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PROLOGUE

REESE

"So how much is it going to cost me?", He had his poker face on, it was hard to tell what he was thinking.

"Well, it will depend on how deep your pockets are..." I seductively licked my lips, being a pimp has taught me to be flirtatiously. That way customers feel like they are welcomed. They would have a good time without being judged.

"My people are willing to please you at any cost. You just have to pick your price and you will have anything you want. If you are into men you came to the right place. If you like a cunt, I'm your lady. You know me to well"

He released his husky laugh. This man has been my customer for years but we would do this almost every time he passes by. It is like he likes it when I explain this process over and over.

You'd think he has a thing for me. He doesn't. Him and I, have offloaded some streams a few times, nothing serious .He is one of my top paying customers. So sometimes, I give him a piece of cake for free, as a way of showing my deep appreciation. I know most pimps don't normally sleep with their customers but I do it for fun and pleasure.

"As I was saying..." he is a good listener. He normally grasps anything that has been said to him. That is how sharp his hearing sense is.

"Your price and how you like it would determine the hours you get. Any position has its price. Positions prices starts from R500 and above...If you like foul play before you jump into it. That alone starts from R850 and above. If you are into Toys, you will have to pay for that but it will cost you an arm and leg

because prices start from R1 500 and above. This one would cost you an arm and a leg..."

My door burst open. I stopped talking and looked at who was at the door. A Young lady covered in dirt on my doorstep. Did she just do that? This is a high class prostitution ring. No one can just burst into my office as they please. I stood up, because right now. I feel disrespected. I went to her.

"What the heck, are you doing here?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude but I'm begging you I need a job urgently" I laughed.

"What makes you think I could give you a job?" She fell down on her knees to beg me.

"I have what it takes to work here, I have all the requirements. Vagina..." she stood up, slowly because you could tell. She is as shocked by her answer as I'm.

"Feisty huh?"

"Do I have a job or not?" I stared at her amazed. Did she just make a command because I don't take commands from anyone?

"Unfortunately, you don't. Now you can excuse us" I went and opened the door wide for her to leave. She stood there waiting for me to show her remorse.

"I said, Vamoose!" I snapped.

"I will take her..." we both turned to look at him. We couldn't see his facial expression because his back was facing us, instead of his face.

"What?"

I ask, just in case I didn't hear that critically clear.

"I said, I will take her..." I stared at him longer than I intended.

"Well, in that case everything is settled" I rubbed my hands together. And peeked for my secretary on her desk. There she was, her glasses on. Devoted to make my life easier.

"Scarlet?" I called her softly. "Boss Lady?" She answered while taking her spectacles off.

"Take this young lady and clean her up and do all the necessities. She must be ready in an hour or so" I instructed her.

"On it Boss, come" she signalled the young lady covered with dirty

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with her hand. She followed Scarlet. I closed the door behind me and went to sit comfortably on my chair to face Scar. I don't know why they call him Scar, but I detected that he has the most awful scar that runs from his ear to his jaw line. It is hard

not to glance at it sometimes since it is huge and visible to the eye.

"Why do you charge a fortune?" I looked at him. Is he being for real?

"It is hard to make a living in the heart of Pretoria, without a degree or any fancy paper. It gets even harder now that I have a black ass. I'm a black woman raised by the pit of Soweto. I'm just like everyone else here, trying to make a living..."

"I didn't mean it in a bad way though. I just don't get it...why are you this expensive. It is just sex, meaningless sex I might add" is he trying to make me lose my gourd?

"For your information, I take care of my girls and boys. I make sure they get tested every two weeks. I make sure that they don't sleep with just anybody because you have a membership here. You know there is a protocol, a new member can never Join the crew without his or her medical records. You know that the same way I take care of my workers' tests is the same way I take care of my clients' health. I have everyone's best interest

at heart. Do you think the lawyer that drafts the NDA agreement contract, What do I use to pay them, my eyes?. I don't even want to mention workers here: from cleaners, chefs, doctors, nurses, receptionist, make up artist, sex workers, etc. I use money to pay my people" he looked at me with a smile on his face.

"I admire your spirit" I gave him a longer stare, that had a burning range.

"After the shitty question. You asked me. I will take that as a complement"

"Surely it is...when is my girl ready. I have never been this excited about sex in a long time" I just gave him a side smile.

"It has to be. Sad reality this is the only place you can get the best cleanest sex of them all, in Pretoria. And one last thing just because you are a white man who had it easy that doesn't give you the authority to judge black woman's hustle"

This is what my life has become. Dealing with hungry perverts for sex. My prostitution ring, is larger than what meets the eye. I managed to succeed because I was willing to. I realised I'm good with hospitality, but I lack the required papers to run one. I opened my own. I'm good with money and people, My prostitution ring grew larger over the years as I continued to

hire different people and signing different clients: Anyhow you love your sex. You can get it: from man to man, woman to woman, man to woman. That is how large my operation is, I fend for different people with different sexual needs. Sex is one of the best way to make money, everyone wants it. It is more like a human basic need we all share...

1

VONDRA

I looked at myself in the mirror one last time...I don't know how to feel, my emotions are all over the place. A part of me is content, that I will finally be able to feed seven mouths that I left at home. My life is built upon five siblings: All younger than me, two boys and three girls. Including my grandmother who has cancer. I have to hustle in order for her to get her medication. If last but not least my drunkard mother, who changes men like her panties. She is never home to look after her children. She has made it my duty to look after them, I cannot turn my back on them like she did.

The other part of me is dejected, that at seventeen within blink of an eye I'm going to be a prostitute probably for life. Since I dropped out of school after passing my seventh grade. I never proceed with school because that is when we discovered my Grammy has cancer, one way or the other someone had to make compromises and Sacrifices and that is ME. Since I'm older.

I glanced at myself one last time and wiped my tears. Followed Scarlet where she was taking me, after doing a bunch of tests on me and making sure I looked my best. They really cleaned me up nicely, since I came here looking like a hobo.

This area is larger than I expected. When I thought the building had come to an end, Scarlet pressed an elevator button that went down. Fantastic, this place has a downstairs floor, how smart Reese is? No one knows that Reese is her real name because she is hiding her identification. Since this place isn't even registered. The only place that exists is the coffee shop/internet cafe, that serves as the entrance and the face of Glorious Escort. The coffee shop combined with Internet Cafe is just outside Pretoria. The coffee shop can sell one coffee per day but it never closes.

This is why? I hacked into its Dark web and found out it is illegal. I have always been obsessed with the internet. I know it's in and out. I even know her top clients' field professions: the one she was with today is a member of the Special Task Force. I don't know whether she is aware of that. Whether he is here just for sex or he is here on duty.

"This way," Scarlet said. I followed her like a lost puppy. There were dozens of rooms down this block. The only good thing about it is that everything here is spontaneous and clean.

We finally reached the room we were aiming for. I felt my heart beating faster with each step I took. Scarlet bursted the door open and there he was sitting on white sheets, waiting for me. The room smelt fresher than my room. As soon as I stepped inside, Scarlet closed the door behind me. I stood there for like ten minutes. "I'm waiting!" His voice made a bigger noise than this building.

He stood up and came to me...

His hand brushed on my cheek in the most creepy way ever. Besides the fact he has an ugly scar. He was the most handsome man I ever laid my eyes apon. Is this how handsome white men are? He had dark eyebrows. His nose was snubbed, I don't want to get started on his blue green eyes that are moniker.

But his beautiful features went through out the window as he continued to sniff my hair. I felt a shiver run through my spine. Not in a good way in fear. "You are so beautiful," He softly made a comment and it didn't sound as good as he gave it: "I cannot wait to fuck"

Then reality crept in. My virginity would be something I lose here. He took off the coat I was wearing slowly. And allowed it to fall on the floor. He examined the expensive lingerie I was wearing inside. He felt the fabric with his hands. "Now I get why you cost fortune Agent provocateur Davine ring, now this is what I call classy" he moved to stand behind me. I felt his hand on the bump of my ass, heading towards my vagina. His hand once it reached my vagina he stopped and touched the fabric of my panties.

"I'm going to enjoy fucking you" I felt my inner self getting disgusted but I had to hold my tears from escaping on my eyes.

"Now be a good girl and go lie on the bed. On your back" I moved slowly towards the bed.

"Young lady I don't have the whole day. Make it snappy!" He snapped, sending shivers down my spine. What was I thinking? Coming here? What was I hoping to achieve? I'm only 17. Did I perhaps expect that I would get some candies? When I got a bundle of nerves I knew this wasn't the right call but the damage was done. He stripped his clothes on the floor no matter how beautiful he looked. His handsome face became disgusting to me. How could handsome buy sex? He can get any girl he wants...

"You like what you see dynamite?" I nodded because I know I have to be happy about it to please my customers, unless I want to lose this job quicker as I got it. He came towards me and traced his finger on my body. I didn't even like the sensation that came with it. I was repulsed with what I'd going on...

He pinched my nipple, still in my bra and moved towards the drawer and came out with handcuffs and what looked like a vibrator.

"This is Osé2" I gaped at it and was shocked. This thing looks weird. On its base it has a bigger round circle and it has hole,

then it starts to curve where the tube starts and it looks like a C-shape. The ending is also a little thicker compared to where it curved. My eyes narrowed as I looked at it.

"You know what I like about Osé 2" I shook my head. No.

"It is designed to mimic the best kinds of human touch. Osé 2 combines a G-spot massager and clitoral mouth to arouse and stimulate both pleasure points simultaneously" I looked at him astonished because I have no idea what he is on about. "Don't worry I will show you"

He came to me and ripped my panties off. My vagina that was shaved an hour ago came face to face with a stranger. He ran his hands on my vagina. "She is beautiful, small just how I like them" he took the vibrator and turned it on my vagina my blood stopped pounding for a second there as I was shocked to the fullest. What the hell is going on?...

"I'm a virgin..." I found myself saying that out of nowhere. He stopped and looked at me for a while, then he withdrew the vibrator from my pussy. When I thought he was going to show

mercy. What he said next crushed my world: "And I paid to fuck you. It looks like you are going to be a problem"

He forcibly cuffed my hands, in a painful manner And...

He moved away from me and went back to the drawer, this time he came back with a thick black robe about five metres long. He roughly tied my hands with a rope then tied the rope on the headboard of the bed, since it was designed with steel and I didn't understand why. He pressed my hands roughly after he was done.

"You better keep them steady you whore, I paid for a kinky fuckery and I'm going to enjoy it. To hell with your virginity..." he continued running his hands on my body. The face he made was a whole new look in my memory. So far I have picked a happy face. He looked at my face, "the least you can do is to be happy about it. I paid two hours for you and I'm not wasting any penny of that duration"

I don't know where I got the courage but I found myself spitting saliva on his face. The next thing I know a punch landed on my jaws. I tasted blood in my mouth. I couldn't touch myself.

"Feisty huh? Do you like it rough? Don't worry I'm going to give you exactly that way" he said

opening my thighs roughly after I closed them, to stop myself from exposing my treasure that I already hate. I closed them again. "You wanted to be a whore, right? Then you should know that this is how whores are treated...what I'm about to do is nothing personal. I just want it to be a lesson. You want to be a whore, the gates of hell. This is how hell treat it's people" He roughly inserted a finger on my vagina, "Arhhh" I screamed in anguish, as I felt a discomfort between my legs.

"The least you could do is to be gentle. Please, I'm begging you!" I pleaded with tears already streaming down my face, I was a mess. I could tell I looked pathetic right now. Mucus and tears were the ruler of the face.

"You think your tears scar me?" He pushed his finger further in and moved it to his nose and sniffed it. "If you could smell this,

you would be proud of yourself. You smell like heaven" he released a nasty laugh.

He went back again, when I thought I was getting used to the discomfort. He added another finger. "FUCK!" I said out of pain.

"That's it, unleash that bitch in you" to make matters worse I was dry. Everything felt extremely excruciating. "Since you are a boring whore that can't even perform, I'm just going to jump to it" he said rubbing the tip of his dick, my eyes popped. Not only was he big. His thing was curved like a banana or something...This is my first time seeing a penis of a man, besides that of my siblings which I won't categorize them into men.

He opened my legs wide, played with his tip on my opening. The next thing I know he shoved his manhood on my vagina. "Fuck, you are so tight. From today you are my favourite whore...I will come back for you" he said, holding tightly on my non-existent boobs. That alone was painful because I don't have the gene for bigger boobs. I only have breast buds. That can be tender and sore, not to mention sensitive. I flinched in pain but he started moving, making sounds that I heard for the

first time from a man on top of me. I conclude I don't like the sound...isn't as perfect as how porn and romantic movies portray it.

"Ouch!" I flinched out of pain. He has been at it for a while now, all sweaty and gross on top of me. He would change his rhythm every now and then. Sometimes he gets rough, sometimes slow, sometimes he moves in circles. He kept going that my brain finally made peace with what was going on. I felt my body relaxing as it acknowledged what was going on. I was having sex, when he felt me relax he went to slow.

"Fuck you have the warmest cunt and you are starting to get wet for me!" He whispered softly in my ear. I don't know what was happening to me at that moment, because I felt like my body wasn't mine anymore. As if I was possessed or something. When my vagina started making sounds that it was pretty wet and my abdominal muscles started to get taut, not in a bad way. In a manner I couldn't describe, as he continues to pound inside me. Then from then, I knew I'm a woman...

REESE

I was enjoying my wine...

When Scarlet busted my door without knocking. I don't even have time for this. I continued sipping my wine like it was my favourite drink, downing it with cheese.

"Boss, what is the meaning of that!?" She snapped.

"Are you talking to me like that? First, you come in here without knocking and now you are going to talk to me like I'm your friend?" She ignored me and waited longer without saying anything.

"Boss, do you have any idea? What have you done?" She finally asked after she lingered for longer.

"What?" I asked bored.

"That child looks underage. Since when do we take school kids here?" I laughed.

"Since she begged for it, close the door on your way out..." she walked out banging the door angrily.

"That door is fucken experience Scarlet. Don't try me. I can..."

2

VONDRA

After my first client...

Who took my sanity. They just made me clean myself and made me jump to three more customers. The first two made me take it on a missionary position, so I just laid there and forced myself to moan. Since my first one told me, I should moan if customers like it with sound. The last customer for the day made me take it in a compromising position and they all didn't use protection. My body was sore, I couldn't detect and say this is where the pain is: but the last thing I could tell you, is that my vagina was the one that was awfully sore but that pain was nothing compared to what I felt in my soul.

The sun has reached the other side.

Which means it is time to knock off. I went to the bathroom and all the fancy clothes I had on I peeled them off my body and the fancy make-up I wiped everything off. I descended to

the entrance door to leave. I was about to walk out when Reese's voice kissed my cochlea.

"Where do you think you are going?" I spun around to face her.

"Home..." I answered with a trembling voice. She is staring at me in a manner I don't understand now.

"You are not going anywhere till 10 pm"

"What?" I was amazed, I thought I knocked off at five.

"The last time I checked I didn't stumble," she said. Those words: they came out harsh to me.

"I thought I was done for the day. Don't I knock out at five?"

"Unfortunately no, a loyal customer lodged a complaint against you, about your boring performance. So you are up again, allow Scarlet and the team to fix you" the sound of her heels was loud, as she walked out she spun around to look at me.

"10 p.m. on the dot not earlier than that, but I wouldn't mind later than that. It would show devotion to me and I like people who bow to my rules. They live longer" she turned to walk out, then all of a sudden she looked at me.

"Ohh, speaking about longer life. Shall you disclose what is going on down here to anything that inhales oxygen. I'm going to kill you without any hesitation" she finally walked out.

I looked at her back and smiled, as an idea hit my cerebrum. "Hmm, not bad" I said to myself disappearing into the passage that console my shame, walls that took part in ripping off my dignity...

SCAR

The minute I reached my car. I kicked my car tire. I was this close to exploding. Five years ago when I came to Glorious Escort, I was only here for investigation but I got distracted along the way. Being a member of the Special Task Force can come with a lot of responsibility. The Glorious Escort has been

under investigation for long, but we can't seem to trace anything back to them.

My duty was to only investigate, but I find myself deeper inverted on the sex. But today I did something I never thought I would. I know that she is still a child

I know she is underage but her complexion just lured me in. I felt so eager to run my hands on her dark skin. Her skin isn't the normal dark, it is darker, extremely darker. It is like she is burnt or something but when I looked at her, I saw the smoothness I couldn't avoid running my hands on.

I know what I did can be categorised as rape. If this reached the state it would be viewed as rape. I, on the other hand, as a rapist. It won't matter if she enjoyed it as time went by or not, I'm an adult and she is a child. It doesn't matter if I paid for it or not: Rape in the eye of the state is rape. Despite how it happened, she is a child for heaven's sake.

My cell phone rang in my pocket. Liam, his name flashed on my screen. I looked at it, as I hopped in my car.

[CALL]

"Hello!" I answered after staring at it for a while.

"Where the hell are you?" That is the first thing he wanted to know, since I was still on duty.

"Still at Glorious why?"

"You were there for like What? Six hours? Scar, What is going on?"

How do you tell your partner? That you just slept with a child? Simple, you can't!...

"Nothing really, I didn't come straight here. I passed by my mother's house" I lied through my teeth. I hope for my sake he doesn't read between the lines, because I know: if one of my team members finds out about my fantasy. If they know I've been screwing whores at Glorious, I could lose my badge. And now it gets interesting. I could go to jail. For a very long time for

rape, and I might get a tougher sentencing. They won't be lenient on me. The people would want the state to set a good example by punishing harshly one of their own.

"For your sake I hope you are not lying Scar... because if you are it would be a shame on your mother to use her as an excuse while she is on her deathbed" Liam likes to poke his nose where it doesn't belong.

"Don't worry I will be there, less than an hour or so..."

"Meet me at your house. There is something I want to discuss with you"

"Sure" I dropped the call.

Liam, I won't really call him my friend because he is not. He is just someone I work with but sometimes we extend the fun outside work. I slammed my fist on the steering wheel, as I felt frustration took over my body.

"Shit!" I cursed out of anger...

3

VONDRA

As soon as the clock pointed at 10 o'clock. I didn't even want to spend another second around these walls. I rushed to my locker since they made me one...it looks like I'm here to stay. I took off everything that made me ashamed of myself. I hit the elevator button: the only time I would breathe. Is when I'm outside these suffocating walls.

I rushed outside ignoring the discomfort feeling in my legs. I bumped into Scarlet at the exit..."Hi" she said, making me stop in my tracks.

"Going somewhere?" She asked with a mischievous smile on her face.

"Yes"

"Where?"

"Home..." I had a silent prayer in my heart that I better not meet another Reese with a different shape, name and clothes because Scarlet does look sweet. "Um, didn't Ice tell you?"

Mind you, Reese everyone knows her as Ice, Why? Because Diamonds are referred to as Ice: in a slang way.

"Wow you two are pretty close, right?" She laughed.

"Why would you say that?"

"Well the lady behaves like a dragon. So I'm surprised you can call her by her name" she bursted into an awful laughter brushing me off. She knew that if Reese heard her call that besides: Boss, Boss lady, Madam, Queen - things like that. She would flip, that is how extra she can be. Always demanding respect because she won't earn one from me anytime soon.

"Well if you call her Ice, make sure she is far, I mean far away from you" I raised my eyebrows as my hands fell on my waist.

My ears behaved like those of a dog as my pinna stood up to absorb what she said.

"Ohh, I thought she was cool with that?"

"Who? You mean Ice? That lady is ruthless. Her behaviour makes me wonder if indeed she is a woman because she treats her kind like trash. Infant Ice has no stopping point; she treats everyone like puke" I looked at her amused, because I could smell her anger from afar. My problem was only one: How loyal is she to Reese? because so far I could tell she despite every fibre on her body.

