his fit legs and a wool turtle neck sweater to match with; the man was stylish Dayo had to give that to him.

"Just here and I think I still have some new toothbrushes and fresh towels. You can take a shower and I'll borrow you my

sweats I think they will fit you just fine." The last part he said looking at her lower body and causing Dayo's mind to freeze. She didn't know if she should feel offended or aroused with how he was looking at her.

She used the bathroom to pee but had the urge to empty her bowel – to take a dump. Relieving herself every morning felt good, that way she could start her day well. Cleaning herself up she was shocked by the discovery that there was no water to flush down the remains.

"Oh my God!" she felt her heart dance all the way to her throat. "No, no, no!" she chanted to herself while pressing the button to flush without success. She closed down the lid of the toilet and went to the basin to wash her hands, no water. "Are you kidding me???" she was getting frustrated and agitated.

She just took a dump in one of the hottest yet dangerous man's house and the toilet wouldn't flush. She was screwed.

There was only one way out of it, to call Imari and ask for help.

Undressing until she was naked, she opened the door and poked her head out and yelled for Imari. "There is no water in here." She told him.

He looked at her noticing that she was no longer wearing her shirt and could see her bare shoulder he concluded she wanted

to take a shower. "Oh yeah sorry about that, I was fixing one of the pipes outside let me just get in and turn it on."

"No, no uhm what is it that you need to turn on I'll do it." Dayo quickly refused entry for him. There was no way she'd live down this moment if he were to find out what she did.

"It's not a problem ma, just a little switch next to the toilet it can be a little hard." He replied.

"It's fine... I'll do it. I don't want you to see me naked that's all. I don't feel comfortable." Her breathing was uneven; her eyes were darting all over the place except on Imari. She couldn't bring herself to look at him, he would probably tell she was hiding something and would force to enter.

"Good luck you better not be bugging my bathroom or some shit like that." Imari walked away and she sighed against the closed door. Locking it behind her she went to the toilet and there were pipes and a lever attached to it. All she needed to do was turn the lever clockwise.

It was the hardest thing to do but she was not going to let Imari come back in here and smell what she did. In honesty she'd rather cook rice one by one, she'd rather sit down and count every strand of her natural hair than to allow him back in.

Using all her might and energy she had left, she managed to turn the bloody lever and the sound of water filling the toilet filled her ears causing a happy sigh to escape her lips.

Thirty minutes later she was showered with the bathroom smelling like the strawberry shampoo she used and also dipped in the toilet after flushing, she was happy and relieved. What a morning experience that was.

"Dayo here are some clothes for you and you need to get out of there." She heard Imari call out. He left for her a pair of black track suits that looked a little big but when she wore the pants all she needed was to draw the strings and the pants wouldn't fall plus her curves handled all that for her, she did not need to worry. She cleaned up after herself and liked how she smelled, the man really had some good body creams and body shampoos stocked up – she was impressed.

She walked out to the bedroom she had occupied to put socks and shoes on and set to find Imari. She wasn't ready to leave yet; something about Imari's house was peaceful. Maybe it was because the walls were clean and warm or maybe because of the hard wood but as she rounded a corner to come face to face with a medium sized gorgeous kitchen that smelled like fresh fried bacon she most definitely did not want to leave.



"Here is your handbag forgot it in the car last night sorry." He passed her the handbag and she thanked him quickly finding her perfume, she needed to smell good as always.

"I hope you eat pork? I made bacon and eggs with bread, I didn't make toast because for some reason hard bread is not my thing." He confessed and Dayo chuckled softly.

"Hard bread? Really now? Toast is nice... nothing hard but soft bread is fine I am hungry." She accepted a plate of food with rooibos tea and they fell into a comfortable silence.

Imari looked at her; she was beautiful and so warm. It was those brown eyes that messed up with his mind. He couldn't stop thinking about her, the fire in the same eyes when she was irritated and angry mostly at JT – it was quiet the sight. He didn't even want to start thinking about her curves her butt and her whole body, it looked soft...

"Imari!" she snapped him out of his trance and he closed his eyes to open them up again. He shouldn't be having those kinds of thoughts not again.

"Yes?" he did not hear anything she said.

"I asked you if you could take me home. I wanted to go look for apartments today but I am so tired, I need to rest." She told him. She took a look at him, his thick locks braided up nicely

allowing his face to be the centre of attraction. He was a gorgeous man.

But even if he was being nice, even if he was handsome it did not take away the fact that he was what was wrong with society today. He was a drug dealer; the reason why so many kids' lives wasted away due to the availability of drugs in the streets.

She wanted out of this little predicament she found herself in and she was going to be smart about it. She has been stupid all this time defying JT and trying by all means to annoy him hoping he'd stop calling her but she realized it only fuelled the fire.

"I can help you get a place today. Something small and cosy just for you." He suggested.

She wondered where the place would be, was it dodgy, and was there tight security around? Was it a ploy to keep her around?

"It's safe from everyone else I promise you." Something in his voice calmed her down and that's when it clicked to her.

Imari will be her key out of this miserable life she was forced to live.

Get close to him enough to find information and get herself out unscathed.

A plan was forming in her mind, a smile spread across her face.  
"That would be great."

"Come follow me, I need to teach you how to work the register and how to sell dope around here." Gabrielle hugged by a black jumpsuit revealing her sexy and toned legs paired with gold Giuseppe zanotti heels walked in the club during the morning followed by an eager to learn Prudence. "Not every waiter or bartender has access to this side, most of them don't even want to attend this side because if shit hits the fan, someone will pay for it."

Prudence admired the sass of the girl but carefully snickered when she mentioned people paying if something went wrong. All the girl had to do is call her brother or Imari and she saves face, well that was what Prudence thought. Gabrielle was too clean to be involved in such things, all she was good for was managing the club and making sure they made money from the drugs.

"Boss lady." Lesley the head bartender greeted Gabrielle when she approached his bar. He has been working at the club since it opened five years ago and he loved it. He loves the thrill that comes with moving merchandise and that he got paid well. On his birthday JT bought him a sporty car just to thank him for doing his job incredibly good, if Gabby was not the manager he would have been.

"Les I know you have met Prudence but I need her to work on this side of the bar." Gabrielle leaned against the counter a smile gracing her light complexioned face that was well blended with make-up as some would say a face beat for the gods.

Lesley took a look at Prudence and was not happy about that, the girl was new very new and she was still a trainee. Why would Gabrielle take a whole trainee to the important and busiest part of the club?

The club was quiet just a few employees doing their rounds and fixing everything for later in the evening. The club opened doors from five pm until six am. The inside looked entirely different from how it looked at night. It looked sophisticated and rich, it could pass off as a restaurant for the rich and the important but at night it looked sexy and passed off as a night club for serious money spenders.

"I trained her and she's good. I found her selling dope of her own right here so trust me; you can do with her on the team. Give me the books I need to prepare for the meeting, Rotimi is flying in tonight." Gabrielle wasn't one to beat around the bush, whatever she said would not be questioned. She was respected and everyone trusted her judgement.

"Rotimi is flying in tonight? Fuck!" Lesley cursed. He crouched down and placed his hand on a hand scanner and a safe opened revealing a set of keys he retrieved. "Let me walk you up." He

went around the bar and turned to look at Prudence and said "make me a cocktail, blow my mind." He placed his hand on Gabrielle's lower back and ushered her to the stairs.

"What's wrong?" Gabrielle asked walking up the flight of stairs to her office.

"This month we didn't do so well with the product. Last month we managed to pull a solid 100k but this month... barely fifty." Lesley unlocked Gabrielle's office and went in

it would have been gentlemanly if he let her go in but he needed to check if it was safe for her to enter. The men in the game vowed to protect the ladies with them.

"What?" Gabrielle was shocked at the revelation. "And the whole club?" she went around her desk and sat down while Lesley unlocked the safe in the room to produce the financial books.

"Alcohol still sells the dope not so much that is the only bad financial side." He placed the books and her laptop on the large mahogany desk and she fired it up.

"He pulled a surprise visit on us, he's landing tonight and we have a meeting tomorrow my father will also be there." Gabby ran her hand through her curly weave, feeling antsy about the coming meeting.

"And about this girl... do you really want to bring her in now? When we are barely doing enough with the product you sure you want to bring an amateur in?" Lesley; fare chocolate skin buffy as he literally sleeps and wakes up at the gym, a health freak that lives on lifting weights and trying new food.

"There is something about that girl and I want to know what it is. Why she had balls to come and sell her cocaine here... and why she helped me when some idiot tried to hijack me right outside the fucking club. So I want her closer." She responded her face glued to the screen of her laptop checking the profit sheet of the cocaine they sold for Rotimi.

Rotimi was the drug lord; he supplied JT with the drugs to sell for him in exchange of profit and turfs all around the province. JT was regarded a mafia boss, a mob boss but he was little fish compared to what Rotimi was. Rotimi was above Imari and JT's father... he was dangerous ruthless and powerful. He dined with the likes of the president of the country. He was an influential man that owned hotels and casinos from South Africa to Madagascar; he had a number of charity organisations that gave back to the community.

Gabrielle always thought he was a crazy man, you sell drugs that ruin lives but you come back and build hostels for the homeless. Well no one was ever going to comment on that or it was their heads in his fucking oven.

Walking away from the desk Lesley walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

He got to the door and turned the key, locking it. "Just locking."

He turned to face her, his eyes hooded.

Gabrielle knew that look all too well. He wanted something and that something began with the letter G. "Oh no..."

"Oh no?" his voice turned husky causing something in her stomach to flip. The look in his eyes set her mood on. The problems on her table seemed to dissolve into nothing when he spun her around on her chair making her to face him.

"I haven't seen you in a while..."

"I've been busy."

"I miss you."

"Me too but you know we can't -" she couldn't say anything passed that as soft lips crashed down on hers silencing her.

Running his hand over her back he felt the zipper of her jumpsuit and unzipped it. Gabrielle was a moaning mess when Lesley latched on her nipple once her boobs were free from the confinements of the material. Her manicured hand pushed his head onto her and she was excited as hell when he pushed the jumpsuit completely off her body.



He spun her around and pushed her down on the table, her round ass smiling at him. He was rock hard, aching and needing to be relieved.

Just as the tip went in, a knock resounded on the door.

"What the fuck!" Gabby and Lesley whisper yelled the same time.

"Gabby? Are you in there?"

JT...

"It's Jahzara!" Gabby spoke in a panic.

"Fuck!" Lesley pulled out, his dick still rock hard. He'd rather suffer blue balls than be axed by JT for fucking his sister.

"Gabby open up I need to talk to you."

Spraying her body spray in her office, Gabrielle resumed her seat at her desk and waited for Lesley to open for her brother.

"What took you so long?" JT asked; his eyes narrowed at Lesley. He liked the guy but he was suspicious of why the two would lock themselves up in the office. If Lesley dared touched his sister, he'd bury him in the backyard of his house.

"Because we have a problem on our hands and we didn't want to be disturbed." Gabrielle answered. She has been doing this for quite a while now. Lying to her brother killed her just a little bit because she didn't understand why he never allowed her to be with any man. According to him no man was worthy of her. How absurd.

"What problem?" he walked in and rounded to stand next to his sister while Lesley hesitantly took a seat in front of the desk. No matter how many years he has worked for the man, he was afraid of him more especially because he was sleeping with his sister and well actually in love with his sister. Time and again JT expressed on how no man he knew was worthy of his sister. He said he never wanted his sister to experience heartache... but she has and he dealt with it best he knew how - by killing the poor guy. That was a fate Lesley did not wish on himself but he couldn't help but to be drawn to the lady.

"We have only managed to make forty three K on the product here at the club and we promised Rotimi double of what we made last month." Gabrielle turned the screen of her laptop towards JT whose jaw locked. This was the last thing he needed in his life; more problems.

"Tonight... do something, push to a hundred." JT said going to the liquor cabinet and pulling out a bottle of Johnny Walker black label.

"Tonight? Are you crazy Jahzara?" Gabrielle was never afraid to call out her brother; she only hid her companions because of what he will do to them not her.

"Am I? Who is going to explain to Rotimi why we are only pitching with a quarter of what we promised? Half of what we did last month? Make it happen."

"How? If you could tell me how then I will make it happen until then we have to find another way." Gabrielle deadpanned. If it took them three and half weeks to get to forty three thousand rands, how in the hell will they make fifty thousand in just one night?

"You are the club manager for a reason; you are the product manager in this club for a reason. Now don't prove us wrong. Lesley will help you but I can't deal with this. I have my own shit

to worry about. See you later." He put the glass of whiskey down and left the room.

"What the hell are we gonna do?" Gabby asked her sex mate. The pair was no longer in the mood to continue anything they had a problem to sort out.

"Let's throw a party. I'll get the strippers organise someone famous to perform tonight... last minute things I don't know who I will find but we need to grow a fucking crowd and sell some people dope." Lesley said already getting out of his seat to go get his tablet and cell phone and organise a damn party.

Gabrielle agreed and she also fished for her cell phone in her purse to make necessary calls, tonight they had to make it work or it's their heads on the dinner table tomorrow.

On the other side of Johannesburg, Dayo was moving into a new place with the help of Lydia her new found friend and also the receptionist at the clinic. It was a Friday morning in the month of June a very cold morning and the pair took the day off to help the new lady settle in.

Patrick Luka was a little happy that his sister was moving out allowing him to get back into his life but sort of sad that the only family he had was yet again moving away from him.

Dayo was relieved to have her own space but she still worried about her brother and herself. This was no way to live and she was going to find a way out.

"You really got lucky to be moving into a furnished place and geez man that furniture can put mine into shame." Lydia admired the furnished one bedroom apartment that actually belonged to Imari but he was generous enough to lend it to Dayo. In his own words he wasn't staying in the place since he moved into a much bigger house so it would make him feel better if someone lived in it.

"Yup, I love it too." Dayo was excited about having her own place.

The ladies unpacked Dayo's clothes and some materialistic things such as photographs and coffee mugs she bought recently.

Imari's kitchen was well equipped - from plates, glasses, mugs, tea cups to cutlery and chopping boards not forgetting the kettle, fridge and toasters. The interior was painted with light grey walls, and the floor was covered with dark wood that matched the ceiling. The place was heavenly.

The bedroom had a walk in closet and en-suite and the bed was enormous. "Is this bed like tailor made?" Lydia asked her jaw dancing around on the floor. "Is this size even necessary?"

"The owner of this place is some kind of a nut case I will tell you that... but I look forward to sleeping on that." Dayo grinned at her scowling friend who was dying from jealousy.

The ladies packed everything away and ordered pizza and ate the lunch.

"Dayo how are you finding South Africa?" Lydia asked. She was excited to have a friend that was out of the country. In that way they will teach other stuff and hopefully be best of friends as Lydia had minimal friends. If we exclude her two cousins she saw once in a while then her neighbour at the building she lived in.

"Honestly... I miss home." She confessed. "Coming here was a mistake but a mistake I have to live with. I am sure things here are better than home economically speaking but you know I don't feel like I belong." She was beating around the bush but at the same time being honest. She was not going to outright say she regretted coming to the country because now she was a mob boss's doctor

"Tell you what... I will make your living here worth the while." She said that looking at a poster on her twitter account, there was a party at a top notch club in Braamfontein where she knew the bouncer and knew she'd score VIP tickets with just a smile.

"You want us to go clubbing? I am not a club person Lydia."  
Dayo protested once Lydia showed her the message between herself at the bouncer. Two VIP tickets were waiting for her.

"Ladies drink for free until nine o'clock and Kwesta is performing. Girl this is part one of me introducing you to SA."  
Lydia took no for an answer and told her she will come back so they can leave together.

Dayo was pondering on what the hell she was going to wear to the club when her phone blasted on the night stand in her room. Imari's name flashed on the screen and she groaned.

"Hi." She answered hoping and praying she didn't have to work tonight.

"Hey how is the new place?" he asked ever so casual.

"It's your place you should know how it is."

A chuckle came through the speaker in Dayo's ear. "You just can't help it can you? I meant how is it treating you?"

"I love it

thank you." She wanted to keep the conversation short. Yes she wanted to use him to get information but the more she thought of it the more she grew afraid. Imari was quiet, hard to read and did not seem like the type to mess up or let shit slip. She'd

have to be more than his friend to get information out so she erased those thoughts. Imari was off limits.

"Listen I wanted to invite you out tonight to the club. We have a little party going on and I thought you could do with a night out and let your hair down."

"A friend already invited me to come with." She told him, there was no use lying to him. They were bound to meet at the club in any case. She just hoped there would be no drama where she had to play doctor.

"Great I will come pick you and your friend up." Imari hung up leaving no room for discussion.

A short black borrowed dress later, Dayo stood in front of the mirror and took a deep breath. Her curves were and butt was well hugged by Lydia's dress and the gold heels she strapped on made her look sexy as a magazine cover girl. "So who's the guy that is taking us there?" Lydia asked. She was clad in an orange short dress that had fake diamond stones at the bottom with blue sandals.

Before Dayo could answer the door bell rang and Imari stood there in black jeans and a blue button down shirt which had the top buttons undone giving a sneak peak of the man's toned chest.



Lydia couldn't help but stare while Dayo tried to look anywhere but at the man. He was a sight for sore eyes.

Imari opened the doors to his Audi parked outside and the ladies went in. The drive to the club was filled with Lydia nudging Dayo and discreetly pointing at Imari suggesting that he was handsome and his dreadlocks made him look ten times handsomer.

They arrived to the club and Lydia didn't even need to go get her VIP tickets from her friend, they had the club co-owner with them which blew her mind. She felt important.

Gabrielle welcomed them in and as per Imari's request the girls were given their own table surrounded by two gold couches and two buckets each holding four bottles of house of BNG MCC (Bonang's champagne).

"Ahh the doctor can party what do you know." JT holding a glass of whiskey sat down next to Dayo his perfume hitting her nostrils hard.

Dayo gave him a small closed mouth smile and filled up her glass with champagne. It tasted good. She felt a buzz going on and wished JT would just leave her alone.

"You smell great." JT whispered in her ear causing goose bumps to attack her flesh. Oh dear Lord get this man away from me,

Dayo silently prayed. She couldn't understand what it was that she felt but it was something.

"Your friend is pretty." JT smiled at Lydia who smiled back at him, disappearing behind the glass of champagne. She knew who JT was, he was a businessman owned salons and this huge club in Braamfontein. Drove nice cars, lived in a nice house and girls always threw themselves at him.

"He says you are pretty." Dayo wanted him to leave her alone. She wished he could instead be interested in Lydia.

"And you are gorgeous. I saw you walk in doc I must say that dress is doing nothing for your ass. I just wanna touch you, bend you over and slide in from behind." He whispered huskily in her ear.

Dayo's stomach flipped, she hated her body for betraying her as she felt herself pool her panties. She was a sucker for dirty talk.

She turned to give the man a piece of her mind but she found him looking her, their eyes met - he looked at her lips and back into her eyes again... she did the same.

Swalla by Jason Derulo featuring Nicki Minaj and Ty Dolla blasted through the speakers, knocking common sense out of the good doctor.

A scream pierced through the crowd a girl emerged from the bathroom earning attention of the attendees and breaking the

trance Dayo and JT were in.

"Somebody help me, she's bleeding and I don't know what is wrong please. Call an ambulance."

At the mention of someone bleeding Dayo jumped on her feet and headed to the bathroom Imari who has been starring at her and JT also ran through and they found a girl bleeding from her nose, a line of white powder on the bathroom counter.

Dayo was slightly tipsy but she knew what was going on.

"Help her doc don't just stand there!" JT half yelled seeing people were trying to get in and take pictures.

"It's an OD JT and I'm too tipsy to do anything at this point." Dayo replied. "You need ice and cold wet towels, we need to stop her body from overheating."

"We also need to help her breathe right so get a doctor."

"We can't." JT whispered and Gabrielle arrived and ushered everyone out. Behind her was a very large light skinned man with beards covering most of his space and eyes filled with an emotion that could pass off as rage.

"Rotimiis here." She announced.

"Move! Move! Out of the way, out of the way!" What a struggle to get through the throng of dancers in the club. The paramedics from Dr Moloi's surgery surged through and prevailed to the VIP bathroom where Dayo, Lydia, Gabrielle, JT, Imari, Prudence and Lesley gathered waiting on them to get the girl that overdosed.

With the help of Dayo the girl was still alive and breathing, the nose bleeding decreased just a little bit. Any time wasted she will soon be maggot food.

"Is she going to be alright?" Lydia asked, for someone that worked at the hospital she sure as hell never get used to such incidents. Every time a patient died, she took it to heart. They all watched as the girl was strapped on the stroller an oxygen mask placed on her face to assist with the respiratory process.

"Are you coming doc?" one of the paramedics asked Dayo who told them she'd follow them. She was in no right frame of mind to go to the hospital and try to assist. She did what she could in her drunken state in the club; to go through with it she will be placing the poor girl's life in danger.

They all exited the bathroom with Prudence remaining to make an important call. "Yes chief are you on your way?" she spoke in a hushed tone. The moment she realized what was

happening in the club she was quick to reach for her burner phone and called the chief of her police department and told him there was a drug overdose in the club and of course JT and company was involved.

"We are inside." The chief Michael Banda replied and cut the call not to make it obvious that whoever tipped him about that incident was in the club. He didn't want to reveal his best source to nailing JT down. The rest of the guys thought Prudence Cooper was fired from her job due to some negligence and being a dirty cop.

"What are you still doing in here?" Gabrielle asked Prudence eyes filled with confusion whereas Prudence looked like a deer caught in headlights.

"No-nothing, just making sure there is nothing incriminating in here... you know that could lead back to us." She quickly thought on her feet but somehow her words faltered, she wasn't used to lying and working in such close proximity with dangerous people that were capable of ending her life in just a blink of an eye.

Gabrielle looked around and spotted the powder on the counter and didn't do anything about. "Aren't you going to remove that?" Prudence asked her. She was hoping no one would notice so that the police would find it.

"Nah, I hear the police are here. I won't tamper with evidence, besides that's not my stuff. She probably sneaked it in."

Gabrielle walked out without another word and Prudence cooper followed only to meet the police on their way out.

"Miss Timber, Chief of Joburg PD Michael Banda we received a tip off that there were drugs being sold in this place and a young girl had overdosed right here." The man slapped Gabrielle with the search warrant and she rolled her eyes, keeping her feelings and emotions in check.

She read through the warrant and sighed. "Who the fuck told you that? You are seriously costing me money and you will pay for it I promise you because there is nothing here."

JT hearing the police have arrived went to the scene and the people in the club were being ushered out. Twelve midnight and the fun was ruined. Most people left without paying their bills after popping bottle after expensive bottle.

"You can search wherever you want but you won't find anything I will tell you that." Gabrielle angrily muttered. This was not how she saw the night going. She was going to push the product and see how much they would make then balance it with her own money and fool Rotimi. But after what happened

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she wasn't sure of her plan anymore. She had no idea where the rest of the drugs were but knowing her team, they are probably on the way to the safe house but she couldn't be too sure. This was not planned for.

The police searched the bathroom picking up the remains of the overdosed girl's cocaine and sealing it. "What is this Miss Timber?" one of the detectives held the small bag containing the white powder in Gabby's face.

"I don't know you tell me."

"This is in your club ma'am, you are coming down to the station with me to explain." The detective was about to handcuff her when JT stepped in front of her. "It's my club if there is anyone you want to question it will be me."

"Big brother to the rescue, alright Jahzara will bite." The chief smirked; it was JT he wanted all along. He wanted to see what he will do this time to get off the hook.

"We need statements from every waiter and every barman every stripper and the doctor that assisted the girl." by the mention of the doctor JT tensed up. He had every faith in his staff but not Dayo. She was never involved in such an incidents, who knew what the fuck she will say.

Some police officers took JT to the car while the others remained to search the entire place top to bottom while the

chief and his other colleague were collecting statements from the waiters and bartenders.

Dayo was standing at a far corner Imari next to her in the dark. He kept a fair distance allowing Gabrielle and JT to handle the situation. "What am I going to say?" Dayo was sobering up. The place was no longer dim, lights were switched on so everything would come to light and she has been drinking water since the police arrived as she knew she had to give a statement. But how was she going to pretend that she didn't believe that the drugs belonged to Imari and team?

"The truth. What you saw, what you did and nothing else." Imari sternly told her. His voice was deep and serious she nodded like a school child being told what to do. Her stomach was churning; she had a strong urge to throw up.

"Listen Dayo those drugs weren't ours. We don't move powder in the club but we move sweets laced with cocaine. All you do is chew or suck on them to get high. That girl had her own stuff and it almost killed her. So don't feel like you are covering up for us... you aren't." Imari walked away leaving her by herself.

She didn't want that, she wanted his calming aura around her to ease her nerves. She forgot just an hour ago she was close to kissing JT, she forgot she came with Lydia she was just a ball of nerves.



"Miss... should I say doctor." Michael Banda walked over to Dayo who quickly took a swig of water to calm down.

"Anything is fine officer." She replied.

"I detect an accent... where are you from?" the man asked.

"Harare, Zimbabwe. Doctor Luka." She introduced herself.

"Mhm nice and you came to this country and found this." He waved his hands around the club situation. "I am sorry that your night was ruined but thankful you were here because you managed to help a young girl from suffering a terrible fate." He continued.

"Every day our youngsters die from drug abuse and we never find the culprits and I am sick of it."

Dayo was growing sicker by every ticking second. Before she came to South Africa she would have agreed with the chief and even added a few opinions but now she was in a different spot and couldn't say anything that might endanger her or her brother's lives.

"Mhm-mhm yeah what an experience." Dayo offered a weak smile, looking anywhere but at the chief.

"Sorry I know you might want to leave, to get away from here but I just want to ask you what happened here tonight?" he asked and Dayo took a deep breath.

"I was... uhmm drinking I know that it's weird to see doctors drink but yeah it's my weekend off I'm new in town so I came with a friend and yeah we scored VIP tickets and yeah everything was going well until uhmm some girl came out of the bathroom screaming that someone was bleeding..." she was stuttering, sounding unsure of herself.

"You know doctor's first instinct when they hear bleeding... so I jumped and went to the bathroom found her bleeding through her nose and some powder on her nose so figured it was a case of overdosing on cocaine." When she spoke about her work all nerves settled. She was not messed up or confused. She was being honest hence she just flew.

"Oh and then you helped her okay that's good. Now I hear that you had an argument with the club owner, you wanted to call an ambulance but he refused and ordered you to fix the girl as if you two knew each other. Do you know Jahzara Timber prior to meeting him here tonight?" The question caught her off-guard, who the fuck said that she wondered.

"Uhm who said that?" she asked, trying to think of something smart to say.

"One of the people who were in the bathroom." The chief looked right into her eyes as if trying to see how her soul looks like and if whether she was lying or not.

Swallowing hard Dayo played with the quarter full bottle of water. "I don't know the club owner we did have an argument yes... he uhh wanted uhh... he wanted me to help the girl and not waste time by waiting for the... for the ambulance. He knew I was a doctor because I jumped and said I am one but I told him I was drunk and couldn't." She told him. The man was becoming too much now.

"Thank you Dr Luka but I need you to come to the station with me. There is a video that was anonymously sent to us and it shows a lot more happened than you are letting on." Banda finished and Dayo closed her eyes, this was it this is the day she was going to pay for her brother's sins and JT's.

"Am I being arrested?"

"Depends... do you think you are?"

Dayo was uneasy at the chief of the police's question. Could she really be in trouble? Was she really arrested? She did not do anything as far as she was concerned, well besides helping an overdosed girl in the bathroom and not ask any question or report anything. But would they hold that against her?

"I am only joking doctor, I just need to talk to you." The man was ever serious not a moment of weakness on his face. He really loved his job and honoured the badge he wore. Banda looked around seeing his men and women turn the club upside down searching for the supposed drugs.

"Open the safe, tear up the couches!" one of the captains ordered pecking Gabrielle's ears.

"TEAR UP THE COUCHES?" her face was turning crimson red, she was pissed to the highest level, never mind being scared and crossing fingers that the drugs were no longer on the premises having her club tarred up was making her angry.

"Listen here all of you, you better find the hell you are looking for because mark my damn words you will replace my furniture. Costs more than you make in a fucking month." Gabrielle yelled looking around watching the man remove paintings off the walls searching for hidden safes. It was not like the Timber siblings will lead the way to the safe. "Matter fact

one couch can pay for all your children's varsity fees." The lady dressed in a black suit and black high heels with her hair pinned to the side and her lips coloured in red was seething with anger. It took her mind off worrying about where the drugs were.

Banda still cornering Dayo chuckled bitterly. "You may find that she is not even lying. One couch here could afford me a nice retirement life. But it's made of drugs money and blood of innocent people so we will tear it down."

Lydia was a part of the group giving statements to the cops as when Dayo jumped to help the girl in the bathroom; she followed suit. She told them everything she saw including the altercation she had with JT the owner of the club. She even let it slip that the pair seemed to have been flirting prior to the incident.

She was now sitting and watching as Gabrielle yelled colourful profanities in the air while the police officers ransacked the club down.

"Miss Timber we request you to open these locked doors." One of the offices called Gabrielle to open her office and her brother's.

"Fuck you." She walked over and unlocked the doors, one at a time. "Feel at home and bear in mind if you don't find these so

called drugs I'm suing you for loss of business and damaging of property. Look at my damn club looks like I fucking had a dog party in here."

At that time Imari had managed to slip out of the club through the secret passage that led to the basement without being noticed. He found Patrick and Lesley smoking cigarettes sitting on one of the crates.

"Gents." Imari called out to them. His dreadlocks were neatly plaited back and out of his face. He toyed with the black diamond ring on his middle finger chewing on his bottom lip. "Are we safe?" he asked, referring to the drugs they had to move in a speed of light out of the club.

"Yeah. We straight. Not a single sweet should be in sight unless in our customer's hands or handbags even so... we can claim they brought them here." Patrick replied and Imari nodded.

"Great job tonight guys, thanks. Lesley what happened tonight? We should have had a pleasant night what went wrong?" Imari was usually quiet he spoke when necessary and spoke in length but he was more of an action man. He killed, he beat people to a pulp he did. He was not a man of many words but he caused more harm than JT could ever.

Every person that worked for JT knew that JT was a fucking killer, he batted no eyelid before pulling the trigger and

emptying a gun into someone's head but it was Imari that was ruthless. He was dark, he always needed a reason to kill you and when he did, you'd beg for your life. Matter of fact you'd beg for him to end your life sooner. He took his time in killing to make sure a message is sent across.

A lot of men tried to run their business on JT's turfs and Imari sorted them out nice and painfully slow. No one dared to cross him. When the man spoke

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everyone listened.

"Boss man I don't know. I am here fucking wrecking my brain. I mean those people had a tipoff... it could have been a customer that tipped them off. Or someone saw the girl do coke in the bathroom and called the cops a lot of things could have happened." Lesley replied.

Imari hummed in response. "Mhm mhm, yeah you are right... but that girl couldn't have been in there for a long time for someone to call the cops and they arrive almost immediately with a search warrant. You need a valid reason for a search warrant to be issued. This was a plan... and I fucking want to know who dared try to fuck with us on such an important day. Rotimi was in the fucking club, that doesn't look good for us he might quit doing business with us." Imari's square jaw locked.

"Now that you mention... yeah they had a whole search warrant which means someone said something and not just something they must have had proof because you don't just wake up and be dished up search warrants." Lesley added.

"Patrick please make sure that the whole club is secured. I need to work something out. Les walk out with me."

"Where is JT?" Lesley asked as soon as they made it outside and saw that the club goers were a few outside, only nosy people and the police were outside, entering and exiting the club.

"In one of these cars, you know he'd never let Gab be taken in for questioning. He surrendered. His father won't be pleased."

"About that, Rotimi looked mad as hell and I just need to tell you that with what happened tonight... we didn't move much product which means we need to use club money to make up for his loss and to lie to him that we did well in the month that also means..."

"Cooking the books." Imari finished. "That is Gabrielle's speciality. I know nothing about accounting you have done that sort of thing right?" Imari was not as clueless for someone that actually studied criminal law; he brought law to the team while Lesley and Gabrielle were accounting greats. They were in charge of the finances of the club and did a fantastic job. JT



studied business management and handled the big guns; the actual moving of drugs around the city alongside Imari.

Just as the men were walking towards the car JT was leaning on, Dayo and her friend exited the club accompanied by a police woman. She ushered them to the car and told them to wait for her as the car keys were with someone else.

"Dayo, are you alright?" Imari asked her, causing her eyes to snap from JT who casually leaned against the police car to Imari. The man was fine, she thought. How can such a devious person that terrorised the city be so handsome? She angrily thought.

"Yeah thank you. They are just going to take us home." She mentioned. Lydia hugged her shoulders the cold winter air nipping at their exposed skins.

They were dressed like it was summer eve as they knew the club would be warm and it was in fact it was hot they were doing just fine. Now the alcohol was out of their systems and it was cold as hell.

"I can take you home." He offered even forgetting the long night ahead of him.

"No Imari... you are not taking us home you are not taking us anywhere." Dayo half yelled causing Lydia to raise her brows.

She wondered how the new girl in the city had the attention of two hot men who happened to be best friends and filthy rich.

"Alright." He stepped back and walked towards JT.

"Doc, you better not sing like a bird in that car." JT warned from a little distance not caring if that sounded like a threat even with some officers surrounding them making sure he did not run.

"Dayo what does he mean?" Lydia whispered, her teeth clattering. She was feeling too cold. Dayo looked at Lydia and no words could come out of her mouth. What was she going to tell her?

That she knew exactly what the police were looking for? That she actually knew the owner of the club prior to tonight? That she actually has witnessed a lot more that could put the men in jail and she wasn't sure who she could trust or who she should be more afraid of.

"Nothing friend, let's get in the car I am cold."

The following morning, a Sunday morning Dayo decided to visit the hospital not to only to work but to visit the girl that overdosed on cocaine at the club. She was just too nosy for her own good and far too gone in the whole mob drama to stop.

She was determined to find everything about what happened in that club, maybe that could be her ticket out of JT's hold. Perhaps the information she would find might keep JT in jail earning her freedom.

Getting by with cabs was a bit costly and she was thinking of buying a car, the sad part was she was not a South African native and buying a car would be damn near costly.

"Good morning Doctor Luka, I thought this was your weekend off?" one of the nurse that was at reception retrieving some files greeted Dayo.

"It was but last night I ran into some incident at the night club I was in and the patient was brought here, so I wanted to come check on her." Dayo replied sweetly.

The nurse nodded in understanding and said "oh yes, they brought her in last night, she is in room 3 in ward 4B. She woke up about an hour ago and just received a visitor now, her sister I think." The nurse took the files with her in another direction

while Dayo walked to her station to put on her coat as she didn't want to alarm the girl and her sister.

Walking with determination to the room Dayo stopped outside the slightly ajar door as she caught on the conversation that was happening inside. "The police are coming and you better shut your trash mouth Neo!"

"You are going to tell them what I told you and you better stick to the script or I swear I will drag you back to that whore you call a mother." The voice belonged to a woman, an angry woman. Dayo couldn't wait too long outside she had to go in and ask the lady who was supposed to be the girl's sister some serious questions.

The minute Dayo's eyes landed on the only two people in the room, her eyes widened in surprise. The 'sister' was none other than Gabrielle's new friend Prudence. "I know you!" were the first words that left Dayo's mouth.

Prudence looked at Dayo with narrowed suspicious eyes. She wondered if she heard her speak to Neo. "Where do you know me from?" she asked.

"You are the bartender at Sapphire night club in Braamfontein." Dayo stated and it dawned on Prudence who exactly was the lady standing before her. She was the lady that was always around JT and Imari. She was the lady with the accent that she

tried to get a job through before coming up with a master plan of her own.

"Oh well, well, well and you are the bloody condemned doctor that works for JT huh? Looks like we meet again."

"Why are you harassing my patient?" Dayo asked fire in her eyes. Meanwhile Neo was as quiet as a church mouse looking between the cop she feared and the doctor that looked vicious.

"Why are you stressing my patient and threatening her if she speaks to the police?"

Dayo should have known that Gabrielle would send someone to come do her dirty job by scaring the girl into silence. That's how people with money rolled was it not? Prudence also looked too happy to do the job.

"I am going to have to ask you to leave." Dayo demanded.

"Right now before I called security."

Prudence cast a sharp look at Neo lying helplessly on the bed and grabbed her leather bag and walked out the room, nudging the good doctor with her shoulder.

Dayo closed the door shut and sat next to the bed and looked at a scared Neo. "Hi, my name is doctor Luka; I was at the club last night and in my... semi drunk state I saved your life. I came here today to check up on you and also to ask you some few

questions if you don't mind." There was warmth coating Dayo's words and Neo smiled at her, relaxing just a little.

"What's your name sweetheart?" Dayo looked at the girl with sweet brown eyes; she looked so young with her baby face. She couldn't be any older than 23, she looked too young.

"Neo." She replied.

"How old are you Neo?"

"Nineteen."

Dayo's heart skipped a beat. How young she was and she almost died from cocaine. "Neo... you are very young sweetheart what happened last night?"

Neo looked at her intertwined fingers on her lap, biting her bottom lip in shame and shrugged. "Thank you for saving me." She softly spoke up.

"Have you eaten yet?"

"No they said they will bring me food in a while. I have been waiting."

Dayo nodded, the doctor probably wanted to asses her before allowing her to eat. Just to be on the safe side. "Okay I will check on them when I leave here, okay? I just need you to tell me what happened and I promise you I don't work for JT or

anyone else, I am just a doctor." She tried to reassure the girl.  
"You can trust me."

"I can't tell you, that lady cop will return me to my mother and she will abuse me again." Neo replied. Her hair was neatly braided and she was such a pretty young girl. Dayo's heart broke at the sight of her and what had almost happened to her.

"Lady cop?"

"Yes Prudence I can't say anything. She asked me to sneak in cocaine in the club and it almost killed me. So please don't tell anyone I won't tell the police as well."

"Prudence... that Prudence is a cop??" Dayo could not believe her ears. If prudence was a cop, what was she doing working as a bartender in Braamfontein at a club that was owned by a known drug dealer?

"Promise me you won't say anything, she has helped me a lot." Neo spoke up again and Dayo could only nod as her head was spinning out of sanity. She had a lot of questions that she needed answers to and one way or another she was going to get them.

"Neo has the police spoken to you yet? You know that they want to solve this whole drug thing right? If someone overdoses on cocaine, it is their duty to find the source and they will start with you

the buyer."

Neo's eyes enlarged to the size of saucers as if that was a new revelation. "But I don't know anything, I got it from her and she doesn't want me to say anything. I can't lie, please help me." Neo begged Dayo her voice timid.

Dayo looked at her not believing her eyes and ears, how was she to help the poor girl?

"I will ask the doctors to hold off the police for a minute and find out what Prudence's plan is with you." Dayo reassured the girl and passed her a glass of water before leaving.

On her way to her office, Dayo met the nurse that was taking care of Neo in her ward. "Nurse, the patient that was brought in last night after she overdosed on cocaine, please don't let her see anyone that goes for family and the police as well. She is not in the right frame of mind and I don't want to cause her more distress and please get her something to eat." The nurse nodded and walked away while Dayo entered her office to take off her coat.

She just needed to come in and talk to the girl and now that she did, she was set to find answers.

She pondered on the revelation that Prudence was a cop; it made no sense that she'd work in a night club while employed by the police department. Surely she earned enough if not -



working at a nightclub should be further on the list to make more money.

Every night she is working at the club, during the day she sleeps or tails Gabrielle Timber around, when does she get the time to be a cop? Was she fired maybe? Maybe her bosses found out that she sold drugs while they were working tirelessly to find the culprits that sold the thing that killed the youth but why wouldn't they arrest her?

She knew in the middle of getting herself out of the mess she was in, she had to play detective and find answers to all the questions in the game.

She grabbed her purse and her medical bag which she had just filled with medicine from the hospital without anyone realizing and made to exit the building to go grab coffee before calling a cab.

On her way out she was fishing for her cell phone in her bag not paying attention to where she was going until she bumped into someone. All she could see was red painted toe nail; she dragged her eyes up the blue skinny jeans that hugged perfect long legs to come across an angry yet gorgeous face – Gabrielle timber.

The once angry face turned into a pleased one, "Doc! Fancy seeing you here." Gabrielle smiled at Dayo; next to her was none other than Prudence Cooper.

"I could say the same about you, I work here what are you doing here?" Dayo asked, her eyes starring daggers at Prudence Cooper as she thought back to the encounter they had two hours ago.

Gabrielle was always perfect, her make-up blended in perfectly on her face and her wig was neatly combed back into a nice tight pony tail. "If you must know... I have to fix some loose ends. Where is the girl that almost died in my club last night? I want to talk to her before the police do."

"Uhhh why would need to talk to her because your friend here..."

"We just want to make sure that she won't say anything to the police that's all." Prudence piped in, her eyes begging Dayo not to say anything further.

Before Gabrielle could get a chance to see what was happening before her eyes, her phone rang from her hands. "It's Imari, sorry have to take this." She walked outside leaving the two ladies alone.

Prudence was a mixed girl with orange to brown hair, tall and lean. She looked tough whereas Dayo was on the curvy side,

chocolate skinned and seemed very warm yet vicious. The two ladies were almost at the same height with Dayo being a little shorter. They stared at each other for a few seconds before Dayo decided to speak up.

"She doesn't know that you are a cop right?" Dayo smirked seeing the panic in Prudence's eyes. Dayo was well trained to spot emotion just as much as Prudence thought she was well trained to hide emotions, at that moment she failed to. She didn't think Neo would be so stupid.

"I thought about it, why a cop would hang around a drug dealer's sister well she's also a drug dealer herself but you know what I mean. Anyway I was on my way to tell JT this maybe he'd find out why." Dayo was whispering so no one else can hear the conversation.

"Please don't do that because if you do... I will sing to the police that you are a mob doctor. You are fairly new in this country and already involved in illegal activities, I wonder how they will take that." Harshly whispered.

"You are a bitch! But I know if I tell JT he'd chew you up and spit you out before you could even say Mob doctor." Dayo spat back.

"You don't have to do this Dayo; I can help you be free of that man. If only you let me." Prudence saw no point in going back

and forth with Dayo because she knew she was right. If JT found out about her being a cop he'd cut her in half.

That perked Dayo's ears. She did want to get out of the mess and if Prudence was able to help, why not?

"Help me how?"

14

"Sis are we set for tonight?" JT spoke up behind Gabrielle who was in the kitchen at his house. It was Sunday afternoon and Gabrielle was worried sick about him. He has been in police custody since last night but since the police could not hold him in without any hard evidence they had to let him go, JT had a good lawyer on his payroll it was of no surprise he was out on a Sunday.

"Hey you're out." Gabrielle placed the bowl of noodles back on the kitchen counter and went to hug her brother. "You look good." She teased him and he smirked back and went to the fridge to get a cold beer.

"How's the club?" he asked.

"A freaking mess. I am going to sue those bastards. I can't open today or tomorrow or the next coming days. Do you know how much money we are going to lose?" Gabrielle's sole job was to run the club, make sure it made them a good amount of money so they can be able to clean drug money using it. Also they were to make sure that they make enough money to pay Rotimi for his product.

"Fuck this. And are we good for the meeting tonight? Where is your father?" Jahzara asked ever calm like he was not talking about his father as well.

"You will be pleased to know that Michael went to pick both your father and mother from the airport, they should be arriving in an hour or so. Imari and Lesley took care of the books last night we are good for Rotimi but word on the street is that he is mad at what happened last night in the club, he's looking to find another distributor." Gabrielle was in the business for the money and nothing else.

The drug money afforded her the lifestyle she wanted, she was queen of a club, stylish and wore the best clothes money could afford and travelled to places where dreams are sold. She was shielded from the life but her mother influenced her to work side by side with her brother so she would be able to live large. She was not best friends with her mother but she was thankful that she married such a powerful man who was able to provide for them.

"Mama is coming as well? Fuck my life. I have to do something, see you tonight?"

"I am not attending the meeting sorry. I am going to chill with a friend and pray for you and Imari." Gabrielle did not want to sit around a table and fight with her parents as always. She was tired of that. Those two never appreciated anything their children did; they always cut them down to size.

"Okay will see you tomorrow then if I make it out alive." JT retreated to his room to shower and prepare for the meeting.

After dressing in a nice charcoal suit and matching shoes, JT was pleased with his look, Gabrielle made sure to get the two important men in her life stylists. She wanted them to walk out and demand respect with just clothes.

He went to his office and opened the safe to take out a bag of money that he stashed during the week. It was one million rand in cash. It sat nicely packed in the big suit case and he sighed. He wasn't ready for the night but he hoped for the best.

"Hey bro." Imari walked in the office without announcing himself. This was his second home after all.

"Are you ready?" he asked. He was dressed in black slacks and a red blazer.

"I have one mil here for Rotimi. That should be enough for his whole product. My dad won't be pleased but I want that motherfucker out of my club."

"And do you think two million is enough to buy him out of the club?" Imari asked while dragging the suit case with one million cash he brought towards JT. "I mean I am game for having him out of the club but how will he take it? How will your father take it?"

"I don't think they will be happy bro but it has to be done. Rotimi wants to cut off ties with us and I want to beat him to it."

Imari was nervous about the meeting tonight. JT wanted to cut business ties with his parents and Rotimi; it wasn't going to go down easy. Rotimi was their connect, he brought the drugs to them, he made the drugs he was the king pin, the king of the game and JT wanted to be king of the game but in just one country.

The two young men left the office with the cases and drove out to their father's house which was on the outskirts of Pretoria. No one lived in that house except for the house helper and her daughter. They were basically house-sitting as Gabrielle wanted nothing to do with her parents.

Parking their cars outside, JT and Imari were escorted by their men who remained at a safer distance. These meetings sometimes turned to be a little rough and they knew tonight they had to bring back-up in case shit hit the fan and coloured the walls.

The two men perfectly walked towards the door and rang the bell to be welcomed by no other than JT's mother Charmaine.

"Zara, Brown...hello." She smiled warmly at the boys. To her they will always remain the boys; they grew up right before her eyes. She always called Imari by his surname out of respect for his father. "Glad you could join us." JT planted kisses on both his mother's cheeks before walking in and Imari followed suit.



The woman was light in complexion, lips coated in red lipstick she looked like the older version of Gabrielle. She was well dressed and smelled like the rich wife of Beverly Hills. "Where is your sister?" she asked seeing just the two of them.

"She has other plans." JT answered, he couldn't really say Gabrielle decided to go drink alcohol with friends than attend a business family meeting.

"I don't understand that girl. She is never interested in whatever we have to say. She reminds me of her father, so stubborn." Charmaine dismissed the topic and watched as the two gentlemen drag the suit cases to the dining room where they knew JT's father Shona and Rotimi were waiting, to their surprise they found another woman at the table enjoying a glass of what seemed to be cherry. It was none other than Imari's aunt. She was in the business alright and last they checked she was hooking up with Rotimi.

She was not a lady planning to settle down, get married and have children, she just wanted to enjoy life and its finer things it offered and for her that meant dating a king pin and dealing with drugs.

"Evening." Greetings were passed around and JT's father shared the same emotion as Rotimi  
anger and disappointment.

"I won't dilly dally this matter anymore, boys you have failed us and we have decided to teach you a lesson." Shona began to speak. The man owned a casino in Cape Town South Africa and that's where they lived and ran their illegal dealings, leaving the drug business to Imari, JT and Gabrielle to run.

"I have passed the reigns to you my boy and you – you failed me. We haven't been making as much as before, we are losing turfs to idiots and newbies, some fucking rookies and you are fresh out of police custody."

JT sat quietly enjoying the glass of whiskey he helped himself to while Imari was looking head on at Shona. He was pissed of how low Shona thought of them. They do the books they know even if they were slacking, they still brought in money.

"The club was raided last night and my friend here's product was almost impounded by the damn stupid police and he lost a client in the same club because of that. Tell me what do you suggest we do? This meeting was supposed to be pleasant, let's talk about money... but now we have to sort this mess out." Shona was a large man, fair caramel complexion, beards on his chin a clean smooth face. He did not work-out regularly like Imari and JT, he was just large.

"I lost the biggest client from Columbia last night because of the police raiding the club. You boys are not safe. You promised me that you will be discreet and not attract attention and as

well as bring in money... you are failing, you failed." Rotimi's voice was smooth, hard but smooth not deep at all.

"I wish I could say I am sorry." JT replied and earned a gasp from the two ladies who were sitting quietly. "I thought we'd speak about something else but since we are such a disappointment... I might as well as come out and say it. We want out of this little business of yours. I don't want to be your distributor anymore in this city. I don't want to sell your product in my club." JT stood up and dragged the two cases of money towards Rotimi.

"That's two million rands for your product at the club. Name your price for the turfs in the city because I want to run them by damn self without reporting back to you or my father."

The shocked faces on everyone's faces could humble a soul. They were stunned. "Jahzara Timber! Have you lost your goddamn?!" Shona yelled angrily. He was embarrassed that his son was doing this to his family.

Rotimi looked at the big bags and laughed, a dry laugh erupted from his throat booming in the dining room. "You will rue this day young Timber." He pushed the chair back and looked at Shona... "This is where I draw the line. I won't be disrespected in my own country. I run this country and you will realize that one day." Rotimi walked out of the house dragging the bags of

money behind him with Shona tailing him apologizing for the boys' foolishness.

"What has gotten into you Imari? JT?" Cynthia asked. Cynthia was Imari's aunt from his mother's side. "You two decided that you will do this to us? Do you know who that man is?" she cast her angry orbs at her nephew. "Charmaine talk to them because I might shoot one of them." Cynthia excused herself to go smoke. Shit was about to hit the fucking fan.

"Please my son... you need to go apologize to that man or he will come for all of us, he will wipe the entire family out if he has to just prove a point and let you live with the guilt and sorrow." Charmaine had a defeated look in her eyes.

"Sorry ma, but I am tired of being bullied by two old men. I am a man now, and I will protect myself and my family. Imari let's go we are done here." Imari was ever quiet. He did not like talking in such cases; JT did all the talking all the time. He only spoke when it was necessary.

As the boys headed out, they caught Shona outside smoking weed. He cast them a look and shook his head, he was too angry for words.

Just as they got into their cars that were parked right out front, he yelled to them "Watch your backs." He cut the joint and walked inside the house.

Imari and JT drove out back to the city of gold – Johannesburg. Just as they reached the club to check what was happening, an escalade passed by with bullets flying and they scurried to hide behind cars on the side parking together with the men they went to the meeting with producing their own guns to shoot whoever was trying to kill them.

When the car had passed and JT's men checked the coast and it was clear they then alerted their bosses who took cover that the coast was clear. "Who the fuck was that?" JT cussed out angrily. "Imari did you see anything?" he turned to look at Imari who was still on the ground his hand holding his side groaning.

"Imari?" JT rushed to his side. "Fuck you caught one."

Imari has been shot.

15

"She is not answering, trying calling Oscar he can help he owes me." JT told one of his guys; Jay to call Oscar their unofficial doctor who helped them in such incidents. Imari was shot on his abdomen and was losing blood, going in and out of consciousness.

They were in the club Imari placed on the couch surrounded by clueless men and an angry and worried mob boss. His head was spinning, he had questions, who did this, was it Rotimi, how could he run a number on them so fast? Where the hell was Dayo? Where the hell was Gabrielle?

"Doctor Luka any news on the patients that just arrived? Especially the one with burn wounds." one of the male doctors at the surgery asked Dayo who seemed to be in a rush to be going somewhere else.

"Five patients were wheeled in from a car crash and three of them are still alive. The two we have lost and the one with severe burn wounds couldn't make it. Excuse me, I need to get to ER one of them has a screen car wiper stuck on her stomach and she is three months pregnant." Dayo replied and went to the ER operating on the pregnant girl.

It was such a horrible accident to have happened and the doctors were trying by all means to save them.

Six hours later Dayo was out of surgery. They had to perform an emergency C-section, get the baby out of the mother, remove the wiper, operate the mother then put the baby back. By the time Dayo left the ER and the mother was put under intensive care unit it was already after midnight and she was beat.

Taking her staff she made it out of the surgery into the awaiting cab that has now officially become hers. She made a deal with the driver to pick her up and take her to and from work sometimes other places if he wasn't so busy and she will pay him monthly.

She settled into the back seat and dozed off not even bothering to strike up a conversation and her driver understood that very well. Being a doctor was not as easy especially after performing life-saving surgeries.

She arrived to her place and decided to check her phone before she slept and was shocked at the number of missed calls from JT. Fifty. She was so tired but at the revelation she panicked. Pressing dial she waited for him to answer and he did. "I told you when I call you answer. Where the fuck have you been?" JT menacingly answered.

"In surgery JT what is wrong, what happened?" she asked while taking off her coat followed by her t-shirt.

"Imari was shot, I managed to get Oscar here next time if this happens, I will kill you and your brother do you hear me?" He proceeded to hang up after the threat while Dayo's jaw hung low. She couldn't wrap her head around the fact that Imari was shot.

Something inside of her moved, she couldn't explain what it was but she was uneasy.

It was late she couldn't possibly call her driver to come back just after he dropped her so she decided to use Uber. She quickly threw on a fresh t-shirt and jacket and dashed out of the apartment to the awaiting cab.

She arrived outside Imari's house and rang the bell at the gate hoping someone was inside with him. Lucky enough, Gabrielle was there and she opened for her.

"Hey doc... well you don't look good." Gabrielle who was in an oversized onesie commented, a steaming cup of tea in her hand.

"Gee thanks." Dayo replied. "Where is Imari?" she asked and Gabrielle pointed upstairs. "It's the last door on the right. I will be here if you want to go."

Dayo walked through the familiar house and softly knocked on his bedroom as if she was afraid to invade his privacy. She



gasped at the sight of the strong man she knows, he was a sweating mess.

The minute she closed the door, his eyes slowly opened. "Hey..." she walked over to him and touched his forehead. "You are burning up." she rushed to the bathroom and came back with a cold wet towel, cleaned the sweat off his face and pressed it against his forehead.

"Let me take a look." She removed the sheet covering him up to be met by a bandage that was covered in blood. "Lord who did this?" she clicked her tongue. Was Oscar a real doctor or someone who read medical books and called it a day?

The wound was not properly cleaned and the gauze used seemed dirty and would sure cause infections.

"I am going to check this again and I'm sorry for not coming in time." Just as she opened her medical bag, Gabrielle walked in.

"What

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Oscar didn't do a good job?" she asked watching as Dayo wore the gloves on her hands.

"No. Is he even a real doctor? This is a gunshot wound; you don't just do a sloppy job on it." Dayo was irritated and stopped

removing the gauze on Imari's abdomen when he made disgruntled sounds.

"This probably hurts, I am going to sedate you sorry." She reached into her bag and did just as she said she would, in a moment the man was out cold.

She cleaned the wound as best as she could and changed the bandage, wrapping it around his waist with the help of Gabrielle who had to hold the man up. "Geez man this guy is heavy Yoh." She complained.

Dayo only chuckled, she dealt with this on a regular basis, complaining wouldn't help anyone the job had to be done.

"What happened?" Dayo asked as she and Gabrielle walked downstairs to make tea.

"Well my brother and Imari decided it will be best for us to cut ties with Rotimi, he is one crazy powerful man that no one can ever dream of fucking over. The man is like a mafia king, he is what we call a connect, we get the drugs from him... he owns almost all the drug turfs in South Africa making him rich as fuck.

"So he is a good friend of our father's, so they went into this illegal business together and my brother followed suit and taking over some turfs in Gauteng. Rotimi is hard to please half of our money goes to him so my brother decided to go solo... so that's like spitting in Rotimi's face so I think he wanted to teach

us a lesson by trying to kill them." Gabrielle spoke in great detail.

Dayo was just stunned at how normal she appeared to be. She on the other hand lived in an innocent world where she wanted justice to prevail yet she was driving through cities trying to help a man that sold drugs and killed people for a living.

"Yoh sounds hectic so what is the plan now, go in hiding?" Dayo inquired. How else would JT and Imari survive the wrath of this so called powerful man, he almost succeeded with killing one of them, what's to say he won't succeed next time? One thing she didn't want was to be caught in the crossfire. Dying in South Africa in the hands of mobsters was not very ideal to her.

Gabrielle chuckled, pushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "Oh honey, no. My brother and Imari would rather die than to hide. They will get Rotimi and they will gut him. And if they succeed then we will be the most powerful drug dealers in the country."

Dayo's stomach churned at the news, how many underage teens overdosed on cocaine. She willed her mind not to go there. One way or another she must get out of this mess and it turns out Gabrielle is just as ready to dish out the information that could help her.

"Listen you look beat, let me show you where you can crash for the night." Gabrielle suggested and Dayo was thankful, she

occupied a different guest room than the last time she was in the house.

Settling in the room she opened the door that led to a small balcony and stepped outside. "You better have a fucking good reason for calling me at half past four in the morning."

Prudence answered Dayo's call.

"Imari was shot by someone named Rotimi, Gabrielle may not be as open with you but she said quite a mouthful to me. Is there anything you want me to ask in particular?" Dayo asked her new partner in crime.

"Yes, yes I will SMS you the details. Nice to have you on board."

Prudence Cooper had confided in Dayo about her being an undercover cop to nail the biggest drug syndicate in the province leading to the country. And Dayo was happy to get on-board as Cooper's informant. She will do anything to get herself out of the mess, anything.

The chocolate skinned curvy beauty climbed into the warm bed and just after a minute of pondering if whether she was sure of what she was doing, she passed out.

**Two weeks later**

**Dayo** was making coffee early in the morning when Imari walked down to the kitchen his torso glistening with sweat after his work-out session.

Dayo was temporarily staying with Imari just until he got better and by the look of things, he did not need her anymore, he was able to walk and exercise on his own clearly he was better. Just over two weeks ago, he was weak as he caught an infection from the gunshot wound and Dayo had to tend to him every day in between going to work.

It took a huge toll on her, the woman had lost weight drastically and she couldn't stand it and there was nothing she could do about it except to find a way to get out of the hot mess she was in.