"Continue..." because I loved every moment when someone spoke ill about people whom I loathed to the core.

She looked at me, "it looks like you are enjoying the talk but you have to get home. You cannot stay for longer" now she was dismissing me. I let her be because I didn't want to come too pushy because it would make me look suspicious.

"What did you want to tell me about Boss Lady?" I said drastically, rolling my eyes.

"Well, normally when you knock off late; there would be a chauffeur waiting for you. Since it is already late. I don't want to keep you here any longer..."

I patted her shoulder, "Thanks!"

"You're welcome," she said, walking away with pride. I looked at her and wondered how a lovely soul works in this kind of environment. I guess her story is the same as mine 'TRYING TO MAKE LIVING' for a moment there, she took my mind off things. I walked outside and felt the breeze of coldness hit my face. I searched for the car: there it was a limousine parked on the side of the road. It had the logo of GLORIOUS on it. Wow! Reese really loves class. This woman seems to have made money using people. I studied it for a while. Then a few minutes later the bell was hooted and the window rolled down.

I climbed inside the limousine, the smell of riches hit my nostrils.

"Where to?"

"Winterveld..." the driver didn't respond, she just drove off. I studied her face, it looks like Reese trusts women more than many because I only saw men in the bedrooms being devoured or holding brooms; cleaning. While women are holding steering wheels driving...I just relaxed on the seat, as I allowed pain to wash over my body.

REESE

I giggled as he continued to tickle me.

"Would you stop it

Advertisement

Liam"

He didn't stop and there I couldn't stop laughing, as felicitous rushed through my spine. Liam and I have been fooling around

for a while now. He doesn't know anything about my other side of the world. To him , I'm just a business woman. We met at one of the Gala dinners, where top investors meet.

"Geez, Lee would you stop"

"Okay fine!" He held his hands in surrender. He looked at me..."lie down on your stomach"

"On it Sir" I made a salute gesture. I lied down as his magic hands started doing what they do best.

"So what have you been up to the past few days?"

"Nothing much, just drinking wine and you? Have you signed any new clients?" He runs a car dealership. Which is pretty successful.

"This past week has been slow...but I managed to sell my top cars so no complaints"

"As long as you can feed yourself we are good"

He whispered in my ear.

"Would you just shut up?"

"Hmm" I moaned as he pressed his hands harder on my body.

VONDRA

As soon as the car parked on the gate. I hopped outside. The driver rolled the window..."not so fast Miss"

I peeked inside to look at her. She searched for something.

"Here," she said, handing over a brown sealed envelope. I felt it with my hands, it felt like there were few notes in there.

"Good night" she said driving off. Leaving dust to obstruct my view. I teared the envelope open. There were a few hundred and a piece of note that was folded. I opened it and it read: "you did well for the day; tomorrow report on duty around 1 pm. Don't be a minute late". I crushed the note in my hand and threw it in my mouth and chewed everything. I threw out the remaining particles. I counted the money: R2 000 in total, not bad. I shoved everything inside my underwear. Since the Lights were still on. I guess my siblings have been at it again, since schools have closed.

I walked into the yard, dressed in my awful clothes. I just hope my body looks as dirty as my clothes and soul feels. I limped my way inside the house. I live in a four room house; I share a room with my siblings, I share the bed with the girls and the boys sleep on the floor. Then Veronica and Grammy share a room. Then we have a dining area and lastly a kitchen. I stepped inside the house and my siblings were watching a movie on eTV, while my mother was sitting in the kitchen with her favourite beverage: beer in front of her. I couldn't spot grandma, which means she has retired to bed.

"Good evening!" I greeted my mother as I limped my way to the bedroom. I didn't even have the appetite for food, I just

wanted my own space. "How much?" My mother's voice made me stop, I turned to look at her.

"Excuse me?" I waited for her to continue.

"How much did you make?" I understood perfectly what her question was implying but I wanted her to utter everything out.

"I beg your pardon?"

A dubious smile spread on her face, "Vondra, we both know what I'm talking about..."

"Well I don't...care to explain?"

"Okay" she said, sipping her beer. "How much did you make?"

"Where?"

"Honey, I know that walk and I know what late returns mean. The last time I checked you don't have friends besides that Noah boy who is your friend. Is either he tapped it or you sold it. So which one?"

I stared at her in disbelief. Did she?

"And I can tell that you sold it. I mean you cannot give it to Noah the boy has nothing to give in return. Now talk to Mama..." she continued drinking which turned disgusting every minute that bottle met her lips.

"Wow! Thanks for the vote of confidence mother"

She laughed, "so you won't give the woman who birthed you a share?" That question made me want to puke. To think I did this to put food on the table for her to say this, made my hate for her run deep.

"What?" I asked, in case I heard her wrong.

"You mother asked for a share didn't she?. Don't tell me you are a fool to give it to Noah for free. I never raised a fool"

"Wow, Thanks Veronica thanks" I stomped to the bedroom.

"Come on Vondra, don't be stingy..." I left there her making noise. As I covered my ears to block myself from listening to this..

4

VONDRA

When dawn cracked I didn't have the stamina to face the world. I could barely even wake up, I just laid there like a dead chicken. My siblings were still snoring since it was still early but as for me sleeping has fled. I have been wide awake since midnight; insomnia seems to be the ruler of my universe right now.

The Minute sun rays started to penetrate through the roof holes, so I decided to stop the pity party for myself. I decided to wear my big pants on...There is no use crying over spilt milk; What done is done. I've to move on. I normally don't do chores around the house. My siblings help with that. The one after me is fifteen(15) his name is David, After him we have Danial who is thirteen(13). After Daniel we have Zara who is only a year younger than Daniel, who is twelve (12). Then Zoe who is nine (9). If last but not least our last born Zuri who is still younger she is only four (4) with her I can finally conclude and say she is my child. I took care of her since the day Veronica pushed her into this world...

I have an army. My siblings are the ones who do duties while I hustle for food. My siblings were all wide awake, besides princess Zuri, who was now sleeping on top of me. This is the troublesome sleeper she is. I decided to place her carefully on the bed and kicked the blankets aside. I called David...

"David!" I shouted since I don't know which side of the world he is on. "David!" I repeated again. As soon as he heard me, I heard his footsteps approaching. "Sis!" ...he answered.

"Here" I handed two hundred to him.

"Use the money to buy everything we need, we would buy groceries on Saturday" he took the money and examined it, his face changed to the one with a forlorn.

"Where did you get the money Vondra?" He normally doesn't address me by my name. When he does that, it means I have done something wrong.

"I pulled some strings" now he is gaping at me like he caught me stealing or something.

"Are you sure? No foul play involved?"

"Nah, I just got a new way to make money. I decided to help people clean their yards, do their laundry stuff like that. Once I'm done they give me my cut". I stopped working for people, they are happy while you are working and get mad when the job is done. Not to mention their pay is not enough. Food is quite expensive this days.

"Hmm, I hope so Sis!" I faked a smile.

"Geez, David I wouldn't do anything that would harm me..."

"I'm more worried if you would do something worse than that"

"Which is?" I asked incredulously.

"I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Like stealing or worse, selling your body for money" I found myself coughing out of nowhere. "Are you okay Sis?"

"Yes, I'm fine, just saliva went to the wrong pipe, why would I do that?"

"I don't know, trying to make a better living conditions for us. If you need help you know you don't have to do anything alone, I could just drop out at school and help you to put bread on the table"

"What? I just said I found another way to make money. You cannot do that David. You only have three classes left after this one. You need that certificate. You are doing it for the both of us. I cannot allow you to drop out. Life is hard out there

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if you don't have matric it just gets worse"

"But I..." I stopped him from saying those words.

"Don't David. You are a child, be a child, enjoy every single moment of your childhood. And this matter is case closed" I said walking out still limping but today feels a little better.

"Are you okay?" David asked, concerned.

"Yes, I'm fine..." I walked out. To try to find something to eat. I found Grammy preparing porridge. At least her cancer hasn't reached the last stage, she can still help around the house.

"Morning Grammy" I said standing next to her. She closed her pot and looked at me. "Are you okay?" She asked, concerned.

"Yes I'm fine" her stares didn't stop, they continued to linger.

"Are you sure?" She asked again.

I avoided eye contact, her stares were getting uncomfortable each second, "yes! I'm 110% sure"

Veronica came in, looking like she woke up from the other side of the world. "Morning Mama" she looked at me without greeting me. Grammy looked between us and didn't even answer Veronica.

SCAR

I was still sleeping, when a bang on the door woke me up. The person was getting louder and louder each second. I dragged myself to the door.

"Hold your horses, I'm coming..." I opened the door. Liam was on the other side of the door.

"Dude so early? Can't a man sleep?" He pushed me aside and went to brew coffee. "Why are you here?"

"I was with Ice yesterday"

"And?" Sometimes I forget they are sleeping together, outside the walls of the Escort. According to Ice's knowledge Liam doesn't know her real claws. What she does for a living...

"I didn't find anything. Did you?" Wow!

"Well I also didn't, we both came empty handed. We should try harder partner"

"Today, I'm off you will see yourself out" I'm tired I just want to go to bed, I haven't gotten over what I did yesterday out of my system.

"Okay...Are you okay man?"

"Yes I'm fine..." I said walking out to avoid interrogation.

REESE

After Liam left I decided to go back to bed. Sipping my wine and going through an internet search for a new car; I need an upgrade... something to make me feel good about myself, not when I work this hard.

My life is what people call fantasy. So many want to be me, but only few can take the risks. In life when you want to make it. You have to decide who you want to be, whether you are the prey in the jungle or the predator in the jungle. One thing I can tell you is. Preys don't last long, because as soon as natural selection occurs. We predators, we are always ready for our battles.

I was about to place my sleep eye mask on, when my phone beeped.

[MESSAGE NOTIFICATION]

Scarlet; "When would you be around Boss?" I smiled because I love to be called the boss.

Me; "Around twelve why?"

Scarlet; "Be here, before twelve. There something I want to discuss with you"

Me; "okay!..."

I tossed my phone aside, I still have a few more hours to sleep...

5

RESSE

I parked my car on the stable. This is not your normal parking lot, it is a private parking lot far from people's eye. It is specifically reserved for Glorious cars and clients. It is a downstairs parking lot. Only people who have association with Glorious know about this area.

I walked to my office. By passing people who were drowning themselves on work or pretending to. You know workers and their tendency of gossiping and start running around when their dragon lady who always breathes fire approaches. Yes! I treat my employees like workers; they are not my friends so I don't see the need to be all jolly with them especially since I came from rags to riches.

So I know where my bacon is. I don't have time to nurse people's feelings. We all gathered here to make money, so let's make money. As soon as my heel landed on my office, I found Scarlet patiently waiting for me. Sitting comfortably on my leather coach. Good! She wouldn't dare to go through my things. This office has spy cameras.

"Scarlet..." I said turning around my table to my chair.

"Boss" she bowed her head, standing up to approach my table with a pile of papers. She handed stabled papers over to me

"What is this?" I asked, staring into her eyes.

"Non-disclosure agreement..." she murmured, biting her nails.

"I know...but what I'm I supposed to do with this?"

"Vondra!" She softly mentioned her name and shrugged her shoulders.

So I must read between the lines now? Wonders shall never and, "What?" I asked out of irritation. Her stares continued to bore dangas on me. "Scarlet!" I banged my hand on the table.

She jumped out of fear, "huh?" That is all she managed to say as she shook out of fear.

"Stop staring at me like I'm doing something amusing. I asked a question; what I'm I supposed to do with this?" After blinking frequently she finally got the courage to answer me.

"Vondra hasn't signed the nda agreement..." someone pinch me, Am I dreaming? How did she leave this compound yesterday without signing this paperwork?

"Do you have any idea? How your recklessness could cost us, if she decides not to come back we are doomed. We have no leverage against her. Something we could use to our own advantage" I murmured tapping my nails roughly on the table, I was this close to explode. This is why I hate inconvenient people. She just stood there like a robot.

"Stop staring at me like that. First thing when that girl comes to work you better make sure her signature is attached there!" I snapped.

"You know boss lady it's kinder not my fault that she didn't sign those; when she came here you rushed to throw that young lady into someone's hands. You don't follow our protocol with her. Normally we do all the required procedures with our workers. They work three weeks after we have concluded if they are healthy. We only did rapid HIV tests and other required tests that we can conduct fast like her blood pressure, temperature, heart rate, and etc"

"Are you telling me that I'm at fault?" She cleared her throat.

"I believe so, if she could get sick anytime soon. She can sue us for negligence because what happened could put her health at risk...and that is not how we do things here"

"I know, I did it out of spite. She interrupted my private time with a client and I couldn't let her go off the hook like that because one of my top buyers wanted her and he wanted her fast" she continued biting her nails. She is afraid to go to jail...

"What do we do?" She asked.

"Good question, we move on. Don't make her aware that she might have a case against us. Just make sure she signs these" I handed over the paperwork to her.

"I don't think I have the guts to do it, like you do," Now she was shaking like a leaf falling from its tree.

"Close the door on your way out. I will do it myself. You cannot even cook up a lie. I guess you will forever work as my puppet, a secretary who follows my rules. You are scared to take risks, it's pathetic"

I signalled her to leave with my eyes. She walked out, forgetting to close the door. Leaving it wide open.

"I said close the door on your way out"

VONDRA

Since my shift starts at ONE.

I just decided to spend some quality time with my Grammy and siblings. What I love about my job is that I make more than enough and I work less hours. If I don't get any complaints from clients. I need to up my sleeves when it comes to my performance... Since I still have a few hours to myself I decided to visit Noah.

"Grams, I will be back later on. I'm going to Noah's house" I said to my grandmother standing on her bedroom door.

"It's okay honey, you better not be late like yesterday..."

"Okay" I answered with one word and walked. If I stayed longer she was going to give me a lecture.

I found my mother standing with one of our neighbours along the fence. The newspaper of the town, this woman knows

everything around the hood. If you want to blackmail your enemy she would give you the scope you need, that is how extreme she mingles in people's business.

"I'm telling you, my daughter is selling her body or she has a blesser yesterday she came home late. And a limousine dropped her off" I heard my mother's voice say that. The lady clapped her hands once.

"You are lying," she said to my mother, covering her mouth.

My mother continues, "I'm telling you she even refused to give me a share. Me, Veronica the woman who brought her to this world" she said pointing at herself.

I didn't even have time to give them the satisfaction. I just passed by like I heard nothing. What is the use of arguing with Veronica

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she would forever talk. Now she is making me the talk of the town.

I decided to turn a blind eye and continued with my destination to Noah's house. Noah is older than me by four years. He comes from a family that is neither rich nor poor, they are able to fend for their lifestyle. Noah is still a student at TUT, he is doing an IT course. I always use his computer to hack into people's systems. He is the one who has taught me everything I know about hacking, to the point I became obsessed with everything... Since I didn't go to school anymore he would lend me his laptop and I would keep myself busy. Then I would just do what I do best. That my skills improved over the years...

I walked into Noah's compound. I went to his backroom. The main house was locked which means his parents went to work. His door was slightly opened. I knocked...

I heard moans coming from his room. Which means his girlfriend is around. I busted the door open.

"Okay love birds the party's over I'm here now" I said throwing clothes at them. How I abhor this girl. She acts better than other people since she comes from a wealthy family. We used

to be friends in primary school but that friendship ended when I didn't continue schooling and She spread lies about me.

"Argh," she said, putting her clothes on. "I'm leaving..." Noah no longer bothered poking his nose on our beef. He tried to help us resolve the matter and he failed abysmally.

She pushed me when she stormed outside, "Bye, my love"

"Will you ever grow up?"

"Not anytime soon, open the door wide. The smell in here is gross" I said, turning on his computer. "Whatever," he said, wrapping his body with his sheets and taking his trousers to dress them somewhere else. He respects me.

I went straight to the Glorious website trying to find anything I could use. "Glorious Escort, what are we looking at?" Noah said behind me. Making me jump, when did he come back?.

"Dude, you scared me"

"What is a Glorious Escort? Last time you left my computer on this website. What is it about, because I discovered real cash on that web?" He said pulling a chair to sit next to me.

"I was this close to stealing it" I looked at him.

"Good you didn't, this web is a Pro website. That is illegal...and I decided to join the crew I work for them"

"Jesus Christ! It gets worse. Are you okay though? Since when?"

"One question at the time, since yesterday"

"I'm Sorry! I know how tough it can get. You could have asked for cash if you needed money, Vondra..."

"I'm fine, Noah, don't worry about me. I'm doing what I'm supposed to do"

"Come here" I stood up, he made me sit on his lap. And hugged me tightly. God knows I needed that hug not some advice because it won't change anything.

AFTER A WHILE...he broke the hug and cupped my face into his hands, he stared into my eyes. A side smile spread on his face. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"What?" I laughed burying my face on his chest. One of the reasons Noah is my friend is because he is always willing to take risks.

"You can steal their money, lots of it and stop going to work...they won't hunt you down since what they are doing is illegal. You can threaten to go to the police if they find you" I looked at him.

"Well, I thought about that but Reese isn't a fool"

"Who is Reese?" He asked with a frown on his face.

The lady who runs this operation, if she knows you are stealing from her. She would track you down and silence you. Their system is active 24/7. They are aware of the money that they make every single day. Once you mess up with their system

they would get a notification, and they would capture your computer information and they would trace you down...So stealing money from them is a doom for you. I thought about it a couple of times but this operation is huge. No one has ever stolen from them according to their numbers..."

"So what are you going to do?"

"Continue working for her, once I get a logic plan I strike for now I do nothing. Act like I know nothing..."

"But for how long Vondra, it could take years to come up with an idea"

"I don't know, for as long as it takes. I cannot steal cash from this system. That would be me signing my own death warrant. I'm extra careful when I'm on their system, because one mistake I'm doomed. Her people are always on duty, checking if numbers are ranging as they should..."

"This is messed up"

"Look at this, let me show you something"...

6

VONDRA

The Minute I walked into Glorious, I was greeted by Scarlet waiting for me at the entrance. Tapping her heels on the floor impatiently.

"Thank God you are here" she let out a heave.

"Is everything okay?" I was concerned.

"Yes everything is okay," she came closer to me. "Ice, wants to see you it is urgent"

"Is that why you were waiting for me?" My eyes dilated as I continued to stare at her puzzled.

"Yes , well no!" she answered, shrinking her shoulders.

"Well let me not waste too much of your time. Let me get to it then..." I didn't wait for her response, I just took off. I got into the elevator, and pressed straight towards Ice's office. Her office is on the last floor, so she has more privacy all to herself. I knocked on her door...

Her voice came audible from the other side, "Come in!" She shouted. I pushed the door open.

"Ohh! It's you. Take a seat" she pointed to the chair across her table. I sat down slowly studying her features. Reese is an attractive woman. She is exceptionally beautiful but her behaviour doesn't match her beauty. She is rotten.

She handed a pen to me and I took it; "I want you to sign those papers in front of you" I looked at them, "What for?"

"It's an NDA, that states that whatever happens in Vegas stays in Vegas. If you discuss what is happening behind closed doors of Glorious. I can sue you... Scarlet forgot to make you sign one yesterday before you could be an official member of the Glorious. It is our policy" I listened to her alternatively.

"It's okay, I understand wil..." she stopped me mid-sentence to elaborate something.

"By signing the Non-disclosure agreement you officially become one of us. Your name here from now on is PANTY DROPPER, you better up your performance. You get the benefits of being a Glorious member; you finally get medical aid, you get an emergency fund, this money you can only use on rainy days, when you are in the middle of a Crisis. You get covered on your transport cost to come here and you also make an oath that you get 30% of the money you make every day...we open a tab for you here. You can do anything here, we have rooms specially reserved for our workers to stay here, if they don't have a place to stay and it also covers food cost, stuff like that..." okay I understand her point and why it is important to sign one. I just shrugged my shoulders.

I attached my signature, "Done!" I said handing everything over to her.

"Okay!" She said slowly. "That was easy..." I laughed. "Why wouldn't it be easy when the benefits are this good..."

She glanced at me for a very long time.

"You know, I admire your spirit. I was once like you hunger driven. It got me here, I was once one of them. Selling my body for a living. Till I said to myself; I'm destined for greatness. I don't have any matric certificate. The only life I know is to make money through my body and I don't like the treatment I got there, I believed that hustlers shouldn't be treated the way they were treating me and my fellow hustlers were. You know dirty environment, exposure drugs to increase our sex drive, no medical record. You just jump from one person to the next without knowing their medical status"

There I admire her passion. She never lost her roots, she used the tool she knew to fend herself. A smile spread on my face, involuntary.

"What?" She asked, looking at me.

"Nothing" I said but the smile on my face continued to grow wider.

"You are smiling," she murmured. I found myself taking her hand into mine.

"You are just an inspiration, a self made woman. Who never lost her roots, who used her knowledge to better herself"

"What is your story?"

"Huh?" I didn't understand what she implied.

"My story?" I asked.

"Why are you here? You should be in school or something. This place isn't for you"

"Besides the fact that I have seven mouths to feed

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it could be six because the other one sometimes I get so mad that I want to thirst her neck" she focused on me.

"Let me take a wild guess, mother?"

"Yes, my mother only cares about herself. Can you believe that this morning she went as far as talking about how I didn't give her the money I made?"

"Well, I know where you are coming fr..." I interrupted her.

"My mother only cares about the life of a bottle, she would rather save her beer from falling rather than save her children. She is toxic, she is the reason I had to leave school early. I feel like she hates me and my siblings. All she knows is to pop us. That woman doesn't even know the date I started my first menstruation. So to answer your question. I'm here because I don't have any qualifications to make it into the real world. The only class I last sat on its desk and chair is the seventh grade. So who would hire me? This is SA, we are talking about. Even people with qualifications are still at home waiting for an opportunity to present itselfs. My chances of getting a job are

slim, so I thought I should look for a job that doesn't require a qualification"

"Speaking of jobs, how did you find this place?" She asked incredulously.

Her question caught me off guard, that I had to cook up a lie very fast. "People on the streets talk, you know. Sometimes they don't mind their environment and you find yourself ears dropping. So I had to gain courage to come here"

"Indeed you have courage, you walked into the lion's den hoping to start a better life. Even women my age don't have the same courage that you have. You forced me to do something I have never done before, for my Pros. You will get 50% of the money you make everyday"

I touched my head, "What?" I was amazed.

"Why are you doing this?" Shock couldn't wash over my body.

"I like you, and people I like get better treatment than others. You behave like a Queen you get treated like one"

"You ain't doing this to silence me are you?"

She held her chest dramatically, "Ouch! I'm so hurt right now. I'm offended, why would I buy your silence?"

"I don't know I'm a child?" I murmured.

"You are a child that knows right and wrong. I won't be held accountable for how people choose to live their lives. We are all here to make money; who Am I to stop you?. And the fact that you signed an NDA I could leave you blacklisted and I wonder how you will take care of your siblings..."

"Are you threatening me?" I blurted that question out of nowhere.

"I don't know how you define threatening, but what I just said is an honest truth if you don't abide by the terms you agreed to I could sue you"

"It's okay I thought it was a threat..."

"Ohh come on Vondra, what possible harm could you do? That I cannot deal with Faster" I didn't reply but my heart was like; if you knew.

"No harm at all. Why are you so nice to me?"

"Because I know your struggle. I know what it is like to be the one who has to make changes that would affect your life forever. You say your mom is an absent mother right?"

I found myself nodding because I didn't know where this was heading. "Well I don't mind filling her shoes..."

"Why?"

"I cannot have children of my own...I wasn't born that way it happened when my previous pimp forced me to do illegal abortion. A lot went wrong, I found myself in hospital undergoing a uterus removal surgery. So if you need anything don't hesitate to ask...The gates are open for you anytime"

"Jesus Christ! I'm so sorry" within a blink of an eye, I was off my chair. I found myself on her lap, wrapping my hands on her neck. When I thought she would push me off she returned my hug...the warmth that came with it was priceless. To the point I shed tears. It was my first time ever being vulnerable to someone.

She took my face into her hands "Are you crying?"

"I'm sorry, it's just that my mother never hugged me or showed me any affection, so it is kind of strange for me to get affection from another woman besides my grandmother" she wiped my tears.

"God! You are so cute. Today is your lucky day because Reese from now on, will treat you under her wings and teach you everything she knows about this business..."

I acted surprised, "Reese who is that?"

"Resse is my real name, you are the first person I ever told my real name since I started this life..."

"Then why are you telling me?"

"Because I believe you deserve to know the truth about me, since I look at you as a daughter to me"

"Okay" I said, burying my face on her neck. For the first time. I loved being in the walls of Glorious, I felt loved and appreciated... Maybe God brought me here for a reason. The road might still be unclear, but I like where the road is leading me to. Now I'm caught between a hard rock, I don't know whether to betray her trust or not...

7

REESE

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED...

I don't know why Vondra is here. If she is sent by someone to be a spy. That someone chose the wrong lady. By just looking at her I see a desperate soul who has been through so much. It's written all over her eyes, she is a soul that is trapped. If you have worked with people for a very long time you will be able to read what their souls are seeking for besides their words. I managed to study the pain in Vondra's eyes. I knew that pain could only either come from the maternal or paternal side. It is worse for her because it is caused by the mother and she is a girl child. She needs mother's love, I can offer her that love; and that guaranteed, rest assured it tames the beast inside her to relax. I've gotten into her head that she wouldn't want to betray me. It feels bad because being in her presence right now has made me review my past. I might be doing everything for the wrong reasons but a part of me really wants to help. The problem is I don't know her intentions...

Heck her story doesn't add up. There is nothing as people in the streets talk. I don't know how she found out about this place because she is the first person to walk in here seeking for a job that makes everything suspicious. I normally pick up my workers in the streets or clubs. None has ever come here seeking employment.

I felt her slightly dozing off on top of me. This girl is lightweight. I forgot someone was on top of me. "Hey, wake up!" I shook her softly.

"Mmm..." she stirred in my hands. "Come on stand up," I said, patting her shoulder gently. She stood up.

"Did you get some sleep yesterday?" I asked out of curiosity because she looked tired.

"I didn't sleep a wink last night"

"Okay, you can sleep on the couch, I would go grab a plush blanket for you" I said already at the door.

"Okay!" She said taking her shoes off and settling comfortably on the couch. Poor child, being forced to grow at a young age because that I know is the truth regarding her family issues, her emotions are so raw when she talks about. I know she isn't pretending. To the point I found myself sharing my story two, I don't know why I told her and offered to be there for her. It was like I was experiencing a gravitational pull and one thing you cannot resist from happening is gravity...

I bumped into Scarlet on my way out. "Did you manage to make her sign?"

"Not now Scarlet, I'm busy!" I mumbled dismissing her with immediate effect. I left her standing there.

VONDRA

"Wake up!" Someone softly whispered in my ear. When the person realised I didn't wake up, the person shook me.

"Vondra, wake up!" The voice sounds familiar. As I started to regain my consciousness. I finally made up my surroundings. I'm sleeping at work. I jumped out of the couch, with fear that I wouldn't get fired. "What is wrong, I didn't mean to scare you!"

"Did I sleep while I'm on duty I'm sorry"

"No it's okay, it's time for me to take you home"

"What time is it though?"

"5 p.m..."

"You mean I slept straight for four hours?"

"Yep! It looks like it, come" she took my hand and grabbed her suit jacket. "When you mean take me home, you mean to drive me home?"

"Yes, is there anything wrong with that?"

I shook my head, No. "No absolutely not, I would love that you highness" she pinched my cheek.

"As you wish, you didn't sleep last night?"

I giggled, stretching myself, "how would you know?" She held her chin, wiggling her eyes side to side in a silly manner. I didn't know she could be this playful.

"Well

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I lost my virginity on this job at fourteen (14) I didn't sleep a wink that night" I don't know if that is sympathy I felt for her but it is something, I felt my heart get shut to a thousand pieces.

"I'm sorry..." I said as she opened the door wide for me. How could she speak about her horrible past and not shed a single

tear? You could tell her voice is laced with pain, her eyes also reflect pain. Maybe she learnt to live with her past.

When we walked out holding hands. Scarlet was still on her desk, her glasses still on, she looked pretty busy. "Scarlet!" I softly called her name. She lowered her glasses to look at me, she just stared at me and did not reply. I spun to look at her. "Well, I will see you tomorrow..."

"Tomorrow you are not coming to work I'm talking you out..." Reese said. I looked at her then back to Scarlet the look she gave me. If looks could kill I would be buried. What was there all about? I asked myself.

"What was that?" I asked Reese as soon as Scarlet was not in our eyes.

"What was what?"

"Scarlet"

"Argh, don't mind her. She can be bitter sometimes. She thinks everyone around here shouldn't be around me besides herself"

"Tough luck for her then, because I'm here to stay"

"Are you?" Her voice was laced with excitement. That I didn't understand where it came from all of a sudden.

"Definitely"

"I would appreciate that" she opened the door for me. She is driving a Bentley Continental GT V8 Coupé.

"Damn! Now this is a machine" I said, running my hands on the car, she stood there and her laughter embraced my eardrums..."Come let's go, I have to go to my house, my fuck buddy is coming"

I closed my ears, "Come on, you can never tell that to your daughter" I murmured getting into the car. "My daughter is old enough to handle it"

She said bring the engine to life, this car was occupied by a scent that smelt marvelous. I wouldn't mind spending my day riding in this. She punched my address on her GPS.

"You don't have to report to duty everyday. You only come to work if you have a customer. Today you had one customer but since you were worn out. I just had to turn him back. Since you are seventeen. I add three more years to your age. We have created a profile for you. Our Escort members only have ten clients per person. We categorize your clients according to your age, you can only have ten potential Clients. Since you are twenty years old according to your profile. Your range group of men you sleep is between 28 and 24"

"That's it? I will only have a group of people that I work with. I won't change clients besides these ten?"

"Yes it is the policy of Glorious. We look at our workers best interest hence we ensure that our workers and Clients run tests every two weeks regarding their sexual health, so it is not really a problem if a client doesn't want to use protection, and we put our workers on a pill. If you fall pregnant since they are not

100% guaranteed you decide what you want to do with the child. But normally I would prefer my workers to keep the child, but some don't want to keep the child. Shall you keep the baby, you will get a monthly allowance for your child. We cover all medical costs. We prepare your child's future. We set up an educational fund for your child, and we plan your child's future. We even buy you an apartment for you and your baby. If you do abortion you also get certain amount since it is also a painful procedure"

"Wow that is so sweet, I believe you are doing this because of your past?" I asked.

"It has nothing to do with my past. I believe that every woman who is able to bear children should be able to have their child regardless of how they are born. I believe that your line of work shouldn't deny you the warmth of having children, since they are a blessing. I also wanted to keep my child but my pimp saw that as a disadvantage. He couldn't have his business being distracted because of a mere thing pregnancy, he said that on my face"

"I'm..."

"If you say that one more time I will lose it. What done is done my Sunshine there is not turning back no amount of sorry can fix it"

I just decided to zip my pipe. For a second there I wished I was pregnant. But screw Scarlet she gave me the morning after pill and put me on the pill immediately. If I was to fall pregnant, I wouldn't mind the child belonging to that guy with a scar, he can make mean ass Beautiful babies and I would enjoy tormenting him out of guilt. But I kinda like him besides the fact that he is the only one who gave me an orgasm, there is more about him...

8

NOAH

It has been FEW HOURS, since I discovered that Vondra is a prostitute and I already feel like I'm going crazy. I don't know how many times I stopped myself from betraying her. I don't want this life for her. I even lost count on how many times I stared at this Glorious Escort website and stopped myself from wiping there bank account clean and leave a note like: That is what you get for subduing me to pain, I thought I should pay myself...V"

But then I stopped myself from falling into the trap because this might put her life in danger. Not only that, it might destroy our friendship. Which I hope one day it circulates to something else. The problem is; I always loved Vondra. Matter of fact I love Vondra.

Vondra came into my life during the wrong time. When we met she was still in the middle of her seventh grade. We were not that close. Normally we knew each other, we would just greet each other every now and then. By that time I used to admire her from a distance. By the end of the year her life took

another turn... I found her on the side of the road sobbing, I couldn't pass by. I just crawled to her level.

"Is everything okay?" That is the first question I asked.

"I'm fine," she said, wiping her tears. One thing I loved about her is that she is one of the strongest people I ever met.

"But you don't look fine, come let me get you water to ease your dry throat, I live nearby"

She didn't care about the mucus that was covering her face, "You do?" She asked, staring into my face.

"Yes, come. I live in that house" I pointed to my yard while helping her to stand up. As soon as we got to my house. I offered her water like I promised. I studied her facial features, making sure I remembered everything like I'm going to write an exam about her facial features and I want to score a total. She was different, the good different. There everything I felt for her was confirmed.

"Now would you tell me what is going on?" I asked. She poured her heart out to me and told me everything. I felt special. A sense of hope washed over my body that she trusts me with her darkness. Then I placed my feelings aside, being there for her offered her a shoulder to cry on. I made myself her hero, and she placed me in a friend zone. She sees me as a brother, friend, hero but never as a boyfriend.

The situation between my girlfriend and I is not ideal. I don't love her at all. Firstly I'm using her to make Vondra notice me. Which is a pity she never noticed. Hence I don't mind when she interrupts our moments together, because Hope seems to be invested in this relationship and I'm not. I can't dump her because Vondra would start asking questions. I don't have answers for...

My friendship with Vondra is more important than my relationship with Hope, besides the girl can be annoying sometimes. And the fact that she hates Vondra sometimes is a turn off for me. But I can't dump her because I need her to hide my feelings for Vondra.

REESE

"There..." Vondra pointed out where I should park my car. The Minute I parked the car. "I will see you tomorrow, do you need money?" I said going through my purse.

"No

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I'm fine..."

"I insist" I said, shoving money in her hand. A knock came from my window. I rolled it down. My eyes landed on a woman who had beer on her hand, smelling like a brewery. I removed my shades and stared at her "What are you doing with my daughter"

"Veronica, not now!" Vondra snapped. I looked at this Veronica woman smiling. It looks like I won't do too much work. She is an easy target. She is weak, just a few sweet whispers in her ears. She is already snapping at her mother because of me.

"I know your kind, using young girls with poor backgrounds to be rich. You should be disgusted by yourself..." I won't even answer that. I studied at her home. The house isn't in good condition either. The yard is clean, but the noise that came in there told me there are plenty of them. I just have to do my homework and find out what I can use when Vondra decides to sell me out. I don't trust this girl.

"Geez, Veronica, how many times should someone tell you to stop? At least she is a better woman than you will ever be" her mother looked at me, not believing her ears...

"I will see you tomorrow." she said, hugging me, in front of her mother. I returned the gesture. After she walked out.

I looked at Vondra walking inside the yard then at Veronica, Once Vondra was inside the house. I winked at Veronica then wore my shades, before closing my window.

As I drove off. I connected my cell phone on Bluetooth and called my Private Investigator.

[CALL]

He answered on the first ring.

"Boss"

"I have a rat in my territory. I have a dog sniffing on my territory"

"Age?"

"Seventeen..."

"What's her story?"

"Her story doesn't add up, I want you to trace every move she makes. Who she is seen with. I will send you her address. Shall you suspect she is talking to someone she shouldn't. Don't hesitate to set her family on fire and make her watch, then deal with her also"

"Even on suspicion, boss?"

"Exactly what I said. I will keep an eye on her at Glorious. You keep an eye on her on the outside" I hung up.

My cell phone rang after Dropping that call. I answered.

[CALL]

"I'm driving you better make it snappy"

"Boss, What is going on?" Scarlet's voice vibrated on my tympanic membrane.

"Regarding?"

"Vondra!" She said breathing heavily.

"Nothing much why?"

"You guys seem pretty close..."

"I'm just doing the job you failed to do. Mind your own business"

"If you are planning to betray her, I'm going to tell her" I laughed.

"Go ahead, is your word against mine"

"How would you know?" She hung up.

"Dammit!" I snapped, hitting the bell.

I called my Mastermind.

[CALL]

"Hack Scarlet's phone and erase everything"

"On it Boss" he dropped the call.

Poor, bitter Scarlet. She thinks she is smart not when Glorious bought her that phone. I might like Vondra but I love Glorious more. I might sympathize with her and know her pain. I might care, but this is the real world. The smile is the one that kills these days. I can't turn blind eye to my gut feelings.

9

SCAR

A WEEK LATER...

After spending Days without going to the Glorious Escort, I decided to grow a pair and took a drive there. Lucky for me, my age didn't deny me access to see this new girl.

Her profile name is PANTY DROPPER, trust Ice to give her workers silly names. You would swear she hates them. After parking my car in the parking lot. I rushed inside. At least my fun starts in an hour from now on; I hope two hours that I booked would give me a chance to convince Panty Dropper to work for me and bring this place down.

I first went to Ice's office and her puppet was sitting outside her office on her desk. She gave me a ridiculous gape.

"Scarlet!" I softly called her name as greetings. She lowered her spectacles to glance at me and didn't reply. "Continue being sour" I knocked on Ice's door.

"Come in!" I pushed the door.

"Good evening," I offered my hand for a handshake. She stood up to embrace my hand with the same affection.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

"I just wanted to see you. Before I could devour my favourite meat. Thank you for making her join the crew" she laughed.

"Ohh, I can see you got lucky, you must be thrilled to come all the way here" she sat down tilting her head to look at me.

"Then I should be grateful, because I can tell I'm going to love spending time with this girl"

"You should, because she has been getting stars lately regarding her performance. So I believe now she knows how to get it done"

"Wow, then I can't wait for my hour to elapse. So I can get to it. But she looks too young to work here. How old is she?"

Her glass of wine stopped mid-air before reaching her mouth, she placed it down and looked at me intensely "what are you implying?"

Before asking this question, I decided to turn the record on my cell phone. Today my aim was to gather information I could use against Ice and her workers. "She just looks too young to work here, wouldn't it be a problem if the cops were to find out about this place..."

She raised her eyebrow, "And how would they find out again?" Now her eyes bored into my skin, they didn't leave an ounce on my body. They roamed through my body.

"I don't know, maybe an angry client or worker is reporting you" she let out a heave.

"Don't worry, my workers and Clients are loyal to me. They won't bite the hand that feeds them. They aren't ungrateful. I would be damned if something like that happen under my watch"

"So how do you deal with snitches?"

"And why ain't we talking about Panty Dropper? She seems to be your favourite. Not me, what were you saying about her performance again?"

There, I wanted to throw my cell phone against the wall. She just decided to ruin my recording by mentioning my deeds. I cannot use this record, because she just decided to expose my deeds.

"Ohh, the last time she wasn't that good I don't know about this time"

"Let me pour you a drink while you wait to find out," she said, pouring vodka in a glass. She pushed it over to me.