"Morning." Imari greeted, looking at Dayo through the roof of his long lashes. He was forever grateful that she took it upon herself to making sure he was nursed back to health. He had no family members close to do that for him besides Gabrielle who now had problems of her own, she had to fix the mess at the club and open it again. It was still closed and money was a bit tight now.

"You don't look like someone who was taking things easy."

Dayo commented looking at Imari sideways. She couldn't bring herself to fully look at him. The man was too sexy for words. His dark washboard abs were out in the open for her to admire...

"I feel good better than good, I feel great. The pain is almost gone to be honest and there is no other way to exercise than to push yourself over the limit. This body is not by default." He smirked walking over to her to also make himself a fresh cup of coffee, no sugar no milk.

He stood right next to her, brushing her arm ever so lightly with his as he set to make breakfast.

"Imari... I don't mean to pry but why weren't any of your relatives here to nurse you?" Dayo asked; she felt the walls around her throat close up. She was afraid that Imari might catch on to her. She was asking a lot of questions lately and that was per Prudence Cooper's request.

"They are all the way in London. Left here a couple of years ago and I am just here by myself." Imari replied and worked to make the best omelette he could. "I love South Africa, it's my home and I just couldn't up and leave. We are still good though, my dad is in the same business as I am and we often meet and we always talking." He didn't understand what was it about the woman that made him to open up so easily. Usually he'd find it

suspicious when someone inquired about his personal life. But not with Dayo, he felt at ease and he felt he could trust her.

Dayo nodded and waited patiently for breakfast to be served, she was famished and wasn't in the mood to cook. She was grateful Imari took it upon himself to feed them.

"Patrick called me last night, says he wants to do lunch." Dayo blurted out

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her brother reaching out to her after their little fallout when she first moved to South Africa made her feel happy inside. She loved him with all her heart and wanted them to have a good relationship.

"Doc... I get it Luka is your brother and you love him but he is bad news. I doubt he is reaching out to patch things up." Imari dished up for them, omelette with cherry tomatoes and bacon.

"You don't know that. He is my brother and he probably realized just how wrong he was." Dayo raised her walls up defending her brother.

Imari sighed and thought it best if he kept quiet. He has worked with Patrick Luka for many years and by now he knows the man will never do anything unless he benefits from it, which includes having a relationship with his relatives.

Dayo enjoyed the breakfast and finished so she could rush to work. "Dayo, I am sorry about what I said about Luka."

"You may think you know him, but Imari blood is thicker than water. We will mend our relationship; we were once close we can still be. I don't appreciate you suggesting otherwise." Imari was not shocked at all by Dayo's outburst, matter of fact he was expecting it the moment he spoke against Patrick. This was the Dayo he knew and liked; she spoke her mind and was not a pushover.

"You are right, I am sorry." He stood up and walked over to her while she was standing by the sink washing her hands.

She turned around to find still a shirtless Imari looking down at her height with great want in his eyes.

"Imari..." she breathed, taking his scent in, even when he was sweating about twenty minutes ago, the man still smelled incredible. His dreadlocks were braided neatly back and his perfect face with a square jaw, five o'clock shadow and plumb dark lips were right in Dayo's face and she wished to run her hands through his locks while nibbling on the dark lips.

"Yeah mama talk to me." He had become someone else. His voice was deep and sensual; something had washed all over him making him want to kiss Dayo.



"I... uhmm what are you doing?" she asked, her heart beating frantically against her chest. She was sure he could hear it.

"I don't know." He pushed up against her, his hard and toned body pressing against her soft and delicate one. He cupped her face, his thumb running over her bottom lip and slowly like magnet to a wet coin he brushed his lips over hers and she hummed in response before quickly pulling back and pushing Imari away.

"I... I have to go sorry."

Dayo grabbed her bags that were chilling on the chair in the kitchen and bolted right out the house.

She walked outside the gate and made means to contact her driver to meet with her by the garage down the street.

She was shocked at the morning event, what was that?

One thing for sure, she liked it and she wanted it. But just how badly did she?

"**You** must be out of your damn mind." Dayo harshly spat at her coffee companion at the coffee shop just across the hospital she worked at. Of course she was with none other than Prudence copper who opted for a glass of Irish whiskey on the rocks needing something to warm her blood.

"Do you want your freedom or not?" the undercover cop asked the good ol' doctor, annoyance dancing in her eyes. She wanted to nail Jahzara Timber along with his workers so badly she didn't need anyone else wasting her time. Already she was dancing on thin ice at work, Chief Banda was breathing down her neck needing answers after they failed to bust them at the club.

"You are not the one who has to sleep with someone for information. Just because we almost kissed does not mean I should encourage it for my selfish reasons, the man is a killer." Dayo did not back down. Of course she wanted her freedom but not at the expense of her moral values. She refuses to sleep with Imari just to get answers for Cooper to make her arrest. There must be another way.

Prudence rolled her eyes, annoyed by Dayo. "Do you think we have time? Look at you, you have lost weight anyone can see that there is something wrong so you better get on board and use what God has given you wisely."

"Your moral compass might be broken since you can give little girls drugs just so you can nail a drug dealer but mine is still very much intact. If I sleep with someone it will be solely for my pleasure nothing more." The doctor told Prudence with so much conviction her eyes were burning.

The pair might be working together but they were definitely not each other's best friend. Prudence wanted to put JT away and Dayo wanted out of the criminal life they forced her into hence they formed a little relationship but that's how far it went.

"Maybe I need to tell the chief to look into you, perhaps being deported or arrested will motivate you to speed up things on your side." Prudence took a sip of the whiskey which burned her throat but she welcomed it, she needed the buzz.

Dayo kissed her teeth, her eyes narrowed into thin slits. "You are a bitch and I won't sit here any minute longer and listen to you while you hail insults at me. I don't see you pulling your weight in this whole operation all you do is mess every up chance you get and can't even make Gabrielle open up." Dayo stood up and gathered her things from the table, "I just wanted to let you know of the development, his family is in London and they are very much in the same business. What you do with that information I don't care."

Prudence turned on her chair to look at the doctor as she strutted out of the coffee shop mad as hell. She turned back and gulped down her whiskey, calling a waiter for a refill.

Pulling out her purse, her heart soared at the picture she put in there, her baby brother, her one true love who died from drug overdose – the reason she became a cop.

On the other side of the road, Dayo Luka was about to check on one of her patients when her phone beeped with a message from Lucifer a.k.a Jahzara Timber.

***'I need you tonight, be ready at six.'***

Dayo rolled her eyes

just what she needed, she sarcastically thought.

"Doctor Luka." Doctor Moloji greeted Dayo when they met in the corridors. "I needed to run something by you and no pressure."

Dayo nodded for her superior to continue. "You are doing exceptionally great here and I am glad to have you on board. I just think you are one of the people I can trust so I need you to keep your ears on the ground." Doctor Moloji asked of her. The dark skinned, model height lady spoke in hushed tones.

"I don't think I understand ma'am, what exactly must I listen out for?" Dayo asked, oh she thought she'd never be a part of

any office politics but seems like she wasn't going to be successful.

"I am suspecting theft is going on in this place." Doctor Moloi confided in Dayo, looking out for any nurse or doctor that might overhear the conversation. "Medical supplies; at first it seemed as though we were misusing them but now large quantities of supplies are missing and it is costly."

Dayo's heart jumped to her throat and she couldn't speak. *She was the thief.*

"I am suspecting someone here is stealing the stuff to sell them on the black market, I don't know for sure who it is yet but I know people talk so please... help me." Moloi pleaded and Dayo nodded with a weak smile.

"I will." She gave what she thought was a reassuring smile – while she was burning with fear inside. Fear of what might happen to her if the truth ever gets out.

Doing her rounds until it was four o'clock she faked terrible headache and no one wanted to work with a doctor that was not okay, too much at stake – lives were at stake so instead of joining in the heart surgery with Doctor Moloko, she was let go home. A ploy to get to JT because the Lord knew what that crazy man would do to her and her brother if she did not dance to his tune.

On her way over to Imari's place her thoughts were jumbled. They almost kissed in the morning; she wondered if there will be tension between them... Prudence suggested she sleeps with him to speed up the process seeing he was interested in her. She stole medical supplies from the hospital to be able to assist JT and shit was about to hit the fan if she doesn't stop... she needed a way out.

Ever since she met JT her life has just been a one big lie after another, breaking rules, stealing, conniving... it was hot a mess and she might just take Prudence's advice... sleep with the man to get herself out while she still can.

Now the question remained... will she be able to pull it off?

"We have arrived Dayo." Her driver alerted her and she looked outside to see that Imari had her escalade up and running. That meant danger... that meant blood, which meant war.

Was she ready to risk her life by sleeping with a very dangerous man in society just so she will be able to send him to jail?

"Hey, you made it." Dayo was met by a serious looking Imari who was dressed in all black, loading what seemed to be guns and other machinery things Dayo had no idea what they were. "You riding with me and I need you to listen to me and listen good ma." Imari looked behind him to see some boys carrying

staff out of his garage into the escalate and waited for them the leave.

"What's going to happen tonight is going to be rough and brutal. I need you to think of yourself before anyone else. If where you and Gabby will be is not safe, you run... and you don't look back okay?" he spoke to her like she was a child, his child.

Dayo couldn't speak and weakly nodded, she had a feeling she was about to be introduced to a world of no return.

"Now grab your staff... we have to move." And her heart started pumping hard against her chest.

"**Hey!** I tried calling you so we can meet up for lunch but you never got back to me." Patrick Luka cornered his sister who also arrived to the safe house JT summoned them to. The house was owned by the drug dealer himself so it would be easier to hide drugs from enemies and the cops.

Tonight was going to be another special night; they were going against Rotimi's guys after they discovered the location of the car that hit them, thanks to the hidden cameras outside the club.

Dayo was glad she didn't need to be a part of the whole gang war but simply had to wait at the house for any casualties to come back. Patrick Luka was also at the house with her on stand-by. He had just arrived and Dayo was glad there was a familiar face around.

"I was busy until now Pat, did you need to talk about something?" she asked him, as she busied herself in the kitchen making coffee. "How many houses does this man have anyway? And do they all have food?" she was really flabbergasted by the whole situation. How much money did JT and Imari make and how many more houses do they own for drug purposes.

"Every province has a safe house. The plan is to become the biggest drug dealer in the whole of South Africa which is going



to be impossible." Patrick snickered bitterly earning a confused look from his sister.

"Why do you say it like that? Do you think it won't be possible?" Dayo wouldn't doubt JT's abilities to do exactly that, she has little knowledge when it comes to drug dealing but with how JT has been operating nothing seems beneath him or his partner Imari. They seem to be on top of the world and together with Gabrielle they seem untouchable.

"That man is too cocky Dayo he won't last in this game. I know he has been good to me but there is a lot he still needs to learn."

Dayo passed him a cup of coffee she made him and took a sip of hers. "Patrick what are you saying? I hear you but I think you aren't really being open with me here."

"It's nothing, listen I need a favour from you." He sipped his coffee, he hated coffee but for his sister he will drink it. "I need a prescription filled."

Dayo turned to look at him and wondered why he was now whispering his eyes darting all over the place, hoping none of the other dealers they work with were within an earshot.

"I cannot just fill in a prescription, what you need?"

"Vicodin." He replied. "I need bottles of Vicodin and your help in filling those prescriptions."

Despite drinking coffee, Dayo's mouth ran dry. What the hell?!

"And I need you to provide me with them for a little while until I make serious cash to get them filled out at the pharmacy." He was speaking in a low voice but he spoke like it was nothing, that what he was asking was nothing. The man spoke like he was getting down from a tree; it was all fun and games.

Just as Dayo was about to reply, the main door opened and in walked ten men carrying two injured ones and Imari and JT walked in carrying another who seemed to have lost his right ear. "An emergency doc." JT signalled for Dayo to follow through to one of the room to attend the one who seemed to be totally out of it. While she was tending to that one, Oscar arrived and assisted with the two who suffered bullet wounds to the thighs and the side of the abdomens.

"Hey..." Imari walked into the room Dayo was in just as she finished stitching up the man's ear which was really not cut but the earlobe was cut off. "You done there?" he asked, he was covered in blood but since he was wearing black clothing, it was hardly visible.

The room smelled like blood infused with sterilizers. A bad combination and Dayo was thankful for the facemask she wore because the minute she stepped in the room, the smell of the blood almost knocked her over.

Nodding she looked at her patient before injecting him with pain killers to numb the pain. No wonder the men also used the drugs sometimes they go through a lot, Dayo thought to herself.

She took off her bloody gloves and walked out of the room, taking off the mask to allow fresh air in.

"Imari, you are bleeding." Dayo looked at the t-shirt Imari wore, it clung to his torso a getting drenched in blood. "Let me check you out."

"I am straight ma, I will just clean myself in the bathroom." He reassured her that he was fine. In honesty he didn't want her to touch him; he didn't want a repeat of what nearly happened in the morning, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to hold himself.

Dayo nodded and went to check if Oscar was handling the others well and she was glad to see that this time around he wasn't doing a sloppy job like he did with Imari – he probably was woken up in eerie hours of the morning and threatened hence he did a sloppy job.

"Tell me Oscar, do you still practise medicine?" Dayo asked the bored looking man who seemed to want to be elsewhere than there. Well join the club.

"No, my license got revoked thanks to these people. I have to go my job is done here." Oscar packed up his bag and threw his

gloves in the bin. "I will be expecting my money JT." Oscar mentioned on his way out.

Dayo walked into the lounge where there were once people was now deserted. "Where is everyone?" she asked JT who was banding his hand up.

"Unpacking some staff, I need your account number so I can pay you too." He mentioned and Dayo sighed

biting the inside of her mouth gaining JT's attention.

These men were well trained when it came to reading emotions, nothing went passed them. "What's wrong doc? What's on your mind?"

"It's nothing." Well nothing was an understatement. Her boss was suspecting theft at work and she was involved in it. She is in cahoots with an undercover cop to nail a drug dealer, a drug dealer who pays her for her medical services, a drug dealer who was also liable for her thieving against her employers and now a new one; her brother wants her to steal pain killers at work and after that start signing prescriptions for him, the same brother that works for the drug dealer that has caused a cancer in her life.

"Try me, what's on your mind?" he looked intently at her, not with his normal cold stare but they seemed normal, not cold and not warm just okay.

She walked over to the couch and grabbed the gauze to wrap it on his hand; the fight must have gotten close and really physical for his hand to be that red and for someone to nearly have lost an ear.

"I am running out of medical supplies and my boss has picked up that someone is taking them from the hospital. So I don't know JT I don't know what to say."

"So you were stealing from your work place so you can help me? Mhm." He seemed to be lost in thoughts. "I can help you young Luka. I am not just a drug dealer I know a lot of people that could get you what you need at my command. You name it."

Dayo looked at him unbelieving. "You mean to tell me that I should have just asked you from the get go? Wow. And besides JT if suddenly medication does not disappear at work after my boss told me of her suspicions she will now suspect me." She raised a valid point.

"Mhm you are right, what if she set a trap for you, I mean you are new here, from a different country it is easy for someone to think of you first than anyone else. I will make a plan and tell you, but don't worry about medication anymore, I will sort you out."

"Thank you JT that's like minus half of my problems." She looked at him, letting go of his hand but he turned and grabbed hers instead, his eyes piercing into hers.

"You are cute." He told her and she felt heat rush from her neck to her face, if she were white, she'd resemble a freaking tomato.

"Thank you." She tried to look away but his stare was intense, holding her captive. He felt her move closer on the couch they were both sitting on.

Her heart picked race, was he going to kiss her?

"Doc..." JT's voice was huskier, filled with an emotion she knew very well. Lust.

She looked at his lips, then his eyes...

"JT where is Da...yo" he trailed off finding them in a very compromising situation. There were just a few centimetres apart; had he not walked in... they would be kissing. A pain coursed through his heart.

A sense of *deja vu* washed over him and it was like 2015 again. When the woman he set his eyes on, the woman he gave his heart to jumped into JT's bed.

"Sorry to disturb but I need to get going." Imari spoke his eyes looking at Dayo with a look she associated with disgust.

"But we need to check the merch and sell it off, you can't just leave Mari." JT stood from the couch like he wasn't caught in a heated moment.

"Well I trust you to make a call but if you don't mind I need to sleep I'm in pain and I can't think straight." He deadpanned.

"Are you coming?" he looked at Dayo who was snapped out of the guilt trance she hopped into when Imari walked through to the lounge, saving her from doing something stupid.

"Yeah, you should go, I will call you tomorrow with a plan doc." JT dismissed her and walked away leaving Dayo to pack up her stuff and followed Imari outside to his car.

"Imari..." she called out to him.

"Not a fucking a word from you."

**The ride** to Imari's place was filled with an uncomfortable silence and the bloody car was speeding on the road.

Dayo fastened her seatbelt and looked ahead at the cars they passed; they weren't much on the road which allowed them to speed freely on the freeway without disturbances.

Street lights flicked in the car, illuminating their faces and she dared stole a glance at the dark man gripping the steering wheel so hard with his jaw was locked, a hard look in his eyes. Her heart never stopped racing from the moment he walked on her and JT.

What was she thinking, she had no feelings for JT why was she about to kiss him, she wondered. She kept biting the inside of her mouth, playing with the button of her jacket... he was definitely angry and she didn't need to guess why she knew... she didn't need further confirmation that indeed he was trying to kiss her in his kitchen the same morning.

The ride home was long too long, she couldn't breathe right she even opened the window welcoming the fresh breeze that whipped hard at her face.

Imari's phone rang and he slowed down, to take it out of his coat, making sure to not hurt himself as a bullet grazed his shoulder and to also not take his eyes off the road.



## **Jahzara**

The name flashed on his seven inch screen and he clenched his jaw, irritation colouring his eyes.

"Yeah?" he answered.

"I am driving and like I said I will come by tomorrow, if you want to push things through tonight, fucking do it JT I don't give a damn." He spoke again, Dayo could only hear the one sided conversation but by how Imari was replying, JT wanted them to carry on with what they started today.

"I don't care and it's not about that, I'm beat and I want to recharge." Imari slowed down when approaching a traffic light and Dayo was excited and almost relieved that they were almost home. Just a few minutes and they will be at Imari's house.

"It's not about that, you can kiss whoever you want I don't care JT. That's the kind of man you are and I'm used to it. So if there is nothing else you want to say, I'm out." Imari cut the call and sped off once granted the green light.

Dayo's heart was thumping hard against her chest, they were talking about her and now she was even more confused. What did Imari mean 'JT was that kind of man'?? Was she a play thing between the two of them? Were they playing with her trying to see which one she will go for?

If so then why was Imari so angry at her? Was it that she almost kissed him well... brushed her lips against his only to almost kiss JT?

The good doctor jumped out of the car the minute Imari parked on the driveway. "I want you to grab your staff inside, I'm taking you home."

Dayo was shocked at the hostility. She was living there with him for him... how could he turn around and chase her out like a dog?

She did want to go back to her place but not under the current circumstances. If anything, Imari has been good to her since her arrival in the country. He has done more for her than her own flesh and blood could ever.

"Imari what is this about?" she asked him, she had to ask him. Things were alright between them lately, although she still wanted to bring them down a part of her still cared for the civilization between them. How else will she attack them if she's not closer to them?

Imari walked into the house; it was in the dark hours of the morning, he was in pain and tired all he wanted was to sleep. Dayo followed him inside, noticing how he touched his shoulder and winced.

"Let me check you... then sure I will pack up and leave." Imari sighed and sat on the barstool in the kitchen, allowing her to have her way with his upper body.

"You strained your torso again. There is a little cut on the wound. Your shoulder will be fine as well." She set to work and Imari had his eyes closed the entire time. He couldn't bring himself to look at her; she was just like the rest of the women – didn't deserve an ounce of his attention or affection.

Dayo looked at the dark man, he was glistening like hot melting chocolate, his thick brows complimented his serious face, his square jaw, the well groomed and trimmed beards... the plumb dark lips... he was a gorgeous man.

Imari didn't feel any movement for a while and he was alarmed, he could very much feel Dayo's presence, she was standing between his legs and treating his wounds but the movements and the touching had stopped.

"What now." He asked.

"I am asking you, look at me."

Heaving a sigh Imari opened his eyes and his heart almost jumped out of his chest. The woman had the most pretty doe eyes, her long lashes accentuated them so perfectly... her dark complexion, her accent, her soft body

her curves... everything about her was tattooed on his mind and he hated it. She drove him crazy and she didn't know it, well if she knew then she didn't care or she wouldn't have tried to kiss JT.

Odd enough he remembered that it was the second time he saw them in that kind of position, first it was at the club and he almost beat the man to a pulp but what would have been his reasons? Dayo was not spoken for.

"I..." he was lost for words. What could he possibly say to her? 'Oh I'm kicking you out because I like you and it seems like you like my friend instead?'

that wouldn't suffice. He won't put himself on the firing line, risk his feelings being crushed. Once beaten, twice shy.

Dayo looked into his brown orbs, they held emotions she couldn't really pinpoint but they caused her panties to pool. It was this man that she liked, well not enough to date but enough to get her freak on and release some tension.

"I wasn't going to let it happen..." Dayo felt like telling him. She wasn't going to let JT kiss her. That man was a monster however cute he was – he was still a monster.

"What happened in the morning or just now?" Imari asked, his voice lowered, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down an action that caused Dayo to lose her marbles.

"Just now..."

Imari nodded, rolling his bottom lip into his mouth starring at Dayo. She looked into his eyes, darted to his lips... bringing her glove free hands to his face, she pressed her thumb against his chin, releasing his bottom lip and leaned in...

Her lips brushed against his in a feather like kiss, she was nervous, the hairs at the back of her neck were saluting.

She pulled back and opened her eyes just in time for Imari to open his... they held each other's gaze. Lust, heated lust coloured both their brown orbs.

Imari's head was spinning, he enjoyed the feel of her lips on his, he wanted more... forget that he was angry, he wanted more.

Standing up, he picked Dayo up and placed her on the kitchen counter, before she could protest or even react, his lips slammed hard against hers and she welcomed them.

The kiss was demanding, raw and igniting sparks all around them.

Her shirt came off, his came off the kiss went on.

Dayo was sure her lips were going to be bruised with being attacked like that but heaven help her, she was enjoying the kiss and she was drenched.

Imari skilfully touched her thighs, grabbed and squeezed them with his strong large hands, his lips attacking her neck, finding her sweet spot. "Mhm" Dayo couldn't control the moan that escaped her throat, Imari was driving her insane... she couldn't think straight.

He tasted like coffee, strong coffee.

"Imari..." she clutched his shoulder for support and at that moment, it was as if she poured ice cold water on the man. He pulled back and looked at their discarded t-shirts on the counter.

"I'm sorry, can't do this." He grabbed his t-shirt and looked at Dayo who was running a finger over her lips. "I'll take you home in the morning."

With that he ran out of the kitchen to his bedroom, slamming the door so hard, it almost broke off its hinges.

"What the hell just happened?" Dayo asked herself, confused as hell at how things went.

**"Help! Somebody help me, my son has been shot!!!"** a frantic scream came through the hospital doors, an older woman was rushing against a man who was carrying a heavily shot young boy, tears were streaming down her face, blood dripping on the white hospital tile.

"Help! Please help..." doctors flew from all directions to the woman's aid. Dayo was part of the doctors.

"Ma'am we will take it from here, please wait outside and we will try our best to help your son." Dayo spoke as she watched doctors attach drips to the man, while moving. Talk about a smooth operation and remarkable exercises they all have excelled in. An oxygen mask was placed over his face as they rushed the boy to an emergency room.

"Please save him, he's a good boy." The woman clutched tightly on Dayo's arm and she felt sorry for the woman and hoped they'd be able to save the boy.

Dayo rushed to the emergency room where Doctor Paul will be heading the operation. "Saph..." the boy tried to talk but he kept coughing blood. "Sapphire..." he managed to speak before his eyes rolled to the back of his head.

"Doctor Luka set up the defibrillator, we are losing him."

Three hours later, Dayo walked out of the surgery almost drained. Just over a couple of hours ago, she was nursing gunshot wounds in a bedroom somewhere on the outskirts of the city, kissed a criminal for what could be the best five minutes of her life which also caused her a sleepless night and she had to pitch to work, she was still on duty that's what she was being paid for. The woman was beat, no wonder she was losing so much weight, it was a lot she had to take in.

"Hey stranger haven't seen you in a while." Lydia smiled at Dayo when they met in the bathroom. "When are we having a girls' day in again?"

Dayo blew hot air out through her mouth, really wondering if she had the luxury of doing that. "When I'm free I will let you know Lee."

"Are you okay? Don't get me wrong, this comes from a place of care and love, you look exhausted beyond. Is everything alright?" Lydia asked, reapplying a fresh coat of red lipstick. The lady really took good care of herself; she never wanted to look out of place ever.

Dayo closed her eyes for a while. "I could kill for a full day nap then wake up and eat a burger and fries with wine. I need to recharge."



"I saw your schedule, you are only getting your off this weekend, hang in there." Lydia patted her shoulder before exiting the bathroom, she couldn't afford to be gone for a while and the reception needed her.

Dayo looked into the mirror and her heart broke; eye bags underneath her eyes, she couldn't even bother to wear makeup, she wasn't afforded with such a luxury.

The ringing of a cell phone snapped out of her heavy trance and she searched into her coat to retrieve it.

**JT**

"Hello?"

"Doc, lovely to hear your voice, I have a plan to help you with your little work situation." The mob boss chirped into the receiver. "But it's going to require your help."

Dayo should have known nothing was ever going to be easy with JT. Him assisting her will furthermore drive her into a world of crime, coming back from it seems futile.

"I am pretty sure I'm going to regret this but let's hear what you got." Dayo would do anything to make her work problem disappear. She couldn't afford a bad rep just two seconds in the foreign country.

Dayo listened to JT speak every so calmly on the other side of the receiver and she couldn't believe her ears. One crime after the other... a vicious circle she wanted to break. She couldn't keep doing that, slowly and surely she was losing her humanity

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she was losing herself and all for what, for family?

"Let me get this right, you want me to implicate someone else in this mess? You want me to rope someone in and then set fire on them?" Dayo asked, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

She was an honourable doctor with a heart of gold...

"Oh come on doc, call it collateral damage. You stand to lose more than the next person who is from this country by birth." JT sounded bored as he continued to coerce Dayo to agree to his plan. "If the person has never committed any crime they will only get a slap on the wrist."

"And lose their job JT! Do you know how hard it is to get a job?"

She was compassionate...

"Arg! I knew this would happen, listen young Luka... it's you or the next person. You asked for my help this is it. You get someone to get the meds for you, get them on camera and show it to your boss. Look for someone who isn't really as doctor and needs couple of bucks so it can stick."

That was the master plan, his master plan. To get someone who can hardly ever go to the dispensary go in there, take the requested medication without written instruction, be caught on camera, be seen while giving it to a dodgy patient who will not be in the files, someone JT can organize for her and the collected evidence will be served to the head of the clinic.

JT also planned on acquainting himself with the head of the clinic disguised as a private investigator just so he could fabricate the whole situation.

In theory, it was a good plan... could set Dayo off and allow her room to breathe but the biggest problem with the plan; she had to sacrifice someone's job.

"I didn't think your grand plan will involve me harming someone else." This is the longest she has spoken to the man and as usual, it was nothing good.

"You are not harming someone, it's just loss of employment and if it will make you feel better I can pay the person off, set them fine so they won't even bother seeking legal advice or a re-investigation. Come on, nibble on it... will call you later." He cut the call leaving her to her thoughts.

Her grandmother used to say she was like an angel. The way she cared for people, she was genuine with a heart of gold. She

always put others before her and never complained. She was rare. Beautiful inside and outside.

"Think Dee, think!" she splashed water on her face then left to her office. Arriving there she realized she was free for the rest of the evening. She just had to do her rounds and then head home.

"I can't help you again ma, sorry. Nka se kgone." Lydia was outside the clinic speaking harshly on the phone, attracting Dayo's attention. "Every single day you ask for money I can't." She cut the call to come face to face with the Zimbabwean beauty.

**Translation: 'Nka se kgone'= I won't be able to / I can't.**

"Something wrong?" Dayo asked concern manning her face.

"It's my mom, she keeps asking me for money and I keep sending but this time she has gone too far. I know she looks after my child but she's really draining my bank account." Lydia was on the verge of tears that Dayo quickly pulled her into a hug.

"I'm sorry babe." She calmed her friend down as best as she could. While she was making enough money at the hospital that could afford her to be well off on her own, she still got more money from JT, a lot of it; there were people around her that couldn't make ends meet. She felt really guilty.

"I will be okay, I can handle her just that today it's one of those days where she got to me. But thanks, I need to go back to the front desk." Lydia skipped inside, wiping the tears from the corners of her eyes.

Dayo looked at the direction Lydia went to...

She was desperate for money, she was South African, she 'hopefully' never committed any crimes... and JT did say he can offer the person a lump sum of money after the whole thing...

One plus one equalled to Lydia Thapo.

**"Where the hell is Prudence?"** Gabrielle asked, as she lined up bartenders and waiters in the club wanting to lay down some rules.

The club was back in business and this time around, they did not have Rotimi's top notch and air tight security to secure them. Everything was now in their hands.

"Sorry I'm late, burst geyser in my flat. I had to get... had to sort shit out." The cop rushed inside, dressed as usual; skinny jeans, a tank top and a biker jacket.

"I'm glad you could make it. We have a big night tonight, it i... well not a grand opening but it is a big deal none the less and I want it to be perfect. I want you lot to move swiftly and smoothly. We have the product tonight and only you will be responsible for it." Gabrielle had ditched the expensive wigs she usually wears and had blonde braids. They complimented her light complexion very well.

Dressed in a short and tight olive green dress, olive sandals, Gabrielle had fire in her eyes as she addressed her team. She had to impress her brother, he relied on her that she will get the club running again so they will be able to clean the dirty money they make from selling drugs through it.

"Our lab team has done an impressive job with the coke we got. Turned it into edibles, and it will just be easy to push around the club. Find new customers today, somebody might be sad and needing assistance. Somebody might be going through shit, and they require a boost, I need to see numbers, okay?"

The girls and boys nodded including the badass cop. She was rather disappointed when the club shut down and she knew it was only a matter of time until Banda called her back to the force, but to her amazement she received a call last night from Gabby that she needed them back, and the club was going to be operational again.

"Which side of the bar will I be manning?" Prudence asked, she wanted the VIP section, that's where most junkies partied and that's where JT always mingled. She needed much more information about him, how else except to see who he associates himself with.

"You will be working in the VIP section babe. Impress me okay, since I hired you I don't know what it is that you can do around here for me. So you are in with the big dogs." Gabrielle patted prudence's shoulders before leaving her in the hands of Lesley.

Doing the rounds in the club and checking on the drugs that were disguised as sweets, Gabrielle opened the doors to the club surprised at the amount of people queuing up outside to get it.

Of course she knew they came for the line-up, strippers and the rich men that received special invites to the opening of the club.

The bouncers took charge of the all the doors around the club, charging every person two hundred rand to get in. The club was elite and two hundred rand to the big spenders was nothing.

Dressed in black short shorts were the waiters, paired with black t-shirts carrying complimentary drinks around the VIP section, fake yet pretty smiles grazing their soft faces that were caked with make-up.

The party lives in Johannesburg are always lit and seemed dangerous.

Prudence was hardly recognisable with the red fringe wig and makeup she had on, the last thing she needed was one of her colleagues seeing her or somebody in her life noticing her. The club was very popular in Braamfontein and everyone wanted to set a foot in it. She had to be careful.

"Ey sweet cheeks." An old man with a cigar between his fingers called out to Prudence as she passed by with an empty tray, she wanted to go to the bathroom for a while and relax... waitressing was something she wasn't born to do. It was a hard and taxing job, she was enough.



The people dancing in the club, calling her right left and centre for drinks

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the groping, and the catcalling... it was too much!

"Yes sir what can I get you?" she asked, at first she asked the men 'what can I do for you?' and she did not like the answer she got. 'Oh no I want to do you instead' one of the men said and she had to find something else to say.

So many times she wanted to get her gun and blow some brains off, the disrespect was off the charts.

"A bottle of your most expensive champagne and take it to those two girls dancing outside the VIP section. Poor girls could fit right in here with us but they probably can't afford to." The man was sitting like a king, looking straight ahead at the regular section on the same floor. There were club-goers on the first floor who just wanted a great time and affordable beer while enjoying live performances from their favourite musicians and there was this section, the VIP section, the danger zone.

A section many wanted to join simply because of the elegant furniture, the atmosphere, the rich men, the expensive drink, the outfits... it was elite.

Prudence's eyes followed the man and she landed on two girls occupying a two-seater sharing a bottle of a cheap wine. "Roger that."

Prudence took a bottle of champagne their most expensive champagne, it cost ten thousand of rands. She was really surprised by that. She was expecting something along the lines of twenty thousand of rands. Grabbing a bowl of sweets that were really drugs she walked to the two ladies who smiled brightly when she approached with the champagne in ice and two flutes.

"Complements from the gentleman in a navy suit over there." She pointed at the rich man. "And some sweets to kick start your night." She winked at the girls and placed down a bowl with four pink sweets in it.

"Only two sweets each?" one of the girls asked popping two at a time.

"Honey they aren't free sweets. Enjoy." Prudence hated doing that, she wanted out of this life of harming people. She wanted justice, she wanted JT to pay for all the harm he has caused the world. She didn't want to be the one caught up with giving people drugs. But there was a bigger picture that fuelled the fire inside of her. Nailing JT and his gang.

Gabrielle was lurking in the dark with Lesley by her side, his hand squeezing her ass every so often. "Are you sure we can't steal a few minutes for a quickie?" He whispered in her ear earning a low moan.

"I'd love to, but tonight is the big night. JT and Imari are expecting numbers and a police free zone. So I need to be here and make sure everything is going smooth." She replied, watching as the club goers drank and smoked whatever the hell they could smoke in the club. What please her most was the pink bowls housing the sweets laced with cocaine doing a large number of round on the VIP section. She knew her clientele and new just how much they loved getting high.

Her phone buzzing between her boobs received her attention and Imari's name flashed on the screen. Moving into her office away from the noise, she answered the call.

"Clear up everything in the bar for the next hour. I got a tip from my friend in the police, they have sent someone to scout the place." He told her and cut the call.

Imari and JT were out doing their business as usual but were always up to date with everything happening around them.

Having a police official on their payroll was a smart move since the day Banda caught them off-guard, they did not want a repeat of that.

Gabrielle had the sweets cleared off from the bar and erased any trace of them on the frontline in record time. She had no idea who was coming to check them out so she had to take extra care.

An angry look marred her beautiful face as this was the night she was supposed to have killed it. She knew that in any case she made a lot of money, but she wanted to exceed her own expectations. The sudden move was prohibiting that from happening.

Prudence just finished serving the same man from earlier whiskey on the rocks, one glass cost hundred rand, just a double of Irish whiskey cost that much. She couldn't believe that the man did not even mind a bit. He was enjoying himself and the company of the two girls who were now high as clouds, and drunk as skunks from the bottles of champagne they were popping.

She turned around only to come face to face with her colleague Kagiso Dube.

"Cooper? Is that you?" he asked over the loud music. His eye held so much confusion. He couldn't understand why she'd do what she did. "Is this what you have resigned for, to come work in a nightclub?"

"KG I'm gonna need you to pretend to not know me." She gave a tight closed mouth smile and tried to walk past but he grabbed her arm.

"What's going on? Did you resign or get fired? Why would you work here knowing very well this is crime zone?" the guy was a bit taller than Prudence, a little intimidating.

"That's none of your business now is it?" she snapped, her heart beating wild against her ribcage. None of her co-workers were supposed to see her in the club. They will surely blow it in her face. She didn't trust anyone except Michael Banda.

Before Kagiso could say anything else, a bouncer was already by Prudence's side detaching his grip from her arm.

"Is this man giving you trouble miss?" the larger than life man wearing a black tux asked.

"No." came Kagiso's curt response.

"YES!" Prudence spoke through gritted teeth.

And just like that, Kagiso was escorted out of the building before he could even do what he came to do.

Pulling out her phone from her purse, Prudence sent a message to someone named Blacks on her contacts

A break at last.

Dayo walked barefooted in her apartment with nothing but her oversized t-shirt. It was Saturday and she wasn't reporting for duty. She slept until noon and was now hungry and she hadn't bought groceries since returning from Imari's house; there was absolutely nothing to eat.

Opening her fridge there was one apple left and she grabbed it, she was famished.

The doctor was overworked, exhausted and starving; the weight loss was taking its toll on her. She did not like what she saw in the mirror, she used to be so full of life; her hips wider and her backside flourishing. But now, she seemed to be growing thinner and seeming dull.

It was all because of these three men; Jahzara Timber, Imari Brown and Patrick Luka.

She needed to find a way out

She needed to find a way to get out of the situation unscathed and Patrick unharmed. She couldn't continue to live her life in fear of her brother dying or her dying. She did not imagine life in South Africa would be this hard. It was a nightmare.

Just as she closed the fridge, she heard the front door close shut. Panic coursed through her body, she looked around trying to find a weapon she could use against the perpetrator.

Only a spatula was in sight just as she turned to attack, she stopped dead in her tracks "What the hell! What are you doing here?" her eyes narrowed into thin slits, anger marring her beautiful chocolaty face.

"I'm sorry." Imari raised his hands in surrender. "I didn't think you'd be home. What are you doing here?" he asked accusingly, taking in her attire that consisted of an oversized t-shirt that barely covered her thighs.

"Wha... what am I doing here? Are you asking me what I am doing in a place I live in?" she rhetorically questioned him.

Imari looked at her like a deer caught in headlights. He didn't know what to say as he was not expecting her to be home. He knew she leaves early for the hospital and return later in the night most days then help out with JT where necessary. He just forgot that she could be off. He is never off so he easily forgets these things.

"I mean I didn't expect to find you here..." he finally found his voice. The man smelled heavenly, his scent wasn't too strong, it was perfect; alluring, hypnotizing. Dayo was having a hard time trying to concentrate. He was dressed as usual; dark jeans, dark

t-shirt and a jacket with combat boots. An image you find on GQ magazines.

"I live here. Do you randomly do this? Come to my place when I'm not here? I know this is your place but it's temporarily mine now." She was bewildered at the realization of what could possibly be happening when she is at work.

"No, no, no." Imari panicked, he didn't want to come off as a stalker. This was the first time he let himself in the apartment without her consent. "This is the first time I promise." He was convincing.

"Then explain yourself, what are you doing here?"

"I came to uhh sort something out and I will be out."

"And what is that something?"

She still had the spunk.

"Nothing you should worry about."

"I live here, anything and everything that is happening in this house, I want to know about it. More especially since you wanted to do it in my absence." Her large eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

Imari wanted nothing but to shut her up with a kiss but after the last time and what he saw, he needed to get a good grip over himself or this wouldn't end too well.



"Are you gonna say something or you will just look at me Imari? I want to know what it is that brought you to my house unannounced."

His eyes travelled to her bare legs, she had beautiful feet, probably a size five, so clean and well-kept toe nails. Her brown skin was glistening like melting chocolate... perfection... a goddess...

"I think you should go put something on and I will just...do that thing and get... and get out." No one ever unnerved him like this Zimbabwean beauty. What the hell did she do to him? What is it that she has and other girls he has met don't?

Dayo looked down at her attire and blushed profusely. Her neck was burning and cheeks flushed. If she was white, she'd have turned beet red right there and then.

"Uhh I just woke up and I... I will go and cha... change yeah." She was a stuttering mess. The man really got into her head and messed it all up. She was a very sure woman, always had something to say never the speechless one but Imari, Imari changed all that.

Without a another word she dashed back into her bedroom and went to splash water on her face to calm herself down then draped her long silk robe around her body, fastening it tight around her waist.

Barefooted still, she walked out in search of Imari so he could explain to her what is it that he needed to do in her house. Knowing him and the type of job he does, it was probably something illegal and she wanted to know what it was. Perhaps that could be another piece to the puzzle she's trying to solve.

Seeing that he wasn't in the lounge or the kitchen, she searched the hallway bathroom

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the extra bedroom until she reached the office. She forgot the room existed it was at the end of the hallway hiding.

"There you are." She spoke up causing him to jump almost a mile in the air, a chuckle escaping Dayo's throat as it happened.

"See it's not nice when someone creeps up on you neh?"

Imari looked at her in her long silky robe leaning against the door frame. Did she do that on purpose? Was she provoking him on purpose?

Since the kiss, he was unable to get her out of his head, well since he met her. The kiss just intensified everything else.

Walking in she realized her had on the table a laptop, some remote controllers and a whole bunch of other things she didn't know. "What is all this?" she asked.

Imari looked at her, not moving, not breathing, not blinking, and not doing anything.

"Imari??!" she clapped her hands in front of him, snapping him out of the trance he was locked in.

"Camera monitors. I came here to shut down some cameras in this place." He truthfully answered, his eyes looking anywhere else but her.

"Why? I thought that helps you to keep an eye on your enemies? I mean some people might still think you live here since you can come here and let yourself in."

"You're not going to let this one go are you?"

"No. so why are you shutting them down?"

"I hardly check this side... and when I did I wish I hadn't..."

Dayo was getting annoyed with how vague the man was. At first he didn't want to disclose what brought him by, and now he still doesn't want to explain to her why he was doing what he was doing.

"What did you see? Why are you being so vague?" she folded her arms and looked into his eyes. Brown to brown, he held her gaze.

"There is a camera in every room except the bathrooms." He told her.

"So?"

"So?" he arched his brow. "There is a camera in every room... every room."

Dayo's head was a bit jumbled but she thought about it. "Even my bedroom?"

"Every room."

"Oh no!" she was panicking. "When did you check the cameras?" she asked, wishing and hoping he never heard her scheme on the phone with Prudence Cooper. But they normally text and delete messages afterwards but one could never be too sure.

"Last night."

"Oh no!" her body caught heat. Last night she couldn't sleep so she befriended a good vibrating toy of hers...

"Did you see me uhh..." she couldn't even bring herself to say it.

"Play with yourself? I did." He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bopping up and down. "I saw everything."

She turned around unable to face him. "And you watched?" how could you?"

"I... I wanted to turn them off so bad but you made beautiful sounds I was entranced." Dayo turned around feeling the heat go to her south region. How was she getting turned on by this?

How was she getting turned on by the fact that Imari watched her masturbate with her vibrator?

It grew quiet. Heavy breathing, darkened orbs. The office was suddenly small. "Doc..." Imari called her name and she moaned a response. Things have changed in a blink of an eye.

A few minutes ago they were about to set the each other on fire and now they wanted to devour each other.

Like a magnet to a coin, so their lips met again. The kiss was hungry and needy. Their hands were all over each other. They were like starved animals fighting over pieces of meat.

One, two... all her clothes came off, three, four, five and six... he was standing in front of her in his boxer shorts. She was stark naked as she only had the robe and the oversized t-shirt.

Shoving everything off the large mahogany desk, they fell with a soft thud on the soft carpet. He placed her on the desk, his lips hungrily claiming hers.

She returned the kiss with just more energy. "Imari..." his name rolled off her tongue like melted caramel as he slipped a finger inside her wet core, his other hand kneading her breast.

"Yeah baby." He latched onto her neck finding her sweet spot. She let out soft moans. It was even better hearing the sounds live. His shaft hardened to a point it was becoming painful at the sounds she was making.

One finger, two fingers... in and out of her dripping core. "Imari please..." he continued the assault on her coochie, not allowing her room to escape. Her hand found a way into his pants and she was wowed. The man was well endowed. He was dark, his dreadlocks gave him the sexy boyish charming look, his chiselled jaw drove her near insanity, his lips were soft and his mouth tasted like what she has been needing her whole adult life and he was well endowed? She will die a happy woman.

Kicking off his boxers he grabbed his shaft and aligned it with her dripping core. "Are you sure about this?" he asked breathless. He needed her to quench his thirst and vice versa.

The good old doctor nodded eagerly. She looked down at the dark shaft the man possessed. Damn!!!

"Wait... wait..." just as he entered her, she stopped him. His brows furrowed in confusion. Did he imagine the whole thing? Did she not give him consent? Was she regretting already? Was she chickening out? Pulling out?

"Condom... you need a condom." Shit, he got so carried away he forgot the most important thing.

"Shit... I didn't bring any, you got any?"

What. The. F\*ck.

Dayo thought she was dreaming. He didn't have condoms? She gave the last pack she had to some prostitutes she saw last night. She didn't think she'd be getting lucky this soon.

"I uhh I don't have any either." It was as if someone splashed ice cold water on them. The mood was dampened.

"So what now?"

**'So what now?'** those words were ringing in Dayo's head as she took a shower in the afternoon, trying to erase the feeling of Imari's hands all over her. So what now, when they realized they were horny as hell, naked and no condoms, she was not going to risk anything.

The man owned a nightclub that hosted sexiest ladies Joburg has ever produced he sure went around, especially with such an impressive manhood he definitely wanted to show off that he was not only good looking but there was more he could to offer.

She didn't trust him yet she wanted him. She was so horny, she couldn't even remember when the last time she had a good time was, and now she has met a South African man that was toying with her sanity. She almost said fuck it lets do it, but the careful doctor in her rationalized with her.

He was dejected. He had a look of shame colouring his face as he put back every piece of clothing back on his body.

Her mind was telling her no, but her body, her body was saying yes. But she sadly had to put her health first... which is why a few hours later she had to take matters into her own hands and was now washing off.



JT had called. He needed her to come by to his club as he had worked out a plan regarding her hospital situation.

She still had that hospital problem looming over her and she needed to get it fixed. She was still hesitant on setting someone else up especially since the person who would make it all easy for her is the girl with the money problems, her newest friends; Lydia.

Her phone blasted in her bedroom just as she stepped out of the shower. Think of the devil and he will call you or she will call you in this case.

"Lydia... hi."

"Girl what's good?" Lydia chirped on the other side of the receiver. "Do you feel like going out for dinner? I know this good restaurant that sells African food and I mean from Nigeria to Zimbabwe to Mozambique to South African food. It will give you a taste of home."

Oh how sweet she was. Dayo's heart melted against her rib cage. There she was planning on getting the poor girl fired and all she was doing was be a good friend to her.

"I'd love to but rein check? I'm going to that Sapphire club again. I need to sort something out."

"With that light skinned hot owner?" Lydia teased her. "Wait, wena you weren't in work today remember that boy that was

shot with the hysteric mother? He is conscious today and he told me as I was cleaning his room that he was shot at sapphire and that I must call the police."

Dayo froze in her room. "What? The sapphire sapphire night club? The one we went to?"

"The one and only. He says they shot him because they thought he was selling drugs there. I had to call one of the doctors and she said she will call the police. So if you're going there tonight expect drama." Lydia finished. She spoke like a gossip monger. It irked Dayo because how come neither JT nor Imari mentioned the tale?

"Thanks for the heads up. Let me call you in a minute." Dayo hung up and went to her wardrobe, she was able to do some bit of shopping online and she got herself a sexy red jumpsuit with a plunging neckline. It hugged her figure carefully and she completed the look with a gold pair of heels. She wore her perfume and rushed outside to her waiting cab.

"Wow. You look beautiful ma'am." her driver complimented her as he put the car in motion, stepping on the accelerator and driving out of the complex.

"Thank you. They won't allow me in looking like garbage in that club. I had to try." She smiled, she was feeling herself. She looked smoking hot.

"Men will be begging for your attention tonight, believe that."

Arriving to the club, Dayo was let inside without even having to queue outside. The fact that the bouncers knew her unsettled her. Just how do they know her? Did JT give them a picture of her to memorize? That would definitely be creepy.

Worrying that she had to go up to the VIP section by herself, JT pulled up to her side and ushered her up the stairs. The man was clad in a black suit looking so fiiine Dayo couldn't help but to check him out. He was smoking hot and even though the club was full and people were dancing, sweating around them his cologne still engulfed her. It was that strong and that incredible.

"Champagne?" JT grabbed a glass from Prudence Cooper who had a tray of flutes filled with champagne.

"As long as I don't die from it, sure." She accepted the glass, stealing glances at the undercover cop, she sold the bartender image perfectly. You wouldn't believe she was a cop that was always in skinny jeans and leather jackets.

JT let out a hearty laugh showing his perfect white teeth. "Only you." He led them to his office

there he dragged a large black case and placed it in front of her.

"Medical supplies, you will tell me if you need anymore." He answered her as she raised her brows in confusion.

"Oh, thank you I guess. How did you get them so soon? And where did you get them?" she questioned.

"Don't you worry your little pretty head with the details...have you thought about my suggestion?"

Dayo sighed and got comfortable on the couch in the rich and dangerous looking office. She has been in there before but damn, drug and club money was a lot of money. The office screamed money, screamed wealth. Definitely Gabrielle's touch on everything.

"I am still pondering over it. I have someone in mind but I'm not sure if we should continue." She answered him.

He went to his alcohol stash and poured a triple Irish whiskey on rocks. "You're wasting time. The longer you take your boss will realize nothing is missing and you will be the perfect suspect. Just shove feelings aside and fucking do it." Yes, there he was the heartless kingpin she knew. If she doesn't find some dirt to take this man down, she's going to find herself being just like him.

"I hear you... hey I wanted to ask were there any shootings here last week?" she took a sip of her champagne.

"Where? Here at the club? No, I can't afford such bad publicity why?" he asked, looking at her through the roof of his lashes.

The man was handsome; he was large, larger than life and very sexy. It was hard to actually believe he kills for a living.

"There is someone at the hospital claiming he was shot here last week."

"The fuck?" he fished for his cell phone in his front pocket and dialled someone. "Imari please come to my office bring Lesley and the new girl with you."

Dayo's heart picked race when she heard Imari's name. All memories of what transpired during midday rushed back. She began to feel nervous, she was alone with JT in his office just after almost kissing him the other day and Imari was pissed off. Would he be pissed off again tonight? Will he think the worst of the situation and think they were trying to finish off what they almost started?

"Can I have another glass?" she asked after gulping the remains of her champagne.

"Sure, let me bring a whole bottle up here doc." He left her alone to go fetch a bottle of champagne from the bar.

Shortly Imari walked in and found Dayo sitting cosily on the couch in a sexy red number.

"Hey..." he greeted as if unsure of himself.

"Hi." The heat. She could feel the heat circulate her body.

"What are you doing here?" he asked standing by the now closed door. "Where is JT?"

"He called me here, he just stepped out."

Imari nodded. "You look gorgeous." He was afraid to move any closer to her. He might be unable to hold himself. The woman unnerved him.

"Thank you." A smile crept itself on her face. It lit her whole face up, stunning Imari. The man was falling deeper and he was not sure on how to stop it.

"I got you the best champagne we have..." JT spoke as soon as he walked in his office. "Hey Mari." He casually walked passed Imari and placed the champagne on ice with a fresh glass on the whiskey table next to Dayo. "And I promise no drugs or poison in it. I still need you around." He winked at her causing her to smile.

She turned around to find Imari starring darkly at her with a locked jaw. ***Oh shit.***

The smile was wiped off her face; she accepted the glass and took a longer sip her eyes darting everywhere else but at Imari or JT. The room felt too small now. The two large men were overcrowding her.

"Why did you call me in here? What is it?" Imari asked his voice colder than the snow. Just as he asked, Prudence and Lesley walked in.

"Great everyone is here, I hear we had a shooting here last week, a young boy was shot. Anyone care to tell me?" JT broke the ice.

"Shooting here? Last week? No. We didn't have such drama last week boss, Gabby would have told you. Hell the police would have shut us down." Lesley answered.

"I know nothing as well about any shooting." Prudence also answered.

"There you have it doc, your patient is lying and if the police knock on my door step and cause problems for me, I am going to kill him myself." He deadpanned sending a shiver down Dayo's spine. Her nerves were still running short Imari was too quiet.

"If that's all I'm leaving. I need to do something at home. Catch you tomorrow at the meeting." Imari turned around and walked without waiting for a response from anyone. Dayo knew, he was mad. Big mad.

JT went after Imari while Lesley went back to work. The doctor stood up, deciding she had to leave too. There was no way she

was going to stay behind and have Imari think she wanted JT too. She didn't. Or did she?

Just as they walked outside, Prudence dragged Dayo to the bathroom and kicked out a girl who was washing her hands.

"Are you stupid or you are stupid? Why would you tell JT about the boy?" Prudence accused her. "Now my plan is going to be jeopardized for fuck's sake."

Dayo was a little confused. "You need to level with me. I don't know what you're talking about. The boy claimed to have been shot here I was merely just investigating."

"This is why I'm a cop and you're a doctor. Stop meddling in my affairs!!!" Prudence looked just about ready to strangle Dayo to death. She had a crazy glint in her eyes that scared Dayo.

"Prudence... what is happening?" Dayo asked with eyes narrowed. There was something off about the cop. She just didn't expect to hear what came out of Cooper's mouth.

"I shot the boy and I'm going to pin it on Gabrielle."



Dayo's head was trying to detach itself from her neck after Prudence's last sentence.

"You did what??" she asked, her eyes almost jumping out of their sockets. "You did what Prudence? What the hell... why?"

"It had to be done. These people are too clean for my liking so I had to speed up the process. I can't be working for them week after week I don't have the patience." The coloured woman rolled her eyes. She had fire and a crazy glint in her eyes; it was starting to scare Dayo.

"That is... you know what? I can't work with you anymore. We are done." Dayo was about to exit the bathroom but Prudence grabbed her arm pulling her back.

"I don't think so foreign girl. You will get me the information from whichever man you find yourself tangled between the sheets with. You will make sure they spill every single details about their production, the turfs they own and who the fuck supplies them with drugs since they kicked Rotimi to the curbs." Prudence was strong for a petite girl.

Dayo yanked her arm out of Prudence's hold and rubbed the area as it stung a little. "I am not afraid of you."

A cold, dry chuckle erupted from Cooper's throat. "You try me home girl." She walked passed Dayo and resumed her duties as a bartender.

Dayo was stunned for words. Just exactly did she get herself into when she agreed to go in bed with the cop? Did she think she will be safe? That she will actually be free of the two men that torment her mind, body and soul? Yes and yes. Did she think Prudence will give drugs to a teenager just to set up JT and his gang? Did she think she'd shoot someone to blame it on Gabrielle? No and no. this was too much to take at one go. She needed a drink.

Going back to JT's office she sat back on the couch and went hard on the champagne.

"Hey girl. Why are you sitting alone in here? It's happening outside, Cassper Nyovest has the house going crazy." Gabrielle walked in, looking for JT but found Dayo instead.

"I can't be out there by myself Gabby, I'm even thinking of leaving." Dayo truthfully answered.

"Oh come on, I'll hang with you. I am sure I deserve a break too. It has been a crazy couple of weeks and I have never sat down to unwind." Gabrielle sat down and grabbed a glass to join in the champagne splurge.

"How long have you been in SA for?"

Dayo downed the contents of her glass and poured some more. "The same night JT found out about me. A little over a month. It really feels like I have been here for a while though."

Gabrielle was shocked at the revelation. "A little over a month? You poor thing. That's not right. You want to tell me that Jahzara is the one that welcomed you in this country? Damn."

Damn indeed.

Dayo just shrugged. What choice did she have? Her brother's life is in danger she had to choose him over anything else.

"This life is not for the faint hearted. I am not even allowed to have friends because they might be killed for being seen with me. I'm used to it however you on the other side, you must be dying to cut loose."

Dayo looked at Gabrielle who was playing with the rim of her champagne flute. She seemed to be deep in thoughts. "I am not happy to be doing it because I am from another country, my license may be revoked, and I get deported or jailed. But it's for my brother so hey..." she didn't want to say too much as she was feeling the buzz of the bubbly in her head.

She couldn't risk drinking more as she might start singing like a canary.

"I understand I'd also do anything for Jahzara same as I know he will do for me."

"Do your parents know what you two do?" Dayo asked, she was curious but at the same time gathering information she might need later on. She knew Prudence Cooper wasn't going to stop at nothing until she puts all three behind bars.

"Dude, we were brought up into this world. We just grew up and took over. My dad is still a pain in the ass trying to control us and everything but we got it under control. He was the big player back in the day. He ran Alexandra streets until he screwed Rotimi up and he took the turfs from him." Gabrielle spoke in lengths not realizing who exactly she was feeding information to.

"Oh. This sounds too complex for me. I just grew up a little naïve girl with the world on her shoulders who just wanted to be a doctor and save lives of her people but times are tough in my country so I had to seek greener pastures and now I'm introduced to a world I thought I'd never encounter."

Gabrielle looked at Dayo

she looked torn. The world was not for sweet people like her. It will damage her soul. "I wish I could help you leave but my brother won't allow that. We had a discussion about you and what is the deal and he said you were a brilliant doctor. That is something he has never said about Oscar."

Just great. Nothing could be worse than JT thinking the world of her.

Dayo just shrugged her shoulders, accepting that she has to do this on her own even if it meant assisting Prudence Cooper because she seemed to be her only hope.

"Do you enjoy the drug life?" she asked, she had to keep the questions coming or she would forever be stuck in that dark world.

"I do. Having been brought up in this world, it's all I know. I enjoy what the money can buy and do for me." The girl was honest. Looking at how she dressed, the weaves she keeps on changing, and the cars she drove; the money was good money.

"But you don't have anyone to share the money with..."

"I do... I do have a couple of friends that know about this world we meet up and travel the world sometimes... and I can also be your friend if you'd like?" she seemed genuine but Dayo did not want to befriend her. Not even by a long mile. That was just digging an even much deeper grave for herself.

"I guess... that would be nice." She replied, a voice screaming in her head that it was the right decision to make in that way she'd be able to dig deeper into the family affairs.

The girls continued drinking and talked about how nice Gauteng actually was, Gabrielle asking about Dayo's interest to find if

they will be compatible as friends. Gabrielle was really a people's person. She managed to keep the conversation going and Dayo found herself enjoying the company a little too much.

She just hoped she did not get too drunk to a point of spilling the beans.

"Fuck I am drunk." Dayo blurted out. "And I need the bathroom."

"I am also drunk must I get us another bottle?" Gabrielle asked seeing she just poured the last drop of the champagne. Dayo shook her head and stumbled to the bathroom. Walking drunk in heels was no fun, she had to herself steady with the wall.