VONDRA

I was waiting patiently for my next customer. Dressed exactly how I should. In a lacy red lingerie, my skin complemented the colour. The combination became red and black. I looked like a boom. I was starting to enjoy this job, Reese has taught me how to please a man. Sometimes I would come to work even when I don't have a client, just to spend time with her.

I was sitting in a comfortable posture, waiting for my last client for the day. The door slowly opened...I heard heavy footsteps. I didn't look, I wanted to feel his hands on me. The sound of the door closing came but one thing never followed, footsteps towards me...I turned to look at who was at the door.

"Ohh it's you, what is your name again?"

"Scar, I mean Jared"

"Jared hmm, what a lovely name" I said as I walked towards him. I started massaging his shoulders. He pushed my hands on his shoulders. Not in a rough manner. He locked the door and went to sit down.

"I'm not here for that..."

"Then what are you here for Scar, I mean Jared?"

"I have a proposal for you" I went to sit next to him.

"Which is?"

He took off a badge from his pocket, "I'm a member of the Special Task Force. I'm here on duty" I pretend to be shocked.

"You are investigating Glorious" I stood up on my feet covering my mouth in shock. "I'm going to tell Ice about this" I was already heading towards the door, my heart was smiling.

His hands caged my body, is it me or his cologne smells perfect today. "Would you stop, Ice doesn't care about you. We would protect you if you choose to work with us"

"Okay hands off you are suffocating me" he released his hands on my body. I went to sit on the bed.

"What do you want from her?"

"I want to see her in jail" he blurted that out.

"Under what offence?"

"Running an illegal business, her business isn't good for the country's production" I felt myself getting mad.

"In what case?"

"Her syndicate is not good. It does more harm than good"

"NO" I said that out loud.

"What do you mean No?" He asked faster.

"Unfortunately I can't help you"

"you can go to jail for not giving the police useful information"

"Well that's funny because I cannot be charged for not wanting to speak. it is not my duty to find out information for you it is your duty to find one. I don't think I should be having this conversation with you

not after what you did to me last time. In fact I even have a case against you more than you think you have a case against

me. I am not willing to help you. I'm not about to betray the the hand that feeds me for someone like you"

"What do you mean someone like me"

"I don't really understand what is the matter with the cops. Someone tries to make her business out of your eye and you still follow her. I might not be educated but I read the newspaper every day. I've read many cases of women who have been raped that work on the streets by the cops and I don't see you doing anything about that. Women like Ice are trying to protect their own kind from being violated. So I don't see why she should go to jail"

"You are unbelievable, I thought you were young but not naive..."

"I rather be naive than betray Ice, the day you people care about Pros in the streets and protect them from being violated that could be better and stop trying to harass someone who isn't doing any harm to the community"

"What she is doing here is illegal, not only that she had kids like you working for her" I laughed.

"I don't know what impression I gave you. But I'm turning twenty one soon"

"Go fool someone else you look less than eighteen to me"

"Well if ageing like fine wine is a crime then arrest me Jared" I said giving him my hands he just stared at me. "I thought so, if you showed mercy that day maybe I was going to work with you. But I love to hate you...So are we going to waste time or we gonna get straight to it" I said sitting on his lap. One thing about Scar or whatever he loves to call himself is that he is irresistible Compared to my previous clients. So I might as well enjoy him even if he is a jerk. My lips landed on his. I thought he was going to push me off but he didn't. And...

He flipped me over within a blink of an eye. He was already on top of me. I arched my back to meet his groin as he continued

to kiss me, his pace would change from time to time. He ripped off this piece of lacy lingerie on my body.

"You are so beautiful..." he said, running his hand through the valley of my boobs. My back arched more as I loved the touch of his hands on me. How come I enjoy this man's touch after what he did to me. Is he using Muthi? Do even white people use those? I guess you will never know because this feels like a spell.

He moved from me, I groaned out of frustration. He went to the night stand and came back with a bottle of champagne and a container filled with ice cubes. "One thing I love about Glorious, is that you can have an sex you want" he said softly on my mouth before biting my lips. His breath takes my breath away.

"Then why are you working on shutting down the place"

"It's a matter of conflict, I'm just doing my job"

"But you can quit your job"

He pulled my legs towards the edge of the bed. He placed my legs on his shoulder. He took his time to stare at my vagina and I felt shy and closed my legs. None of my clients handle my body like he does. There is hate and love on how he handles my body. He opened my legs again, "Don't she is beautiful" he said running his fingers on my labia. I felt my body whimper in excitement.

He blew some air on my vagina. I giggled "You love that?" He asked, staring into my eyes. I nodded. "Say, yes Daddy!"

"Yes Daddy, I do"

"Perfect," he said, taking the ice and placing it on my opening. "Whooh, that is cold" I said moving. "Just stay still, the coldness would stimulate your clitoris in no time," he said, popping the Champagne.

"Now relax and have fun" he took a sip from the Champagne bottle but he didn't swallow it. When I glanced at him, I was surprised. He splashed the whole thing from mouth, on my thighs and cunt which were now soaking wet. He did it again.

Then he started to indulge in my pussy. He would sip the droplets of the champagne on my thighs. I couldn't control my moans; they just filled the room. His tongue and the ices weren't doing any justice on me. He would flip my labia with his hands to see my opening, then place the ice right there. The coldness that came with it was mind blowing. Who knew sex can be this good. As the ice dissolved, he lifted my butt cheeks into his hands. "Damn, for a black woman you surely don't have an ass"

He said with his blue green eyes on me. "Ohh God don't stop," I said pushing his head back in. "Fuck!" He groaned. Now he was doing things I could barely recognise. He would suck and nipple on my pussy. When I try to concentrate on his rhythm. He would use his tongue only then teeth. How does he do this?

Then I felt my abdomen writhing with pleasure. My abdomen felt like it was under attack, as I arched my back to give him my whole pussy. "Let it go, that's it let it go" I felt the flood gates open. I just urinated on his face, my body felt overpowered.

As soon as I regained myself. I found Jared lying on his back on the bed. His head was resting on his arm. I was so embarrassed I just peed on his face. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pee on your face," I said , covering my face with my hands. He laughed at me. Making me feel like shit.

"There you are laughing at me"

Once he got tired of making me a laughing stock he came to me; "Hey there is nothing wrong with what you did. Funny you are a sex worker, but you don't know the edges of sex. What you did is called squirting. Heck I'm proud"

"Scu... what?"

"Squirting, let me explain how it's done..."

"You aren't going to have sex with me?"

"Not today it is about you...I can do it again if you want"

"No," I said faster than I intended.

"I'm still recovering, from scuirting"

"Not scuirting, It's Squirting...Relax then I will tell you about it," he said, placing my head on his chest.

Okay! What is going on?

10

SCAR

"Shoot!"

I snapped removing Panty Dropper on my chest. I haven't really gotten a chance to ask her, her real name. After checking my watch on my wrist. 5:30 p.m. I have spent thirty minutes extra with a customer. Which means extra charge, since I paid for two hours. She looked at me puzzled because she was starting to doze off on my chest after drawing whatever she was drawing on my chest.

"Am I your last client?"

I don't know why those words left a sour taste in my mouth. I felt like my intestine could be ripped open. What I felt isn't normal.

"Yes, why?" She asked, wearing a gown.

"Well in that case get on your clothes. I'm taking you home..."
her eyes popped.

"Is that even allowed here?"

"Yes, but I will have to sign forms that I want to persuade a
relationship with a member of Glorious"

"Lol, then thanks. I don't want to associate myself with you
outside these walls..."

"What why?" I was startled. Her hands feel on her waist. Her
eyes roamed on my body, not in a good way, they gave me
chills.

"Would you stop staring at me like that"

"Fine!" She said reducing the intensity in her eyes. "So you are
going to pretend like you didn't tell me you are part of the
SAPS" I guffawed.

"Why would that be a problem?"

"If your investigation triumphs, I'm the number one suspect. So no thanks I rather keep my distance"

"Let me take you home just tonight"

Her face scowled, "what do you want from me Jared or whatever your name is?"

"Is it a crime if I want to see your face just for a few hours?"

"Well if you are a cop, then yes it is. Let me go change"

"Okay, I will be waiting for you in the parking lot"

"Don't okay..." she said walking out.

I went to the receptionist area. "Scar!" The lady behind the desk said.

"I see you haven't signed out, and you spent more than thirty minutes extra with Panty Dropper. Pay your fees sir and that would be R250..." She said going through her computer.

"Here" I handed over my card.

"Take an extra charge, I'm taking her home..."

"Spending few more hours with her, that would be R500, in total"

"No problem that is a change she is worth every penny"

"Done," she said, handing the card over to me. "So is it promising?" She asked.

"What?"

"Your relationship with her" Panty Dropper, came from the elevator. She was wearing jeans and a hoodie, with takkies. Why is her skin this dark yet perfect?

"Amanda, let's meet tomorrow" she said passing by.

"Actually Vondra, Scar has paid to take you home"

"Well tell him, I'm fine the limousine is waiting for me outside..."

"Unfortunately, we don't do money reversal. So you either take the ride or walk home. Since your ride is Scar tonight"

I winked at her, as her eyes met mine.

"Fine..."

"This way," I said
showing her the way. "Bye Amanda"

"I hate you for this..."

"And I love myself"

"Whatever..."

VONDRA

"What is it going to take for you to leave me alone"

"It will depend," he said, his eyes focused on the road.

"On what?" I threw a question right back at him.

"You have two options"

"Now you are giving me terms and conditions, Huh?"

"One if you quit your job at Glorious"

I chortled, "Not a chance...Next option"

"If you work with me" I glanced at him, amazed.

"Not happening. And who are you to give me those terms? Because the last time I checked. You aren't my parent nor a boyfriend..."

His eyes moved on the road, as they examined my features. He sniggered, "So you want me to be your boyfriend"

"Easy tiger, why would I want that? Well you just said I'm not your boyfriend, which means you are considering it" on what planet does this guy live on?

"Geez, don't filter yourself. You are not my type"

"I'm everybody's type dear, I'm speaking about everyone including the intersexed if that is what you are thinking about. Even my scar is charming..."

"Speaking of scars, how did you get this one?" I slightly turned my body to look at him. I don't know whether my fingers could walk because they were already feeling his scar. It feels kinder deep.

"My father," that is all he said.

"What about him?"

"He was trying to kill..." Holy Crap, is he for real?

"Why?"

"I don't want to talk about it..." he said dismissing me.

"You can park over there" I pointed to the side of the road. The last thing I needed was Veronica, gossiping about me in the streets of Winterveld. That I change cars like my panties. He packed his car and turned to look at me.

"So?" He asked.

"What?" I shrugged my hand.

"Would you consider my offer?"

"Jared I can..." now he was smiling, his smile reached his ears, "what?" I asked, patting his shoulder.

"Besides my mother, you are the first person to call me by my name constantly. Some don't even know my real name and they don't care, Vondra"

Wow! Did my name also sound this good?

"Should I be filtered?"

"If the shoe fits, wear them. Would you consider my offer?"

"No, I won't because I'm not betraying Ice anytime soon, especially for a cop I'm sorry. And if you ask me this again. I won't hesitate to tell her what you are up to. And if you don't stop harassing me, outside the walls of Glorious. You won't love what I will do next. I'm not a snitch. Have you considered so many lives that you want to take food from their mouths?" He kept quiet.

"I thought so," I said unbuckling the seat belt. With a speed faster than lightning he roughly grabbed my neck and brought it to his face and started kissing me. I couldn't resist the electric impulses on my body. That thrilled feeling on my body. Everything is happening too fast. From being a virgin Mary to being a hustler. With an older man confusing her, I don't have time for this. I pushed him off...

"I can't do this..." I said walking out of the car and Jared followed me.

"Vondra hear me..." he didn't complete that sentence. As someone interrupted

us. "Vondra, is that you? I always knew it was all an act. Damn girl you can kiss..."

We both turned to look at who was talking. It was Hope but she wasn't alone. She was with Noah. Is that anger I see on his face?

11

NOAH

I felt adrenaline wash over my body; As anger became the ruler of my body. If my hands were to hold something right now I would crush it. I found myself banging this white man on his car, a punch landed after but I threw the other after the other...

"Come on, fight me like a man. Don't act like a robot."

"Would you stop it!" I heard Vondra's voice from afar. But it wasn't audible enough. Did my punches stop? No. And Mr taking advantage of kids continued to stand there like a robot and didn't fight me back.

"Noah just stop, okay he is not worth it" Vondra said, coming between us. I was still breathing heavily. How could an old man like this lure in kids like Vondra? I still wanted him to fight me but this man didn't fight me back...

"Would you stop, if not for him do it for

me" she said with my face on her hands. "I thought they wouldn't take you home. I thought your association with them ends at that hell hole you call a job" I lashed that out of anger. Now I wish to take it back.

"What did you just say to me?"

"You heard me...you think I'm okay with you selling your body? I'm not?"

"I knew it, this is what I was telling people she would end up as a prostitute..." Hope said, clapping her hands, she looked at Vondra as if she was a disgrace.

We all turned to look at Hope, including Vondra's newly found old man.

"What!?" I exclaimed, shocked. This is the behaviour that turns me off about Hope. She is always consumed with negativity.

"You wouldn't dare Hope, Vondra is my friend. I get to say what I like and what I don't like about her. You don't..."

"You know I would just leave," Vondra's new man said.

"Just go you fucken coward. It doesn't matter if you have money she is a child and you are the adult you should know better"

"Noah, just go home. I think you have said more than enough for the day; because if you continue. It won't end well" she said, terminating our conversation.

"Wait, Jared..." she said, banging the window of this guy's car. He opened the door for her.

"Are you okay?" She asked concerned, looking at his bruises.

I walked out, my legs were taking me home but my heart was left on that car packed on the side of the road. It wasn't just a car it was a jaguar xj which means his pockets were loaded. Is

this the life she chose? Sleeping with men, that I'm below their standards.

"Noah

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what was that?" Hope asked, trying to keep up with my steps.

"Nothing..." I said increasing my pace I want to be alone right now. I want to process this.

"So your friend, huh? A prostitute?" Can Hope be less annoying?

"Would you just stop it?"

"I'm just thinking about a trend in social media"

"You wouldn't dare..." I said, choking her. "Noah you are hurting me" she said trying to remove my powerful grip. "You

better abort that idea..." I left her there sobbing. I don't have time for her childish games

REESE

I was wrapping up some paperworks when my phone rang...

[CALL]

It was my P.I. guy.

"What do you have for me?" That was the first question I uttered.

"I've been keeping a tail on your rat." Can he stop beating around the bush and get straight to the point...

"And?"

"The young lady has no interesting life whatsoever" if he knew I wasn't interested in his verses he would have long said whatever he had to say.

"What did you find?"

"Nothing, the girl spends most of her time at Glorious, if she isn't there she is at home. I haven't seen her with anyone doggy, however something interesting happened today?"

I was running out of patience here, "which is?"

"A fight embarked just five blocks away from her home" it looks like we are getting somewhere.

"Between?"

"A client and some boy"

"Anything interesting about this boy?"

"No, he just looks like an ordinary guy, he doesn't look like anyone dangerous. I think this girl of yours is just at Glorious trying to feed her family. Can I abort the investigation?"

"Not yet, try to check into the boy's record, you might never know the skeletons in his cardboard. Danger isn't written on anyone's forehead, for now you can leave Vondra alone since you say she is clean. For now. I will trust your instincts..."

"Okay boss, but Vondra is a fine piece of art. I haven't run my hands on something that is that dark. Can I try her out?"

"You are one of my devoted workers. But not with her..."

"What?" He asked unhappy. He continues to bubbler what God knows. "For a second I thought you were going to say..."

"You can have anyone you want at Glorious but absolutely not her"

"What is so special about her? I used to have any worker I wanted at Glorious as my reward. Is there something you are not telling me boss lady?"

I laughed, "Sam, the last time I checked I'm the one who calls the shots at Glorious not you...Leave Vondra alone, focus on this newly discovered target and mind your own business and respect my choices. If I say No, No means No. Understand that"

"On it Boss" he hung up.

I don't know whether it was relief that I felt on my body or what. It's like I've been holding my heart that Vondra isn't working under someone. I trust Sam, if he couldn't find anything, then there is nothing to find. I'm just waiting for this newly found target information...

12

VONDRA

19:00 p.m. exactly on the dot.

We are normally having dinner. That moment when my stomach was starting to absorb warmth from eating something this mouthwatering. Veronica was not here, so peace occupied the area. I was about to take a bite, when a knock on the door disturbed us. "Go get the door Vondra" my grandmother instructed. I stood up, dragging my feet to the door out of exasperation, whoever is at the door. Is plain rude, you just can't!

As soon as I opened the door, Noah's face came to view. "What are you doing here?" I asked, closing the door behind me. So that no one heard what he wanted to say.

"I would appreciate it, if we had this conversation at the outermost" I folded my hands, staring at him with an attitude.

"Should I drag you?" He asked, showing me that beautiful set of his teeth that I love the most.

"You wouldn't dare..."

"Well, try me. I'm not having this conversation here with you. I know how you can get once you are demented"

"You can ask delightfully, I will do it without any hesitation"

"Please, Sunshine" he softly begged, displaying that innocent look.

"Fine," I murmured. "Remember..." I pointed a finger at him. "I'm only doing this because you asked nicely. Don't get any ideas"

"Yes my lady" he bowed his head. Even though we fight like Tom and Jerry sometimes. One thing you can never rip away from us; is how true we are to each other. It doesn't matter

who is wrong. We always try to resolve our issues. When we reached the gate he opened for me, "Please, madam!"

I held the fabric of my night dress, which I have to replace very soon because it is in ruins. You can spot a few holes here and there...and bow my head. "Thank you sir"

Once we placed jokes aside, I knew it was about to get real. We have brawled before but not this exceptionally bad that someone has to get a beating...

"I'm truly sorry, I know you already hate yourself for doing this job. I know you are doing it to feed your family. Sometimes my ego gets bruised that I failed abysmally to take care of you. I want to see you doing something that kick up your heels not to be stuck doing something you're barely enjoying"

"I get that my way of bringing the bacon home is not ideal. But you cannot go around attacking people. He could get your collar felt. For assaulting an officer. I don't want you to get convicted" the shock that took over his body, couldn't be missed.

"Relax he won't for my sake..."

"You sake?" his voice I could barely recognise, it was surprisingly low.

"Yes, he won't because it would bring him more attention, the last thing he needs right now. Is to go back and forth with you because it would be like throwing down the gauntlet at you..."

His eyes flashed pain through them; "Is everything okay?" I asked worriedly.

"You seem to know a lot about this man, is he just a client?"

Those words opened gates of thoughts that I was trying to avoid. "Yes!" I answered past a cackle.

"Are you sure?" Each passing second

Advertisement

he voice sounded heavy. "Yes," I answered, trying to sound convincing. "Are we cool?"

"Sure, but you have to buy me ice cream for peace offering"

"Done, I guess I will see you around. Let me bounce. I'm sure Hope is waiting for me"

"Speaking of Hope, did she say anything nasty about my work?"
I know she loves having fun with other people's expenses.

"I won't allow her to do anything, I got your back..." he said
running off leaving me there. Why do I feel like he had more to
say? Am I losing my best friend?

SCAR

I've been putting this ice close to my ear. This boy surely knows
how to throw mean punches. I wanted to give him a dose of his
own medication. But I didn't fight back acting as a victim, so
that Vondra can sympathize with me. Him, beating me to pulp.

Has made me earn a few points on Vondra...which made the pain worth it.

"You still haven't told me what really went down" Liam is starting to be bored now, because I even lost how many times I repeatedly told him this.

"Geez, Liam, I thought I had told you what went down..."

"One more..." he said laughing, his laugh was getting annoying because if it was fire it could have done damage because his laugh was scorching to one's soul.

"Are you seriously going to laugh like a kid? I got beaten okay by some guy over a worker, who works for Ice".

Liam took his drink and flipped it in one go.

"Now we are talking, how old is she?"

"Twenty" I stated her profile age. I can't just tell Liam she is underage. Well I don't have proof. It is just an assumption. And I cannot jump to conclusions over assumptions. I would have to visit home affairs...

"Still young and naive, nice target...have you made a proposal? The sooner we get Ice behind bars the better. I'm tired of seeing her face..." Well Liam hates everyone who is playing a role in this job; since her sister died as a result of working as street Pro.

"She refused, she said she is selling out Ice anytime soon. She speaks so highly of her. You'd swear she used a spell on her. It would get tough for her to work with us, to her Ice is this heroine. She is the woman of the hour. You should hear her talking about her like she is some sort of a fairytale story..."

"Dammit" Liam threw his glass against the wall. This matter makes him stupidly angry. He is devoted to bringing Ice down.

"Relax buddy, she will be on our side very soon, barking at our orders like a dog. What I picked up with Ice is that she treats

her customers better than many bosses on this business so trying to work with her workers is like flogging a dead horse"

"How does she do it?" That question caught me off guard because I also want to know. Exactly what is her secret because as much as I want to shut down that place, my life would be miserable without it. It means no more diverting copulation for me...

"Time is a number one answer to that question because we need time to figure this out"

"We are running out of time, Five years and we still haven't found anything to pin it on her? How good can one be?"

"We have visible proof but we lack concrete proof; And her workers won't testify against her. Even this new young lady is on her side. She even blames the authority for not offering protection to street hustlers. So gaining her trust that this is the right thing to do might take us a lifetime"

"How absurd is this?" He asked, kicking the wall.

Liam has anger issues, and this matter to him adds salt to an injury, since her sister lost her life as result of this work.

"How about you go home and try to digest everything now that you are breathing fire? It is kind of weird to continue talking about this matter" because everytime we address the elephant in the room he vents his spleen, it is rare for him not to lash out...

13

HOPE

I sat on the stool at the kitchen island conflicted.

As I glance at this photoshopped picture of Vondra. This could be my only chance to get back at her after all these years. When she terminated our friendship and stopped going to school. I was deranged. How could she do this to me? She was the only safe space I knew. I started getting bitter, and dragged her name through the mud. Exposed her dirty laundry for the whole Winterveld Huns to see but nobody cared. Only sore losers listened and loved every drop of lie I uttered.

I thought she would confront me but she didn't; she moved on like she wasn't my best friend. When I discovered that she had a newly found friend. I threw myself at him. It was easy for him to recognise me since men are weak and loves what is between our legs.

I'm the one who persuade Noah into a relationship and he didn't beat around the bush. I'm a charming young lady. He

took the opportunity that was displayed in front of him on a silver platter. When he introduced me to Vondra as his girlfriend. It caused a havoc amongst us. He tried to bring peace between us but since he was chasing a dead tail. When he realised the battle between Vondra and I, is bigger than him. He choose silently. He might have never splitted those words out but his actions did.

He would cut our dates short to attend to Vondra's emergencies. He would stood me up just to spend time with Vondra. He made Vondra the universe of his life; he would laugh at her jokes when she made fun of me. He didn't even fight her when he interrupts our stream sections.

He would normally give me the card "she is my friend okay? She came into my life first. If you cannot handle the heat that being in a relationship with me also means opening the door for her you should just leave. She is at the top of my priority list. You want this relationship to last, respect her presence" I swallowed the hard pill. His words left daggers in my heart. But I ignored the red flags and stayed. I choose to tolerate bullshit in the name of I'm getting back at Vondra, for her to only subject me to another pain.

Since love begets love. Then I believe hate begets hate, and to me. Hate was born, it let me subdue myself to emotional pain. Yet I still stayed in a loveless relationship trying to get back at Vondra. I'm 100% certain that my relationship is filled with toxicity, it is what is called contamination but I'm not leaving that relationship anytime soon because it fills me up on what is going on in Vondra's life. It gives me updates.

I still RECALL our fight dozens of hateful words were said that day:

"You cannot do this to me" I said looking at Vondra. My eyes had spackles of tears glittering in them.

"I'm sorry Hope, but I cannot go to school anymore..." I looked at these Secondary School forms in my hands, trembling with fear. I'm losing my best friend.

"Can you fill them in and submit them? Then make a conclusion next year"

"I have already made up my mind. Hope, nothing is going to change that. My grandmother needs me. My siblings need me. Mama is never home to look after them. So someone has to step up and fill the void. I'm the older one...so I have to make sacrifices"

"Bullshit!" I snapped.

"You are only twelve for heaven's sake. You are not even a teen. How would you look after someone else? You still need to mould yourself..." Those venomous words left a sour taste at the tip of my tongue.

What she said next made me lose it; "not everyone is like you. Not everyone is born with a silver spoon in their mouths...Not everyone has parents to play superheroes and save the day. Some of us, we were born to make sacrifices. Growth crept at my door at an early age. I had to look after the next person and that forced me to grow. So if you won't understand that my reasons for leaving school are valid. Then maybe we shouldn't be friends anymore" she said those words

her tone was firm.

"You can't..." I managed to utter those words. As I felt myself suffocating to do gaseous exchange intake.

"Well it seems to be the best call to answer. I have made up my mind the least you can do is to support my decision. Not make me feel bad"

"Fine! You want to ruin your future...go ahead. I cannot associate myself with someone who is not educated"

"If education is the key to being your friend then I don't want it; all I wanted from you is to support my decision..."

Laughter sneaked in my mouth. I couldn't hold myself, "you want me to support your barbaric decision. Then I can kiss this friendship goodbye. People talk the last thing I need is to have a friend who didn't go to school"

"It's okay, I will make new friends. When one door closes the other opens" she spun around to take a walk of shame. I could hear her sobbing fade with every step she took. I just stood there like I was glued to the ground. I couldn't move...

I looked at this picture one last time, "this is what you get for not fighting for our friendship"

Those words left my mouth as I pressed the button that was bound to do more damage than good. Within seconds I watched as retweets began to flood.

REESE

"Dammit!" I snapped.

My eyes were glued to my screen, Twitter occupied my attention. The picture of Vondra naked stared at me. The caption left a sting on my heart; "Prostitution Is My Profession...Sex work is my duty. At seventeen and plenty of men saw me naked. If you want a taste, don't hesitate to ask"

Comments were extremely bad:

Joyce 18 @ Lovies • 8m

"What a disgrace to our womanhood. You should be reading your books instead of selling you idiot!"

Candy black @ Beauty • 1h

"People like you shouldn't be part of this universe. You are waste of semen. You piece of shit, home wrecker. Busy destroying people's marriage"

Replying to @ Beauty • 56m

"Tell me about it, if I get this cunt with my man. I won't be held accountable for my actions"

They kept coming, they never stopped. How could Vondra do this to me? She only been has here for like what two minutes? and she is already trending?

I tried calling her, but the white lady answered. "The subscriber you have dialed is not available at the moment. Please try again later..." I hung up and after calling over and over I finally got; "tut-tut-tut"

"Shit!" I smashed my cellphone against the wall. I felt betrayed. This girl failed to do one thing. To keep her mouth shut. For her sake I hope she didn't mention Glorious.

Scarlet's peeked through my office. "Boss, seems like your precious dime is trending, have you seen it?" She didn't even bother to fully walk in.

"Could you please leave me alone?" My tone was getting lower and lower.

"As you wish boss... results of hiring people who should be playing with toys" she mumbled closing the door. I wanted to give her a piece of mind. But my legs were wobbly to carry me, like I was affixed on my chair...

14

SCAR

Today I decided to get a breath of fresh air and visited my mother. Since it was my day off. My mother is so kind, coated with all the love you need in the world. She has always been my pillar of strength, when fatal thoughts caged my memory. She was always there to chase away bad dreams. It tores my heart to see her looking like a vegetable, surrounded by machines.

"I wish I could take all the pain away" her petite hand was swallowed by my hands. My mother was involved in a car accident, nothing is working in our favour. She has been like this for a while now. My cell phone beeped with a message notification in my pockets. I ignored it.

Few minutes later it rang.

I dipped my hands inside my pocket, searching for it. Once my fingers managed to get a grip on it. I pulled it out and Liam's name appeared on the screen. I answered, placing the cellphone on my ear.

[CALL]

"Hello" I was hesitant to answer this call. Liam only calls when he wants to tackle an issue. So his calls aren't pleasant at all.

"A picture of a 17 year old is roaming around on social media. Claiming that she is a whore"those words made me flinch.

"Description?"

"Just go to Twitter, I'm certain you would spot it fast. Everyone is doing retweets but you can search Vondra Black" . Just the mention of her name made my stomach knot as if I felt as if I had reflux acid engaged to my stomach.

"Let me check" I hung up.

The minute I opened Twitter my eyes landed on what Liam was talking about. By just a mere glance I could see this picture was

Photoshopped. I've seen Vondra bare and I know the edges of her body. This isn't her body and why would she use her name and a Photoshopped picture to humiliate herself, this doesn't make sense.

Within the twinkling of an eye, Liam called me again. I answered after rolling my eyes. If he knew all the good stuff happening at Glorious and how Ice takes care of her workers he won't be on the edge to destroy Glorious. I sympathize with him, that his sister lost his life but it was never Ice's fault. His anger is directed to the wrong person.

"Have you seen it?" His voice on the other side drifted me out of my thoughts.

"Huh?" That was what I was able to utter.

"The picture?"

"Um, that? It is nothing serious. You could tell it is just teenage combat. You could tell it is teenage social media vendetta trying

to humiliate each other in front of the whole world to see" well half of the things I said there were true. Now I'm confused why Ice would be this reckless. You cannot hire someone who is underage.

"So you haven't spotted this face at Glorious?" Liam surely knows how to hold grudges.

"No, if I did I would have told you..." for Vondra's sake I hope Liam drops this matter.

"Okay keep me posted, shall you get any leads..." I just remained mute, he dropped the call I guess that answered his request. I tried to collect my memory. Why would Vondra humiliate herself? This doesn't make sense. Could it be that boy?

VONDRA

My phone has been off since I saw what is trending on social media. I discovered that picture when someone decided to do

screenshots and posted them on Facebook. I have never used Twitter before in my entire life. It's usage of data is expensive.

Right now, I'm not worried about Reese. I'm concerned about my siblings. It's only a matter of time before that image reaches David's eyes. I have seen how brutal comments were. Others are trying to side with me. But they would skin them alive.

This is a fact, people abhor Pros. It doesn't matter which gender. They all hate this line of work; judging people from the outside. They view pros as if they are a disgrace to the society. Everyone who has never been part of the circle will never try to understand our line of work. We are just gross and disgusting human beings. Who doesn't deserve to inhale the same oxygen as theirs.

When we were eating breakfast

I couldn't help but feel David's eyes on me, which means he knows. I tried to avoid them, but their intensity managed to penetrate through my pores. It was only a matter of time before my sweat glands produced sweat that left my entire body wet because his stare was burning with fire. After eating breakfast, I tried to flee from the scene but I wasn't so lucky.

"Let's take a walk" David's intense tone struck my ear canal. I halted at the sound of his voice. I turned to look at him.

"Sure" I said as I led the way. My pace was faster than his, but he managed to keep up.

He held my hand, "would you slow down, would you?" I turned to look at him.

"So it is true? You are a prostitute?" I didn't bother to answer.

"So it is true?" I tried to open my mouth to speak..."Don't your silences answer my question. You know what I hate the most about this matter?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"The fact that I asked you nicely. When you first gave me that two hundred. Where did you get it? You looked at me and lied...if you were doing this for us, then you don't have to do it anymore" my sockets popped as I looked at him astounded.

"What?" I asked incredulously.

"You are laid-off from helping around the house. From today onwards, don't bother yourself by trying to buy us food, don't even lift your finger. If you want us to eat your disgusting money, don't! Keep your money, we don't want it. You can keep your bacon. We would eat our sugarless porridge for breakfast like we used to"

"You ungrateful bastard!" I snapped. " Look at you standing there judging me. All my life I've been trying so hard to make sure. You are well taken care of. Now you're going to stand there and judge me? I made sure that you went to school with a warm tummy, I made sure your school clothes were clean even when they were in ruins. I placed my life on hold just to make sure that you stayed in school...this is the thank you I get?"

"You shouldn't have..." the irritation that was accompanied by his voice almost drove me insane. He is only telling me this now? After all these years?

"You are going to puke on my face. This is me trying to better our lives" he laughed so hard that tears streamed on his face. I was this close to slap him back to his senses.

"If you think I'm going to allow you to fend me with your money then you don't know me. If you want to sell your body trying to feed us then don't. Live your life to the fullest, but I don't want a piece in your cake. I won't allow myself to be supported with sex money... Thanks but no thanks" I glanced at him amazed.

"Wow, I'm the reason why you are still breathing and have limbs intact, I'm the one who is sore for your survival after your own mother turned her back on you. This is the thanks I get..."

"You shouldn't have, no one forced you to look after us...if this is how you are going to make money then you shouldn't" the way his words extremely cuts deep is like he threw acid on my face and he turned to walk away...

VONDRA

I stood there thwarted at my backfired plan. When I paseo on this journey of being a hustler, I didn't expect this outcome. When you know the destiny you are trying to propel would cause a drift, but you take a leap of hope. I was hoping for the good rather than the bad. Now my name is tarnished on social media. People who barely even know my name now have a say in my life.

My mind was debating which way should my leg propel me. Where do I go from here? Home or Noah's house?

Either way I found my legs being the slave of my mind. Chained me to an environment. I promised myself, no matter where life takes me I would never set my foot on that environment. I rang the bell gate at Hope's premises. I shook her gate out of anger.

"Hey, you Psycho, would you stop it?" Hope's tone was filled with rage and that is nothing compared to the burn that I'm feeling inside. She averted the gate and pushed me on the side of the road.

"What the heck are you doing here you Psycho?" She repeated that 'Psycho' calling again. I swear to God if she will say that again. I'm going to dip my hands into her eyes.

"I dare you to call me a Psycho one more time..."

"You Psychopath, what are you going to do about that? Huh? Nothing" I grabbed a portion of her hair into my hand, as wrath deaden my soul. Her nails sliced my hand trying to make me weaken my grip on her hair that I was this close to pull out.

"Damn!" I loosened my clench on her hair. I examined as blood dropped from my hand in small quantities. The pain felt extremely prissy.

"I want you to delete that fake account you create" within a twinkling of an eye she salvos into a laughter. I stared at her puzzled.

"Not happening..." a side smile was plastered on her face.

"Why are you doing this?"

"I'm a sadist" I glanced at her amazed.

"And what does that have anything to do with me?"

"You are the reason why she was born. You left me, when I needed you the most"

"What the hell? You pushed me aside. You threw me out of your life like a garbage can. So don't stand the playing the victim"

"No Vondra, I want you to look at me and see the pain you have inflicted in me. This is all you. You are the cause of this. You didn't fight for us when you should have"

"Wow! Hope you are on drugs?"

"Am I?" She asked, she was this close to explode.

"I wouldn't ask if I knew... because right now you sound like a crazy person to me. You were the same girl that loathed me, for choosing my family. The same girl who is dragging my name in the lion's den. Don't patronize me..."

"Am I? You made me obsessed with you" is this girl mentally okay. How did I do that?

"I liked the idea of us growing together. I wanted our friendship to be infinite. When you walked out of my life. I became so obsessed with you. To the point whereby you awoke a desire in me. Not just any desire" I felt my pinna arose from curiosity, because I wanted to grasp every single word she said... "I

became a sadist, well people like to call it dominance, but I call it sadist because I enjoy inflicting pain on other girls"

"Are you being for real right now? Are you lesbian or bisexual, because you are in a relationship with Noah" her laughter crept on my soul, leaving shivers down my spine.

"I'm none of those things..." her lower premolars took a bite on her upper lip, as she took steps towards me. "It all started from grieving our friendship. To get over her, Porn became my remedy for healing from pain. I learnt a lot through porn then I got obsessed. I started inviting girls over. We would explore our bodies and that is where it started. Me, tying them up and making them go through pain thinking it was you. I loved their screams, their suffering. Thinking it was you, I always picked up the darker ones"

SWEET JESUS!

"Are you for really you aren't otherwise"

Her hands fell on my racks, I watched them, "no I'm not, to me it just a sexual pleasure no labels. I enjoy whoever I want" she whispered in my ear.

"You want me to take down that picture?"

"Yes!" I said as her hand moved to my belly.

"On one condition..."

"Which is?"

"You let me do what I want with your body..." I pushed her off.

"No, I can't. I'm into men hundred percent sure"

She snorts, "Funny, I never said you were not. Why on earth would you deprive me a chance of exploring your edges? Plenty of men have already had a freeway between your numbness.

So you just let me enjoy you and get you off my system. Is it something you haven't done before..."

"Ohh, I can hack into your cell phone and delete the post..."

She gave me a look containing pity. "You haven't noticed? Noah is my boyfriend so I know a thing or two about that. So?" She tilted her head to look at me. Waiting for my response.

"No"

She pressed hard on my globes, "Well good luck as you have signed the forms of anguish, this pain won't fill my chest alone I will burst" she turned to walk out.

"Fine I will do it..." she slowly looked at me. "Follow me!" She waved with her hand. This is the lowest footsteps I have ever taken in record time. Yet the fastest arrival. She pushed the door open.

"I really do understand why being into women and causing me pain brings you pleasure. While you claim to not be lesbian, bisexual, or whatever it is"

"It is just a mood, I can enjoy the forbidden fruit however I want whenever I want, no need to label sexuality. You gave birth to this little demanding girl because this was my copying mechanism for losing a friend. Let hope after this I will get over you"

"But to you it is not a mood. Your dark fantasies evoked when you think hurting the next dark skinned lady you are hurting me"

"Like I said before; I'm a sadist that I don't deny it"

"Besides I'm going to pay you" I glanced at her as an insult sunk in...

"Don't insult me..."

"Ooh, please! It's your job, the least I can do is to pay you for it. I cannot take it for free in a store now can I?" The problem with what I do, is that people would forever blackmail you for their own selfish reasons. What Hope is doing is wrong. But I have to do whatever it takes for her to remove that poop she posted about me. The minute the door closed behind us, the coldness of the wall. Acknowledge my presence...

Our heavy breaths filled the entire room, they were so loud that you would think someone walking down the streets could hear us. Why is her closeness having an impact on me? Her lips dominated mine, Scar has kissed me before but not like this.

Jesus!

Why Am I comparing them?

My clothes left my body in a slow motion; Despite how quick she removed them because my brain was trying to comprehend what was really going on.

I slightly pushed her off my body, "why are you doing this?". She roughly held both my hands against the wall. "Would you stop talking and go with the flow, would you?" She asked, staring at my twins, her eyes twinkling in admiration.

I tried to free my hands from her grip, but she was too strong for me. "Hope I don't want to do this," I said, trying my best to free my hands. Her hand migrated to my vagina.

"Well she is saying otherwise. Why is she wet?" I also don't know. How she got my vagina wet. "And not just wet, Vondra you are soaking wet, extremely wet" I felt the pressure kick in, as my vagina felt hot. When she started rubbing my clit vigorously. The bitch in me started moaning like a whore that I'm said to be. I collected images of the consequences, after this meaningless sex. She was so invested in making me feel good her grip wasn't tight anymore. I managed to push her off. My hands fell on my exposed body, there my hands were trying to cover my boobs and vagina.