Just as she came back from the bathroom she saw JT on the phone just outside his office. She smiled at him and tried to walk towards him to be able to get inside his office but she tripped and landed right in his arms.

"I got you doc. Listen I have to go, need to take care of something will talk in the morning." He cut the call. Music didn't reach the side of the offices which was ideal for the owners.

"You are poes drunk doc." JT looked down at the beauty in his arms and all she did was giggle.

JT opened the door and found Gabrielle sprawled on the two-seater snoring softly with about seven empty bottles of champagne on the table and on the floor.

"You two decided to have a freaking party in my office? Wow look at Gabby are you two crazy?" JT was worried that one of his enemies might have found them and killed them.

"Don't be such a party pooper JT." Dayo giggled and dropped on the couch she was sitting on. "It was harmless fun." She almost slurred her words.

JT undid his tie and threw it on the table and sat next to Dayo looking at his sister who had a smile on her face. She fell asleep happy definitely. He couldn't be mad.

"You two had fun?" he looked at Dayo, his light brown orbs starring at her with an emotion she couldn't pin-point.

She nodded looking back into his eyes. Something was in the air, Dayo couldn't think straight but she wanted this. She wanted what was looking to happen.

The feel of soft lips on hers caused a sigh to leave her lips. She opened her eyes to be met by a smirking JT before he slammed his lips back on hers.

The kiss was a bit sloppy, it was as if they were horny teenagers just wanted to get right into the deed. Her lips were soft and her mouth was warm.

JT pulled back and looked at her. "You're a good kisser." He bit his lower lip, an action Dayo found sexy.

"So are you..."

"Let me get someone to assist with Gabby and we will go to my place yeah?"

"Yeah..."



"**Oh fuck!**" she moaned loud as the hard muscled shaft entered her sacred honey pot. She was wet, very, very wet and hot. Her moans were so melodic; they fuelled the fire inside of him. They unleashed the beast that lived deep inside of him.

She was so beautiful - bare on his bed in nothing but her birthday suit, her eyes coloured with lust, face reflecting smiles of pleasure. She was in haven, floating on cloud nine.

She had lost count on how many times she came around him but he dared not to stop, no he had to ravage her till she passes out.

"Baby, just right there don... don't... ooh shii don't stop please..." she was begging. He stopped, he knew what he was doing, and he was toying with her. He enjoyed that, he enjoyed hearing her beg for him to fill her with his shaft.

It was just perfect, the way he rotated his hips, how he kept a steady rhythm he was a sex god. A walking and breathing sex god. How could one person be capable of providing one with such immense pleasure was beyond her.

He took out his shaft and tapped it on her wet and glistening lower lips and watched as she opened her eyes, wondering why he stopped.

"What's wrong?" she asked; her voice raspy from all the screaming and moaning she has been doing for the last thirty minutes. It was a miracle she kept up. She always looked tired in the past week the man thought she'd only last one round but there she was, acting sex starved and not wanting him to stop.

"Nothing baby..."he replied his famous smirk webbing its way on his handsome face. His eyes always held mischief and that is what she enjoyed and liked about him. Those eyes could lie to you, those eyes could sell you dreams if you'd like.

He was sweating but damn if that did not make him even more desirable. His body was well toned, well sculpted. It was as if his maker took his time with him, from his square jaw to his nose to his eyes; perfect.

He licked his lips and in a split second Dayo felt a light breeze on her core. He blew some air on it before his tongue darted out to lap up the juices.

"Oh fvchfdjmc..." everything that left her lips was incoherent. She made no sense at all. His tongue caused frenzy in her head. No one has ever done that to her, absolutely no one. It felt... it felt different. She couldn't really explain it but she wanted more.

Placing her hand on his head, she pushed him further so he could continue the assault on her womanly folds properly.

She arched her back when she felt two digits enter her, and the tongue never leaving her dripping core. She started backing away; the pleasure was too much, she couldn't take any more.

"Please... please I can't..."

"Yes you can." He sternly told her, if that did not turn her on further...

She couldn't believe the man. Where the hell did he get so much stamina from? She could feel the pleasure building up and she knew she was close to another orgasm.

"Please don't sto-ah!!" the intrusion. The digits were replaced by his thick shaft entering so hard, so fast she was seeing stars behind her eyelids. She came undone but he wasn't done...

Quick, hard thrust and he came inside of her roaring like a freaking king of the jungle. How intense, how crazy; how intense and steamy. Damn.

Dayo was trying hard to regain her breath but shit blew her mind and her breath away.

"Dayo!! Doc?????!!!" the voice was female and sounded so far away yet so close. "Doc hey!!" Now the voice was just too damn close.

Opening her eyes Dayo found herself in a foreign room. What happened to her grey walls? Her white and grey bed sheets?

Her brown oak bedside table? The hundreds of lights decorating the ceiling?

She turned to the other side and found none other than Gabrielle Timber in her green silk robe with two cups of steaming liquids in her hands.

"You are in my house if you're confused and... what was going on in here?" Gabrielle asked. Passing one cup of what turned to be coffee to Dayo.

"What do you mean?" Dayo asked her accent so deep you could tell she wasn't South African.

"Babe, you was busy in them sheets moaning and shit. Were you having a wet dream? And with who? Do you have a man? Is he south African? Zimbabwean? Nigerian? Please don't say Nigerian, those ones are so impossible and hard headed, say Ghanaian? Arg I'd love a man from Ghana. They dress so well and they are so big and strong..."

Dayo was shocked at how much the woman could talk. She looked around and couldn't believe all that she was experiencing was nothing but a dream.

She took a sip of her coffee and appreciated the liquid trickling down her throat. She needed that.

"So?" Gabrielle asked once more.

"It was not a wet dream. I can't remember the hell I was dreaming about." She lied. Oh she knew very well who the man was. She just couldn't bring herself to say it. She couldn't even believe it.

"How the hell did I get here?" she asked Gabrielle.

"My brother and Lesley brought us here. I passed out on the couch but the rude bastards woke me up and we decided it's best we all come to one place and you will leave in the morning."

That made sense. She was relieved that she was in Gabrielle's house, safe. She couldn't remember much that happened last night; she just hoped she did not embarrass herself too much.

Still dressed in her red jumpsuit, she asked Gabrielle if she could shower and Gabrielle being the girly girl provided her with fresh towels, new toothbrush and a couple of toiletries and lent her some sweat pants and a t-shirt.

"Babes, you are a little on the thick side than I am, these sweats will do, they are new and a bigger size I forgot to return them to the shop... and I can't even give you underwear too and I have tons of new underwear."

Dayo was just grateful for a change of clothes and to freshen up. She didn't feel so good.

"Come downstairs when you are done, we are having breakfast." Gabrielle left her to get ready by herself.

Making the bed, she jumped into the shower and cleaned herself up. Images of what transpired in her dream kept replaying in her mind, it was just too real. It felt too real.

Images flashed back like she was in a movie. They kept flashing with every drop of water cascading down her back. She wanted that

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she wanted to experience what she felt in her dream. It was just amazing.

Stepping out of the shower she got to the basics, brush teeth, lotion, body spray, care of the face, Gabrielle was the perfect host this was something she needed to adapt. Make sure to have spares and face creams that won't break other people's faces.

Being pleased with how she looked and felt, she fished for her cell phone in her purse to only find that it was dead.

"Man you fucking cheated, you tripped me. I would have beat you game down you know this." That voice.

She froze just as she was about to walk in the kitchen from up the stairs and ask for a charger. The house was immaculate. It

was so stylish, so gorgeous, rich and very posh. She was stunned, it was such a stunner. If Gabrielle managed to get all of this with drug money, she clearly underestimated how much drug money was.

"I did not fucking trip you man, such a sore loser." Another male voice responded. It took no genius to know the two voices belonged to the two men who were taunting and haunting her life.

"Oh hey babe, glad you could join us, Jahzara and Imari just came back from running...we are ready to eat." Gabrielle caught her just as she was about to turn back up the stairs.

She remembered something she did last night while intoxicated. All it took was the mention of the name.

Fvck.

She took the last two stairs down and came level with Gabrielle. Her eyes were just on her phone.

"Oh hey sleepy head." JT turned to greet Dayo, a playful smirk on his face.

"Hey." Her voice was suddenly deep. She wanted the ground to open up so she could deposit herself right in.

Imari was confused with the endearment in JT's greeting.

'Sleepy head?' the fvck was that all about?

He was more confused as to why the doctor was in his house, nine o'clock in the freaking morning.

"Imari can you please pass us the juice glasses." Gabrielle asked, oblivious to the awkwardness in the room between Imari and Dayo. She was ashamed to say the least and scared, scared of her feelings. Scared of the dream and ashamed of what she did last night.

The voice that kept her all night doing sinful things to her body was in the kitchen. She had no idea on what to do or how to behave.

What were the two men doing in Gabrielle's house so early in the morning?

Imari concentrated on the task at hand and helped Gabrielle set up plates and glasses while Jahzara was by the blender making himself a banana smoothie, half naked.

"And JT please this is the kitchen where we make food and eat, go put something on." She rolled her eyes dropping a cube of cheese in her mouth.

Dayo didn't think she'd have the guts to eat. Not when he was in the room, not after the erotic dream she had about him that left her wanton and needy. Dragging herself she occupied one of the chairs around the kitchen table and joined in on having breakfast.



Imari sat directly in front of her and the siblings occupying the seats on both her sides, facing each other.

Oh God, can it get any more awkward? She wondered, trying hard to not to spill anything on herself, she was kind of clumsy when faced with awkward moments.

"So doc, no hangover? You look fresh as fvck." JT decided to make up conversation; it was just too quiet for him.

"I'm good thanks." Her voice was deep and so low. After a night of drinking so much champagne she wasn't shocked at the sound of it, hell she was expecting it add the shyness to make it all worse.

"These two were wasted last night in my fvcking office man. Imagine having to carry young Luka and Gabrielle yerrrr." JT told Imari's who's jaw was locked it might not unlock later.

"Shut up you asshole and eat your food." Gabrielle chastised her brother then the pair fell into an easy conversation. Imari and Dayo were quiet through it all with just a few hums and yeses here and there.

The blaring of a cell phone ringtone snapped everyone out of the breakfast mode, it was Gabrielle's phone.

"Oh that's me." She pushed her chair back to go get her phone from the charger.

"Obviously, who between all three of us will have a Trey Songz song as their ringtone?" JT teased her.

"Shut up it's not Trey Songz it's Jason Derulo you ass wipe." Gabrielle answered her phone ever in a cherry voice.

"Gabby hello?"

"What?" she almost yelled and everyone turned to look at her.

"WHAT?" now her voice was dancing around the ceiling one more 'what' and it will fall off.

"WHAT???" Now the men were up from their chairs, Dayo still seating thanking heavens that the men left her alone, allowing her room to breathe.

"You're fucking with me. I am coming, I am on my way." She hung up to find Imari and Jahzara waiting on her to spill the beans already. Ever the protective duo.

"The hair salon was bombed just now in the morning. The money we sent over there burned with the building." She told them, her head spinning. "My money is gone, my salon. My biggest salon, biggest money maker is gone. Who the fuck did this to me???"

**Gabrielle** is one person who will never step out of the house looking like she only had five minutes to get ready. She always made sure to step out looking like she was Kim Kardashian who might just be photographed all the way from her house into the city. It was as if she was afraid of ever being snapped on a bad day. She had an image to uphold but that morning, she couldn't give a rat's ass of how she looked like.

Running to her bedroom she grabbed her coat to wear over her black sports tracksuits and put on her Puma heeled boots talk about a serious fabulous athleisure; grabbed her purse, her car keys and ran back down the stairs to find Imari and JT with Dayo waiting for her.

"Dayo lets go." She wasted no time and actually saved Dayo from having to figure out what the hell she was going to do or who she was going to ride with seeing everyone was leaving.

Dayo was dressed in sweatpants a t-shirt and the heels she had on last night and for the first time she felt like a cool kid, like a stylish woman. The fit was not usually worn with heels but she and Gabrielle made it work.

It was a bit chilly outside as it was July and very much winter in South Africa, and the good doctor had no jacket or jersey with

her. All four walked towards the three black expensive cars in JT's yard and Dayo couldn't help but to admire.

She and Gabrielle walked towards a Lamborghini Urus, Imari in his Mercedes Benz G-class and Jahzara in his Range rover.

"I swear Dayo when I find the person who burned down my flipping salon, I am going to skin them alive." Gabrielle was seething with anger as she stepped on the accelerator and sped out of the yard with the two men driving behind her and two of their body guards following close by.

They just never drove alone as they had enemies all over the city. JT made sure Gabrielle was always with guards, he was always with guards and Imari's guards were always discreet. The two men were always there but at a safe distance but sometimes he just went solo as he was mostly the underdog that not a lot of people knew about.

"I just don't get it. On the exact night that I was doing a major clean-up this happens?" Dayo could only hope the lady does not cause an accident with how fast she was driving.

"And where the hell was Puleng when all of this happened?" she was now talking to herself, Dayo had no answers and even if she did, Gabrielle did not want to hear anything.

"Who is Pulang?" Dayo asked.

"Puleng not Pulang... she's the head of the salon, the overseer of the money clean-up that happens in the salon and the book cooker." She informed Dayo.

"Every month end we take a big chunk of the drug money we made and we clean it through the salon and the club. We rotate because the salon can't bring in good money every month; the banks won't bite into that let alone fucking SARS. So this month was a good month and I sent through good racks to be cleaned... like five hundred-K Dayo." She continued.

"And Puleng tells me she got a call that the building was burning, she arrived to the scene to find nothing but ashes."

The ride was silent after that. Dayo was feeling for her, she looked very stressed out. Even though it were illegal activities – money laundering and drug selling, the poor lady was stressed and she has been nothing but sweet to Dayo. She took that into consideration when she stopped asking a lot of questions so she could relate them back to Prudence Cooper.

Her mind was still on leaving the trio and their drug life. She was hell-bent on getting her life back on track no matter the kisses she kept stealing from the two gorgeous drug dealers or the blossoming friendship between herself and the sister who was very much a drug dealer herself. She wanted her life back; she was a decent human being. She was kind-hearted and all

she ever wanted was to become a doctor and hopefully a mother someday to beautiful children.

Arriving to the scene; paramedics, fire-fighters, police officers and onlookers were crowding the area not to forget the news reporters.

Johannesburg was a busy city and the Newtown section where the Salon was operating was very famous as well as the salon itself. Celebrities came to do their weaves and buy wigs at the said salon. Gabrielle and Puleng hired the best of the best nail technicians, hair dressers the country could find.

TV shows producers sourced their characters' wigs from the same salon hence it was that easy to clean money through the establishment, hence the news reporters came rushing down in numbers.

"Excuse me! Excuse me! Can I please get through damn it!" Gabrielle was growing agitated as the police barricaded the area and people were standing in her way.

Her two body guards rushed by her side and pushed everyone out of her way, so she and Dayo could pass through. Dayo saw the reporters turning towards her and Gabrielle and quickly stepped aside so she won't be photographed with her. The last thing she needed was for people to see her and mix her in the drug dough and bake her with the rest.

"Miss Timber do you know what happened to your salon?"

"Miss Timber do you have enemies that wanted to see your salon burned down?"

"Miss Timber, miss Timber."

"Yey voetsek!" one of the body guards screamed at one reporter who shoved a mic in Gabrielle's face.

With a heavy sigh Imari walked close to Dayo draping his coat over her exposed arms. She was still warm from the heat in Gaby's car she forgot it was winter and she had no jersey. "Oh... thank you." She said to him without looking into his eyes.

Ever since she dreamed of him doing sinful things to her body, she didn't know how to act around him. His damn jacket smelled heavenly, she couldn't help but to bring it closer to her face so the smell can be embedded on her mind.

"Yeah don't mention it. Stick with me." He led the way through the mob of people and the police allowed them to pass through.

It was very chaotic and what was once a beautiful glass housed salon was now ashy and halved back walls. The glass was shattered into powder. There was nothing to salvage.

"Oh My God!!" Gabrielle thought she was dreaming. "Oh fucking no." her hands were crossed over her head as she closed her eyes hoping it was a nightmare.

JT's jaw was locked as he looked around. He knew his sister was not taking down this well but fucking hell so was he. He just lost half a million in just one moment and he didn't even know how the hell he was going to recover it.

"That was Kenneth's money for buying into his organisation." He told Imari whose eyes enlarged at the new found information.

The men were detaching themselves from Shona Timber and Rotimi's claws to stand on their own which meant they needed to acquaint themselves with other drug dealers who might help them with necessary steps into getting the turfs to sell drugs at. They were looking into getting the Soweto turfs as the market was big in that area

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so Kenneth Ledwaba was their go-to man. He promised them a few sections if they cleaned his money for the next three months.

"Does Gabrielle know this?" Imari asked, Dayo was standing a little further from them but she could tell the two were heaving a heated conversation which didn't look pleasant at all.



"She'd have my head if she knew that I was cleaning for someone else in her establishment and it burned down. She'd go berserk." JT defended.

"Too late for that, she's already on that path. Do you have enough cash to pay him back?"

"I was hoping you'd bail us out. My cash is still not cleaned." JT scratched his head. He was never this low on clean cash but there he was without a mere half a million to his name.

Imari was annoyed to the moon and back. "What the fuck did you do with your money JT? I gave you a million for Rotimi not even a month later you want half a mil? How's this possible that you don't have cash?"

JT knew Imari was not going to agree to bailing them out that easy, should have seen it coming the man was always the inquisitive one, always played it safe no matter what.

"I spent it on the doc's medical supplies." He confessed.

"You did what? Why? Did she need anymore?"

"She has a problem at work, she couldn't keep taking the hospital supplies because her boss found out and she told me and I told her I'll make a plan. It cost me a million."

"It cost you... a million? Couldn't you find another source? And you can't fucking tell me you only had one clean million." He

was angry and jealous at what he did for Dayo. Even shocked at how much he spent for Dayo. Did he like her to that extent?

"She's good at what she does and I want to keep her around so I had to do this. Besides I will keep getting medical supplies as much as we need for that amount. And I only had one clean million with me. Times are rough Imari we aren't doing so well with the turfs we selling at."

Imari sighed, he was right. Cash was a bit tight and he knew very well they had to spend buying into Kenneth's organisation and still come around to clean his money while theirs had to remain stocked up in the warehouse.

Gabrielle walked over to them, Puleng in tow after giving the police their statements. Puleng was a chubby thirty five years old lady who knew about their drug life and swore to keep her mouth shut as long as they paid her well.

"Boss lady there is something you must know." She was dressed in a simple-wear consisting of jeans, sweater and boots. She had a long brown weave that screamed good money, her nails were well kept - she looked like a salon manager alright.

"Is it going to help me find who the hell did this to us?" Gabrielle asked her, annoyance coating her every word.

"Hopefully. I had cameras installed in the Laundromat front opposite and on the buildings around and I can check what was happening around the salon from my tablet." She informed them, perking their interest.

"I have something that might help you." She knew it was not the information to give to the police. They weren't much useful to them anyway. They took care of matters by themselves.

Gabrielle grabbed the tablet from Puleng's hands and was shocked at the pictures presented before her. She swiped through the pictures, anger marring her face.

"What is it Gab? Did you find something?" JT asked. Just as he asked, a police officer approached them when he saw they were having a little meeting by themselves and seeming to be sharing information that he might need.

"Is there something that I need to know? Need I remind you that if you take matters into your own hands, we will arrest and prosecute you." Imari and JT turned to look at the shorter man compared to them. They made him look short and lean – he was a little intimidated but kept his cool.

"We are aware officer and if there is anything we find, we will come right down to the station. Excuse me." Gabrielle turned to walk to her car; everyone followed her, including Dayo.

Poor doctor was sticking out like a sore thumb. She just wanted to go home and cuddle in. She was reporting for duty the next morning which was a Monday.

Arriving to her car, Gabrielle shoved the table into JT's hands and he and Imari took a look and their faces hardened.

"Doc, we need you on board today. I need to go and teach my father a lesson he will never forget." JT deadpanned returning the tablet into Gab's hands.

Dayo's heart skipped a beat. What the hell did he mean by that?

"Where are you taking her?" Imari asked. Sure he was game for teaching Shona Timber a lesson he must never forget but where did Dayo fit in the picture?

"I am going to need her magic touch when I am done with him so I can repeat." The horror.

Dayo almost fainted right there and then. To think she kissed the man, to think she almost slept with him. She had no idea how it did not happen but she was very thankful to the universe for not allowing it to happen because once a monster always will be.

"No." she said.

"Excuse me?" JT narrowed his eyes into thin slits. "You gonna have to repeat yourself because somehow I think you said no to me."

"She did JT and you won't force her I won't let you." Imari stepped between the two. Dayo cowered away in fear and thankful for Imari being present because God knew what was going to happen to her had he not been there.

"Get out of my face Imari, she's coming with me."

"Not today."

JT laughed a cold, spine chilling laugh.

"Oh you must think she so precious huh? Ask her what happened last night." He clicked his tongue angrily and got into his car and drove off with Gabrielle following suite.

"Are you gonna tell me what he is talking about?" Imari turned to look at Dayo who resembled a scared mouse.

"I uhh..."

"Talk damn it!" he snapped, anger making its way on his face.

"I uhh... I... we... he..."

"**I uhh you what?**" Imari asked, anger painted on his face. He was worried on what she had to say, did they sleep together; considering the fact that she woke up at his place and he was *cheezing* hard when she came downstairs for breakfast. His head was spinning out of control and he wanted to know.

Dayo looked at him from his toes to his head, not believing for a minute she was scared of him, that she felt intimidated by him. "Nothing, he meant nothing Imari and also I don't have to explain myself to you."

She was a sure woman; she always spoke her mind but since the two devious men entered her life she has been undone. She did not know who the hell she was or who she was becoming.

"Of course, you don't have to explain yourself to me. I don't even know what I was thinking." He looked dejected. The man was incredibly handsome, how he was dressed, how he carried himself, she would have been a fool not to admire.

And the kisses they shared, how he caressed her body... a dream.

"What exactly is your problem Imari?" she asked, fiery sparks dancing in her eyes. She couldn't understand why he questioned her in that manner. What is that the he wanted from her? And why did she care on what it was that he wanted.

My problem is you. Imari inwardly answered. "I don't have any problem, but I just want to understand what other business you have with that guy."

"That guy is your friend and you know exactly what business we have going on." She retorted back. The two could even care less if there were people passing them by hearing them scream at each other.

"That friend of mine is bad news and you know it, but you keep getting cosy with him behind close doors." He told her. He just couldn't wrap his head around JT's words before he left. What did he mean? Did he and Dayo kiss, have sex, what? But why did he care? Is it because he couldn't get the woman off his mind? No matter how many times he has found them cozing up to each other, he would still think about her...

Her soft lips, her alluring scent, her chocolate skin that feels so smooth and perfect beneath his touch. What was it with this woman that drove him this insane?

"Let's not act like you aren't bad news yourself and I keep kissing you!" the minute she said that her eyes widened in shock. She clamped her lips together and looked away.

Imari didn't know what to say next but deep in his heart he knew he was bad news, bad for her. But she was like a drug, he wanted another dose.

"I am sorry." He apologized; he was apologizing for kissing her even when he was bad news. "It just sucks that every time I come into your presence you scowl."

"I scowl? Have you seen yourself around me? Every time you find me in the room your face hardens. It's like I did something to you, and if I did tell me what it is because you are the one who has a problem with me." Dayo said a mouthful.

"No, it's you who gets angry when I enter the room like I am the fucking grinch."

Dayo let some giggles escape and couldn't control the laugh that followed through. "Really? The Grinch?" she grinned. "I didn't take you for a guy that watches Christmas movies."

Imari was embarrassed that she caught on to him. He was human with feelings after all. Sometimes he sat in his house and watched TV. I mean what drug dealer watched TV? Shouldn't they be out all day selling drugs and doing God knows what else...

"Shut up, let me take you home." He smiled and walked her to his car, there he opened the car door for her, and she smiled when his scent hit her nostrils. The man smelled incredible.

"Why did you leave the club last night?" Dayo asked him as soon as he got in the car and started to drive them out of Newtown. She wanted to know because she was really upset



that he left. In honesty she wanted him to sit right by her, ask her to dance maybe, drink with her and hopefully kiss her again.

But no, he left, looking mad as hell and she left behind and kissed another man.

In her defence, she belonged to no one, whether she kissed two or five men, it was no problem. But she knew that was a lie, she regretted kissing JT so much. What even propelled her to do that, she had no idea.

"I had things to do." He replied curtly. When Dayo first saw Imari, he was quiet and always stuck in his little corner, but she knew his type. They only spoke a lot around people that brought that loud persona out of them. He spoke a lot with her but sometimes he'd go back into his shell just like now.

A few minutes ago, he was smiling with her, but he was now back to the stoic, cold man she knew. "Things like what?"

"Why are you asking me all of these questions? You did not go to the club for me

so..." oh, feisty now are we.

Dayo decided it was wise to not say anything anymore, because he might just stop the car and tell her to jump out. She wouldn't put anything past by this man.

The rest of the car ride was silent, and it was not comfortable at all. Dayo was fidgeting, the dream she had about Imari kept replaying in her mind and every time he turned the steering wheel, his biceps would flex, and her mind was fogged with lust. She was gone, she wanted him in every way possible.

"What's wrong?" he asked, he noticed how she was fidgeting, how she looked flustered, her breathing was harboured. "You don't look so good."

She looked at him and her eyes showed nothing but lust dancing in them. She rolled her bottom lip and breathed heavy. "I..." she couldn't bring herself to tell him she was turned on. She wanted to tell him to stop the car right there and then and just kiss her until her lips would fall off.

Imari noticed the look in her eyes, it was a look he saw Saturday morning in her apartment when she was naked with his fingers working a number in her cookie.

Imari did a detour, instead of driving her home, he drove them to a deserted area and parked the car. He unbuckled his seat belt and came over to hers, his eyes on hers... brown to brown they held each other's gaze. He was breathing hard, unbuckled her seatbelt... she could feel his breath hit her face.

How can one person be this perfect. She wondered. He smelled heavenly, his breath was warm and smelled delicious.

She didn't know what possessed her, but she saw herself crashing her lips on his and he welcomed the kiss just as eagerly. They were like starved animals, fighting over the one piece of meat they came across in a dry jungle.

His hand was all over her thighs, despite wearing sweatpants she could feel heat everywhere he touched her.

His fingers once again slipped inside her pants and he was shocked at how wet she was. The woman was dripping. "Fvck baby." He groaned, his two digits entering her softly while using the pad of his thumb to rub over her clit. She was a moaning mess, her tongue massaging his in a wet and passionate kiss.

Her hands ran over his crotch and damn if that did not get her even wetter. She could just imagine the thick dark shaft filling her whole. She sighed against him when he started trailing kisses down her neck biting her earlobe in the process.

"I want you." She breathed. "I want you right now."

Imari stopped and looked at her, they were in the middle of nowhere sure, at a deserted area but to have sex there, what if someone saw them?

"Here? Now?" he asked, his eyes almost dropping out of their sockets. Sure, his shaft was hard, and he was getting frustrated, he needed the release but having sex on the road he didn't know about that.

"You do have condoms in, here right?" she asked, she was far too horny for any logical reasoning he can provide. She wanted her release. She has been frustrated for far too long and it was all his fault.

"Uhh sure... but Dee are you sure?" he asked, the very instant the last word left his lips, her hand grabbed her manhood in slow tantalizing hand strokes. Oooh, that hand, he closed his eyes enjoying the feel of it around him.

Damn. The way she was rubbing him, the way she was kissing him, the way she was breathing... how she moaned his name. he was about to give in, he was ready to give in...

Then his phone rang, snapping them out of the zone they were trapped in.

It was JT. The motherfucker was just everywhere ruining everything. Imari thought before cutting the call only for it to ring again.

With a groan he fell back on his seat and noticed how Dayo whimpered in disappointment.

"Yeah!" he answered, clearly annoyed. "What the fuck? Why?"

Dayo was now interested in his conversation judging by the different emotions playing on his face. "Fine, I will sort it out." He cut the call short. "What happened?" Dayo sked.

"That was JT. Gabrielle just got arrested... for murder."

It was just one scandal after the other. No one had any sense to what was happening around them. JT was losing his mind slowly with the fact that their father somehow is involved in the salon being hit and now his sister spent a night in jail over murder.

The very stylish Gabrielle with her crazy wild brown eyes, her designer clothes, her love for money and lavish lifestyle was arrested for murder, it made no sense at all. JT knew definitely she was being set up but was it the same person who hit their salon, their father?

The light skinned heartthrob was pacing up and down the walls of his office in the club downtown waiting for Imari and Cynthia their lawyer to come back to him and tell him when his sister was being released. He stayed behind to try and connect dots and make sense of what the hell was going on in his organisation.

"Boss..." Patrick Luka also the good old doctor's brother knocked on JT's door and entered without even being invited in.

"Yes Luka how can I help?" JT asked, taking off the cufflinks as he felt ridiculous from being properly dressed while his baby sister was being jailed for a murder she did not commit.

"The shipment we made to Nigeria on Friday, it never reached Ajoke Oni. He called today and he's mad as hell." Paul Luka was one of JT's most trusted employees. He saw to the logistics of the cocaine and he always handled the business well.

Grabbing a glass that had whiskey a moment ago JT smashed it against his office wall in pure anger and frustration. Drawing a deep breath he turned around to pour himself another glass of whiskey in a fresh glass. All the while Patrick just stood by the wall and didn't attempt to move or even make a squeak. Mr Timber was beyond livid.

"Who the fuck was transporting the blocks? Where are they now?" he asked, taking another gulp from his glass emptying it in an instance.

"That blonde kid and his brother. Their phones are off and I haven't been able to get hold of them since. I tracked the van and the last pin drop we received they were heading to the border but nothing after that." Patrick replied. It took a lot for him to actually walk up to his boss to tell him about the fuck up that took place. JT's temper was nothing one could get used to.

"That blonde kid and his brother... what the actual fuck Luka?" JT stepped into Patrick's space, towering over him a little. "I pay you so much money to make sure that when the fucking drugs are in transition, you make sure they arrive to where they are supposed to go. You make sure the drivers you pick are good

drivers and loyal and know what the fuck it is that they are doing." He kissed his teeth, anger dancing in his gorgeous brown eyes.

"Now you are standing before me, you are telling me a blonde kid and his brother took my drugs and you have no idea where the fuck they took them?"

Patrick's heart was picking up pace. There are two things that could happen in that very moment; JT could pop his gun out and end his life or he could strangle him to death with his own two hands. Hell he has seen it happen, he was starting to become afraid of the guy now.

"I was tailing them boss but a lot has happened and –"

"SHUT UP!!!" JT yelled stepping a little closer to him their noses almost touching. "You get the fuck out of my office Patrick fucking Luka and you get my drugs back and you bring those boys to me. If you don't do that... I will make you regret the day you decided to take your eyes off my drugs. Fuck out of here." He turned and went to look outside the window, his mind racing.

His salon burnt to ashes with his money in it.

He owed Kenneth Ledwaba, a notorious drug dealer in Soweto a mere half a million which he doesn't have.

His sister is in holding cells for a murder he knows she did not commit.

He got payment for a drug shipment which went wrong and everyone who knew Ajoke Oni knew you did not mess with him.

To say he was royally fucked would be an understatement. He was done for. He was finished before he could even start walking. Perhaps cutting Rotimi off his operations wasn't such a smart idea. He was only starting out to running his own turfs, should have waited to acquire more, get more men working for him, and get a tighter security before jumping ship. But he was so fed up of the old man and his father

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they drove him crazy.

He picked up his cell phone and searched through his contacts to find Ajoke's number.

"I am so glad you personally called." Ajoke answered his phone, his Nigerian accent so heavy you didn't have to guess where he was from. "Tell me why do I not have my drugs in my compound na? I pay lots of money for that good product but what do I have with me?"

JT pinched the bridge of his nose, an action he did when faced with a difficult situation or when his mind was in overdrive. "I



know it is very unprofessional of me and I can't apologize enough but for your money and an apology I will be sending double of the dosage very soon." He knew that was not a wise business decision but if he wanted to live to see the next day, it was a smart move.

"Ahh my man. Thank you, I shall wait for the product. We will communicate." Ajoke hung up shortly easing JT's nerves.

"Fuck!" he swore under his breath. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Checking the time on his wrist watch, it has gone ten minutes after eleven, no sign of Imari, Cynthia or gabby.

Imari and Cynthia were standing in the parking lot of the jail Gabrielle was kept in after their bail hearing which JT missed because of the issues he had to sort out. Dressed in formal wear, the two were busy on their phones, trying to connect dots and make ends meet.

Imari decided then to contact JT to give him feedback of the bail hearing. "What is taking you guys so long? Where is Gabby? How did the bail hearing go?" JT fired the questions immediately he answered the phone.

Imari sighed and walked towards a lone tree away from eavesdroppers. "She made bail; Cynthia managed to turn things around luckily."

"But?"

"Bail is set at a hundred k." Imari filled him in.

"A hundred k?" JT couldn't believe his ears. "What the hell Imari?"

"Yeah apparently the proof they have against her is tight... so if we want her to wait for her trial at home, she will be confined within a certain distance, can't leave the country or the city... and yeah hundred thousand of rands."

It grew quiet. The men were still trying to figure how in the hell they were going to pay back Kenneth Ledwaba and now they had to source hundred thousand?

"I have it but at the warehouse." JT told him.

"Man they will regulate it. It has to be clean money. Can't we take from the club?" Imari questioned. "Your sister doesn't look good and I also don't like seeing Gabby cuffed like a freaking animal like that."

"I think I have about that amount in my account and that's it. If I use that money to bail her out then I might as well declare bankruptcy because I have money in a freaking warehouse that I can't use for any major thing."

Things were going down south in a speed one had no control over. "We will make a plan. Just get your sister out of there man... we will figure everything else afterwards."

Switching the television off in her apartment, Prudence Cooper has a smug smile on her face. Eat that Jahzara Timber. One for Pruddy, zero for you.

The story broke out on the news that the queen of style and lavish lifestyle, nightclub manager, salon owner and a beauty influencer Gabrielle Timber has just been arrested for murder.

"Oh happy day..." Prudence sang her way around her cosy studio apartment as she worked to make breakfast. "When Jesus washed..."

"**Hi Lydia**, I need a favour please get me these from dispensary and I will come pick it up. I am quickly going to grab breakfast across the street." Dayo asked Lydia, her heart beating wild against her chest as she put her plan in motion. The grand plan of trying to steer her away from being the medicine thief.

"Okay ma'am" Lydia responded with a sweet smile.

As much as Lydia was a sweet person, she was also the easiest target. It made sense to use her as the scapegoat. Not only did doing that make her heart race, it was Prudence Cooper waiting in the coffee shop across the street that also made her nervous. The more time she spent around her, the more she realized just how deep the grave she is digging for herself is.

"You are late." Prudence commented as soon as Dayo sat down in a booth away from prying eyes.

"I don't work at a night club; I don't have the luxury of lounging around during the day." Dayo snapped. "What do you want Prudence?"

Prudence cast her an angry glare, clearly not impressed with the attitude Dayo was packing. It seemed as if the doctor forgot that she was a foreigner in her country, and she was a cop that knew all her secrets and could expose her and she be jailed.

"You really have a smart mouth and dit begin my irriteer." The coloured woman in her jumped out. And you know what they say, you do not mess with a coloured woman or you will see literal flames.

Dayo had no idea what the woman just said but the angry look in her eyes told her to not to mess with her. But she was also enough of the woman's bullshit, she wanted out of the whole madness. She had things to worry about like clearing herself from being a potential suspect of the thieving in the hospital.

"Whatever, what do you want anyway?" she asked Prudence who seemed to be a little cheerful despite the angry look she spotted when Dayo decided to open her mouth.

"I need you to testify against Gabrielle."

"Sorry what? Why?"

"You are one of the doctors treating the boy, you just need to drop some few made up facts you picked up on the his body and it will add up with the evidence I provided." Prudence informed her and took a sip of her latte.

"Unopenga chaizvo." Dayo couldn't believe her ears. "Do you even hear yourself sometimes? So, I must lie?"

Prudence rolled her eyes, "Why do you like acting like you're innocent? You're not. You work for a drug dealer; you operate on people illegally. You are deep in this so you might as well

swim to survive home gee."

Something was very wrong with that woman and Dayo was regretting the day she agreed to help her so they can take down the mobsters.

"So, wat sê jy? is jy in of uit? Are you with me or not?"

"I will think about it, I have to go back to work. You are depressing me." Dayo stood up just in time a waiter was bringing Prudence Cooper's lunch; a tower burger with fries. Dayo wondered why she was in such a good mood it irked her soul.

After hours Dayo took the medication she asked from Lydia discreetly from reception making sure the cameras were not picking up on what she was doing. Furthermore, she started filling in prescriptions according to the list of names and addresses Patrick gave her. Yes, she was now supplying him with Vicodin. It was wrong and unethical but it was for her brother and he wanted to make quick buck for himself besides, it was a once off thing.

Doing her rounds before knocking off, she went to the boy Prudence shot's room to just talk to the guy and find out what exactly happened. She was not his primary doctor, so she hasn't been checking much on him.

She was surprised to find him still awake; it was late in the evening on a Monday morning.

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?" she asked

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a soft smile on her lovely face.

"I was but my shoulder hurts so I'm killing time with TV until I dose off again." The boy answered sweetly. He looked to be young, maybe around twenty years of age. Dayo picked up the file, he was a twenty-two years old mechanical engineering student.

"Paul... can I call you Paul?" she asked and the young man nodded. "What happened the night you were shot?"

He sighed and played with the arm cast he had on. "I don't remember well but I was at Sapphire dancing and having fun with my friends and they gave us complimentary drinks." He began to tell the tale while she was listening attentively.

"Now we were buzzing, everything so intense I don't know... it crazy and wild. We were having a blast. Next thing this large man came up to me and picked something from the floor right next to me and asked me what it was. It was cocaine I could see that everyone could, but it wasn't mine.

"He didn't believe when I told him it wasn't mine so he now started accusing me of brining shit into their property and they

dragged me to the basement and threw me in a van, next thing we were in some dodgy place and he just shot me and left me there to die."

Dayo looked at him, story was just flowing like the river, so sweet and no hiccups so perfect. You could tell it was Prudence's work if you knew her that well.

"Carry on..."

"But I managed to get up... luckily, he didn't take my phone, so I called my mother to fetch me." He finished.

Dayo finished checking his file, gunshot to the chest, no exit wound, almost damaged his oesophagus and lungs. The lad got off easy in the stunt they pulled.

"How much is she paying you to risk your life?" Dayo asked.

"Who?" Paul asked.

"Your story is just far too perfect; did you orchestrate this?" Dayo asked, she looked him dead in the eye and he was confused.

"No, no... I swear this is what has happened. You can ask my friends they saw that man drag me out of there." He looked to be telling the truth.

Dayo really thought about it, what if Prudence orchestrated the whole thing and chose a random boy to pin this on? Lord have



mercy Dayo thought. That must have been exactly what happened.

"But if you were shot in a different building why did you say you were shot at Sapphire night club?"

"That was when I just woke up and the only thing I could think of was the club." In that minute he started coughing bad and Dayo rushed to give him a glass of water.

"Take a deep breath and hold it... and release. Hold it... and release.... Again... there you go." He was calmer. "I am sorry... I just needed to make sure of something. Goodnight Paul." Dayo dashed out of the room before he could ask her anything or pick up that she knew something that might help his case.

Arriving to her place, Patrick was parked outside with one of his friends waiting for her. "Hey sis." He greeted with a hug shocking Dayo. Patrick was never that affectionate, but she will take whatever he was dishing. He was her only family, every little thing mattered.

"I really hope this is the first and last time we do this. You can't be a backdoor pain killer supplier it's dangerous." Dayo warned him as she passed him the prescriptions.

"You are a star sis. But I have to run... no rest for the wicked." He was suspiciously too happy, but Dayo paid no never mind. She was that blind when it came to her brother.

Just as she entered her apartment, ready to call it a night a message popped up on her phone.

'I've sent a driver to get you, we have unfinished business to conclude.' – Imari

And her clit started throbbing.

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Nerves were running short.

Excitement filled her body.

Adrenalin pumped through her veins assisting her to run around her apartment trying to get ready before the so called driver arrived.

Was tonight the night it finally happens? That she finally gives her body to the man who has been vacating in her mind since she arrived in the godforsaken country. Was she ready?

Well taking into consideration that the minute she read and understood what the text message meant, she rushed up into her apartment and took a nice hot shower preparing herself for the night, for him.

Her heart was beating wild as she lathered her body with the cocoa butter and honey body lotion that left her skin looking like pearls. She was glowing, she looked so radiant.

Opening her underwear drawer she skimmed through, trying to decide which set was perfect for the night. Red lace set? She discarded that "Makes me seem too eager."

White lace set? "Oh no, uhh just no." she discarded that as well.

Black set? "Yes but for the second time, too sexy Dayo." She discarded that.

"Oh my God maybe I should just rock up there naked, damn!" she sighed, getting frustrated. Time was not on her side and her nerves were killing her.

And there it was; the perfect purple set with black trimmings.

"Too sexy but perfect for the first time." She grinned and just as she put it on, the doorbell rang. "Fuck!" she didn't even have an outfit picked out.

At least her hair, face and rest of the body were ready and the black stilettos she picked out. A black long dress with long sleeves looked her in the face when she opened her wardrobe; she was dressed and ready to go while smelling like a million bucks.

Opening the door she was met by one of Imari's body guards she met once. "Hi." She greeted him. It was ten o'clock on a Monday evening and she was dressed sexy as hell with the body hugging dress, he didn't need to be a genius to figure out what was going on and that little fact alone caused her to blush terribly.

"Good evening Miss Luka. Ready to go?" the man had a deep baritone voice that could scare nations. He was big, all muscled up and scary. Dayo nodded not trusting her voice. She was already embarrassed but heaven help her, she was horny. She wanted... no she needed this.

Maybe she was too obvious with the tight dress; perhaps she should have gone with one that was a little loose.

The car had already left the complex nothing she could do now but to sit and wait till they reached her destination.

'What are you wearing?' a text message from Imari popped on the screen and she had a silly grin on her face as she typed back a response.

'You will see me when I arrive.' She hit send.

A whistle came through her phone signalling a new text message. 'I know that but I want to have an idea. Maybe I'm under dressed or over dressed and just want to make sure.'

Dayo wondered what it was the man had planned for them. Why would he think he'd be over dressed? She on the other hand felt like she was. Maybe she should have put sweats or leggings and called it a day.

'Fine, if you insist. I am wearing a dgrb'

'A dress\*' she sent another message when she realized there was an error on her first reply.

'Mhm short or long?' Dayo couldn't help but to smile like a Cheshire cat. He really was making her feel warm and fuzzy inside.

'You will see.'

'You are no fun.'

'I'd beg to differ, I am lots of fun mister.'

'We will see, anyway you are here get in here already.' Her heart jumped to her throat, they were indeed outside his house and watched as wooden gate slid open. Her palms were sweating; she wanted to go back to her house.

Just on Sunday, yesterday she wanted to jump his bones in a deserted area in town, she had no idea what had come over her but then there she was, nervous as hell.

"We are here." The designated driver for the night announced as he opened the door for her. "You walk to the front door and enjoy your evening ma'am." He winked at her before getting back in the car and driving out.

Dayo stood outside trying to calm herself down. Deep breaths exercise and the door opened revealing a very handsome Imari dressed in slacks and a yellow shirt that had blue patterns all over it. He only had the two bottom buttons buttoned up revealing a tattooed chest. Looking at him from his shoes to his chest then his face, Dayo's breath hitched... when will the man stop looking this damn gorgeous?

"Hi." She greeted him still standing by the door.

Grabbing her by her waist Imari brought her lips to his in a slow tantalizing sweet and wet kiss that blew her mind away. She

had to hold onto his shoulders so if her knees buckle under her, she'd have support. He pulled away and looked at her... "You look so gorgeous ma." Imari just had a way of speaking to her that just caused her to pool her panties. Her mind already hitchhiked out of her head, she was just floating now.

"You don't look bad yourself." She smiled at him, her arms still around his neck.

Another toe curling kiss and she wanted her dress to come off already. Running her hands over his chest he quickly pulled back and grabbed both hands and stopping them from going anywhere else, especially to the lower region.

She looked at him with confused eyes, wasn't she there for the sex? Why was he stopping her?

"Wanna have a drink?" he asked, a sexy smirk plastered on his face. There was the smirk that caused her to start dreaming about him.

"I'd love wine if you have." She smiled and allowed him to grab her hand and walked them to the lounge where he had lit fire to keep them warm as it was still winter and had finger food ready for them on the coffee table.

Pouring them two glasses of wine, he joined her on the cosy couch and pulled a throw blanket over them. Dayo kicked her shoes off and relaxed on the couch.

"You look different." She spoke up now that she was regaining her sanity back. "Oh my word... you cut your locks. When did you do that?"

She has been wondering what it was that has changed about him but before she could ponder on it, he kissed her and turned her into putty.

A shy smile appeared on his face and he looked away. "Today. I was tired of them really; I wanted to be free for a just a little while."

"I mean you looked handsome before and you still look handsome now... just a little more now." She sipped her wine when she realized she was dishing compliments like Americans dishing out sweets on Halloween.

"Thank you." Imari noticed how she was embarrassed by that. Why didn't women like to give men compliments? They'd just randomly dress you or help you dress up and say 'not bad' but turn to tell their friends how handsome you look. He wondered if it would really hurt if they actually compliment them like how men compliment them.

The pair fell into an easy conversation about anything and everything under the sun. It was quite amazing how much they were clicking. Imari talked up a storm and was hella funny; Dayo couldn't actually believe he sold drugs for a living. It didn't



fit his image at all. He looked like a business tycoon, a tenderpreneur.

"How was your day?" he asked her.

"Long and exhausting. At least I didn't have any major operations just flue patients." She replied. "How was your day?"

"Long, crazy but at least Gabrielle is sleeping home tonight." He told her and suddenly the air grew thicker. She had information that could make all this go away but she had no idea on how to spill. Besides she wanted a way out of this mess...but if she did why was she kissing the enemy?

"How's she doing?" she asked, genuinely concerned. She liked Gabrielle she was a people's person and jelled with everyone who she met end clicked with. She was a giver; she was kind and ridiculously pretty. She didn't deserve to be punished for her brother's sins.

"Pretty cut up. She's never been arrested before. As much as Gabby is crazy she's a softie. But I think it was the loss of her salon that cut her the most than being arrested. Funny enough." A lot was just going on and Dayo just sat there and ate her food and drank the wines. She could mention a few things like Prudence Cooper being a psycho but no she didn't.

"And JT what is he doing about it?" she asked and things took a sharp turn to the south.

"Why do you want to know about JT?" Suddenly the man was hella defensive. Dayo did not see that happen.

"I uhh I thought we were just talking about your day?" she was confused at the sudden change of mood.

"Do you like him? Is that it? Are you here because you want to get closer to him or to use me to stab him in the back?"

"Are you hearing yourself right now? Does that make sense in your head?"

"Well you're the one who's always cosing up to him what can I say? And now you are asking about him while with me." His voice rose a little.

"Imari we were talking about the people you spent your day with, if you had to bail Gabrielle out of prison it means that JT was somehow there and I just wanted to find out how he was dealing with the situation." Dayo snapped. "If I wanted JT I know where he lives, I'd take myself there." She was getting angry. Standing up from the couch she put back her shoes one by one. "Call me a cab I am going home." She made her way over to the dining room to wait for the said cab away from him.

He quickly followed her, guilt dancing in his being. "You're right I'm sorry. Don't go." He walked over to her, kneeling in front of her. "I don't know what came over me, I'm sorry. I am an idiot."

Dayo melted at the sight of him kneeling before her. He looked so sincere and apologetic. "Do you forgive me?" he asked, his brown orbs starring into hers.

She nodded. He stood upright and pulled her into his arms. She reached just a little under his chin with the help of the shoes she was wearing. "Thank you." He dipped his head and pecked her lips. "I'm sorry." He pecked her lips again.

"It's okay." Dayo smiled at him. He dipped his head again and this time

he nibbled her bottom lip and she gave him access to slip his tongue into her mouth snaking to every corner tasting every inch of her mouth.

She couldn't help the throbbing she felt between her legs, it was aching. And like a mind reader, he hiked her dress up until he reached her panties. He ran a finger over her lower lips over the fabric of her underwear and that little action caused her to deepen the kiss.

It was hot, rough, demanding, their tongues fighting for dominance, it turned sloppy, and their breaths were coming in pants.

He pulled away and pulled off her dress revealing the sexy set she wore. "Fuck!" he swore under his breath at the sight presented before him. Her large breasts cupped by the nice purple fabric, her curves and ass hugged by the sexy panties, he was drooling.

Picking her up, she wrapped her legs around his waist, surprised she wasn't heavy on him, she was rather shocked he could actually do that.

Taking them to his bedroom without even dropping her, he threw his shirt off, followed by his slacks. She looked so sexy with lust colouring her eyes while lying on his bed. She deserved a picture, he thought.

Joining her on the bed, the kissing resumed, he trailed wet kisses on her neck and spread her legs open, inserting two fingers and once more, her arousal shocked him. Just how wet can she get?

He rubbed her cl\*t with the pad of his thumb and was rewarded with hearty moans. She couldn't hold still, she was fidgeting on the bed. He skilfully snapped her bra and removed her soaked panties and admired her chocolate body. She was amazing.

His mouth latched onto one breast while his free hand was kneading the other breast. Dayo was losing her mind, this was better than the silly dream, it was real and she was on fire.

He switched between breasts giving each other much needed attention; he then trailed open mouth kisses down her stomach, dipped into her naval and watched as she arched her back a moan leaving her lips. He went lower until he reached her sweet pod. One lick and she almost came.

Imari couldn't hold on anymore, he wanted her.

Dropping his underwear on the floor he came back up, his hot body against hers, heavy breathing feeling the room and Dayo's powerful moan ignited the spark.

She felt the intrusion in her south region. "Does it hurt?" he asked watching as her faced displayed so many emotions he couldn't understand.

She shook her head and encouraged him to continue. Pushing his hard shaft into her wet opening, Dayo bit her lower lip to stop a scream that was threatening to leave and Imari closed his eyes at the warmth that enveloped his manhood.

He was in fucking trouble...

Long strokes, short strokes, pull out, a lick here, Imari was like a starved animal but he could tell he wouldn't last much longer. It was unfair.

Positioning himself at her entrance again, he could tell it was a losing battle, her walls contracted against his shaft, she was so wet, so hot inside he wanted to live in there...

"Oh fuck!" he moaned.

"Imari please." Dayo was begging for him to keep pushing and he did, he delivered hard strokes and her eyes rolled back as she released her juices all over his sheets and with a few more quick thrusts he lost himself inside of her.

He had wondered and dreamt of this for so long and neither could compare to the real thing, it was mind blowing, crazy, delicious and so intense; and that's when he realized...

They didn't use any condom.

Five a.m. sessions in the bedroom. Morning glory they call it.

Dayo just couldn't believe this man right here, this gorgeous man couldn't get enough of her. She wondered if he was savouring her up for the last time or if he indeed was enjoying being with her and being in her.

When she felt a wet, hot feeling on her south region she thought it was all a dream, but it wasn't. It was so real and she was a hot mess; a hot moaning mess.

His tongue lapped up her juices while his fingers worked a number on her.

Heavy moans and groans of pleasure filled the bedroom as he took her just one more time, this time he was slow and gentle.

His strokes were hard, slow almost as if timed.

"Right there..." she moaned feeling an orgasm coming. She opened her eyes and got lost into his. He closed his eyes and picked up his pace just as she encouraged him to keep hitting the same spot. It wasn't everyday a man would listen to a woman's cry of pleasure and know just exactly what to do. To not change rhythm and just hit that same spot over and over again.

And he did, repeatedly, even when her juices were spilling on the bed in litres he didn't stop, scratching his back with her

nails, Imari felt the intense kind of pleasure shock him from his toes to his head. Even if he tried to hold on, he couldn't anymore, her grip, her scratches, her moans, her scent it was all too much.

With quick deep thrust, he came undone in the condom he remembered to grab. She gave him hell last night about not using one but let it go as she was at fault too for not reminding him.

The girl was too intoxicated and infatuated with the man to even care about the aftermath of not using protection.

Sealing the round with a wet, sloppy kiss Imari slumped on his side on the bed, threw the used condom in the bedside bin and turned to look at Dayo who was looking at him with a dreamy smile on her face.

"That was amazing." She had to say. She was on a high and couldn't believe she had been robbing herself of such amazing moments.

"Amazing doesn't even begin to describe baby. You are delicious." He pulled her onto him so she could place her head on his chest. He was so big and comfortable, she didn't even see herself fall asleep.

Waking up a couple of hours later, Dayo jumped out of bed when she realized the time. She only had an hour before her



afternoon shift started at the hospital. How lucky she was to be starting her shift later in the day because what she and Imari did was not so practical. His day started at whatever time he wanted; she did not have such luxury.

She jumped into his shower and used his bodywash and luckily there was a fresh pack of toothbrushes and she grabbed one. She smelled manly, so nice but it was just too manly.

Wrapping herself with the towel she returned to the bedroom to find her dress and put it on so when she gets to her apartment, she only changes into her work clothes.

"Hey, I made you breakfast. This is the first time I try and actually succeed in making breakfast quesadillas." Imari walked in his bedroom, with nothing but grey sweatpants on.

Dayo took one look at him and couldn't stop to chit-chat, she literally had forty-five minutes to get to her place; change and get to the clinic.

"Why didn't you wake me up? I am going to be freaking late." She picked her shoes and started to put her dress on but Imari stopped her.

"Hey... I will drive you home. And let me borrow you some sweats." He went to his wardrobe and passed her a pair of black sweatpants and t-shirt.

"Please try this and tell me if its any good." He tried to pass her the plate, but she ignored him and went to the bathroom to put her clothes on like she did not spend the night naked in his sheets.

"Thanks, but I am only worried about getting to work on time." She put on her heels and grabbed her bag.

"Let's go." She looked at him to find his jaw locked, irritation filling his eyes. He put on his t-shirt angrily and shoes then grabbed the car keys.

"Let's go." He wasn't so warm and nice and Dayo realized it was because she didn't want to eat his food.

"Do you have a container for me or must I take the plate with? I can't wait to try to whatever you made hoping it doesn't kill me." And he smiled at her

a real warm smile that melted her insides. He was such a teddy bear, just that little action upset him so much. She didn't know what to do with the realization, did he like her that much or he just didn't take rejection well?

"You can eat in the car." She nodded and grabbed the plate and they both left to her place.

"Okay these are delicious hey, thank you." Dayo thanked him on the way for the heavenly breakfast. "What do you call them again? Enchilas?"

Imari let out a hearty laugh when she said. She was just too cute for him. "Breakfast quesadillas baby." When he called her baby, her stomach flipped. She couldn't describe the feeling, but it awakened a kaleidoscope of butterflies in the pit of her stomach.

"You have your normal quesadillas made of tortillas and you have this one made of eggs and we call it breakfast quesadillas." He informed her.

"Are you telling me that you can cook cause this tastes so good, like it's made at some nice breakfast restaurant."

He shyly smiled, "I am a man of many talents." Ooh didn't she know that. The minute he said that, she thought of how amazing their night and morning were. He was such a skilled man between the sheets and the thoughts alone changed her mood.

Opening the window, she welcomed the fresh morning breeze in the city of gold, she didn't want to get horny all over again. "When I came here, I didn't imagine I'd be rolling and running around with gangsters or finding out my brother is a drug dealer."

Imari pulled up to her street and just kept quiet. He was sad for her; she didn't deserve to be living such a life. She was a good person with a kind spirit.

"I am sorry Dee."

"It's okay, you've warned me but I will always choose my brother. He's the only family I have left, and I am very huge on family. I chose this. I just didn't think it would be so hard."

"What do you mean? With the salon and club things? You don't have to worry about that or get involved. We will sort that on our own." Imari convinced her while driving up her road.

"Yeah but there's staff you know, like it's too much. I am losing weight and I don't like it." She pouted.

"I also don't like it but mama you know you can come to me about anything and I mean anything and everything, you don't have to take it up by yourself." He was so sincere, she knew that, she could see that. But wouldn't trusting him; opening to him put her in more danger or throw her deeper into this life?

What if she spills about Prudence Cooper and he goes out to kill her?

What if she spills about Prudence but she finds out and kills her?

What if she spills and JT decides to kill her brother to just teach her a lesson?

"I know, thank you." She was glad to see her complex come into view. The man was easy going, warm and offered her a

broad shoulder to cry on. She needed to offload but he wasn't the right person to. Well no one in his circle was the right person to offload onto. She will just have to aurd her mouth and let the secrets eat her up.

"Go change, I will wait for you and take you to work." She didn't need to be told twice, the man was driving like he was Michael Schumacher, she knew that she will make it to work in time.

"Thanks for the ride." She said when they reached the hospital just five minutes after her schedule clock in time.

"Should I come pick you up tonight?" he asked, hoping by all his might he'd be able to pick her up. He wanted to spend some more time with her.

"Sure, I knock off at midnight." She smiled when he saw his hung jaw.

"What? Are you serious?"

"Yeah, it's a twelve- hour shift. Should be fun."

Before she could get any further, she felt hands on her hips spinning her around and lips slammed on hers.

"See you midnight." Imari walked back to his car and drove off leaving Dayo stunned with a stupid smile on her face.

What both did not realize was a black sleek BMW was parked at a further distant, taking pictures and videos of them.

"**Stop** worrying so much, it will be okay. Cynthia will get you off sis." JT was talking to an emotionally ran-down Gabrielle who was refusing to eat or even sleep. The lady spotted eyebags and looked beat to the core. Putting makeup was the last thing she could think of; she just wanted the charges against her dropped.

"Easy for you to say, you're not the one arrested for murder of someone you don't even know or ever seen in your entire life." She snapped, playing with the empty glass on the table that she just drank water from.