"I can't do this, God knows you could be filming this?" She gave me an annoyed laugh.

"What do you take me for? I don't mind tormenting people, but to torment myself in the process that is a low blow" I glanced at her. Hope can be unpredictable.

"You came to my house unexpectedly. I didn't think I would ever see you waiting for me outside. I waited five years, for you to come and confront me you never came so today you caught me off guard

heck I don't even have time to make sex tape. You know why? I respect my body too much. Not only the world would see your real body. They would also see mine. So if you think I'm going to ruin our passionate time by recording this moment. Then you don't know me..." she said, coming towards me.

"I might be fucked up, but how I feel about you is genuine, I love and hate you at once. Doing sex tape would be ruin both our reputation, people are against same gender sex. So, I would rather enjoy this moment as it is than face bad music after this. Do you trust me?" She was already breathing heavily on my neck. How does she have an impact on me? I never viewed her like that to begin with.

"I don't trust you..." I said between the kiss, it was steamy and hot. "Place those feelings on pause because today, I just want you" her hands were already on my small boobs. Within seconds, I was already back against the wall. Her tongue left wet traces on my nipples, as she started eating them out, she would play with my other nipple on her hand, and suck on the other, till they were raw. Me on the other hand I was moaning loudly so.

She started removing her clothes, her body was built in a shape that most men preferred, beautiful big tits, small frame waist, no ass but a small portion of curves. My hands roamed on her waist, I loved everything there. My hands settled on her tits, I started sucking them. A sweet moan crept the entire room for me. I loved her scent.

"Hmm, lie down on your back..." I did as instructed next to the couch. When she came to my thighs, she nicely did a doggy style position, I loved how her ass was displayed. She removed my thong slowly and sniffed it. I don't know where she placed it after. As she started, licking my thighs like ice cream or something. Till she reached my heaven, she inserted her middle finger, nice and slow. In and out, her finger went. As I was getting used to the pace. Her tongue started to make me

wetter. "Fuck, you are so wet..." her voice fell on my clit, as she started sucking on it. The sensation was so strong that I could contain my moans.

Her tongue would flip on my pussy. She would dip it on my opening, when she removed her finger. Leaving saliva to make me wetter. She didn't rush the whole process, she did everything slowly.

"Ass up!" She instructed.

Jesus! I think I'm going to love this. As soon as my ass was facing her, my vagina displayed for her eyes, her fingers felt my numbness. "I love her!" Her voice was filled with lust. Two fingers dipped on my vagina, I felt myself whimper in pleasure, she started going faster. I felt my body tantalizing, how could I reach my orgasm this fast?. I wanted to hold it, I didn't want her to notice how my body reacted to her touch. I felt a spank land on my ass. "Let it go!" She commanded with spank after the other, that alone had an impact on me, I felt my body starting to vibrate as I released, I felt her pinch my clit. "Holly fuck!" I said, trying to suppress my moan. She let me go after that intense orgasm.

"Stand up!" She commanded, my legs were still wobbly from that. She was already on her feet. "Wrap your legs on my waist" I gave her a stare filled with questions.

"Do as I say Vondra" I did as she said, "Your head near the ground" what the heck?

"Won't you drop me?"

Her laugh was different, "you are too petite for me to drop you, do as I say"

"Okay" our clitoris were kissing each other. I like the sensation though. What is Hope doing to me? She started moving her waist. As our clitoris started rubbing on each other. The pleasure that came with it was an understatement. This is better than a dick, well for me. She kept going, I kept taking everything on my body. To the point I moved my waist to meet her thrust, my hands were on the floor. Our moans filled the entire room. When she felt my body tighten, she sat on the couch. Going faster on me. I explored after a while, sweat

dripping between the valley on my breast, she was also out of breath.

"Now I see why you are a prostitute, you taste as good as you look" I was too tired for her stupid remarks. I needed a nap right now. My eyes felt heavy. She pinched my nipple, "I'm not done with you, I have toys upstairs; I'm talking about thrusting dildos, strap-ons, hands-free vibrators, nipple clamps, vibrating panties and many more. Come!"

She said taking my hand...

VONDRA

To say I loathe myself, would be an understatement. How could I allow myself to enjoy that? She even went as far as giving me multiple orgasms.

"We should try that again" she whispered in my ear, nicely sucking on it. A moan eluded from the back of my tongue, when her hands gently touched my twins. Her petite hands did not do any justice on them.

I pushed her hands, "would you just stop it okay!" I snapped jumping out of bed descending to the lounge, searching for my clothes.

"It was a mistake, this is not happening again. I'm not a bisexual"

"Stop being ridiculous, who said anything about you being a bisexual. There is nothing wrong about enjoying pleasure from

another woman. There is nothing wrong about who your body responds better to. It is just intercourse, no need to label your sexuality. If you like boys it's okay, but that doesn't stop you from enjoying girls" I closed my ears with my hands. I don't wanna hear this barbaric ideas.

"Just stop okay!" I screamed out of frustration.

"Fine, I will delete those pictures and make sure they are removed on Facebook or any other media. My boyfriend..." She stopped talking.

"I get it Noah taught you..."

"Yes Noah, has also taught me a thing or two about the internet. So relax I got you. And please do come back again. We always dance to the nice tune, so I don't mind if we did that again..."

"Over my dead body"

"Come on! It's nothing new. You are a seller and I want to buy. Even though your body is disgusting, thinking about all those men that know your nakedness. I still don't mind exploring it"

"Piss off..."

"You made a good call coming here, give me a day that picture would be taken down. Don't even think about trying to outsmart me when it comes to tech, I would beat you at your own game"

My memory got jog to an interesting fact;

"you know Hope I could sue you for displaying my fake nude picture on social media? But you are lucky, it would be a long process and I have faces to protect"

"Whatever!" She shouted, I banged the door on my way out.

HOPE

Just a few minutes later

after Vondra's departure. Noah decided to throw himself in my bedroom. Well my parents know about our relationship, so his visit here is not a problem at all. It doesn't cause any havoc.

"Do you have any idea what you have done!?" He exclaimed angry. He threw his cell phone at me. "Hmm, sexy huh?" I tilted my head to glance at him.

"I warned you nicely don't post about this matter on social media. But you went on and did it anyway...this relationship is over"

After kicking the covers off, I went to the lounge. He followed me like a lost puppet. I bent over to pick up a lacy thong that I stashed close to the couch. I guess she didn't see it.

"You know Noah, you can fool me all you like... pretend anyhow it makes you feel better. But I know you love her. I can see the way you look at her. You see this lacy thong" I sniffed it.

"We are done! It's over between us!" His veins were popping out.

"Is it?" My eyes never left his.

"Yes..."

"Okay...you see this lacy thong. It has the aroma of her juices. They were dripping for me. So go ahead and dump me for a prostitute. I don't care, I'm a better woman than she could ever be. Even the media agrees Honey" I winked at him.

"You piece of sh..."

"Stop right there with name callings. You choose a whore over me. It's okay whether you like it or not, her womanhood is a freeway for thousands of men. Who hasn't smashed it? Remember that if you get a chance to. She is a disgusting soul" I went to open the door for him. He looked drained.

"Oh Noah," he turned to look at me. "If you do date her, know that she is a walk over anyone can do whatever they please with her. It's easy to blackmail her, because she cares about

other people than herself. Remember she is not pure. Plenty of men have washed their eyes looking at it" I laughed.

His shoulders we dropped, defeated roamed around him. "But I admire her, she would do anything for the people she loves, she could sue me for revenge porn but she chose not to, because she knows she would have to expose people who she works with. Explaining why I posted that picture on social media. If she chose to file a lawsuit, I was going to be penalized with serious money ranging between R150 000 to R300 000. Since she wants to protect her own tribe she chooses to sleep with me instead. That is what I call selfless, I see why you love her."

He didn't bother to respond, that probably hurts deep. I tapped what he wanted.

"Hmm" I blew out some air, as I felt power on my body. For hurting Noah and claiming Vondra's body. I know what encountered would make her question her sexuality. It would take time for her body to adjust to the new changes.

I decided to do image removal from all platforms, it was displayed on. But damn that girl tastes so good. Just thinking about it makes me want more...

17

VONDRA

Before going home I passed by the tuckshop. Streets were chirping like birds from the sounds they produced. Whispers followed behind me, eyes turned with me. Fingers pointed at me, laughs erupted. I continued to console my shame and minded my own business.

Tomorrow I have a client, I don't even know how I will show my face at Glorious. As I was walking. Reese's Bentley, parked next to me. She rolled her window down.

"Hoop in!" Her voice has evidence of anger. The range in her eyes couldn't be missed.

"Seat belt..." she said, focusing on the road. She didn't bother to look at me and admire me like she normally would.

"Where are we going?" I was concerned.

"If you value your life the best advice I would give you, is to shut up"

Her car was heading to Pretoria North. As soon as she got to her mansion, she pressed the gate remote. The house was beautiful, flowers were blooming out of joy. The grass was greener, the pool was filled with clean water. Her garage door automatically opened. She parked her car and removed her shades. It's a habit for her. She likes those...

"Out!" Her voice was sour.

"Follow me," like a dog I was, I barked at her orders. She went to stand next to the gate and turned to stare at her house. I did the same.

"Look at all of these, don't rush, take all the time you need" I looked at her, she was browsing through her phone. "Once the view has sunked in, tell me" her tone wasn't loving either. You could sense the hate in her tone.

I took almost five minutes to allow the building to sink in my memory, "I think I get it, a nice spontaneous house" I glanced at her. She pushed her cellphone into my hands. "Look at that, after that memories Glorious"

The image before me was an abandoned building, which looked like it was situated in Johannesburg. "Do you see that?" She asked, I replied with a nod.

"That place knows my shame, my struggle and this place here knows my glory, together with my triumph. I won't allow you to take that away from me. I worked so hard to be where I'm today. I pushed against all odds. I pushed mountains to make a way for me. And I'm not going to allow you to vandalise that..." dread took over my body because I could sense where this conversation was going.

I pushed fear aside, "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You are fired!" Those three words felt like a storm in my heart. This is the only life I know that I can make real cash.

"For not binding by the NDA rules, don't worry I won't sue you. That might cost your kidney. We don't want that.." She continued stumping on my heart, each stump left me in need of oxygen

I stared at her, "You know Reese, I respect you..." her gaze on me contained amusement.

"Is it?"

"Yes I respect you, but what I'm going to say next; can I add with all due respect but Thank you!" My tone was bottled up with disrespect. She turned to look at me austed. On the other hand I was proud of myself.

"Thank you?" She questioned, her voice filled with doubts. What I said wasn't?

"Yes Thank you! That place knows my shame. Those walls swallowed my pride, those walls knew my dignity. I just sacrificed my soul for that place, I have never had sex willingly

in my life, I made that call. No one to blame there, I chose this job because it only requires Sacrifices. Engaging in unwanted sex, is not even hours after having sex with a lady, to get that picture removed. So if you think leaving Glorious, the place that feeds me is the best call because really, thank you!" To my surprise my voice didn't contain even a little bit of pain

"Ohh yeah!?" Her tone contains an unsettling aura.

"Yes, you know why?"

"I don't know, fill me in"

"Because I have Glorious Interest at heart. My loyalty for that place is extra ordinary. I chose to sleep with someone over money for that place. That young Lady who faked an account with my name, I could have sued her. But no, I loved you too much and sacrificed my soul. If you are going to fire me without hearing my side of the story, then I don't deserve a seat on your table".

A spark of remorse reflected on her eyes.

I chuckled, "You know, I'm glad that I'm fired..." I let out a howl.

"You are?" She asked, concerned.

"Damn straight I'm... being a prostitute is not easy. Day in and day out, you engage in unwanted sex, your body becomes consumed with different spirits. You carry bad luck that was never meant to be yours. The world is crackling

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at your hustle. Your siblings hate you. The same siblings, I'm trying to better their lives. The same people who I was doing this for throw my help back at my face. So if you want to take this job away from me that ripped off my dignity don't even ask. Because this is a shitty job you get served on a plate full of judgements, with people who haven't walked in your shoes. People who don't know how the shoe can pinch you..." I blew out some air, trying by all means to control my voice from breaking down.

"You know what? Just take me home, you are not worth my energy" She tried to speak but words failed her.

Reese just dropped me off, five blocks away from my house. "I want you to remember this day, shall you live. You are chasing me out in the cold like a dog for someone's behaviour, that I'm not responsible for what they do" I said banging the door.

I watched her car as it did a U-turn, leaving me to inhale the dust it left behind. I guess this is it? The end of humiliation.

When I got home, I found Zara in the kitchen doing what God knows. No one was around. The house was dead quiet, besides the dishes that Zara was literally at war with. "Where is Grammy?" I asked Zara because normally she is the only one who is always home, unless she is at church or the matter is urgent. "She is taking a nap..." She said, looking at me.

"As you were," I Said leaving her there. I knocked on her bedroom door. "Come in!" I guess she hasn't dozed off. I peeked my head first, her eyes were aiming at the door, curiously to see who was knocking.

"Ohh, it's you... Come we have a lot to talk about" she said making a space on her bed for me to sit down. "Are you okay? You are barely home these days" She said, taking her reading glasses off.

"I'm fine..."

"Good, here" she said, placing the Bible in my hands. "And what am I supposed to do with it?" Frown, caused wrinkles on my face.

"Don't make that face, read 1 Corinthians 6: 9-10"

OKAY! Bible study, here I come.

"1 Corinthians 6:9-10 Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind,

Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God"

"Do you understand?" I shook my head No, because I don't know why I'm reading this honestly.

"Okay, I want you to stop being a prostitute..." Jesus! She knows. "Under what circumstances?"

"The path you have chosen is not the right path. I can't afford my name being used as a tea sipper by ladies at the church. News travels faster now everyone knows I have a prostitute for a granddaughter" I tried not to laugh but I failed abysmally. "Who said that?" It wasn't my intention to ask that, but my grandmother and her bible can be a bore sometimes.

"What you are doing is wrong, come judgement day you won't like the outcome. You shall burn in hell..."

I stared at her in shock. My own grandmother is judging me? For trying by all means to bring the beacon home. Can my day get better than this? I was fired like a few seconds ago, now I'm welcomed home by bible verses.

This is what I call HYPOCRISY, at its best.

"You are a hypocrite," those words descended out of my mouth like a volcano, its vibration was strong enough to shake the world.

"If I remember correctly, when I brought plastic bags filled with food, you didn't mind eating what I bought. Now you want to open verses on me because people talk. Thanks Grandma, for your appreciation it means the world to me. Don't worry, from today I wash my hands I'm done... You want to use God to justify your hateful acts for people's behaviour? As much as I read the Bible but remember in the end it is written by a human being just like you and me; remember that. One day you will seek help but my prostitute self won't answer..." My grandmother looked at me disappointed.

"As you say, being a prostitute is a sin. Then why does God allow it to happen in the first place?"

She threw a cloth at me, "You are a disgrace just like your mother who lives off a bottle and you on the other hand you live through a disgusting act. Ohh God, what have I done to be this forsaken... Get out!" she roared and held her head in amusement.

I walked out banging the door. Today what happened is a lot to take in. I was turned and tossed aside like I'm nothing...

18

NOAH

I have been staring at the ceiling for a while now.

I don't even know whether it is spinning or not, but my head is buzzing right now. I'm conflicted on how to feel right now. The voices in my head keep misfiring saying; 'Vondra doesn't owe you anything' but my heart is also doing it's own cacophony claiming; 'Vondra has torn your heart'. Yet my dramatic brain continues to bubble saying; 'How would she have known how you felt, if you chose to be a coward and turned a blind eye to how you felt?'

"Nooo!" My loud scream penetrated through the room like lightning during thunderstorms. The room shuddered, acknowledging my frustration. My phone chimed due to an incoming call.

I dragged time to answer:

[CALL]

"Vondra!" I softly called her name, as the cell phone came in contact with my pinna.

"Are you home?" She asked, chanting heavily, you'd swear she was chased by a dog or something. The deaden soul in me wanted to lie so badly, because I was still swimming in the midst of anger because of her. But my soft spot for her couldn't push her aside.

After heaving, "yes why?"

"Good, I'm on my way" Silence transpired after that.

AFTER A WHILE...

Of being in an amusing reclining position. A knock came through my door. I was too lazy to utter 'come in'. That is how trite my soul was; to visualise events unfold before my eyes. In a manner, I didn't plan them too. I pushed my voice at the back

of my throat after calculating my next words; "Come in!" I yelled on the other side.

Vondra's came on display. She looked bonked up. You'd swear she is a waif, that is how messier she looked. She even has trail of dried tears on her face. Her appearance right now gave me horripilation.

HOLY CRAP!

The indulgence in me, made me jump out of bed to dwindle myself before her. My hands caged her. Her petite frame fits perfectly on my arms. Sometimes I can never get used to how small she is...

Minutes before our eyes but one thing never got untangled our hug. When her scent sunk in to last me a lifetime. I released her, my hands cupped her face; "Now would you tell me what is going on" I couldn't stop myself asking that question, it has been drilling my brain since she got here.

She placed her forehead on my chest, "Can we just lay down?"
She asked after a while.

"Definitely..."

As soon as my back hits the mattress. My head on my hand.
Vondra nicely placed her head on my chest. Tucking her leg
between my thighs. Her petite arms cooped on me. I was this
close to get a bulge, till the boy in me gave me a piece of mind;
'She is your sister remember? She doesn't look at you like that'

"Can I sleep here tonight?" Her faint voice asked. "Sure, don't
even have to ask..." I snuffled her hair, loving the smell of roses
on her hair.

RESSE

My eyes flipped open.

I scanned my surroundings. An empty bottle of scotch
embraced my eyes. My eyes continued to roamed around,

Fuck! I spent the night in the office. I wailed loudly, stretching my bones. From sleeping in a compromising position, you could feel their breakage with a very stretch I made.

A massive headache slathered, before I could acknowledge what was going on. I opened my drawer searching for my painkillers. My hand came back with something

I stood up. My legs felt like they weren't mine. It took me a while to stand up straight. I went to my wine collection. I gulped down the painkillers on my hand with wine. I fell back on the couch.

"Jesus!" Someone's voice startled me.

"You slept here?" Scarlet asked. Opening the blinds. "Go take a shower, business day has started" I didn't bother to respond. My legs dragged me to my ensuite. I took the quickest shower on Earth. Once I felt clean I brushed my teeth and threw myself on bed. Today I just want to sleep.

I never really knew that kicking someone out of your life tastes this bad. The way I adored Vondra, my heart is failing to come

to terms that she is no more in my life. I tried calling her, but voicemail is where her cell phone is taking me.

A BANG ON THE DOOR...

Woke me up, "Enter at your own risk!" I shouted, I have been up for a while now. But I can't seem to get Vondra's words out of my mind. It's like they built a residence in my head.

Scar walked in, I didn't bother to cover myself. Is not like there is, something he hasn't seen before; "Sweet Jesus! Can you be decent?" He asked, covering his eyes.

What's with him being dramatic, I got off bed and went to my closet and wrapped my silky gown on my body, I walked out to find him sitting comfortably on my couch. A glass of whiskey dancing in his hand.

"What time is?" I asked my stomach rumbling with hunger, I haven't had something solid since yesterday.

"11:00 a. m. He galped everything in one go. "Wow! You are early...why are you here?"

He looked at me like I'm Lucifer or something. "I had an appointment, where is she? I've been waiting for like an hour?" I knew who he was referring to.

"She is not here, she was released on duty yesterday" I answered.

He wasn't pleased as punch, when those words made a remark on his head. "What is that supposed to mean, I drove all the way here for nothing!" He banged his glass on the table.

"She is fired because she is just off the boat. But don't get desperate I can make it up to you" Since I was nude under my gown, after letting it crawl on my legs. I was exposed for him to see. He stood up, twisted my nipple in his hand, my spine shivered in recognition of his manly hands on me. He bent down to pick up my gown. And nicely made sure it's covering my body.

"I'm not here for you. Panty Dropper was my target. Get her on duty if you want me on board" his steps felt heavy on the tiles. As he walked to the door, he held the door knob and turned to look at me, "that ship was sealed a long time ago... I'm not dipping my junk inside you any time soon. Get me Panty Dropper, if you still value your money" he closed the door.

"Shit!" I cursed, throwing the glass against the table.

Is this child a curse or what?

She has been in my life for like what two seconds? And she is already turning my life upside down. I cannot lose my loyal customers because of her. What do they see in her, because she looks like a charcoal to me. Not to mention she is daft as a brush.

"Dammit!" I held my head out of frustration.

19

VONDRA

Normally there is a say that states; 'Let the chips fall where they may'

As much as this speaks volume. I feel like I could have done things better. Dozens of 'if I, if I didn't' occupy the room upstairs. My head is buzzing with regrets. Voices are in control I can't tone them down. The more I try to shut them down, the more cacophony they make. 'If Jared, didn't take me home. Noah wouldn't have attacked him probably I would still have my job'

'If Jared didn't kiss me. I could have left his car faster then Hope and Noah wouldn't have found us there"

'If Hope didn't post that picture then Reese wouldn't have fired my sorry arse'

Noah stirred. My eyes went to his face. Wow! I haven't slept this peaceful in a long time. His chest was filled with warmth. "Sorry I didn't mean to wake you up" he said.

"It's okay! I was awake anyway..." his chest rises and falls. Is it safe to say Noah is my safe space. Even his heart palpitations, are soothing to me.

"What time is it?" He checked his phone.

"Heading to half past eleven" I jumped out of bed. But his grip didn't allow me.

"Would you relax, just once" my eyes twinkled, with vivify as I looked at this loving soul. I clung on him, getting comfortable. One thing about Noah is that he smells like heaven. He is a neat freak compared to boys his age.

FEW MINUTES AFTERWARDS.

"I got fired yesterday" he let out a heave that said 'at last'

"Why?"

"Hope happened..." just the utterance of Hope's name made his body tingle. Does he know? I pretend like I didn't recognise that.

"I'm sorry, really I'm" he planted a smooch on my head. Sometimes, Noah can be extremely affectionate. Which I try to ignore but sometimes he just becomes extra.

"But I know, yesterday that is not the reason that brought you here. What is going on?" His question made my stomach turn. Sometimes I hate how he knows me too well. I woke up so I could capture his facial features clearly. He continued to lie on his back looking at me. Noah has this aura on him that you cannot ignore. When our friendship started I would fantasize, us being more than friends. But time is the killer of dreams. As time goes by; days turn into weeks. Weeks turned into months. Months turned into years, There I knew I was chasing a sinking ship.

Therefore I shoved the idea, where the sun doesn't shine and pretended like those ideas never embraced my brain. I turned off every little ounce I felt for him. In his eyes I was just his little sister, I took my title and wore it without shame.

"Well if it wasn't David and Grandma, who would it be?" His face wore a forlorn.

"David? What did he do?" He asked out of curiosity. God! Your son is hot. His chest, falling and rising. I couldn't miss listening to his heartbeat. I nicely placed my head on his chest.

"David, even mentioning his name leaves a trail of puke on my throat"

"Come on, stop being dramatic"

"How can I not? When he is ungrateful? Five years of my life down the drain for him. Then suddenly he feels like a man. Can you believe what he said?..." I was about to explain when Noah cut me mid-sentence.

"I wouldn't believe it unless you tell me" I smacked his forehead. "Geez, can you lend me an ear?"

He removed me from his chest "Here"he said dramatically pulling his ear right on my face.

"Not like that, and can I have my pillow back" Noah doesn't have broader shoulders like Scar, there we go again. This comparison, will it stop? Because it's a must it should. After I tangled my hands on his body for dear life. I started talking.

"David said and I quote; If you think I'm going to allow you to fend me with your money then you don't know me. If you want to sell your body trying to feed us then don't. Live your life to the fullest, but I don't want a piece in your cake. I won't allow myself to be supported with sex money... Thanks but no thanks" Noah kept quiet for a little while.

"He is kinda right you know..." he stopped talking like he was searching for the right words. My eyes snapped at him. "Not in a bad way my Sunshine, he ego is bruised as a man. You need

to realise that he is growing every year. He is no longer a boy, the more he grows his protective instincts sink in. He feels bad that you are selling your soul to feed him. So it is an insult to the man in him to see you going through this lengths to support him" what Noah is saying makes sense.

"I get it Noah, I really do. But the problem is, his wording; that was not all. He also threw the ball of words on my face that felt like needles. He said; You shouldn't have

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no one forced you to look after us...if this is how you are going to make money then you shouldn't"

Noah looked at me speechless. "He told me this after telling him, I left school for him"

"There, you shouldn't have attacked him first. He was protecting himself from the truth he doesn't want to face"

"I get his frustration, but for grandmother. I try to get justification but I fail to. That woman literally tells me to stop because ladies at church talks I had to read;

1 Corinthians 6:9-10"

"Hallelujah! Church lady, I bet you cramed the verse in your head. Tell your boy" he said laughing, I looked at him. How can he turn tragedy into comedy?

"I grasped this part, Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God"

"What does that mean?"

"I don't care but apparently, Being a prostitute is a sin..."

"Okay sinner" his eyes didn't stop spamming with joy. I found myself gapping at him as his howl striked my heart. His laughter was cut short when my stare caused daggers on him. He returned my gaze, the room was getting tremendous for our

staring content. As our gaze continues to linger, making the room to small for the tension.

"I love you..." he said without blinking.

"I love you too" he jumped out of bed, he started pacing up and down. Okay! What is going on?

"Noah, you are freaking me out would you stop that" my voice was even faint.

"You don't get it do you!?" He roared, causing me to jump. "Get what?" I snapped.

"I love, love you"

"I said I love you too, didn't I?"

"What I'm saying is that I love you, romantically" My body organs felt like they were failing me as mediocre rules on my

body because I lacked knowledge on how to react to the revitalization.

How do I react to this matter, make him feel good? Does he really love me or does he just want a piece like everyone else? My hands involuntarily pulled my shirt over my body. He glanced at my exposed racks, with hunger. Saliva was this close, to fall from his mouth. Once the image sunk in, he asked.

"What are you doing?"

"Giving it to you. Don't you want it? So you just use the four-lettered word to lure me in. You can just take it, like everyone else..."

Hurt was displayed on his face. The insult cut deeper on his heart. All of that you could read it from his facial expression.

"Vondra, put your clothes on and leave!" He commanded. "I knew it! You claim to love me. Yet you cannot make love to me. I'm disgusted to you. You're just like everyone else..."

I wore my shirt and stormed outside. No one would ever love dirt like you. Get over it, even your own mother failed abysmally. I don't even love myself either, the next person can't either.

20

NOAH

I wanted to run after her. But what unfolded before my optic. It's like my soul was paralyzed. I just remained glued on the spot. At war with my thoughts, how could she make such a barbaric conclusion about me. I thought she knew me better than this.

I don't even know who to direct my Anger to. My body fell on the bed as I try to make up what really happened.

I try to block what has transpired before me but I fail abysmally. I'm so angry at Veronica for doing a shitty job as a mother. I'm too angry at the universe for making all the good people go through all this turmoil.

"Would I be able to clean the mess I didn't make?"

"Would I survive trying to mould someone back into the right mentality?"

"Would my love for her be more than enough?"

"Do I have what it takes to turn the tables around?"

"How do I fix a broken glass, without cutting myself in the process?"

"Is this the end of our fifth year of friendship, going to transform into detestation?"

Questions were rounding in my head. Dread has deaden my soul. The only elude right now is alcohol...

REESE

How did I find myself in this mess in the first place? Now I'm grieving for my relationship with Vondra. On the other hand, important clients like Scar are pulling tantrums.

My cell phone vibrated. I answered after a while.

[CALL]

I pressed the answer button and went mute. "Boss lady, Are you there?" Sam's voice asked.

"I managed to gather information on our target" the way I didn't care anymore. I didn't want to hear what he had to say to me.

"Well, this boy who had a fight with Scar seems to be..." I cut him off mid-sentence.

"The girl is gone anyway so the information probably won't make a difference" I was already bored. I don't want anything to associate myself with Vondra. And right now feels like I'm dipping my head in her skeleton closet.

"Boss the is a bomb, you probably would love everything that would embrace your ears"

"SAM!" I yelled.

"Just drop it okay! I said I don't care" I hung up...

I'm done with Vondra and her life. She is history on my heart. Probably a history that won't make it to a piece of paper.

VONDRA

I'm even ashamed of myself. If the ground was to open right now. Shallowing me could be appropriate. My shame stretches deep. How will Noah look at me?

Is this the end of our friendship?

If I were to get a mirror right now. I would probably hate my reflection on the mirror. As hard as it was, I went to my prison. It no longer feels like home. It's like I'm chained. Everyone used

to admire my effort. Now I'm just an empty vessel making a lot of noise.

When I propelled home

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David was posing nicely on a plastic chair. His voice made my halt on my maneuver with his grating voice.

"It must be nice huh? I can see this whoring way has leaped into your head" I spun with a backhand slap.

"What did you just say to me?" He gladden, holding his cheek after that slap has stimulated his impulses.

"You can also place a slap on this cheek" he said, rising from the chair to meet my height. He was a little bit taller than me. But you could tell years to come he would be pretty tall. I had to withhold myself because now he was fuming with anger.

"You know what they say; if someone beats you on this cheek, give them the other one. Go ahead Sis and do it. If this would baptise your way of doing things don't hesitate"

"You are ungrateful you know that?"

"Go on, Vondra sing that song as loud as you can. Make it a chorus. If that is going to soothe your soul, to console your shame. I'm grateful that you left school because of me. I'm indebted to you, for playing a mother figure in my life. If you expect me to look at you and not imagine what those monsters do to you then you got it all wrong. How do I look at you and expect me not to see your pain?" He stopped talking to study my face. His facial expression was hard.

"Don't worry I'm fired anyway..." I said more to myself than to him.

"Good! I have three girls after you. I don't want them thinking this is the root to make life. I get it and understand your reasons. But if you wanna be their mentor, start making better decisions. You are better than this. We can go to bed on an

empty stomach. If water can be food let it be. No sister of mine would sell her body, if you do we might as well cut ties. I don't associate myself with your kind..." he walked out.

My kind?

Wow...

People God brings into our lives. That moment you think they recognise your effort. They continue to try shutting you out.

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REESE

A MONTH LATER...

A month came crawling on my door. It's knock came with a bang. It wasn't pleasant. Vondra has turned my business around. I lost three of my potential clients. Even Scar no longer peeks his head here.

On the other side of the blanket; Vondra chooses to be hot-headed. I don't know how many times I called, to beg her to take her job back. This girl literally told me to get off, I can even jump on the tallest building if I wanted and see if she cared. I tried to off her the biggest piece on her cut. I went as far as offering, 75% for her to take home. What did she do?

She splitted saliva on my face. If I could get my claws on this girl. She will reap what she sow. No one messes with my territory, not after it took me so long to mark it.

Scarlet has been rejoicing about Vondra's downfall. I even heard her blubbering about her to other workers. I was this close to quelling. But I let her be, since Vondra is no longer my concern.

VONDRA

I was sitting comfortably on a reserved seat. Watching my family suffer from starvation. This past month was hard. I didn't bother to lift my finger. I just minded my own business. I would go out to grab something to eat with the money I got from Glorious.

The only person who made me get heart-wrenching is Zuri, she is only four mingling in the drift she shouldn't. Now she has to get a taste of a candy in other people's households.

I really tried to buy her something to put down on her stomach but if my grandmother found her eating something that isn't served around the house she would throw it away. Then tell her that; "She shouldn't accept food from me, it's poisonous. It would kill her one day"

Like a child Zuri is, she took her grandmother's words. Everytime I would snuck something nice for her. She shook her head no. Every word my grandmother uttered never left her heart.

I RECOLLECT...

How those days when I worked for Reese the table would be filled with food now the table comes dinner it is empty like Kalahari desert. The food served there would make your intestine turn in disagreement.

My siblings were gathered around the table doing homeworks. David was standing in the kitchen doing what God knows and my grandmother was busy reading her bible. I was examining them; they looked drained but too proud to admit it. Someone softly shook me back to the land of living. My eyes fell on that person. Zuri's eyes were on mine, since she is still young. Her eyes were still pure, the innocence in them is something you cannot ignore. I picked her up, and she has lost a few pounds. She feels lighter...

I placed her on my lap.

"Vondra!" She softly called my name. I would never be addressed as a sister. I guess when she looks at me; I'm Vondra, her peer.

"Mmm" I said

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playing with her little fingers. Their softness is shooting.

"Will we ever eat nice food like we used to?" She looked at me, her eyes painted with pain. She scowled after saying that placing her head on my chest. A spike of pain gouged through my chest. As stony silence took over the room. No one dared to utter a word. Now this was my matter to clean up.

God! When will you save my family from misery? It's every child's birth right to eat something nicer every now and then. I looked at David.

"Zuri, your brother David. Is the man of the house. He is now responsible for what you eat? He is the one who should buy us food right?" She gave me a clutch.

"But David didn't come home with food" her grammar can be bad sometimes, she wanted to say; "Doesn't" since it's a daily thing. He comes home empty handed. I stroked her hair. "He will pummee just give him time." My grandmother shook her head. Disgusted was written all over her face. When someone doesn't appreciate your effort, they are bound to suffer the consequences. The only problem is that even the innocent ones suffer.

"Vondra," My grandmother's tone was contained with fire. "Stop poisoning my kids. God will provide when the time is right"

"Exactly," David said. My siblings and their eyes roamed around each other, noticing the attitude that keeps slathering in the house. It has been a rough mouth. Peace was never here, since and on the other hand. I haven't tried to reach out to Noah and he didn't try either. I want to, but my ego is blocking me.

"You are not untouchable Vondra, what you were doing is wrong. It doesn't matter which void you are trying to fill. You can't fix wrong with wrong. You try to find solutions before resorting to making such decisions. This job of yours has turned you into a manipulative lie. You told David; you were helping people around their house. It might not be enough but that is what God is willing to give. If you love us as you claim to, then you surely don't recognise our love for you. Your pain is our pain"

Her words penetrated to the deepest core. I felt my body shaking. I was on the verge of crying. You could never ignore the pain in their voices.

She stood up at a faster pace. She didn't even make it to her first step, she dropped on the floor. "Whoa!" I exclaimed, shocked. Placing Zuri down to attend to her.

Did she?

VONDRA

She was now trembling on the floor, breath was something that was also running away from her. I rushed to her to try and steady her from shaking so bad..."Dav.." the amount of oxygen suddenly felt miniature, for my tremendous situation at hand. "D..." now my voice feels like it is being eaten up by the picture before me. As my grandmother's body continued to shake uncontrollably. I didn't even know what to do, I'm trying to hold her steady on the other side I'm trying to blow air on her face.

David stood there with his eyes popping out. "Tr-y t..." my voice is like a broken record as my grandmother shook before me.

"Try to breathe in and out," David instructed. I followed his instructions. "That's it calm down..."After doing it over and over; my brain started to collect itself to operate much better. My grandmother's body seems to calm down.

"Try," I let out a breath, "Ask the guy next door to help us take her to hospital. I probably thinking he's back from work now" David didn't wait for another word, he took off immediately.

My siblings and their lack of thinking capacity, they were crowding my grandmother. Their hands on their knees bent over, their heads dipped in the scene. Their eyes absorbed to see what is going on. As I held my grandmother's head on my lap. Crying hysterical, I can't lose her now. I still need her.

"Stop doing that, you are crowding her" they started moving their heads. His voice startled me, "where is she?" He asked, his voice was too deep. I could never get used to the sound of his voice, it causes vibration in my inner core.

Once he spotted me. "Okay," he said, looking at my grandmother. "I will lift her upper body you and David try to uplift her lower body"

I stood up. David came to my side. "1,2,3, Go!". After his count down. We carried my grandmother to his Toyota Quantum

Sesfikile. "Let's take her to the backseat, so you can balance her head"

Once everything was settled. My siblings followed. The door closed as the taxi was heading to the hospital.

[AT STEVEN BIKO ACADEMIC HOSPITAL]

My grandmother was admitted. We have been waiting for hours. Even Zuri is sleeping in my hands. It is already morning, since we got here late last night.

"I tried to get the kids something to eat" I looked at him, he had scones, soft drink and cups in his hands. He distributed everything to my siblings. I muttered "Thank you!" He gave me a nod.

I stirred Zuri, in my hands to wake her up. So she could eat. It was a little bit of a struggle but I finally managed. David took her. Moses sat next to me and took my hand into his.

OKAY!

That is weird. "Shouldn't you get going?" I was concerned

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he was here with us the whole night. He probably should go to work since taxis have started operating. "It's okay, today I will just take a day off. You guys could really need some help"

"Thanks!"

"No worries." He didn't let go of my hand. I just let him be.

"Gladys Adams" the doctor said, finally at last. My grandma's family is descended from a tribe of black and white people.

But her white genes got buried along the way as time went by. We all look so black in my family, well others contain better complexions besides me. I don't know my father, maybe he was black. Really black. We all stood up.

"Family?" He asked.

We just nodded, waiting for him to tell us. What is the problem?

"Who is the elder?" He asked, placing his pen nicely on his coat pocket.

"I am..."

"Follow me into my office"

"It's fine you can make the announcement here"

"Are you sure"

"Yes!"

"Okay, your grandmother had a panic attack," the doctor said. You could see remorse in his eyes.

"What could possibly cause her to have panic attack, she looks healthy"

"Miss Adams. Panic attack is caused by many factors; like major changes in your life, A traumatic event, Family history of panic attacks or panic disorders. So it's hard to tell whether you are going to have a panic attack"

"Is she going to be okay?" I asked, biting my nails out of fear. I still need that woman to be my warrior even when she is judgemental.

How would I survive if she dies? When I look around Veronica is not here. She can disappear for a whole month. How do you rely on someone like that?

"Is she going to be okay?"

There, that look of pity. If the man in white coat gives you this look. Then it's bad.

"Unfortunately no, your grandmother's cancer is in stage 4 and stage four is considered to be a severe stage" Our mouths hung open, as shock ruled.

"How?"

"According to your grandmother's records her cancer has been on remission"

"Rem...what?" I asked because I don't understand, I have been giving my grandmother cash every now and then for her to buy medication.

"Miss Adams, Remission can be partial or complete. In a complete remission, all signs and symptoms of cancer have disappeared. If you manage to remain in complete remission for five years or more, some doctors may say that you are cured. Still, some cancer cells can remain in your body for many

years after treatment. But your grandmother haven't being following her appointments and now she is have metastatic breast cancer"

"What kind of cancer is that?"

"When we say metastatic, we are referring to the cancer that has spread beyond the parts of the body where it has started" My hands went to my head as I felt my heartbeat getting faint.

"How long would she live?"

"At this stage it is hard to tell, because it has spread beyond major. She might die anytime from now on..." my knees are getting wobbly each Second.

"Is there anything you can do?"

"Most parts of her body have been affected..." that sentence was cut short.

"Doctor we have a crisis, Miss Adams is acting up" we all rush to the Oncology Ward.