Jahzara was growing thin with worry; if he could swap places he'd do so in a heartbeat. He was the killer between the two of them, the bad guy she was sweet and deserved none of what was happening to her. Gone was the lovely lady with spunk and a bounce in her step calling people out for not dressing up, there sat a girl who couldn't care to even take a shower to save her life.

"What did Cynthia say? What evidence do they have that points you to this murder and who the fuck was murdered?" he hated not knowing what to do to solve the problem. He was always a man with a plan, a man with an idea on what the next step should be.

"How the fuck am I supposed to know that Jahzara? Was I there?" she rolled her eyes. She was moments away from putting her hands around his neck and squeezes the life out of him if he continued to ask the silly questions.

"Sorry geez." He grabbed his cell phone to check if any of his men has responded to the task he set them out to do. "I am just trying to find out what they said to you when they interrogated you."

"They asked me stupid questions that's what they did."

"You are not helping here Gabrielle how am I supposed to help you without the facts?"

"How about you call that police friend of yours and get him to fucking tell you what the hell is going on, let's start there but oh you can't cause you're broke." Gabrielle was not letting him have it easy she was boiling. The shock of her life when she was told that her brother had no clean money to help them in the real world.

The shock of finding out what they couldn't pay her lawyer but luckily for them she has known them for a while so she said she will stick with the case and will wait for the payment. The shock of finding out that JT didn't have a plan of what to do with the fact that their father was behind the bombing of the salon.

"You seem to be out of touch with your world. What kind of a drug dealer, a kingpin wanna-be has no money? How do you think you will move and shake things up in this world?"

Gabrielle continued.

"I told you I will take care of things and I always do. I am gonna stop talking to you right now because you're starting to piss me off." They always bickered from time to time but if push ever came to shove, Jahzara will protect her with his life.

"Whatever."

Left alone in the kitchen, JT was soon joined by Imari and Jackson one of his trusted old friends that worked for him.

"Guys." He casually greeted them, turning to grab a beer from the fridge.

"Boss, I got something for you." Jackson pulled out an envelope that had pictures of JT's father meeting up with Kenneth Ledwaba. "Word on the ground is that your father is trying to get some turfs where he will sell his product and he is telling them that he will be taking the reins back from you."

"And about Gabrielle, case is so fucking tight the police guy can't get to it... yet. There is tight evidence against her, her clothes she wore that night and motive. The boy had drugs in the club and she apparently wanted to teach him a lesson."

Imari informed JT.



It was Tuesday afternoon and business as usual for the drug dealers.

"Cameras in the club?" JT asked.

"Right about the time the boy was grabbed out of the club, they stopped working for an hour, which is suspicious on its own but police will say otherwise." Imari responded.

What the hell. Could things get any worse? JT thought to himself as he took a swig at his beer.

"That's not all, Kenneth wants to meet and we don't have product to sell because the last batch went to Nigerian unplanned for and unpaid for." Imari continued to update his boss slash friend. "He wants his money and a down payment for the Zola turf."

JT could feel his blood turn cold when he heard what his father was planning. How could he want to sabotage his own son like this? Not only was he setting him up for failure, he was setting him up to be killed. In this world there were two things that you didn't do; not pay your drug connector on time or don't deliver drugs on the agreed time. That was just signing a death wish. The coroner will be coming soon to get your body.

"One more thing Trigger..." Jackson turned to look at Imari using the nickname they all address him as, "You are being tailed. You and the do... you and your lady friend." Jackson was closer to

Imari than to JT hence he didn't name who Imari was being tailed with.

"What lady friend? Do you have a girl?" JT was ever the curious one, always wanted to know what the people in his life were up to.

"I have girls JT, who is tailing us?"

"No gives. The cars don't have registration plates and I saw them twice tailing you but will keep an eye out. Right now how the fuck are we going to make money?" he asked his two bosses.

Without selling the drugs Jackson would have no job and no job meant no money and no money meant a fucking crazy baby mama that will definitely go ham on him till he gives her something to shut her up. He didn't need the noise or the stress, the woman was a handful.

"The club needs to operate during the day now. Get it up and moving

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so I can fucking clean my money. Otherwise we are all dead before this week ends."

Imari nodded, liking the sound of opening the club during the day as well. The students in Braamfontein lived for the good

life, selling alcohol at a cheaper price during the day to attract more people in that way, it will be easy to cook the books and make them look legit.

"Let me call Lesley to get the ball rolling. I suggest you start digging on who the fuck is trying to set Gabby up. I will be at the club trying to sort the money problem up." Imari told them.

"And Jackson I will find product for you by tomorrow, promise. Just make sure the guys don't catch a whiff of this otherwise I'd be dead before tomorrow."

"Roger that boss. Trigger let me step with you." Jackson was your typical drug distributor. Dressed in loose jeans, Timberland boots and a wife beater; he was a little cute with a blade scar under his eyes. The one thing his baby mama loved the most about him, weird enough.

"Thanks for not spilling my business like that Jack. Knowing JT he'd flip if he knew I was seeing the doc." The men spoke as they walked to their cars.

"You know I got you, I figured that you might not want to tell especially after what he did with the last girl you loved."

Imari stopped dead in his tracks. "I don't love Dayo, I just happen to like her." He defended.

"Like her a lot sure, I know the drill but whatever it is, take care of her. She's a nice chick."

Imari simply nodded and jumped into his truck, his most precious baby the G-wagon. He pulled out his phone to call Lesley. It was time to get the show rolling.

On the other side of town, a phone was vibrating in a pair of jeans that was on the floor like the owner took them off in a rush. The pants were followed by a black male underwear, another pair of jeans were not too far and female underwear set was thrown lazily atop of the pile of clothes on the wooden floor.

The sound of the bed headboard hitting the wall could be heard coupled with screams and moans of pleasure.

Two light-skinned bodies, both on their knees but one requested the support of hands to give one the perfect position and view of her lady parts. Her arch was so perfect he thought. She was so wild, so intoxicating, very fun and didn't need to be lied to before she could open up.

He merely complimented her arse and she was game for whatever thought brew in his head.

"Fuck, shit... come on top." He slapped her ass and swore could hear her groan. Women and never wanting to come on top.

A lazy smile spread on her face as she straddled him, positioning his shaft to her dripping core. Her hips were rotating in perfect rhythm; his hands on her hips supported her

as she bounced up and down, rocked her hips and rotated them, driving him crazy.

"Oh shit I'm about to cum baby." He yelled and she kept going until she felt an orgasm push through her releasing juices at the same time.

Slumping on the other side, she caught her breath and stood up to grab a smoke like nothing happened.

"Can I have a smoke?" he asked, following her to the balcony attached to the bedroom.

"Fucking get your own cigarette from the pack Lesley." She rolled her eyes taking a long deserving pull from the cigarette.

"Somebody told you that you can be a bitch Prudence?" he asked, slightly annoyed with how cold she was. She was way colder than him whereas he thought he was ice.

"Fuck off and hurry up so you can bounce."

33

Opening the club at midday?

Great idea.

The power of social media, the power of social media influencers got the club buzzing and JT couldn't be happier. Ministers of this and that, owners of this and that were ordering expensive bottles of alcohol while being served the delicious food Sapphire chefs prepared. The food was rich in flavour and aroma.

The bartenders knew their way around the bar; they served fancy looking cocktails for the ladies that loved to brag on their social Media pages that they were out and about. The club offered some sort of exclusivity only with looks, everyone that was paying was welcomed in the club, people who only saw pictures of the club thought only the rich and loaded went there.

Gabrielle chose the best furniture, the best interior designers and that made the club to be what it is today. And the reason it was half packed at three o'clock in the afternoon was the half priced drinks that were on special from two o'clock to four o'clock. That way people will try to buy as much and Imari and Gabrielle will be able to cook the books juts right.

"Boss I must say, opening the place during the day great idea. More money for us." Lesley said to JT while he mixed a cocktail for customers waiting at the end of the bar.

"I hope we kill it." JT responded. He wasn't one to have full blown conversations with the staff but he found himself easing into a conversation with Lesley.

"So what about the sweets? I haven't heard anything from the boss lady about that." Lesley asked, he was deep in the business and JT trusted him.

"I have to go get a shipment tonight; we will be ready to roll tomorrow. Today however I want to make money so I can do my thing." He tried to be subtle as he didn't know who might be listening around him who could land him in hot water. He had to make a plan with getting the product and as a man of many connections; he managed to get a product from the Columbian mafia at a hefty price that Gabrielle emptied her bank account for.

"That's great; we will be ready for you. Excuse me." Lesley left his boss when his phone rang demanding his attention as it was ringing for the fourth time. He knew if he didn't answer, shit will probably hit the fan in no time.

"Hello?" he answered, opening the back door that led to the smoking area outside. It was a little quitter than inside.

"Hey... I've been trying to call you." It was Gabrielle and she sounded besides herself. She wasn't the cheery woman he knew, her voice was a little low and it kind of tugged at his heart strings.

"I am so sorry babe, I didn't know if I should call or let you be with your family."

"You could have at least sent a message to tell me you're thinking of me or something. I call, you don't answer kinda makes me think you think I am guilty of shooting that person."

He sighed; of course she needed him to be the lovey-dovey guy. That's what he has ever shown her, it was really unlike him to not show her affection or ounce of care. When he heard she was arrested, he was scared for her. Jail was not a pretty place for a pretty person like her who most definitely stepped on some toes in her life. He wanted to call her but he had other matters he needed to tend to thus he forgot.

"You're right baby I'm sorry. How are you holding up?" he asked, genuinely concerned about her. He wanted to go over to her but he couldn't.

"You could come see me? Jahzara won't be home for at least the rest of the day... then you can make love to me. I miss you." She was needy, she wanted and needed him, and he loved that.



She was always a tough nut to crack but with him she was soft and kind. He loved that a lot.

"There is not telling with your brother, I can't risk it. Besides I have to run the show since you are not here."

"Oh!"

"I will make time to see you and fuck you senseless Gabs, that's a promise. I have to go now. Check you later." He hung up feeling guilty like no other. He and Gabrielle have been in a 'thing' for a while now, about a year and he knew she cared greatly for him. She was sweet and fun, cared about the people in her life and even though she loved money she was very humble.

"Mhm fuck her senseless huh?" Prudence Cooper, dressed in a short leather skirt showing off her milky legs folded her arms, leaning against the door with a cigarette between her fingers. She took a pull out of the cigarette, exhaled and looked at Lesley who looked like he has just seen the most boring thing ever. "I thought you were done with that bitch."

Lesley shoved his phone in the front pocket of his jeans and took a step towards Prudence. "I have to make her think I still like her, that way she will still confide me. Are you in this game or not?" he asked

taking the cigarette from her.

She narrowed her eyes as if not believing that he was actually playing the princess as she would often call her. "Mhm I am in, just making sure you don't double-cross me."

"I got you baby girl, I want out of this crime life as well, so I am not doing it for you, but for me." He pecked her lips and walked passed her into the busy and throbbing club.

The lights were dimmed and more people were coming in. Lesley was very good at his job; he made sure to hire social media influencers to post nothing but about the club throughout the day and into the night. Clearly it was working, more girls were coming in and that meant big spenders were ready to bowl and try to impress.

In the fancy looking hospital just close-by waterfall not far from Mall of Africa – Dayo and her colleagues just encountered sad and bad news. Sad for the close family and relatives of the patient they lost and bad because now the police were involved and it was not looking good.

She was tired of seeing the police going up and down in her face, in her life. She was absolutely sick of it as they made her nervous and reminded her just how much her life had changed and took a drastic turn to the worst.

"He was recovering well I don't get it... I don't understand. He was... he was, he was fine." The mother of the patient they had

just lost was in shock, she couldn't believe her ears. It made no sense how at one moment her son was recovering well, eating on his own and making jokes to wind up...dead. It made no sense at all. It was as if she was losing her mind. Dayo and another doctor were used to such, but that did not mean it didn't hurt them as well. They were doctors who try and avoid such situations but in this case, they did what they could be he just didn't make it.

"I am so sorry ma. Angaz' kuthi ngithini kuwe but I am so sorry for your loss." The doctor with Dayo consoled the mother while Dayo looked at the broken mother with pitiful eyes. Death was cruel.

"Doctor Luka, the police would like to question you please." Doctor Moloji called Dayo up and she internally groaned.

She was questioned about the boy, his injuries and what the cause of his seizures was before dying and if they could get to access his medical file prior to his death. Dayo complied with the officers, her heart beating wild against her ribcage. The police spoke in length of what it means, what the young man's death meant.

Finally catching a break, Dayo walked out of the hospital and decided to make a call at the bus stop, sitting on the bench provided.

"Hey Dee, miss me?" Imari chirped into the receiver. The girl made him happy, he just couldn't contain it.

A small smile danced on her lips, she needed that. The hospital mood was just off and she couldn't even smile to save a life.

"Something terrible happened." She told him and that got him focused real quickly.

"What happened are you okay? Must I come get you?" he fired those kinds of questions at her. What a care-bear.

"No, no I am fine well not really fine but yeah. Paul passed away." She informed him.

"Who is Paul? Your friend? Relative?" he asked.

"No, Paul is the boy that the police claim Gabrielle shot."

Silence.

"The police are here, turning the hospital into an interrogation room demanding every file to be scrutinized and every doctor who cared for Paul must be questioned." She carried on. "I heard them call their boss and they are saying now the charges against Gab won't be attempted murder."

"Gabrielle was convinced she was being charged with murder because she had no idea who the guy that was shot is, she was kind of relieved that it was attempted murder. Now you're

telling me that it's actual murder? Like he is dead because he was shot?"

"Yes... and the police are so happy it's her, they said they want to set an example with her." She continued.

"But there is something you must know... I don't think he was killed because of being shot. Someone poisoned him in the hospital." She told him looking around to see if no one was coming her way.

"What? How do you figure?"

"His symptoms, his seizures... he was foaming... I took his blood to the lab it will definitely tell us what happened but mark my words; somebody came through to finish him."

As Dayo was busy on the phone she did not realize the black BMW making a pass and snapping more pictures of her.

After the phone call Dayo went back to the hospital, to resume her duties. Luckily since the Paul incident, there hasn't been much work to do except to follow up on patients awaiting surgery and those who were out of surgery.

She loved her job with all her heart. Since she was a little girl, watching her grandmother fall sick, going in and out of hospitals, she wished she could help; she wanted to help which is what fuelled the passion for being a surgeon. Her grandmother would be so proud of how far she has gone, when she graduated, her grandmother was overjoyed, she wept and Dayo was pleased and content.

That was all she ever wanted, to make her ambuya proud.

Walking to her office she settled on her chair and pulled out files to just check up on the progress then a knock resounded on the office door. She looked up to see a junior lab tech come in with a file in his hand.

"Doc, hi." He seemed to be a little nervous. "I have done what you have asked me to do." He closed the door behind him and walked towards Dayo's desk. "I have gone against hospital rules and have delayed some urgent tests that we are busy conducting..."he carried on.

"I know and I am so sorry for putting you in that kind of position. I owe you one." Dayo was sincere with her apology, the last thing she needed was to jeopardize his job. She just needed Paul's blood test results as soon as possible before anyone else.

"It's okay... here you go." He passed the results to her. "Please let's not do this again soon. It's nerve wrecking." He said before walking out.

Dayo looked at the close door where the young man exited and felt a pang of guilt dance around her chest for what she had requested of him. If his bosses found out that he skipped normal procedure, he'd be fired on the spot.

She looked at the file in her hands, wondered what it was she was trying to find and what if she found exactly what she was looking for, what then?

She was far too gone now; she couldn't go back and avoid all of this. Choose her life over Patrick's - the man was a drug dealer, was used to the fast life where murder was like eating the daily bread. Having JT kill him wouldn't be anything out of the ordinary in their lives, except that she would now be family less. She'd be an orphan by all means and she didn't want that.

She wanted to lead a normal life, have a family of her own, have Patrick come over to her house with children bearing gifts and they chill over Sunday lunch in the garden. That was the

ultimate dream. When she accepted the job offer from Doctor Moloji after trying so hard to get a job in South Africa; she saw her dream manifest.

Imagine the horror of walking in Patrick's flat to find him stabbed and a clueless man hovering over him waiting for a knock-up doctor to come and treat him. Her dream was still there but as days went by and the truth came out, she was shuttered but the dream was still there.

She now helped her brother to make money on the side by signing off painkiller prescriptions hoping one day he will leave the drug life and her dream will finally come true.

But there she was, teaming up with a very crazy cop that would stop at nothing to nail the people she was after. The people whom Dayo is slowly getting attached to and one of the people she's sleeping with.

Was she really trying to get out or she was staying in the crazy world?

Her thoughts were all over the place, it was not nice to always look over your shoulder at every given opportunity. It definitely was not nice to always see cops as a threat in your life because of who you spent time unwillingly with. She wanted a normal life, but who was going to help her achieve that? Prudence Cooper?



She opened the file and skimmed through to the blood results. There were traces of Botulinum in Paul's blood and that was the cause of his death. Dayo's mouth ran dry; she had no idea what to do with the results.

"Doctor, sorry we need extra hands, they just rolled in two car accident victims that were going to mall of Africa. We need you." Dayo was fetched by another doctor who already rushed out of Dayo's office after calling her.

Shoving the results in her drawer it locked the same time she closed and hid the key in the flower pot before rushing out to go and help.

Hours later, she was out of the surgery and was ready to call it a night but unfortunately for her, she still had a few things to do before she could go home. It was already past midnight and she was ready to go home. Before meeting JT and the gang, she used to be so energetic, worked long hours but still never did her body cry for help like it was currently.

She received a text message from Imari telling her he was outside

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now she couldn't explain why her heart skipped a beat or the smile that spread on her face. But there she was, like a schoolgirl with a crush she couldn't wait to see him.

Packing up, she took the results with and left the hospital and into Imari's awaiting car.

"Hey doc..." Imari greeted as soon as she settled in his car.

"Hey... uhh you... or should I say drug dealer?" she had no idea what call him; truth was he was a drug dealer.

Imari chuckled as he pulled out of the parking lot, his car making some beastly sounds. "Good one there. I'm a businessman, could have been a lawyer if I carried on through."

"Is it? Why didn't you fall through?"

"This life happened, my parents introduced me to this life and I loved the thrill of it, the danger... kind of exciting. So here I am."

Dayo couldn't say she was stunned or shocked. He has spent quite some time with these people and she could see they loved that kind of life. It bothered her, but it wasn't her place.

"Businessman is it the club?"

"Yeah and the security company I own. I offer security services to a lot of clubs around South Africa and some big time events. And I own that by myself... no JT on that part." He seemed to be proud of that little fact.

"Does he know that?" she asked.

"Of course, I mean we are partners on one side and our own individuals on the other side. My security company helps us out a lot and he also has some businesses I have no hand in. But the drug business is our biggest money maker." He told her, it was a lot of information he was feeding her and she was conflicted.

Does she run to Prudence with the news or keep them to herself?

"Mhm! I see okay." she answered, her response was vague and he didn't like that. "I am sorry; I know this is not life as you wanted it to be. I shouldn't be telling you all of this."

Dayo kept quiet. Imari was driving her insane. He made her feel things she shouldn't be feeling at all. She enjoyed his touch, his voice, his laugh, how sincere he was and just how caring he was with her. He really treated her like a porcelain doll.

She couldn't believe it, she was a regular girl, with a regular body while he was such a sex god on legs and he was interested in her. He got jealous over her. It was both cute and scary.

They reached her apartment and she invited him in. "It's already late Dee, aren't you tired?" he asked, hesitant. Sure he wanted to go inside but he put her well-being first.

"I am but I want to tell you something." She told him as she exited the car.

Imari parked the car and followed her up to her apartment. It was eerily quiet as most people have gone to sleep.

"There is something I also want to tell you." He said when they arrived to her apartment which was also his. "I was told that you and I are being followed so now my body guards will be keeping an eye on me and you at the same time. So if you ever feel like you're being followed it might be my guys or someone else."

Dayo's eyes almost jumped out the sockets. "What do you mean we are being followed? By who? What do they want from me?" she questioned, what was so special about her that she would be followed?

"I don't know but I will find out soon, I just wanted to alert you. I will protect you to the best of my abilities I promise you, no one will harm you for as long as I breathe." He told her with so much conviction in his eyes. He held the side of her face and kissed her forehead. "That's a promise."

She wasn't convinced but she believed him. Her anxiety was starting to peak. The 'what ifs' that ran through her mind at that time...

"I have a headache." She blurted out.

"I am sorry Dee... let's get you water." He went to the kitchen and got her water. Sitting on the couch next to each other Imari watched as she gulped the whole glass down.

"Do you... do you think Gabrielle would want to kill the boy she is being accused of trying to kill?"

"No, Gabrielle is anything but a killer. We do it for her." Imari responded. "This is a set up and we don't know by whom and we are just standing by trying to let the law run its course."

Dayo nodded. "Paul was poisoned, I have the lab results. He was poisoned so either it was by this person who set Gabrielle up or by Gabrielle and her people just so he won't testify in court."

Imari looked at her, pondering on what she had just said. She had no idea why she told him, a small part of her advised her to tell Prudence but she felt safer with Imari for some reasons unknown to her.

"Do you think so?" he asked and she nodded.

"If it's like that... if we find out it was not Jahzara or Gabrielle's doing what are you going to do with the results?"

That was the million dollar question. What then if it is not Gabrielle?

"Because either way if it is Gabrielle and she admits, she's going to jail. If it's not Gabrielle it will look like it's her and she's trying to eliminate the threat. So now what are you going to do with the results?" he asked, his eyes piercing into hers like he could see right through her soul.

She looked back at him. Would she destroy the results? Or would she turn them in to the police officers to carry on with the investigation so Gabrielle can be jailed and she will probably be free of JT for a while as he will be stressing over his sister's arrest?

Should she turn them in, so one-by-one she could remove the cancer in her life that was the drug dealers?

Should she destroy the evidence because Imari will always protect her and she was feeling warm towards him and didn't want to lose him?

"Dee? You haven't answered me. I can find out if gabby did do this, if she didn't... what are you going to do?"

**"That was amazing!"** Dayo had a dizzy smile on her face as she rolled off Imari's hard body onto her side of the bed. Imari had spent the night and what a night indeed. They had fallen asleep right after their talk and just when the sun threatened to rise, Imari woke her up in more ways than one and she was not complaining.

It had been a long while since she was intimate with a man, not only was she too busy trying to set up her career, she was too busy to be nursing fragile egos, too busy to be submitting to a man who wanted to control her, force her to choose between her career and starting a family with him. She has been through all that and she didn't want any part in it.

She stayed off the market and life was just great, she stocked up on her toys and made sure she always had batteries just for when the mood was set and she needed to release some tension.

Now Imari came into her life and her hormones have been at their peak. They demanded attention, male attention, the type of attention that would leave you breathless and wanting. "It was, you are amazing fuck!" Imari was breathing hard.

When Dayo straddled him, he was not sure he'd enjoy it, too many times the women he was with hated coming on-top and

when they did, they did a sloppy job that he was convinced they did that so he could take charge. As an alpha male taking charge was his thing and often he didn't mind. But after what Dayo had done to him, he wasn't sure what the hell to do with himself because she rocked his world upside down.

Sure the first time they had sex was amazing but damn it felt better once more and that drove him crazy and made him to want to be with her all the time.

"What time are going to work today?" he asked her, his eyes sparkling with happiness and hers mimicking his.

"Twelve... I need some more hours of sleep, you woke me up." she playfully whined.

Imari pecked her lips and smiled at her. What is it about this woman that drove him crazy? He wanted to touch every bit of her, devour every inch. "You are irresistible baby I'm sorry. But you got time I however need to go. My day starts early."

"Oh?" her voice was thick with disappointment. She wanted him to wrap his large arms around her as she fell back to sleep. She enjoyed the two nights she spent with him, sharing a bed. It felt right.

"Yeah, I'm sorry Dee. But no rest for the wicked. On top of what I have to do today, I still need to pass by and see Gabs." He told her, pulling her so she could rest her head on his chest. "You



said you will make a decision about the blood test results once I've cleared up things with her and I don't want to waste time."

She heaved a sigh. Indeed she said that to buy herself more thinking time. Was she really thinking of helping Gabrielle with her situation? Did she have it in herself to destroy the results? Why should she even do that?

She thought back to the amount of times she has been in Gabrielle's presence and that girl has been nothing short of nice, welcoming and warm. She was talkative, loud, had a freaking mean-streak and was not afraid of anyone. But who would be afraid of anyone if their parents, their brother were in the drug business and were known to be dangerous to the core?

She was a nice girl and everyone swore she didn't commit the murder, would she stand by and let her take the fall or should she help her?

"Okay you will let me know when you find out what's going on. I need to sleep you worked me up." well that was what a mind blowing orgasm will do to you.

She got out of bed and went to the bathroom to freshen up before returning to bed only to find Imari dressed and ready to hit the road. There came that feeling again, where she didn't want him to leave.

"I will call you later? Will probably not make it in time to take you to work but I will make sure to pick you up midnight." He kissed her lips a couple of times, earning a big smile from her before he left.

Oh Dayo. You sweet thing. What have you gotten yourself into?  
Her subconscious asked.

"Shut up." she answered... herself.

So what are you going to do? Are you going to help the bad drug dealers that are poisoning the world or are you going to give Prudence all the details you have been gathering? The voice in her head was too loud for her.

"I don't fucking know geez." Now she was sounding a little crazy. It was normal for a person to talk to themselves but she was now getting worked up. She hated where her journey in life has brought her, at the crossroads.

Four hours later her alarm went off and she was up once again. It had just hit half past ten in the morning and all she had to do was eat and dress up for work. That alone sounded more like a chore.

In less than an hour she had eaten breakfast delivered to her door sent by Imari

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dressed and ready to go.

When he sent her a text message that the delivery guy was downstairs, she couldn't believe it. That man was something else. She truly appreciated the effort he made into making sure she was well-fed, well taken care of and that she didn't have to worry about the littlest things. He was thoughtful which is why she was having such a hard time making the decision.

Calling her driver, the old man was happy to see her again. He for a second thought he'd lost a good paying customer that had manners. Dayo's daily trips to Waterfall were what helped him to make his weekly target in terms of income. He wasn't ready to lose her.

"Good morning ntombi." He greeted her as she slid in the backseat of the car.

"Uhhh wait... I think I remember... sawabona baba?" she smiled shyly when he chuckled at her attempt.

"Not too bad ntombi, it's sawubona... sawubona not sawabona, sawu..." he said as he drove them into the busy streets leading to the hospital.

"Sawubona... okay I got it. Sawubona njani..." she kept throwing the random words he taught her on their daily drives.

"You will learn soon don't you worry." He was such a happy man; his wife was one blessed woman. How he spoke about her and their two children, he was a man in love with his family.

Dayo longed for that. Without any family support she almost crumbled, she wanted to start hers just so she wouldn't be so lonely.

"Will you be alright tonight? You will be knocking off too late and I would be home by then. Will you need me to take you home?" Bab'Buthelezi asked; he wasn't that old of a man; just in his late fifties. He was such a thoughtful man, reminded Dayo of someone else.

"Oh no thank you, I can't ask that of you. I have made arrangements for later on. You have a lovely day." She waved him off as she walked to the hospital.

Before she could even enter her cell phone rang. It was none other than Prudence Cooper. Rolling her eyes she swiped the screen of her phone to answer the call.

"Yes?"

"I am in the coffee shop." Then she cut the call. How rude, Dayo thought. She looked at the time and realized she had ten minutes to spare.

Walking across the road she noticed a black BMW parked on the side with tinted glasses and no registration number. Her heart picked race, what if it was the people Imari told her about? Who was it? What did they want? She panicked as she

walked inside the chic styles coffee shop that instagram lovers would surely love.

"You look like you have seen a ghost." Prudence commented.

Dayo looked outside to where the car parked and it was still there. "I think someone is following me." She blurted out, her eyes still looking outside at the said car.

"Oh please! Why? No one even knows you in this country, you are being paranoid." Prudence rolled her eyes, taking a sip of her coffee.

Dayo didn't know what she expected from the cop but certainly not hostility. Her gut was raising red flags at the sight of the unregistered car. Who would drive around with an unregistered car?

"I don't have time; I'm going to be late for my shift. What's up? Why did you want to see me?" Dayo asked her, trying to calm herself down and forget about the car outside.

"Hi ma'am would you like to place an order? We have the chef's lunch special today." A young lady walked over to their table to take Dayo's order.

"Can I have water please?"

"Will that be all?" she asked, a notepad and pen in hands.

"She said just water geez, go away." Prudence shooed the girl away who scowled at her rudeness.

"My God you're such a rude human being. That is her job to ask such questions."

The cop only rolled her eyes, not even batted an eyelid in remorse. She continued to sip her coffee, enjoying it like it was prepared with the blood of Jesus. "I need you to do something for me."

"When do you ever not want me to do anything for you? What is it?" Dayo asked her accent thick.

"I need you to make sure that when they take the kid's blood test, when they do a post-mortem you make sure that the police get the results first." Prudence told her, perking Dayo's interest. Normally that would have been fine, it would be the right thing to do but this was Prudence Cooper she was the reason the boy was shot in the first place.

"Why? Why make the special request of something that is part of procedure?"

"Because I don't trust JT and his fucking goons they might temper with evidence that the kid was poisoned. If he tempers with it then that means the charges of murder won't stick."

"Prudence? This is me and you, what is going on? I don't have time; it's twelve I need to be in the hospital."

"Oh Lord!" Prudence was annoyed with how slow Dayo could be sometimes. "Just make sure to do as I asked."

"Wait... what poison? How do you know Paul was poisoned? We don't even have the results yet why would you assume that? Unless... oh no please don't tell me you poisoned him?" Dayo was shocked. She couldn't believe the realization.

"Not so fucking loud. Attempted murder is nothing she was going to get a slap on the wrist, this? This money baby this is gold. All you have to do is make sure that the police find the evidence and we are set." She leaned back on her chair like she did not admit to committing murder.

Dayo was lost for words she kept opening and closing her mouth like a fish, words not forming.

Just as the waitress brought her the glass of water she abruptly stood up and walked out of the shop without another word.

When she walked across she realized the car was gone.

Probably wrong guess but her gut feeling was never wrong.

Something was up with that car.

What she didn't realize was that a lady got out of the car and into the coffee shop and took pictures of her and Prudence, capturing every facial expression that marred their faces, the body language, everything.

"You're late." The receptionist that was working nightshift commented seeing that it was seven minutes after twelve.

"Do you think I can get a shot of vodka? Or a bottle of gin?" the good ol' doctor asked, no sign of playfulness on her face.

"Huh?"



**Everybody** in the building wore uniform. Black and white was the standard. You could wear a black suit with white shirt, could wear a white suit with a black shirt which was not really common but some people still wore that anyway or you could wear a pencil skirt, a pencil dress but in those two colour only. The glass building situated on the outskirts of Pretoria city housed over a hundred employees who dressed the same way and the only way to know who did what and who was who; was with the name badges they clasped on their chest for all to see and their access cards into the building.

Everyone who worked in the building had to have an access card or you wouldn't go in any of the offices or even the bathrooms. That was how tight the security in the premises was. They didn't want to take any chances always had to be extra careful, after all they were the South African Secret Intelligence agency and taking risks within their work premises was prohibited.

Every file that was in the building had to be protected like you'd protect a life.

Julia Ledwaba; dressed in a black pant suit and a black matching blazer with a black shirt walked out of the glassed elevator, her red bottom heels making a clicking sound on the floor, a

steaming cup of café latte in her hand, her assistant carrying her bags towards her office.

"Good morning." She greeted her fellow co-workers who could never get used to her confidence and beauty. She was the queen bee of the organisation; she was fierce and didn't drop her panties for any man who had tried in the office.

She took her job very seriously and didn't spare a second with those that didn't. She enjoyed her job; it was thrilling having to investigate big tycoons that swindled money and dodged paying taxes, that was the life.

She had a fair caramel complexion and always kept her makeup to a minimum. Those were the rules or she would let her makeup artist of a sister run wild with her face.

"Thanks Suzie, can you please call Mike and Sandra for me."

She said, just as she settled down on her chair, switching her laptop on and connecting to the screen which was right behind her. Mike and the said Sandra walked in.

"Talk to me." Julia said to them.

"Let me connect my pc first." Mike said before they could start of their meeting. After connecting the two ladies sat down and turned to the plasma screen behind them. Had pictures and information and some data that Mike needed to explain.

"I think the little investigation we have been running was a success, we have a lot of information for you to go out there and make your presence known." The guy called Mike said. He had blonde sandy hair and deep ocean blue eyes.

"Five people, all connected, we just need to find out how. First up..." he rolled a picture of JT and some information came up on the screen.

"Jahzara Timber, informally known in the street as JT he owns the Sapphire nightclub in Braamfontein and is the drug connect in that section and around the city. He recently started operating in some parts in Alexandra. He is not sloppy; the police just can't nail him as evidence is not enough to put him away." Mike said.

"Next up is Gabrielle Timber, sibling to JT and manages the club and the recently burned down hair salon which was really raking in numbers." Sandra took over.

"Raking in fake numbers, they are probably using the salon to launder money." Julia piped in, taking a sip of her hot latte.

"True, she's recently being investigated for attempted murder but could now be murder because the kid is dead." There were no emotions on either three people's faces. This was their job, people dying that they had no connection to they couldn't bat an eyelash. They felt sorry for the families hence they were

now investigating the mobsters but they still wouldn't dwell on being sympathetic over the death news.

"She's a pretty face, has a mean streak but murder?" Julia asked, not really believing the woman presented on the screen could actually take a life.

"Never judge a book by its cover." Sandra defended. She didn't trust easily. She was a hard nut to crack which was why Julia loved working with her.

"True but she really doesn't look like a murderer, her brother probably does the work for her." Mike chirped in his two cents.

"What makes you say that? Is it because she's pretty?" Sandra asked her voice thick with boredom.

"Yes that's it. She's too pretty."

Sandra rolled her eyes. "Men are stupid."

"Okay let's get back on track." Julia told them before they started having another classic quarrel as usual. The two behaved like siblings, they loved to hate each other but worked really well together.

"Imari Brown, you know his father is the notorious Ghanaian King pin by the name Kojo Brown? The apple really doesn't fall far from the tree. Anyway he co-owns the club with his closest friend JT, they once had a fall-out over something involving a

woman... I think JT slept with Brown's fiancé but they squashed the beef and are now stronger, smarter and better than ever." Sandra said.

Julia and Mike couldn't help but to chuckle at how she said 'stronger, smarter and better than ever.' She sounded like a woman annoyed to the core.

"Anyway, this one here owns a security company, a legit business we can't even touch. The money he makes is legit, might clean his money through it but it is airtight."

Julia was noting all that info down in her head. She had to now go out there and make the group pay for all the nonsense, all the pain and all the chaos they have been causing in the country together with their associates.

"Enter the new girl, a doctor from Zimbabwe. She's new at the Doctor Moloi clinic in Waterfall, has been dropped off and picked up by some man who is an Uber driver with special trip requests, but lately she is being picked up and dropped off by Imari Brown." Mike took over from Sandra. The pair worked magically together. They shared the spotlight each and every time they were put together on a case which happened often. No one was jealous of the other and no one stepped on the other's toes. They were in fine tune with each other.

"I think they are seeing each other –"

"They are fucking each other." Sandra piped in.

"Oh...k yeah that, but I am not sure if the doctor knows who he truly is and what kind of business her sleeping partner is into."

Mike said. "However... see here..." he rolled pictures of Prudence Cooper and Dayo meeting on different days

same coffee shop, same booth, same body language, and same facial expressions.

"Prudence Cooper and Dayo Luka the doctor have been meeting up in the coffee shop across the clinic and by the look of things, they have issues with each other but somehow they always meet." Mike told Julia, he looked to be pondering on the issue as well.

"True, almost every time they meet, the doctor leaves angry. She always leaves a huff sometimes she'd have a worried face. They are up-to something." Sandra spoke. She looked at the pictures on the screen and nodded, agreeing with herself that there was more to that than what meets the eye.

"Who is this Prudence Cooper?" Julia asked, throwing her now finished latte in the bin by her desk. "What could they be discussing with someone who was new in the country?"

"I am glad you asked, Prudence Cooper is a cop well ex-cop as per the terminated contract between herself and Joburg PD. It gets better... she's now working for JT in the club, and has

hushed meetings with Brown's sex buddy." Mike was so excited like a kid in the candy store.

Such information thrilled him, there was more to it and they had to work to get answers. That's why he was so excited. It was such a big case and an honour to be a part of it.

Julia stood up from her chair and buttoned her blazer up, giving the most perfect hour glass shape that turned heads and drove some men crazy.

"This is good... interesting and every single person here is linked to Jahzara Timber? How is the doctor connected to Timber?" Julia had missed that connection, everyone else she got.

"That's also a good question. We only have snaps of them in the club talking to each other with friendly smiles. So she's probably just thinking that JT is her sex buddy's friend."

Julia bit her red coated lips, her mind racing trying to glue everything together. "Why would an ex-cop go work for a known drug dealer? It is no secret, I bet a bottom dollar every police department know that Jahzara Timber is a wanted man, why would she turn around and work for him?" she asked.

Sandra looked at Mike then at the screen mounted on the wall. "Probably was working for him even as a cop."

"A dirty cop." Mike supported his partner.

"Mhm!" Julia exclaimed. "Maybe but thank you guys this is good work. Please make sure you turn the car in and registration plates are put back up, I don't want any stories and I'm going out on the field."

By going out on the field she meant leaving the office and going to get answers herself. All she needed was the information about the people in Jahzara Timber's life that could help put him away for a long time and she got more than what she bargained for.

"Who are you starting with? There is a murder case looming over their heads, surely the sister won't say anything to us." Mike asked.

"I won't touch the Timbers and Brown before I have all my facts. I am going after the doctor. She's an easy target. I have all the right information about her, just find out for me if she has any relatives in the country and get me information on them." Julia walked back to her desk and again got comfortable, ready to start plotting her field work.

"I need every piece of information of where she grew up, how she landed in South Africa, if she has any siblings, cousins, distant relatives, pets, what her hobbies are, if she has allergies, who her friends are, who she dated in Zimbabwe, how long she has been sleeping with Brown, I need all of that." Julia was such a boss lady, a lot of people especially men in the office assumed



and suggested that she slept her way to the top but that was only because she never gave them time of the day but always smiled with the big boss.

Who would you smile at? The man who could promote you for your good job and dedication or a man that was only interested in shagging you just so he can return to the office and yell 'I fucked Julia Ledwaba'?

"Doctor Luka, I hope you are ready for the fireball that is rolling your way." She said, looking at the pictures on the screen.

She loved field jobs and couldn't wait to pay the woman a visit.

**"Hold up...** pause and rewind a little; what do you mean you are trying to make Lydia take the blame for your wrong doings?" Imari asked Dayo as they lay naked under her bed sheets.

Imari had a long day at 'work' JT had his men dig up some dirt on his father and they found one guy who was supposedly working for Shona and they beat him until he started spilling the truth about Shona's plans and his new organisation he was trying to build up.

In the midst of all that, JT let it slip that he was helping the doctor with her work situation of which Imari asked what it was as he was pretending to not having a thing with the doctor. He had to play it cool and not seem like he was touched by the fact that there were things happening in Dayo's life that only JT knew about.

JT went on to tell his friend about the situation Dayo was dealing with and Imari was not at all surprised by JT's grand plan. He was JT, impulsive and forever conniving. But Dayo, it was unlike her; she was not the kind of person who would frame someone for her wrong doings let alone her one and only friend in the country. The one girl who welcomed her with both arms open wide.

Finishing their job, making sure that their workers packed the drugs nicely to be sold out in the streets, Imari left to pick up dinner then Dayo.

They ate dinner in silence; Dayo was bothered by something just like he was bothered by something. When he tried to talk to her, she kissed him, she kissed him in a way that made him weak and he found himself breathing hard on-top of her; both naked.

He couldn't keep it in; damn he liked the woman and wanted to protect not only her body but her purity as well. She was far too kind to be the kind of person JT was turning her to be and he would by all means try and stop it from happening.

So he asked. And she spilled it all, the master plan JT came up with and how she rolled with it.

"I know and I feel bad but I have so much to lose." She defended herself, clutching the sheets tighter around her chest.

Imari sat up in bed to be able to look at her. "And she doesn't?"

Dayo sighed, tears threatening to spill. Her heart was beating wild, this was not how she imagined herself spending her night. She was tired from work, tired from the life she was living, all she wanted was some orgasms and a goodnight sleep, not an interrogation.

"I get to be locked up or deported and she gets -"

"And she could get locked up too. Stealing medical supplies is a real crime Dayo do you understand that the poor girl could be jailed? And won't be able to see her child? Her family? She might get killed inside... what you did is fucking not cool and you will stop with the stupid plan." He made good points, it's not like she did not weigh the pros and cons. She just chose what could favour her.

"JT promised that he will give her enough money to start over if she gets fired." She defended.

Imari bitterly chuckled, how this girl believed so much in JT annoyed him to the core. "JT can't even wire himself some money to get out of his fucking debts. His problems are up to here..." he pointed at his neck. "And how would you expect someone who is in prison to start over with that money? How will they spend it mhm?"

"I am sorry okay? It just seemed like the right thing to do."

"The right thing to do or the only thing to do to save your butt?"

"Fine Imari, what do you suggest I do? What would you have done to help me? Since you want me to put breaks on this plan, what is your plan then to help me? Because I am not going to jail."

Imari looked at her, she was slowly slipping away from her world into theirs and he did not want that, he did not want that at all. She was too good of a person and he wanted her to remain that way. "You should have told me from the very beginning because in case you can't tell, I care a great deal about you. I warned you to stay away from JT you didn't, now I am here protecting you from harm and you can't even see it."

"I am sorry." She was remorseful, she could see he cared, the little things he did for her were a great deal. "I know you do. JT was just there and he asked and since he's the cause of all my problems... I told him."

Imari hated seeing her sad. He pulled her into his arms and pecked her lips. "I will fix things, Lydia is your only friend and God knows we need a little friend in life, you need her, don't mess that up. I will fix things you just hang tight." She believed him. Why was she stupid enough to trust that sexy, yummy and milky devil? Here was a man who wanted to see her do well, who wanted her to always be safe and happy and yet she chose to work with the devil, why?

"Aren't you sleepy?" he asked her.

"No... I'm quiet awake." She mumbled. "Hey... I think I saw the car, the black BMW with no registrations that is following us, I couldn't see inside the windows are tinted but it was there for a while."

"Are you sure? You're not just scared and paranoid because I told you about it?"

"No, I saw it. I also thought I was being paranoid but my gut is always spot on." She told him, he kept quiet wondering who the hell it was following him.

"I will get to the bottom of this, I give you that." He was a man of his word

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and his promises were never in vain. When he says he will do something, he does it. Dayo liked that about him, he was such an incredible man.

She wanted to ask him what it was that was going on between the two of them but she was afraid of the answer. Was it just sex? Did she want more? Did she want to date and be in a romantic relationship with a known drug dealer? most certainly not, but why did the thought of them one day stopping what it was that they were doing bringing an ache to her chest?

"By the way... Gabrielle did not kill the kid at the hospital and I am not lying to you. If she did do it I was going to tell you straight up that she did." The conversation took another direction.

"Really? You would?" she didn't believe he would, not even for a second. Who would go right ahead and be honest about their

friend's evil deeds knowing that could compromise her freedom?

"Dee, you know I'm a drug dealer, JT as well and I'm sure you know by now this is a kill or be killed world, you have seen our men die, and why would I now come and lie to you? If she did do it I was going to tell you that check, she did this but I need you to still fake the results." He told her.

Dayo moved out of his embrace to look at him. Wasn't he the one who was preaching to her about morals and ethics? Of how she was a good woman who shouldn't lie and be a conniving little skunk? "You would ask me to do that? Even after the Lydia speech? Even if she killed the poor kid?"

"This is different."

"How?"

"You won't be getting anyone in trouble."

"But I will be denying Paul justice."

"Gabrielle did not kill that kid, I know it and deep down in your heart you know it too or you wouldn't have told me about the poison or how you have the results. So you aren't denying the kid justice, you are helping to prevent an innocent woman from going to jail." Imari was hell-bent on protecting Gabrielle. He really did not want to see her go down for murder.

"You care about her don't you?" there was a hint of jealousy in Dayo's statement. She wondered if something ever happened between the two. She wouldn't be surprised, Gabrielle was a very attractive woman, she had spunk, the sass to match and was always with Imari. Hell when Imari was shot, she was there sleeping over taking care of him. Maybe she shouldn't change the results; maybe she should remove Gabrielle from the picture before she snatched Imari from her.

"Are you jealous doc?" Imari smirked. He could see the jealousy written all over her face. "She's like my little sister; I care a lot about her. Just like how I care about you, I wouldn't let you go down for something you didn't do, and even if you did do it, I'd still prevent you going down for it." The conviction in his words, he assured her and she believed him.

"Okay."

"Okay what?" he asked.

"I will change the results. It's going to cost you though; I am not paying for it." She told him. She knew Gabrielle was not guilty of this. She was just playing dumb. Prudence Cooper did all of the nonsense all by herself and she didn't know how to tell anyone that.



How would she begin to narrate the tale? Wouldn't she find herself in hot water? Having to explain how in the hell she got that close to the witch to know such crucial details?

The pair had fallen asleep only for Dayo to be woken up by Imari already dressed and sitting on the side of the bed, gently stroking her cheek. "Morning beautiful." He smiled at her. What a pretty smile, she thought.

The man was too cheesy for her liking, she knew she was far from looking beautiful especially in the morning with the heavy eye bags she spotted.

"Hey, you leaving already?" she asked, disappointed that once again, she wasn't waking up in his arms.

"You know; no rest for the wicked."

"Yeah... I know." She sat upright in her bed, it had just gone a few minutes after eight in the morning, and so it wasn't really that early.

"I made you pancakes, hope you will enjoy them. I have to go. Will call you later about the results and if I'd be able to pick you up." he kissed her on the lips before leaving.

She got out of bed shortly after to go see what he made for her. Pancakes were on the kitchen table and she happily dug in. They were too good. Just as she was enjoying her meal, a knock resounded on her door.

She hoped it wasn't her neighbours coming to make new friendship; she didn't have time for that.

She was surprised to see a stunning woman, dressed in black suit with a white shirt and a killer pair of heels.

"Hello?" she greeted, wondering who the woman was and what she wanted. She smelled good and looked so prim and proper.

"Doctor Dayo Farisai Luka, good morning. I am Julia Ledwaba, I am with the SASIA." Julia was a very sure and confident woman. She oozed power.

"The what now?" Dayo did not quite catch that.

"The SASIA; South African Secret Intelligence Agency. I am investigating your group of friends on charges of tax invasion, drug dealing, money laundering and murders amongst the list."

And her heart started beating wild.

"Which friends?"

"It doesn't make sense. That was supposed to stick." Prudence was pacing down the floor of Lesley's bedroom, dressed in his Pirates jersey. "I did everything right, every single thing!"

Lesley and Prudence's little secret affair started off on a weird note. She kept tabs on him, using Blacks the bouncer at the club who was working for her against Jahzara. She was good with reading people; she realized that something was off with Lesley. He was far too controlling and only wanted to be the man to run the show, run registers, run the drug operation in the club solo so she got Blacks to keep his eye on him all the time.

Blacks was hired as by Prudence's suggestion when the club needed an additional strong and scary bouncer. He caught Lesley stealing chunks of money from the club and since then he has been getting a cut of the money and mistakenly let it slip to Prudence what Lesley was up to.

As the queen of black mail herself, she went on to blackmail the bar manager and in turn he kissed her and asked her if she wanted in on the scheme but she revealed exactly what she wanted and that was to see the drug dealers and their annoying sister jailed.

He was at first against the idea but the more they kept stealing kisses, living their best lives on the edge of sword and the crazy sex included in the mix, he ended up agreeing to helping her. If he wanted to keep his secret, he had to play her game. He had no choice.

Now they were back at his place and Prudence was informed by chief Banda that they couldn't charge Miss Timber with murder as yet. The evidence they had was inconclusive and they were still working on it.

"They are still working on it, the kid died after being shot by her surely that's enough to make it stick." Lesley commented. He was lying in bed, naked with a lit cigarette between his fingers.

"You don't understand. Nothing seems to be coming together. They said her lawyers have brought new evidence of where she was the night of the murder. She was in the club right?"

"She was and she was with me most of the time." He replied.

"You promised to change that story." She cast him an icy glare as if to warn him to not dare double cross her. She was depending on his testimony to raise suspicions over the woman.

"What did your boss say?"

"He said he wants to see me later. I told him to go test the kid for poison cause I heard Gabrielle talking about it when I went to visit her." She relayed the lies she told to chief Banda.

Prudence was a ticking time bomb. Lying came as a second nature to her. She was master manipulator and going to make sure that whatever it is that she started was going to be a success. She was tired of the delay; it has been too damn long that they have been trying to arrest Jahzara and squad. She was here now, and she was going to make sure they go in and pay for their sins.

"Did he bite? And you gonna have to do better than saying you went to visit her, JT doesn't allow just anyone dropping by his house. Even I don't know where the fuck his house is." he said, dropping the bud of the cigarette in the ashtray by his bedside table

he got out of bed butt naked and went to hug Prudence from behind who seemed to be losing her mind. "But it will work out, you are a genius don't worry." He kissed the side of her temple, his manhood rising, poking her back.

Before Prudence could turn his advances down, the doorbell rang, making them wonder who it was.

"Stay in here." Lesley told her as he slipped his boxer shorts on.

He almost vomited his heart out at the sight presented before him. He never thought he'd see the face in his apartment amid the murder charges. He thought the woman would want to shy away from the scrutinizing public. How wrong he was, there she stood in her six inch stiletto boots looking like the million dollar buck as always an angry look marring her beautiful face.

The red lipstick coating her lips made her look more fierce than he knew her to be. "Hey... Gabby hey... hi." The cat got hold of his tongue.

"Since you were not responding my text messages or returning my calls I thought I should come here." She saw the fear in his eyes, he was hiding something. She looked at him from top to bottom and kicked his door wide open taking him by surprise.

"Who is she?" she asked, heading towards his bedroom that she has frequented once too many times.

"Who?" Lesley asked running behind her trying to stop her from going into his bedroom.

"The bitch you screwing now! There is someone I know!" she walked to his bedroom and found it empty. The bed was messed up, the sheets were dangling on the floor and the room smelled like sex and cigarettes. Looking around she noticed a biker jacket on the chair in the room. It was too small to belong to him.

She walked towards it and picked up; she picked up the smell from it. She knew that scent very well and knew someone who wore leather jackets like her life depended on them.

"You screwing Prudence? The girl who is supposed to be my friend? My waitress?" she asked in disbelief. "Where the fuck is she?" her eyes were burning with so much anger Lesley didn't know what to say.

"Look babe it's not what it looks like, I can explain. I really can." Lesley said, standing quite a distance away from the seething woman who clutched on the jacket tightly.

"You know what? Screw this and screw you. I don't ever want to see you and that bitch near my club again or I will kill you myself." She threw the jacket at him and walked out his bedroom banging his door on her way out.

Prudence walked out of the closet with her clothes and shoes in hands. "Shit man; are we fired?" she asked Lesley who hasn't moved from his spot.

"Damn right you are! I fucking knew it!" Gabrielle spoke up startling the both of them. "Should have followed me to make sure I left. I am very angry that you led me on but I am angrier that a fucking lousy waitress is what you cheating on me with. The disrespect is shooting through the roof right now. Fuck you two." Gabrielle turned and strutted out, her heels making angry stomps on the floor.

How stupid she was to fall for his charms and good looks. He was just like the rest of them. She should have realized when he didn't call her to check up on her or even attempt to visit her amid the murder charge investigation that he didn't care about her.

Imari who was on the field with Jackson and another man called Kingsize because of his short size received a call from Gabrielle angry as hell.

"I want you to lock Lesley and fucking Prudence Cooper out of the club. They are no longer working for me. I will fucking man the club myself until we find someone else." She screamed in Imari's ear.

"The fuck Gabby? You can't just get rid of the best manager we ever had. Lesley has been running with us for years now and he is good." Imari argued.

"Well the nigga is fucking someone I called my friend! I can't have that kind of betrayal around me."

"Wait... you been fucking the dude? Fuck this Gabby! Fuck!" Imari was annoyed by this. He knew there was no use arguing with her anymore as he would do the same thing. Hell he was cheated on before and almost killed the woman with his own hands. The least he could do was agree to fire Lesley and Prudence.



Pulling out his phone, he went online and deleted Lesley and Prudence from the security system and employee system, alerting his security company head of the changes. It was beautiful what technology could do for you in less than five minutes. He sent her a message telling her it was done.

"Trigger I found out who was tailing you and your girl." Jackson told Imari. He and Kingsize were the only two people who knew about Imari and Dayo and they swore to keep it to themselves.

"Word? Come on lay it down." Imari probed, putting his phone back in his jeans pocket.

"It's the SAISA. And you won't believe who visited your girl this morning after you left who works at the agency."

"What the fuck is SAISA now?"

"South African Intelligence Secret Service. And this person works there and paid the doc a visit today." Jackson passed him a picture of Julia dressed in a killer suit looking as beautiful as the day Imari had met her three years ago.

"Is this... is this who I think it is?" he asked in pure disbelief. He could feel sweat form on his forehead. "Your ex that slept with your bestie? Sure." Kingsize replied without a care in the world because he was that guy that didn't give a rat's ass about anything else except making money.

"Ma, we have ran the tests, your son was not poisoned at all. His death was also not caused by the gunshot wound but it contributed to him relapsing on his already deteriorating health." Dayo was sitting with Paul's mom on a bench in the hallway. The police were back again trying to connect dots and whatever nonsense it is that Prudence whispered in their ears.

"The police want to now cut up your son's body but for what? You need to be home surrounded by family while preparing for his funeral. They are only here on a baseless hunch and they are causing you more grief I can see it in your eyes." Dayo hated what she was doing, she was not lying when she mentioned how the older woman seemed torn but she was lying about the tests results.

"You need to take your son home to bury him, the police will need to work with prosecuting the suspect in question but what they are planning to do to your son is cruel and heart-breaking. Don't let them force you." She sounded so sincere.

The woman held Dayo's hands together. "Thank you. I will go home and bury my son." She told her.

When the police officers approached the woman and the doctor, she stood up and told one of them she will not give them consent to cut her son's body up. "But ma'am we need to

make sure that someone did not mess with him. He was making a full recovery."

"No! That's enough." Tears pooled in her eyes, tugging at Dayo's heart strings. "You have done enough to him. I wa... I wa... I wanttotakehimhome." She said the last sentence as one word as she couldn't prevent the sobs. She was heartbroken; her little baby was no more.

"Please, you are causing her more grief." Dayo said to the officers. "She needs to bury her son."

"I need to bury him, my precious baby boy." Everyone who was watching was heartbroken. Her sobs broke their hearts, the look of defeat in her eyes was so sad. Soon enough two other women came to fetch her, who turned to be Paul's older sisters.

"Please inform us when you find the person who did this to our family." They left.

Dayo didn't waste time lounging around the police officers as they might just start asking her questions that will make her dizzy. She's had more drama in her life in just a little over a month to last her a life time.

The day continued with doctors doing rounds, treating patients, operating in the ER, running tests until the intercome went off

and every nurse, doctor and janitors flocked to the meeting point which was the reception.

"The hospital has been broken into. Medical supplies have been stolen, security guards have been found collapsed in the control room, cameras disabled and the back door has been broken off." Doctor Moloji addressed the employees. A few patients who were able to walk were standing at their doors wondering what was going on.

"What did they steal?" one doctor asked while everyone was confused as to how and when that happened.

"Mostly painkillers and injections but a whole lot of other medication has been stolen. We will be running short these few days but we will work on it." The senior doctor said. "If anyone please... if anyone of you might have seen or heard something please speak up, come tell me or the police. Thank you for your cooperation." The staff was dismissed shortly.

Dayo was flabbergasted; her gut feelings had painted the word Imari in bold and black. Was it him? Could it have been him who did this?

She only had about two hours before she retired for the night and she will question him herself.

A message beeped on her phone and a smile spread on her face, it was time to go home.

Waiting by his black Audi R8, Imari was keeping himself busy with coffee, trying to keep warm. He had on a beanie and a coat, looking like a fresh gangster your girlfriend crushed on and your boyfriend wished to be. He oozed danger and power just by his posture and Dayo's heart released butterflies per beat.

He watched her walk towards him and was so conflicted. The whole day he spent it thinking about Julia, the good old times they shared, how she used to make him laugh, smile and feel complete. Julia was the woman of his dreams, feisty, sexy as hell and spoke her mind – something she and Dayo had in common. He thought of what could be the reason she was back in town as last time he checked, she had skipped the country.

He wondered why Dayo didn't call him to tell him anything. If Julia worked for the SAISA, it was clear as the sky she was investigating them. He wondered if Dayo would tell him what she wanted or if she'd use the opportunity to be free of them.

"Hey." She smiled coyly at him.

"Hey yourself." He rolled his bottom lip in his mouth, an action that caused Dayo's demons to come alive. Usually he'd seize the moment to kiss her but she realized he wasn't moving and was just staring at her.

"What's up?" she asked him. Did she do something wrong since the last they saw each other?

"Mhm-mhm." He shook his head and rounded to open the door for her. "Hungry?" he asked as he reversed out of the parking lot.

"For something else maybe, why not?" she spoke in a rather husky tone. That voice

that voice if Imari wasn't invested in thinking about Julia he'd be turned on. He'd kill the engine right there and then and give it to her from behind, hard and fast.

A distant chuckle was all he could offer, making Dayo feel like she has been hit by a ton of iced bricks. He never failed to entertain her silly flirtations, what was wrong with him? But she was afraid to ask. She didn't want to seem like a needy person that always wanted his damned attention. At least he remembered to pick her up.

The entire ride the pair was quiet, Dayo wondering what was wrong with the man and the man wondering when the woman will tell him about the visit. Or was it something not worth mentioning?

He pulled up at the complex that Dayo now lived in and wasn't about to be a dick head and head home. He walked her up to

the apartment and walked in. He watched as she fidgeted with the keys trying to put them in the keyhole but failing.

Grabbing her hands, he took the keys from her and locked the door. "You seem to be distracted." He observed. Thinking she was feeling guilty about something. "What's up?"

"I could ask you the same thing. Barely said a word to me the entire ride." She gave him her best puppy eyes and he melted. Slamming his lips onto hers took her by surprise but she wasted no time in responding. When they pulled apart, they were both breathless. "I have a lot on my mind."

"Speaking of that, did you steal from the clinic today? Someone broke in and stole medical supplies."

"That solves your problems right?" he was nonchalant about it. He walked to the fridge and took out a tub of yogurt and started eating it while Dayo was dumbfounded.

"Uhh excuse me? You cost us money!!! Our patients won't have enough meds are you insane?"

He sighed. "Look, you were going to frame your friend for something she didn't do, if you didn't frame her then you would be the suspect. So now I took your boss out of her misery and she won't be on your case." He told her.

"What if they find out it is you and then find out that you and I are connected somehow, then what?" she asked, thankful but bewildered.

"I hired some pro that hired pros. Won't be traced back to me or I will kill that fucker's entire clan." He told her, sending her blood to cold temperature. Sometimes she forgot exactly who she was dealing with.

"Mhm!" she exclaimed and walked to her bedroom without another word. The conversation clearly was over, it will be his final word and that was that. It's not like they could reverse what happened at the hospital, it wouldn't work and it's not like she could tell the hospital what she knew because she'd be deported or arrested.

Changing into her short set of pyjamas she knew tonight she and the guy wouldn't have sex. She was no longer in the mood and really didn't think his touch would be something she'd appreciate.

A couple of minutes later, Imari walked in and looked at her from the door; she wasn't asleep yet just looking into space.

"Is there something you want to tell me? About your day activities?" he asked with narrowed eyes. It was as if he was searching for something.

"Something such as?"



"I don't know like who visited you today?"

"Who visited me today? Where? At work?" she couldn't think of anyone who had paid her a visit.

"No, here just after I had left." She thought about it and it dawned unto her who he was talking about.

"Are you having me followed?" she asked with enlarged eyes.

"Arg you know I have people watching over you for protection since we are being followed, you think I'd leave you to wander these streets without protection? You're mad." He sounded so sexy taking control like that. Her defence walls came crumbling down.

"If you must know it was Julia, my friend." She answered him with a closed mouth smile.

She thought back to the morning conversation she had with Julia:

"Which friends?" she has asked when Julia informed her of what her job role was and who she was trying to nail.

"Oh we are playing that game? I'll bite." Julia smirked, pocketing her hands in her pant suit. "Jahzara and Gabrielle Timber and Imari Brown. And before you lie to me I have pictures of you and them on over one occasion." Julia finished.

"Fine, step inside." Dayo closed the door behind her. "I only said I wasn't friends with them because they are being investigated for a whole lot of scary things."

"Oh so you don't know that it's their day to day job? To sell drugs?" Julia asked.

"No, they are club owners. That's how we met."

"And you're also sleeping with Brown. We have been tailing you to know that, we put two and two together." Julia was just hitting bull's eye with every sentence. Dayo couldn't even lie her way out of that one. Julia had all her facts straight. The doctor was even more shocked when she realized Julia had done a background check on her, even though she has never done any dodgy thing, she was shocked at the intensity of the information she had of her.

"What do you want from me?" the doc finally asked.

"I am going to make it easy for you. You work with me, you tell me every move Jahzara Timber makes."

"What's in it for me? Isn't he dangerous like you say?"

"I will award full protection if shit hits the fan, he doesn't need to know and what you get out of this is you and Imari walking out of this unscathed. I just want Jahzara, he is after all the mastermind of the whole drug operation in this city and I am going to fucking put a stop to it."

Dayo pondered on what Julia said and she somehow believed in Julia being able to help her more than Prudence Cooper could ever. So she made a decision, a decision to help Julia put JT behind bars and let Imari walk Scott free.

"Great! If anyone asks, you and I are friends to avoid a lot of bullshit that may rise and also because I'm going to be around you a lot. And don't tell anyone shit about my job."

Imari looked at Dayo like she grew a second head. 'Friends?' what were the chances of your ex-fiancé and the new girl in your life being friends? What kind of voodoo shit was that? He wondered.

"Oh!"

"Why? What do you know about her?" she asked and he couldn't answer her. How does he answer that? He did ask her about the visitor like he knew something and she wasn't stupid, she knew he knew something.

But what?

"**I beat you!**" Imari said through gritted teeth, sweat dripping of his face, down his neck into the sleeveless makeshift vest he wore paired with running pants. He was out running with JT again, a ten kilometre run on a Saturday morning to kick start the day.

"With a fucking few seconds." JT argued while opening his fridge to get two bottles of water.

"But still beat you." Imari grinned catching the bottle of water and downing it in just record time. "Fuck that feels good."

The pair remained quiet as they were trying to catch their breaths until Gabrielle walked in the kitchen dressed in a green olive suit, her hair done to perfection as they knew her to rock. She looked like the old Gabrielle before the mess of the murder charges against her.

"And now? What you dressed up for?" JT asked out of curiosity.

"One, the murder charges were dropped because there is a video of me in the club taken by one of the customers posted online and it saved my arse. Two, insurance paid out for the salon so the girl is now going property shopping. There is only one number one diva in this hair game and it's this bitch. I am claiming my life back." She smiled at both the two important men in her life.

JT was so relieved when he heard from their lawyer that charges against Gabrielle couldn't stick, there were no DNA traces on the clothes found as part of evidence or gun powder, and the video helped a great deal with removing Gabrielle from the crime scene and placed her right back in the club for the most time.

"Feels good yeah? I am actually glad that you got to experience prison just one time. We been cleaning up after you for far too long." Imari commented, earning a playful icy glare from the lady of the house.

"By the way, the club has no manager, we don't have any lined up artist, nothing special happening there and on top of that we have my father to deal with. Please find out what the hell is going on because we are going broke if not broke already and things are just not looking good at the moment." She told them.

JT angrily threw the empty bottle of water in the bin and said, "I will deal with my father. He has been expecting me to strike but I won't, not yet anyway. I am going to get him in the worst way possible." And that was a promise. His father, the one he shared blood with had badly crossed the line and there was no turning back.

Imari inwardly smiled at the fact that JT was planning on killing his father. That was great news to him, one less Timber to worry about when he aims and strike for the throne. Everything

was just working itself out but there were a few glitches in the plan that he just didn't understand why they were there, for example Julia.

Why was she back?

JT excused himself to go bath so he could tackle the day. Imari would also shower at JT's place as usual. They were close friends with each other so that was the norm.

Once JT was out of sight, Gabrielle walked over to Imari, making sure she wasn't so loud in case someone could hear her. They had a live in maid that manned the house and she didn't want her to hear that conversation.

Gabrielle smelled and looked good. Imari wondered how it is that he never actually had some feelings for her was. From the very beginning, he just saw a little sister up until they were grown men and she was a grown woman. All he ever wanted was to protect her from harm even though she happily walked herself into that kind of life.

"Hey..." she stood right in front of him and he looked up to look into her eyes.

"Gabs..."

"So..."

"So?"

"I heard that..." she looked at the stairs trying to see if anyone was coming down that might hear them. "She's back in the city."

He didn't have to be told twice who 'she' was. It was Gabrielle that told him of the woman's infidelity with her brother. She cursed JT to fuck and back when she found out what he had done to his supposed best friend. She had to tell Imari, and begged him not to kill her brother and for them to reconcile.

"Yeah? Where you hear that from?" he asked. He hasn't seen the woman yet but this is the second person to talk about her, as much as he couldn't believe it, he knew she was back in town.

"Remember Dinny

my hair dresser? Remember that all three of us were friends? So apparently they bumped into each other in Checkers during the week and yup my friend well ex –friend is back in town." She told him. His heart was accelerating, palms getting sweaty.

He wondered if he too will bump into her.

"Aren't you going to say something?"

"Like what Gabs? I haven't seen her and I don't think I want to. I'm going to shower. Good luck with the property shopping." He gave her a weak smile and ran up the stairs leaving the lady standing alone in the kitchen, dumbfounded.

She didn't exactly know how he'd react but his reaction did not entirely shock her. It was just bizarre. She wondered what she would do if she were to meet the traitor herself. Would she want to kick her ass like she did three years ago before cutting her out her life? Or would she ignore her like she did not exist?

Leaving the house, Gabrielle went to town to shop for a new building she could open her salon at. The old building was done and dusted, her insurer agreed for her to find a new space and they will pay. The woman paid them good money all the time, this was the least they could do.

She decided to stick Dayo who was off for lunch.

"You look good, like really good. Do you have a man in your life?" Gabrielle asked Dayo as she sipped her cocktail. "I mean you glowing and shit."

Dayo blushed profusely and drank her orange juice. She wasn't in the mood of being drunk anyway. "No, I just went shopping." She answered. She was glad that Gabrielle was a free woman and was back to the bubbly woman she knew. It also gave her a chance to get closer to her and find the right information for Julia.

"Well you look amazing." Gabrielle gushed.

"Thank you, you look amazing too."



"When do I not boo?!" Gabrielle joked and they laughed, the conversation being light and fun.

"You know a friend of mine is back in town and I wish to see her. I don't know why I want to see her but I just want to." Gabrielle said out of the blue.

"Oh? Didn't she let you know that she was back in town?" Dayo asked, finding it weird that a friend would come back to town and yet fail to tell that they are. If Patience, her friend were to rock up in town and not tell her, she'd be upset to the core.

"It's a long story. We fought before she left." Gabrielle disclosed.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yeah, I broke her arm and she almost broke my fucking nose. I wonder if that arm has properly healed cause I had locked it good." Gabrielle sounded proud of herself while Dayo struggled to close her mouth at the revelation.

She assumed it was a small exchange of distasteful words between friends and they decided to part ways, not for people to be breaking each other's bones. That was hectic.

"What? Why? What caused the fight?"

"She was a hoe. She was engaged to be married to one of my good, good friends then she decided she also wanted to hop on

my brother's dick. So I whooped that arse! I didn't bring her into my family for her to split it, no way!" Gabrielle was a one feisty woman and Dayo was quick learning that.

She wondered if Gabrielle was also capable of murder seeing that she was not only a pretty face but she managed to break someone's whole arm. She wondered if that kind of information was relevant but Gabrielle continued to talk and talk and ended up mentioning that JT and Imari were expecting a drug shipment tonight and were fetching it from O.R Tambo international airport. That was news worthy and she made sure to ask for more information without being obvious.

"So yeah, I think they will be needing your services tonight. It tends to get a little messy if our enemies catch a whiff of such matters." She finished. She trusted Dayo with the information as she thought Dayo was on their side. Why else would she work for JT if she wasn't afraid of him? So Gabrielle thought if she was afraid of him, then she could be trusted.

The lunch was great, Tasha's really served some nice pasta and Dayo was glad that Gabrielle took her out and showed her a little around before dropping her off at her apartment. She indeed had a great day but she couldn't wait to meet Julia and tell her all about it.

Just as she changed into comfortable clothes; an oversized t-shirt and leggings, Julia came by and the ladies settled for a bottle of white wine.

"So what do you have for me new friend?" Julia reminded her of Gabrielle, always prim and proper while she on the other hand was more relaxed. Life was taking its toll on her; she had no time to doll up and always look camera worthy.

"JT is receiving new shipment at O.R Tambo at midnight." She happily told her. Something about how Julia carried herself made her to trust that she will get her out of the mess that is being JT's mob doctor. She truly wanted out and anticipated for that day.

Just as Julia started asking a lot of questions, there was a knock on the door. Dayo jumped from the couch and went to open coming face to face with Imari in his all chocolate glory. "Hey." She awkwardly greeted him. Things haven't been smooth sailing between them and he was just picking her up from work then leaving to his place with an excuse that he had to work through the night.

She appreciated that he did not desert her at the hospital in the middle of the night.

"Come in." she stepped aside to let him in. His eyes were trained on her as he had come to apologize for being an arse

over the past few days but something caught the corner of his eyes and his eyes snapped into the direction of the lounge...

A human being sat on the couch, starring right back at him like a deer caught in headlights.

Julia Ledwaba in the flesh.

"I can't do this. Listen I will call you and I think JT's going to need you tonight." Imari didn't even waste another minute in the building before retracting his steps and leaving. Dayo stood by the door very confused as to what had just happened.

"What happened?" she asked. "Does he know who you are?"

Julia stood up from the couch and placed the almost empty glass of wine on the coaster provided on the table. "I don't know, I hope not. Listen I need to alert the office and the police about the drugs arriving at the airport tonight, I will call you." Julia picked her coat and put on her shoes. She had already gotten comfortable selling the friendship dream to Dayo.

"By the way what did he mean by saying JT might need you tonight?" Julia asked, not wanting to be left out of the loop. She wanted to know everything that was going on with the gang.

"Oh, uhm it's nothing you need to worry about." Dayo held the door open for Julia to leave. She was not ready to disclose that she sometimes worked for the gang. She told Julia she knew nothing about them being drug dealers, imagine if suddenly she knew everything and was involved. That was just a one-way ticket to jail.

"Okay, goodnight and thanks for the tip." Julia strutted out of the apartment and Dayo closed the door behind her.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed. That was close and what was the deal with Imari tonight, she wondered.

She sat on the couch about to order food from the African cuisine restaurant, feeling like having sadza and muriwo unedovi, that was one of the famous delicious Zimbabwean dishes and she loved how she could order that instead of making them. She hated cooking with all her being.

As she tried to call the restaurant her phone rang, it was Prudence Cooper. The thorn on her backside. "Hi." She answered.

"I just heard from captain that someone from SAISA is now working on the case and has a tip that JT and Imari are landing a drug shipment tonight. Did you know about this?" she asked bitterly.

"No, I didn't, Imari was here I think to tell me, but he never got the chance, he just told me to be ready in case they call me." She lied to Prudence; she was sick of the girl but couldn't exactly tell her where to get off. As much as she was now working with Julia, she couldn't kick Prudence to the curb, the woman knew a little too much.

"Well can you ask your little friend Gabrielle since she fired me from the club. And Lesley is now useless to me too, can't use him for info."

"She fired you? Why, what did you do?" Dayo was slightly happy at the news but that happiness soon died out when she realized that now Prudence will be depending on her for more information to nail the gang. Just her luck.

"She was sleeping with Lesley and I was sleeping with him too. She found us together and lost her shit. I mean I didn't even know they had a thing well not really, but she doesn't know that I know. Fuck her. Anyway, you need to tell me everything that is going on in that place because now boss wants me back in the office since I'm fired from the club, but I can't go back." Prudence told Dayo her whole life story in under a minute and the Zimbabwean born and bred beauty couldn't care any less.

Prudence was dangerous, everything she touched, she ruined. She killed people and ruined kids' lives just so she could nail the bad guys. She was losing herself and becoming a bad guy herself and Dayo wanted no part of it.

"Understood Prudence. But you need to now work on how you're going to get closer to the Timbers again because it won't be through me."

"I own you doc, whatever I say goes, otherwise I'm telling my big scary boss that you are a mob doctor."

"Well if you tell him then you won't have anyone working for you. And I will tell them that you killed an innocent kid."

"It will be your word against that of a police officer who has been working undercover and know a lot of secrets. I will simply tell them that you work for JT and you're sleeping with Imari. Who do you think they will believe? Don't try me meisiekind, ek sal jou lewendig eet." Prudence threatened before cutting the call.

(Don't try me girl, I will eat you alive.)

Dayo was livid, she no longer had an appetite and just went for the glass of wine to calm herself down. She stopped herself from pouring another glass in case JT called her to assist, she would be off no use if she rocked up tipsy or drunk. She will only do more harm than good.

Dayo went to the balcony outside her bedroom and enjoyed the lights illuminated outside and the fresh breeze. She thought of how much her life had changed. She found out her caring brother was a drug dealer, not even ranking high but someone's lackey.

She had befriended a group of drug dealers and kissed the boss and is currently sleeping with the boss's right-hand man. She has befriended the sister and despite everything going on she enjoyed hanging out with Gabrielle.

She has formed alliances with a very horrible human being who would stop at nothing to bring the drug dealers down and



recently formed alliances with someone who had the same agenda but hoped that she wouldn't stoop very low to get what she wanted.

She wondered, if Julia succeeded in taking down the guys, would she be happy? Would she walk out of this with Imari happy? Would Imari want to leave this kind of life and be with her?

Did she want to be with him, that was also another question. The reason she agreed to help Julia was because she promised not to touch Imari, but why? Why did she care that much? They were all bad people.

The vibrating of the phone on a table knocked her out of the bubble trap she found herself in and she walked back into the bedroom to get her phone.

It was a text from Imari.

'Going to the airport with JT to get the product. If anything happens Gabrielle will come

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get you.'

Panic filled her body. Julia had already set a trap for them at the airport and if Imari was with JT, then the police will cuff both. She couldn't have that.

"Dayo, hey?" Gabrielle answered Dayo's call.

"You need to stop them. Stop them from going to the airport."  
Dayo said in a panic.

"Why? Do you know how big of a deal this is? I can't do that."  
Gabrielle replied.

"Please Gabby. The police have surrounded the place and will catch them."

"How do you know that? I think you're stressing too much about this. Have a glass of wine... no, no, water, have a glass of water and relax. I will come get you if there is a need." Gabrielle was not having it. Dayo cut the call seeing that Gabrielle wasn't taking her serious.

She grabbed her purse and house keys and left the building, requesting an uber to the airport. "What the hell??" she was shocked at the price she had to pay, but she had more money than that and what she was about to do was very important.

Trying to call Imari, there was no answer, JT same story. She didn't know anyone else to call.

Arriving to the airport she had no idea on where to go. It was huge and at night. She saw the police arriving and not causing a scene.

"sisi do you want me to wait for you?" the uber driver asked, seeing as Dayo had no bag with her to show that she was catching a plane.

"No, thank you." She paid for the cab and heard the driver say something along the lines of 'makgosha' she had no idea what that meant, and she couldn't care less.

People were moving up and down, trying to catch taxis to their homes, some were arriving to catch flights. She was surprised as she came across a large number of people being escorted to the other side of the building, the intercom signalling that all flights scheduled to fly out will be delayed.

She walked to the direction of where the people were coming from and knew that JT and gang had no idea what was going on.

Just as she was about to walk further a hand snaked around her waist and instantly her nose was filled with JT's scent.

"We got your message. You better fucking have a good reason as to how you knew the police were setting a trap for us." JT's voice was hard, low and cold sending shivers down her spine.

Imari was not so far from the doctor and he too looked pissed as hell.

"Let's go." JT dragged them out of the area without causing a scene and they all jumped into their cars.

Dayo was panicking, she was riding with JT and a guy JT called Spikes who had dirty dreadlocks hanging on his back. The dude looked scary as shit and suddenly Dayo regretted the moment she decided to send Imari and JT text messages that the police had surrounded the area.

Arriving to the house JT once took Dayo to, he opened the door of his escalade and dragged Dayo out by her arm. "You're hurting me." She whined, feeling a burning sensation on her arm. That was a tight grip.

"That's nothing compared to what I am about to do to you just now." This side of JT, she only ever saw once when she was refusing to become his doctor and was threatening Patrick.

Trying her up to a chair in the middle of the room, JT, Spikes, Jackson and Kingsize watched the girl with tears streaming down her face, begging to be released.

"Let me read you something." JT looked Dayo square in the eye, his hard as hell, hers scared to the moon. "You are fairly new in this country. You don't know anyone, but you knew when the police will rein terror on my business how?" he asked and Dayo knew she was royally fucked.

"And don't even think of lying to me because I always find shit out." JT was not impressed. Sure, she saved them from a lifetime in jail as the product they received was worth a forty

million and he'd have been royally fucked if the police got to it before he did.

All she did was to tip them as they already had the products in suitcases luckily for them. They hired some girls who pretended to be out on a trip out of the country and everything went smoothly except their exit almost wasn't had it not been for Dayo's tip.

"FUCKING ANSWER ME LUKA!!! How in the fuck did you know the police were after us?" He asked. The three men with him felt sorry for the girl. They knew just how heartless JT could be at times, especially when double-crossed. "Are you working with the police?"

The door creaked open and Imari looked down to see what caused the annoying sound when he opened the door. He heard a whimper and saw red when he looked up to witness that JT had tied Dayo to a chair like a fucking snitch!

"What the fuck?" Imari walked towards him and Spikes held him back. "Get. Your. Fucking. Hands. Off. Me!" Imari was angry and was twice Spikes' size, but the dreadlocked man wasn't so afraid. He was doing as JT told him to.

"Fucking untie her JT!" Imari ordered.

"You don't fucking tell me how to run my business Imari. She is working with the police and I want to hear it."

"Then ask her, don't fucking tie her to a chair!" Imari argued, not at all liking what was presented before him. He was seething with anger. As much as he was angry at the fact that Dayo knew such crucial information, tying her down wasn't on the cards.

A body dropped on the floor in a heavy thud scaring Dayo beyond measures. It was Imari. Spikes had hit him on the back of his head with his gun.

"Now that your little boyfriend is asleep, where were we?"

"Let me get this right, you're telling me that fucking Cooper girl is a fucking cop?" JT asked Dayo after she spilled that the reason she knew about the drug bust was because Prudence was working against them and that she was a cop.

He untied Dayo as soon as he realized she was being honest. Dayo wasn't like any other girl she was new to this world hence why she broke down easily and spilled it all. She was truly afraid of what JT would do to her. She didn't want to find out, he looked menacing enough.

"Ugh." Imari groaned from the floor, getting up and touching his head. He felt a sharp pain course through his body, down his spine. That hit got him good and he was hella pissed.

"Imari check, I'm sorry I had Spikes do that to you, but you always protect this girl." JT decided to speak up as he knew when Imari was angry he'd destroy the whole place without batting an eyelid.

"Fuck!" Imari tried to get up but his head was spinning and a headache was creeping up on him. Oh whoever did that to him was going to pay, he swore to himself. He looked up to find Dayo seated on the same chair untied this time. He was slightly relived but he wanted to know what got JT to untie her and not harm her.

"Get him ice." Dayo mumbled as she was still shaking after what the drug dealer had done to her. JT cocked a gun in her face, shot the ceiling to scare her into talking and she did.

"Spikes get ice from the kitchen." Spikes did as he was told. Jackson and Kingsize were outside smoking as they didn't want to witness what JT was going to do to the girl. They knew how Imari felt about Dayo, and they also felt like she was a sweetheart. She deserved not to be a part of this world.

Holding the icepack to Imari's head, JT once again apologized. "Doc, please take care of him. I have business matters to sort out. I need to get the coke to the warehouse." JT let Imari who was too quiet for his liking to hold the ice pack against his head and walked out of the house with Spikes hot on his tale.

"Are you okay? I have something that can help you but it's at the house." Dayo softly told Imari. She still couldn't believe that JT was on the verge of killing her. Would he have gone through with it? She wondered. She wanted out of the game; she wasn't as strong as she always thought she was. This was some next level shit and she wanted out. But even so, she still couldn't help being drawn to Imari.

Jackson walked in the house to find that both Imari and Dayo were fine, so he and Kingsize helped them get into the car back to Dayo's apartment.



There; the pair fell asleep right after taking medication, as Imari took a hit and Dayo was still shaken.

When the sun rose the next day, Imari was not in bed and Dayo panicked, wondering where he went.

She got out of bed and found him having coffee by the kitchen island lost in thought. "Hey." She greeted him, and he looked up at her without saying a word. "How are you feeling?"

Setting the cup of coffee on the kitchen counter, Imari stood up and walked over to her. "Sit down." He ordered. That fear she felt yesterday when JT tied her up to the chair came back. She swallowed hard and believed Imari wouldn't hurt her. She hoped he wouldn't hurt her.

"How the fuck did you know the cops were after us Dee? And don't you dare lie to me. I know you told JT something so he could let you go, you will tell me too and you will tell me everything." He sat down in front of her and waited for her to start talking.

"Fine, Prudence asked me to help her spy on you and JT in exchange of me being free of you all. She's an undercover cop so of course I believed that she will help me." She told him half the truth.

"An undercover cop? Why did she tell you that even when she knows you work for JT?"

"I am a foreign national Imari, I become the easiest target. She blackmailed me." She fidgeted in her seat. She should have been honest from the get-go but she didn't think things will spiral out of control in such a manner.

Imari sighed, knowing how true that was. It was easier to blackmail Dayo to get her to cooperate. "So if you so badly wanted to be rid of us

then why did you warn us last night? That was your chance to get rid of us forever. The amount of cocaine we picked up could get all of us life sentences."

Dayo was shocked the first time JT told her how much the cocaine was worth. It was a lot of money and that was only going to ruin lives. "I... I don't know."

"Bullshit." Imari argued. Why did he have to make it hard?

"Fine, Prudence said that she's only trying to nail JT and will leave you alone." Dayo lied through her teeth. What Julia had promised her, she pinned it all on Prudence. "So when you sent me the message I realized that you were going to get arrested and I couldn't do that." She looked down playing with her fingers.

Imari felt a warm blanket envelope his heart. Did she just admit that she saved all them because she didn't want him specifically going to jail? "You did all of that... for me?" he asked, not being

sure. Sure they had some good times together, the sex was always mind-blowing, but would she really do that?

"Yeah." She still couldn't look him straight in the eye.

Imari placed two fingers under her chin to make her look at him. "I appreciate that. Thank you." He pecked her lips softly, making her calm down. "But please Dayo, level with me. You need to trust me, I told you I will protect you, I only want you to be safe and happy. I can try to give you that."

She felt like a fool as his words sunk in. Imari was a man of his word and honestly the only person who has ever been open and honest with her. And he always wanted to protect her. Why was she only seeing that now?

"Okay." she agreed to be open with him but she knew she couldn't. Julia was still in the picture and if she thought Prudence was powerful, she has officially changed her mind. Julia managed to get the whole task force surrounding the airport in under two hours. Clearly she was of importance and Dayo was scared of that.

"What did JT do to you?" Imari asked now that they have ironed some things out.

"Nothing."

"Dee?"

"Okay he just uhmm shot the roof to make me talk and only tied me down to the chair. He didn't touch me." She told him.

"He did touch you and I'm going to make sure he doesn't do it again. I am only allowed to touch you, touching you to pleasure you." He had even forgotten that Julia was back in town. Here was a woman who saved him from being sent to jail and they seemed to be having a mutual dislike to someone and that only brought him joy.

After having breakfast and taking sleeping tablets, Dayo was fortunate to be off and not on call so she snuggled in bed and fell asleep almost immediately. The little incident has left her shaken and all she wanted was to be in bed whole day sleeping. Imari felt sorry for her but couldn't stay with her. He had matters to sort out, lessons to teach.

He received a text message from JT telling him to meet and when he drove to where the address took him, he found JT with Spikes and Patrick Luka waiting outside some apartments building.

"Why the fuck are we here?" Imari asked soon as he stepped away from his car towards the three men.

"This is where Prudence Cooper lives. That bitch is a cop and she's been in my club. I want to know what she knows and kill her." JT told him. The man was dressed in a black suit and brown leather coat to match his brown shoes, and black hand

gloves. July was coming to an end and the cold Joburg weather was not playing games with anyone.

"Are you crazy? We can't kill a cop." Imari argued. He was dressed in black jeans, black combat boots and a black biker jacket over the black turtleneck sweater. The men always dressed nice, smelled fantastic and yet were drug dealers. Black was their go-to colour.

"If this woman is indeed a cop then we running a high risk of being thee suspects because Gabrielle fired her from the club. It will raise questions and we don't fucking want that." Imari informed them.

JT was more than pissed he couldn't kill the woman. He was dying to get his hands on him. "So we came here for nothing?" JT said. He looked around them. The place was a little deserted and looked rundown. It was confusing how someone that earned a cute salary would live in such a place in such a neighbourhood. The parking lot was deserted and looked like people haven't been using it for years and that's where they had parked.

"What do you suggest we do?" JT asked.

"We leave. And we find a way to get her without raising alarms. I'm out of here. I am going to the warehouse; we have a drug problem we need to solve. We can't waste any more time

trying to kill the authorities." Imari turned around but as if he forgot something, he drew a gun from his waist band and put a bullet to Spike's head ending his life within seconds.

"That was for fvcking causing me a headache you motherfucker." He spit on the side and got into his car and drove off leaving JT and Patrick shocked.

They did not expect that, at all.

"I guess we have to clean this up." Patrick said, already panicking that someone might see them. It was broad daylight for heaven sake.

"Guessed right. Fucking Trigger is on a fucking killing rampage and once again, I am to blame." JT couldn't believe what had just happened.

Just as they loaded the body in JT's car. A police van drove past and just when they thought it had passed, it made a U-turn towards them.

"Fuck!"

**"Gentleman."** The lone police officer approached JT and Patrick but luckily didn't get out of the car. "I am looking for Monty's spares shop around, angiyitholi." He said.

The two criminals released their breaths and fortunately Patrick knew the shop and directed the officer. "That was close." Patrick said as they both watched the officer drive off.

"Fucking Imari!" JT spat angrily before he jumped into his car and drove off in high speed. Soon as he arrived to the club, he gave his car keys to Patrick. "Go throw him in some river and bring back my car clean." JT said.

He couldn't believe that Imari did that all because of a woman. Did he like Dayo like that? He wondered. If he did then he had to put a stop to it. When Imari loved, he loved with all of his senses and JT couldn't afford anyone else knowing about their business like that. And he also couldn't afford to have Imari slacking in the business because he had to entertain some hoe and give her love. In this business money was the only important thing and trying to stay alive.

Getting inside the club it was empty and super clean. They were not opened yet but the chefs had already arrived to start with the day' special. Doors were opening at three o'clock and Gabrielle had Lady Zamar coming to perform on the roof top.

There was a fee to pay and a limited amount of people allowed up on the roof and JT hoped he could get some junkies and make money.

He had too much product on his hand and he needed to move it. It was too much of a risk.

Placing his coat on a chair, he rounded the bar to pour himself a glass of scotch. Footsteps could be heard coming from the main entrance and he felt for his gun behind his back to make sure he could at least protect himself if shit hit the fan. He was waiting for the person, looking towards the entrance through the roof of his eyes. It was a man he never thought he would see anytime soon, his frenemy Malike Baiden. A Ghanaian drug Lord that had some legit businesses in the country but still a very much drug Lord at heart.

In the streets he was known as the famous African cuisine restaurants owner but in the underworld he ran some few drug turfs in Pretoria.

"Malike." JT acknowledged his presence. "To what do I owe this visit to?"

Malike was very large man in physique, well built, walked like the king and dressed like one. His head was bald and he had full lips that hid his perfect straight teeth that always sent the ladies to the floor. He was rather good looking, charming to say.



"My dear friend. Won't you even offer me a drink? Top of the shelf if you may, I don't drink cheap things." He smirked when he noticed JT roll his eyes. "If I didn't know better I'd say you aren't pleased to see me."

JT fetched the bottle of the 13 year old Irish whiskey and poured in a glass and pushed it to Malike. "I am not pleased to see you Malike, the last time I saw you I was almost killed."

Malike burst into fits of chuckles and drank the whiskey to calm down. "Oh come on Jahzara that was fun. You were just too slow on that day. But nonetheless you are still alive and Brown too. Where is he anyway he's usually taped to your hip." Malike was a carefree person, hard to believe he could be a ruthless drug dealer.

"Somewhere working. What do you want? I don't suppose you came here for the event or for the food or for a goddamn chit-chat... so out with it man." JT was annoyed by the man's presence. He would love nothing but to put a bullet to his head and end it, but that would be signing a death wish. Malike was always protected, he was respected and loved even when he did some underhanded shit that always cost people lives.

"Okay!" he downed the contents of the glass and tapped it for a refill of which JT obliged to. "I had dinner the other day with Kenneth Ledwaba. He was hosting a small something for his wife at one of my restaurants." He began to tell the tale.

"I don't want to hear about your dinner plans with your little friends Malike. My club is opening in two hours' time and I have things to do."

"Ever impatient. Anyway he told me that you struggled to pay him back and he had to add some interest to the money you owed him. I was shocked that you were struggling but he told me something interesting... that he knew of your financial struggles but he still made a deal with you." As much as Malike and JT did not see eye-to-eye they looked out for each other in some cases.

"How? I mean I was very confident when I approached him to give me more turfs to push my product, how the fuck he know about my financial situations?" JT asked. It was rather odd that Kenneth knew such crucial information.

"He's working side by side with your daddy dearest to bring your empire down. They plan is to take over all the Joburg turfs and Pretoria so they could get into bed with Rotimi." Malike spilled all the beans. "And are you crazy Jahzara? Rotimi was the best thing to happen to you. If he was still your connect you wouldn't be struggling to move product or pay people."

"Fuck that old slime, I want to be a fucking connect and I will be. Kenneth and my father are crazy if they think I'm going to leave them to screw me over." His jaw clenched, an action he did when angry.

"Well I did not come all the way to tell you that

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but I came here to offer my help. I hate Kenneth and I want you to take over his turfs. If you take over his turfs then I will also breathe and fucking move my shit and get rich."

"Malike you're already rich. You own five fucking amazing restaurants."

"You own an amazing club and a couple of salons do you hear me tell you that you must stop moving coke? No because once you stop you will be broke. We are meant to be rich and stay rich. So now I have my men at your disposal, you have me... I can get my hands a little dirty so what do you say?" His Ghanaian accent was just too thick to miss.

"Fine, let's take Kenneth out of the business."

"But you do know that you have to take care of your father right?"

"I fucking know that and don't you dare touch him, he is mine." JT finished with a warning. As they were conversing about the plan to take the notorious Kenneth down, Gabrielle walked in dazzling in a body hugging leopard print long sleeved dress with leopard print ankle boots, her weave tied neatly back revealing her face that was adorned with red lipstick.

"It is fucking cold in here, why didn't you turn the air-con on Jahzara?" She complained walking towards the bar. Just then Malike turned to look at her and it was as if he forgot how she looked. To him, she was the prettiest girl in the world.

"Malike." She greeted him like he was some regular drug addict.

"Gorgeous Gabby. My, my, you put the goddamn sun to shame." He milked her all in and she could feel his eyes burning every inch of her body.

"Haha." She rolled her eyes and worked on turning the A/C up. "Lady Zamar and her team are on their way to setup for her, I am just going to call the influencers about the social media drive." She couldn't wait to get out of Malike's sight. The man rubbed her up the wrong way.

"Lady Zamar is coming here? Well seems like I will stay for lunch after all, maybe some dinner and... who knows maybe dessert too." He smirked when he mentioned dessert causing Gabby to run off to the elevator taking her to the upper floor where their offices and the VIP section were situated.

"Fucking stay away from my sister."

Back at Dayo's apartment, Julia was once again there this time around seeking answers. "You're the only person that knew

about the plan and suddenly the guys didn't pitch? How?" she asked, fire in her eyes.

"I was the only person?" Dayo was surprised by that. "I want out of this life because I didn't ask for it and I didn't know about it. Why would I now tip them am I crazy Julia?" she returned the same fire. She wasn't about to let her guard down and cower away. She did the right thing, that's all she had to keep telling herself.

"Then how in the hell did we not catch them? Do you know how stupid it made me look? I went marching to my superiors that finally we can put a couple of nails to the coffin and boom! No fucking nails and hammer to find." She was pacing up and down the floors of Dayo's apartment in pure frustrations.

"I am sorry but I don't know these things, I don't know what happened." She played stupid.

"I need you to find out if the drugs have arrived and how they picked them up. If I can understand that then surely I can figure something out. I'm going to go, in the meantime you find out what happened last night for me." Julia picked up her keys and walked out of Dayo's apartment. Just as she left, Prudence Cooper called. "Hello?" Dayo answered.

"I know what you fucking did last night and if I were you... I'd run."

**The very Sunday Lady Zamar** was performing at Sapphire night club; Imari had just left the warehouse after instructing the boys on how much cocaine to push and how much he was expecting back. They were running short on time as they had people to pay. Luckily for them they also supplied a couple of other drug dealers with larger amount of cocaine but almost all of them bought around ten thousand rand worth of cocaine which did nothing for them. Their product cost millions and they had to make sure to sell all of it. They had to act fast and hard.

Driving back to the city he stopped by his place to freshen up and change clothes then went to an Indian shop where they fixed cell-phones.

"Hi can I help you?" One Indian shop assistant asked Imari.

Imari looked around and wondered if they would really be able to help him. "I don't know..." he approached the counter. "I need to clone a phone can you help me?" he softly asked.

"No but someone can." He started speaking in his home language to one of the assistants who then went to get some guy from the back. "That's your guy."

Imari was ushered to the back where he found so many cell phones on the guy's table. "Eita." He greeted. He had on

dreadlocks and a weed joint rolled on the table. "Excuse my mess but that's my daily bread." He motioned for Imari to sit.

"Where is the phone you want to clone? I can help."

"I don't have it but I wanted to find out if you are able to do it."

"Sure! You can receive messages and if both the phones are near the same broadcast tower you'd be able to listen in on voice calls." He told Imari. "I can also install software that allows you to read messages sent back and forth on one phone but to multiple numbers. Is that what you're looking for?"

Imari was impressed; he was getting more than he hoped for.

"Sure, great. What will you need?"

"The phone, make sure the SIM card inside is the one you want cloned. This is super illegal but exciting for me... I am going to charge you heavy." He told Imari.

Imari smirked, money was never an issue. He could buy their shop, hire them and increase their salaries while at it with his money. He could damn afford to pay for cloning services.

"I will sort you out man. I am gonna come back. Give me your number so we can talk." They exchanged numbers and Imari walked out.

He grabbed coffee by some food truck on his way to the car thinking of ways to get his hands on the phone he wanted to

clone. As the saying goes 'think of the devil he will appear' in this case the devil called.

"Hey can I sleep over at yours tonight?" She asked. She never asked she was always too shy to ask him to spend time with her; he always had to make that decision and watch as she smiled at that. He wondered what had changed.

"Uhhh I don't think I will be in tonight." He told Dayo. He had nothing planned for later but with his line of work, he had to expect the unexpected.

"Uhhh that's fine, I just don't want to be in here... I can wait for you." Something was up and he knew it. He just didn't know what but there was something as he was already suspecting hence he wanted to clone her phone.

He could hear the desperation in her voice and he also wanted to get his hands on her phone, so she was making things easier for him. If he told her what was going on tonight, he'd abort the cloning mission, if she doesn't he will go right ahead with it.

"Okay I am on my way to pick you up." he told her.

"Yeah I am not at my place. I will send you the location."

Imari was confused, what the hell was this woman running away from? She wasn't at her place which meant she was in danger but from what? He hoped she would tell him instead of him finding on his own. He liked her so much and didn't want



anything to upset or hurt her but at the same time he didn't want to get hurt.

His feelings were already all over her and he didn't want to get bitten again. It didn't help matters that she was suddenly friends with his ex-fiancé. The woman that tore his heart from his chest and threw it on a railway for the train to smash into mash.

He followed the GPS to where Dayo was and it was at a small café not too far from Imari's place. She rushed into the car, looking behind her back as if to check if no one was tailing her. Paranoia had found a place in her being and was reflecting in her eyes.

"Is everything alright?" Imari asked while in the driver's seat. She looked out of place.

"Mhm-mhm." She hummed. But it was a lie and Imari didn't want to push it. He will get her once they are in the house.

The drive was long and quiet. Neither one of them wanted to speak. Imari was dying to know what was going on but Dayo was just pre-occupied on what her next move will be. She knew Prudence knew about the airport deal, she was everything but stupid. Prudence had warned her not to fall for Imari but to only use him for information but she saw that Dayo had real

feelings for the man. When the airport arrest was doomed, she didn't need to second guess her instincts. It had Dayo all over it.

Arriving to his house, he received a text from JT asking him to pull over at the club or he will come over to discuss a way forward. He quickly told JT he will head over to the club; he needed to push coke at the club anyway. They were low on money.

"What's going on?" Imari asked as soon as he closed the main door behind him and Dayo was still standing, her overnight bag over her shoulder.

She spun around to face Imari as if she forgot where she was or who she was with. "Nothing. I didn't want to be alone after yesterday." She told him. She had already thought of a story to spin him. She couldn't tell her about prudence cause she will then have to confess to every little thing she was involved in to get them arrested.

Imari looked at her, she was lying to him. "Dee you know JT won't touch you again."

"If he touches me one time what's to say he won't do it again?" she looked really out of place.

"Mama I think you need to level with me now. What is going on?" Imari begged with his eyes. This girl got under his skin, she smelled good, her smile was heart-warming, and her laugh

contagious and her brown eyes told it all. He wanted to be able to be with her fully with no secrets between them.

He had thought after Julia he wouldn't be with any other woman exclusively but then she came into his life. No matter how many times he tried to fight it, he couldn't hold himself. Her chocolaty skin begged him to lick and caress her. But at that minute; standing in the middle of his foyer... he couldn't help but to feel detached from her. He was starting to have doubts, doubts that maybe she was just another Julia.

"I need to nap. I have work tomorrow and my head hurts." She told him.

"Mhm!" he realized she wasn't going to say anything so he didn't push further. "I am sure you know where my room is." He didn't move a muscle. He was tired of pushing the women to trust him, showing them that he cared while all they wanted was to see him jailed or dead. He wondered which one Dayo wanted.

But he thought back to what she said in the morning, that she warned them of the drug burst because he was in the mix too. Did that mean she cared about him or was she just saying to cover her ass? Maybe something happened that caused her to warn them and he was determined to find out.

"Are you going to leave me alone?" She asked her voice timid.  
Damn that voice.

"I have to go Dee, I'll pump security up before I leave. They will protect you." He promised her.

She nodded and fished out her cell phone from her bag. "Please charge that for me then." She passed him the phone and went to sleep. She didn't want to charge it in his room in case Prudence calls and threaten her some more, she was better off away from it.

Imari inwardly smiled, she was making this easy for him. If she wasn't going to open up, then he might as well find out by himself.

"Club Sapphire you have been amazing, thank you so much!"  
Lady Zamar took a bow on stage

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giving her lovely audience her gorgeous smile. And as per request, Gabrielle had set up a photo booth for Lady Zamar's fans to take pictures with her and also for Sapphire social media pages.

It was such a lovely early evening but Gabby was ready to call it a day. She was still without a manager but luckily enough they had an assistant manager who was under Lesley who now took charge over a few things like the manning of the club.

"Want to get out of here for a minute?" that Ghanaian accent that she loved to hate so much travelled down her spine and she found herself nodding her head.

"Meet you outside." Malike said before bidding JT farewell.

"Imari thank God you're here. I am retiring for the night. You're in charge. Love ya bye!" Gabrielle smiled at him before disappearing through the crowd and out the door.

She didn't look further as she knew exactly where the man parked his car. Leaning against his black AMG, Malike opened the door for her and she thanked him, her heart beating wild against her chest.

She couldn't believe that she was about to leave with Malike to his place. She always bickered with him and rolled her eyes every time he said something but deep inside, she melted when he smiled at her or showered her with compliments.

"Wow, you have a lovely place." They had arrived to his apartment after thirty minutes of driving in utter silence. Both of them couldn't believe they were in the same car, heading to his place for sex.

He had wondered too many times on how it would feel to have the woman writhe beneath him as he delivered strokes and kisses.

"Not as lovely as you in that dress." He looked at her from her feet to her hair. "You are beautiful Gabrielle." The way he said her name caused some liquid to dampen the thong she wore.

She couldn't help but to blush under his gaze. "Thank you." Gone was the lioness. He weakened her.

"I'd like to offer you wine or something to drink but I don't think I can wait." With that said, his hands found her waist and he brought her closer, smashing his lips to hers and she welcomed the kiss with much eagerness.

His tongue snaked into her mouth, tasting every corner of her mouth and she returned the favour.

He made means to remove the dress from her body but it was too damn tight. "I am going to rip it apart." He growled and she stopped him.

"Fuck no. This is a David Tlale creation." She stepped back and took it off swiftly without a hassle.

"I could have bought you ten more of those." He answered. He looked at her with the matching red lace set and his d\*ck throbbed hard in his pants.

He moved towards her and made her feel his hard-on. "This is what you do to me baby."

They kissed each other until they were stark naked. Gabrielle looked at him and couldn't believe she was there, naked with a

man that drove her and her brother insane in two different ways. If JT found out about this, he'd bury Malike alive.

Pushing her gently on the large couch, Malike spread her legs open while French kissing her to the moon. Gabrielle was a moaning mess when he inserted a long finger between her wet and silky folds. He worked a magic with just one finger and just the thought of him touching her almost made her cum.

Suddenly he started trailing kisses down her neck, to between her chest, dipped his tongue into her belly button, causing her to arch her back. "Malike!" She called out for him, making him so happy. He always had his eyes on her and it was about damn time he stopped being a coward and made a move.

"Oh fvck!" she swore when she felt his tongue lap her juices up and down before dipping inside. She couldn't hold herself; she came apart, shocking Malike. "Damn!" he was proud that he could do that to her.

"I can't wait any longer." He told her.

"Then fuck me already Malike." She told him, her eyes covered in ecstasy.

"I am going to make love to you baby." He told her as he rolled a condom on. Without warning he entered her, slowly until he came to a hilt. She was too hot and wet inside. He didn't know

whether to get the fuck out or to continue but he knew he wasn't going to last that long in there.

He pumped in; slow yet hard, he watched as all kinds of emotions displayed on her beautiful face. He loved what he saw. Gabby was a gorgeous woman and she felt good wrapped around his manhood and looked perfect underneath him, writhing in ecstasy.

Gabrielle came apart again, her walls contracting around him and he couldn't hold on anymore, his strokes became harder and faster until he spilled his seeds in a condom, roaring like a lion. He stayed still inside of her, sweat covering his forehead. He kissed her forehead once he caught his breath and rolled off her to throw the condom in the bin in the kitchen.

"Would you now like wine?" he asked before joining her on the couch. "Because I need you to be charged up for round two."

And she couldn't help but to feel her clit throb at the mention of round two. Malike had her good and she couldn't believe it.

"One more thing..." Gabrielle said. "My brother can't find out about this."



**"So we managed to bring in 100k."** Jahzara spoke after counting the money the boys brought from their run. "Most of it came from the local drug suppliers and some came from individuals who have some bucks to spare."

"That's not good. We have a product worth millions and we haven't even sold a quarter of that. We need to get rid of Kenneth and soon." Imari responded. The two men were in JT's office at the club counting rags after closing the club. The staff was gone and all that was left was money on the table.

"Do you know where Gabrielle went? Her car is still in the basement." JT asked, looking at the security footage.

"Nope. When is she hiring a new manager for the club? We can't keep filling in every time she has to go somewhere else." Imari responded, with a couple of notes in his hands, busy counting the money in the bag he had.

"I don't want someone new. This girl that has been following Lesley has been great we just need to rope her in more. And by the way why did Gab fire Lesley? She gave me a weak story about him defying her but it made no sense to me."

Imari looked at JT and wondered if he should be honest with him. After all; Gabrielle was also like his little sister and he always protected her. If JT found out she was sleeping with the

staff, he'd go berserk. He'd hunt Lesley down and probably slice off his dick. But on the other hand, it could be enough destruction and he will keep moving up the ladder of success swiftly without JT noticing what he really was up to.

"Lesley cheated on her so she fired him." Imari responded, gauging JT's reaction out of the corner of his eye. And as expected, anger shone in his light brown eyes.

"What?!" it was as if he was hearing things. "Gabrielle was fucking that looser? And you knew and didn't tell me?"

Imari finished counting the money from his side. "Twenty thousand rand in this bag." He zipped it up; ignoring the wind of anger Jahzara was blowing. "I only found out when she wanted me to lock him outside the club, otherwise I was very much in the dark. Besides Gabrielle is a grown ass woman, she can decide who she wants drilling her pussy." Imari was being deliberate with every word he uttered. He wanted to make the man go crazy by every chance.

"That guy knows a lot of our secrets, if he wants to seek revenge and go singing to the cops what the fuck are we going to do?" the crazy brother asked.

"Well then we have to make sure that he doesn't say shit." Imari was setting JT up for failure. He wanted him to be the one who kills Lesley. If he succeeds in doing so, it will alienate the

siblings from each other and things will be easy. He will take over the business like he was taking candy from a baby.

"We have a hundred and twenty thousand rands on our hands which we can easily clean through the club. Gabrielle's salon will be up and running in a month's time so we can do this." Imari pulled out the club's books to start working. "We could take an extra three hundred k from the safe and clean it through the club as we killed this weekend. So we can pay Kenneth Ledwaba for one turf at a time."

"I am going to find this Lesley boy. No one touches my sister like that and lives to tell the tale. I have warned every single one of these idiots not to touch her." He was angry. He loaded his gun with bullets and sent a few text messages to his goons to back him up.

"While you go and sort out your domestic issues, please think of how we are going to remove your father from the whole equation because taking Kenneth off the face of earth will be doable but your father on one hand..."

"Fucking leave my father to me. Later." He left the office and Imari smiled to himself oh what a ride he was on.

Imari continued to cook the books. This is another part of his job that he actually really enjoyed. It awarded him an opportunity to grow his accounting skills. Just as he was busy

with the books, about to finish up a cell phone that wasn't his rang.

He remembered he was charging Dayo's phone as she had asked, instead of charging and leaving it home he brought it with to the club. It didn't take the tech guy long to clone so he watched as the cloned phone also beeped signalling a call. It was miraculous.

He let the call divert to voicemail and soon a text message came through.

'You better keep running home girl, but don't forget that I am a cop and can easily find you.' Prudence.

Imari's jaw ticked. Dayo knew that Prudence was cop she did disclose that to him, but why was she now running from her? He didn't want to attack her yet. He still wanted more evidence. After he cloned her phone, he was saddened that he couldn't get the old messages with the phone and just had to wait for new data.

But he was a very patient man.

Finishing up at the club, he locked and armed the place and left to go to his house. He really wasn't looking forward to going home; Dayo made him so angry that she was keeping things from him that he now resorted to being a detective.

Just as he poured himself a glass of water and sat around the kitchen table, his phone rang and Kojo Brown was plastered over the screen, his father.

"Pops." He answered casually.

"Hey boy, how are you?" Kojo asked in his deep voice that could shake nations.

"Can't complain, how are you? How's mom and Mpho?" Imari asked about his younger sister and mother.

"I am okay can't complain and mom... she's angry at me today and Mpho as always, she doesn't care. You know you never gave me such grief when you were a teenager, this girl is going to send me to an early grave." The two men continued to talk about the family affairs with Imari laughing at his father's demise.

His little sister was a handful, instead of being jolly and friendly she was a mean, rude girl that preferred to be alone most of the time. She had fewer friends because she had a smart mouth and no one wanted to hang with her and as for the parents, they have decided to stay away from her. She will reach out to them when she's ready.

"Should I maybe send her there? Gabrielle will help you take care of her. And *moes* soon we are coming back home, so it makes sense." His father asked, with hope in his voice. He was

so glad when his wife gave birth to a baby girl who was her mother's replica. But as she grew up he realized she was a monster.

"No!" Imari laughed at his father. "But I can't wait to see her though. She called me last week and we spoke. I miss her."

"How long did you two speak?" his father asked out of curiosity.

"About an hour or more? We are in two different continents pops; we have a lot to talk about. And by the way she is selling weed at school so you might need to brace yourself on that." He laughed again when his father went silence on the other end of the receiver.

"This child, this child my goodness!!" Kojo exclaimed. "When are you putting the plan in motion? I want to come back home, my wife can't take it anymore. She's asking every day. Where is your little friend and his stupid fool of a father?"

Imari sighed, he knew his father didn't want to put pressure on him

but he also needed to act fast. "I know pops, but the plan is in motion. This man has run out of clean money, we have a good product on our hands worth millions, but he owes a whole lot of people." Imari began to let his father in on the plan as they do almost every night. "It will be a while until he gets enough clean money for himself. He owes me, he owes Kenneth, he

needs to pay off some suppliers, he owes his sister... he owes millions to a lot of people." Imari was enjoying this.

When his father advised him to start a security company so he could always have clean money that was not tied to him, he didn't think it could award him such a lot of money to be able to bail JT out every time he needed to. He was glad.

"Mhm! I am glad son. I hope he still plans on killing his father."

"I don't know he is a little hesitant but we are pushing him on our side. Don't worry dad, soon the Timbers will be a thing of the past and The Browns will take over."

As Imari was busy on the phone with his dad, Dayo was at the end of the stairs, listening to every word being said by Imari. Just what kind of messed up life was she into and how in the hell was she going to get out of it?

She liked Imari; she had romantic feelings towards him and was conflicted on what to do next. Should she rat out Prudence Cooper to Julia so Julia could protect her, or must she go to the police station all by herself and tell it all?

She quietly went back up the stairs and sat on the bed, her mind racing wild. Imari was dangerous. He was cool, calm and collected when he was telling his father of the devious plan he has set in place. They even shared jokes showing just how normal this was to them, but not to her. This was dangerous;

they spoke about taking people's lives like they were talking about maskopas in the township.

She felt like a tool every time they lost a patient at the hospital, it always tugged at her heart strings and yet there she was, sleeping and falling in love with a known killer who is clearly not done killing.

When she accepted Julia's proposition it was because she wanted all of them jailed except Imari. In her head she had this wild idea that she and Imari will run off into the sunset and live a normal legal life.

Oh how wrong she was.

The door creaked open, making a little sound alerting her that someone was entering the room. Clearly he was done with the phone call and was ready to sleep at five o'clock in the morning.

"Oh hey, didn't think you'd be up." he walked over to the dresser and started taking everything off. His guns, his wallet out of his pocket, his phone, her phone, he made sure to hide the cloned phone, his shoes, his jacket and the rest of his clothes.

"I smell like shit so I'm going to hop in the shower." He told her. Her mouth ran dry as she took in his naked form. The man was well sculpted she had to admit, so large in every way possible.



"Okay." she didn't know what to say. Besides lusting after him, she was beginning to be scared of her future.

What if she wasn't going to be a feature in his future? What if when all is said and done, he was going to kill and ditch her? Things were getting too complicated too fast. She needed a plan of action.

There was only one person in mind she thought of who could help and it was her brother. He should be able to advise her well.

'Can we meet tomorrow at the clinic, there is something I need to tell you and you will also get the prescriptions.' She had reached for her cell phone and sent her brother the text.

Lying in bed, unable to sleep with a racing mind, Imari joined her, stark naked. He tried reaching for her but she gave him her back, signalling that she wasn't in the mood to be touched or do anything further.

"Eh... okay." Imari accepted the rejection and also turned to face the other way. In his mind one question kept on bugging him...

*Was she worth it?*

**"Dee? Dee? Dayo!!"** Imari woke Dayo up in the morning as her alarm was going off. He was quite irritated that his sleep was ruined, what a good sleep it was. He was dreaming and so peaceful, his body relaxing a little.

Dayo was out as she slept again around six in the morning after being up for half the night. "I'm up." she groggily responded and dragged herself out of bed. She was still sleep dazed as she walked into the adjoining bathroom to relieve herself and take shower.

This week she was working day shifts and was kind of glad as she thought Prudence wouldn't try her shenanigans during the day surrounded by people. She hated how her life had come to this. She missed her grandmother's house; her grandmother's touch and the smell of Harare that made her appreciate it.

South Africa has been nothing but hell to her. Her own brother never bothered to check up on her unless he is picking up his prescriptions that she kept on signing for him so he could sell them to the painkiller junkies. At least on those days, he pretended to care about her and she took whatever he dished out.

She missed the brother she once knew, the one who lied about working at a hotel and still cracking jokes with her and cooking

for her. Patrick Luka has changed so much; she doesn't even recognize the man he is. All the fantasy of them marrying and visiting each other's families for a Sunday lunch had left her head. She had to come to terms with the fact that was never going to happen. The man was happily living the fast money lifestyle and there was no going back.

Stepping under the hot shower spray, she leaned against the wall, tears running down her face. She couldn't take it anymore. It has been two months in the world where she was promised milk and honey and she hadn't had a taste of that.

If having mind blowing sex with Imari was the honey and milk, she didn't want it because it was temporary. There was no way a man like him would want to settle down. She saw it with how JT was when men showed signs of being interested in Gabrielle. Love, love was something they didn't concern themselves with and she was a lover at heart. She loved love and wanted to love someone's son with all the burning passion inside of her.

She was falling for Imari but she had a reality check, the man was never going to be who she wished he could be. The phone call conversation she eavesdropped on in the wee hours of the morning was enough confirmation that she was in the wrong world looking for love.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Imari had walked into the shower after he heard her sobs while he was relieving himself in the

bathroom. He was meant to just go in and out as he couldn't hold himself any longer and noticed that Dayo wasn't moving in the shower and soon enough, sobs confirmed his suspicions.

Turning her around to face him, his heart hammered hard against his ribcage at the sight presented before him. Her doe eyes starred back at him red and innocent. The water dampened his clothes but he couldn't care. Last night he went to bed wondering if Dayo was the right woman to be stressing over and going everything he was for her but that morning as he looked down on her, he realized he still cared from the bottom of his heart and will gut whoever made her cry.

Pulling her to his chest, he let her cry it all out. When her sobs had quietened down and the water turning warm, he pulled her out of the shower and wrapped a big fluffy grey towel around her curvy body.

Sitting her on the couch, he quickly got rid of his damp clothes and wore his black robe then walked over to her and hugged her. He enveloped her in his big arms and rubbed circles on her back. "Are you okay now?" he asked in a soothing voice.

She nodded, not trusting her voice. She felt like a child. She didn't think she'd break down like that or that he would walk right in during the very same moment. Now she has to come up with another lie as to why she was crying so early in the morning.

"What time do you need to get to work?" he asked and she lifted her fingers up and signalled nine.

Imari was amused with her childlike behaviour, he knew she wasn't ready to talk and he wasn't going to push her. "Okay it's past eight now, so you need to get dressed and I will drop you off okay?" again, she nodded.