"You can't go in there!" The nurse commanded denying us access. The machines were beeping vigorously, this hit harder than a hurricane. The door was closed before us.

Is this how it will end? Tears overflowed in my eyes. Silent prayer embraced my heart...

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VONDRA

We have been waiting for hours now. Nurses come and go from the oncology room but no one has said anything.

SUBSEQUENTLY

The doctor came out. You could sense the burden on his shoulders. From his facial features you could tell his is the barrier of bad news. His eyes fell on the floor as we all stood up. My pinna also stood up with me since I wanted to hear every word he muttered.

"I'm sorry, your Grandmother didn't make it" those words made the building spin.

"W..." I interrupted him, I already know where this sentence is heading to and I don't want to hear that.

"Time of death?" I asked incredulously.

"12:45 p.m." he said without any hesitation you could tell that whatever had occurred was still vivid in his mind. I could hear my siblings cracking with cries from afar as my mind DRIFTED to another world.

I peeked through the small window as the machine started to shake out of anger. Everything was happening too fast but before my eyes it was unfolding at a snail pace. After my grandmother's body had stopped shaking. Machines also calmed down. I watched as the doctor held a defibrillator. I could hear that "C-L-E-A-R!" as he began pressing the defibrillator on my grandmother's chest and his lips continued to mouth, "Clear!"

His shoulders fell, as he stopped what he was doing, placing the defibrillator down. He looked at his watch. I did the same to mine. That; "Time of death 12:45 a.m." I also felt it. My body crawled to the ground. David screamed in anguish. My siblings crawled to comfort me. As our tears burst on the entire building, our weeping were so loud; causing heads to turn. Everything wa...

Someone quivered me, "Vondra!" the person called my name to make me snap out of my world.

"Are you okay?" Moses asked.

"Just feeling a little dizzy" I responded, my hand already on my forehead. "Sit down," he was directing me on a chair. He rushed outside.

The doctor was still standing there, my siblings crying silent besides Zuri who was clueless on what was going on. But you could see she was on the verge of crying too. I wiped my tears with the back of my hand and drew my mucus back in, with just a long sniff.

"What caused her death?"

The doctor lets out a heave, "Your grandmother died from shock" then he starts.

"How is that even possible?"

"When my team told her that her cancer has spiked up and she is probably on the threatening stage her body went into shock" can he stop beating around the bush? How can shock kill someone?

"How?"

"The thing is, shock can kill you, even a good scare can kill you - even if you're perfectly healthy. If a shock to the system is sufficient enough it can trigger a massive surge of adrenaline, stunning your heart so severely it ceases to beat. So in your grandmother's case. She didn't take the news well. I'm sorry. Would you like to see her?"

I signalled Moses to take my siblings home. He nodded, I didn't even have the courage to look at them, what would life be without her.

Those forcible steps I took to Oncology. I would never forget them, they are part of my identity; a walk of pain. There she was her eyes still wide open. I carefully closed her eyes and unfolded her hands. Everyone around me was minding their own business. Packing their tools like everything is normal.

"Do we have to place her in the hospital mortuary?" The doctor asked, standing next to me.

"Sure, she didn't have a funeral cover"

"Well we would have to move her from the hospital eventually. If you can't afford any burial costs, you can sign a release form at your county coroner's office. This releases the body to the county or state for cremation or burial. If the body is cremated, you may be able to claim the ashes for a fee"

"Nah it wouldn't lead to that before the end of today. I will place her in the morgue. She would be buried with dignity. I just need to make few calls"

"Okay..." he said, calling his team to wheel her out.

"Wait!" I Said. looking at her one more time and she looked at peace, but you could see the trauma her body went through before her final breath. She failed to take a breath of life; just to see my sibilings grow. Zuri needed her more than the rest of us.

I walked out of the hospital premises. But the astony of loss followed me. The air breezed my face. The sun served as an obstruction on my view. I took my cell phone and called someone I haven't called in a month.

[CALL]

Within a twinkling, "Vondra!" He said on the other side. Was he also waiting for me to call, like I was?

"I need help" I didn't have time to jingle on our differences.

"What is going on?" He was alerted.

"My grandmother is no more"

I felt movements from the background; "What!?" He asked

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shocked.

"She passed on, few hours ago..."

"Where are you?"

"Steve Biko academic hospital"

"Okay, don't move. I will be there" he dropped the call. I just waited for him at the gate.

AN HOUR OR SO...

He parked his car before me. Noah owns a Polo TSI. Pecks of having both parents, who are responsible. He just embraced with a hug, as soon as he stepped out of his car. It feels strange being in these hands. The tears in my eyes started glittering again. He released me from a hug. He looked at me, "let's get out of here." He opened the door for me.

He drove to the nearest KFC.

Once we settled down. I didn't order anything. I cannot stomach anything right now, he ordered a bucket for one and he hasn't touched his food.

"What really happened?"

"I wish I knew, one minute we were talking. Then next she is in the floor, later she is on hospital bed. When I thought the worst is over bomb shell was thrown on me. Her breast cancer was on stage four. I wasn't mad at her for that, I was mad that she didn't tell me her cancer was on remission. We could have tried to make a healthy lifestyle for her. Within a blink of an eye we are preparing her funeral. I don't know where I can start. When

the doctor told me she her cancer is on stage 4, I thought she was going to linger a little longer it is just a brush with death. I didn't she would die so suddenly." he glanced at me alternatively.

"I'm sorry for your loss, is there anything you want to do now?"

"Would you be able to drive me around the hood. I want to beg people for donations. I also need to find the cheapest mortuary I can place her. I cannot have my grandmother cremated. I want to visit her resting place once in a while"

His glance at me contained poignancy and I appalled that, I don't like someone to show pathos towards it can be depressing sometimes. "Did your grandmother have a funeral policy?" He asked starting his engine.

"No, what annoys me the most is that the little penny I gave her to buy medication she didn't even bother. Now I have to beg people to help with her burial" Noah during times like this he prefers silence, because the silence has spread for a while now.

"Why don't you beg your previous boss to assist. I'm definitely sure, she would be able to cover the funeral cost"

My spine went cold, like a bucket of icy cold water was poured on me. Over my dead body. I won't humiliate myself ever again. I once did, broken I came out.

"I'd rather die before going back to that hell hole. That woman doesn't deserve an ounce of my time. Park right there" I pointed at the house where my grandmother spent most of her time.

We walked into the yard. The door was slightly open. A single knock we got in. As soon as we step on the door, what happens next is everybody's terror.

"What are you doing here? Your grandmother better not send you here. I don't want anything to associate myself with that woman"

"Um, my grandmother is no more" she was holding a broom stick. "Good, now get out of my house" she was this close to whip us.

"I'm only here to seek for donations, to assist with funeral arrangements"

"Gladys is the last person I would ever help, even on my dead bed. Get out of my house because you are not getting any penny from me. No money of mine would help to bury a traitor" I tried to go on my knees but that didn't soften her heart.

"Grandmoth..." she cut me before I could utter the full word.

"Stop right there. I'm not your grandmother and no granddaughter of mine would sell her body. So don't come to my house and insult me. I hate to be provoked. Get out before, I pour hot water on you" she was already heading to the kettle that we found boiling not so long ago. Noah just dragged me out.

"I'm sorry" he embraced me with a hug. "Please don't cry, Something would come up"

When I thought it would get better as we moved from house to house it got worse. My pleas were tossed aside. Some went as far as saying; "I don't know why you want hands for your funeral arrangements. When you could just open your legs"

One decision is my only elude on this matter. I pinched Glorious GPS. "It's time to bury the hatchet and beg Reese to give me my job. It's obvious, I need her more than she do"

"Are you sure"

"Just drive, I will cross that bridge when I get there" he didn't ask again. He just took off...

VONDRA

When I remember this moment I shed tears. There I thought the little dignity I had with me would be ripped off forever. Until Noah saved the day; "I can help you, I saved Something. It might not be enough but it can cover mortuary cost and a decent coffin"

"Would you do that for me?" Just a blink my tears would fall.

"Without thinking about it; I have a savings account for rainy days. Then this is what I call pouring..."

I moved from my seat. My lips fell on his, he didn't respond at first after a while. But his tongue started tangling with mine. The flow wasn't rushed. When he came to his senses he pushed me off slightly. "We shouldn't" he cupped my face into his hands.

"Oh, I get i..." he interrupted me.

"Not that I don't want you, now is not the right time" his gape was so intense making me timid.

"I get it" I fell back on my seat, as he drove off. Is he God sent? This guy really cares about my wellbeing. He doesn't mind bending to my level to help me. Nor matter how penny pincher I can be. He has reduced my work load. Now I would have to worry about other things; and I would definitely contribute the remaining I have with me.

KNEELING BELLS.

They rejoiced. My grandmother's coffin was placed nicely in her bedroom. Candles were burning. You could see their cries dripping as they got smaller and smaller. As they continued to brighten the room. But the main aim of the candles to burn like this in large numbers, was to bring consolation to the family and loved ones of the deceased.

Plenty of heads were roaming around the house waiting for the next day, Same people who refused to help. They are here

today, that is life for you. A rollercoaster. To send grandma to her final place. Ever since my grandmother died, David hasn't uttered a word nor tear up. He looked half dead. I tried to make a strain but he is excluding me. What if he falls into a depression.

The drama never stops with Adams, even Veronica is not her. She has gone MIA. No one has a trace where she might be and her mother would be buried without her at this rate.

Noah has been the one who runs the show, together with the pastor. At least the church has reached out and offered the help. I've been sitting on the mattress to honor my grandmother's years of living since her only daughter is not here. Noah is really trying.

FUNERAL DAY.

Black attires became the Sawyer of the day; somewhere dressed to impress, some didn't waste sweat on it as long as they were covered. I kept looking at the door hoping for Veronica to make her grand entrance, since she is an attention

seeker but she never came. People finally peeped their heads inside the coffin. To gape at Gladys Adams, just one last time. "Till we meet again" her face looked at peace. At least she got a dignified funeral.

Once we moved from the house. To the Cemetery. The pastor was preaching and said one of the shooting verses.

"Matthew 11:28-30. Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light" I felt my heart at ease.

I tried to say a few words to send her off. Her coffin was nicely placed on the hole that was dug. The only thing left was for it to be taken down.

"May the winds of heaven blow softly and whisper in your ear. I know things didn't end on the right note but please try to forgive m..." I was interrupted by the noise.

A stumbling Veronica, holding a bottle

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was heading here. I thought she didn't know her mother was dead. She was singing so loudly and dancing. Why does she love to humiliate the Adams surname?

"There you are!," she snapped , falling down, one thing that would forever be safe on her fall; beer. Not even a single drop got wasted on the ground.

"Ladies and gentlem-e-nn" her voice was breaking, as she continued to falter.

"You see this wom..."she stopped talking to collect her voice because she was now clearing her throat harshly. "This woman here," she could finally talk, she managed to get everyone's attention.

"This woman here," she repeated. "She is the reason I resorted to drinking. I was once a sweet little girl but she killed that woman by making me believe I'm not good enough. Everything

I did, she made sure to paint it with a bad brush. Her husband was abusive, she supported everything he did to me. He would tie me up and beat me like a slave. She would just stay there watch my cries. He didn't sexual violate me but this woman and her husband. They abused me; emotional and physical. They stole that little thing that made me a human being. I remember how this scar got here," she lifted her shirt, people flinched in horror. This scar looks deep, you could see it's pain after all these years. Today made me realise, I don't know the woman who begets me.

"She just sat there nicely and watched. She drained the little esteem I had in me since I was too skinny then. After her husband's death. She made herself born again. When I thought she would stop she used the Bible to tell me I was a sin. Since I was born out of wedlock" people gasped.

"I'm not saying this to gain your pity. I'm saying we shouldn't speak about this woman like she was a saint. Even when I die you all Welcome as the community to speak ill of me" I watched around people recording this scene and some showed remorse.

"I can't love my kids because of you. Everytime I look at them; I see what you did to me. So drinking became my rehab to stop myself from doing the same thing" she said laughing.

"We will meet in hell," she said laughing. The pastor had to pull her aside and this was getting out of hand. On the other hand I couldn't move.

After Veronica's saga I was even ashamed to look at everybody. Noah was sitting next to me. "Are you okay?" His voice was tied with pathos. I don't know why he likes to do this. I didn't respond. I watched as my grandmother's coffin got swallowed by the hole. Six feet under. The doves were freed. The doves symbolise peace, hope, and freedom. Many families say the dove release helps begin the grieving process. ... The release of three doves followed by the release of a single dove signifies the Holy Trinity of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit guiding the soul of the deceased to heaven. As family members, we poured the soil.

"Rest in peace Gladys" my heart said. I went to sit down but the void in me made me stand up, dusting my dress like it had touched the dirt. "Where are you going?" Noah looked at me amazed.

"Doing something I should have long done" I ran out. I didn't even wait for my grandmother's coffin to be covered with soil.

VONDRA

The building before me gave mixed emotions as I gaped at the face of Glorious, a coffee shop that barely makes a dollar but opens everyday... I don't know whether it is fear that I felt at the pit of my stomach or whether it is power that is blocking my throat. I stepped inside, my hands covered in sweat. That I tried to dust it off. I feel like my clothes were peeled off my body. I wanted to spin around and leave, until a voice startled me to stop.

"What are you doing here?" I turned to look at the owner of the voice, Scarlet. Still breathing I like that. Petty huh? That just slipped into my mind.

"If isn't Scarlet, who could it be?"

"I asked you a question; wh..." I trimmed her off before she could tattle.

"Blah, blah, blah, I get it you are the secretary not the owner. So, know your place" I said, clicking my tongue. "Ice doesn't want you here" I chortled.

I pushed her off, "Whatever, let her decide" I blabber already heading towards her office. That walk when I took it; It was like I was on a runway show. Showing off my dark skin, as it was oily pumped to the fullest. As claps surrounded the room, cheers occurred, whistles blowing like horns. Music at a blast as I modelled. It was all eyes on me. I would never forget this walk to Reese's office. Even when I would suffer from memory loss like Alzheimer's. I would forever remember this walk; walk of power.

I halted on Reese's door. Looking at this golden goose in my hand. I planted a smooch on it. "I hope you become the jackpot I've been looking for" I pushed the door open and didn't bother to knock.

Her eyes moved from her laptop to look at me. Shock was in her eyes. "Vondra, you came" her voice was animated and it was real unless she is an actor. She came to me to give me a hug. Her hands sticking out to embrace me. "Hold your horses.

I'm not here to be romanced nor nursed. So sit or you prefer standing" her pupils were this close to fall off. As amazement took over her body.

"From today I'm the manager of Glorious Escort" I muttered, flexing my shoulders.

"over my dead body" her response was accompanied with tears that normally erupt when you laugh.

"On what grounds do you deserve that position? You are just a girl from the dirt. You would forever wipe people's poop, that is your job" she frowned.

"I don't like to spoil fun. Please sit down" I pulled a chair for her close to me. She was persistent at first but she finally aligned with my request.

I repeated again, "From today I'm the manager of Glorious"
Now our gaze started a battle.

"Keep on dreaming..." I showed her the USB, "you see this?" I asked. She gave me a nod.

"My friend also has this drive with him. Do you want to know what's inside, don't answer I will tell you. This drive contains information regarding this baby of yours"

Her hands flew to my neck. "I'm going to kill you". She was strangling me, pressing too hard.

I struggled to breath, fighting her off "I wouldn't do that if I was y..." Her grip swallowed my words, but I pushed them through my throat. "I told my friend if twelve hours elapsed and I haven't come home he can send the copy to the police because by then I would be dead. So if you love Glorious as you say. You will release my neck" her grip loosened.

"And don't worry, I won't tell anyone about your illegal deeds. I want a piece of pie also. I want to come to work dressed decently and earn reasonable money every month end. Without having to open my legs. I know this place makes more than enough" she held her forehead out of frustration.

I challenged her, "all your hard work goes down the drain and you go to jail for running an illegal business, not paying tax, exposing kids like me to this job. Mind you I still have my profile" She bit her lip to prevent herself from talking.

"Fine we can draft a contract and the job is yours"

"I like the idea," I played with the USB in my hand so she couldn't miss it. "You can test drive it on your laptop" she smiled

"No need, it makes sense how you got here. Why are you doing this?" The cacophony of that question was this close to make my eardrums burst.

"The same way you broke your promise is the same way I broke mine that I wouldn't betray you. You promised me to be there

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you promised me love, but you couldn't even keep that promise because of a silly mistake someone made. You didn't

even ask how that picture landed in the media. You just kicked me out" I said, annoyed. This feels like an old song, it's melody is boring.

"How did that picture land there?" She has to be kidding. She only cares now.

I went through my phone, "This girl, posted it" her eyes popped when she looked at the image before her.

"Hope?" She muttered, her voice was low. You could tell she couldn't believe her eyes.

"You know her?" She nodded.

"She is my niece" I chortled happily.

This is the best news ever, "Look at that, killing two birds with one stone. I want an increase with immediate effect!" I demanded

"What!?" She exclaimed, shocked.

"Exactly if you don't do what I want your niece would go to jail for revenge porn. I have evidence, concrete evidence I must say that I could use against your niece. Just imagine the headline; A high class prostitution ring pimp arrested for running an illegal business slash; An eighteen year old girl arrested for revenge porn..." if looks has the ability to kill, I would be dead. I stopped talking.

She asked, "What evidence?" Her facial expression was gruelling. You could see lines forming from her forehead each passing second.

I barked into a laughter, "That she is the one that linked that picture on social media, listen to this" I was now pressing my cell phone searching for that voice record. I pressed play after fast forwarding it to the part I loved the most; "Fine, I will delete those pictures and make sure they are removed on Facebook or any other media. My boyfriend..." Hope's voice barked across the room. I loved watching the Reese squirrel in front of me. The view is pleasing.

"Stop okay, just stop!" She snapped, closing her eyes. I just gave her a glance, she looks ridiculous right now.

"Fine!" She threw a framed picture against the wall. If she just takes a chill pill and relaxes. Stop throwing chaos that could do better. I'm here to stay.

I pulled my ear towards her, "honey you haven't whispered those sweet words in my ears" defeat, is what I saw in her eyes. I found myself mingling in her affairs.

"She must really mean the world to you huh? To dance to my tune. Why is she important to you?"

"She is the only reminder I have of my sister"

"I thought you said you don't have a family" now she is confusing me.

"Someone who is dead doesn't count. She was the only person who had my back, she was my best friend. Until we decide that we want easy money. Our pimp only gave us this job on one condition; that we slept with him. He started getting obsessed with my sister. He kept demanding she sleep with her. When she fell pregnant; he requested that she must do abortion. When she refused, he didn't even talk to her for eight months. Until he claimed that he wanted to be part of his child's life. My sister welcomed him, she was naive. It didn't even last a week, she went to labor. She didn't make it. I suspected he had a hand; her death was so sudden and unusual. I had to Silence him for the sake of Hope" her face brightened when she mentioned Hope.

She chuckled, her beauty glows. "She was the only thing that made sense then. I named her Hope, because she brought a sense of hope in my life" the spark in her eyes was too adorable.

"Does she know about you?" I found myself asking.

"No..." she blinked.

"Why?"

"It's safer that way" my heart bleeds for her.

"Enough about your affairs, now I know you want to protect your family. I want to fend mine also. So what is going to be?" I wiggled my eyes at her.

"Fine..." I interrupted her. "What was that? Do I get the position and increase?" She gave me a bored stare.

"Yes, you are the manager and you can have your raise, Deal!" She stood up to give me a handshake.

Deal! Our hands tangled against each other.

.....**The End**.....

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