He stood up and kissed her forehead with a promise to make her breakfast. She had done showering and all was left was for her to lotion her body and get dressed and be ready for work and she did just that.

Checking her cell phone for messages, she found a few from Lydia, and of course Prudence Cooper with her threats and another message from her service provider, she had missed Julia's call. She dialled the woman back as she knew if she didn't call, Julia would rock up at her work station. She was tired of seeing both Julia and Prudence. They were driving her crazy.

"Thank you for eventually getting back to me." That's how Julia answered her call and she wasn't even surprised, not in the slightest.

"I had a lot going on Julia, how can I help you?" she asked.

"I think you know what I want. I asked you one thing just one thing and you haven't delivered. I need to know what happened that night

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and I need to know today." Then she cut the call without waiting for a response from Dayo.

She knew exactly what happened the night the drug dealers were supposed to get arrested but escaped. She helped them, she tipped them. Now what the hell was she going to tell Julia? And how the hell was she going to get Prudence off her back?

Downstairs, Imari had listened in on the phone call as he hid the phone in the kitchen drawers and wanted to know what exactly was it that Julia wanted from Dayo and he was going to find out either from Dayo or Julia herself.

"Breakfast on the go because you don't have time." Imari placed the lunch tin holding the breakfast in front of the woman that had just joined him in the kitchen and he quickly ran upstairs to change into his gym gear so he could drive her to work.

She was nervous that he was going to ask her what happened in the shower, but she was surprised when he dropped her off at work without a word but a kiss on her temple. "I will send someone to pick you up later today and will take you straight to the house and don't you open the door for anyone when you get there okay? I will see you tonight." he told her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I just need to tie up some business deals that are derailing and I will be yours tonight." after saying that he sped off the streets and she rushed to go on and start with her day.

Driving back home for a quick shower and change of clothes, Imari then set out to Pretoria North where a certain man was waiting for him at a deserted sports ground. Jackson and Kingsize were not so far from him in case shit hit the fan and they needed to protect him but he also made sure his guns were loaded behind his back.

Dressed in his signature outfit; dark jeans, dark t-shirt, a biker jacket and combat boots, Imari jumped the half wall that showed there used to be changing rooms at the sports field, rounded the corner of the standing wall until he saw the man he was meeting sitting on an old and crusty bench that he was sure would soon crumble under the big weight.

"I was starting to think you stood me up." the big voice belonging to the large man in the rundown used to be bathrooms echoed throughout the building.

"I am a gentleman; you don't need to worry about that." Imari smirked at the man before shaking hands with him but still checking if they were alone.

"Oh Brown, forever suspicious heh?" the man said.

"With you no one can ever be safe. I just need to make sure."  
Imari replied.

"I am alone in here but my men are waiting for me on the other side of the road." The man told him. "We don't have the whole day, where are we?"

"The plan has been set in motion. You need to host a grand masquerade ball you will figure out what the hell is it that we are celebrating but make sure Kenneth Ledwaba is invited and is coming. I will get one of my guys fit into a tux, serve drinks and put a screw to the man's guts and we call it a night." Imari laid the plan of how they were going to kill Kenneth Ledwaba.

"Sounds like a plan... I can definitely do that, you're lucky I own the restaurant Brown. And now the question... did you finally transfer finger prints to the glove you're man is going to use to kill Kenny?"

"Yes I did."

"Whose prints? The father or the son?"

"The fucking son." Imari answered not missing a heartbeat.

"You really have it in for him yeh?"

"Malike, in this game you either be loyal or be killed and that son of a bitch has done me and my family so dirty, I can't forgive or forget. Are you reading me?"



Malike smiled, he was ever the smiling champ. This kind of life excited him so much as he was also not afraid to die. He enjoyed the thrill and knew one day he might just be killed. Teaming up with Imari against Jahzara Timber was just icing on the cake, he had it bad for JT as much as they were frenemies; the enemy part wasn't silent.

"And I have Gabrielle exactly where I want her. She will be sad for her brother but I will comfort her." Malike chuckled.

"You better take good care of her or I will come for you with everything I have Malike. She is not to be harmed in any way."

"I know, I know. I will take good care of her, she's my woman now." Imari was satisfied with the answer.

"You have a party to plan, try and make it soon, I can't wait any longer." Imari then walked out, leaving Malike alone. They had decided to team up against JT because he was nothing but an asshole and had cost them people they valued in their lives but had forgiven him. They realized he wasn't going to change anytime soon so they had to eliminate him.

And the best way to deal with a conceited asshole like JT was to send him to jail. If the police arrest him, then every drug dealer in town will be allowed a two minutes breather before they were under the police' radar once more.

Imari had taken all the glasses JT had used and took them to his lab guy to transfer the prints to a glove he was going to use to stab Kenneth Ledwaba with so when the police begin their investigation, JT will be pinned faster than how fast Caster Semenya runs track.

The day carried on with everyone busy with their daily jobs until it was time for Dayo to knock off. Imari as promised sent her a driver to take her home.

On the way back home, she decided to take a nap in the back of the car as she was tired and have been over thinking everything. How she was going get out of this mess. It didn't help that her brother pitched and only told her he would speak to her later as he was running short on time and couldn't spare even two minutes to hear what it was she had to say. She had a splitting headache and that headache multiplied when she heard a gunshot and watched as the car she was in, drove into a tree.

A scream escaped her throat at the sudden impact and her heart was beating wild against her ribcage. A man had just been shot right in front of her. Quickly opening the door of the car she got out only to be picked up one large man who was accompanied by another large man. "Please, please don't hurt me!! Please don't hurt me!!" Dayo was screaming and punching the man's hard back with no success.

"Make her quiet Riko." The man who was holding her spoke and soon she was hit on the side of her head with a gun, dimming the light in her head.

It has been three days since anyone has ever heard from Dayo. Prudence, Julia, Patrick... everyone that benefited financially from her existence. Patrick had run out prescriptions and orders were flooding in. He couldn't find Dayo anywhere and it was not like he could ask JT or Imari for help as JT was already on a war path trying to find the girl. She was a vital point in his organisation and as much as he didn't like how affectionate Imari was towards the doc, he still didn't wish her harm.

Prudence waited night and day nearby the clinic hoping to catch a glimpse of her until she decided to ask the receptionist who so happened to be Dayo's friend and was told that the last time she reported to work was on a Monday morning and no one has heard from her since.

Prudence was angry and yet confused. She wondered, was Dayo hiding from her or was she in danger? She needed the girl alive because without her, the case against Timbers will be pulled from the list and would no longer be a priority. She couldn't let that happen. She couldn't fail yet, she had to avenge her little brother. Jahzara Timber had to pay.

She had planned on using the police station resources once she was back to find Dayo. Her boss had called her, and he needed her back in the office immediately.

Being a Thursday late in the afternoon to evening, Julia Ledwaba and her co-worker Sandra were driving downtown wondering where the hell to start looking for Dayo. It was clear that she was not where she was supposed to be, and they had a feeling she was trying to hide from them to save Imari.

"That girl think she's in love. It irritates me to the bone because now everyone is breathing down my neck wanting answers which she has!" Julia was angry, her eyes shone with anger as they sat in the backseat of the escalade.

"Where do you think she would go? Do you think she told her boyfriend the truth about you?" Sandra asked, her eyes glued on the laptop on her lap as she was doing some work. Now there were workaholics and there was Sandra. The woman didn't know of the saying 'work hard, play hard.' It was all work, work, work with her.

"No, she hasn't. If she did, they would have come after me a long time ago. She's still keeping quiet but for how long now?" Julia was so pissed that every word that came out of her mouth was hard and cold. She had a job to do, a job that would result in greater things happening for her, a respected position at work and healthy salary. She didn't want a farm girl from the backyard country that is Zimbabwe ruining things for her, she'd rather die first. Those were her thoughts as the car

manoeuvred the traffic trying to get them to a coffee shop downtown.

Just as they parked outside the café, Julia's cell phone beeped with a message.

'Please come to my apartment now, something has happened, and I need your help.'

"Oh!" Julia exclaimed and Sandra grabbed the phone from her hands and nodded quietly.

"Let's go." Sandra told the driver.

"Wait you can't come with; she might just not trust me." Julia told them.

"We will be outside but in the same complex. I just need to suss the situation out and see if no one has been following her or anything that's out of place." Sandra replied. She was an investigator at heart. Took her job seriously and would screw everyone who'd try and stop her.

Julia agreed and directed them to Dayo's complex as she used to go there alone. The feeling she gets every time the complex come into her view washed over her. she used to frequent this place, hell she even lived there for a few months before it all died down. She was once engaged to the same man she was trying to jail.

The memories of his smile while she cracked a lousy joke, how he'd smile at her in the morning after making love to her, how he smelled like after showering or how he used to pick her up clothed and dropped her in a foamed warm bath.

It sorts of made her sad that she did him dirty, it was when he asked to marry her that she realized she had gone too far. She hadn't meant for the relationship to get that far.

"We are here." The driver announced and both the ladies got out of the car, dressed in black suits and black shirts.

"I will be on the lookout." Sandra told her. She was lean and little bit taller than Julia.

Julia left them and went knocking on Dayo's door. When no one answered she turned the knob and it opened. "Hello? Dayo?" she walked right in calling for her. When she heard no answer, she walked towards the main bedroom, the place hadn't changed at all, not even the colours. Everything was as she left it. She saw the ornament she bought on the side table and picked it up.

"Remembering the good old days?" his voice sounded behind her. she didn't even hear him walk up to her.

She wondered what she will ever say if she were to be in the same room as the man who once cried for her, who didn't hide

how much she broke his heart. It was never part of the plan; she didn't realize that gangsters could love with their all.

Placing the ornament back on the table

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Julia looked fully at Imari. He had cut off his locks and looked so handsome than she remembered.

"Hi." She greeted him; her voice so low just above a whisper.

Imari picked up the ornament and threw it against the wall and watched as it shattered to pieces. "I just remembered that you also bought that. I tried to get rid of everything belonging to you in here." He told her.

Her eyes almost jumped out of their sockets at the action. She did not expect that at all. "Would you like some tea? Coffee? Wine? Water?" he asked walking to the kitchen side.

"No thank you. Where is Dayo?" the woman asked, nervous as hell. Her heart was beating frantically.

"Why are you so interested in her?" Imari cut his walk to the kitchen short. He figured he didn't have the luxury of time. He had things to do and people to kill.

"We are friends. And she asked me to come here."



"Oh yeah that was me because I am so sick and tired of hearing your name everyday out the woman I love's mouth." He told her.

"The woman you love?" Julia scoffed as if that was hard to believe.

"Please don't think I love her like how I loved you... it's different she's different. And I want you to stay away from her."

"No. You don't tell me what to do." Julia snapped back. She had to remind herself of who she was and that she owed this man absolutely nothing. She had apologized for breaking his heart and that was all he was going to get from her.

Imari walked over to her, standing just inches apart. "I know that you work for the SAISA and you're probably gunning for me and Jahzara. But I will tell you right here, right now... you won't catch us slipping." He informed her. "Now I know you know what it is that I do for a living but you can't prove it because you're not on the inside and when you were on the inside, whoring was all you could master." His words were like venom, they cut through.

"Now you don't have proof because you failed to close your legs so you're back to square one and that is befriending someone that's on the inside, but I tell you today leave Dayo

alone or mark my goddamn words, your family will bury you. Get the fuck out of my house." Imari said through gritted teeth.

Julia couldn't believe all that he said, she had nothing to say except to walk out of the apartment, ashamed. She did use her body to get to the man so she could get in on the inside, her only mistake was falling for JT's charms and good looks.

Imari remained in the apartment, seething with anger. His hands were balled into fists, his breath coming out in pants. Julia ran a number on him, and it was only then he realized just how much she still affected him. The woman still wore the same perfume. That just made him madder.

A while after he had calmed down, he drove out of the complex to meet Jackson and King-size. His phone then rang with JT's name flashing on the screen.

He had connected his phone to the Bluetooth his car and answered.

"I have no sign of her. My men have been trying to locate her last location all we could find was the car. I am confused now. It never took me so many days to fucking find a person, dead or alive." JT sounded stressed on the other side and Imari flicked his nose.

"I am meeting up with Jackson, I hope he has good news for me because I swear, I am going to lose my mind. It's been three days." Imari responded.

"Gabrielle said she was going to go to the hospital and casually ask around, I hope she comes back with something. Let me hit you up later." JT cut the call and Imari rolled his eyes. JT was only looking for Dayo because of his selfish reasons and Imari was ticked off by that.

At least Gabrielle cared about Dayo, she wasn't just doing it for the sake of her brother.

Arriving to Jackson's one storey house in Mamelodi, a township in Pretoria East, Imari found him smoking weed outside. It was already dark; he could only make the silhouette and the weed smoke that filled the yard.

"I hope you brought food." Jackson greeted Imari with those words.

"Yes, but not for you." Imari passed him a steer's bag filled with fries and two burgers.

"She did say she wanted a burger... anyway when are you going to release her? she's going to turn herself crazy and I can't babysit her, I am not qualified." Jackson whined like he was a forty year old man.

"Just fucking push her to tell you what the hell she and Julia and Cooper have been discussing man, don't make shit hard. I have a party to attend and a man to kill, I need to focus." Imari put the bag down, ready to retreat to his car.

"I hope you know what you're doing Trigger. That woman likes you."

"And I like her, which is why I need to push her to reveal all her secrets to us."

"Well you said to make her comfortable, she kinda is, how do we get the truth of her?"

Imari stopped in his tracks and thought about what Jackson said. He did say they must not harm Dayo in anyway, all he wanted was to scare her into telling the truth, but she has been quiet.

"Scare her." Imari decided.

"How?"

"The best way you know how." Imari smirked and got into his car and drove off, thinking that Dayo deserved everything that was happening to her.

Dressed in a black suit and matching leather shoes, the whole outfit costing around twenty six thousand, JT stepped out of a small burger joint that doubled as a bar and walked to his car that was parked on the next street after conducting some business that could award him a lifeline in the drug life so he could pay back his debts.

He was in Pretoria, seeking out new turfs to move his product and was making deals with people that could do with some bit of cash and he had uncleaned cash at his disposal that could buy him quite a few things that he needed.

Just as he crossed the less busy street to his car, trying to rush to meet his guys who might have tracked Dayo down whom they have been spending the whole week trying to find, hoping nothing bad has happened to her, Julia Ledwaba walked over to his car as she has parked right behind him.

She was dressed in a red pencil dress, her curves out for the world to see. She looked as beautiful as the last time JT saw her but underneath all that beauty lay a she-devil. A spawn of Satan that he had no business with.

Rolling his eyes, he unlocked his car, jaw locked in annoyance.

"Jahzara." She greeted him; her voice ever smooth like she wasn't the wicked witch from the West.

"No." JT made means to enter his car, but she stopped him and leaned against the door.

"I'd like to talk to you." She told him. "I mean I know Imari must have told you that I was back in the city and only a matter of a time before we met."

"Matter of fact is I couldn't give a rat's ass if you were back in the city or not. I don't care Julia, you used me, you used my best friend and I don't want you near me." JT told her, ticked off.

"I used you? You were happy to hit this pvssy even when there was a rock on my finger. Don't act like you're the best friend of the year. You killed the dude's brother... and slept with his fiancé." Julia rolled her eyes at JT trying to make himself a victim.

"What do you want?" he asked, seeing that Julia knew more than she should, and he wasn't about to open that can of worms. Some things were best left in the past. "And how did you find me?"

"I want to warn you that the police are coming hard after you and you will pay for every little crime you ever committed. I am onto you. I am following you and if I were you, I'd be careful, very careful." With that said, Julia turned on her heel and

walked to her car, her hips swaying from side to side knowing very well that JT was looking.

A part of her hoped he would stop her and ravish her right there and then. As much as she enjoyed being with the caring and warm Imari, it was JT that left her body wanting more, it was JT that set her body and soul on fire. His pink lips, the feeling of his beard in her palms... she did want to lock them up, but she needed a one last good fuck from him.

"Wait." JT called out to her just as she was about to enter her car.

"Do you work for the police?" he asked but his eyes were on her body, up and down he remembered how she felt writhing under him. How she felt when he bent over the couch and slid from behind, the warmth he felt, he instantly felt blood rushing to his down south region.

"No even better. But JT remember... I will get you and shut down your cartel." She told him as he approached her.

"Well can we play catch after this..." he roughly pulled her soft body against his hard one.

"I thought you hated me." She breathed, looking at him with eyes coloured with lust.

"I do... but fuck it." His voice was low and husky. He wanted to kiss her, he wanted to ravage those lips one more time. He

wanted to take her in the back of his car and listen to her cries of pleasure. He was hard, he wanted her, but something clicked in his head... she was the enemy.

"JT..." she drew the words, disappointment filling her body when he released her.

"I can't do this." He walked away. He should have walked away the last time too

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but he couldn't. She got under his skin.

There were quite several things he had done to Imari which he forgave him for but sleeping with his wife to be because he had feelings for her too was crossing the line badly so. He couldn't do it again, Imari wouldn't be so forgiving this time around.

Sliding into his car, he waited till he was calm before driving off in an illegal speed.

JT drove to Imari's house after Gabrielle called telling him to come over. It was a Saturday afternoon, around half past four and the sun was just about to set as it was still a bit cold, but winter was saying its goodbyes.

Arriving to the house, they worked on a plan to getting to the warehouse where Dayo was kept. Imari had disclosed that he got gps coordinates of a possible location where Dayo was kept. JT excused himself to go use the bathroom, while the rest



of the guys went to the assigned cars in Imari's backyard, readying themselves for war.

"Hey Gabby, could you organise us food for when we get back?" Imari asked while tying the shoelaces of his combat boots.

Gabrielle walked around the kitchen counter, took a phone from the drawer and went to put it in front of Imari. "Should I use that phone to make orders?" she asked, eyes dancing with anger. "What the hell is this Imari?" she asked, picking the phone up like a woman who had just found side chick messages on her husband's phone.

Imari's mouth ran dry as he did not expect anyone to have found the phone. Therefore, he never conducted meetings at his place because he didn't want people snooping around, but Gabrielle was family.

"Listen I can explain that."

"It better be a good explanation because all week you have been making us run around like headless chickens looking for your little girlfriend meanwhile you knew exactly where she is. That's fucked up." Gabrielle lashed at him.

"No, I don't, I promise I don't know where she is." He lied.

"Then how do you explain why you have her cell phone? I had it tracked, and it pinged right in your kitchen!" Gabrielle had a

look of disbelief on her face. She couldn't believe that Imari could stoop that low. What was he trying to achieve by doing that? She wondered.

"It's not her phone... well it is but not exactly." He tried to explain.

"You need to start explaining and in English!" Gabrielle was a no walk-over. She was gutsy, she had balls.

"I cloned her phone." He admitted.

"Wait... what? Why?"

"Because I felt like she has been hiding things from me and look at what happened to her, she got kidnapped and I was right. She was hiding things from me." Imari ran with the half-truth. He knew where Dayo was but will never disclose that to anyone or it would defeat the purpose.

"This is fucked up... did you manage to find anything?"

Gabrielle asked, now relaxed.

"Nothing tangible. But I know she's friends with Julia, but Julia is working for the secret service and wants to bring us down... so she's probably trying to get through us via Dayo." He told her.

By then Gabrielle was relaxed and her head was spinning around the fact that Julia was also pretending to be her friend

so she could get information that could destroy her family. She needed to put a stop to that, even if it meant putting a bullet to Julia's head.

"Go get Dayo home safe and don't worry about Julia. She won't be a problem for long." Gabrielle retreated to the kitchen to start planning for the night.

On the other side of Johannesburg just a few kilometres before reaching Pretoria Dayo was dumped in a rundown building with a man whose head had been cut off in front of her. The man had been owing the squad drug money and they were tired of waiting on him to pay up, so they killed him. Jackson had his other boys run a number on him while Dayo watched.

Shaken up, they made her talk, or she would be next, and the sweet little doctor sang like a canary hence they dumped her at the site, hands bound behind her back and a bleeding headless corpse right next to her.

When Imari gave the go-ahead of Jackson scaring Dayo into talking, he didn't think he'd go to these lengths.

When they arrived at the warehouse, guns blazing Imari had the shock of his life that he couldn't even move forward.

"Jesus Christ." JT was the first one to react. He saw Dayo laying there, eyes filled with fear and rushed to her side. "Hey Doc, we are here." He cooed as he cut off the rope with his pocketknife.

Anger coursed through Imari's body as he took in the scene before him. This was not part of the plan. They cleared the scene and JT put Dayo in Imari's escalate that he was driving and Imari got in with Dayo, giving her comfort.

"Please don't kill him in front of me."

"Please don't kill him in front of me."

"Please don't kill him."

Dayo chanted a crazy look in her eyes. She was still in her mind and was not seeing what was happening at that moment.

"Please don't kill him."

JT and Imari looked at each other through the rear-view mirror and knew she wasn't herself.

Imari knew he had royally fucked himself over.

**Sunday** came by, marking two days since Dayo was rescued from Imari's twisted trap. Two days of Imari growing sick with worry over Dayo who hasn't yet come to terms with the fact that she was safe and sound away from harm. She wasn't talking, she wasn't eating hell she wasn't doing anything at all. All she did was zone out the whole day and open her mouth slowly to whoever will be force feeding her so she wouldn't lose much energy.

Imari's guilt was threatening to swallow him whole but the anger he felt in his being helped to keep him afloat. He was angry at Jackson and what he had done to his love. He only wanted the truth and wanted to show Dayo just what kind of cruel world she was in and that secrets like the ones she had were never good for anyone especially her.

Yes, he was happy that his plan worked and has found all about what Dayo has been doing and he couldn't even get angry at her. All she wanted to do was to get out of the drug world... unfortunately by trusting wrong people.

At least he could console himself with the fact that his plan worked but that was the only good thing about the whole situation, he still had worse things ahead of him like the fact that he has turned the poor girl into a zombie and he's afraid of

taking her to the hospital for trauma as she might spill all the beans from the pot.

Luckily, he wasn't alone in the predicament, Gabrielle was staying over and she too was at her wits' end. Slowly but surely, she felt herself being driven crazy, couple of times she wanted to hit her head against the wall, but she held it together, for Dayo.

"Hey... I need to go to the club and sort out a few issues, will you be okay here alone?" Gabrielle asked Imari who was basking in the sun on the stairs leading to his front door.

He turned to look at Gabrielle who was simply dressed in jeans, a body-hugging t-shirt and a pair of heels, a simple outfit but she looked incredible as she always does. "Uhh what time are you back? I need to meet JT and the guys, apparently there is a new drug dealer in town that we need to sort out. Kenneth gave him our spot and we can't have that." Imari told her.

With a heavy sigh Gabrielle walked two stairs down so she could face Imari. "I am going to the club because I need time out from playing therapist, I can't do this. If I spent one more minute in that room, I am going to need therapy." She honestly told him. And he was not surprised at all. They were dealing with a different case that none of them knew how to approach.

"Imari, you need to get a nurse, a doctor, a therapist somebody! We are not capable of handling this by ourselves, I am not capable of handling this!" Gabrielle was just one more day away from breaking down. The Dayo situation was worsening at each sunrise.

She zoned out like a zombie and every time they tried to help her bath, she'd silently cry and beg someone only she can see that they must not kill someone in front of her. This was a mental issue and they had no idea how to help her.

"I can't." Imari told her. God he wanted to help Dayo, he wanted to fix his mistakes but most importantly he wanted the woman he fell for back. The woman with a spunk, who spoke her mind, the woman with glistening gold skin and a beautiful smile. The woman with a fine ass and curves. He missed all of that. He missed the little kisses to the full-blown make out sessions on his couch, in his car, on his bed, in the kitchen... her sweet natural scent. He missed it all.

"Do you know who did this to her? Are you working on finding them or you just going to focus on selling drugs with my brother?" Gabrielle asked.

"No but I am not getting anything except that Patrick Luka must know something. He's the one that sent me her location." Imari responded. He was conniving, calculative and very dangerous. He had thought of everything to a T.

He got Jackson's goons to kidnap the woman, he got Jackson again to scare her into being honest

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then he got Jackson to contact Patrick Luka about Dayo's possible whereabouts and made it seem like the people who kidnapped Dayo were after Patrick since he found out that Dayo has been supplying Patrick with pain killer prescriptions, also another dangerous market as there were quite a few drug pins who also specialized in selling pain killers to addicted customers.

"Patrick Luka? Her brother? That asshole? Why? How would he know?"

"He's the one that sent me her location and I have no idea where he is now. He didn't even bother to check up on her."

"I am going to the club, will find out from my brother what he knows, and we will find that piece of shit and teach him a lesson." Gabrielle said, while searching her bag for her car keys so she could hit the road.

"No!" he stopped her from walking away. "Leave Luka to me."

"Imari, you gonna be soft on that fucker. Have you seen how Dayo is?"



"I know, she is bad, really bad but I want to teach Luka a lesson he will never forget. For messing with my business, messing with his sister and not giving a damn and lastly but importantly for messing with my woman. That right there, I can't take lightly." His eyes were stormy black, he looked deadly and dangerous even Gabrielle was taken aback.

Normally Imari was the peace maker, he had his times where he went on a shooting rampage, killing any and everything with a heartbeat but overall, he was the quiet guy you always had to check up if he was okay. And that was what was dangerous about him, he lurked in corners, he kept quiet and observed, you never see him coming... at all.

"Just don't kill him, Dayo will never forgive you for that."

"I know all about not forgiving someone who killed your sibling. I won't do that." When he said that he gauged Gabrielle's reaction, but he didn't get what he hoped he will. Instead her eyes were filled with sympathy, remembering his brother who was killed like an animal. He wondered if she knew what her brother did and was over it or if she was clueless.

"Okay." Her voice went soft. "I am off, I will come back sooner than you expect." She walked away leaving him to his thoughts.

He got up after a while and went to his bedroom, his heart beating frantically as he was mentally preparing himself for the

strings around his heart to break some more.

The sight before him tore him apart. Dayo was laying still on the bed, arms folded, tears pooling the pillow underneath her head. Her lips were trembling and Imari knew she was seeing the scene again. She was living inside her mind.

"Come on Deedee baby, you're okay now... hey..." he gently pulled her body towards him and removed the soaked pillow. "Shhhhh, you're safe baby, I am so sorry!!" he rocked her back and forth until the tears stopped. What a relief because he was about to cry too. This woman got under his skin and he felt helpless. He couldn't call anyone from the outside, it was just too dangerous.

Resting her head against the continental pillows, Imari got off the bed with a promise of making her some food. At least once a day she tried to eat but sometimes they had to be forceful as she wouldn't cooperate.

Once Imari closed the door of his bedroom and his heavy footsteps couldn't be heard no more...

Dayo turned her head to the door, the corner of her mouth pulled up in a lopsided smirk and she rolled her eyes.

"I deserve an Oscar for this. Really."

**Dressed** in matching grey tailor cut power suits, Imari Brown and Jahzara Timber stood in the luxurious strip club downtown Sandton that was owned by Kenneth Ledwaba. The strip club was small, housed a capacity of two hundred people maximum but was very luxurious not to mention expensive.

One needed a membership card to be allowed in the premises. His strippers were top of the range, not only did they strip down to nothing while pole dancing, but they offered the gentlemen that came to watch some good time in the provided private rooms.

You needed to have wild fantasies to be at the club and enjoy it. ***Fantasy***... was the name of the club, if you wanted a 3-sum, if you wanted crazy rough sex, if you wanted an orgy it was your go-to club and Kenneth took pride in it. It brought him money and not only with the expensive bottles of alcohol or the girls he had but because the girls also moved cocaine in his business.

It didn't matter if it was middle of the week, the club always had customers, there were several rich men that enjoyed what the club offered, some were regulars. But not the two gentlemen that were holding glasses of whiskey in their hands seeming bored out of their minds.

Imari for one looked disinterested in what was happening around them whereas JT couldn't help but to look at the strippers working what their mama gave them on the poles. "Gentlemen! Thank you for honouring my invite. Welcome to my special place." Kenneth was a very big man; his voice matched his size and his teeth. He had on a couple of rings on his fingers, real gold for sure.

"We wouldn't reject your invitation Kenny you know how it goes." JT responded, eyes averting to the man who sat down on the luscious couch at the corner of the club where they were able to see who was going in and out of the club and see the dancers on the high tables.

"This is why I like you. You don't buy face. Let's get to it shall we?" he offered them seats and they sat down. Imari wondering why the man had called them. Sure, he was the kingpin, high up on the drug cartel ranks but that did not mean he could call them whenever he pleased. It didn't work that way; he didn't own them.

"I am afraid I don't entirely have good news for you guys." Kenneth told them. Even though the music was blasting through the heavy speakers, they could hear each other crystal clear. "I am pulling out of our arrangement. I promised you guys five locations in Soweto, but you only paid me once and that was my buy in. I can't wait forever for you two. I thought

you wanted to grow in this business but clearly I was wrong." Kenneth told them, gauging their reactions but he was disappointed when he got nothing.

The two men hid their emotions so well, it was as if they were robotic. They didn't flinch, no sign of anger, disappointment, sadness, confusion... nothing.

"May I ask why now? What went wrong?" Imari asked, he knew very well why Kenneth was pulling out. JT's father must have made him an offer he couldn't refuse and that just drove him angrier. He has been reminding JT to sort out his father before he ruined more things for them, but the light skinned man wouldn't budge.

Hell, even JT knew why suddenly Kenneth wanted to pull out, Malike did mention to him how his father and Kenneth were sudden bff's.

"I am a man who is always looking to make money. You don't make me money, I cut you loose. Fela jwalo banna." Kenneth told them.

"Is there anything we can do to change your mind?" JT asked. "I mean look, I know you could've called us and told us this over the phone, why bring us here? What do you want Kenny?"

Kenneth looked at them, he has always been fascinated by Imari. He was quiet and always spoke when necessary and

asked relevant questions, but JT did too however JT was more hot-headed and often acted on impulse and that landed him in hot water a couple of times. However, Imari was like wet soap, just when you think you have him, he slips away.

"Alright... if you can give me...mhmm let's say haah! What can I say... uhh give me five...yah five million Rands before this month ends and I will give you two turfs in Soweto and won't bother you." He told them. "That is a joining fee if you fail to give me that money, well I am taking the Soweto deal off the table and I am coming for the Braamfontein Turfs." He released a sarcastic laugh as he watched them look at each other like they weren't hearing right.

"You don't have to agree right now but you will be stupid not to... anyway I have brought up my special girls to entertain you

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I am going to join my friends in one of the rooms." He winked at them, at that moment two strippers draped in piping hot lingerie appeared by the booth and JT was game but Imari on the other hand rejected the lap dance.

"If you don't allow me to give you a dance I will be demoted, please...." The girl begged him, and he sighed and sat down.

It had just gone passed eight in the evening and the two men exited ***Fantasy club*** with smoke coming out of their ears. Once the girls were done with them, they tipped them off and left. They didn't even get to enjoy the lap dances much, what Kenneth has said to them got to them.

"Jahzara, you need to speak to your father. If you don't... I will." Imari then slipped in his car, not bothering to wait for JT's response. He knew that JT understood what he meant by saying he will talk to his father. Imari was a killer, a deadly killer... his threats were promises, never in vain. If he promises to kill someone he will and at that moment, JT's father was making his was to the top on Imari's hit list.

The plan was simple but complicated, Imari wanted to be the kingpin of their drug cartel. He wanted to own the whole Gauteng and with JT by his side that was possible. JT knew the movers and the shakers, and he was just as ruthless in getting what he wanted.

Now enter Malike, Malike wasn't small fish but he was compared to them, had deep pockets to move things around and knew who to socialize with to keep having product and selling in peace in Pretoria but he wasn't as free because Kenneth was collecting money from him to pay Rotimi, now if Kenneth gets in bed with Rotimi, then its game over for everyone.

What was Malike's plan? Get in bed with Imari to kill Kenneth and blame it on JT. Malike also partnered with JT into bringing Kenneth down but that was just a ploy to make JT less suspicious of anything.

Why was Imari still working with JT, because he wanted to make sure that everything was now under JT before he could snatch it from right under his nose. He wanted JT to work hard for everything and he could come right in and swoop everything up and he and his father will be the most respected men in the game.

If Kenneth dies, they are one step closer to being exactly what Rotimi is and that will give them more power to even kill Rotimi himself.

Imari was thinking of the plan over and over as he drove to his house and he remembered something that's causing a delay in killing Kenneth, well one of the delays and it was his sex mate, kind of girlfriend Dayo Luka.

The woman was not getting any better that he had Gabrielle find Lydia, the clinic receptionist to help them out.

Arriving to his house, he was surprised to find Lydia in the kitchen with Gabrielle drinking tea.

"Hello." He greeted them.



"Hi." Lydia responded shyly. She never knew how to act around gorgeous men that smelled incredible and yet reeked of power and dominance.

"Hey, Lydia just got here because she was working during the day. I asked her to stay the night. She already saw her, and she agreed." Gabrielle filled Imari in. The man did not like having people in his house but if it meant helping Dayo, he was forced to be okay with it.

"Alright, I just came to check on things and change. I am going out for a while, at least I know someone else is here." Imari excused himself and went to change. Dayo was still the same way he left her, shaken, shaking and depressing.

Gabrielle took Lydia back to the room and they met Imari who was about to leave. "What happened to her? At work we were told that she wasn't fit to work as something traumatic happened but what is it?" Lydia asked, her heart breaking at the sight of her dear friend. She loved Dayo from the moment they met and what made her love her more was the fact that Dayo didn't just see her as a receptionist, but she saw her as a decent human being and respected her.

"It's long a story but to cut it short... she witnessed a murder and we are keeping her safe here until she is ready to face the world." Gabrielle told her and Lydia's eyes almost jumped out of their sockets. The petite woman couldn't believe her ears.

What a cruel world, what a terrible thing to experience... she thought.

Sitting on the bed, she ran her hand over Dayo's soft cheek and cooed her like she was a baby.

"I have to run." Imari blurted out, he couldn't stand to look at Dayo. The guilt was suffocating him.

"Let me... let me walk with you... let me walk you out."  
Gabrielle followed suit. She was scared to be in the same room as Dayo. She couldn't take it anymore. Her heart was beyond shattered.

"Are they gone?" Dayo asked and Lydia let out a tiny scream and jumped off the bed, clutching her chest as it felt like her heart was about to jump out.

"Bathong!?"

**Recap:**

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"Bathong!?"

Lydia was confused, shocked and a little bit scared. "And then?" she couldn't form lucid sentences. She was spooked to say the least.

"Shh!" Dayo cautioned her but did not shift from the bed, if she shifts Gabrielle might find her and ask questions on how she was able to move since to them she was a vegetable, a zombie vegetable.

"I... wow." Lydia ran her hands over her face. "Are you not sick?" she asked.

"No, I am okay a little shaken from what I have been through, but I am fine. Not a zombie like you all have been calling me." Dayo rolled her eyes, clearly offended by what everyone was saying to her.

"Can you blame anyone? I mean Dayo... bathong!" Lydia's brain was in a frenzy.

"Listen, I need your favour I am so glad that they called you, please can I trust you? My life is in danger. I need your help." Dayo pleaded with her friend. Not so long ago, she almost cost the lady her job. Had it not been for Imari, she would have gone along with JT's ill-advised plan to get the poor lady in trouble. But at that moment, the table was flipped, and she needed Lydia's help.

"What kind of a favour?" Lydia asked, still standing at the end of the bed like Dayo would bite her.

"You can't tell anyone that I am actually not sick, and I want to get out of here." Dayo revealed her plan.

"Get out of here and go where?"

"Home."

"Home? If you witnessed a murder shouldn't you stay here or go to the police?"

"I mean home in Zimbabwe."

Lydia looked at her and wondered what exactly was going on.

"This is starting to freak me out, but before I agree to anything you need to tell me everything."

"I can't, it's too dangerous."

"I will decide what's dangerous and what's not. If you want me to help you to fake a mental illness, I want the whole truth, don't leave anything out or I am leaving you."

"Fine. I'll tell you." They were speaking in hushed tones just so no one could hear them.

Just then they heard footsteps outside the door, and it swung open revealing Gabrielle. Lydia turned to look at Dayo to check if she was caught in the act but had the shock of her life when the woman seemed dazed and totally out of touch with reality. She was back to Zombie setting and Lydia was stunned, what a performer.

"Hey, I am going to order dinner, what would you like?"

Gabrielle asked Lydia who was still looking at Dayo astonished at how good of an actor she really was.

"Uhm anything is fine with me as long as it's not pork." Lydia managed to avert her eyes from Dayo and looked at Gabrielle.

"Great, I'm getting us burgers. Uhh do you think burgers will be good for her too?" she asked referring to Dayo.

"Uhh sure! I think... I will try and feed her in tiny bits." Lydia wasn't sure of what to say and wasn't even sure anymore if people who were really lost in their minds were able to eat burgers, but knowing what she knew, Dayo was perfectly fine and can even feed herself.

"Okay... you can come down if you want or when they arrive, I will bring the food up here." Lydia noticed how much Gabrielle didn't want to be in the same room as Dayo, if she only knew the truth.

"My God you are a terrific actress, Duma Ndlovu should look this way when he's looking for a better cast." Lydia said to Dayo soon as she couldn't hear Gabrielle's footsteps anymore.

"Whatever I am going to tell you you need to keep it to yourself. You can't tell anyone, not even your boyfriend, sister, cousins, mother, your child... not even God when you're praying."

It sounded grave and Lydia was beginning to feel scared. What was it that had this woman wanting to flee back to her country of birth?

"Okay." Lydia agreed to keep it a secret but not to helping Dayo yet. She wanted all the grisly details before committing herself to anything that might be dangerous.

On the other side of the province, Imari was once again by Jackson's house and this time around he had a gun to his head, eyes showing no other emotions except anger. The man looked incredible with a gun cocked and pointed at Jackson, he looked so dangerous yet sexy.

"Why the fuck did you have someone's head chopped off in

front of her?" Imari asked Jackson who was backed up against the wall. No lie, he was scared. He knew Imari was never one to joke about killing someone and at that moment he saw his life flash before his eyes.

"You said I must scare her into talking boss, I thought majita aka will just toy with her." Jackson defended himself.

"You got someone else to do it?" That pissed Imari even more.

"I told you to do this yourself!" Imari pulled off Jackson and watched as he released the breath he had been holding.

"Check, I am always around you, if that chick het my gesien, she would know that you or JT is involved in this. So, I had to outsource." Jackson explained his brilliant plan.

"Who did you hire?" Imari interrogated.

"Just some fuckers I know."

"Who. Did. You. Hire Jack!" Imari deadpanned, eyes narrowed into thin slits. He was seething with anger.

"Cosmo and Charles from the butchery. They had a score to settle with someone, so I asked them to help me and they went overboard." Imari knew which butchery it was, they supplied the butcher with drugs. He knew very well who Cosmo and Charles were, some new time crazy dudes that played dangerous games but compared to him, they were nothing.



"Call them and ask them and ask them to come over."

"Are you going to... are you going to kill them?"

Imari turned with an icy glare and walked towards Jackson who backed up against the wall, desiring it could open and swallow him whole. "Would you prefer if I kill you instead?"

Jackson shook his head, fished for his phone which was in the back of his jeans pocket and he called Charles and Cosmo to his house. The fellas fortunate enough didn't live far, same hood and will be arriving in twenty minutes time.

Imari was ever patient, by the time the two young men arrived he had already thought of ten ways he could kill them.

"My ma sekind." Cosmo, skinny tall guy that had gold grills greeted Jackson when they walked into his house. Imari was sitting comfortably on the couch, waiting for them to close the door.

"Sure." Jackson dapped the two guys and they noticed Imari in the room and greeted him.

"What's up? You paying us for the job we done for you? How's the girl? She spilled all the information hey." The other guy; Charles laughed with Cosmo. "You should have seen her eyes, she was scared. That's what you get for playing in the lion's den."

Those words caused Imari to snap. He was thinking maybe he could forgive them, but they enjoyed torturing an innocent woman, his woman and no one should do that and live to tell the tale.

Grabbing Charles from behind he placed a knife to his throat. "You enjoyed torturing my woman?" Imari asked but didn't wait for an answer as he slit his throat open, blood sputtering everywhere.

Cosmo tried to pull out his gun but realized it's not there. Jackson took it when they greeted each other unobtrusively.

"Ahh mfethu." Cosmo looked at Jackson with pleading eyes. "You said we must help you and this is what you do?" he looked back at his friend whose eyes were opened but lifeless.

"Mfethu bona."

"I'm sorry Cosmo." Jackson apologized sadly.

Imari like the predator he was walked slowly towards Cosmo and placed his blood dripping gloved hands around his neck, pushed him against the wall and pressed hard. Cosmo made gagging sounds, his eyes enlarged as he tried to fight off Imari, but he was too strong, too large for him.

Imari watched as life slipped from the young man's eyes and he pressed one more time making sure that he really was dead. It

gave him a good kick seeing life slip out of his victim's eyes. The beast inside of him roared in symphony, happy and satisfied.

"That's for messing with what's mine."

It has been a week since Dayo was found, a week of her stellar acting, a week of Imari growing crazy with guilt, a week of JT cunning and planning of how he was going to sort out the issue with his father, a week of stressing over how they will eliminate Kenneth Ledwaba, a week of Gabrielle sneaking off when the going got tough at Imari's place to go to Malike's place where she was showered with nothing but orgasms, kisses, good bottles of wine and the finest food from his restaurants.

In a nutshell, it was a terrible week but fun for one person. She never knew just how much being out of one's mind could help in her case.

Imari had long forgotten of the truth he had forced out of the woman. He had forgiven her and understood that she only ever wanted to lead a normal life, but no one was allowing her or awarding her the chance, so she had to make other means.

Dayo didn't know who was sent to harm her and get the information out of her but she was scared what they will do with the information. What if it was JT and he was going to bury her alive with her brother? She couldn't risk it, she had to fake her trauma.

It was a Saturday afternoon of August 2018 and things were only getting tougher in the drug world. Product was moving but

in a slow pace, police were watching them like hawks and secret services agents were all over them like white on rice. There was no room to breathe. Everything they did, had to be done moderately.

JT had received a message while he was busy setting up a meeting with his team on the selling of drugs in forbidden turfs. He was waging a war against some of the deadliest crime lords and this time around, he didn't have his father or Rotimi for protection, he only had his team and Imari.

The message that popped up on his phone was one he couldn't ignore. Deep in his being he knew he shouldn't be entertaining such messages, but he wanted to, he craved to do just as the message requested.

**'Meet me in an hour at LaVista Hotel suite 301, not taking no for an answer.'** – Julia.

He was sharply dressed in his signature suit without a tie and he figured, what does he stand to lose if he just went one time and one time only. Foolish feelings that were stringing him along, he knew it was wrong but damn it felt right.

He parked at the hotel's provided parking space and entered the hotel, followed the instructions given to him to the suite. With each long stride he took towards the suite, his heart hammered against his chest. Normally he did this to women, he

booked hotel suites and sent them the invite but now the table has flipped, and he felt giddy inside.

He wondered what it was that he would find at the hotel. Would she be naked, or wearing a sexy lingerie or would she be clothed, waiting for him to do the honour of undressing her? The last time had the pleasure of slipping her out of a pretty evening dress that hugged her body in all the right places and the hard on he spotted was like no other. He wanted her and her alone.

With two more knocks, the door swung open and his breath hitched in his throat. There she was, short against his tall physique. Draped in red lacy lingerie with her hair tied in a neat ponytail revealing her oval pretty face. Julia Ledwaba was a beautiful woman and he couldn't get used to that.

"Didn't think you'd make it." She said, her voice low.

"Fuck." JT couldn't hold himself, he lunged for her red coated lips and kissed her like his life depended on the kiss. It was hot and steamy, demanding, rough. Kicking the door shut with his foot, JT picked the woman up and backed her against the wall. His lips left hers and latched onto her neck, trailing hot, tantalizing kissed down to her collarbone then back to her lips.

Julia was a hot moaning mess, she had forgotten just how great of a kisser this man was, how skilful he was, how strong he was

and how he incredibly smelled. His cologne was one for the books, it drove her insane.

It saddened her that it wasn't Imari that moved her like this, that set her soul on fire. He did set her body on fire, but it was JT she found herself wanting and at that moment in the hotel, she felt complete. She felt right at home.

"Oomph!" a sound she made when roughly put her on the dressing table of the hotel and her red lingerie set pooled on the floor, she was naked and glowing. Her clean waxed kitty starring right back at him, fuelling the lust monster in his being.

Oh, how long it has been since he tasted her, he still remembered her sweet nectar that did have tones of pussy... he loved how she tasted, and he lapped her arousal up and down her slit. It was admirable, so immaculate.

Her moans of pleasure filled the room

she gripped the edge of the dressing table, eyes closed, and head thrown back. She was in a land of ecstasy where only she and him existed. She was on the edge of finding her release when he stopped and came back up.

His dangerous eyes looked into hers and she felt her heart dance all the way to her throat. This man, this dangerous drug merchant was who set her soul on fire, she couldn't believe or understand it. Why him?

He looked much of the predator he was. Slowly but surely, he unbuttoned his shirt as she watched, amazed by his body that was filled with tattoos. He was masculine, so strong... she bit her bottom lip, awaiting what's to come.

"On your knees!" he barked, brows so thick, his pink lips raw from the hungry kiss they shared.

Something flipped in her stomach when he ordered her to get on her knees. Only JT could talk down to her like that and she gets more aroused.

kneeling in front of him, with her well-manicured short nails on long fingers, she unzipped his pants, her eyes boring into his. He looked down on her and hissed as soon as her hot mouth came in contact with the tips of his hard shaft. She closed her eyes momentarily and moved slowly, taking it all in her mouth. Her saliva was all over it, she knew what she was doing, and it was driving JT crazy. With her hands, she covered the base where she couldn't reach and continued to suck and bob up and down his erect manhood.

He couldn't hold on anymore and he sure didn't want to release that fast but at the same time he wanted to fill her mouth with his seed but that had to wait... he wanted more. Pulling her up, his lips were back on her hers and he moved them to the bed. Pulling her to the corner of the bed he stood before her with an erect protected shaft.



Slowly but surely, he entered her, she was so warm and wet... just perfect. He couldn't wait to ram into her like the bloody hyena he was. And so, he did, pounding into her without mercy, ignoring her loud cries that were of pure pleasure.

It felt right and it felt so damn good. Pumping few more times, heavy, hard and slow... they both came at the same time with JT slumping down on her. She felt good... she just got reminded of how it felt like to be with a skilful man. Never mind the men she tried to get on with after leaving JT and Imari's world, they didn't even come second to what JT did to and for her.

JT rolled off the condom wrapped it with a tissue and flushed it. Julia cleaned herself up and laid up on the bed, there JT joined her, and they passed out from the pleasure they were immersed into.

JT's phone ringing for the tenth time woke them up thirty minutes later while they were cuddled and deep within sleep. Something about the woman's pussy was bewitching, he wasn't the type to cuddle after coitus but with Julia... it was different.

Angry for the intruder, he saw Imari's name flash on his phone. "Yeah?" he answered, clearly irritated.

"You better have a fucking good reason why you aren't at the warehouse JT. The fuck, are you?" Imari asked, he too angry. JT had long forgotten about the meeting he set up himself.

"Fuck! Okay I'm coming. Give me an hour."

"An hour? Are you crazy? Where the –"

"I'm on my way, fuck!" JT cut Imari short before he threw a fit then continued to cut the call.

"Going somewhere?" Julia was up and had to ask. She couldn't believe that they had passed out. She had only booked the hotel for a night but didn't plan to sleep over, however she was hoping JT wouldn't leave so soon.

"Yeah I'm sorry to cut the party short sweet cakes but daddy has things to do." He told her.

"Oh, I see." She was disappointed.

JT walked over to her, tilted her face up with her chin and kissed her. "I'll make it up to you. I'm going to shower."

"Should I join you?" she batted her eyelashes at him, causing him to softly chuckle. "No or we won't make it out in time."

When she heard the water starts to run, she gave him a few minutes as she knew he liked his shower hot. Jumping out of bed she went to her handbag that was in the wardrobe and pulled out cufflinks of her own.

She hoped by all means JT wouldn't realize that she had swapped his cufflinks. It was by a miracle that JT came over

wearing his suit. The man was easily readable. He was never a fan of jeans and other casual wear; he was a smooth criminal.

If you bumped into him at a coffee shop, you'd never in a million ways associate him with drugs or murders. He was handsome and clean.

A few minutes later he was showered and dressed, luckily his clothes were still in good condition, he didn't notice anything when he put on his cufflinks. "Are you staying the night?" he asked Julia who had on her red robe, looking at JT through the mirror from the bed.

"Maybe... could order some room service, you know some champagne and make the most of it." She answered which wasn't such a bad idea.

"Okay. See you around Jules." He walked over to her and hungrily kissed her like a thirsty man in the desert.

"Okay." She smiled at him and watched as he left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, her work phone rang, and she answered with a heavy heart, it was Sandra.

"Hello?"

"He's on the move, heading towards Pretoria, we are onto him. He might be going to the place where they stash their drugs. Good job there." She cut the call.

"Good job huh?!" Julia already felt guilty for swapping JT's cufflinks with those that had tracking devices installed in.

But work was work right?

**Driving** in an illegal speed, forty-five minutes later, JT arrived at the warehouse. When his car pulled up on the driveway, Imari was outside on a phone call clearly pissed off by something. When he saw JT his eyes hardened, he was pretty annoyed. The man was around two hours late for the meeting, they could have planned a perfect plan which could be executed the same night. Imari sure wanted JT out of the game, but he didn't want to take over an already dying empire. He wanted a well-polished machine that made them millions, and tonight's plan was supposed to award them just that. *A lifeline.*

"Where the fuck were you?" Imari asked, joining JT as he stepped out of his Lamborghini, dressed like the boss he was. Imari was also in a suit because somehow Gabrielle had convinced them that was how they needed to look all the time to be taken seriously and to be accepted by the movers and the shakers of the world. An outfit spoke a thousand words even before the person wearing it could open their mouth.

"I am here ain't I? geez, I said I am sorry." JT did not like being attacked at all. But he was in the wrong, he just never liked being in the wrong. He was never one to be late to meetings, in fact he hated it when people were late to his meetings. Could kill you for being late, especially to an important meeting like this one.

Imari walked through the scanners by the door into the house, and a green light beeped signalling he could go through. He had put out his guns on the side tray so he wouldn't trip the alarm. JT followed suit, put his guns in the tray and walked through the door but the red light went off.

Imari spun around wondering where the problem was. Suddenly about five men were besides them, the guys were their security men, the building was well protected as it held important merchandise. Millions worth of merch.

"What the fuck is going on?" JT asked. This has never happened before, and he wondered what it was that was wrong.

"Let's try and find out Mr Timber." One bald headed security guy draped in a black suit with a crisp white shirt spoke up and went back into the room he emerged from and turned on the intercom.

"Please take off your jacket and go through the gate sir." He spoke and JT complied, again the red light went off by now the rest of the guys in the large house started to follow where the sound was coming from, guns drawn in case they needed to act.

"Please take off your shoes." Again, the red light went off.

"This is absolutely ridiculous, what's next? Take off my pants and fucking underwear?"

"If there is a need, yes sir." There was a hint of humour in the guard's reply. Imari who was angry a few minutes ago, cracked a smile at the response. It would be a day where JT got naked in front of his men. He'd rather not enter the house than to be ridiculed like that.

If there was one thing that JT and Imari did well was picking his security guards, it didn't matter if you hired them, they did their job very well, they took it seriously.

"Take off your belt."

"Take off your shirt." JT again complied, he first took off his cufflink placed them on the side, then went through the metal doo, shirtless and sock footed. The greenlight popped.

The four men that were watching the entire time took his shirt and passed with it through the gates and nothing went off.

"Pass me the cufflinks." One of them mentioned and once again the red light went off.

"That's odd." The one in the back office spoke again through the intercom, now everyone was wondering why mere cufflinks would trip the alarm, they were allowed in the building. Besides JT was always wearing cufflinks with his shirts and so did Imari.

"Bring those cufflinks here guys." The guy said, he was the head of security.

A few minutes later while JT was dressed and waiting for his security men to tell him what was wrong with the cufflinks

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the head of security came back with them, rushing to where JT and Imari were holding the meeting.

"Sir you need to get out of here. There are tracking devices in your cufflinks." He told JT who stood up same time the man closed his mouth and had a look at the cufflinks.

"These are not my cufflinks..." he mentioned. He remembered because Gabrielle chose the cufflinks for him and he complained why they were green. These had black stones.

"What do you mean those are not your cufflinks?" Imari asked, his head already spinning.

Before JT could answer a voice boomed through the intercom, going into every room in the house. "There are police at the main gate, you need to get the fuck out of here." The warehouse was in an estate, there was a main gate before reaching the one-story house where most of JT's men stayed.

Abruptly everyone like they have been trained rushed down to the basement where there were several trucks that housed the drugs and had Imari's security logo on them. There about five trucks and two guys went to the front and two guys went to the back, so each truck had four men in it.



The remaining guys went to the front of the house, there they lit a fire that wouldn't come anywhere near the house but only around the yard. They had furnaces that assisted with that. Talking about smart. They doubted if the police brought fire fighters with them...

Running back inside three of the security men followed the trucks with the drugs, Imari and JT ditching the cars they came with because they were parked out front and went to the basement where their other cars were waiting for them.

Within ten minutes the house was empty, the only evidence of there ever being people in the house were the cufflinks in the lounge table where JT was instructed to leave them and the two security men who were left behind to make sure if the police made it inside, they will find no evidence of drugs, JT or Imari.

Shortly they two; when the police were parked front of the burning yard, made an exit through the secret tunnel that led them to Pretoria where they had a safe house, they could lie low at for the meantime.

"What the hell is this?" Sandra who arrived shortly after the police asked no one in particular. She was shocked by what was in front of them, everyone didn't know what to do. The aim was to burst through the doors and catch them in the act, but it now proved to be a difficult task. They were doomed.

This is the second time the secret services tasked the police force on a wild goose chase. Damn Jahzara Timber.

"They could be inside; I see two cars on the driveway... this fire is only around the edges of the yard. This is to keep us away, call for a fire squad." One of the officers shouted to his co-workers and they set to work. They couldn't do anything. The flames were getting bigger and higher, it was amazing. They couldn't walk through the fire even though they can see that it was only around the edges.

"What a security. You must really be hiding something big to take such crazy measures of security." The flames were creating an orange hue around the officers, it was like a scene in the movie. Their shocked faces, some were amused and Sandra, Sandra was impressed yet very annoyed.

This won't look good in their books; their bosses might just take the case away from them even though they have brought so much to the table.

Taking her cell phone, she stepped further back and tried to call Julia to let her know their plan seems to be falling apart but her boss didn't answer her phone. Ten more dials, Julia still did not answer her phone.

Thirty minutes later the fire squad arrived and put down the fire and the officers rushed to break down the door of the huge

one storey house and the red lights in the house went off. If an individual walked through the door, passed by the security gates and they had some kind of weapon on them only the foyer light would go off but since they broke down the door, every room in the house lit up in red. That spelled real danger.

Back at the hotel, where Julia and Jahzara earlier were exchanging saliva and rubbing each other's skin, almost sharing bodily fluids, Julia was sleeping on the bed after enjoying a nice dinner and whole bottle of champagne by herself.

After Sandra had called her to let her know they were tracking JT, she threw her phone behind the couch and hosted a party for one. What a nice party it was. She couldn't help but to think about JT and how manly and strong he was. How incredible he smelled and just how good in the sack the man really was.

She was embarrassed by her own thoughts... she wanted more of him. She really did.

The door to the hotel burst open and the raging bull that was Mr Timber walked in, angry as hell. The sight before him reddened him that he pulled Julia up from the bed by her hair.

"Ow!" she jolted up, wondering why there was a sharp pain to her scalp.

"You thought you could fucking get away with it!?" JT snarled, his eyes coming face to face with the half-asleep woman.

With the words dawning on her... she had no words for herself. She couldn't utter anything. She kept closing and opening her mouth like a fish and that only fuelled JT's rage that he increased the pressure on the hair, gripping it as hard as he could.

"You're... you're hurting me." Julia finally found words to say, she needed the man to let go of her hair or he was going to pull it out together with her scalp.

"Please, please...let go... of my ow!"

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Julia couldn't stand the pain anymore and JT wasn't letting go of her hair, so she had to do what she has been trained to do when faced with such problems, fight!

Trying to pry his hand of her hair, she was failing dismally but that was only to act weak in front of him. It hurt but she could stand the pain with the help of the adrenaline pumping into her bloodstream. Taking JT with an element of surprise, Julia poked his eyes which caused him to release the hold on her hair, setting her free. In that moment she didn't run away, instead when JT was screaming, yelling all colourful profanities because he couldn't momentarily see, Julia dropped him with a kick from the bed as she fell back on it but quickly recovered and got off.

JT recovered shortly and rose from the plush carpet in the hotel suite, anger and patches of evil dancing in his eyes. Julia awakened the monster.

Going around the bed to where Julia was standing, the woman in her clean black underwear she wore after taking a shower while waiting for her dinner, jumped on the bed to go to the other side. JT realized that she was hellbent on playing cat and mouse and he wouldn't attend that party.

"You think you're smart?" JT snarled, looking at her like a lion looking at a zebra. It had gone a few minutes after midnight and the party had just started.

"I don't think I am smart; I know I am." Her eyes had tones of fear and feistiness. She was a determined woman, and she thought she could fight her way out of this. She knew first-hand just how crazy JT was, she was inside the circle, she knew all about them, she was once a Dayo and saw everything and more. Dayo was saved from a lot of brutality that went in these men's lives, she was precious.

JT rolled his rolled his tongue between his teeth, an action he did when the monster in him has fully taken over and wanted to take one's life. At that moment his feelings for the woman did not matter, he liked her but what she did to him has forced his hand. He had to eliminate her from God's green earth.

With all his might and power JT flipped the bed and it rested against the headboard, so nothing was in between them anymore. "Let's see you get out of this one, cupcake." JT snarled, a devious smile dancing on his handsome face. He

charged towards Julia, but she blocked his punch with a punch on his face.

She hit like a woman, a trained woman. JT felt that punch to his side of the face. But before Julia could dig under him to run to the bathroom, JT caught her arm and roughly threw her on the dressing table in the room where everything on it including the champagne in the bucket fell to the ground.

Julia's stomach hurt with the impact. Growing angrier, she picked up the bottle of champagne and threw it at JT and instead of hitting his head as she hoped it would, it hit his stomach, not having much impact as he walked over to her but unfortunately for him, she had a piece of the broken champagne glass in her hand and was aiming for his face but he blocked and got his wrist sliced instead.

"You fucking bitch!" JT spat angrily and slapped her to the floor. Picked her up with her hair to only slap her again.

Julia's pretty face was red with handprints and she was starting to see stars

but she was never a quitter, she wouldn't quit not by a long shot. When JT picked her up from the floor again, she picked the dressing chair and slammed it on his head and the large man fell to the floor with an oomph.



But that didn't stop Julia, she walked over to him, with her bleeding nose from the hard slaps the man delivered and hit him with the chair until all that was left from it was the seat. JT was a hard man to beat, he wasn't man-down he just fell to the ground. There was no way he could be beaten by a woman, that would award him a free ticket to wimp-Ville. He'd be a certified wimp. But he had to admit to himself, the woman did not back down without a fight.

Julia rushed to go open the door, seeing that fighting JT alone in the small hotel room where she couldn't possibly come out alive was futile. She needed to get out of there and get help.

But she couldn't reach the door fast enough. JT pulled her back by the back of her bra strap. "We are not done sweetheart." He breathed in her ear, his nose bleeding from being hit so much with a wooden chair.

Julia pressed her back against his front until she got hold of his manhood before she could squeeze the life out of JT's balls the man threw her against the couch that was on the side of the bed.

"I don't want to kill you." JT said as she rose from the couch, wiping the blood dripping out of her nose with the back of her hand.

"Just fucking tell me why you did what you did." He was hurt as a matter of fact.

"You're just going to kill me anyway." Julia was breathing hard all the fighting was taking its toll on her. She was enough and was afraid.

"True... but let me know anyway, or I am going to kill you in the cruellest way you could ever imagine." JT promised walking over to her and knell in front of her.

She looked into his eyes and spat in his face. He carefully wiped the spit of his face and slapped her so hard she was surprised her head did not detach from her neck. That slap was a promise that he would kill her if she tried him one more time.

She didn't care for the promise the slap delivered because she punched his nose with the hand that had rings on and JT swore, he felt the bones of his nose break.

"Fuck!" he cursed and before anyone else knew it, they were back again fighting, punching, slapping, kicking, breaking things over each other, throwing each other with broken glasses and Julia knew if she was not careful enough, she was going to step on one of the glasses.

"Okay! Okay! Okay! I am sorry!" Julia gave up.

She was on the floor, ribs aching with a twisted leg. JT wasn't looking too good either with a cut hand, wrist, torn pants, bleeding nose, an aching head and a couple of aching ribs. This

woman gave him good fight, whoever trained her should be proud.

"What!?" JT asked, at least he was still standing and was still trying to fetch Julia who he threw against the wall and watched as she crawled into the wall as if it will swallow her and save her from his wrath.

"Dayo." She mentioned, almost out of breath. "She... she told me that... you have a warehouse where you... where..." she kept closing her eyes wincing in pain.

"Where I what?" JT asked, also closing his eyes to try and ease off the headache he was spotting.

"Where you keep your drugs... so I... I told my boss I can track you." She finally told him of her grand plan, but she lied on Dayo. Dayo never gave her that information, she and her team were just fishing. Which drug dealer that was a millionaire did not have a warehouse where they stashed their drugs?

"Dayo? My doctor?" he was in disbelief. Sure, Dayo had teamed up with a cop as she was blackmailed, she told him herself when he bound her to a chair. She never even once mentioned Julia and her dealings their dealings together.

"I am going to kill that Zim girl!" before JT could drag himself out, a knock resounded on the door, and it sounded urgent.

"Hotel manager open up!" a voice boomed from outside.

JT looked at Julia who couldn't stand by herself. If the manager walked in on them, he was going to call the police on them and only one person was going to be arrested.

"You better not try anything stupid." He roughly picked her up and slammed his lips on hers and she responded, realizing that they wanted to pretend like they were having rough sex to excuse the mess they made.

The door flung open and two men appeared by their side only to be met by JT whipping out his manhood against Julia's bare womanhood who was pushed against the wall in JT's strong arms.

"Uhm so sorry." The men retracted their steps until they couldn't see the couple. "We were told of the noise coming out of this room like people were fighting, apologies for bursting in. But be warned if anything broke in this hotel room you will pay for it." The man who was the manager told them.

"Get. The. Fuck. Out." JT snarled and, in that instance, his dick drove into Julia's garage.

"When I am done with you, I am going to find that good doctor of mine... and kill her."

**Sunday** morning arrived and Gabrielle who was now a resident in Imari's house was not home when Dayo and Lydia decided to go walk in the garden. Imari didn't come home either, but he did call Lydia to let her know he wouldn't be coming in. That did not stop Dayo from putting on a show because she knew that Imari had cameras installed in his house, she just wasn't sure which ones.

Lydia enjoyed sleeping over at the rich man's house. The house had everything she could only ever dream of having.

Still dressed in their night wear, Lydia looped her arm around Dayo's in case there were cameras outside, no one would notice that Dayo was fine and that she could talk with so much sense. "So, what is the plan Dee?" Lydia asked. "I know you have told me bits and pieces about these people being criminals, but I want the raw truth."

"I don't mind telling you everything Lydia." Dayo spoke softly through gritted teeth to avoid opening her lips too much in case the cameras caught her. "Just not here. You need to take me back to my apartment today."

"What will I tell them? What reason could I possibly have of wanting to take away a mentally disturbed person from the comfort of a home where she is being taken care of?"

"A mentally disturbed person?" Dayo was touched by that. "I am not crazy."

"You haven't seen yourself; you are mental, and it is scary. No wonder Gabrielle is always gone leaving me with you." Dayo silently laughed at that. She was that good and she was proud of herself.

"Listen these people are drug dealers, they run a crazy cartel right here. All they do whole day is sell drugs and kill whoever crosses them. And when they get harmed physically, I have to assist them by force." She revealed to Lydia who stopped walking, her mind absorbing the information spoken in a few words but had a huge impact.

"Dayo! Are you being serious right now?"

"You wanted to know." Dayo confirmed. "So right now, you need to pack up the little I have here and take me back to my apartment plus they are not here. I will gladly give you details when I get there."

Lydia was still stunned but she understood why Dayo was doing all that she was doing. Poor woman must be scared out of her mind. Lydia heard of drug dealers, she watched the news, she was on social media, she read newspapers, it is known that they lived amongst drug dealers, but she never thought she could be so close to them.

She always wondered how much night clubs made to afford the owners such luxuries. Gabrielle's social feeds were stunning, borderline luxurious. She travelled in style, dined and wined in style and neverminded the clothes she wore, luxurious brands only.

She was envious of the life but now that she knew how they got by and live such a life; she wanted no part of it.

"Okay, I will help you." Lydia agreed.

"Then please book a ticket to Harare as soon as you can. I am going home, rather I go plough mealies there and be poor than to always look over my shoulders." Dayo finished and was relieved that Lydia decided to help her. It was a given because the woman kept coming back to the house.

Packing Dayo's bag after showering and changing into proper clothes, Lydia left a message on Gabrielle's phone, telling her she thought it would be a good idea to take Dayo back to a place she was most familiar with to help her ease out of the mind lock she was in.

Requesting for a cab, the two ladies left to Dayo's place and even in the unknown car, Dayo kept up with the façade. With the time she has spent with Imari, Gabrielle and JT she knew never to underestimate them. They were well connected and somehow always knew what was going on around them.

Arriving to her place, Dayo was relieved to see what she called her humble abode. The place still screamed Imari as she didn't change anything about it, but it felt like home to her.

"What happened here?" she asked, noticing shattered glass in the hallway.

"It probably fell..." Lydia commented. She didn't want Dayo to over stress, thinking someone broke into her apartment.

While Lydia set to find Dayo a flight to Zimbabwe

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Dayo went to check if everything was as she left it.

"Dayo, I need your phone please. I've used your number to get a verification code..." Lydia called out to her.

Hearing about her cell phone, Dayo reached inside her handbag and switched the phone on. It has been off for quite some time and she wasn't surprised with the number of messages pinging in. Prudence Cooper was the popular one, followed by Julia and Patrick who again for selfish reasons only wanted his prescriptions. Dayo wanted nothing to do with him anymore, she overheard Gabrielle and Imari talk about how he was involved in the hot mess and she couldn't believe her own brother did that to her.



"Oh, here's your message." Dayo gave Lydia her phone then retreated to her bedroom to pack up all her belongings. All that she came with to South Africa two months ago.

As she was busy doing what she needed to do, Lydia managed to get her a flight departing that very same night. It was by luck that she found an airline that had five seats left. It was departing at half past seven in the evening and it was only eleven o'clock in the morning.

"You have six hours to get ready."

"Six hours? That's a long time but it's okay. I just need to pack up here and leave to your place so I can leave from there to the airport." Dayo's eyes showed nothing but fear. She was in too deep and was ready to tap out of the drug life. It wasn't for her. She was too weak for it and too good of a person to be consumed by it.

"Okay, I need to go to Shoprite to send my little sister money, but I will be back then we can go to my place."

"Why? Can't you wait till we get to your place?"

"No, it's always full that side and the queues are crazy, this side is a lot quieter. I will be back shortly." Lydia took her bag and left, leaving Dayo to finish packing up.

Back at Imari's place, he had just returned from Pretoria after a crazy night of having to run from the police with trucks full of

nothing but cocaine. It was a sport, but he was glad that they made it home safe and no one was injured or arrested.

He had come home to check on Dayo, grab a quick shower and maybe something to eat before returning to Pretoria to formulate a plan on how to move the drugs to another safe place.

He was surprised to find no one in the house, no Dayo, no Lydia, no maid, no Gabrielle and no note or even a message on his cell. Calling Gabrielle, he soon found out that Dayo was at her place with Lydia.

"Dayo is a popular girl today huh? First it was Jahzara looking for her now you, Lydia is taking good care of her. She just wanted her to be at a familiar place to help her." Gabrielle disclosed to Imari.

He wondered why JT wanted Dayo and where the hell he was because he left them alone in Pretoria to deal with the mess created by his stupid cufflinks.

Switching on the tablet that was hooked to the apartment's security footage, he switched all the rooms that had cameras on which were the kitchen, the lounge, the office and the hallway. As promised, he had turned off the cameras in her bedroom.

Turning around to make coffee he heard sounds from the table, like someone was cursing and what a shock of his life.

Dayo clutched her knee, as if she had hit the corner of the table that housed vases and some ornaments on the hallway. For a few seconds she crouched there, then rose to drag her travelling case behind her to the lounge. That's when Imari noticed her travelling bags on the couch but what was even more shocking was watching her open kitchen drawers, walking up and down the hallways and returning with more of her stuff.

The woman he has been accustomed to the past week had vanished. There she was looking lively. Not the zombie she has been at his house.

"What the fuck?" something bubbled inside of him, could be anger, could be hurt but whatever it was caused him to switch off his coffee machine and picked up his car keys to go get answers from the dark skinned beauty who possibly could be a scam artist.

He wanted answers and he wanted them immediately.

**"Cooper!"** Moses Banda called out Prudence who was in the canteen at the station making coffee. The woman was back in the team with a tail between her legs because she couldn't deliver. In her defence she needed more than a month to nail JT and the gang.

"Yes chief." She turned around with a fake smile plastered on her face. Ever since she returned to the the force, she has been a sarcastic little fellow, annoying everyone she worked with.

"There is someone who sent me an email last night claiming they have worked for Jahzara Timber at the club and they have the information we need to nail him." The old man told her, perking her interest.

"The young man left me his cell phone number and had asked that I don't involve anyone else on this case, he doesn't trust anyone."

Prudence wondered who it could be, but anything to nail those bastards, she was game for it. "Okay, should you even be telling me this?" she asked.

"Well, since I booted you out of your mission you have been a pain in everyone's ass so I thought it will do you and me some good that you take lead on this one. Besides, if there is anyone who genuinely wants to see that man pay for all his sins is you."

The chief explained to her, causing her to genuinely smile. Even though he called her a 'pain in the ass' which she knew she was, she was happy.

There was nothing she ever wanted to do like nailing Jahzara Timber. It was her main goal in life, and she was going to make sure it happens.

"So, I will email you everything you need to know about this Leslie man, and you take it from there." When the chief mentioned Leslie, prudence almost choked on her coffee.

"Leslie?" she asked. She hasn't heard from him in a while. The man moved out of his apartment as soon as he was fired from the club and never even bothered to call her or anything. Not that she liked him romantically, the sex wasn't bad but at least some decency to tell the person you're sleeping with that you're planning to leave town.

"Yeah, do you know him?"

"Yeah, he used to work at the club."

"What happened to him?"

"I don't know chief, but I think he was fired."

"He got fired... I wonder what he did. Contact him and find out everything you can that could help us bury this case once and for all. This man has a score to settle so you need to tread

carefully and offer him security while at it. We need him alive." The chief then left the woman alone.

What Mr Banda did not know was that Prudence could no longer get the intel as she too was fired. Luckily for her, Banda pulled the strings when he realized every time she called in the police, the drug dealers beat them to it and cleaned up their mess before police could arrive. The old man could no longer play with states resources, so he pulled the plug on the undercover mission.

Prudence wondered where Leslie was and why he suddenly wanted to spill all the dirt he has on the gang. This should be exciting.

A Sunday afternoon, a showered JT dressed in his signature wear, a suit with a killer pair of shoes that could cover one's tuition fee dangerously walked to his car that was parked outside his nightclub. He spent almost all his time at the club, if he wasn't at the club you had to call and ask where he was as the man was never home. He had no business being home. Just as he reached his car, a tall and very dark man with pink lips walked over to him smelling like cheap perfume. He had chains around his neck, rings on all ten of his fingers.

"Uhh can I help?" JT asked, sizing the man up and down. By then he had thought of more than two ways he could kill the man if he tried anything funny.

"Yes." The man's voice was deep, way too deep for JT who had to do a double take wondering if he was hearing right. That was a one deep scary voice for sure. "Put a leash on your puppies because if I find one them sniffing through my garbage again, I will kill them." The threat was so clear to JT, the strange man meant business.

"I am sorry, what the fuck are you talking about man?" JT asked.

The man softly chuckled. "Listen you are a well-respected man; you sell top quality product, so I don't understand why your little puppies are interfering with my business."

"What business is that?" "Pain killers."

"Man my men only sell dope around these streets we don't deal with pain killers. Excuse me, I need to get going." JT went to open the door of his car, but the man closed it, causing JT to narrow his eyes into thin slits, an action he did when ticked off and about to eat someone alive.

"Get that fucking Patrick Luka out of my business or I will kill him and that sister of his that supplies him with prescriptions, and I am not joking, I am not laughing." The man then walked away, getting into the backseat of a car that parked in front of JT's car.

The caramel complexioned man remained confused by what had just happened, and it was at that moment that he figured out who had kidnapped Dayo. It was this man. He wanted to teach Patrick a lesson.

"Seems like we will be burying siblings today." JT tsked before getting into his Cadillac escalade and driving off to Imari's old place where Dayo was currently at.

Dayo was waiting for Lydia to come back who was still at Shoprite. Unfortunately for her, the Shoprite that side was also a little full, so she had to join the long queue, causing Dayo's anxiety to skyrocket. She was uneasy about being in that place. What if Imari came back home early and decided to come and check her? How will they explain the bags? How will she manage to outsmart him by running away to the airport?

What if by then Julia would be hot on her tail? Or Prudence Cooper? That woman still sent her text messages with threats. She had to leave the country; it was by now the only option she had. She was not looking back, she'd get another job, her old hospital was sad to see her leave they might take her back. She needed greener pastures, they understood when she left but unfortunately for her, the grass was not greener on the other side.

She thought back when she made the conscious decision to uproot her life to join her brother in this Country. After visiting



her brother once in a blue moon and having fun, she realized all she ever needed was her brother and together they will beat the odds. How wrong she was, not only was her brother a drug dealer but the only time they ever spoke was when he needed his prescriptions and nothing more.

The caring man he used to be when she came to visit was long gone and she realized it was all a façade. The man didn't care about her, she was holding on a dream. A dream that could never come true.

She thought of Imari, their relationship... if she could call it a relationship. The man was caring no doubt, the sex was mind blowing, out of this world, his caring side warmed her heart, his smile tugged at her heart strings. He fed her and always wanted to be by her side. Although they haven't been intimate for a couple of weeks now, she still felt his presence. The man unnerved her. There was something about him that wanted her to confess everything to him before leaving, but another part of her wanted to confess everything to him and stay with him and for him.

But she couldn't, she wasn't safe at all. There was no telling what the man would do once he finds out that she has been scheming with Julia and Prudence so they could lock them up and she be set free of them or what he will do when he finds out that she faked her trauma.

She has seen first-hand what they were capable of and she did not want to be at the receiving end of their wrath.

Imari might not kill her on the spot, but JT would gut her inside and out and hang whatever remains on a pole without batting an eyelash.

Going back to the bedroom, she checked her adjoining bathroom to see if she wasn't leaving anything behind, then the bedroom followed by the office and just as she went to check the kitchen, a knock resounded on the door.

"Oh finally." She rushed to the door opening it with much enthusiasm. "What took you so..." words stuck at her throat as she realized who was standing on the other side of the door. Her heart began to hammer wildly against her rib cage, fear settling in her being.

"Surprised to see me?" he asked, a smirk on his face.

"Uh... I..." something in her told her to close the door on his face and lock it but before she could slam it shut, he put his hand between, stopping the door from closing.

"Not so fast."

**Recap:**

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Dayo couldn't believe her eyes, she didn't think either one of them will come to her apartment that soon. What was with her that kept on causing these men to always want he close by? She couldn't understand at all. All she wanted on that day, was to pack all her belongings and take a flight back home. She didn't need all the drama, it wasn't necessary.

"And didn't they say that you're mental? What is all this?" The last man she hoped to see asked her. By now she had stepped slowly back to towards the couch, afraid of being anywhere near the man.

She wasn't sure what he will do, but he did not come to her to play games.

"I..." her mouth ran dry, she had no words to utter, she couldn't even defend herself. Suddenly she was tongue tied and suffering from brain malfunction.

"You know, on my way here I wondered what is that I was going to do to you." He began the speech walking slowly towards her. She could hear her heart hammer against her chest, it was deafening, she was scared out of her mind.

Deep in her being she was blaming Lydia for leaving her alone, she was also cursing Lydia's sister for wanting money during her time of need. She should have listened to her gut, she should have left with Lydia, rather she waits at a coffee shop or restaurant nearby for the woman for finish up. But a silly part of her thought that no one was going to start their new day by looking for her. Oh, how wrong she was.

"When I first met you, you were so talkative, so blunt, damn sarcastic and fucking rude. Now you can't talk?" he asked again, his eyes boring into hers. He could tell she was scared and had no escape plan. She was going to make it easy for him.

"Wha... what do... what do you want?" she asked, finally finding words to say.

He let out a chuckle, a menacing chuckle. "What do I want? Let's see..." he sat on the armchair of the couch, facing her, seeming calm. "I want you to tell me why you did what you did and I will kill you fast... if you don't tell me shit, I am going to torture you until you succumb to death as I watch."

The promise of death was in his eyes, she knew he wasn't lying. But what exactly did she do that warranted him to want to kill her? All she did was fake her trauma and conjure up with cops... oh that could be it she thought. She kept forgetting how stupid she has been with getting in bed with the cops. Now she was face to face with the devil, alone.

"I don't understand." She played dumb, she wanted to hear from the horse's mouth exactly what it was that he wanted to kill her for. As much as she was scared for her life, she still had to use a part of her brain that was still functioning.

"Is that a trick question?" he was a lot calmer than she knew him to be. It was terrifying, she really felt like this was the day she was going to die by the hand of a drug dealer. This was not how she imagine herself leaving earth.

She always hoped she'd sleep peacefully in her bed and never wake up.

"No... I don't know what you mean."

"Why are your bags all packed up? Where are you going? What are you running from?" he asked, taking note of her bags by the couch.

"I don't think that's any of your business, but I am going back home." She truthfully answered, shocking him by how honest she was. He thought she'd say she was temporarily moving out of the place.

"Mhm! Running away from our sins, are we?" he stood up, tired of being patient with the woman. "I did not come here for some idle chit-chat." When he started walking towards her, she took a couple of steps back to hit a wall.

"Please... leave me alone or I will scream." She threatened him.

"Why are you running from me if you don't know what you did?" he asked, still taking predatory steps towards her. It didn't help that he was a tall, large man with muscles that were ripped and showing through the clothes he wore.

"Because you're playing with a knife and been telling me you want to kill me. What did I do?" she tried to move to the side

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so she could be able to run to her bedroom, but he quickly blocked her path, and put his large hand on her throat, softly pushing her back into the wall.

"You told the cops that I have a warehouse where I stash my drugs at." JT spoke through gritted teeth, his cold eyes boring into her scared brown orbs.

"I di... I didn't do that. Which cops, when?" Dayo frantically asked, nothing making sense to her. Hell, she was playing a mental patient from being kidnapped, when did she get the luxury of talking to cops?

JT pressed a little, putting pressure that Dayo could hardly breathe properly. She inhaled sharply, her hands trying to pry JT's large hand off her.

"Of course, you wouldn't agree that you did. Which ever traitor ever admitted to betraying you, huh?" he was almost screaming in her face. "I trusted you, I took you to my fucking warehouse, I opened up my house to you, I paid a million rand for your stupid medical supplies and you repay me by snitching on me?" by now the anger had clouded his judgement, he was pressing to her throat harder than before, blocking her wind pipe.

Dayo was making gagging sounds, her face burning up at the lack of oxygen going to her head. She was no match against JT, her little hands couldn't get his one large hand off her neck.

"You're a scum, a traitor and I don't have a place for such people in my team." JT spoke all the while ignoring the fact that

Dayo was trying to help herself but failing. He was cutting her air and blood supply to her head and if he had carried on for one more minute, Dayo was going to get buried soon.

Just then the main door of the apartment opened and in marched Imari whose eyes fell to the bags before he saw JT holding Dayo against the wall, her feet barely touching the ground with her eyes opening and closing as she struggled to breathe.

"Let go Jahzara!" Imari jumped over to them and pushing JT off her with all his might. "Are you fucking crazy?" Imari asked him, ignoring Dayo who fell to the ground, drawing as much needed air as possible.

"You could have killed her!"

"That was the plan. See this precious little bitch of yours is the reason why the police came to the warehouse last night." JT angrily spat. "Because of her, my whole operation could have been shut down and we be locked up for life. Do you get me Imari? All because of her!"

"Jahzara... you left your house in green cufflinks, arrived at the warehouse in black ones... how did that happen? Did Dayo swap your cufflinks?" Imari asked. Just as they were rushing out of the warehouse the previous night, JT disclosed how he left the house with green stoned cufflinks.



Imari has been pondering over that for a while and the only logical explanation he had was that JT must have taken them off somewhere and they were swapped.

"No, but she gave the person who swapped them information."

"Who?"

"None ya damn business."

"It is my business because we could have been arrested, our whole production could be up in smokes right now and all because of you. So now if you're going to blame Dayo at least give me the whole story before killing her." Imari spat.

The last part caused panic to surge through Dayo's body. Now Imari wanted JT to kill her too? Who was going to save her now? Who was going to show her mercy? Who was going to protect her?

"Julia swapped my cufflinks." JT admitted. "And it's because doctor here has been feeding her with all the right information she needed."

"Wait... Julia? My Julia?" Imari asked. "You slept with her again?" Imari was not an idiot. How could cufflinks be swapped without JT taking them off? And the man was so organized that he wouldn't randomly take them off, he must have taken all his clothes off.

"Oh, come on Imari, she's your ex. Get over it."

"Because of you! Get out!" Imari ordered. "Get out JT or I will make you."

JT picked up his pocketknife and stuffed it in his pocket. "This isn't over. That bitch has to die, you either do it or I will." He left them alone, angry as fuck.

Imari looked at Dayo who was still crouching on the floor, fear marring her beautiful face. It was by some miracle or she must have dusted some voodoo powder on his head because she still looked so beautiful like the first time he saw her.

Helping her up he made her seat on the couch, went to the kitchen to get her some water.

"Thank you." She replied in a very tiny voice.

"Drink up so you can start talking. And this time if you lie to me, you are on your own." Imari told her. "I am sick and tired of your lies and your schemes. If what comes out of your mouth is more lies... JT won't be the end of you, I will be and that my dear is a promise I am going to keep. You think you know me... but you don't even have the slightest clue." Imari's threat caused her blood to run cold, his eyes that used to be warm were so cold and seemed foreign to her.

She had no idea indeed what he was capable of. He has done a good job with hiding his bad side from her and only showed the good side and she took advantage of it.

"I don't have time, drink up and start talking."

**"I don't know what you want me to tell you."** Dayo who was a lot calmer than how Imari found her spoke, settling on the couch to feel comfortable.

She couldn't believe that she almost died a few minutes ago, JT was a crazy man, totally mental and she wanted out of his life, out of the drug life. She was not meant to die like that, she was too much of a good person to be killed like she did not matter.

Imari, in his chocolate glory but looking dishevelled as he did not sleep wink since last night stared at her with his darkened orbs. He was getting ticked off and Dayo could see the veins on his neck threatening to pop.

"Okay... I will tell you." She spoke again realizing that Imari wasn't here to play games with her.

"That will help you." He replied.

"But first you need to keep an open mind about this."

"You don't get to tell me shit. I don't need to keep an open mind on shit."

*Ouch.* She felt that reply, the Imari that smiled and gave her kisses during the day, that held her when they slept at night was not present in the room. Imari the drug dealer was, and he wanted answers. The sweet man who always begged her to talk

to him, to be open with him was gone and she was coming to the realization that either she told him everything or she was going to be on her own to face JT's wrath.

"Remember when I told you that Prudence Cooper is a cop and that she roped me in so she can arrest JT?" she asked, not knowing how to start the story.

"I said talk, don't ask me shit."

The man was on a roll and she was feeling uncomfortable to the last degree. She has never seen this side of him, he was right when he said she didn't know who he was.

"Well I wanted out of this life, I didn't want to be surrounded by criminals all the time, watching over my back wondering when will the police knock on my door and arrest me or sent me back home. They will probably arrest me; I mean why wouldn't they..." Dayo began to talk. All she said, Imari already knew. When he had her kidnapped, she spilled the beans and she had a sense of déjà vu. It hasn't been long that she was honest about what she has been up to, the only difference now was that there was no decaying body next to her forcing her to talk, only Imari who resembled a big, scary black wolf was looking intently at her.

"So, I also teamed up with Julia, I lied and said she was my friend because she told me to, also because she promised she wont touch you only JT."

"So, you believed her?" He asked, seeming annoyed.

"What would you have me do? I was backed up against a corner here. The woman knew everything about me, even my schoolteachers and my grandmother! I am not South African; I did what I had to do okay? Don't judge me." The old Dayo who was not a walkover or pushover was slowly emerging.

"I am not judging you; I am simply just pointing out your stupidity."

"My stupidity? Are you hearing yourself? Would you rather I risk my life? Would you rather I get jailed Imari?" she asked, anger bubbling inside of her. No matter how scared she was of Imari, she couldn't just sit and listen to him insult her. What she did was what anyone who was in her situation would have done.

"I warned you not to work for JT but because you loved your asshole of a brother so much you went ahead and joined forces with a crazy dangerous man. Even so, I was there... I looked out for you every step, everyday there was someone with you, I took care of you... I asked you to always come to me, to always be honest with me so I can protect you because believe it or

not it's not by luck that we just never got arrested. We know what we are doing, and you need to either be dumb or stupid to trust the police than us. Because the police don't run the show, we do. The police can't protect you, we can."

Dayo was lost for words. With all that she has witnessed since arriving to the country, what the man has said was true. Somehow, they always managed to overpower the police. Just when the police think they have them, they slipped right through their fingers like wet soap.

"Well I didn't know you well enough to put my life in your hands."

"Mhm! But you knew me well enough to sleep with me repeatedly huh?" the man was skiing on ice. He was too cold for her and she just couldn't take it anymore.

"That's not fair, it's not the same."

"Is it? Why would you sleep with someone you did not trust willingly? Are you crazy? Or were you sleeping with me to get information for your little friends? Is that it?" he asked, now realizing it must have been the case. "Is that it?"

"No." her reply was not convincing because it was partly true. There was no way she was going to admit that to him. "No, okay? I like you... I slept with you because I like you." She admitted. Oh, but she did, she liked him deeply. There was no

explaining what the man made her feel, it was dangerous and thrilling at the same time.

"Have you told Julia about me? What we do?" the way he asked about Julia, it made her remember how he addressed her as his when he was arguing with JT.

"Why did you call her yours?" she asked, her voice timid.

"Sorry?"

"You were arguing with JT and you said, 'my Julia'... why? what is she to you?"

Imari stood up and walked around the couch to lean on it.

"That was nothing, forget I said shit."

"I am sorry, but I can't." Dayo stood up too. "You just can't forget something like that. I don't want to find myself coming second to another woman in your life."

Imari looked at her from the roof of his long lashes and smirked

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a deadly yet sexy smirk. "Bold of you to think that you will still be in my life."

**JT had just arrived at his house after Gabrielle had summoned him home.** "This better be good Gabby because I have urgent things to attend to."



"Maybe it is, maybe it isn't, either way you can't say no."

Gabrielle welcomed him by the foyer soon as she heard his car pull up. The lady was dressed in her Sunday best, looking like she was going somewhere.

"Glad to see you in a suit, we are going to have late lunch with our parents." She smiled at him as she watched him scowl.

"Hell no! The next time I see those people is when I will be putting a bullet through one of them's head." JT refused and tried to walk past Gabrielle who stopped him.

"I said you can't say no, besides I called them, they are expecting us."

"Well call them again and tell them no, we are not coming. Next thing they poison us! Fuck that, I am not going."

"Jahzara, we need to go talk to those people. Besides, they owe us. I haven't forgotten that we are in a financial mess because of them, and I don't have a salon because of them. So now, you're going to be a good big brother and come with me so we can get the information we need from those two and we decide how the fuck we are going to make them pay. I mean they still millionaires, who knows they might wake up to zero million in their bank." Gabrielle winked at JT before walking out of the house, leading the way.

JT knew his sister was a hardcore criminal at heart but he never thought she'd do something like that to their parents. He was happy to go to the stupid lunch with her, if they were going to pay for causing havoc in his life.

Arriving to their parents' house, only their mother was happy to see her children, Shona was indifferent. He kissed Gabrielle's cheek and ignored JT completely.

"Don't mind your father kids... he's in a funk." Their mother ushered them to the dining room where lunch was served.

Gabrielle was busy working her magic on her mother, softening her up while she asked all necessary questions she will need to get her hands on their money, at the same time she was making her mother feel guilty for not even attempting to visit them.

"We are your children; you don't always have to get dad's permission to visit us." JT joined in on the conversation, annoying Shona.

"Well at least she listens to me, she knows all I do for this family is because I care."

"Well did you care when –" JT was cut off by Gabrielle kicking his shin under the table.

"We get it dad, ever since we cut Rotimi out of our lives, it's been a mess." JT narrowed his eyes at his sister, wondering what game she was playing at.

"Well thanks to your big-headed brother, Rotimi wants nothing to do with me, he is now friends with Kojo. See I warned you that you can't kill a man's brother, sleep with his fiancé and keep him in your business. You don't listen." Shona rumbled as he shoved a big piece of steak in his mouth.

"What are you talking about? Killed which man?" Gabrielle asked, confused.

"Oh, my sweet, sweet little girl. Your brother here, killed Imari's brother, that is why Kojo Brown wants nothing to do with me or my family. Right now, word on the street is that he is in business with Rotimi... soon he and his son will be reunited, and they will uproot your little empire." Shona was enjoying this a little too much. He wanted to teach his son a lesson that without him he was nothing.

"The fuck are you talking about old man?" JT asked.

"Language Jahzara!" Their mother scolded him.

"Fuck that, I want to know what the fuck he is talking about. Imari is working with his father and Rotimi to bring me down?"

"Yup!"

"Wait a minute, you killed Elam Jahzara?" Gabrielle turned to look at her brother, confusion dancing in her clear eyes. "You killed Elam?"

JT had forgotten how close Gabrielle and Elam were and a part of him knew he had killed Elam because he broke Gabrielle's virginity. He made it seem like a drug burst gone wrong but his father, Kojo and Imari knew the truth. JT did not think the Browns knew the truth.

"No, it was an accident like we all know. I just left him there, running for my life." JT tried to explain but his heart was beating wild.

"Why should I believe you hey?" he turned to his father.

"believe me, don't believe me... I don't care. You chose your people and it wasn't me your own father. So there!" Shona spoke. "This is some delicious steak my lovely wife." He complimented his wife's cooking and she blushed, mumbling a small thank you.

"Yeah mom, this lunch was great, but I have to go." Gabrielle stood up and took Jahzara's car keys and left without listening to the protesting voices. Just as she reached the car, JT was hot on her heel.

"Gabby, what's going on?"

"You killed Elam, JT.... You killed the love of my life. My only brother that I love so, so, so much..." tears pooled in her eyes.  
"...killed the love of my life."

Dayo and Imari stood in a starring contest, one with flaming anger dancing in his eyes and one with utmost hurt.

What was she excepting? That after all she has don, all will be well? That would be a foolish assumption. What she has done is not easy to forgive but can be forgivable.

"I hear you, loud and clear." She spoke up after his crude remark. She walked over to her bags, one by one she picked them up. Two of those she will need to drag or push out and the rest she could just hoister them her shoulders.

"If you are picking your bags up to go put them in my car, by all means be my guest." Imari told her.

She turned around, rolling her bottom lip in her mouth. "Man, what do you want? I am asking you to forgive me and give me another chance you blatantly refused, so I am picking my bags up because I have a flight to catch. I am going back home."

"You don't get it do you?" he asked, walking slowly towards her. "You don't get to dictate how this goes. What I say goes. You think you can walk in and out of my life as you please? No mam. You are coming with me back to my house and that's that." Imari's stance was threatening. Dayo had to swallow hard before she could open her mouth again.

"That's not fair... I am my own person; I make my own decision. Besides..." she took a breath in between her words. The look in Imari's eyes was dark, enticing but dark and scary. "You're the one who said I needed to go back."

"That was a long time ago." He was now in her space, breathing the air she blew out. "That was before you became mine."

"I..." Dayo was confused. Imari was toying with her. One minute he was shutting her world down, telling her there is no way she would still be in his life but the next minute he was calling her his. Mix the fear with confusion and you have a small game of combustion within the dark and gorgeous Harare born and bred woman.

She felt butterflies flutter in her stomach with how he claimed her to be his. But she was confused by what he meant by that.

She could smell him, he looked dishevelled, like he never slept a wink however he was still very handsome in her eyes. How she felt about him a month ago, couple of weeks, she still felt it at that very moment.

In her turmoil of emotions, she felt soft lips land on hers. His breath fanned all over her face and she could not help but to close her eyes and relished in the moment. The kiss was feather light, it was as if she had imagined it.

When she opened her eyes, Imari was a couple of feet away from her, her suitcases in his possession. "Let's go. And cancel your flight while you are at it. I will reimburse you."

"Does this mean that you have forgiven me?" she asked watching as he strode to the door.

"No. It doesn't mean that. I just want you to do something for me then maybe I will." With that he did not leave room for arguments.

Dayo was more than confused but alas she followed the man out of the door. As soon as the elevator reached the ground floor, Lydia was about to enter, to go up to her apartment.

"Hey! Sorry I took so long; the queue was crazy, and I couldn't lea... Imari hi." She hadn't noticed the man standing next to Dayo until the look in Dayo's eyes directed her. Her heart was beating frantically, she was afraid of the man more so because she now knew what is it that he did for a living.

"Mhm! So, you are the person who miraculously cured my precious doc here huh?" The look in Imari's eyes was hard, no playfulness in sight however playful his words were.

"Uhh I don't... what?" Lydia was mumbling, closing, and opening her mouth without coherent words coming out.

"Excuse us." One of the tenants in the building with two toddlers asked to use the elevator, forcing Imari and Dayo to



step out of it and fully give Lydia the attention she did not want.

"Dayo give your friend money for a cab back home, the sight of her makes me angry." Imari decided to let it go. "I opened my house to her but in turn she stabs me in the fucking back." He spat angrily. "Let me tell you something for free lady, no one dares cross Imari Brown and lives to tell the tale you got me?"

Lydia nodded quickly, feeling like any moment she could pee her pants. Dayo fished for money in her purse and handed Lydia a couple of hundred rand notes so she could catch a cab back home.

Dayo mouthed the words 'I'm sorry' and made a hand signal to show Lydia that she will call her to explain.

"Did you have to threaten her?" Dayo asked as soon as she was settled in Imari's car.

"Hey! I haven't slept a damn wink, I haven't eaten, I have a fucking headache, don't fucking talk to me." Imari cut her before she could start throwing her weight around. He made her angry, how he was treating her, it was as if she was his subordinate and he was the master.

The car ride was silent, filled with an angry silence. Imari felt stupid for falling for Dayo, he did not understand why his heart could not be angry at her. He did not want her to leave the

country, he wanted her with him, everywhere he went, he wanted her in the same bed he slept on at night

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even after all she had done to him. And that, that pissed him off.

When Julia slept with JT, he did not even hold his breath for a weak apology that was going to fly his way. He simply packed all her bags and held them by the door when she came over, locked changed and all. He was through with it and no number of apologies could make him forgive her. But Dayo... damn Dayo.

"I am going to shower, please prepare lunch or order it, please." He said to her the minute he dropped the bags in the guest room, clearly indicating where they stood with each other.

"Imari I am sorry." She had to apologize one more time, she did not want to sleep in the guest bedroom. She wanted to sleep in the same room he slept in.

Imari looked at her and decided she was not worth the time. He did not want to end up saying things he'd come to regret.

Later in the evening, when he was fully recharged; bathed, ate and had took a nap he walked downstairs his phone pressed to

his ear talking to Jackson about moving the drugs to a different location without JT's knowledge.

"How do you propose I do that boss? Some of these gents are loyal to JT, you know that." Jackson said to him through the phone.

"It's simple Jay, you gotta buy their silence, if they aren't down with that, then silence them. I need to get the show rolling, time is not on my side." Imari instructed coming face to face with Dayo who was holding the clone phone in her hand, anger flashing over her soft features.

"Listen jay, I will hit you up later." Imari cut the call as soon as he realized Dayo's phone was on the counter right next to her. He had forgotten about the stupid phone.

"I can explain." He started as he approached her, keeping a safe distance.

"Mhm! I am glad that you didn't wait for me to ask you what the fuck this is." Her eyes were narrowed into thin slits. It was already dark outside and she was in the kitchen trying to see what she could cook for dinner as a means of apology when suddenly a phone kept vibrating in the drawer, weird enough when her phone was beeping with messages, the phone in the drawer vibrated too.

Out of curiosity she fished for the phone, no passcode on it only to be shocked by seeing the same messages between herself and Lydia pop up on the strange phone. It did not take a genius to figure out that it was cloned phone... she just wanted to know why.

"Look, you were being cagey with me, you came to stay with me without a reason. You didn't want to stay here; you were running from something, so I wanted to know what it was since you weren't going to tell me." Imari told her the truth.

"I was going to tell you."

"That's a lie and you know it."

"How do you know it's a lie?" she asked, knowing very well she hadn't planned on telling him the truth out of fear of him killing her.

"Because you were about to fucking take a flight back to Harare today without as much a goodbye. That's the kind of person you are. You hide things from me, you manipulate situations, you conspire behind people's back to hurt them. So, I did what I had to do." Now he was livid, and she could see it in his eyes. Whereas she thought he'd now come begging for forgiveness the situation flipped and she had to be the bad guy, all over again.

"That's not... I am not like that. And I am sorry I caused all of this between us. But you need to believe me when I said, my intentions were never to hurt you but to keep me safe."

"I know... but I am going to need your help to put everyone at ease."

"Okay... anything, I will do anything to help you so you can forgive me."

"Good, I need you to -" they were disturbed by the front door opening and closing. Footsteps approaching the lounge where you could see from the kitchen.

It was Gabrielle who had not notice Dayo and Imari in the kitchen looking at her. She took off her shoes and wiped her face off tears that could not stop pouring.

"Hey Gabby, are you alright?" Imari asked, approaching her.

She turned to look up at him, then she noticed Dayo who was also approaching her. "Hey... you are fine? How did this happen?" She was confused.

"She was faking it all along, story for another day why are you crying? Whose balls am bursting tonight?" he asked, concern reigning all over him. He cared a great deal about Gabrielle.

"Mama what's going on, come on tell me."

Gabrielle let out a strangled chuckle while sniffing. She sat down and looked up at Imari, her nose was red, the lipstick

she had on was one shade from being completely wiped off, her eyeliner was threatening to smudge. "Jahzara..." she managed to say.

"What did he do now? Tell me what he did so I will go and square up with him right now."

"My dad says... my dad says that, my dad says that Jahzara killed... e...la...mm" she could not finish her sentence without breaking down.

And that sentence caused Imari's blood to run cold. So, Shona knew what his son did. It was time he put his plan to reign terror on JT's life in motion.

"Shhh." Imari held Gabrielle against his chest while rubbing her back in a soothing manner. His eyes looking afar with nothing but anger and hurt.

**Imari** lay awake on a Monday morning, his mind far away from his house. His body was there but his mind was jumping from where Jackson and the millions worth of drugs were to when Malike was planning to host Kenneth at a do so they could end his miserable life then finally to Gabrielle who once again slept over in one of the guest bedrooms.

He didn't have time anymore, time to wait for JT to make some money before he takes over. That would be a waste of time, JT had planned to take Kenneth up on his offer, pay him just so he could keep some turfs and avoid waging war with him. That would be a stupid move, it would cost them greatly they were already struggling as is.

The world was resting on his shoulders, his father did not at all stop calling to find out when should he purchase flight tickets back home. It was a lot, but he trusted himself and his little team to be able to pull it off.

The only reason he was after JT was because he killed his brother for the very same business they were running, pretended it was a gang war gone wrong, but at that moment lying in his bed, he couldn't help but to wonder why Gabrielle came to him with the news. Sure she and his brother were madly in love with each other, he knew for a fact how Elam felt about Gabrielle, she was his ride or die, he would kill for her

which is why Imari now felt protective over her, out of love and respect for his brother.

But it bugged him how she willingly came over to him with information that could get her own flesh and blood killed. What was she hoping to achieve?

As he was pondering over the dilemmas in his life, a soft knock resounded on his door, startling him. He didn't expect anyone to wish to talk to him so soon. He knew it was either Dayo or Gabrielle because his guards called him instead of approaching his bedroom.

He cleared his throat and called the person in. It was Dayo. She looked gorgeous with her braids let down in her purple silk pyjama shorts, a matching top and a purple and black silk gown. "Hey... can I come in?" she softly asked. She seemed to have been awake for quite some time.

"I did say... sure." He was about to be rude to her just to get back at her, but he caught himself. She looked so cute, so innocent like the first time he laid his eyes on her.

She closed the door behind her and slowly walked over to the bed. She looked around the room, remembering how it felt to go in and out like she owned it. That was when she felt like an important part of Imari's life. How soon that party ended.

"How did you sleep?" she asked, sitting at the end of his bed.



Imari was taken aback by the question but nonetheless he felt a warm blanket envelope his heart. He was madly in love with this woman that every little thing she did to show him kindness or care, it melted his heart. "Yeah... well I was beat, so it was easy to sleep but I woke up early cause my demons won't let me rest." He truthfully answered her. "How did you sleep?"

"Honestly? Not so well... part of the reason I'm here." She was playing with her fingers, a nervous look on her face. Imari caused her nerves to dance angrily in her body. "Gabrielle... I saw the look in your eyes Imari, and it scared me." She softly said.

"Yeah? What look was that?" Imari asked. He did not like the direction of the conversation. He was up early in the morning thinking about the same damn thing, he did not want to engage about it, at least not until he's had his morning coffee.

"You looked angry as hell, you looked like you want to kill someone. Who is Elam?" she asked the daunting question. Since last night, Imari calmed Gabby down and he went to sleep without a word.

"Elam is... was my brother." He told her.

"Imari... I'm so sorry." She moved from the end of the bed, to the side of the bed she used to occupy while visiting and while she temporarily lived with him. "So... if JT killed your brother

and I'm sorry, why is Gabrielle telling you?" she hadn't expected to hear that. She wondered herself to sleep about who Elam was to both parties she was currently trapped in the same house with.

"That's the million-dollar question isn't it?"

"Ask her."

"Are you crazy? You saw how she was last night. Elam was her boyfriend, could have been fiancé if only he wasn't killed the very same night he planned to propose to her. They were inseparable since they met. She loved him with everything she had. Because our families were close with each other, it was easy, but I don't think her father approved of that neither did JT." He began to tell her the story of the good old days when their fathers were best of friends.

"I didn't know any better, didn't think much of anything. So, we rolled together. JT and I were best of friends, Gabrielle and Elam were as close to each other as a tongue to teeth. We were untouchable until Shona screwed my dad over, took over his business after he swindled and stole our money rendering us broke. Not only that but JT was on a mission he wasn't supposed to be on with Elam and only one of them made it back." He explained to her. She was shocked but believed every word Imari spoke. JT was that cruel and dangerous. She just didn't perceive him to be selfish. Well

he bought her millions worth of medical supply but only because it suited him more than her.

Everything JT did was to suit JT.

"Imari, then why are you still working with the man? He clearly ruined your family business, he stole it." She could not believe that she was having a conversation that involved selling of drugs casually like that.

"I am a man Dayo. Everyone always took me for the guy that doesn't speak much, doesn't like trouble, is kind, warm and all these are annoying shit they pin on me. So, I used that to my advantage, to avenge my family. I will get my father's business back and I will definitely avenge my brother's death."

"But how did you know that JT killed your brother... you knew this before Gabrielle could even tell you."

"JT has this special gun he got from his father when they were still best buds. He loves that gun so much; he still carries it to date. Now that gun has a defect on the barrel, so every bullet shot from that gun will have a dent. I am not sure if that fucker didn't know this, but I found that bullet webbed between my brother's eyes... I used to check the team's guns before a trip and that's how I noticed JT's special gun having some 'special effects.'" Dayo was gobsmacked. It was a lot to take in.

"So, what are you going to do?" she asked him, fearing the answer he might give her.

He turned his head slightly to look into her eyes. "Come here." He tilted his head over to the side, wanting her to straddle him. She looked confused wondering how close the man wanted her to be because she was almost in his space.

"Answer me." She breathed when Imari helped her to straddle him. His hand cupped her breasts in his large hands, the nipples hardening under his touch. Dayo disliked how much her body betrayed her when it came to Imari. They were having a simple yet serious conversation but somehow, she felt the heat from him to her.

His pulled her closed and planted kisses from her chest to her collarbone to her neck, biting the soft flesh, pleasurable moans escaping the woman's throat and filling Imari's ears. She started to grind slowly on him over the bed sheets that were covering him.

Their lips collided and sparks lit the room. They were like starved animals, a sense of déjà vu washed them like the first time they willingly let the kiss flow between the two of them back at her apartment in the office. Dayo has had his fair share of boyfriends but being kissed by Imari was like being given cold water after running the block on a hot summer's eve.

Her gown was thrown carelessly to the floor, followed by the top exposing her heavy mounds to his awaiting hot mouth. Latching on one boob while kneading the other, Dayo threw her head back, grinding on Imari's hard shaft. She sure was wetting her panties and the PJ shorts she wore.

Long had she forgotten the question she had asked, now that Imari revealed what he knew about JT and how he was planning on getting his family business back, she wanted to know how he had planned to do that, not because she was a spy simply because she was curious and wanted to know if it will not harm her in anyway.

Somehow Imari and Dayo managed to take Dayo's shorts off after a bit of a struggle both laughing at the clumsiness and the willingness to carry forward with the mission at hand.

Dayo made to remove the bedsheets blocking her silk folds to rub against Imari's rock hard shaft. "You slept naked?" she asked, surprised to be met by the dark rod, saluting her.

"Mhm!" he answered before silencing anymore of her questions with a wet sloppy kiss that cause her to push herself up and carefully slid back down Imari's dick.

Both groaned the same time, her warmness, her wetness enveloping him while she felt him hit the spot. "Fuck!" she swore, as she placed her hands on his shoulders for support.

Imari was sure going to lose his mind, this woman got under his skin and no amount of threats or bullshit laced with his ex-fiancé could make him get over her. He did not even want to get over her. He wanted her, all of her to be his and his only.

Her moans filled the room, as Imari placed his hands on her hips, guiding himself in and out of her while she was straddling him, her eyes were closed as her body was filled with ecstasy. She reached her peak and Imari rode out her orgasm as her moved became slow and sloppy.

Flipping them over he threw her legs over his shoulders and didn't waste a breath before he plunged himself inside of her earning a hearty moan. Dayo opened her eyes to watch Imari whose expressions were unreadable. He looked at her with intent, lust colouring his beautiful orbs, he didn't tear his eyes from her as he stroked her into oblivion. It was as if he was trying to make a point, to claim, to show her whose mercy she was at.

"Fuck!" he growled, his eyes rolling back as his hips bucked fervently against Dayo causing the girl to cry out in pleasure as he emptied his seeds deep inside of her.

His breathing was laboured so was hers. Sweat had formed on his forehead and he leaned in to seal the great morning workout with a kiss that left Dayo wanting more.

"I am going to kill him." He answered as he rolled to his side.

Dayo wondered what he was a talking about till she remembered her an answered question.

"What?"

**Friday** night approached rather fast and Julia was just about to wrap up a work so she could go back home for an important function she'd be attending. Just as she finished packing up her brief case in walked her current partner from the police force, Prudence Cooper.

"Cooper, now it's not a great time, I have to dash home." Julia spoke to her as she took her coat of the coat rack.

Julia and Prudence became partners on the Timber and Brown case when they rocked up at Dayo's apartment same time because they both had been tracking her phone and it showed that she was live at her apartment before disappearing off again on the map. Julia liked how Prudence was already able to get some information and that she was hungry to see justice served.

The pair had one goal in life and unhappy bosses because of the many times they wasted state resources on wild goose chases. So it wasn't that difficult to form alliances in order to bring the bad men down.

"I managed to make my ex fling mate to open up to me with things he knows, and I think we can crack this case wide open now." Prudence ignored Julia's request to be left alone as she



needed to rush home. She was a girl on a mission and what she had on the table couldn't wait for no one.

"Okay, I see that you can't wait... let's talk and walk." Julia picked up her purse, brief case after she wore her coat over her uniform and the two ladies walked out of her office towards the elevator.

"My boss hasn't been too happy with my own findings, so I hope you have something good for me." Julia told her as they stepped into the lift, pressing the ground floor buttons.

"My boss is also on my ass so of course I do have something; I wouldn't just fucking drive all the way to here for nothing, now would I?" Prudence was every cranky. Julia was still learning her new partner and she was sure they'd butt heads once too many times. They both were stubborn and hard-headed, she wondered if they would work well together until they solve the case.

"Geez, just get to the point." Julia rolled her eyes, she had no patience for the girl.

"He gave me a list of all the guys that are reporting to JT and Imari." Prudence lightly slapped her chest with the brown envelope she had. "Their names, where they stay, their nicknames and I took the liberty of looking them up, some are

already on the system and some aren't which isn't much of a difficulty because they move in a pack. You find one –"

"You find all of them." Julia finished,

"Exactly. Now they are also ranked, not everyone can reach or talk to the ring leaders, they have their own right-hand men on the ground. So, if we can just find those because Lesley isn't sure of the names then we are on the roll." Prudence was proud of herself. Finally, some good news. But instead of running to the chief with it, she first came to Julia so they can handle it by themselves before blundering again.

"Nice work there Cooper." Julia smirked Prudence's way and the coloured woman only rolled her eyes.

"I know. I can't wait to put cuffs on those bastards and throw the motherf\*cking key away! They piss me off." She spat angrily as they walked towards Julia's car in the basement parking lot.

"Sounds personal, what did they do to you?" Julia just had to ask. Sure, a lot of police officers hated drug dealers, but it wasn't anything like the hatred she sensed from her newest partner.

"They..." Prudence shook her head as she breathed in and out. "It's nothing. Anyway, what are you rushing to? Cause I thought we would go track down these guys." She asked, stopping just

by Julia's car and watched the woman place the bags in the boot of her car.

"It's my father's fifty seventh birthday celebration and my mother insist that I come and attend the do. Also, my father wouldn't be so pleased if I missed it. I missed it once and I will never again."

Prudence thought back to her own parents, her dad walked out on them, so it was just her mother and sibling through it all till the very end.

"I see. Well enjoy... I guess."

"I will, thanks. I will call you tomorrow and we can definitely track those idiots down." Julia entered her car, turning it on. "Hop in I will drop you off by your car." She told Prudence who agreed as she had parked by the visitors parking bay.

On the other side of the province, Dayo was a nervous wreck. Imari had tasked her with an important yet very dangerous job and she wasn't sure she'd live with herself afterwards. She was dressed in a black body-hugging evening dress with a dangerous thigh slit. The dress was long sleeved with a plunging neckline that showed off her immaculate chest.

Her braids were up in a cute bun and her face was done by Gabrielle the professional but not certified makeup artist.

She looked gorgeous; she couldn't stop saying so herself every time she stood in front of a mirror. Imari who was wearing a tux couldn't also stop complementing her and reassuring her that everything will be fine.

She had asked since Monday when Imari blurted out that he had planned on killing JT, she had asked how. And he laid his plan down for her, swearing her into secrecy and partnership. For him to forgive her, she'd have to do something for him. And that very something was illegal which was why she was in the bedroom instead of the living room with Gabrielle waiting to attend Kenneth Ledwaba's birthday party hosted by Malike.

Imari had asked Dayo to prepare for him a poison that wouldn't be traceable in blood and takes a few minutes to slowly kill, giving the impression of a heart attack. He told her it was to kill Kenneth Ledwaba, but the bottle of the poison somehow will end up in JT's possession. She had asked how they will make JT encounter the syringe and he mentioned that he had hoped she will, but someone beat them to it. Gabrielle heard them talk and decided she wanted to help. She wanted to get her brother arrested.

Imari had been shocked by Gabrielle's words. He couldn't believe why she would do that, but she showed him the ring she always wore on her middle finger. It was a gorgeous 40 carat diamond ring that Elam had planned to propose to her

with. JT had robbed her of a beautiful future with the man she truly loved who loved her just as much and it wasn't something, she could forgive him for.

"Dee are you ready?" Imari popped up in his bedroom where Dayo was sitting on the couch, starring at her medical bag that housed the evil weapon. She was going to become an accomplice in a murder, in fact she'd be the murderer as it was her weapon.

"I don't think I can do this." She was chickening out but Imari knell in front of her, grabbing her delicate face with his large hands.

"You can baby. I am the bad guy here; I will be the one doing all the evilness. You don't have to worry about it, don't even think about it okay? All you do is be my alibi and that's all." He quickly pecked her lips and assisted her with wearing the matching gloves so she couldn't have to touch the syringe and bottle holding the deadly serum with her hands.

The pair walked down the stairs to find Gabrielle keeping herself busy with a glass of red wine. "Ahh the bride finally blesses us with her presence." She joked, downing the remaining contents in the glass.

"Let's do this." Gabrielle had changed. She was no longer the sweet and ever peaceful Gabrielle. She was a woman on a mission to kill.

"Gabby, are you sure about this? He is your brother; I don't want you doing something you will regret." Imari was worried about her, but deep in his being, he was happy that Gabrielle was on his side.

"I have never been so sure about anything like this one. He needs to pay." Gabrielle walked ahead.

Imari and JT were not yet fighting. Even though JT still had his doubts due to what his father told him, Imari reached out to him, went to him over at the house and punched him square in the face for hurting Gabrielle and making him relive the memories of his brother. Imari made it seem like he believed JT's version of the story than the one Gabrielle heard of from Shona Timber.

JT was sort of relived but still hesitated with fully trusting that Imari wasn't planning anything devious against him. So JT planned to get clean money fast to buy into Kenneth's deal that way, he'd have Kenneth in his corner and soon he will have enough cash to buy himself out of the deal.

But they couldn't move drugs fast enough. It wasn't safe to do as now the heat was reigning from all sides, from all corners.

They had eyes on them. It was killing him, but he was willing to go far and beyond to get money just so Imari doesn't hit him.

The trio arrived at the party, with Imari's guys posing as waiters. The party was in one of Malike's restaurants and it was elegant and seemed expensive to host. The area was well decorated, and Kenneth's pictures were all over the place. The man was self-absorbed it wasn't a surprise.

Everyone greeted whoever they knew, Imari left his two dates to socialize and to greet JT who arrived ten minutes before they did.

"I am nervous." Dayo told Gabrielle. Gabrielle grabbed two full champagne flutes and passed one to Dayo. "Drink up and relax. It's not like you're the one killing the man. Besides, he is just a waste of space, a greedy old man that ruins lives for fun." Gabrielle tried to reassure her, but it wasn't working.

"Oh my God." Dayo was looking at someone walking through the doors.

"Oh, hell no!" Gabrielle muttered when she saw who was entering the place. Julia fucking Ledwaba in the flesh. The girl was beautiful in a black Cinderella dress. She looked like the perfect and spoiled daddy's not so little girl.

"Who invited her?" Dayo wondered, did they not know the woman was an official of the government?

"Ahhh my beautiful first born." Kenneth's loud voice boomed into the place as he had on a microphone in his hand. Gabrielle almost choked on her champagne while Dayo's mouth hung low. They both watched as Kenneth placed two sweet kisses on Julia's cheeks before briefly hugging her. The smile on his face was that of a proud and happy father.

"You gotta be kidding me!" Dayo's knots were now tighter than before. She couldn't drink fast enough to ease her nerves.

"That's not good."

"I know but the show must go on. Our plan stay as is." Gabrielle gulped down the drink before grabbing two more glasses. "We gon need the whole bottle now." She wasn't even joking.

Just as they watched the perfect little family reunite

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kiss and mingle by the other side, JT and Imari walked back to them. "Hey sis." JT greeted his little sister after Imari forced him to.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes and looked way passed JT. "Look I know I shouldn't do this here but you don't answer my calls or return my me – " before JT could finish what he had come to say, Gabrielle grabbed Dayo by her hand and dragged her to the dance floor yelling "This is my song."



The song playing was just another weird classical ballad that she didn't even know but anything to get away from her brother. She knew if she stayed back and listened to him, she would break one of the glasses and stab him with it. She was that angry and that heartbroken.

"That was mean." Dayo mentioned as they danced together.

"Serves him right. All my life I ever wanted to please him and dad. When he went solo, I was riding with him because he was my big brother, my protector. But all along I was a fool, just a fucking piece of his chess board." There was no convincing Gabrielle to forgive JT. She was hellbent on making him pay.

The party was in a full swing, guests arrived, Kenneth gave his speech, drugs were moved around, deals were made, guns were swapped, and guards were present protecting their masters.

Dayo only knew JT and Imari as the drug dealers alongside Malike and Kenneth, she didn't realize there were more of the men who were in the same game in the restaurant, moving product and making deals. Those were the kind of parties they had; they knew they were going to be clean as families were involved.

"It's show time." Gabrielle whispered in Dayo's ear after she got signal from Imari who realized that JT had went to speak with Kenneth about a possible deal.

'Phoyisa by Kabza de Small, DJ Maphorisa, Qwestakufet and Cassper Nyovest' blasted through the crazy speakers setting a general party vibe in the dark lit restaurant.

Dayo wasn't sure if it was the loud sound or her heart hammering against her chest but she wasn't easy, with the help of adrenaline she went to stand by the dark corner waiting for Imari.

"The plan has slightly changed. JT is going to go in the private booth Malike set up for business and we are going to spike his drink and let JT take the fall for it." Imari whispered in Dayo's ears. She nodded while searching her purse for the deadly liquid. Both wore gloves that matched their attire and they kissed each other before Imari passed the liquid to one of his men who discreetly took it to the kitchen with.

There he poured two glasses of top shelf whiskey, spiking one and adding rocks on the other just as JT and Kenneth requested when he went to take upon their orders. Imari had to find his own boys to pull off this mission as JT would have been suspicious if he had used their regular guys.

The young man watched as the two men took their drinks and sat down to discuss business. He was pleased with his job and

left them immediately after. Soon as he reached the kitchen, he went to the bathroom and escaped through the window without being noticed.

Imari and Dayo never moved from the corner they were standing at and Dayo was feeling hot and bothered with Imari's kisses. "You can go now. I am fine." Dayo tried to reassure him that he could go ahead with the mission.

"Nah I am okay right here." Imari drank her all in, not believing how such a gorgeous woman was willingly by his side. Helping him murder someone.

He took her by the hand, and they went to the dance floor as soon as the DJ started playing '***Into ngawe by Ami Faku***'

The mood suddenly changed, everyone was in a zone, grabbing their partners and gracing the dance floor, having a time of the life. There was a camera man taking videos and photos of the guests, capturing every moment and Malike's cameras were also ready, to give Imari and Dayo the spotlight in case they'd need an alibi.

Soon Malike asked Gabrielle to dance who was just too tipsy to say no.

The vibe on the dance floor was like no other, Dayo was laughing happily as Imari twirled her around and every time their faces met each other, he'd dip and land a kiss on her soft

luscious lips.

She was giggling like a schoolgirl dancing with her first teenage boyfriend at the school dance.

On their left was Malike who was also dancing with Gabrielle and they were in their own zone. The guests were also enjoying themselves. Champagne flutes were floating around, wine glasses, whiskey, cigars, the disco lights, it was such a nice vibe.

Dayo had forgotten about the mission to terminate a life and Gabrielle had forgotten her open wounds and was happily kissing Malike right in the middle of the dance floor.

The DJ realized the guests enjoyed the song so much he let it play to the end. "Repeat, repeat, repeat." They were like little giddy youngsters wanting a repeat of the song. It set the mood right, even if you didn't have a partner, other guests did not care, they still made it to the dance floor to enjoy the party while others hung around tables watching others dance.

Just as the DJ was about to bless his people a scream was heard in the restaurant. Then it all went silent.

Dayo's heart threatened to jump out of her throat as she had a sense of déjà vu. The first time she went to Sapphire nightclub, a girl had emerged from the bathroom screaming as her friend overdosed on cocaine. But now she wondered if it was what she thought it was.

"Someone please... don't just stand there call the ambulance!" It was a woman's voice. She sounded like she was about cry. The DJ cut the music and people rushed to go see what was happening.

Imari and Dayo as well as Kenneth's wife arrived first to the private booth JT and Kenneth disappeared into. They found the large man on the floor with JT and Julia looming over him. JT had an arrested look in his eyes as he held Kenneth's tie in his hands. He had tried to make the man breathe but nothing worked.

"Somebody please help!" Julia was now crouching beside her father's still body. "Papa!! Papa!! Daddy please." She sobbed into the man's chest.

JT noticed Dayo by the door and he walked over to her. "Doc please do something; can you help him?" JT looked scared. For the first time since meeting him, she saw fear in the man's eyes.

Dayo couldn't move, scared out of her mind. She didn't even bring her medical kit with because she knew what was going to happen. But how did it happen? Imari never moved away from her.

"Doc please." JT begged her with his eyes then soon Mrs Ledwaba begged her too and she had no choice but to move towards the old man,

She had to pry Julia's hands off the man and unbuttoned his shirt and asked they close the door for privacy. Only Imari, JT, Malike, Julia and Mrs Ledwaba were in the room while Dayo worked her way around the man. Her eyes every darting to Imari who tried to be strong for her, to encourage her that she could help.

But it was too late. There was no pulse. No heartbeat.

"What's wrong? Why, why, why are you stopping?" Julia asked, her eyes always swelling up as tears welled up in her eyes.

"I..." Dayo couldn't find the right words to utter.

"I called the paramedics." A young man who was clad in a tux, a replica of Kenneth Ledwaba barged in, his phone in his hand. He realized what was going on and quickly rushed by Dayo's side who was still kneeling besides Kenneth's body.

"What's wrong?" the young man asked Dayo.

"I am sorry." That's all she managed to say before Mrs Ledwaba broke down in loud sobs, turning away from her husband's body.

"No, no, no daddy no!" Julia rested her head against her father's chest. The boy stood up and went to hug his mother.

The scene was saddening, Dayo couldn't look anyone in the eye except Imari. She felt the utmost guilt and was close to crying if it was not for Imari who helped her up and comforted her. "You did your best." He kissed her forehead, mentally kicking himself for doing that to her.

The door opened and the paramedics rushed in, removing Julia from the man's body and checking on him.

Within a few minutes, they declared him dead, making it official. Gabrielle had followed the paramedics wanting to know what happened, but they were stopped by the door and everyone inside was ushered to go wait outside in the restaurant instead of the room.

"You did this!" Julia spat angrily looking at JT who was too shocked to learn that Kenneth was Julia's father. He was shocked at how fast it all happened right in front of him and how he learned that Julia was the man's child right in that moment. He couldn't think straight.

Just as JT was about to protest, Julia reached for a gun underneath her dress and pulled the trigger and aimed.

**Bang!!** she dropped a body. "A life for a life." She whispered.

"Noooo!!!" Imari screamed.

**Recap:**

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"Noooo!!!" Imari screamed.

Everything happened in a slow motion. One minute Jahzara was trying by all means to bargain with Kenneth Ledwaba about a possible deal to remove the money heat off of them for a while, Kenneth refusing talking of how he too had to answer to a few people and how his product was also not moving to him struggling to breathe and JT being confused, to learning that Julia was his daughter then to Kenneth finally succumbing to

death and Julia pulling out a gun that was clasped around her thigh hiding underneath her dress to shooting Gabrielle.

The large man's head was spinning as he sprinted out of the restaurant towards his car, Dayo and Imari also running to their car to follow the ambulance.

JT could still hear how the paramedics yelled at him and Imari, removing them from Gabrielle's limp body. She was unconscious. He was scared. That was his baby sister and it would kill him if she passed on more so because she was still angry at him.

He didn't blame her though. He did what he had to do; he did what his father asked him to do.

They were friends with the Browns, grew up together, grew up seeing their parents work side by side, go on vacations together and alternate between houses for the Sunday lunch.

JT and Imari being of the same age were close, but Imari was still best of friends with his brother, something JT longed for. To have a brother of his own. Even though Elam and Imari never made him feel like an outcast, he still felt like one.

When they were older, he wanted to have what Imari and Elam had with his own sibling, Gabrielle. But she'd rather spent time with Elam than him. It used to bother him until he caught them

kissing one time and it made him so angry but he understood why she was always with him.

He was supposed to protect Gabrielle from thugs, but there she was exchanging saliva with the biggest thug he knew. When they were older, their fathers let them in on the business, the drug business giving them all the information they needed, sending them to do some odd jobs, sometimes they sent them to go with Elam who was always happy to have them on board.

Elam never hid anything from Gabrielle, he told her everything they did, and her mother did too so she too could be a part of the family. When she started to be more and more into the business JT felt closer to her, he was angry that she was in the business but realized that she had great ideas of how they could move the products. The problem was that, she always told Elam first.

Things went out of control when Rotimi made himself known to Shona and Kojo, JT and Imari's fathers of his plans in the drug world. It was Kojo he wanted to work with, it was Kojo who was the mafia king and Shona his right-hand man, his best friend. Kojo was in a position of making an empire out of the drug business, something Shona envied.

And it was the same envy that caused him to poison his son's mind

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his wife's mind into stealing money from Kojo and forming alliances with Rotimi himself. When Elam found out what the man has been up to, he was on his way to tell his father when Shona sent JT after him.

"Silence him." Shona had told Jahzara, fear of what Kojo will do to him evident on his face.

"Dad, are you saying that I should kill him? Are you crazy? I can't do that." Jahzara refused. He couldn't bring himself to do that, sure they could steal the money so his father could buy Kojo out, but to kill someone who was a like brother to him, he couldn't do it even when he made him angry for dating Gabrielle.

"Listen to me, if you don't do it then it will be me you will be burying this coming weekend. Do you want that? Do you want my wife to cry herself until she's thin and depressed? Do you want my sweet little girl to grow up without a father by her side? Don't be selfish JT. You wanted to be my right-hand man... as my son it is befitting but you have to do this, you have to do this for the family."

JT's mind was going back to what his father told him, to where he was now. He arrived at the hospital his mind still moving

slow over memories. He couldn't lose his sister, not yet. It was too soon.

When he arrived at the hospital, he was made to wait until the doctors were done with operating her since he refused to leave. Soon Dayo and Imari joined him.

"Have you heard anything?" Imari asked him and he meekly shook his head and sat down on the uncomfortable hospital chairs.

"It's too soon to tell, they have just arrived." Dayo tried to calm Imari down. She could see the guilt on his face. On their way to the hospital, he was going on and on of how it was his fault, how he didn't do his basic background check and wondering how in the hell he never thought of checking Julia out. To him she was just another official of the government who just wanted to put thugs in jail, nothing special.

Oh, how wrong he was.

"Let me go and find out what's happening." Dayo left them alone to go try and see if she could get any information as a doctor herself. She missed being in the hospital, working, saving people's lives. She had called Doctor Moloji at the clinic she was hired to work at and explained her situation, the lies Imari had told her to tell and they were happy to have her back as soon as she is fit to do so.

But Imari was against the idea, he didn't want her out in the public, scared that JT might pull a number on her.

Imari sat opposite JT and the two men looked into each other's eyes. There were unreadable expressions on both their faces.

JT was wondering if his father was right about Imari trying to sabotage his empire. If he was trying to overrule him as means of revenge.

Imari was thinking of how bad he would feel if Gabrielle didn't make it out alive. Maybe he shouldn't have rushed the job, maybe he should have gone alone to the party. There was no need for Gabrielle or Dayo to be there. Malike could have been his alibi.

Just as he was about to ask JT what had happened with Kenneth a text message beeped on his phone.

'**Done.**' A simple message from Jackson that held more substance.

In that instance JT's phone rang and he slowly reached for it in the inside pocket of his jacket. "Yeah, talk to me." He answered.

"What??! How the fuck did that happen?" he sat up right on the chair, his expression growing hard. Imari looked at him with an arched eyebrow.

"Where the fuck where you? How the fuck did that happen you moron!!!" Jahzara was fuming and didn't even wait to hear what the person on the next line said to him as he cut the call and rose to his feet.

"What happened?" Imari asked.

"The drugs... Imari why the fuck did you take the drugs to Pretoria?" he asked, anger dripping off on every word.

"Where the fuck were you to put them where you wanted huh? And besides, that's your fucking safehouse JT. I put them there and I put the guys there, what the fuck happened?" Imari asked, moving into JT space just so they couldn't cause disruptions in the hospital.

"The safe house burned down with the product. That's what happened. Fucking Jackson and Luka don't know shit, don't know how it happened but I have fucking lost millions and millions of money!" JT was about to go crazy. It was a lot of money, money he didn't have. Money, he needed.

And his sister was in the hospital fighting for her life, everything was spiralling out of control too fast too furious.

"What!?? Burned down? Oh no, no, who called you?" Imari asked, before JT could open his mouth and tell him, about six police officers walked towards them calling JT by his name.

"Jahzara Timber, you are required to come with us down to the police station." One of the officers spoke.

"What the fuck for?"

"In questioning of Kenneth Ledwaba's murder."

"Is this really necessary?" Imari asked as one of the police officers made means to cuff JT.

"We either do this the easy way or the hard way. You were alone in that room with him and his wife is suspecting you. Please come with us, don't resist."

JT sighed, trying to calm his racing heart down. He had been arrested before, but he never felt scared as he knew he'd get out. But this time around, he wasn't so sure.

"I'll get you a lawyer." Imari promised as the officers took JT away.

Dayo came back shortly after the officers left. "Where is JT?" she asked.

Imari turned to her with a small smile dancing on his lips. "Just got arrested." He replied.



**The** mood was changed in the drug world, where people like you and I were clueless as to what was going on.

The death of a business mogul, an entrepreneur, a mover and a shaker, respected by ministers and the likes. The death of one of the biggest mobsters, the king of the Alex mafia, it was solemn, it was sad.

His wife was very strong, she always prepared for this day but preparing for something that is yet to come is nothing like experiencing that exact thing as it comes, as it happens. She was trying to stay strong but every chance she got alone, she wailed like a little baby with no one to see her, no one to comfort her.

Then there were drug dealers who were sad their friend has passed on and there were drug dealers happy to see their competition diminish.

And there was Dayo and Imari. Safe and back at his house with thoughts racing wild. Dayo wondered what it was she was trying to achieve with her life by being with a known drug dealer that would stop at nothing to avenge the death of his brother. She has never lost someone dear to her in a cruel way maybe that's why she couldn't understand.

She understood that yes, someone killing your loved one will cause a rage to brew inside of you that you would want to kill them, but to actually kill them... that was a lot to chew on, a lot to digest.

When they returned from the hospital yesterday, she went to shower and went to sleep in the guest room without as much as saying two words to Imari. He didn't even ask, he too needed some time alone, but he found himself missing her warm body next to his in the middle of the night.

He knew what it was he felt for the woman, he loved her. He was in love with her and it pained him that she was this sure woman with a good heart who by now probably wanted nothing to do with him. That saddened him.

In the next morning Dayo was going back to Doctor Moloi's hospital to talk about her returning to the force and she was rather nervous about it. She left them when they needed her without so much as an explanation until Lydia filled them in with the lies Dayo asked her to say.

"Morning." Imari greeted when he found her in the kitchen drinking what seemed to be tea.

"Morning." She answered, her eyes never looking at him. She didn't know what to feel at that moment besides the fact that

him being in the same room as he caused butterflies in her stomach. She felt the warmth radiating from him to her.

"Are you going back to the clinic?" he asked, opening the fridge to get ingredients to make his morning smoothie. Even when things were spiralling out of control, Imari never stopped working out or drinking his protein shakes and smoothies to keep his well-built body and his rippling muscles. Gym was where he'd have a clear mind and come up with his plans for his mission.

"Yeah... Dr Moloji and I need to go over the formalities again. I am lucky she still wants to work with me." Dayo snorted at that. If she were doctor Moloji she wouldn't be so forgiving and understanding. What she did was very unprofessional even though it wasn't her fault.

"Dee, you know I don't want you going back there. It's not safe for you."

"We spoke about this Imari, I am not going to stay home and do nothing. I came in this country to do what I love. To work!" she was getting worked up by the second.

"Look I can take care of you; I can take care of us."

"With what? Drug money? Listen I am not a housewife type of woman, I won't stay here in hopes of you taking care of me. We are not married I don't know what the hell we are; and I most

definitely won't stay around while you go sell drugs then give me that money. No thank you." She stood up ready to leave as she was getting agitated.

"JT has been paying your services with the drug money, it's bad when it comes from me but okay when it comes from him?"

Imari asked, his heart beating faster. He couldn't understand why she was angry at him for wanting to protect and love her.

"This is not some bad cop good cop where you are bad, and JT is good. No, you are both bad and I just happened to have fallen for you and I don't know what to make out of that! It drives me insane that out of all men I could possibly fall for, I had to fall for a drug dealer that's on a mission to kill his best friend."

"I don't want to kill him, he is in jail for crying out loud, that's good enough for me. And Dee... I can be a good man." He tried to come closer, but she stepped back.

"I can't do this, not right now. I have to go." She took her bag and walked out of the house leaving Imari confused.

Sure, he wanted JT dead, he truly did and that was the end goal of his mission. If he died in prison killed by one of the jail birds it will be a win for him. And that way Dayo wouldn't believe he had something to do with it.

He had to make a plan for the drugs, for the club... soon.

At the Johannesburg police station, Sarah walked in the interrogation room wearing their black and white uniform as always and she had a sharp look in her eyes. She was clearly unimpressed; well she was never impressed by anything really.

"Sarah, thank God you are here. You need to get me out of here. Have you ever heard of a secret service agent being jailed?" Julia who was also arrested the same night as JT spoke up.

"Why must I get you out of this place Julia?" Sarah asked still standing.

"What do you mean? That bastard killed my father. It was a moment of weakness and I had to."

"It was a moment of weakness and you had to? Julia do you know how many people the police have arrested on murder chargers and they claim self-defence? How many cases have you worked on where people just leisurely claim self-defence? Do you not know that murder is murder?" Sarah was fuming by the second.

"I... I didn't mean to kill her! But her brother... arg!"

"Mhm! You know... I find it really funny that instead of shooting the man you are accusing of killing your father you shot his sister. Run me through that."

Julia was dumbfounded. If the shoes were on the other side, she'd have done the same. She knew what a cutting-edge agent Sarah was. She left no stone unturned. Even when Julia was her superior, she was still her own boss and still handled some of the big cases better. At that moment Julia knew Sarah was not there as her friend, she was there as an official.

"I wanted to hurt him."

"Someone kills your father and you hurt them by not killing them but by killing their sister... interesting take. It happens sometimes, a life for a life."

"I am glad you understand it. I am not a monster I don't belong in here." Julia exasperated.

"No, you are not a monster Julia. That I can agree with, but you are a conniving cunning person and very smart and loyal."

Julia looked at Sarah who had a smirk on her face, she knew that smirk all too well. When Sarah found something good to use against someone, she couldn't hide it even if you paid her.

"You smart human being joined forces with secret services because you wanted to put the bad guys away. Well that is the story you go with but I know... that you got in so that you can keep tabs on all the organized crimes that are happening so you could protect your father." Sarah decided at the point to sit down.

"I don't understand." Julia said.

"Oh no you do. You understand me very well. We could never touch Kenneth Ledwaba, he was good. We knew of him, we knew how he avoided tax, how he sold drugs, how he ran a brothel, how he smuggled guns, how he smuggled illegal diamonds, how he was the mafia boss of the Alexander mafia but we could never get him. We knew all that, but it was like rumours because of you. You made sure every piece of evidence against him is gone just like that until we all gave up on him and looked for the smaller fish... Jahzara Timber and Imari Brown, now tell me am I getting warm or I'm still cold?" the sharp nosed woman asked.

"You don't know what you're talking about. I am very good at my job and I do it diligently. It's not my fault that you had no evidence against what you are implying about my father. He was a club and hotel owner."

"Well since you have been locked up in here, I have been working and you know me, I do my job... diligently too and I have evidence not much but sustainable. Now you on the other hand, not only did you join forces to protect your father, you were once engaged to Imari because you wanted the inside info for your father but you fell for Jahzara instead, cheated and Imari found out and you were cast out of the group. You are good, very good I must say. I am just here to tell you that if you

thought you were getting out of here; I wouldn't bet on it."  
Sarah stood up and buttoned up her blazer.

"You will be charged with destroying evidence, perjury amongst other things and attempted murder."

"Gabrielle is not dead?" Julia was almost relieved that she wouldn't be charged with murder.

"Lucky for you, no but you killed her baby so I wouldn't be happy yet. And I have released Jahzara Timber. Your father died of a heart attack."

"No, no, you can't do that. He killed my father!"

"The lab tests don't support that statement. You worry about getting yourself a lawyer, I don't know how you are going to pay for it, I hope you have savings because we froze your father's assets, credit cards and bank cards. See you around, boss."

Julia has always been a tough cookie, she walked around like she owned the world. But at that minute as she watched the door close after Sarah, she felt all the wall of the world crumbling down on her.

She was doomed. Done for. And the one person who could get her out of the mess was in a cold fridge at a morgue.



**Jahzara Timber** was relieved when he was released from the holding cell he was kept in overnight. The lawyer Imari had hooked him up with had assured him that he would walk out of there a free man but only after investigations were conducted. His chances seemed smaller by the ticking second however when Sandra from secret services ordered the police officers to let him go, he wanted to kiss her feet.

He didn't even wait to see his lawyer, he just up and left to his house in a cab.

He had problems upon problems that he needed to sort out. Now that Kenneth was dead, someone big like Rotimi might advance to take over the drug selling spots in Soweto and around Alexander where Kenneth was respected, where he was the king. He couldn't let that happen, even when he was short on money, he had to buy more drugs so they could claim the spots.

Before he was arrested, he found out his drugs burned down with his old warehouse in Pretoria and that had kept him on the edge.

Could it be that Imari had something to do with it? Or maybe his father as he had done something of that nature before? Or

maybe just his old enemies who caught a whiff of the drugs being in that house?

He wondered as he stood in his shower under the hot spray, his muscles rippling and relaxing as it goes. It felt damn good to shower, that's where his thoughts haunted him the most.

That's where he thought of new plans on how to make money, how to stay on top of the game, where to get new product, how to move more product in the streets and most dangerously... he thought of love.

He wondered if his decision to never chase love or allow it to find him was sensible. He thought it would distract him, it will make him weak. He has loved before, but that's the feeling he needed to feel again but didn't want to feel again.

Loving someone was easy, being loved was the hard part and when he loved, he went all in, head, shoulders, knees and toes.

He thought of what he had with Julia, that was just pure lust. He cared about her, but he wasn't in love with her. There was someone he was in love with but because he was a gangster, he stood no chance. She was too innocent for all of that, but it killed him inside not to be able to touch her, kiss her... hold her, talk to her.

He thought about Dayo and Imari. There was no guessing with them, they loved each other... and Imari was selfish to put her

on the spot as people might hurt Dayo to hurt Imari. Something JT didn't want...

Wrapping a towel around his waist after his hot shower, the man looked himself in the mirror, he looked lifeless, handsome but lifeless. He needed to act, sooner than later.

Dressed up in jeans

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t-shirt and a pair of sneakers, the warm weather allowing his outfit, he took a jacket out of his closet and went to his kitchen to make something to eat before going to see Gabrielle.

"Jesus man!" JT was startled by a figure sitting around his kitchen counter. "How did you even find out where I live let alone enter the yard?" he asked his father, making a mental note to fire all his security guards.

"I am your father Jahzara. I taught you all the tricks in the book. I can get anywhere I want." Shona responded.

"What do you want?" JT asked, opening his fridge to see what he could make to eat. He settled on making a cheese & ham sandwich.

"Talk on the streets is that you don't have product to run." Shona stated. "After your arrest, your boys are shaking but you

know who had them towing the line and promising them everything will be alright?"

JT looked at his father, it was crazy how they looked like each other. Copy and paste. "Who?" he asked.

"Your best friend." Shona smiled.

"Imari? It's his job to make sure that the guys trust us and know that we will always have a plan."

"So, you have ran out of product? Damn it boy! This is why you should have stuck out with Rotimi." Shona exasperated.

"No, working for Rotimi wasn't going to allow anyone to grow. We will just be his little boys running things for him this side. And I do have product just not enough. How do I even know you aren't the reason why my shit is so fucked up? Let's not forget that you burned down our salon, costing us money!" JT was beginning to get angry but at the same time, getting worried about the accusations against Imari. Could they be true?

"I wanted to teach you a lesson. I also did that so you could work for Kenneth. I am always looking out for you and you don't realize it."

JT laughed bitterly. "Are you hearing yourself? You keeping on sabotaging me is the reason I can't progress in this life. I have a

good thing going on, but you keep meddling, like you meddled with Elam and Kojo's plans. That's what you do."

"Hey! Everything I do is for you, your sister and your mother. Everything I do is for my family. And you need to realize that and stop being selfish."

"Dad, how much more money do you need? You sabotaged Kojo, you took his club, you took his son from him, you are financially set until the day you die, why do you keep interfering with my work? Why do you feel the need to 'step up and help me' huh?" JT asked. He was done being his father's little boy who couldn't stand by his own two feet.

"Because I know Kojo wants revenge, so I have to make sure we always one step ahead. Rotimi was your security, Kenneth was your security, but you cut ties with both of them even killing one of them."

"I didn't kill Kenneth and you know what dad? Kojo is right for seeking revenge. You killed his first born and you took his business. Get the fuck out of my house." JT's expression hardened.

"And you stop telling people I killed Elam. You said it will make me seem like a dangerous guy who will be feared by society, but I don't want that. My sister hates me for something I didn't do and you going to fix that."

"Or what?" Shona asked, standing up, eye level with his son.

"Or I am going to send you to your maker. And I don't make idle threats, get the fuck out of my house." JT picked up his finished sandwich to go eat it in his lounge where he rarely ever sat.

Everything was falling out of place and JT would lie if he said Imari wasn't the person who was always by his side to help pick the pieces up. It would be a damn shame if they fell apart.

Finishing up his food he left his house, driving to the club to check what has been happening with his boys and the merchandise.

"Luka, I spared your life when you messed with selling pain killers in the streets, almost causing your sister's life... I gave you a second chance because I wanted you to be loyal to me. So, let's make things easy and you tell me what the fuck has been going on behind closed doors." JT said to Patrick Luka who was annoyed by how JT acted like the god of him.

But he had no choice but to spill, he did spare his life.

"You are not going to like it boss." Patrick was happy inside about what he had found out, about what he was about to tell JT. For the longest time he wanted the man to fall. He hated his guts.

"I will be the judge of that." JT responded while checking his drawers for his guns.

"Imari ordered for your warehouse in Pretoria to be burned down." Patrick revealed.

"Come again?"

"Yeah and your drugs didn't burn in there. Just the building. Imari has your drugs."

"I am so glad that you are getting better." Dayo spoke up while holding hands with Gabrielle at the hospital she was admitted in. "You gave us such a scare."

Gabrielle weakly smiled, she too was thankful she made it out alive. Being in the drug game for so long, that was the first time she was endangered, first time she was ever shot and she's had her world turned upside-down.

"I have a gun, I've shot someone before... but being at the receiving end of it... Jesus."

Dayo understood what she meant. She has been threatened herself and she knew just how scary it to be pointed with a gun. "You didn't even have a chance to be threatened or a chance to react, that was at least you know better."

"Mhm I guess. And then I lost a life I didn't know was growing inside of me."

"How do you feel about that?" Dayo asked.

"I don't know, I never thought that after Elam I would want to build a life, a family with someone else. The thought of being... of being a mother to not Elam's children didn't sit well with me. So now I get told that I was pregnant and it's Malike's child... I don't know. A little sad that I didn't even get to think about it... acknowledge it but yeah."



"I hear you, and how does Malike feel about it?"

"He wants to sue the hospital for not helping me sooner and he also wants Julia dead. He doesn't have children and I see he would have wanted me to keep the baby." Gabrielle had a small smile on her face. The rage that was burning inside Malike charmed her. He was a man who cared about her. A man she opened her eyes to find sitting on a chair with a laptop fired up working.

"Enough about me... how are you and Mari?"

Dayo heaved a sigh and leaned back on her chair. Besides Lydia she didn't have any other friend besides Gabrielle so she had no one to talk to. "He has been busy lately, since the shooting everything is a mess in his world and he doesn't want me to work still."

"But you understand why he doesn't want you to work right? If you are going to be with him then you can't work, you will always have a target on your back putting everyone around you at risk."

"Why does he get to keep his criminal activities, his illegal job and I have to make the sacrifice?"

"Mhm I see your point. Do you love him? Do you want to be with him? Because you can still walk away Dee, walk away from

all of this and start a new life by yourself." Gabrielle said to her looking right into her eyes.

Dayo wondered too... well she didn't have to wonder for long she knew without a shadow of doubt that Imari was the man she wanted to be with. Hell she'd sometimes fantasize about a life with children running around their house. That's how bad she had it for the man.

"Do you love Malike?" Dayo changed the subject.

"Uh-uh don't change the subject. Imari is a good man; he's just like his brother and father. It's really amazing how siblings could be so... kind, loving, caring and so gorgeous." She smiled.

"Are you still angry with your brother?" Dayo asked, sensing where Gabrielle was heading.

"JT is a fucking asshole, I'll give you that. That man is as stubborn as a mule, but he was always kind and loving, what my father accuses him off; it hurts to know he could do that. JT just like Imari always killed for a reason, what was the reason he killed Elam?"

Dayo and Gabrielle talked for a while until it was time for Dayo to leave and for Gabrielle to go bath and take meds to rest as per the nurse's request.

Dayo fished for her cell phone to see if she had any messages from Imari. They haven't been best of friends lately and she

knew it was because of what happened to Kenneth and how she was due to return back to work soon against his better judgement.

A smile spread on her face when she saw a text from the man asking her out for dinner later in the evening.

'I would love that, see u later.' She responded the text message.

"I never thought I'd ever find you again doc." Startled Dayo looked up and found no other than Prudence Cooper leaning against her car just outside the hospital.

"Oh hell no. what do you want?" Dayo asked, she thought it was all over. With JT and Julia behind bars, she thought it was all over. That she could breathe a little. She had forgotten about the devious devil of them all.

"Get in." Prudence opened the passenger door of her car. "Or I will cause a scene." She threatened. Dayo rolled her eyes and hugged her fur coat tighter and entered the woman's car.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To my place. You owe me; don't think because I'm back with the force that I have forgotten that you my little puppy knows a little too much. You definitely even know who killed Kenneth Ledwaba." Prudence spat angrily, the woman never seemed to be happy unless it involved her being close to nailing JT and Imari.

The ride back to Joburg was filled with silence as Dayo wondered what it was the crazy woman wanted from her.

Prudence Cooper's place was pretty decent. A studio apartment that was neatly kept and smelled like potpourri, a smell Dayo did not enjoy at all. "Alright we are here, what do you want?"

"I want you to give me all the information you have about your little friends and boyfriend and I will let you go." It was at that moment that Dayo realized what she had done. She willingly left with Prudence who had no intentions of releasing her, until she gets what she wanted.

"What more do you want Prudence? You have JT behind bars now, find every other thing he has done and pin him down."

"What the fuck are you talking about? JT was released from jail, we couldn't bring down for anything. He was cleared of Kenneth's murder charge but I know he did it, he and his little friends did it, and you are going to help me get them."

"Are you holding me hostage?" Dayo bitterly laughed. "You are crazy do you know that? You are a cop; you could go down for this."

"You let me worry about my job. Make yourself comfortable, at least you won't feel that you are a hostage much." Prudence rolled her eyes and went to the bathroom, making sure to have locked her metal door shut.

Dayo knew it was futile to try and run away with Prudence in the room, the woman needs to be unconscious for her to do that. So she got familiar with the room. She looked around

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picked up ornaments then placed them back down, it was a decent place. She thought the woman would be some dirty slob who only looked clean in her work clothes and lived in a dump.

She scanned the paintings on the wall and one caught her eyes, the painting looked bizarre, looked like children screaming for help at the same time it looked like little zombies. Dayo made to touch it and jumped back when she heard a click sound from the wall and the one side of the painting detached from the wall. Curiosity filled every inch of her body and she pulled the painting back and came across pictures and notes on a board.

It wasn't surprising when she found pictures of Jahzara, Imari, Gabrielle and some of the men she saw hanging around the club, Lesley the guy who used to man the club, her brother...

"What are you doing?" Dayo almost jumped out of her skin when she heard Prudence speak behind her. For a moment she had forgotten where she was.

"I – what's this?" Dayo asked, turning back to look at the board once again. In the middle of the board there was a picture of a young teenage boy with a teasing smile on his face. Then she

saw pictures of herself, at the club, at the hospital, at the entrance of her apartment... "You were following me?"

"Obviously." Prudence snapped and went to close the board.

"You have no right to touch my shit okay?"

"You also have no right to keep here, so now tell me what is all that?"

"I am a cop Dayo, I investigate criminals."

"But who's the little boy in the middle of it all?"

"I keep forgetting how inquisitive you are, that's my brother and he was killed by your friends." Prudence seemed sad when she said that. "So now that you know, you understand why I have to do this right?"

"Do what?" Dayo turned to look back at Prudence right in time before she missed her with the back of her gun.

"Are you fucking crazy?" Dayo asked dropping her bag down in order to shift away from Prudence after ducking the gun. "You want to knock me out? What the fuck for?"

"So I can put my plan in motion. Either that or I tie you down and gag you."

"You gonna have to catch me first bitch." Dayo took that moment to throw one of the flower pots at the cop, hitting her straight on the head.

Prudence screamed in pain and declared war. The glass busted her forehead and no one does that to Prudence and lives to tell the tale.

Dayo threw another piece of ornament at Prudence causing her to lose the gun, at that moment Dayo jumped on her and the two women kicked and punched each other. Dayo wasn't a fighter like Prudence but with her knowledge of anatomy she knew where to hit to cause severe pain.

Prudence did not spare her anything, so she figured she better fight for her life too.

When Dayo gained the upper hand she got off Prudence to reach for her bag and took out her phone to call Imari.

"Hey Dee, now it's not a good time, can I call you back?"

"Imari I need help, Prudence she she..."

"Give me that!" Prudence who managed to rise from the floor rushed to take Dayo's phone out of her hands.

"IMARI!!" Dayo screamed when Prudence threw her phone against the wall but surprisingly it did not break.

"I am going to teach you a lesson!" Prudence declared before she threw Dayo against the coffee table.

"Fuck!" Dayo cursed as the glass broke beneath her. She needed to shed off some weight, she thought. Well if she made

it out alive. Luckily the fur coat she wore protected her from the glass but she still felt the impact on her back.

Prudence ran to the kitchen and drew a knife. "Oh no, no you don't want to do that." Dayo backed up, her nose bleeding from the punches Prudence delivered to her beautiful face.

"They killed my baby brother with their drugs; maybe if I do kill you, then I'd feel better. They'd experience how exactly it feels to lose someone you love for no damn reason." Prudence lunged at Dayo and it all happened too quickly.

Dayo ducked and swung Prudence's arm twisting it behind her back and grabbed the knife and stabbed her on the side with it. Prudence's eyes enlarged before she fell to the floor in agony.

"Oh my God!" Dayo panicked as she watched Prudence try to claw off the knife out of her side.

"Dayo!!!" a loud bang resounded from the door and Dayo realized it was Imari. She took the keys from Prudence's pocket and her heart strings tore as she heard Prudence ask for help under her breath.

Dayo quickly opened the door and came face to face with a worried sick Imari and two guys she's never saw before. Imari cupped her face in his large hands, scanning for anymore injuries. The blood on her face drove him insane.



"We need to get her help, I stabbed her but she's still alive I didn't kill her, I don't want to kill her."

Imari walked in to assess the situation and found Prudence with a knife by her side, the blood pooling around her.

"Boss?" Jackson asked Imari on what to do. "She's a cop."

"We can't exactly kill her... it will come back to Dee, are you sure you don't want us to finish her off?" Imari asked her.

"No! I am not a killer but she tried to kill me I had to do this, if I kill her I won't be able to live with myself." Dayo looked at Prudence... she was losing a lot of blood.

"We are calling you an ambulance, you listen to me very carefully... if you come for me or Dayo, I will kill you myself." Imari threatened her.

"You... go...go... to... hell." Prudence managed to spit out.

Imari knew there was no way Prudence wouldn't come for them once she's healed. "I am sorry Dayo."

Imari pulled her to his chest and hugged her tight and that minute a loud bang resounded in the room, shocking Dayo.

One of the men did it.

They killed Prudence Cooper.

"**That** bitch almost took out my eye." Dayo mumbled the following morning while sitting on the dressing chair looking at her fresh wounds from the fight she had with Prudence Cooper the previous day. She thought she'd have a sleepless night after Imari ordering his men to kill Prudence and get rid of her body but she slept soundly in her man's warm embrace.

She woke up to an empty bed and decided to shower and address her wounds before she goes out to look for Imari.

"Mhm and I was going to resurrect her and kill her again." Imari who was standing on the bathroom doorway answered.

"Hey." Dayo smiled looking at him through the mirror. Her heart skipped a beat at the sight of him. What a gorgeous man she thought. His well sculpted nose, his redefined jaw line, his twelve o'clock shadow...

"Don't look at me like that." Imari caught on the longing look in his woman's eyes. He has never claimed Dayo out loud but he had wholeheartedly accepted that she was his. He couldn't stay away from her, and he didn't want her away from him either.

"Like what?" Dayo asked, wondering how she was looking at him. All she was doing was admiring how handsome the man was.

"Like you want to devour me or some shit like that." He mentioned.

Dayo licked her lips before rolling them in her mouth, her cheeks flushed. "Maybe I am."

"Girl I will bend you over that table if you keep at that." His threat held some kind of promise to it and Dayo felt moisture between her legs. Oh how long it has been since they were together. "Listen I want to talk about something, well everything actually." Imari walked in the bathroom and sat on the dressing table so he could look into Dayo's eyes.

"Okay, I don't think I am ready but no one can ever be ready with you." Dayo said.

"I have put you through a lot of shit, well most of the time it was you and JT and I had to save you but nonetheless I am also to blame. I was meant to protect you, to shield you from all of this..."

"Imari some things were just inevitable. You shouldn't blame yourself."

"I feel like I am to blame. You don't make promises and not keep them. I told you the first time I saw you that you were not made for this... and honestly you weren't and still not. It's dangerous but you keep surprising me. You could have died a long time ago but somehow you're still alive. It's amazing."

Imari commented with a small smile playing at the corners of his lips.

"I know right? I was playing with fire every time; what I don't get is how you were always there for me. You did keep your promise." Dayo told him.

The pair was having a heart to heart moment that was long overdue.

"You were and it hurt when you didn't trust me enough even though I was always there for you. I picked you up midnight at work without fail, I sorted out your medicine stealing problem, I saved your friendship with your friend, I did so much than I can count and you still didn't trust me enough." Imari seemed to be upset by that and Dayo felt guilty for a moment.

"Okay I am going to be honest with you; I did trust you I was just afraid of you and afraid that I might find myself deep in this life that I can't even get out. But us being together, feelings evolved and I found myself falling for you even though I told myself that it's only sex." She couldn't look him in the eyes when she said that.

Imari's eyes got hooded; he didn't think she would fall for him let alone admit it out loud. "Falling for me?" he asked, anything else didn't seem to matter anymore.

"Yeah... I like being around you, sleeping in the same bed as you and kissing you, only you." The atmosphere was thick with emotions. Thick with love; thick with lust.

"I wanted to tell you that I love you."

Dayo was afraid to say it first, she felt it, she knew she was in love with the man and wanted him and only him. She was afraid he wouldn't reciprocate the same feeling so she kept it to herself.

"Yeah, since the moment I saw you, I wanted you. I wanted you in so many ways. I got mad when you smiled at JT it ate me up. Hearing your voice made me feel

made me feel like a fucking teenager. I had it bad, I still do."

"Imari..."

"And I just realized that it all comes to just me falling helplessly in love with you doc."

Dayo had no words she stood up and with all the strength and confidence she had, kissed Imari. The kiss was supposed to be sweet and short but Imari spun her around and placed her on the dressing table, her robe exposing her soft flesh.

"You're naked." He commented.

"I just took a shower." She smirked seeing the emotions swirling in the man's eyes. His brown orbs darkened and that could only be lust consuming him.

Dropping to his knees Imari came face to face with her excited lady part. Her scent aroused him that he didn't spare a second before he spread her legs wider and ran his tongue up and down her slit.

Dayo shuddered in delight. Her head fell back her hand pressing Imari's head against her pussy. Her moans filled the bedroom exciting Imari even further.

When Imari's tongue lapped up her juices and inserted one finger Dayo came hard. "Baby!!" she moaned out loud.

She couldn't believe just how easily the man could make her cum.

Imari smirked, proud that he could do that to her. He rose to his feet took off his shirt and threw it carelessly on the floor, took off his sweat pants and was stark naked. Slowly Imari entered her, receiving a whimper from her at the intrusion.

He kissed her while keeping still inside of her. "I love you." He told her.

She looked up at him with her doe eyes that always had him under a spell. "And I also love you." Her accent was so thick it affected him. His dick throbbed inside of her and he couldn't

hold on any longer. He wanted her hard and yet slow... and multiple times she came and was ready to tap out when he finally found his release.

"Damn! That was... that was amazing." Dayo blushed as she cleaned herself up.

"You are amazing." Imari pecked her lips a dizzy smile on his face.

Dayo giggled shyly. "But you know, in the movies a man who wants to express his feelings to a woman he's been sleeping with takes her on a date, wine and dine her then spill the beans. Hashtag just saying." She told him.

"Oh that was the original plan until someone called about a certain police officer that threatened to kill her."

"Oh!"

"Yeah, oh!" Imari pulled her against his body by her hips.

"Another thing I wanted to talk to you about is that I don't expect you to quit your job and stay at home and do nothing, instead I will quit the game."

Dayo couldn't believe it. She never even attempted to ask why he doesn't compromise for the sake of their relationship. She never thought he would agree to it. This was his life, all he ever knew. To hear him say that was shocking.

"Imari? Are you serious?"

"As a heart attack. I've had the best of both worlds and I know if I want to be with you, we should lead a straight life. I mean I've made millions so I'm set."

"Are you serious?"

"If you ask me one more time I might say no. I am serious; you are going to be the mother of my children, wait you do want kids right? Because I do."

Dayo laughed and kissed him on the lips. "I do. I – wow... are you sure, I mean I would love that. But Imari you have worked so hard for this, I know I am against it but I love you."

"And I love you, I will protect you. Besides this was my father's life not mine. I am a man of my own now. I am leaving the game."

"I am excited you can't see it cause I'm in shock. Amazing sex and great news, can a girl get any luckier." Dayo said as she walked out of the bedroom to put something to wear.

Just as Dayo entered the bedroom leaving Imari to wear his pants, a gun was fired through the bedroom window and Dayo screamed and jumped into the closet.

The gun went off destroying the window completely, the couch and the pillows that were insight then it all went quiet.



"Dee!??" Imari called out walking out of the bathroom pulling his pants up. "Baby?"

"I'm in here." She opened the closet and Imari walked in.

"Are you okay? Are you hurt?" he fired all kinds of questions at her.

"I am okay luckily. Who is fucking crazy enough to shoot at us so early in the morning?"

At that moment Imari's phone rang, it was JT.

"Next time, I won't miss." JT said before hanging up.

The atmosphere changed. Something dark loomed over everyone. Dayo dressed in tracks pants and a simple t-shirt and sneakers was standing in the kitchen mauling everything that has happened in the last weeks. It was all crazy.

Patrick, her brother was a drug dealer, he made her sign prescriptions that he sold to people addicted to pain killers and that caused her to be kidnapped; well that was the version of the story she got.

She worked with two cops who promised to protect her if she gave them all the information regarding Imari and JT's lives then one of them got arrested and one is dead.

She fell in love with one man and kissed his best friend as she didn't want to accept that indeed she was falling for one of the dangerous men in society.

She helped kill a man even though she didn't do it herself; she still assisted with the poison that caused Kenneth's heart attack.

Gabrielle was shot and lost her child and finally JT and Imari were in a war that almost killed her in the house she felt safe at.

It was all too much but she knew she couldn't leave, she couldn't leave Imari. She loved him and wanted a chance at

love. She wanted to be loved like she deserved. "Hey." Imari was all dressed ready to go play with JT.

"Do you really have to do this?" Dayo asked him, concerning dancing in her eyes. She was scared of what the outcome of this war would be.

"My love, I have to." He stood in front of her. "I promised you that I am leaving the game and before I do that, I need to tie up some loose ends."

"Those loose ends involve going after JT Imari and I don't know..." Dayo voiced her concerns.

"He came at me first. He tried to scare me by shooting at you in my fucking house. That is some crazy disrespect and I need to teach him a lesson." Imari told her. He was not going to back out of the fight just like that. JT needed to pay.

"Baby... I am scared. What if you don't come back?"

"I will come back."

"You are not sure of that. What if he kills you Imari? What will I do? Please call this off and don't leave. Give him back his drugs and just, just let it go please I am begging you." Dayo begged.

"This is something I need to do my love. It is time to finish what I started. If I am not back in three hours' time, call Jackson and

tell him I need him okay? He will know what to do." Imari told her.

It melted his heart to see just how concerned the woman was over him. He loved her and it made him happy to know she loved him too. Pulling her towards him by her hips, Imari smashed his lips against hers and she responded almost immediately.

The kiss felt like a promise from him to her, that he will always love her, and that he will return back to her.

"I love you Dee." he pressed his forehead against hers.

"Come back to me." She whispered. He nodded and kissed her lips before leaving his house.

Dayo was scared, wondering what will happen next. She couldn't stay still so she called Gabrielle who was being discharged from the hospital.

"Hey boo. Who is going to pick me up?" Gabrielle asked immediately she answered. "I have signed the paperwork; I need to be picked up."

Dayo smiled alone. "I am coming to pick you up. I thought Malike would but I am on my way."

"Malike is not my family okay. Get here." Gabrielle hung up. Dayo took one of Imari's cars, fired up her gps and drove out to Pretoria to get Gabrielle.

From the hospital, Gabrielle requested they stop by JT's house so she could pick some of her clothes before they return to Imari's place.

"Don't you think we should stop them? I am worried Gabby. What if your brother kills Imari? Or what if Imari succeeds in killing JT would that make you happy?" Dayo asked as soon as they finished packing and headed to the kitchen.

"Look I love JT because he is my brother but he killed the man I loved over nothing. I can't forgive that. Let him die. If he kills Imari I will kill him." Gabrielle told her while limping to the fridge to get water.

"Anyway the security told me that my father was once here so they have sent me the clip of their conversation. I want to listen to what they were talking about. I'm pretty sure they did talk about the business and I want to know exactly what." Gabrielle told Dayo. After drinking her water, she fired up her tablet so the two of them can listen in on the conversation.

"I still think we need to find them and stop them. I don't want Imari to kill JT and more importantly I don't want JT to kill

Imari." Dayo could be less interested in the video playing. She was worried sick about Imari. JT was dangerous and lethal he could kill Imari.

"Oh my God!!" Gabrielle exclaimed. "My dad is the one that killed Elam but told everyone it was Jahzara so people could fear him and respect him."

"What?" Dayo took the tablet from her and listened as JT and his father bickered back and forth about what had happened the day Elam died.

"So Imari is out there to kill him because he thinks he killed Elam, Gabrielle we need to stop them." Dayo jumped from the chair, panic mode activated.

"Yes, oh Jesus how long has it been since Imari was gone?" Gabrielle asked.

"Two hours. And he said that if he isn't back in three hours I need to call Jackson he will know what to do. Jesus I don't even know where they are." Dayo started to freak out. She pulled out her phone to call Imari but of course, he did not answer. She tried JT and he too did not answer his phone.

"Call Jackson and ask him where they are. For now let's go cause I might have an idea of where they could be." Gabrielle took her crutch off the counter and started walking out of the door. "I will track their cars; I always know where to find them."

Long at last, Gabrielle found their cars at the exact location she suspected. The old building Elam was found dead at. She knew Imari would lure JT to the same location his brother died at to take his revenge on him. The place was Kojo Brown's old warehouse that now was just some old garage that had nothing inside except old furniture, dust and weeds.

Imari and JT had been fighting for over an hour, both ran out of bullets and as they had trained together before, they had knives on their bodies and Imari had his knife out, pinning JT down with his knee, the knife pressed to a bleeding JT's throat.

"Say your last words motherfucker." Imari spat angrily. It was a fight of a lifetime. They had punched and kicked each other until bones crackled a little.

"Imari!"

"Jahzara!" the voices of two women echoed, shocking Imari. He wondered how the hell Dayo found him. JT was relieved to hear his sister's voice call out for him. He didn't want to die yet but if death came, he preferred to have made peace with his sister beforehand.

"Imari don't kill him, he didn't kill your brother." Dayo came running while stopping Imari. "Baby don't kill him please." Dayo was shocked to see Imari's bloodied face. He and JT almost killed each other from just beating each other up.

Soon enough Gabrielle arrived after Dayo since she couldn't run and played the CCTV footage for Imari. "Please look at this."

Imari got off JT and looked at him. He was conflicted. "Is that staged?" he asked. "Or your father really killed my brother?"

JT pulled himself up into a sitting position and weakly nodded. His life has flashed before his eyes and he knew Imari wouldn't have batted an eyelash before killing him. And he felt shitty that all these years he believed his father wanted to protect him and that he loved him.

"Why didn't you ever tell me? We were brothers, we were best friends!" Imari lashed angrily. He felt so guilty that he almost killed JT for nothing.

"My father said it would make me look weak. You were only supposed to know that he was killed by someone else. But others knew what had happened and your father knew too. He just wanted the right moment to attack by using you." JT told him.

"So both our fathers played all of us." Gabrielle spoke up. "We make a great family. We are always there for each other, we shouldn't kill each other. Let our fathers kill each other." She suggested.

Imari helped JT up who was more injured than him. "I could have killed you." Imari said. "I know."



"Honestly this is nonsense that we can't take y'all to a hospital. It's not like you have to be honest about what happened." Dayo was pissed while driving back to the house with both JT and Imari in the backseat of the car and Gabrielle riding shotgun.

"But babe, you have dealt with crazier cases than their little bruises you got this." Gabrielle said.

"I don't like this." Dayo said. "I hate doing this because we run a risk of infections here." She rolled her eyes, her accent thick as hell. She was not too impressed at all but she knew she was fighting a losing battle.

When they arrived to JT's place, Dayo set to work starting off with the badly hurt one, JT. "Doc..." JT softly called out to her as she took care of him. "Mhm?" "I am sorry." He said.

"For?" she wanted to know what was he sorry for. Was he sorry he recruited her into this crazy life? Was he sorry for all the threats and the scares? What exactly was he sorry for.

"Everything I have put you through. For bringing you in this world. I was selfish, always have been selfish." JT said, looking in her eyes. The man even when bruised all up was still as handsome as ever.

"Yeah you are fucking selfish Jahzara that's one thing you getting right." Imari spoke up entering the room Dayo and JT were in catching the last part of the conversation.

"Fuck you, you may have been mad at me all these years but you and I are the same." JT told him.

"No we are not. You killed because you had power; I killed because our lives were threatened. You always wanted more money while I wanted money so I can go legit. You were in this game because your father taught you and I did too but only for a while. We are not the same." Imari told him.

Jahzara kept quiet, Imari was right he did all of that because of power and because his father taught him how to be that very killer and that very same drug dealer. This was not the life worth living.

"Where are my drugs?" JT asked. "Luka told me everything."

"Luka? My brother Patrick?" Dayo asked,

"Yeah your brother, fucking snitch. I hate that guy but at least he told me that my very best friend stole from me and was planning to empty every pocket of mine."

"I sold our drugs to some new kingpin wanna be without grade A product, so I sold him the business all you have left is the club and Gabrielle's salon." Imari told him. The two men had decided to bury the hatchet once they realized that they were

about to kill each other over nothing. That they were pawns in their father's games.

"Can I get my fucking share?" JT asked when Dayo finished with him and motioned for Imari to sit down so she can attend to his injuries.

"Sure, I will think about it." Imari told him.

The men continued to bicker back and forth until Dayo closed up her medical bag and stood up to leave. "JT you take care of yourself okay, Gabby will be staying with us until she gets better and you are welcome to come visit her at any time." Dayo left with Imari behind her.

Gabrielle checked up on JT before they left and the siblings shared a warm hug and a kiss on the lips forgiving each other for what they did to one another and they swore that they too were leaving the drug game but firstly they have to kill their father.

When the trio arrived at Imari's house, they were surprised to find the front door open. Imari ever being the over protective man pulled out his gun and walked in first. "Wait here." He told Dayo and Gabrielle who quickly nodded.

"Mom? Dad? Mpho what are you... when did you..." Imari trailed off, shocked by seeing his family in his living room, TV

blasting music, and his parents having a conversations with their bags by the door.

"Hey biggie!" Mpho jumped to hug her brother, she was so happy to see him again. The video calls they had couldn't beat the moment they could touch and actually see each other. "You are so big dude." The younger woman commented.

"Hello my love." Imari's mother had her own great smile on her face. She enveloped Imari into a tight warm hug and never wanting to let go. "Oh my baby! I missed you so much, and what happened to you?" she asked. At that moment Gabrielle and Dayo walked in.

"Hi uncle K, Aunt Jay...Mpho." Gabrielle limped inside the house greeting Kojo, his wife and their youngest daughter. Gabrielle grew up before their eyes and they loved her so much like their own more especially because Elam loved her so much that he intended to marry her.

"Oh goodness Gabby, I knew one day these boys will get you killed!" Jane, Imari's mother commented.

Dayo watched as the family reunite and she felt a pang in her chest. She has never felt a mother's love; her grandmother was there through it all but she still longed to have her mother around.

"Mom, dad... I want you to meet someone." Imari had a smile on his face. He walked towards Dayo, even with his purple half face; he was still the most handsome man in her eyes. The love dancing in his eyes warmed her heart. She only felt like sore sticking out thumb for a minute until Imari remembered her.

"This woman right here, this incredible doctor is my girlfriend, Dayo." He looked down at her with loving eyes.

"A doctor? Mhm, Brown your son is dating a doctor." Jane was surprised but happy. "Welcome to the family love." Jane hugged Dayo and kissed her cheek.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Mr and Mrs Brown." Dayo timidly said. Her heart was beating wild, she has never met a guy's parents before.

"I am sure it will be a pleasure to get to know you." Jane gushed.

Later in the evening Imari's dad called him into a meeting in his office; clearly he was pissed by something. "Imari, you had one job, kill the boy and take over so we can come back home. But what do you do?" Kojo who was a stunning replica of his son said, his forehead creased.

"Dad, JT didn't kill Elam, uncle Shona did. Now I won't kill my best friend over that." Imari argued.

"Uncle Shona? He is not your uncle. That man is a monster, he killed my son, milked me dry of the hard money I worked for, took my company to clean his filthy money and left me hanging dry and begging for his fucking bread crumbs." Kojo was heated up.

"Dad! I won't kill my best friend for you. Shona killed Elam and you know it. You just wanted me to kill his son too so you can even the score. But I won't, I am quitting the game and if you want to take your revenge on Shona, be my guest but make sure to leave me out of it." Imari didn't even wait for his father to say anything further. He left the room, banging the door on his way to his bedroom.

"What's wrong?" Dayo asked seeing Imari angrily bang the door shut.

"My father. He is angry that I did not kill JT but I told him why and he just needs to accept it." He sat down on the bed and Dayo crawled up behind him, giving his shoulders a nice massage.

"Mhmm, I am glad you stood up for yourself." She said. "I like your mom... and your sister they are nice." She smiled as she worked on his knots.

"Yeah?" Imari turned to look at her and she nodded. "I am glad that the three of you get along because I intend to keep you in my life forever." He declared.

It was not a marriage proposal but it was as good as that. "I am going to take care of you ma, and the children you are going to bear us." He said so while pushing her down on the bed, planning to have his wicked way with her.

"What's going to happen now?" she asked.

"My father can do whatever the hell he wants, I have money to clean so we can pay the boys and split it with Jahzara and Gabby... hopefully Rotimi won't cause havoc in our lives and that my dad or JT kill Shona. Then me on the other hand, have a baby to put inside of you." Dayo could only giggle as Imari trailed feather light kisses on her neck down her collarbone.

On the other side of Johannesburg, when the sun was shining brightly, Jahzara woke up, took a shower and went downstairs to try and fix himself breakfast. He was ever grateful for his house keeper that came in, did grocery shopping cleaned and never bothered him.

As he was about to break the eggs in a pan, the doorbell rang and his heart started racing. Last night he sent a 'risky' text to the woman he loves with his whole heart, poured his heart out,

told her about his plans to leave the game and asked her to come by. He wondered if it was her.

Opening the door he was greeted by her gorgeous round face. "Monica." He greeted.

"Hi Zara." She smiled at him. "I am here." She told him. She too loved JT with all her heart, and has been waiting, praying to hear him tell her he's quit the drug game.

"For real? Are you..." he couldn't even finish his words, if there was any woman who could unnerve him was the short chubby woman who stole his heart back in varsity.

"I don't think we should do this on your door step but you asked me to come back and I haven't been able to love any other man they way I love you. And if you are serious about leaving this crazy life, then I'd like to try again with you."

.....**The End**.....

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